

Sarcastic

Annual Humor (?) Issue

April 1, 1989

Notre Dame's finest
stand tall and proud
in our 1st annual
swimsuit issue

Also in this issue:
9 Types of
N.D. Professors

Boy, I love writing Inside Jokes about myself

*I too am not a bit tamed I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.*
- Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

I love myself. It's not just because of the fact that I am great enough to attend Neuter Dream, even though that should be enough for me, but because I get to write this Inside Joke in the Obscure.

The greatness within me extends far beyond my own ravishing good looks and stunning personality, but the added (albeit unnecessary) confidence given to me by this reassurance of my popularity via the Obscure. Thousands of students are getting to read about me over their lunches, but that doesn't flatter me - I feel that I had it coming to me.

Not only do I love myself, but my friends love me. My friends take time out of their weekends, as well they should, to nurse me back to health after I get bombed out of my mind on Friday nights. After the Friday before the Super Bowl, I remember that I didn't need any 3-D glasses to watch the halftime show on Sunday, believe me! But my friends served me faithfully that weekend, even though I have never been one to ask for a lot when I am sick, physically or otherwise. Or at least I think they helped me.

I'm getting ahead of myself. Did I ever tell you about the time that three football players came up to me during a party and complimented me? Maybe it wasn't a compliment, but like my friends, they paid homage to me. I find the football players' humility after winning the national championship for me to be really touching, and kind of cute. I like that.

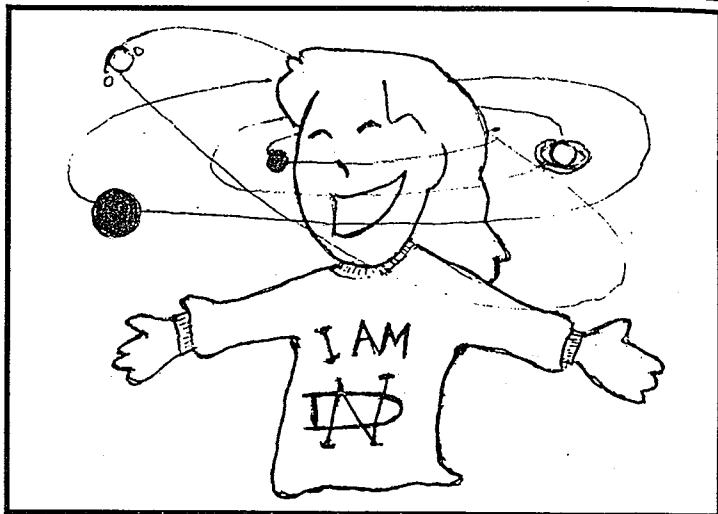
I graced one of the players' rooms with my presence during his hall's S.Y.R. and took a photo of him as supplication to the idea of me. I stuffed it in my clothes for the rest of the evening as a demonstration of my gratitude. I think he loves me, but to be honest, I'm not as interested in him as I am in myself.

I only wish that the rest of the world could be as truly wonderful as I am. But things, being things, bug me. Bugs bug me. My evil twin, who has been seen by me in some of my drunken stupors at that local drinking hole, the Collectives, is responsible for bugging the hell out of everybody, including me. Advice like "Don't Worry, Be Happy," makes me mad, especially when I'm *not* happy. Poor dining hall food bugs me, because I am so much better than the substandard fare that is served to me. After all, I should be catered to - and no one else. Unless, of course, I say so.

I find that South Bend is utterly abhorrent to me. I could write a better jingle about this area provided, of course, that I could include references to myself.

Incompetents run South Bend, particularly in the airport, where pathetic cheerleaders are allowed to get in front of me in line. I'm better than almost all people, but *especially* cheerleaders. Anyhow,

Jane
Zarathustra
Significant Nothing



just because I lost my car (an honest mistake, I swear), it was no excuse to be *rude* to me when I got to the airport ten minutes before take-off. Can you imagine a plane taking off without me in it?

Once I had an interesting conversation with a freshman of comparatively little worth to myself. Her ideas were so unbelievably quaint and inferior that I had no other choice than to pull out my album of my Obscure Inside Jokes - which I compile for my forthcoming sure-to-be-bestseller autobiography - to demonstrate how far above her I was when I was her age. After talking to me, she reconciled herself to my greatness.

GREATNESS. GREATNESS. GREATNESS. I can't stress this word enough. Even my clothes are great. My Keds, for instance, have a primal quality of downright greatness that suits me fine. Check that - they suit me *great*.

Even if I were a world-class swimmer, I would probably have to talk about that at that detestable tradition, Junior Parents Weekend. I won't have to worry about that next year, because I am so great I was selected to the London Program, and unlike all of you sorry people who were worthless enough to get rejected from that program, I'll be getting plastered in the pubs of that fair city.

Sure, people may be better athletes than me, or better scholars, or get better grades, but I firmly believe that no one can match the boundless quantity of my quality. After all, I've made the big time - I'm writing an Obscure Inside Joke, and you're not. Chew on that while you're eating your lunch.

Sarcastic

Notre Dame's Annual Scandal Sheet

April 1, 1989

Sarcastic Letters OR

More insensitive N.D. mails

Sarcastic must cooperate

Dear Editor,

Sarcastic has been involved in the nasty tradition of doing things that we at student government do not find amusing. Things would be much better for all concerned with the Notre Dame community if you discussed the issues you write about with student government before you printed anything, since we know so much more about things.

We would be happy to talk about anything involving student government (off-the-record and confidentially, of course), since we feel it is necessary that you in the media only write things that we agree with. We applaud the initiative and effort that Sarcastic takes in addressing and taking a stand on issues of concern to students, but let's face it, we simply don't agree with you.

Before we were elected, we didn't understand it when the administration wanted to control the media. But now, the saying "Power enlightens, and absolute power really enlightens" has deeper meaning for us.

In sum, let us say that Sarcastic and student government have a lot in common - sating the Notre Dame community's appetite for a laugh or two. All we ask is that you

cooperate with our efforts.

Excelsior!,
Lance Boyle

Student body president emeritus

White Paste

Student body vice-president emeritus

Chip-tossers "fed up" with Nutra-Dame policy

Dear Mr. Editor sir:

We're fed up and not gonna take it anymore.

We are the members of the men's chip-tossing club. Chip-tossing has been an vibrant non-varsity sport for years, hurling for the greater glory of Nutra-Dame. After years of petitioning various athletic department bigwigs for varsity status, we are going to stand up and be noticed.

We are *not* threatening a civil lawsuit here (we save our "strongarm tactics" for the field). A lawsuit takes more time than we care to put out, and no one on the team knew any hotshot ACLU lawyers willing to waste their time talking to us.

Granted, the threat of lawsuit has been the only impetus capable of getting anything out of the administration they hadn't already planned, but we have great faith in

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*Muchos Beratus From Sarcasticus:
Illigitimus Non Carborandum*

Funded Rarely

This special issue is only a joke. Repeat: only a joke. Had this been a real issue, you would have been informed where to send complaints, death threats and letter bombs. This not being the case, we hope everyone can take a joke.

Contributors to Sarcastic were: Dan Barrett, John-Paul Checkett, Dave DiLucia, Walter Dolhare, Kathleen Flynn, Matt Galo, Jeff Gerlach, Kevin Grogan, Russ Humberston, Heather Ingraham, Kelly at Club 23, Terry Lynch, Jim Maggio, Joe Maloney, Kathleen McKernan, Mari Okuda, Vivienne Padilla, Lou Reed, Tom Shields, Kevin Sproule, Jeff Tilton, Ron and Mark at The Papers and Tom Varnum. You got a problem, pick a fight with one of them. But beware: they may ridicule you in public next year.

Contributors to Final Word were: John Milton, T.H. White, Jon Swift, James Joyce, Douglas Adams, D.H. Lawrence, F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, Lewis Carroll, Sam Coleridge, Louisa May Alcott, Fyodor Dostoevsky, Plato, Mark Twain, Anthony Burgess, A.B. Guthrie, Samuel Beckett, Ernest Hemmingway, Steven Crane, Mary Shelley, George Orwell, Harper Lee, Aldous Huxley, Robert L. Stevenson, T.S. Eliot, Charles Dickens, Oscar Wilde, Joseph Conrad, Arthur Miller, Elmer Gantry, William Shakespeare, and probably others. You figure it out, if you're so smart.

Sarcastic magazine is published once a year, usually on or about April 1 or whenever we feel like it, at Notre Dame, IN 46556 and printed by really cool people at The Papers, Inc., Milford, IN 46542. The subscription rate, if you really want to buy this crap, is \$1.00/year and collectors' back issues are available at \$18.75/issue. The opinions expressed in Sarcastic are merely the brainstorms of the authors and editors and do not even come close to representing the opinions of the entire editorial board of Sarcastic and definitely not the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty or student body. The editorial represents the opinion of whoever happened to be left in the office before we sent it to the printer. All unsolicited material gets laughed at and thrown away. Sarcastic used to be represented by some bogus advertising agency that never sent us anything, but now we do fine making up our own ads, thank you.

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Letters

our devious methods. Our plan, inspired by the philanthropic football team, is to get really popular and then screw up in a really major way - like speaking out to a major media source and confessing to sexual deviancy.

Popular support is our main concern. We know that it's not legitimacy that will get results, but the degree of embarrassment we arouse in contributing alumni.

The interest is there, the quality of chip-tossing is there, but most importantly, the damn money is there and we sure as hell mean to use every penny to which we are entitled. Make us varsity or suffer dire consequences!

Sincerely,

Bill Shotter

Captain, chip-tossing club

P.S. How about a mention in your sorry Sarcastic sports column, "Sportswear?"

Commie pinko leftist slant apparent in Sarcastic

My Fellow Americans and Sarcastic Scum,

Well, the time has finally arrived. I, a young McCarthyist from the Neuter Dream history department, must now ride off into the sunset towards the napalm glow of Latin America. As we all know, war may be hell, but the thought of a Communist victory would make even Satan and his legion of fiends wish they were any color but red. Thus, armed with only my *Green Berets* soundtrack and the righteous confidence that the "Dutch" years have instilled within me, I have decided to join the courageous freedom fighters of Nicaragua and their attempt to turn drug money into democracy. I'll miss a great many things found under the Golden Doom, but the obvious liberal bias of

Sarcastic won't be one of them. If the Duke were alive he'd slap your collective faces. Patriotically,
Klearly Slanted

Nostra Daumus "just like home" for freshman

Dear Editor,

As my Nostra Damus comes to a close, I must stop and reflect upon the joys and sorrows that constituted it. I will admit to feeling, many times, lost in the shuffle; a multitude of new challenges in the first month alone left me feeling lonely and unimportant- I just felt so far away from home and those whom I would see everyday, those who loved me.

It happened one night as I was, as usual, closing out the library. It being a Thursday

Sarcastic

Notre Dame's Annual Scandal Sheet

Think you have all the answers?
Got an inflated opinion of yourself?
Regret the day you ever set foot in South
Bend?

Then join us!

Sarcastic is now looking for angry young men and women to berate the administration for everything it does during the next year. Sound like fun? You bet it is!

Any Notre Dame or Saint Mary's student who got a "D" or better in his or her freshman writing course and gets a kick out of seeing his or her name in print is eligible.

