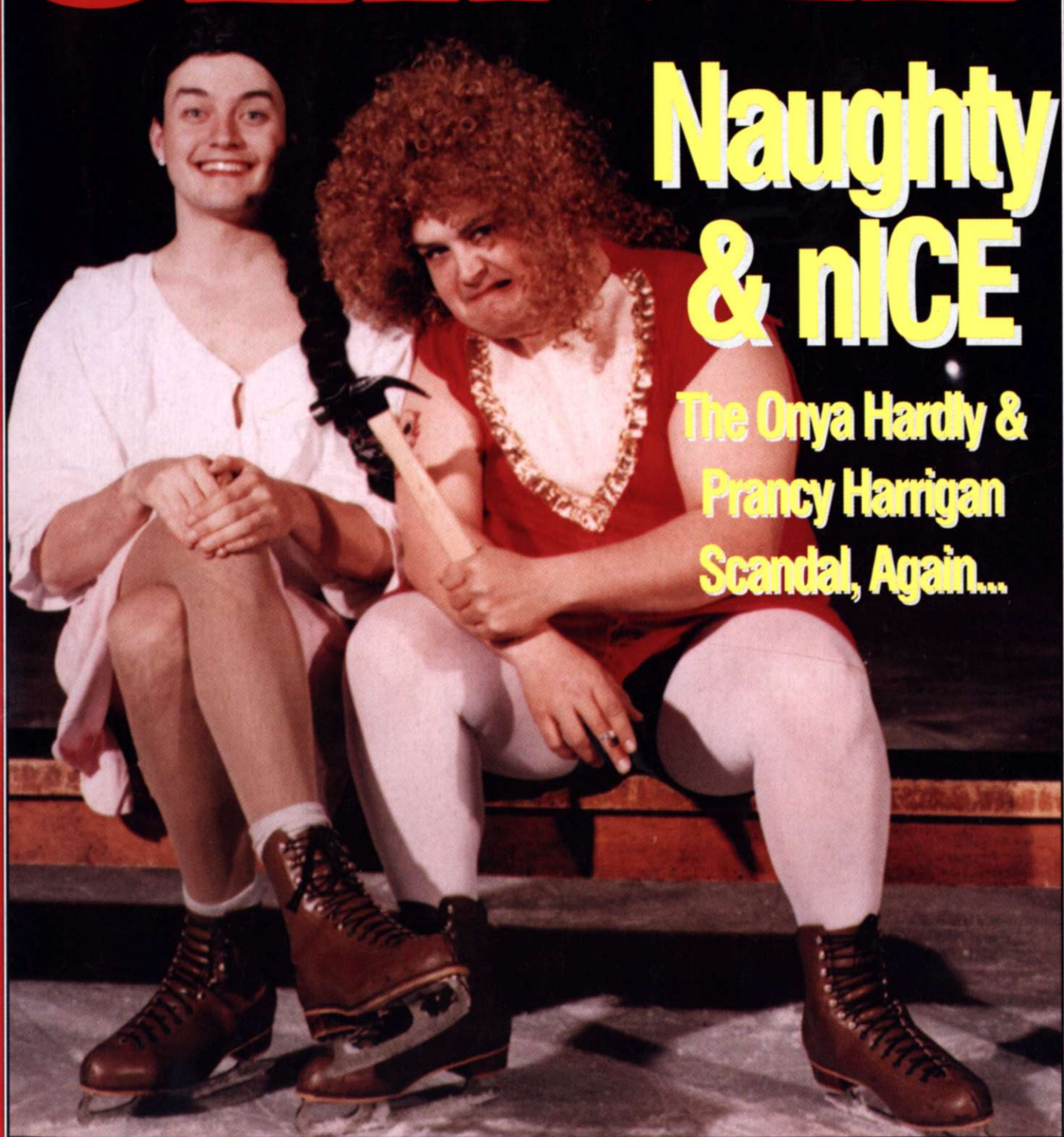


SLIME

Naughty & nice

The Onya Hardy &
Prancy Harrigan
Scandal, Again...



(DISTORTER)

MEATLESS

IN SEATTLE

The John Wayne Bobbitt Story

**The Original Soundtrack
Featuring the songs:**

"You've Lost That Loving Feeling"

"Mac the Knife"

"Half the Man I Used to Be"

"Crying"

"Hurt So Good"

**"You Always Hurt
the Ones You Love"**

**"Still Haven't Found
What I'm Looking For"**

"Don't Be Cruel"

"Cuts Like a Knife"

Plus Additional Songs by:

Joe Cocker, House of Pain

Deep Purple and Violent Femmes

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 As if anybody really cared, we will tell the whole damn story all over again... you know, girl meets girl, girl doesn't like girl, girl tries to disable girl, girl loses at Olympics, girl gets convicted, girl goes to prison, and SLIME is there.

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Terror: A monster causes a minor disaster and SLIME is there



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Drinking: RIT Beer or SH!T Beer? You make the call!



It's in the Water: A campus wide cover-up and the people involved

COVER: Photo for SLIME by A Photographer

SLIME is published annually by students at SLIME, Incorporated, One Lomb Memorial Drive, Rochester, New York, 14623. Editorial and production facilities are located in the bowels of the Student Alumni Union, (716)456-78910 v/m. Subscriptions: \$20,000.00 per quarter. The opinions expressed in SLIME do not necessarily reflect those of the Institute. RIT does not generally review or approve of the contents of SLIME and does not accept responsibility for matters contained in SLIME. Letters may be submitted to the SLIME in person, or through Richard Nelson. Send letters to: SLIME. Letters must be etched in stone and triple spaced. Please limit letters to 15 words. SLIME reserves the right to edit for clarity and just for the hell of it. No letters will be printed unless signed and accompanied by a phone number and picture. All letters received are property of SLIME MAGAZINE. SLIME takes pride in its membership in the Ass Collegiate Press and American Civil Liberties Union. © 1994 SLIME MAGAZINE. All rights reserved. No portion of this magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from SLIME, unless you really need to.

Welcome to this year's DISTORTER! Every April 1st, for practically as long as there has been a REPORTER Magazine, DISTORTER has spit in the face of journalistic excellence. Interestingly enough, the annual issue seems always to come out around the time perspective students tour campus. While this may give the big-wigs on the board of trustees a yearly heart attack I can't help but wonder just how many perspectives, we helped to convince over the years. It's not that hard to believe, really. In fact, some of the current magazine staff related to me that part of their final decision to attend RIT, was based on their chance exposure to DISTORTER. Is this affecting the quality of students now attending RIT? Yes. There are some warped individuals walking up and down the Quarter Mile, and Damn-it, I like it!

You all, of course, have heard by now that enrollment is at an all time low.

Maybe what we need to do is produce DISTORTER on a weekly basis. The only question is could our talented staff of students find enough things to make fun of on a weekly basis? Yes. There are some



The Carvel ice cream cake that comes out on Father's Day is Fudgie the Whale.


warped things going down on campus on a weekly basis, and Damn-it, I like it!

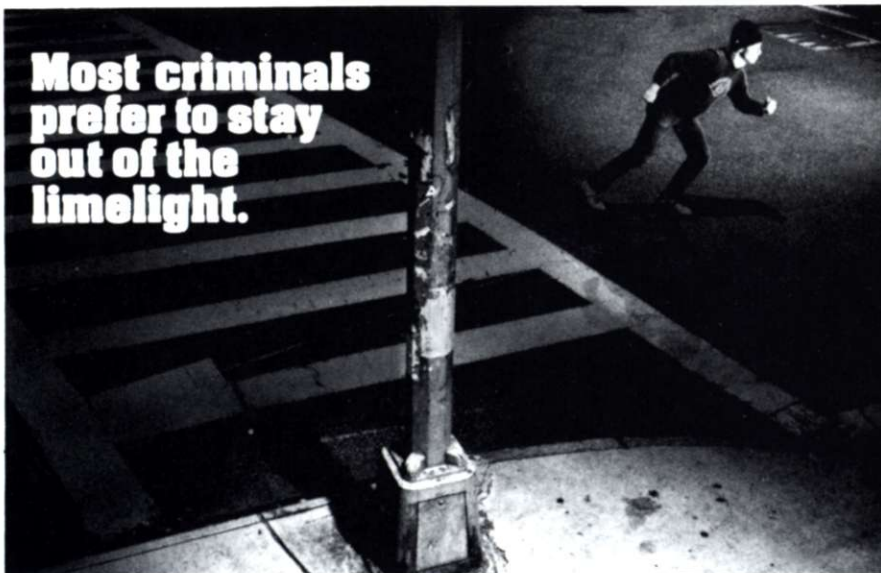
Maybe through a weekly DISTORTER, more students would be able to sound-off in a humorous fashion and effect some positive change on campus. Maybe we could foster more school spirit. Maybe

we could improve the standard of living for students. Maybe we could convince the Ritz to stop making pizza on 100% recycled cardboard. That pizza crust really sucks but Damn-it, I like it!

My editors wanted me to explain that this is a parody issue. Yeah, yeah... whatever. Take this issue for what it is... pure drivel. Do not take this issue seriously. I'll sum it up with a quote from the opening of Mark Twain's Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, "Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished.; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot."

There will be those of you that may find certain parts of this issue offensive. Even I find this editorial piece offensive but Damn-it, I like it!

DICK 
Editor In Chief



**BUT
 NOT
 US!**

There will be a meeting this Friday, April 1st, in the Reporter offices to voice any complaints and concerns regarding this year's DISTORTER. Any and all criticism and/or praise is welcomed. The meeting will begin at 4:30.

Reporter offices are located in the lower level of the SAU Building. X2212

TAKE ANY 8372 CDS FOR ONE HALF OF A STINKIN' PENNY!

Tired of paying high prices at the Record Stores? Well, the WITR Music Klub is about to change the way you buy your music. You see, we're just a bunch of students like you guys and we realize you guys don't have a lot of money to buy CDs, but that's not a problem. So many CDs end up missing from the station, that our bosses won't miss a few more, and that's where you come in! Send us your half penny today and receive your 8372 discs! It's as easy as that! Oh, and by the way... that teeny weeny type* at the bottom of this ad? You don't really need to read that. You might hurt your eyes. ORDER TODAY! NOW!



Scooby Dooby Dog
Mystery Machine

Grith Brooks:
Beer Belly Women

Lyle Lovette:
Fooly Hair Songs

Kuk & Denver:
The Greatest Hits

Nirvana:
Mixin' Is Fun

Jackson Browne:
I still Suck

R.E.M.:
Boring For the People

The Best of Great White:
(a blank CD)

Van Halen:
The Pepsi Commercials

Meatloaf:
Fat Out of Retirement

John Cougar Menstral
Cramp:
I'm Bloated

Yoko Ono:
Live at NTID

Air Supply:
He Who Smelt It...

The Bee Gees:
Will Work For Food

Jane's Addiction:
Nothing's Shocking
Anymore

Maddonna:
Not Even Me

Pearl Jam:
Smucker's Necklace

Oak Ridge Boys:
Momma Was Daddy's Sister

Michael Jackson and
Boys 2 Men:
Together At Last

Pubic Enemy:
Nair

Supertlamp:
Bum Kind of Hero



Motley Crewcut:
Shout At the Barber

Grace Watson:
Music for Nausea

Stoned Temple Pilots:
Synagogue Sensemalia

Tom Petty:
Necro-feel-ia

George Michael:
My Ass; The Singles

Billy Joel:
Piano Man

Black Sabbath:
Iron Man

The Beatles:
Nowhere Man

Barry Manilow:
NO WAY MAN

Sex Pistols:
Nevermind the Bullocks

Phish:
Nevermind the Haddock's

RIT:
Nevermind the Alcohol
Policy

James Brown:
Out on Bail

Simple Minds:
RIT Administration

Pink Floyd:
More Hook-Up Music

Red Hot Chili Peppers:
Nude, Lude, & Sweaty

U2:
F*ck The Grammys

The Julianna Hatfield Three
Daddo Didn't

The Lemonheads:
Come on Feel the
Lemonheads

The Whiteheads:
Come on Squeeze the
Pimple



The Grateful Dad:
Wash the Car

L.L. Cool Bean:
Hip Hop Camping Wear

Jim Morrison:
Fat, Drunk, Dead American
Poet

Journey:
The Quarter Mile



Jimmy Buffet:
Margaritaville

China Buffet:
All-you-can-eataville

Frank Sinatra & Various
Artists:
What do hell is a 'Bono?'

The Doobie Brothers:
There are Narcs on
Campus!

