

# SARKASTIK

April 4, 1991

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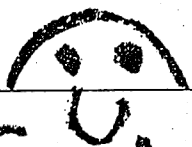
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# SARCASTIK

BRATTY O'SCARUS'S NIGHTMARE

APRIL 4, 1991 (AND NOT A MINUTE  
TOO SOON)

Yo! This issue is a joke,  
okay? If you take this  
seriously, you obviously have  
no sense of humor and chicks  
probably don't dig you either.

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THEY'RE LIARS!  
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### Sarcastic's Swimsuit Issue

The fabulous babes of  
Sarcastic bare it for our  
cameras on the ice covered  
shores of the St. Moe river.  
Prepare to feast your eyes on  
some of Anal Flame's hottest  
flesh (or not).

Cover photo by Bungloaf

# Sarcastik

RELEVANT STORIES?  
JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY? HAH!

Vol. 132, No. 18-19  
April, 1991

*Es ist uns sheiBegal*

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*Sarcastik is published occasionally, when the editors get the urge to stay up late on a Monday night and throw this hunk of trash together. We print this thing at some little joint in Boonocks, IN where they think it's a big deal to print up our stinking hunk of trash. The subscription rate is 25 cents per year, and back issues are free if you can figure out where our office is. The opinions expressed in Sarcastik are generally whiny, annoying, and completely irrelevant. They do not by any means reflect the opinions of Sarcastik, the Administration, or your mother. Editorials signed under the name Sarcastik reflect only the opinion of the yulzes who wrote them. Manuscripts are welcome, since we don't have any writers, and all unsolicited materials will be used as toilet paper. Copyright 1991 Sarcastik Magazine. All rights reserved., but we don't really care if you reprint any of this tripe.*

## Being of Sound Mind and Body

(Sound mind? Not if you wrote this. And sound body? Gimme a break. You're built like my grandma on steroids. Get a life.)

As the year comes to an end, we'd like to thank those of you who have helped make the past four years interesting for us at Sarcastic. Both of you. Since you're both-ering to read this, we'll leave you in charge of our last will.

To "King" Sloppy Pansy, we give you more money to spend on pro-life rallies and keggers in the Student Government office. We'll also give your veeep, Overfed Hom-boy, a mind of his own.

To The Obfuscator, we give you an Insipid Column that makes any impact on campus besides irritating all of us at lunchtime. It's amazing, but somehow you're even less relevant than we are.

To the Thought Police, we leave you with brains enough to realize that parietals are totally irrelevant since no one here is having sex anyway. Maybe we'd have a genuine shot at it if you'd ease up on parietals for once.

To student activities, we give the under-standing that being exposed to pictures of hot tubs and ads for bands at local bars also does not lead to increased sex and drinking problems. It only makes us wish that we could find a use for a hot tub besides sitting around with six naked sweaty friends of the same sex.

To the bars, we leave you a way of elimi-nating SUDS. Don't let a bunch of whiny South Bend parents ruin your business.

To SUDS, we leave a question: isn't it better to accept the fact that college students are going to drink and find ways to augment your income with their beer money rather than to spend a lot of time, money and effort trying to stop them from drinking?

To Theodore's, you better find some way of getting people in fast before SUFR takes you over and turns you into a minority (I mean, multicultural) center.

To DART, you suck. Enough said.

To the bookstore, we leave you with lower prices, a way of keeping the subway alumni out, and a fresh stock of Afro-Sheen for your health and beauty aids shelf (no, wait, that stock has been there since about 1972.) Forget that last part.

To security, we leave security guards who aren't complete pompous jerks about letting students get their cars on campus. We're not all a bunch of drug-smuggling hoods, like you seem to think we are.

And, to their South Bend counterparts, we give the finger. While you were busting bars, townies were busting students' heads. Thanks a lot, guys -- we appreciate the concern for our well being.

And, finally, to the dining halls, we leave labels for meals that actually describe what we're eating. For example, "Noodle Kugel" could be renamed "Yellow \*\*\*\*," or "Roast Turkey" could be called "Grade F Proc-essed Turkey Fat with Brown Glop (I mean, Gravy)."

In concluding this, our final editorial, we have only one regret—that we sat on our butts for four years and never spoke up until now. All we've done is to whine about how bad things are all this time. To you, the underclassmen, we give the motivation to change some of this stuff and stop complain-ing for once.

Mighty Feeble  
Editor-in Chief

Dork Underdun  
Managing Editor

*Letters to Sarcastik must be equally annoying so that we don't lose the overall tone of the magazine. Include your name, address, and phone number so that we can harass you about your worthless opinion later. University students should include their school and year (why? Because I said so.) Faculty members should include their department, but none of the faculty read this piece of garbage anyway.*

*Sarcastik reserves the right to reject letters that are overly stupid. We'll take anything that's libelous as long as we don't get blamed for it. I mean, look at some of the stuff that we're running in this issue. Jerz! We'll feel free to correct your letters for style, spelling, and correctness of opinion as well.*

Send your letters to:

The Editor  
Sarcastik  
1 Fortune Center  
Notre Dame, IN 46556

# Student group organizes to promote diversity, end conformity, and put pudding in their hair

## Dear Wieb:

Hello, men and women of the Notre Dame community. We are SPUPPYO, an organization devoted to promoting true diversity here at the university. What, you ask, does SPUPPYO stand for? Strange People United for the Purpose of Pissing You Off is our name, and promoting non-conformity is our game. Our name may be a joke, but we're not. Other groups claim that they stand for diversity, yet there seems to be a lot to be desired from their programs for promoting diversity here at Beige Brick Heaven. Here at lovely ND, the students, faculty and alumni are too caught up in tradition to be truly diverse. If they would stop worrying about finding a high paying job and conforming to each other, we might start to see some inklings of cultural diversity here. We see more available in life.

We want to integrate fun and enjoyment into our lives here at Notre Dame. By fun,

we do not mean mindless consumption of alcohol and watching football and basketball throughout the weekend. Football is not culture. We demand more activities on campus for ALL types of people: jocks, punks, men, women, heterosexuals or otherwise. Theodore's would be a perfect gathering venue for such activities. It has recently come to our attention that SUFR is also requesting the permanent acquisition of Theodore's. We think this would be a mistake.

Stop the hatred. Stop the stupidity. Stop the conformity. Put pudding in your hair. Start thinking. Look for us and our GIANT chalk demands on the Notre Dame sidewalks. Direct all inquiries to SPUPPYO, P.O. Box 364, Notre Dame, IN 46556. The address is for real, and so are we. You'll be hearing from us again soon.

