

THE YEAR IN REVIEW

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Editor’s Note

To the Case Western Reserve Community,

The Athenian must regretfully share that the M.o.T.H., our Editor-in-Chief, could not write the editors’ notes for this issue. Depending on which reference you prefer, he was either too busy flying into Christmas lights or attending a French wedding. In any event, we are excited to share a State of the Union address from none other than Cuban-American singer-songwriter Pitbull reflecting on 2023, as is the theme of this issue. We thank you for your patience at this time.

Wishing you a happy 2024,
The Athenian Editorial Board

And now, without further ado:

It’s the 305, Mr. Worldwide, at it again to remind y’all, just in case you forgot, that the sociocultural notion of time is a fundamentally human invention. There are systems bigger than each and every one of us that want to bring us down and distract us from our problems by saying 2023 was just another wack year instead of fixing big problems, Dale.

But we can’t let the wack years get us down. Because every year is also an opportunity. A chance to give it all you got. Not for them, not because you owe them anything, not to prove anything to anybody but yourself. Picture that. Doing things because they make you happy, because they make life worth living. Or, better yet, go to Times Square and take a picture of me with a Kodak. Dale.

Life is not a waste of time and time is not a waste of life. You know who taught me that? Yoda. Except he said it all backwards-like. It was kinda confusing. But el hombrecito verde was right. 2023 is over but 2024 has only just begun. You have nothing to lose but your chains. Dale.

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Borowski

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Head of Distribution:

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Abigail Gilman

Neha Khandekar

Dan Reshan

Amanda Wu

university 
media board

Let's be honest, folks,

We've done it all. And we've mastered it all. There isn't a medium that the *Athenian* has broached that we haven't totally revolutionized. We started out as an *Observer* column, and when they couldn't handle that we made our own much cooler and funnier magazine. We still dabble in news writing every April Fools' Day, have done research reporting á la *Discussions* not once but twice, and frankly it's only a matter of time before we rip from the Film Society or one of the performing arts groups and put out a schedule and a playbill.

But for now we boldly go where no man has gone before: **calendar printing**. You know them, you love them, maybe some of you superfans out there can name all of them: January, February, March, Aprill, May..you get the gist. Each one, stunningly decorated in our out-of-date commentary laying out the last year in full.

We know we're a bit late on this one, but pretend for your own enjoyment that it's part of the joke. After all, you can't have post-ironic commentary without being "post-" something, so as we prepare for this year's April Fools' Day issue we offer you this issue as a post-analysis of the year of our Lord twenty-twenty-three: "boy, that was another year".

If nothing else, in case you forget the order of the months (as we all do from time to time) maybe you can hang this up on your wall somewhere next to its "sexy fireman" or "word of the day" brethren. I may be biased, but it's certainly more useful than an old *Observer* print will ever be, unless you're wrapping a dead fish or house-training a dog.

Speaking of things that need to be trained (because who needs segues anyhow?), we're also looking to expand our editorial team. If you're a contributor, a reader, or any other random schmuck who wants a cool and fancy title in exchange for doing some editorial work, feel free to reach out to athenian-editors@case.edu. If you want to send a letter to the editor(s), you can use that address as well— fair warning, though, we reserve the right to publish all the worst ones.

Calendar

20 23

That's all from me for this issue. I'd show you around more, but I find it safe to assume anyone with the exquisite taste to pick up an *Athenian* is already brilliant enough to know how calendars work. Either way, you Case Western Reserve students can't seem to devote more than 15 continuous minutes to a task without logging it in a Google calendar, but maybe that's just the adventurous company I keep.

Signing off, as always, with your periodic reminder to *read the Athenian*. *Write for the Athenian*. *Athenian for the Athenian*.

