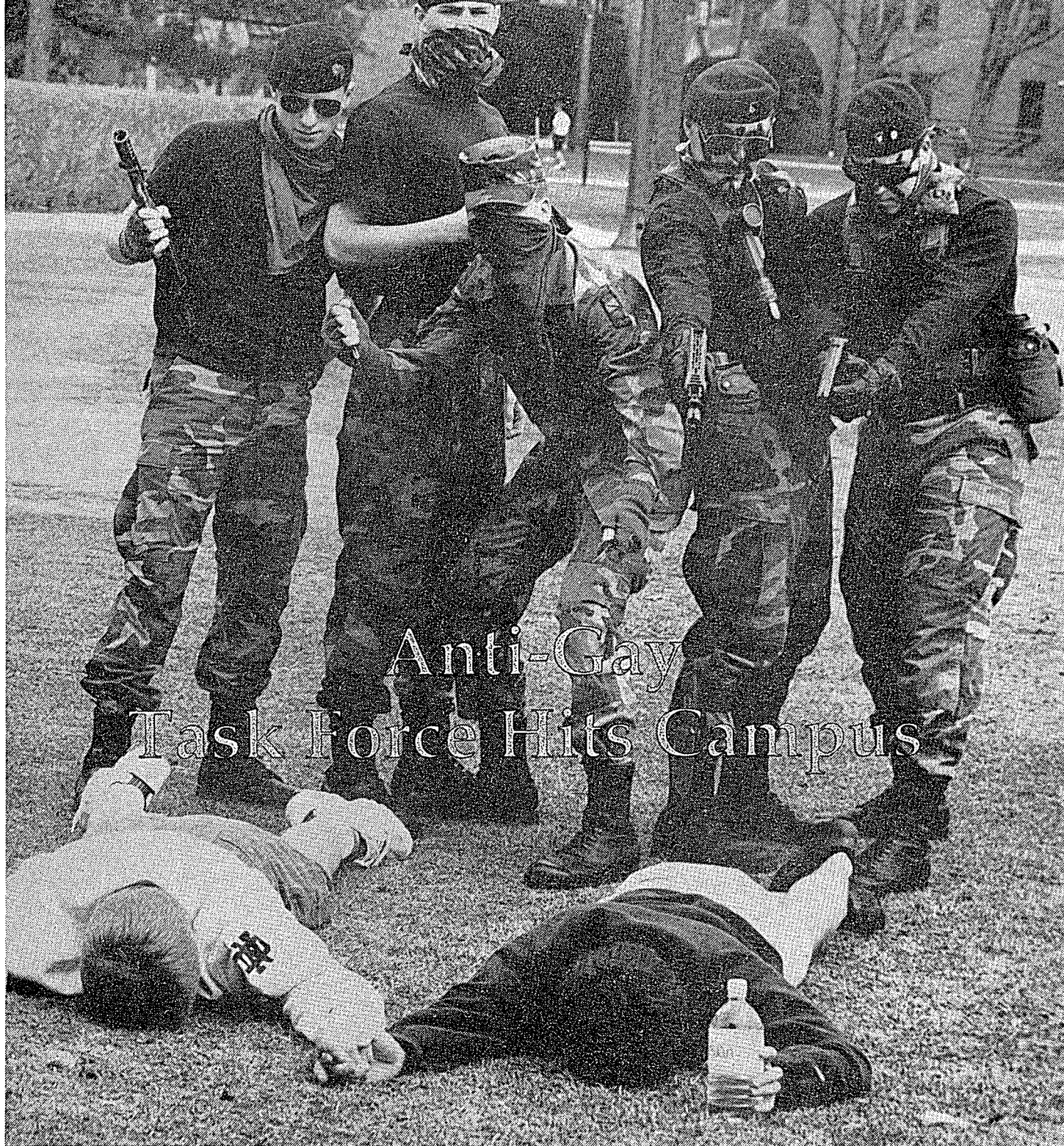


SARCASTIC

NOTRE DAME'S HUMOR MAGAZINE

APR. 1, 1993



Anti-Gay
Task Force Hits Campus

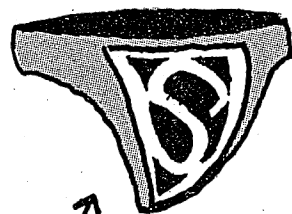
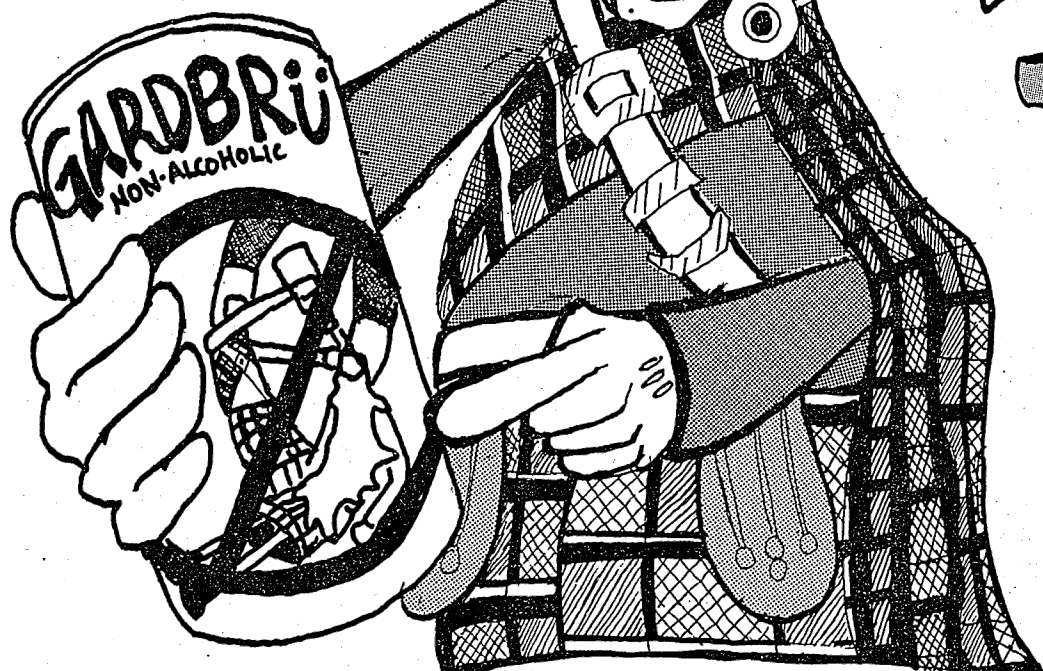
**LOVE THAT BEER TASTE
BUT HATE THE BUZZ?**

***-TRY-
NON-ALCOHOLIC***

GARDBRÜ!®

MY EGO,
MY KILT,
AND
MY BRÜ!

