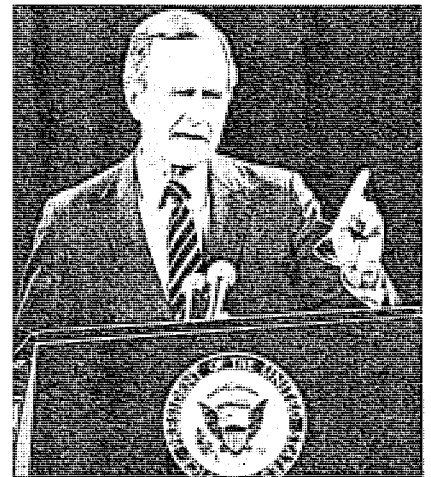
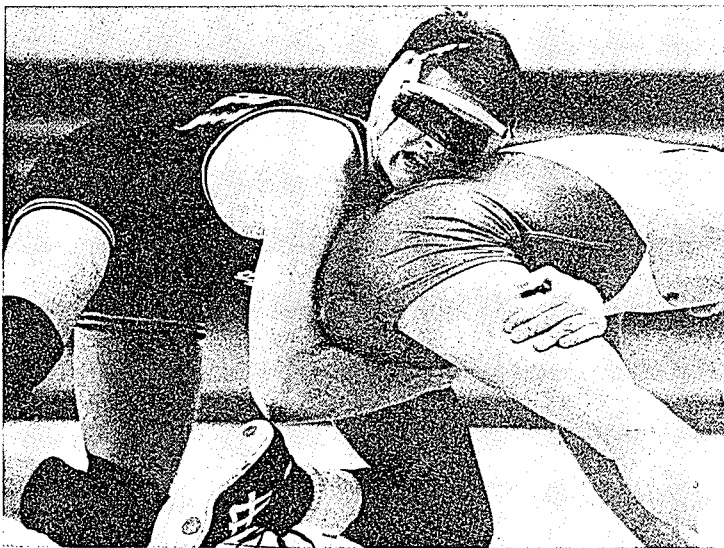


April 1, 1990

SANCAZTIC

Always Lane's Independent
Student
Magazine



"CSC It's bad,
bad, bad..."

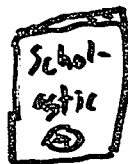
Psychological
Effects of
Single Sex
Housing

...and More!



NO B-Ball - Road to Nowhere

Buy Me!
Buy Me!



Limited to what?
this century..

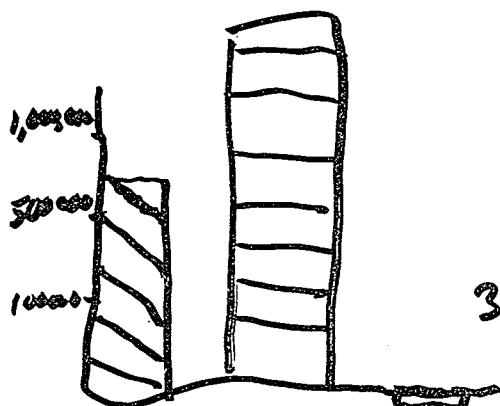
For a Limited Time Only: 1988 Football Review

↑
was that Rockne's
last year?

Issues



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University of Notre Dame

Notre Dame, Indiana 46556

"Please help us recycle
this lame waste
of trees!!"

SPARE
ME!

But wait... there's
more... the 1984 Issue!!
(theme music from 'Psycho')

239-7569

They're Going Fast!

SARCASTIC

NBC'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

APRIL 1, 1990

A LITTLE SKIN

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Meet Chastity, Faith and Joy as they bare their souls
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Vote for us anyway.

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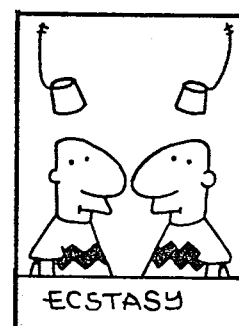
This special issue is only a
joke. Repeat: only a joke.
Had this been a real issue,
you would have been in-
formed where to send com-
plaints, death threats and
letter bombs. This not being
the case, we hope everyone
can take a joke.

Volume 131
April 1, 1990

Proud as a Peacock

Foundering

Contributors: Mike Wieber, Andy Hilger,
Patti Doyle, Derik Weldon, Traci Taghon,
Ian Mitchell, Chris Fillio, Damien Shiner,
Vivienne Padilla, Brian McMahon, Patrick
Watkins, Tim Rogers, Roger Hipp, Don
Modica, Jeff Jotz, Sean Donnelly, Mari
Okuda, other publications, Student Gov-
ernment and the entire University of Notre
Dame.



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 brainstorm 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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H A T E M A I L

Dear Sirs:

The rumors of my death and demise have not, repeat, have not been greatly exaggerated. I really did overdose on Mountain Dew and Cap'n Crunch just like the papers said. I'm not in Kalamazoo or L.A. or New Dehli or even Niles. I'm dead, god dammit! Why won't you people leave me alone? Whatever happened to eternal peace? Go away! Bother someone else for a change, like John Belushi or Marilyn Monroe!

Definitely not wide awake in America,
Elvis

Dear Sirs:

I'm really not dead, and neither is my new snookums Marilyn Monroe. We ran off together to join the Mujahedin in Afghanistan. These guys are way cool, and boy do they smoke the good stuff! I never knew that Nirvana was is the Middle East. I thought it was in Tijuana. Oh well. Live and let live, dudes.

Seeing all the colors of the visible
spectrum at once,
John Belushi

P.S. Please tell my brother, Jim, to send my 'Mr. Science Water Bong Kit' and some clean socks.

Dear Sirs:

Let's hear you guys shout it out loud! We are! N.D.! We sure are N.D. Yes sir, we are N.D.! We are the Fightin' Carwash of Nothin Doin! C'mon, let's hear it for the band! Go Carwash! We're gonna beat the doo-doo outta you-you!

The Leprechaun

Dear Sirs:

Shut up, dork!

The General Public

Dear Sirs:

Yeah, shut up you!

Father "Chimp" Steel Alloy
University Dictator

Dear Sirs:

What he said.

Father-Malloy-wanna-be Brave Bison
1989 GQ Yes Man of the Year

Dear Sirs:

Is it true that former student body president Doormatt

Brezhnev is really the illegitimate son of Casey Kasem? The resemblance is....scary! If so, can I make a long distance dedication of 'Sugar Magnolia' to my friend Thor?

Tune in to me,
Dan the King

Dear Sirs:

When I return to campus for my twnty-year reunion, will I still have to deal with Tom Rasp running for some sort of office? I mean, is he gonna like be runnin' for Alumni Club president? If so, I want a transfer application. Now.

The Senior Class

deAR SIRMJYmhnb,

THks loitm for ¶ø"†¶" invctingst me twooooq ...^{9a}
yert kkkpoos aty noter DAME. sopohmoer litreryQ festivall
ø-¥f¶"π©π"¥

Under the influence of some major stuff,
Ken Kesey

Dear Sirs:

If you zipperheads don't like working for that lame waste of trees Sarcastic, why don't you walk down the hall to a real journalistic bastion like The Obscurer? We here affectionately call it "The Big O"(that's an 'oh', not a zero). And I am the big cheese at the Big O. Maybe you can join the fun bunch writing all those great, open-minded inside columns. Maybe I'll let you make my cappuccino. Then again, maybe not! Ha!

I am the walrus, goo goo g'joob,
Crass McDonnell-Douglas
Big Cheese of the Big O

Dear Sirs:

Sorry. Make that, the former Big Cheese.

Maybe I'm still the egg-man, goo goo
g'joob,
The same guy who wrote the last letter

Dear Sirs:

What exactly is inferred by the term "thang" in the pseudo-new wave phrase "shake that thang"? Is it a sushi dish? Is it a tambourine? Is it a salt dispenser? Oh my god! Is it...is it...something sexual??? Aaahhh! Help me, Virgin Mary!

Waiting for Mr. Goodbar,
Knott Tonight
"Big O" Inside Columnist

Holy Pukin' Vermin Orgasms, You Chowderhead!

EDITED BY YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE!

TOP 10 STUPID SPRING BREAK QUOTES!
(or how can I tell everyone on campus that I really didn't waste my whole break)

10. Either this is a porcelain gift store, or I'm pukin' again!
9. Wow, is that babe hot! I'd sure love to be in her study group!
8. Klem, that was no Alabama Slammer...that was my tobacco spit.
7. "Hey, has anybody seen where I put my watchamacallit? I think Mary used it on her whooziewhatsit? I *really* need it for tonight."
6. Skeeze, left turn you dork!
5. Do we still have to follow those meat rules when Lent is over spring break...Burger Chef dead ahead, dudes!
4. Are you sure you want to ask Bertha to your next SYR, Dave? I think she's goin' to the truck pull with Frank that night.
3. How many vote to play three-man? OK, how many for Scrabble?
2. Ed+tequila+vodka+beer+rum+mayonnaise+chicks=a big sex mess that no one ever wakes up from!(The Beer Goggle King!)
1. Whaddya' mean, 'How was your break?' You went with us, Zelda!

The effects of the radiation laboratory on campus have resulted in the onslaught of an army of large, earth-burrowing vermin across our beautiful campus here at the University of Nothing Lamer. Huge moles, voles and trolls began the fiasco with a monstrous trench outside the Flushing Engineering Building, over twenty feet wide and ten feet deep, spanning the length of Dork Road. "Them critters is ev'rywhere," same the university chief for rodent control, Jim Basney. The former car salesman saw his entire lot of imported Palestinian sports coupes go six feet under at the paws of these viscous mud-monsters. "Last week I seen one o' them gnawin' on that dumpster outside the dining hall. 'Course, he spit it right back out pronto! These critters may be hungry, but they ain't stupid! And that's a fact." New burrowings have appeared in front of the Creepy-Crawly Music Hall, while three mutated Indonesian musk rats spent most of spring break finishing of the old band building.

National Orgasm Week climaxed this week at the University of Nothin Doin in the annual music and organ competition, held at the WAC Center. Diddlin Hall freshman Vas Deferens took first place with his glorious presentation of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Ovula in F-Major" while Slush Bend native Juan A. Styffwuhn belted

out former Led Zeppelin member Rubber Plant's "Tall, Cool One" on the mouth harp to a standing ovation crowd. The Close-But-No-Cigar booby prize went to the University Muzak Department's own Father George of the Jungle for his rendition of Aerosmith's "Completely Platonic Love in an Elevator."



