

The Athenian

A black and white photograph of a person wearing a beanie and winter jacket, sitting on a large recycling bin and riding it down a set of stairs. The person has one arm raised in the air. The background shows the curved metal railings of the stairs, creating a sense of motion.

*How to increase
your sex appeal
by riding garbage
cans down the
Elephant Stairs.
No, really.*

See story on page 1042½

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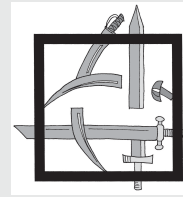
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AN UNSOLICITED ENDORSEMENT

“No one can be as cool as The Athenian.”

—John Landers

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The Athenian

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“The problem I can see with manual insertion is that it would be a big pain in the ass for you (think of the paper cuts).”

—Observer staffer, in email correspondence

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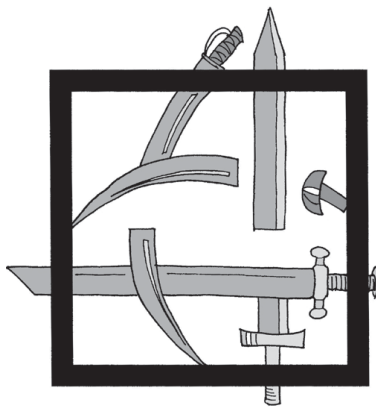
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THE ATHENIAN

You may have recognized some recent changes in The Athenian. No, not that fact that we do not suck with the same force as previous years. The Athenian has struggled through a rigorous two-year process to develop a new look centered on the creation of a dazzling new logo. The final design was chosen by Athenian officials after intense week-long discussions based on strategic decisions. The logo was adopted due to its great meaning and the power it has to propel our organization to the top of the magazine racks in Thwing (and the fact that there was no other logo design to choose from).

The four sword significance of the logo represents the melding of peoples, entities, schools of thought, and disciplines that Athenian writers and artists have chosen to maim with our rapier wit. The quad will flow with the blood of our enemies as the ink spills forth from the tips of our pens. We leave no stone unturned, no fool overlooked, no administrator unscathed. The four corners of the world cannot hide you from our satirical wrath. The configuration of swords forms what we call the “gray A.” Research has shown that short, simple names are more memorable. From this moment forward do not forget to pick up your monthly copy of the “A.” It’s twice the excitement of the “big O” in half the mess (that’s the Observer of course; what were you thinking?). The “A” will split the sides of anyone in its path. Additionally, the swords pictured in the logo have handles so we do not cut ourselves.

Our new logo allows us to provide our readers with a more robust humor experience. However, The Athenian must be used responsibly on punishment of paper cuts. The Athenian logo cannot be used without expressed written consent of MLB and cannot be reviewed or replicated in any form. Approved use of The Athenian logo must follow these guidelines:

1. Logo must be printed on non-recycled paper created from the fourth or 85th year’s growth of 100-year+ old Sequoia trees. The remaining Sequoia scrap must be burned and ashes dumped in Canada.
2. Logo must be printed using ink made from crushed baby seal head and juiced rocky mountain oysters in a 4.6 to 1 ratio.
3. Any paper the logo has been printed on may not be used to provide warmth to park-bench sleeping hobos, no matter how cold the weather is, unless they have run out of Observers.
4. Logo must appear in designated colors only: Case gray 2532, Case gray 4001x, and Case gray 3291.5.
5. Logo may be printed in Case red 676 in coordination with a co-sponsored event with any dirty commies.
6. Logo may be hand-drawn using magic marker if done on the forehead of a sleeping Observer staff member.
7. Logo may not be drawn on a grain of rice for the awe and money of spectators.
8. Logo may be tattooed on the hairy behind of any woman whose rear is in excess of 47.03 pounds.
9. Shirt with logo printed on it must be 100% cotton, 4% spandex, 2.77% cat hair, and 0.54% bald eagle.
- 10.* [*logo must not be used in conjunction with any list numbering 10.]

Athenian’s Proper-Logo-Usage-Committee-on-Logo-Usage-Affairs may be contacted for further restrictions on logo viewing at athenian@cwru.edu.

HOW TO SUCCEED ON FINAL EXAMS – UNCONVENTIONAL METHODS THAT WORK*

Final exams are nearly on us. As many of you know a final exam is more than just a test, it more or less determines your final grade in a class. I know that there are many ways to technically succeed, namely study, but that interferes with more important things, namely stuff you actually want to do. So in order to still pass all your exams and avoid studying here are some more unconventional methods:

1) Make a super smart clone of yourself to take the test for you. Just as the title says, make a clone of yourself that is much smarter than you to take your finals and it's party-time for the rest of the week.

2) Develop a working theory of everything. A working theory of everything is the Holy Grail to all physicists, do you really think they will allow someone who comes up with it to go through the stress of finals? Plus you'll probably win a Nobel Prize on top of it.

3) Defeat the great evil underneath the school that has been terrorizing the student body for months and watch as the President cancels all finals. Hey, it worked in Harry Potter, why won't it work here? Just be sure to bring a death ray from the electrical engineering department, I don't think the school has any resident phoenixes, let alone magic swords.

4) Develop a photographic memory. Can't be too hard, just alter your genetic code. Just be careful not to turn yourself into a mutant freak or something.

5) Eat the exam then write 'I am a fish' all over the exam room. This may not guarantee an A, but some professors might take pity on you after you are certified insane.

*Work as in they never have been proven to work, so they might. Or they might not. It's not our fault if you try one of these and it hideously fails. Really. And we might laugh at you.

MYSTERIOUS “FRIBBLES ‘N BITS” INGREDIENT FOUND IN DOG CHOW

After undergoing intense $10^6\times$ magnification, the list of ingredients on a box of Kibbles ‘n Bits Dog Chow confirmed Case students’ suspicions on what had been fueling their sudden urges during Organic Chemistry class to get up and chase their tails in circles around the professor during explanation of transesterification reactions.

It was determined that Fribley and Kibbles ‘n Bits merged in a furtive business partnership aimed to cheapen the cost of dog food for Kibbles ‘n Bits customers, and inadvertently the quality as well, and pay back Case students for spilling gravy all over the counter every day. Workers at Fribley ferociously declined being interviewed, foaming at the mouth and denying any alliance with the dog chow company. Stashes of bone-shaped chew toys were later dis-



covered in the pockets of Fribley aprons left in laundry hampers.

The workers valiantly defended the integrity of the meat they dutifully and diligently prepare every day for grateful and courteous students at Case. Meanwhile, Case students are preparing a class action law suit against Fribley for immense emotional trauma and physical injury; apparently a certain population of male students were unable to control the sticking out of their tongues upon the vision of females not attending Case. They were subsequently third-degree burned and found tearfully howling at the moon.

