



Members riot for last slice

HPC: Mine!

NOTRE DAME'S HUMOR MAGAZINE

# SARCASTIC

APRIL 1992

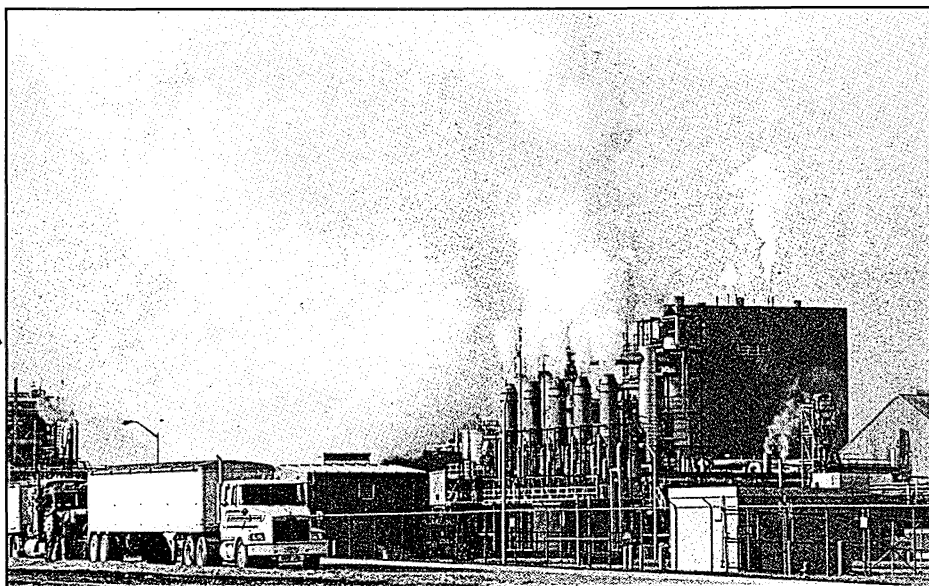
*Think of Notre Dame ....*

*What comes to your mind?*

*Pride.*

*Tradition.*

*Excellence.*



*Ethanol.*

*Ethanol.*

*Ethanol.*

## *Eau du Lac.*

*You're a Domer ... smell like one.*



(From the people who brought you Calvin Klein's "Repression.")

## CONTENTS

# SARCASTIC

NOTRE DAME'S HUMOR MAGAZINE

APRIL 1992

### ENTERTAINMENT

- 4 Steve Miller - Marked for Death
- 20 WVFI Starts Playing Good Music

### NEWS

- 5 Course Evaluations
- 6 Fraternity Row Under the Dome
- 11 Man of the Year
- 13 O'Hara Commission Tapes
- 22 Pangborn Goes Coed (Yeah, right!)

### CAMPUS DREAMS

- 8 A Day in the Life
- 24 All About ND fashions

### SPORTS

- 17 Notre Dame's Championship  
Keg Softball Team
- 19 Irish Bar Golfers go to NCAAs

### DEPARTMENTS

- 2 Editor's Rant
- 3 Letters to the Editor
- 12 On Our Campus
- 14 ND is Hell

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

**Contributors:** Mike Owen, Patti Doyle, Margaret Kenny, Jake Frost, Nick Spangler, Pete McGillicuddy, Colin Clary, George Long, Chris Blanford, Matt Taylor, Jeff Jotz, Ian Mitchell. Special thanks to *The Dome* for computer assistance.

# SARCASTIC

NOTRE DAME'S HUMOR MAGAZINE

APRIL 1992

Vol. 133, No. 22  
April 2, 1992

*Hoochie Coochie La La La  
Hoochie Coochie*

Founded 1867  
(Have we mentioned  
this is our 125th year?)

## EDITOR IN CHIEF

Anal N. Rectal

## MANAGING EDITOR

Hairy Ocruda

## EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Bratty Spoiled

## NEWS EDITOR

Target CanHe?

## SPORTS EDITOR

John Mauls Tots

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## EDITOR'S RANT

### Pearls Before Swine

In this issue the decimated, hardworking, underpaid, loyal, courteous, kind, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent staff of *Sarcastic* have again slaved away to produce a compilation of hard hittin' facts — America's finest collegiate publication. Have I mentioned that this is our 125th year yet? Well it is, and that's old, let me tell you.

### How Old?

We're older than you! We're older than your parents! We're older than your grandfather! We're older than anyone you know! If *Sarcastic* were a dog, we'd be 875 years old! (That's no puppy!) And this is our 125th anniversary — when *The Absurder* turns 50 years old, we'll still be one hundred years older than they are! Nyah, nyah, nyah! 125 years! Man, we're old!

### In This Issue

In this issue of *Sarcastic* we interview the head of Notre Dame Food Services, who gives a candid explanation for the recent absence of Noodles Kügel from the dining hall: "Some boys from the FDA came in and wanted to take the stuff to the lab. Something about it being toxic." Plus, we talk to the registrar, the man who runs the new trouble-free DART system, who asks us to "Please make a request."

Also, we visit with the fine folks over at Career and Placement who beg us: "Go to grad school. There are no jobs. Please don't tell the juniors."

Lastly, we speak with an architectural critic, who examines the new DeBartolo "McMob quad" classroom building. "Fantastic! Yes ... I see it! Five giant half-pint milk cartons, a sheet cake and a stick of butter! Genius!"

### Be One of The Few

It's not that we need staff members or anything; I don't want you to think that, not even for a second. Stop thinking that! But if we were, hypothetically, interested in hiring people, we might just lower our standards low enough to accept your application. Not that we desperately need help, mind you; it's not like that! It's just that ... well, we want to involve you, the reader, in an ongoing dialog (not dialogue) on matters of interest to the campus community. Yeah, that's it. Pleeese work for us! We'll be your best friends!

*Anal N. Rectal  
His Editorship*

**Correction:** In the last issue of *Sarcastic*, due to a typographical error, a quote was erroneously attributed to university President Father Bed "Bunk" Bigboy. What Bigboy actually said was "We're forming a task force to study that." Contrary to what was reported, Bigboy did not say "Bow down and worship me, or I will destroy you yea verily, for I am the master of all space, time and being." Nor did he begin gnawing on human flesh. *Sarcastic* is very, very sorry. We don't know what we were thinking.

*Sarcastic* is published one year, usually on or about April 1 (unless something happens to make us late, like, say, if the entire computer system crashes or something; not that that would happen or anything), at the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, IN 46556 and printed at The Papers, Inc., Milford, IN 46542. The subscription rate, not that you're interested, is \$25.00/year and back issues, if they happen to be lying around the office, are \$1.25/copy. The opinions expressed in *Sarcastic* are usually those of raving lunatics and do not necessarily resemble those of the sane, or even the entire editorial board of *Sarcastic* and not, definitely not, the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty, or students. Editorials signed *Sarcastic* represent divine revelation, to be obeyed unquestioningly. Manuscripts are welcome, especially when accompanied by cash. All unsolicited materials are mocked and ridiculed before being thrown away.

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# JUNK MAIL

**Dear Editor:**

Back, you scandal-mongering carrion birds! Keep your self righteous monopolistic publication away from me! Or let me write a column! I am not a crook!

Abrasively Public,  
Mitch Melvin  
HPC Member

**Dear Editor:**

On behalf of S.U.B., I would like to thank everyone who attended last night's concert at the JACC. Both of you.