Yours truly,
Master of the House

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDN

8

10

New photo evidence places Spartie at Brazil's Jan. 8 insurrection



Book Review: I read Prince Harry's "Spare," but only the weird sex parts

Goode R. Eades

It isn't often that politicians can make waves in politics, pop culture, and the common zeitgeist in a single publication, especially when their importance on the world stage is already established throughout centuries of hereditary power transfers that have left their entire family the political equivalent of the Kardashians for British people (for clarity, in this metaphor King Charles is Kanye). However, when Prince Harry published his autobiography "Spare" earlier this month, it immediately became a must-read: not for its political themes or anything, since we probably could have guessed that a royal family that's been in charge since a literal imperial period would definitely be at least *a little bit racist*. Instead, the true literary value of "Spare" lies in its eroticism, rivaled only by such saucy works as *Fifty Shades of Grey*, *Call Me By Your Name*, and *The*

ESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
<p><i>Lusty Argonian Maid.</i></p> <p>In reading, I couldn't help but get all hot and bothered by the ginger Prince-I'd-Like-to-Fuck's (PILF's) repeated descriptions of his "todger," which apparently is British for "penis," particularly in one story he tells of it somehow getting frostbitten. I'm not sure if this is another weird British euphemism for sex (which I'm still not convinced they have across the pond, but whatever) or if he actually almost froze his dick off, but I'm certainly not reading any part of this book that isn't explicitly about Prince Harry's sex life in order to find out.</p> <p>Admittedly less sexy were his confessions to giving his brother the childhood nickname of "Willy," coincidentally another British word for "penis," and that he Googled Meghan Markle's sex scenes in <i>Suits</i> when they first got together—which, good for you, man, I guess. Whatever gets your "todger-Willy" all "Big Ben".</p> <p>Ultimately, I can't recommend "Spare" as an erotic novel. Surely there are plenty of better Harry x William (or whatever you degenerates read) stories to be found online that don't require also reading all the depressing parts about him being in Afghanistan and talking about his dead mother. Unless that gets <i>you</i> going, I guess, but that's probably more indicative of other issues if you ask me.</p>			7
		<h2>Kevin McCarthy appointed Speaker of the House: "Excited for Very Long, Normal Term"</h2> <p>Etaoin Shrdlu</p> <p>WASHINGTON, D.C. — Republican representative Kevin McCarthy of California's 20th Congressional District has been appointed as the 55th Speaker of the House of Representatives, following a historic deadlock that included more than 15 separate votes.</p> <p>After a number of concessions and negotiations with Republican Party hardliners who view McCarthy as too moderate and "not conservative enough"—a theme that is surely never going to come up again during his term—McCarthy finally secured a majority over Democrat Hakeem Jeffries (D-NY) and Republican runner-up Jim Jordan (OH) earlier this week.</p> <p>It should be noted for historical precedent that Jeffries' nomination made him the first</p> <p>Black person considered for the position since its creation in 1789, a fact no more surprising than it is disappointing. Jordan's nomination, meanwhile, makes him the first wrestling coach accused of covering up sexual abuse at OSU and allowed—for some reason—to serve in the United States government.</p> <p>While speaking of his recent appointment, McCarthy commented, "Y'know, I'm looking forward to being Speaker of the House. Really, I'm very excited for a very long, normal term with no interruptions, scandals, or hiccups whatsoever. It would be a total surprise to me if any of those things were to happen. Nothing but smooth sailing from here."</p> <p><i>The Athenian</i> will continue following McCarthy's role in House politics until such time.</p>	

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDN

***The Athenian* assigned me to write about the Superbowl so here's an article about Rihanna because that's all anybody cares about**

Sports J. Writer (the J stands for "Just kidding")

This year's Superbowl LVII was a real nail-biter, ending 38-35 Kansas City Chiefs vs. Philadelphia Eagles aaaand I

12

think that's enough for the editors now. They don't read much past the first sentence or so on sports pieces anyway. Look, I'm gonna be honest here, no one at this magazine could tell you up from down when it comes to any sports, let alone football. I think we have one or two ex-robotics kids here and *definitely* some speech and debate-type motherfuckers, but when those are the closest things you get to any kind of competitive

high school athletics programs things like reporting on football kinda fall by the wayside, whether that's on our games at the college level or let alone the NFL.

