

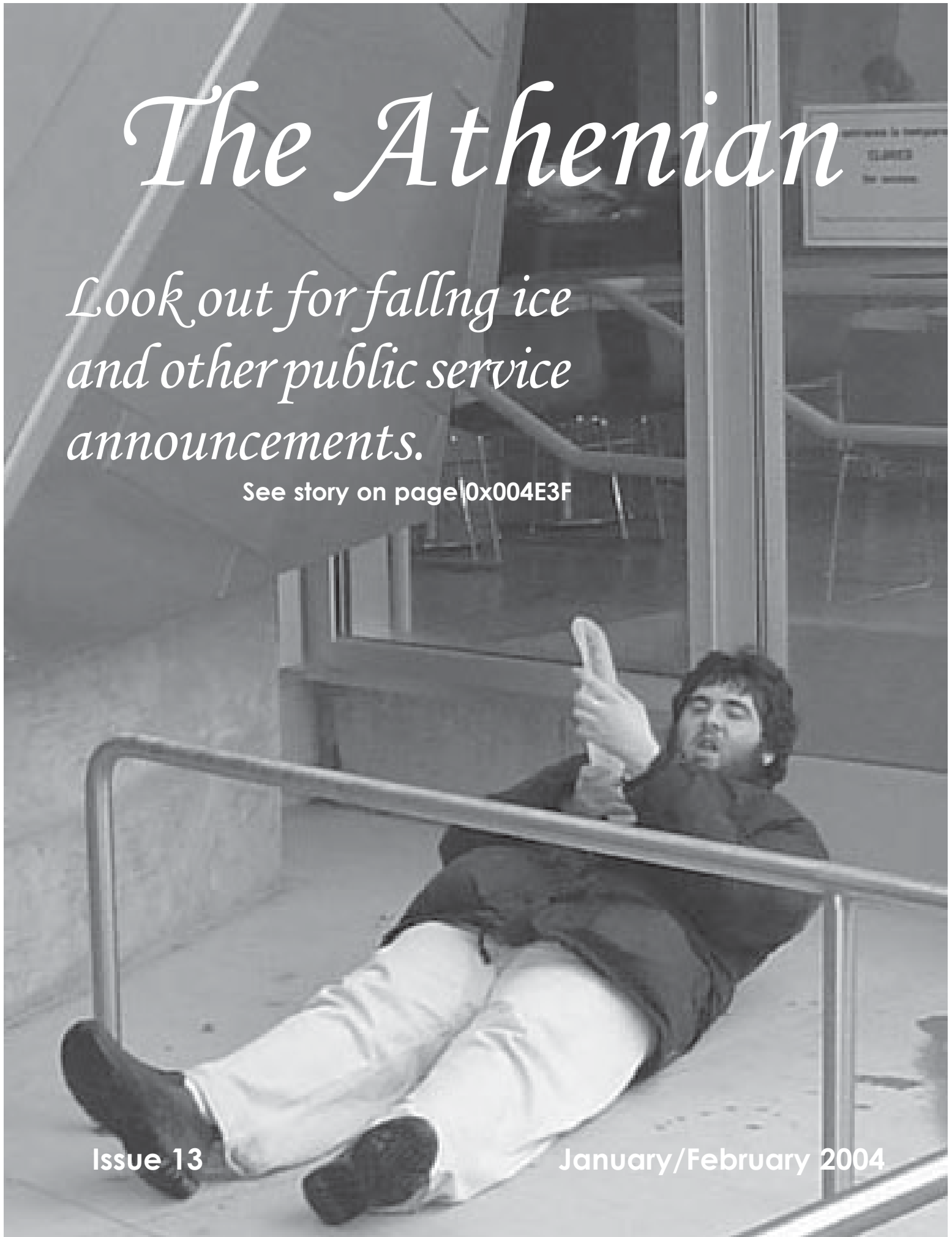
# *The Athenian*

*Look out for falling ice  
and other public service  
announcements.*

See story on page 0x004E3F

Issue 13

January/February 2004



## With contributions by:

Joe Caldwell  
Nick Callahan  
Draque  
Dave Forman  
Matt Greenfield  
Bart Keyes  
Scott Milinovich  
Pete Nalepa  
Kashi Pringle  
Sam Rivier  
Zach Stevens  
Chris Williams

## Featuring the graphics of:

Aaron McMichael  
Scott Milinovich

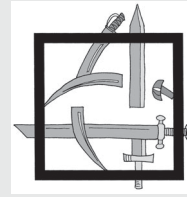
## And comic by:

Draque

## QUOTE OF THE ISSUE

“A white guy playing the race card is like playing an eleven of spades during a poker game. At best, you’ll get a funny look; at worst, you’ll get shot.”

—Scott Milinovich



## *The Athenian*

Website:

<http://mediaboard.cwru.edu/athenian>

Email: [athenian@cwru.edu](mailto:athenian@cwru.edu)

“Satire is a sort of glass,  
wherein beholders do generally discover  
everybody’s face but their  
own.”

—Jonathan Swift, *The Battle of  
the Books*

## Officers and Other Notables

**Advisor:** Mr. Arthur Biagianti

**Head Graphics Designer:**  
Aaron McMichael

**Layout:** Greg Hanneman

**Photo Dude:** Tim Marjenin

**Secretary of  
Secretaries/ Editor-in-Chief in  
Training:** Scott Milinovich

**Webmaster/Secretary of  
Defense:** Bart Keyes

**BM /Treasurer  
Emeritus:** Pete Nalepa

**President/Editor-in-Chief:**  
Matt Greenfield

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ATHENIAN STAFFER; OR, “MINUTES” OF OUR LAST “MEETING”

I know what you're thinking.

No, not that. Well, I do know that, but that's not the thought I'm thinking of. Not consciously, at least... Baseball, baseball, baseball...

Now, what you are really thinking is, “How do these Athenian writers write so good?”

Firstly, I must mention that your thoughts are not grammatically correct.

