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

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<th>Session</th>
<th>Friday Night</th>
<th>Saturday Afternoon</th>
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<tr>
<td>All Session</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
<td>$8.00</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Notre Dame Student</td>
<td>$7.00</td>
<td>$4.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>General Admission</td>
<td>$6.00</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
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April 10-11: Easter Break Overnight Trip to Chicago includes transportation, stay at the Days Inn on Lake Shore Drive, a ticket to see Shear Madness and mass on Sunday.

The author of "In Our Defense," to speak on "Our Rights" Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. in the Library.

SARCASTIC
NOTRE DAME'S HUMOR MAGAZINE

Anti-Gay Task Force Hits Campus
LOVE THAT BEER TASTE
BUT HATE THE BUZZ?

-TRY-
*NON-ALCOHOLIC*

GARDBRÜ!

MY EGO, MY KILT, AND MY BRÜ!

SEND IN TODAY FOR YOUR OFFICIAL KILT UNDERGARMENT!

SPUNKY SUPERMAN UNDEROOS!

KEEP THE FLAVOR AND YOUR JOB!

~ELVIS PRESLEY '43
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<td>SNOOZE</td>
<td>This special April Fool's Day Issue is only a joke. Repeat: this is only a joke. Had this been an actual issue, you would have been informed where to send complaints, death threats, letter bombs and other forms of hate mail. This not being the case, we, the staff of Sarcastic, hope you all can take a joke.</td>
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<td>Contributors: Brad Keck, Dave Holsinger, Margaret Kenny, Kate Wilttroat, Ken Osgood, Kevin McDonough, Mark Mitchell, Charlie Kranz, Brent Tadsen and Tony Leonardo</td>
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Where do you go with your main squeeze after hours?
Need some help finding that romantic spot to share with your sweetie?
Sarcastic wants to help.
Look inside to see the ten best places for some grasping and groping under the golden dome ...
Dear Editor:

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

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

Please publish my letter. I'm trying to tell the world my great, uplifting story. I think it deserves all the room you can give it. I've been rejected by the Times, the Star, and the Tribune, but I still think my story is worth telling. I've also considered writing to some movie company about turning my lifestory into a major motion picture. If you can convince them, I would be willing to get you into the movie as extras. Bless you all.

Tudy Frudy, '75
Former Irish Great (Cheerleader)
Dear Editor:

My name is Tudy Frudy. I think you might be interested in my story. My dream had always been to attend The University of South Bend. Thanks to a mining accident, that dream has come out in full force to stop these maniacs— you’ll probably never hear that fact on this campus.)

I burst into tears. If I’m off the jury in this trial, I must muster a huge, fake smile and fluff my pom-poms. Four years later, I had lost an arm in the coal mine, I knew with mine, dreaming of Domer. Thank you very much.

Bitterness, bile and ego

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

E-mail Geeks Take Notice

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

:-( = Same old same old.
:-Q = I’m dying for a smoke but can’t have one in this @#$% computer lab.
%-O = There are drunken screaming louts all around so I have come into this somewhat quiet place for ten minutes of solace.

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

What does student government do?

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

STUDENT GOVERNMENT EVALUATION FORM 1040-EZ

1) Name the Student Body President and Vice President.
2) Name your student senator.
3) Visit the student government office with a real question and see if anyone knows whose job it is to answer your question. If someone answers your question, list their name and title here: _____________.
4) Describe what the average student government office holder does on any given afternoon without using the words "waste," "brown-nose," "resume-stuffing" or "nothing."
5) Compute the average annual cost of those neat nameplates on everyone’s desks on the second floor of LaBigtuna as a percentage of the annual student government budget. Compare this figure to the amount spent on student government activities which you would actually ever take part in.
6) Name something practical that HPC does. (Note: “Eat pizza” will not be accepted as an answer.)
7) Number of activities sponsored by your class per week: _____________.
8) Number of activities sponsored by your class that you actually take part in: _____________.
9) Number 8 as a percentage of number 7: _____________.
10) Compare line 9 to line 5.

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

One Statistic the Obscener Will Never Run

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

Conserves Water — Shower with Your Rector!

April 1, 1993
Father Jed Iceberg Writes Again

Wanderings with Jed and Fred Documents
Slow Road to Senility

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

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

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

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

24 February

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

Our flight was only an hour out of New York when I ran into the cockpit, held a Salad Shooter to the pilot’s throat and demanded that the plane be flown to Sri Lanka. I was courteously informed by the attractive and busy flight attendant that the plane was bound for Sri Lanka and we would be arriving in the capital city of Colombo in nine hours.