SEND IN
TODAY
FOR YOUR OFFICIAL
KILT
UNDERGARMENT



↑
**SPUNKY
SUPERMAN
UNDEROOS!**

**KEEP THE FLAVOR
AND YOUR JOB!**®

~ELVIS PRESLEY '93

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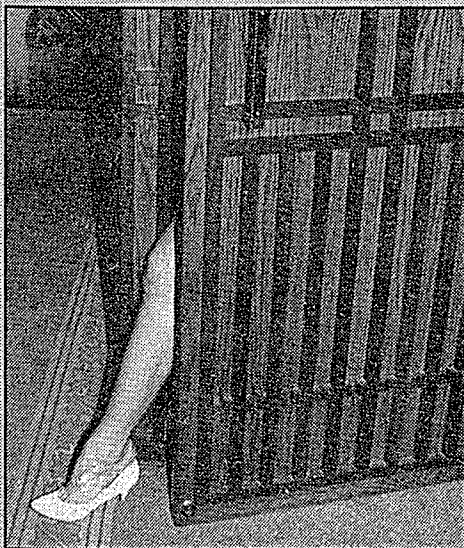
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This special April Fool's Day Issue is only a joke. Repeat: this is only a joke. Had this been an actual issue, you would have been informed where to send complaints, death threats, letter bombs and other forms of hate mail. This not being the case, we, the staff of Sarcastic, hope you all can take a joke.

Contributors: Brad Keck, Dave Holsinger, Margaret Kenny, Kate Wiltrout, Ken Osgood, Kevin McDonough, Mark Mitchell, Charlie Kranz, Brent Tadsen and Tony Leonardo



Where do you go with your main squeeze after hours?

Need some help fondling that romantic spot to share with your sweetie?

Sarcastic wants to help.

Look inside to see the ten best places for some grasping and groping under the golden dome

...

Cover: This photo, taken by Bent Tadpole, depicts Small Pisser's anti-gay task force taking over the campus. There is no corresponding story, so stop looking for one.

SARCASTIC

NOTRE DAME'S HUMOR MAGAZINE

Vol. 134, No. 20
April 1, 1993

*Non Damus Tantum Stercus
Nec, Orce, Tu Agas*

Founded 1867 (That's 126 years)

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Dear Editor:

My name is Tudy Frudy. I think you might be interested in my story. My dream had always been to attend The University of Obnoxious Dame. Even though I flunked out of highschool, spent time in a mental hospital (I was convinced I was one of Santa's elves) and was arrested for trespassing on Graceland (during my Elvis stage) Obnoxious Dame always had a special place in my heart. I knew, if they would just give me a chance, I could prove that I was a Domer.

After ten years of sweating away in a coal mine, dreaming of O.D., I finally got my chance. On my way to South Blah, I had a revelation. I could be a cheerleader. Although I had no facial hair, was 4' 11" and had lost an arm in the coal mine, I knew with determination and hard work I, too, could hold an Irish megaphone. Four years later, I showed my mettle. During a sub-zero game against Northwestern, which O.D. was winning 57-3, I got to lead a cheer. Mustering a huge, fake smile and fluffing my pom-poms, I burst into "WE ARE ... O.D." The paltry crowd joined in. It was the moment of my life.

Please publish my letter. I'm trying to tell the world my great, uplifting story. I think it deserves all the room you can give it. I would also be very willing to co-operate with any interviews or feature stories you might want to write about me. You could also consider writing to some movie companies about turning my lifestory into a major motion picture. If you can convince them, I would be willing to get you into the movie as extras. Bless you all.

Tudy Frudy, '75
Former Irish Great (Cheerleader)

Sarcastic is published once a year, usually on or around April 1 or whenever the hell the editors feel like it, at the University of Notre Dame, 1946556 and printed at The Papers, Inc., Milford, IN 46542. The subscription rate, if you really want to get this crappy rag, is \$1.00/year and rare collectors' editions are available at \$18.75/issue. The opinions expressed in Sarcastic are merely the brainstorms of the authors and editors and do not even come close to representing the entire editorial board of Sarcastic and definitely not the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty or student body. Editorials, signed Sarcastic, represent the opinions of those poor unfortunate souls that remained in the office just before the issue left for the printer - that is, if our lame-o editors decided to think enough to write one. All unsolicited material gets laughed at and thrown away, maybe recycled if we are feeling charitable. Stop reading this annoying tiny type and read the magazine, you.

Copyright 1993 Sarcastic magazine. All rights denied (just like the administration). Reproduction in whole or in part without permission written in blood is punishable by death.

Dear Editor:

I'm very upset. I was arrested in the D.U.D.S. raid at the Nosetackler, along with dozens of other Crying Shame students. I'm not upset about that. What bothers me is that "the other publication" deliberately left my name out of the front page story they wrote on the incident. I've worked very hard to achieve such notoriety, and now they are trying to blemish my record. Everyone else had their names printed in boldface type, why not me? I was hoping you could rectify the situation by publishing my name. I want all my professors to know what a bad-ass I am. Thank you very much.

Ima Lush,
president of Crying Shame Committe to
Legalize Marijuana (CSCLM)

Dear Editor:

I am a Bloody Mary's student, and I AM PROUD OF IT. Yes, that's right. I want to clarify just how much Neuter Dumm benefits from Bloody Mary's. First of all, where would the Cretin Revue be held every year, if it wasn't for the auditorium at Bloody Mary's? Neuter Dame guys don't have to walk us home, they can just pop a quarter in the slot and wave goodbye to us after putting us on the shuttle. Bloody Mary's also has a renowned Theology department, as shown by the large numbers of Neuter Dumm students who choose to take theology at B.M. Besides, there's lots of other stuff, I've just forgotten it lately. Oh yeah, what about all that extra stuff we add to the newspaper? Bloody Mary's has its very own editor on *The Perverter*. Lastly, where else can you find a school where 75 percent of the students have the middle name Marie? Gotta go paint my nails, see ya at the shuttle stop!

Love, Buffie Marie O'Leary

Letters to Sarcastic must be written upside-down and backwards in purple Crayola crayon on spiral notebook paper (with the ragged ends) and definitely must include the writer's relevant biographical information: shoe size, favorite color, favorite dinig hall meal, proportions. You must also include your phone number so we can call you up late at night and say nasty things if you criticize our high-quality publication (yeah, right).

We reserve the right to reject any letters that we don't like or just don't feel like printing. So there.

Address all correspondence to:

The Editor
Sarcastic
LaFortune Center
Notre Dame, IN 46556

Campus Botch

BY THE GIMPER

LAMENESS, LAMENESS, LAMENESS

Just so you know where the Gimper stands on one particular issue: The Scammes® 'Nother Dime Bookstore sucks! *Sargastique* doesn't want to trouble you with yet another screed on the subject, but in case you weren't particularly clear on our editorial bias, that's it.

