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UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

APRIL 6, 2000

Sarcastic
2000



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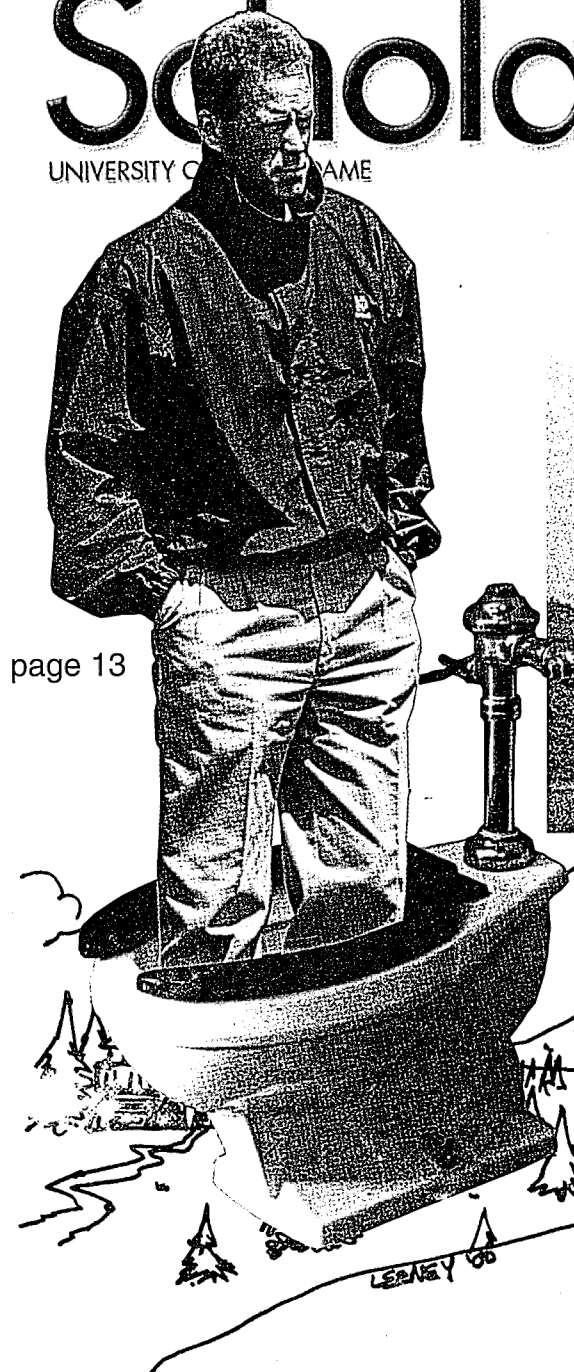
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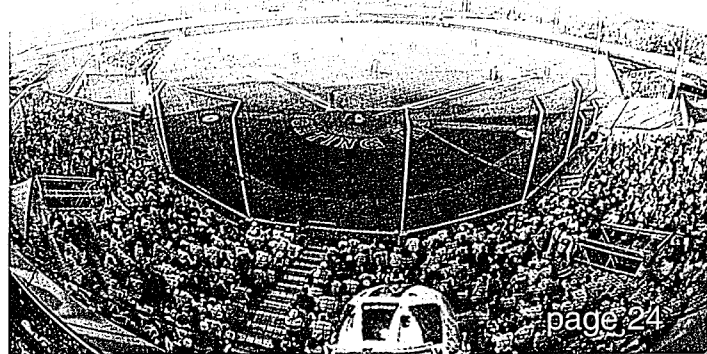
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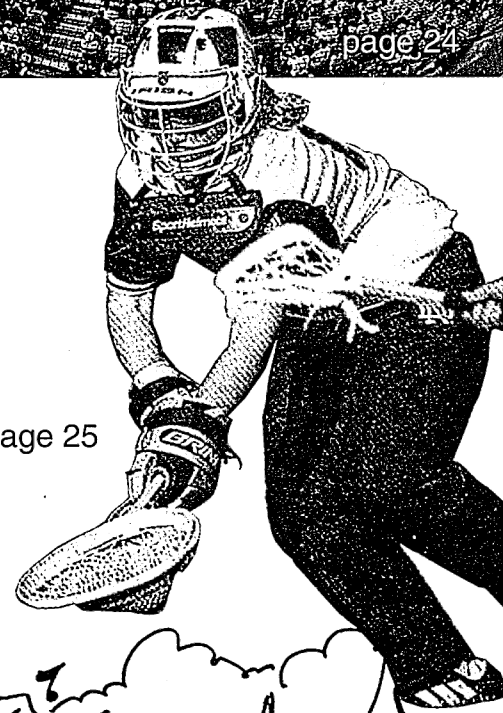
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Cover: Sarcastic 2000

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Football players, the administration, squirrels: what else are they good for but as targets for our annual humor issue? We're funnier than *The Onion* and better than *The Observer*, so join us as we share our campus wisdom. *by Scholastic Staff*

Kaneb Center

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Teaching teachers: Professors and TAs learn how to get their messages across. *by Jane Pater*

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Look out, Broadway. After a two-year renovation, South Bend's Morris Performing Arts Center is ready for prime-time. *by Kathleen Corte*

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Tee-Hee

I walked slowly to the center of the stage. The music faded, the audience hushed and the lights came up, nearly blinding me with their brightness. Although unable to see the crowd, I knew 1,500 expectant faces were staring at me. Dressed in a Navy ROTC uniform, I had the privilege of skewering Notre Dame athletics, administrators and residence halls as an actor in the infamous Keenan Revue. After the show, the usual slate of angry student letters appeared in the Observer. A few days later, one of my friends approached me about the show. "I have to talk to you about the Revue," she said. I got nervous. Had I somehow offended her? "I was upset about the show. You guys didn't even make fun of our dorm once!" she complained. I smiled, relieved at my friend's mock anger. Although some students had taken exception to the jokes in the Revue, I realized that, by and large, people understood that the show's intention is not to offend but to entertain. It is a way of making sure that none of us — even Keenan residents — take ourselves too seriously.

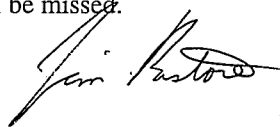
In the same spirit, *Scholastic* offers its April Fool's Day edition, *Sarcastic*. While we parody everything from administrators to athletics to that campus newspaper, it's all in good fun. We had a blast putting the issue together and I hope you have just as much fun reading it.

Award Winners

This past weekend, *Scholastic* traveled to the Indiana Collegiate Press Association conference and took home a number of awards. Graduating seniors Meredith Salisbury and Dave Leeney were recognized for their contributions. Current staff members Mike Griffin, Kara Zuaro, Kat Corte, Carol Wolf and Kim Blackwell also received awards. Congratulations to all the winners.

Hello and Goodbye

This issue marks the first time in four years that Brian Christ and Meredith Salisbury have not been up until an ungodly hour on Tuesday night. They did an incredible job during their reign as co-editors, and I can't thank them enough for all of their hard work and dedication. My only consolation is that the incoming staff is young, talented and will definitely follow in Brian and Meredith's footsteps. I also wanted to say a final goodbye to Heather Hogan. Heather, our assistant layout editor, did not appear on last issue's farewell page. We regret the omission and hope that she still loves us. Thanks to Heather and all of the graduating seniors. You will all be missed.



Jim Pastore
Editor in Chief



Heather Hogan worked with the *Scholastic* layout team for two and one-half years as assistant layout editor. Heather will graduate from Notre Dame with a double-major in economics and psychology and will begin work with a public relations/advertising agency in Chicago after graduation.

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Scholastic

Vol. 141, No. 12 • April 6, 2000

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus*

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Managing Editor

Sarah E. Childress

Associate Editor

Michael P. Griffin

News

Jared P. Marx, editor
Agatha Noble, assistant
Jane E. Pater, assistant

Campus Life

Tina E. Zurcher, editor
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Crissy Manary, assistant

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David B. Leeney, editor
Caroline M. Wolf, editor

Copy

Adam M. Aroian, editor
Jessica L. Daves, assistant

Distribution

Online

Angela M. Polsinelli, manager
Brian Scofield, webmaster

<http://www.nd.edu/~scholast>

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Cover painting by Bryce Richter
Cover design by Michael Griffin

NOTRE DAME FILM, TELEVISION, AND THEATRE PRESENTS

The Love of the Nightingale

by TIMBERLAKE
WERTENBAKER

Directed by Reginald Bain

Wed., April 12, 7:30 p.m.

Thurs., April 13, 7:30 p.m.

Fri., April 14, 7:30 p.m.

Sat., April 15, 7:30 p.m.

Sun., April 16, 2:30 p.m.

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LISTENING IN

"Think of yourself as
a wild Hungarian."

—English professor

"Jell-O, the unspecified food. Half
the time you don't know whether
it's a solid or a liquid."

— Core professor

"Well, when you think about it,
there are only five Big Five firms."

— overhead student

"If they were guys, they would be
pissing on the Grotto right now."

— overheard as four
drunken St. Mary's students
stumbled to the shuttle stop

Public displays of affection
or displeasure will not be tolerated.

— sign in Walsh Hall TV lounge

"Thinking's fine recreationally, but
I wouldn't want to have to do it all
the time."

— overheard student

"I'm worried about your health,
your liver, and your life."

— phone message
from rector

"We already spent thirty dollars
on booze, and we haven't even
left yet."

— students after flight for
spring break was delayed

"This is what NASA picked to
help their reputation after they
blew up that teacher and those
other people."

— physics professor describing
a COBE mission

Language Barrier

New translator solves computer access problems

Beginning last semester, students reported difficulties accessing the H: and I: drives on the ResNet system that connects desktop and laptop computers to the larger Notre Dame network. The two drives provide students with access to their AFS space and important class information such as PowerPoint lecture notes. Sporadic malfunctions of these two frequently-accessed resources have prompted frustration among students and raised concerns about the operation of individual computers.

But as Manager of Computer Platforms Ed Dickison explains, the problem is not specific to certain students or machines. Instead, the root of this campus-wide problem lies in the infrastructure of Notre Dame's network. Servers at the Office of Information Technologies are based on a UNIX and Andrews filing system. They form the backbone of campus computing. Transarc translators allow the few big systems to communicate with the PC and Mac computers of Notre Dame students and faculty. "We've been having some problems with these translators since the fall," explains Dickison. "The volume is a group of drives that stores and distributes information. This volume is changed and modified in order to keep the loads of information balanced. As these volumes are periodically released, the [student's] software isn't capable of responding to the sudden change. These changes are what cause the translators to crash."

The OIT is combatting these problems

with the use of new translators. Known as Samba translators, they are replacing the current Transarc translators, which often crash. When access problems first started to appear last semester, the OIT introduced this new option to students an alternative method of connecting to their H: and I: drives. The first installations were made before the end of the semester in a proactive step to avoid computer-related chaos during finals. "Samba makes use of the built-in networking capabilities of the Windows operating systems without the need for third-party drivers," Dickison says. "By replacing the Transarc translators, the stumbling block is removed."

According to Dickison, the OIT will ultimately replace all of the Transarc translators with Samba translators, but there is not yet a firm timetable for the completion of this task. Students who experience difficulty accessing their H: and I: drives can solve the problem by visiting the OIT help desk on the first floor of the Computing Center and Math Building, or by calling that office at 1-8111. "The help desk can explain how to download the new program students need, and that should solve the problem," says Dickison. Shortly after downloading the alternate programs, the relay link between the floor-size computers at the OIT and the desktop models in every dorm room and office on campus should once again be fully operational.

— Paul Camarata

JUDGMENT CALLS

| | | |
|------------------|---|--|
| Napster blockage | ↓ | <i>With the latest tuition hike, how do they expect us to afford CDs?</i> |
| SUB | ↔ | <i>They finally land a big star like Jimmy Fallon and then stick him in a tiny theater. Only the administration can rival their planning skills.</i> |
| Orange Cubes | ↓ | <i>They smell like fruit, they taste like fruit, they're even in SDH's tropical fruit salad — so what's with the perfect dimensions?</i> |
| The Leprechaun | ↑ | <i>The Onion meets ND. We could get used to that.</i> |

Q&A

10 Questions with



Dick Vitale

Serendipity, baby!

Dicky V. is one of the most well-known faces in the world of college basketball. Famous for his unique catch phrases and for calling everyone 'baby,' Dicky has also done a lot for Notre Dame. Aside from hosting the opening practice of the year, he has also established a scholarship at the university and plugs us on telecasts at every opportunity. Dicky took some time out of basking in the glory of having called Michigan State to win the tournament to answer a few questions.

What do you think of kids leaving college early, or skipping it altogether, for the NBA?

It hurts both the college game and the NBA, but most of all, it hurts the youngster.

Could you sum up your opinion of Troy Murphy's game?

He's an inside and outside player, baby, who's not afraid to take it to the hole.

Do you think Notre Dame will eventually become a basketball school?

Football will always be No. 1 at Notre Dame. But there's absolutely no reason why the fans can't embrace basketball as well.

How long until Championship City for ND, baby?

Within five years, the Irish can certainly make a serious run in the tournament.

Do your new catch phrases come to you in the form of visions?

It's all spontaneity, baby, and a lot is due to encouragement from the audience!

continued on next page →

Q&A

continued from previous page

Where's the best place in the country to see a college basketball game?

Cameron Indoor Stadium at Duke, baby.

What's the number-one, all-time best moment in college hoops?

Jimmy V., baby, with his Cinderella N.C. State team in '83.

What's your favorite basketball movie?

Hoosiers, plus all the ones I've been in. (*Hoop Dreams*, Spike Lee's *He Got Game* and another upcoming Spike Lee film.)

Is it fun doing the Hoops Malone ads with that Muppet?

It's a lot of fun. I get to work with beautiful people, and everyone loves the ads.

On a scale of one to trifecta, how would you rate us as interviewers?

You're Bo Derek 10s, baby, but I'd expect nothing less from the Irish. Go Irish!

HISTORY on the side

Born on June 9, 1939, Dick Vitale has enjoyed a prosperous career in basketball. Vitale began his ascent to basketball immortality in 1964 as a high school basketball head coach at his hometown of East Rutherford, New Jersey. By 1970 Vitale entered the college basketball world that would forever embrace him, becoming the assistant basketball coach at Rutgers and head coach at Detroit. He briefly departed the college world in 1978-79 when he took the helm of the Detroit Pistons. After his one-year stint in the NBA, Vitale settled into his familiar role as college basketball analyst, working with ESPN and ABC. Vitale's voice has become intertwined with the tradition of college basketball, most notably during the NCAA Tournament.

As an analyst, Vitale has recently been decorated with various awards. In 1995, he was honored with the CableACE Award for the top analyst. The College Basketball Hall of Fame awarded Vitale with the Curt Gowdy Electronic Media Award. Some of his famous sayings include "diaper dandies" and "Give 'em the rock, baby!"

SOUNDS OF SILENCE

Nightingale's Night to Sing

Washington Hall's April play presents tough, timeless questions about societal violence

You probably think of Greek mythology as a bunch of ancient tales that serve no purpose in modern-day life. The cast of *The Love of the Nightingale*, Washington Hall's fourth and final mainstage production of the year, is determined to prove that at least one Greek myth has valuable current applications.

The play, written by contemporary playwright Timberlake Wertenbaker, will be performed April 12 through 16 at 7:30 p.m. It "retells the ancient myth of Philomele and Procne, retaining some of the classical qualities but with a strong contemporary perspective," according to the play's director, Film, Television and Theatre Professor Reginald Bain. The play tells the tale of two daughters of King Pandion of Athens: Philomele (Tara Murphy) and Procne (Louise Edwards). The sisters are separated when Procne marries King Tereus (Brad Charron). Tereus, however, becomes infatuated with his young sister-in-law, rapes her and cuts her tongue out to prevent her from speaking of the crime.

Later, Philomele reenacts Tereus' crimes with puppets. Angered, Philomele kills Tereus' son. As an enraged Tereus pursues the two women, all three are transformed into birds. Philomele becomes the nightingale of the title, finally able to sing again, but still unable to speak of the crime.