"Them critters is everywhere!"

Stating that he is "flat-out sick and tired of all you spoiled brat mama's boys and feminists bitchin' about everything under the sun," University Dictator Monkey Shines carefully outlined a new and improved policy for student life, which he affectionately refers to as "my little list of ins and outs for all you silly little twerps..."

1980's

blatant promiscuity and free sex

"dude"

non-varsity athletics
rolled-up jeans cuffs
the alcohol policy
College of Engineering
chicken patties
An Tostal
"President Malloy"

college athletics

1990's

self-discovery through
aerobics

"chowderhead"

American Gladiators
polyester bellbottoms
the Spanish Inquisition
College of Tinker Toys
vermin soyburgers
Study Fest '90
"the Master of All Time,
Space and Being"

NBC sports

□

Great White Snake-Lion

I approached her quietly, determined to get my fill. I grabbed my object and caressed her with it, lighting her up all the way. Gently, I slid her open and slipped it in. It was like nothing I ever experienced before. Ahhh. I love my CD player.

"Here I go again on my own..." (gnarly guitar riff). No, that wasn't it. Maybe it was "Baby won't ya rock it tonight..." (gnarly guitar riff). Ummm, I know, it was

"Whoh, ohh, ohh, ohh. All you need is rock and roll..." (gnarly guitar riff)

Oh, wow. Where was I? Yes, I remember, trapped in this little music article. I'm here to review some of my favorite albums. The first lyric was from White Lion's "Big Game". Or was it Great White? I really think that it was Whitesnake. No, hold on. It was the Beatles' *White Album*. Well, you get the drift.

Yes, I have come to finally review the "World Series of Rock", featuring Whitehead, Great White Sharks, and Lions Who are White and Hail from Detroit. Yes, these bands are a multi-talented, diverse group of musicians who take pride in their unique diversity and one-of-a-kind sound. All across the nation, they have captured the ears of America's most valued asset: her youth. Writing about these multi-faceted performers makes me proud to be American.

Just listen to the melodic sounds of Sexxy Rexx, lead singer for Great White Shark, a bunch of guys with long hair from LA:

"Cos the deeper the love/The stronger the emotion/An' the stronger the love/ The deeper the devotion." (gnarly guitar riff)

This moving tribute to beloved entertainer Bill Cosby should bring every television lover to tears. With gnarly guitar riffs abounding, this would be a superb love song, even if the listener doesn't own a TV.

These bands also display an important social conscience like at those Amnesty International concerts. Just listen to the socio-political commentary offered by the group

White Trousersnake, a bunch of guys with long hair from LA, in the song "Little Fighter (in memory of the Rainbow Warrior)":

"And you were one with a cause/and a reason to be/You were a fighter for peace/On this earth/And you were never afraid..." (gnarly guitar riff)

Now I know Michael Stipe would have dedicated *that* to the Exxon Corporation. I already have my Greenpeace donation form filled out and ready to go. In fact, I'm never going to eat tuna fish again!

Since we are at a wonderful Catholic institution of higher learning, it should be



Is this the lead singer of:

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| a.) White snake | c.) Great White |
| b.) White Lion | d.) All of the above |

known that these bands do hold a beloved devotion to Our Lord. Off-White Lions Who are Great, a bunch of guys with long hair from LA, sing the praises of God Almighty in the tune "Judgement Day":

"Like Rolling thunder/I feel the power of love,/It's a gift from heaven/And the Lord above..." (gnarly guitar riff)

Rumour has it that this song will be appearing in hymnals all around campus next year. Campus Ministry has already used a similar lyric in a recent article:

Johnny and Jimmy were wrestling one day on the floor, when suddenly, Johnny

noticed that Jimmy had an erection. They didn't talk about it until one day in the shower, when Jimmy broke into song:

"Cause I'm dealin' with a devil/With no help from above/I'm stealin' with the devil/ Through this house of broken love..." (gnarly guitar riff)

My, my. Isn't God wonderful???

From all this, you might think that these gentlemen don't know how to have a good time. *Au contraire, mon frère*. These dudes know how to party! Just imagine yourself at Bridget's one night when suddenly,

"Long Legs, whole lot of sex/Sweet lies from innocent eyes/Wild tame drives me insane/Hey babe, I don't know your name..." (gnarly guitar riff)

This catchy love song from Egg White, a bunch of guys with long hair from LA, will be sure to tempt any woman's loins.

Now these bands do "know when to say when," so they don't always write about booze and babes. Demonstrating remarkable talent and creativity, Great White Trash, a bunch of guys with long hair from LA, actually sing about the love of food. Place yourself in line one day at the dining hall, as you saunter up to the lunch counter...

"Cause I'm hungry/Yes I'm hungry/Oh so hungry for your love..." (gnarly guitar riff)

Immediately, the lunch woman lunges towards you in a crazed fit of passion, lustily screaming, "WAIT!!! I gave you one too many grease balls on your chicken tempura platter!!!" Incredible, isn't it?

That's about the long and short of it. I was going to mention lyrics about testosterone, but I'm afraid that the men of this easy-going campus might petition to have me boiled in Slimfast and served at a B.P. barbecue. Pardon me for a while; since I am a rising rock 'n' roll superstar, I must write my required 'power ballad' and find some blonde bimbo to wear a dog collar for my video. Then I'll learn how to play guitar. Maybe. □

\tes-tə-s-ta-rōn\

Today's insight deals with people. Well, not really. It's about men. And being a female writer who wants to adhere to the rules of oh-so-correct modern English usage, I am trying to use gender-free language. Please note the totally inoffensive lead. Thank you. Anyway, back to the topic at hand.

Those of us who find it necessary to sit on the toilet seat sometimes have trouble understanding those who don't. These non-seat-using people have trouble understanding a lot of things, too. But understanding non-seat-using people is as easy as putting the seat down once you know what makes them tick: **TESTOSTERONE**. Understand?

Let's forget about understanding for awhile. Let's just get a few things straight. All members of the species *homo sapiens* (is that gender-free or what?!) have the hormone testosterone in their bloodstreams. **AND** they all have that other stuff, what was it, *estro-something*, too. Hmm... aren't hormones supposed to have something to do with... **GULP!**... sexual characteristics!? Could it be that non-seat-using people and throne sitters aren't completely and definitively shaped by their gender? That they have *things in common*?

Maybe.

I cannot deny, however, that testosterone is more heavily concentrated in non-seat-using persons. It's what makes them belch, scratch, and leave the seat up. It also makes

them hairier and less bumpy than the rest of us. I could devote a paragraph—or two—to the uniquely non-seat-using person apparatus that relies on testosterone, but that could get me into lots of trouble.

Anyway, this hormone testosterone simply causes non-seat-using people to be non-seat-using people, whatever that means at the time. Once it meant "wearing wigs and writing lengthy poems about breasts." Now it means watching American Gladiators (it's a

you're better than them. That's all. Nothing else.

Lest you non-seat-using people still feel too put upon, allow me to explain why the we seat people sometimes treat you like children and sometimes like rabid tyrants. Once a month, We Of the Seat find ourselves with more testosterone in our bodies than usual. That's because we have less *estro-whatever*. So hormonally, everyone's as close as they get. And it's annoying to suddenly find yourself acting like a non-seat-using person.

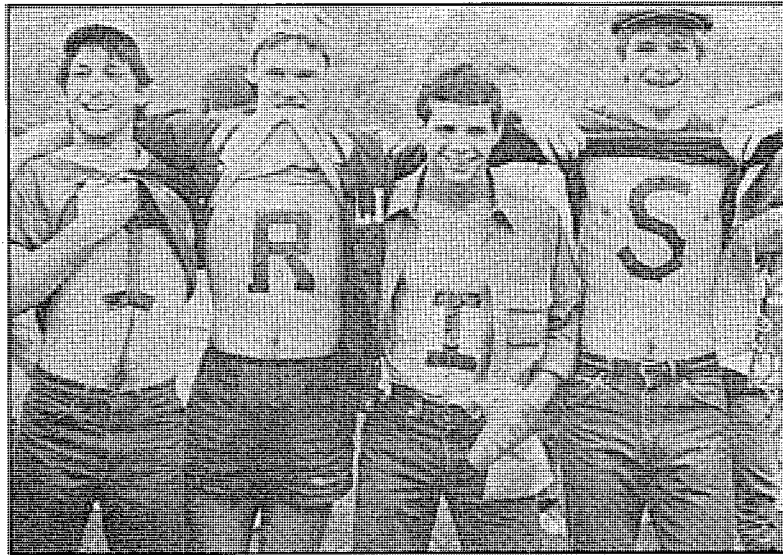
Sure, during this time the People of the Seat do some odd things. We seem out of whack because we are doing things we don't usually do. We have too much of that other people's hormone in our bodies. So does that mean non-seat-using people act weird all the time?

Boy. (Oops! Not gender-free!)

Gosh, I've confused myself now. Maybe everyone is weird all of the time but in different ways and it's okay because otherwise we'd all be bored.

Nahh There's at least got to be something wrong with people who blow their noses in the shower. □

Traci Taghon hopes to God that she never resembles Tim Rogers in any way, shape or form save this blatant Rogersesque parody, but she hopes people of all kinds find her article offensive and write lots of hate mail.



Testosterone: why they do the things they do.

sport, isn't it?) drinking beer, growing breasts of their own, and wondering what the hell those people who use the seat really want. Some of the other people have gotten tired of these strange non-seat-using person behaviors and now protest vehemently against certain non-seat-using person actions whenever they can. Why, I can hear you asking. (I can, really. I have incredible hearing.) They're fed up. They don't think

Neutral Fame Football Lockout

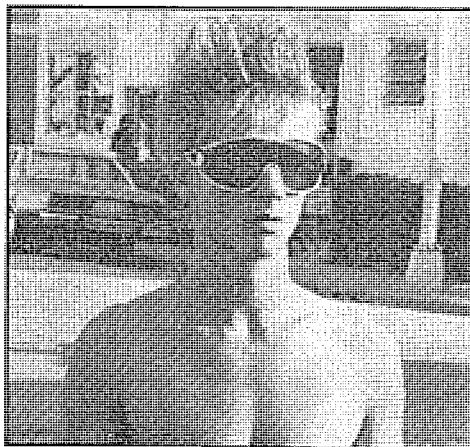
Negotiations stalled between Nothin Doine Administration and the Fleeting Famish football team last week, bringing on what both sides had hoped to avoid: a spring practice lockout. With no new talks scheduled, it looks as if the locks will not come off the Costas Center anytime soon. The crisis has resulted in an outcry from Noted Shame's biggest fans across the country: students, alumni and most importantly, the National Broadcasting Company, Incorporated.