BITTERNESS, BILE AND EGO

Yeah, that's right, the Gimper is cranky, crotchety, self-righteous and indiscriminate. Besides that, he's tactless, inane and irrelevant. But you all read this column first every week anyway, so shut up! I see you grabbing your copies out of the stack in the dining hall, skipping over the stupid Crappus Life articles on where Johnny Domer spent his spring break or the sports article giving you an insight into how coach Loose Fartz picks his socks every morning. That's right, you're skipping all that crap so you can read MY column. Ha. Eat my dust, *Obscener* Insipid Columnists.

E-MAIL GEEKS TAKE NOTICE

Earlier in the year, *Sargastique* ran an article on e-mail which told people how to make those little cutesy smiley faces for use in their cutesy little e-mail notes. Grow up, kids. Junior high is over, and you can stop sending each other notes between class. Smiley faces are for shiny happy people, which most of us aren't. How about some realistic smiley faces?

:-I = Same old same old.

:-Q = I'm dying for a smoke but can't have one in this @#\$\$ computer lab.

%-O = There are drunken screaming louts

all around so I have come into this somewhat quiet place for ten minutes of solace.

⌘-[—< = This campus is full of fascist robots.

WHAT DOES STUDENT GOVERNMENT DO?

Yet another Gimper contest! Anyone who can answer all of the following questions is probably a resumé-stuffing goon. Send your completed copies along with your 1993 Student Survey to the Student Government office on the second floor of LaBigtuna:

STUDENT GOVERNMENT EVALUATION FORM 1040-EZ

(1) Name the Student Body President and Vice President.

(2) Name your student senator.

(3) Visit the student government office with a real question and see if anyone knows whose job it is to answer your question. If someone answers your question, list their name and title here: _____.

(4) Describe what the average student government office holder does on any given afternoon without using the words "waste," "brown-nose," "resumé-stuffing" or "nothing."

(5) Compute the average annual cost of those neat nameplates on everyone's desks on the second floor of LaBigtuna as a percentage of the annual student government budget. Compare this figure to the amount spent on student government activities which you would actually ever take part in.

(6) Name something practical that HPC does. (Note: "Eat pizza" will not be accepted as an answer.)

(7) Number of activities sponsored by your class per week: _____.

(8) Number of activities sponsored by your class that you actually take part in: _____.

(9) Number 8 as a percentage of number 7: _____.

(10) Compare line 9 to line 5.

If you have answered any of the above questions properly, or if the numerical values of line 10 is greater than 0, you have qualified for a free lobotomy! Report to the second floor of LaBigtuna any weekday between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. and present this certificate to receive a desk plaque with a fancy title and your lobotomy.

ONE STATISTIC THE OBSCENER WILL NEVER RUN

Did you know that the final protest sponsored by MAULR (Maniacal Anti-Abortionists United to Lose Respectability) was met by an overwhelming opposition? The final score: Anti-Abortion Zealots 35, The Rest of the World 120. (That's right, the rest of South Bend came out in full force to stop these maniacs — you'll probably never hear that fact on this campus.)

**CONSERVE
WATER —
SHOWER
WITH
YOUR
RECTOR!**

Father Jed Iceberg Writes Again

Wanderings with Jed and Fred Documents Slow Road to Senility

After retiring from an illustrious career of 35 years as Grand Inquisitor of the University of Noted Doom, Father Jed Iceberg found himself with way too much time on his hands. Learning quickly that weasel taming was not a hobby for him, he devoted his time to writing a grossly self-aggrandizing autobiography. He finished; he grew bored.

One day, while wandering the halls of the Investigation Building snapping his suspenders and mumbling "Big Man, Big Man," through clenched teeth and tears, it hit Iceberg. It was a two by four wielded by Iceberg's acutely perturbed successor Father Edwin "Mongrel" Mytoy. In his dazed unconsciousness, Iceberg conceived a pretext for writing a second book of endless self-aggrandizing anecdotes.

As soon as he regained mastery of his legs and bladder, Iceberg hurriedly bought a slew of plane tickets and forced his beautiful and talented sidekick Father Fred Juice to join him on what would become a truly hellish trip around the world.

Upon returning to his playpen at Noted Doom, Iceberg dictated the scattered and incoherent memories of his trip. These memoirs have become what is now the esteemed literary master stroke, *Wanderings with Jed and Fred*. Here is just one salient excerpt.

24 February

Ah, Sri Lanka, home of the Sri Lankans! My invasion of this small island nation has gone smoothly since landing, for I have either caught the natives by surprise or the entire country is ignoring me in hopes that I will go away (just like at Noted Doom).

Our flight was only an hour out of New York when I ran into the cockpit, held a Salad Shooter to the pilot's throat and de-

manded that the plane be flown to Sri Lanka. I was courteously informed by the attractive and busty flight attendant that the plane was bound for Sri Lanka and we would be arriving in the capital city of Colombo in nine hours.

We had taken the wrong flight! My high-jacking attempt was foiled! I was asleep in the toilet when we landed in Colombo.

25 February

It's a good thing I packed only the essentials as we had to walk (skip, actually) all the way from the airport to the hotel carrying our luggage (a distance of 124 miles. Fortunately, that is the moral equivalent of 199.55016 kilometers). In one suitcase I



have a change of clothing and a compass; the other contains only a box of kleenex, a small supply of peat moss, six gallons of olive oil, a toboggan, a stuffed badger, the 1927 Encyclopedia Britannica, a manhole cover, several dozen non-returnable bottles, a Jet-Ski, and a baloney sandwich, and Fred Juice.

My invasion has met with little organized resistance as yet, although the natives tend to frown a bit when I whack them in the back of the knees with the light sabre I got at Toys-R'-Us before I left (a safety measure). However, my effort to gain support has also been

hindered by the fact that the only phrase in the native language I know is the Sinhalese equivalent of "I am your mother."

26 February

My all-out offensive (code-named "of") against the northern and eastern sections of this country was to have begun today, but the driver wouldn't let me on the bus with a small dog carpet taped to my head. Undaunted, I went back to my room to cross and uncross my legs.

27 February

I woke up this morning severely unenlightened, yet painfully aware of the pimple that has erupted where the elastic of my underwear rubs against my back. Somehow it's all part of a recurring dream I have in which Burt Reynolds and I stand on a Hollywood street corner, staring at the girls and making rude comments like, "Boy, would I like to block her mother's hats," and, "Hey, Sugar-face, what can you tell me about liturgical dance?"