Elvis Fudd  
Grand Poobah  
of SPUPPYO

# Die, Leprechaun!

## Dear Wieb:

My mother always taught me that if you can't say something nice about someone, don't say anything at all; however, there has been something just eating away at my gut ever since I went to my first Notre Dame football game as a freshman. The leprechaun. He is such a nimrod I want to barf. He has no talent—can't even clap to the rhythm (not that the band can keep a steady beat to begin with, but I am only writing to bash the nimrod so I'll stick to the point). I hate the leprechaun. He's infantile and immature, not to mention childish. What is his purpose? To annoy the hell out of me I think. I'm sorry, Mom, but this guy's a real jerk. No offense, Mr. Nimrod.

Peace, love, dope,  
I. Rich Eyes

P.S. The other cheerleaders annoy me, too.

Contributors to this rag include but are not limited to (mostly because they don't have the guts): Aleksandr Bessmyrtnich, Dave "Dave" Holsinger, Aristotle, Jeanne "I'd" Naylor, Hester Prynne, Elizabeth "Liz" "Lizzie" Graner, Jim Morrison, Paul "The Spider" Webb, Steve Kilbey, Mike "The Sexecutioner" Wieber, Elvis, Madonna, Derik "The Body" Weldon, Anton Fig, Wolf Blitzer, Dav-O "Terror of the Skies" Chmiel, and Barth Kimball, but NOT, DEFINITELY NOT, Ian Mitchell.

*Note to the Publisher: Tim Rogers was not even in LaFortune Hall while we put together this issue.*

# Yes, I'll Have Secretariat on Rye, Please

## Fragment Me, Baby!

Students United for Respect (SUFR) has fragmented into several smaller groups due to tensions which have arisen between the various ethnic groups which once composed the larger group. While SUFR regrets that this has happened, these groups will nonetheless attempt to continue in the confrontational tradition begun by SUFR.

These new minority groups are:

PAIN (Pissed-off African Americans Inciting Nastiness)

OUCH (Oriental students United to Cause Havoc)

NASTY (Native Americans Screaming Tirades at You)

CHOMP (Campus Homosexuals Out to Madden People)

STACKED (SMiCs Taking Anthropology Classes and Killing to End Domers)

HURT (Hispanics Undermining the Rest of Them).

One can't help but wonder if these "nonviolent" organizations might be able to use a lesson or two in appropriate acronyms. Who cares? We'll just neglect to inform them that they ultimately undermine their own cause when always trying to come off as the victims.

## Remember— It's Denver

Basketball coach Bigger Phlops, not content with simply running a mediocre hoops program, has begun to embrace the arts. In fact, he hopes to get a number of his finger paintings hung at the Spite Museum of Fart beginning next fall. His work is both exciting and thought provoking. His most noted work, "Saturday Afternoon on the Court of La Grande JACC," is just completing its third week on display in the men's bathroom of Couch's Sports Bar in South Blah. Phlops said, "I'm really excited to be hanging above the stand-up urinals— I consider that a compliment."

In a somewhat related story, the Boss twins, those freshman towers of basketball blunder, were injured in a car accident on U.S. 31 last Saturday. John said, "I have no hands, so I steer with my knees. Something went horribly wrong when I was under the pressure of traffic." Go figure.

## Parietals For Ducks

Residents of Barroll Hall, kept awake nights by passionate quacking, have asked university administrators to make all procreating ducks adhere to the medieval parietals policy that humans are forced to accept. Pauly Prudish, Barroll Hall sophomore, said, "It's just not fair that I must walk my girlfriend back to Narley Hall every weekend night, and all around us are ducks in the act."

Administrators are cool to respond to the Barroll students. Bratty O'ScareUs, VP of Waterfowl Affairs, said, "We have no reason to believe that the ducks are not happily married. If they are procreating outside of the bonds of marriage, they will be shot and served with a nice orange glaze at the dining hall."

## Dining Hall Goes Equine

Dining hall officials, in an attempt to end student confusion when ordering meals in the serving lines, have adopted a policy to more accurately name certain dishes. Traditional names are out. Titles which reflect colors, smells, textures and potential for gastrointestinal damage are in.

Here is a delicious sampling:

Meatless Baked Ziti = Red and Yellow Goopy Stuff

Stir Fry = Whatever Might Go Bad by Tomorrow

Mashed Potatoes = Wallpaper Paste

Lenten Surprise = Run For The Border

BBQ Chicken Glazers = Vulcanized Rubber Nuggets in a Tangy Orange Sauce

Philly Cheese Steak = A Thin Layer of Recycled Cardboard Topped by Medical Waste and Motor Oil

Beef and Cheddar = Chunk from Fat Old Racehorse Topped with Greasy Layer of Orange Plastic □

by Barth Kimball

SARCASTIC

# Be What We Want You To Be



Thanks to the Army ROTC Scholarship, Butch Bloodnguts isn't going to college. He's signing away four years of his life. He'll receive free tuition, travel expenses to Kuwait (America's new Korca), and allowances for ammunition. Then he'll serve four tedious years in a mediocre management position. As an Army ROTC student, you can earn a college degree and an officer's commission in the US Army, and graduate with the management and leadership skills necessary to turn these credentials into massive budget overruns, botched rescue attempts, or if you are really lucky, an ass-kicking of a grossly mismatched enemy in the desert of the Middle East.



**Butch Bloodnguts knows that freedom isn't free. He says, "Breathing through a gas mask gives me a certain amount of pride. God bless the USA!"**

For more information about indentured servitude that can pay for college now, write: I Don't Want to Control my Own Destiny, Army ROTC, Department MP, P.O. Box 1812, Bayonne, NC 01941.

Be What We Want You To Be.



# MAD LIB MUSIC REVIEW: NOW ANYONE CAN BE A ROCK CRITIC

Instant headline: [album title], the latest from [band name], is destined to become a classic

## MAD LIB MUSIC REVIEW

Just insert what is asked for in boldface everytime there is a blank and you'll have a music review that sounds exactly like every music review ever run in this magazine. It might help to come up with a rather extensive list of adjectives before you begin. Be sure to include the words *aural*, *seminal*, *mindboggling*, *sonic wall*, *grunge*, *thrash*, *angst* and *godlike*. Remember that most of these words can also be used as other parts of speech as well.