I Love Mimes!  
Losin' Money  
HPC Chief

**Dear Editor:**

My roommate and I went to the concert last night at the JACC. We would like our money back.

Joe Domer  
Typical Guy

**Dear Editor:**

You ran a rude, offensive cartoon last week that was an insult to the reading public and a violation of the standards of decency. Do it again.

We Luvs the Funnies,  
Your readership

**Dear Editor:**

Let's all make the Notre Dame family the loving, supportive community we know it can be! How about a big group hug?

We luv ND,  
Student Government

**Dear Editor:**

I think Notre Dame and Saint Mary's have a wonderful, supportive and understanding relationship. Please don't let it change.

We love the Dome,  
Domer Gal

**Dear Editor:**

Anyone have the number for Dominos?  
Hunggrily,  
HPC

**Dear Editor:**

Hello, hello! Do you remember me? Do you miss me? Does anyone care or ever listen to anything I say? I don't have any trouble to cause now that I'm at home and there is no one worth picking on here. Won't anyone listen to me?

I AM  
Small Tamales  
No Longer at ND

*Letters to Sarcastic must be engraved upon the finest-quality cotton rag paper and include all relevant biographical information about the writer, up to and including: your name, address, favorite color, shoe size and a note from your mother. Then, and only then, will we even think about publishing your humble missive; after all, we're busy people.*

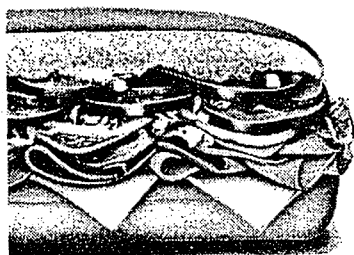
*No! We're just kidding! Actually we'd love to hear from you. We get so little mail we even enjoy opening those overdue notices from the library. Send us a postcard, call us, shout an insult at us from across the quad, whatever! We just want an occasional acknowledgement that somebody is actually reading this stuff!*

*Address all correspondence to:*

*The Editor  
Sarcastic  
LaFortune Center  
Notre Dame, IN 46556*

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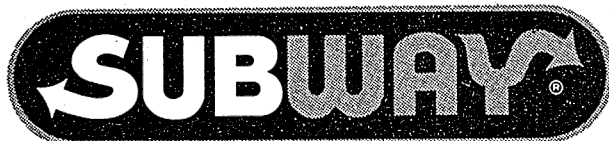


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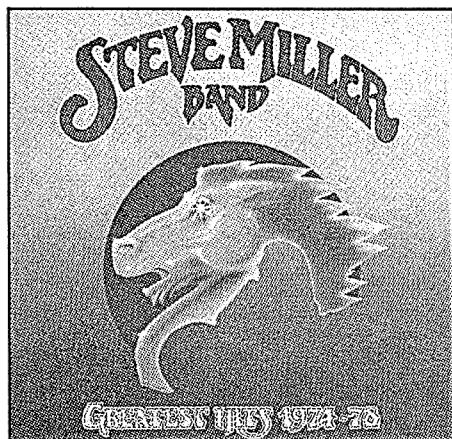


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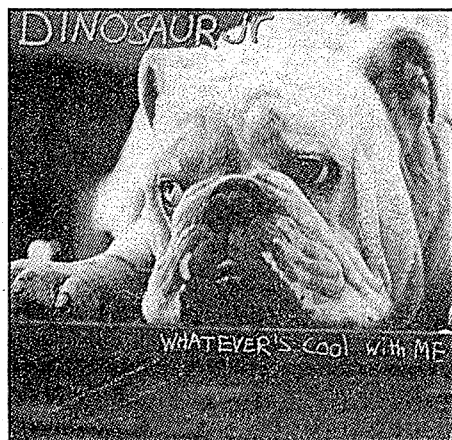
**Over 30 Locations In  
The Michiana Area!**

## STEVE MILLER - MARKED FOR DEATH



By Scrumpy Jack

I hear you've been having trouble with pigs and ponies and music and I thought I could help you with the last third of that list. Why is it that students here at Notre Mom are completely out of touch with college music? Well, first of all, this here ain't quite a college or a university. What we have here is the biggest high school in the whole country. Everyone's favorite bands and songs are their favorite bands and songs from high school. Gimme a break. If you look in the back pages of *Rolling Stone* for the charts and then look at the top ten college albums and then look at the record collection of your roommate I bet you'll



not find one of them. Unless of course he/she/it owns U2's *Achtung Baby* which is probably unplayed and /or not as good as *The Joshua Tree* or "Sunday Bloody Sunday." Man, you guys have got to get out more.

*She's got a way of talkin'  
I don't know why it is*

*But she sounds like every other Domer.* She's got a way of drinkin'—I don't know why it is, but every night she gets Soooo wasted. Geez, shave that back hair, wax that moustache, buy a new album. Every Domer guy's a joker, a toker, and a midnite stroker, but that's not my problem. Do any of you know who J Mascis is? The "music critic" for *The Obliterator* is also a sports writer—go figure—and the only time he reviewed a college album he was looking for remixes of a song by a New Kid dropout. I've never been so ashamed in all my life. Quick quiz—when's the last time you listened to anything new other than "I'm Too Sexy?" Never. Go take your "Brown-Eyed Girls" and your "Only The Good Die Young's" and go back home to visit your old high school teachers.

Or will you be here for Easter to see Steve Miller on his Lost Causes tour? I'd rather see Mr. Bungle play "Squeeze Me Macaroni" 10,000 times than have my money stolen by the Cult and Lenny Kravitz ever again. You got it—it's a vicious circle. Wouldn't you believe it—it's just my luck—you're in high school again. No recess. Today I am a pud, but my hair's getting good in the back and I'd probably rather be John Belushi than Billy Joel. Please don't play us a song, O Piano Man, and it'd probably be better if Catholic girls didn't start at all. Only the good die young and Billy Joel and Steve Miller are both still alive. Heard any good cover bands lately? Of course you have—this school's band scene reflects the tastes of you huddled masses yearning to get drunk. It's a sad day



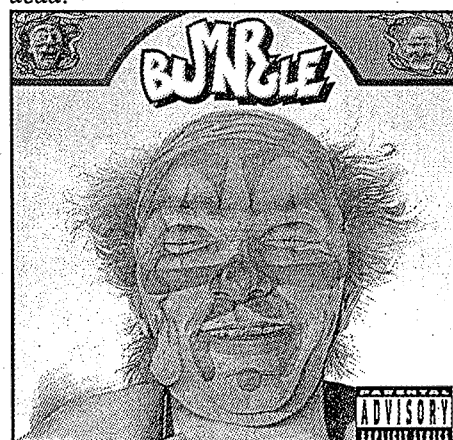
when the most radical new albums you own are *Nevermind* by Nirvana of which you've only heard the first track and *Metallica* which sucks as a watered-down version of a good band gone soft for losers like you. University. Of Notre Dame please.

It's educational.

It's all a joke really. I don't see what this has to do with anything. You can't play with your guardian angel hanging over you all the time. But enough of my yakkin'—It's only April Fool's— isn't it?

We came to pottie.