Help us carry our EGOS!



night, I was met along the way back to the dorm by many upperclassmen beginning an early weekend. Seeing and hearing these fellow Daumers stumble about, talk obnoxiously, and violently experience reverse peristalsis into the numerous waste receptacles placed strategically in the light of the all so sacred gilded Dome, made me long for home no longer. Seeing them in such a decrepid state, I realized that Nostra Daumus had everything I had at home. I longed no more for the city streets and the whinos in the train station, the students have taken their place.

In such a time of many trials and tribulations as freshmen year can be, it is nice to find that one can look up and smell the ethanol and realize - "Nostra Daumus is home."

Thank you Sarcastic, thank you Nostra Daumus,
B. Willard Freshman

Joel: please let me play

Dear Editor,

Will you please let me come perform for you guys again? I promise not to sing that Catholic song. Honest injun. I'm getting pretty bored of playing at the Ivy Leagues and bar mitzvahs. Won't you please, please invite me? Heck, I'll open up for Krokus or Whitesnake! Anything! I'll even have Christie sing backup in a fishnet bikini!

Religiously,

Billy Joel

Thanks for the sweater

Dear Editor,

Well, thank you very much for the neat sweater. I can't tell you what it means to me to have people in the street say "Hey! Aren't you that guy who portrayed the famous University of Nothin Doin football player George the Ripper?" Gosh, it really makes me tingle inside. Boy, this sweater is swell! Do you suppose you could send a pair of George's underwear for Nancy? She'd be ecstatic.

Ex-presidentially,

Ronald Beggin

I'm not Fred, O.K.?

Dear Editor,

Get this straight, once and for all. My name is not Fred, okay? That's some guy

from Bedrock.

In the flesh,

Ted Bolclear

Nothin' Doin' linebacker extraordinaire

P.S. I swear I was injured for a whole season!

I swear it's true! Well, it is.

Keep on Hangin' Loose

Dear Editor,

Did I say the Final Four? I meant to say the Thrifty Thirty-Two. Yeah, that's it. And

Sarcastic's

Letters Policy

Letters to Sarcastic must be typed, stamped, sealed, signed by three witnesses and include a small donation. University students should include G.P.A., political leaning and sexual orientation. Because of obvious space limitations, Sarcastic cannot *possibly* print all letters received. With all the brilliant insights into the human condition we receive, we can only publish the top 50 letters submitted. Even with our highly trained staff working night and day plowing through the warehouse of mail we receive, we can barely keep up with the demand to be seen in our pages. We're only human for God's sake! We even had to turn down a letter of praise from the President emeritus last week. . . .

Well, maybe not. Let's cut through it. We need letters and we need 'em bad. We won't edit it, we won't cut it, we'll even put your picture in. We'll even correct your grammar to make Mom prouder. Obscene, no problem. Libelous, no problem, just please please please let us know *someone* is reading this rag. Even if it's just to trash "Bernie Kook." We're not asking, we're BEGGING - PLEASE WRITE!

just wait until next year! We're gonna beat everyone, including Valparaiso and the Miami Heat! Lasagna Clownus and the rest of the Fightin' Carwash will eat up Georgetown in the tourney! And when we win the whole banana, I'm gonna have a fifty-keg

bash on the front lawn of SMC! So buy your season tix now at their low, low prices! Hurry, this offer is not sold in stores at any price!
Hang loose,
Bigger Phlops

Hey Sarcastic! Let's still do it!

Dear Editor,

Even though you didn't endorse us, we nonetheless appreciate the opportunity you gave us by interviewing us for student elections and giving us the opportunity to meet your attractive staff. Even though we lost, I just wanted to let you know that if you need anything, anything at all, feel free to call me. Our campaign motto still applies; so, Let's Do It!

Very affectionately,

"Touchy" Tony Task

Sarcastic must cooperate: Part Two

Dear editor,

I was wondering if you or the Sarcastic has any extra money floating around to help our "Stategic Eon" fundraising effort. We need money. I swear we do. Lots of money. Have you got it? Give it to us. If not, could you give us the names of three other student organizations who might have the wherewithal to help us out?

Sincerely,

Edmund M. "Lead" Alloy

"Stategic Eon" chairman

Can you spare a coupla bucks?

Dear editor,

This is a very nice magazine you have here. It would be a real shame if anything bad happened to it, like using my money to make sure Addorks gets the rest of your office in MisFortune student center. Now be a nice magazine and play ball.

Sincerely,

Fred "Freddie the Dancer" BeBoptolo

Utter Shame philanthropist

'Quiche-O-Rama' to Wow Neuter Fame

Year of Sexual Adversity feast to be dining hall party of the year

University Comestibles Czar Still Icky has announced a new dining hall theme night to honor "The Year of Sexual Adversity." This new gastronomical jamboree, entitled "It Also Means Happy!!!" has been described by Icky as "a veritable Quiche-O-Rama." Noting that "pink, pink, pink will be the color of our deserts," Icky has also considered putting chocolate-covered bananas on the menu. To add an additional festive air to the proceedings, Village People album covers will decorate the salad bars, as well as illustrations from the popular children's coloring book *Which Bathroom Should Johnny Use?* Icky's pride shone bright as he concluded, "No interior design major will be eating cereal this night!"

The Office of Student Frivolities has announced that the Brady Bunch will now act as the official mascots for the upcoming "Year of the Family". "They're white, they're straight, they're rich and they have no sex drive," said Joe Kissamee, director of student frivolities. "Who better to represent Neuter Fame family values?" Neuter Fame students greeted the decision with glee. "That Greg sure is dreamy!" said an anonymous female freshman.

Chanting, "Demand call-waiting! Give us the basic services we deserve!" 2,000 angry students stormed the Administration Building and threatened to "be really unchristian" if their demands were not met. Insecurity Director Tex Lockjaw, who stated that he hadn't seen anything like the riot since the Captain Crunch brouhaha of 1984, blamed outside AT&T agitators for the ruckus. Luckily, tragedy was avoided when rumors of a surprise 8 a.m. marketing quiz were disseminated among the protesters, leading to their immediate retreat to the library. "I think they had a good point," wrote Heave McGarglelee, noted controversy expert. "They just went about it the wrong way." Sturgis Coca-Cola, *Obscurer* news editor, summarised the event best when he said, "Protest? What protest?"

Journalistic history was made yesterday as the *Obscurer* finalized its plans to merge with the *Dartmouth Review*. "It was a marriage made in heaven!" said *Obscurer* propagandist in chief Crass Smurphy. "We belong together like prayer and school," agreed *Review* columnist Adolph Mussolini. The new paper, called *Heil Mary!* will, according to Mussolini, "feature as much student input as the recent alcohol policy committee." Added Smurphy: "That's nothing new for Utter Shame."

Neuter Dream Minister of Love Father Rave Bison announced that standard-length couches and traditionally upholstered sofas in MisFortune Student Center and dorm 24-hour lounges will be replaced by shorter, narrower and firmer casual furniture in a press conference for "The Year of Sexual Diversity." "The old couches were too traditional, and offered no incentive to innovate," said

Bison. "They just perpetuated complacency through the stereotypical roles and positions that the students used."

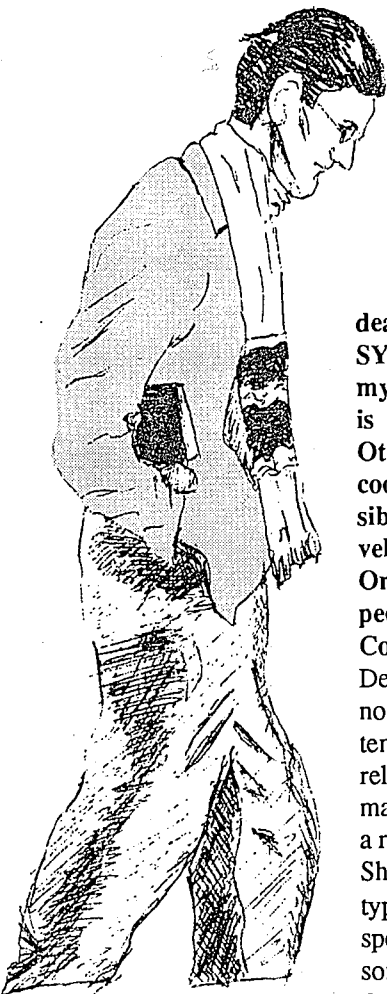
The new couches, two feet shorter than the normal six to seven-foot couch length and narrower, offer bold new opportunities for Gomer couples. "I think it's a *faa*bulous length, and one that pushes the hormonal relationship between male and female toward sexual equality," said Bison. "Now the taller partner has to do all the work to accommodate his or her partner. Think about that. Gosh, the possibilities are endless." The couches' innovative hard wooden armrests should also add to Neuter Dream amorous associations. "Hey, we've all seen that kitchen sink scene in *Fatal Attraction*, right? Neuter Dream is just keeping up with the times," he said. "It is time for the long, comfortable couch to go the way of Lucy and Desi's twin beds. This is a dramatic progression of couch technology, and Neuter Dream sits poised on the threshold. We have to press on."

The University of Neuter Lame announced today that it had pared down its list of potential graduation speakers to four. The candidates include South African President P. W. Botha, *Penthouse* columnist Xaviera "Call Me Madam" Hollander, "Cheers" star George Wendt, and noted television talk-show host Sally Jesse Raphael. "Rumors that President George Bush will speak are greatly exaggerated," clarified Neuter Lame President "Lead" Alloy. "We feel all the candidates have exhibited qualities which merit conferring upon them an honorary doctorate." Hollander, who writes a sexual advice column, admitted she was surprised at the news, but also noted, "If any school needs my advice, it's Neuter Lame." Wendt wanted to know if open containers of alcohol were allowed on campus before he would speak. Raphael said she would feature the school on her show if she were selected. President Botha offered, "It would be good to see some of my old friends again."

Major changes are in order at the University of Nothin' Doin' after the institution was purchased by mega-money magnate Donald Trump. In what was referred to by Trump as "the purchase of a podunk school from a bunch of putzes for a paltry \$3.65 billion," Nothin' Doin' officials are bracing themselves for sweeping modifications of epic proportions. Tuition will be increased over three hundred percent to \$50,000 per year to compensate for mandatory pinstripe suits, nightly meals of filet mignon, and the new solid gold statue of Trump to be placed on top of the Dome. In addition, more business classes in arbitrage, money market fund investment and insider trading will be offered. Also, the University of Nothin' Doin' will now be known as The Revered University of Money and Power (TRUMP). Asked if he thought that the move would be met by student opposition, Trump said, "If you don't like it, then get the hell out! Who wants you zipperheads anyhow? I've got a huge building in New York City, and you don't! Ha!"

Dear Darryl:

Advice for the sensitive Notre Dame man



Dear Darryl: I consider myself a pretty sensitive N.D. guy, but I have a situation I am finding hard to deal with. I was asked to an SYR by a woman from one of my classes. The problem is, she is much smarter than I am. Other than that, she is really cool. How do I cope? Is it possible for a relationship to develop from a situation like this? Or should I avoid these types of people altogether? Concerned, Corey M.