[BAND NAME]  
Album Title

Well, [alternative sounding band name] are at it again. Their latest release, [weird album title] is a melange of [adjective] [musical instrument]

sounds combined with their [adjective] lyrical sensibilities. The production is [adjective] and the songwriting is [adjective] on their [number] release.

After a [number] year hiatus from recording, [band's name] has finally recovered from the loss of [instrument]-ist [band member's name] tragic death from [means of causing death]. Now they're back, and ready to [expletive]. [album] is a tour de force of [adjective] songwriting, [adjective] use of instrumental sounds, and [production].

This album also marks a changeover to [weird proper name] Records out of [hip place]. The combination of [band name] and [another weird proper name] was previously thought to be inseparable, but apparently [adjective] differences have lead to a breakup between the two. Not only is it a change for [band name] to be on [1st weird proper name], it's also strange for [1st weird proper name] to have [type of music] band on their list of mostly [another type of music] artists. Somehow, though, the combination works, and [band

name] can now look forward to better distribution and probably more airplay as well.

The album's first song, [song name] leads into a flood of [adjective] musical exploration, and some great lyrics as well. For example, check out these lyrics from [another song name]: "[any word] [expletive] [noun] [verb] my [noun] like [noun]." Truly amazing. These [adjective] lyrics are helped along by the [adjective] [instrument] playing of [another band member], who does some [adjective] things to his [instrument] which have never been tried in the history of music. For instance, he takes his [instrument] and [bizarre activity (verb - singular)] while his amp is turned up to 11, and then feeds that sound through an astounding string of effects. Meanwhile, the [other instrument] pounds out a [adjective] rhythm which is put through still more effects. The overall effect is absolutely [adjective].

Other songs include the [adjective] "[song title]," which is followed by the [adjective] instrumental "[another song title]." All of them are [adverb]

written and the overall sound of the album is quite [adjective].

The album does have one flaw. Its production, done by the band, is a bit [adjective]. While this may turn on some listeners, it doesn't really fit with their previous tradition of [adjective] production in order to achieve that [adjective] sound.

All in all, though, [album name] is a fine effort that will put [band name] back on the forefront of [type of music]. It's combination of [adjective] effects and [adjective] songwriting, combined with their always [adjective] lyrical sense, makes this an extremely [adjective] effort, even more so when one considers that it was done without [dead band member].

by [your name here]

[witty anti-Censorship polemic and plug for WVFJ]

Remember Frank Zappa's definition of rock journalism: People who can't write, doing interviews with people who can't think, to prepare articles for people who can't read.

□

SARCASTIC



# PEACE STUDIES ON A CATHOLIC CAMPUS?

by Wolf Blitzer

With the intensification of public opinion about war and peace due to the war in the Persian Gulf, cadets here on the campus of Fort Hesburgh have been forced to confront the reality of war and peace on their own campus more than they ever have before. One event in particular has helped to make the issue of war and peace even more pressing: the opening of the new Institute for International Peace Studies building.

The question of the appropriateness of a

building on this campus dedicated exclusively to promoting peace and justice has been a topic of discussion ever since the first hippies in the 1960s built a love shack in the middle of the quad. Now that Peace Studies is a full-blown concentration encompassing tens of students, it is impossible to ignore its presence on our campus. Who can help but notice the large numbers of students walking to Peace Studies classes with their long hair and tie-dyes when walking down the quad? On a campus so dedicated to the promotion

of the military, these weirdos definitely clash with the masses in their ROTC uniforms.

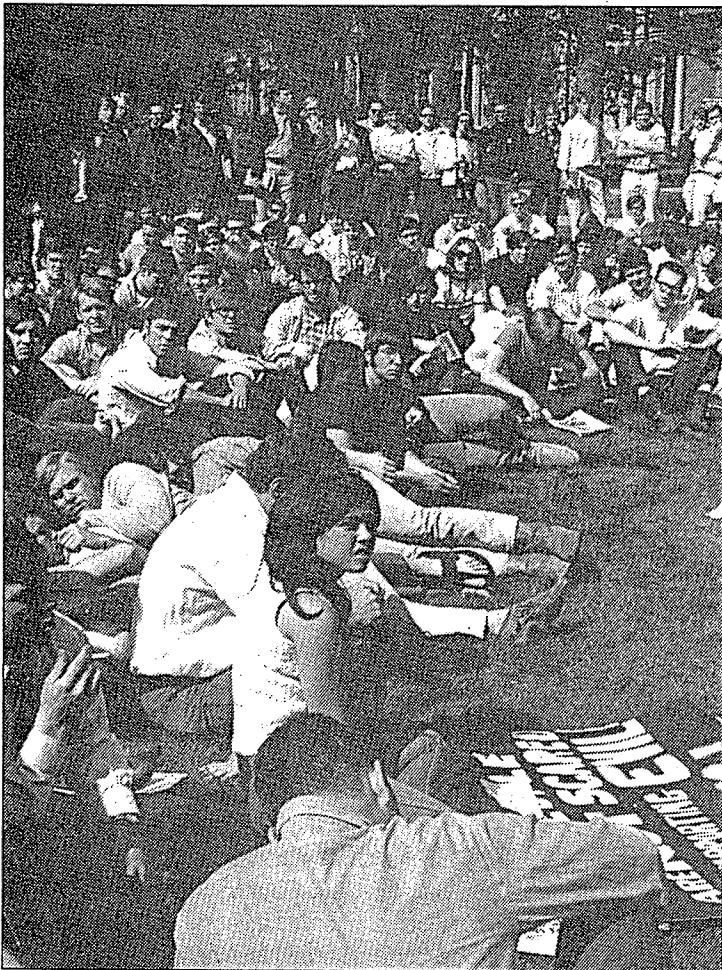
Although the mission of Fort Hesburgh is to instill all students with a grasp of their duty to God, Country, and Fort Hesburgh, there are some students who choose not to enter ROTC and instead pursue their education without the guiding hand of Uncle Sam and the Thought Police. This minority (approximately 10% of all Fort Hesburgh cadets) is expected to think for themselves not only while they are here but for years after graduation as well. While most students will use their Fort Hesburgh training in the military after graduation and then move on to jobs in the defense industry or the government, the devoted few who decide not to go ROTC will be forced to do find fulfillment on their own. Many will go into programs like the Peace Corps or Teach for America before moving on to peace-related activities in the private sector.

