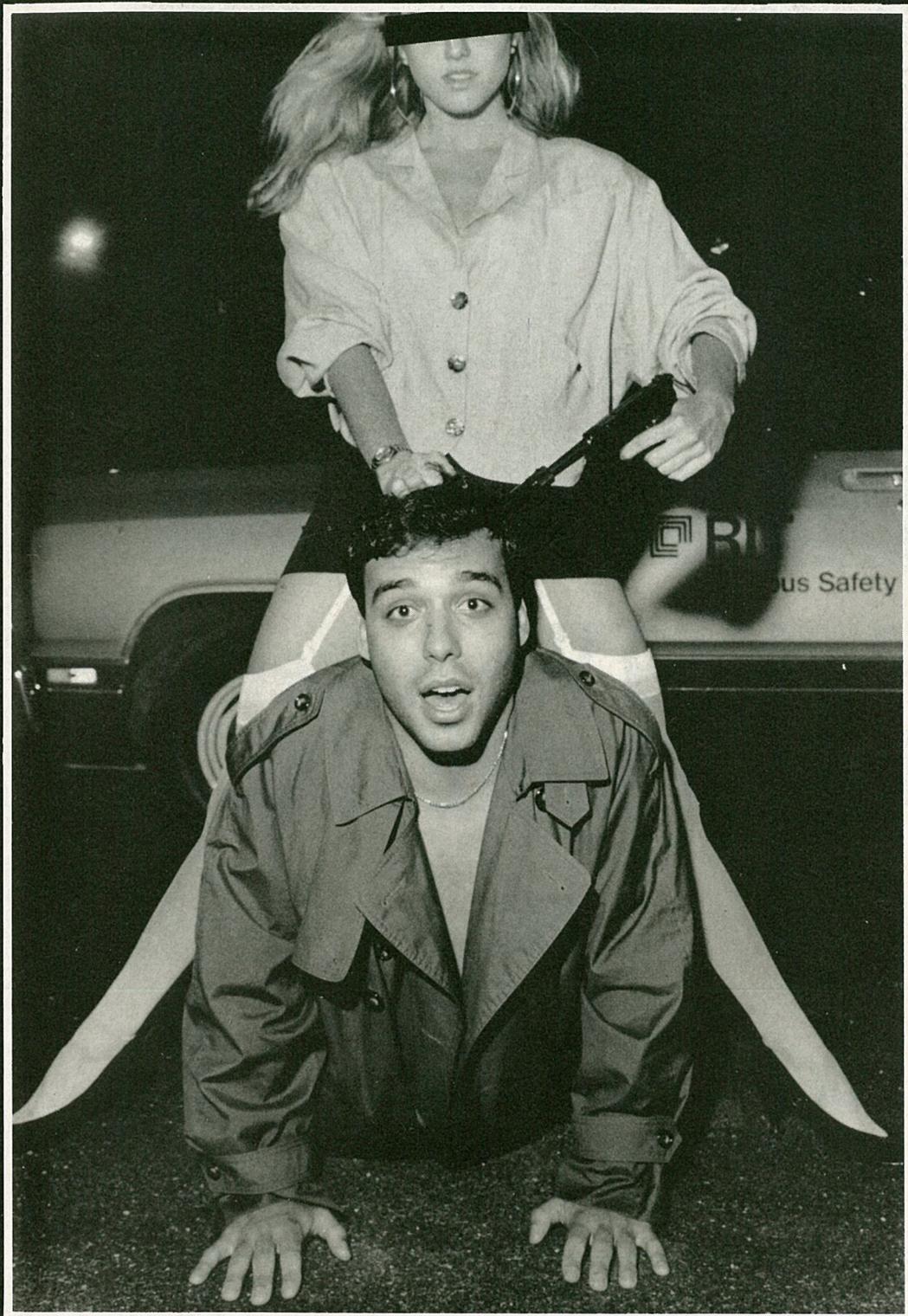


DISTORTER



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Safely Goes
Undercover



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Dr. Rose What His I.Q. Was.**



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DISTORTER

Volume 666, Number 34 April Fools Day

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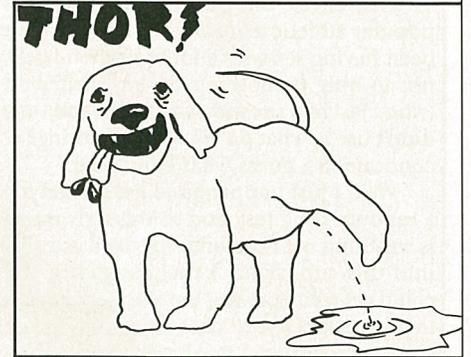
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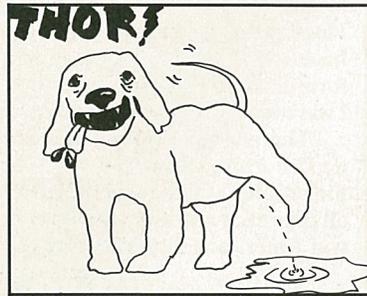
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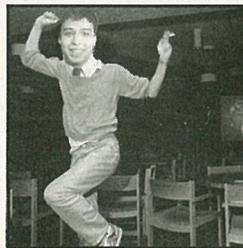
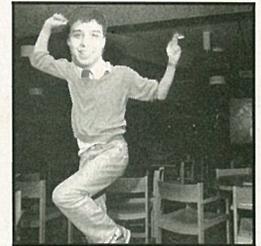
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Three albums to make love by.

Cover Photo by: Dyke "Jew Boy" Slutzky

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BITCHES

YOU "PISS" ME OFF

You know something, I'm sick and damn tired about all of these abortion letters. So I'm going to throw my two cents worth.

OK, check this shit out: I play for a popular athletic team at RIT, right, and I've been having sex with a lot of women lately, not to brag or nothing. So, my girlfriend (who I last had sex with; she forced me), she didn't use a, what do you call that thing? A condone? So, guess what happened.

Well, I just happened to get picked for a random drug test, and so this ugly nurse is watching me hold onto my dork as I piss into this cup, right? I thought that a guy could get some privacy, but she said she had to make sure I wasn't cheating. Hell, I never cheat on ANY test. I mean, what am I gonna do, write down the answers on my balls?

So, anyhow, a week later, they tell me I'm pregnant. "Sonofabitch!" I said. I asked for another opinion, and they said that not only am I pregnant, but I'm ugly, too, and should not have the child.

So, how many of you guys have been in this spot? Nobody, I mean NOBODY, has any right to tell ME to get an abortion, or to call me ugly to my face. My girlfriend keeps telling me that they're wrong, that I can't possibly be pregnant, but I told her that denial will get us nowhere. Besides, I think she's angry 'cause she knows it might not be hers. So I will make my own choice, and that's it. How do you like THEM apples?

*"Snake" Smith
Third-year, undeclared*

YOU MUST DIE

I no believe that you Americans print such filth. How magazine like this is allowed to be on de stands. And give dis camel dung away for free, they tell me. De things you Americans say is inexcusable, and you must pay by dying ten thousand and sixty-nine deaths.

You shits piss me off. You make fun of me, you say "Ayatullah is a hole of an ass," and dat makes me mad. See how you like it if I were to call your Jorj Boosh president scum-sucking pig camel turd scorpion piss. Then how you like it? You say Rushdie did no evil, then I will write a book, and say something about one of your relijuss idols. How about I say that Billy Gramm defiled a mule in public, and picks his nose and eats it? Then you will have de whole damn armed forces of Untied States out to get me. See, it work both way, don't it?

And one more thing. Get rid of those blasphemous pictures of me. That is not how I look for real, you know how I say. I do not have scruffy white beard; now I use the formula of de Grecian, and I look the stud I was twenty-five year ago, you know. So dere.

Therefore, I condemn the entire staff of de Distorture to the fiery pit of hell where the prophet Mohammed will personally piss all over each and every one of you. How do you Americans like DEM apples?

*Ayatullah Khomheni
Fourth-year, Imaginary Science*

DAMMIT!

I'd like to clear the air a bit about the Can't Piss Safely program. It seems that many students have wrong ideas about us. No, we are not just a bunch of idiots who hang out at the Hess Mart. You are totally forgetting that we ALSO hang out at the 7-11! See, we're not as dumb as we look.

And about our authority: We are *it* on this campus, and don't you forget it. You listen to us, and don't give us any lip or we just might have to run you in to the station. Book 'em, Dan-O!

Some of you like to make cute little jokes about our sexuality, implying that we're a bunch of fags, perverts, and molesters. And, you think we take advantage of girls requesting an escort home. Well, let me tell you a thing or two: An "escort" service does not mean we escort you HOME. It means we act as an escort for lonely young ladies who are looking for companionship. And this is not free! They have to pay through the teeth (no pun intended). We keep the costs down by skimming off the students' activity fees. And never, ever do we force ourselves on them. We always ask nicely first. They are only too happy to entertain themselves with my night stick.

And to clear up a final myth: We are not required to read you your Miranda Rights. Remember, we're not real cops. We only try to ACT like we are, and intimidate you guys into believing it! So, you'd better not mess with us, or we'll mess you up. Now, how do you like THOSE apples?