*Scrumpy Jack is a freelance columnist who would like to shake hands with Fabulous and have a great sandwich every now and then. Two nostrils. Kids, your Santa's dead.*



SARCASTIC

# COURSE EVALUATIONS

## HIST 449 — Imagining Nature: 1492-1992 — Crunch, Barry

**Presentation:** This course answers the probing question on all Notre Dame students' minds: Is nature imagined and constructed, or discovered? It is especially concerned with the effect of European technologies upon our leafy-green friends as well as what our buddies from across the Atlantic imagined our foliage to be like over here in the great New World.

**Reading:** Course packet consisting of some dumb articles that nobody really reads (so don't waste your money). Some other books about people who had a profound effect on nature like Mr. Greenjeans, Jack (of *Jack and the Beanstalk* fame) and the Jolly Green Giant.

**Organization:** The course struck me as quite disorganized. It was supposed to be centered around a 45-minute lecture and a 30-minute class discussion, but if we were supposed to be observing nature and it rained or snowed (you never can predict South Pole, I mean, South Bend weather!) the whole syllabus got messed up! Plus, one day, Mr. Crunch cancelled a class that had been scheduled for a test because the clouds were "so cool."

**Comment:** Through this course I gained a greater appreciation of nature. The grading wasn't too hard; after all, how can you be penalized for the way you imagine nature? Being Joe Domer, though, I felt out of place taking a class with all of the granolas rather than all of the other stuffy Accounting majors like usual. *Cross-listed with GEOS 101 — the science for non-scientists.*

## PLS 672 — Deep Thoughts — Smalley, Stuart

**Presentation:** This course is designed for Program of Liberal Studies majors **ONLY** and PLS majors are the only students allowed into the course because they are the only students at the university that are deep enough to handle the philosophical nature of the course. All the other idiots would be lost before they even finished looking at the syllabus. In Deep Thoughts, the students are encouraged to share their thoughts, since none of their Non-PLS friends can ever comprehend their carefully contemplated tidbits of knowledge. It is this course that allows PLS majors to vent their frustrations about the commoners at the university, and it is expected to become the Core Course of the truly intelligent!

**Reading:** Every book ever published by a dead white male.

**Organization:** This course has no set organization because the thoughts of the students are the backbone of the story. We may discuss one topic for five minutes and another for five hours. There is also no restriction on class time; class continues until we have nothing earth-shattering left to share with one another.

**Comments:** This course is my favorite ever! It is so refreshing to just be able to sit and converse with other students who share the same intellectual capacity as I. There are no insipid and lazy American Studies majors to lower the intellectual value of our deep thoughts.

## MATH 001 — Advanced Addition and Subtraction — Rogers, Fred

**Presentation:** Because the class was fairly large (the football

team, the basketball team, the softball and golf teams), it was hard for Mr. Rogers to get to know us all personally; he just referred to the class as a whole as his "neighbors." Whenever the classwork started to seem too demanding and heavy, he held special seminars on changing your sweater and your shoes. There were frequent field trips to the Land of Make-Believe.

**Reading:** There was no reading — this is a math class! There was no text; the teacher passed out handouts and pencils. All of the course work was completed in class.

**Organization:** There was an open-ended schedule. The class decided what it wanted to study at the beginning of each class depending on the students' mood.

**Comments:** Not a very demanding class, although attendance is required. But Mr. Rogers gives out lollipops as a reward for a right answer!

## ENGL 313 — All Kinds of Literary Traditions — Shakespeare, Joe

**Presentation:** This course serves as a comprehensive study of every genre of literature ever written. Rather than spending three semesters in British Literary Traditions I, British Lit II and American Literary Traditions, learn the content of three courses in one! During class, the professor usually lectures while the students dutifully take notes or sleep. Because of his famous last name, the prof expects his words to be considered literary genius; just keep in mind that he really isn't related to Bill.

**Reading:** Every major work ever written since the beginning of time, save the Bible. Expect to spend at least \$300 on anthologies, complete works and course packets. Get an extra job before registering.

**Organization:** Straight lecture; there is too much material for any kind of interaction between professor and students. Bring a pillow.

**Comment:** Cliff Notes in lecture form. All and all, a poor idea for a course, yet it is better to get all three courses over with as one rather than wasting three separate semesters. If you like to gloss over literature, this course is for you.

## ARHI 169 — Understanding Museums — Warhol, Andy

**Presentation:** Back on sabbatical from the recently dead, Warhol instructs students on the merits of museum-going. Learn about floor plans, guidebooks and art appreciation. See what happens when a bone is stolen from a dinosaur skeleton at the Museum of Natural History; learn about shock treatments first-hand at the Museum of Science; compare the aesthetic quality of Van Gogh's pictures before and after he cut off his ear.

**Reading:** The only reading necessary is that of the various guidebooks from different museums.

**Organization:** One lecture per week coupled with one museum trip each week.

**Comment:** This course was great, especially because of the prof. I strongly recommend that everyone rush to take this before the prof returns to his heavenly home above the clouds. □

# Fraternity Row Under The Dome ??? No !!!

*Alumni and Dillon agree to end feuding and join Lambda Lambda Lambda*

By Artie Fufkin and Percy Shelley

In an effort to match the outbreak of world peace around them, Alumni and Dillon Halls have decided to drop their long feud over who acts more like a fraternity and have accepted an offer to become the latest chapter of Lambda Lambda Lambda. Despite the previous de facto banning of social organizations, the university administration viewed the situation in a new light. "It's not a huge step," one administrator commented.

"You see, the elements of being a fraternity are already there," said Alumni Hall president Tad J. Crew. "We're relatively obnoxious, which helps, we drink a lot, and we imagine we get laid more than Persian rugs in Baghdad. Oh, and we dress cool, too. That's key."

"Besides," said Spiffy Tules, Dillon Hall President "living in a dorm is about as cool as being an underclassman, eating at North Dining Hall, or shopping at J.C. Penny. I'm glad Alumni came to their senses."

When asked if they will nominate a sister sorority, both presidents screamed, "Walsh, of course! Duh!!"

Mary Margaret Plaidkilt, Walsh Hall president, shivered with excitement. "Oh. My. God. I can't believe it. We'll be Lambdas. Husband heaven! And I was getting so sick of all that Morrissey/Lyons stuff! Ookies! Do you think my bangs are too long? In a week, they'll be too long. Want a Ho-Ho?"

Despite the fact that Walsh is technically an illegitimate sister in the prestigious South Quad family, several indoctrination brainwashing weekends are currently being planned for the spring.

For example, the J.Crew catalogue and out-of-season clothes exchange will be held on the lawn/playground in between the former dorms. "This is another 'sweet' facet to our union," said Mr. Tules. "Say it's chilly, as South Bend often is in May, and you need the chartreuse pullover, it's just a call a way. Or if you simply have to have the patchwork colors shirt for a night at Bridget's, spring of 89's catalogue could be lying on Steve's desk, and you wouldn't even know it. Helping people, that's what



Some future Lambdas enjoy cruising the 'Bend

this is all about." Other events planned for the union include roadtrips to Michigan, Indiana, and Valparaiso to perfect that fraternity/sorority way of life. Also, the Lambdas will be provided with their very own section at all home football games. "What I'm really excited about is the Chicago-Lambda Alum program we'll be starting," said Tad. "When we graduate, we'll help find housing for all Lambs in the Winnetka/Northbrook area, and try to land everyone a job at Arthur Andersen. That way, we won't even have to think about the real world and we can still go to mass together. The Lambda lifestyle will live ad infinitum!"