In fact, the only reason I'm stuck writing this stupid article in the first place is because I was the only one on staff who even remembered the Super Bowl was this weekend, even though it happens every year. I mean not being interested is one thing but completely forgetting about it? I'm almost impressed. I mean even *The Observer* has a whole sports section, for Christ's sake. Not that they exactly jump out as athletic types, but still.

So, since I don't particularly care either I'm just going to write about the only part most people I know watch the Superbowl for anyway:

the commercials and the halftime show. The commercials have been on a steady decline for a while now, but connoisseurs would say they peaked with Mountain Dew's "Puppy Monkey Baby" from 2016 and have only gone downhill in quality from there. Seeing Rihanna perform, on the other hand, was something else. Granted, it was no Katy Perry Left Shark or The Weeknd getting lost in a fun house full of mirrors, but you have to give her props for doing any show—let alone her first in years *and* the nationally-broadcasted Superbowl halftime show—while pregnant enough to be showing.

Man, February's such a slow month to report on now that we can't repeat our Valentine's Day theme again. I mean, who even reads this shit?

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1			

Tom Brady retires from football to spend more time kissing his kids on the mouth

George P. Burdell

Tom Brady, perhaps the most widely recognized and accomplished player in the history of professional American football, announced his retirement earlier this morning. This comes despite a similar announcement last year



in which Brady re-emerged from his previous retirement to continue playing football with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

At the age of 45, a notably and impressively old age for athletes in the NFL, Brady cites his previous successes and future goals in his decision to retire once and for all. In one comment to the last of the *Athenian* sports reporters, Brady remarked, "After 23 seasons, you get to learn what's important to you. I love the game, I love my teammates, but it's about time I can go home and be with my family. I've sustained enough injuries in my time that I do need to seriously think about how to make that call: is it the game or my kids?"

"At this point, what more is there for me to do? So now I can go home, satisfied with what I've accomplished and won here, and proudly kiss my kids goodnight. On the mouth." Brady did not elaborate in any follow-up statements or requests for comment

If you would like to support the near-extinct Athenian sports reporters, you can contribute just 25 cents a day to the World Wildlife Fund. For an additional one-time donation of only \$30, or less than one cup of coffee a month, we will also include a complimentary blanket to say thank you for your support. No one on campus understands enough sports to find satirical sports news funny, so please donate to show your support for their work today.

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDN

The real Ludwig van Beethoven: Sex, Drugs, and Rock'n' Roll

R. Wagner

On stage, you may know him for his songs— whether that be his chart-topping fifth symphony, his underground ninth symphony single, or one of his (at least) seven other symphonies— but few, even in his inner circle, can truly claim to know the brilliant mind behind the music: Ludwig van Beethoven.

Indeed, recent DNA analysis from *Current Biology* into the composer's cause of death in 1827 revealed far more about the private life of everyone's favorite music icon, known for his electrifying performances touring local venues like The Grog Shop and Cleveland's House of Blues. Using locks of his hair (talk about obsessive fan behavior!), scientists were able to confirm Beethoven's anecdotal complaints of life-long hearing loss and gastrointestinal issues while gaining insight into

genetic markers for repeated hepatitis B infections and cirrhosis of the liver, confirming what many of us already knew: Beethoven *fucked, drank*, and, like all hot girls, had stomach issues.

In a recent interview with *People* magazine, Beethoven previously opened up about his problems with substance abuse, citing alcohol in particular as a part of his creative process: "It helps me write, you know, to get in the right headspace for writing lyrics," he said, despite composing almost exclusively instrumental symphonies.

Rumors of Beethoven the playboy, however, have for years now circulated Hollywood unsubstantiated, with rare but juicy paparazzi run-ins suggesting that the popular artist was getting around with everyone's favorite

stars, including but not limited to big names like Pete Davidson and Taylor Swift. Now that he is no longer touring across the Western world, however, recent gossip suggests that the devil-may-care superstar may be ready to settle down with a longer-term partner, though nothing could be confirmed.