Dear Concerned Corey: No, no, no. I heartily encourage these potentially creative and innovative relationships. A truly sensitive man can reap many rewards from a romance with a rocket scientist. She's the sombre, intellectual type? Okay, you be the madcap spontaneous funster of the two-some. But, *faites attention, mon frere*, not to insult her intelligence, but to complement (and

compliment) her in a sensitive way. A sensitive guy is not afraid to walk this thin line. Unfortunately, too many N.D. men are tripped up along the way, or are content to wallow in a morass of hormone-overloaded male self-righteousness and insensitivity.

Dear Darryl: Last week my roommates and I were watching the NCAA semifinals in our dorm, drinking some beers. My girlfriend called with two minutes to go and Illinois down by five but closing, and she wanted me to come over and study. We have no classes together, but we often get together to study and share each other's company. Being a sensitive man, I didn't want to hurt her feelings by saying no, but I also didn't want to appear "whipped" to the guys. I ended up giving in to her, and missed the end of the game. Did I do the sensitive thing? Wondering, Warren

Dear Wondering Warren: I'm sorry, Warren, but you made a poor choice. I have said it before, and I'll say it again: SENSITIVE DOES NOT MEAN SPINELESS. You need your quality time with the guys. The friendships and bonds you make now will last a lifetime. Every sensitive man knows this. Typically, sensitive men hang with sensitive women who understand the importance of the male-bonding session. But beware, Warren, for I see in your situation the other possible pairing: the sensitive, passive (though I prefer "serene")

man teamed with Mindy the Merciless. A bit too Oedipal for my tastes, but stick with it. You can make it work.

Dear Darryl: I am a freshman seeking your advice on how to be a sensitive N.D. man. Darryl, what are acceptable sports for a sensitive N.D. man to play? Should I avoid full-contact sports, or what? Puzzled, Paul

Dear Puzzled Paul: Glad you asked. My guide to sensitive sport is simple: stick to those games in which both men and women can engage and enjoy to their fullest. Here's a helpful test: can you picture the scene playing in a J. Crew catalog, or a Polo ad? Are there plenty of broad smiles and guffaws? Lotsa mirth, maybe a few muddied knees? Is everyone well-dressed-down? If so, good. The sensitive man knows men and women must learn how to have a good time together with a minimum of role-differentiation. Softball and volleyball are obvious choices, and so is touch football, but be careful with this one: stereotypes lurk below the surface of even the most sensitive of N.D. men (sad, but true), and touch football has the nasty tendency to unleash testosterone-overloaded, would-be-gorillas of the gridiron. Keep it fun, keep it lively, gents.

Avoid such impotent bores as lawn bowling and miniature golf. These lack adequate aggressiveness (n.b., sensitive gents, this does not equal "aggression," a big no-no), and are devoid of much-needed (and very sensitive and egalitarian) perspiration. Sensitive men should not be afraid of this. Embrace your humanness, understand your masculinity, realize your sensitivity. Words to live by.

Dear Darryl: I am a sensitive N.D. senior about to graduate, and I want to buy a car. What makes do you recommend for the sensitive man? Shopping, Stan

Dear Shopping Stan: You are about to make a very important decision, one that will successfully, yet subtly, proclaim your sensitivity. Don't rush into this. Consider two factors: first, decide what kind of car fits your needs as a commuter/traveler/hauler/car-pool captain; and second, be true to your own sensitive male aesthetic. You're on your own in this decision, but here are my opinions on several examples. First, what to recommend? Standouts include the Volvo station wagon (if you have the money), any small-yet-comfortable Japanese car, and for the sensitive nostalgic, the Volkswagen Beetle or even Dad's old Olds Cutlass. What should you avoid? Jeeps top this list, because they are so damn gauche, followed by the Ford Probe, for its obvious anatomical reference to men. (Remember, sensitive men are subtle men.) Steer clear of anything with an engine capacity over two liters—that extra power only asserts a latent gear-head-grease-monkey bent. But don't be overly coy: the hideous Yugo, and its American cousin, the Geo, are also anathema. The reason for banning the last two is seminal: SENSITIVE MEN ARE NOT CASTRATI. You must achieve a fine balance, a balance which elevates the sensitive man above the insensitive crotch-scratching brutes and the limp-wristed, wine cooler-sipping pasteheads. ■

Like a Brick Through an Embassy Window

An obscure release by Lou Read and the latest by the Squires - as well as a stunning local live performance - show what rock'n'roll is all about

Lou Read: *South Bend*
RAC Records

It's a little known fact that the latest vinyl suicide note by America's favorite depressed ex-glam ex-junkie, Lou Read, does not mark his first exploration into the seedy underside of a major American city.

Two months before the release of *New York*, Read presented RAC records with the even more depressing *South Bend*, a field guide to despair in the greater Mishawaka area. RAC marketing expert Hugh Moonan was less than enthusiastic: "Lighten up Lou," he reportedly said. "If you're off the heroin now, act like it for Crissakes!" Thus, Read was forced to lighten the tone of his album and attack a more cheery locale.

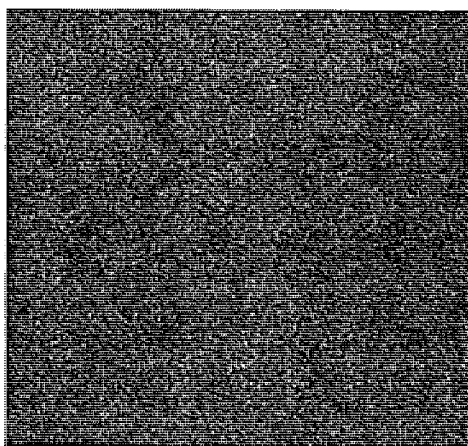
But *South Bend* is still available on bootleg, and for the leather-clad, self-destructive set, we have decided to reprint some of its classic lyrics.

In "O.C. Deathtrap," Read paints a frightening picture of South Bend law enforcement: "I was dancin' at the party when the dogs burst in/teeth marks on alumni-a tattoo that spells sin/They say a keg's worth a lot of doughnuts down on Corby Street/when you put tape over your badge, the kids all look like meat."

Even the University of Neuter Dream is not impervious to Read's sting, as can be heard in the haunting "Catholic Wasteland": "Brian stapled his transcript to his face during his Arthur Anderson interview /He blamed the whale at the Commons, but we know that just ain't true/Leprechauns on Oprah shooting shamrocks in their veins/Cheerleaders lifting weights claim there's

steroids in the rain."

This theme is captured once again in "Easter Parade." Watching all the brightly-clad Neuter Dream students filing out of Easter mass, Read ponders where they will be in 10 years: "Bridget never heard of South Africa, so she went in to Animal Rights/Sean swallowed Drain-O when he discov-



Cover of the Squires' *Form True House*

ered urban blight/Mary has six kids, reads them Phyllis Schafly before bed/Warren's president of AT&T but his wife still won't give him. . . the time of day."

Clearly, this is vintage Lou, and the instructions on the cover should be printed in big, brash, bold letters: *Run*, don't walk to your local seedy guy loitering on the corner and ask for the bootleg with the Read on the cover injecting green beer. Then, grab a bottle of cheap gin, a picture of the girl who broke your heart, a razor blade, and this record, head on down to the laundromat on Christmas Eve and enjoy *South Bend* in its proper setting.

The Squires *Form True House*
Mirage Records

Poor Notto Blame. If its students had to rely on the idiotic saps who write music reviews in the *Obscurer*, they would miss out on a lot of good music. A LOT of good music.

Take the Squires new album, *Form True House*, for example. If you were to believe the hack who reviewed it in the *Obscurer* on March 21, you would think that this album might be a good buy if you were feeling experimental, stoned, rich - or all three at once. This guy *must* be joking.

The simple truth of the matter is this: The Squires are the hottest, the hippest, and best new band that has hit the college scene in years. Imagine the Replacements, R.E.M. in their pre-sellout days, the Del Fuegos, Los Lobos, and the Sex Pistols all wrapped up in one musical package and headed by a cerebral, writerly guru somewhere in the middle of Lou Reed, Elvis Costello and David Byrne.

Meet the Squires.

As if their debut album, *The Hairball Oracle*, weren't enough, the Squires have crushed the sophomore jinx with a record that leaves *Oracle* in the dust.

From the successful neo-psychedelia of its opener, "Clowns," to the hard-driving, Ramone-like "Fantastic Disaster," Squires lead vocalist John Ferroni switches styles with masterful precision.

It is clear that Ferroni, who co-writes the Squires songs with the enigmatic lead guitarist, Dr. Mike, is the spiritual force of the band. Both he and Dr. Mike specialize in writing about the existentialist dilemma of the

postmodern fragmentary experience. They blend not only art, but philosophy and literature as well (the best examples being the tingly juxtaposition of Shakespeare and Nietzsche in "Fantastic Disaster" and references to Beckett in the post-apocalyptic setting of "Snowmen Glow") into a cohesive whole of immense dimension.

To suggest that *Form True House* is merely another piece of groovy vinyl is wrong. Their instrumentals, "Forever Never" and "Schizophrenic Tuesdays," are seamless, so remarkable for such a young band.

Their music transcends the simple juxtapositions of Picasso and Gertrude Stein: they have added noise - an essential element of urban angst. Long live the anxiety of dischord.

Alan Far-Out and the McKrishnas
Live at Ted's Place, March 31

Last night, campus tie-dye band Alan Far-Out and the McKrishnas crashed into Ted's Place like a rock through an embassy window to promote their new album *Peace, Like, Now Man*. Lead vocalists Marianne Abroad and Misty Amsterdam lost no time launching into the opening lines of the title cut
Why must we all kill each other?
Why oh why can't we be brothers?
Peace Peace Peace
Mass destruction by the hour
Killing bees, Killing flowers
Peace Peace Peace

Other highlights included Maria Broque, after a prosaic tribute to liberation theology, driving her point home with a heart-felt rendition of the "Chico and the Man" theme

song.

Perhaps the boldest political statement, however, was issued by bassist Miguel Leevis. After a ripping version of his pro-Palastinian "Commune of Peace" he made a desperate plea for harmony in the MiddleEast by immediately firing up the Jerry Garcia dance mix of Havah Naguila. "Wow!" noted one audience member. "It reminds me so much of—um—what was that decade again?"

Administration officials were less enthusiastic. "Just who do these young upstarts think they are?" asked Emperor emeritus Theodud Hapsburgh. "I was in the civil rights movement before they were even born! I was in Latin America while they were still sharpening their crayons! Why, I was just telling my good friend Nappy Duarte the other day . . ."

So We Ain't Perfect. So Shoot Us.

Our Circulation is Horrible...

All Our Readers Do is Read "N.D. Is Hell" And Throw It Away...

Our Subscribers Are Furious...

Our Office Keeps Shrinking...

Stacks Of Unsold Goofball Review Issues Crowd The Office...

The Office Of Student Frivolities Says We're Out Of Money...

We're Considering Accepting Student Poetry Again...

We admit it. We need a way to get everybody together.. here.

Sarcastic.

What We Need To Become Is A Video!!!

THIS ARTICLE DISAPPROVED FOR READING ON CAMPUS
BY
THE OFFICE OF STUDENT FRIVOLITIES
PULL DATE: _____

WE JUST DON'T CARE!