Patsy Cline:
Music for College Bus
Drivers

Yes:
This Ad is a Rip-off

The Who:
Tommy Can't Afford Tuition

The Why:
Albert Simone

Orchestral Manure in the
Dark:
Follow Your Nose

OREO Speedwagon:
Parking Tickets

Tool:
Gumby on Acid

Guns 'n' Roses
CIA-MIA

Poop Doggy Doo:
Sh't Outta Luck

Faith No More:
Trustee

(not-so)Cheap Trick:
Claw

Blind Melon:
Seeing-eye Gourd

Social Distortion:
This Magazine

WITR
MUSIC KLUB



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CROTCHESTER, NY 14623



* Upon establishing membership in the WITR CD Klub, each new member must pay a one time membership fee of \$20,000 dollars, sign over ownership of all vehicles and or real estate to the Klub, donate 60% of their own blood, offer up the life of their first born child, perform an impromptu Mexican Hat Dance for International House, count the bricks on campus, recite the Greek alphabet, steal 7 library books, establish world peace, part the Red Sea, turn water into wine, and establish campus wide pride, unity, and school spirit, that's all.

STOP THE PROFANITY!

Associate Director of Student Affairs Doctor Elaine "Cue-Ball" Sprawl, can help you take back the integrity of any RIT Campus Parody Publicaion. In her new book and video tape program, she outlines the details that led her to combat against such parody publications as SLIME, and the dreaded DISTORTER...

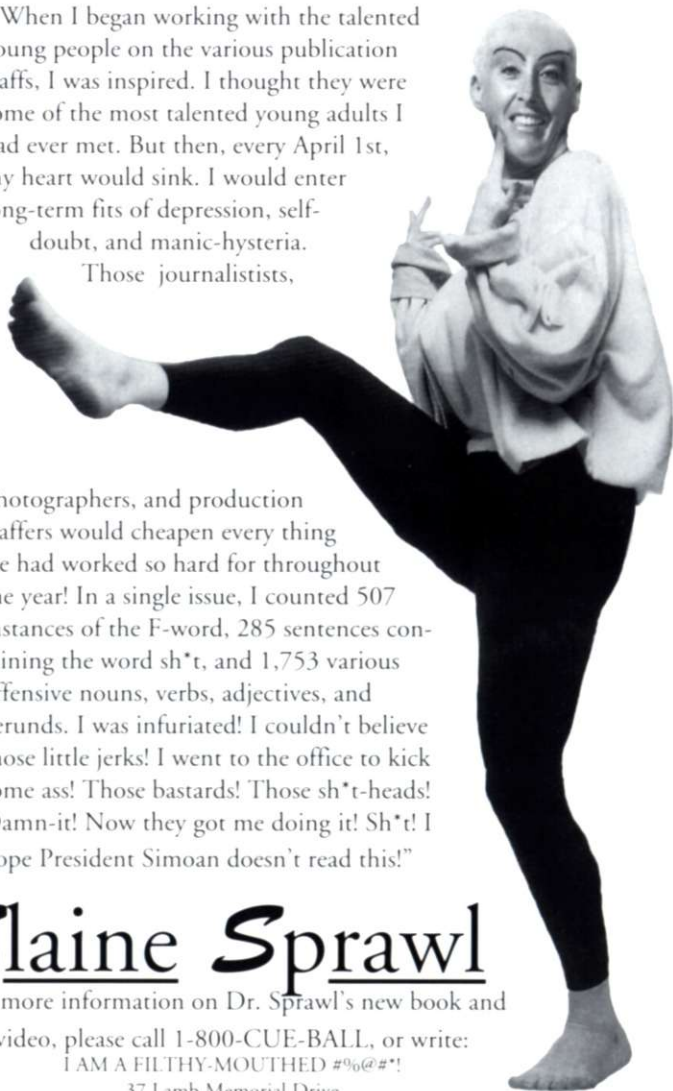
"When I began working with the talented young people on the various publication staffs, I was inspired. I thought they were some of the most talented young adults I had ever met. But then, every April 1st, my heart would sink. I would enter long-term fits of depression, self-doubt, and manic-hysteria.

Those journalistists,

photographers, and production staffs would cheapen every thing we had worked so hard for throughout the year! In a single issue, I counted 507 instances of the F-word, 285 sentences containing the word sh*t, and 1,753 various offensive nouns, verbs, adjectives, and gerunds. I was infuriated! I couldn't believe those little jerks! I went to the office to kick some ass! Those bastards! Those sh*t-heads! Damn-it! Now they got me doing it! Sh*t! I hope President Simoan doesn't read this!"

Elaine Sprawl

For more information on Dr. Sprawl's new book and video, please call 1-800-CUE-BALL, or write:
I AM A FILTHY-MOUTHED #%%@#!
37 Lamb Memorial Drive
Rottenchester, New York 14623-666



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EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Frank Rizzo
EDITOR OF NEWS MEDIA: T. Rex

SLIME, INC.

IN ASSOCIATION WITH JK ENTERPRISES

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PRESIDENT: Hillary C.

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Pinnacle Boy, Pineapple Man, Crab Apple

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Sumner, Stinky Rutherford, Horace

Tallpole, Hank E. Sniffer, Booty, Ziggy

Fartdust, Vivarin, Rob's unborn child who

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MASTER OF CEREMONIES : Balthazar

CHICKEN PLUCKER : Wayne

ADVISOR: Whats Hername

CalendarSH!T

April 4th -April 10th



1994

Monday, April 4th

11:00— BACC presents guest lecturer David Duke in the Ingle Auditorium.

1:00— The United Pakistani Farmers Association will hold it's annual bake off/ goat herding fesitval in BCG quad.

7:00— The RIT Tiger Basketball team takes on the North Carolina Tar Heels in the Clark Gymnasium.

Tuesday, April 5th:

12:00- Half-priced Liposuction in the Student Health Center, FREE for first one-hundred customers.

2:00— President Simone has a root canal job.

4:00— Guest Science lecturer Peabody Wartgrabber and his new book, "Einstien was a Weenie" in the Student Alumni Union.

9:00— The RITZ presents: "Dahmer's Lunchbox," live until 11:00. FREE pizza to anyone who stays past 9:15.

Wednesday, April 6th:

8:30— The RIT Science club will unveil a LIVE Wolly Mammoth which has been frozen inside an RIT snow-bank for millenia.

11:00— The Rochester Women's club presents guest speaker, Andrew Dice Clay in the Ingle Auditorium.

8:30— The RIT Tiger Wrestling team takes on Three Guys Named Gomer from the Deep South, in the Clark Gymnasium.

12:00— The RIT Interfaith chapel will host it's seventh annual seance, featuring Shirley MacLaine, Dionne Warwick, and Joan of Arc.

Thursday, April 7th:

10:45— President Simone gets a tummy tuck.

1:00— Computer Science house presents: Virtual Reality Sex, in the Student Alumni Union.

3:00— FREE Skeet and Live Weasel Shooting in B-Lot, brought to you by Campus Safety.

5:38— My GOD, this is a long week, isn't it?

10:30— The Greek Fellowship council presents the Projectile Vomiting competition, in the Ritter Ice Arena.

Friday, April 8th:

9:00— Fifteen crazed albino Lutheran terrorists will invade the campus and threaten to blow -up library unless The Reporter is removed from circulation.

1:00— Student Government presents the second annual

"Don Corleone look-alike contest and bake off", in the Student Alumni Union.

7:00— TALISMAN Theater presents "Bambi," and "Deep Throat," Ingle Auditorium.

8:30— TGIF at the RITZ!! This weekend, they present "The Mario Cuomo Band," "Jell-O Enema," and LIVE sewage juggling!

11:00— The RIT Tiger Bocce team takes on U of R in the sectional finals, in the Clark Gymnasium.

Saturday, April 9th:

1:00— FREE Circumcisions in the Student Health Center until five o'clock.

4:00— The RIT Voodoo club presents Real Severed Limbs for auction in the Student Alumni Union.

5:45— President Simone has his legs waxed.

7:00— RIT presents "Guns 'n Roses", live in the Interfaith Chapel.

9:30— The RIT Tiger will be fixed.

11:00— Student Government presents the twenty-eighth annual "Resident Advisor Underwear Swap Meet", outside of EPB Quad.

Sunday, April 10th:

10:30— Gracie's presents, "Breakfast Food Fight with the Deans," until noon.

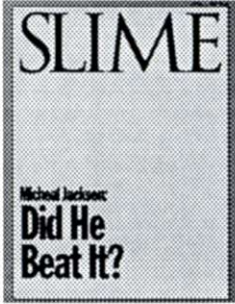
1:00— You'd better start that English project.

7:00— The Society of Polish Engineers offers a free presentation on, "The Doorknob: Methods of Avoidance and Operation."

8:30— The RIT Tiger Crochet team hosts USC in the Clark Gymnasium.



CalendarSh!t is compiled weekly by a crazed gopher which has been communicating telepathically with the Slime staff for some time now. Call x3551 for any complaints or death threats.



Free Willy

“Micheal Jackson would never do those sorts of things, that’s what he tells me every night before we hop into bed.”

*M. Culkin
La La Land, California*

I AM A SMALL GOPHER WHICH HAS BEEN communicating telepathically with certain high-ranking officials here for several years, and I think it’s high time that I voice my opinions as to the ghastly lacking coverage of Rodent Rights lately in SLIME Magazine. As recent as ten years ago we “Furry Americans” were grossly discriminated against by almost every important organization in the country. I cite in particular the so-called “Anti-Vermin Bill,” passed by the state of New York in 1992. The bill is a malicious attempt to curtail the works and advances of Rodent Americans, advances that we feel should be given their just due. Now, while Gracie’s Dining Hall has been generous in ignoring the Anti-Vermin Bill, we feel that the rest of RIT has not done it’s share to further our cause. In particular, SLIME Magazine has not done a Rodent Feature Article since the interview of Albert Simone, and quite frankly, we are fed up. Not one mention in your Sports section, despite the overwhelming success of our Rodent Basketball team. Not one mention of us in your article about Campus Safety, despite the many Rodent Officers currently in service. Not one snippet of our recent concert appearance, when at least six live Rodent Americans are living in Eddie Vedder’s hair. Well, quite frankly, if these trends don’t change, I’m afraid we will have no choice but to boycott all future issues of your so-called “Magazine.”

*The Disgruntled Rodent
Matt McNamara*

I DON’T MEAN TO B**CH, BUT YOUR LAST issue really stunk! What the h**l is it with bathrooms that drive the government up the wall? I mean... when you gotta go, you

gotta go. Who the hell says you have to be anatomically correct in order to use a certain bathroom. H**l, if I have to take a dump, I’ll do it in whatever bathroom I find... or do it in the woods. When you got to go, you go. This is all really dumb. People should be allowed to go wherever they want when its a real emergency. Haven’t you ever had diahrea?

*Don’t make me write again,
Munchkin*

Crabbin’ About Crabs

I WAS VERY SORRY TO SEE YOUR ARTICLE on hermit crab hunting. The glorification of such a sport is despicable! Those are creatures in America and they deserve the same rights as a dog or a cat. How would anyone of you feel if one day out of the year strangers came in to your house chasing your cute little shaven hamster around with a mallet? Free the hermit crab.

*Stew Pid
Shleckville, Ohio*

HERMIT CRAB HUNTING IS NOT FOR everyone. Although it may seem wrong, it can be fun to have that much control over a small helpless creature. Many people think that it is not a sport, but those suckers are faster than eel-sh*t sliding down an oiled marble surface. You really get your exercise. We don’t shoot ‘em of nothin’, we just smash ‘em. Keep on bargin’ away!

*R. Idgerunner
Liverache, Virginia*

Butt-head

YOUR REPORT ON BALDING MEN WITH hairy butts was very enlightening. I found that the hair on the butt would grow in thicker than normal implants. It is also

very uplifting to know, it comes from my own body. I feel more comfortable about my butt implant. Thank you for pointing out this new hair gaining process.

*Richard A. S. Shead
Dung Falls, Missouri*

Hey! Skinless

WHY ARE MEN ANGRY AT EVERYTHING IN the United States? For the most part, any man in America has been circumcised. That is why we are angry! I would be much more of a man if I had that extra piece back. Many men, (including myself) wouldn’t have to go to these strip-joints, sports bars, or shooting-ranges. If we had that piece of our lives back we would be more sensitive when the wind blows, (just a little.) But we have been stripped of our manhood! I feel it started with circumcision and is now ending with a John Bobbitt Trial! As men of the world, we cannot continue to separate our bodies from our pelvic areas!!! What’s next? The actual pelvic area itself?!! I won’t take this any longer! Long live the penis!!!