Secondly, you've obviously never been to one of our staff meetings, or you wouldn't have such a high opinion of this magazine.

Here's what happened at our last meeting, on the 1<sup>st</sup> of February.

Firstly, if you remember the date, you'll remember that this was Super Bowl Sunday.

Secondly, I should stop with this firstly-secondly crap.

Thirdly, here's what happened:

Nothing.

It was mostly just the guy with the glasses talking with the guy with the goatee. I have no idea who they are.

Our “respected” “leader” M.T. Greenfield was there, doing what editors-in-chiefses do best:

Nothing.

This guy doesn't even know the name of this magazine.

I'm serious, at one point we were talking about how this magazine is anti-Greek. (Case in point: we were considering writing about how bad the sidewalks in front of ZBT are—again. M.T. says it has something to do with social change.) So M.T. says, “Well, we are the Trojans, aren't we?”

“No, Matt, we're the Athenian,” said the dude in the glasses.

To which our abettor-in-reef(er) responded:

“Oh yeah... let's do one of those articles-written-one-word-at-a-time-by-everybody-here-so-that-it-makes-no-sense-and-everybody-will-hate-it. I love those articles.”

So we did. Here it is:

I despise this fucking one piece article—die isthat what have you done with the freaking yellow carbon paper maché dog? Ass-kickin' will make me horny and because pigeons defecate only once a semester.

We had had enough.

That's it.

So there. Those are my confessions. You'd better appreciate them, considering how many hand jobs I had to give to get this printed.

## SURVEY

Would a hobot be a robotic hobo or a robotic ho? Send responses to [athenian@cwru.edu](mailto:athenian@cwru.edu). Results will be printed in the next issue.

## CASE STUDENTS NOW ENJOY SUPERB DINING, INDOOR GOLF

In the ever expanding culture of Case West, it can only be expected that the standards of our student body rise with the passing years. For example, once, punch cards were needed by the university like capitalism needs dictators. Now, you just try to pass that off on our programming students and the only punch you get is to the face. Or, at least, they'd try. Maybe it'd be more of a tap. Hell, they'd probably just go and whine to their TAs about it. Then I get escorted out of the computer lab by security and let me tell you, I didn't enjoy that. Pretentious pissheads, the lot of them...

Oh, a point! I'm making a point!

Back to that, then. The point, which I'll quite cleverly make right about now, is that as the world evolves and changes, in that order, new standards must be applied to all aspects of life. And this includes dining, believes the CWRU administration. So, on to the scene shall come The Case



Club, a new dining option for Case students. Located in classy Severance Hall, this new café will have the latest in dining technology and a high-falouten atmosphere. Let me tell you folks, next to this culinary wonderland, the cafeteria at MIT will look like crap.

The press release I'm copying goes on to say that the new Case Club will also have full recreational facilities. There will be a dart board and a joke of the day and an indoor driving range. The dart board will have four colors of darts and be about a foot in diameter. The jokes may or may not rehash Gary Larson. The golf course will involve tearing apart most of the historical music hall and twisting its marvelous design to our own evil whims. The dart board, I think, comes second hand from the Lincoln Park Pub.

Enraged at apparently not being informed, a representative of the Severance Hall administration lodged an official protest with President Hundert. Hundert reacted swiftly by having his photo taken with the man and leaving the room for no real reason. Pundits, while skeptical of the approach, agree that the tactic has worked for Hundert in the past

## CAREER TIPS

- Don't learn martial arts forms (fighting moves known by number) then work at a fast food restaurant. When someone asks for a Number Ten to go, they don't expect to be beaten.
- When opening a small business, make sure to come up with a good name. For example, if American author and humorist E.B. White would start an electric company, he would not call it the White Power Plant.
- Good advertising slogans attract customers while bad ones repel them. "You gotta eat" works for Rally's, but "You gotta poop" won't work for American Standard.
- "Casual Friday" at the office means that you shouldn't take your pants off. Save that for "Nude Saturday."
- What's the deal with the Bicentennial Man? Did he live for two hundred years or did he only live for one hundred while enjoying both gay and straight sex?
- Driving a bus isn't at all like the movie *Speed*. It's more like *Speed 2* (it sucks).
- Don't go to the Career Center. If the people there are so wise, why can't they get better jobs than working at the Career Center?
- If you plan to become a psychiatrist, be sure to have mental problems of your own. They will make your patients feel better about themselves.

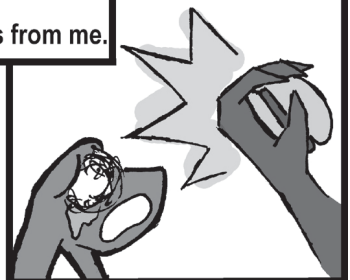
## HAPPYPANTS BILL

I don't know if you remember me.



I remember you, though.

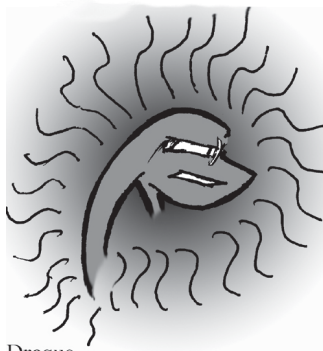
I remeber you taking things from me.



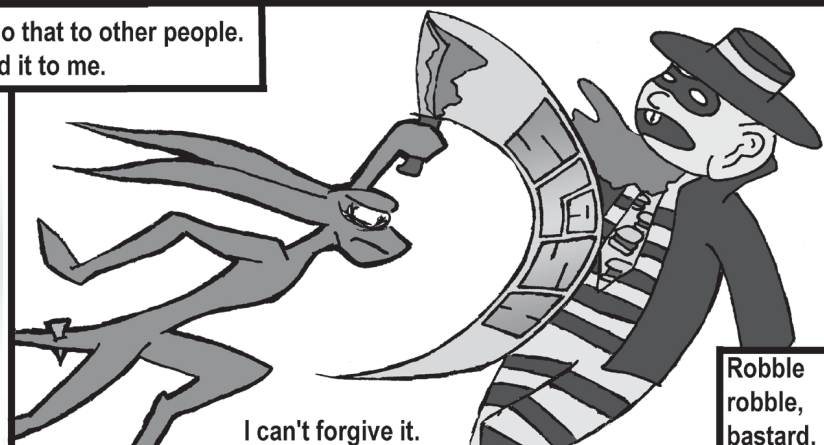
STEALING them from me.