When approached for comment by *The Athenian*, Beethoven said nothing of the new evidence of his rock 'n' roll lifestyle, remarking, "Ich spreche kein Englisch und bin auch taub. Was haben Sie gesagt?" *Athenian* reporters assume he was likely drunk at the time, as they did not understand what he was saying and he was speaking loudly. In any event, yet another music icon appears to have lost himself in the limelight, and we can only wish him the best in recovery.

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WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
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This month in “Big Fucking Surprise News”: Chinese President Xi Jinping appointed to third term

Etaoín Shrdlu

BEIJING— To absolutely no one’s surprise, the Associated Press is reporting that Xi Jinping has been elected to a third term as Chinese president, breaking from recent precedent of Chinese leaders exchanging power at least every ten years, serving in five-year terms. This follows speculation that Xi’s earlier removal of term limits from the Chinese Constitution indicated his intention to maintain power beyond his initial term, a political strategy described by experts as “yeah no fucking shit that’s what that means.”

AP further reports hostility and suspicion towards Western press from the Chinese government, in a bold new stance of “read a goddamned history book, for Christ’s sake,” with indications that the balloting process was kept secret from foreign journalists. The National People’s Congress (NPC), the highest governing body responsible for his appointment, voted unanimously in Xi’s favor 2,952-0, with previous NPC voting records indicating a 99.8% approval rate, or a 100% approval rate if you exclude the single “no” vote that was presumably immediately thrown in jail.

Xi and other cabinet members of the country’s majority Communist Party took the opportunity to clarify their intentions for economic reform in the coming years and restate previous positions on foreign policy relations, particularly with the Biden administration. Meanwhile, Russian and North Korean officials have since publicly congratulated Xi on his victory, their respective leaders releasing statements declaring the win “a total surprise, but a welcome one” and a “totally unexpected political upset.”

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDN

Tucker Carlson and James Corden come off-air within a month of each other, world peace predicted to ensue

Rachel Bronson



ending the show with a series finale rather than handing the program off to another host as many late-night contemporaries have done in recent years. Corden will be remembered, unfortunately, for his carpool karaoke segments, roles in *Cats* (2019) and *The Emoji Movie* (2017), and being British. Whether or not these are worse than being so racist that even fucking Fox News found it unacceptable is left to the reader to decide.

April has also proven to be an eventful month in the world of television entertainment, with both Tucker Carlson and James Corden bidding their respective programs farewell within less than a month of each other.

Carlson, a long-time pundit for Fox News and host of its most popular primetime show *Tucker Carlson Tonight* since the 2016 cancellation of *The O'Reilly Factor*, was fired suddenly this month after a series of leaked texts

revealed his white supremacist and insurrectionist views, which came as a shocking revelation to literally no person who has ever watched his show. The ex-television star, voted "Least eligible bachelor" by *Sexy Me&M* magazine for more than five consecutive years, detailed plans to return to social media and continue his career on other platforms.

Corden, meanwhile, announced plans to voluntarily leave his "Late Late Show" at the end of this month after having hosted for eight years,

In any event, both Carlson's and Corden's departures from their shows reflect a massive change in the talk show media landscape, and more importantly, come as welcome signs that nature is finally healing. Experts predict having both Tucker Carlson and James Corden not on television will be a substantial first step towards achieving world peace, and the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists' Doomsday Clock has actually been moved back a full 30 seconds from midnight.

ESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	<h1>This month in “Big Fucking Surprise News”: Religious figure implicated in weird sex thing involving children, Musk rocket blows up because he is stupid and bad at building rockets</h1>		
	<p>Etaoin Shrdlu</p>		
	<p><i>Content warning: this article makes reference to an incident of sexual misconduct involving a minor and similar incidents in other religious communities.</i></p>		
	<p>April proves yet another shocking month in the realm</p>		
	<div>20</div>	<p>encounter with a young boy surfacing earlier this month, marking the first time in recorded history that a high-profile religious figure would be implicated in gross sexual misconduct involving children, excluding literally all those other times it keeps happening. Said one representative of the Catholic Church in a statement to the public, “Hey man, that’s our thing. Get your own bit.” Though he did formally apologize, the Dalai Lama did not respond to the request for further comment as he was too busy trying to kiss inappropriately during an interview with <i>Athenian</i> reporters.</p>	
	<p>of totally surprising and completely unexpected news, between the Dalai Lama’s recent apology for asking a young boy to kiss him on the mouth and “suck [his] tongue” on video and another one of SpaceX’s recent rocket launches ending in catastrophic failure.</p>	<p>reaching any stars—aside from the sticker its CEO presumably gave himself for doing a good job. In what has since been described by SpaceX as a “rapid unscheduled disassembly,” the Starship’s “flight termination protocol” ended in what Musk optimistically referred to as a “learning experience.” That is, the rocket “fucking exploded into a million pieces” because they “hit self-destruct” because Musk is a myopic half-wit who couldn’t PayPal his way out of an apartheid emerald mine.</p>	
	<p>Social media uproar followed a video of the Tibetan religious leader’s</p>	<p>Speculation that Musk rushed the unfinished project to April 20 for the meme of launching on 4/20 could not be confirmed but is undeniably possible, seeing as how Musk possesses both the stunted sense of humor and rocketry expertise of a 12-year-old boy. At least when we do it at <i>The Athenian</i>, it’s supposed to be post-ironic.</p>	

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDN

*Bit of a slow
month for news,
innit?*

ESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	4		
<div> <div> <div>Ed Sheeran wins copyright infringement suit, “making shitty music” charges still pending</div> <div>Michael Diamond</div> <div>  <div> <div>NEW YORK–</div> <div>“Shape of You” and “Photograph” singer-songwriter and real-life leprechaun Ed Sheeran has been cleared by a Manhattan jury of accusations</div> </div> </div> <div> <div>of willful copyright infringement, following an intellectual property lawsuit over similarities between his hit single “Thinking Out Loud” and Marvin Gaye’s 1973 “Let’s Get It On.”</div> <div> <div>Sheeran, known for both his solo career and co-writing with artists like Justin Bieber, Taylor Swift, The Weeknd, and Cannibal Corpse, took the stand in his own defense. At one point, Sheeran even played the guitar to the jury to demonstrate how the similar chord progressions could be confused for plagiarism–the first recorded instance in which playing an Ed Sheeran song to a crowd of people actually <i>won</i> their favor instead of being considered</div> <div>a party foul similar in cruelty to “Wonderwall”.</div> <div> <div>Sheeran won the case after a tense three hours of jury deliberation, following a similar legal victory just last year centering another one of his radio singles “Shape of You.” While this does make him officially innocent of willful copyright infringement, Sheeran’s broader discography has left him in an ongoing legal battle for crimes against music. Sheeran and his lawyers have not commented on these charges.</div> </div> </div> </div> </div></div>			

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

Retrospective: Titan Submersible Could Have Killed More Rich People

Editorial Board

Last June, the OceanGate submersible Titan ventured into the Atlantic Ocean in search of the, not lost and very much sunken ship, RMS Titanic. On board were five people who were probably business majors, including OceanGate CEO Stockton Rush. Nearly two hours after the dive began, the mother ship lost contact with the submersible. Since the Coast Guard and Navy didn't have anything else to do for the next four days, they helped search the ocean for survivors. To no one's surprise, they found that the Titan likely imploded due to the high pressures underwater, killing all five occupants instantaneously.

Over six months have passed since the implosion that rocked the ocean, but some questions

remain largely unexplored. Could there have been a better outcome if the submersible had been built differently? We reached out to Dr. Unda Dasee, a CWRU alumnus and engineer specializing in underwater vessels, and asked for her comments about the Titan's design.