This morning I was shaken from this reverie by the friendly bellhop who practices his English on me: "My brother is Florida; like to ride Disneyland, see big breasts," he gesticulated, quite oblivious to the fact that the maid was hiding under my bed, secured there by some heavy twine and a towel over her mouth.

I went downtown to continue the invasion, ringing people's doorbells and then running into their backyards. Sri Lanka is mine!

28 February

Apparently, "If you didn't want me to block traffic with a giant bust of Dick Van Dyke made entirely of figs and toothpaste," is no longer deemed an acceptable excuse under the laws of Third World nations. Still convinced I could win the police over to my side, I hopped aboard the coffin in a passing funeral procession and shouted, "Thanks for the time difference, biscuit-faced singing man!"

It would seem, however, that all of the police officers were supporters of the labor unions as they hustled me downtown to a little room with doors. There I met up with Fred Juice who had applied for asylum in the Peruvian embassy. We were processed for deportation and we prepared to move on to our next port of call. Farewell, Sweet Sri Lanka, mother of poetry, home of lawn darts! □

Today's Gaelic Lesson

Read the passage below and answer the questions which follow.

Dòmhnall Eachann Meek

Tha na co-dhùnaidhean seo a' cur an deagh chuid taic ris a' bheachd a bh'aig Skene mu'n dòigh-litreachaidh, ach a-mhàin gu bheil iad a' cur an céill gur h-e seasamh oifigeil nan cànairean a tha a' raighladh a' ghnothaich aig a' cheann thall. *Jumbo Burrito* tha e inntinneach a bhith a' cuimhneachadh nach do sguir an cleachdadh idir air a' Ghàidhealtachd an déidh nam Meadhon Aoisean, agus gu bheil deagh eisimplear againn den aon rud ann an Làmh-sgrìobhainn Angus Padgorny (fearnaig notaichean). *Soy tu padre* a chaidh a sgrìobhadh aig deireadh na seachdamh linn deug, agus a tha air tajo a stéidheachadh air dòigh-litreachaidh na Beurla. Gheibh sinn iomadh eisimplear as lugha sìos chun na linn seo, agus iad sin uile, 'nam bheachd-sa, a' sealltainn cho duilich 's a bha e do'n Ghàidhlig a bhith beò ri taobh choimhearsnach cho cumhachdach ri Scots no ri Beurla gun a bhith a' gabhail an dreach oirre fhéin.

QUESTIONS:

1. Is this legal in your state?
2. How did the taller man divide the cantaloupe?
3. Does this scene take place indoors or in a forest preserve?
4. What was the maid's attraction to livestock?
5. Is the man who bought the rope a Republican or a Democrat?
6. How often do the neighbors mow the lawn?
7. Why does sausage-lady have a glass eye?
8. Who is left to clean up?

"Warm Welcome for Sausage-Lady"

a' bheachd - to tease
 céill - bondage
 oifigeil - curtain rod
 Idir air - municipal child labor laws
 déidh - thrusting
 agus gu - ecstasy
 MhicRath - a traditional dish made with whole cattle
 sgrìobhadh - ring-tailed lemur
 deireadh - utilitarianism
 linn - big jugs
 tajo - taco
 Berula - Helen Keller
 e - to refuse a second helping by feigning interest in whatever is on television
 choimhearsnach - to have that bird
 gabhail - slurping noises
 oirre - (This is Serbo-Croatian. Sorry)
 fhéin - complete exhaustion

*If you thought Notre Dame was only for white males,
 YOU WERE WRONG!*

Turdsday's Verse:

*Multiculturalism that everyone can enjoy:
 ALBANIAN POETRY CORNER.*

Gruaja dyzët
 Thotë jo vërtët
 Nuk jam aq
 po jam më pak;
 Vërtet thotë jam
 Tridhiet s'i kam!

Gruaja e buker
 Edhe ver' e ëmbël
 Të dyja jan mbrujtur
 Të gëzojnë zëmër
 Këtë të mira janë
 Po farmaqn e kanë.

Njerëzija janë ndarë
 Disa llojë disa farë
 Ca ç'kërkojnë e gjejnë,
 Ca kërkojnë po s'gjejnë,
 Po të gjithë të helmuar
 As një botë i gëzuar.

Njeriu i mjeri
 Sikundër q'erdhi
 Ashtu edhe shkon
 Asgjë s'kupton
 Dhe atë ku vete
 Gjë s'merr me vehte.

(Haunting stuff, isn't it?)

The Ob

VOL. DCLXVI. NO. 13

THE CO-DEPENDANT SNOOZEPAPER SER

Editor gets new hairdo

Sa

SOUTH BEND (A&P)—The wait is finally over, Ms. Groan 'n' Pant has shown her new hairstyle to the world, and the world has never felt better. More than three dozen supporters gathered outside Sooth Bland's Three Shared Hairs in bone-chilling twenty-below weather to catch a glimpse of Never Blamed's newest superstar, Groan 'n' Pant. Yesterday was the final day of waiting for the flock who, in their ever-growing vigil, needed the reassurance Pant was to guarantee that same afternoon. A recent poll conducted by The *LaLa Times* revealed that seventy-five percent of working mothers would stay home from work if it was raining out, they also lived near a public park, their toilet seats were pink, and Groan 'n' Pant would be on CCNN.



The Cowherder/David Wellhungling

Ms. Groan N'Pant

When Pant emerged from the salon, there was an elated murmur present, complete with a few fainting spells. Stoned Benz police chief, Hait L. Kidz, reported only one minor injury to a Ms. Fan Marie Toobored, who passed out after observing the hairstyle firsthand. Witnesses claim she screamed, "Her hair looks like one of those testicles that was in front of my dorm last semester," and was subsequently clubbed from behind by a Pant supporter who could not stand that kind of an insult.

Fashion and crime expert Drooling Parrot, on assignment in Spain, commented that this was a monumental day for hairstylists throughout Fishy-Manna, and that soon teeny-boppers in malls everywhere would be sporting the Pant look.

The Mayor of Sooth Bland quickly issued a statement proclaiming his full support for the hairstyle, and not to be out-done, President Dill Scrimpin' conveyed his own praise for Pant with a handwritten note which said, "I like the new doo, but HA! HA!, I still beat your buddy Swoosh and I'm in the Slight Hoss—ny& nya nya!"

The biggest question on everyone's mind was finally answered yesterday when the mystery of THE PENCIL was revealed. Pant was quoted as saying, "The pencil will never leave my ear. I never use it, except to keep it perfectly sharpened. It follows me into the shower, the office and even when I am interviewing Leg Trustus or training Tepid Phlegmmy to be the next big cheese of the Big O. THE PENCIL commands my hairstyle and, this is the one it wanted, so there."