So says Nostra Damus housing officer Ambivalent Lightbolt - but like everything else at N.D., there's a method to the madness

Perhaps the fondest memory an undergraduate will carry with him from the University of Nostra Damus will be the time spent in one of the university's numerous residence halls. It is indeed a disgrace that the nerve center of habitation on campus - the housing office - has not received more press. These unsung heroes committed to the happy, comfortable and, most of all, shackled existence of students on campus has undergone some changes throughout the years, but it will always stand as a testament to the abundant care with which administration officials suffocate students.

Just a quick glance into the palatial, well-kept office neatly tucked away in the corner of the

third floor under the infamous gilded Dome, reveals the well-oiled workings of this office. Cards confirming reservations for the fall of '89 tumble in from every conceivable corner of the civilized world, and all receive the full, thoughtful, attention of the housing officials.

Housing Director Ambivalent Lightbolt wholly agrees with that fine assessment: "Incoming freshpeople had their choice of dorms for years, but university higher-ups saw this as giving them a false sense of believing that they actually had some input into how their life here should be. We teach them early now to understand that their pitiful little opinions mean nothing in the big picture of Nostra Damus. We at housing, of course, loved that idea. In fact, we came up

with it. Hey, is that tape machine running?"

Decisions, decisions, decisions is the life of a housing officer. They must choose which rooms will be taken away from students and given to Holy Cross priests. They must pair freshmen into rooming combinations that could not possibly cohabitate with-



New student housing plans include the "shack" option for undeserving Nostra Damus students.

Peter Parker

out the intervention of the counseling center. Still, a few friends are seen to come from freshmen rooms; friends who even decide to live together again for one or two more years.

"What can we do?" Lightbolt sighs, "We can't predict that some of the herd might actually be so diverse as to be compatible. We do all that we can to supplant disillusionment and submission, but it goes awry sometimes."

But the housing office's duty goes far beyond preparing the student for four years of submission. From the framework of control and subordination to the strict enforcement of pedantic decorating rules, the Housing Office sets into motion the code to which everyone must adhere. The 1988-89 rules for

the construction of lofts read like a Frank Lloyd Wright/Buckminster Fuller textbook.

Student complaints that these rules are too rigid and not applicable to all situations regularly receive careful consideration by the office and then are tightened further with one explanation: students simply do not

understand the philosophy behind such rules. Any student who bothers to visit the office is laughed at, patted on the back, given a big Havana cigar, and escorted out of the Bolden Drome by campus security.

"Can't the students understand that we are trying to teach them to read instructions?" asks Lightbolt. "Or maybe you don't understand. Here, let me do it, you idiot Sarcastic reporter." She then explains the

housing office credo as her eyes roll mystically around in their sockets.

"The rules serve a three-fold purpose for all students. First, for business majors, when they spend all that money they will make on expensive toys for their children, wouldn't it be nice to know how to read the assembly instructions?"

"Second, for Arts and Letters majors, by further complicating the construction policies, we make absolutely certain that they cannot possibly build any space-saving structure whatsoever.

"Living in such cramped, stifling conditions will help you make the transition into your first cigar-box-sized room in some cheap, rat-infested boarded-up house. This is

Bad Medicine

political movement.

"The rabble on this campus simply don't know what the facists up there in housing are trying to do to us," Goshdaminy cries. "I have gone almost four years having to walk- yes I said WALK - to the shower every morning. The phones have no call waiting options. I ask, 'Where are my rights as a human being?' No call waiting! I've been living like an animal for the past three years! I mean, I can't miss a phone call! I am in student government for Goshdaminy sakes, I'm too important."

Despite all the criticism and finger-pointing, the housing office has been impervious to it, and should remain so for a long, long time, according to its director.

"What students should realize," Lightbolt chuckles, "is that the housing office simply *doesn't care*. Why should we? We have them eating out of the palm of our hand. We could put them in a study lounge in Pangborn if we so desire.

"Can we do that, you ask? Of course we can. We are the housing office and they are nothing but lowly students. Only when they become rich alumni and donate huge sums of money - preferably over \$3,000 per year - will they get any respect from this place. And if they give enough money for a new dorm for us to rule over, then, well, they get the red-carpet treatment. If only we could have alumni without students. Hey, now *there's* an idea . . . Here kid, have a cigar."



Alumni-only housing: a good idea?

only the price they pay for being able to get through four years with the ability of never having to take a challenging class - the poverty thing is especially applicable to PLS majors.

"Third, scientists, architects and engineers should be happy for that chance to brush that summer dust off of their protractor before classes begin and get your drafting urges satisfied. They'll need to plan to get all that technical stuff into their dorms anyway, and shouldn't rely on computers to do it all the time."

Lightbolt, puffing a big Havana cigar by now, took out a red pen and started marking dorm transfer cards with boldly written "No"s. After a few cards and some sinister cackles, she went on.

"The philosophy of housing is a simple one. Why should we help the students have any fun when they are going to be on their own anyway? This goes against the long standing scholastic tradition upon which Nostra Damus was built. Education must be propagated in the manner of Aquinas, the dull barren room."

There have been those who have attempted to fight the system, although unsuccessfully. One visionary, Bob Goshdaminy, thought he could make life better for all and saw a vision of how Nostra Damus might move into the future. Goshdamnity, now a pathetic babbling idiot living in the basement of Holy Crass Hell, explains what he did as a

Experience ... It Works for Us!

You thought the student government tickets were strong last year?

Wait until you hear about us!

We want to do some really revolutionary things! Like:

Student Life

- *Limited Tippecanoe option in meal plan
- *Cellular telephones (with call waiting) for all students
- *A student on the South Bend city council
- *Make "The Greatest Love of All" the official student body song
- *Work with Father Hapsburg to recruit Nicaraguan mercenaries to "beef up" campus security

Academics

- *Faculty-Student mud wrestling
- *Cliff Notes, Cliff Notes, Cliff Notes!
- *Continue to encourage students to attend classes

Intellectual Life

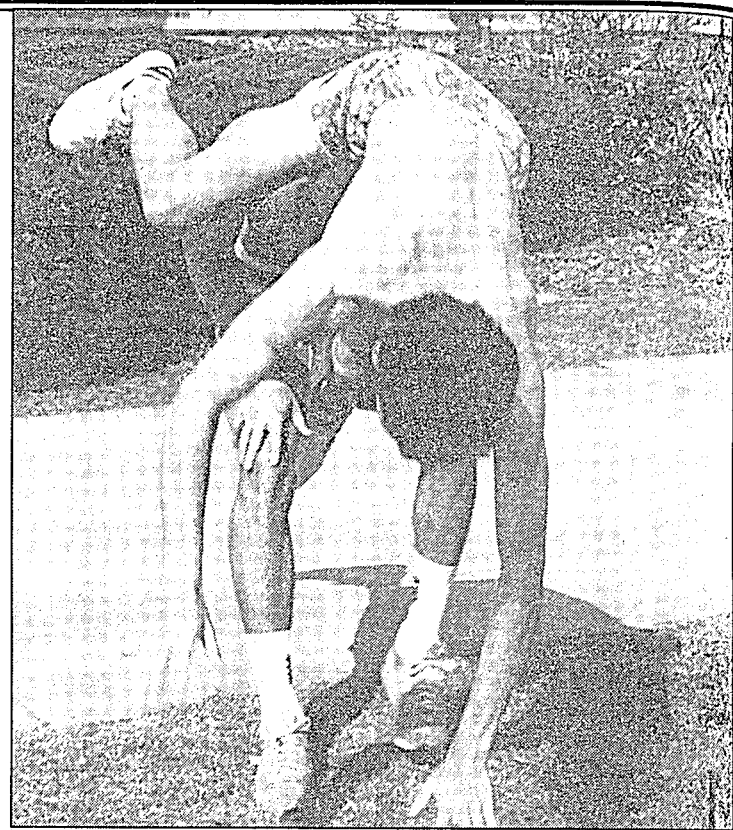
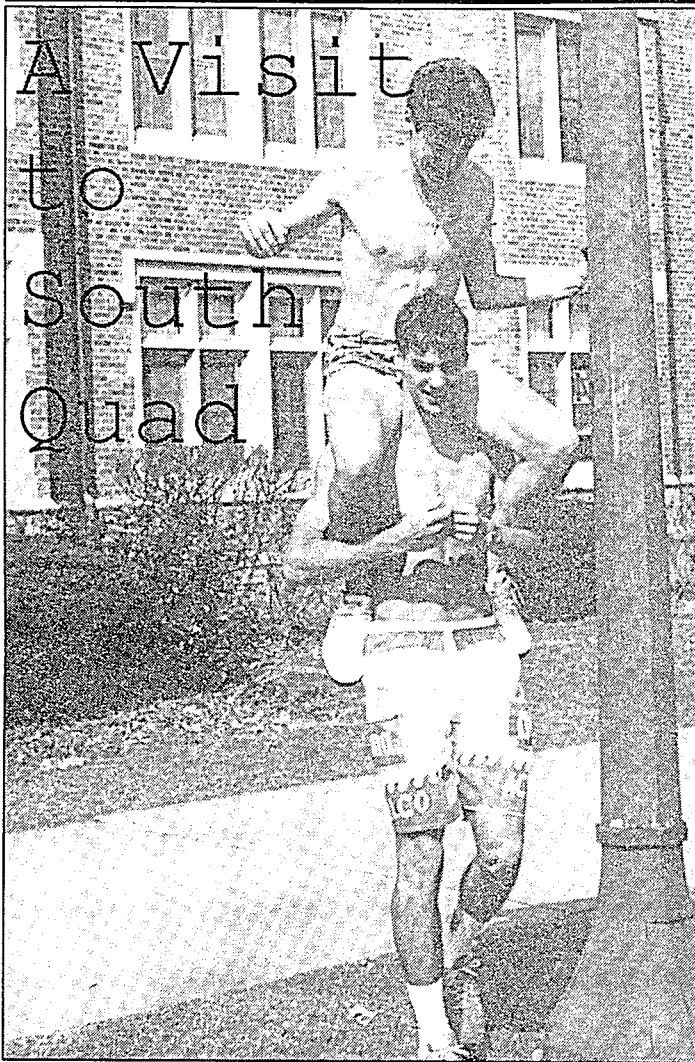
- * Sure, why not?

Social

- *"Let's Pretend We're Skinheads!" ice cream social
- *Interhall "Chicken" single-elimination tournament on U.S. 31.
- *"Winners" to receive gift certificates to St. Joe Med Center.
- *County-Wide SYR!!!!!!!!!!
- *Thursday Nights will be **Senior Nights** at Expensive Restaurants! 10% off all Lobster & Champagne dinners with student ID!