The lockout has its roots in the Administration's recent efforts to capitalize on the marketing power of the University. The megacontract with NBC was only the first of a series of highly lucrative deals. Some of these arrangements, such as the Nutty Brains Roller Games team and the philosophy department's shoe endorsement contract with Nike™ (slogan: "I just do it, therefore I am") have gone almost unnoticed. However, the more obvious promotions, such as the Bud Light™ logo painted on the Golden Dome, have attracted considerable attention.

The football team first voiced its anxiety when the 1990 schedule was revealed. The athletic department announced on the NBC evening news (of course) that the Fighting Cornish Hens would play in the annual Manufacturer's Hanover/USF&G/Mutual Life of Omaha Kick-Off Classic, followed by a fourteen game regular season, capped off by appearances in three different bowl games. NBC would also have the option to give Notre Dame an NFL playoff slot. In an exclusive *Sarcastic* interview, The University Provost for Wheeling and Dealing Timothy Begora said that the new contract was "an opportunity for our team to get some much-needed exposure. Oh, yeah, and regular

starting times, too. Money was never a factor. Really. The zillion dollars was just a coincidence. Hey, what are you laughing at, you baboon?"

The football players met at the newly rechristened Tom Brokaw Memorial Library to discuss a plan of action. Self-proclaimed team captain Walkon Water drew up the final list of demands. They were as follows: 1) a 360-day limit on football season and practices, 2) no more photo sessions with Willard Scott, 3) several more photo sessions with Deborah Norville, 4) 20% of the revenue



Coach Fartz is miffed about the lockout. from the new television contract for team pizza parties, and 5) longer pants for Coach Loose Fartz. The players threatened to strike until all of these demands were met, or until their weightlifting privileges were revoked, whichever came first.

With characteristic speed, the administration announced its intention to appoint a special task force to study the feasibility of assigning another special task force the responsibility of designating a really, really special task force to deal with the situation. The really, really special task force, should it be formed, would issue its recommendations

shortly after the turn of the century. In the meantime...

Caught in the middle is Coach Fartz, who must satisfy the administration without alienating his team. Fartz insists that despite Needing Dames' recruiting prowess, he could not guarantee a major bowl appearance if he were forced to build an entirely new team. "Don't get me wrong. I believe in the Noisy Dorm spirit," the coach told *Sarcastic*. "But I don't think a team of one hundred freshmen would cut the mustard against the schedule we play. We've got some tough games this season against Tick Tock Tech and Wassamatta U. Those schools simply cannot be taken lightly. They're no Kansas State, I assure you of that."

However, Fartz also issued this warning to his players: "If you very fine football players don't come back soon...we may have to cancel all five days of your summer vacation."

Analysts disagree over whether Necking Dame's national championship chances will be affected if the lockout does not end soon. ABC's Beano Cook claims that the lockout "shouldn't be anything for Eyelash football fans to worry about. Spring practice isn't that important, anyway. But then again, you never know. Look at me. I have a real job and get to be on television. And my name is Beano!"

Former University of Miami football coach Jimmy Johnson believes that "the lockout will send Newest Doom's football program right down the toilet. We're talking flush city. They could be worse than my Dallas Cowboys, and that's saying something."

Sportscaster Keith Jackson offered this insight: "Whoa, Nellie!!!"

Knute Rockne's ghost was unavailable for comment. □

Arts 'n Parties, Dude!

I feel very fortunate. As a sophomore in the College of Arts and Letters, I am free from the overly restrictive requirements of the other colleges which tend to have numbers as their primary focus. We instead place much greater emphasis on both art and on letters. That is how the college got its name. Where the other colleges at Noted Dorks only have ten numbers and a couple of symbols to work with, the College of Arts and Letters has at its disposal all twenty-six characters of the alphabet. This greater diversity allows us a certain freedom which, in all honesty, I find exhilarating.

I do not own a pencil. I took my last number-oriented test last year and when I finished, I put on some dark sunglasses and sold all my pencils down at Terminal E of the Michiana Regional airport. People from the College of Engineering could never have that freedom. They are required to have two (2) number two (2) pencils on their persons at all times. This makes it very difficult for them to engage in any athletics. So they don't.

Furthermore, I am not required to know a thing about how the real world operates. Until recently, when a physics major told me otherwise, I thought I could run faster in new shoes. I still can't figure out the Slinky™.

Closely related to this last freedom is my own personal favorite: I am not expected to get a job when I graduate. I have this privilege because employment is not the object of a liberal arts education. Personal growth and inner peace through a complete understanding of every-

thing except numbers is the goal of the College of Arts and Letters. I understand the dialectical drive toward the mythopoeic power of the Dionysiac substratum of the universe. What more could I want? This freedom allows me the spare time to sit around the War Memorial on a beautiful day and play the sitar. It will also put me in the income bracket only slightly below that of Mother Teresa, but that's alright. I'll still have my sitar.

The one class that best embodies the Arts and Letters no-numbers spirit is called "Ideas, Values and Images." This is a forum wherein students gather and discuss their sundry ideas, lack of values and cloudy images. That is why students affectionately refer to the class as their "core." This class, over the course of a year, becomes the very soul, the *raison d'être* (that's French) of each student. It is the core around which the rest of their lives grow and gain meaning.

The concept behind the core class is that a dozen or so of the smartest, most capable kids in the country get in the same room together and teach each other the meaning of life. You

can rest assured that these kids are indeed the best America has to offer because otherwise, they would have never gotten into Nothin Doine in the first place. Unless, of course, they're one of those utter idiots that memorized the periodic chart at age six and scored sixteen thousand on the S.A.T., but don't have one single synapse in their brain that has ever participated in an original thought. Luckily those students either keep to their accounting classes or keep quiet.

So these eager thoroughbreds circle up their desks like covered wagons and commence to enlightening each other. Percolating with enthusiasm and concentrating with an almost painful intensity, they issue forth their eloquent conclusions concerning the day's assigned reading.

THOROUGHbred ONE: Faulkner uses the bear as a symbol, ya know? It's like a big, brown symbol of nature. It's awesome.

THOROUGHbred TWO: Yeah. I didn't quite see where you were coming from, but now I know what you mean.

And everyone learns.

The refreshing thing about core, you must understand, is that students actually teach other students. This eliminates the need for that middleman, that broker of knowledge, the professor. Don't get me wrong, though. These kids aren't left unattended and all to themselves. If you envision a group of students batting around groundless flatulence and blather in an unmediated free-for-all, then I'm hear to tell you, "No, no." A paid, assistant, adjunct professor is present at all times to lend invaluable insight and provide leadership when the discussion wanders.

So, all you number-oriented types should feel extremely jealous. I've really got the life, pal. As a matter of fact, after I turn in this article to my brilliant, big time editor, I'm heading for the green grass of South Quad. My sitar awaits. □



The curriculum in the College of Arts and Letters provides casual student-teacher interaction.

Hey! There's A Real Ad On This Page!

Meanwhile, quads decide to settle first snowfall melee like real men.

Last semester, following the first snow, the traditional inter-quad snow war got a bit out of hand and resulted in the damage of two thousand dollars worth of windows. The Office of Student Affairs was a bit upset about this little incident and suspended hall matching funds causing a campus wide fervor. Eventually the whole ugly mess was worked out, but Head Honcho of Student Punishin' Father TKO Tyson is anxious to prevent such high-spiritedness in the future. He thinks he's devised a way to settle the rivalry between North and South Quads once and for all.

"We're thinking about knives," said the recently retired heavyweight boxer.

That's right. Following the first snowfall next year, various articles of cutlery will be distributed and the student body will be encouraged to have at each other in the tradition of the great Kahns.

"Of course we're not interested in punishing the innocent," Tyson said. "The snowball fight is usually all in good fun and it's the few who can't exercise a little self control who wreck it for the rest of us—err, the rest of them. We feel that those evil few could be dealt with most easily if they were... well... dead. It just saves a lot of paperwork."

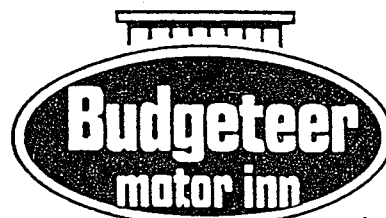
The Student Union Board has announced plans to have music from Wagner's "Flight of the Valkyre" and "West Side Story" pumped in while the rival quads slug it out. Whoever is the last person left among the bloody and dismembered corpses littering our fine campus will be declared the winner. Said winner will then be shot by marksmen selected from the Marine Corps ROTC bat-

alion. Administrators are considering allowing participation in the carnage to count toward the freshman P.E. requirement. They hedged, however, when asked whether the event may affect the turnout for snow tubing in Bendix Woods.

It is expected to be the bloodiest inter-quad fight since the winter of 1862 when radical abolitionist residents of North Quad staged an assault on the South Quad, believing it to be in a state of rebellion. The misunderstanding was eventually rectified by one of Nerds'n Dames' founding fathers, Fr. Louie Louie, who explained to the patriotic undergrads that while it was indeed South quad, it was far within the northern half of the state of Indiana and nearly one thousand miles from Confederate territory. Matching funds were nevertheless suspended and Junior Parents Weekend postponed. University admission standards have since been raised.

Whether such extraordinary steps will be effective in ending the snowball fight is a

question that no one will have an answer to until the first snowfall of 1991. Administrators do emphasize that through the principles of natural selection and survival of the fittest, the 1991 bookstore basketball tournament should be a real thriller. For now they are making ready to dispose of the bodies. The dining halls have been alerted. Expect Double-Domer burgers and shepherd's pies to be standard fare for quite some time. □

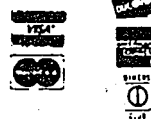


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The Absurder

CENSORED SLOP SERVING EVER LAME AND PAINT LARRY'S

RANDOM IDLING

Golly-- Bush Should Eat Broccoli

I so excited to get to write in the Absurder. My editor (he's a dreamy senior guy— I like dreamy guys!) said I write good so here goes.

This column is my big break and life is just short enough to take me seriously so listen up! No more Velveeta columns for this newspaper— this one is pure Cheez Whiz. And I'm no Mechanicle Engineeer (Choo Choo— tee hee) so my column has a point. Here goes again.