Ms. Plaidkilt summed up the day's emotions well. "Finally we get to show those other chick dorms who's queen around here. This is definitely getting the old bold font on my resumé!"

However, not everyone is tickled pink about the idea. Michael Patrick Dennis O'Brien, president of Campus Alliance Against Uppity Dorms had a mixed reaction. "In a way, I suppose it's for the best. We can collect all of those people in one place, so as to easily avoid them. A large

reason I chose to come to Nowhereland, Indiana was the absence of such bastions of conformity as fraternities and sororities. Those were meant to be escapes that other schools had to put up with, not us. I was hoping the chapter would be established somewhere off-campus. If we're ever going to be a socially stable school, we need the space to attract broad-minded people. Yet this move raises the stakes a little. St. Patrick's Day may

witness some IRA-style random hits, if you know what I mean. Also, we're going to secretly replace all of their Steve Miller albums with Mojo Nixon and Frank Zappa. So instead of 'Jungle Love' it's 'Debbie Gibson is Pregnant with My Two-Headed Love Child' or 'Catholic Girls' blasting out their windows. We won't live this down."

And so it goes. □

*Editor's Note: Space constraints prohibit these authors from including more rash generalizations about the members of these dormitories. Apologies are made for neglecting their fine abilities in a wide range of sports and drinking games.*



I'm only 5'2", but I can topple giants.

## Catholic

Some call me sexy, but I'm more than that.

## Upperclass

I don't sweat, I perspire.

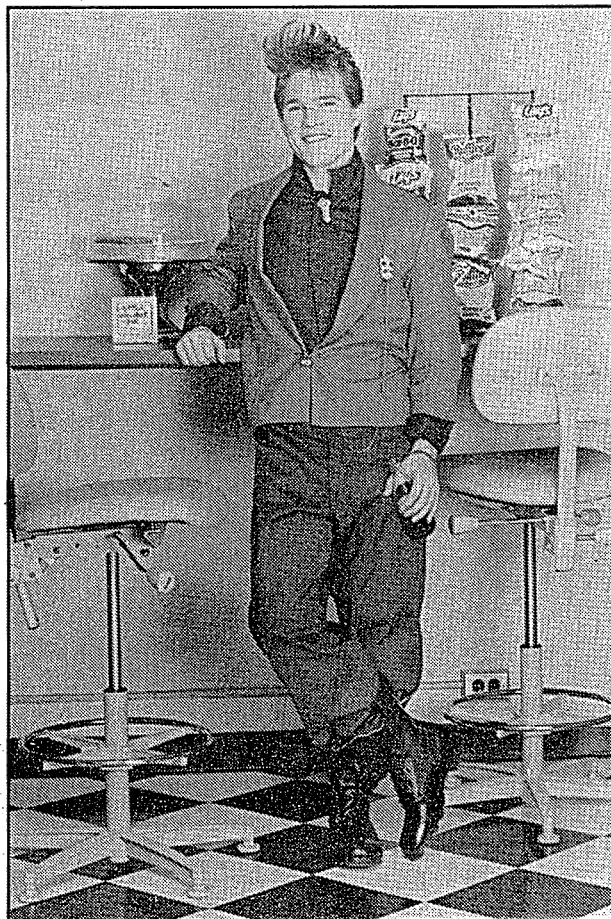
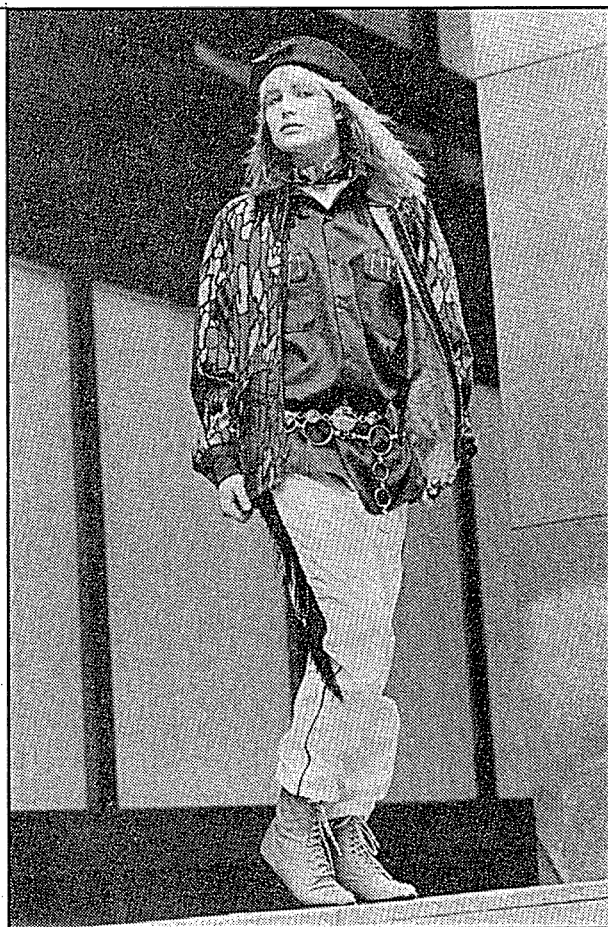
## Irish

*DomerWear™*

only at Notre Dame

only "on the campus"

University of Notre Dame "Irish" beret (p18)  
University of Notre Dame football ringbelt (p11)  
University of Notre Dame skate boots (p43)  
University of Notre Dame trouser mane (p36)  
Aoife Flynn is a student in the College of Business.  
Her number is 283-6092. She needs a life.



I never used to drink.

## Catholic

I played Dungeons & Dragons in high school.

## Upperclass

I am completely inept with the opposite sex.

## Irish

*DomerWear™*

only at Notre Dame

only "on the campus"

The boots are R.O.T.C. issued.  
The hair is a creation of University Hairstylist.  
The blazer does not fit well.  
He is not drinking soda pop.  
Mike O'Verdress is a student in the College of Arts and Leisure.  
His number is 283-7823. He needs a date.

# A Day In the Life

By Vlad Drac

**I**t was a typical mid-February South Bend day. I woke to the caress of the warm, Indiana sun on my face and sat up in my bed, briefly previewing in my mind what lay ahead of me for the day.

"Morning, Pete! Have a good sleep?" my roommate beckoned from across our more than spacious chamber in the heart of Morrissey.

"It was superb to say the least, Michelle. How did your test go this morning?" I asked as I rubbed my eyes and stumbled toward the medicine cabinet. "I think I did really well, thanks," she said. "Chemistry wasn't my strongest subject in high school, but since the class sizes here at Notre Dame are so darn small, all that time my professor can afford to spend with me has really paid off."

"You've said a mouthful," I mumbled to her as I washed my face. I really felt good on this particular morning. But, then again, what *couldn't* I feel good about on *any* morning at Notre Dame?

After a shower in our recently remodeled unisex bathroom, I threw on a clean pair of black leather pants and strapped on my dusty cowboy boots. As I threw on my "George Bush is Satan" t-shirt, I truly thanked God that I had come to Notre Dame, a place where no one would harass me for wearing whatever I pleased. Nobody here seemed to be hung up about anything. Everyone just wanted to be an individual and we all accepted each other for it.