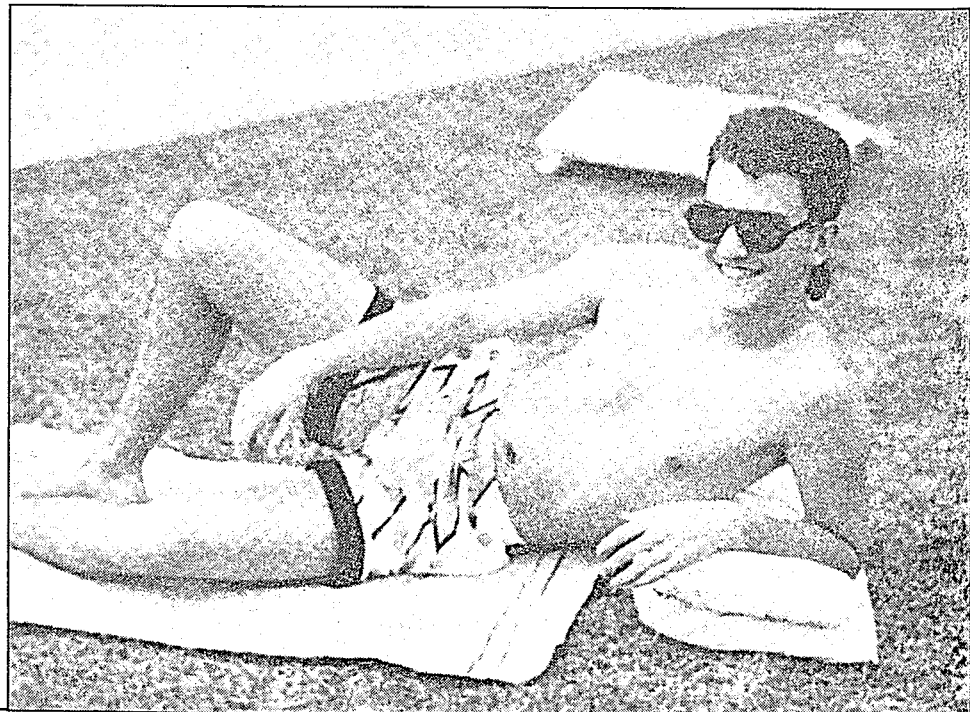
Communication

- *Easier than ever with Call Waiting!!! Swell idea, huh?
 - *Monthly singing telegrams at every hall mass to announce events!
- Of course, we have no chance with any of these things, but they sure do look good! Our Moms sure are proud! Even if we don't work for *The Obscure*.



HOW LOW CAN SARCASTIC GO? WELL, WITH THE STATE OF OUR SUBSCRIPTIONS RIGHT NOW, PRETTY LOW. KNOWING HOW INTRIGUING *THE SWIMSUIT* ISSUE WAS ON CAMPUS IN FEBRUARY, WE THOUGHT WE'D RUSTLE UP SOME PRIME BEEFCAKE BEFORE THE SUMMER BEGINS.

ABOVE; WILD WALT AND DAPPER DAVE DISPLAY THE LATEST DESIGNS FROM K-MART (\$5) - A COLORFUL, PRACTICAL WAY THAT CAN TAKE THE TOUGH TUMBLES OF THE FASHION INDUSTRY (ABOVE RIGHT). AT RIGHT, SUPERMODEL ROY TAKES A CASUAL APPROACH TO THE NORMALLY HECTIC SOUTH QUAD LIFESTYLE IN A BACKLESS SUIT BY GOLDBLATT'S (\$2; 2 FOR \$3).



A DAY IN THE LIFE

... of a squirrel

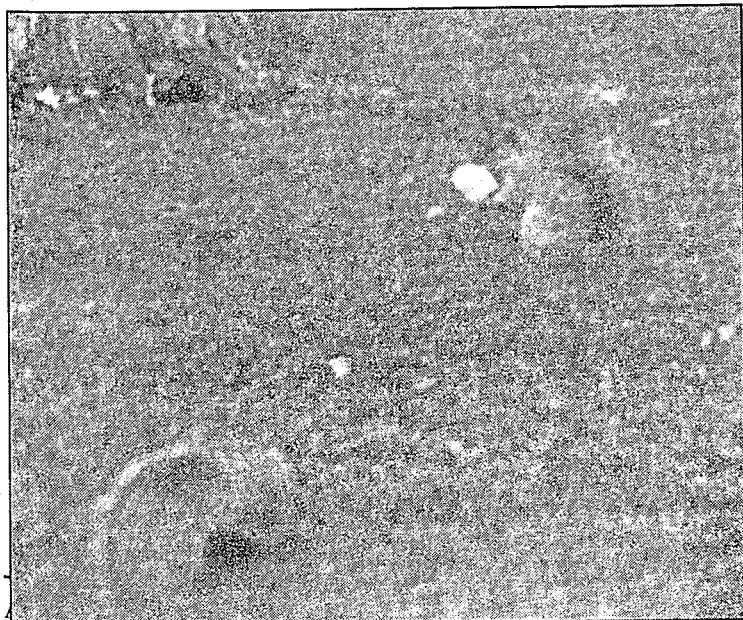
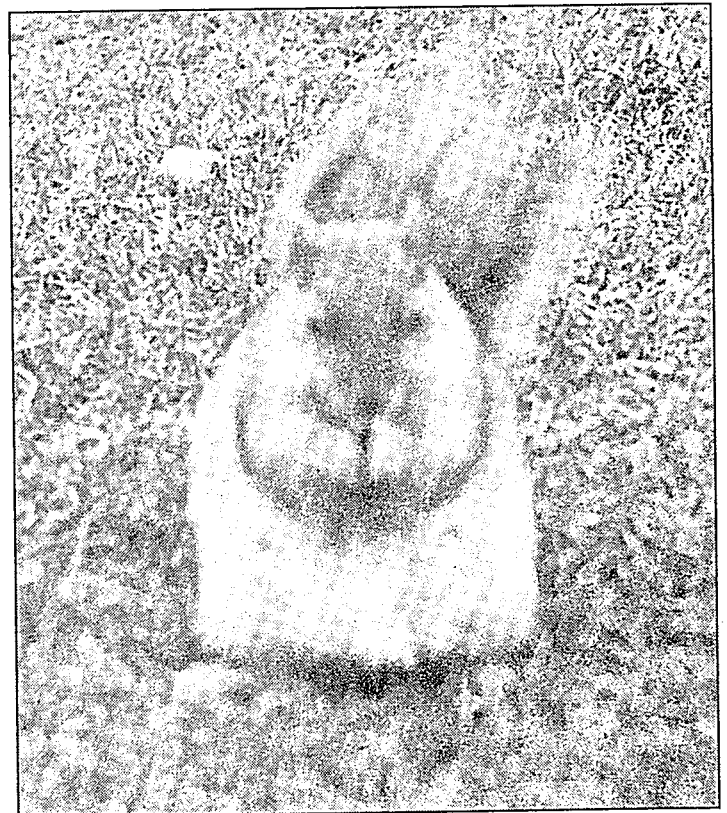
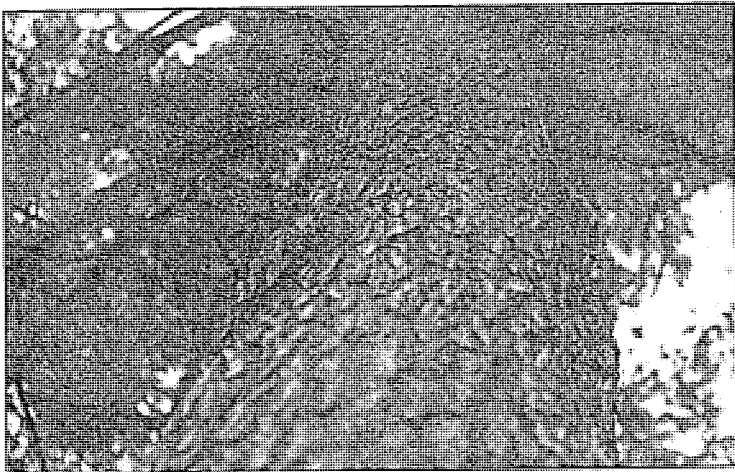
We were wondering what life is like for the thousands of squirrels that inhabit this campus. We were wondering what they think about, how their minds work, what are their hopes, their dreams, their ambitions.

So we gave them cameras.

The following pictures show a day viewed through the eyes of six squirrels. Squirrels are the primary focus, the tellers of the day's activities. They get up, eat, play, sleep, eat, play, sleep and relax.

The pictures reveal what's important, what's not and what's often overlooked about squirrel life. Students (who don't have food), professors (sans food), and empty-handed administrators are conspicuously absent, while various forms of tail-chasing abound.

Sarcastic thanks the squirrels who scurried up MisFortune center to pick up their film and camera. They are the squirrels who made this issue possible. Only Rocky gave his name.



The Ultimate Scalp

Athletic tickets have spawned a new - and illegal - fund-raising industry. And the University of Utter Shame is leading the way

John (not his real name) now sits in the St. Joseph's County Correctional Facility, a broken, pathetic figure whose life of crime is now over. At only 20 years of age, he began the academic school year at the University of Utter Shame in good shape: he was popular, outgoing, clean-cut, and about to begin his term as a top-ranking Utter Shame student government official.

But unlike his peers in the urban environments of America, John did not fall prey to the dangers of drugs. Instead, he fell victim to the ever-increasing, vicious cycle of something of equally precious value: Utter Shame athletic tickets.

Federal investigators are processing John through their witness protection program, and unnamed federal agents admit that if what John says is true, one of the biggest illegal athletic ticket fundraising organizations may be operating right here on the Utter Shame campus.

"It was a nightmare," John admits now. "Every day, they told me, 'Get more money, more money, John.' I dreaded the telephone." What John is talking about is a massive covert operation involving South Bland street thugs, the Utter Shame athletic ticket office and the Utter Shame administration.

As an apparent effort to counteract skyrocketing athletic costs, operatives within the ticket office decided at one point in December 1985 to contact minor underworld figures in the South Bland area to aid the office in fundraising efforts. The idea was fiendishly simple: in an effort to hide the fact that Utter Shame was losing money hand over fist in the athletic department, minor criminals were recruited to enhance the student-generated

income not by raising prices - but by doing crimes.

"It's something that we're pretty concerned about," said Athletic Ringleader Rick Tylenol. "It's big. But I'm not talking to a slimy weasel like you until you get that damn camera out of my face."

But what Tylenol calls "big" is an understatement. The minor criminals would prey on drunken Utter Shame students walking to

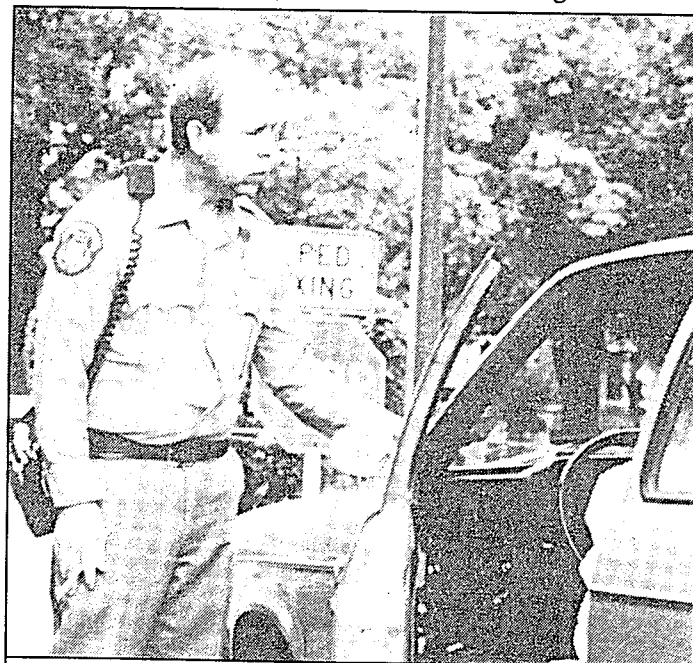
after Screw Bolts was hired?" asked failed presidential candidate Bike Bukakis. "I wanted to speak at Utter Shame, and they *really* screwed up the tickets for my speech. Nobody showed up. So tell me it's a coincidence. That Screw Bolts is nothing but an All-American stub-dealing dictator! Say, would you mind not pointing that camera at me?"