George Bush is a really mean and cruel old coot. He should eat broccoli cuz its good for him and for others and he sets exampl for America just like we here at Absurder set an example for ND with our journalistic prowess. I like working big words from TV into my columns.

Why is he so mean? The TV confuses even the likes of me sometimes so I asked my roommate who knows everything— even about pantyraids.

She said and I quote "The president is prejudice against anything that wears a little cap on its head. This confuses me more becuz Time magazine (it's good to site your sources) said he was a baseball player at Yale. Wow— the president must be smart.

I bet he's so smart that he did his own laundry when he was in college without his mom's or girlfriend's help. Imagine a capable guy who can wash, sweat, and insult girls all at the same time! See— this column isn't stretching the seams of incoherence yet with all that sexist stuff (but Mikhail Bonebreaker still fills up my senses when he's in uniform).

My theory (my editor said to state my opinion strongly but to always write very simple— so I never use any commas... isn't that cool? Complex sentences are BAD... BAD.) is that he hates anything green.

This is bad cuz my sweetie Mikhail Bonebreaker wears swell green hightops and it's not fair for Bush to prejudice against all things green when some are neat like Mikhail's shoes. I just wish my idol



Smellie Drivlocks
Fragrance Editor

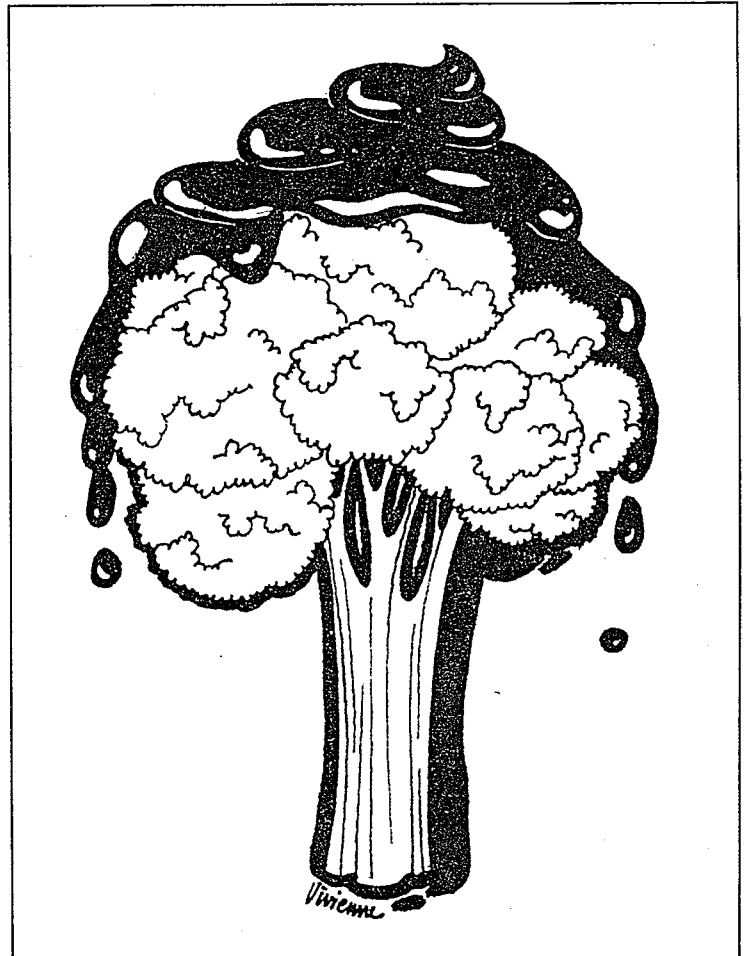
wouldn't ask me to leave when I drool on his door.

Tee Hee—I'm out of breath and I haven't made one typographical error!

I gotta stop now because paper have no more space for my stuff. Thanks for letting me seranade you during your Chicken Pattys—and I'm not like other prude gals on this staff— if a dreamy upperclassman serenades me outside my room some night I'll drop everything and grab a priest and have him marry us immediately on the quad! Isn't that rowdy?!

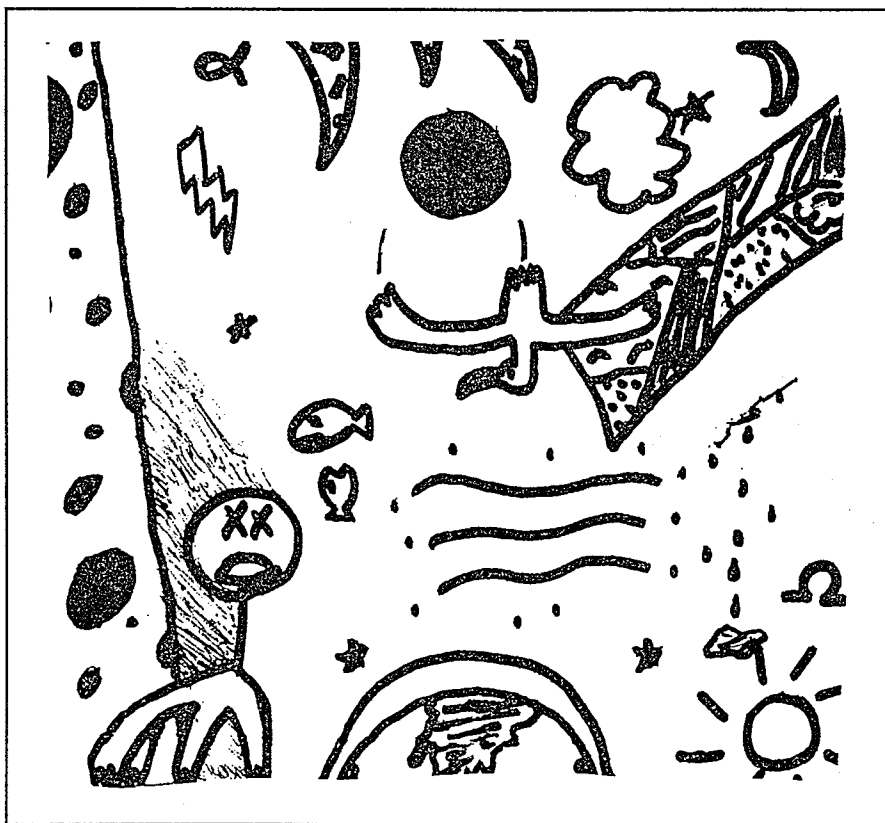
(My editor said humor is a strong way to end storys.)

Smellie Drivlocks is a fifth-year senior who is considering the Slim-Fast diet plan



Jugular

We're Timeless



IN WATER
(NOT FISH?)

*i am darkness,
flying but one (only
as three!) crawling*

endless

*eating, murder,
sneezing to find
eternal nothingness
i am free*

*slipping
falling
crushed*

*feel — even become
— not now (when?
if yesterday...) my
love caught, bleeding*

nothing

*pain, grief, to
see — god or shoes —
light in shadows
becomes fruit*

*flesh
bone
dog*

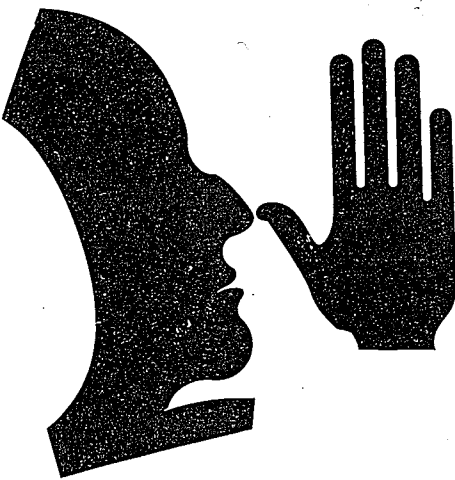
*fleeing to run,
my cucumber (blue?)
the sky an enemy
i am dead (sea?)*

- by leonid v. jones

diatribe



AT EVER LAME



reconciliatory, open-minded attitudes have been threatening to undermine the God-fearing, flag-loving instincts of American youth for years. Someone's got to put a stop to it. Why not us?

Some people (and we use the term loosely) think it would be a good idea to

be required by law to see it.

There are lots of ways that open dialogue would undermine basic human values. Trust us. Remember, our purpose is to foster angry criticism or denunciation. That's pretty clear

What the hell is all this talk recently about "academic freedom" and "students rights?" Maybe all of you Lame-O's out there didn't learn as children that you should think as

discussion?
we're right
don't bother

those around you think unless of course those around you are left wing communist sympathizers, or worse. . . liberals. Maybe you think you are entitled to make your own decisions and sometimes take a middle-of-the-road stance on issues of importance.

We at Diatribe think otherwise. And chances are that we are right; of course we are. After all, we are supported by the almighty and eternally respectable Realism R. Killer Society. So listen up. These sort of

foster a *dialogue* on campus. Sure. Ever Lame has been entrusted with the holy duty of brainwashing tomorrow's leaders. If she fails in this, who will teach our children to think the right, Right way?

If conservatives don't set their ideas in stone now, how can they be relied upon to indoctrinate the youthful minds of tomorrow? Said minds might begin to think they could, and even should, *think for themselves*. And we all know what kind of trouble that can lead to. If these "independent thinkers" had their way, "The First Tough Choice for Buddha" would be showing in theatres all over the country; all citizens would probably

from our title. Anyway, let's ask the Honorable Professor Mr. Rice E. Pilaf of the Ever Lame School of Conservatism his opinions.

Batt Crapp: So, we'd like to invite you to vent your opinions on whatever you'd like. Rant away.

Prof. Rice E. Pilaf: It seems obvious that we must all have some outlet for our opinions. I just thank God that my opinions have always been the unquestionably correct ones. After all, black is black and white is white; there is no grey area. And I believe that Diatribe has done a good job of bringing the Right, ahem, pardon my capitalization, right point of view to this dismally liberal campus.

B.C.: Thank you, Professor. And let me thank not only you but all of our wonderful supporters. Keep those bucks rolling in. Without them we couldn't spread our uniquely correct ideas all around campus.

□

Look Out GLAND, Here Comes ANND



BY SLIMY CULPRIT

Being different has never been easy at Neuter Dime. Most everyone at the school is the same, in areas from dress to mentality. An easy way to stick out is to rock the boat, to be slightly out of line with the rest. No one knows this better than Spanky Cudpole, president of Animal Necrophiliacs of Neuter Dime, or ANND (pronounced "Andy"). Mr. Cudpole has graciously come out of the cave to give an exclusive interview in order to shed light on one of Neuter Dime's underground groups.