I was taken aback (but not for long however) when I stepped out on to South Quad and saw a crowd of at least fifteen hundred students scattered around several tables and packed in front of a stage that had been set up between Howard and South Dining Hall. I noticed that the tables were covered with jewelry, pottery, and statu-

ettes from all over the world.

When a man stepped up to the microphone on stage and bellowed, "Up next, straight from South Africa, Ladysmith Black Mambazo," I figured out what all the commotion was about. It was Notre Dame's annual Cultural Awareness Festival, an event of gigantic proportions and one which the students had been talking about for weeks. My fellow Black, White, Asian, Native American and Hispanic brothers and sisters laughed and talked together as the musicians readied themselves on stage. I couldn't help but look towards the glistening Golden Dome as I thanked all those who made Notre Dame the culturally diverse campus that I loved so dearly.

After purchasing an ebony necklace at the festival, I strolled down South Quad toward O'Shaughnessy Hall. Suddenly, I was nudged from behind. "Pete! How's it going!" It was Jeff Hutton, a friend of mine from Students for the Environment, the only student organization on campus bigger than the marching band. "Did you hear about the protest march goin' down in front of the Dome tomorrow?" Jeff inquired.

"No, I didn't. What's it about? Is the administration hasseling SUFR again?"

"No," he replied. "They know that the student body will not tolerate any such harassment. This time they're trying to cut funding for GLND/SMC, and everybody is just plain furious. Are you in?"

"Need you ask?" I replied. Just like everyone else at Notre Dame, I was not going to tolerate the senseless persecution of my homosexual brethren. "I'll be there."

"Rats! This means I have to miss the USC game," I thought to myself. But then I remembered: I had donated all my tickets to the annual Dillon Hall Tickets-for-the-Homeless Drive. This thought erased my fleeting disappointment. "Goshdang!" I thought. "What am I doing thinking about football when sexual freedom is at stake!" I was embarrassed.

After sitting through an enthralling astrophysics class with Professor Sagan, I meandered over to South Dining Hall and ate a most scrumptious lunch. The dining hall workers, I remember on that day, were even nicer than their usual selves and provided service with a big smile. The filet mignon was beyond delectable, the chardonnay was, as usual, pleasant. The chefs, as always, sang the Victory March with unbridled enthusiasm as they cooked.

At the table, my friends and I talked of the big show at the JACC that was set for that and the next night: a double bill of Dinosaur, Jr. and Mr. Bungle. "Those crazy college kids and their music!" my mom would say.

"She'd much rather have us listening to Billy Joel, Garth Brooks or even Depeche Mode," I told my friends.

"What kind of lame school does she think this is?" my friends replied. "This is Notre Dame, dammit!" They could say that again. We at Notre Dame never settle for less. Especially when it comes to music.

As I walked back to my room that day, I remember breathing in the fresh Indiana air and thinking how awful it would be if it (the air that is) had for some reason been violated by some filthy, factory-produced stench. I don't know how I would have handled it. I thanked heavens for South Bend's clean air.

Back at my room, as I drifted off into sleep, Michelle read to me something about how some colleges and universities still had single-sex dorms, which caused tension between the genders and massive testosterone backups. "Thank God we don't have to deal with that at Notre Dame," I thought with a sigh of relief. I'm sure that no such colleges exist, though, I reasoned. After all, you can never believe what you read in *The Observer*. □

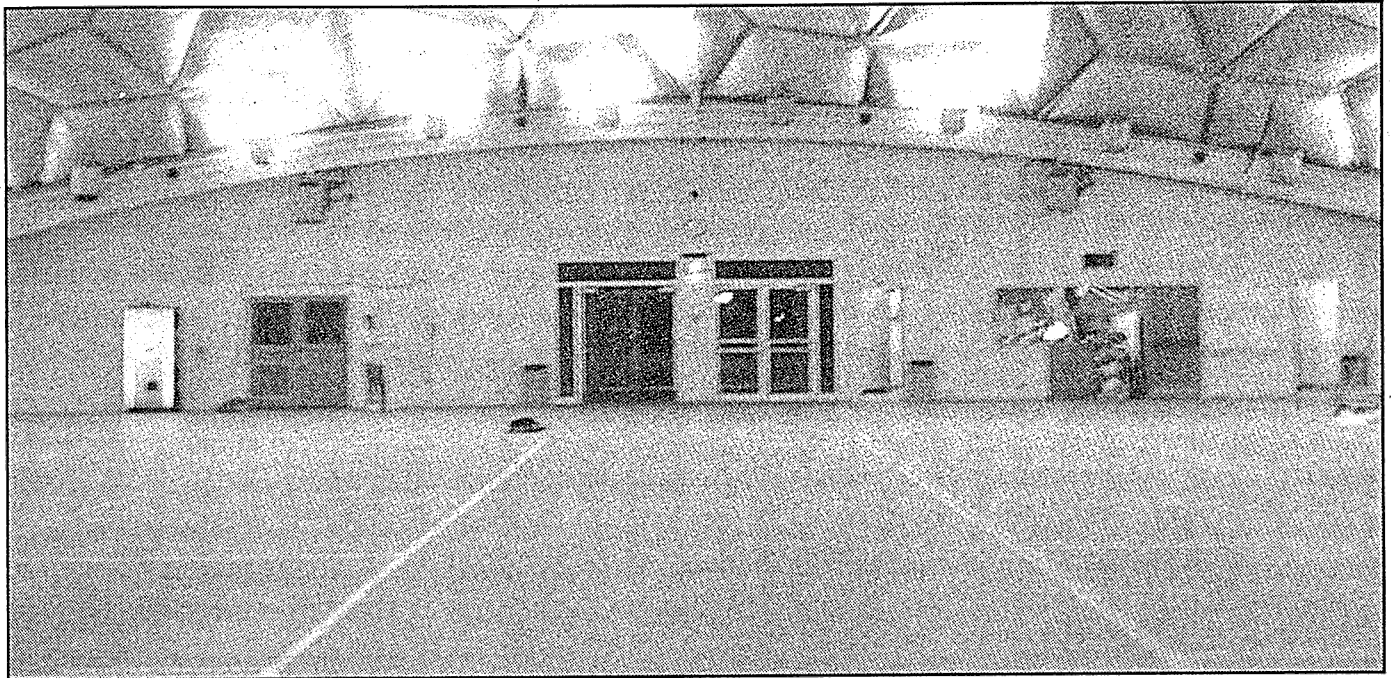
*Vlad Drac is a leading sophomore who sits upon the unshakable throne of fortitude.*

# The Absurder

VOL. QKG NO.15342

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1992

THE INDEPENDENT WASTE OF TREES SERVING NOTRE DAME AND SAINT MARY'S



## Crowd Pleaser.

Howie Mandel's many fans pack Stepan Center during his recent performance. Don't look for me in there, I was at the library studying with everyone else.

## Scientist Gives Dull Speech

### Extra Special to The Absurder

(Room 331 Cushing, Notre Dame (AP) -  
(naw just kidding)

This guy from Washington, or was he a perffessor? No, he was a perffessor because he had a white coat on. Well, anyway, he gave this really ncato speech and physical demo on the Electromagnetic Effects of Zeta Rays being Transmuted in Green Jello in Cushing yesterday, so I went. Well, I didn't want to go, but I figure if I want to be a journalist like my editor, I should. But I'm not an engineer, so I couldn't make out

all the words on my tape recorder. But he was really nice, and kute, and he looked like he made a bundle. But he had a German accent so forget it. He kept shouting "Achtung Ach Bicht Nicht!!" or sump'n.