Bolts characteristically dismissed the charge with one of his well-known quips. "Well, when you lose, you either get bitter or you get butter," said Bolts "Bike Bukakis should've gotten butter."

In a bizarre twist, the conspiracy reached to the home of butter: Land-O-Lakes, Wisc. At the end of the 1986-7 academic year, ticket office conspirators convinced top-ranking administration figures to ban on-campus alcoholic events to increase the flow of students off-campus. In return for the so-called "Land-O-Lakes Non-Digression Pact," finalized in the summer of 1988, the university received an undisclosed cut of the ticket office's cut from the criminals to finance its "Strategic Eon" fundraising effort and "Golden Foam Videos," a new university profit-making scheme.

"What we really needed was a video ... production center, and it just sort of appeared," said WUSU news anchor Bike Maulins. "Now I can make tapes of myself for all my friends, including Dick, Maureen, and Duck Freely, the new sports guy. I wonder where the money came from. Do you know? If you find out, thank them for me. And get that damn camera out of my face."

After the new "alcohol" policy was set in



Utter Shame security: Did it secretly aid the covert ticket scam by turning away at the right times?

Brenda Starr

and from off-campus parties and contribute 50 percent to the athletic fund. This way, students would maintain their slavish loyalty to the Utter Shame athletic teams but still wind up paying through the nose for it. In return, the criminals were assured that Utter Shame security would be pathetically slow to respond to any calls for help or reports of wrongdoing.

"Isn't it amazing that all this happened

Another Man's...

the fall of 1988, Utter Shame reaped thousands of dollars from unwitting Gomers. But in late November, after the home schedule ended, things went disastrously wrong. Unexpectedly, Utter Shame got greedy, according to some underworld figures who had moved in on the action and were in cahoots with the ticket office. They demanded 70 percent of the action from the criminals, but the criminals didn't like it and walked.

The ticket office, desperate for substitute thugs, went looking on the Utter Shame campus. They found replacements in Utter Shame student government officials. Between the end of 1988 and the beginning of March 1989, high-ranking student government officials were contracted by the ticket office to continue the illegal wave of crime on their unwitting constituency - on the ticket office's terms.

Most of the conspirators were happy with the new arrangement, although revenues were down from before. Blatant incompetency on the part of the student leaders caused a massive downturn in ticket office funds, and on top of that, some students on the inside were uneasy with the deal.

It was then that student body president Lance Boyle, wracked with self-doubts,

decided to act. Unknown even to his own vice-president, White Paste, Boyle contacted Obscure news editor Sturgis Coca-Cola about what was going on. But Coca-Cola, after a quick check of the Disassociated Press news wire, found no such story on the wires and told the despondent Boyle that there was no hope of it appearing in the campus newsletter.

Angered by rumors that Boyle was getting scared, ticket manager Tyke "The Weasel" Popcornski sent a few of his trustworthy goons to pay a little visit to Boyle's room. They ransacked his room and rearranged the furniture, paying close attention not to knock over any of Boyle's numerous house plants. Not finding Boyle, the goons went into MisFortune Student Center. Dragged kicking and screaming from the Huddle with the tacit approval of campus security, Boyle was

stuffed in the trunk of a '68 Impala and driven out to an unknown location in northern Indiana.

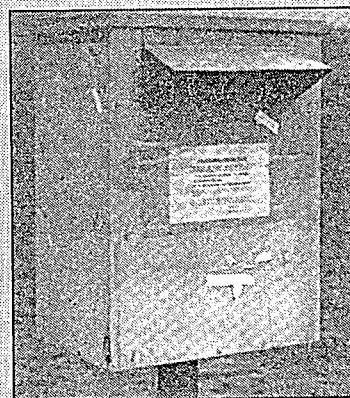
Since returning to campus, Boyle has not said a word to any one. "It's a darn shame," said Coca-Cola. "He was real nervous about something. But I've been checking, and the Disassociated Press hasn't done anything yet. It sounded more like a sports story anyway, what with the tickets and all. And he never mentioned that place in Yugoslavia, Medupouring."

In the meantime, off-campus crime goes unchecked. Just a coincidence? "Not hardly!" says John, stuck for life in his new, padded home in the correction facility. "And by the way, now that you're done with this interview, get that damned camera out of my face."

This is your mail.

SARCASTIC
309 MisFortune
CAMPUS

This is your mail in campus mail.

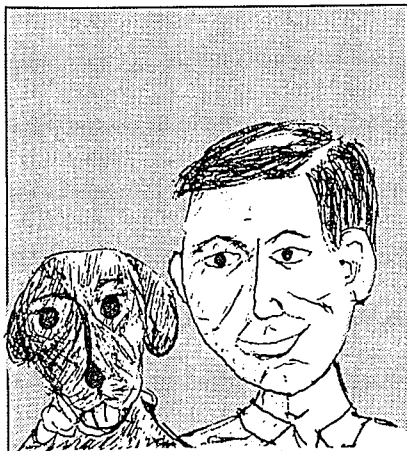


Any questions?

CAMPUS MAIL: the big lie

CONGRATULATIONS
ON YOUR
ENGAGEMENT!!!

"PRINCESS" AND BILL



Good luck in California - people
are sure to understand there!
Love, your friends at Sarcastic

This band is a rebel band

The latest in rock'n' roll, the Chewing Blackbones are definitely bad

The Chewing Blackbones have been widely acclaimed as the only true American Rock 'n' Roll band to come down the pike in the last decade. These critics' darlings have been described by *Rolling Stone* writer David Fricke as "Johnny Cash on Acid meeting the Butthole Surfers on a Menudoesque Rock 'n' Roll Safari." Currently on the North American wing of their *Monsters of Love '89* World Tour, Sarcastic recently caught up with the 'Bones at Azar's Breakfast Bar, and this is what happened:

SARCASTIC: *Big Stick, what has happened between the writing of the Weed Tree album, the recording of the Weed Tree album and the Tour and now the new songs?*

BIG STICK(Drums): Uhhhh. . .

SARCASTIC: *Your record, Stick. What about your record?*

STICK(Taking a toke and pounding on his sausage): Look man, she told me she was 18 and I thought by the way she . . .

SARCASTIC: *No, no, Stick - I meant your new album, the Weed Tree!*

STICK: Well, I like new albums and I like weed and I like trees, so, what I did was . . .

SARCASTIC: *OK, enough about the record. Let's talk about your influences.*

RAMSES II(Vocals, guitars): I'd have to cite Lao-Tzu, Pinetop Perkins, Rasputin, Aaron Burr, Lightnin' Hopkins, Mookie Wilson . . .

RASH(Bass, vocals): Well for me, there's nothin' more inspiring than a scantily clad babe playing outrageous licks on a hot pink flying V. So I'd say Lita Ford, Samantha Fox, and Joan Jett are all up there.

SHOTGUN(Guitars): I'm into revamped versions of the N.D. fight song like, "The Fightin' Irish Are Back" and of course the Whip's '88 rockin' classic, "100 Years." *That's* music. Unforgettable synths!

STICK: I like that fat old cat with the rhinestone duds and the bloated face. You know, that Elvis dude. What I liked about all his movies was that he wasn't just a musician, but he was a musician who did a lot of drugs and eventually died of an overdose. I can really relate to that.

SARCASTIC: *O.K., O.K. Many critics have been amazed by the complexity of your music on compact disc. How do you feel about CD technology?*

RASH: I don't like it. I'm sick of all this scalin' down and wimpination that's goin' on everywhere. I have nightmares about things gettin' smaller.

STICK: Well - you'll notice also that everything we've produced has been 12 1/2 inches - except for the 16-inch, 3-D fold-out picture disc where, if you look at it from one side, it's a bong and from the other side it's just a group picture of all of us takin' hits - yeah, I mean, you



Ramses II lights up a young Bonehead's life.

can see there's nothin' in this band that's under 12 inches. *(Stick smiles.)*

SARCASTIC: *Uh, yeah, let's change the subject. A lot of your lyrics are concerned with the failure of U.S. foreign policy in Central America. What about the song "HON(ey)-DÜ-gRASS"? This song really gets me.*

RAMSES II: Let's get this straight - this song is a rebel song. Bono and I collaborated on this universal expression of human dignity. All of the proceeds from this composition are matched by a donation from Adolph Coors which will benefit his "Peace through Inequality" campaign. Furthermore, we'll be participating in the Kool-Aid benefit concert this summer in Sun City in order to help promote the movement that our late friend Jim Jones started in Guyana which. . .

SARCASTIC: *I get the picture.*

SHOTGUN: Yeah, sure you do. You don't get nothin'. And that spineless photographer friend of yours - all he gets is shots of little league boys in the spring.

SARCASTIC: *Uh, the Blackbones have been given perhaps the most credit for their bringing to the forefront the musical scene at Turtle Creek, which many critics have called "the next Athens."*

SHOTGUN: Scene? I don't see any other band that creates any sort of image. I mean, there's some group out there swingin' horns around, wearin' shades, and backed by a couple of babes doin' the butt - it sounds like a horny Corey Hart at a combination rodeo/tractor pull.

SARCASTIC: *Wasn't that the band that won the recent Nazz competition?*

(CHEWING BLACKBONES manager Dakota Groges, returning from distributing promos, overhears this last question.)

DAKOTA: Let me tell you something about the Nazz. That band that got first place, they're a bunch of washed-up amateurs - where's this album they supposedly produced? I'll tell you who won - the same band that sold out the Tropicana Room of the Copa Cabana Lounge, opening for Telly at beautiful Lake Tahoe. . . **THE CHEWING BLACKBONES!** Uh, look fellas, looks like another dine 'n' dash here. Let's make like a groupie and split!

sportsweak

COMPILED BY RICHARD HERTZ

BASEBALL

Cincinnati Reds Manager BEAT HOSE was banned for life from Major League Baseball yesterday following reports that he welched on a Neuter Dame fencing wager. Commissioner A. BARTLETT PEAR imposed the sanction when an FBI probe revealed that Hose refused to pay \$15,000 after erroneously betting on Neuter Dame epecest YODA RAYOVACS to win the MCC Tournament. Inside sources informed *Sarcastic* that "Charlie Hustler" became so distraught over Rayovacs' defeat that instead of settling the wager, he insisted on going double or nothing on a Neuter Dame hockey game. He lost that one, too.

In an unprecedented show of sympathy, Hose's good friend FARGO ADAMS offered to support his habit with royalties from forthcoming books on her steamy affairs with TOMMY LASAGNA, JOHNNY JIMSON, and TIM LAUNDRY. Said Adams, "Tommy had bad gas, Johnny says teams are like cars- you get what you pay for- and Tim just proves that nice guys *always* finish last."

FOOTBALL

Administrative officials sadly announced Friday that, due to a severe outbreak of scurvy and beri-beri on the team, Neuter Dame will have to play its entire 1989 schedule in an empty stadium. So as to prevent a large-scale epidemic, only those members of the press corps who show proof of immunity will be allowed to attend the Eyewash games. Coincidentally, similar outbreaks of these diseases have been reported in Arkansas and Minnesota.