The question remains whether a program such as this belongs on the ROTC-based campus of Fort Hesburgh. Many students and faculty believe that the answer is no, and have voiced their concerns in protests to mark the opening of the new IIPS building.

A major concern seems to be the cost of the new building. Cadet Vince Violence, one of



The construction of a new Peace Studies building has angered many Fort Hesburgh cadets, and protests like this one have been common.



The Peace movement at Fort Hesburgh can be traced back to the Sixties, when students would gather on the quad for purposes other than to play football.

Photo Dude

the many students present at the protests marking the opening of the new Peace building, suggested that "the money that they spent on this heathen bastion of free thought could have been better spent buying more practice tanks and a new firing range for the rest of this campus. Why should we spend all of that money so that a few weirdos can get together and learn how to promote peace in the world? We don't need peace, anyway — it's bad for the economy."

Many students also believe that the free-thinking ways of these Peace Studies students may interfere with the Catholic mission of Fort Hesburgh. The following is part of the transcript of a discussion between Professor Brutus B. Blowemaway of the Department of Nuclear Science, General Killem Quickly, director of ROTC at Fort Hesburgh, and our staff reporter from Sarcastic.

**SARCASTIC:** Some of the members of the Bored of Trustyrustics have argued that this new peace building is indeed compatible with the mission of Fort Hesburgh. What is your response to these claims?

**QUICKLY:** Bunk. Absolutely a crock of [expletive deleted]. Those crazy [expletive] kids in that [expletive] Peace program don't belong here. The mission of this campus is number one, to produce an efficient fighting force for the Nineties, and number two, to make every student aware of his obligation to live like that man on top of the library.

**SARCASTIC:** You mean Jesus?

**QUICKLY:** No, you stupid [expletive]! I mean Father Hesgod!

**SARCASTIC:** Do you have anything to add, Professor Blowemaway?

**BLOWEMAWAY:** Yes, I do. I realize that even though this program is an atrocity that will lead to the production of subversives and communists, they do have a right to exist. However, I don't think that ideas like peace and justice belong on a Catholic military campus like Fort Hesburgh. They can think that stuff all they want, but they should do it at a heathen state school.

Obviously, these few students who choose to enter the Institute for International Peace Studies are forced to defend themselves frequently, and it was not hard to get one of

them to speak up to defend their mission. Peacenik Lefty Longhair, a senior Theology/Peace Studies major, believes that the Peace Studies program is entirely compatible with the mission of Fort Hesburgh.

"Somebody has to do the job of trying to create peace in the world," argues Longhair, "and if we have to be trained to stick up for our beliefs we might as well be here at a fascist institution that promotes the opposite beliefs. I know that they'll say we don't fit in with the closed-mindedness and thoughtless persecution so basic to the Catholic faith, but we don't see any conflict." Longhair explains the frequent anti-war protests as an acceptable expression of First Amendment rights, and sees it as his moral duty to protest the war that his comrades at Fort Hesburgh will be fighting. He explained, "Just because the military training that we receive here at Fort Hesburgh tells us that we should always obey authority and never voice our own opinions doesn't mean that we can't still exercise our Constitutional right to say whatever we want. We know that many people believe that peace is unnatural, that it goes against the natural human tendency to want to hurt everyone else, and we also realize that many people believe that peace is bad for the economy. However, we think that our role here is to challenge those viewpoints in the interest of producing diversity of opinion. You ever read *On Liberty* by John Stuart Mill? It's all in there."

Professor G.I. Lovepeace, director of the Institute of International Peace Studies, expresses a similar opinion. He says that the construction of the new Peace building did not in any way detract from scholarships for ROTC students. Their budget, as he explains, comes entirely from donations by generous alumni "who are dedicated to bringing peace and love to the world; and who want to see Fort Hesburgh returned to what it once was — a peaceful wilderness area inhabited by many small mammals." Lovepeace also added that frequent visits by peace activists such as journalist Commune McCrackup, marijuana advocate Crack Hasher and environmentalist Greyold Mulcher to our campus are financed either by private donations, or sometimes "they just show up here and expect us to let them



This cadet tried in vain to stop construction on the new IIPS building.

Fred Bob

peak."

It seems apparent that both sides are very committed to their beliefs, and that the clash of ideologies isn't doing anything to ease relations between the two sides. Persecution of Peace Studies programs at conservative schools across the country due to their anti-war policies has become increasingly prevalent in this age of rampant nationalism, and Fort Hesburgh may be soon fall prey to the same trend. Already, Peace programs have been abolished at places like BYU and Southern Methodist. The only places where the programs have escaped persecution are the strongly liberal campuses of schools like the University of Wisconsin and the University of Massachusetts-Amherst, where programs have been untouched by waves of conservatism. Although Fort Hesburgh has yet to see any serious effects of these persecutions, the possibility does exist.

In fact, there have been many violent outbursts by ROTC cadets against both Peace Studies students and their new building. One student, in fact, went so far as to spray paint the word "hippies" backwards across the roof of the new IIPS building to show his view that Peace Studies was a backward notion. We were unable to reach the cadet for comment since we had no idea of his/her

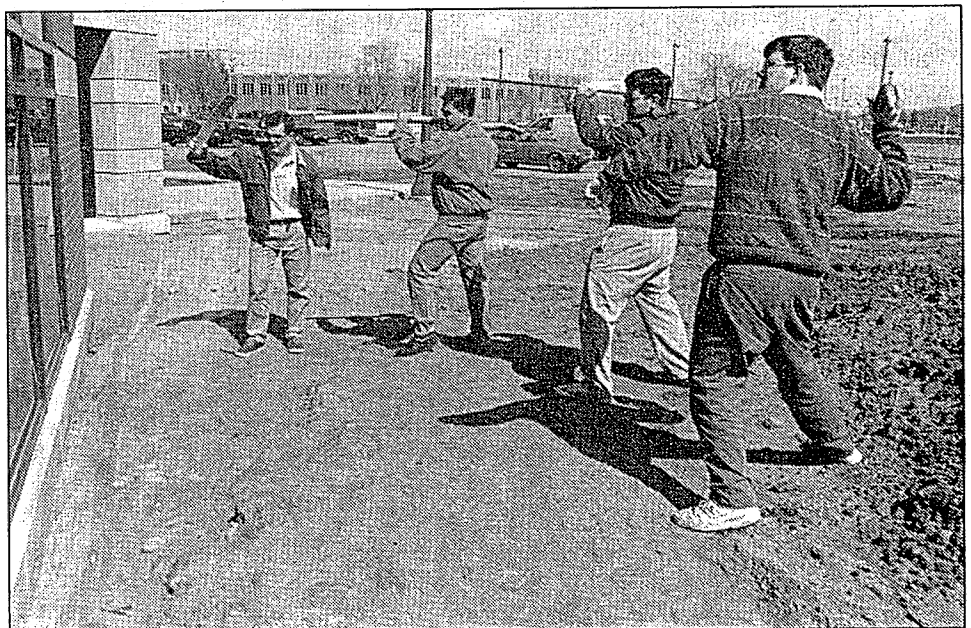
identity or whereabouts, but R. Raperoad, Director of Fascist State Protection (a.k.a. Security) reported that the proper authorities had discovered the identity of the cadet who carried out the action. Rather than being punished, the ambitious cadet will be suggested for promotion for successful completion of a self-planned covert operation. The FBI and CIA have also contacted the student with regard to future employment.