Those hamburgers must have been pretty good since you took every one I ever tried to eat. They must have been so good they would bring you closer to God. But you would never let me have even a single one.

I can't really let you go and do that to other people.  
And I can't forget that you did it to me.



Draque



I can't forgive it.

Robble  
robble,  
bastard.



# OLD UGLY UNNAMED PROFESSOR WITH CELLULITE SPOTTED AT CLUB POINT BLUE IN CARLTON COMMONS, TRIES TO JOIN EXCLUSIVE MEMBERSHIP THURSDAY NIGHTS AND IS PUT THROUGH VERY UNSEXY HAZING INITIATION, CAUSES SHUT DOWN OF THE CLUB

In the recently opened Point Blue Club in Carlton Commons where students like Stella get their groove back every Thursday night, a recent twist of events has lead to elitism and social ostracizing has created a private membership required for entry into the club. Envied among all students exiled to their regularly scheduled Mario Cart all-night competitions, the name of this club is the HAGS ("Hoes and Gigolos Society").

One poor soul teaching in the Clinical Biological Studies of Aerospace Physical Chemical Engineering Department made her grand debut at the club last Thursday, hoping for some "freakin' and lovin' on the dance floor to an off-da-hook shizzle beat, and some booze to drown away all her rocket-science-conundrum sorrows and inhibitions from table dancing." Unfortunately, her jiggling of exposed wrinkly adipose in the form of a lap dance for Big Daddy with the Big Hard Drive (president of the club) did not received a warm reception by the usual-goers.

Finding herself in a hostile environment, faced with her own white-haired students blowing off the fact that they had to study for one of her exams on the next day, Professor "Jane Whoa" agreed to undergo the formal initiation mandatory for membership in the club. However, in a humiliating series of events, Jane was forced to change out of her new red leather pants and try on thugged out ghetto superstar jeans; after attempting the required break dancing, Jane walked in a daze to the bar, where she was to down 13 shots



Rock, paper, scissors... Baby, you wanna dance?



Hot or not?

and then crank out an impromptu rap ballad professing her love for HAGS. Amazingly enough, she failed to raise the roof; rather she brought the house down when her voice broke the glass windows. Happy couples left the couches to go off in the bushes, and happy inebriates went to go piss in the bushes.

The tragedy that occurred last Thursday has wreaked tremendous havoc among Case students who can only otherwise grind with their textbooks in great sexual frustration; the shutdown of HAGS club in Carlton has abominated the chance for social stratification and climbing to the top of the hiphop-pop-rap-crap ladder. Things are somewhat back to normal nevertheless; a student was sited wolfing down a block of cheddar cheese while watching his friends play DDR in Tyler, and former HAG member Fly Ass Chick With VDs Don't Lick has been seen doing the Robot in the privacy of her own room to "Johnsons Boobs Party Sex."

As for Professor Jane Whoa, she has decided to get her pent up shitz and giggles out at other locales, namely, the Cleveland Institute of Music where she is taking remedial voice lessons, and Libido Furreal Yo, where she is perfecting the art of urban pole dancing.

## **BREAKING NEWS: VALENTINE'S DAY DOES NOT EXIST**

Valentines Day does not exist. They want you to believe, but do not believe them. If you do, all is lost. You can't believe them. If we all don't believe they can't hunt us all down. So many are lost, we must take action. Cupid cannot be allowed to continue to feed on the essence of humanity any longer. Oh no, he's here. I don't know if I can keep typing for much longer. Just remember, it is all in your mind, don't trust your mind. Ignore the Greeting Card companies!

—Last message of Athenian agent #2054/b, following up a report on Valentine's Day

## **ACADEMIC HAPPY HOUR LEADS TO DUI, PUBLIC INTOXICATION ARRESTS**

A traditionally mild-mannered and productive event turned dangerous on February 6 when students, faculty, and administrators consumed large amounts of beer and liquor. A total of seventeen people were arrested. Three face DUI charges, thirteen face public intoxication charges, and one man faces charges of indecent exposure, attempting to seduce a police officer, and being too fat.

A spokesperson for the university said, "In hindsight, we realize that we probably should not have opened a bar in Thwing Center. It just seemed like a brilliant idea. Happy Hour means cheap drinks, good food, and great times, and that's what we gave our students. It is unfortunate that the situation got out of hand, but there is no way we could have predicted this."

When asked if the people involved would face disciplinary action, the spokesperson replied, "Most likely not. These people have been through enough already. They have learned their lessons. Besides, if we were to take disciplinary action every time a high-ranking university official urinates on a public sidewalk or a police car, we'd never get any educating done."

The Athenian is the only campus news source that will bring you all the details of developments of this story. Keep reading.

## REPAIR OF ADDLEBERT BRIDGE HALTED DUE TO UNEXPECTED FAILURE OF BRIDGE

The official status of Addlebert bridge was changed late on the 3<sup>rd</sup> from “in need of repair” to “no longer a bridge” after it was caught fire and detonated. As many students have most likely noticed, the bridge is now mingled with the crushed remains of that night’s rush hour traffic and the bodies of pedestrians covering the train tracks. Structural Engineers hired analyze the cause of the bridge’s failure have put forward the theory that the excess caused by the concrete blocks (adding to the normal weight of the pedestrians and vehicles) was simply too much for the structure. These caused the overtaxed bridge to light on fire, flash lights, and then explode. The interviewed engineer went on to explain “As anyone who has taken even basic physics can tell you, the two most common telltale signs of imminent structural failure are flashing lights and catching on fire (this phenomena can be seen in most videogames). The fact that the bridge was doing both only makes me glad that the destruction was not more widespread. The real issue here is how it could be allowed to degenerate to the point where this could happen at all. The one thing we can be thankful for is that only some Case students were killed. This could have been a tragedy.”