The cast hopes that viewers will carefully consider the play's serious nature and universal themes regarding violence. "I think the most important message for the audience to leave with is that forcing silence on people leads to violence, and that violence can be an endless cycle, as one thing always leads to another," Murphy explains.

Bain agrees. "Wertenbaker wants us to focus on the power of myth to deal with serious and unanswerable questions," he explains. "Wertenbaker has said that she was 'thinking of the violence that erupts in societies when they have been silenced for too long. Without language, brutality will triumph.'"

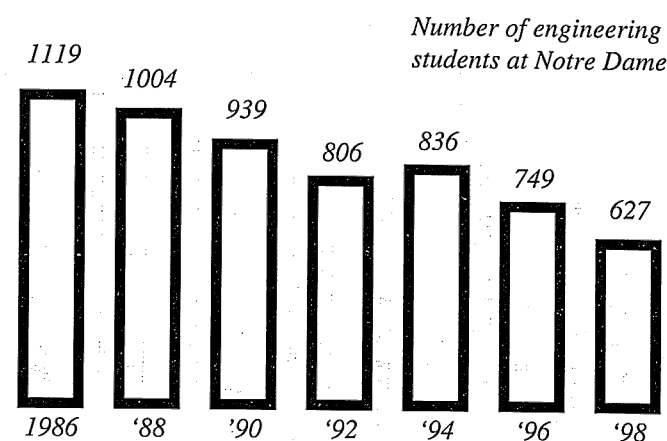
The main theme of cyclical violence lends the play its universal appeal and importance, according to Murphy. "The theme is timeless—it applied back then, in ancient times, and it applies now."

Although the play deals with serious issues, Bain credits the script with skillfully blending humor and solemnity. "It's not a lighthearted piece, though there is wit and comedy in it. It is a thoughtful verbal-and-visual work that challenges our creativity and uses all the theatrical elements towards a complex end," he says, explaining why he was drawn to the piece. By masterfully combining all these elements, Bain impels the audiences to consider Philomele's story, as well as violence in today's society.

—Carrie Sweeney

DOMELIGHTS

School of Hard Knocks



While the number of undergraduate students at Notre Dame has steadily increased over the past 15 years, the number of engineers is on the decline. At this pace, the university should be rid of the school altogether by 2018. Has hard work and dedication gone out of style?

When Help Counts

Notre Dame students learn valuable accounting skills while providing a useful service for others.

BY AGGIE NOBLE

A single mother of two children walked into the Tax Assistance Program Center in the Mishawaka Public Library. She had just mortgaged her house, and her income was under \$20,000 a year. Jillian Seymour and Angela Shearman were working that day at the Mishawaka Center when the young woman came in for help. After Seymour and Shearman had completed her tax return, she had earned a \$3,000 income credit. "I was so happy to help her," Seymour says. "Everyone is always so appreciative."

For 29 years, Notre Dame and St. Mary's have participated in the Tax Assistance Program. Originally a suggestion of a graduate student, the idea was developed into a model tax program under the

direction of Professor Ken Milani. Hospitals and Goodwill are among the more than 10 public locations to which it has spread.

This year, the program served a record 1,544 taxpayers. The growing use of the program has been funded through generous support from donors, including a \$200,000 endowment by Tim and Mary Gray in 1999. The endowment will go to part-time employees and future electronic filing, as well as to Notre Dame alumni who have started tax-assistance programs throughout the country.

"Everyone is really grateful, and everything is very appreciated." Although the project is time-consuming, Grove feels that the program has deepened her understanding of how accounting operates in real life.

This February, Milani developed a new

At times, I provide advice, answers and affirming comments. But eventually, I'm on the sidelines watching the students struggle, sweat and succeed.

— Ken Milani

The Internal Revenue Service and the Indiana Department of Revenue also provide free supplies.

The training program for Notre Dame and St. Mary's students includes a federal income tax class, the Tax Assistance Program course and 10 to 12 hours of training. The training stresses what students are most likely to encounter. "The earned-income credit, child-care credit, credit for the elderly or disabled, tax treatment of welfare benefits, and claiming a dependent are the most common situations," explains Milani.

Senior Kristen Grove, a science and business major, is in her first year with the program. As the supervisor of the River Park Tax Assistance Program, she says,

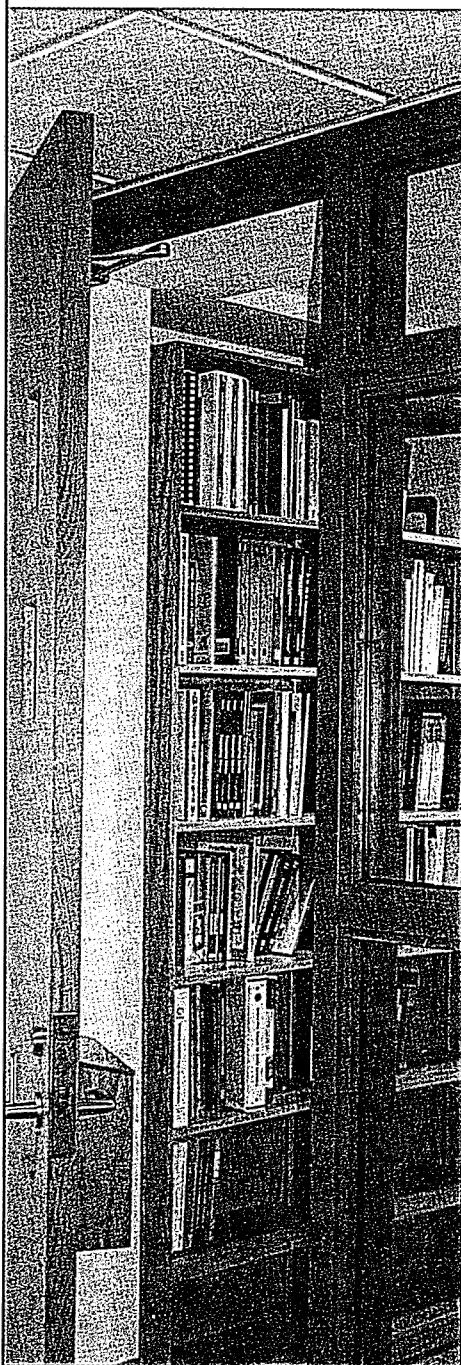
mobile tax-assistance program, Students Working At Taxes. The program aims to assist the elderly and the handicapped who are unable to visit the tax-assistance centers. This "SWAT team" has emerged as a highly beneficial program for both the students and the taxpayers. Tanya Smith, the supervisor of the team, says, "People are really demanding, but when you actually get to their homes, they are extremely grateful."

As the program continues to help more taxpayers each year, students claim that the service is not only an educational experience, but is also extremely rewarding.

Milani stated in the program's 1999 annual report, "Obviously, taxpayers have their tax returns prepared at no charge. Students are utilizing their professional skills in a community service while gaining invaluable experience. And as an instructor, I understand how the coach of an athletic team operates. Tax Assistance Program participants are selected and trained. Then they are 'placed in the arena.' At times, I provide advice, answers and affirming comments. But eventually, I'm on the sidelines watching the students struggle, sweat and succeed."

Kaneb Center

*Opening Doors
to Excellence in
Education*



SARAH CHILDRESS

BY JANE PATER

At a time when Notre Dame is examining the possibility of becoming a more research-oriented institution, opportunities to recognize excellent teachers are becoming increasingly important. By now you have probably heard about the Kaneb Teaching Awards; students are asked time and again to nominate a professor who has shown outstanding dedication in their field of teaching. Now comes the million-dollar question: have you heard of the Kaneb Center for Teaching and Learning? Although the awards and the center are not directly linked, the name Kaneb has come to signify excellence in teaching.

Located on the third floor in DeBartolo, the Kaneb Center serves primarily as a resource center for members of the faculty, including teaching and graduate assistants. With a growing library of literature on effective teaching methods in higher education, professors and TAs alike can walk in and locate resources in the office ranging from books and pamphlets to information on upcoming workshops and conferences.

On another level, the Kaneb Center functions as a forum where professors and TAs come together to discuss issues often encountered in higher education. In such a non-threatening environment, the faculty members feel comfortable to explore innovative ways of communicating their material to students and to examine new approaches in solving the difficulties they face in class. Professor Dennis Jacobs says, "Teaching has become more public. We're talking about it at workshops and conferences where we focus on student learning."

Although the Kaneb Center has only existed since August 1996, Professor John Affleck-Graves confirms high faculty interest. In response to the first workshop offered by the center, over 100 applicants vied after 18 to 25 seats.

One of the main subjects receiving attention from the center is the use of technology in education. Creative use of PowerPoint and multimedia equipment available to professors in most classroom buildings can help students learn more efficiently. This summer, two educational technology specialists from the Office of Information Technologies will take seats as assistant directors of the center. This will enable them to devote more of their time to assisting faculty with efficient and innovative use of technology in the classroom. "It helps get teachers in touch with the technology with

which students are so familiar," Professor Larry Cunningham remarks.

With the additional staff, the total number of employees of the center will expand to 13, a rapid growth from its original two full-time staffers. Founded by a grant from John Kaneb, a member of Notre Dame's Board of Trustees since 1980, the center was modeled after a similar project begun in 1976 at Kaneb's alma mater, Harvard University.

Affleck-Graves, finance department chair, lauded the progress made by the Kaneb Institute, saying, "It has exceeded expectations since its creation. It helps professors look at the class from the student's perspective."

Working with the Carnegie Academy for the Improvement of Teaching, the Kaneb Center called for proposals in December 1999 to design research programs that would aid professors. One of the six proposals that won funding involves redesigning the first-year chemistry laboratory. Before planning improvements, the faculty involved will survey the course for a year and gather input from students. "Assessing student learning is one of our greatest challenges," Jacobs says. Instead of designing tests that more accurately determine *what* students have learned, these research programs involve more interaction with the students to discuss *how* they learn. They involve student surveys of their own learning, discussions with students about the teaching methods they find most effective, and placing video cameras in the classroom to evaluate which methods work better than others.

Serving his second term on the Provost Advisory Committee, Cunningham notes that he has seen incredible changes in faculty members who have used the resources available to them. "When younger faculty face a big class for the first time or realize that they want to learn more about effective teaching, they don't have to be pushed," he says. "They just go to the Kaneb Center on their own."

For these younger teachers, the center serves a special function. According to Jacobs, "the range of training programs for graduate students and TAs puts them on the track to become better teachers." For many of them, their first experiences in front of the classroom can come with little or no formal training. The center provides one means to eliminate some of the anxiety that results from such inexperience.

For the first time, the center will recognize TAs with Outstanding Teaching Awards. Department chairs will be able to

identify up to 10 percent of their department's TAs as the elite among their peers. TAs' commitment to excellence in teaching and personal teaching statements were considered, but teacher course evaluations were the most important criteria. At

here."

Through personal consultations with Professor Barbara Walvoord, the director of the Kaneb Center, teachers can take the information provided in their TCEs and use it to tweak their teaching methods. "When you

"The center tries to help faculty choose and implement the most effective methods for teaching students the highest kind of thinking that the professor wants to foster."

— Barbara Walvoord

the awards ceremony on April 25, 27 TAs from the College of Arts and Letters, 11 from the College of Engineering, one from the College of Architecture, and 11 from the College of Science will be recognized for their excellence in the classroom.

The recognition of high-quality teachers early in their careers emphasizes Notre Dame's approach to education. "Notre Dame takes teaching very seriously," Cunningham, a 30-year veteran of the classroom, remarks. "If you are a good researcher but an indifferent teacher, you won't make it very far

teach students to think at a higher level, you use some method or other," she says. "The center tries to help faculty choose and implement the most effective methods for teaching students the highest kind of thinking that the professor wants to foster."

Walvoord, who came to Notre Dame when the center opened, brings a wealth of experience in the field of higher education. While teaching at Loyola University in Baltimore, she was named Maryland Teacher of the Year for Higher Education in 1987. Jacobs hails her contribution to teaching at Notre

Dame: "If the Kaneb Center wasn't there, and specifically if Dr. Walvoord wasn't there, I would not have gone down the road toward innovative pedagogy." Her assistance in redesigning Jacobs' first-year chemistry course helped him to win the Thomas P. Madden Award for Outstanding Teaching of Freshmen.

Affleck-Graves, who won the COBA Outstanding Teaching Award in 1993, lauds the center as a useful tool for professors. "The Kaneb Center really helped me improve," he says. "I'm a much better teacher than I was five years ago."

As Notre Dame continues to maintain its national reputation as a top-tier institution for higher learning, the center will help ensure that learning remains a priority in the eyes of professors. At the same time that it reinforces that excellence, the center is training the next generation of teachers to respond to the different ways in which students learn. Cunningham remarks, "The Kaneb Center directly impacts the desire of professors to become better teachers." For the students, the enhancement of that desire can significantly impact the quality of their undergraduate education. □

Professor Denis Donoghue
is a Distinguished Visitor
at the National Humanities
Center, and the Henry
James Professor of
English and American
Letters at New York
University.



The Inaugural Notre Dame Erasmus Lectures

Denis Donoghue

"Adam's Curse: Christianity and
Literature in the Twentieth Century"

All lectures will take place at 4:15 p.m., Auditorium – Eck Visitors' Center
(Notre Dame Avenue, south of Morris Inn)

Thursday, April 6
Otherwise than Being

Thursday, April 13
Church and World

Tuesday, April 11
After Virtue

Tuesday, April 18
The Death of Satan



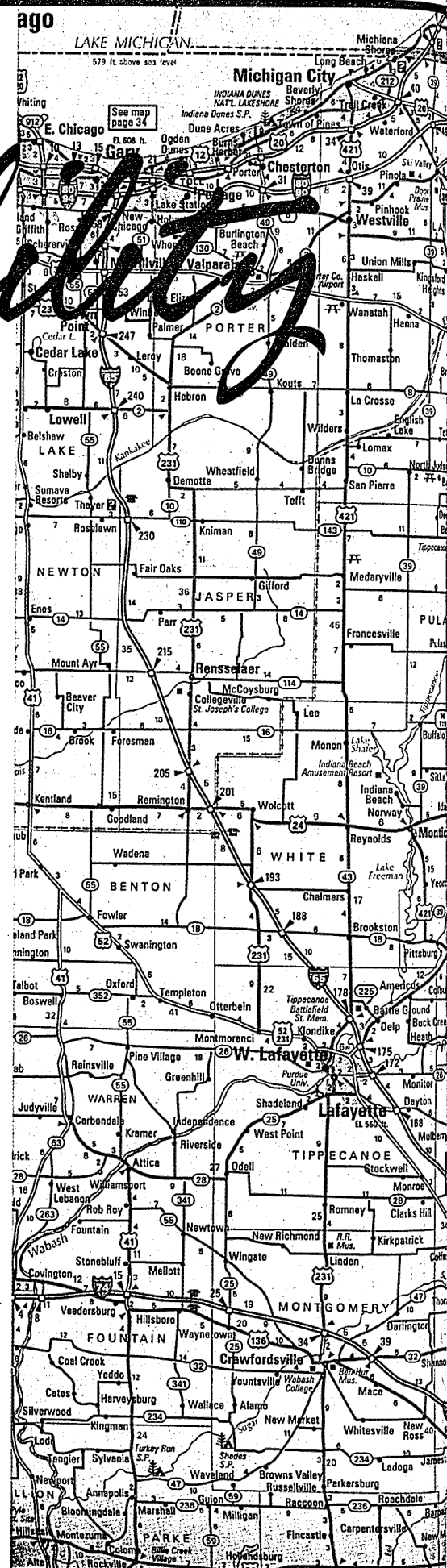
Complementing the efforts of the Division of the Humanities and the Center for the Study of the History of the Christian Church, the Erasmus Institute is a non-profit organization. The first chair of the Erasmus Institute was held by the University of Notre Dame.