*Devil Guacamole
First-year, Inspector-Wannabe*

DISTROFILE

Well, it's my favorite time of year again (and probably yours, too) because as a member of the DISTORTER staff, I get to abuse anyone I damn well please. In case you were too stupid to read the cover date, it's April Fools day. And for those naive, insecure, and brainless amoebas or freshmen that have never read DISTORTER before, I'll just have to explain to you technorubic geeks what it's all about:

First of all, second of all, and finally, this has been written to amuse, entertain, and possibly make you laugh at RIT. If you were lucky enough and your name has been mentioned in this publication, don't get your bowels in an uproar. Just relax and enjoy your moment in the limelight—it could have been worse. (Excuse me, I have little gas from that greasy, undercooked slice

of pizza I purchased from the Shitz in the CAU—whooahh—that was a stinky one!)

Now, back to the subject, you pinheads. This mispublication is possibly the only decent tradition that RIT students truly anticipate. They wait in front of the magazine racks for hours on campus impatiently dreaming how the DISTORTER staff could have reached new highs in tasteless humor. Actually, DISTORTER is a pre-planned project that the entire staff works feverishly on throughout the academic year trying to bring some humor to this pitiful excuse for a college campus. It is dedicated to those misrepresented students here at RIT: The ones who get a \$50 ticket from the Can't Piss Safely Department for doing 25 mph with their headlights on in a loading zone at high noon. This effort is for those

students in those particular situations that want to go off (usually on the ever-popular Can't Piss Safely officer Angel Guacamole Lips) but restrain themselves.

What more can I say about this? The entire content of the magazine is written with a certain sarcastic flair. So deal with it. There are those Puritan old farts who will read this and say, "Why did they say or print this? It's so tasteless!" Well, that's a good question. And I also have a good answer: Because we can. Plain and simple.

*Big
Furrod*

The entire staff of DISTORTER wishes to apologize to _____A_____. We're sorry if we offended your _____B_____ in any way. Please _____C_____ that our _____D_____ was only to _____E_____.. We hope that you are not so _____F_____ as to _____G_____. Because, remember, this whole thing is only _____H_____ anyway. We thank you for your _____I_____.

- (A)
 Dr. Rose
 Elaine Spaul
 The Administration
 NTID students
 BACC
 CAB
 Scooter
 all our models
 Jim Ferme
 Campus Safety
 Women
 Men
 Homosexuals
 Dogs
 Ayatullah Khomeini
 OTHER

- (E)
 have a little fun
 blow off steam
 make fun of you
 destroy your careers
 publicly humiliate
 cause extreme mental anguish
 other

- (B)
 Morality
 Group
 Organization
 Race
 Color
 Creed
 Religion
 sense of humor
 sexual practices
 body
 taste in music
 OTHER

- (F)
 outraged
 pissed off
 moved to action
 excited
 overjoyed
 ecstatic
 confused
 deranged
 ill
 drunk
 horny
 other

- (H)
 big joke
 scandal sheet
 horrendous rag
 piece of filth
 porno mag
 sexual outlet
 bird cage-liner
 masterpiece of humor
 other

- (C)
 rest assured
 understand
 believe
 tell everybody you see
 don't sue us; you know
 other

- (D)
 only intention
 mission in life
 contract
 Heavenly command
 job
 other

- (G)
 sue us for all we got
 throw us in jail
 beat us up
 put contracts on our lives
 blow up our office
 publicly humiliate us
 draw mustaches on our pictures
 want to have sex with us
 puke on our shoes
 run over our pets
 kick us in the balls
 buy us a round of drinks
 reveal our true identities
 tell the Ayatullah about us
 other

- (I)
 support
 daughters
 one-night stands
 money
 ignorance
 stupidity
 sense of humor
 apathy
 other

DISTORTAGE

DISTORTER Tests Condoms For Reliability

In this age of increased sexual paranoia, the staff of DISTORTER has taken it upon themselves to do some public service work on behalf of the Campus Sex Center. The tests come at a time when a consumer report indicated that the brand of condoms found in campus candy machines have the highest failure rate.

A leading national brand was tested against the candy machine variety. Factors that were considered included flexibility, ease of use, feel, sensitivity, and load capacity.

Editor-in-Grief Barko Abonedo commented, "I poured a beer into one, and it caused no noticeable side effects. I have to say, condoms and good head DO go well together!"

Old Editor Big Firmrod said, "Well, I'm basically a finger-blaster myself. These national condoms really hold up well, and the spermicide Nonoxynol-9 creates a fun, slippery feel on one's digits."

"If I could get the thing on a beer can, then I know it's reliable enough for me," quipped Executing Editor Barf Stiffme.

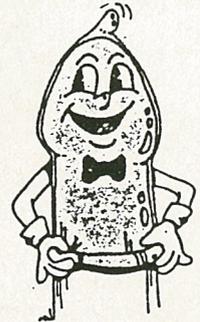
"Plus, it's a good way to loosen them up, as sometimes they're too tight and can cut off circulation..."

Mismanaging Editor Spike Bentadildo was enchanted with the tensile strength and overall capacity of the national brand. "It inflates easily; I'm extremely impressed. I got one up to fifty p.s.i.; that's friggin' amazing!"

Pornographer Dyke Slutzky exclaimed, "Hey, man, I ain't braggin', but I got a big head, so it needs to be snug, yet sensitive..."

A DISTORTER typesetter, who wished to remain anonymous, said, "Well, for me personally, I have to be concerned with the length of a condom. I gave it the old stretch test, and I think I can work with it"

The conclusion: DISTORTER unequivocally states, "If you take your boffs as seriously as we do, then you won't buy cheapies. Go national!"



Caught with their hands full, the DISTORTER staff is seen testing the merits of different prophylactic devices. They concluded that condoms can be stretched, blown up, worn as a sporty cap, filled with beer, finger-blasted, and stretched over a beer can. This knowledge will certainly cum in handy someday, we assure you.



Minister Farrakhan Opens Theme Park

Minister Louis Farrakhan revealed last week that he would be opening a theme park, "Allah be Praised," in Meccatown, USA. When asked about the park's purpose, Farrakhan had only this to say: "This park's for Muslims

and those of African descent only. Any 'Rushdie-sympathizers' who think they're gonna get in can bite my heiney!" Farrakhan said that the theme park would contain rides relating to the history of the African Muslim,

such as the "I Shall Climb The Mountain Water Slide," the "Tawana Brawley Horror House," and the "Al Sharpton Balloon Tent."

"The only thing that's important is that these kids learn that the African Muslim has come a long way, and we intend to show them that," said Farrakhan, pointing to the new "Holy Roller Coaster Ride" (no

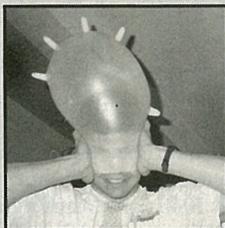
matter where you sit, you are always facing toward Mecca). Of course, what would a theme park be without refreshments? In answer to that question, Farrakhan has just opened "Allah's House of Heavenly Ham." "Hah! Let's see the PTL top this!" said a jubilant Farrakhan. "Howd'ya like THEM apples?"

Elvis Presley, the King of Rock n' Roll, was spotted and caught on film at the Shitz by an alert DISTORTER photographer. Looking as fit and trim as the day he allegedly died, the fashion plate was overheard saying, "Don't step on my blue suede shoes"—a dead giveaway. The King, explaining his obvious weight gain, said he missed the fitness craze of the '80s because he was in hiding. When asked by a typically perceptive bartender at the Shitz if he was really Elvis, Presley responded, "No way baby, I'm taking night classes in the Hotel school."



Question of the Week

What Do You Think Of "Dear Thor?"



"Dear Thor" generally lacks any socio-political significance and is generally shallow and two-dimensional. Still, I'm psyched to have my name where everyone can see it.

I don't have time for your stupid question. I'm busy, you hear! Busy! Leave me alone, just get away! I've got soooooo much to do! I can't talk, really I just don't have... (cut)

I guess I think it's okay, sorta. I mean, it's not, ya know—oh, you know—yucky or anything. Hey, you're kinda cute, how 'bout we...



You Can Run, But You Can't Hide

It's a mild spring afternoon, and the unknowing student catches a breeze on the balcony of the Graphic Farts building. Suddenly, without warning, two agents of the Burstar's office spring onto the scene and abduct the offender. His crime? Non-payment of tuition and other essential fees. This is not an isolated case; there are many students out there attending classes and enjoying the same privileges that normal, decent, PAYING students are. This has got to stop, and the Burstar intends to do something about it.

Meet Burstar Enforcement Agents Starzky and Orange. Starzky is a brutal, yet tender man, in his early thirties, who's been divorced three times. He says his wife couldn't stand the danger of his job. Agent Orange has been at it for an amazing 12 years, and loves it. Says Orange, "I get off on busting these weasels. This is only a little bit less exciting than my previous job. I was a repo man."

Agent Starzky explains the job: "You see, RIT has basically said that it's too much of a hassle to send notice after notice out to

these turds. Even threatening them with a collections agency doesn't work, because they have no assets. Telling them that their credit rating will be ruined doesn't faze them, as half of them don't even have ANY credit, anyway! That's where we come in. We provide, how shall I say, INCENTIVE to these students to pay up."

"We rough them up a little, and see how it goes from there. Sometimes we get a cocky one," says Agent Orange. "In those cases we sometimes have to go a step further, like drawing blood, or tying them up by their balls. That usually gets their attention. The best part is, it's all legal. You see, they sign this form when they enter RIT which effectively waives all Constitutional rights while at the Institute. Neat, huh?"

But it's not all fun and games for these "agents of fortune." Countless hours must be spent in training, learning new and improved torture techniques, and tedious sessions at the firing range. Agent Orange is especially proficient with his Walther PPK, which he received as a personal gift from one-time James Bond actor George Lazenby.