*A. Chauvinist
Idiot County, New Jersey*

Some Old Wrinkly Bitch

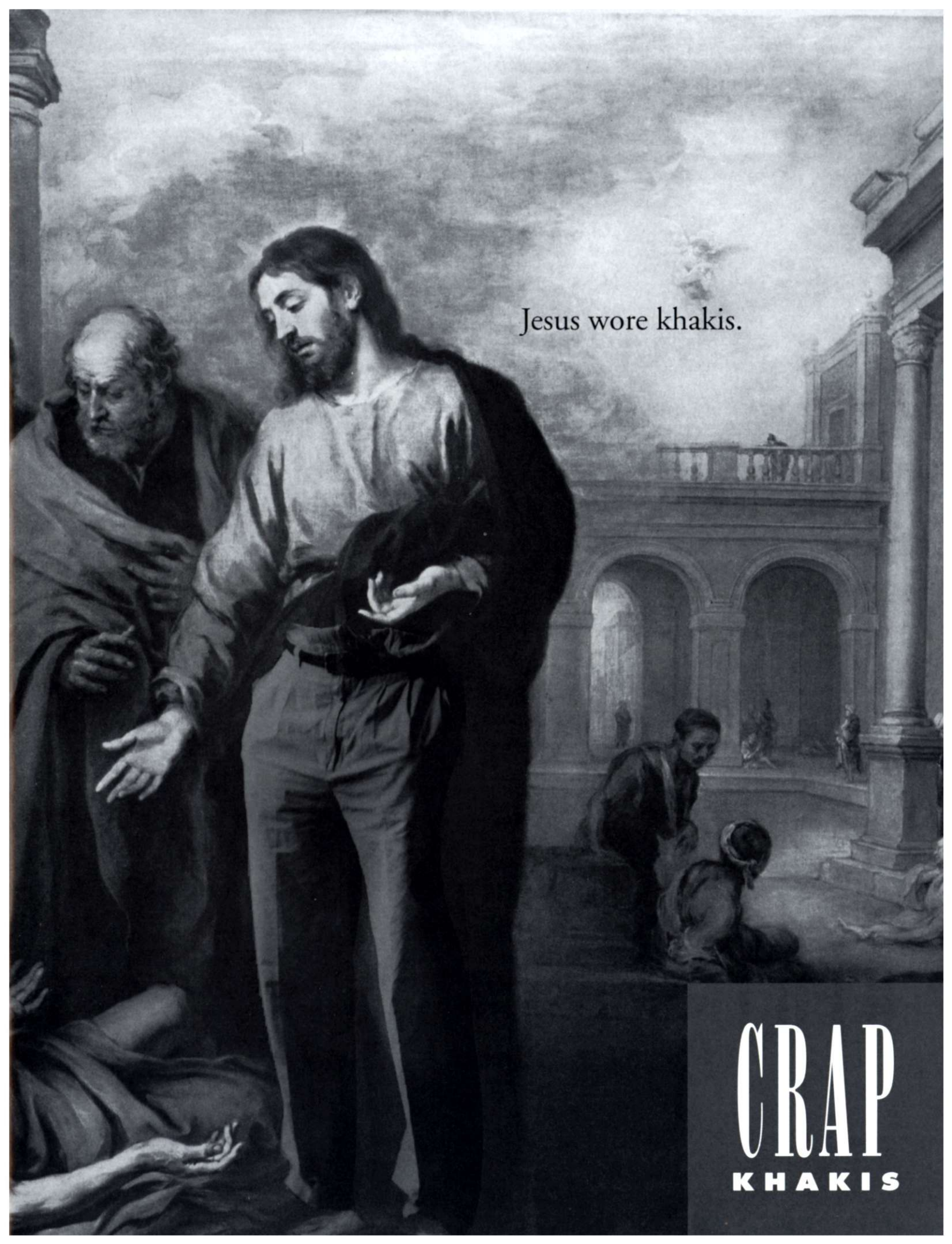
I READ WITH GREAT REMORSE THE LETTERS from the readers describing the problems they had in Seattle with their circuit breakers over-loading all of the appliances in their houses. This is what I call unconscious electricity. I was deeply sorrowed to read about the young couple who decide to use a ceiling fan in a sexual interlude. I felt the photographs revealed too much and may have upset their family members. SHAME ON YOU SLIME!!!

*Prudessa Battleaxe
Stumpjumper, Arkansas*

Electric Love

WE ARE THE COUPLE FROM THE SEATTLE over-load. We loved the coverage of our “shocking” experience! The photo led us to the final decision to permanently straighten our pubic hairs. I think we’ve started a new fashion trend. I hope our old neighbor Prudessa enjoyed them as much as we did. Thank you, SLIME, for putting the spark back into our marriage.

*Mr. and Mrs. Static Friction
Frenchlick, Indiana*



Jesus wore khakis.

CRAP
KHAKIS

THE WEAK

MARCH 25 - APRIL 1

NUTHIN

475-JOEY

Joey Buttafuccho was released this past week. Head of Campus Safety Dick "I'm the man" Sterloins, happily accepted Buttafuccho's application for employment. Buttafuccho will act as an official nighttime escort for young ladies on campus. Buttafuccho was quoted by SLIME as saying, "At first Mary-Jo was kinda opposed to the whole idea, but then I assured her that very few RIT women have access to handguns. Dat shut her up!" Buttafuccho will start this Friday.

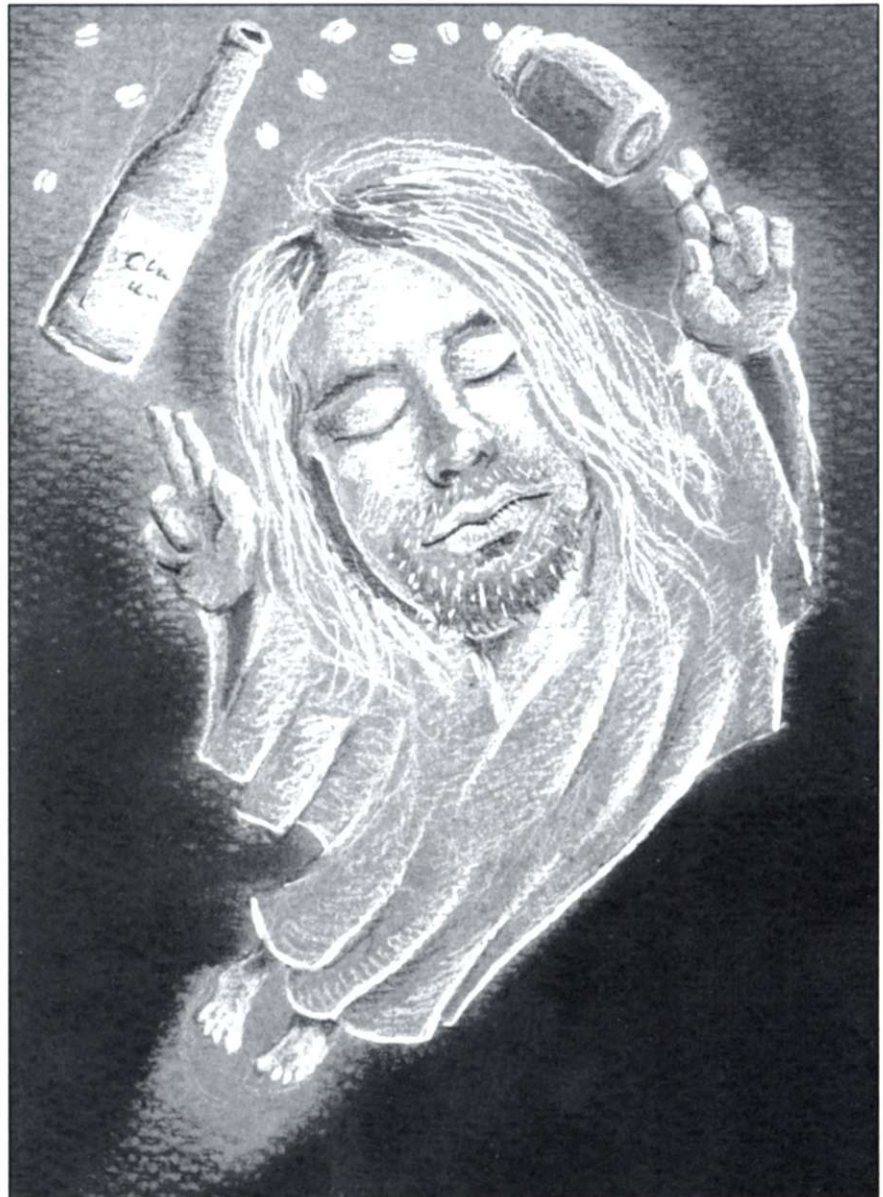
Shut-down

REPORTER Magazine was closed on April 1st, by RIT's administration at the demand of the trustees and president Albert Jehosopha Simonski. "Those little b*stards have gone to far this time! That DISTORTER was a shameful portrayal of RIT. I thought DISTORTER was a parody! Most of that stuff was true!" exclaimed Ebenezer Hikapickle, trustee member. REPORTER, however, was ready for the close-down and had moved themselves into the newly renovated offices of WITR. WITR moved their offices to high atop Blubberty Hill. Al Simonski has moved his family into the old REPORTER offices in the lower level of RIT's Student Alumni Union.

"It's really not that bad," states Simonski, "the former tenants left the place in such a dissaray that my daughter felt right at home. Her room has always been kind of messy you know."

Pissed Off

RIT Water Polo Club Captain, Johnny Funguslung, was ejected from a match last weekend when he refused to leave the pool to relieve himself. The ejection occurred after several of his team mates complained about "rather warm water around Johnny." Though disappointed he had been removed from the team, Johnny stated he really wasn't too pissed.



IN THE SPOTLIGHT: *While in a coma, Kurt Cobain almost reached the real Nirvana*

RIT POP

Do you know where to get illegal drugs at RIT?

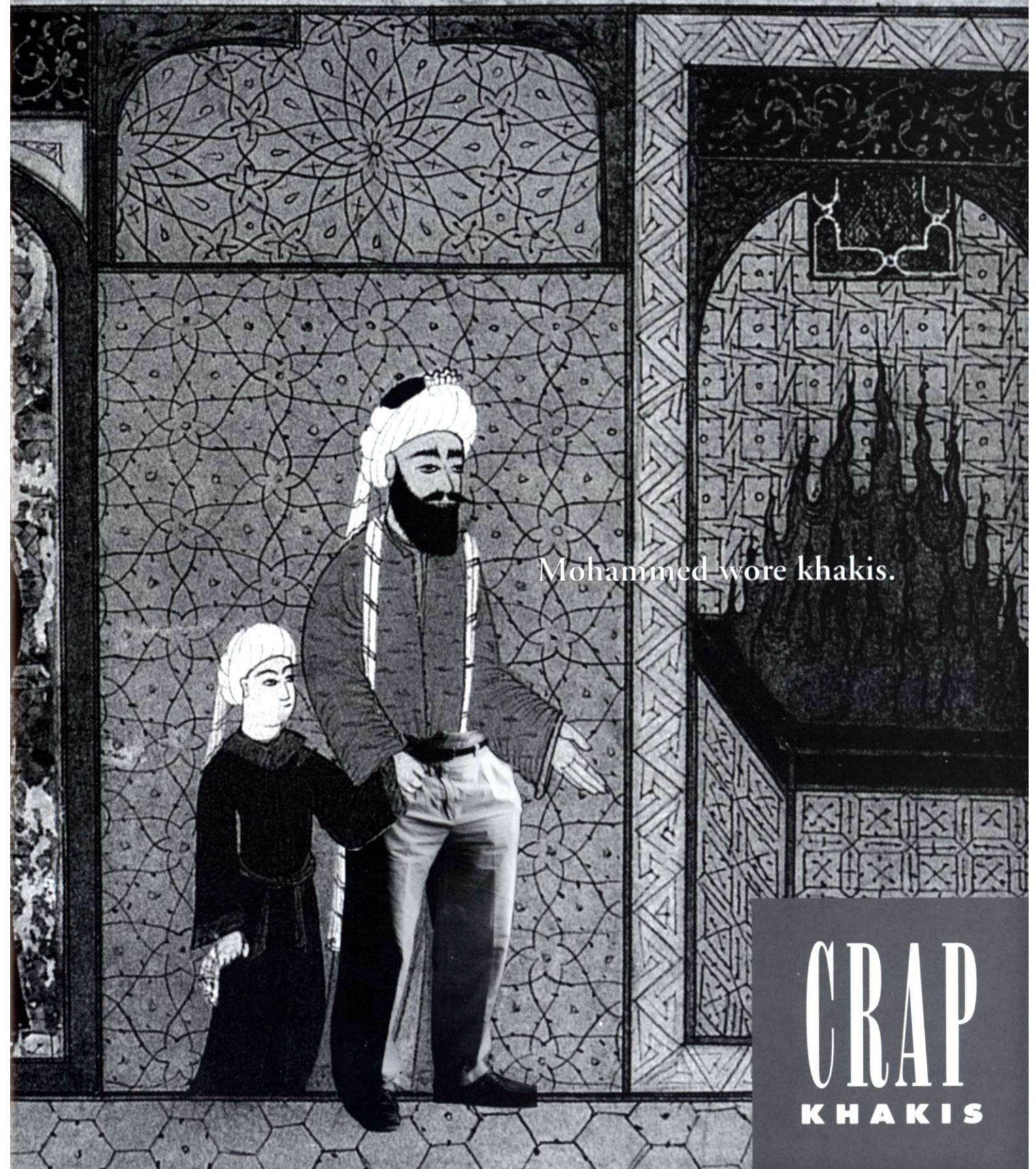
YES	6%
NO	15%
WHAT DO YA NEED	76%

CLIMBING HIGH

“I would like to shimmy up her legs like a native boy looking for coconuts”

- PHIL HARTMAN, ON LATE SHOW WITH DAVID LETTERMAN

غلى نوك الله ييشدى للى اول ودين



Mohammed wore khakis.

