

Distorter





Dana & Al
for Student Government
They know what the fuck they're doing

Distorter

Volume 69, Number 13 April Fools, 1992

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00 WHAT'S HAPPENING?

DISTORTER Magazine is published annually on April 1 by...wait a minute. Why the fuck should I even tell anyone anything? Who are we? Try finding out! Where are we located? Yo, who the fuck are you to ask me where the fuck I come from? Oh, by the way, this publication is free because we this it is the most accurate description of campus life at RIT. Oh, by the way, we claim no responsibility for anything that may offend you conservative, neo-nazi, white supremacy, dick suckin', mother fuckin' pieces of shit! If you want to send us a letter, that would be cool. We'd read it, smoke a bong or two, and laugh at you for hours as we disgrace your family for generations. Distorter takes pride in the fact that you guys can't tell us what the hell to do because of the First Amendment! We have a phone, but we only accept calls from people who want to give us money or food! Distorter will withhold your name if we think that you are cool, otherwise, you're fucked! ***copyright symbol*** 1992 DISTORTER Magazine. All rights reserved. No portion of this magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from DISTORTER. Aw, who really gives a fuck!?

RIT Volunteer Ambulance:



Don't Worry. . .we'll be there.

NOT!

DistroFile



This is our annual April Fools issue. Surprise. It's tradition, it's trashy. We're proud of it...and it's a hell of a lot more fun to produce than our regular issues.

The DISTORTER is created all year long by both our staff and our readers.

It's more than a popular favorite, it's a ...classic (yah, that's it). People have

been calling since February for a guarantee that DISTORTER will be out in its usual rare form. It's a pity we only do it once a year and it's only 16 pages long.

This year RIT offered lots for us to chastise. Far too much was taken way too seriously...and it's time to laugh. The snow is melting hopefully and spring will soon be here. So folks lighten up. Not all will please everyone. Some of it is pretty damn offensive to parental and authoritative types, I'm sure of it. If

you don't like it please don't pound my door down to complain about it—I already know.

So take a deep breath, exhale, breath deep, exhale...merry, happy April Fools!

*Christmas "Bobcat"
Pagan*



In order to serve ourselves better, the RIT Bursar and Registrar offices have combined into a single entity. The new office, to be called the Office of Robbery and Reaming, announces its new slogan . . .

You're our #1 irRITant

So don't mess with us. We'll squash you like bugs!

Park Legally Or Else



Cantpiss Safely SWAD officer, Ben Dover, scans the RIT parking lots in search of parking violators.

Cantpiss Safely's Assisinit Director for Vehicular Enforcement, Chef Merrydeath, announced their new Parking and Unregistered Traffic Zealous Enforcement System (P.U.T.Z.E.S.) initiated on campus.

"People used to fear the day we would be given guns. Now'll they'll rejoice for the day. According to surveys taken by our own student officers, the number one concern amongst students is how many of their fellow students are parking illegally," claims Merrydeath. "In addition, we can help protect students' cars from the number of recent thefts."

The P.U.T.Z.E.S. system entails putting members of Cantpiss Safely's crack SWAD (Strategic Weapons And Donuts) squad on the roofs of strategic buildings around campus. There, using their Radio Shack Mission Mars Walkie-Talkies, they keep in constant contact with each other, and Hess Mart, in the event any student parks illegally, or any unregistered vehicle is on campus for more than five minutes without checking into the V.I.B. (Very Inefficient Bureaucracy)

booth. Should the SWAD officers notice any perpetrators, they are instructed to shoot first, and ask questions later.

"Parking violations have decreased slightly, but parking appeals have dropped off dramatically," says Surly Beastiality, Parking Appeals Executioner. "It is hard to appeal a decision when you have a .45 slug in your chest."

The number of stolen vehicles has not diminished however. While the SWAD officers have not made any arrests in regards to stolen cars, they have plugged three students who were having trouble with broken locks.

"You never can be too sure," says Merrydeath. "They may look like they were having lock problems, but that is just how these thieves work. They even went as far as to have fake ID's of the owners of the cars. They are obviously return thieves too because they had personal belongings of the victims on them."

Somewhere Around The Campus

HyRIT Regency Project

RIT President, M. Dick Nose, has announced a plan to destroy the residence halls in favor of building a Hyatt Regency. The project, to be named the HyRIT Regency, will be funded totally by CIA contract dollars and the revenues from Handsknees Dochurtme's new book, "Look At Me. I Got To Keep The Car."

"After living in the dorms for a week, I wanted out," said Nose, who recently enrolled as a student at the Institute. "And the efficiency with which Hyatt Regency has become associated with appeared to be a perfect match for our Institute."

The lower lobby area of the HyRIT will connect to the quarter mile tunnel already in place. Construction is expected to be begun just as soon as the swampy areas around campus dry up.

Campus Erections Book Buy Out

In order to cut back on their expenses the Campus Erections Bookstore announced a new Book Buy Out program. They will only order ten copies of each text book and offer them for sale to the highest bidders. In cooperation with major textbook publishers and the RIT Registrar's office, they have worked out a book schedule such that every book is obsoleted as soon as the class is over, thus ensuring students will not be able to buy used books. When asked how this might impact students, John Thomas Roamin, Major Stockholder of Campus Erections, replied, "Who the fuck cares? As long as we turn a profit."