Those responsible for the construction and upkeep of the bridge have a very different slant on things. “We did everything necessary to keep a good bridge in good working order,” claims Fredric Eukerson, senior executive of the Ohio D.O.T’s bridge maintaining committee. “The ‘gaping holes’ that people were so quick to point out were really not so big at all, and once we realized that children were falling through and damaging passing trains, we fixed them very promptly. Duct tape and good thick cardboard were applied to all of them, which is regulation procedure,” he assured. Plans are now being finalized on building a more structurally sound bridge in the coming year of 2005 using more structurally sound materials (Popsicle sticks and the twist-ties).





## CASE PLANS NEW TUITION HIKE

Ten percent increase to build 100 meter tall robots; engineers and geeks overjoyed; everyone else gives weird looks

Faced with the need to expand current programs, renovate various laboratory spaces, and deal with the need to make Case Western Reserve University 'the most powerful learning environment on the planet,' Case has instead decided to just go ahead and increase tuition to build 100 meter tall combat robots to fight such things as space monsters, should they ever arrive, and mutated dining service food, a more real threat.

"We felt that, after much consideration, what the campus really wanted was a few giant robots," stated a senior campus administration official. "I mean, while we technically need the extra revenue for actual academic things, these are giant robots! MIT and Caltech's giant robots are only 50m high; Case will now be the only learning environment with 100m high giant robots."

This announcement has been met with mixed reactions from the Case campus. In general most engineering students and geeks overall have greeted this with much excitement. As sophomore chemical engineer Roy Gaime exclaimed, "It kinda, you know, sucks to have to pay even more to come here, but come on—it's a giant freakn' robot. You know, like those ones from Evangelion or Gundam. Giant robots are cool. It's a law of the universe."

However, there has been considerable embarrassment and dismay from virtually everyone else who is not an engineer or geek. Junior history major Ellen DeHare noted, "It's not just the fact that we have to pay even more to go to this school, or the fact that this school is yet again selling out to the engineers. It's that it is just embarrassing to go to a school that is building a giant robot. Who really cares? It serves no purpose, causes considerable death and destruction, and damages the environment. Plus I'm tired of all these damned engineers acting so happy that 'we're building Evas.' What the hell is an Eva? Can't these people get real lives for once, go on date, or maybe watch a television show not animated and made in Japan?"

University officials hope to have the storage and construction area for these robots built by late 2005, and the first giant robots are to arrive in 2007. Until then it is hoped that aliens, foreign countries, and giant ghost marshmallows will not attack the University Circle area.



## U.S. NEWS

### New Terror Alert System Put into Effect

WASHINGTON D.C. — In aprecedented move, the Department of Homeland Security unveiled a new version of the Homeland Security Advisory System. “This edition shall prove to be more useful to the average American and less offensive to the average homosexual American,” explained Secretary Tom Ridge. Under the old system, many citizens thought that homosexuals were threatening our freedom because it resembled a rainbow.

This is not the case for the new alert system. The colors green, blue, and orange were replaced with brown, white, and black. These five colors correspond to which color of people currently threatens the safety of America. As of its inception, the nation’s terror watch was set to brown. When questioned about the potential racial backlash of the new system, Ridge commented, “This system is not racist. If it were around since the founding of America, it would’ve been set to red and black until the early 1900s, fluctuated from white to yellow during World War II, finally settling to brown. As you can see, we’ve focused on every racial group separately but equally. I don’t see how anyone can call this system racist.” The nation then collectively rolled its eyes and voted Democratic.



What about the Blue Man group?

### Mars Rover Completes Successful Landing



On January 3, the gajillion-dollar piece of equipment known as Spirit landed on the surface of Mars, much to the joy of NASA scientists, and for some reason, veterinarians.

This success overshadows the previous rover’s failure nearly three years ago. “Last time we dealt with a rover, we tried to ram it *through* Mars. We all agreed that landing on the surface was the better choice,” explained a NASA custodian.

The rover will be collecting rocks and dust, two things that are apparently rare on Earth, but abundant on Mars. Additional tests will determine if the Red Planet is really full of Communists.

This success, as well as President Bush’s plan to expand the space program, bode well for NASA. “America shall send manned missions to the moon, and eventually to Mars,” commented Bush, “then from there, we hope to send expeditions to Vulcan, Tatooine, and the Planet of the Apes.”

## MARTIAN CHILDREN THANK NASA FOR NEW REMOTE CONTROL CARS *SPIRIT, OPPORTUNITY* – ‘BEST GIFTS EVER!’

NASA's exploration of Mars took another turn as contact with both the *Spirit* and *Opportunity* rovers was unexplainably severed from the source. Initial speculation of a system failure from a programming glitch in the \$600 million equipment proved to be false, however, when NASA mission controllers in the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, received a garbled text transmission resembling no known language. After



this transmission, NASA operators attempted to contact a rover by responding to the location of the transmission and succeeded in regaining control of camera systems. This revealed what appeared to be smallish gray creatures with large heads and big black eyes using what appeared to be a control apparatus to control the motion of the rover. Regrettably, these pictures are classified. However, a team of expert linguists was able to translate the text transmission which was released to the public by NASA officials. The message (in English) reads:

Dear Nice Earth Men,

Thank you for the nice new remote control toys you sent us! They are really, really neat! We have been having lots and lots of fun driving them around the parks where you left them!!! It was just the thing we wanted for C'muss, and much more fun then those 'Viking' things you left awhile ago. We could only climb on them. Please send more things like these!!! They are the best gifts ever!!!!!!

Thank you again!!

Gurlog Beta Gamma Vlllll

P.S.: Nice Mr. Elvis wants to say hello to all his fans on Earth, so hello Earthling Elvis Fans!