Agent Starzky's forte is with knives, his favorite being a special ninja dagger from the Ming Dynasty. "It looks like a common bread knife to the untrained eye, but it's actually a priceless heirloom capable of lopping off a testicle in a second flat."

And what of the perpetrators of the crimes which keep these men in business? "I was wetting my pants," says one student. "They put a gun up to my nuts and a knife at my throat. They wanted all my money. I tried to explain that Financial Aid lost my parents' 1040 form, causing a delay in my money being credited, but they had none of that. They just spit on me, and told me to pay up or else!"

While their presence is hardly noticed, these champions of justice do a dirty job that has to be done. By raking in the revenue of these would-be tuition skippers, it has been possible to begin construction on all buildings but the Campus Life Center. This is their big goal for the year. "Look out, all you sneaks who think you won't pay. RIT's arm of the law is out there, and it's gonna grab you and squeeze your wallet dry!"



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Unreasonably detained, tortured, and violated by Can't Piss Safely?
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Do you feel like sometimes you're not treated the way you should be at this school? Does it ever seem like your concerns are never even taken into consideration? Do you feel like you don't matter at all? If you answered "YES" to these questions, good. Because that's the way we want it.

The Campus Life Center hasn't been built because it presents no immediate revenue to us, unlike a couple of other new buildings we can name. And the parking inconveniences? Tough. 'Cause you don't matter. All we want from you is what's in your bank account. That's right.

**RIT. Your money is
our #1 prioRITy.**

A "Hard" Look At Topless Pizza Delivery

"I've got a pair of...coupons!" "I sure do like those toppings!" Such are the kinds of remarks made by customers of the innovative new marketing technique known as Topless Pizza Delivery. No, that doesn't mean the pizza has no cheese or pepperoni—what it does mean is that some male pizza eaters will get

an eyeful when they answer the door.

One popular delivery girl for a local chain, who goes by the nickname "Cheezy and Easy," says that the idea has really "taken off!" "I get a kick out of doing this, you know what I mean. It's like, you know, you can meet some really cute guys this way, and there's no

pretensions between me and the customers. Everything is up front and visible."

And the customers are just eating it up. Pizza sales are skyrocketing since the introduction of the new fad. "I love it," says one customer. "One time I had a lot of fun, 'cause I paid her with change. I wanted to see where she was gonna put it all. Hell, she musta had \$7.64 in change, but she didn't even have a purse! And those tits! Whew! I gave her a coupon for extra topping, but I had NO IDEA!"

One might think that life isn't easy for a topless pizza delivery girl. Well, the job does come with its own peculiar hazards. Some men get a bit too excited, and have wound up with piping hot cheese in their pants. Ooh, my aching sausage!

Some women who may find the idea of topless pizza delivery offensive should consider one of the benefits—the customers are big tipppers. The aroma of the tomato sauce and oregano, and a great set of tits proves to be a deadly combination for many, causing a shift from home cooking to ordering out for pizza.

Two local chains have been competing fiercely. Pizza Slut, located on South Henrietta Road, and Captain Horny's on Gethigh Station Road, are both battling for their slice of the pie—pizza pie, that is.

Some popular specials offered at Pizza Slut include the Mambo Mammary Meatball pie, featuring breast-shaped balls of meat. Captain Horny's best offering seems to be the Areola Anchovy Extravaganza. Both chains have hired the most buxom bosoms around to pitch their wares, and the results have been, to say the least, bountiful.

Delivering the pizzas has a new twist, as the girls must make sure to be clean and fresh at all times. "It just would ruin the whole thing if I was delivering a pizza to some guy, and he's grossed out because I have smelly armpits," says Cheezy.

Business will soon be much simpler for girls like Cheezy, as the warm weather approaches. "It was hell in the winter. I mean, standing outside with nothing on but skimpy little panties... It got damned cold, you know? But the guys loved it. I got so sick of hearing, 'Your high beams are on,' but I guess it's part of the job."

So, we can only wait and see what will come next, as the topless pizza delivery fad sweeps the nation. At RIT, it is becoming quite popular, with some guys ordering pizza as the evening's main event. One thing's for sure: when the pizza arrives, there will be a more than "a couple" of reasons for enjoying some good pie.

—BARF STIFFME



Old Editor Gets Caught With Hand In Cookie Jar

Who would've thought it would all end like this.

Former DISTORTER Editor-In-Grief Big Firmrod, much like others who become consumed with power, has fallen into the sins of the flesh. In a sweeping, campus-wide raid, Firmrod was arrested by an undercover Can't Piss Safely officer, who prefers to be called "Candi."

"Holy shit, I can't believe this! She seemed like such a nice girl; how was I to know she'd dick me over like this? Dat bitch!" Firmrod was quoted as saying moments after his arrest.

Officer Candi replied, "We've had our eye on this goon for quite some time. We know he was doing some shady things at that DISTORTER office, and we had some tips that his personal life was just as corrupt as his business was."

Apparently, Officer Candi had been invited over to Firmrod's fraternity house, where he claimed she'd be "just having dinner." As it turned out, according to Candi's report, Firmrod indeed gave her dinner, which consisted of nothing but oysters seasoned with something he described as "Spanish." The lab reports determined that the substance was the aphrodisiac called "Spanish Fly." This explains why Firmrod was so eagerly pushing the food on the unsuspecting officer.

Before long, Candi was at the bar, having "just a few" drinks with him. She purposely did not drink more than two, she said, as drinking more than that would impair her judgement. Needless to say, Firmrod was consuming quite heavily and subsequently began probing Officer Candi's body with his hands, sensuously stroking her thighs.



The report states that Firmrod, drooling on the bar, started slobbering on Candi's neck, all the while telling her, "God, what a nice ass you've got. Could I rub my face in between your breasts?"

The conversation continued for almost 15 minutes, with some reciprocal groping taking place, which Candi explains is done, "so as not to blow the whole sting operation."

At last, the moment of truth arrived. "Hey, baby, you wanna go back to my place? My roommate's gone, and I got the whole bed—I mean, place—to myself. I have a big hard—I mean, cold!—bottle of wine in my pants—I mean, refrigerator! We can listen to tunes."

Officer Candi, who was wired with a microphone, played along. "I know what you want, big boy. I know you have needs. A woman has needs, too, and I think I need you..."

Firmrod replied, "I'd do anything to have you. Let's do it in front of the College Union! Shit, I'd even pay you for it!"

"How much?"

"Let me write you a check."

"You're busted! You scum, you slime, you, you..." With that, Officer Candi dropped him to the ground with a strategically-placed knee.

Candi reflects on the incident. "He squirmed a bit, but I got his sorry ass up, and dragged him over to the squad car. He threatened me with violence, so I pulled out my service revolver to shut him up."

After being arrested and brought into the station, Firmrod began screaming and hollering at the top of his lungs. "I've been framed, I tell ya! This bitch led me on. She's a whore! She was asking for it!"

Spending several days in the county jail, no bail was posted for Firmrod, not even by his fraternity brothers of Gamma Slamma.

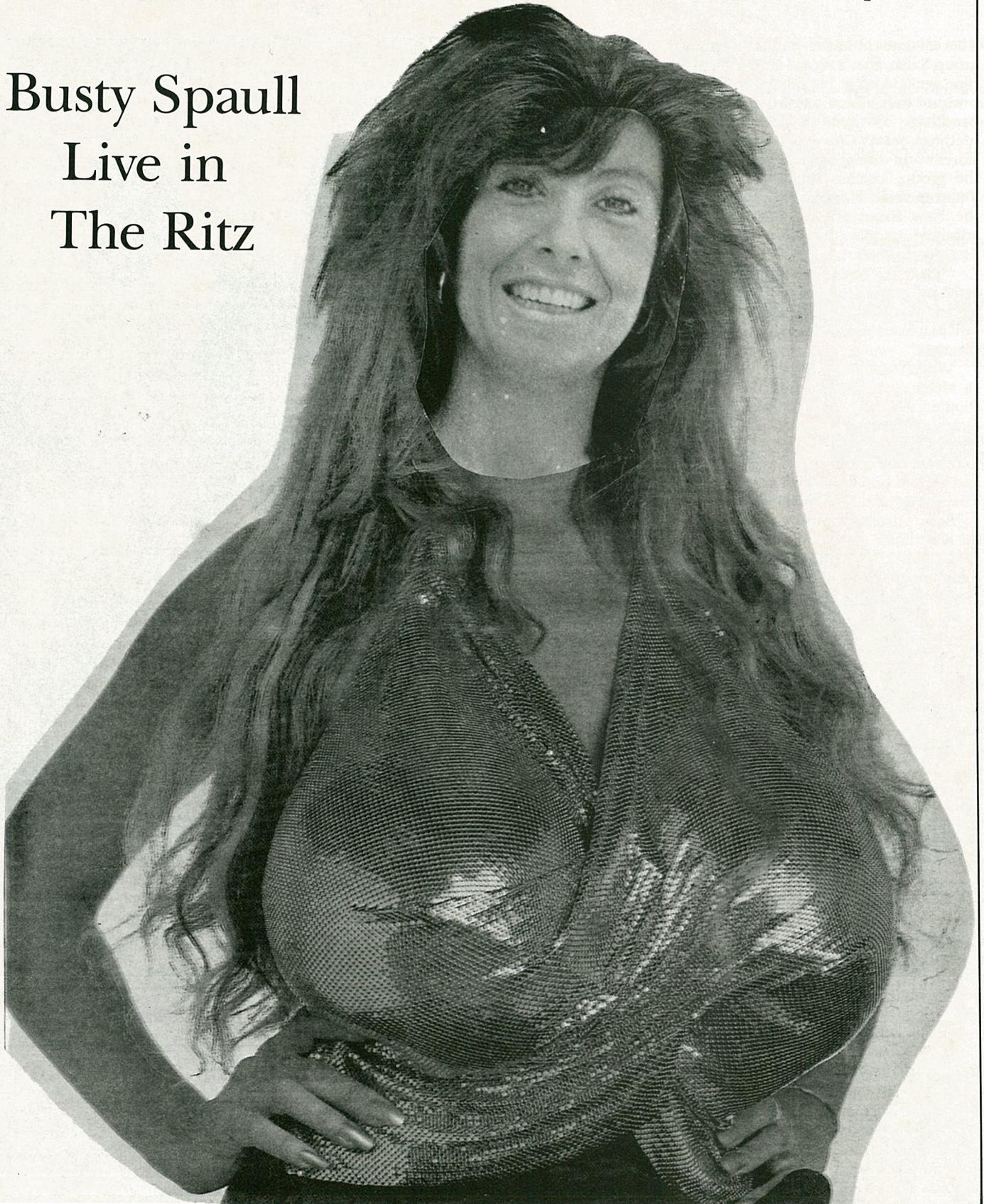
Only two days ago, Big Firmrod went on trial for charges of public intoxication and solicitation. Representing himself as legal counsel, Firmrod tried to clear his name. "Now I tell YOU, ladies and gentlemen, that if you went to a school like RIT, and if YOU saw the girls here, you would be chronically horny like I am, too! Now, we're all human beings, and we're not always as strong as we'd like to be. Every now and then, we slip up. Now I ask YOU, to please look at this officer over there, and tell me that if you saw her dressed up in a mini-skirt, with that sweet perfume and sensual eyes, if YOU wouldn't want to, you know, indulge a little? I expect you would. And can we simply pass judgement on somebody because of one mistake? I THINK NOT!"