Drug-o-lympics Planned

Iota Eta Pi and Tappa Kegga Brew have announced the date for their Drug-o-lympics philanthropy event. The all day event will be held April 31 starting at about 2:00 noon and continuing until everyone has recovered from their stupor enough to stagger home. Events include the 100 yard line, joint rolling, steeple chase while standing still, blood alcohol hurdles, most hallucinations, puking for distance and accuracy, and the high jump. Manuel Noriega will be the guest Master of Ceremonies.

Pulling The Undies Over Cantpiss Safely's Eyes



Sterling Dick, Director of Cantpiss Safely, announced new leads in the apprehension of the dreaded underwear bandit. An anonymous tip (although DISTORTER staff has learned that Fried's fraternal twin brother, Jerk Smithandwesson was the squealing little runt who called them) led officers, eventually, to the desk of Fried Smithandwesson, Vice President of Imprudent Affairs. After six hours of searching, officers finally uncovered evidence that could indicate Smithandwesson might be the individual who has been stealing women's underwear from washing machines around campus.

"Fortunately, one of our astute officers noticed that there was something amiss with his miniature tiger statue. At first we thought it was the fact that the balls were not green like the big one's, but then Officer Hightower noticed the women's undies on its back," Sterling Dick explained.

Smithandwesson denied Cantpiss Safely's accusations when we contacted him at the Racquethole Apartment Laundry Room. "I deny everything. Clearly, any underwear found in my office belongs either to my wife or to my secretary. Furthermore, the big tiger statue doesn't even have green balls anymore," Smithandwesson went on record as saying.

According to Disassociate Director, Flea Strudel, Cantpiss Safely is going to round up

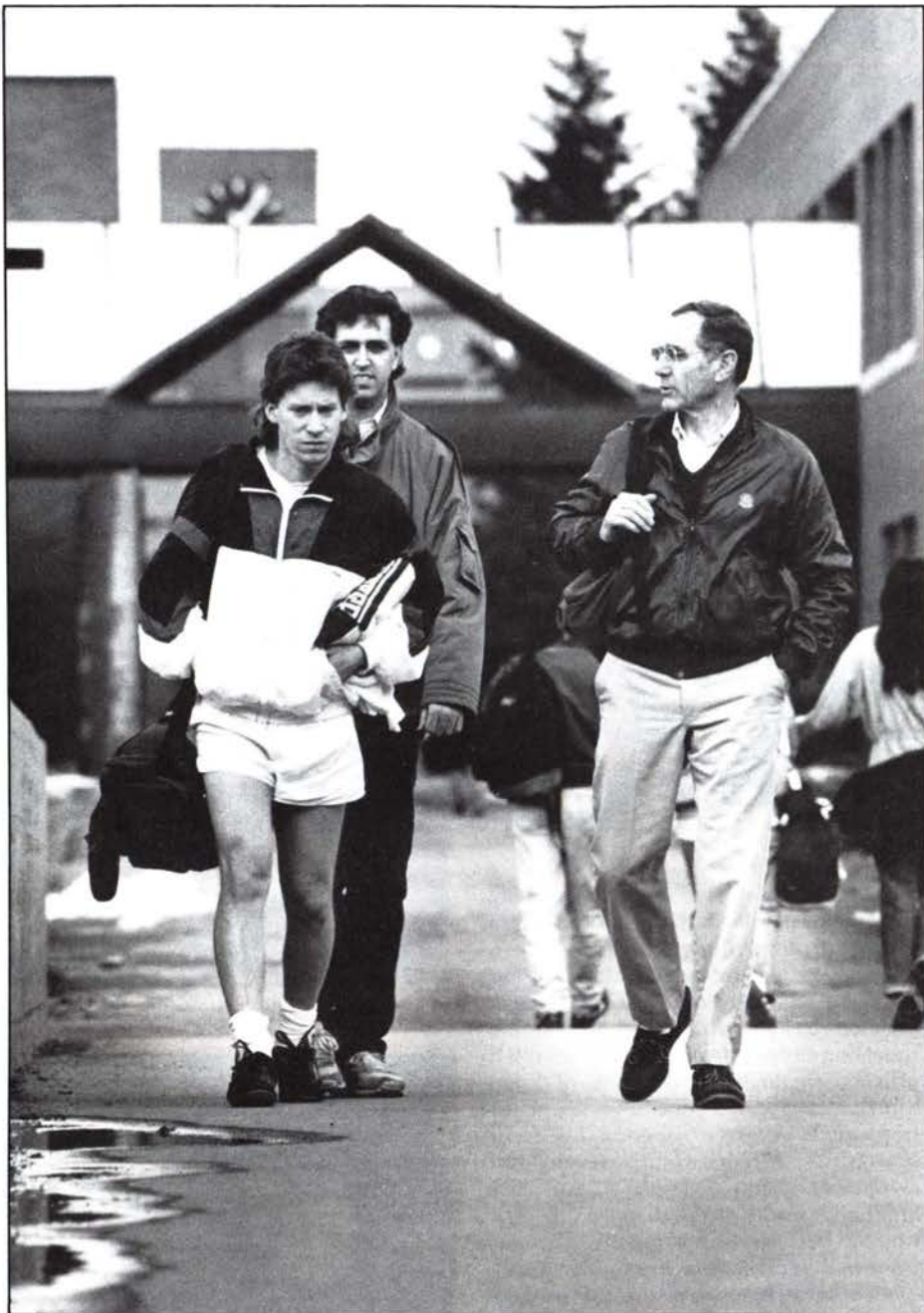
all of the students in the Union and bring them over to Cantpiss Safely headquarters for interrogation. "We're down on our harassment quotas, so we figure we can make it a record week if we haul 'em all in to see

the chief, Dick. This will be close to the record we set when the pinko commie bastards staged that sit-in over some artsy thing," said Strudel.