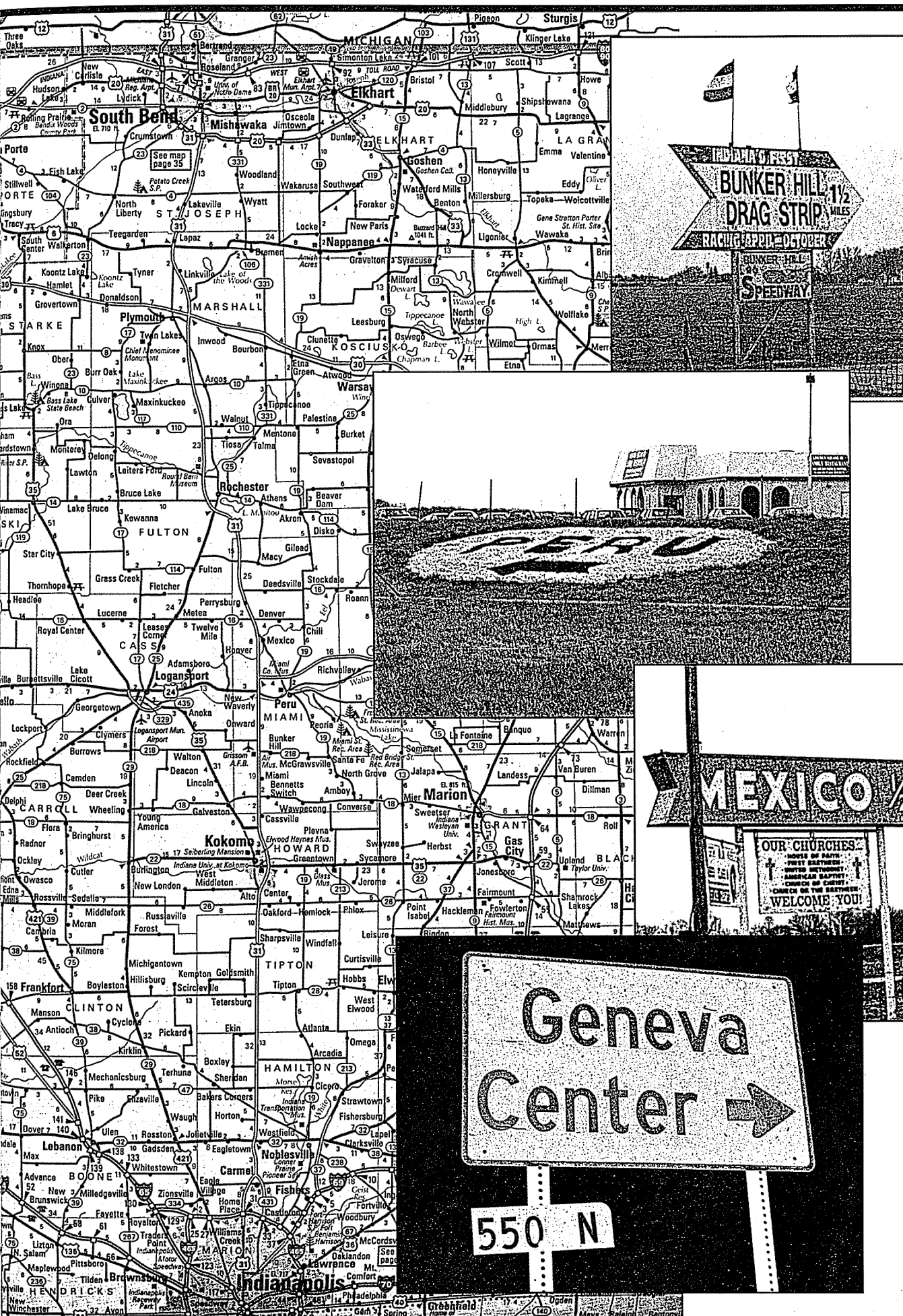
Route 31

World of possibility

By Meredith Salisbury

The weekend approaches yet again, and students all over Notre Dame are stuck facing the eternal conundrum of the Midwest: What is there to do? It seems the only cities within easy driving distance are Chicago and Indianapolis, right? Wrong. In fact, that well-traveled Route 31 is the gateway to the world. You can follow signs along 31 to get to LaPaz, Denver or even Warsaw. To prove this, *Scholastic* recently road-tripped to Indianapolis, snapping pictures of signs along the way. Though we didn't have time to visit any of these exotic destinations, we hope that our efforts will broaden the horizons of all Domers who feel they're trapped in the flatlands.





POSITIONS

AVAILABLE

Catering by Design
and Building Services
offer employment
opportunities



THEY WORK HARD FOR THEIR MONEY
Catering by Design doles out the dough.

PHOTO BY LISA WENZEL

BY JACKLYN KIEFER

As the South Bend winter draws to a close, Notre Dame students begin to anticipate the transition from endless philosophy readings and calculus problems to hours of laying in the sun and watching MTV. However, most students' summer agendas include more than just getting a good tan and memorizing the top 20. When asked the question "What are you going to do after the semester?" the answer of many undergraduates is generally, "Get a job and make as much money as I can!" Some students may get a head start on this goal by working Commencement Week. Perhaps the most popular choice of post-semester employment on campus is with Building Services and Catering by Design.

For those who have not seen the signs in the dining halls and around campus during the past weeks, students working for Catering by Design can make approximately \$300 in one week. Lisa Wenzel, operations manager of Catering By Design, says that in conjunction with Building Services, her department employs 250 to 300 students during commencement week. Monday through Thursday, students will work in the dorms cleaning and doing repairs; Saturday and Sunday they will cater. "While working for Catering by Design, the students will work in one of two areas: either food service or food preparation," Wenzel says. Students are paid \$8 per hour and are given a \$100 incentive; these comprise the \$300

paycheck.

As some students may know, the \$8-per-hour pay is a higher than what was offered in years past. "The increased pay is used mostly to provide incentive for students to stay and work. Also, the number of regular student workers at Catering by Design has decreased over the past several years," Wenzel explains. She adds that the on-campus labor market is relatively small.

But students working Commencement Week will make more than students working at catering on a regular basis. The regular worker earns \$6.10 per hour plus gratuities. When working for catering on a regular basis, Wenzel says, a student will generally work five-hour shifts both for Commencement Week and at other times during the year.

Some students have had problems with this system. Many complained that they were not paid as much as the \$300 advertised. This, Wenzel said, could be due to two factors: the time students take off to eat during an eight-hour shift is deducted, and some students do not work as many hours as others.

However, most students who participate in this unique work experience enjoy it. Sophomore Lisa Wenzel says, "Working here over commencement week was hard work, but it was a lot of fun, too." The hard work did not stop students from jumping at this year's opportunity. As of March 28, all of the positions for this year's Commence-

ment Week were filled, and a waiting list was being formed.

But not to worry. If you are ever short on cash, Catering by Design needs many student workers for other special events such as Junior Parents Weekend. During this event, Catering by Design hires up to 350 students. These students are offered the same incentive package and the same \$8-per-hour wage offered during Commence-

"Working here over commencement week was hard work, but it was a lot of fun too."

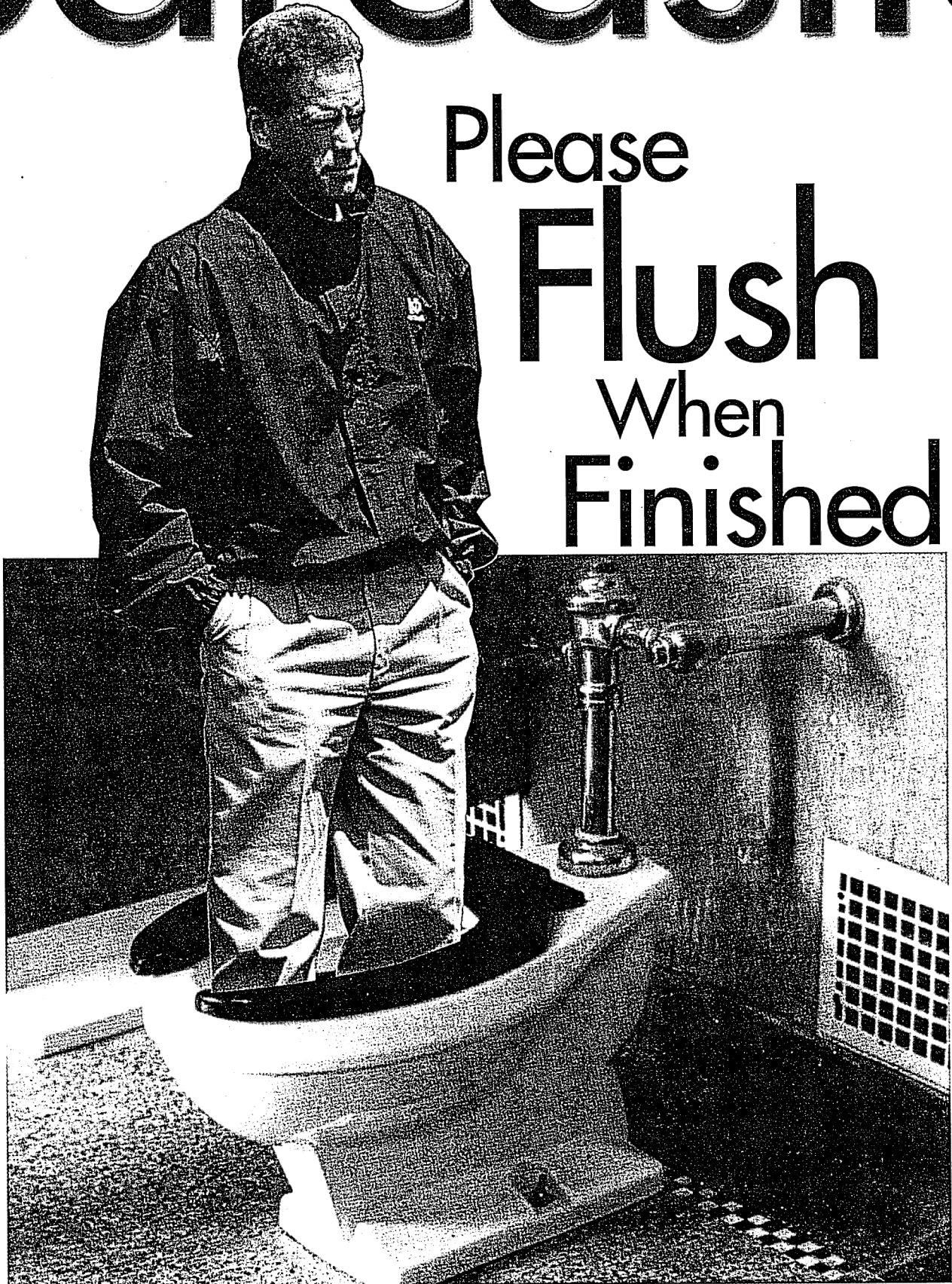
— Lisa Wenzel

ment Week. If you cannot wait until the second semester, catering also employs students for football-Friday luncheons, where they can receive both the incentive and higher wages.

Catering by Design offers many well-paid employment opportunities throughout the year to Notre Dame students. A plus to this type of employment is that it does not require students to continue to work for catering. Students who need spending money for that trip to Chicago can make some quick cash at one of these special events, and even have some fun in the process. □

Sarcastic

Please
Flush
When
Finished



Chasing the Dream

The King of the SYR looks forward to his 50th dance

As their days at Notre Dame draw to a close, seniors have been known to give their ultimate goals one last serious try. Some buckle down to pull that elusive A that will give them *magna cum laude*. Some scramble for meaningful employment. Others hit the Rock daily, in hopes to finally pass the damn first round of Bookstore Basketball. A random psycho or two may attempt to scale the Dome.

One Alumni Hall senior, Bo Sweaty, has visions much grander than those. During his four years at Notre Dame, Bo has attended a whopping 48 SYRs and formals. With the Wake scheduled for this Saturday, Bo needs to attend only one more dance for to reach his goal of 50 career dances.

"He's the King of the SYR," a former roommate notes. "You should see this guy in action. It's friggin' unreal. He dances like a donkey in heat, but every weekend, he's got another one of these things to go to."

"Bo was a sublime dancer," a one-time date argues.

"He dances with inanimate objects," the roommate argues back, his voice getting louder. "Criminy, look at that picture over there! He's dancing with the wardrobe!"

"Bo *did* dance provocatively with a pole in the basement," the date concedes.

"I still get mocked in Pasquerilla West for dancing with inanimate objects. What can I say? I just like to dance," Bo explains. "It's a lot of fun to just get to dance to 70s music."

"He doesn't even drink much," the same stunned former roommate continues. "God, I know every time I hear Abba, I need a shot."

Bo's numbers break down like this: Sixteen dances his freshman year, 14 the next, 12 his junior year, and six to date. Why the senior drop-off? Bo admits that there was a lot of talk about him going pro at the end of his junior year, but an injury at the end of the season put an end to that, and carried over to the fall of his senior year.

"That's simply not true," Bo says, taking issue with the critics who say that his game suffers to this day. A recent nose injury has brought about another round of questions about the young superstar's health. Can he reach 50, or is he simply too frail, many wonder?

"If I don't reach 50, it's because I'm an RA. I'm on duty a lot of weekends, I can't be everywhere. In fact," he says, grabbing this reporter by the collar of his shirt and shaking him, "I'll have you

know that I've had to turn down three invitations this year because of duty. If it weren't for that, I'd have already shattered the 50 mark, and we wouldn't be having this conversation right now."

Declarations such as this seem to imply that the pressure of reaching 50 dances is getting to Bo. While he denies that it is an issue, close friends say that it consumes him like flesh-eating bacteria. "It's all the guy can talk about. Well, that and the Red Sox pitching rotation, but, seriously, it's driving him crazy. I hear that he's been wearing a wig lately, because his hair's falling out under the stress."

Another friend agrees. "I'm worried about him, really. Not only because of the record, but he's also never been to a dance at Badin.

It's the only girl's dorm he's never been to for a dance. I think he views it as a blemish on his record."

"Whatever," Bo grumbles.

After several glasses of water and a Valium, he is able to continue with the interview, provided that the interviewer stops asking such intrusive questions. That in mind, Bo discusses the current state of the on-campus game.

"It's booty that they don't call them SYRs anymore. All-hall dance? What the hell is that?"

As the concept of someone going to 50 dances is much more interesting than the recent re-naming of SYRs, we return to the pursuit of 50. "It won't be the first time he falls short of 50 if he doesn't make it," his former roommate confides. "Back in eighth grade, Bo's basketball team was beating this other team. Pretty badly. They were up by 48 in the closing seconds, when one of Bo's teammates stole the ball. Bo was standing at the opposite end, right under the basket, and was fed the ball with three seconds remaining. He went up for the lay-up, and was stuffed by the bottom of the rim. They could've won by 50. He's still

known as The Goat in some circles for that one."

"That's also booty," Bo mutters despondently. "First off, it was a 20-foot jumper. Second, what the hell difference does it make that we only won by 48?"

Does Bo feel that his impressive mark at ND will be tarnished somewhat by only attending 49 dances?

"Absolutely not. It'll be an NCAA Division I record, and it'll stand for a long, long time."

Whatever, Goat.



Bo Sweaty, pictured here dancing with a wardrobe, has been to an astounding 48 dances while at Notre Dame. Mostly with real live girls.

LITERATURE SUCKS; FOOTBALL RULES

Murdered Tradition

Alumni chastise Notre Dame media

When Brian Oh Christ and Meredith Wendy Gertrude Grushenka Olga Salisbury took the historic step of cancelling the football review issue, they knew there would be at least some controversy. Now, in a series of exclusive interviews, *Sarcastic* talks to the alumni who hate the literary issue to find out why they think football rules and literature sucks.

"I think football is cool," says some guy pointing. "And I think literature sucks. What this campus needs is a good football team. I mean, Jesus Christ, it's not bad enough that the team sucked this year, but now you have to go and insult them by not even writing a review of the season." Some guy pointing adds, "This literary issue thing belongs in the pooper. I mean, God, look at that cover. What the hell are those two midg-ets doing on it? Get them out of there. I don't want midg-ets, I want big burly men crushing each other in a game of football."