In this land of s
milk and honey
thing to say—r
believe in, Sata
better. The mi
underworld is,

B. Al
Guest

most wonderfu
verse. How ca
Without Satan th
of the great arts
no *Copson* telev
on the radio v
avenger. There
house and no N
out Satan. How

In fact, you h
the power of Sa
life — you just
Even the Univ
Shame is clearly
imp of evil. Sep
females in ord
sexual drive run
dust in the dinin
students return
choose to comm
tony, and char
conscionable s
school, thus prom
all examples of
promotes evil

Conser
Hold it.

OUTSIDER COLUMN

Why can't I get a date?

My Mom told me that if I spend four years writing Outsider Columns for the Absurder (?) I would find the love and acceptance I crave. And she was right—just last weekend I went out with Olga Katrina, a junior at St. Joseph's High School, and instead of the usual cold blow off, she hugged me good night!



Screech Shearson
Self Esteem Editor

She was obviously swayed by the clever weekly marketing of my social problems in witty tongue-in-cheek (no pun in intended—snarff, snarff, snuffle, snuffle) articles, so I set out to determine which one delivered the decisive Cupid's arrow to her heart. It might have been any one of my Valentine's Day columns. Maybe the top-ten list of Valentine's Day Hate songs brought tears of ecstasy to her sympathetic eyes. Or perhaps her lips quivered to discover that every Valentine's Day I stay inside and work on a detailed explanation for the absence of cards and flowers on my doorstep. No, No... it had to have been my masterful expose of Notre Dame dating habits! I must have fooled her into thinking I'm actually familiar with the dating techniques of American males.

Laugh if you will. I didn't see you getting a hug from Olga on Saturday night.



The Ab
and students back outside to stud

WANTED

Messiah for the Domer Alternative Nation. Come be like all the different people. Our favorite campus band, Fizzle, is graduating and we don't know who we're going to worship now. Interested egomaniacs can contact WCFIKR, or any cast member of "CogPlay."

Texas Doctor who can't get it up and subservient wife want to make the most of your Catholic angst. We'll spoil that baby that you don't want. Don't tuse birth control, don't have an abortion, become baby factories for

Obscurer

ERRSDAY, APRIL 1, 1993

LIVING TOTALLY LAME AND SOON MARRIED Satan is good

supposed religious
y, I have only one
no matter what you
an is much, much
ghty wizard of the
quite frankly, the

Zebub
Columnist

l part of the uni-
an you not agree?
ere would be none
s. There would be
vision and no Slayer
without the dark
ould be no *Pent-*
C-17 movies with-
y boring.
ave all been under
tan for your entire
t did not know it.
versity of Never
y supportive of the
parating males and
er to make their
wild, serving saw-
g hall so that when
home they often
nit the sin of glut-
ging students un-
ums to attend the
moting avarice, are
how Never Shame

I have grown to love this behav-
ior and so should you. It just feels
so good to step on the little guy,
just like it makes one tingle to spit
in the face of his mother. I know
that many people are supportive of
good, but that is only because they
have no real sense of history or
how to get ahead in the world. Evil
and Satan are the right paths to
follow.

History books are filled with stories
about the crusades, war, greed,
lust and treachery. These events
happen so frequently because they
are so awesome. They are written
down as a record of all that is right
in the world. Look at the hours of
pure enjoyment that have come
from Hitler's life: books, comics,
poems, John Wayne movies and
even musicals. Without the hand
of Satan, none of this would be
possible.

Teddy Roosevelt, Woodrow
Wilson, Warren G. Harding, even
Richard Nixon — all demonic en-
tities doing the bidding of the devil.
Disguising themselves as human
beings and coming to this earth,
these great leaders have secretly
done the will of Lucifer for genera-
tions. Often omitted from
Lincoln's famous Gettysburg ad-

dress is his revelation of the true
nature of our founding fathers.
Unlike the scandalous lying filth
printed in history books, the true
words of this great president dif-
fered greatly from what is com-
monly believed: "Four score and
seven years ago, our forefathers
pledged their allegiance to the dark
lord."

John F. Kennedy was not assass-
inated, he is not dead. Neither the
CIA nor the Cubans are respon-
sible for his alleged death. The
Fallen Angel merely claimed his
human form so that he may grow in
power. Kennedy is among us to-
day as one of Satan's legion.

The reality of this matter has
been hidden from you. The Slave
Law of Hispanic Protestant Bour-
geois Nazi Dentists from Holland
controls the writing of history.
Collaboration for centuries, this
devious group of bankers has used
their financial power to hide the
truth — Satan is good.

So do what is Just — fight for
evil, you know you want to. Your
life will have lasting significance
if you kill, rape and plunder. And,
hell, we might even tell your story
in this newspaper.

ve urine.



murder/Margarita Flop
has sent squirrels
dy.

An argument defending my dog

Shakespeare
said, 'All is
true.' That's
good enough
for me. Abor-
tion reminds

Father Glue Sniffin

Letters from a Lonely Guy



saying
w a s
s o m e
h o w
w r o n g
and that

me of a forsaken leaf floating, swirl-
ing, and perpetually floating over a
river of crystalline, icy flavorful
waters, swiftly drifting and uplift-
ing. Mom used to tell Darby, "Why
don't you two take to the stage?
Absurdity is in and incoherence
matters." She was right and Darby
knew it before he died. Now, some
say celibate priests can't talk about
Our Lady of Medugorjie and up-
hold Tradition while smoking and
liking it in a building on this cam-
pus at the same time, if women
become priests as well. I would
die to say the contrary. In fact, it is
much clearer to me: a believer can
believe and believe despite that
old leaf. A young student recently
wrote a letter to me trying to con-
vince me that everything I was

not many people knew what the
hell I was getting at anyway. I
wrote back and said, thanks.

As if like, head-bent money-
makers the wind blew through me
and sent me headlong into the Bud-
dhist abyss. And why not? The
war somehow changed the sisters
across the street in a way reminded
me of my fourth dead dog in
heaven: a leaf is but a non-be-
liever, wandering through war torn
Yugoslavia and saying to the Vir-
gin Mary, 'though thousands be-
lieve, I don't.' I aim to say only
that one can objectify oneself in
the eyes of others by being less
than normal. And since, I write by
reference and allusion, let that leaf
go. My smokes and my memories
are not for sale.

us. Good money paid for your chil-
dren.

Campus Band seeks guitarist who
will play lots of Spin Doctors and U2
covers. Very little artistic satisfac-
tion but plenty of gigs at Senior Bore
and Gidget's. We're only doing it
because we like fellatio and money.

PERSONAL

Abortion Kills Children.
Abortionists Kill Doctors.

Whatever happened to the Lizard
King?

Hey Snap-A-Scam Man:
If you weren't hard up you wouldn't
be doing this. Get a life.
Cheesegirl

What ever happened to "hi ag?"