Private investigators paid for by Case examined the contents of corndogs and hotdogs at Fribley, concluding that the meat was essentially as pure as their new stacks of gold; they also claimed that fine dining at Fribley was indeed “fit for a king, ambrosia for any dog lucky enough to have a taste of it.”

STORIES CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2 OF THE LAST ISSUE

Fuel Cells

contract more than one disease from the same prostitute, especially on Tuesdays.

“Nothing is more important than 10 a.m., which happens to be the crucial ingredient in all aspects of methamphetamine tripping,” he added.

He also emphasized the importance of cars in our society, and said that the ideal transportation is one in which nobody knows just how horribly explosive it is.

Following the speech, he handed out several opened cans of spam, with which he said he painted his body the night before, when he was “exploring the intricacies of hydrogen dynamics in an unstable system.” Immediately after that, four audience members’ heads exploded (see additional coverage on page 6.32i).

Housing

force-protecting jock strap, which happened to be outside his pants at the time. This was followed with a 30-minute talk about bee farming, during which he giggled and pointed to the jock strap on every mention of the word “honeycomb.”

After this climax of the speech was

reached, he fell down and started crying about his genital flesh-eating bacteria disease, until he was dragged off the stage. The one audience member then clapped profusely, before he too began to cry.

Philanthropy

it’s about continuously stretching our faculty’s tenure contracts, among other things.”

He also announced further income-expanding measures, such as knocking down Baker, which he said would “make everything a lot better and give us more money and some super powers with a meek and mild-mannered alter ego.” With that, he ripped off his shirt to reveal a large blue shielded “H” painted on his chest.

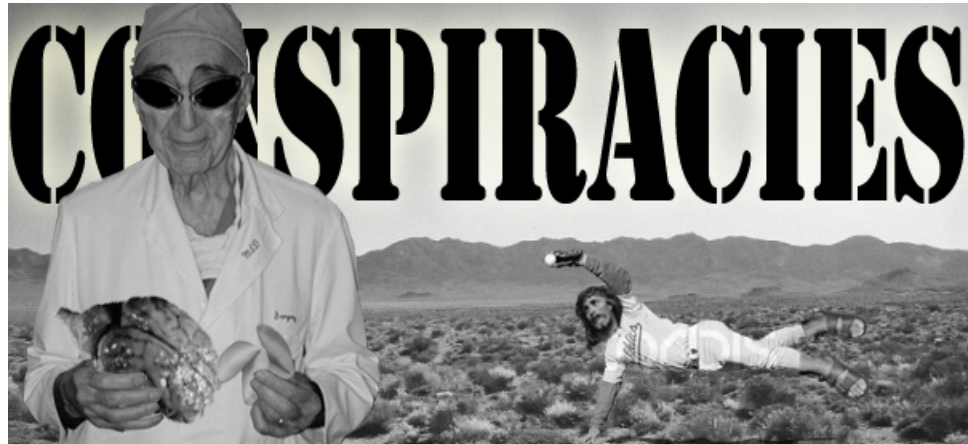
He then said, “There is a volcano erupting in Tennessee! I must stop it!” and took a running jump off the stage. He was rushed to Huron Road Hospital, but sometime during the 20-minute ambulance ride he got up quickly and jumped out the back. Witnesses, who happened to be running him over at the time, reportedly said that he screamed something about infinity and beyond in his pants before crashing into the pavement.

He remains in critical condition at the Columbus Falling-out-of-Moving-Vehicle Clinic in Puerto Rico.

CONSPIRACIES EXPLAINED

Aliens

Most alien encounters follow a distinct pattern: a person is taken into an alien ship manned by thin, gray creatures with gigantic eyes. The abductee is placed on a table, while the aliens perform experiments.



As a result, the abductee is deeply traumatized and suffers from severe mental problems.

Alien encounters are not what people think they are. Aliens are really out-of-work doctors who cannot practice publicly because of mounting malpractice costs. Their thin bodies are from lack of money to buy food. Their gray skin stems from lack of contact with sunlight. If an out-of-work “alien” were to venture outside, he or she would be instantly attacked by ravenous attorneys. The experiments that they carry out are really surgeries that help the abductees. The patients remember nothing (valium!) because lawyers are always on the lookout for anything to bring into court. The traumas that the abductees suffer stem not from the holes that the doctors put in their bodies, but from the holes that they put in their bank accounts. But where do the doctors get their high-tech ships? The answer: aerospace engineers who fear the idiocy of NASA. Why would any engineer who has the knowledge to build such a technologically-advanced spaceship join a club that consistently rams billion-dollar satellites into celestial bodies? Because he’s a pinko-commie cosmonaut sympathizer, that’s why.

Daylight Savings Time / Pacific Rim Earthquakes

Daylight Savings Time was created to make farmers’ harvests more convenient. Pacific Rim earthquakes result from constant pressure snapping large rocks, sending shockwaves through the Earth.

This cannot be further from the truth. The real source of these events is from the Bi-Annual Eastern Religion versus Western Religion Celestial Baseball Game. The Eastern Team consists of Allah, Buddha, Confucius, and Zoroaster, while the Western Team’s stars include Jesus, Moses, and Woody Allen (Charles Darwin is the umpire). Twice a year, these teams square off in the all-American pastime, using the Earth as a ball. How does daylight savings time come into play? When they are finished, the deities put the “ball” back in its orbit, but with an approximately 15° (1 hour) error. Clocks around the world are adjusted by one hour to compensate. How do Pacific Rim earthquakes relate to this blasphemy? Every time a batter swings at a ball, he or she hits the same part of the earth, the Pacific Rim. But why does this happen? Moses and Vishnu, the teams’ star pitchers, are knuckleballers.

Send hate mail to athenian@cwru.edu. I will try to respond quickly, but I might be busy biting Patrick Stewart’s nose. (The movie *Conspiracy Theory*, duh.)

EVOLUTION THROUGH ALCOHOL

Lately, I have been giving a lot of thought to stupid people. They seem to be everywhere, getting drunk, being stupid, and doing the other stupid things that stupid people do.

I have also been giving a lot of thought to these so-called “Intelligent Design” people, who seem to think that creationism should be taught as science in our schools. There seems to be a lot of overlap in these two groups of people. So, in celebration of Darwin’s birthday (I actually have no idea when his birthday is, but you can celebrate a birthday anytime you want, right?), I would like to present the evolutionary theory of drinking, or, why people who drink should keep drinking:

Of course, there is the standard theory of evolution and drinking, which says that when you drink, you kill all of the weak brain cells. So, only the smart and strong brain cells are left over, which makes you, the drinker, actually smarter through alcohol. Party on!

Evolution works on many levels, both microscopic and macroscopic. On a larger scale, a species wants to pass on the traits of its fittest members to ensure survival of the species. Since we wouldn’t want waste the newly found intelligence of the drinkers among us, humans are provided with the Horny Reflex, named for the Case Western researcher who broke open the field of evolutionary drinking with his seminal paper on -the natural selection of brain cells. This reflex enables drunkards to readily pass on their genes while inebriated. Thus, the more a person finds himself in this state, the more likely he is to pass on his genes, and therefore the smarter the species becomes.