"OceanGate did too much work for too little reward," Dasee told The Athenian, "If you ask me, they should've found a way to pack more rich people in there at once." When asked to elaborate, she added, "If I were the one building it, I would've put a cozy Elon Musk-shaped hole in the wall. They could've easily lured him in there with some cheese or a profitable social media platform." In addition, Dasee commended the economic design of the submersible, but she expressed that materials other than carbon

fiber could have been used to cut costs further, such as duct tape and, "that nylon stuff that you make in chem lab. I don't know what it's called, that lab wasn't required for my major."

When asked if she had any final comments about the incident, Dasee stressed the importance of the engineering spirit. "If you wanna go into the ocean in a metal cylinder of death, you should be able to," she said. "All these 'safety protocols' and 'ethical concerns' just get in the way. If you wanna 'think beyond the possible' and make a submersible out of carbon fibers, a Logitech controller, and a dream, no one should be able to stop you. Just make sure you bring some billionaires down there to keep you company."

18

ESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1		

CWRU changes branding style guide, receives support from literally no one

Editorial Board

Yeah, we could provide actual commentary for this one and write it like a real article.

But where's the fun in that?

You get the idea from the headline, and you were probably there and talking about it when it happened anyway

So instead, we're just going to jarringly change the font typeface and size for each sentence in this article.

WAS IT FINE THE WAY IT WAS TO BEGIN WITH?

YEAH, ABSOLUTELY.

Is this going to be a bitch for our layout editor to put together?

Honestly, I don't know the answer to that. I'll let them have fun with it.

IS ANYONE ON CAMPUS WITH THE POWER TO ACTUALLY CHANGE ANYTHING ABOUT IT GOING TO READ THIS MAGAZINE?

God, I fucking hope not. Have you seen the shit we put in here?

Anyway, that's all I can think of to put here. Until next time.

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All Love, The
Athenian Editorial
Board xoxo

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDN

Happy birthday Ringo Starr: Beatle, diplomat to aliens, and Japanese cultural icon

Editorial Board

To celebrate the 83rd birthday of one of rock music's most celebrated drummers, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) broadcast a pre-recorded message from ex-Beatles drummer Ringo Starr "across the universe" via their Deep Space Network and towards Stephan's Quintet of galaxies.

In honor of the occasion, reporters at *the Athenian* were able to sit down with Starr and ask him about his life and time as a rock legend, intergalactic messenger, and star of Japanese commercials for apple juice.

Athenian: So, you've just had your "peace and love" chant sent literally between galaxies. Tell us, what is that like? To know that you, your music, and your values, have had that profound an influence on humanity?

Starr: You know, it's pretty cool, I guess. Have I told you about the little green man who talks to me in my dreams?

A: Uh, no. Tell us about that.

S: About what?

A: About the little green man in your dreams.

S: There's a little green man? Where? You can't let him find me. I made a deal with him, like Rumpelstiltskin. Except that's not

his name. Foggy?—no. Groggy?—no. Boggy Thumblewumps, I think it was. He's from Manchester, you see, and I sold him my soul for fame. Fame and peace and love.

A: Ok, we'll keep an eye out for him. Are you alright to do the rest of this interview?

S: I suppose so, this tab hasn't quite hit yet.

A: To circle back, you've enjoyed success now first in your home country, then internationally, and now you're officially crossing into the global and interplanetary scene. How have things changed in that time, and looking back what reflections do you have on those earlier days?

S: An excellent question. More apple juice.

A: Beg your pardon?

S: These Japanese blokes had me do a commercial in the 90's, you see. They told me that in Japanese Ringo means "apple" or something like that, so I suppose I'm "apple" Starr there. Or maybe their apples are all named Ringo? It's a bit of a chicken and egg thing, me and apples. Made a bloody good commercial, though.

A: Oh. Okay then. What about rumors of you trying new things in entertainment? We understand you have a new song partially completed with AI about to

release, and have heard that you may be getting into films? With all due respect, how do you find yourself in new creative endeavors at your age?