Some guy pointing is not alone in his disdain for what many see as evidence of the moral depravity of today's youth.

As for the football team, Coach Head Bop Gravy says, "Thank God you didn't write one. We suck. We've got the worst student body in the country, the worst band in the country and the worst football program in the country. Hey, is that tape recorder do-thingy on?"

Some people, however, like the new literary issue.

"Those two young women kissing are quite attractive," says University President "Clunk" Killjoy. "Hey, what magazine did you say this was again?"

The interview was cut short when Clunk threw *Sarcastic* reporters out of his office and locked the door. The enthusiastic response from Killjoy, however, was the exception rather than the rule. "I don't mind about the girls kissing," says Joe Cruddy. "Just as long as you don't have any of those homosexual ads in there. I wouldn't want to give the wrong impression about Notre Dame." The always-image conscious Cruddy adds, "And none of those ads about bars, either. Students here don't drink, and that's how I want to keep it. Imagine if we had ads for gays and bars in campus publications. Notre Dame would become a haven for alcoholic homosexuals everywhere!"

Whatever happens in the future, Notre Dame will not begin selling condoms and

booze to underage students any time soon. However, while the football team continues to strive toward mediocrity, it won't be worth writing a review about more losing seasons. And, at least with the literary issue, there's a chance of seeing some naked chicks.

— No one cares who wrote this



JUDGMENT CALLS

Parietals



Keeping the men and women of Notre Dame safe from the cooties. Ewww.

Scholastic Magazine



Well at least the Gipper is funny.

Stepan Center



This single testicular mound almost balances out the voluptuous domes of the JACC.

Tuition Hike



Now Killjoy can get drunk every night on his gilded throne.

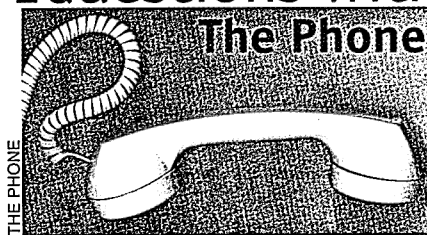
Boo-yah!



If it's good enough for Colonel Sanders, it's good enough for us.

Q&A

10 Questions with The Phone



You have one unplayed message

There is probably only one figure on campus that is universally loved. Sure, we were all happy that Troy and Coach D took us to the NIT finals, we're pretty grateful that Jarious stuck around to make sure Davie didn't go winless, and pretty much everyone loves Blestburgh, except for whoever made that one movie at the Student Film Fest. But no one brings as much joy into our lives on a daily basis as the Voice Mail Lady.

Do you live in the phone?

Yes. It's pretty roomy in here. There are gremlins, but not many.

Have you ever received death threats from the answering machine industry for rendering them useless on campus?

They put a horse head in my bed once. I'd rather not talk about it.

Do you have other gigs?

My mom was the voice of the starship Enterprise on Star Trek back in the sixties. I broke in as the voice of ET, and I also do any female voice in the movies that announces imminent self-destruction.

Who's your pick to win the World Series?

The Kansas City Royals over their cross-town rival, the Chiefs, in a 3-game sweep.

(Concerned frown) What do you think of cell phones?

I went to see Erin Brokovich the other night and someone's cell phone kept going off the whole time. For God's sake, we live in a society. There's no need for that. I wanted to rip their freaking head off and cram the phone down the hole.

(Another concerned frown.) Is it true that CBLD is run by the Mob?

No. Satan.

Will my message light ever blink with love?

Outlook hazy.

Is it possible to use the voice-mail system to rupture the space-time continuum?

Yes, but you also need a Ghostbuster's proton pack. It involves crossing the streams, and can get messy.

Do you have any comment about your illegitimate love-child with the DART guy?

If two consenting adult disembodied voices love each other, that should be enough. I'm sick of the media hounding us with these questions. This interview is over.

Anarchist's Cookbook Sarcastic 15

Killjoy and Ebert

University President Father Clunk Killjoy reviews this year's best films

BY FATHER CLUNK KILLJOY

As is my yearly tradition, I invited some of Notre Dame's most important administrators over to watch the Oscars this year. In the past, the party has been quite a humdinger. It was once a costume party, where everyone was supposed to attend dressed as a character from a movie they hoped would win an award. This worked well until 1990, when Father Blestburgh came to the party dressed as a prostitute in support of Julia Roberts' Oscar nominated role in *Pretty Woman*. I won't say how that party ended, but I can let you know this: There's a good reason Blestburgh's nickname is 'Teddy.' Since then, the party has been sans costumes and a lot more low-key. (Swill Firk did come dressed as Forrest Gump in 1994, but no one actually noticed.) This year, Father Boarman, Swill Firk, Muffin Lockjaw, Bop Gravy, that little troll who runs food services, Joe Cruddy, a big bowl of beef jerky and pork rinds, and I were the only people to attend the party. Student body president-elect Boogie tried to attend, but we asked him to leave when he kept asking Muffin Lockjaw if she wanted to sit on his tuffet and eat his curds and whey.

The ceremony (and the dresses) were exciting as always. *American Beauty* kicked more butt than the Michigan State football team playing ND. I have seen the movie, and, let me tell you, if those characters were students at Notre Dame, I would send just about every one of them to Student Affairs. They broke every rule in the book, except the one about using Napster. They smoke marijuana, masturbate, videotape naked girls who live across the street, lust after minors, and have illicit affairs. With all the sex that went on in the movie, I felt like I was spending an evening at St. Mary's. Perhaps worst of all, one character throws food at the dinner table. North Dining Hall could have made those vegetables last for months! Eventually, their sinfulness just got to be too much. I mean, I remember wild times back when Patty O' was VP for Student Affairs,

but the craziest we ever got was calling into WVFI pretending to be Regis and Kathie Lee. She managed to fool the DJs, but the long, boring speech I used tipped them off that it was me.

Another candidate for Best Picture was *The Green Mile*. Before seeing it, I was really excited about this movie. For some reason, I really identified with the idea of a taller than average man being in a place that he just didn't belong. After watching the movie, I discovered that the movie's portrayal of death row made it seem like it was a pretty nice place. In fact, the prisoners' cells were more roomy than most rooms in Alumni — and they had about the same number of mice. I was disturbed by the

With all the sex that went on in the movie, I felt like I was spending an evening at St. Mary's.

scene in which John Coffey grabs Tom Hanks' crotch, trying to heal him of a bladder infection. If he really wanted to be healed of the infection, he could have avoided the homo-erotic play and just come to the Notre Dame infirmary. He would have been given a shot of Pepto-Bismol, two Tylenol and a \$200 bill. It always seems to work with our students.

I haven't seen *The Insider*, but I don't think that it seems to be my kind of movie. It is the story of how one whistle-blower tries to bring down the entire tobacco industry by informing *60 Minutes* that many companies were lacing cigarettes with extra nicotine. Nowadays, this wouldn't be a problem. With *Who Wants to be a Millionaire* airing on Sunday nights, no one watches *60 Minutes* anyway. At the time, though, it was quite a concern. It certainly was to the girls of Farley.

The Cider House Rules struck me as de-

cidedly anti-Catholic. The characters discover that, when extenuating circumstances apply, the rules don't really matter anymore, and even mortal sins like abortion become acceptable. (This seems to be a philosophy shared by the Women's Resource Center.) Thought this rules-don't-matter mindset is one we have adopted with student athletes, I don't think it would work for the rest of campus. If it caught on, *du Lac* would be rendered useless and people just might be able to get away with two pastries from the dining halls.

This past football season and the final Academy Award nominated film, *The Sixth Sense*, have a lot in common. At the conclusion of each of them, we learn that the main character in each is pretty much dead. The catch phrase "I see dead people" was probably an adequate description of what I was thinking watching the team from my box at the stadium. At least I can have alcohol. Haley Joel Osment was a fine young man, and he gave a great speech introducing the child actor film clips. I suggested to Bop Gravy that he might make a good kicker for the football team. After all, the kicking game couldn't get any worse. Bob Davie agreed that getting a child actor as kicker was a good idea, but he had devoted all of his efforts into getting Webster.

After *American Beauty* picked up all its Oscars for the night, the party in Sorin drew to a close. We were able to concentrate for most of the program, except during the portion when Robin Williams was singing "Blame Canada." While I was trying to listen to see if ABC censored the song like I censor the *Observer*, Boogie was scratching at the screen begging to be let back in. Firk finally got him to leave by giving him two pudding pops and a promise to listen to his Rectors Endowment Fund proposal rather than just giggle. Maybe next year we'll just invite him and tell him it's still a costume party. □

Ex Corde Ecstaticae

New papal decree uses virtue to destroy left-wing psychopaths. But not to worry; Fr. Killjoy can keep the throne

BY JESÚS

Spring has sprung, and with it, fire hydrants. They're everywhere. On sidewalks, in the middle of quads, even under stones.

But that has nothing to do with this story.

In fact, an American bishops' council recently passed an unprecedented new order that will be sent to the Vatican for approval. Known as *Ex Corde Ecstaticae*, it would challenge Catholic universities in the United States to receive Papal approval before accepting any student. The point of *Ecstaticae*, says the venerable Lord Bishop PowerHungry, is to promote happiness and adherence to the Catholic virtues among students.

"The problem we're seeing among these damned whippersnappers is this cursed refusal to obey," PowerHungry argues. "Obey, obey, obey. For the love of God, why can't these miscreants just go to confession and never have sex and accept that women shouldn't be in positions of authority? That's all we ask."

According to *Ecstaticae*, every student who applies to a Catholic university will have a full background check conducted by the bishop in charge of that university's

diocese. PowerHungry notes, "That way, we'll make sure none of those pot-smoking, left-wing psychopaths get in." The background check will include drug-history and crime records as well as detailed interviews with the student's parents, siblings, former CCD teachers and the state governor.

The vote to implement this plan was met with confusion by university administrators. Father Clunk Killjoy, safely seated on his throne at the center of his phalanx of Holy Moss priests, declined to comment, stating, "I just don't get it. I mean, huh? Whatever. As long as I can keep my throne."

This point is under debate, however, as Bishop PowerHungry has expressed plans to snatch the throne away from Killjoy. "Where the hell am I going to sit when I'm talking to all those idiot parents?" he asks angrily.

Others at Not Our Dame appear to understand *Ecstaticae* better. Swill Firk says, "It sounds like they're trying to get rid of discipline problems. This is all a big plot to get rid of me! I knew it, I knew that rat Killjoy was after my office too — he wants to turn it into a wet bar!"

After Firk poked a few pins into his Killjoy voodoo doll, however, his apoplexy

subsided. "Seriously, though," he says, "there are almost 10,000 students who apply every year. Do you know how many brothers and sisters some of those kids have? We're talking, like, 70,000 people the bishop would need to talk to, all in just a few months."

PowerHungry feels these concerns are irrelevant. "With this move, I will control who gets into these schools. And I already govern the faculty. Next I will be able to *TAKE OVER THE WORLD!* And then we can *execute* people who disagree. That'll take less time so I can finally go on that cruise in the Bahamas for spring break."

Meanwhile, Swill Firkhas, in a paranoid frenzy, locked himself in his office with a four-year supply of quarter dogs and Ice Mountain bottled water stolen from the Huddle. In a telephone interview, he shrieks rabidly, "They can't starve me out! And I've commandeered all the infirmary's bedpans too, so don't go getting any ideas about that, either."

Father Blestburgh recently approached *Scholastic* with his own fears about *Ex corde Ecstaticae*. "There was a little-known addendum to *Ecstaticae*," he says, noting that he found this out directly from God, who calls Blestburgh every Saturday and Sunday when He gets five-cents-per-minute rates. "Lord Bishop PowerHungry attached it after the vote, and he wrote the whole thing in Pig Latin so the Pope wouldn't be able to read it. The addendum says that if the Pope blesses one more thing — anything at all — PowerHungry replaces him and the entire college of cardinals is disbanded."

PowerHungry denies knowledge of any such thing. "Besides," he states, "would it be so bad if I were the Pope? I mean, *I am* going to rule the world soon."

Blestburgh, however, isn't concerned for himself. "I'm just worried about everyone else. I can go live on my own personal asteroid if anything goes wrong here." □

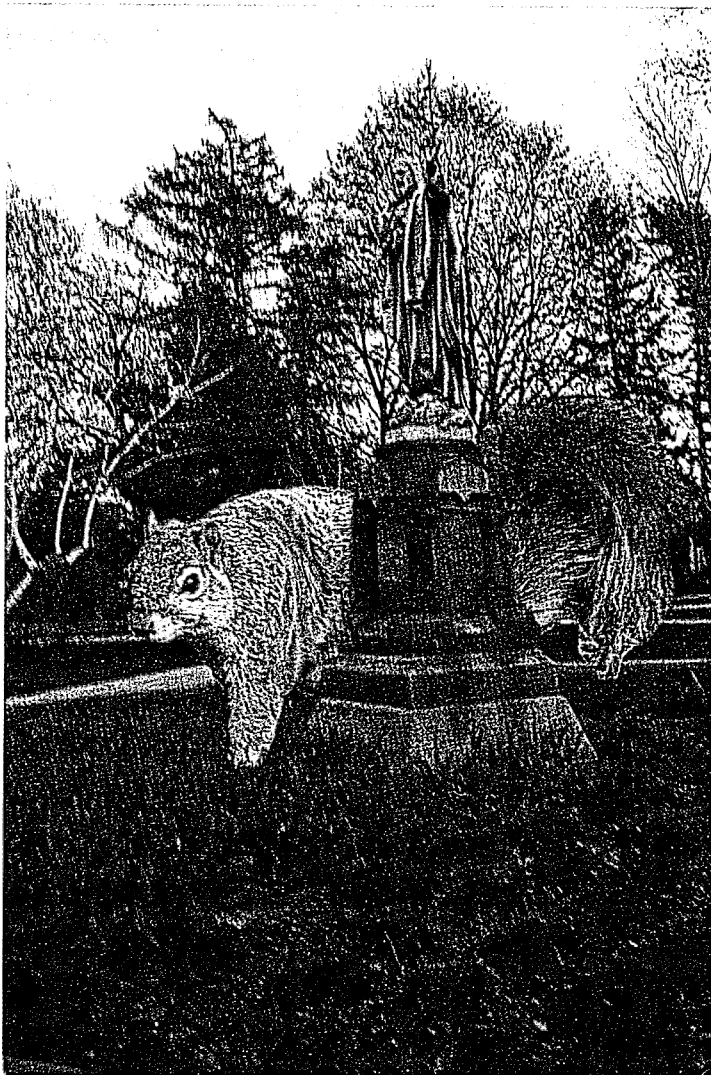
HAIL TO THE KING. From a throne of gold, Killjoy rules his round table of Holy Moss knights.



Furry Rodent Invasion

Notre Dame assesses the damage after radioactive squirrels attack North Dining Hall

Normal activity on campus came to a screeching stop last week when it was discovered that 1940s-era radiation experiments and dumping of nuclear waste had produced the most huggable and deadly foe with which the Notre Dame Security/Police Department had ever dealt. The atomic-fire breathing squirrels emerged late Saturday afternoon from their mutant hive in the depths of St. Joseph's Lake. Havoc ensued. The squirrels went on the prowl with an insatiable lust for dining-hall scraps and human blood. "We heard something out back that sounded like tearing metal," a North Dining Hall worker says. "I looked out back, and it was chewing on the Dumpster. I reported this unusual event to my supervisor, who just shrugged his shoulders, ordered more horse testicles put into the beef stroganoff, and went back to playing solitaire. If he had listened, maybe we could've avoided the death of over 400 students who were not able to escape the onslaught."



The onslaught to which the worker referred is the radioactive fire breath that rained down upon North Dining Hall when the squirrels were done tearing apart the Dumpster. "The attack was horrible," said one resident of Pasquerilla West. "I was doing tae-bo in the lounge when suddenly I heard all this screaming. A burst of fiery light came through the window. I looked out and could feel bursts of heat from the atomic death that the squirrels were unleashing. The screams and the loud clicking noises that the squirrels made will live on in my mind for all of my days."