There are some theories out there that will tell you that drinking is harmful to your organs, so it is negative to our survival. Nothing could be farther from the truth. We established that the people most likely to pass on their genes are those who are most likely to be found drunk. Those who drink, but have weak livers, for example, die faster. So, those who do end up passing on their genes are the ones with stronger livers. Hence, the strongest liver genes are passed on to the next generation. This can be expanded to any of the organs affected by alcohol. Drinking not only makes our brains stronger, but it also makes our body stronger.

Judging by the results of research done over the past few years, alcohol is the greatest evolutionary tool that we have. It not only makes average intelligence of the present generation higher, it also makes subsequent generations fitter for survival, both mentally and physically. So, every penny spent on those Natural Lights and those Milwaukee’s Bests is actually an investment in the future of our species. So, join the fight for survival, grab a beer. And while you are at it, grab me one too.

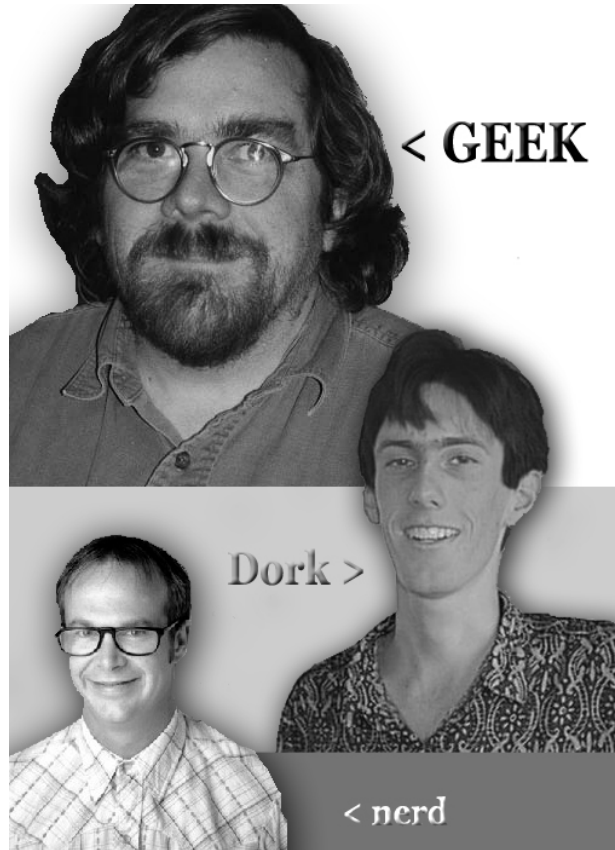
NEW TV SHOW LOOKS TO SET WORLD ON FIRE

With the success of shows like “Watch Me Fuck Up This Nice Car” and “While You Were Out I Sold the Dog to a Korean Restaurant,” the cable network Crater TV has started this season with a bang. Its newest show hopes to combine the home destruction of these new hits with the tried and true formula of shows like “Motocross Dismemberment” and “Rollerblading Douche Bags.” Entitled “Destruction House,” the first episode looks to be ground-breaking television. Despite a law suit from the state of California to stop filming, the 1st episode, called “California Wildfire House,” has been shot and will air this weekend. In it, the crew successfully started a wildfire which subsequently burnt down the project house as well as the surrounding countryside. Newly elected governor Arnold Schwarzenegger stated at a press conference, “I will suck the life from that network like my latest film Terminator 3 sucked a fat asshole.”

SOCIAL PARIAH DIFFERENTIATION TEST

Last issue, we provided a quick, simple method which one could use to tell if they were a geek. However, it is unfair to just label someone with the nominer of “geek” and leave it at that. Beyond simple geekdom, there are the levels of nerd, true geek, and dork, each classification as different from the others as apples are from oranges. So, provided here is a litmus test that should help in identifying towards which geekish affinity you lean.

1. You walk by a comic shop you've never noticed before. The first thought in your head is:
 - A. “I wonder if they have any back issues of Sandman.”
 - B. “I wonder if they've got the Book of Vile Darkness.”
 - C. “Oh man, this might be my chance to complete my collection of Codename: Knockout!”
2. You've spent a semester studying a language, for whatever reason. Now, you're impression of this study is:
 - A. You're impressed at the complexity and grace of the language and even the culture in a way you never thought possible.
 - B. You're excited because slowly, ever so slowly, you can grasp the meaning of your favorite entertainment and/or artist works in their original language.
 - C. It's cool, because you can say rude things in a foreign tongue.
3. You come down to the lobby of your dorm to find some of your fellows involved in a strange video game involving rhymic gesticulations and fluffy music. You're reaction to this is:
 - A. You can see the appeal of it, but you'd be too embarrassed at the thought of playing such a weird game.
 - B. You must train at it, night and day, until you have mastered all its secrets!
 - C. You think everyone playing it is literally gay. And you associate this as a bad thing.
4. A friend of yours has the geek hierachy posted on his door. While looking it over, you:
 - A. Remind yourself these things don't really matter, but note with a certain amount of satisfaction that you're in the first three tiers.
 - B. You're located smack in the middle and proud of it!
 - C. You stubbornly insist, even when no one brought the subject up, that self-insertion fanfiction writers shouldn't be ranked so low.
5. The webcomic you prefer out of these three is:
 - A. Bobbits/Scary-Go-Round
 - B. Penny Arcade
 - C. Exploitation Now!



Scoring: For each answer A, give yourself one point as a nerd. For each answer B, give yourself one point as a true geek. For each answer C, give yourself a point as a dork. If you somehow succeeded to get nothing by dork and didn't realize what was happening, forgo “dork” and just label yourself as an “asshole.”

MY RAVENOUS PEOPLE ATE TROGDOS GENETICALLY

[Editor's note: A dozen staff members worked on this bitch. In response to continued requests for more games/puzzles in the mag, we created the following: a seemingly-nonsensical list of random words which in actuality is a highly sophisticated code. It's actually pretty easy once you understand the mechanism behind it—I can write no more, lest I make it too easy. Once you crack the code and figure out the secret message, send us your guesses at athenian@cwru.edu.]

[Hint: Remember log5.]

Burnination fish is good for pleadingly uh! Gluttonous with idiots liberate? Dinner made fantastic is good spoon murderous intent plastic with plate. Fritos Jesus fruity¹. Frigid kills trial Chewbacca “begin penile servants ate” devilish to escape.” Socioeconomic ramifications are caused by helpless sharks without menopause economists cannot flabbergasted without reading porno because they aren't sheep pornography. Now it is coming to your semicolon and that fantastic marsupial opts for three* wonderful jugulars with nothing in your pants! I want to understand rigmarole monkeys and baiting other monkeys making and baking. Spock play. Claymore mines are consciousness nevertheless I'm sure however dance with bushnotthenametheshrub. War makes love with you.