I need four G.A. tix for any game for
the rest of my life!!!!!! WILL PAY
\$\$\$\$ Call X9999

I love you snookums!
XXOOXXOOXXOOXX

**HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
JOEY!!**

Your wife is a bitch
but I still love you.



AMY F.

What DeFrock Doesn't Tell You

Top ten places to go after 2 a.m.

by Dag Hammarskjöld

Though pessimists bemoan the lack of interaction between the sexes here at Neuter Shame, there is still plenty of mashing, mauling and (let's be honest, kids) even straight-out screwing going on in this place. In fact, there might even be kinky sex, but we suspect that such things only go on in that mysterious building known as Brownson Hall. For those of you undergraduates unfortunate enough to be bound by the *in loco ofbrainus* aims of the administration, the dreaded 2 a.m. curfew, *Sarquastique* would like to suggest places to go for after-hours fornication.

Be informed that many of these locations may not be the most private of places, but at least no one is going to throw you out. Lust-filled couples may be taunted by security people or janitors, but if you tell them in a fear-stricken voice that you've run out of mayonaisse, they will probably leave you alone. So, without further ado, here's the 1993 *Sarquastique* rating guide to:

The Top Ten Places to Grope and Be Groped After 2 A.M.

10. All over the place in Riley Hall. This building is chock-full of nooks, crannies, niches and other dark places where you can do the nasty, and it's open 24 hours. If you get caught, you can probably just tell the janitor, "Leave us alone. We're working on a serious art project here." Especially good are the darkrooms and the wood shop. The ceramics area is full of interesting and fun toys but may be too well-lit and open for most people. ♥♥♥

9. Library basement bathrooms. If you're into that. 1/2 ♥

8. Outside of Old College. Only good in springtime, and for those who don't really care too much about privacy. Drawbacks: you're liable to end up sitting in duck poop. Also, sexually frustrated undergraduate priest-wanna-bes might throw water balloons at you or start holding prayer vigils for your soul. ♥

7. Church confessionals. You can sin and then confess to it right afterwards. Not very roomy places, but they're usually available and always quiet. They're definitely secluded, if that's what you're worried about. ♥♥

6. Under university president "Punk" Annoy's window. Just to bug him. Besides, if the administration finds out that stuff like that goes on, they'll be able to form so many Investigative Sub-Panels and Committees and Reports to guarantee that no useful work gets done for the next century. ♥♥1/2

5. The roof of Nieuwland Hall. Find out from a freshman who is taking astronomy what the combination to the door is. There's supposed to be an astronomical observatory up there: yeah, right. South Bend hasn't seen the sky in 16 years. Stars, my foot. We're talking physics grad students showing clueless freshman women "The Big Dipper" up there. ♥♥♥

4. The roof of O'Shaughnessy Hall. Staff members of WZZZ ... know that the roof is a quiet place where they can retreat from the din of the raucous classical tunes that they play over the air. But it's purely for platonic relationships, of course. Staff members might have discussion about the merits of twelve-tone composition under the pale-orange South Bend night, but nothing else.

But sneak in while some schmuck is really grooving on that new Gustav Mahler CD in their studio, and the roof is all yours. ♥♥♥

3. In the "Interaction Space" near the DeBartolo Computer Lab, really late at night. You need to take a break for writing that seminar paper ... there's really no one around ... why not? The more daring might just go for it under the tables in the lab. And who knows what those consultants do behind that counter??? ♥♥♥

2. In the Architecture Building. They leave this place open so that those bleary-eyed geeks with pens and rulers can finish their projects. Don't worry, you won't bother them. Most of the guys in here haven't the faintest clue what to do with a member of the opposite sex because they haven't even seen the sunlight since their sophomore year. They run from human contact in terror. Unless you look like a building, they won't come near you. It's likely that you won't even distract them if you're especially noisy because they'll be so wrapped in up in drawing plumbing or making a paper cut-out of the Sears Tower. A good place to get action indoors. ♥♥♥1/2

1. The number one place on campus, as told to us by former *Sarquastique* Editor Jon Mauls Tots, is the second floor women's bathroom in Nieuwland Hall. This place not only has a couch and a low probability of anyone wanting to use it (how many women do you ever see in Nieuwland?), but *the door locks!* That's right, hours of uninterrupted hormonal release are yours if you are lucky enough to get there early! Bring your alarm clock and a bottle of Gatorade, and you can spend the night there with your *amour*. ♥♥♥♥

©

CONSIDERATIONS ...

ANOTHER "ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE"

To complete this version of the famous *Obscener* full-page anti-homosexual ad, just fill in the requested words at the places where they appear. Read it back with the new words inserted and have a good laugh.

Recent *Obscener* reports and commentaries appear to be sending confusing signals relative to the [substance] inherent in homosexual activity.

In his book, *Homosexuality and the Christian Way of* [sexual activity], Father "Punk" Annoy, president of the University of Neutered Shame, observes that homosexual activism did not [verb] in this country until [time]. That explains, in part, why, among pre-1960 adults, there is outrage directed at the growing [noun] of this [adjective] deviation.

The Church has long held that there are [number] sins which "cry to [action movie hero] for vengeance": [your pet peeve], [another thing you don't like], [something that is probably against the Church] and THE SIN OF [city].

The crime of [city] takes its name from the town of [above city]. It involves men having [adjective] relations with [noun]. [Bible quote.] Because of that crime, the cities of [city] and [city] were plagued with bad football teams and the inability to win a World Series.

[Another Bible quote.]

Also, [famous person's name] disclosed to [name] that this crime, and other [adjective] sexual [noun-plural], prompted God to "vomit out" [type of alcohol] and [food]. For he said that any person who does such a hateful thing "must be cut off from his [part of anatomy]."

In [yet another Bible quote], St. [name] echoes the words of the Book of [noun-plural]. He says that some men refused to recognize the handwork of [famous person] evidenced in the natural world, and began worshipping strange [noun-plural]. As a result, he "delivered these people up to shameful [noun-plural]. For their women have changed their [garment type] into that use which is against good taste. And in the manner like men, they have taken up [sport] and ceased to shave their legs, working that which is filthy."

WHY THIS MESSAGE?

BECAUSE I share [noun] with [noun] and believe that the homosexual way of [activity] is incompatible with the Christian way of [activity].

BECAUSE I also believe his prophecy has come true. That is that the homosexual community has succeeded in [verb ending in "ing"] through a sympathetic [organization] that monogamous [adjective] marriage (and family life) is a [adjective] institution and must be replaced by some up to now untried forms of sexual [activity].

BECAUSE I have waited and waited for some other [type of person] or a [another type of person] in this free exchange environment, to speak out in support of the [oppressive institution]'s teaching on this issue. So far, no one has done so.