CRAP
KHAKIS

WINNERS & LOSERS



SNOOPY THE DOG

A dog house in the suburbs and three square meals daily.

NICK TAHOU'S GARBAGE PLATE

Nothing tastes better when you're too soused to taste.

STEVEN SPIELBERG

"Schindler's List" cleans up at the Oscars.

SNOOP DOGGY DOG

In da pound for a while and bread and water.

NICK TAHOU'S PATRONS

Pick up a bottle of Pepto-Bismol on the way home.

ALBERT J. SIMONE

"Swindler's List" cleans up on Liberty Hill.



M I L E S T O N E S

ARRESTED. An un-named employee of RIT's Campus Connections, for alleged forgery, price-fixing, and embezzlement of funds involving student textbooks. The accused is believed to have used the position at the store to mark up textbook prices, then spending the profit to pay off his phone bill full of "1-900" numbers. This is only the most recent series of dastardly crimes committed by depraved RIT students going berserk from the misery of the school and the wretched weather. Hundreds of irate students demonstrated in front of the SAU, pelting nervous Campus Safety officers with \$10 packages of pre-printed class notes, \$20 worksheet books, and \$50 art history texts. A chant was heard through the crowd, "RIT sucks, give us back our bucks!"

CROAKED. ZIPPY MCGILICUTTY, A Second year Computer Science major and beloved RIT SAU game room attendant, was killed in a job related accident last Wednesday at 6:03 p.m. After 17 rounds of STREET BRAWLER III, Zippy was crushed to death by the machine itself. An angry mob of defeated gamers dropped the machine on him, squashing his frail little body flat. "It was really gross," said one of the onlookers, "Kind of like that game LIMB CHOPPER 5000, but the blood looked more fake. Maybe it more resembled DEATH AXE, you know the part when the big guy starts heaving around that big sharp-bladed thingy. The sound effects were good. The scream was almost as blood-curdling as the one in MONDO BLOODWAR, when the alien reaper beheads the entire group of townspeople."

Memorial services will be held in the SAU Game Room as per Zippy's will. "Zip was a weird kid," recalls RIT custodial worker Roger Gunkscrupper. "He spent 'most all his time in the arcade and that's why he wanted to stay here, in life and in death. I don't think he has to worry about his final request. We been tryin' to scrub him outta the carpet down there, but he doesn't wanna come out! Kinda fitting, don't you think?" Zippy McGillicutty, game over at age 19.

SIGHTED. SWAMP MONSTER, Swamp monster at Rochester Institute of Technology. Susan Moffit, a first-year Food, Hotel and Management major reported an encounter that took place early Saturday morning while she was jogging through the nature trails on the college campus. Moffit said she had slipped while crossing one of the small bridges and fell into what could only be described as a cesspool. "It smelled like moldy, old curly-fries, like the ones they serve in Gracie's," she commented. While trying to extricate herself, Moffit reported being grabbed by a hand attached to something like a shrubbery. "It was scary," she said. "It told me that it used to be a student who went to the Health Center to be treated for a cold, and instead ended up in the swamp. Something about not having paid his student insurance fee, it said." The creature then stuffed fifty dollars into her hand to be delivered to the Bursar's. When asked if she complied, Moffit said, "Are you kidding me? TKE was having a party that night. I invited all my friends and we got smashed."

The Naked Truth

Barshmell Computer Lab celebrated its 536th day without a single piece of equipment breaking down. Students in the lab celebrated by throwing a huge mixer in the lab, at which several labbies and faculty members cavorted in the buff. Mass nakedness is nothing new to RIT computer labs. The User-Friendly Naturalist Group has been hacking completely naked since 1972. Founding member, Sky Moonbeam, summed it up like this, "Computing au natural is the way to go. When Eve accessed the first Apple©, she wasn't wearing much."

Clinton To Speak

President Bill Clinton will speak at Dingleberry Auditorium this week as part of a six part lecture series. The series titled "How To Pick Up Chicks" begins this Sunday, and will be followed up with speeches by Gary Hart, Jim Baker, John F. Kennedy Jr., Senator Ted Kennedy, and KD Lang. RIT student will have the chance to ask questions in a short session at the end of each lecture, or even date one of the featured speakers should they choose to do so. Tickets are available at the candy counter in the Student Alumni Union. This is a definite must see for all students on campus (who for some strange reason have nothing better to do.)

RIT supports Stern

Late last week, RIT officially signed on to support New York Gubernatorial candidate Howard Stern. A RIT press release said, "...Stern represents our spiRIT"

Rink Stink

Skank Sh*tter Ice Arena was thawed out this past weekend when rink custodians discovered a body embedded in the ice. Upon thawing the body was discovered to be that of an ice-age Cro-magnon man, wearing an RIT sweatshirt. Upon closer examination however, the body was discovered to be that of an RIT rugby player. "We ain't got no idea how he got there," said Campus Safety Officer, Kyle Hassler, "but it might be that guy who used to get liquored-up and drive the Zamboni around at night. How he ever runned hisself over is a real mystery."



Buddha wore

relaxed fit khakis.

CRAP
KHAKIS

SHIT PL8S

Watch out when you get a Parking Ticket. It might cost you more than \$15.00.

By MACK MATNAMERA

IT WAS A WINDY DAY OUTSIDE THE Student Alumni Union, a day when men held down their hats and women held down their skirts (much to the dismay of the men.) It was the kind of roaring, angry wind that made you think the sadists who designed our campus actually were employed by the government to construct a gigantic outdoor wind tunnel to be used by MIT. But that is a different story.

My story begins inside the SAU in the Student Government office. I had been called in on special assignment, an assignment of such top-level security that not even the deans nor the president himself knew what it was, largely because I am making it up. My name's Matt McNamara. I'm a reporter.

"Come in, Mr. McNamara. Would you like a cookie?" I shook my head. "Well," the Student Government president began, munching on an Oreo, "I guess you're wondering why I asked you here?"

"Yes, I am, particularly since I just recently finished napalming your parents house."

"What was that?" He mumbled, mouth full of cookie, "I couldn't hear you."

"Oh, nothing." (I also moonlight with the CIA.)

"Well then, I'll get right to it. Have you noticed anything unusual on campus lately, Mr. McNamara?"

"Yes sir, but I didn't think that chick in bare feet was a subject of particular concern for—"

"No, no, we've already neutralized her. I'm taking about..." Here he leaned towards

me and lowered his voice, "Parking tickets." "Parking tickets?" I questioned.

"Lower your voice!" He glanced about the room nervously. Something was really eating this guy. He reached for another cookie, "Have you received one recently?"

"No sir, I usually park my Abrams tank in B Lot." I like to travel well protected.

"Of course not. If you had... you wouldn't be here." He swallowed the remains of his second cookie and stood up, crossing over to my side of the desk. "All over campus, for the last few weeks, people have been receiving parking tickets and then... disappearing. We're not sure how many. Between 20 and 30, we think. Maybe more. All gone, without a trace," he explained. "We think the president is behind it. We want you to go in, and track him down, and neutralize the situation."

"My God," I thought. "People being kidnapped. The president behind it. The Chevy Chase show in syndication." It was all too horrible to imagine. "I'll do it," I said, "But I expect to be well rewarded."

"Well, yes, er, that's the thing, you see, our budget has been cut again, and we were wondering if, in lieu of pay, you might be willing to accept these." He handed me two tickets for a Barry Manilow concert. "I'll even throw in a free pizza at the RITZ?" What the hell, I had nothing else better to do. And it was for the good of my school. So out I went, out to find a madman. With a quick stop for some pizza.

It was only a few hours later that I received my first lead. An anonymous phone call asking to meet me on the sixth floor of the George Eastman Building, in the Payroll office. They said it was urgent, so I immedi-

ately ran to the bathroom. Hey, it could be a long night. I arrived in the lobby of the Eastman building at midnight and pressed the elevator button.

At 1:00 a.m. I stepped off the elevator and found my way to the payroll office. Inside, was a man shaking and looking nervously around. In his hand, he clutched a box of Gingerbread cookies.

"M-m-mister McNamara?" He asked. I nodded. God, he looked awful. Dirty face, unkempt hair, a nasty rash on his arm, tattered clothing. That man looked like he had just been through hell, and hell won. "I-I need your h-help." He began. "I'm being chased."

"Chased? By who? Why? Does this have anything to do with tickets?"

"Tickets! Yes, tickets, because of that damn ticket... they're after me. I can't-" he was cut off by a crash of glass outside. Three troopers, dressed in black camouflage, smashed into the room, shattering glass everywhere. One of them grabbed the man I was talking to, and all three leapt out of the building before I could even react. I have



very slow reflexes.

I ran to the broken window and peered into the darkness. The men were making their way across the quarter mile, back towards the dorms. I had to follow them. Quickly, I pulled some repelling gear out of my backpack (Did I forget to mention I was wearing a backpack? Oh well, I was. I promise to make all subsequent convenient plot devices less obvious) and was quickly down the side of the building. Then, on foot, I raced across campus for a good 30 seconds, at which point I became monstrously out of breath and, clutching my side, I limped after the men in black. It was a good thing they were struggling, carrying a man with them, otherwise I might have never been able to keep up with them. (You see? I could have said that they were also carrying a cumbersome Toyota with them for no apparent reason. Well, at least

I'm getting better. Look, if you really want to get to the good stuff, go read the other articles, okay, this is just filler because the expose on Dan Quayle's Spleen Removal was canceled) At any rate, it wasn't long before I had followed them into the tunnels, down, past Nate's, the Corner Store, past some guy passed out in the corner (it was a Friday night) and that's when I lost them.

But then, I heard some low, hideous moaning. It seemed to come from all around me, reverberating slowly down the hall, accompanied by the faint clanking of chains in the background. Needless to say, I was about to turn tail and run like hell when, from out of nowhere, a wall panel slid open ahead of me. I crouched behind a, uh, a umm, this... uh... (Wooly Mammoth?) Wooly Mammoth and— HEY! No double-crossing me like that! You guys in the parenthesis are supposed to help me out! (Sorry. It was a crate.) Right, that's better. Anyway, I was crouching behind this crate and three students walked out from the newly created door, each carrying a box filled with... I couldn't quite see what it was. I ran towards

the panel, as soon as they were out of sight, and ducked in right before it closed.

It was dark inside, musty, with the scent of death in the air. Or was that Lysol? Anyway, I blindly stumbled forward, relying on my keen sense of hearing and touch to guide me near a wall, deftly feeling my way around corners and down passageways until I deftly stumbled into the body of a rather large guard. He grabbed me by the arm. Calling upon all of my strength, I managed to scratch him rather hard on one leg as he dragged me into a lit, main room, filled with manufacturing equipment. He threw me to the floor. "Get back to work," he grumbled. I was in a giant assembly line. All around it, men and women stood, their faces hollow, their spirits crushed, listlessly pounding out small, dull objects. These were, no doubt, the missing students I had been told about. Or perhaps a Metal Shop class, I couldn't tell. I rushed up to one of them. He had a Vanilla Wafer in his mouth.

From out of nowhere, a voice rang out, "Good evening, Mr. McNamara! I'll tell you everything!" I looked up to the balcony (Balcony? Oh yeah, there's a balcony, too. Inside the tunnels. On a Friday night. Are they really going to publish this crap?). And there I saw, no it couldn't be! "Surprised to see me, Mr. McNamara? Of course you are. Who would have thought," he said, climbing down a ladder to my level, "that the president of RIT would be masterminding this scheme?"

"Only an incredibly desperate writer!" I said. He threw back his head and laughed, horribly. His hair had fallen out, after spending so much time down in the tunnels, and his once thin, tanned face had become pasty and bloated. He clutched a stuffed tiger in one hand and a box of Keeblers in the other. "What is going on down here? What is all this!" I peered all around me. "What have you done to these people?"

"They follow me, now," he said, "They are all part of my plan." (Alright, sit back kiddies. He's pullin' this right out his wazoo.) "You see, months ago, I realized that this measly little campus was only the first step in my larger destiny. But I had to find a way to reach the rest of the state, the country, and eventually, the world! I had to find a way to spread the message of this school across the globe! Then, they would all be mine!"

"So you and these kids are poisoning the

world's cookie supply with some sort of brain-controlling substance?" I guessed.

"Well, no, actually, I never thought of that! Why do you ask?"

"Uhhhh... no reason."

"Anyway, I knew that to spread my message, the RIT name would have to be seen everywhere people went. And do you know, Mr. McNamara, what it is people see, wherever they go?"