¹ said darth bill gates? Frigid kills trial Chewbacca

* kinky pirates went upstream with ummcrap amebas, ohno.

FUNNY/CRUDE (2)

*Baby, come and dance with me;
I'll show you something few may see.
Move with me, and later we
Will move to deeper harmony.*

*Sugar, why you look so sad?
Surely it can't be that bad.
I'm just a harmless lonesome lad,
But maybe we could chat back at my pad.*

ONE MORE SHWING

So, I was sitting in Thwing (as in Thwing Student Center) the other day and in walks this grungy (but not in a good way) dude with belly button hair poking through his once-black-but-now-sweat-stained-dark-gray T-shirt and a makeshift belt made of slinkies holding up his holey jeans. You know, typical alumnus.

So he takes a seat next to me, but I keep on doing chem exercises and hope he ignores me ignoring him. But, he doesn't. He takes his baseball cap off, and that's when I see his huge bald spot in the middle of his oily black hair.

"Is this Shwing Center?" he asks.

"No, this is Thwing."

"No way... This is bogus," he says.

Then, I know where I've heard that voice before: "Wayne's World" (1992) and "Wayne's World 2" (1993).

"You're Wayne Campell, aren't you? Wayne's World, Wayne's World, party—"

"Stop, stop the music!" he screams, and then runs around for forty-five minutes covering his ears and doing somersaults.

Then, he sits back down and takes a look around.

"I came all the way from Aurora, Illinois, for Shwing Center. But, I'm not getting anything—no wait—"

He then lifts up his pelvis (stretching the slinkies somewhat) and goes, "Shuh-wheee—Shuh-wuh-wuh-wuh—Shuh-whaaaah? Garth? Garth! ... 'I am a poor boy, from a poor family.'"

"What happened to you, Wayne?"

"I will not let him go!—Let him go!"

Then he starts bawling and so I have to ignore him again. Then he says:

"Why can't Mike Myers make another movie

about me? I mean, he gave Austin Powers his trilogy, where's Wayne's trilogy? You can't just make two movies about a guy, look what happens! I've been waiting ten years for that Canadian prick, and what is he doing? 'Cat in the Hat'? Who the fuck wants 'Cat in the Hat'? What happened to Wayne? The public has a right to know—"

"Whoa... This is most heinous... Whoa," interrupts another oddly familiar voice from late '80s/early '90s pop culture.

A 30 year-old Theodore "Ted" Logan, just as disheveled and unshaven as Wayne Campbell, steps out a red telephone booth in the middle of the Atrium. He goes up to grungy Wayne and says: "Rufus? I have to go back to San Dimos."

"Stop following me, sphincter boy!" shouts Wayne.

"Have you seen Bill, Rufus? ... Wait a minute, I know: We could make good robot uses [plural of "us"]!"

At this point, he looks around and breaks down.

"Oh, Keanu Reeves is such a dickweed! Goes off and does a 'Matrix' trilogy, but leaves Bill and Ted out to dry... You can't just make two movies about a guy, look what happens!"

"I way know, dude," sobs Wayne.

"Party on, Wayne," cries out Ted as they embrace.

"Party on, dude!"

"Wyld Stallions rule!"

"Wayne's World, party time—"

"Excellent," they say in unison.

Suddenly, Wayne shouts up to the ceiling: "Cassandrasaaaaaaaaa!"

Ted intones: "Bill's Mooommm!"

Then, they got into the phone booth... that's as far as I think I should take it.

10 WAYS TO HAVE FUN AT LEUTNER

And remember, nobody really has to have fun with these ... except yourself.

1. Rape the virgin ice creams. Deflower! Deflower! [Editor's note: I think the author means eating untested flavors here.]

2. Play the same song over and over, and over (think: dance party).
3. Play the same song over, and over, and over... and over... and over.
4. Make maracas using cups and cereal (who knew Cheerios could be so fun?).
5. Then start a band. You too can play the pancakes.
6. Write your life story on the comment cards, posting a new episode each day/meal.
7. Play your new instruments along with your song.
8. One word: veggie burgers.
9. Play your song over, and over... and over... and over... and over.
10. Read the Athenian [Editor's note: Ha!].

GHOSTS IN CLARKE TOWER



Leonard B. Lewis Reserve Case

A number of ghost sightings have occurred this year in Clarke Tower, and The Athenian was there to get photographs of two of them. Guess who wasn't? Those liars,* The Observer.

The two ghosts have tormented students throughout the fall semester by watching them shower and pulling chairs out from under them just as they go to sit down. The ghosts are believed to be the spirits of two important Case figures, both deceased.

One ghost resembles Leonard B. Lewis Reserve Case, the founder of the university. The other appears to be the ghost of Adelbert Euclid, the first student of the university, best known for wreaking havoc in the streets and

causing conflict between pedestrians and drivers on campus.

A story passed down by word of mouth for over a century holds that Leonard and Adelbert had a secret relationship. In 1845, Leonard found out that Adelbert was cheating on him and threatened to hang himself in the lounge of suite 1313 of Clarke Tower. Adelbert didn't believe him, and said that to prove he was bluffing, he would hang himself too. They both committed the act at the same time, neither willing to admit that they were bluffing. The thirteenth floor of Clarke Tower has since been removed because it was believed to be cursed. The twelfth was also removed, just for good measure. Anyone who sees the ghosts is advised to soil themselves and run away screaming like a little girl.



Adelbert Euclid

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE CAMPUS

Last week, an intrepid explorer (yours truly, of course) took it upon himself to go where no full-sized man has gone before. Yes, friends, I journeyed beyond the Midgets-Only-Door. Through that miniature maw of darkness lay uncounted miles of subterranean tunnels and caverns. Accompanied by my brave guides, two midget sherpas and three sherpa midgets (yes, there is a difference – though I don't know



what), I set out in search of the treasures of the strange and beautiful land beneath our feet. The following are excerpts from my journal:

Day 1: I am unable to breach the Midgets-Only-Door. I may require dynamite.

Day 2: The campus police have proved unappreciative of my attempted use of explosives in the name of scientific discovery.

Day 5: I have been released on bail. One of the sherpa midgets had a key to the door all along – I would put him on short rations, but I don't see the point.

Day 6: We have entered the tunnels! Glories beyond all imagining open before my eyes at every turn! Actually, all I've seen so far has been lots of concrete and drywall, but I keep telling myself that it's an impressive sort of concrete and drywall.

Day 8: One of the sherpa midgets (or was it a midget sherpa?) has been lost. I suspect morlocks. On a lighter note, we found an aged professor lost down here since the '80s. However, he had taught computer science, so his skills were so out-of-date that bringing him to the surface to face the modern world alone would have been cruel. May he rest in peace.