The Notre Dame Fire Department was dispatched to the scene, as was a large contingent of crack NDSPD SWAT members. "We had to come out with the big guns right off," the director of security says. "We generally save these guys for serious threats to the University, like parietals violations." Security quickly gave chase to the giant, mutant squirrels that left a flaming path of destruction in their wake. "I hadn't witnessed anything like it since last year's big fire on South Quad," a Morrissey Manor resident says. "Of course, girls weren't throwing their bras into these fires. All in all it just wasn't as much fun. I think the whole idea of prevailing death really put a damper on things, too."

With the campus slowly turning into something that looked like a bombed-out village in the Balkans, and with no end to the carnage in sight, Father Blestburgh was called in to try to mediate the situation. "It wasn't like Security is used to handling this situation," says University President Clunk Killjoy, "These squirrels were much bigger and rowdier than even the drunkest student at a football game, and they had radioactive fire-breath. Security's only really around to write tickets anyway. It's not like they were equipped to handle this situation. There's a big difference between students who can't fight back and huge mutant squirrels. We had to bring in Blestburgh."

"I had experience mediating many volatile situations in my lifetime but have never tried to reason with wildlife."

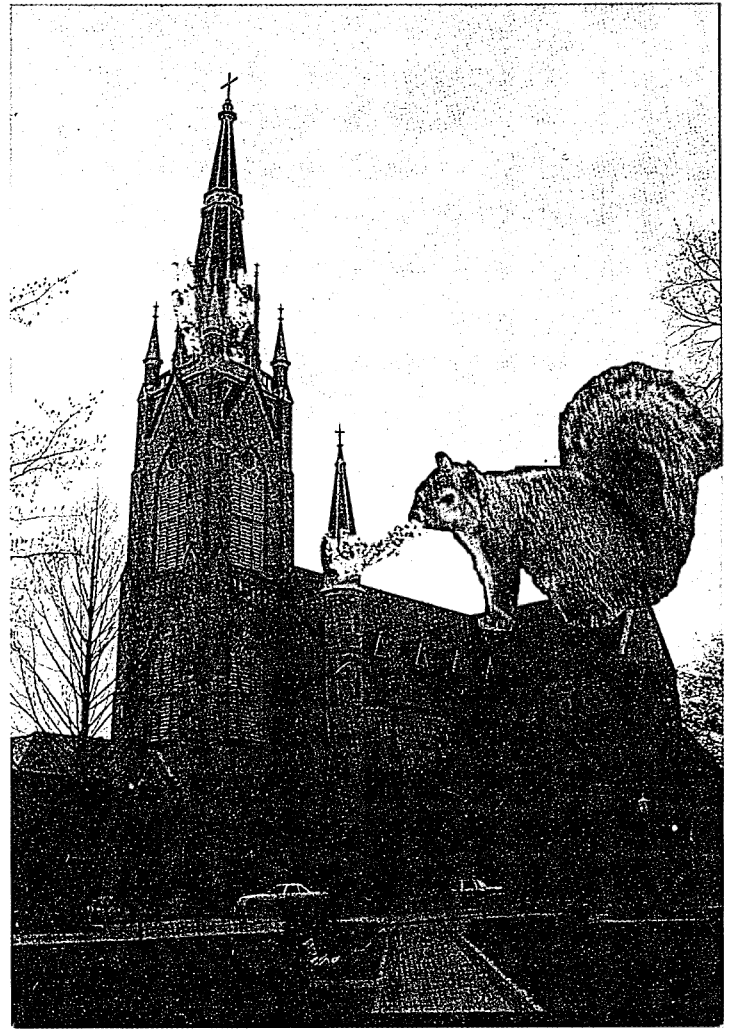
— Father Blestburgh

"I had experience mediating many volatile situations in my lifetime but have never tried to reason with wildlife." Blestburgh says. He attempted to master the squirrels' clicking noises and brought a giant muffin in as a token of peace. He stood fearlessly in the path of the destruction, and the wind blew hard. The squirrels stopped their destruction and eyed the muffin as well as the holy man standing next to it. Blestburgh began clicking, but to no avail. "The squirrels pushed me aside and ate the muffin. I clicked feverishly, trying to hammer out some sort of agreement, but they had the upper hand in the negotiation." comments Blestburgh, "I had no other choice but to do what I did next."

What he did was something previously unwitnessed in the history of the University. Chanting an ancient papal chant and calling on the power of the Trinity, Blestburgh grew to an immense size. One St. Mary's student recalls the incident: "I was in the basement of Sorin, in one of the turret rooms, when it happened. My boyfriend and I had been studying chemistry, and I was looking for something under his desk, but he seemed distracted by something. After brushing off my knees and standing up, I saw that there was this old priest guy getting huge in the quad. Then he started beating up these giant squirrels. I'd never seen anything like it."

The colossus that was Blestburgh — or, as he prefers to be called, "Mega Blestburgh" — thwarted the squirrels' onslaught and chased them back to the radioactive lake hive from which they had emerged. "I'm not a violent man, but they ate that muffin and then started to tear apart my Basilica," says Blestburgh. "I simply won't stand for that sort of thing. They had their chance for peace." When asked about the chant, he responds, "Well, back in the day when Moses parted the sea, God gave him the choice of either parting the sea or becoming Mega Moses. I figured this was a pretty bad situation, too, so I had to bring out the proverbial trump card." □

— El Ratón



Out of Money? Need A Job? Sarcastic Doesn't Give a Crap

All interested applicants should carefully fill out a complex application, complete with an in-depth essay, and then throw it away.

Killjoy turns down WRC

"Of course I won't join. They haven't donated any money to our fine university."
News • page blah

Dam

In an act of disgust, the
Overlooker
Blank

THE OVERLOOKER

The Despondent Newspaper Mispelling

XXX OH BABY. NO! 69

VIEWPOINTLESS

Dear Overlooker,

I'm writing in response to the annual Sarcastic Magazine that is published by irresponsible members of our college community. The attacks made by this magazine on the administration, the student body and the Overlooker are unconscionable. The material contained in this putrid rag of filth insults me on a metaphysical level. The Overlooker is a newspaper built on integrity. All of our stories are timely and honest. Did you read our investigative story on men? Yes, they have this thing called a penis. It's amazing. Furthermore, the administration cares about the student body. Homosexuals can't even shower anymore, let alone buy ads. And finally, the student body is obviously intelligent—they look for attractive girls at St. Mary's.

Anonymous

Man, Bench; Frozen



By KUPPA TROOPA

Assistant, Associate, Managing, Executive Editor in Chief

An unidentified man was found frozen to a bench near the stadium today. The man, who was found grinning and holding a cigar, could not be reached for comment. Notre Dame Campus Security/Police has launched a full investigashun into the event and is investigating the event which is under investigation. Officer Donald Donut was the first on the scene and was discovering the man. "I couldn't budge the guy, so I called the Roseland Police Department." Officer Mark Fuhrman received the call, but was too busy throwing Notre Dame students out of Denny's to respond. "You should've seen how they

were going to steal that sign. It's a good thing I stopped them. Notre Dame students are real dangers to our society," Fuhrman says.

Director of Campus Security/Police T. Rex promises swift justice. "I don't care if you're frozen to a bench or whatever, you still shouldn't be stealing signs. I have a gun, don't make me use it." Assistant to the Associate Vice President of the Executive Director of Student Affairs Swill Firk also feels that stealing signs is wrong and that the university would like to avoid frozen people on benches in the future. "We are proactively reacting to apply corrective corrections to the erroneous mistakes," says Firk.

CORRECTION: The man mentioned in the above story was merely bronzed to the bench, not frozen to it.

Informative Article Discov

By TIKE CONMANLY

Seeking gorgeous ND squirrel with large nuts

A complete, informative story appeared in Monday's The Overlooker, shocking the campus.

The 535-word article described the installation of a new stainless-steel wastebasket in the presidential office of President "Clunk" Killjoy. In an unusual turn of events, the story contained virtually all of the relevant details and didn't leave the reader hanging.

"I can't believe it," said John Star, a Fisher Hall senior. "I finished the story, and all the important info was there. That's never the case! Like, one time I was reading a story about an interhall baseball game, and The Overlooker didn't even say who won! So, yeah, you can say that I was blown away when I read this wastebasket story."

Analysts credited The Overlooker's success to its "stay simple, stay easy" story-selection policy.

"I think The Overlooker realized that it was incapable

of delivering quality stories on topics than a new wastebasket," said Shelia M. University professor who tracks media tciated Press. "The paper is right to co trivial issues."

She cautioned, however, that eve topics may not be enough to ensur ful story soon. Murphy cited freq and "missing" story continuatio hurdles the paper must clear if it w the level of a typical middle-schoo

Nevertheless, the mood at The O festive.

"We're really proud of our acc Overlooker editor said on the condi "Our stories are always so superficial a complete story since, oh, the Hesbu Maybe the topic was simple, but, he can get."

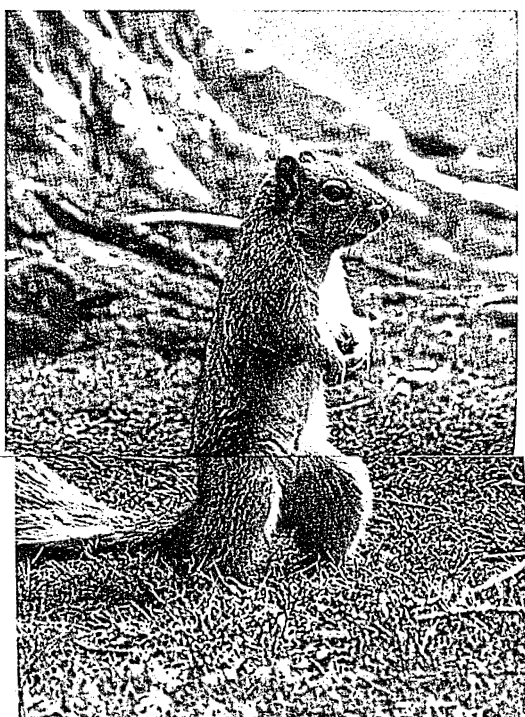
The editor said that the paper wil for consideration for a Pulitzer Prize

WANTDE: The Overlookur is currently g
copy ediotrs. Pleeze, we nede U. Pleeze,
PLease, pleez. Iff ya caN rede, u're hiredd!
Thanks U.

LOOKER

Notre Dame and Saint Mary's Headlines

[HTTP://WWW.BATHROOMCAM.COM](http://www.bathroomcam.com)



University President "Clunk" Killjoy collects nuts for the upcoming hibernation season. Later, he became horny.

GOD DON'T LIKE UGLY

In a historical move, University President "Clunk" Killjoy has decided to remove all things deemed "ugly" from the campus. Consequently, the staff of *the Overlooker* was forced out of its office, and staged a sit-in in protest.

"I don't think it's fair that ugly people are being discriminated against," said one *Overlooker* writer. "We're people too."

Among other artifacts removed from the *Overlooker* office were the evil Kappa Troopa and Tike Conmanly. When reached for comment, both shrivelled into a tiny little ball and were mysteriously found the next day on the floor of the bathroom—much like the product they had once worked so hard to produce.

When reached for comment, Killjoy made a neat squirrel noise, juggled his nuts between his teeth and said, "whore."

erred

CORRECTION(S)

s more complicated
 Murphy, a Yale Uni-
 trends for the Asso-
 concentrate on small,
 n choosing simple
 e another success-
 uent misspellings
 ons as additional
 ishes to rise above
 ol publication.

observer office was
 omplishment," an
 ition of anonymity.
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 rgh administration.
 y, we take what we
 l submit the article
 e.

In all of last month's *Overlookers*, we printed a series of ridiculous stories that we didn't investigate at all. Oops. Please disregard all information contained within. More specifically, the Main Building did not collapse. Also, "Clunk" Killjoy, Father Blestburg and the 20 other priests we said were in the Main Building when it collapsed weren't. Oh and I don't think that there's gonna be a Danzig concert in Stepan, as reported yesterday in *the Overlooker*, but news has it that Father Sorin will be leading mass this Sunday at the Stanford-Keenan Chapel at 10:34. At least that's what the press release said. I just copied and pasted it onto the page, I don't really know.

The Overlooker regrets any inconvenience, but intends to do nothing to solve the problem. Actually, it may be best if you just found another source of news. Try AP. Oh wait. Nevermind. We wouldn't want you beating us to the scoop!

Reduce
 The Overlooker

hiring

Happiness is found in miracles, and miracles are found in the *Overlooker*. Truth is no obstacle.

tee hee! tee hee!

Dude, we need a key to the conference room. No more hallway meetings.

Crissy wants to be in the classified ads. But she doesn't get men-

tioned. Nope, not at all.

i am tipping a secret message that noone will see. that means i am funny.

I wish i worked for Scholastic. they're cooler than we are, but we won't admit it :(

time for bed. good night.

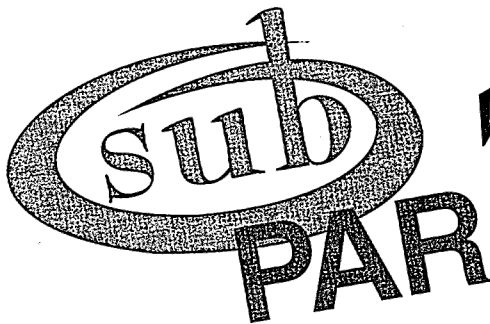
WVF-Who?

Talking to ourselves for a very long time.

www.listenplease.edu



This Week: Special Broadcast Series: Sounds from a fire hydrant.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT?

Bob Saget "Hosting a Lame Show: You Too Can Do It"
Tonight, Hesburgh Library 15th Floor 7 p.m.

Movie of the Week: showing in DeBartolo*
"A Movie of Broken Reels: The Story of SUB"
Thursday 8pm, Friday & Saturday 6 a.m. & 3 p.m.

Video-Rave-Hoedown-Luau Dance Party
Tomorrow some time
"An event everyone can go to." —Sub Member

No food, drink, candy, backpacks, cd players, purses bigger than a quarter,
watches, cameras, flash photography, soda or pop allowed at any event.

*movie has been moved to Cushing unless otherwise noted.

TIP THE GIPP. GIPPER.1@ND.EDU

Campus by the Gipper Watch

Humanity i love you because
when you're hard up you pawn your
intelligence to buy a drink.
- e.e. cummings

Before this column gets going, the Gipp has a bone to pick with those who have been complaining about his column being "really disgusting" or "something a nine-year-old could write." The Gipp would like to remind everyone out there that the Gipp is not responsible for the tips — that's your job, kids. So if you're tired of the urination stories, quit sending them in. The Gipp rejected two pee-related stories this time around, just to prove a point. But if you want to keep out the excretion tales, do us all a favor — find something more suitable to your higher taste, and tip the Gipp.

Live from Innsbruck

There's nothing like a Gipp tipper who stays faithful over the miles. According to a Gipp spy in Austria, there is an Indonesian man living in the dorm with our Innsbruck kids, and while the ND kids study the traditional Austrian fare, i.e. language and beer, he's researching Eastern teas and massage oils. On St. Patrick's Day, the masseuse man asked this Gipp tipper if he wanted to head back to his room for a massage. The tipper explains, "I was like, 'hell no,' and decided to sucker a business major and a bio major into it!" Good man. The business major, being very drunk at the time, took the masseuse up on his offer. He was coerced into stripping down to his boxers and then given a full body massage. "This business major was completely scarred by the whole thing, and he smelt like massage oils for

the rest of the night."

Then the bio major took his turn. The Gipp will let the tipper finish this one up in his own words:

"It started out the same way, but the bio kid's massage got a little uglier. The dude was like, 'You have a nice body, not like the business major who has a little chub.' That is what the crazy Indonesian man told him. After a little while, the guy asked him how big he was. Then the man asked him to stay the night."

This is why the Gipp never leaves South Bend.

Fluff Lent!

All right, kiddies, the Gipp is thinking of a word that he can't say in this column. It's like "fire truck" without the "ire tr" or "icing

the puck" with an "f" in place of "icing the p." Get it? Whenever the Gipp wants to say that magic word, he's going to say "fluff" instead.