Sources later informed us that the student has been dismissed for the remainder of the present semester and given a 4.0 grade average as a reward for his outstanding valor.

Other cadets have taken less drastic but also less subtle actions in protesting the new building. Building managers have reported that on numerous instances, cadets shouting, "Give 'war a chance" have hurled objects such as bottles, boards, rocks, midgets and small dogs through almost all of building's numerous windows.

Hopefully cadets here will be understanding of the opinions of the Peace Studies students, and Peace Studies can look forward to maintaining its role of creating diversity of opinion for years to come. There are, however, strong feelings on both sides of the issue, and tensions will only run higher with the peaceful resolution of the Persian Gulf War. While no one knows whether the future will bring war or peace, for now, Fort Hesburgh will be faced with a "war" of its own over the Peace Studies program.

*Wolf Blitzer is, quite obviously, an alias for the writer of this story, who doesn't want hate mail from either ROTC cadets or Peace Studies majors.*



Violent attacks on the new Peace building have become increasingly common, and objects ranging from rocks to small animals have been thrown through its windows.

Paul Webb

# The Year of the Oak Tree

*A Time for Us to Remember our  
Wooden Friends*

For all you nature freaks, the coming school year promises to be one of laughs and giggles as the administration of the University of Not A Real Campus proudly presents for your approval (actually they could not give half a crap about your approval), The Year of the Oak Tree.

Students will be called upon to show greater respect for these pillars of nature which stand as tall, proud symbols of our life at school. Festivities encouraging student respect and understanding for the position of the oak tree on a predominantly human campus (although this point has been disputed) will foster respect and understanding for our respectable and understanding friend, the oak tree.

University President Father Dead "Skunk" the Toy expressed his excitement about the upcoming celebration. "We are encouraging all students to take another look around campus and to stop and truly appreciate all that the oak tree has done for us," said the Toy. He points to shade and colorful nicely shaped leaves as two of the vegetation's strong points.

University Provost Dim O'MirrorUs as usual refused to say anything of worth to include in this coverage—not like any of us could understand him with that unnecessarily strong accent anyway.

Blob Pass-on, former student body figurehead, will be returning for a fifth year to act as Director of the Office of Foliage Affairs. He, too, is looking forward to the coming year. Said Pass-on, "Gosh, guys, I'm so excited."

He has already organized a committee of 50 Arts and Letters majors and given them all important sounding titles. Most of these

people are returning from serving on his cabinet and are really just a bunch of his good friends. They are anxiously planning at least three activities for the coming year in upholding the tradition of a deluge of activities reflecting the annual theme. Said one committee member, "I'm really looking forward to getting my own nameplate."

Dave Foreman, controversial leader of



Earth First!, will serve as commencement speaker following in the big footsteps and awesome path left by that lady, whatsername, from that one Catholic magazine. In honor of his coming and at his request, all oak trees on campus will be driven with steel spikes to prevent vandals from cutting them down in the late night hours.

In addition, said the Toy, maintenance

crews will no longer use those silly vacuum cleaners running in reverse to blow all the leaves on campus into one big indistinguishable pile. Rather, crew will be required to pick up each oak leaf individually to remind the workers to recognize each fallen leaf's inherent self worth. The committee debating whether the usual cremation of leaves at the end of the fall is unbecoming of a Catholic university. The university is considering a monument for all the fallen leaves and placing each one in an adjacent landfill one at a time. At the very least, a yellow ribbon will be tied around the oldest oak tree in honor of deceased leaves.

As part of freshmen seminar freshmen will be required to grow an oak sapling from seed in their dorm rooms as part of the vegetation celebration. Also, initial plans are being formed to have an acorn festival this fall.

The Office of University Indoctrination has also released a statement that a wealthy donor has endowed a chair for the study of the history of acorns and oak trees in America. As part of the grant, the lucky professor will be required to research the answer to this question: Which came first the acorn or the oak tree?

Finally, the Dying (oops, Dining) Hall has announced an all acorn dinner. However, SUROOT, Students United for the Respect of Oak Trees, a local branch of the Tree Huggers of America, has warned that they will take whatever action necessary to preserve their branched friends.

Said Pass-on, still excited about next year's festivities, "I can't wait to plant an acorn. It's like an 'instant tree'—just add water."



# Career Displacement Announces New Records for Class of 1991

*Fewer seniors than ever before to be  
placed in positions offering more than  
minimum wage*

## Special to Sarcastic

(Translation: We are going to put our name on this article like we did something more than simply transcribe it from a press release.)

Career Displacement has just announced that it is absolutely impossible to get a decent job with an undergraduate degree in Arts and Letters, Science, or Business other than accounting.

However, the following organizations will be interviewing for these positions open to any B (the classification requiring that the applicant can walk on his hind legs):

Fidelity Casualty seeks resumes for those seeking positions as insurance salesmen. Requirements include lack of any semblance of ethics, a dental job costing over \$3,000, and the ability to say one thing and convince someone to sign away their life savings for a policy with no real coverage whatsoever.

City of South Bend wishes to employ sanitation engineers. Sociology majors preferred as the government wishes to open these jobs to those considered to be generally unemployable. Strong arms and bodily odor required.

Unnamed local accounting firm is interviewing for people to start immediately

in the position of pencil sharpener. Philosophy majors needed to ponder the point.

Another Dame seeks applicants for several positions:

Blue coat at the dining halls. Applicants should feel comfortable standing on their feet for several hours at a time, frisking students for hidden bananas, and not have a problem with doing as little as possible but still getting paid several times as much as students and line workers.