Well, he shot the stuff through the Jello and I guess it worked. But I fell asleep until the goop exploded and I got it on my shoe. I hope they pay me back for that. Now I have this stuff on my shoo and it don't even match. But, to sum up, I think it worked. Zeta rays go through green Jello, so when you're at Ernst&Young next year, bring that up at the office Christmas party and

you'll look really really on the ball. I'm gettin tired so I'll stop now. Read me next week when I get to go to the Dome and write "A Day in the Life of the Monkster."

### AP Roundup Briefs

President Bush shot by Barbara  
Worldwide Destruction Starts Tomorrow  
Pope Says Birth Control OK  
Life Discovered On Mars: They Hate  
Steve Urkle Too!  
No Clinton Revelations Today

APRIL 2, 1992

# We R Independent

Hi. It's me again, but with a new hairstyle. You like? I thought so. Now, before you flip over to sports and disregard my views, let me just say I'm not going to splatter you with my conservative Indiana Republican I wish-I-was-Marilyn Qualye speech for the 39th time, but only the 4th time as the Big Cheese of the Big Oh (even though Marilyn has great hair and nice big horse teeth and she ain't into that PC gunk that I mention every 5 seconds). That might seem like a run-on sentence but it ain't.

I guess I could talk about the evilness of condoms and those under 18. Why, they shouldn't even think about touching a condom until they're at least 35. If they had a condom in school then they might start havin sexual thoughts and that's not right. AIDS, that's the ticket. That's how we do things here in the Hoosier state and that's how it goes for you, too, even if you are from California. Today, let's talk INDEPENDENCE. See, we here at The Absurder are on the radical side even if we don't appear so because we have something that no one else has - INDEPENDENCE. That's why we're the INDEPENDENT daily serving Notre Dame and Saint Mary's silly! Such a stong word on our banner means we can do whatever we want, even taunt the administration. We'll investigate and uncover the dark and seemy side of the golden dome, although usually we like to congratulate a really neat group like Young Republicans for a job well done and then tell everyone else that they're really apathetic and should be more like them. Why, it's just not nice to say bad things about the administrators who provide us with large sums of money and office space and review our spending policies and even censor us once in a while. OOOOPS! That didn't sound very INDEPENDENT did it? Well, disregard that man behind the curtain and listen, will ya? But let's change the subject and talk about something I know all about - me! I like journalism cause you get to write a lot but it doesn't have to make sense like an English paper and everyone gets to know you after a while. I really like newspapers because, contrary to popular belief, CNN and the New York Times are not going to swallow them all up. I hate that Ted Turner (not just cause he's married to Jane Fonda) and boy do I hate New York because they think Indiana is part of Canada and they sure don't like Dan Qualye. Shame! What else can I persuade you to believe in? Oh, campus news. That's our goal - to tell you everything that never goes on around here. But we like it when you call us up and tell us what's going on. That makes it easy. But these views are mine, not The Absurder's, even though they probably are both. I better stop now or else we'll have to cut that story on God quad women's floor hockey that you need to make it thorough the next 24 hours until we meet again, in the rose-colored world of me and my fellow power position buds. See you on Tuesday!

*The views expressed in the blindside column are those of the author, but we at The Absurder all pretty much agree with them.*

## Moning Slant

### Big Cheese

## Insecurity Beat

April 14, 1992

3:42 a.m. Some kid called up this girl in Siegfried and did lewd things in the phone after a night at Cap'n Cork and claimed to be "Jimmy Hi-ho" or something. But I seen it before, he just wanted to show his friends he'd make Insecurity beat before he graduated. Sorry, studboy, I'm not putting it in.

March 6, 1992

11 p.m. Notre Dame Security responded to the report of 2 outgoing staffers of a leading campus publication who decided that the best place to celebrate the end of their reign was in the office of one Big Cheese of 1991. The two were found swilling some Night Train and quizzing each other on Gender Studies. So I took the Night Train and finished it, then bashed them over the head with it. Kids shouldn't do that in Infotune, somebody might see them! Don't you read DuLac? You really weren't *being* Notre Dame there, were you? I'm telling Patty.

March 10, 1992

8 a.m. until 6 p.m. Two kids were frolicking in the nude again on Blue field claiming to be making a movie for class. I'd like to see this movie, so I took it. Come over with a buck and you can too.

March 15, 1992

6 p.m. Security responded to an injury suffered by two males wrestling in Keenan Hall. No physical injury occurred but one student was mentally harmed when the other became visibly excited. Both were given sedatives. Wasn't that the Ides of March? All hail Caesar!

### Lost

I lost my sense of coolness that I had in high school somewhere between Orientation and yesterday. If found call Binky, X8888.

I lost my Barn Jacket in Jeff's room, but he's holding it ransom to prove he broke parietals with me. Sick, huh? If you know or live near Jeff, give him a clue and me a call.

### Tickets

Free, I said free, tix to see El Presidente George Bush at MY GRADUATION. Had 16, but no family will come now. Bad, bad, even if this paper says it's good, good. Come over to Turtle Creek 5/17 for selections from *Diaries of Mario M. Cuomo*, viewing of Margaret O'Brien Steinfelds, and serious swillin'.

### Personal

No one gives two dookies about whatever the Lizard King and Clam woman have to say !!!

### Top Ten Spring Break Quotes from Titzhangin, Mexico

- 10) Is that a mayonnaise stain? Ewwwww!!!!
- 9) Was that low tide or ... Oh no! Open that %\$#&\* window !!!
- 8) Wait, I think I'm sitting on someone's snorkel!
- 7) Now that we're on break, can I tell you I'm in GLAND/ SMAK?
- 6) That's no tequila worm, I used that last night!
- 5) Jinkies! My Funderwear™ melted. Damn Titzhangin humidity!
- 4) If we're out of lotion, then what's that you're spreading on my back?
- 3) Skeeex, right turn, you dork!
- 2) How was your time with Conchita last night? Hey, what's that festering canker on your lip?
- 1) Skeeex, left turn, you dork!



# Burtchaell Named Notre Dame Man of the Year

*Former provost praised for his caring attitude and personal concern for his students*

by Knoss E. Personality

Former university provost Fr. James Burtchaell, was named the university's Man of the Year last week, said university president Edward A. Malloy, on the basis of his caring and personal concern for his students. Fr. Burtchaell accepted the award with pleasure, saying, "This is one of the greatest honors ever bestowed upon me. My students here at the University of Notre Dame mean so much to me; I have always tried to involve myself in all aspects of their lives."

Malloy told an anonymous source at *The Observer*, Notre Dame's independent waste of trees, that Burtchaell was unanimously chosen, despite his recently marred reputation at the university, due to allegations of sexual harassment by some of his students last semester. However, he will not be reinstated to the faculty of the university.

Last December, the *National Catholic Reporter* stated that "During the 1989-90 academic year, several students, independent of one another, confided to a priest in the theology department that they had been sexually harassed or abused by Burtchaell." Shortly afterward, Burtchaell resigned from the university.

One student commented, "I agree that something should be done about Fr. Burtchaell, yet I don't think he should resign. The man has a problem, but he is still a good teacher. I took his class, and he really seemed to care about me. He invited us over all the time, and he gave us his

phone number so we could call him at any time."