Although the jury found Firmrod's speech to be extremely melodramatic, he was nevertheless sentenced to five years in jail, after the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

At last report, Big Firmrod was undergoing treatment in the prison's rape crisis center, after an incident in the showers where he reportedly "bent over to get the soap."

Two Big Reasons Why RIT Loves Busty Spaul

Busty Spaul
Live in
The Ritz



Satan Bites The Big One

The all-time ultimate punk/metal/thrash group, Satan, after a record-setting length of nine weeks together, has finally put forth the one and only album that will probably be produced by them in their collective lifetimes. *Satan's Greatest Hits* should be in stores world-wide as soon as the members of the group, Lucifer Spit, Beelzebub von Trapp and Helen Mucous, are released from the New Brunswick hospital they were admitted to after a slight management disagreement.

"They're both complete fucking assholes," states Mucous, vocalist and lead electric trianglist for the group. "I hope they boil in a festering pit of their own flaming diarrhea."

When asked what they all disagreed on so violently that night, Mucous initially shouted, "None of your fuckin' business, dickface!!!" but after she was given her hourly dose of Valium, she recanted, "Spit wanted to release one of our tracks as a CD-single, and we told him to fuck off and go to hell. Then he got the chain saw out."

Satan's drummer, Beelzebub von Trapp, the illegitimate and often-ignored offspring of the von Trapp family, was not able to comment on this management decision due to his injury-induced coma. "He's done this quite a lot lately," said Dr. Ganja, the band's personal physician. "Last week we had to sew his ears back on and replace his left lung. Then he went into a coma again, like he always does. It used to worry us at first, but we got used to it after about the fifth time when we had to perform the lobotomy. It's sort of a resting period in which he reflects upon each incident and thinks up some more songs."

The most mysterious member of the band, Lucifer Spit, lead guitarist and self-taught kazoo player, could not be located for this interview, or indeed, in the entire hospital. "So long as he doesn't try to unplug von Trapp's respirator again, we let him wander around the grounds," stated Dr. Ganja. "He's probably out sacrificing sheep or doing something docile like that. It usually relaxes him after these spats."

The album itself contains eight of Satan's best known tracks, performed live during their one and only short-lived tour of Lithuania. Starting off with "Eat Your Feces," in which Mucous performs her famed du-triangle screech solo, the band launches into what they affectionately call "Satan's Lullaby," but which is actually entitled on the album as "Nazi Death Camp Cafeteria." After two more nondescript tunes, "Puke In The Birdbath" and "Napalm Tampon," the band



mellows out as they perform an excellent cover of Phil Collins' "One More Night," during which, as claimed by front-row witnesses, Spit personally summons the Devil and has himself disemboweled before the excited crowd. At this point, the band takes a slight break.

After a 15-minute intermission, Satan comes back on stage and slams right into Spit's favorite track, "Blood-Demon With A Hairnet," chronicling Spit's short stint as a beverage runner in a college dining hall. Winding down the album is "Sex In The Furnace," in which von Trapp rips into his critically-acclaimed drum solo during which he throws live explosives into the audience every alternate drumbeat. The final and

most moving of all tracks is "Leper Lover From The Sewer," which starts off as an cappella/kazoo version of "See Me, Feel Me" before tearing into the audience as the blood-curdling, 19-minute, three-chord song that it is.

What lies in the future for Satan? What will the three, possibly two, surviving members do now that they can't legally rip the shit out of each other any more?

"I don't know about the other scumbags, but I've already been offered the option of doing the soundtrack to *Friday the 13th, Part 9: Jason Rapes Godzilla*," says Mucous. "They can shoot themselves up with heroine and molest their pets for all I care."

DISTORTER Talks Candidly With Satan

Editors Note: The following interview was granted in preparation of the band's sold-out charity concert for V.D. treatment of "frat sluts" at the RIT campus. For those of you who can't make it, here's an insight into what makes this band tick...

DISTORTER: How did your band come together?

HELEN MUCOUS: How'd you like me to stick a fork in your eye, asshole?

BEELZEBUB VON TRAPP: We met during a mutual drug bust in Liechtenstein.

LUCIFER SPIT: I've got a pet lemming, would you like to see it?

DIST: No thanks. Uh, what've been your primary musical influences?

H.M.: Wars, construction sites, and Pat Boone.

B.V.T.: Soundtracks to Rogers and Hammerstein musicals, the Scum-Sucking Nazi Boners, and Duran Duran.

SPIT: My lemming likes Rimsky-Korsakov and brussel sprouts. Are you SURE you don't want to see him?

DIST: No, really, that's OK. What's your philosophy

of life? I mean, are you guys into weird religions or anything?

SPIT: My lemming bit the head off a whippet once. He also likes to play cricket. He's really good, would you like to see his favorite ball?

H.M.: Piss off, cum-breath! How can there be a God when He allows us to be on the rag every month! Why is it He lets us get crabs just from screwing? And V.D! Dammit, that's just the kind of thing we can't stand. It's kinda hard to sing up on stage when your camel-toe is itching!

DIST: So that's the reason for this benefit at RIT, of all places?

H.M.: Yeah, asswipe, what about it? What, are you one of those computer geekoids who's never felt a tit before?

SPIT: My lemming likes tits...

B.V.T.: So do I. Real big ones. That I can bury my face in and moan, "Slam me, pig!"

DIST: How do you like touring, you know, going out on the road?

H.M.: Yeah, I know what touring means, cheese-dick! It's OK, 'cept that we keep running out of drugs...

B.V.T.: I enjoy having sluts reach around in my pants while I play!

SPIT: My lemming knows how to mix cement and fill out complicated insurance forms. He also owns a law firm; would you like to see his business card?

DIST: Please, no, I already got one. What can we expect from tonight's show?

H.M.: What the fuck do you think we're gonna do? Madonna covers?

B.V.T.: Well, we should have some music in there somewhere, but I'm not sure. But there WILL be lots of blood and shit.

SPIT: Hey, I'll set my lemming on fire, and play it with my teeth! Are you REALLY, REALLY SURE you don't want to see it?

DIST: Oh, alright, already. Let's see this damned lemming...

H.M.: Stand back!

SPIT (unzips fly and brandishes member): See, this is my lemming. Isn't he nice and furry? Would you like to pet him?

DIST: That's disgusting. I'm leaving.



Flicks That'll Make Your Eyes Bleed

The following is a list of up-and-coming movies that was found on the desk of movie reviewer and renowned homosexual, Sex Reed. (The memo was swiped by his copy boy and part-time boff-buddy, Raul). So believe everything you read, and try to impress your friends with everything you think you know:

You're A Fag, Charlie Brown!; (animated) After being caught molesting sister Sally, Charlie attempts to deny it by picking up Linus. Meanwhile, Snoopy teaches Woodstock how to Dirty Dance.

My Harley Muchacha; A canoe full of virgin Cuban refugees (Menudo) lands on Daytona Beach during Bike Week. You'll be cheering and bopping as these pre-pubescent try to outwit the Immigration Officials, bag some leather ladies and cut an album.

Little Dickey, Where Are You?; President M. Richard Rose makes his acting debut as a sexually frustrated administrator who road trips to Geneseo to see if those "Geneseo girls are like they say they are." A sequel is already in the works.

Gravedigger; Psychotic vet + dim-witted teens in state park = original movie.