Cantpiss Safely officer, Mike Hunt, busts the balls of the abominable snowman. Snowman mad as hell, threatens to tear down administration building.

ROSE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM



RIT President, M. Richard Rose, has been seen around campus a lot more recently, and not just on the seventh floor. As his tenure as president is drawing to a close, Rose decided it was time to go back to school to prepare for a new career. Rose enrolled in the School of Packaging Science and

began classes this spring.

"After failing out as President, I decided I needed a new major and you know what they always say, 'If you can't hack it, pack it.' I hope to land a job designing packages that can hold secret documents and such," explained RIT's top executive.

Because of the high time demands, Rose decided to move out of his Liberty Hill house and into the residence halls. "The space is a bit crowded and of course the food sucks big time, but it has given me a good insight into dorm life that I never had before. That is why I have decided to initiate the HyRIT Regency program." (See the DISTORTAGE section for more details.)

The change from king to serf has not been an easy one for Rose. "It used to be that when I said 'jump', a professor would ask 'how high?' Now when I say 'jump', my professors accuse me of copying off my neighbor's test." The change in authority has not been the only set back for the



beleaguered president. "I don't know how you students do this. These teachers are more boring than my vice-presidents. I've fallen asleep in class more often than I do in board meetings, and I didn't think that would be possible."

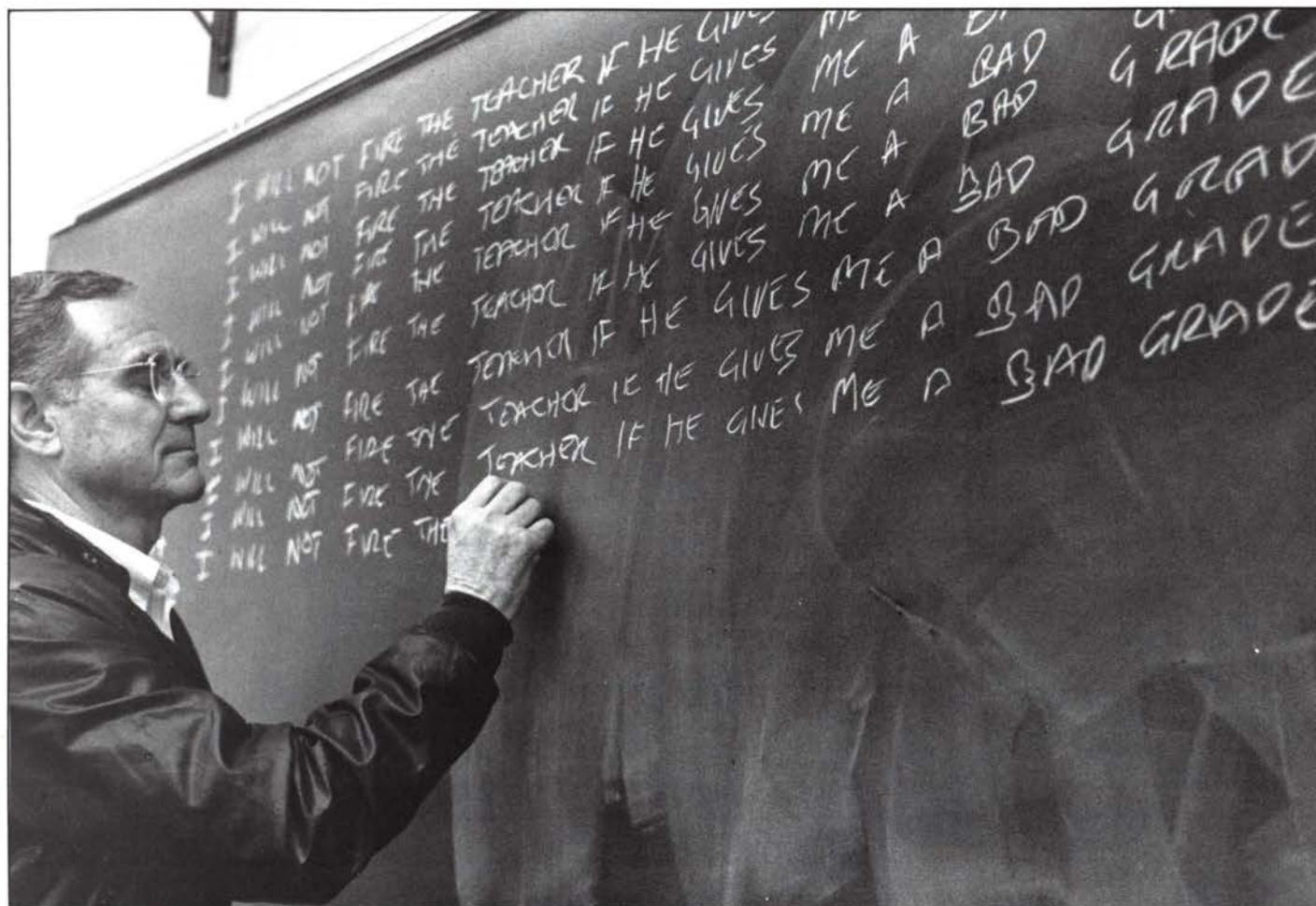
Finding time to study has also been a problem for Rose. He frequents the Ritskellar now, and can occasionally be seen in the RITreat. "Boy am I glad I was talked out of my original plans to turn the old bookstore into a health club for campus executives. If I had, I wouldn't have any place to study. Lord knows I can't get anything done up on the seventh floor. Besides, the new health club