Eyewash freshman fullback ROD-

NEY GULLIVER scored for the first time last week at Southern California. On a dive play up the middle, Gulliver eluded FRANCOIS LA FLEUR, that outstanding French tackler, and burst through the Trojan defense for the home run- er, touchdown.

VOLLEYBALL

Following an abysmal 1-15, 0-15, 0-15 loss to Ivy Tech last Thursday, volleyball head coach FART LAMEBURT held an impromptu late-night workout to practice basic maneuvers with his struggling team. "I'll run 'em into the ground if they can't execute simple things like spiking," said an irate Lameburt. None of the front-line players, whose average height is 3'7", wished to comment.

YET MORE BASEBALL

Following an abysmal 15-1, 15-0, 15-0 tripleheader drubbing at the hands of an impressive Ivy Tech squad last Thursday, Neuter Dame baseball manager RAT BURPY held an impromptu early-morning workout with his struggling team. "I'll run 'em into the ground if they can't execute simple things like getting to third base," said an irate Burpy. None of his starting nine, who were seen at the Collectives on Wednesday night with FARGO ADAMS, said he had any problem with getting to third base the night before the game. "That's a safe bet," said Adams' one-time cohort, Cincinnati Reds' manager BEAT HOSE.

MEN'S SOCCER

Star winger LES GRAYMATTER will miss two to four weeks of action after suffering a compound concussion in

ATHLETE OF THE WEAK



MINUTE RICE:

Rice, a junior from Woodruff, SC, became the latest addition to the Guinness Book of World Records by appearing on his 9,000th major magazine cover in a three-week span. The latest publications to embrace Rice on their cover include *Field & Stream*, *Soldier of Fortune*, *Highlights*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, *Granma*, *Modern Maturity*, *Discover*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Consumer Reports*, and *Blue & Gold Illustrated*.

Wednesday's practice. The apparent butt of a cruel practical joke, Graymatter injured himself when he attempted a header during routine warm-up drills. Little did he know that the team manager replaced one of the regular practice balls with a cannonball.

CHEW SPITTING

Neuter Dame junior BILLY JOE JIM BOB won yesterday's Tobacco Juice Spitting Contest with a wind-aided goob shot of 215'5". The victory enabled Bob to advance to the regionals in French Lick, IN next Saturday, much to the delight of his roommates. Bob had been practicing diligently in his Cavanut dorm room for weeks, and his bunk mates are pleased that "his absence will enable us to sand-blast our brown walls squeaky clean."

THIS ARTICLE DISAPPROVED FOR READING ON CAMPUS
BY
THE OFFICE OF STUDENT FRIVOLITIES
PULL DATE: _____

On to the 1990s!

*Tired of stagnation, Neuter Lame
administrators call for massive
changes, prompting massive
student free thought
and expression*

Extra-special to Sarcastic

The Neuter Lame administration, with the full support of the Bored of Untrustworthies, has decided to implement sweeping changes at Neuter Lame beginning with the 1989-90 school year. "It's high time we began listening to student input on this campus and stop acting like stuffy, old, authoritarian wind bags," announced Neuter Lame President the Most Holiest Reverended "Lead" Alloy. "For too long we've ignored the most important group on this campus: the students."

Chairbeing of the Bored of Untrustworthies Daffy Keyhole was in complete agreement. Keyhole, while sipping on a Pepsi, said, "I'm tired of being portrayed as the bad guy. If the students are paying so much money, they should have a University they can be proud of." Keyhole added that as a first step, the University would divest from companies with holdings in South Africa. "We are a Catholic university and it's high time we began acting like one," he exhorted. "And by golly, these students on the steps of the Sad Building every Friday afternoon are so right that I'm going to recommend that

Coca-Cola divest, too."

Anti-Broadside Network student leader Jim-Bob Checkmate, when learning of the decision exclaimed, "Oh boy! Now I can have my Friday afternoons free."

But Neuter Lame student government officials were quick to react. "This is far too progressive and hip for our own good," said student buddy senator Rat Beerman. "Hey, I'm in constant contact with my constituency via my dorm representatives and monthly newsletters, so I oughtta know. We don't want all this freedom stuff."

Following Keyhole's announcement of divestment, Alloy introduced Neuter Lame Vice President of Student Despair Fr. Ike Tiesun to outline some of the other changes.

"Beginning in the fall of 1989," Tiesun began, "we will offer co-educational housing to our students. For too long we have turned a deaf ear to the student support for co-ed housing. Virtually every other top university in the nation has co-ed housing. If we want to compete with other high-caliber schools, we must offer the same high-caliber social and academic atmosphere."

Tiesun added that the University will step up its plan to admit more women than



Impromptu concerts broke out all over campus after the announcement of the huge changes in school policy. J. Jonah Jameson

men in the following years in order to bring the male-female ratio to an equal level. "We will make a great effort to accomodate every student. We think the plan is effective and logical. It just makes sense."

Next Tiesun introduced Vice-President of Resident Strife Don Moldpicker to present the changes in *Doo Wop*, Neuter Lame's book of rules and regulations. Moldpicker said the all-hall social events, previously limited to one per semester, will now only be limited to one per weekend. The University would not provide the alcohol, but alcohol will now be provided free in designated areas of the dorms (or so-called party rooms) during the events.

"Until now, we have driven drinking behind closed doors and indirectly supported anti-social drinking," said Moldpicker. "We want to support a healthy, social relationship with alcohol in our students and we believe this plan does just that. And to top it off, we're paying."

Student buddy presider Lance Boyle was less than optimistic. "Now we're getting yanked back the other way. Why can't things just stay the same around here? After all, that's what we built our platform on."

Moldpicker also noted the University will end its age-old policy of punishing students caught engaging in pre-marital sexual union. "We now realize it is incorrect to impose our Catholic morals upon those who do not share our beliefs. It is a decision to be made between consenting adults and we want to treat our students as such. The rule was as outdated and inane as today's edition of the Obscure, eliminating it just made sense." Also, Neuter Lane will begin to offer contraceptives to the students. "We realize this goes against Catholic teaching but we feel we must offer these options to our students. We are concerned about their health and safety. In conclusion, Moldpicker announced his resignation, claiming the rule changes, "take all the fun out of the job."

"I am sorry to see Don go," said Neuter Lane president emeritus Theodud Cheeseburger. "I remember coming back from China back in '72 after a meeting with Mao and someone coming up to me and saying, 'Ted, this is Don Moldpicker.' He was a nice



Conservative students rallied against change. Here they are about to give university administrators the "thumbs down" sign.

Lou Grant

guy. I told him some of my Nixon jokes. That was the last time I really talked to him."

Moldpicker, after a tearful farewell, then called upon Head of Security Tex Tinstar to announce that MisFortune Student Center will now be open 24 hours a day. "Regardless of the money involved, the students need this type of facility. We are looking at it as a service operation rather than a money-making one."

Some students, shocked by the administration's sudden moves, openly shed tears of joy on the quad. Two thousand more rallied against the change on the Lane Quad. Students not seen on campus for weeks flooded out of the library to celebrate, amazed to find the snow melted with the arrival of spring. P.L.S. and R.O.T.C. students were seen dancing together around the War and Pieces Memorial Water Bubbler. It was truly a day of free expression on campus, and it was respected by all regardless of point of view.

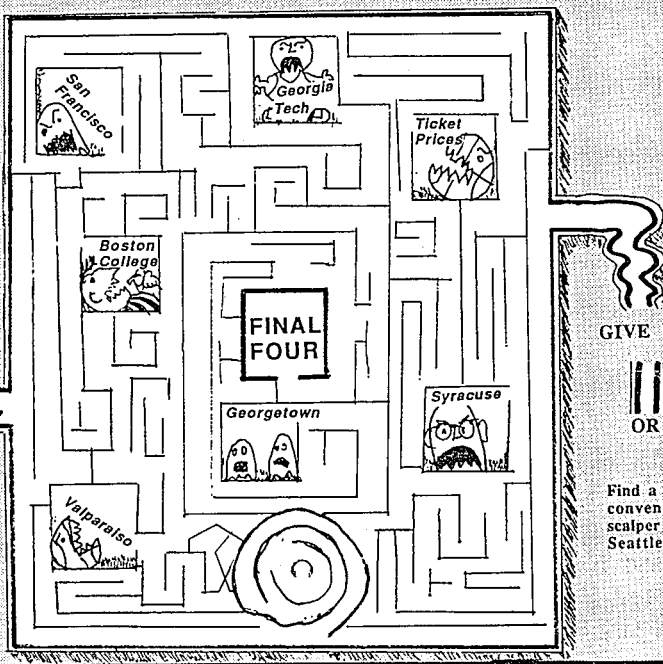
"Some of these ideas may seem far-fetched, but after what we have accomplished today, I'd say anything is possible," said Alloy. "The key is listening to the students. Neuter Lane should be a school its students can be proud of. These minor improvements should go a long way to strengthen the University. From now on, students at Neuter Lane will be treated as first class members of our community, not as insignificant proles who should be seen and not heard."

How Kids!

Can you help Nutter Game head coach Bigger Belch find his way to the Final Four? Be careful not to fall into any traps!



START HERE!



That's All They Wrote

A Neuter Dream senior has a rather odd way of saying farewell - we couldn't figure it out, either

BY ARA U. DITE



His feet made funnel-shaped tracks in the heavy sand. They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow, Through Eden took their solitary way. Kolya shouted ecstatically, and again the boys cheered Alyosha.

"We shall yet make these United States a moral nation!"

"Yes." I said. Isn't it pretty to think so?"

Yes, she thought, laying down her brush in extreme fatigue, I have had my vision. The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which. It was not until they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was. He was soon borne away by the waves and lost in darkness and distance. The cannons of his adversary were thundering in the tattered morning when the Majesty of England drew himself up to meet the future with a peaceful heart.

The offing was barred by a black bank of clouds, and the tranquil waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth flowed sombre under an overcast sky — seemed to lead into the heart of an immense darkness. "Okay, baby, hold tight," said Zaphod. "We'll take in a quick bite at the Restaurant at the End of the Universe." All mimsy were the borogoves, and the mome raths outgrabe. Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead.

Working-men of all countries — unite! And Robin shall restore amends. I dwell the longer upon this subject from the desire I have to make the society of English Yahoos by any means not insupportable, and there-

fore I here entreat those who have any tincture of this absurd vice, that they will not presume to appear in my sight. But I reckon I got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest, because aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me and I can't stand it. I been there before. It's funny - don't ever tell anybody anything. If you do, you start missing everybody.

"John Thomas says good night to Lady Jane, a little droopingly, but with a hopeful heart. *I dont hate it, he thought, panting in the cold air, the iron New England dark: I dont! I dont! I dont hate it! I dont hate it!*"

He would be there all night, and he would be there when Jem waked up in the morning. He went to the lyceum and washed, and spent the day as he would any other, and finally towards evening went home to bed. His woman had gone to bed, she tired so easy these days. He drew a deep

breath. "Well, I'm back," he said. John Thomas says good night to Lady Jane, a little droopingly, but with a hopeful heart. *I dont hate it*, he thought, panting in the cold air, the iron New England dark: *I dont! I dont! I dont hate it! I dont hate it!*

"We shall sit with lighter bosoms on the hearth, to see the ashes of our fires turn gray and cold."