Muppets And Marriage; Miss Piggy's pregnant but with Scooter's baby. Fozzie makes a crack about the pig being porked and Piggy inserts her whole foot up his butt. Jim Henson hopes to teach kids about safe

sex and abortion with this one. Look for the cartoon spin-off: *The Muppet Fetuses*.

Dance Fever: The Movie; We had *Flashdance*, *Footloose*, *Dirty Dancing* and *Salsa*. Heck, why not *Dance Fever*? Dancer and actor extraordinaire Danny Terio faces strong opposition when he tries to revive disco in a biker bar.

Richie Rich, Poor Little Rich Boy; Richie (Ricky Schroeder) learns the true meaning of money when he befriends a prostitute "with a heart of gold" (Jessica Hahn).

Faferism; This one's still in production but rumored to be the next E.T. It's already won the Cannes Film Festival's Best Picture Award and it hasn't even been finished yet!

Revenge Of The Nerds III: We May Be Losers But We Know When To Say When; The boys go to work for the college brewery and decide to poison the beer to finish off their agitators once and for all. Booger, while locked in a trunk, learns that he's related to a Phelta Deltan and must decide if he should stop his buddies or let his cousin die.

Two Days After; The sequel to *The Day After*. Nothing here but more snow, falling-out hair and mucho sterilization.

The Folks Are Gone And They Left The Car!; Corey Feldman and Corey Haim get AIDS from each other while their parents are gone for the weekend.

Dr. Dirty—The Russkie Tour; A rockumentary of Dr. Dirty's triumphant U.S.S.R.

tour. Includes the hit songs "Back Her In The U.S.S.R.," and "She'll Be Cumming Around The Mountain."

Super Wegmans; For young Ken (Don Johnson) there's more to a career as a stock boy than keeping the shelves stocked—his sex-charged trainee (Traci "take-me-seriously" Lords) makes sure of that. Directed by newcomer and Trump wannabe, Danny Wegman.

A Very Brady Christmas; At a family gathering the kids admit to stuff that had to be censored from their TV special: Greg, Jan and Marsha reveal years of sibling menage-a-trois; Cindy explains why she used to walk into the bathroom while Peter was showering; Bobby pouts that Tiger was man's best friend in more than one way, and Mike admits that they're all really Alice's kids.

Do Me! Don't Do Me! Do Me!; Co-ed Ginger (Melanie Griffith) is sick of being a sex kitten and so transfers from the University of Rochester to SUNY-Geneseo, looking for peace and quiet. She soon realizes her mistake, becomes a nun and applies to RIT (where she still lives in peace).

Batman; Stars Michael Keaton as the capped crusader.

And that's it! If I were you I'd start standing in line now because it'll be awhile before Talisman will ever get them.

—KNOB WASH

Albums You'd Eat Maggots For

Schroeder
Schroeder's Greatest Hits: Live!!!
Peanut Gallery Records

The mystical, maniacal musical mastermind from "Peanuts" fame is back with all the intensity and volume that a piano player could ever hope to muster! All the old favorites are on this 92-minute blockbusting chart-topper, including "Dog Germs," "Charlie Brown Mambo" and the number one smash, "Lucy, If You Keep Bothering Me I'll Rip Out Your Lungs And Leave You To Die." Recorded live at 1985's Looney Tunes Aid, Schroeder demonstrates his musical prowess with blistering performances on the piano and the harpsichord. Schroeder is best known for biting the head off of his Beethoven statue during his climactic rendition of the world-famous "Peanuts" theme, but perhaps the most emotional

moment of the show came during the heart-rending ballad "Snoopy, Get Away From That Fire Hydrant." This is, simply put, a must-get collector's item for anyone who's even remotely a Schroeder fan.

Dr. Rose and the Daffodils
Because I'm the President, That's Why
Red Tape Records

The ever-fascinating and loveable ruler of RIT is at it again on his latest vinyl venture, *Because I'm The President*. *Because* is pretty much a re-release of old material, and I found it to be quite predictable, almost as if I knew what he was going to say before he said it. Lots of oldies are featured on this two-album set, including "Yes Sir, Mr. Lomb!" and "We Are Presently Studying The Problem." Also included is a live version of the title track, and the latest radio-climber,

"Thor, Get Away From That Fire Hydrant." Although it's been about three years since his their last album (*Promises, Promises*), the doctor feels that this album will be every bit as successful as the last one. When asked why he placed so much expectation on this album, Rose replied, "Because I'm the President. That's why."

The Campus Safeties
Quit Laughing At Us
Foodcake Records

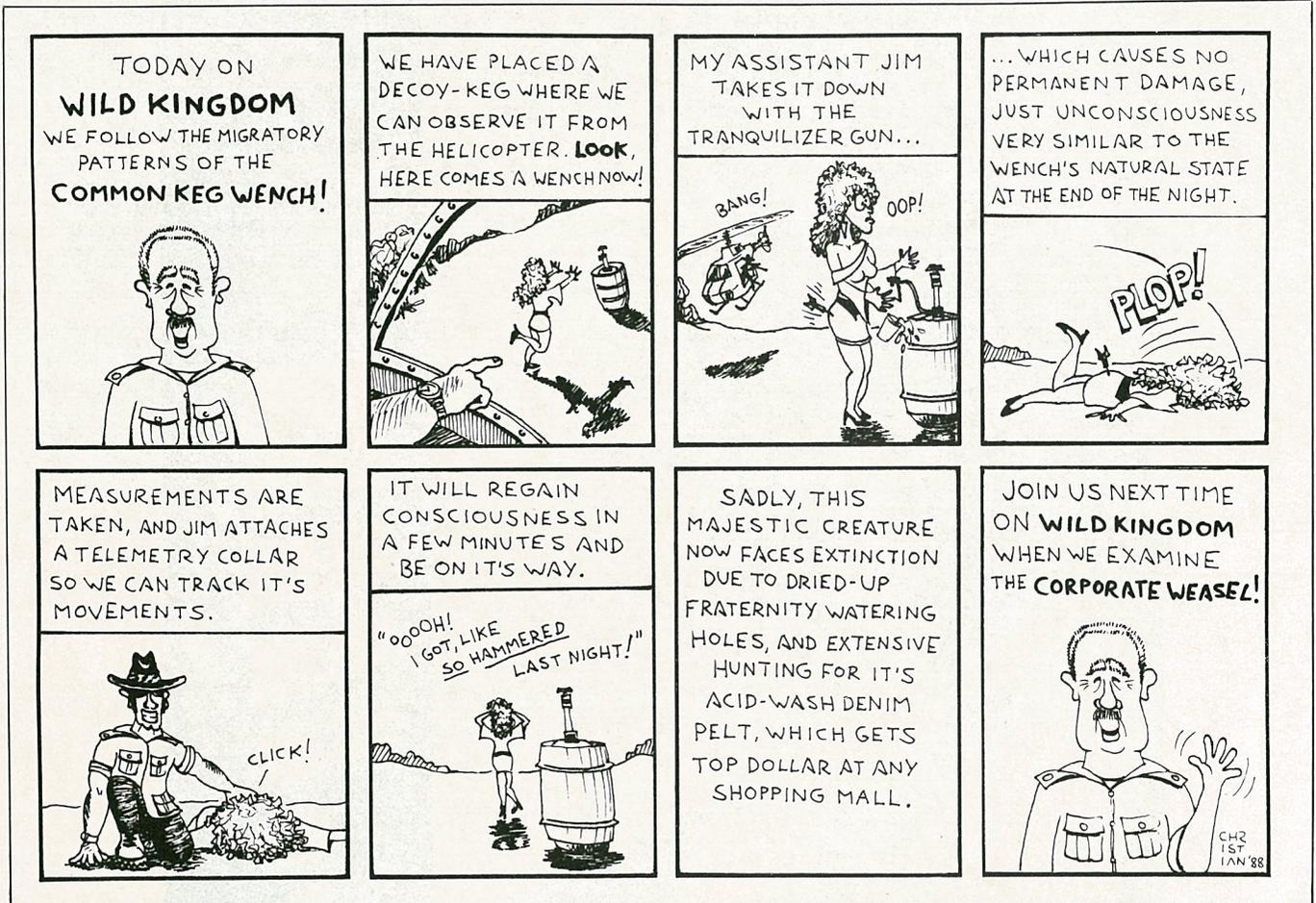
And I thought they only had trouble handling law enforcement—these guys can't even handle a recording studio! The old "Brownie-troop-turned-songwriters" trick has been through the turnstile one too many times to work for these guys. In a major label disappointment the likes of which the recording industry hasn't seen since *Bursar*

and the Breakers, the Safeties' latest release doesn't even come close to the mark. Surprisingly enough, lead singer Runny Foodcake decided to include a remake of "D-lot For Sale," defeating constant rumors that the song would be bumped because of its controversial nature. In fact, the only bright spot on the album is the title track,

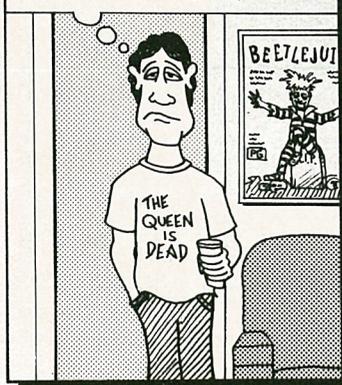
which, we understand, the Safeties collaborated on using their own life experiences. The CD version of the album contains one extra song, "Officer, Get Away From That Fire Hydrant," which is only available as an import. Years ago, when this band first hit the scene, people were talking about the "Next Doctor And The Daffodils."