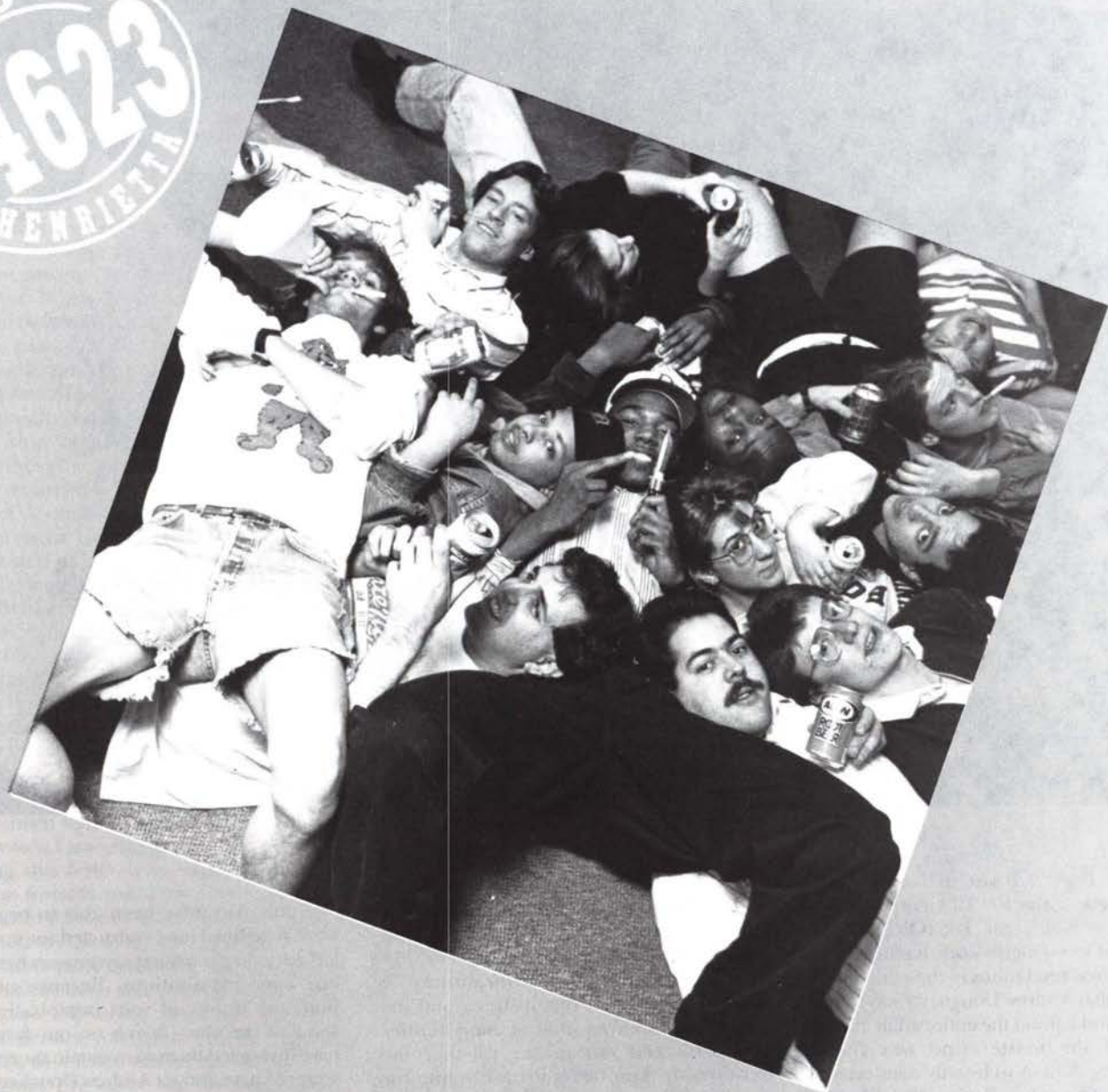
I built is much nicer than anything we could have built in the old union."

Rose also finds the academics rather difficult. "I'm glad we keep our admissions standards low, because I didn't do too well on my SATs. But our tough curriculum has been a bit of a problem. I went to Jack for help on one of my English Comp papers, but got an 'F' on it. Now I buy old Comp papers from my former fraternity."