"Regis Philbin?"

"No-"

"Beavis and Butthead T-shirts?"

"No-"

"Madonna's a**?"

"NO!!" They see— License Plates!" He grabbed something off a table and held it up for me. It was an RIT personalized license plate. 'AL I' it said. "Imagine on every car in America, these plates carrying the message of my evil empire to the corners of the world. THAT'S why I hired these Campus Safety Officers to kidnap every student caught with a parking violation, and bring them down here, in the empty space that 'The Claw' used to be in, to help me build my dream. Ahhh, it's a perfect plan!" The claw. No wonder no one ever noticed before.

"But you have forgotten one thing," I said quickly, before my editors can delete this entire article like they should have in the first place.

"And what is that?" he asked.

I whipped a small microphone out of my pocket. "The Board of Trustees were wise to your plans and hired me to infiltrate. They've been listening the whole time!" (Did I say Student Government before? I meant Board of Trustees. Really.)

"No!" he cried, and dashed for his emergency escape pod, but it was too late. Like the flies in Gracie's, the elite Board of Trustees Guard swept down over the whole facility, ending production.

"I'm afraid you're world-domination days are over," I said. "No more license plates! No more kidnapping students! And," I paused for either effect or to grab a Coke, I forget which, "no more sex with wild midget Chinese Triplets on top of the Sundial!"

"What?" he asked.

"Oh, wait a second, sorry," I said, "That was the fraternity investigation I did last week."

But that, is another story. ■

Ice Queens

Talk about "Beauty and The Beast on Ice,"
The Walt Disney Company might sue

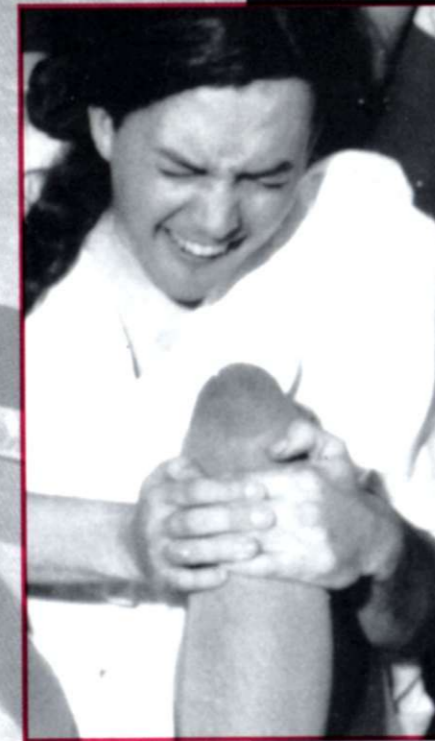
By VINCENT BITCHEZ

*That prissy b**ch is no match for my skating ability. Beating her when we hit the ice at the games will put me a leg up in the final standings.*
Onya Hardly, when asked about competing against her rival Prancy Harrigan.

No one really believed that men's drag figure skating would become an Olympic event in Norway this year, least of all the skaters themselves. But when butchy bad-girl Onya Hardly stepped in to the national Ice-Queen spotlight one year ago, a number of her competitors began to drop like flies. In fact almost everyone that dared compete against her mysteriously ended up in the hospital. Onya is a unique skater in the field in that while the rest of her competitors daintily sip Cappuccino

and speak with sissy lisps, she's a beer drinking, chain-smoking, pool-playing, foul-mouthed, unclean, stinky, scuzzy, unshaven, putrid lumberjack of a skater with perpetual gas. While other skaters glide gracefully across the ice on tip-toe, she gouges her way through her program spitting, scratching herself, and pausing occasionally to smoke a butt. Fans no longer ask Hardly for her autograph as she has earned a bad reputation. A male fan in Seattle told SLIME that Hardly, after a practice session, when he asked her for a signature, Onya responded by applying a swift-moving skate-clad foot to his manhood.

Hardly is basically a b**ch and has no qualms about it. She wanted gold at the games and would stop at nothing to get it. When asked before the games about her personal goals she replied, "The only thing I can



Hell on Ice: While lovely Harrigan cried, "Why me?! Why Now?!", burly bad bitch Hardly asked, "Why not?" America watched in horror as the entire skate-soap opera unfolded like a perverse fairy tale.



think about is the loot. F*ck the prestige! The Olympic Committee can kiss my hairy a**! All I want to do is become a spokesmodel for some feminine hygiene product, and maybe do a couple of Harley Davidson ads. No more questions, or do you wanna leave with some permanent scars?..."

It seemed as though she might get her wish. With all of her other opponents maimed or on crutches, there remained but one thing in her path to stardom and enough celebrity endorsements to piss-off television viewers worldwide. Only one thing would keep Onya

Hardly from getting her own butt-master info-mercial. One thing that would prevent Hardly from starting her own 976 sex-line. One thing that would keep Onya Hardly "Feed-me, Burp-me, and Fart-me" dolls off the shelves next Christmas. And she and that one thing crossed paths on the ice of the Skank Sh*tter Arena, four months ago.

The January 6th attack on skater Prancy Harrigan shook the men's drag figure skating community by its jockstraps. Soon, it was heard that Onya and her entourage may have been involved with the attack. It wasn't long before the entire public was in a buzz about the whole stupid mess. People who didn't know a triple Lutz from a double cheeseburger, were suddenly tuning in their little idiot boxes and becoming skating experts. Journalists flocked to most every skating event they could find. The Grateful Dead stopped touring and followed Hardly and Harrigan. No one slept or ate. Natural disasters went unnoticed. Even 7-11 closed. The question that was on everyone's feeble minds was, "did the ugly, stinking, scurvy, abnormal, bruiser of a cross-dresser Onya Hardly plot to assault her pretty



THE TRUTH COMES OUT

**"True, I did
think the
whole thing
up"**

-SHIMOAN

(mannish) rival?" Or was it some kind of strange love gesture masterminded by Onya's ex-boyfriend Albert J. Shimmoan? These and the answers to many other questions may never be answered, but who cares? I still get paid for writing this crap, so please by all means, read on.

Of course no one can deny that Onya hung with a gang of villains almost as dirty and disgusting as her own underwear. One by one the suspects were arrested and taken into custody. Three days after the attack, while it was announced that Shimmoan and Hardly were under investiga-

tion, Ricardo Shterling, Hardly's bodyguard was arrested. He admitted being involved with the conspiracy, but hinted to police by saying, "me not smart 'nough to do all by self. Other guys help Ricardo." The next day, authorities took Dr. Lindsey Kook into custody, under extreme suspicion of being the mastermind of the whole operation (after all she was a doctor). The pair were charged with conspiracy to commit assault and received misdemeanor charges from a passing Fashion Police Officer. Both made bail and tuition went up.

The very next day, Albert J. Shimmoan was picked up on a jay-walking charge, at which time he immediately dropped to his knees and confessed to helping in the attack. He even presented the police with a blood-covered Stanley hammer, which later was proven to drive nails quite nicely. Though he had provided police with an excellent hand-crafted American-made tool, he still maintained he his innocence. Shimmoan stated, "Harrigan is a lovely skater, and I wouldn't harm a hair on her pretty face. True, I did think the whole thing up, but I didn't think any-

one was listening to me. You know what I mean? Hey come back here... listen to me!"

Kook and Shterling jumped bail and prepared to hide out by attending a large technical institute in upstate New York. In the guise of two college students, they subsisted on a diet of Ramen Noodles and Tab for three weeks. The pair were in a criminal justice class when they both decided that prison food was better than noodles and Nutrasweet on a daily basis. They surrendered to a Campus Safety Officer, and were back in custody four hours later. The duo underwent a grueling grilling and still maintained that they were innocent, having actually plotted the actual act, but not actually acting upon the act of actually acting.

Meanwhile, Shimmoan smiled a lot and talked about a series of Strategic Planning Committee Meetings that had been held in the months preceding. These meetings were utilized to plot the no-good, dirty, evil, rotten, low-down, unscrupulous plan. Then after the meetings, they plotted the attack on America's sweetheart, the wholesome cross-dresser next-door, Prancy Harrigan. Kook told SLIME, in an exclusive interview that, "We didn't ever do any of the actual injuring. It was Onya's privilege and she seemed to enjoy it. I'm only telling you this in return for special treatment. It has been agreed that when I am convicted, I will not have to share a cell with that beast. She's almost as frightening as she is malodorous." (For those of you reading this, that means stinky... I looked it up for you.)

"It was decided that Onya had to have that feminine hygiene product endorsement," stated Shterling, "not so much for the money, but for more practical reasons. We did a real swell job planning it all out for her. We made sure it was easy enough for an oaf like her to pull it off. She's not very nice you know. I remember one of the meetings did not meet her approval and she became very upset. Before we knew it, we had all received wedgies, were spat upon, and told to kiss her ass. It took a long time to cover the whole thing, but we did it. She's got ample buttocks, doesn't she?" I

had to agree.

The last meeting, on January 5th, broke up early and the four went their separate ways. Onya headed down to The Distinguished Feline Klub, her favorite dive-bar hang-out. It was Ladies' Night and Onya had a hankering to tie one on. Eleven boilermakers and a shot of Yukon Jack later, found Onya dancing from table-top to tabletop exposing herself to the male patrons. After slipping on beer-sopped paper coaster, she struck her head on a hanging chandelier, and plunged to the floor unconscious. It was there that she would spend the night, waking up in a pool of sweat beneath a billiard table at 9 a.m. the next morning. Hurriedly she gath-

ered her things and fled the bar. When asked by the lounge's hearing-impaired clean-up man where she was off to, she replied, "I got to win today. If I don't I miss my chance for Lillehammer." Misunderstanding, the clean-up man explained that he had no "lil' hammer", but she was more than welcome to borrow a big one. With hammer in hand Onya Hardly hitchhiked the 23 miles to the Skank Sh*tter Ice Arena and arrived just as her bitter enemy, Prancy Harrigan began her spectacularly, magnificent, wholesome, vitamin-enriched skating program.

Harrigan was simply poetry-on-ice. Smoother than vanilla pudding, her performance was flawless. She moved with

such grace, such style, such big teeth! There wasn't a dry eye (or seat) in the audience. People fell down on all fours to touch the ice she had skated on. It was religious. A ten minute standing ovation turned into a 30 minute state of pandemonium, as policemen on horseback tried to stop the crazed fans from tearing down the goal-posts. They even rejoiced in Buffalo, for a change.

But, then it all stopped. Onya took to the ice in the still silence of the hushed arena. As she skated toward middle ice, she picked a last minute booger, and lit another cigarette. Her program was a complete disaster. Fall after fall left Onya's a** prints all over the ice. Once half way through her fiasco, she com-



plained to some of the judges that her skates had been laced incorrectly by "some a**hole," who she had asked to hold her hammer. When she finally began her program for the second time, she did improve. She stopped falling on her a** as much, and began to cushion most of her falls with her face. At the end of her program, every spectator had relieved themselves and made their candy counter trips. The crowd responded by flipping Onya the bird while doing the wave. Onya responded by showing the crowd exactly what she was made of, and in one fluid motion mooned the entire arena. You might think that takes a lot of guts, but that's not exactly true. It actually takes a lot of butt.

The crowd booed and hollered rude names they had learned from listening to Howard Stern that morning. Onya left the ice humiliated and out for some revenge (and in her case some mirth-inducing pain-inflictment.). It was on the way to the locker room that she met up with Prancy Harrigan and the incident unfolded.

"Whoever it was, they came outta nowhere," said Harrigan, "but I do seem to remember a certain stench about the assailant. Imagine my surprise, when I realized she stinks just as bad her skating." Both Harrigan and Hardly grew up on pig-farms, though only Hardly continues to smell like one. Harrigan, of course, had a perfectly wonderful childhood, with two loving, nurturing, TV sitcom parents. Her strength through this entire mess has been truly inspiring and endlessly embellished by the media.

Her bravery should be an example to us all, but when asked about it she plays it off as no big deal, "I was whacked in the leg by a fine American-made tool, that's all. It's not as if I broke a nail or lost my favorite lipstick or something. We should all be a little more thankful as Americans... thankful for our freedom, thankful for liberty, thankful not all of us have to ride floats with Mickey Mouse."

Harrigan acted as Grand Ungrateful Marshall of the Walt Disney "Welcome Back Prancy" Parade. Harrigan seemed somewhat put-off by the whole event. "That was so corny and phony. Did you

know that it's really not Mickey Mouse? It's a guy in a suit! What a gyp!" Uh... yeah,... right.

Hardly, by contrast, won't be riding any floats, though she probably would like to very much, (wouldn't we all?). Her childhood was spent hog farming, digging coal, and being forced to watch reruns of Gilligan's Island. She went to an all girl Catholic Reform School when she was eight years old, (regardless of the fact that she was a boy). Her mother, Ophelia Hardly, and father, Richard Hardly (Ophelia's 42nd husband), ran an escort service and an all night laundry from their one room log cabin on the south side of Manhattan. Hardly grew up a very hard and embittered person, but her family life is of no concern, really. As long as we get the dirt on her, we'll have plenty of text. Did you know I get paid by the word? Any words! Watch this... dog, cat, penguin, fig-plucker, \$, \$, \$...