S: Oh, you must be thinking of my cousin in adult film, Porn Starr. That's not for me, no. I just drum. Drummity drum drum. That's me, Ringo the drum man. That's what they call me, "Ringo drum man." They ask me, "hey Ringo, how are the drums?" and I say they're alright. Peace and love.

A: Finally, we have a question we like to leave all our guests with, if you would, Mr. Starr.


S: Right on, get cracking.

A: What is your opinion of British indie pop rock band The 1975?

S: What a brilliant question. I'll tell you, I've been waiting for this one for quite a while. I think everyone has become reliant on controversy to move themselves forward, and for some, that works better than others. There's a political aspect to separating art from artist that The 1975 gets quite wrapped up in, but that only works as long as they're pushing the envelope with their production. Nobody wants to have a discussion about art vs. artist if they don't even like the art, so they have to be careful about putting up this front of a culture war from

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	<p>either side. Like many things, I don't think they're perfect people nor do I think you should go and make celebrities your heroes, but there's an entire dimension of depth that people don't explore the nuance of when they discuss music and musicianship in the modern age. And so while I do think they have some interesting things going on musically at</p>	<p>various points throughout their career, they will have ups and downs in their career just like anyone else. You know with the Beatles, we had some lows so bad they let me write some of the songs, just for giggles, but we also had some highs so intense I wrote some songs too. It's the same with them. They can't try to boost their lows by getting in trouble and winding up in the</p>	<p>papers, and they should be careful about squashing their highs doing the same thing before they find themselves as another fizzled countercultural group that was really just quite annoying the entire time. But that's my two cents, peace and love.</p> <p>A: Peace and love.</p>
<h2>Barbenheimer Review: I need to get up and pee, damnit</h2> <p>Marjorie Tatlock</p> <div> <p>It's the movie phenomenon everyone's talking about this summer: <i>Barbenheimer</i>. And for the first time ever, the entertainment reporters here at <i>the Athenian</i> have tickets comped to go and see it. You think you guys are so cool getting paid real money and having an actual summer break over at <i>The Observer</i>? Well, think again, because we know you're jealous.</p> <p>All things considered, it is quite nice to get out of the Media Board office for once, seeing as how we've been hiding out there all summer while the dorms are officially closed (don't tell Housing, or Thwing staff for that matter). I guess the one benefit to being trapped in the one room writing a year's worth of dick jokes ad nauseam is that it creates the perfect spoiler-free environment for a movie review.</p> </div> <div> <p>Not much to say about the actual theatrical experience— actual movie theaters are expensive, despite what the Film Society would have you believe, and <i>the Athenian</i> only covered tickets. Buncha cheap-asses. Didn't even splurge for an \$8 water bottle or a \$17 bag of popcorn.</p> <p>The movie, however, was...odd. I mean, I know people want more experimental stuff and to move away from Marvel and all that, but the tone of this movie was just really, really weird. Don't get me wrong, it was good, but it just dragged on and on and on. And I didn't mind it at the start— everything was so pink and fun, and Margot Robbie and Ryan Gosling both did an amazing job as Barbie and Ken, but at a certain point I broke down and had to leave midway through to use the bathroom. I know, I know, "kids nowadays and their attention spans," but whatever.</p> </div> <div> <p>But when I got back, there was this really weird tone shift to like this dark and moody kind of vibe with scenes in black and white talking about the universe and the power and the atom and everything: truly, some very bold directorial choices after the fun, low-stakes storyline with Will Ferrell as the villain. That's not to say I didn't like it, but it felt like two totally different movies. In fact, maybe it should have been two movies. It seemed like I was in there for something like five hours, and none of the first half really built up to the second. In fact, after Cillian Murphy got there, I don't even remember if Margot Robbie showed up again, and then by the time Einstein showed up talking about stopping the Nazis from blowing up the planet I'll admit I was totally lost on what it had to do with Barbieland and the horses and all that. Overall score 3 out of 5 stars.</p> </div>			

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SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDN
	14		
			