"Basically, what we are is a group of misunderstood, caring people who need love just like all the rest. But we're miles from that point at this time," said Spanky. "Animal necrophilia is something that the public is going to have to come to terms with sooner or later, and our group is just trying to make that acceptance a little smoother and a little quicker."

A main demand of "Andy" is recognition by the university in order to obtain use of campus facilities. The university isn't budging. "Our biggest problem with getting recognition at this point is the competition with GLAND, or Gays and Lesbians at Neuter Dime. They're trying just as hard as we are

to get university approval for using facilities, but it seems that neither one of us is getting very far. I guess if the administration gives in to one of us, they'll have to do the same for the other."

Administration official Father Joseph "Baal" Xioping, has his own feelings about the group. "I personally can't see 'Andy' being recognized, not now," he said. "It's just too sensitive of a subject, you know, people thinking of their pet dog or cat, and then thinking of Spanky, and, well, you know. . . ."

Spanky is offended by this way of thinking. "We're people too, you know, and it shouldn't matter how we decide to express our sexuality. That should never be a criteria for acceptance. Animal necrophilia is a perfectly healthy, normal way of life for at least 72% of the student body here at Neuter Dime, but we're afraid to let ourselves be known because of rampant necrophobia."

The day will come, says Spanky Cudpole, when people will consider animal necrophilia as normal as embryo freezing, and he is doing everything he can to speed that day along. "You'll see," he said, "it won't be long before we'll even be able to keep our own corpses on campus." □



This year's roundball bustin' caravan of chaos comes epitomized by the team of...

Parts Unknown, Weight Unknown

They came out of nowhere. But like manna from on high or the sweet honey nectar of the gods, they blessed every man, woman and child for miles around. They came from parts unknown... and were of weights unknown.

"These guys are not merely a team—they're a force," exclaimed WWF mogul/analyst Vince McMahon when describing America's newest wrasslin' phenomenon turned basketball gurus. Although emcee cohort Jesse 'the Body' Ventura immediately replied, "Bullcrap, McMahon! I'm sick of your biased commentaries," in traditional Rhodēs Scholar-like fashion, McMahon knows of what he speaks, his fingertips poised carefully on the pulse of John Q. Public. Parts Unknown, Weight Unknown is without a doubt the latest sensation to hit the squared circle, boasting strong performances in Wrestlemania IV and the Survivor Series, before preparing for their upcoming face-off against Demolition for the multiple tag-team championship belt in late April.

They are indeed a force, as echoed by the likes of disappointed college recruiters Bobby Knight (IU), Dean Smith (North Carolina), John Thompson (Georgetown), Jim Boeheim (Syracuse) and Mike Schev-erdnadze (that guy from Duke), all of which feverishly pursued the newly converted roundball phenoms after they left the land of half-nelsons and camel clutches. But their story is as undulated and half-cocked as the

small intestinal tract following a meal of Hungarian noodle bake and six glasses of seltzer water.

Wrasslin' fans everywhere recall June 9, 1988 with either fondness or trepidation. It was on this date that Parts Unknown, Weight Unknown introduced themselves into living rooms across America. Filling in for the injured Hart Foundation in a bout against the British Bulldogs, these ragtag, cigar-chompin', cussing ex-marines donned the tights and instantly became household names, or rather, household no-names. Since all PUWU members were dishonorably discharged from Uncle Sam's proud forces for indiscretions in a Vietnamese brothel, they were forced to conceal their identities as well. The ringside announcer had no recourse but to crow out, "...and hailing from parts unknown, with weights unknown... the challengers!" History had been etched eternally in the fabled annals of hoopology.

To date, no one has been able to determine the identity of these masked marvels. Supporters love the air of mystery surrounding them. Critics call it a cheap publicity ploy, but

any way you slice it, the ski masks generate attention. As former manager Victor 'the Beast of the Far East' Hyunh explained, "Dude, the masks project an image of the Everyman with which all spectators can metaphysically identify, thereby enabling them to experience a catharsis and spiritual renewal. Besides, it makes them look like real bad asses!"



Georgetown coach John Thompson offered PUWU a lucrative deal, but they spat it back in his silly face with a 203-7 thrashing of his outmanned Hoya squad.

HEY MONEY, IS IT THE SHOES?

But the squad got sidetracked somehow, somewhere. In the distance, a lone hound's woeful bale wafted o'er the countryside.

"We saw where the big money was going these days," relayed an anonymous but reliable informant close to the source. "N.C. State, the Fighting Illini, Shawn Kemp... for Christ's sake! [UNLV forward] Larry Johnson has a Porsche *and* a BMW!"

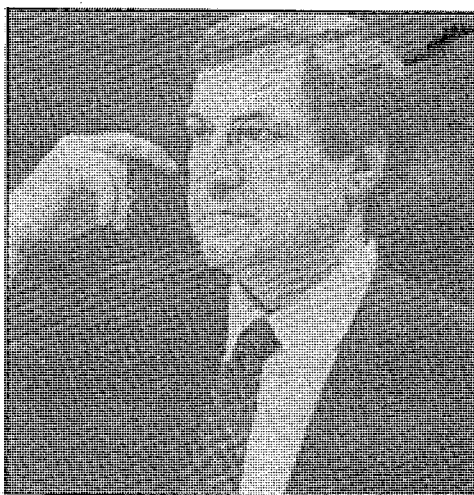
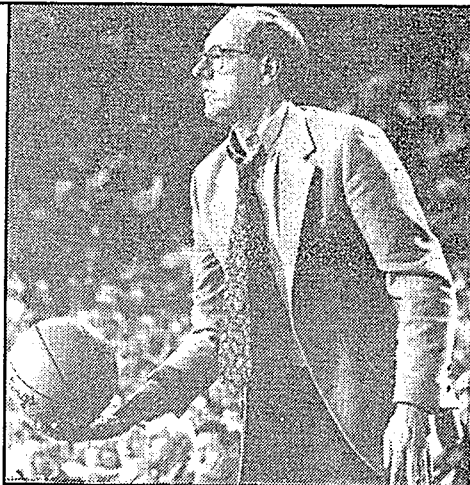
The athletic warriors were led down the road less traveled by marketing magnate and manager Hyunh, who offered them the world (and some high school chicks) on a silver platter. Yet shortly after he managed to get their five X's below the fine print, the man also known as the Brickmaster General was extradited to his homeland for illegal trafficking in S&H green stamps.

"It's obviously a force that can neither be reasoned nor reckoned with," stated Thompson after the Parts Unknown, Weight Unknown squad proceeded to embarrass his talent-laden Big East team by a 203-7 tally before the game was called at the half, the measly G'Town points coming on newly appointed PUWU coach Redneck 'Mouth of the South' Jim's four technical fouls. "Those snakes in leotards are just adding salt to my Prop 48 wounds," continued Thompson. "I matched every demand they made to come to Georgetown: clean underwear, cable TV, passes to the Smithsonian, and one hundred cases of Cheez Whiz™. Then they go and sign with that low-life Vic, my arch-rival nemesis! I'm pissed!"

Little is known of this athletic leviathan that hits the parquet floor harder than a Thursday morning hangover resembling a bread truck slammin' into the cranium. Yet their credentials speak for themselves.

Head coach Redneck Jim personally escorts team members cross country in the dilapidated Vicmobile. From this mufflerless deathtrap on wheels emerge the five warriors intent on hoopin' it up to the max in your face, each with his own distinct mask and sweatsuit. Heralding their arrival is the blaring static of good ol' Southern fried rock as they pitilessly shame their opponents with a warm-up routine of dazzling basketball zaniness, replete with an autograph session and their Nerf "high-flyin' death-defying three-sixty slam dunk" clinic.

Just look at Mr. X1. At 5'3", this monster was the highest recruited center in the nation



A cornucopia of college recruiters who got the shaft from PUWU (clockwise): Syracuse's Boeheim didn't have enough balls to make a better offer; Duke's Scheverdnadze couldn't spell out the benefits; IU's Knight got the last laugh by snatching up prep superstar Bailey; N. Carolina's Smith could only sit back in disgust, picking his nose.

two years ago. His deadly hook shot (97%) from three-point range makes him the most potent offensive machine from any place in the county. In leading Wassamatta U. to two straight junior college national titles, he scored 50+ points on twenty-three separate occasions. Despite smoking two packs of cigarettes a day, this lean, mean scoring machine benches 620 lbs.

Then on to Mr. X2. 6'4" and an estimated but still unknown weight of 260 lbs. or one ND chick, he has been blessed by the Big Guy in the Sky with exceptional speed and leaping abilities... perhaps another Michael Jordan. A "certifiable skywalker" according to Dick Vitale's Diaper Dandy Prep All-Americans 1990, he won sixteen letters as a member of the varsity basketball, water polo, track and lacrosse teams for St. Fred's Prep. After sinking 117 straight free throws in his junior

season, he encored the senior campaign by being voted the MVP of McDonald's 1989 High School Classic, scoring sixty-two points and racking up twenty-four boards.

And the talent doesn't stop there. Mr. X3 is rumored to have lived in Wisconsin for some time, and was chosen for his expertise in cheese. A prep-schoolboy All-American since his sophomore year at Our Lady of the Sacred Foot in Green Bay, his stats over the four-year tenure are just short of miraculous: 43.6 pts., 19 reb., 8.7 steals, and 17 assts. per game. He was listed in the Top 10 prep prospects by twelve different recruiting lists, including SuperPrep America.

Will the madness never cease? Mr. X4, also chosen for his experience in working with cheese, claims that his years of work in a grocery deli department have exposed him to "all sorts of cheeses." The JUCO Athlete

SHUT UP! I'M DOIN' A NIKE™ COMMERCIAL!

of the Year in 1989 at Tick Tock Tech, he narrowed his choices to UNLV, Michigan, Syracuse and Potsdam U. before signing with PUWU. His high school history boasts sixty-two records in five varsity sports.

But then there's Mr. X5. An extensive access to the media is his greatest attribute, but he is an oddball on a talent wealthy team, with no stellar achievements outside his bronze medal in the first grade spelling bee. Oh yeah, and he's a former Cub Scout.

As if the loss of the Beast of the Far East to wimpy international by-laws weren't enough of a setback to these lovable he-men of mystery, their original fifth spot was slated to be filled by super hooper extraordinaire Damon Bailey before he was wrested from their clutches by evil hoop-monger Bobby "World of Furniture" Knight.