Shortly following the Olympic Games in Lillehammer, where Onya suffered yet another humiliating defeat, the four conspirators were tried and convicted. Albert J. Shimmoan was found guilty on all counts of conspiracy to assault Prancy Harrigan, 2 counts of criminal jay-walking, and several counts of broomball with intent to score for the wrong team. He did, however, receive a suspended sentence. Instead of serving hard time, Shimmoan will be required to live in a triple occupancy dorm room and perform 400 hours community service work. This service will consist of remaining perfectly still, on all fours, in a very menacing pose, while the college's mascot statue is removed for cleaning.

Ricardo Shterling was found guilty of conspiracy to assault Harrigan and also was charged with a few made-up parking violations (the judge was an RIT alum). Through a plea-bargain, Shterling was able to avoid jail by agreeing to certain term of the court. It was established that Shterling would destroy any and all paperwork pertaining to outstanding violations of RIT students, and attend parties every weekend in the residence halls and Greek houses on campus. There, Mr. Shterling would become permanent 3-man (a drinking game) and

be required to take an exam at 6 a.m. every Monday morning.

Dr. Lindsey Kook's deal with the District Attorney fell through completely, and as a result, she was the only member of the foursome required to do real time. She was found guilty on a charges brought against her, including nude-bungee jumping without a license. She will spend 15 years in the Lizzy Borden Correctional Facility for Naughty Women.

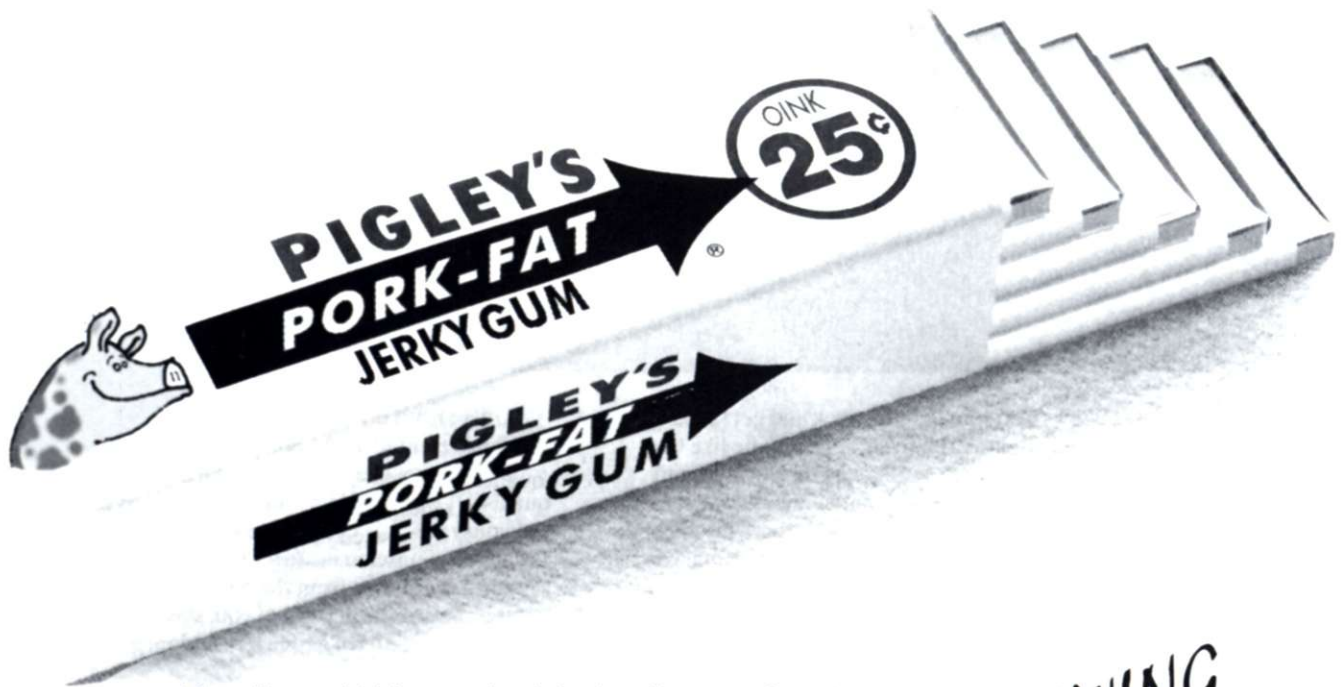
But perhaps the most interesting judgement was that handed down to Miss Onya Hardly. She was found guilty of 700 counts of assault, 547 acts of conspiracy, 14 counts of indecent exposure, the beating of Rodney King (and therefore impersonating an officer), and innumerable violations of local obscenity laws.

The judge was fair and just. He, taking into consideration her tough childhood, offered Onya a deal. She would get one year probation, a \$10,000 fine, and lose her membership in the U.S. Men's Drag Figure Skating Association. She would seek psychiatric counseling, pay for all court costs, set up a Scholarship for young transvestite skaters, and shave her head with a bottle cap. Unfortunately, the only condition Hardly would agree on was the bottle cap part. When the court explained to Onya she must comply or be jailed, she showed them what she was made of again. With all of the grace of a crippled wart-hog, Onya whirled up into the witness stand, and bared her spotty-bum for the jury, judge, and nauseated onlookers.

As a result she was sentenced 15 years in the Lizzy Borden Correctional Facility for Naughty Women, where she was promptly assigned to share a cell with Lindsey Kook. I hear Lindsey is a fast healer, and will be up and walking sometime next year. Who knows? Maybe even eating solid food again.

Prancy Harrigan is now a multi-billionaire with a list of celebrity endorsements longer than this article, and that's really too bad seeing as I get paid by the word. Maybe if I list them in my next article, I can really cash in. **-Reported by Earl Hungadunga, Edith Cake**

KOSHER DIET?



My wife and kids are Jewish, but I'm not. So when I get a hankering for the chewy, delicious, taste that only a greasy slab of raw pork-fat can deliver, I reach for a stick of Pigley's Pork-fat Jerky Gum. So now when it's Passover, I don't have to pass on the pork.

**PORK CHEWING
SATISFACTION.**

SLIME

■ IT'S IN THE WATER

Toiletwater

The scandal that soaked RIT like a tidal wave makes Whitewater look like a kiddie pool.

by NANCY GIBBERISH

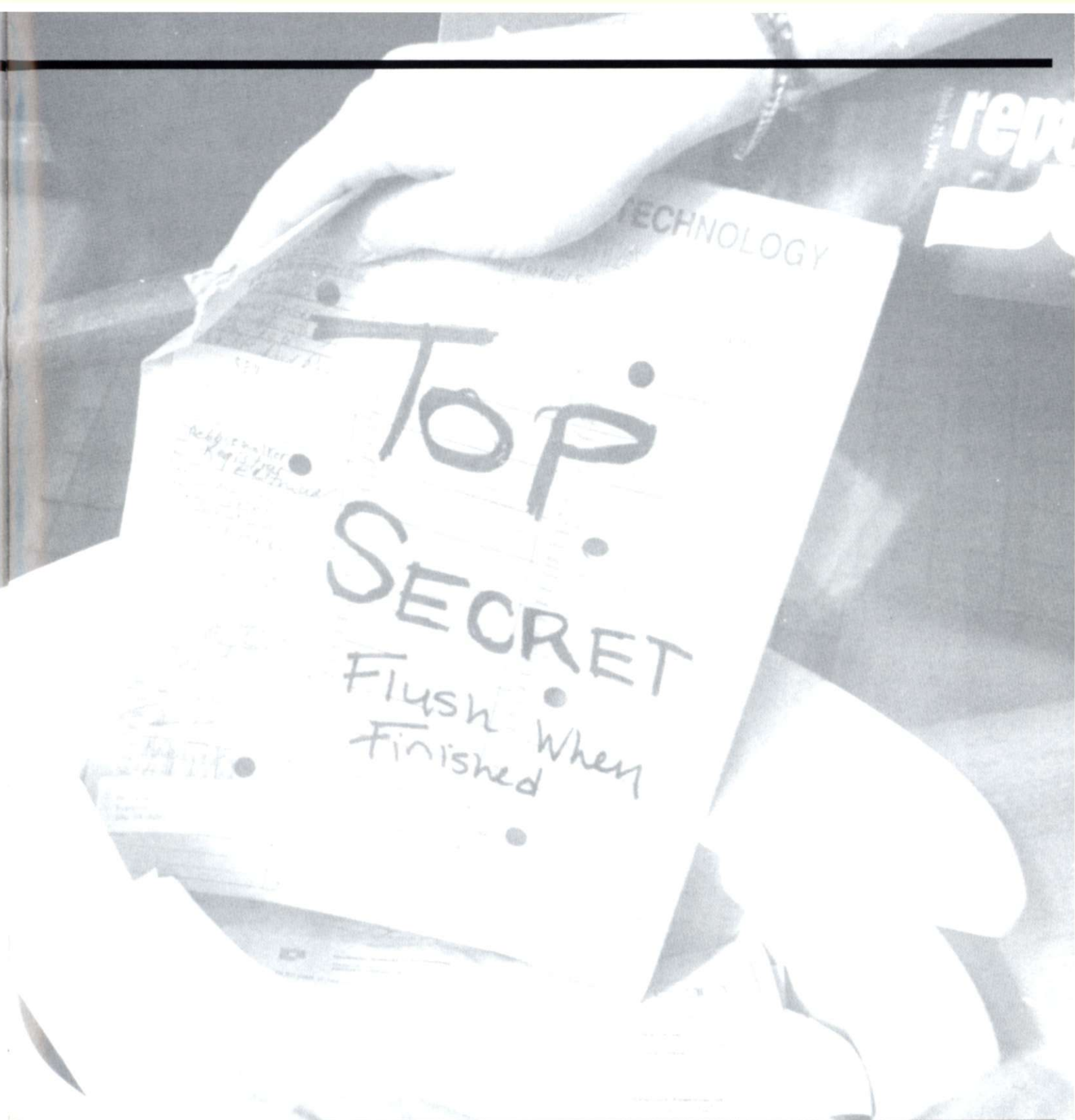
RACQUET CLUB'S PROBLEMS are familiar to most students on campus—the complex has been slowly sinking over the last several years. Most will be mortified, however, to discover what has actually been keeping it afloat. Built in the late 1960s by the Toiletwater Real Estate Corporation, it has recently been discovered that Racquet club lies over the remains of a sewage treatment plant. Now, as the waste below the townhouses decay at an astonishing rate, the "Club" has started to sink even more rapidly.

This scandal grows more complex as evidence has surfaced that several administrators, including Presidents Ruse and Simoan, were aware of the whole mess long before Racquet club was even purchased by the college. A SLIME informant, referred to only as "Tidy Bowl," first spilled the story shortly after President Ruse's resignation. In

the following months, this magazine has kept on top of the constipated tale, and now breaks the story.

"It stinks," our informant commented. "The whole thing really stinks." According to Tidy Bowl, the Toiletwater scandal begins with Presidents Ruse and Simoan, who had ties reaching far back into the real estates beginnings. Ruse, one of the founding trustees of Toiletwater, had corroborated with a (then) insignificant filing clerk who went by the name of Albert. "No one really liked the guy," Tidy Bowl said. "His first month at the position, he started all these 'Strategic Filing Committees' (groups set-up to report on the organization's efficiency in the mailroom). Eventually, everyone just beat up the little guy and told him to be quiet." The real estate company purchased the land on which Racquet club is now situated while it was still the town's sewage treatment center. Burying

DOWN THE DRAIN: Vital Toiletwater documents are flushed following a raid on Physical Plant's main offices



Slime Line

1987—President Ruse purchases Racquetclub for a paltry sum.
1989—Bill Yankees,



former Toiletwater executive, appointed to Physical Plant.
1992—Ruse resigns under



pressure from his former filing clerk, **Albert Simoan** (who replaces him in Fall of

1992).
Fall 1992—SLIME informant, "Tidy Bowl," alleges that both Ruse and Simoan were part of the plan to build Racquet Club



above the Henrietta sewage treatment plant. SLIME launches its thorough investigation.

Spring, 1993—Blubbery Hill renovations take place. Later investigation proves the contractor was paid by the now defunct Toiletwater Real



Estate Corp. in summer of 1993.

November, 1993—Judicial Affairs demands all documents concerning Toiletwater be turned over. A week later, officials raid Bill Yankees office only to discover two

co-op students flushing vital documents in a nearby bathroom.

January, 1994—SLIME staff assaulted outside of Racquetclub; Bill Yankees

resigns. SLIME's beloved **Dave Carson** killed.



the waste and building prefabricated housing for Kodak, Toiletwater was to make millions. RIT's Board of Trustees, impressed by the way Ruse handled all the crap, decided he'd make a good president for the Institute.