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

25 February

It’s a good thing I packed only the essentials as we had to walk (skip, actually) all the way from the airport to the hotel carrying our luggage (a distance of 124 miles. Fortunately, that is the moral equivalent of 199.55016 kilometers). In one suitcase I have a change of clothing and a compass; the other contains only a box of kleenex, a small supply of peat moss, six gallons of olive oil, a toboggan, a stuffed badger, the 1927 Encyclopedia Britannica, a manhole cover, several dozen non-returnable bottles, a Jet-Ski, and a baloney sandwich, and Fred Juice.

My invasion has met with little organized resistance as yet, although the natives tend to frown a bit when I whack them in the back of the knees with the light sabre I got at Toys-R’ Us before I left (a safety measure). However, my effort to gain support has also been hindered by the fact that the only phrase in the native language I know is the Sinhalese equivalent of “I am your mother.”

26 February

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

27 February

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

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

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

28 February

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

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

Read the passage below and answer the questions which follow.

Dòmhnall Eachann Meek

Tha na co-dhùnaidhean seo a’ cur an deagh chuid taic ris a’ bheachd a bh’aig Skene mu’n dòigh-litreachaidh, ach a-mhain gu bheil iad a’ cur an cèill gur h-e seasamh oifigeil nan cànaninean a tha a’ raighladh a’ ghnothaich aig a’ cheann thall. Jumbo Burrito tha e inntinmeach a bhith a’ cuimhneachadh nach do sgurr an cleachdadh idir air a’ Ghàidhealtachd an dèidh nam Meadhon Aoisean, agus gu bheil deagh eisimpeal againn dèan aon rud ann an Lùrin-sgriobhadh Angus Padgorny (fèrnaig notaichean). Soy tu padre a chaighd a sgriobhadh aig deireadh na seachdadh linn deug, agus a tha air tajo a stèidheachadh air dòigh-litreachaidh na Beurla. Gheibh sinn ionadh eisimpeal as lughach nósach na linn seo, agus iad sin uile, ‘nam bheachd-sa, a’ sealtainn cho dàlach ‘sa bha e do’n Ghàidhlig a bhith beò ri taobh choimhearsnach cho cumhachdach ri Scots no ri Berula gun a bhith a’ gabhail an dreach oirre fhèin.

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

"Warm Welcome for Sausage-Lady"

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

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

Turdsday’s Verse:

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

Gruaja dyzét
Thoté jo vërüt
Nuk jam aq
po jam më pak;
Vërüt thotë jam
Tridhiet s’i kam!

Gruaja e buker
Edhe ver’ e ëmbël
Të dyja jan mbërjutur
Të gëzojë zëmër
Këto të mira janë
Po farmaqin e kanë.

Njerëzija janë ndarë
Disa llorë disa farë
Ca ç’ërkojnë e gjejnë,
Ca kërkoinë po s’gjejnë,
Po të gjithë të helmuar
As një botë i gëzuar.

Njeriu i mjeri
Sikundër q’erdhi
Ashtë edhe shikon
Asgjë s’kuption
Dhe aqjë ku vete
Gjë s’merr me veste.

(Haunting stuff, isn’t it?)

APRIL 1, 1993
SOUTH BEND (A&P)—The world is finally over, Ms. Groan ’n Pant has shown her new hairstyle to the world, and the world has never seen better. More than three dozen supporters gathered outside Sooth Bland’s Three Shared Hairs in bone-chilling twenty below weather to catch a glimpse of Never Blamed’s newest superstar, Groan ’n Pant. Yesterday was the final day of waiting for the flash and in their ever-growing vigil, needed the reassurance Pant was to guarantee that same afternoon.

A recent poll conducted by The LaLa Times revealed that seventy-five percent of working mothers would stay home from work if it was raining out, they also lived near a public park, their toilet seats were pink, and Groan ’n Pant would be on CNN.

When Pant emerged from the salon, there was an elated murmur present, complete with a few fainting spells. Stoned Benz police chief, Hai L. Kidz, reported only one minor injury to a Ms. Fan Marie present, complete with Pant’s famous handwritten note was revealed.