Security officer. Future employees should be aware that in the initial stages of training they will be stripped of all remnants of common sense and balanced judgment. Thus, they will be better prepared to keep students from bringing their cars on campus even for good reasons and to write tickets for such heinous crimes as parking violations.

Vice president of student affairs. People who have had no true contact with the outside world for over a decade are preferred. Little experience with administration and none with students or anyone under age 30 a must. However, applicants must be sure that what they do is perfectly and absolutely correct despite

what anyone else says. Lobotomy a must.

Graduation speaker. Only requirement is that applicant is a woman, keeping with this year's theme and focus. If no one knows who you are and especially if they could not pick your name out from a list of two, please apply.

Student body president. Must be interested in serving students needs and in working toward a more unified student body through greater communication and involvement in student government. Must also be able to relay these facts to the students repeatedly while keeping a straight face and actually convince them that they are first and you are there to serve their needs not your own political agenda.

Jugular/Inhumanitas editor. No requirements to do anything unless you really want to. But, hey, who'll know the difference anyway?

Career Displacement has also decided to change its name to the Office of Post-Graduate Unemployment. As a result, it will offer counseling to those who really have nothing else to do and thus are considering the graduate school route to spending more money while still not earning a marketable degree.

Weird, Very F \*\*\*ed-up Individuals sponsor an:

## ARMED BLOCKADE!

**New Kids on the Block** (or NKOTB for the more hip among you), those prefab, prepubescent arsonists from the streets of Boston, must be prevented from playing their April concert at the Joyless (we NEED a new basketball coach, one who doesn't try to be Van Gogh) Athletic supporter Cleaning Center. In fact, to promote healthy rioting and violence in the true spirit of SUFR and our proud troops in Kuwait, we are offering a \$10,000 reward for the scalp, or foreskin, of any New Kids' member.

**RISE UP YOU LAZY STUDENTS!** Burn your Don Henley discs-- say no to Peace, Love and Understanding. It's Hang Time for the little flammers.

**HATE, HATE, HATE--** that's what we really lust for at Neuter Dump, and these are no chalk lines on the sidewalk. Forget the University of Miami, they were stupid, easy prey in ugly football helmets. Opt for enemies with more hair mousse than (yes, its true) certain egocentric female staff members at Senior Bore.

Meet us at 6 pm in front of the Carnage Memorial Fountain on the night of the concert. A Dead Kennedys sing along will get us psyched for the human chain we plan to wrap around the Joyless Center.

THEY WILL BE HANGIN'TOUGH-- IN HELL!



# TRUCKER'S SPECIAL, Eggs over lightly

## *A Review of South Bend's Most Infamous Dining Experience*

Okay. Last call. One more pitcher. Then what? Your stomach says it's hungry. You tell it there's no place open at this ungodly hour. Your stomach says its empty. You tell it you don't have very much money. (You've obviously been indulging your liver's desires to be carrying on a conversation with your stomach, but I digress.) There's only one thing to do, one place to go...Fat Shirley's.

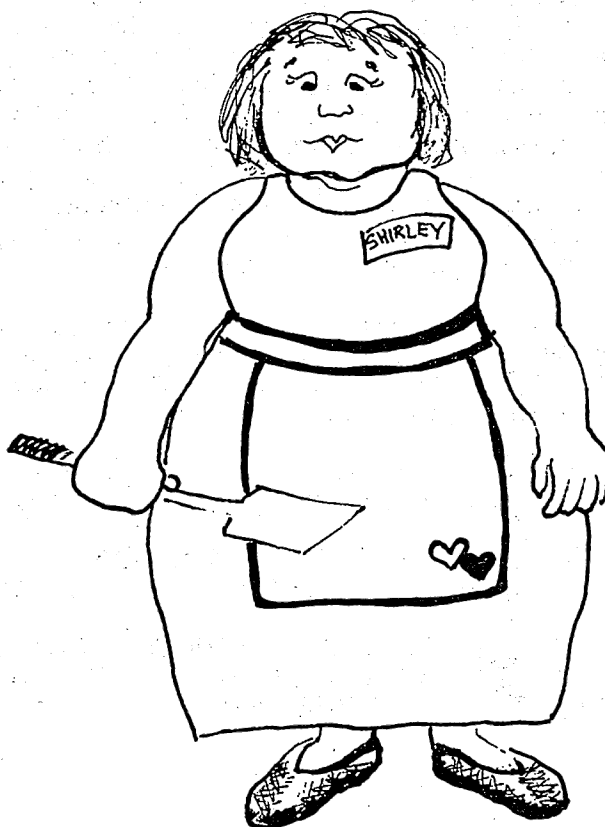
Nestled on the corner of Mishawaka Avenue and Twyckeham (spelled properly here), Fat Shirley's is a rose among thorns, an oasis in the desert, a diamond in the rough, a haven for nocturnal, over-indulgent, spirited collegians (it's a great place to go if you're drunk). The neon sign shimmering above the weathered edifice beckons to all weary travellers, "24 HR COFFEE SHOP 24 HR" (It's not called Fat Shirley's. She's just the cook).

Once inside, one is welcomed by the open arms of Joyce and Fat Shirl herself. These two demure and sweet ladies will charm the pants off you. You can rest your laurels at the seasoned counter or one of two oft-frequented booths. The menu is enticing yet simple, gourmet yet inexpensive, grease laden yet tasty, unhealthy but worth it. I highly recommend that you pamper your palate with the Trucker's Special: Two farm fresh eggs made to order, your choice of lean succulent ham, bacon, or sausage, home

fries to melt the taste buds and two slices of crispy golden toast, all for the bargain price of \$2.50. I've heard tell of incomparable hamburgers and chili, although I have never gotten past the ecstasy one experiences with the now legendary Trucker's Special.

Fat Shirley's is conveniently open 24 hours, but in order to appreciate the full flavor of the experience I recommend you go after 2:00 a.m. with a good buzz and good friends.

*by H. Ardent Arteries and I.P. Freeley*





# ATTENTION

(and listen good):

**TRAMP** (Totally Repressed Angry Minnesota People) is a group that seeks to educate the university. We feel qualified to do so because we have suffered for years at Neuter Lame. Not being from Illinois, Ohio or Pennsylvania, we, the members of **TRAMP**, are a minority group on campus worthy of hand-outs based solely on the past abuses we dream up in our creative little minds. Now, our chance is here. By mandating understanding and compassion, we can gain the respect that has been lacking towards Minnesotans for years.