This has brought about three shocking discoveries. First is that, yes, there really is life on other planets. Second, this life is very nice and well mannered, especially when compared to how many children on this planet actually write thank you letters for gifts and such. And third, Elvis is indeed alive, ending decades of debate if he was 'taken home' by aliens, or if a few fans took way too much hallucinogenic substances.



*Romance, Excitement, Unjustified Lust...*

**The Case Western Reserve Society for Creative Anachronism  
~presents~**

***OLD TYME VALENTINE'S FEAST***

February 14th

Hillian – 3 pm – Traditional Latin mass, celebrating missionary work and martyrdom

Thwing Ballroom – 4:30 pm – Random partner's dance  
(drinks and food provided)

Kelvin Smith – 7:00 pm – The traditional forcing of couples to breed in a closet.

Freiberger Field – 9:00 pm – Sacrifice of six doves to Aphrodite

Freiberger Field – 9:45 pm – Re-enactment of the beheading of St. Valentine (with volunteered, unknowing freshman)

Freiberger Field – 10:30 pm – Huge orgy. Huge, huge orgy.  
Seriously, we goin' rock this mother like a Prince concert.

**RED, RED WINE!**

**Bring your own toga!**

**Who says massive geeks don't  
sling it like bunnies?!**





# The OBSERVER

## Keeping Hobos Warm Since 1968\*

\*The Observer is made with inferior newsprint unable to hold in warmth and the ink is poisonous, but it has been declared hobo-safe.

## AND NOW, THE COMMERCIAL BOWL, BROUGHT TO YOU BY FOOTBALL



Face it, for many of us, the real reason to watch the Super Bowl is to see the ingenious commercials into which major corporations sink millions upon millions of dollars each year. I mean, I can't remember who played in any of those past games, but I do remember the Mountain Dewian Rhapsody, the exploding Tabasco mosquito, and, of course, "Wassssssup!!!"

I was somewhat disappointed by this year's commercial crop. I felt as if America's corpora-

tions had failed in their sacred obligation to amuse me with 30-second audio-visual bites. As a result, I have gone into denial, and my fever-wracked brain has inserted its own product plugs into my memory. At any rate, here are the best commercial tag lines that I can remember. Or that I think I do . . .

- Case: It's not just CWRU any more! Now with 10% more expenditures!
- Double-sided tape: it keeps your shirt on.
- Please. Please help us. We're overstocked. Taxes are coming. We'll do anything if you just buy a car from us . . . anything. Please. Please? . . . FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS HOLY!!! . . . please buy a car . . . we'll give you a warranty, really we will. Please?
- From a "Truth" ad: Dying at a rave is bad for your health. Don't smoke pot.
- Campus Dining – Now with real food flavor!!!!
- We don't think Jimi Hendrix would have made a good accordion player and that's why you should drink Pepsi.
- The touch, the feel of Preparation H: the fabric of our lives.
- Imbibing this toxic beverage will make you so much cooler that you probably won't even notice the psychological effects or your potentially shortened lifespan. True.
- Zeus says: Drink Mountain Olympus Dew – It's like ambrosia for caffeine addicts.
- And of course: The Big Mac, 500 Calories of greasy, gluttonous goodness. You know you want one. Look into my eyes . . . you want, no, you need, a Big Mac. Buy one now.
- And remember: Shards-o-Glass Frozen Pops are for adults only.

[White Space Nine: The final frontier]

## CONSPIRACIES EXPLAINED: PART DEE-UX

## Fortune Cookies

Ever since the end of World War II, China has been itching to get even with the United States because the U.S. dropped two nuclear bombs on it (Conspiracy-within-a-conspiracy: Japan is really China). To get even, the Chinese have coordinated many schemes, communicating in secret code. This code is transported from China to the U.S. via fortune cookies. Thankfully, many of the fortunes have been successfully decoded by American cryptologists. Here are a few secret messages:

Message	Meaning
There will be a friend around who will help you make a move.	More MSG means more hypertension.
Romance comes into your life this year in a very unusual way.	Head stuck in vending machine again—send help.
Your heart is pure, and your mind clear, and your soul devout.	Hideo Nomo has been traded—abandon plans to take over Major League Baseball.
You will have gold pieces by the bushel.	Bruce Lee must be stopped at all costs.
An inch of time is an inch of gold.	An inch of time is an inch of gold in bed.
Nothing in the world is difficult if one sets his mind to it.	Pants sheet convertible printer matrix guerilla Fox Mulder

This is certifiable proof that the Chinese have been scheming for years (this also, more amusingly, explains why white people don't work in Chinese restaurants.) It is this reporter's opinion that war with China is inevitable. Again.

## JFK Assassination

[illegible]

Hi, I played the guy whose head exploded. Would you like my autograph?



## DR. SEX REX

Dear Dr. Sex Rex—

*I'm a huge fan. Really, I get all of my inspiration from you. Not only are you so knowledgeable, so sexy, and so dinosaur-like, but you also have a kind, gentle heart. So please, help me out with my little problem.*

*See, I write a column for a campus newspaper—let's just call it The Viewer for the sake of anonymity. Wait, maybe The Onlooker. or The Spectator. Anyway, my column is all about sex and dating. The thing is, Valentine's Day is right around the corner, and I have no idea what to write about! I've completely run out of clichéd themes concerning sex and dating, and ideas just don't seem to be my thing. Help me, please! I don't want to use my real name, so just sign me*

*Aphrodite, Greek Goddess of Love*



Dear Aphrodite—

Gee, um, really nice work there. I have no idea what paper you write for or what your true identity might be. Okay, we can just assume that you fooled me with your attempts at anonymity and get right on to my reply.

When you work in the field of sex advice, you have to understand that information concerning your topic is not unlimited. Therefore, the number of columns that have original ideas cannot be unlimited. That means it's okay to go back to an idea that you have used before and use it again. Just change it a little bit. I've written a column below that you may feel free to use for your Valentine's Day paper. Replace my name with yours, and you'll be set. My only request is that you thank me for being your inspiration and the best lover you have ever had.