"And there'll be nobody home. We're free and clear. We're free. We're free . . . we're free . . ." I was cured all right.

"Blow on the coal of the heart and we'll know . . . We'll know . . ."

"Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

Oh, my girls, however long you may live, I never can wish you a greater happiness than this. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past childbearing. Go, bid the soldiers shoot. Forward march! South-south-west, south, south-south-east. And so here in the thousand year journey that we have described we shall fare well.

"Well, shall we go?"

"Yes, let's go." So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past. Here, then, as I lay down the pen and proceed to seal up my confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an end. A sadder and a wiser man, he rose the morrow morn.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. And the fire and the rose are one. And his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

Zip it, buddy:

We love N.D. big time

It always surprises us when people think bad things about Notre Dame. Like that poor pathetic soul who said that she wouldn't wish N.D. on her worst enemy. There really are some people here who don't like the place.

And that's a shame.

As any thinking person knows, everything that goes on here has been divinely inspired. You know that bumper sticker "God made Notre Dame #1." Well, it's true. Not only is N.D. the greatest Catholic institution in the world, but it's the greatest institution, period.

We shouldn't worry about trying to be like Harvard — Harvard should try to be like us. Unlike Harvard, we have a moral direction and our undergraduates are confident in their sexual orientations. Plus we don't have anybody who would spoil the pristine beauty of our campus by building those unsightly shanty town shacks. Respect for shrubbery is just one of the details that makes us stand up and shout, "We ARE N.D.!"

Here are some more wonderful things about this place! Just shout, "We ARE N.D.!" after each one, and you'll feel just as good about yourselves as we do!

First off, the housing policy. The new policy lends an atmosphere of competition among on-campus students, because now we have to try to be the best Domers we can be or else we'll get kicked off-campus. We can finally start to get rid of the deadbeats who don't go to the goofball games and never have anything good to say about this place. And, in addition, the administration is showing great insight in realizing that we, as students, cannot control our raging heterosexual hormones and would, if given the opportunity, jump on anything of the opposite sex. We don't have co-ed dorms and we're proud. We ARE N.D.!

Second, the goofball team. We really like their new rough-and-tumble style as opposed to their former preoccupation with sportsmanship. Not only are they first in our hearts on the field, but through their escapades with the law, we students can further live vicariously. No other good Domer would do anything as appalling as our proud athletes; heck, we even work up a sweat taking more than one piece of fruit from the dining hall. And third-year head coach Screw Bolts symbolizes the school by proving that any schlepp can become number one. Just like N.D. We ARE N.D.!

Third, political conformity. At N.D., we're not wishy-washy enough to let commie liberals of probable dubious sexual orientation disgrace our vicepresident. In fact, we know how to keep them away simply and effectively: change the ticket distribution times! After all, they only would have distracted the vice president's lecture, and probably interfered with the marching band's pre-lecture overture. Who the hell do they think they are, anyway? Well, we know who we are. We ARE N.D.!

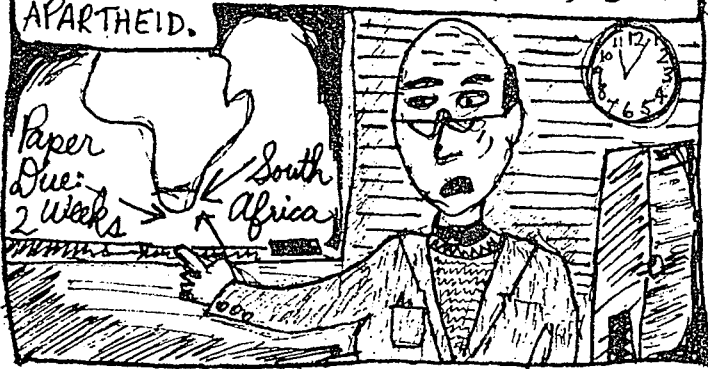
Like everybody on this campus, Sarcastic loves N.D. big time. But Sarcastic is troubled by people who, for some reason, don't love this school as much as we do. Like other students who don't fit in here, Sarcastic thinks that these students should get counseling. And if that doesn't work, Sarcastic feels that there is only one option left to these poor, confused souls: shut up and transfer.

-Sarcastic

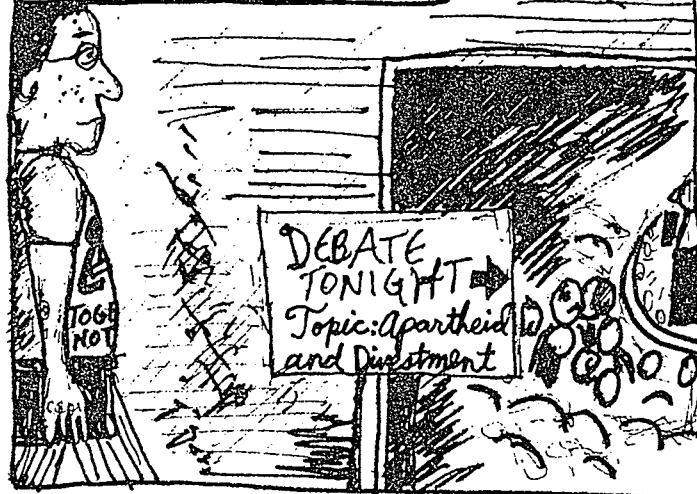
JUST ANOTHER FLACK

BY WINDY FAIRY © 1989

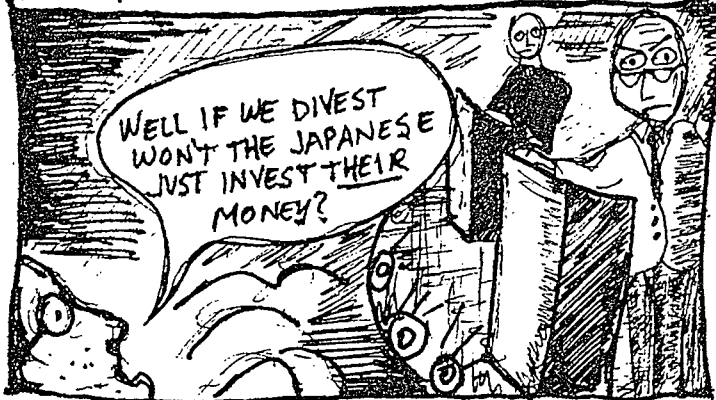
MAYBE I JUST SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE. TWO WEEKS AGO THERE WAS THIS DEBATE, RIGHT? AND MY PROFESSOR FOR MY CLASS IN AFRICAN POLITICS, MR. WASH, WAS DEBATING FR. WILHELM, A MEAN UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATOR, ABOUT APARTHEID.



WELL I REALLY LIKED PROF. WASH AND I REALLY DIDN'T LIKE APARTHEID SO I THOUGHT I'D GO AND THAT MAYBE IF PROF. WASH SAW ME THERE AND I ASKED A GOOD QUESTION IT WOULD HELP MY GRADE, WHICH WAS ALREADY PRETTY GOOD.



I WAS LATE BUT THEY WERE ALREADY YELLING AT EACH OTHER ABOUT AN OIL COMPANY AND SOME PAGANS. MR. WASH SAID "YOU'RE A COLLABORATOR!!" AND FR. WILHELM SAID, "I AM NOT!" AND, "GIVE ME EVIDENCE, SHOW ME EVIDENCE." AND MY HEAD STARTED SPINNING THEN I ASKED A QUESTION AND PROF. WASH JUST GLARED AT ME.



PROF. WASH'S FACE WAS JUST RED BUT I TRIED TO IGNORE HIM BUT TODAY I READ AN ISSUE OF COMMON NONSENSE AND PROF. WASH WROTE THAT HE WAS ATTACKED BY "FLACKS" AT THE DEBATE EVEN THOUGH I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO SAID ANYTHING FROM THE AUDIENCE. NOW I HAVE A PAPER DUE TOMORROW IN PROF. WASH'S CLASS BUT SEE, I DON'T WANT TO WRITE IT.



NOTRE
DAME
IS
HELL

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MUCH
COMPLAINING


CHAPTER III: THE 9 TYPES OF ND PROFS



THE SWEATY ROMANTIC

NOTICE HOW KEATS THRUSTS THOSE SIMILES INTO THE POEM!


IDOLS: BLAKE, BYRON, GUY FROM SURE COMMERCIALS
ADVANTAGE: ENTERTAINING, LIVELY, LOTS OF SEXUAL INNUENDO
DISADVANTAGE: EXCESSIVE REAL LEADS TO EXCESSIVE BODILY FLUIDS



DR. DISSATISFIED

WHY DO I EVEN BOTHER? YOU ALL DON'T CARE ANYWAY.

IDOLS: ANY IVY LEAGUE PROFESSOR
ADVANTAGE: DOESN'T CARE
DISADVANTAGE: NEITHER WILL YOU




RAGING FEMINIST

THE DOME'S SHAPE, OF COURSE, IS A HUGE PATRIARCHAL SYMBOL.

IDOLS: JOAN OF ARC, WIFE OF BATH
ADVANTAGE: MAKES YOU PROUD TO BE A WOMAN
DISADVANTAGE: MAKES YOU ASHAMED TO BE A MAN

MINORITY PROFESSOR


ADVANTAGE: WILL GIVE YOU A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE
DISADVANTAGE: WHERE ARE THEY?



TOEFL ACHIEVER

GIX SIN-SANGERBIL ANY QUESSTHUNS?


IDOLS: YOU PROBABLY NEVER HEARD OF THEM ANYWAY
ADVANTAGE: BRILLIANT, FUN TO IMITATE
DISADVANTAGE: BRILLIANT, IMPOSSIBLE TO UNDERSTAND



FRINGE TROUBLEMAKER

HA! N.D. INVENTED ALAP!


IDOLS: ANYONE FROM THE NATION
ADVANTAGE: PROVOCATIVE, WRITES FOR COMMON SENSE
DISADVANTAGE: WILL READ IT TO YOU IN CLASS



OUTSIDE BIG 8 PROFESSIONAL

IN THE REAL WORLD YOU DON'T HAVE 4 MONTHS FOR A PROJECT.


IDOLS: MONTY HALL, DONALD TRUMP
ADVANTAGE: WILL TELL YOU ABOUT THE WAY THINGS REALLY WORK
DISADVANTAGE: WON'T GIVE YOU TIME OF DAY AFTER GRADUATION



NEO-FASCIST

LET'S BOMB'EM BACK TO THE STONE AGE!

IDOLS: NAPOLEON DUARTE, TED HESBURGH
ADVANTAGE: CATHARTIC, MAKES YOU PROUD TO BE AMERICAN
DISADVANTAGE: HE'S NOT KIDDING!



PROFESSOR "WEED 'EM OUT"

8 O'CLOCK! TIME FOR YOUR QUIZ!

IDOLS: MARINE CORPS
ADVANTAGE: YOU KNOW WHERE YOU STAND
DISADVANTAGE: YOU WON'T BE STANDING LONG

Shrimp

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Tuesday, April 4
8 p.m. Cushing



Discussion with

Martin Sheen

Panel Discussion

about the values and questions raised in all three films

Theology
Department



Business
School

Gene Siskel

Thurs. April 6
7 p.m. Cushing

Tickets for both discussions at LaFortune Information Desk

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