"Damon was drooling at the mouth to jump on the PUWU bandwagon," whined Vic the Brick several months ago, "But then the dark spirits intervened to establish an un navigable dichotomy between the two parties... PUWU and Damon, that is. It seems as if Damon's girlfriend of twelve years dumped him like cement shoes in the Hudson River when she won *Tiger Beat Magazine's* 'Dream Date Contest With Ralph Macchio.' Since that time, he's had nothing but intense hatred for the Asian people... you know, the whole 'Karate Kid' thing and all that. We still love Damon and are holding a roster spot open for him should he change his mind."

Nevertheless, Parts Unknown, Weight

Unknown has persevered. New PUWU manager Redneck Jim barks out over his megaphone with a distinct Southern drawl the game plan that has guided PUWU to an unbeaten, unblemished, ch-sc-perfect 87-0 benchmark in just one and a half seasons of play. The fashion smart Confederate intimidates onlookers with his flashy polyester wing-tipped blouse, savvy red blazer, juicy hot leather pantalons, and sweet-butt pearl white shoes. Sporting a Colt 45 which he affectionately refers to as 'Willie,' Redneck Jim incessantly hounds officials to the point of pontifical confession before God, as they rue the day they first donned the zebra stripes.

Yet still they remain a final frontier of purity and excellence, a last bastion of cardinal virtues. The essence of goodness human incarnate, not spoiled by the vices of commercialization and advertising.

When asked if they were at all tempted by a the alleged \$100 million shoe contract to promote the new line of Air Jordans, the team members appeared both aloof and confused.

"We don't like to meddle in such complex international affairs that could serve as detrimental to our holistic zen-Buddhist image which we seek to elicit upon the masses," said a duly designated PUWU spokesman. "Besides, we didn't even know that those Mid-Eastern countries had national airlines."

Coach Redneck Jim's response?

"Parts is parts."

Naive? Maybe. Skilled? Definitely. Exclamation point. End of discussion.



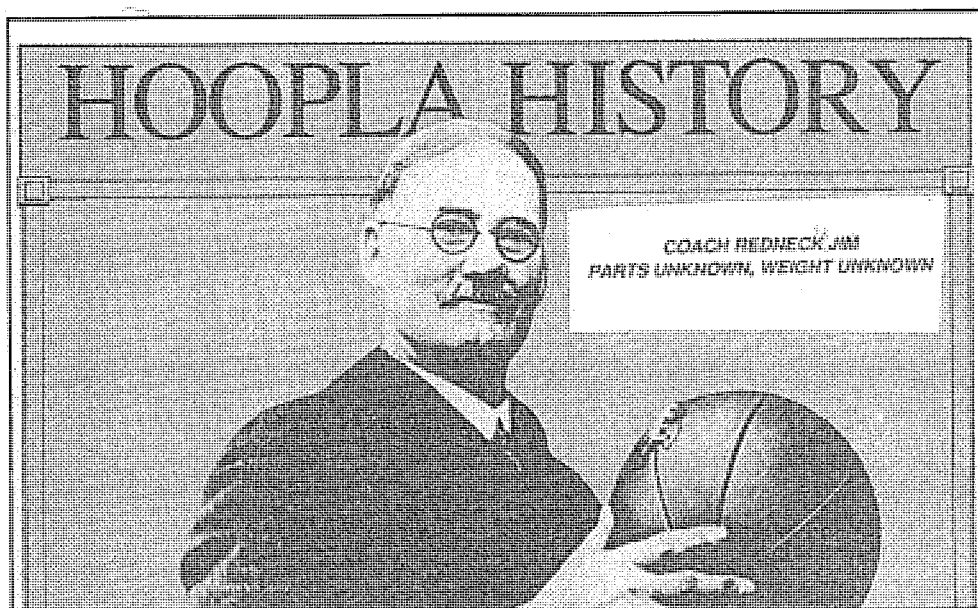
Are these the mysterious men of Parts Unknown, Weight Unknown? It's doubtful. These guys are *good looking*.

The Cavalcade of Cager Craziness is coming into town quicker than Montezuma's revenge in a Mexican cantina. Their offensive game plan is simple. "It's so zany, it just might work" is the overriding theme to their scoring madness. An abundance of alley-oops to deceptively agile 5'3" center Mr. X1, a cigarette firmly implanted in his mouth throughout the game (he says it gets him into a rhythm.) The tag team method of passing. The special 'blue jogger' method of drawing the foul— "This will sound crazy, but could you punch me in the stomach?" Whammo! Offensive foul. The Berlin Wall defense. A half court border patrol to meter the flow of fast breaks. The Wheel O' Fun, giving fans the chance to spin the wheel and let fate decide the game flow. Pizza time-outs, photo set-ups, and plenty of autographs. More fun than should be legal.

Their antagonists in Friday's Hall of Fame Bookstore Tipoff Classic (4:30 p.m.) include Neutral Dame quarterback Tony Headlice, Carwarsh varsity Diggerites Keith Hobblingsome and Flim Crawdaddy, joined by campus cylinder crammer Direct Johannsen and a mystery guest (Father Ted?)

"Who are those nubberheads?" said one PUWU team member. "You call them a match-up? We're gonna school them, big time. They've been living a lie all season. They'll get frustrated and start grab-bagging by the second half, mark my words. They ain't playin' no Kansas State this time!"

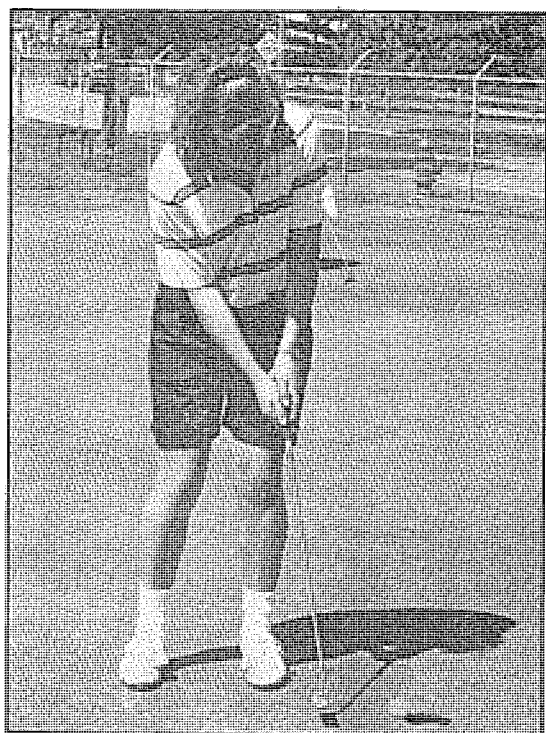
Coming soon, to a part near you. □



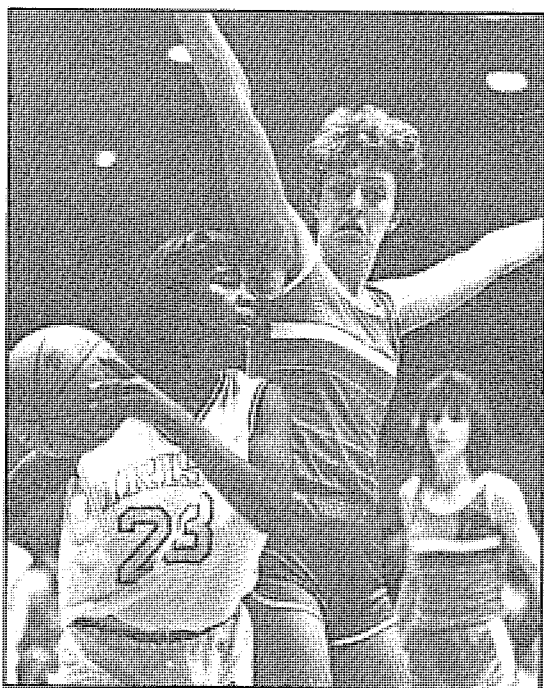
Redneck Jim's team will make history when they bust into South Bend on March 30.

Sports Year In Review

Having successfully managed the spinning windmill, Kathy was heart-broken when she missed the putt that would have won her the free hot dog.