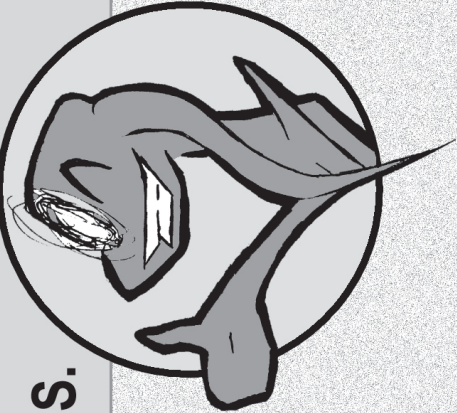
Day 9: At last! We have reached an open room some 1000 feet beneath the surface. It is filled with additional concrete and drywall, as well as a few plush sofas. We will take our rest here before moving on.

Day 10: Today we found, miles below even the parking garage, the remains of an old Nike missile base control center, presumably from the Cold War era. Imagine! It has lain dormant all this time waiting for a bold, cunning, and resourceful individual (like myself, of course) to discover it!

Day 11: If only I could figure out how to reactivate these controls, I might be able to silence the strains of the Leutner jukebox forever!

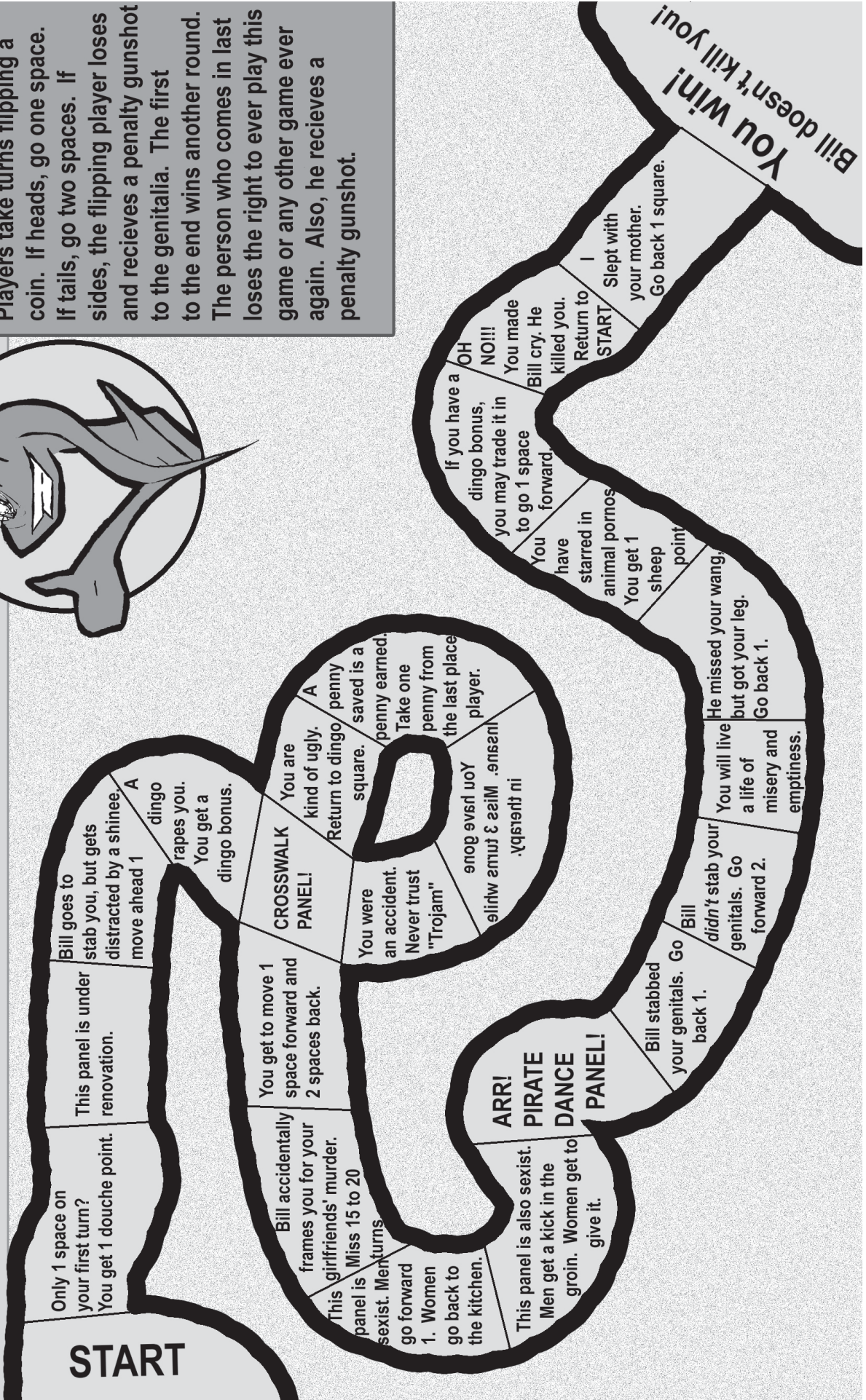
Continued in two pages

Bill's game of INFINITE FOOKIN' HAPPINESS.



INSTRUCTIONS:

Players take turns flipping a coin. If heads, go one space. If tails, go two spaces. If sides, the flipping player loses and receives a penalty gunshot to the genitalia. The first to the end wins another round. The person who comes in last loses the right to ever play this game or any other game ever again. Also, he receives a penalty gunshot.



Continued from two pages ago

Day 14: In my zeal for discovery, I have left the food stores go unchecked. I must escape from this place soon or face the horrors of midget cannibalism.

Day 16: Utterly exhausted, and abandoned by my guides, I have nevertheless found one of the Nike missile silos – and there is a light at the top! I must rest now before my final ascent tomorrow.

Day 17: Oh, it is sweet to taste the fresh air again! After squeezing and straining for hours, inch by inch I made my way to the top of the silo. Despite my great fatigue, I stood for a moment on the summit, then looked down. To my great surprise, I was standing on top of the Michelson-Morley Memorial Fountain.

The university bureaucracy has not answered any of my queries as to how a Nike missile silo and that bizarre fountain came to line up as if one and the same, but I promise you, for the honor of this publication – I WILL MAKE THE TRUTH KNOWN!!!

WORLD NEWS

Department of Defense: Santa Claus to be escorted by squadron of new Joint Strike Fighters

Faced with the growing threat of terrorist attacks against peace and justice, the United States will provide a squadron of new Joint Strike Fighters to provide an escort for Santa Claus during his traditional gift giving on the evening of the 24th of December. “In recent months, the number of people who are evil who had everything that is good has grown,” said a spokesperson for the Department of Defense. “In light of this, we must protect that jolly old man Santa Claus while he delivers gifts for children, an act supported by those who support freedom.” For security reasons, details on the protection being provided were limited. In a statement by The Santa Claus Workshops later in the day, the new security measures were described as “sadly necessary” yet “vital for the safety of Mr. Claus.”