Sincerely,  
Dr. Sex Rex

## COLUMN:

### DR. SEX REX, ATHENIAN GOD OF LOVE

Feel like it's time to spice up your love life a bit? If you're getting bored of doing the nasty in the same old places, try some of these spots around campus for a bit of a thrill.

**Your roommate's bed-** This is a good place to start being adventurous. Since it's close to your bed, you won't get too nervous. Since it isn't your bed, you and your partner won't have to worry about smelling like cheese when you're done getting it on.

Ass Factor: 3. If your roommate is in the bed: 8.



**In the dirt at the construction site-** In the past, you could have made whoopee under the bleachers. Now that they're not there, don't be afraid to roll around in the mud. If you like getting a little dirty, this one's for you. Especially if you get the cops to join in when they come to arrest your naked ass.

*Ass Factor: 5.*

**On the professor's desk during class-** This location has the ability to give even experienced adventurers a thrill. With the new overhead projector technology, you can make sure that even the students way in the back get a great view.

*Ass Factor: 7.*

**On President Hundert-** This spot is the ultimate adventure place. Only those with a great vision should attempt it. Once you do it here, though, you will have reached a new standard of excellence. Once you've knocked boots on top of the Pres, you've conquered the most powerful learning environment in the world.

*Ass Factor: 10+++!*

I hope these suggestions help bring excitement to your love life and to your crotch. Remember, if you really love me, you'll have sex with me! Goodnight everybody.

## CRAZY THOUGHTS

Have you ever considered starting a life of crime? Think about it; you get a life of excitement, adventure, intrigue, stealth, guile. I've seriously thought about it more than once, but I can never get past one problem.

Let's say I have some service or ability to offer to the criminal element at large. How can I advertise it? I can't just put a classified ad in a newspaper and let people know that if they need some money laundered, or corpses disposed of, or relatives murdered, or micro-chips stolen, or computers hacked, or falcons trained, or SUVs spray painted, or elevator interiors ripped off, or drinking fountains removed, or jail breaks planned, or vagrants kicked out, or siding applied, or interior painting, or roofing, or car detailing, or fires lit, or bombs assembled, or handwriting analyzed, or vision corrected, or albums mixed, or records broken, or icebergs melted, or cities leveled, or marijuana smuggled, or cocaine snorted, or Illo purchased, or heroin smoked, or mushrooms eaten, or mescaline extracted from peyote, or shine distilled, or supermodels laid, or union presidents buried in cement under stadiums, or strangers shot and buried on the back 40, or squirrels hit with snowballs, or rocks painted nonsensical colors, or medieval castles laid waste by trebuchets, or movies watched, or meatwad impersonations, or top shelves reached, or schoolwork half-assed, or sarcastic comments made, or classes skipped, or oil checked, or tractors driven, or hay raked, or peppers planted, or plastic mulch laid, or sheep fed, or electric fence built, or wires soldered, or hod carried, or rosters retyped, or volleyballs spiked, or shuttlecocks smashed, or Get Fuzzy comics read, or ethnicities cleansed, or AV equipment installed, or music pirated, or movies ripped, or safes cracked, or wrenches turned, or holes drilled, or white Russians mixed, or box wine drank, or two-buck Chuck bought, or doors held open, or potato soup eaten, or locks picked, or detonating cord placed, or C4 molded into gopher likenesses that I'm the person that they need to talk to.

Until I find a way around this issue, I guess I'll have to continue to be the tall drink of water that I am and just deal with my pathetic and depressing life.

## A PAGE: DR. CHAOS'S REVENGE

As I stare at this sheet of white paper with pencil in hand, I struggle to think of something to write. It seems in all my years of writing and crime fighting, I've had ideas and been inspired. Maybe my creativity has run out, or maybe, just maybe, Dr. Chaos has stolen it. Yes, the same Dr. Chaos that has lived underneath the Busy Beaver for far too long now.

It all began late one night when my helper monkey, Moxy and I were working in the lab. Everything was going fine on our new destructo-ray, when we heard some scuttling around outside the door. I looked through the peephole, but no one was there. Suddenly, a huge eye filled the lens.

"Mom!! Can't you see I'm working in my secret lab?! Jeez." I whined.

"Ookie! Ookie!" said Moxy.

"Dude! That's my Mom!"

Moxy had a good laugh over that one. However, he was cut short when the roof blew off and Dr. Chaos' Battleship Destroyer hovered overhead. The bottom of his ship opened up and a tiny hand came down. Before I could move, it grabbed him with lightning fast speed and lifted him away.

"Damn you Dr. Chaos. Damn YOU!"

I jumped into my Flying Machine® and flew up after him. I landed in no time inside his hangar and the doors shut behind me. Before I knew it, we were travelling at super speeds and we were in another dimension in no time. I was amazed at all the stars and asteroids. But there was no time for sightseeing; I was here to save my monkey.

"There he is! Die rebel scum!"™ a stormtrooper yelled at me.

I easily deflected his blaster rays with my lightsaber. After I had dispatched all of them, I took my wookie, my ewok, my Jawa, and my Jedi, and stuck them in a sack. I spotted a secret lab at the top of the steps. I knocked on the door and an unsuspecting doctor opened it. I slammed him against the far wall using The Force. Suddenly, I felt a large heavy object hit the back of my head and I went unconscious.

When I awoke, I was alone. I was in an empty room. The walls, ceiling, and floor were all made of stainless steel. In the middle of the ceiling was a solitary lightbulb. There were no signs of a way in or out. I lied down on the cold floor and fell asleep.

I woke up; I had no concept of time in this small shiny room. I could've been asleep for minutes, hours, or even days. My body clock was going haywire. I sat up and examined every crevice of the room. It seemed like I had been in there forever, but it could've only been a couple of hours. Some time later, I collapsed from thirst and starvation.