The Mayor of Sooth Bland quickly issued a statement proclaiming his full support for the hairstyle, and not to be out-done, President Dill Scrimpin’ conveyed his own praise for the mighty wizard of the great arts. There would be no Police, no Copson television and no Slayer warrior. This house and no Men out Satan. How in fact, you put the power of Satan life — you just let it go. Even the University of Shame is clearly limp of evil. Several females in celibate, sexual drive runn­ ing the din­ ing students, have been encouraged to choose to con­ continue and so they should, consci­entious school, teachers promote, protect, promote evil.

Pant was brought out by a wagon, and students back outside to study.

Our favorite campus band, Our favorite campus band, are the most wonderful thing to happen to this school. How come? Without Satan there are no Copson to save the radio from the evil avenger. Three houses and no Men out Satan. How in fact, you put the power of Satan life — you just let it go. Even the University of Shame is clearly limp of evil. Several females in celibate, sexual drive running the dining students, have been encouraged to choose to continue and so they should, conscientious school, teachers promote, protect, promote evil.

I'm not feeling better. More than three dozen supporters gathered outside Sooth Bland’s Three Shared Hairs in bone-chilling twenty below weather to catch a glimpse of Never Blamed’s newest superstar, Groan ’n Pant. Yesterday was the final day of waiting for the flash and in their ever-growing vigil, needed the reassurance Pant was to guarantee that same afternoon.

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

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

Teddy Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, War, Harding, even Richard Nixon — all demonic entities doing the bidding of the devil. Disguising themselves as human beings and coming to this earth, these great leaders have secretly done the will of Lucifer for generations. Often omitted from Lincoln's famous Gettysburg ad-
dress is his revelation of the true nature of our founding fathers. Unlike the scandalous lying flib published in history books, the true words of the God said that Satan is much, much different from what is commonly believed: "Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers pledged their allegiance to the dark lord."

John F. Kennedy was not assassinated, he is not dead, no CIA or the Cubans are responsible for his alleged death. The Fallen Angel merely claimed his human form so that he may grow in power. Kennedy is among us to-day as one of Satan's legion.

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

So do what is just — fight for evil, you know you want it. Your life will have lasting significance if you kill, rape and plunder. And, hell, we might even tell our story in this newspaper.
Though pessimists bemoan the lack of interaction between the sexes here at Neutered Shame, there is still plenty of mashing, mauling and (let’s be honest, kids) even straight-out screwing going on in this place. In fact, there might even be kinky sex, but we suspect that such things only go on in that mysterious building known as Brownson Hall. For those of you undergraduates unfortunate enough to be bound by the in loco ofbrainus aims of the administration, the dreaded 2 a.m. curfew, Sarqastique would like to suggest places to go for after-hours fornication.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

4. The roof of O’Shaughnessy Hall. Staff members of WZZZ ... know that the roof is a quiet place where they can retreat from the din of the raucous classical tunes that they play over the air. But it’s purely for platonic relationships, of course. Staff members might have discussion about the merits of twelve-tone composition under the pale-orange South Bend night, but nothing else. But sneak in while some schmuck is really grooving on that new Gustav Mahler CD in their studio, and the roof is all yours. ♥♥♥

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

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

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

ANOTHER "ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE"

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

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

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

The Church has long held that there are [number] sins which "cry to [person move hand] for vengeance": [your pet peeve] [another thing you don't like].

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

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

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

WHY THIS MESSAGE?

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

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

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

Small Pisser, Neutered Shame Alumnus, 1543

This is a paid advertisement.
Return of the Big Sweaty Guys

Losers band together and grapple with the reinstatement of wrestling

by Unleavened Donuts

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

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

This year's coach, Harvey Cowlick, should be a familiar face to some, for he was one of those rent-a-cops that used to chase horny couples away from the set of that wonderful movie, Judy. Cowlick sings the praises of his group of young men, especially the four seniors who have braved ridicule and are trying to learn that in this sport, counting to three is a bad thing to hear. Cowlick has also introduced a new division for those who are not the most beefy of men, the ninety-seven-pound weakling division. Not surprisingly, this division has the toughest competition for the starting position, with quite a number of nimble young men coming out from the depths of Tanner Hall to boast their prowess on the mats.