The one portion of college life that Rose has not had any problem adopting is the social life. "I don't know why so many guys bash RIT women. I've picked up more chicks here than I ever did

at Alfred." In addition to the women scene, Rose has become a regular at the fraternity parties on campus. "I go to them all. I get hammered with the boys and talk about my old war stories. Then we usually go out and cover the sundial with toilet paper. Of course, not the stuff we use up on the seventh floor. That's too soft. We use the cardboard stuff we stock the dorms with. Then, in the morning, when I bget calls of complaint from physical plant about the toilet paper, I laugh inside because little do they know I am one of the perpetrators. This stuff is all off the record, right?"





Follow the antics of the students of
South Henrietta Institute of Technology

South Henrietta 14623

Wednesday nights at 9 on the FUX Network



Although the RIT Board of Trustees wants you to believe the RIT/CIA controversy is over, it just is not true. **DISTORTER**, after months of investigative work, has uncovered startling new revelations in the entire affair. It seems that Andrew Dougherty was not the mastermind behind the entire affair. It turns out that the mastermind was Daniel Greenberg. A man so heavily connected at RIT, that the entire Review Panel helped cover up his involvement in the controversy.

Our first clues to Greenberg's involvement came from the recovery of shredded documents found in the trash outside of the Center for Imaging Science. Included in the trash was an unshredded letter from Jenifer Broken-Hymen to Mr. Greenberg.

Through pains-taking work, our investigative reporters were able to piece together many of the shredded documents. One of the most startling was a letter from Mr. Greenberg to Mr. Dougherty, dated April 1, 1984.

Doc:

I've decided to throw in with the CIA. I think it very important that we establish connections with this agency. I would like you to draft up a memorandum of agreement between our Institute and the Company outlining what we have to offer them. It need not matter whether the relationship is profitable to the Institute. For this reason, it is essential that no responsible governing body within the Institute know of this relationship. If you have any questions, please feel free to contact me at my classified number.

—Dan the Man

Clearly this document establishes the relationship between Mr. Greenberg and the Institute leadership. However, it does not stop there. Greenberg's influence through the Institute goes much deeper. In a letter to CIA Deputy Director for Science and Technology, Evan Hineman, Greenberg writes:

Evan:

I am glad we've been able to begin to work together. I have instructed some of my lackeys to begin writing agreements between our two organizations. Because of the potential dislike of your organization by some of the ultra-liberals on our faculty, I have instructed them to maintain the utmost secrecy. I have also set Andrew Dougherty up as the fall guy, should anything go wrong. Doc is expendable. I am not. No where in your documentation to the Institute should you ever mention my name. Thus if the relationship is discovered, we will be able to continue work, even after the other individuals have been purged from the Institute.

I have begun work naming a college after your Company. I am including photography, imaging, and woodworking in the college since it might be advantageous for you to employ all of their skills. I will probably include the printers and the cutty-pasteys, because if I just sumarily dismiss those

programs, it might shed some light on our illicit agreement. Before this college can come to pass, I must work on getting the current deans to retire. I figure I can have them out by 1990 or 1991 at the latest.

Please keep the money flowing in to our coffers. The automobiles and country clubs are a luxury I could not afford to do without. Should you determine that this agreement is not beneficial to your organization, realize that I will be forced to liquidate you and your family. That includes your dog and your goldfish.

—Dan the Man

Mr. Greenberg's influence ran deep. From pay-offs from the president to perks from student government. But suddenly, in 1991 it soured. When the CIA invited President Rose to determine future directions for the agency instead of Mr. Greenberg, Greenberg became incensed.

He first had a falling out with Dougherty. It eventually led to Dougherty's firing, but even that was not able to assuage Greenberg's ire at being snubbed. Unfortunately for the Institute, during this time of destitution, a reporter hussy from the Democrat and Chronicle took advantage of him at a vulnerable time. Seducing him with the temptations of the promised land, Ms. Broken-Hymen was able to get Greenberg to begin leaking the details of the the RIT/CIA connection he had forged. Excerpts from a love letter, reprinted here without permission, clearly shows the nature of the relationship between this ultimate power-broker and his hussy reporter.

Dearest Dan,

I'd like to thank you for the information you've been sending me, but that is not the only reason I am writing. The real reason for writing this letter is to express my true feelings towards you. Dan, I love you. I've always loved men of power. Men of vision. Dan, you are all of these, and more.