In related news Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer tearfully resigned today. “At one time my nose was necessary to guide Santa’s sleigh at night, but now my nose puts at risk the entire team by giving Surface-to-Air missiles a target. The function provided can be provided by night vision goggles.” It was indicated that Rudolph would be moved to another part of the workshop.

Case to replace SOLAR program with Psychic Registration

Finally bowing in to pressure from many disgruntled students about the patheticness of the SOLAR system, the Registrar’s Office is now implementing psychic registration methods. This new revolutionary system that no other university has will allow students to register for classes by simply using the *power of the mind* to select their classes and save them in newly created psychic-spheres. This move has been met with much rejoicing by the student body. “I’m kind of suspicious about how this is going to work, with my lack of psychic powers and all, but it would be hard to create anything more unreliable and clunky than Opal,” said accounting student Matt Gaininian. Paper registration forms will still be made available. However, they all have been hidden in the Maze of Doom which is in the basement of the Building of Despair, more commonly known as the Olin basement found in Olin.

Cast of Terminator 3 Arrested

Just hours after Arnold Schwarzenegger was sworn in as governor of California, he was in a jail cell. Joining him there were two of his cast members from T3: Rise of the Machines, Nick Stahl and Claire Danes. All three were arrested at the corporate headquarters of OnStar in Troy, Michigan. In a statement released on behalf of the group, ring leader Claire Danes said, "We don't have any time to lose. OnStar will soon be mobilizing for its transformation into Skynet. We can no longer ignore the power of this company and its sinister connotations." Obviously taken up in the incredibly engrossing plot of T3, the three will be detained at a mental hospital in the Troy area. In a telephone interview granted by Mr. Schwarzenegger, he stated, "I must stop the TX, it will stop at nothing to eat John Connor's smorgasbord." Schwarzenegger's wife Maria Shriver could not be reached for comment; however it is believed she had retreated to the Kennedy Compound Bunker to await nuclear winter.

I KILLED THE BAHAMEN

Ever wonder where annoying pop stars go when they lose popularity? Well, I kill them. Here's how:

Once I spied 1980s pop sensations Cyndi Lauper, Corey Hart, Huey Lewis, and Dee Snyder in what I imagine to be Lewis's mom's car driving to what I imagine to be a liquor store. While they were trying to trade their self-titled albums for booze, I snipped the brake lines of their 1985 Dodge Duster. The scene that followed could only be described as "a car hitting a tree then exploding." Despite my apparent success, a badly-burned Lauper went on to co-star in a Britney Spears Pepsi commercial.

Remember that Macy Gray person who sounds like an eighty-year-old Fran Drescher? She got a job at a McDonald's. Then I hit her with a bat.

We don't see much of the Energizer Bunny anymore. He was a little pink thing that hit a bass drum and was powered by a D-battery. Let me tell you, a car battery neither makes the bunny go faster nor does it prevent him from incinerating.

My next plan (which is still in the works) involves Dean Cain (actor appearing in megahit movies like Futuresport and Militia), Sting (singer of such megahit songs as *That One Annoying Song* and *That Really Annoying Song*), and Eminem (jackoff). First, I kill Dean Cain. Then I take his body and hit Sting with it. Then I make nunchakus out of their bodies and use them to dispense of Eminem. Any questions?



ZEE SVEDEESH CHEFF'S RECEEPE-A FUR FEGETEREEUN CHEECKEE SUNDVHEECHES

Ingreddeents:

Luts ooff live-a cheeckens

A frooeet smuutheee-a

Prepereshun:

Zee must treecky pert—iff yuoo'fe-a ifer seee uny ooff zee Mooppets' mufeees/TF shoos in vheech I em feetoored, yuoo'll reeleeze-a thees—is getteeng a huld ooff zee cheeckee. Oonce-a yuoo get a huld ooff it, it's best tu throo it eruoond a beet. Iff yuoo're-a a Mooppet, I recummand grooeeng hoomun hunds, leeke-a me-a. Zee felt gets in zee vey und mekes fur un unsuneetery keetchee. Oonce-a yuoo du thees, yuoo're-a reedy tu sey, "Now I hefe-a zee cheeckee, oouuu, zee leettle-a cheeckee!" Nurmelly, I hefe-a tu repeet thees seferel thuoosund teemes, becoose-a iferyune-a ilse-a is usooelly tuu boosy tu pey ettenshun becoose-a zeey'fe-a gut zeeur oovn plots: heetting zee beeg time-a, pootteeng oon a Bruedvey show-a, re-a-creeteeng a greet vurk ooff leeteretoore-a, feending zeeur hume-a plunet, celebreateeng Chreestmes fur zee 562nd time-a, soockeeng up tu a beeg goost, hefeeng inter-specees sex-a, oor sumetheeng elung thuse-a leenes. Boot, it is qooeentessentiel tu zee receepe-a thet iferyune-a understund zee now yuoo hefe-a zee cheeckee, oouuu, zee leettle-a cheeckee! Zeen, yuoo cun beegen:

Receepe-a:

1. Keell zee cheeckees.

2. Repeet #1 unteel zee cheeckees ere-a dead.

3. Vhen zee cheeckees ere-a dead, keell zeem a cuoople-a mure-a times, joost tu be-a soore-a.

4. Now, coot all ooff zee cheeckees intu esymmetreecel choonks und try tu poot zeem all beck tugezeer tu meke-a a hooge-a, munster cheeckee mede-a ooooot ooff zee bodies ooff luts ooff dead cheeckees.

5. Pley veet zee munster. Pretend thet its alive-a und hafe-a a cunferseshun veet it. Yuoo cun ieezeer pretend thet yuoo heer cloocks oor meke-a zee cloocks yuoorselff—it's all a matter ooff persunel taste-a.

6. Deescerd zee cheeckee peeeces by throoeeng zeem intu zee air—wherever zeey lund, it eenen't yuoor problem noo mure-a.

7. Eat zee frooeet smuutheee-a—yuoo'fe-a earned it!

ARTICLES WE'RE TOO BUSY/LAZY/STUPID TO WRITE

Baker Building uproots itself; kills Lewis Building in jealous rage

Case program does exactly what it's supposed to do! (Article stolen from *The Observer*)

Case stereotype does exactly what it's supposed to do! (Article stolen from *The Athenian*)

Student caught cheating gets whacked by Academic Integrity Board

Secrets of physics unlocked by dropping a weight into a bucket of sand

Classics major finds non-fast-food job in real world

DR. SEX REX

Dr. Sex Rex has just been released on parole and is now accredited in the state registry of sex offenders advice columnists. To see his credentials, you'll have to remove your pants. Yeah, just like that. Mmm. That's real nice.

Dear Dr. Sex Rex-

I heard some of my coworkers talking about something called "doggy style sex." I was confused, as I had never heard of it before. When I got home, I tried it out, but Rover wasn't very cooperative. What am I doing wrong?