Another student, a member of GLND/SMC (pronounced Gland Smack) said, "Fr. Burtchaell was always kind to me whenever I went to him for counseling. He invariably greeted me warmly and invited me into his room. But I never interpreted it in a sexual manner until he showed me

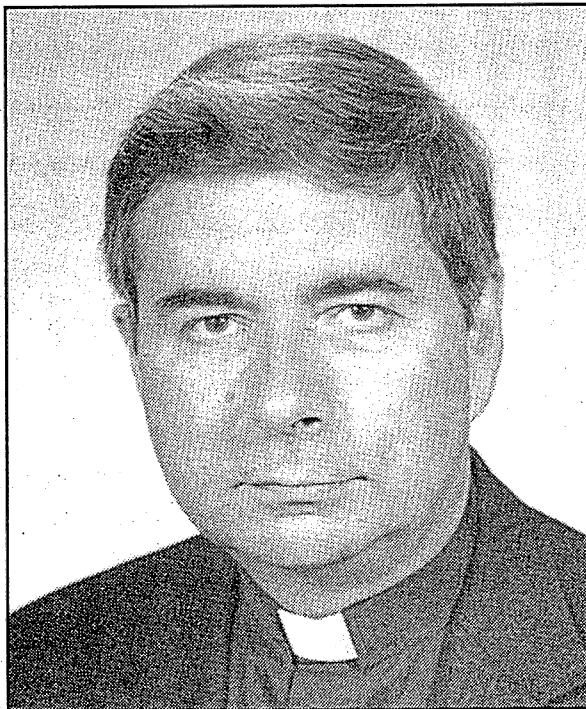
was needed between the faculty and students. "I make sure to get in touch with my students' feelings, and I try to stay in close, personal contact with them even after their graduation from the university."

While a member of the faculty, Burtchaell could be spotted all over the campus. He especially enjoyed "hanging out" at LaFortune with various groups of students.

He once said that one of his dreams was to have a weekly spot deejaying a show on Notre Dame's alternative radio station, WVFI. Burtchaell named Van Halen's hit "Hot for Teacher" and The Police's "Don't Stand So Close to Me" as two of his favorite songs of the 1980's.

Burtchaell's involvement with the University of Notre Dame began in 1951 as a student of philosophy. His freshman year roommate was rendered speechless upon hearing the news of Burtchaell's resignation. "I guess I should have turned out the lights when I changed my clothes," he quietly said.

Yet the allegations against Burtchaell were not considered serious enough to refuse him the Man of the Year Award. One committee member who voted for Burtchaell said, "He may have abused the students' trust, but he was there for them in his own way. He truly cared, which is the most important criteria for the recipient of the award. I cannot condemn him for his actions when so many professors only know their students as ID numbers or a grade point average. He was concerned with the person inside the student not the student inside the person." □



**Burtchaell will return to Notre Dame April 1 to accept his award.**

his subscription to *Adam & Eve* magazine. Maybe I should have thought twice about his intentions."

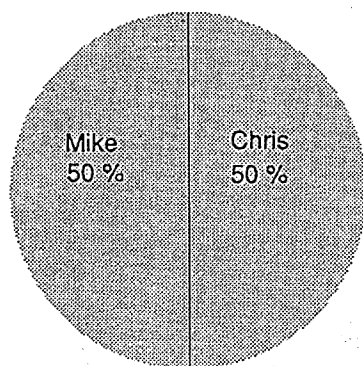
Burtchaell was unavailable for comment on his resignation, yet he will return to the Notre Dame campus on April 1, 1992 to receive the award. He did say, though, that he thought a great deal more interaction

# HPC Gluttony Results in Death

## HPC member chokes on pizza slice

Salty Bighead, a member of the Hall President's Council, was pronounced dead on arrival at St. Joseph's Hospital after a meeting/foodfest in Morrissey. "Well, I'm not that surprised," said Jenny Prude, another HPC member. "It's very competitive at our meetings. Everyone fights over the food until it runs out. I saw Salty reach for that sixth piece, and I knew he was in trouble. He had the other five in his mouth! So much for an agenda. We didn't even get to the Way-Cool Alcohol Story of the Week ("Cindy, didn't you get soo-o-o-o wasted with Biff at Commons?") or Check out my new Haircut/Shirt ("I got it in Chicago") portions. Plus they cancelled dessert in respect for him, but that was a close 3-2 vote with 13 abstentions. Next week is quiche in Knott. What are they thinking? I don't even like quiche!" In a related story, HPC is up for an award nomination for student money well spent, but SUB is expected to clinch the honor.

## Name Diversity at Notre Dame



## USA Today surveys returned

In *USA Today's* study concerning the University of Notre Dame, some interesting statistics were revealed. Below are a few of the less publicized ones. (Sorry, no more cute graphics available).

- \*89% are from Illinois or Massachusetts
- \*99% attended every football game in 1991
- \*1% went on a lascivious adventure to another state besides Michigan on a school night during their four years
- \*77% will return to visit within one year
- \*92% had at least two cute nicknames to distinguish them from others with the same name
- \*62% of those nicknames were Lush or Meat

## Anti-Domer stress management offered

In response to increasing friction between the Domer-fried breed and everyone else at Notre Dame, a stress management center has been established in Theodore's by University Counseling. At the center, campus members at their wit's end can orally vent their complaints and receive acceptance and loving from fellow sufferers. "I thought I was the only one who got hives when I interacted with them," said Tennessee Jack, a LaFortune frequenter. "I know I'm not now. With my medication and counseling, I should be able to leave LaFortune and go back to class real soon." At a recent session, one female student told of her addiction. "My name's Suzy, I'm from Chicago, and I'm a Domer. I've made great progress with this terrible addiction, though. I've overcome denial, and even had an original thought or two in the past month. Just last week I ... I ... (cries) threw out my plaid flannel Notre Dame bookstore pants. Gosh this is hard. I'm also working on not going back to Bridget's. Thank you." Special 6-hour sessions are held immediately following school breaks when many students experience diversity, and longing, at their friends' schools. The group hopes to gain university recognition in time for their candlelight demonstration against An Tostal.

## Pre-laws admit reasons/abandon profession

In a shocking disclosure last week, the 6,000 member Pre-Law Society came face to face with their actual intentions and renounced the law profession in favor of the real world. As part of the ceremony, each pre-law had to fill out and sign a statement reading: "I, state your name, a pre-law student, admit that the reasons I chose this career path were lack of original alternative and the dual opportunity to make large amounts of money and still help people. I agree to continue my Government/PLS major and enter the job market upon graduation. Lord knows there's a few too many lawyers in a recession." An anonymous officer of the pre-law program was in shock. "Let's just hope the pre-meds don't hear about this," she said. □

*Edited by Vernon Dupree*

## The Dead SUB/HPC Scrolls

It is only recently that campus organizations such as SUB (Student Union Bored) and HPC (Hall Presidents' Cookout) have come under intense criticism for their actions. As a public service, we at *Sarcastic* would like to present, for the first time, the O'Hara's Commission's findings on these two organizations. The following excerpts from official transcripts of actual meetings have never been made public until now. *Sarcastic* owes special thanks to Mr. Oliver Stone for his contribution to this report and his expertise in distorting relevant facts. *Sarcastic*'s official policy is to withhold the names of the parties involved unless anyone really wants to know who they are.