Unfortunately, things just haven't worked out that way, and this album just goes to reinforce that image. From "Parking Ticket Hooplah" to "Harassment On The Escort Service Trail," this album just doesn't cut it.

—HARDTA PLEEZ



SO WHAT IF ALL THAT CRAP ABOUT THERE BEING SOMEONE FOR EVERYONE IS REALLY TRUE?

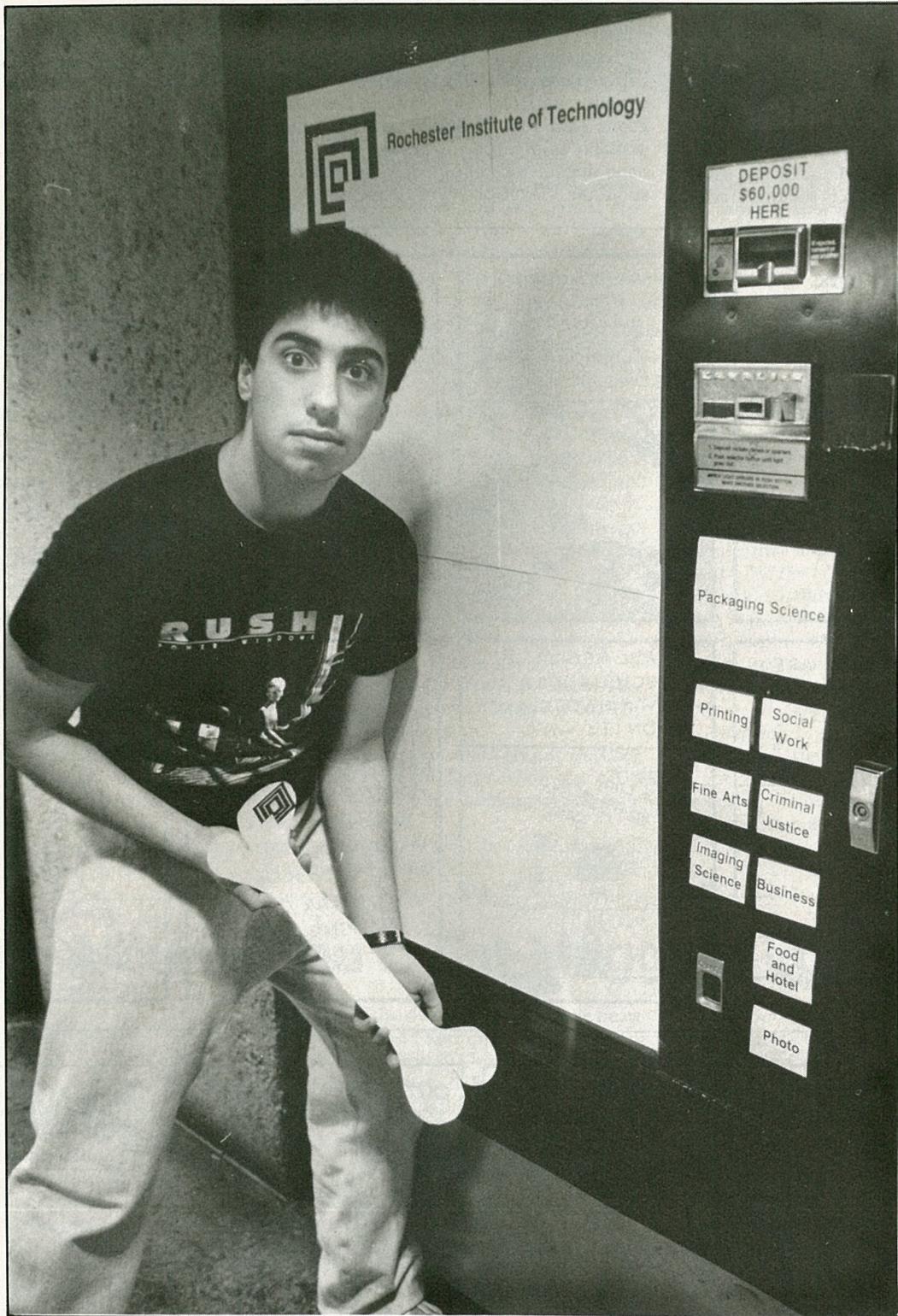


SOME DAY "MISS RIGHT" WILL COME ALONG. OUR EYES WILL MEET ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM, THEN SHE'LL WALK OVER TO ME AND SAY—



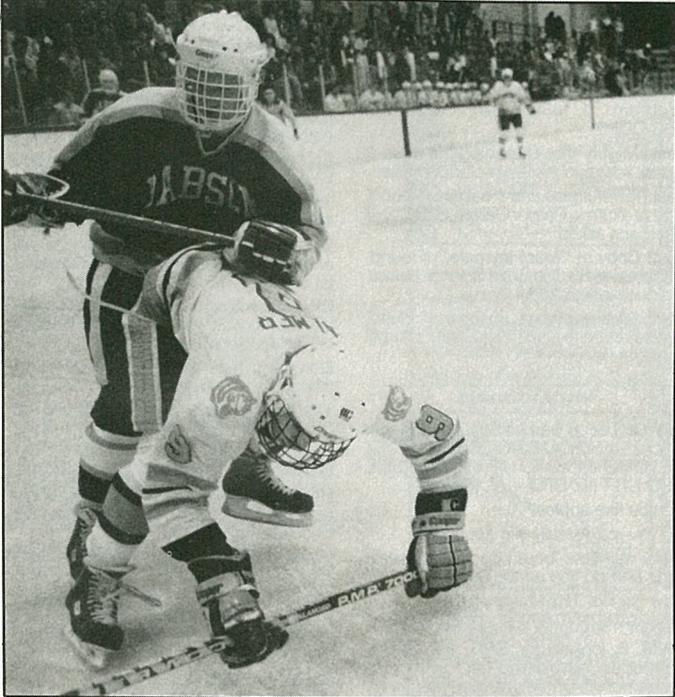
"OUTTA MY WAY, DORK! YOU'RE BLOCKING THE DOOR TO THE LADIE'S ROOM!"





RIT. You get what you pay for.

"I like it from BIG defensemen who like to hit HARD!"



"I like only the boys on the ice that will play in MY crease!"

clip and save

The DISTORTER Pornography Staff would like you to have this helpful guide for enjoying safe and productive sex.

Beware of:

- Crotch rot
- Genital warts
- Crab lice
- Clitoral scabs
- Dandruff

Safe:

- Voyeurism
- Fondling
- Phone sex
- Petting
- Kissing Grandma on the cheek

Risky:

- Sex on a heavy flow day
- Masturbation with a wooden glove
- Jumper cables on nipples
- "Pressing the walnut"
- Grandma slippin' the tongue

Dangerous:

- Shrimping
- Urinating into mouth or nose
- Leaving the plunger in the toilet
- Rubbing genitals on carpet (static charge)
- Fisting

clip and save

clip and save

clip and save

BAD ADS

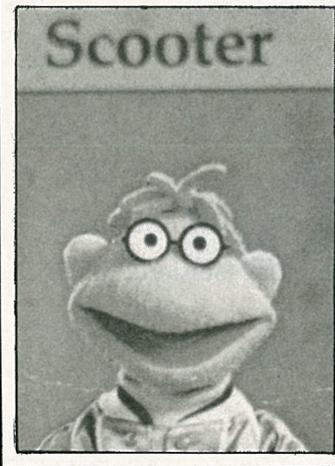


Public Notice

Have you seen this student on campus before, possibly walking around the CAU basement level? He is easily distinguishable by his penguin-like walk and constant scowl. If you have, please contact Crimestoppers at 1-800-RIP-OFF as soon as possible. The suspect has escaped from the Home of the Criminally Obnoxious; his weekend pass expired in October. The Can't Piss Safely Department is doing their best (or worst) to find this suspect since he fits the qualifications for their department head.

Name: Scooter, a.k.a. The Skateboard or Skippy
 Hair: Blonde
 Eyes: Blue
 Height: 5' 1"
 Weight: 175 lbs.

Warning: DISTORTER staff warns all students that Scooter may be hazardous to your integrity and has been linked to low birth weight.



Squeals and Skirmishes

Hooker needs money fast!! Let me take care of you. No job too small.

Legal Services available in the RI/Treat Tues. and Thurs. Drug dealers, pimps, gang members welcome.

For Sale: Photography books—"Photographing Women—Inside & Out," "The F Stops Here," "Exposing Yourself to Photography," and "Photographers Enlarge in Darkrooms." Call Click E. Windy at x5399.

DISTORTER Bake Sale—Hash brownies are our specialty. Help support some starving journalists!

Help Yourself

Wanted: Anyone willing to assume the missionary position. Call the Innerspace Chapel at x4092; ask for Rev. Bakker.

Wanted: Roadkill. My project is 2 weeks late and I need ideas. No dead animals rejected.

Help Wanted: Susie's Palace of Giggles needs sheet changers. Apply in person. Benefits like you wouldn't believe.

Help Wanted: Airline pilots. No experience necessary. All ages welcome. Apply at Rochester Airport.

Wanted: Hefty excrement. We'll buy your dump and pay top dollar. Contact any manager at Grace Watson Dining Hall. We pay extra for bits of corn and raisins.

Wanted: Trustee of Institute. No experience, ideas, compassion, interest, understanding, insight, ambition necessary. Must have car to blatantly break parking laws.