When RIT hit the housing shortage of the early '80s, Ruse found himself in it up to his neck. Despite several attempts at soothing the college body (one of which included dropping salt-peter into the student's morning OJ), he found he needed housing, and he needed it bad. So, ignoring the fact that RIT and most of Henrietta's sewage lines were running straight into Racquet club, he asked Albert to start leasing the apartments to students. "And of course Albert was eager to please," Tidy Bowl commented. "Only there was a twist. He had started to get a big head—I think a tumor was involved somehow— Albert demanded the position of Vice-President of Student Affairs. After all, everyone knows the person in charge of that doesn't do anything." Ruse agreed at first, unofficially inviting his former employee into the ranks of RIT. At Simoan's bogus welcoming reception, Ruse ambushed his henchman and had him deported to Hawaii in a crate of Macadamia nuts.

With Al out of the way, Ruse purchased the complex in 1987, following it with an appointment to Physical Plant. Bill Yankees, former Toiletwater executive, was invited to join the RIT staff as Commander-in-Chief of the Broom Brigade.

Meanwhile, in Hawaii, Albert started to pursue his own career in education bureaucracy. He achieved the rank of President at the state university, but as overexposure to the sun and thinning hair took their toll on our current President, he immediately began plotting revenge on his former employer. While popular belief is that Ruse left RIT due to the CIA scandal, there are indications that he actually left due to a blatant threat by his former filing clerk of spilling the sordid details of the Toiletwater deal.

While it's not clear how Simoan actually got into his current office, Tidy Bowl speculates that it had something to do

with "special gifts" sent to the Board of Trustees. "They love nuts," he says. "I remember when they chose the new colors. Everyone was against orange and burnt umber, but the Board got a package of 'Planter's' and it was all over."

slime questioned the President about Raquetclub's increasing problems. He replied, "I had nothing to do with that. I wasn't here when that complex was bought. Ruse did it; it was all his doing. Here, want a nut?" Tidy Bowl also led slime investigators to Town Hall documents that indicated that the now defunct Toiletwater Real Estate Corporation funded Blubbery Hill's renovations. "Makes you wonder where your \$400,000 went, huh?" our informant asked.

But, slime was not to be stopped up. In January, 1994, the magazine's investigative reporting team went out to housing complex to gather information backing up Tidy Bowl's allegations. There, they were surprised by a band of Physical Plant workers who brutalized them with brooms and plungers. "It was horrible," a writer recalled. "I still have the marks. They look like big hickeys." Dave Carson, former Director of Photography, was killed in the slaughter. slime will be holding a wake to "mourn" him this Saturday night (anyone with access to Tequila and old Jim Belushi movies, can contact SLIME's business

manager at x2212).

Finally, Judicial Affairs got wind of the incident, and Tidy Bowl's accusations got leaked to the Faculty Council. A seven-and-a-half member panel was formed to research Simoan's involvement in Raquetclub's construction. In late winter, the panel ordered the President's office to release all documents related to Toiletwater including memos between President Ruse and the young filing clerk, Albert Simoan. Subsequently, a Planter's gift pack was sent to the panel anonymously, but never opened.

After discovering that Bill Yankees had been an executive in the Toiletwater Real Estate Corporation, Judicial Affairs raided Physical Plant's main offices the following week. A campus SWAT-team member, on his way to relieve himself in one of the bathrooms, found two co-op students scurrying from stall to stall frantically flushing Toiletwater documents and photographs.

A President who brought to the Institute a reputation for community spirit may have trouble digging himself out of this mess. Tidy Bowl says, "There's only one group capable of saving Simoan from the troubles facing him: the Butthole Surfers. But, I don't think they're coming to Rochester this year. Got any peanuts?" **-Reported by Hal Muckslinger/Chestertown**



SLIME's Director of Photography is brutalized during the Racquet Club assault

Terror Strikes Campus

Sucking your will to live

By PHILL N. SPACE

OVER THE PAST FEW MONTHS A disturbing pattern of events has developed on the swampy grounds of the Rochester Institute of Technology. Starting last October, reports, of what can only be described as a monster, began filing into Campus Safety. At first the reports were dismissed as, "The mindless hallucinations of a bunch of stupid drunks staggering home from parties at Colony and Perkins," to quote Dickless Sterling of Campus Safety. However copies of the reports obtained by Slime contain too many similarities to be written off so easily. The reports also point to a possible cover-up by Campus Safety, the likes of which has not been seen since the CIA left campus.

Slime, being a beacon of journalistic truth, has traced the beginnings of the monster deep within the bowels of building 8's Biology labs. There, a pair of bored-stiff Bio-Technology geeks set into motion a series of events from which there was no turning back. Working secretly on Friday and Saturday nights (for lack of anything better to do on campus), the pair created a genetic cocktail. The exact genetic formula remains unknown, but is rumored to be sampled from: drool from the desk of a student

sleeping in class, the oddly colored hair of some wierdo from Building 7, a booger President Simone deposited underneath his desk, mold found growing in the salad bar at Gracie's, and the sweat from the stinking pads of an RIT hockey player. Each sample was selected for its unique genetic characteristics.

Tracking down the culprits wasn't easy, but Slime was able to corner the two and confront them about the monster. At first they denied any knowledge, but were quickly broken down when pressed further. In exchange for the information, we agreed to withhold Gilbert and Orvil's names. Oops! Oh well. They went on record as saying, "We meant no harm to the campus. When it started out, it was all for fun, y'know? Kinda like a Weird Science thing without the chick. We just wanted to see if we could do it. We never expected it to work. Nothing we try ever works. We can't even get laid!"

And work it did, as illustrated by exclusive slime photos. When combined, the genetic cocktail exploded into an unprecedented growth spurt, quickly growing to over 300 pounds. The beast gained instant self-awareness after the reaction was complete. Its intelligence, as reported by Gilbert and Orvil, is immeasurable by human standards. It is described as being a cold and calculating beast, capable of shockingly heinous deeds.

Gilbert delved further into that fateful



night. "After such a rapid growth spurt it was hungry and demanded to be fed. At first, we refused, but then it came after us. We beat it into submission with our pocket protectors. Then, fearing for our lives, we led it to building 7 where the monster instantly seized several Fine Arts students and devoured them, nipple rings and all." Gilbert continued "They were only Fine Arts majors. They come a dime a dozen you know. After it was done it sprinted off into the depths of the swamp behind the Student Alumni Union and that was the last we saw of it. Honest. Except for that one time he delivered our B.S. Rocks order."

The monster has marked out its turf in the swamp between the Radisson and B Lot. This seems to be its favorite hunting ground where it scoops up unsuspecting drunkards as they wobble home from parties. It especially likes to catch its victims off guard, usually preying upon people stopping to relieve their swollen bladders in the bushes. Weeknight drinking inactivity forces the monster to prey upon the numerous kittens and puppies of Perkins and Colony residents. The monster's appetite knows no limits.

When, and where will the monster strike next? No one knows. All that is known is that there will be a next time, and Slime will be there to cover it.

-Reporting by Slick/Rochester, N.Y.



SWAMPMONSTER: A freak accident, or was it? A chemical reactions created a mutant beyond control

RIT Beer

RIT's latest update to the Alcohol Policy is enough to drive you to drink

By **NORM PETERSON**

At a meeting attended by some rather large members and heads of the university, officials at Rotchester Installation of Technolocheeks unveiled last week what is their latest attempt to put an end to rampant, meddlesome student drinking, once and for all. In a sudden and complete reversal of all previous alcohol policies (which can best be summed up in four words: who the f*ck knows?), RIT officials have decided to allow every student on the campus to drink as much beer as they want, anywhere they want, anytime they want, with absolutely no limits placed on the amount consumed, or anything else for that matter.

But wait! You really don't believe they would do that, do you? Sounds too good to be true, right? There has to be a catch, right? Well, you're right, there is a catch. You're not that stupid after all. Forget what the Admissions Office says, The catch is: the only beer that will be allowed on RIT property is a brand that will be brewed, canned, cold-filtered, aged, iced, dried, watered-down, licensed, endorsed, distributed, sold, and taxed entirely by RIT (in conjunction with the A&W Rootbeer Co., which RIT purchased earlier this spring. For the details of that occurrence, see the reference to useful plot devices in McNamara's story and leave us alone). This new beverage is to be called RITbeer.

The Installation revealed RITbeer, and the new policy of "Drink at Will, but Only Our Swill" to the entire RIT community last week by informing a few RA's, the Candy Counter girl, and a Physical Plant worker named

George of the new changes. Also, graffiti describing the changes was posted in a few select toilet stalls across the campus.

RIT, which is famous for having the second largest co-op program in the world, as well as ranking number 1298 on Noseleak Magazine's List of Top 1300 Schools That Don't Suck (edging out the all-male Arizona School of Architecture and Bricklaying, and the learn-at-home Artificial Insemination of Farm Animals certification program), has tried unsuccessfully in the past to revise their alcohol policy so that it could both provide for a safe learning environment on the campus and simultaneously piss off all the students as well.

To get the inside scoop on the new brick brew, our SLIME staff went right to the top, of the heap: Perspirant and CEO Alfred E. Someone. We paid a visit to "Slick Al" in his office on the seventh floor of the Admoneystration Building. You know the one. The big phallic looking brick. The one that has a bronze plaque in the lobby inscribed with the immortal words: "You are our \$15,000 prioRITy" (the numer roll, like on an odometer, Changing yearly).

Entering his office, we found Someone peering through a telescope aimed at the residence halls, muttering something under his breath which sounded like, "heh, I've never seen her before. Go Alpha Sigma girls! Heh, I love this office. What a view."

"Excuse us, Mr. Someone, we're from SLIME magazine and we're investigating..."

"Whoah! Heh, didn't see you boys there.

Just, doing a little, uh, bird watching! Yeah, bird watching. You know, I miss the University of Hawaii sometimes. She had some nice specimens."

We sat down and asked him to describe for us the new policy. This RITbeer, what is it? RITbeer, as described by Someone, "is a strategic solution to the challenge of providing for the students, steering us toward a brighter tomorrow. There's a lot of, maybe...but the main idea here is one of trust. I think the faculty can trust me; trust the trustees who hold me accountable."

When asked 'what the hell all that meant,'



Someone continued with: "It's a matter of, 'where do we see ourselves 10 years from now?' I feel, and I'm not alone, that there's a need... we need to listen, to open a dialogue, envision a vision...<click>." [At this point SLIME reporter Mick Anaheim stops his tape recorder, reaches over Someone's desk, smacks him twice, then, after a dramatic pause, urinates all over the CEO's desk. He is subsequently charged with assaulting an RIT officer and illegal use of RIT facilities, is suspended, fined, put on the admoneystration's hit list, and promoted to Executive Editor.]

Having had their fun, the staff continued on in their mission to get to the bottom of things. Someone was obviously too spacey to remember to zip up his fly, much less master-

mind RITbeer, so we decided to look elsewhere. Our blazing trail of journalism led to the office of Slam McFrenzy, Vice Perspirant in charge of Affairs with Students.

McFrenzy elaborated on how RITbeer came into being (we now join him in mid-sentence): "...so we wuz all sittin' around the table at the board meeting, trying to figure out what to do about this student drinking thing. I mean, it was gettin' to be a real problem. Imagine it, these kids, bringing kegs into the dorms, throwing wild, overcrowded parties in dose dilapidated apartments, walking back and forth on underlit roads. There were some dan-

"That's when Spread Whiff spoke up. He's the Perspirant's main assistant. This guy's a diabolical one. After he tucked Someone in for his afternoon nap (he tends to doze off during the meetings.) he said: 'That's it! Gentlemen, I've got it! We'll manufacture our own beer, force students to drink it, and cash in on it!'"

Whiff's idea was for RIT to create a new, almost-but-not-quite-non-alcoholic beverage that students would want to drink in place of beer, wine, or beaver liquor. Actually, they would have to drink it in place of alcohol; the only parties or social gatherings that RIT would authorize would be ones where RIT's beverage were served. This was beautiful in other ways too: RIT would make all the money that students were previously spending at Wegman's, Southtown Beverage, and Hess Mart. In addition, the PITZskeller would serve nothing but RITbeer, as would the KLAW niteclub when it opens early next decade.

Also, to aid in the production of the beverage, a new major would be created: Brewing Technology. Says McFrenzy, "we also realized that many students here are basically stupid and don't learn anything in their fields of study. We know that most students have more of an aptitude for drinking that anything else, so we figured why not teach them to make all the swill that they drink? We needed a major for all the people who dropped out of programs like engineering because they couldn't hack it. We used to use Packaging Science for that, but it got too hard".

As for what to call the newly concocted brew, careful consideration had to be given. Says McFrenzy: "We wanted a name that would capture the essence of tall brick buildings, cool white blizzards, and the color and distinctive tang of the Genesee River where we would brew it from. So we decided on RITbeer. I'll admit, we're not very creative."