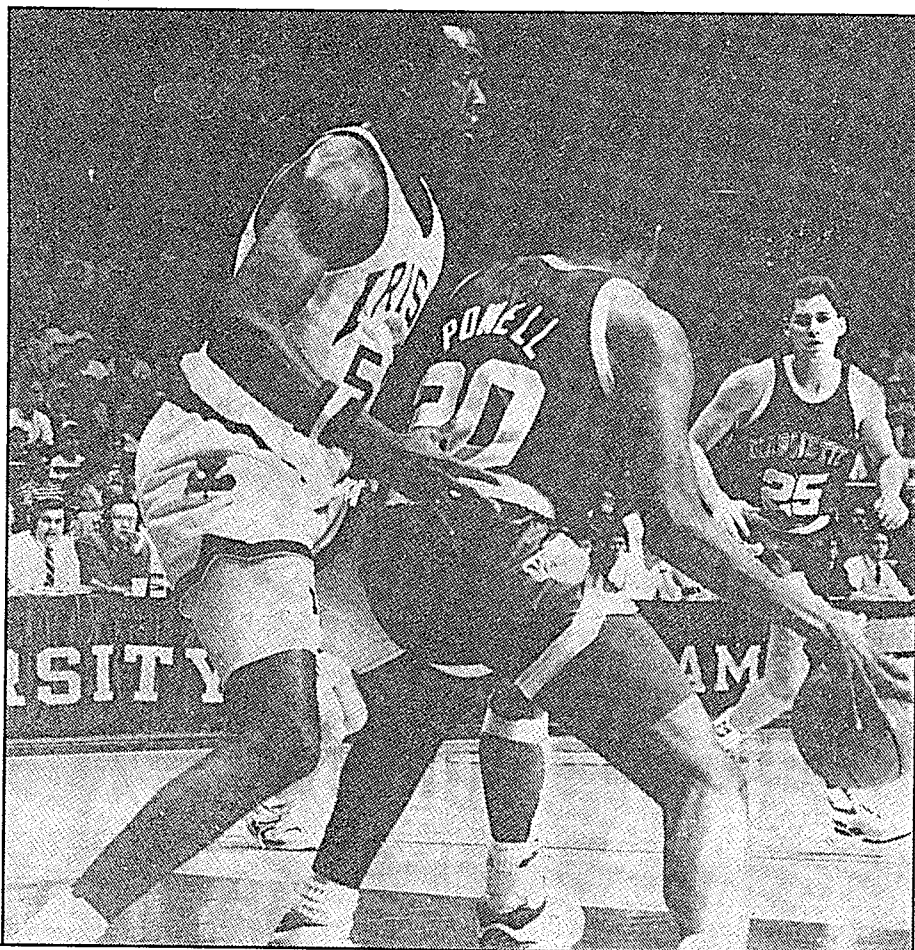


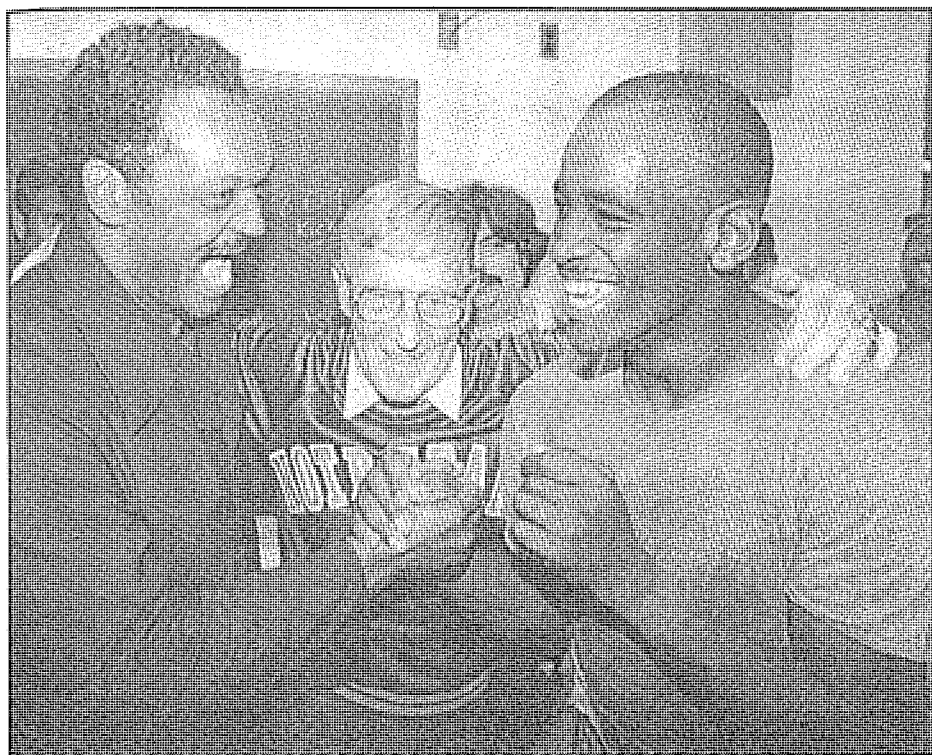
Biff can't believe that Roger finished his 14th can of hair mousse this semester.



After incidents throughout the league, an NCAA rule requires daily bathing.

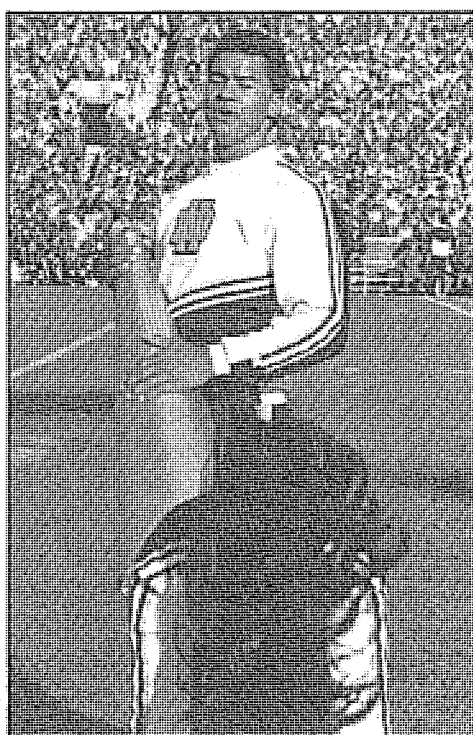
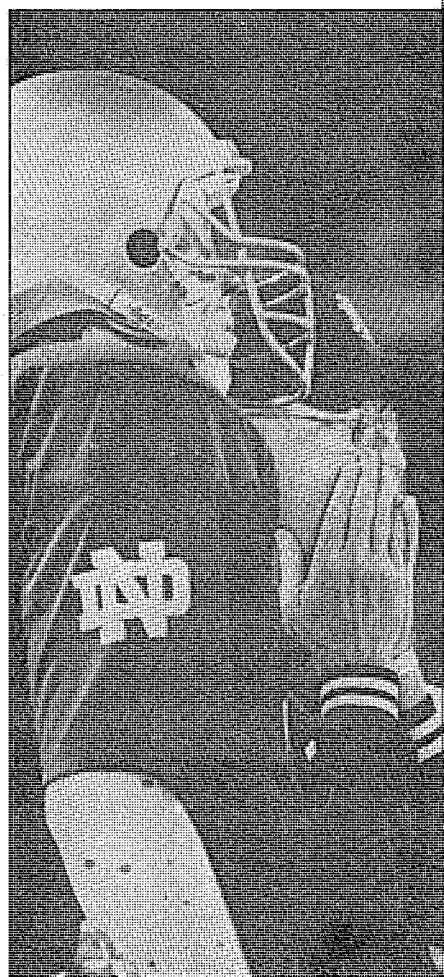
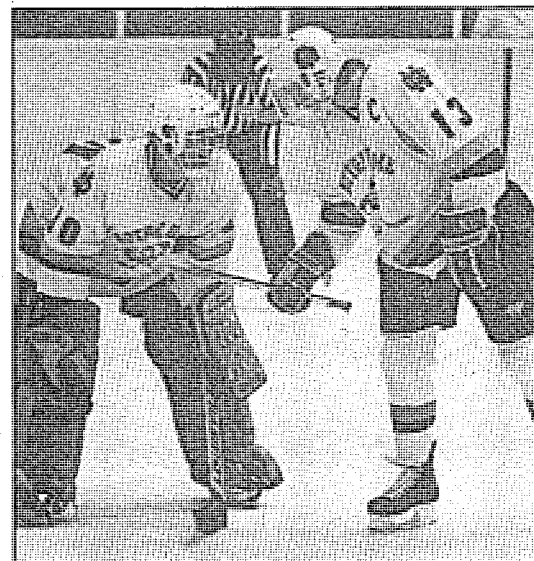
An Carwash hoopster sizes up the competition.





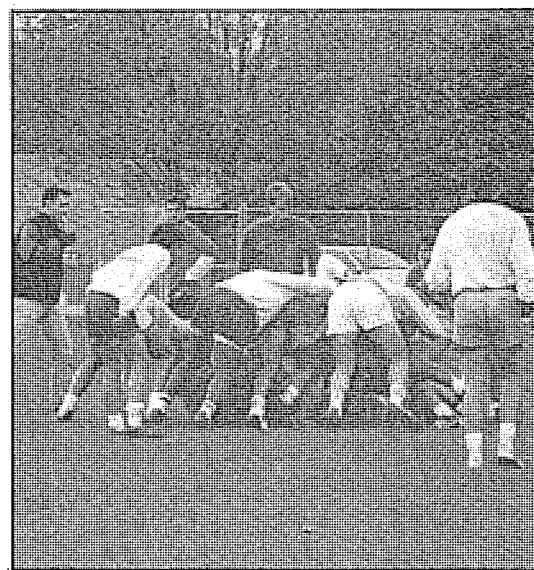
Lou Holtz referees as Tony Rice playfully toys with Rev. Jesse Jackson in this arm wrestling match.

Two Carwash hockey players discuss Bush's policy in the Middle East during a break in the action.



After a recent incident, Always Lane cheerleaders have been forbidden from eating beans on game days.

Lou Holtz looks on as Digger's boys march onto the court in their spliffy new green uniforms.



A lost contact lens interrupted play at a recent rugby match.

sportswweak

COMPILED BY NED BRADEN

FOOTBALL

By the time 1995 rolls around, Notre Dame football fans will find that more than the University of Miami has disappeared from the schedule. Gone are weak sisters like Michigan, Michigan State, Penn State and Pittsburgh. The Iwish will "battle" the likes of Air Force, Navy and Army- not to mention the terrible Wildcats of Northwestern. Intrastate "rival" Purdue managed to stick on the Irish's slate.

The move to upgrade the schedule was undertaken in order draw enough fans to fill the Univarsity's new 110,000 person stadium, donated by the Winnie Defartalot family. By 1995, Vito Defartalot, Winnie's son, will be college age and most certainly start at quarter-back for the Floundering Iwish.

Now in the eighth grade, the 4'9, 135lb.'er hasn't started playing football beyond Nintendo but his high school coach has been "informed" that he will start playing next fall.

MORE FOOTBALL

The NDFB network, when told of the schedule change, asked Notre Dame Pathletic Director, Dr. Rosenrosen to add Miami (Ohio) to the slate. "Maybe it will throw everyone off."

Meanwhile, Univarsity mice-president Willard Beauchump, in his latest effort to defend of the school's purchase of a network, said the fight song would *not* be changed to "More, More for Old Notre Dame."

TOO DAMN MUCH FOOTBALL

Notre Dame linebacker Trichael Rockpetter was suspended for leaving his tricycle double parked in the engineering building. "I was just parking it for Elvis," he said.

BUCKETS

Notre Dame basketball coach (There is no) Bigger Flop, upset at the treatment his team received from the NCAA Tournament selection committee, has decided to schedule DePaul three times next season. "I want a first-round bye and if three losses to DePaul is what they want, dammit, that's what they'll get," said Flop.

PUCK

On the other side of the JACC, Notre Dame hockey coaches Bic Shaver and Tom Thumb, playing with monopoly scholarship money compared to the rest of the **NORMAL** college hockey world and in an effort to ensure the Pathletic Department they are going in the right direction, decided to upgrade the schedule even if they don't have the funds to fairly compete.

Shaver is still trying to adjust to Notre Dame. "I never knew they had hockey here or what it takes to be successful here." Thumb, for one, was determined. "I never played college hockey so I never learned from a master or anything. I

WEAKEST OF THE WEEK

(There is no) Bigger Flop coined these infamous words in October. It's Final Four time. Do you know where your team is?

hope I can figure this out. I heard that some guy named Bob Johnson was pretty good. Maybe I'll give him a call."