The first thing I noticed when I awoke was a light breeze on the back of my neck. I looked up to see that the door to my chamber was wide open, though who had opened it I had no clue. I scrambled to my feet as fast as I could, fearing that the door would close at any second. I ran out into the hall, away from my hellish prison. It was a long, cavernous tunnel. Off to the side was an emu.

"Emu! Do you know the way to Dr. Chaos' lab?" I asked.

The emu nodded and said, "Moo."

"Dude, that's my mom!" The emu had a good laugh over that one.

"Moo," said the emu apologetically.

"It's alright, I know you were just kidding."

I jumped on his back and with the lightening fast speed of the emu, we were at the core of the battleship in seconds. I hopped off and patted the emu on his head. I busted open the door and ran inside. In the room, I found Dr. Chaos working at his computer. Against the wall was a metal

cage and inside of it was my good friend, Moxy.

"Dr. Formanderson! How'd you find me?" bellowed Dr. Chaos.

"Ha ha! Dr. Chaos, your menacing days are over!"

I ran to the wall and unlatched the cage.

"Ookie! Ookie!" said Moxy. We both had a good laugh over that one.

"Come on, seriously. That's the sickest thing I've ever heard."

While we were occupied with the comment, Dr. Chaos had grabbed a ray gun off the wall.

"Prepare to die!"

Then he imploded. We escaped and went home. Moxy and I are happy being superheroes, and I know that this is just the beginning of many amazing adventures.

## QUANTUM REALITY: QUESTIONING THE FABRIC OF COTTON

You know, an infinite number of monkeys can do a lot of interesting things, given enough (i.e. an infinite amount of) time. If you get them pounding on typewriters, one of them will produce Hamlet. If you set them to work on computer code, one will make Windows (Skynet, whatever). If you make them think up visionary campaigns, one is bound to create the most powerful learning environment in the world.

The infinity principle can be applied to lots of other things as well; I don't see why monkeys should get all the fun. In an infinite number of hedgehogs, one will inevitably be blue, wear red shoes, and be prone to jumping on things. If you take an infinite number of O-chem courses, you're bound to pass one of them (if you stay sane). Among an infinite number of Leutner forks, one will be clean.

If you have an infinite number of English majors, I don't really know what would happen, but you would probably need an infinite number of burger joints to keep them all busy. Among an infinite number of Case students, one might see something wrong with downloading music from the Internet. He might not, though. Similarly, if there are an infinite number of duck-billed platypi (platypuses?), one of them stands a chance of not being just one totally weirdo, tripped out, freaky critter.

And if you teach an infinite number of humans nuclear physics, one will eventually produce an infinitely large bomb, which will then destroy all the monkeys, thus bringing this column to an end (unless the infinite number of mice that roar get a hold of it first).

## THE GROUNDHOG COMES OUT BUT ONCE A YEAR

*only one moment  
you bounced around the soft screen  
fleeting glimpse of bliss*

*how cruel they were then  
to hide your majesty so  
fickle program men*

## HOLLYWOOD INNNSIDER: OSCAR GOSSIP

Hey boys and girls. It's that time of year again. That's right, the time when the Silver Screen's biggest and brightest gather together and descend on Hollywood like Rosie O'Donnell descends on the all-you-can-eat buffet at Ponderosa Steakhouse. Oh I'm so bad.

Yes kids, it's time for the Academy Awards. The Oscars. The Deep-Fried Zebra Mullets. Whatever you call them, one thing is for sure: This year's awards are sure to be sensational. And I'm not talking sensational like Russell Crowe's biceps—that's right, I went there. I'm talking sensational like eating a whole gallon of Double Dutch Chunky Monkey Power Peanut Packed Ice Cream from Baskin Robins in one sitting. I could apply it straight to my thighs, but it just wouldn't taste as good.

Boy, am I excited! We've got a few surprise nominations this year. How about Fernando Meirelles for best director with *City of God*? And Keith Richards for best actor for his performance in *Pirates of the Caribbean*? I never saw that coming! My God he was hot in that movie, I don't care if he's a hundred and seven years old. Cleanup in aisle five please! Snap!

Time for my big Hollywood Insider secret: the sleeper film of the year. My prediction for best picture: *Dude, Where's That 70's Car, the One that Got PunkD by The Butterfly Effect*? If you haven't seen this film, get to your video store and rent it faster than Michael Jackson would rent

an apartment across from a daycare center with R. Kelly as his roommate. Ouch! I'm terrible.

Okay movie fans, that's it for this edition of Hollywood Innnsider. Remember to watch the awards. Oh, and I'm missing one of my silver hoop earrings. If anybody's seen one, gimme a call, k? Peace out babes.





## A DIP INTO A DOG'S STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Ruff.

Oh, ruff.

How monotonous goes the day, when all day one must fetch day ruff day rough day, rough rough ruffin'.

Gotta shit.

Gotta pee.

Ruff.

Growl, dogs dogs dogs. All the world is dogs, and yet no one can chew their own bone.

Bone.

Bones.

Yum. Ruff.

Food! Food! Food!

Ruff.

And then—

Humpity hump hump hump hump hump hump-hump-hump and it's all over.

Over. Ruff.

Scratch.

Ruff.

Scratch.

Everyone's in a dog house, and no one's got a house dog. You never hear house dog. It's always house fly or house cat. No house dog. No douse hog.