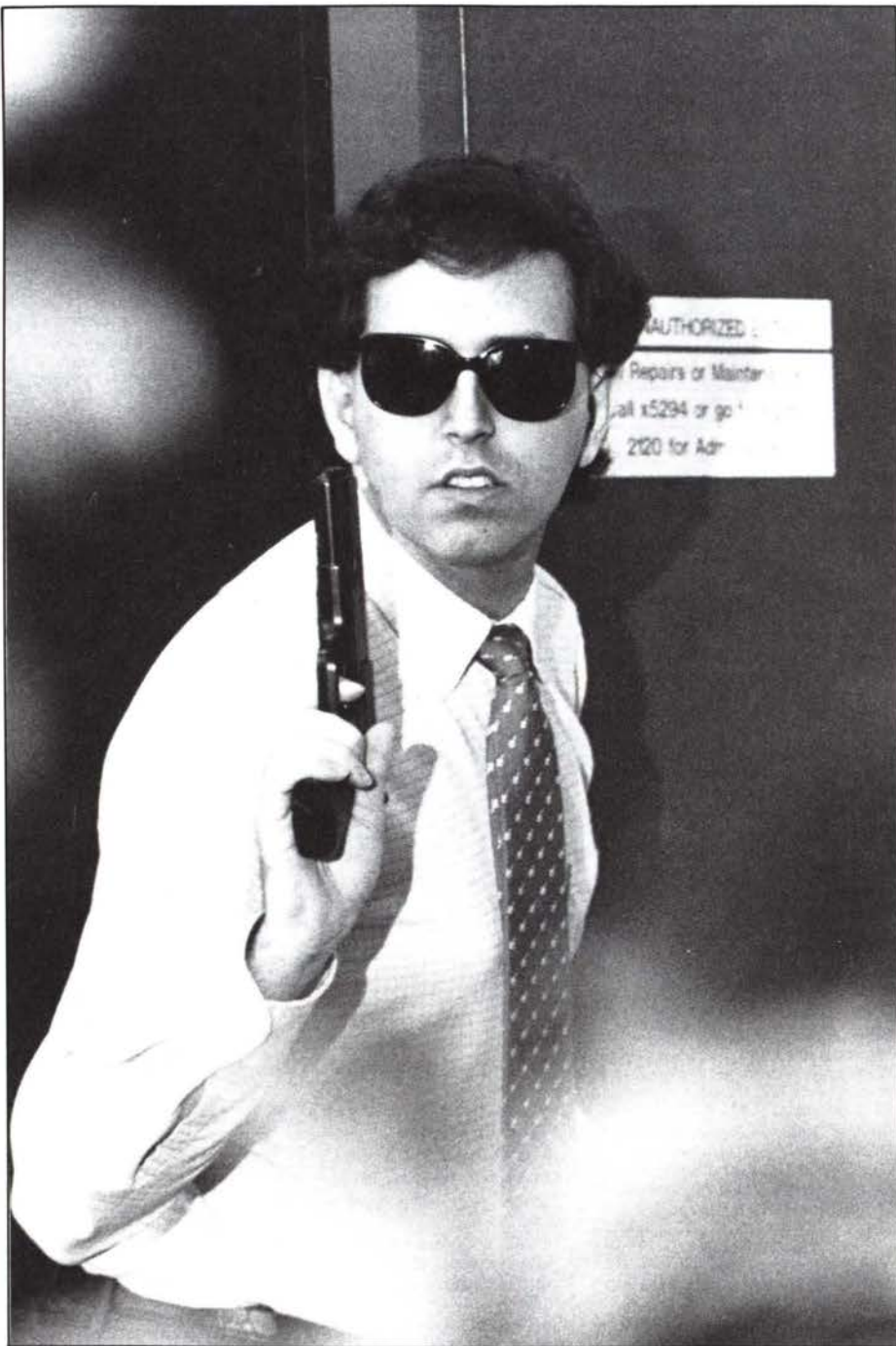
I didn't want to tell you this in a letter, but I haven't been able to get a hold of you and your answering machine must be broken because you haven't returned any of my calls, so a letter was my last resort.

Danny, I've never felt so happy and free...

Your hopeful love,
Jen Broken-Hymen

Remarkably, as the entire connection fell down around him, Greenberg managed to remain clean of the allegations flying around the Institute. Due to the sensitive nature of the information he had gathered on almost every Institute member, it was of little surprise he was able to convince the Review Panel to not include him in the report.

Although he had nothing on Monroe Freedman, he was able to entice Mr. Freedman with promises of the future Presidency, once Rose was eliminated from



Greenberg on hidden camera as he exits from his secret office in the Center for Imaging Science.

his position. This was the ultimate irony. Rose, who had invited Greenberg to the Institute, was ousted by Greenberg and his machinations because Greenberg was jealous of the fact that Rose had been selected by the CIA.

Now, months after the Review Panel's report, Dougherty is gone, Rose is on the way

out, yet Greenberg still remains. Operating out of a secret office in the Center for Imaging Science, Greenberg is pursuing other relationships. According to some of what we were able to piece together, he is working a deal with Saddam Hussein to have the School of American Craftsmen build hidden carriers for SCUD missiles.

Squeels & Skirmishes

For Sale— Acres and acres of shredded documents. Makes a fine mulch. Call R.I.T. Research Dept. X2883.

Must Sell— Corvette ZR1, need cash for books. Call M. Dick Nose. 475-1150.

Chocolate chip cement blocks— May be used as heat shield for space shuttle. Avoid that nasty re-entry burning sensation. call Smellie D. Bitch X6969.

Slaves Wanted

Attention Imaging Science students— The CIA will be recruiting at the Radison on April 15, 1992 in the Grand Ball Room. Just follow the signs to the velvet Elvis painting sale (wink-wink).

KDR brothers wanted— to work at 7-11. Must fully understand care and maintenance of Slurpy Machine.

Wanted— blonde white female, age 16-22, who is into bondage, animals, whip cream and food substitutes and enjoys lying on her back, kneeling for extended periods of time and can suck a basketball through a tennis racquet. I'm the man you have always been looking for. Call Tim x 2213.

Wanted— something to do, contact Student Activities

People to Sleep With

Roomates wanted— for 234 recently vacated one bedroom studios. Modern, sleek, brick building with laundry and "food" services close by. Extremely close to RIT. Call Res Life at 475-2400. Welfare recipients welcome.