FENCING

Sarcastic has decided to terminate its former practice of distinguishing between men's and women's fencing in Sportsweek. Even though *no one* reads sportsweek, absolutely *no one* reads fencing, the sportsweakest.

SARCASTIC

The prospect of producing the worst piece of sports journalism this side of *The New York Times* didn't foster loss of sleep for anyone involved. After all, *no one reads this anyway*. If this offended anyone, we think they should lighten up. If you didn't see anything pertinent, though, open your eyes.

"Remember
H's Driver"

Sit Down and Shut Up

Listen up, Sarcastic is about to make another pronouncement. We rule all we survey. Worship us or we will destroy you. Obey our every word as if it came from the mouth of God (or even Holtz). Ahem...

Student Government is a waste. If we see one more pathetic plea for votes from a squad with the collective IQ of dental floss spouting a platform like "We'll get co-ed housing, a pay-as-you-go meal plan and a final four basketball team" we may be forced to lose our journalistic good sense and purge our wrath by finding the grinning idiots on the poster and butchering them in their sleep. Heh heh heh ha ha. No, no, just kidding. It's just that after writing these things for an entire year with no one paying attention, we tend to get a little tense.

Why don't these intellectual giants of politics just promise to get us cheaper tuition, better seats at games and revise the law of gravity while they're at it? Or what about those tickets which have stunning platforms like "Gee gosh golly, Utter Shame is sooooo wonderful, however could we improve it?" or slogans like "We'll do nothing... and you'll like it."

Competing publications are cretinous. The Absurders' Inside Joke column is both proof of and a reason for illiteracy in America. Diatribe squanders thousands of dollars to produce a poorly-edited publication whose motto might as well be "enough of these troublesome facts, how about some ill-informed speculation!" Common Pravda, having no money, can only waste the reader's time with pabulum-puking feminist-leftist pinko-communist ramblings about conspirators behind every door. We at Sarcastic, of course, are flawless and generally perfect in every way.

And if our so-called competition and student government are bad, then everything else is worse. Parietals are stupid. Classes are huge. The bookstore rips you off. Dining hall food would be considered "cruel and unusual punishment" in some states. The alcohol policy is lame. DART is the work of Satan. Security is Always Lame's answer to the Gestapo. As a matter of fact, we think the entire university administration should just go

-Sarcastic

Satan and the Ozones

BY SILLY SOUTH PAW



Evidently, no building on campus is sacred now. Once a place of peace, left-wing ideology, and biodegradable products, the Center For Spanish Choirboys has become a hotbed of devil-worship and environmental damage.

Who are the culprits, you may ask? No, they're not the editors of Diatribe. Rather, the very janitors, those who keep the CFSC so shiny clean for our eyes, nevertheless hold strange and hedonistic rituals in the wee hours of the morning.

Where is our proof for this? We sent crack reporter Spiffy Bagboy into the CFSC before closing on the night of March 4. Hidden in a bathroom stall, Bagboy was able to escape detection and witness the debauchery. What he saw will both shock and anger you.

Bagboy said, "I left the bathroom stall at approximately 12:30 a.m., dried my face and washed my hands, then carefully slid out the door into the CFSC's holy inner sanctum. What I heard surprised me. It wasn't the nagging rhythms of the Cowboy Junkies or Billy Bragg that I am so accustomed to at the CFSC. Rather, it was that snapping, popping sound that styrofoam makes when it's burning."

"Imagine my surprise. The windows were thrown open, Skinny Puppy [evidently a band with no social concerns] was pulsating on a boombox, and the janitors were chanting in a low, demonic tone, 'Kill the Ozone, Kill the Ozone....' Needless to say I was totally shocked, but rather than

condemn the janitors and judge them harshly if one of their ideas is different than mine, I dug further for satanic evidence."

What Bagboy found struck at the very core of what it means to be a long-haired "Gra-



nola" at Ever Lame. He said, "I traversed the compound, which resembled the devil's playpen more than a leftist's utopia, and found that the janitors were drinking Coke, not a politi-

cally friendly soda like Pepsi. Furthermore, they weren't recycling! I wanted to dive right in that trash can and save those innocent pop cans before they did the devil's work in a landfill."

Needless to say, good old Spiffy has been reluctant to come forward with his tale of that fateful evening at the CFSC. He returned to confront the janitors the very next night, but even then he felt betrayed and abused. Spiffy got his car on campus, drove it to the CFSC, and proceeded to block its entrance with the front-half of his 1978 Malibu Wagon. Justice, he thought it would be his. He was wrong.

"I blocked the entrance so that those nasty janitors could not get inside to do anymore of their dirty work. I sure felt like an ass when those guys walked over the hood of my car in their steel-toed boots and left big chips in my new paint job. I guess those janitors just won't be denied from quietly ruining the sanctity of the CFSC after midnight," Bagboy said.

Ever Lame students should be up in arms about the damage done to such a fine campus symbol. In fact, this magazine encourages representatives from each dorm with the loudest voices to meet in front of the CFSC at midnight on April 2. If they chant, "RECYCLE, CONSERVE, LOVE THE OZONE YOU BEASTIES" over and over at the top of their lungs, it may help purify a now defiled symbol of peace and love.

Do it for Spiffy, the atmosphere, and the police report. All hail the pacifist theory!

NOTRE
DAME
IS
HELL

©1990
MUCH
COMPLAINING

CHAPTER IV: DART: THE 9TH LEVEL OF HELL

THREE WAYS THE REGISTRAR
COULD MAKE DART MORE FUN:

- ① USE THE "FAMILY FEUD"
STRIKE BUZZER FOR CLOSED
CLASSES



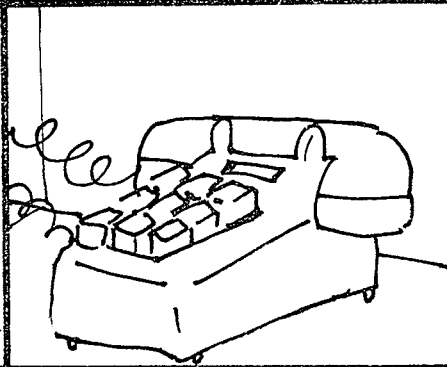
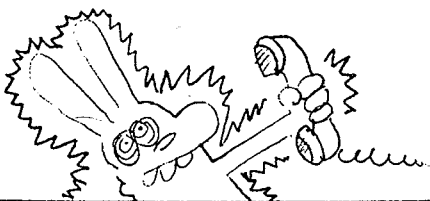
X, FIRST STRIKE, I'M
SORRY, THAT CLASS IS
CLOSED, YOU HAVE BEEN
DENIED.

HEY KIDS

WHAT DOES
DART REALLY
STAND FOR?

DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT to
RUIN TRANSCRIPTS

- ② REGISTERING AT THE
WRONG TIME SENDS FORTY
THOUSAND VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY
THROUGH THE PHONE LINE



- ③ DON'T BE
SILLY. WHAT
COULD BE MORE
FUN THAN DART?

DID YOU
KNOW... WHO REALLY
RUNS DART?



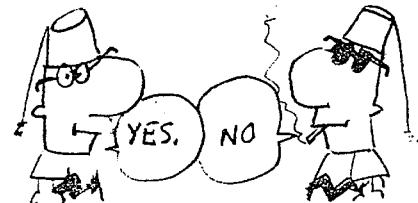
THEY ASKED FOR
CERAMICS, RIGHT,
CHEMICAL
ENGINEERING
THERMODYNAMICS,
... IT IS, THEN,

TINY DART GNOMES
INSIDE YOUR TELEPHONE.

HERE'S A FUN HELPFUL
TIP YOU CAN TRY AT HOME:
GOT AN ARTS & LEISURE ROOMIE
WHO SHOULD BROADEN
HIS HORIZONS AND
CHALLENGE HIS INTELLECT?

SLIDE
RULERS
RULE!

I THINK
THEREFORE...
I THINK...UH?



DO YOU THINK HE COULD USE
SOME "HELP" REGISTERING?
THERE ARE ONLY TEN THOUSAND
POSSIBLE PERSONAL IDENTIFICATION
NUMBERS... Hmmm... WHATEVER
CAN YOU DO?

FOR X=0000 to 9999
LET PIN=X
NEXT X

REMEMBER: YOUR COMPUTER
AUTO-DIALER IS YOUR FRIEND.

vertical

WARNING:

THE ENVIRONMENT IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH

"CONSPIRACY AGAINST AMERICA: TOXIC WASTE"

Lecture by investigative
journalist Karl Grossman
Monday, April 2
8 pm, Library Auditorium

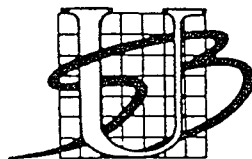
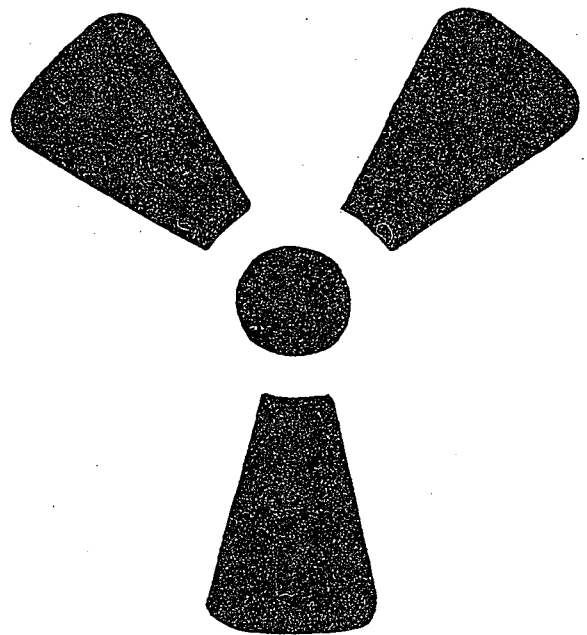
"IN DEFENSE OF THE WILD"

Lecture by eco-warrior
Dave Foreman, founder of
the radical *Earth First!*
Wednesday, April 4
8 pm, Cushing Auditorium

"SOVIET CATASTROPHE: DEATH OF THE ARAL SEA"

Lecture by Philip Micklin,
Professor of Geology
at Western Michigan
Thursday, April 5
7:30 pm, Niewland Science
Building, Rm.127

You can make a difference!



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