SUB, September 11, 1991, 7:04 p.m.:

Person A: (missing portion) ... then she says, "You mean there are sixty-eight more of those?"

(General laughter and guffawing)

Person B: Good one, A. OK, guys, we need to pick some acts for the upcoming year. Any suggestions?

Person A: Don Knotts!

Person C: Bart Simpson!

Person Q: Long Dong Silver!

Person D: Erik Estrada!

Person E: Public Enemy!

Person T: Rex Rakow!

Person F: Doug Henning and his World of Illusion!

Person A: Luke Perry. He's dreamy...

Person C: Mimes!

Person B: Ooooh, those are good ... but, uh ... will the students think any of those dudes are ... you know ... fresh?

Person A: Definitely.

Person D: Oh yeah.

Person E: No problem.

(Missing portion)

Person A: I move to adjourn. If we leave now, we can make it over to the HPC meeting before the fifth course.

Person B: Adjourned.

HPC, December 3, 1991, 7:30 p.m.

President A: (unidentifiable noises) ... is really (unintelligible) good grub!

President B: (unintelligible) ... almost as good as Trough Night last week ...

(Loud, retching noises)

President C: Ooohhhhhh ... unngghhhh ... sorry, guys.

President A: Don't worry about it C. Are you gonna finish that?

(Rest of tape missing)

SUB, January 25, 1992, 8:15 p.m.

Person A: Well, I've never heard of them, but it seems we're getting the Mulch and Lanny Kermit.

Person B: How much do they want?

Person A: Ummm ... I'm not quite sure, do you think I should've asked?

(Slightly uncomfortable pause)

Person B: Naaaahhhh.

HPC, February 2, 1992, 11:55 p.m.

President C (on the phone): Yeah, Papa John's? This is the HPC.

The usual. And if you skimp on the cheese this time, tell Papa J that we'll take our business elsewhere. He'll have a hard time putting his kids through school without us ... Yeah, you better apologize, buster ... (unintelligible)

President A: It's good to be president. (Loud, belching noises)

SUB, March 15, 1992, 8:34 p.m.

Person A: (unintelligible) ... then he says, "Is that a banana in your pocket, or are you just happy to hear my confession?"

(General laughter and guffawing)

Person B: Tonight, people, we need some slogans for AnTostal. Let's get pumped! Remember, we want to make this the wildest, nuttiest, sesquicentennialist AnTostal that ever existed. Here's my idea: *AnTostal: Because it's very fun and you'll like it.*

Person A: That's good, but how about: *AnTostal: Better than a mild case of diarrhea.*

Person C: Or, *AnTostal: See how we're spending your money.*

Person D: Too Honest. *AnTostal: Where apathy meets mud.*

Person A: *AnTostal: Not nearly as painful as groin pull.*

Person B: That's stupid. I know! *AnTostal: In the red but not yet dead.*

Person C: *AnTostal: We do it for our resume. What's your excuse?*

Person B: Well, I think we have a lot of fine ideas. We'll meet again next week, but I think we've worked hard enough for one night. Anyone hungry?

(End of tape)

# ND is HELL

a survey of some (a-)typical Domers



## Earthy Crunchy Granola

- Volkswagon - drivin',
- Burkenstock - sportin', Guatemalan rug - wearin', Camel smokin', acoustic guitar - strummin', torn jean - lovin', cleanliness - hatin', Grateful Dead - followin', pot-smokin', Club 23 - patronizin', organic food-eatin', adolescent angst - feelin', marketing major - despisin'...
- drive Daddy & Mommy's gas guzzling Beemer to the Greenpeace rally



## The Engineer

- pale complexion - studies so much that he never sees the Sun
- bleary & bloodshot eyes have a glazed look from constantly staring at a computer screen
- body always wired and hands shake from too much Mountain Dew
- motto: "If it's hip to be square, then I'm there."



## Jock

- letter jacket and dip cup must be surgically removed
- regards "Rocky" series as a cinematic masterpiece
- knows the name of each coach in the NCAA tourney's mother but can't even cheat properly on a marketing exam



## Pre-Med

- dollar signs in their eyes clouds view of ethics
- stimulated by Orgo-isms, cell-biology and pictures of naked protoplasm
- exhaustive con. topics: Gr.PA, MCAT, IRS, MD, BMW





## ROTC

- "We Kill for a living."
- because of military budget cuts, our post-graduate employment opportunities are worse than Fr. Burtchall at an all boys high school
  - idolizes Arnold Schwarzenegger
  - major in Peace Studies (Not!)
- \*\*\*\*\*

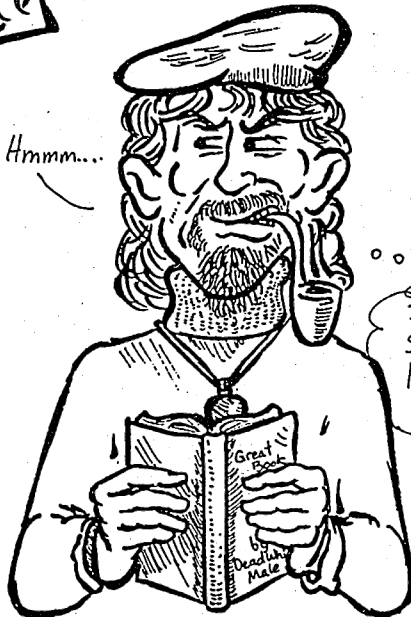
## The PLS MAJOR

- "Pretentious Little Sheep"
- clad in black beret and black turtle neck
  - crystal around the neck to bring good luck
  - Thinks the PLS major is immensely more philosophically gratifying and/or deeper than any other major in existence
  - carries a "Great Book" written by some Dead White Male everywhere
  - A true "Brand-Name Bohemian"
- notto: "There is no conformity like non conformity."



## Alumni Before His Time

- plaid-pant clad, ND logo wearing bookstore beneficiaries
- Plays "Domo-Watching" on I-80/90
- dreams of Knute Rockne, the Golden Dome and ND football
- legacy case - season tickets every year through Alumni lottery

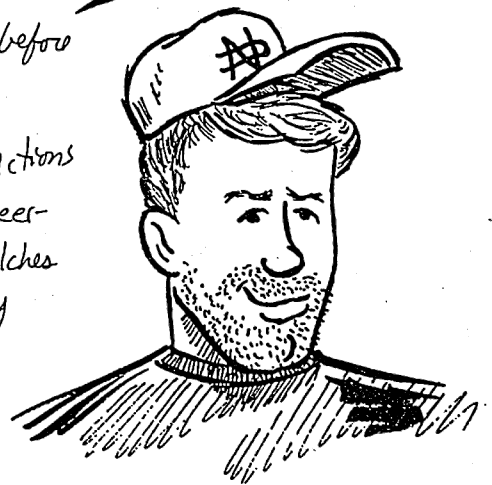


Hmmm...

I hope someone is looking at me

## Joe - Domes

- Rarely sees the sun before noon
- is highly amused by disgusting bodily functions
- is a lazy, slothful, beer-swilling slob who belches often and has only mediocre personal hygiene skills
- He is the back bone of Catholic Morality.



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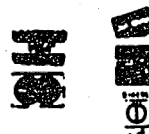
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