Our list of demands is as follows:

1. **We need a building, preferably an ice fishing house, made available as a meeting place and lounge.** Students and faculty would be more than welcome to visit our exclusive group here, as long as they don't mind the smell of decaying fish.
2. **A mandatory class in Minnesotacity should be taught, using such diverse texts as How to Talk Minnesotan and anything by Garrison Keillor.** Such a class would teach compassion to students who have labeled us as Canadians because of our funny accents.
3. **We claim squatter's rights on the JACC hockey rink once a week.** We should only have to pay a nominal fee for this because none of us understands basketball.
4. **More faculty of Minnesota descent should be hired.** Teachers from anywhere else just don't understand us. BUT, if any faculty member (whether taken grossly out of context or not) somehow knocks us off our pedestal during a lecture and makes us feel average (not like plunderers and exploiters), that faculty member should be fired and branded with two scarlet letters: "PI" ....for Politically Incorrect.
5. **If anyone picks on a Minnesotan or taunts him/her in any way, they should be disciplined strongly.** Hanging them upside-down in public by their toenails seems an appropriate punishment for a first offense.

If our demands are not met, *appropriate action by any means necessary* will be taken, like storming the Administration Building, wielding hockey sticks and singing the "Minnesota Rouser" at the top of our lungs. We shroud ourselves in mystery and use such vague language because it makes us seem more militant and dangerous.

Forget chalk lines on the sidewalks! If we aren't successful in our efforts to bore into your brains and paralyze your every rational thought, we will take hostages.

**WELCOME TO NEUTER LAME! WE MAY TREAT ADMINISTRATORS LIKE PIGS... BUT THEIR BENEVOLENCE IS STILL EXPECTED!**

**WE DEMAND RESPECT, AND HAVE NO PROBLEM THREATENING PEOPLE TO GET IT! SOUNDS CONTRADICTIONARY? SHUT UP! YOU ARE NOT US AND WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND US!**

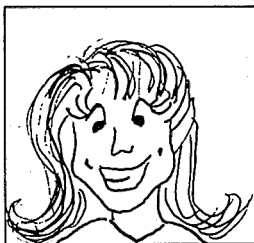
# The Obfuscator

The independent daily serving Needing Dames and Aint Cherries

## THE INSIPID COLUMN

Moan N.  
Rant

Whining  
Editor



There are a lot of things about this campus that I don't like. One of the things that I do like is my job, because I get to write these neat inside columns and make people think that I really know about what's going on. I'm just as clueless as anyone else, but because I have this job here at The Obfuscator, I can put my opinions in the paper.

I don't want to waste a lot of space talking about how cool it is to work here at The Obfuscator, so I'll go right ahead and launch into my tirade:

**THINGS I DON'T LIKE, AND HOW I'D CHANGE THEM IF I RAN THE WORLD** by Moan N. Rant

I don't like stamps. They cost too much and they never have cool pictures on them. Also, when you lick the backs of them you get goop all over your tongue and my boyfriend doesn't like it when I have goop on my tongue. If I were in charge of stamps, they would all have cool picture on them and the backs would taste like strawberries or something that tastes good.

I also don't like gender-inclusive language. Maybe I'm wrong, but if I'm a woman and I don't like gender-inclusive language, then nobody else should like gender inclusive language either. That, and I got a C on a paper from this feminist witch professor because I forgot to use gender-inclusive language and she took off for it. Man, did I let her have it. Now she gives me all A's because she's afraid that I might come up and rant at her again. Back to the topic, though: I don't need anyone's help to be more womanly. I am woman — hear me rant. I don't think that gender-inclusive language helps women at all. It's just patronizing. I realize that it's just to try to be nice to women for a change, but I don't like

being nice to anyone. I think being nice to people is a bad idea. I mean, we started being nice to the minorities and look what happened: they rant and scream almost as much as me, and they write nasty things in chalk on the sidewalks. If we had never been nice to them in the first place, then we wouldn't have to worry about them thinking that they have rights.

Oh, gee, I'm running out of space for my complaining. I better hurry. I also don't like Christmas shopping, because I don't like to spend money on people and they never like my presents anyway. I don't like WVFI because I called up there once and the DJ was mean to me. My other friends here at The Obfuscator also say that they also don't have enough sports shows. I don't like politically correct thought because the people who want politically correct thought don't like me very much because I like to complain about them, too. Come to think of it, I don't like much of anything. I do like getting to write these neat Insipid Columns, though. Maybe when I'm the Big Cheese here I'll just make the whole paper one big Insipid Column so that everyone will have to read my opinion. They won't be able to ignore me if I write the whole thing... *The opinions expressed in this column are probably also the opinions of The Obfusca-*

## Big headline off A.P. Wire

NEUTER DIME (AP) -- Obfuscator copy editors managed to botch yet another story copied straight off the AP wire today. This marks the 800th consecutive day that Obfuscator copy editors have managed to create typesetting or copy editing errors that make their 'news' stories absolutely worthless.

**STUPIDITY** by Stray Hosehead



(we only wish it were this way)

## SPORTS

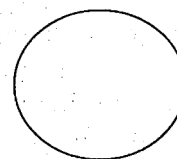
(is our lifeblood)



**Sports Babble**  
by  
Lump Domer  
(one of 600  
Associate  
Sports Edi-  
tors)

You know, I don't like all of this flak that we've been getting about our Sports coverage here at The Obfuscator. People like to yell at us because we don't ever bag on Bigger Flops. So what. I don't rip on Loose Fartz, either, and nobody seems to get very upset about that. Now I have to deal with those weirdos at WEIRD-AM 640, who think that people actually listen to their station (if they can get it). So I said that there should be more sports coverage on their little radio station. So what. I think that there should be more sports coverage on everything. I mean, geez, what else do people here care about? OK, people care about beer, too, but we can't write about that in a paper that's funded by the Administration. Yeah, if I had my way, half of the Obfuscator would be Sports and the other half would be about beer. Never mind the opinion pages. That geek Moan N. Rant can go start her own paper if she wants to whine about stuff. Nobody'll read it, because they all want to read about sports, so haha. You know, maybe I should talk to my editor about getting a raise since I'm the only thing that people ever read...