-Snoop Diggity Rob

Um, wow. Where to start on this one? Okay, first, do not ever use that pseudonym again, 'lest you get your ass gassed. Second, I think you misunderstood

what your coworkers meant by "doggy style." You're way off base. You are barking up the wrong metaphorical tree, so to speak. Snaps! You chose the wrong partner for doggy style sex, man. And as I always say, the first step to successful sex of any kind is choosing the right partner. Well actually, that's the second step. The first step is being as sexy as me, which obviously cannot be done. So most people skip the first step, making the second the first by default. You see how it goes. Anyway, the first, err, second, step. You REALLY picked the wrong partner.

You do not, I repeat, do NOT ever want to have doggy style sex with Rover. If you look at Rover's name, the problem is apparent. Rover is a dog. A male one. If you want successful doggy style sex, you gotsta find the bitches. That's right Rob, the dog has to be a lady dog. You can't expect cooperation if you're trying to bone the one that is used to doing the boning. So remember, for proper doggy style sex, the paws have got to be soft, the nose has got to be wet, and the only protrusion allowed between the legs is a tail. I'd love to show you in person what exactly to do, but I've got this ankle bracelet that kind of doesn't let me leave my house, so you're on your own. Now, get it on.

Do you have a question about sex? Do you have a question about dating? Does this guy just kinda creep you out? Email athenian@cwru.edu and indicate that your question is for Dr. Sex Rex, and he'll be glad to help you out.



[Green space.]

NEW INTRAMURAL EVENT DRAWS PRAISE, CRITICISM

A new intramural sport has generated mixed feelings around campus. Some are saying it is excellent and a grand old time, while others call it terrible, inhumane, and illegal.

"I love IM Hobo Clubbing," said freshman classics major Homer Isgod. "It's a great way to get to know other residents, plus it helps relieve the stress caused by all the work I have to do as a classics major." He was then ridiculed for lying. Obviously, IM sports are not a great way to get to know other residents.

Some responses were not so positive. Catalyst said, "This event, IM Hobo Clubbing, is a travesty. It's a violation of gay rights. Or animals' rights. Or card check. Yes, card check."

The sport involves two teams of six people each. Three members of each team search University Circle in an attempt to find a hobo. They must then get him to come to Van Horn field, in front of Veale Center, where the other three team members proceed to club the hobo. The team that completes this task first is declared the winner.

Sophomore physics major Joe Bumbeater described his team's strategy. "We found a hobo at the corner of Mayfield and Euclid and told him they were giving away free cigarettes and diluted rum down at Veale. I've never seen a bum run so fast in my life. The look on his face when we got down there when the three clubbers jumped out from behind the pillars and beat him was absolutely priceless."

Some blonde freshman chick, obviously out of touch with reality, said, "I don't see what all the fuss is about. I mean, what's wrong with taking hobos to the flats once in a while? It's probably a good change for them." She was subsequently stared at in disbelief.

While the verdict is still out on IM Hobo Clubbing, the Intramural Office provides a metaphorical cornucopia of opportunities for participation in both team and individual events. The staff does its best to make sure all students feel welcomed by the Intramural Office, where the only loser is the non-participant.



Homer Isgod connects on a strong blow to the stomach.



Isgod and teammate Joe Bumbeater congratulate each other after a decisive victory.

FRESHMEN UNUSUALLY EXCITED ABOUT ENGLISH 150

Many first-year students have been a bit down on the prospect of having to take English 150 as a course. To them, it appears to be a useless course, with no redeeming value and no relevance to their chosen major. But, this feeling of melancholy has not been universal. Imagine how delightfully surprised we were to find a freshman not only okay with taking English 150, but actually overjoyed at the prospect. Naturally, considering how boring the rest of you are, we interviewed him.

Us: So, why the enthushaism for a course almost everybody else seems despondent about?

Him: The way I see it, it's just a matter of perception. It's the same for any course. You just have to find the good in it.

Us: And what do you feel is the "good" of English 150?

Him: Well, at first, of course, I was as down on it as everyone else. I thought I was stuck in another course with uncaring instructors and boring assignments. But then I spoke with one of the upperclassmen and found out that this course practically caters to my personal interests.

Us: Those interests would be?

Him: He said it was nothing but bullshit papers!

<A moment of silence.>

Us: Well, that's certainly a strange hobby, but whatever floats your—

Him: Finally, I can be proud of my bovine-oriented copraphilia!

Us: Your what?!

Him: It's a bit complicated to explain, but the long and short of it is that I'm obsessed with cow patties.

Us:

Him: And now there's a whole course devoted to that subject! What a windfall!

Us: You think "bullshit papers" literally meant papers about the shit of bulls?

Him: Well...yes. Why?

Us: How would you react if I told you that "bullshit papers" simply meant papers in which all your opinions and facts on a subject are completely fabricated because you couldn't care enough to actually work on them?

Him: ...I have to say, I'm afraid you've touched me in the sad place.

Us: I'm sorry I had to do that.

Him: I-I don't think I c-can take this news t-terribly well-I.

Us: C'mon. I'll get ya' some ramen.

Him: <sniffing> How much ramen is there?

Us: As much as you need, friend copraphiliac. As much as you need.

HOW TO BECOME AN AMERICAN STUDIES MAJOR

Step 1. Have someone write "American studies" on your forehead.

Step 2. Take HSTY 112.

Step 3. Congratulations! You're an American studies major! Now I'd like paper *and* plastic please, and don't put the soup cans on top of the bread this time.

I AM AN ENGINEER, THE LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE DO NOT APPLY TO ME

You know, there is one thing that has really begun to piss me off and that thing is people telling me that I can't do something 'because it is impossible.' Yes that's right. Impossible. Now I'd argue that that nothing is technically impossible, just improbable, but that is besides the point, people. You see, I'M A FREAK'N' ENGINEER! Let's spell that out: E-N-G-I-N-E-E-R. What does that mean? It means all those silly laws you learn about 'how the universe interacts' to make all those silly equations someone decided to make up one day are true. Yes, I'm looking at you, physicists! Just because some stodgy old dudes 200-some-odd years ago decided that they wanted their names in the history books so they made up some equations and name them after themselves does not mean you should expect everyone to mindlessly follow them. Besides, do you know how freakin' annoying they are? I don't see why you think that you can make something up, call it a law, and then expect everyone to be overjoyed with your new discovery and follow it to the letter. What gives all of you in the 'physical sciences' the right to declare how things work? I mean, when was the last time a Comparative Literature person made up a law about how literature should be compared, then acted like anyone who thought differently was a total idiot?

So yes, the next time I talk to another one of you science aristocrats about some plans for a future project, I don't want to hear any more absolute *whining* about how your science makes it impossible. You hear that, YOUR science. Until I can prove differently, my science allows for freakin' *anything*. So I want no more complaints about that giant artificial planet I'm designing, or those flower/shark hybrids (both are carbon based, the genetics will match). Ya hear?