Denouncements

The Quim Charmin— School of Driving is now open. First ride is free.

BACC— announces their third annual "Slap Da Bitch" contest with special guest host former world heavyweight champion Mike Tyson.

Ken— U read this? Ken U cownt to 2? Den U Ken b a Mareen. Wee wil giv U a gun. Kall X1234

Piss For Distance— First Annual Competition to be held on top of Building -1, April 12, 1992. Beer Chuggers encouraged to participate!

Evil shit— is the stuff that never seems to fully whipe clean from your asshole.

JONO— know's what that's like.

"How to eat Pussy— and other anatomical structures" a lecture by Jeffery Dahmer sponsored by Fudgepackers Anon. April 15, 1992. Tickets on sale at the candy counter.

The Pre-Ejaculation Club— Cum early or miss all the fun. Meeting on every day that doesn't end in 'y' at 7:00 in the Student Life Center Showers. Refreshments served promptly at 7:04.

Get Lost

Lost— Kevin Doyle, if found please return to RIT.

Lost— Charter, if found please return to Theta Xi.

Lost— Permission to Party if found please return to TKE, Triangle, Sig Pi, TEP.

Lost— Driving skills, if found please return to Quim Charmin.

Impersonals

Are we still in New York?— SHUT UP you stupid Bitch!

Fuck you— RIT. You cheap piece-of-shit school. Next time give ME more money. Who the hell wants to see Spike Lee. -Ford

B.A.— Did you find a pearl in that oyster?

To all the girls— I've ever had a relationship with. If you got a problem, go fuck yourself!!!! J.T.O

To all the girls— I've ever had a relationship with. If you got a problem, go fuck yourself!!!! D.K.T.

It's very possible— that she swallows.

P and C— you two are the real fucking psycho bitches. Lynn was the cool one.

Here's to all— the girls at RIT, who suck cock we love ya.

Congratulations— to the Theta Xi Spring '92 Pledge class. Oh never mind.

To all members of the Grapevine, You should be thinking about Dick Gregory instead my dick. Bitches get a life and mind your business!!!!

Skully— You Da Man!

Hamblett— You Da Man!

To the motha fucker— who stole my bike if I see you I'm gonna fuck you up.

King Bufah Rules The World!

Dave— How Much Is That Apartment? A Buck Fifty?

I want my mother fuckin— microwave back you scumbagcocksuckinmotherfuckintwoballedbitchiejudahhead.

Skully— Drop your cock and grab your socks...we're ballin.

Beater N. Nailer— Is it time for another reign of terror?

Scott— swab the deck, you fuckin bonehead.

Yssup— you cheese eating, TDK stealing, no furniture having, T-shirt all the time wearing bitch, and I want my cheese later mon. (Can you dig it?)—SURREAL

Thanks for the threads— Wendy O, the Margot, and Miss Fahita.

To all the girls— who fuck I love you.

"The back of the car— looked like a mobile police narcotics lab... but it was the ether that really scared me... ' What a fucking way to spend a weekend.

Support Women's Rights— Buy a bra!

Women— haven't got any legitimate RIGHTS except the right to a good gynecologist... and maybe knee pads... and possibly a day off... every year or so if they behave.

B.A.'s Muff-diving— No muff too tuff, we dive at five! Purple

Smellie D. Bitch— stop fuckin hiccupping!

Ward— I think you were a little hard on the Beaver last night...

Put your shoes on— you Smellie (D) Bitch. Hagchtootee Baby!

UH,UH,UH— a stick of butta!

Don't kid yourself, they all do.

Carvelli— take off the red shoes and get a real job.

Chris— hope the cost of living real in Hillbilly land is cheaper than NY.

Party at Theta Xi— Wednesday night NOT!!

Jennifer— you are my passion flower...D&C love, Digga.

Eat Shit and DIE!— Better yet. Eat Shit and LIVE!!

Fuck— FuckFuckFuckFuckFuck, Hey, it's the only time we can Fucking do this and not get in trouble for it! So FuckFuckFuckFuckFuck!

How you like dem Fucking apples?

SMOOTH— like a knife through skin.

Wache de popose— cause de popose is filthy, you stink bitch.

Your mother's so old, when you squeeze her tits cheese comes out!

Stop spanking it!

Does it smell— funky in here or is it just you?

Ever wonder— how pretested condoms are actually tested?

BITCH— BITCHBITCHBITCHBITCH BITCH

To Thom R— Bill E., Bill M., James G., Fred W., Jack F., C.J., why does the United States have only one vice president, while RIT has about 7?

To the Trustees— when you guys die, no one will really care.

Your mother wears a nylon BVD night gown with high top slippers with a zipper on the side.

Crack kills junkies— students kill administrators!

Hey— should we drug test the administration? Naw, they'd probably protest it for some unknown reason.

I know the guy— who has been selling all of those nice drugs to all of you happy administrators. Where's Jennifer? She'd LOVE this story.

Stealing— cheating, and lying to RIT for whatever I can is my -1 'FUCKIN' PRIORITY!

Imagine— if the administration had to work for a living... God Forbid!

The students support and advocate the thought of storming building one and killing every RIT administrator in it.

The guy sitting next to me just proved to me that he could wrap his penis around his neck...twice! INquire at the office.

There's this sorority— I fucked...well, everyone else fucked them too!