It's a Friday night so a bunch of good Catholic kids get together to cook up some burgers and brats for a "Fluff Lent" party. The Gipp thinks that the "Fluff Lent" party is funny in itself, but the tip here is that a Notre Dame man at the party left the shindig with a young hairstylist from town and another guy, who is also said to be from Notre Dame. The second young man suggested that the three of them engage in a little hanky-panky, but the first young man recoiled from the offer. Apparently, he had already been in one of those two-guys-and-one-girl situations a few weeks before, and it was a little weird.

Now, eating some meat is one thing, but a menage-a-trois on a Friday in Lent? For chrissakes, doesn't anyone give a fluff about Jesus anymore?

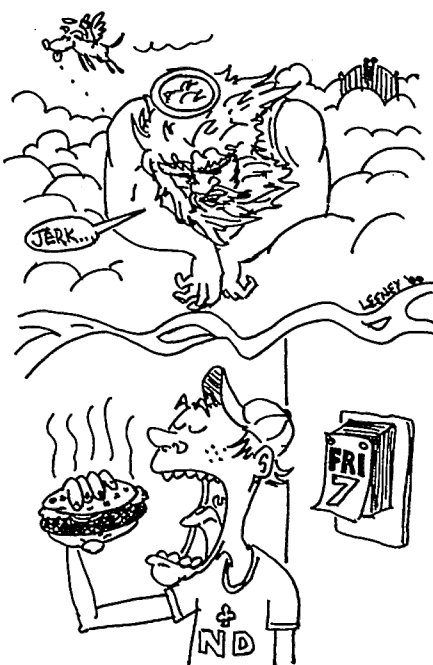
Gipplettes

9 A business professor recently received a whopping \$4,000 to spend on one of those new-fangled flat computer screens, the kind that can be mounted on a wall. The Gipp thought you all should know this so that when you start setting up your summer jobs, you can think about where your hard-earned tuition money it going.

9 Everybody knows that North Dining Hall Lady, Elizabeth, right? She's the one who always greets you by name as she swipes your ID card. Well, here's further proof to the Gipp's theory that Elizabeth is the cutest girl on campus—a couple of Keenan guys covered their names on their ID cards with authentic-looking nicknames. As Ms. Elizabeth swiped their cards through, she said, "Hello, Sharptooth! Well, hi there, Snake."

9 A Keough boy was caught fishing through the recycling bin the other day, and a passerby asked him what he was looking for. "A cinnamon roll," he said. "I threw it in here this morning, and now I'm hungry for it. Shouldn't be anything wrong with it, right?"

9 People are always stealing stuff from South Dining Hall, but the Gipp really has to give some credit to the kid who stole an entire tub of ice cream and managed to run away with it, past three angry dining hall workers. Nice job, son. □



Baseball's Beginnings

Peanuts and Crackerjack arrived at ND long before football was invented

BY REBECCA FRAZIER

It may be hard to believe, but, once upon a time, football was not the be-all and end-all of Notre Dame's sporting existence. Before there was Lou Holtz, Joe Montana and Knute Rockne, there was America's favorite pastime: baseball.

At about the same time that Father Sorin was establishing what we all now know as the University of Notre Dame, baseball was establishing itself as an integral part of American culture. However, baseball was not brought to Notre Dame until two decades later. In 1866, Sturgis and Adrian Anson—both from Marshalltown, Iowa—introduced the game of “base ball” to Notre Dame (the sport did not become known as “baseball” until later). Soon “base ball” became the most popular student activity on campus. On any given turn-of-the-century spring day, much of the student body could be seen playing base ball on Notre Dame's numerous fields.

For the first 20 years of its existence at Notre Dame, all the baseball games played on campus were between intramural teams, and nearly every dorm fielded a team. The biggest baseball event of the year at the time was the “Star of the East vs. Star of the West” championship game. During this “Notre Dame All-Stars” game, the best players from each team competed for the opportunity to become that year's champs.

Despite its tremendous popularity, baseball was not the first sport to gain varsity status at Notre Dame—football had become a varsity sport in 1886. However, by 1892, baseball was made a varsity sport as well. Notre Dame played its first varsity baseball game against the University of Michigan, earning a 6-4 victory against the Wolverines. Notre Dame's teams of 1906-08 posted an incredible three-year record of 60-9. The 1908 record of 20-1 is still the best winning percentage in the program's history.

Baseball was the biggest sport for the Irish until 1913, when Notre Dame's Four Horsemen defeated Army in football and began a tradition of football excellence. However, despite this new focus on football, Notre Dame still fielded one of the best baseball teams in the country during the early 1900s, despite its small enrollment.

Coach Clarence “Jake” Kline led the Irish over a span of five successful decades, beginning as assistant manager in 1939 and ending his career in 1974 as head coach. Kline's 1949 team, one of his finest, finished the decade with a record of 20-8, one of the best seasons in Notre Dame baseball history. This team also qualified for the program's first NCAA championship appearance, beginning a streak that would last for the next 13 seasons.

The program experienced its first major shift in 1977, when Tom Kelly and Larry Gallo took over the baseball program as co-

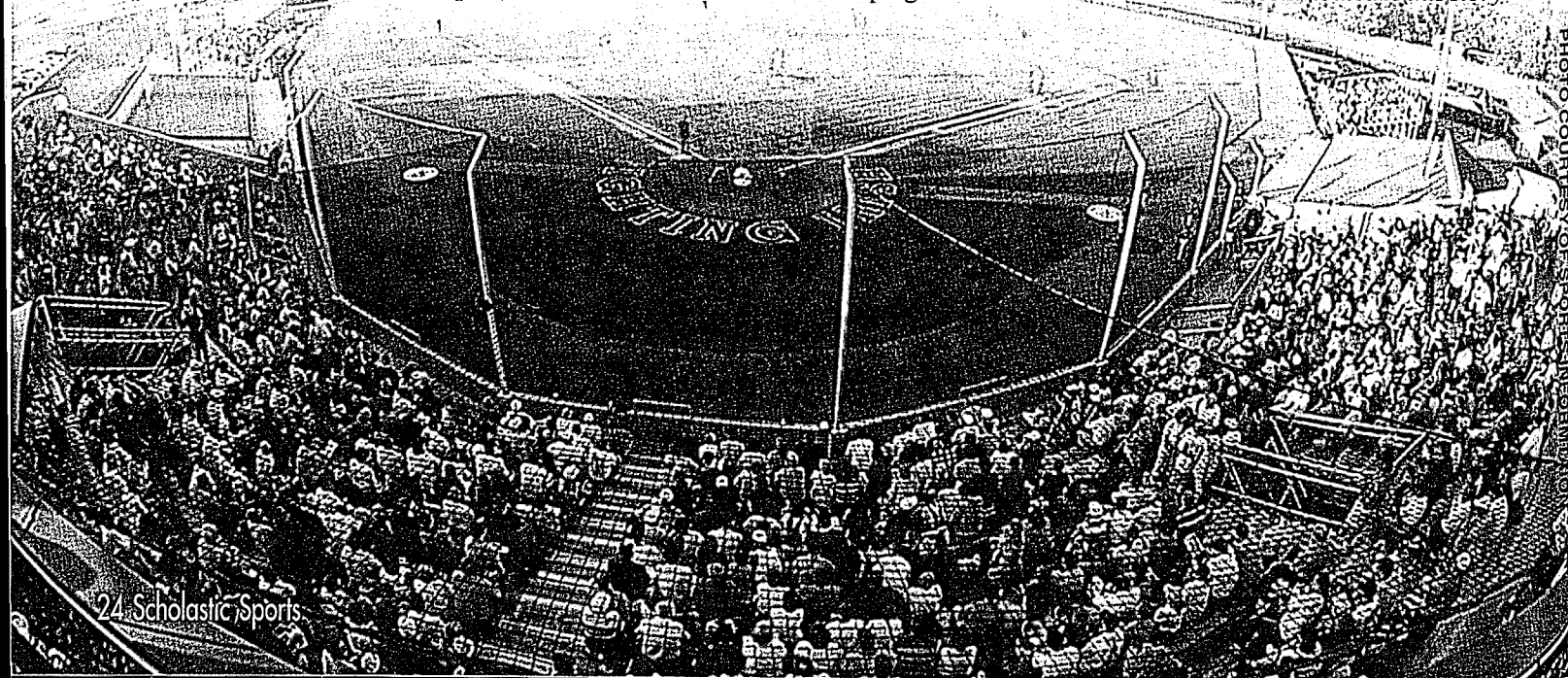
head coaches. Kelly and Gallo headed the program for the next 12 “rebuilding” years until Pat Murphy replaced them in 1989.

Murphy found success his first season, winning 24 more games than the team of the previous year. Led by an array of talented players including All-American Dan Peltier, the Irish marked 1989 as a memorable season. Notre Dame managed to rally four wins in one day during the Midwestern Collegiate Conference Tournament and earn a bid to the NCAA tournament. Under Murphy, the Irish came close to appearing twice in the College World Series in 1992 and 1993.

After Murphy's departure in 1994, present Coach Paul Mainieri took over the successful baseball program. Since joining the Big East in 1995, Mainieri has led the team to a combined record of 211-91. The 1999 team managed to end the century by winning the league's regular-season title with a record of 43-18 and hosting the NCAA tournament for the first time in 40 years.

The 2000 team has every intention of continuing the Irish's winning tradition. On March 25, the 24th-ranked Irish played their 3,000th official game, beating Villanova 4-0. The Irish, defending their Big East Conference regular-season title, currently hold an 18-6 record, with a record of 4-2 in the Big East. The future of Notre Dame baseball looks just as bright as its past. □

Jessica Daues contributed to this story.



SPLINTERS

from the Press Box

IRISH EYES Tara Durkin

Tara Durkin, a sophomore transfer from the University of Massachusetts, has proved she does indeed belong among some of the nation's best athletes here at Notre Dame. Playing goalie this year has showcased Tara's excellent lacrosse skills.

I first started playing lacrosse when: I was a freshman in high school. I was a field player for about a total of two weeks before I moved to the position of goalie.

My favorite part about playing lacrosse is: that it is a fast-moving sport with a lot of action. My favorite thing about being a goalie is that the position is a constant challenge.

My most memorable moment in ND lacrosse has been: the preseason Loyola Tournament because we (the team) proved ourselves against top-ranked teams.

My most memorable moment at ND outside of lacrosse has been: playing midnight basketball games with my friends.

The hardest part about being the goalie in lacrosse is: that you have to stay mentally focused throughout the entire game.

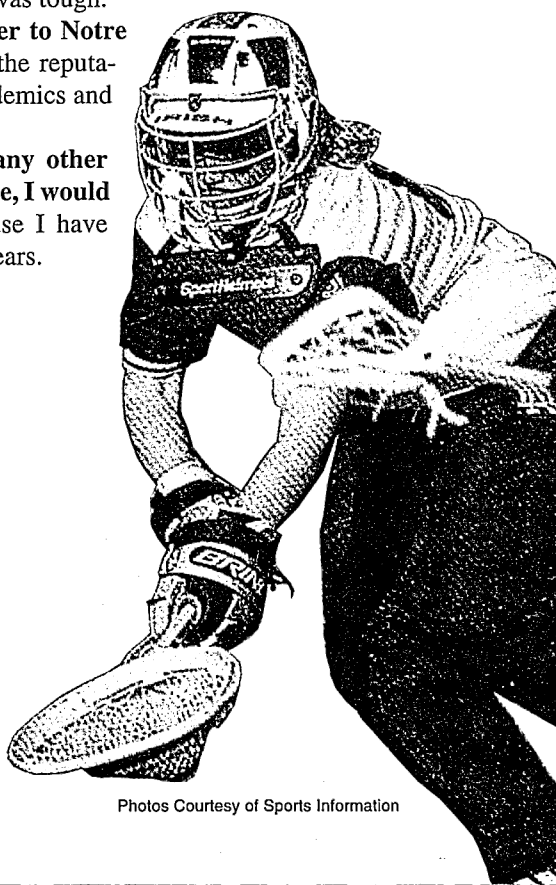
While growing up, my favorite athlete was: Brian Boitano.

My role model is: my deceased coach Diane Fitzgerald, who continues to be my role model and hero to this day.

The toughest obstacle I've had to overcome to be successful in lacrosse as the goalie is: that in other sports I have always played a field position, and overcoming the longing to run around and be active with everyone else was tough.

I chose to transfer to Notre Dame because: of the reputation of both the academics and the athletics here.

If I could play any other sport at Notre Dame, I would play: soccer, because I have played that for 12 years.



Photos Courtesy of Sports Information

This Saturday, the Battle of the Catholics switches to the baseball diamond. Notre Dame, fueled by two solid pitching performances, sweeps Boston College at Frank Eck Stadium.

Gerard Meskill

After four straight losses, the women's lacrosse team may struggle beating Connecticut this weekend, but if they put forth the effort they will emerge victorious.

Rebecca Frazier

Irish bats are booming this weekend as Notre Dame routs Boston College and captures both games of the double header.

Jim Pastore

OUR CALL
Editors' Picks

From 1987 to 1989, the Notre Dame men's lacrosse team was very familiar with frustration. This frustration was not the result of poor performance; it was the disappointment of being overlooked. During those three years, the Irish had posted respectable records, including a 10-4 mark and the Great Lakes Conference Title in 1988. However, in each of these seasons, Notre Dame was denied an invitation to the NCAA Tournament, a belittling jab to the pride of a rising program.

The 1990 campaign began with the same objective as each of the last three before it — to open the eyes of the judging panel and earn the recognition accompanying an NCAA bid. To do this, Notre Dame knew it had to attract the committee's attention and keep it. The first step was to win the opening game.

Canisius, Notre Dame's first opponent, bore the brunt of a scorned program's suppressed anger. While routing Canisius 19-7, the Irish broke or tied five school scoring records that day. Senior co-Captain Mike Quigley tied two records by scoring six goals and sophomore attackman Mike Sullivan became the first player in Irish history to score nine points at home.

The performance bolstered Irish confidence, but the euphoria was short-lived. After completing the two-game homestand with a 10-8 victory over Radford, Notre Dame hit the road. Unfortunately, the road hit the Irish much harder. During the trip, Notre Dame was outscored 57-13 in three humiliating defeats against Villanova, Loyola and Adelphi.

Yet hopes of a tournament bid had not died on the road. Both Loyola and Adelphi boasted top-10 rankings. Villanova, though not ranked, also fielded a strong squad. Cautious but undaunted, the Irish knew that attaining their ultimate goal depended upon the outcome of future contests against Air Force, Ohio State and Michigan State.

The first of those meetings came when Notre Dame faced Air Force at the San Diego State Tournament. At one point, Air Force led by as many as six goals. Rather than giving in, the Irish took their first strides toward the elusive NCAA bid they coveted, closing the gap to 11-10 with two minutes to play. Sullivan and senior attackman Brian McHugh sealed the comeback, blasting two quick goals to eliminate the Falcons.

"As a team, it is good that we cleared the first hurdle," observed McHugh. "We didn't play particularly well, but we did what we needed to win."

It did not take the Irish long to build on the win over Air Force. In the final, the Irish defeated tournament-host San Diego State, 18-10. The win secured the tournament title for the Irish and an inside track for the Western Regional bid for the NCAA tournament.

However, after a mediocre performance in the second half of the season, Notre Dame's chances of making its first-ever appearance in the NCAA tournament seemed shaky. In order to even be considered for a bid, Notre Dame had to beat Ohio State in a crucial away game. The Irish opened quickly, scoring three unanswered goals to start the game. By the end of the first quarter, the Buckeyes had clawed back to 5-3, and by the second quarter Ohio State had tied the game.

Ohio State again fell behind and again battled back to a 9-9 tie, before finally succumbing to the Irish offense. Notre Dame left the field with a 14-11 victory and a solid chance at making an appearance in the NCAA tournament.