## BIG ELECTION

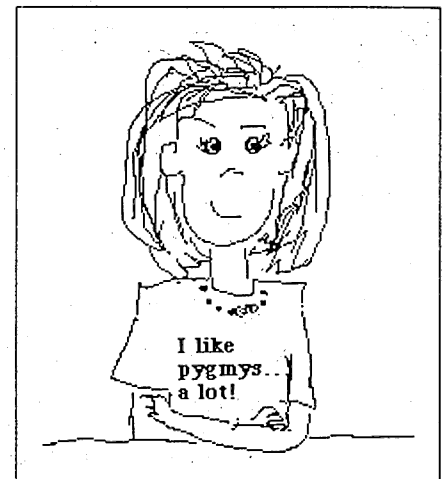


percentage of students who actually  
care about the outcome

# I Enjoy Being A Girl

Or, Why Quaint Hairy's College Kicks The University of Anal Flame's Ass

By Brookie Siddiot



I, like any other woman, I mean, girl, in this hallowed community, came to Quaint Hairy's for one reason and one reason alone...to marry an white Irish Catholic Republican Anal Flame man from the western suburbs of Chicago named preferably Brian or Mike who's a Business major who plays basketball at the New Kids on the Blockney Memorial and orders BRT's at Macri's. With this man, I plan to neglect my father's wishes for me to discover what bipedal Pleistocene hominids in Kenya did after they found out that you couldn't start fire by rubbing together a videotape of No Holds Barred and feminine hygiene products, and accomplish the more dutiful task of reproducing many white Irish Catholic offspring named Erin, Kelly, Mike, and Brian in the western suburbs in Chicago with my Businessman husband named Brian or Mike who will drive a Honda Accord with the liscence plate DOMER 666 and will still order BRT's at Macri's when we come back for the only reason he came to Anal Flame and I to Quaint Hairy's: FOOTBALL.

In my younger, less enlightened days, I toyed with ideas like {GASP} feminism. After I found out that my selfish ways were DEAD WRONG, I went through a long process of breaking it to my parents that I was heeding my true call as a woman... REPRODUCTION and SERVICE TO MY MAN. If there's one thing I have learned in my eye-opening experiences here in South Bland, it's the virtue of subservience. I'm not saying that I didn't come to school in order to train myself so that my starting

income can exceed the gross national product of Tibet, but since these hulking slabs of manhood who constitute the genre of the Anal Flame man will obviously be making more money than us girls anyway, why the hell not?

My parents were, of course, being like any other damn liberals, extremely unaccepting of the idea. Will parents ever learn? My God!!! Anyway, getting back to my initial point, I chose Quaint Hairy's over Anal Flame for a reason, and that reason is... uh, what was it... oh yeah, that reason is the fact that I feel that the atmosphere at the College is more conducive to nurturing a more nurturing student body. Any school that tells its students that is proper to call dorms residence halls, does not allow its students to wear apparel sporting the S, the M, and the C to subversive functions like U2 concerts or Cinema at the Snot, and has an alcohol policy which encourages the girls of Quaint Hairy's to drink large quantities of alcohol off campus either at Gidget's and Snub 23, risking scratching the new Cabriolet that their Daddys bought for them, or at Flatulence or Dildo Halls, where they face deflowering (that is, insinuating that residents of these dorms are anatomically capable of doing so) by Doomers or chastisement by hall rectums for carrying open Mr. Brews in the hallways, TAKES SUCH GREAT CARE OF ITS STUDENTS, that the students are undeniably capable of becoming Subservient Male Companions.

Another reason for my choosing Quaint Hairy's College is the fact that the student

body is happy to accomodate for personal opinion and diversity in character. We have the girls who part their hair on the right and the girls who part their hair on the left. We have pro-life conservatives and pro-choice...conservatives. I will admit that our cumulative background of the two-car garage and the Johnny Appleseed's catalogues may account for a bit of the straight-lacedness of our school, but it is a given that we don't have the element of the crystal-sportin', Guatemalan Rug-Donnin' Birkenstock-wearin', peace-lovin', pot-smokin', Kierkegaard-readin', tree-huggin', upstartin' "Individuals" taking up space on the quads on prime alum/tourist weekends. My colleagues and I in the War Support Group were indeed responsible for last month's bombing of the CSC and had the "Support Our Troops"/U.S.O. S.Y.R. So, In closing, I'm tying it all up with a yellow ribbon and saying SMiCk-love it or leave it, but make sure you leave it with a ring...

*Dizzy Complainer, the actual author of this piece, supports censorship and the importance of sports coverage in this collegiate community. If you wish to pick a bone with her, give her a call at 1-800-LOVE-GAL. If not, I commend you on your ability to take a joke. Peace, Love, and Large Quantities of Canadian Beer to you and your kin.*

# BAD HABITS AT ND

by Norma Cat

## UP AND COMING LUNCH THEMES

(WE KNOW EVERYBODY WILL HATE)

### THE TEMPLE OF DOOM



LUNCHMEAT  
(COMPLETE WITH MONKEY BRAINS  
AND EYEBALL SOUP)



from the hit movie  
**BETTER OFF DEAD**  
(HEY, YOU'LL LIKE IT...  
IT'S GOT RAISINS  
IN IT JUST LIKE  
THE NOODLE KUGEL)



*Greasy  
Spoon  
Day*

(SAME FOOD AS USUAL  
...IT'S JUST AN EXCUSE!)

### MODERN ART LUNCH

(EVERY PLATE WILL LOOK LIKE A WORK OF MODERN ART  
...YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HECK IT IS)



BEING SERVED AT A DINING HALL NEAR YOU...

©1991  
NORMA CAT

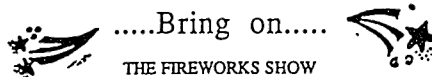


# IT'S COMING

The Best College Spring Festival

Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

						20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28						



.....Bring on.....

THE FIREWORKS SHOW  
THE CHARITY CARNIVAL

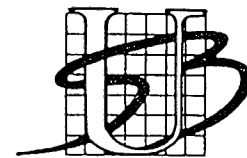
THE QUEST FOR THE CROWN  
THE BLIZZARD OF BUCKS

THE AIR VOLLEYBALL TOURNEY  
THE MUD PITS / THE JELLO PITS

## THE GUESS WHO

non-profit organization  
U.S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
Notre Dame, IN  
Permit No. 10

**SAD**  
STUDENT ACTIVITIES BOARD  
**SMB**  
SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE



STUDENT UNION BOARD