Denouncements

Be the envy of all campus! Join the Can't Piss Safely team! Benefits include free donuts.

Dear ROTC: Thank you for training the people who will someday kill our children. The people of Lebanon.

RIT Cheerleaders present their "All-You-Can-Eat" party after tonight's game! Free seafood all night long—athletes only!

Check out Campus Connoption's new book, "Horses," by Hung Lo.

The First Annual Roseanne Barr Look-alike Contest will be held next month. All RIT women welcome.

Gays, Lesbians, and Friends hosts their second annual "Wesson Oil Mixer" this week. Co-sponsored by Army ROTC and Roaches Rugby.

WITR presents Regular Mainstream Music Hour from 2:30a.m.—3:30a.m..

Comedian Andrew Dice Clay will lecture this week on the subject "Date Rape: The Bonus Plan."

Come to the LAGARL party at Greek Row! (LAGARL means Let's All Get A Real Life).

Lost & Even More Lost

Lost: Election. Please return to Michael and Kitty Dukakis c/o the Betty Ford Center.

Lost: Lunch. At TKE party last weekend. Please return to Patty at OHMYGOD.

Lost: Dog. Responds to "Thor." Also responds to "Get the hell over here!" If found call Nosy at EAT-SHIT.

Found: Dog. Answers to "Thor." If you ever want to see him alive again, leave \$10,000 on top of Bldg. 1!

Lost: All chances of scoring after enrolling in Micro E program. Please return to Melvin in the library.

Lost: Sense of direction and meaning. If found, please return to Student Directorate in RI/Treat.

Lost: Self-respect. Disappeared after enrolling in RIT's Food, Hotel & Tourism program. If found, call Floozie at TOO-DUMB.

Lost: Mighty-Mo Throbbing Vibrator. If found, return to AXD, c/o pledgemaster.

Lost: Tastefulness and creativity. If found, please return to Beaver Gallery, Bldg. 7. No questions asked.

Lost: Copy of "MacPlaymate." If found, please return to Computer Science House. No questions asked.

Lost: Mickey Mouse uniform. If found, please return to Can't Piss Safely's Angel Guacamole.

Impersonals

DISTORTER'S Bad Ad Secret Message: XIFO J EJF, XBOU EJTOPSUFS UP CVSZ NF VQIJEF-EPXO TO UIF XIPMF XPSME DBO LJTT NZ BIT!!

Do you like apples?

Do you really, really like apples?

Yeah, well how 'bout I bend you over a chair and do you up the ass?

How 'ya like THEM apples?

Excuse me, how far is the Olde Cock Inn? **SWM,** 5, looking for SWG, 4-7, to play advanced show-and-tell with. No screamers, bottle freaks or Luvs-wannabe's.

Wanna know what WITR really stands for? Wimpy Impotents on The Radio.

Just what the hell does Triangle do with all those carrots anyway?

The T&E Center says, "We'll print REPORTER on toilet paper whenever we want to! How do you like THOSE apples?"

Oooooooh, I gotta take a Power Dump!

Ritz pizza makes people vomit! Right Bill?

Hey Chrissy— good thing I like sea food, huh?

Where else but in Rochester can you spend \$60,000 for a bone?

Dr. Rose says: "Tuition goes up again! How do you like THEM apples?"

If you thought WITR was incompetent, try listening to the amateur radio club!

DISTORTER say: "We apologize to NOBODY! How do you like THOSE apples!"

We're not Geeks! Computer Science House

Yes you are! The rest of us.

What do you mean she's to young? Hey, if there's grass on the infield, play ball!!

I don't care how big your dick is! All I wanted was an escort!

JUST DO IT. I don't care how much it hurts.

No, NO! The puck is supposed to go in the NET!

Boy, am I glad I ate at the Shitz! I always wished I could fart flames!

No matter what, it's still a shitty little car with no pickup.

The other Gays, Lesbians, and Friends meets in the Can't Piss Safely office each and every day around the clock.

I know a guy who's name is Rocco. His favorite food is the Tuna Taco.

Communications majors do it with noise.

Statisticians probably do it.

Computer Nerds do it with bugs.

Can't Piss Safely does it with themselves.

Hey Cindy! I got laid last night!

That's great Mickey! Which house was it?

Hey Vinny! I'm going to see my professor! Wanna go with me?

No thanks, Tommy, I already ate today.

Man, this babe was an expert. She got both tassles to spin in opposite directions!

Student Health is to medicine what Orson Welles was to the high jump.

To the RIT women: Once and for all, Lose Weight!!!

Did you ever get the feeling of being under enormous pressure? Well, stop screwing fat bitches.

DWF, 40 looking for GWM, 30-45, to show mw how to pick up guys. Leave message in box 4B. Serious replies only.

Don't you hate it when the girl you're kissing has a mustache?!

The Administration says, "We'll build the Student Life Center when we feel like it! How do you like THOSE APPLES?!"

What the HELL is with these apples?!

How come you people can thoroughly read the DISTORTER but don't even look twice at REPORTER? Huh?!

Gasblasts—the most popular guy at Can't Piss Safely!

I wish I had a job where I could come in fifteen hours of the week, take three-hour lunches and get paid for thirty-five hours. Any ideas?

Thank you T&E! Just kidding.

Women are nothing but stuck-up, self-righteous, sex-starved, mind-game playing BITCHES!!

Boy, those Tech Crew productions get better all the time, don't they?

Hey Bitches— give us an answer before we spend \$20 on drinks!

Women are like algae, they grow on you like a mushroom on shit.

Women— Choose 'em, Booze 'em, Use 'em and Lose 'em.

The ROTC Motto: Never leave your buddy's behind!

How do you separate the men from the boys in ROTC? With a crowbar.

Hey Ricky, that looks like fun. Any room in there for me?

Little Boy Blew . . . he needed the money.

What's in the bowl, Bitch?

A Rose by any other name is still a pain in the ass when it comes to the alcohol policy.

Did you hear who CAB was getting to play at Spring Weekend? Menu-do!

Happiness is the smell of a big, juicy fart in a hot shower!

Lyle— Cream in the coffee you Bigot!! Long live inter-racial marriages.

Interesting broad. Where did she develop her personality? In a car crash?

If she's willing to swallow a quarter, maybe she's willing to . . . fat chance.

Q. How do you know Pandamonium is a teen club?

A. The bike rack out front.

If I had a dollar for every empty parking space on campus, I'd run out for some Pez Candy.

Q. How many Nids does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A. None, the government does it for them.

Elaine!! Let's go for a night on the town . . . REPORTER's buyin'.

Hey Elaine! I hear you're entering the wet

FRUIT OF THE BLOOM

T-shirt contest next Spring Break!
 Why do they call it Pandamonium when they should call it Braces and Hairspray?
 Pheltha Thi is having their annual "Fat girls get a chance too" party. Bring your own scale!
 Hey RIT guys!! We heard you couldn't get it up even if we gave you an air pump. Geneseo Girls.

Phi Delt Brothers— We're small and the babes go home!
 This year's "Please put your hedge clippers DOWN" award goes to Campus Cutters.

If we had any more fat girls on this campus, we would have to call Greenpeace.

The School of Food just got a donation from the state, but they can't decide whether to upgrade the Chef's program or put in a new fixin's bar at Henry's.

To Suds Mackenzie: Can't wait to dose and run around the sewer system with you again. Where does all that foam come from, anyway?

Richy O'Richy Rose, thanks for the weekend getaway. You were better than all the others! XOXOXOXOXO Bunny.

To Stoneface Hope: Down with all feminists forever! Bobby Riggs.

Let's hear it for Technila! Yes sir, that's the best doorstop I've ever paid an arm and a leg for!

To Simmering Cocoa at the Bagel and Gefilte Fish house: thank God air is free! Hachech!

Dear Vicki— So glad you're my little sis, can't wait to get you into my arms tonite! Xi Lust, YBS.

To Tender Vittles: do you think WACC will be available to do a feature on skinheads? David Duke.

To The Dude that pissed on my leg in the john. You call that a penis?!

Hey Faggots— no butts about it, you're killing the rest of us.

Hey Bennie (Belly), why don't you just go all the way and replace the "REPORTER" title with your whole name!?

Hey Ray Gun! Were those RED underwear, or what? How did your butt get so tan? Why don't you tease us a little more.

Boy, you can't get those waitresses at the Shitz off your back for anything!

Hey Angel! Is it true that you always request the EXTRA LONG nightstick?

Shitz Cook— And I thought the only garbage plate in town was at Tahou's.

Susan: watch out for the blue-crotch syndrome!

Wanda and the Waffles: Quit singing or you will end up dead like Thad and Wally.

HH: sure missed the stuff you put in the film canister this past weekend. I hope I get some soon.

Q. What do you get when you cross a female art student with an engineer?

A. A robot that doesn't shave it's legs.

She said: "You'll screw me over my dead body!"

I said: "Let's leave last night out of this!"