The Irish sealed the deal with a 12-6 mauling of Michigan State in the season finale. Finally the Irish's hopes for a tournament bid were realized. The Irish earned the 12th seed in the tournament, pitting them against No. 5 Harvard. The Crimson crushed any hopes of a Cinderella run for Notre Dame, cruising to a 9-3 win and ending the historic Irish campaign.

— Gerard Meskill

Michigan State 6
Notre Dame 12

ONE glimpse

Men's Lacrosse (4-3)

Key Stat: The men's Lacrosse team ran all over Ohio State Saturday, April 1 with a 13-4 win.

Prime Time Performer: Junior attack Tom Glatzel was named the Great Western Lacrosse League Player of the Week.

Next Game: The Irish face Butler at Indianapolis this Saturday at 2 p.m. (EST).

Women's Lacrosse (3-4)

Key Stat: The team lost its fourth straight game of the season with a 10-6 loss to Vanderbilt on Sunday, April 2.

Prime Time Performer: Goalkeeper Tara Durkin tied the school record with 20 saves during Sunday's game despite the outcome.

Next Game: The Irish face Connecticut at Connecticut on Saturday at 1 p.m. (CT).

Baseball (18-6)

Key Stat: The Irish had 16 hits Sunday against UConn, equaling the team's second-most hits in a game this season.

Prime Time Performer: Freshman pitcher J.P. Gagne threw only 7 hits to help lead the Irish to a 9-2 win over UConn on Sunday.

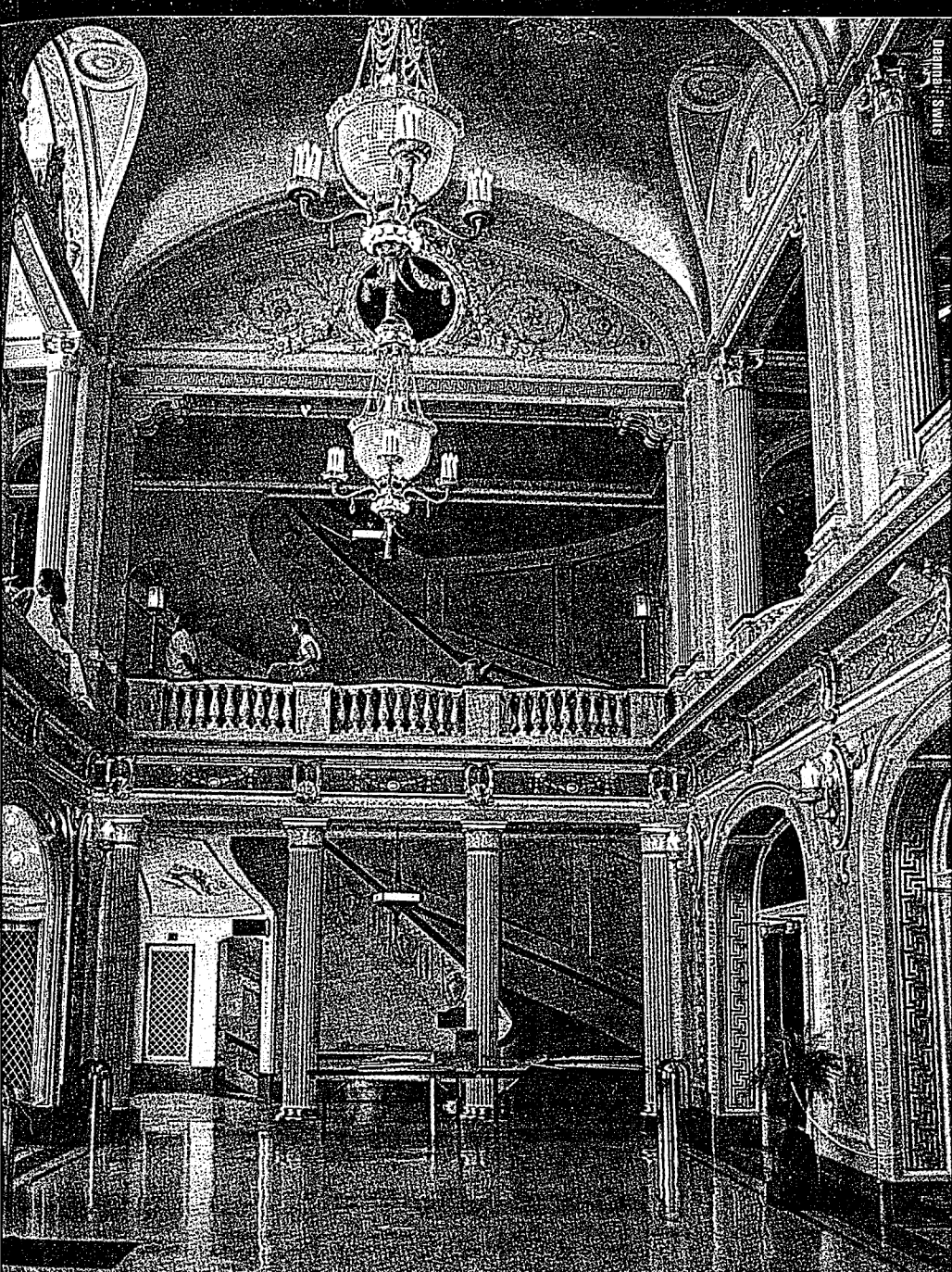
Next Game: The Irish host IUPUI today at 5 p.m. (CT).

Softball (26-9)

Key Stat: Notre Dame's 21st-ranked softball team has been rated first in the Northeast Region by the NCAA Division I Softball Committee.

Prime Time Performer: Freshman Andria Bledsoe was named the Big East Rookie of the Week after Sunday's game against Providence College.

Next Game: The Irish face Western Michigan in Kalamazoo, Michigan today at 3 p.m. (CT).



Elegance Defined

by Kathleen Corte

...linding sunlight pours through the arching windows of the Morris Performing Arts Center on a Monday afternoon, glinting off the gold and crystal of the three massive chandeliers hanging above the foyer. The glass doors ease shut, muffling the midday noises of downtown South Bend and replacing them with the hush of an empty theater, thick carpets absorbing footfalls.

Susan Halteman, the center's office manager, glances up at the chandeliers and then down the foyer at the thick curtained doors. "I've never seen anything like this in America," she declares, even though by now Halteman knows this theater like the back of her hand. "The only theaters I've seen like this are in Europe."

Overhead, painters on a break talk with each other across the balcony, their containers of paint sitting idle by the polished banister. Sarah MacLachlan sings ethereally from a radio hidden somewhere amid the elaborate decor.

The old and new mix easily at the Morris Performing Arts Center — the scent of new paint can barely overcome the feeling that one is a time traveler suddenly swept back to the 1920s. But this combination of past and present perfectly captures the image that South

Bend community leaders envisioned when they began renovating the center two years ago. Their goal: to restore the theater to its former beauty while modernizing and enlarging it to accommodate everything from symphony orchestras to Broadway musicals.

The center, originally named the Palace Theater, was constructed in 1922 along with the adjoining Palais Royale ballroom. It has undergone many changes between its opening as a vaudeville house and the restored magnificence theatergoers see today. Even as Halteman points to the richly painted walls and intricate molding, she recalls the recent absence of the vibrant colors. "This is what it looked like when it was built," explains Halteman. "After the second world war, they came in with gray paint because they thought this was garish."

Attendance at the theater declined soon afterwards as the 1950s brought televisions into homes. When the Palace Theater board decided to demolish the building in 1959, Ella Morris stepped in and saved the the-

"I've never seen anything like this in America. The only theaters I've seen like this are in Europe."

— Susan Halteman

ater by buying it and its fixtures, only to sell it to the city of South Bend for one dollar.

Recently, South Bend community leaders began to take an interest in their city's historic theater, initiating the move to restore the building to its original state. Both private and public sectors of the community pitched in to fund the operation, and in early 1998 Shawn Colvin played the last show at the old Morris Center before it shut down for renovation.

Experts were flown in from all over the country to help research and restore the theater. Decorative paint consultant Darla Olson took thousands of samples of paint from the walls, examining them under microscopes until she could perfectly match the original colors and techniques used in the building. "The interiors of the Morris Theater are some of the most sophisticated examples of decorative paint systems that I have ever had the privilege to work on," says Olson. "The interiors of the Morris will literally transform people entering its spaces from the commonplace of daily life into a palace of fantasy and grandeur."

In their quest to re-create the theater of 1922, the staff exhausted all possibilities. Denise Chambers, operations manager, recalls one search for historical accuracy. "We were looking for the color of the curtains and the grand drapes, and we put an ad in the paper," says Chambers. A reply came promptly from a woman who had played organ at the Morris as a girl and who actually had a piece of the curtains. "She had saved it and used it for a Christmas tree skirt," Chambers recalls. "We couldn't believe she still had it!"

The help of older community members who frequented the theater in its prime assisted in more ways than one. When restorers ran into difficulties trying to locate the pattern and pile of the original carpet in the theater, research with department store Marshall Fields was only part of the process. "The woman who used to clean the carpet remembered the pattern," Halteman says. "So she had some input there."

While the facade of the Morris Center returned to its original state, the backstage underwent complete changes. The old stagehouse was demolished, giving way to a more-modern building. "There was no backstage before," Halteman points out. "The new building boasts everything from spacious chorus rooms and a loading

dock to a catering room and three-special star dressing rooms. With these additions, the theater is now better equipped to accommodate larger casts and more elaborate productions.

Adjustments to the actual theater, particularly its acoustics, have also been made with more modern performances in mind. "It was originally built as a vaudeville

house and the sound had to be lively so people could hear." Now, bubble walls and a felt-lined back wall guarantee that orchestras and singers will sound their best.

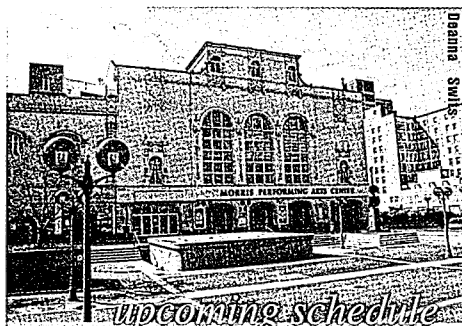
Despite these changes, the Morris' schedule of events is expected to remain much the same as it was before the restoration. "I think we'll get bigger performances with the stuff from Broadway," Halteman says, but she goes on to add that the Morris will continue to host regular performances by local groups, particularly the South Bend Symphony.

With the renovation of the theater complete, the staff will next begin restoration of the Palais Royale ballroom. The scene of nightly dances and performances by musical legends like Duke Ellington during the 1930s and '40s, the ballroom was spray-painted black in the '60s and turned into a disco club. Consultants have started the same process used in the theater, painstakingly examining layers of paint to discover the ballroom's true colors.

"As preservationists, we believe we should save this part of our past," Chambers says. She and the others at the Morris have worked not only to preserve that past, but also to ensure a thriving future for the arts in South Bend. "Having an arts center here, we don't have to go to Chicago or another big city," explains Chambers. "We can see New York shows right here in our own backyard."

The renovated theater has already caught the eyes of some Notre Dame students. Sophomore Grant Kreizenbeck got a glimpse when he and his friends attended *Chicago*, the center's first show since opening. "I had never heard of the Morris Center before I went," Kreizenbeck says. "I was very impressed. I have no idea what it was like before the renovations, but the architecture, lighting and overall atmosphere put forth by the center are right on par with what I would expect."

And while the scenes on-stage may be an orchestra playing a traditional sonata or dancers performing an intricate modern ballet, theatergoers can relish a moment of time travel, back to the 1920s. Chambers recalls a tour she gave an older gentleman, who had been to the center when it was still known as the Palace Theater. "His first comment was that it looked like we washed it off and put it back from his childhood memory," says Chambers. "So from that, I'd say we did a pretty good job!" □



Morris Center

The renovated center will feature performances by local groups as well as larger Broadway productions.

April 8

The South Bend Symphony "An Irish Visitor" featuring Barry Douglas, Piano.

April 11

Key Bank Reception before first performance of *Riverdance*.

April 11 through 16

The Broadway Theatre League Presents *Riverdance* Tuesday through Sunday*

April 29

WVPE 88.1 AM presents Michael Feldman's "Whad'Ya Know?" 9:30 a.m.

May 2

God Don't Like Ugly gospel play 8 p.m.

May 23

Counting Crows in concert with special guest Cracker 7:30 p.m.

*call the Morris Box Office at 235-9190 for more information

What's Your Poison?

A sobering look at South Bend's bar scene

In the dark you can hear the clinking of bottles, the laughter of old friends, a quarter slipping into a jukebox. Everyday faces turn fascinating through the haze of smoke and conversation. I just turned 21 in January, but I was born into the bar scene.

My dad ran Senior Bar from '73 to '74 and started his own bar business back on Long Island after graduation. The place was called the Tumblin' Inn. It closed when my sister and I were little, but I grew up hearing stories about it, how, back in the day, Billy Joel used to show up for a beer now and then, acting like a real big shot, even though he was "just a little squirt" at the time.

Though I've always been into bars, I've got to admit that I've never been quite so crazy about the whole drinking thing. Truthfully, I don't really like consuming a lot of liquid. (Thimble-sized bladder, you know how it is.) But I'm here to tell you that going to bars doesn't have to be about raving drunkenness.

The following is a day-by-day weeknight guide from a (mostly) sober bar-goer. Feel free to keep reading if you're still underage because everybody should get to be 21 someday.

Mondays: If you're really cool, you need to go out on Mondays. Personally, I'm kind of dorky, and I thought everyone did homework on Monday nights. However, I have been to Corby's on a Monday once or twice, and it's surprisingly hopping. There are more cool people at Notre Dame than I once thought there were. And those who are really hardcore don't stop at Corby's. They'll hit Club 23 afterwards because Monday is karaoke night. (Way too much fun for me.)

Tuesdays: This used to be my least favorite day of the week. It's like, you've already been through Monday, so the previous weekend is far behind, and yet, you're not even halfway through the week, so the next weekend seems light-years away. However, my woes were put to an end one fateful Tuesday night when I found myself at the Mishawaka Brewing Company — or simply "Brew Co." for those in the know.

I couldn't believe it the first time I was there, but people were just sitting around talking — talking about books and movies and stuff. And then this girl I've never seen before comes over to my table, asks if anybody knows Lawrence Ferlinghetti's dog's name. I declare my love for Lawrence Ferlinghetti and she declares her love for me. (Apparently, she recognized me from my reading at the Sophomore Literary Festival, and in case you're wondering, the dog's name is Homer.) So here I am

talking to this girl, Laura DiNardo, about beat poetry and we were immediately becoming best friends forever and she is the funniest person I've met out here so I ended up casting her as the lead in my student film. Could such magic happen anywhere but Brew Co.? I think not.

The only bad thing about Brew Co. is that it closes really early. So, come midnight, you need to gather up your new-found friends and move onward to Corby's (see Monday) or go directly to Club 23. At Club, they make Long Island iced tea in a Slurpee machine. Faithful OOB readers know that (a) I am a big fan of Slurpees and (b) I cherish anything related to or symbolic of Long Island, my beloved homeland. On Tuesday's, Club's iced tea are specially priced at \$2.50. Here, my sobriety is challenged, and I spend much time in line for the ladies room.

Wednesdays: Here is the day to go out without really going out. Wednesday night is for Senior Bar — no cab fare, no cover (if you paid 10 bucks for membership the first week of school) and cheap drinks if you have the special cup. Of course, there are people who refer to it as "Senior Dump" and complain that too many juniors go there now, but, hey, I'm a junior, and I don't want to bash the place because my dad would get mad at me.

Thursdays: All right. You've got Boat Club and Finnegan's for the young at heart, the McCormick's \$1-import special (which is fantastic, if you aren't scared of the clientele), and, of course, what guest columnist Reesy Baby likes to call "The Land of the Heart." I don't want to offend anyone by complaining about Heartland — or by mentioning those people who like to get up on the stage and do interpretive dances to Bon Jovi songs — so I won't even get into any of that. After all, as much as I whine about the lameness of Heartland, I still tend to go every week.