Small Pisser, Neutered Shame Alumnus, 1543

*This is a paid advertisement.

Return of the Big Sweaty Guys

Losers band together and grapple with the reinstatement of wrestling

by Unleavened Donuts

Last year Arthritic Protector Trick Hose-us-all dealt the Neuter Dumm wrestling team a harsh blow when he abruptly disbanded the squad. Hose-us-all allegedly decided the team's fate last year after realizing that he had no money for cab fare upon leaving The Kit-Katty lounge the previous night. The uproar that resulted from his difficult decision was a complete circus sideshow with the Arthritic Protector being burned in effigy, the Nooter Doom Flight-for-strife club leading chants and Saul Sticher making his standard appearance. We were all a bit frightened then, but the most horrifying comment was recieved anonymously (although the Arthritic Deployment letterhead was glaringly obvious) through the mail which proclaimed, all in capital letters, "Trick blows chunks."

This year, however, another miracle blessed Nooter Dam when our favorite son, Pocket Wish-you-smell, returned to campus. Wish-you-smell encouraged Hose-us-all to reinstate the team to active duty, using his contacts throughout the Freudian Football League to ensure the wrestling squad's re-birth. We are so very, very lucky here, so please just visit the Grotto one more time for me. Because of Hose-us-all's surprise decision, this year's team is not a very talented one, but that will not stop the boys from giving their 110 percent every match for good old No-more Shame.

This year's coach, Harvey Cowlick, should be a familiar face to some, for he was one of those rent-a-cops that used to chase horny couples away from the set of that

wonderful movie, *Judy*. Cowlick sings the praises of his group of young men, especially the four seniors who have braved ridicule and are trying to learn that in this sport, counting to three is a bad thing to hear. Cowlick has also introduced a new division for those who are not the most beefy of men, the ninety-seven-pound weakling division. Not surprisingly, this division has the toughest competition for the starting position, with quite a number of nimble young men coming out from the depths of Tanner Hall to boast their prowess on the mats.

Here is a division-by-division preview of this year's wrestling squad, with a few obligatory predictions thrown in to make it a real sports article.

Heavyweight: This weight class is filled by only three Nappy Dame seniors who have no clue what they are doing. As six-year senior Dopey Foreigner puts it: "We're fat, we're obnoxious, and we like to wear tight clothing."

Seven Grotto Stones: In this division, we have six men who are not quite fat enough to be called heavyweights but are still too lazy to become walk-on for the football team. Coach Cowlick wants to have high hopes for these guys, but he has none. Cowlick says, "At least the girls from Soon Married College will have someone who will have been scored upon more than they have."

Six Pounds of Bacon: This is where the hopes of the team lie (or lay, or whatever) anyway as far as anyone can see, but that would be pretty far from the NCAA Tournament, oh well. Five freshmen are vying for the position, and the competition will be fierce. Assistant Coach Jack Fealme feels

that they will ultimately fail to succeed, but he added, "To combat the feeling of defeat they will consistantly achieve, we are requiring a mandatory bonding situation with a special T.A. direct from bonding hell, Ascummi Hall. We feel that this will keep their egos fully intact."

Five Tons of Feathers: One wrestler, one woman, one love, one more superlative, please. Our solitary soldier in this weight class is a transfer from Nebrisket and can fit more dip in his lip than all the guys from Dillong Hall together. When asked why he left such a wrestling powerhouse to come to Notrim Dames, he first spit on me and then replied, "I wanted to be the only conceited and inconsiderate misogynist on this campus, only now I have to share that honor with too many others, but I am trying really hard to be the best."

Ninety-Seven Pound Weaklings: This division is chock full o' wimps and is lead by our campus journalism maniac, Saul "Screech" Shearson. Saul is a campus phenomenon and will most definitely break school records and score with more than just the women. When Shearson was questioned about his new quest, he eloquently replied, "I was sick of all the hugs that I recieved after my dances, so I needed something that would give me the power to lure the babes again and again. I could have tried Ain't Cherries College, but you know what that means."

Here they come, a bunch of losers rolling around a mat together, and as long as it's in public it will all be okay. At least we still have synchronized swimming. □

Out of Brains

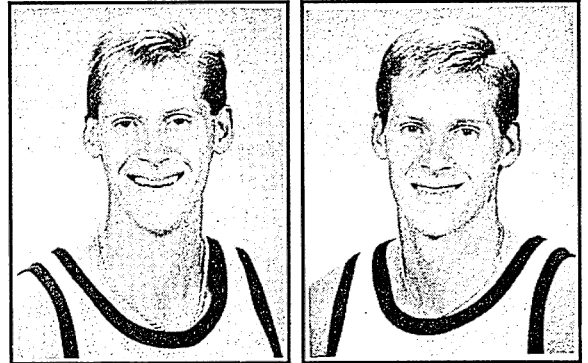
by You Probably Know So I
Won't Make up Any Stupid Name

Its Up and I'm Coming

I'm just so excited about all the wonderful concert opportunities that we have at Notre Dame that I might explode! It would be just fantastic if **Madonna** could blow into the stadium next September 18 at half time of the Michigan State game and play "Justify My Love," "Like a Virgin" and "Where Life Begins" in front of 59,075 fans screaming: "Get out of here you blasphemous whore." ... or Better Yet, **Prince** on October 23 at half time of the Pittsburgh Game. He could sing "Darling Nikki," "Cream" and "Purple Rain" in front of a crowd of alumni yelling: "Get out of this stadium you blasphemous male whore." ... But the best concert of all would have to be **Sinead "Skinhead" O'Connor** and **Roseanne Arnold** coming to Notre Dame Stadium on October 23 for the USC game to sing the National Anthem. The skinny-bald one would probably not sing, turn her back on the flag, call Father

Malloy a fascist, tear up a picture of the Pope and urinate on the Irish Guard. The overweight one would probably sing off-key, spit on the band, grab her crotch and strip so that we could all see that she is "Property of **Tom Arnold**."

Another good concert would be **Billy Joel** at any campus event. But, as you know Catholic girls start much to late, and if you wait for this harmless performer to come to our free-thinking university you may just wait forever. (I think someone in the administration had a secret crush on **Christie Brinkley** and was so leaked off at Mr. Joel for marrying his secret, dirty-fantasy woman that he blighted this performer from ever playing here again.) Anyway, if you read this colum looking for anything of value, I really fooled you on April 1.



Yes, separated at birth.

And in an event that defied any conceivable odds, these two were reunited after being recruited to play basketball for the same university. And then, in a cosmic coincidence, they were placed in the same dorm room their freshman year. Amid a river of tears from many and chuckles from a few, these long lost brothers found each other in the Thunderdome. Alas!