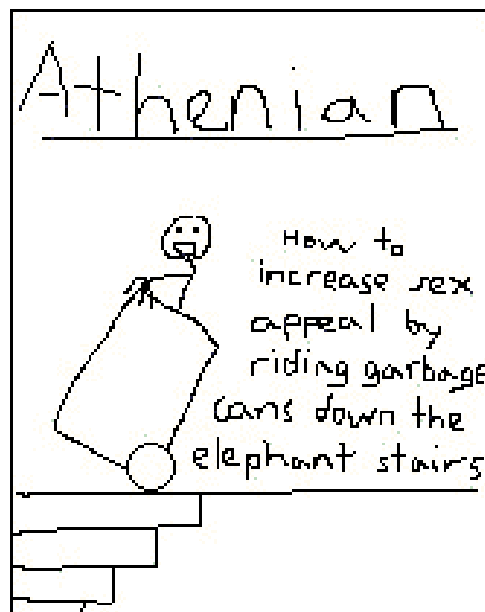
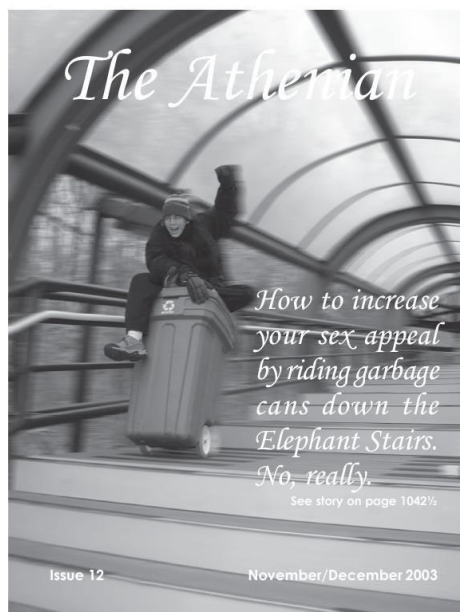
Ruff.

I have a tail.

I had a tale, but ruff but ruff butt ruff.

Ruff.

## BEFORE AND AFTER PRINTING SERVICES (WE'RE NOT QUITE SURE WHICH IS WHICH)



## SANTA TO STAND TRIAL AFTER 45 DAYS' SECRET IMPRISONMENT

(That's right, you heard it here first)

Many Case students were disappointed last month when they once again found no presents under the tree, or... dreidel, given by Santa Claus. But this year, he had an excuse. (Note to readers: suspend disbelief... NOW!)

Attorney General John "Bubba" Ashcroft announced this week in an exclusive interview with one of the *Athenian's* subsidiaries, the *New York Times*, that due to security reasons, Santa Claus had been secretly detained by Air Transportation Security agents since Christmas Eve, and will now await trial by military tribunal.

Santa is being charged with violation of 78 FAA regulations accumulated over 12 days, as well as 256,003 violations of the Homeland Security Act, according to Ashcroft. He is facing three consecutive death penalties, including a new one that Bubba just passed through Congress: "Death by reindeer trampling," or the Grandmother Clause. (Editor's note: Ba-Dum PSSSH!)

The problems first started three years ago, when America decided that because of September 11 and the sadness and all, we now own the North Pole. (Note: NOT historical fact... yet.) As such, all inhabitants (i.e., Santa and his thousands of Indonesian children "elves") became subject to government regulation. Santa was forced to install a hijack-proof door on his sleigh and carry a gun on flights, as well as to go through security inspections handled by three uncorruptable 100-percent Americans who only speak Spanish. His reindeer, as luggage, all have to be thoroughly X-rayed before flight. Rudolph is now the green-nosed reindeer, and Blitzen's skin is falling off.

Though Santa was initially compliant with these regulations, the situation worsened during President George "Wireless B" Bush's war with Afghanistan, when he told Santa, "You're either with us, or with the terrorists." Santa, as any proud American citizen with a direct link to George Tenet embedded in his crack would do, agreed happily. He changed his naughty/nice list to the good/evil list, in which Osama bin Laden and democrats now have anthrax and/or bombs dropped in their homes. In addition, during the summers Santa flew nighttime bombing raids while his elves helped make Nike sneakers for Halliburton's amusement.

The final straw came when Santa was told he could not carry his presents onto his sleigh last December due to the large number of deadly plastic toy machine guns, as well as an even larger number of deadly plastic toy thermonuclear warheads, which Santa claimed was the toy every kid wanted that year. Santa, in a fit of jolly rage, asked the security guards to eat and swallow thermonuclear warheads, causing them to choke to death, then flew the sleigh that night. American fighters intercepted his sleigh en route to delivering suspected flying lessons to suspected terrorists in suspected underground caves in Ontario. Ground forces then recovered Santa from Canada when Wireless B told them, "You're either with us or... just let us do what we want or we'll change Georgia's education standards to omit the word 'Canada' from the curriculum."

Santa has since been held in solitary confinement in a naval brig, where sources say that his mental health is slowly deteriorating, indicated primarily by his constant references to his "big red sack." The seven reindeer who flew with him without going through a probing hand inspection are being held in Guantanamo Bay, where we are told that they are only allowed to pray twice a day, and then only to a giant picture of Jesus "Jammaster J.C." Christ, much to their objection.

Though Santa is still in custody, *Athenian* staff were able to get this photo (Note: we may not have been able to get this photo) from government files:



[Editor's note: The *Athenian* neither confirms nor denies the existence of Santa Claus, weapons of mass destruction, or Georgia's education standards. All who attempt to show otherwise (that is, deny our neither confirming nor denying) are probably terrorists and should under no circumstances be allowed on board a flying sleigh.]

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

- "Anonymous donor gives Case \$4 million to repair sidewalks in front of ZBT house"
- "\$3 million of anonymous donation spent on beer"
- "The last million funds study on more efficiently packing people into house"
- "Athenian print shop torched by ZBT members"
- "Torching of Athenian print shop now a ZBT rush event"

## SEMESTER SPOTLIGHT COURSES

- CHEM 309 – Experimental Pet Chemistry
- ACCT/PHED 205 – Tax Evasion
- ENGR/PHIL 229 – Engineering Elitism
- CLSC 101 – Oh My God, Someone Signed Up For Classics

**HELP US. PLEASE.**



That's right. M.T.G. stands for Matt The Greenfield (the hilarious initials of our editor), and some of us think this is humorous. I think we have an obvious problem. We lack the funny. If you think you can write something that more than "two and a half people will get" please WRITE FOR US. OUR EMAIL IS [ATHENIAN@CWURU.EDU](mailto:ATHENIAN@CWURU.EDU). PLEASE ALSO FIX MY CAPSLOCK KEY.



They print this drivel?