If you're still standing when you make your way off the Heartland dance floor you can head over to Club 23 for \$2 pints. A little intellectual conversation may replace some of the brain cells that were lost while you were chugging dollar drinks at the Land of the Heart. Or, at the very least, you can gossip about the girls with the shiniest tube tops.

By the weekend, you'll be too tired to do anything, but that's OK. Just be safe, know your limits and when you hear "You Give Love a Bad Name," please resist shooting yourself in the heart with an imaginary pistol — unless you want Reesy and me to really laugh at you. □



OUT OF BOUNDS

by Kara Zuaro

Be Very Afraid

Is sarcasm one of your Favorite Things?

BY CRISTIN FENZEL



Have you noticed you've become a bit too proficient at being sarcastic lately? Can you stay straight-faced while saying, "This dorm room is just cavernous. Do you think we could break up the space with one of those Japanese folding shades?" like nobody's business? Exercise caution. You could end up confusing someone as to what your true intentions are. You could even lose your mind.

The Ballad of Sarcastic Patrick

At the start Sarcastic Patrick was a fairly normal guy
It was just his sense of humor was the driest of the dry.
His laugh was purified disdain, so taunting was his gaze
His brow in gentle mockery indefinitely raised.
And most the folks that knew him also knew, from day to day
That Pat meant just the opposite of most all that he'd say.

While Pat was at the library reading his favorite book
He glanced and saw a female clearly giving him a look.
But he just kept on reading — no attention did he pay
Until she sauntered up and said, "Hello. My name is Kay."
"Oh super," Pat said back to her, "This book is such a bore.
I wasn't really reading it. Please — interrupt some more."

"For days now I have watched you from that table there — you
see? And now I've just got to ask you: Would you please go
out with me?

We could maybe go to my place, order dinner really quick
And then break out the VCR and watch a classic flick."
Well Pat was truly flattered so he said, "Yeah, sure. Why not?"
And they went and got a pizza from Kay's fave Italian spot.
When they went to watch a video Pat said, "Eh, you decide."

She stared at him a bit too long. She smiled a bit too wide.

"Well, the only video I own is *The Sound of Music*," she said.

"I just **LOVE** *The Sound of Music*! It's the bestest movie
ever!" (Be sarcastic, Pat thought quickly, and she'll think
you're cute and clever)

"I know all the lyrics — we could sing along together!
It's the type of movie I could watch all day, each day, forever!"

"I knew you were the one," Kay cooed, her voice as smooth as silk.

And he began to feel the sleeping pill she'd slipped into his milk.

She tied him up and gagged him good and dragged him on a plane

When they touched down in Austria, Pat knew she was insane.
Soon they reached her tiny cottage, down a winding country lane.

"I knew you'd see things my way, Pat — I knew it from the start
That you were my Lonely Goatherd and you'd hear my
yodeling heart.

And just like the Von Trapps, we'll watch our seven children
thrive

And watch our favorite movie every day of all our lives!
Ooooooh! We'll play the Fleeing Family Game — it's really so
much fun:

I dress up like a Nazi, and I chase you with my gun!
Go hide now, while I count to 10, and when I find you...
RUN!"

She fed him only Edelweiss, for years she washed his brain
And slowly, very slowly, he went more and more insane.
And when he'd about convinced himself he was Captain Von
Trapp,
Sarcastic Pat made one last plea before he finally snapped:

"For God's sake, Kay, please let me go! I can't take one more
song!

I hate it! I've despised it all along!
I'm oh, so tired of singing, climbing hills and herding sheep
My lederhosen ride up so far that I can hardly sleep!"

"Silly Pat, you've such a wit, but you can't fool old Kay.
I know now that you don't mean most all of what you say.
You just **LOVE** *The Sound of Music* — don't joke like that my
dear!

That first day when you confessed it, there was nothing more
sincere."

And so it was Sarcastic Pat's senility was assured
And he left their little cottage for the psychiatric ward.
If you're ever in Vienna, listen close and you will hear
Echoed cries of old Pat screaming, "DOE! A DEER! A
FEMALE DEER!"

Be a cynic, Oh Great Satirist!

Make your life a sarcasm spree!

But hear me well: the road to hell is paved with irony.
It only takes one wacko misinterpreting a chat
To land you in the loony bin like poor Sarcastic Pat.

And I know you would just **LOVE** that.

□

COMING

DISTRACTIONS

Why don't you (dare I say it?)
come on down to Pangborn Hall's
rendition of "The Price is Right"
this Saturday at 8:00 in the
Hesburgh Library Auditorium?
Invest in a swanky new camper at
Friday's RV show, and you could be
riding there in style...
EDITOR'S CHOICE

- Rambler Scrambler Week outdoor concert, 5:00 PM, Fieldhouse Mall
- Baseball: ND vs. IUPUI, 5:00 PM, Eck Stadium
- Game Show Night, 7:00 PM, Reckers
- Lip Sync Contest, 7:00 PM, LaFortune Ballroom. \$1 admission goes to Center for the Homeless
- *Toy Story 2*, 10:30 PM, 101 DeBartolo

THURSDAY

- RV and Camper Show, 10:00 AM to 8:00 PM, Joyce Center
- Fiesta, 7:00 PM, Stepan Center
- *Boys Don't Cry*, 7:15 PM, Snite
- "Rockin' at the Rec," 8:00 PM, Rolfs Sports Recreation Center
- *Toy Story 2*, 8:00 PM and 10:30 PM, 101 DeBartolo
- Campus-wide '80s Night, 10:00 PM, Senior Bar

FRIDAY

- Softball: ND vs. Villanova, 11:00 AM, Ivy Field
- Baseball: ND vs. Boston College, 12:00 PM, Eck Stadium
- Student Art Exhibition Opening Reception, 2:00 PM, Atrium, Snite
- Carroll Hall Fusic Festival 2000, 3:00 PM, front lawn of Carroll Hall
- Pangborn presents "The Price is Right," 8:00 PM, Hesburgh Library Auditorium
- *Toy Story 2*, 8:00 and 10:30 PM, 101 DeBartolo

SATURDAY

- Sophomore Class Mass at the Grotto, 7:00 PM

SUNDAY

- Lecture: "Virtual Solidarity: Working for Justice in World Religions," Tamara Sonn, 2:00 PM, 103 Hesburgh Center

MONDAY

- Tennis: ND women vs. Indiana, 3:00 PM, Courtney Tennis Center
- Baseball: ND vs. Purdue, 6:00 PM, Eck Stadium

TUESDAY

- Softball: ND vs. Butler (DH), 4:00 PM, Ivy Field
- Baseball: ND vs. Bowling Green, 5:00 PM, Eck Stadium
- Theatre: *The Love of the Nightingale*, 7:30 PM, Washington Hall
- ISA Film Festival, 8:00 PM, LaFortune, Montgomery Theatre

WEDNESDAY

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April 7-13

Cinemark Movies 6

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All Shows in Stereo

Friday 4/7

Being John Malcovich 4:20, 7:05, 9:25
Galaxy Quest 4:40, 7:10, 9:20
Sixth Sense 4:00, 7:15, 9:35
Sleepy Hollow 4:30, 7:25, 9:40
Snow Falling on Cedars 4:05, 6:45, 9:15
Stuart Little 3:55, 5:45, 7:45
Three Strikes 9:45

Saturday 4/8 and Sunday 4/9

Being John Malcovich 2:10, 4:20, 7:05, 9:25
Galaxy Quest 2:00, 4:40
Sixth Sense 1:50, 4:00
Sleepy Hollow 2:20, 4:30, 7:25, 9:40
Snow Falling on Cedars 1:30, 4:04, 6:45, 9:15
Stuart Little 1:40, 3:55, 5:45, 7:45
Three Strikes 9:45

Movies 14

☎ 254-9685

All shows in Stereo

American Beauty 1:30, 4:15, 7:10, 9:50
Black and White 12:45, 3:00, 5:20, 7:45, 10:05
Erin Brockovich* 1:00, 3:50, 7:10, 10:00
Final Destination 12:50, 3:10, 5:20, 7:50, 10:15
Here on Earth 8:00, 10:20
High Fidelity* 1:25, 4:10, 7:30, 10:10
Mission to Mars 1:15, 4:05, 7:15, 10:00
My Dog Skip 1:05, 3:20, 5:35
Price Of Glory 7:55, 10:25
Ready to Rumble 1:45, 4:30, 7:20, 10:15
Return to Me* 1:45, 4:30, 7:20, 10:15
Road to Eldorado 1:10, 3:15, 5:15, 7:25, 9:30
Romeo Must Die 1:35, 4:20, 7:20, 10:10
Rules of Engagement* 12:55, 4:00, 7:05, 9:55
Skulls 1:10, 3:45, 7:00, 9:40
Whatever it Takes 12:50, 3:05, 5:25

* Stadium Seating Available

The Power of Service

by Monica Hlavac

The man had walked a long time in the rain to come to the hospital. He spoke of his extreme poverty and ravaging disease in such a matter-of-fact way that tears came to my eyes. His distressing story seemed entirely out of place in the sterile white clinic. He was, after all, not talking to a social worker or a soup kitchen volunteer, but rather to a doctor of infectious diseases whom I was assisting during the summer after my sophomore year. And this doctor, who to me will always be a hero of near mythical proportions, responded to the man's words with so much passion that he reinforced a feeling that had been growing within me for some time. I realized that medicine was the career for me... Although the tremendous concern and compassion demonstrated by the doctor at Mercy Hospital made him a role model for me, I did not forget that a doctor is a practicing scientist. My training as a biochemist was integral to my hope of one day being a doctor... To experience this more technical aspect, I spent a summer doing research in molecular biology... Although at first my summer experiences seem unrelated, they exposed me to both the human and techni-

Service changes your attitude; it alters your perspective concerning how you approach the world.

Monica Hlavac is a senior biochemistry and philosophy major. She will be interning for the Amercian Association for the Advancement of Science Program on Scientific Freedom, Responsibility, and Law in Washington D.C. upon graduation.

cal aspects of medicine, and in so doing solidified my goals. My lifestyle, the people with whom I worked, the work itself, the thoughts that consumed my days — these all contrasted

to an incredible degree from one summer to the next. But there is one thing in common that I have learned, so powerful and clear that I am a changed woman. I learned it in an inner city hospital and in a college laboratory, and it had provided the impetus for me to completely alter the direction of my life. I want to be a doctor.

The above excerpt is from my personal statement for medical school applications. Since I decided not to apply, this is probably the first time that anyone has read it. The most frightening thing about deciding not to go to medical school was not that I no longer had a career path or felt like I was letting people down. What I truly feared was that I would never find a career as "perfect" for me as medicine.

I was attracted to the medical field because, as a doctor, service would be an integral component of

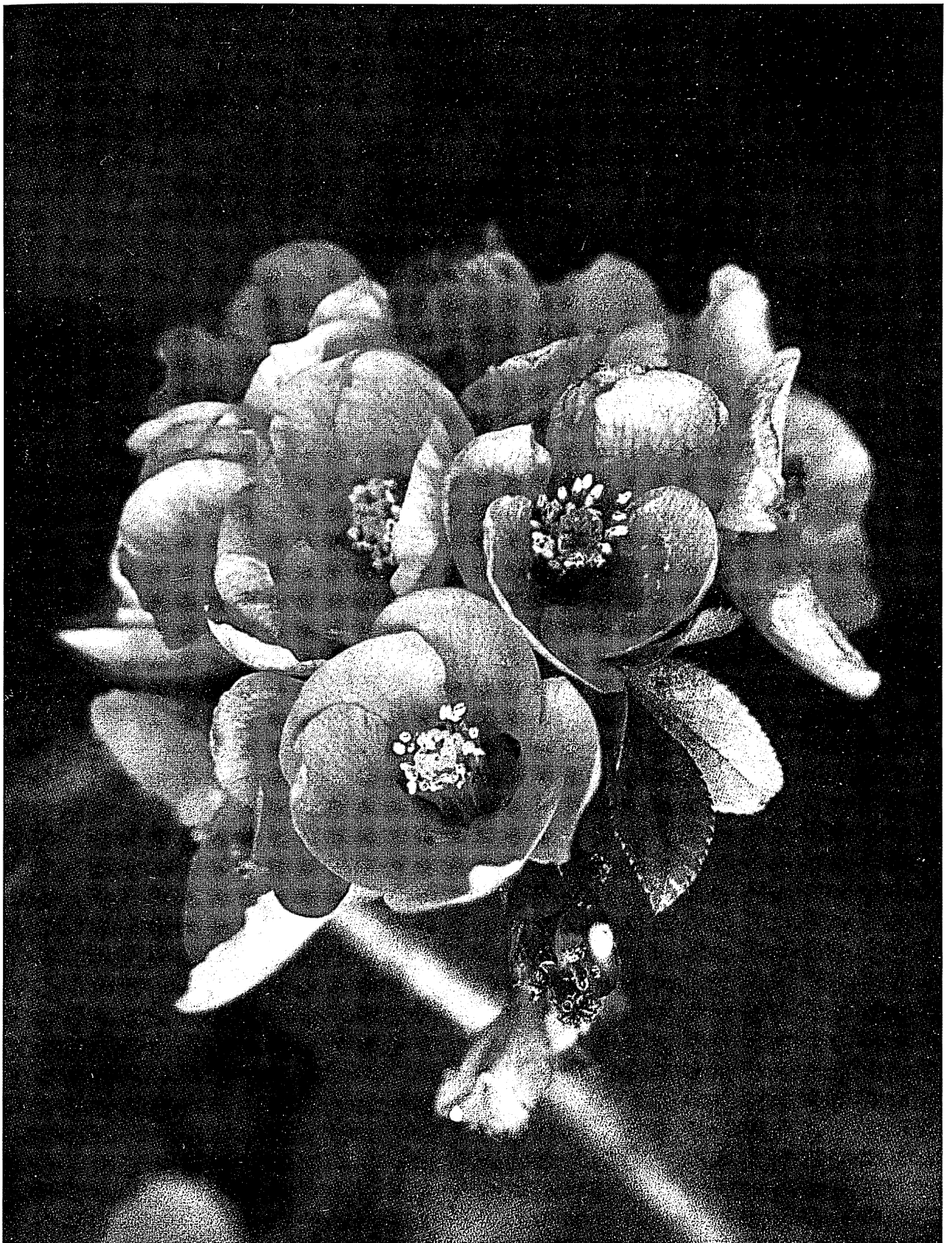
my career. My summer service project was one of the most amazing experiences of my life. As the summer came to a close I realized that I had to somehow incorporate service into my future career. I thought medicine would be "perfect" since it would include service in an intellectually stimulating career in the sciences. But I soon came to realize that was not a good reason for wanting to go to medical school. I liked the idea of medicine, because it meant I would be doing service. However, I did not really want to do medicine in and of itself.

For a while I felt lost and confused, as though I had put aside my compass and wandered into the Amazon. I had spent so long trying to convince myself of the benefits of a career in medicine that it seemed like every other idea I considered paled in comparison. Finding a career that directly involved service and science seemed such a daunting task that I essentially gave up trying. Yet the feeling of liberation that resulted from my decision not to go to medical school caused me stop to analyze why it was that I felt so compelled to do service as a career.

As I thought more about it, I realized that even if I was not working in the inner city saving lives, the spirit of service could still be with me. Service changes your attitude; it alters your perspective concerning how you approach the world. Even if I never participate in direct service again, it still had an amazing impact on my life. The very fact that my SSP prompted me to so carefully scrutinize my future is only one example of its impact. I am now much more reflective and inquisitive. My time and effort are directed more toward the interest and benefit of others and the community.

Service is important for everyone, even if most of your time is spent deducing a reaction pathway in a lab on the fourth floor of the Stepan chemistry building. You will complete your service with new found feelings that you will carry with you always. The particular things I learned in the hospital may no longer be applicable to my future career, but that is of little relevance. What is important is that whatever I do in the future will be carried out in the spirit of service.

What I gained from that summer at Mercy Hospital will be with me for the rest of my life, guiding me wherever I am and whatever I do. □





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