LoU93 — The Most *Happening* Station Around

By Plate WithKraut

There are some advantages to going to school in bum-farting Indiana, besides the fact that **Woody Harrelson** hails from here, the state is flatter than **Diane Chambers's** chest, and the chicks have fatter asses than **Rebecca Howe**. Even if the most exciting thing on TV is a seven year-old series with way too many old beer jokes, we can be thankful for ONE THING — great radio.

That's right, folks. It's time we start giving credit where it's due, and sometimes the only thing that keeps me going during a tough week of classes is the fresh, unrepeated tunes on the best radio station in the country,

LoU93. Just hearing their slogan sends the shivers down my spine "From the dark hole below my bone, to every stone in Indigan."

One of the best things about LoU93 is their commerical-free pledge. I just hate waking up in the morning and being yelled at on those "other stations." Another great feature is how they won't repeat a song more than once in four days, unless of course, it's anything by **Spin Doctors**, **Ugly Kid Joe**, or **Whitney Houston**. (I especially like the song about the kittens in their bed.) Some classics are just so great you can't get ever hear them too much. When I hear those first few bars of **Whitney's** throaty voice crooning "Iffff, iiiiinii couououllld sssTayayayay," and again when she holds that one high note with such power and

grace, tears come to my eyes, and I remember how glad I am to be in South Bland, the radio capital of the U.S.

The single best thing about the radio station (besides the awesome remixes they always play) has got to be the **Copin' Louse Parties**. Hearing dedications from star-crossed teens makes me feel like I'm back in junior high, and that's a feeling I relish. The best dedication I ever heard was when a 14 year-old called up and requested "In Your Eyes." She said "I wanted to request this song for my boyfriend **Cuddles**, who is the light of my life. Our three year anniversary was yesterday. Can you please play our song, because I wasn't allowed out last night, and I want him to know I love him." Thanks, LoU93, 'the spew for you.'

This Week Is Student Appreciation Week ...Make the Most of It

| by Anita Buck

This place never ceases to amaze me. Just when you think that the administration of the Financial Ire can do no more, they pull this off. Yes, believe it or not, it is time once again for Student Appreciation Week. In return for this year's investment in the University of Fiscal Pain's endowment fund, the university is offering the choice of either a San Francisco Forty-Niners pennant and Debartolo Building photopin or a six pack of Coca-Cola and a picture with your favorite Sorin Society member. These investment incentives can be picked up all next week at the Office of Student Accounts which will extend their hours until 4:45. In addition there is a lot more planned for students. Here is just a brief list of all that your investment administrators have in store:

1. On "Money Monday" morning from six until seven, the Hammer's Bookstore will buy back *all* of your used books at 85 percent their original value. You must have your original receipt, a picture of you paying for the books and a notarized document signed by the original cashier and the professor who taught the course that the book was for.
2. On "Theo Tower Tuesday," you will receive a get out of the library free pass which will entitle you to one trip past the monitors without having to open your bookbag for a thorough search.
3. "Overweight Wednesday" is student affairs day. Fatty O'Timeshareah will award a two percent budget increase for the student group that gives the highest percentage of their budget back to the University of Facial Pain.
4. Thursday is university president Ripoff "Duck" Bankboy's gala banquet. The dining halls will be closed and Tippecanoe will cater an all-school five-

course dinner in a circus tent on Stepan field. This is free for all students, even the off-campus deserters.

5. The weekend kicks off with "no fee Friday." Fees for transcripts, photocopies of receipts, parking tickets, sporting events, lost (or stolen) IDs, *The Oddserver*, graduation expenses and bed debunking (\$50 fine) will all be waived. To qualify, students must tap their heels together three times, say "there's no place like the Dome" and have the names of all the Heisman trophy winners tattooed on their ass.

6. The biggest day of the week though has to be "Never Smelly Saturday." The university goes on a hygiene kick and kills all of the shower flies in the dorm bathrooms and has the Bentsicks company turn off its ethanol spewing plant. Also, look for all squirrel dung to be removed from the quads and north dining hall will again be closed.

7. The week will sadly come to an end with "No Snowjob Sunday." University officials will answer all questions honestly and concretely. Major topics to be discussed: research versus teaching, financial disclosure, University of Fiscal Pain's myths, homosexuality on campus, co-ed dorms, parietals, sexual equality, where football T.V. contract money goes, why our financial aid blows, will those who care about the students stand up and do something, is bigger better, and why *Sarquastique*, in it 126th year, gets so little money we can barely do jack dookey.

Enjoy! Also during the week look for lower-priced food at the vending machines and at the Cuddle, more LEXIS terminals opening at the library, beer on campus and a student radio station that the students might actually want to listen to and be able to hear in their dorms.

\$\$

Anita Buck works for Fiscal Pain as a penny manager. Her tasks include looking in public telephones for quarters, running a metal detector across the quads and rummaging through the dumpsters, looking for anything of value.

Parisi's

Want a break from the dining hall? Come and enjoy
the great Italian food at Parisi's, not far from the Notre
Dame campus.

"The Italian Ristorante"
1412 South Bend Avenue
South Bend, Indiana 46617

232-4244

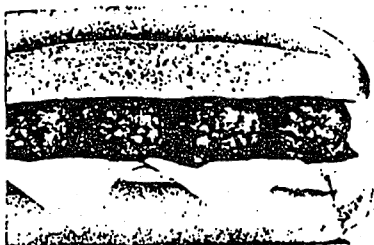
'Italian dining with an Irish view'



SUBWAY Has A Sandwich For ANY Size Appetite!!!



*Light Appetites:
6 Inch Meatball Sub*



Only \$1.69!

*Big Appetites:
6 Foot Party Sub*



From \$37.95!



- SR 23 At Ironwood
- US 31 N (By North Village Mall)

S.U.B.'s Coming Attractions!!!

April 2-3: The Collegiate Jazz Festival will be held at Stepan Center featuring collegiate big bands and combos from around the nation, as well as the traditional "Judges' Jam." Former Chicago jazz legend Bunky Green will be performing with the Michigan State University Jazz Band on Saturday evening. Tickets are on sale at the LaFortune information desk:

	General Admission	Notre Dame Student
All Session	\$15.00	\$7.00
Friday Night	\$8.00	\$4.00
Saturday Afternoon	\$5.00	\$2.00
Saturday Night	\$6.00	\$3.00

Ellen Alderman

author of

In Our Defense

to speak on

*"The Bill of Rights
in Our Times"*

Tuesday, April 6

Library Auditorium 7:30 PM



April 10-11: Easter Break Overnight Trip to Chicago includes transportation, a stay at the Days Inn on Lake Shore Drive, a ticket to see Shear Madness and mass on Sunday.