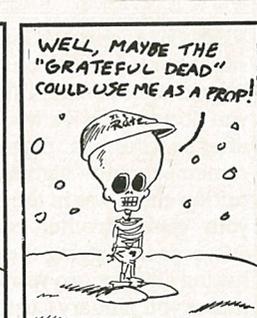
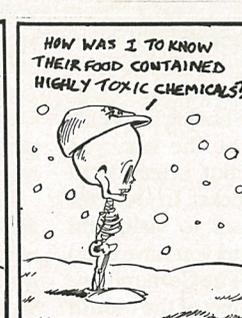
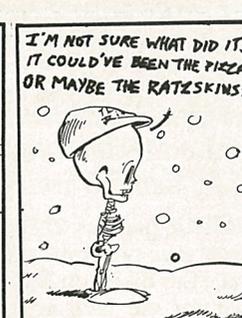
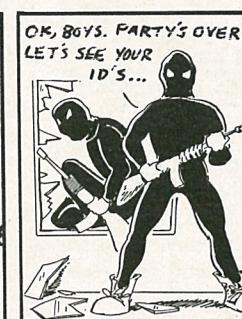
Phi Kappa Tau Fraternity— "Always One Step From Your Behind."

Jordan— We want you back!! Yeah, right.

BASIS— Brothers And Sisters In Satan wish everyone a happy Black Sabbath!

Faster than a speeding Epilady, able to leap tall Bubbles in a single bound—it's Polyester Nick!

The DISTORTER staff IS going to jail.



HORRORSCOPE

ARIES (March 21-April 20): This next year will be hell. Better pack it in and stock up on sleeping pills—enough for one overdose. The only bright spot will be the new bald spot on your head. A bad bout with tequila will come back to haunt you—never had beer goggles been so strong before. This will make you truly appreciate the term “ugly.”

TAURUS (April 21-May 21): This summer you will discover the true meaning of loneliness when your girlfriend of five years dumps you for your best friend. This will lead to many drunken nights, a 20-pound beer gut and a very tired wrist. You also learn the true reason your girlfriend has been holding out on you—it's not for purity's sake, she's just too tired from everyone else.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21): Keeping up with past tradition, this will be a celibate year for you. Your begging skills will hit an all-time level of perfection. Leaving a party one night, state troopers will pull you over and refuse your excuse about your weaving being caused because you were watching the moon!

CANCER (June 22-July 23): You seek professional help after winning the contest for Most Under-Developed Sexual Organs of 1989. Your parents decide you really aren't what they are looking for in a child and make plans to exchange you for an Ethiopian orphan. To make the year bearable, you do find a girlfriend—she was the winner of the “Least Developed Brain” contest. To save future generations, make sure those condoms are new and snug.

LEO (July 24-August 23): Coming back from Spring Break you return with more than you arrived with—head to Student Health FAST. Your housing lottery number is so high you can't even get a space in the Tunnel, much less Racquet Club. In November, you finally discover why you've had so many dates this past quarter—your ex-boyfriend has been showing those “home” movies of you around.

VIRGO (August 24-September 23): After staying up late all quarter to pass your Physics class for the fifth time, you realize you do not need it anyway. Losing your coat after a drunken night at the bar, you remember your signed, but unendorsed tuition check was in the pocket. In October, your geeky brother comes to visit, and succeeds in bagging the girl you have been lusting after for two years. The Corner Store makes you January Customer of the Month

after nightly Haagen-Dazs binges leave you broke, pimply and hiding under X-tra large sweaters.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): March brings your born-again friend from home knocking on your door. He only stays two days—just long enough to destroy your prized beer collection, three years worth of *Hustler* magazine, and your little black book. Mars in your sign over-energizes the Venus girl and earns you 35 hours of volunteer work after all that energy sends you up on the bubble roof—and down into the waiting arms of two Can't Piss Safelies. Money is also tight, pray you are not—sex still sells!

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): News from a distance becomes your main concern—after Mom and Dad reveal their desire to follow through with their sex-change operations. An unexpected test forces you to cheat—start planning now on how to explain that “F.” Winter blues and a fifth of whisky finds you with your roommate's boyfriend in her bed—at least have the decency to change the sheets! Things aren't all bad, though: You go home to find there will soon be a new addition to the family—your 15-year-old sister is pregnant by the high school gym teacher!

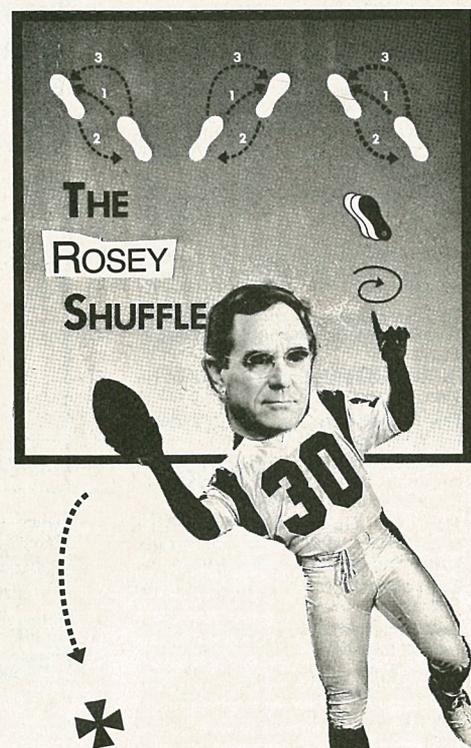
SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 21): You are feeling adventurous this year, so try something new—like washing your clothes on a regular basis. Your sex life gets a new jolt when you discover that multiple orgasms cause your girlfriend to have epileptic fits. A fight with your roommate leads her to put itching powder in all your bras. Special Archer Message—secrets you believe are safe pop out inconveniently—now may be a good time to check out plans for a year abroad.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): While you are at class one afternoon, the local charity comes by—your caring roommate gives away your favorite sweater and your prized stuffed animal. The new gossip-rag, *RITSqueal*, is being headed by your malicious ex-girlfriend; be sure to make amends before your past sexual blunders make front-page news. Money always helps—amnesia CAN be bought. So can penicillin—you'll need some after a wild weekend at Geneseo.

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): You will lose your two front teeth after a wild time at a Gay Bikers on Acid concert. While waiting for the false ones, you discover

“other” ways to pass the time, and earn yourself the nickname “The Tunnel of Love.” Radiation is a big possibility when your microwave explodes on you. Beware fluorescent dots.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): This coming year, you peak sexually—money can buy you love. Better get a second job if you want to keep yourself at that level. March is a good month for experimentation—that little brown package that came in the mail will finally get some use: After deciding your GPA really does need help, you agree to your teacher's extra-curricular requests—you always knew that bunny costume would come in handy someday!



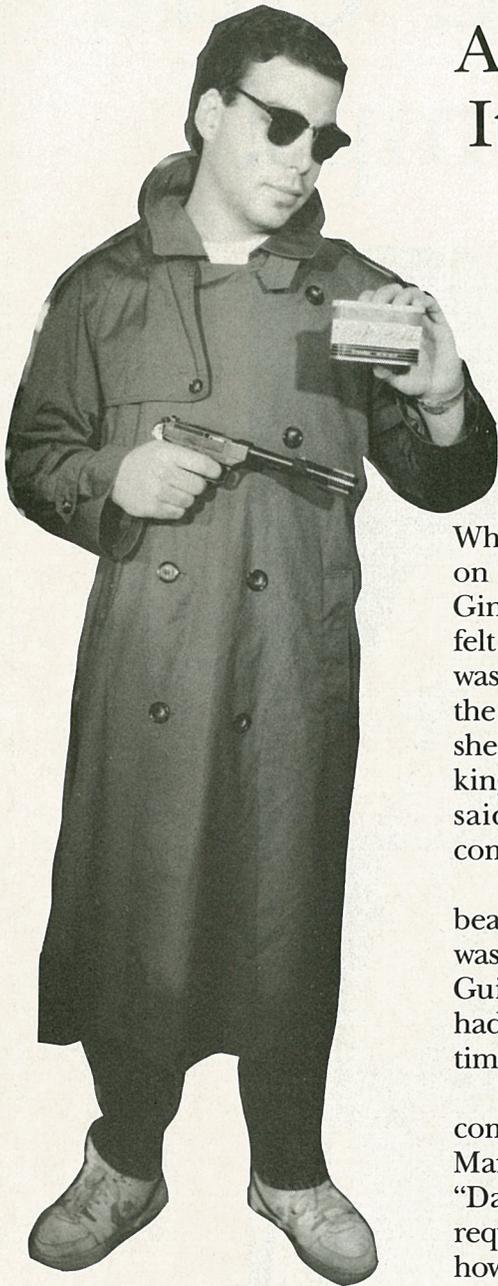
The Dance Sensation (Clockwise from top left): 1) Step Left, 2) Step Right, 3) Repeat Steps Twice, 4) Raise Tuition 5) Throw Picnic But Don't Show Up 6) Gyrate Finger And Yell “Woo- Woo- Woo!”

Come and Visit the
Sperm Bank
Savings and Loan
8% Interest*

*Substantial penalty for early withdrawal.

A666

Italian Culture



When Vinny and the boys called on me for a friendly chat about Gina, let me tell you, I certainly felt on the spot! Apparently she was pregnant and had pointed the finger at me. How did I know she was the daughter of a Mafia kingpin? My friends had always said our relationship lacked communication.

As it happened, I had the shit beaten out of me, after which I was taken back to the villa where Guido was mixing the cement. I had a feeling I was in for a rough time.

While I was sitting comfortably roped to my chair, Mario came up to me and said, "Da boss sez youz got one last request. Whuttillitbe?" Of course, how could I refuse my last chance to have some Cafe Feces from the General Fools Interspatial Coffees collection?

Mario looked at me long and hard before replying, "God, you're stoopid. You coulda had some shrooms."

All I could think of as I plummeted toward the bottom of the Genesee River was that maybe he was right...