The site for the brewery was decided soon after. At first it was planned to construct a new building, but Someone wanted to use the money to build a new wing to his Liberty Hill home that would include nine Jacuzzis, a wet bar, a dry bar, his and hers massage parlors, a money vault, and a fully stocked brothel. (Someone assured SLIME that the expansion, which would be used to entertain guests, would benefit the RIT community and bring it up to par with other schools). So it was decided to convert the Red Barn on Andrews Memorial Drive for the purpose.

Since Whiff was the man behind RITbeer, we hunted him down and put some serious questions to him, "This...RITbeer," we asked, "what is it? Something different?"

"Why yez," Whiff responded, "actually it's a mixture of zwamp water, Zebra pizz, and zitruz juizez, with a zplazh of zeleected liquidz from ze Gennezee River. Oh zhit!. I can't ztop talking like ziz!"

With the mystery of RITbeer zolved, damn, solved, our SLIME staff set out to gather the opinions of the students, the poor fools who would have to drink RITbeer, or nothing at all. Student reaction to the school's new scheme was pretty consistent with their reaction to other RIT policies.

"This sh*t stinks!," voiced student Sherm "the Sperm" Banks (4th year, Biology), "It looks like the juice that tobacco chewers spit out. And it smells worse than my roommate's breath. We can't drink this crap!"

Another student was less charitable. "Hello? RIT? Guys? Come on, now...My parcents are paying \$20,000 a year, and for what? Burnt umber colored beer? Come on, I think you can do better than this..." said student Zippy McGillicutty, who has since died a violent and bloody death. SLIME consulted expert beer connoisseurs Bud Weiser, Lou Batts, and Mickey Lobe, brothers of Aeta Pi, Delta Fart, and Pink Triangle, respectively, for their opinion of the beer. What did these gentlemen have to say?: "Well, considering the wide range of tastes available to the human palate, we'd have to say that RITbeer is about 1298 on a scale of 1300."

On the flip side of the tab, some students were found who actually support the idea of an RIT beer. "I think this school needs this, so I proposed it to my buds in the RIT admoneystration" said Sleeved aka "Night Swallow" Shirtz. "After 15 years at RIT, I've figured out that this campus' problems stem mainly from the quarter system. If everyone just shuts the hell up and listens to me, all the world problems can be easily solved."

With most students in an uproar over the latest imposed atrocity, officials have asked Sterling "Dick" Silver, Kommander of Kampfus Saftkreig, to crack down on any violators of the new policy. Those apprehended drinking anything other than RITbeer will be sentenced to five years laboring in the tunnels beneath the dorms to manufacture RIT license plates. Said Silver: "you can't outrun the long dog of the law." ■



■ THEATER

The Last Waltz

This year, CAB offers a different type of Klass

By **KRAZY "RED" KITTEN**

THIS YEAR'S SPRING CONCERT may not be quite the show it was last year. Rumor has it that a large portion of the money allocated to present a concert for the students, will be used to fund other activities—namely, all expense paid trips to the Klassy Kat.

At first the trips were kept quiet. CAB knew that advertising efforts may generate unfavorable attitudes, possibly destroying their organization. But as the events began, so did the talk. Word of the "hottest" student event was spreading, but surprisingly still it remained underground. Faculty and Administration were virtually in the dark.

Student, Matt Mitchell, spotted the Student Government van parked in front of "The Kat" 2 weeks ago. He says, "As I drove by, I did a double take. I couldn't believe the van was there. Come to find out my buddies had been going on these so

called "field trips" for weeks. I then realized why my CAB trip to Florida was so misbudgeted. But hey, a trip to the "KAT" was all the reimbursement I needed."

The van runs every Friday Night from the South Loop directly to the "KAT". Students pay \$60.00 in advance, and receive unlimited well drinks and beer all night. They are each given \$20.00 back at the door to tip the dancers and a 30% off coupon for the following week's trip.

The event is under fire as the news sweeps through administration. A hearing is scheduled to discuss the banning of the event and the two opposing groups will be students versus faculty and staff. The administration will be represented by Judicial Affairs representative Sham McKenzie, and the student group will be defended by Ass. Vice President of Student Affairs and "pro KAT", Elaine Sprawl.

Student Government's Director of Finance, Dave Toll, addresses the issue. "I sympathize with the CAB. Their fight is

just beginning. As allocator of funds, never would I have allotted moneys without good cause. For so long now, CAB has been providing routine events such as the Spring Concert, weekly movies, and TGIF in the RITZ. It's about time they offer our students some "real" entertainment."

Student and KAT regular, Andy Perez, sides with Toll and anticipates a strong fight from Sprawl. He says, "Not only has she put her heart and soul into the success of the CAB, but she herself has made several Friday night guest appearances at the "KAT." She's really an excellent performer—a true artist."

Several RIT students also dance at the "KAT." President of Student Government, Toad DeLooney, justifies the event by relating it to those particular students. He believes, "Many of the Friday night dancers are 'our' girls. So, the money we spend at the "KAT" is actually being redistributed right back into the RIT community."

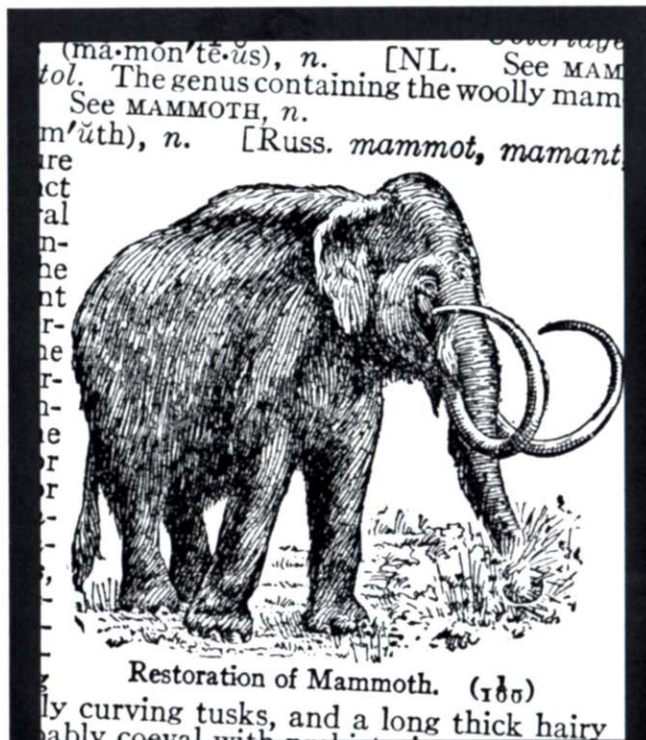
The trial will tell all. If the administration gets their way, CAB will most likely face fines, and their Friday trips will be over. If the students win, Fridays at the "KAT" will resume, Spaul will still perform, and an expanded schedule of events will go into effect.

Krazy: Due to rising interests, banks have installed ATM machines near the KAT that shell out singles



Rock On

The marketing begins. To coincide with the summer release, *The Flintstones*. The **B-52's** (billed as B.C. 52's in the movie) have cut the title track. The April issue of *Rolling Stone* reports that other performers on the soundtrack include: **STONE TEMPLE PILOTS**, **BRUCE SPRINGSTONE** and of course they couldn't forget the prehistoric **ROLLING STONES**.



Restoration of Mammoth. (188) ly curving tusks, and a long thick hairy ably covered with

Time to Make the Donuts

Young American, **GEOFF CARLSON**, is a really swell guy. Not only is he one of the foremost experts in Chocolate donuts, but he has begun an actual chocolate donut club in his hometown of Akron, Ohio. An avid bowler, Geoff can spot a bowling sign from over two miles away, and has spent a number of hours perfecting his skills in cave explorations. And, there is no one quite as skilled in air hockey and driving stick shifts in all of Ohio. Geoff, and his pet woolly mammoth can be found touring the country later this year.

S E E N & H E A R D



Jay Leno revealed on *Entertainment Tonight*, that he is the woman that keeps on breaking into **David Letterman** house. Letterman noted, "I thought she smelled like Doritos." Leno is seeing a therapist for his cross dressing problem.

It is unknown who will star in the road/buddy movie *Dumb and Dumber*. Original stars **Jim**



Carrey & Leslie Neelson backed out. New couples floating around Tinsel Town

included **Sylvester Stallone & Arnold Schwarzenegger** and **Goldie Hawn & newcomer Elaine Sprawl**

In music news, **Rob Wescott &**



Billy Ray Cyrus will record an album of duets. The album, *Stinky Winky Fart*, will be released in late Spring.

The Show Must Go On

Unable to sell-out at Madison Square Garden in New York City as a solo act, **BABS STREISAND** had to add a headliner. Immediately The Streisand camp began a search for an accompanying act. They found that **BUGS BUNNY** and **BIG AL** had some time off. Promises were made, and money exchanged hands. The original show had to "be retooled" slightly, says one insider. The new show, to begin on April 1, is now entitled, *Babs, Bugs and Al on Broadway*.



Kathleen M. O'Banshee

The Miracle Worker

ONCE IN THE COURSE OF A CENTURY comes a man who embodies all that SLIME represents. He brings dying institutions from their ashes, he evokes school spirit from corpses that stalk the campus, and most importantly he revolutionizes an industry. This century that industry is education. This man is sought by some of the finest institutions in the land. Yet, he is here at Rochester Institute of Technology to embrace the epitome of higher education and gain international recognition for an Institute that has faded in the brickwork.

His name is Albert "AJ" Simone known in the field of higher education as the "miracle worker." And miracles are the only way to describe what he has achieved in his short term there. The changes he has instituted could have resulted in chaos, impeachment, even in a vote of no confidence by the Board of Trustees. Yet, he has so masterfully negotiated his proposals that he has achieved that which no other has ever dreamed of: an educational monarchy.

With not even a whisper of a revolt, he has convinced the faculty and staff to sacrifice salary increases for the exclusive faculty club. They have relinquished merit raises for plush couches and a revolving dance floor. They have denied health benefits for sparkling grape juice and cappuccino. And they have even abolished their entire retirement program to hire Casey Kasem to play America's Top 40 seven days a week. And after all these compromises they are demanding that they pay an exorbitant membership fee of over \$20,000/year to maintain the club and pay for Simone's next vision—an international commencement.

Most universities have elaborate, campus-wide commencements that embody the summation of a college career. Until Simone descended upon RIT, students there were convinced that the small but traditional ceremony they had participated in for over 160 years was perfect. Now, students have agreed to have their student activities fees doubled to help finance what Simone calls "the greatest commencement on earth." The elaborate ceremony would be one other institutes of higher education will marvel at. Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus will orchestrate the event. Elephants will usher the graduates into the arena; acrobats will introduce the deans; and President Simone's commencement address will be amplified from his inaugural chair strategically placed on the high wire above the audience. To

preside over the events Simone has even gotten close personal friend and renowned scholar Tiny Tim.

Yet, his miraculous deeds do not end there. Before he packed up his macadamia nuts and journeyed from Hawaii to RIT, this cold, weather plagued campus was a site of withering school spirit. Campus pride was non-existent. Students were buying other universities' sweat-shirts and memorabilia to convince their friends that had attended everywhere from Mount St. Mary's convent to the North Dakota Institute for the Politically Incorrect. Through one vision, Simone changed all that. Now students wear only burnt umber and orange. (Many have even dyed their hair to emphasize their pride.) He has also managed to convince students that living in the residence halls is a privilege and that the furniture they have courtesy of Eisenhower college are not only antiques but also monuments of a great U.S. president.

However, accomplishing miracles within the constraints this small campus would never earn him the respect and dignity that has made his name synonymous with that of Albert Einstein, Ben Franklin and Richard Nixon. In an effort unequaled, Simone initiated \$400,000 in renovations to his home on Liberty Hill. Due to budget constraints Simone was committed to spending no more than a mere \$500,000 on the work. Yet, when the RIT community discovered the intent to bring the Rochester community into RIT and increase RIT's relations with outside agencies, they forced Simone to buy the Radisson Inn for entertainment purposes. The Liberty Hill breakfast series has been replaced by a pool-side chat, where Simone lounges in his Speedo swimsuit and outlines the future of RIT. Scholars, diplomats and even rock stars now visit RIT to partake in not only its academic experience but its undeniably luxurious accommodations and entertainment facilities.

Each year SLIME chooses a Man of the Year, yet this man exceeds that title. He has brought changes that previous presidents have only dreamt of. He has achieved a greatness no other man has ever envisioned. So I commend Dr. Simone for achieving the rarest honor SLIME bestows upon an individual—Man of the Century. Congratulations "AJ" and may your success guide as you walk over water into the twenty first century.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Prior to publication O'Banshee was committed to the Lizzy Borden correctional facility for her evil spirited and uninformed essays and for maliciously contributing to the deterioration of the nation.*



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