GDIs suck!

Greeks Suck

Dear Jen— we are truly sorry for the "bitch" ad in last years distorter (NOT)... Sincerely Quim and Goin.

"Chloromethylisothiazolinone"

Wheatbread— always tastes great.

Your mother's so tall she tripped over the Empire State building and hit her head on the moon!

Congratulations to Jay and Eric— you guys are lame...You'll always be bungholes.

"Admit it"— U2 sucks and is turning out worthless copy garbage forging new trails in mediocraty.

Take a dump baby— squirt some gravy; pour some sugar on me honey, make it brown and runny.

Would you like some raisin sauce with that?

Dan, Limey, Al, Ray, Shannon and the rest of the Production crew— I need you and want you in every conceivable way! I want you all to penetrate my every orifice. Tie me. Wipe me. Whip me. Treat me like the HO that I am! I'll do anything. I'll lick the sweat off your balls and clit! Love— Dana Bucktooth

Ouh!— Wouldn't that hurt? No baby, I like it when it hurts.

TKE sucks cock

We would like to thank— the fat, drunk girl who's name none of us can recall, for the hours of enjoyment last Saturday night. I've never (personally) seen a girl who can do so much with so many in such a short time!

Dearest Carlos— you are the flaming, pussing, infected, gangreneous, writhing sore on an infected, diseased penis that spews burning, stinging, infectious cum. Happy Anniversary from Slithering Clit-ball.

Deb— give him up. I know how to make a woman feel. Lustfully, Christina.

It's so fucking good— I just shit.

Does anyone— want to come over for linguini and clamsauce?

Fuck NO!

Most overlooked— talent for the Oscar catagory of "Best Home Video," TEP.

Dan— I need you. I need NOW! No one has ever made me have such an intense orgasm. I want to learn about LOVE and I want you to teach me. -Jen Broken-Hymen

What do you get— when you cross a NTID and a congressman? A person that screws the system but does not listen.

To Campus Safety— Why don't you just fuck off and tow your grandmother's car.

Tag Peter— Your it. The Photo God.

Joe— shave that fucking mustache, and maybe then hair will grow on your balls.

ROTC— Screw your future and get to know your fellow soldier REAL well.

PRINTERS RULE JACK SHIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Fine Art Photogs credo— "I wear black on the outside because that's how I feel on the inside."

Dan B— Join a real ambulance corp. Chicks dig the bigger rigs.

Erin likes wheat bread.

To all parents— How does it feel to sent your kids to school for 45,000 dollars and know that all that they have learned to do is to bank a quarter into a shot glass and screw fat chicks.

TO ALL FAT RIT CHICKS— Buy a shaver and get to your liposuction specialist immediately.

TO ALL SKINNY RIT GUYS— Fuck off and leave us big boned girls alone.

Did E-I-C write the previous?

To that wonderful Frat guy— whom took full advantage of me when I was fully intoxicated last weekend, I AM H.I.V. POSITIVE!! Ha Ha FUCKER!!! Now you DIE!!!!!!

Hey bitch— bend over I think I found a use for you!

To all the law enforcement officers— on the BEAT, FUCK U!!!! Yaa'll can suck me.

RSA's have no power at all!!!— So everyone revolt and beat the living piss out of them. If done properly they won't be able to identify you and then they'll be gone.

Anus smokes— pot like RSA's suck dick.

Psyco Bitches From Hell— will be showing in Ingle Auditorium this Friday, attendance is mandatory for all Females with slight to severe mental disorders. Please show up, attendance will be taken.

"YOU'RE NOT GETTING IN— 'CAUSE YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE DICK!!"

Come to the— Exploding Pulsating Pussy Party!!!!!!

The addid-mini-strat-sion— trips on X and has wild, degrading, sadistic sexual frenzies in the Multi nonFaithful Center for the Critically Incompetent.

WHIP ME, BEAT ME, TREAT ME LIKE THE WHORE THAT I AM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TRAVIS— did you really get that fat thing that was over last week end?

YEA, I'M AM ASSHOLE!!!!— And FUCK YOU about the "Kerri" shit, the I.D., and everything else which I forgot -your twin.

"WHAT TIME IS IT????"— It's time to put that shit to bed.

Why am I still up?— Petey, I got you. Enjoy the contents shot — The Photo God.

To all those that— missed production night at Distorter, you missed the case and a half of beer.

Christmas Pagan— you left us alone, with beer, enjoy the bad ads.

Dearest E-I-C— We love you, lick you, swoon you and stick you, but you still are just a woman.

I am outta here— The Photo God.

CRITERS PIZZA

Hey RIT

CRITer's Pizzeria, the new, exciting and enviornmentally smart way to dine has just opened it's new location in the blue house next to the Hell Mart!



Sick of smashing unwanted housepets and rodents into the pavement with your Goodyears? Well if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem! Call Now to get free delivery with this ad!

Toppings:

Dog	\$2.00
Cat	\$2.00
Skunk	\$2.00
Squirrel	(seasonal price)
Possum	\$2.00
CRITer lover's Deluxe	\$6.00

Covers all the above

Extra Crispy CRITers	\$2.00
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Our drivers carry less than \$20.00 and a shovel at all times.



Beaver Liquor

may be stinkin' but you'll keep on drinkin'!