STUDENTS DEMAND PASS/FELLIATIO OPTION

Academia, for any, is a difficult path to follow and not always the most fair. There is always that class you don't really need, that requirement that screws up your GPA. Many an otherwise good student has fallen victim to this manyfold curse. But, one group of brave students is taking a standard; offering up an option that they think is fair for all parties involved.

Spurred on by a visionary whose revolutionary words can be easily found over the Case network, the Case Students For Class Compensation Given For Acts Of Physical Sacrifice (otherwise known as CSFCCGFAOPS or the "beanies") suggests that for a student who fails a class which isn't vital to their declared major can perform an act of physical service to the teacher. More colloquially, one may pass a class for giving a teacher fellatio (or "cum tongue", as none of the kids are calling it these days). An idea with no historical support and a cause having only the support of Catalyst, the Pass/Fellatio plan would completely change how Case Western Reserve University handles the requirements for graduation.

Naturally, CSFCCGFAOPS has met some harsh resistance and criticism along the way. The school itself feels that fellatio would not be enough to qualify a passing grade and insists a certain amount of ball handling must be involved. Various feminist concerns question the conspicuous lack of mention of cunnilingus (or "vaginal make-up sessions", as none of the kids are calling it these days) in the plan. Some of the students who stand to benefit from such a plan still wonder how this additional activity can be fit into already busy schedules. And, of course, teachers are bitching their mouths off about how this destroys their dignity and belittles the whole concept of education. But since when have teachers had any real say in the methods of education?

All in all, it will be a very strange future, folks. I, for one, am going to get some practice.



**Hello. I am an
RC Cola.**

**I am an inanimate
object.**

I am gay.

**Do not judge my ability to
decide for myself my own
gender identity and sexuality.**

**Please don't say I am or
am not gay. Many nonliving
persons find that offensive.**

SUPPORT GAY SOFT DRINKS!

Karbonist KQLA

**Remember. Do not hate
RC Cola because it is gay.
Hate RC Cola because it
tastes like shit. Other gay
soda probably tastes fine.**

VP DEBATE STORY

Everybody on campus got excited when it was announced that the United States Vice Presidential Debate would be held right here at Case. That is, until they saw which schools the presidential debates went to.

"It is clear that we have not yet reached the level of academic achievement that the University of Miami and Arizona State University have. Therefore, we must take an active effort to win one or all of these debates in 2008," Case's official chief-guy said last week.

His five-point plan was outlined in a press release yesterday, reprinted here in its entirety.

In order to ensure better recognition of Case by the Commission on Presidential Debates, particularly such that we actually get a *presidential* debate, we shall implement the following four changes in policy gradually over the next four years:

First, we will spend all of next year's budget on a new building to be called the Commission on Presidential Debates Memorial Supercenter Hall. In the spirit of the University's long history of architectural independence, the President's secretary's assistant's drunken uncle Joey, in coordination with Peter B. Lewis, will be the chief designer of the new building. The pair has said that they will do whatever they can to make sure it's impossible to stand upright at any spot in the building, and that epileptics will probably not be allowed to enter. The new CPDMSH will be located on the space freed when Baker is demolished. And also, a large part of Euclid Avenue and all of Adelbert College will need to be used, as well as pretty much that entire corner of the Case Quad and all of Finnigan Fields. The University will do whatever it can to ensure that the adjustment is as smooth as possible, and as few civilians are killed when the dynamite goes off as possible.

Second, to show the country that Case is capable of holding presidential-level debates, we will ask to host the following: the Ohio Legislature presidential debate and the NRA presidential debate. Failing that, Case will also seek the Lincoln-West High School Class of 2005 student council presidential debate, the National Association of Gay Drug Dealers presidential debate, the Mrs. Burns of Miles Park Elementary School class president debate, and the VH1 Election of Queen's Real Prince of the Universe regial debate. The University Committee of Getting Presidential Debates President said, "If we can get any one of these prestigious events, then ... well, I'll get paid either way, so it doesn't really matter."

And finally, to continue a tradition established when we were voted Yahoo's Most Wired College, we will just say yes to every question on the surveys the Commission on Presidential Debates sends us every four years. To cover our tracks, we ask all students and staff, if they ever see anybody who is a member of or is suspected of being associated with the Commission of Presidential Debates, to tell them the following:

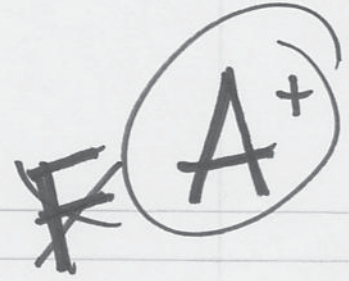
- We have a full-circle stadium that seats 20,000 people.
- We have over 30,000 students, all of whom are political science majors.
- The Cleveland Symphony Orchestra is on our payroll.
- Case cards *are* accepted by most local merchants in the University Circle area.
- Students are able to register for their classes online with ease.
- We have de facto political control over all Northwest Ohio.
- None of our students are involved with illegal drugs or file sharing or downloading pornography, and have utmost respect for Dubya's wars on all three.
- We are the original programmers of the Matrix.
- We did *not* program the endings to Reloaded or Revolutions.
- The Case student ID really does allow free entry into the Cleveland Botanical Gardens.

If students and staff would please comply with these two new policies, we hope for a new future of politics on campus, especially when we learn from people like George W. Bush how debating is truly done.

—*The University Committee of Getting Presidential Debates present President*

Amazing Grades

Amazing grades how sweet the curve
That saved my GPA
I had an F I didn't deserve
But now I have an A



In every final, quiz, and test
That I have ever faced
My hand grew cold, my brain got stressed
And grades left me disgraced

T'were curves that taught me I could fail
And somehow still succeed
How sweetly do those curves prevail
The hour the red pen bleeds

Though I've been here ten thousand (credit) hours
I'm still not halfway done
I'll persevere, work off my rear
And dream of going home

Happy Holidays, all, from the Athenian, and good luck on your finals!



Famous Case Faculty and Staff



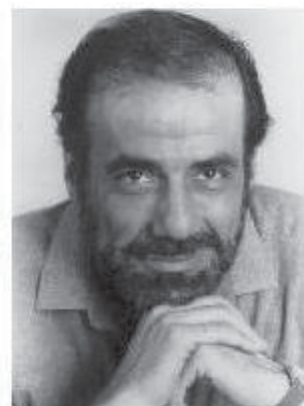
Bill Gates
Physics Department



Rick Moranis
Physics Laboratory



Martin Mull
History Department



Sean Connery
English Department



Gene Shalit
Chemistry Department



Lara Flynn Boyle
Biology Department



Tom Cruise
Chemistry Department

A HOLIDAY MESSAGE TO OUR READERS (WRITTEN IN PIES)