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

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

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

Six Pounds of Bacon: This is where the hopes of the team lie (or lay, or whatever) anyway as far as anyone can see, but that would be pretty far from the NCAA Tournament, oh well. Five freshmen are vying for the position, and the competition will be fierce. Assistant Coach Jack Fealme feels that they will ultimately fail to succeed, but he added, "To combat the feeling of defeat they will consistently achieve, we are requiring a mandatory bonding situation with a special T.A. direct from bonding hell, Ascummi Hall. We feel that this will keep their egos fully intact."

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

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

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

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

Its Up and I’m Coming
I’m just so excited about all the wonderful concert opportunities that we have at Notre Dame that I might explode! It would be just fantastic if Madonna could blow into the stadium next September 18 at half time of the Michigan State game and play “Justify My Love,” “Like a Virgin” and “Where Life Begins” in front of 59,075 fans screaming: “Get out of here you blasphemous whore.” ... or Better Yet, Prince on October 23 at half time of the Pittsburgh Game. He could sing “Darling Nikki,” “Cream” and “Purple Rain” in front of a crowed of alumni yelling: “Get out of this stadium you blasphemous male whore.” ... But the best concert of all would have to be Sinead “Skinhead” O’Connor and Roseanne Arnold coming to Notre Dame Stadium on October 23 for the USC game to sing the National Anthem. The skinny-bald one would probably not sing, turn her back on the flag, call Father Malloy a fascist, tear up a picture of the Pope and urinate on the Irish Guard. The overweight one would probably sing off-key, spit on the band, grab her crotch and strip so that we could all see that she is “Property of Tom Arnold.”

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

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Yes, separated at birth.

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

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LoU93 — The Most Happening Station Around

By Plate With Kraut

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

That’s right, folks. It’s time we start giving credit where it’s due, and sometimes the only thing that keeps me going during a tough week of classes is the fresh, unrepeated tunes on the best radio station in the country, LoU93. Just hearing their slogan sends the shivers down my spine “From the dark hole below my bone, to every stone in Indi-..." One of the best things about LoU93 is their commercial-free pledge. I just hate waking up in the morning and being yelled at on those “other stations.” Another great feature is how they won’t repeat a song more than once in four days, unless of course, it’s anything by Spin Doctors, Ugly Kid Joe, or Whitney Houston. (I especially like the song about the kittens in their bed.) Some classics are just so great you can’t get ever hear them too much. When I hear those first few bars of Whitney’s throaty voice crooning “Ififf, iiiiiiii couuuuuolldd sssst Tayayayay,” and again when she holds that one high note with such power and grace, tears come to my eyes, and I remember how glad I am to be in South Bland, the radio capital of the U.S.

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

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

1. On “Money Monday” morning from six until
seven, the Hammer’s Bookstore will buy back all of
your used books at 85 percent their original value.
You must have your original receipt, a picture of you
paying for the books and a notarized document signed
by the original cashier and the professor who taught
the course that the book was for.

2. On “Theo Tower Tuesday,” you will receive a get
out of the library free pass which will entitle you to one
trip past the monitors without having to open your
bookbag for a thorough search.

3. “Overweight Wednesday” is student affairs day.
Fatty O’Timeshareah will award a two percent budget
increase for the student group that gives the highest
percentage of their budget back to the University of
Fiscal Pain.

4. Thursday is university president Ripoff “Duck”
Bankboy’s gala banquet. The dining halls will be
closed and Tippecanoe will cater an all-school five-
course dinner in a circus tent on Stepan field. This is
free for all students, even the off-campus deserters.

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

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

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

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

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

Anita Buck works for Fiscal Pain as a penny... Only $1.69.

Big Appetites: 6 Foot Party Sub
• SR 23 At Ironwood
• US 31 N (By North Village Mall)

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

‘Italian dining with an Irish view’

SUBWAY Has A Sandwich For ANY Size Appetite!!!

Light Appetites: 6 Inch Meatball Sub
Only $1.69!

Big Appetites: 6 Foot Party Sub
From $37.95!

• SR 23 At Ironwood
• US 31 N (By North Village Mall)
April 2-3: The Collegiate Jazz Festival will be held at Stepan Center featuring collegiate big bands and combos from around the nation, as well as the traditional "Judges' Jam." Former Chicago jazz legend Bunky Green will be performing with the Michigan State University Jazz Band on Saturday evening. Tickets are on sale at the LaFortune information desk:

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<td>All Session</td>
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Ellen Alderman, author of *In Our Defense* to speak on "The Bill of Rights in Our Times" Tuesday, April 6 Library Auditorium 7:30 PM

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