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
<div> <h2>This month in “Big Fucking Surprise News”: Trump indicted on election conspiracy charges</h2> <p>Ettaoin Shrdlu</p> <div> <p>ATLANTA– In yet another shocking twist that nobody saw coming, the man with an almost cartoonish amount of incriminating evidence against him for attempted voter fraud has been indicted for attempted voter fraud. Earlier this morning, Fulton County law enforcement took custody of former President Donald Trump on various charges of election conspiracy and racketeering, producing the above mugshot and inadvertently creating the coldest album cover of all time.</p> <p>The legal proceedings against former President Trump are just the latest in precedent-breaking legal action, each constituting their own “Big Fucking Surprise” headline: “Guy who claims election would be faked doubles</p> </div> <div> <p>down on claims election was faked,” “Guy who would obviously be indignant if he lost becomes indignant after losing,” “Sky blue: more at 11.”</p> <p>In a classic move of political projection, then-President Trump actually <i>did</i> do something genuinely surprising by tangibly delivering on one of his campaign promises for once: by claiming that the 2020 presidential election would be fraught with voter fraud, and then ensuring it by committing voter fraud himself like some kind of Nostra-Donald.</p> <p>In fairness, his predictions were no less true except for the part where he was the one committing the election conspiracy, meaning he really should have seen it coming that he would probably be indicted</p> </div> <div> <p>for election conspiracy after the fact. As this story develops, we can only anticipate further no-brainers as “Guy who claims first election he lost was stolen complains of second election stealing,” “Senile manchild with no prior political background doesn’t understand how elections work,” or “<i>Athenian</i> writers finally paid full-time with dental benefits” (hey, we can dream).</p> <p>In a statement to the press, current President and living fossil Joe Biden said of the proceedings “I don’t know where I am but I do know I’ve wet myself” The two are expected to face off as the two best and most capable candidates for leadership of the entire nation in the upcoming 2024 presidential race, now the third “single most important election of our lifetime” in the past three elections.</p> </div> </div>			

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDN

This month in “Big Fucking Surprise News”: shitty “comedian” and self-described “public thought leader” accused of sexual misconduct

Etaoin Shrdlu

Content warning: this article makes reference to accusations of sexual misconduct and emotional abuse, of which at least one incident allegedly involves a child.

In this month’s installation of “definitely never would have seen that coming,” British “comedian” and self-identified “public thought leader” Russel Brand has been publicly accused of emotional abuse and sexual misconduct, including rape, marking the first time ever that a comedian, actor, or entertainer has been accused of such behavior.

Except, of course, (in no particular order) Bill Cosby, Louis C.K., Kevin Spacey, Harvey Weinstein, James Franco, Woody Allen, Al Franken, Chris D’Elia, T.J. Miller, Jerry Seinfeld, Matt Rife, Jimmy Savile, R. Kelly, Michael Jackson, Marilyn Manson, Jonah Hill, Armie Hammer, Ansel Elgort, Matt Lauer, Aries Spears, Tiffany Haddish, Vin Diesel, Jamie Foxx, Axl Rose, Lizzo, John Lennon, Dustin Hoffman, Bill O’Reilly, John Travolta, Cee-Lo Green, Marlon Brando, Sean Connery, Chris Brown, Kevin Costner, Charlie Sheen, Mel Gibson, Jared Leto, Rob Lowe, Sean Penn, Jeffrey Tambor, Steven Seagal, and we think you get the idea.

If only there were some established history of this sort of abuse running rampant in the industry and the fact that only a fucking weirdo would describe themselves as a “public thought leader,” perhaps someone might have seen this coming.

Brand has previously faced backlash for spreading misinformation related to COVID-19, pandering to the anti-vaccine movement, and promoting pro-Russian conspiracy theories following the invasion of Ukraine. The celebrities who came to his defense at that time, Joe Rogan and Elon Musk, probably tell you all you need to know.

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1	
<div> <h2>Good night, sweet prince: <i>The Athenian's</i> farewell to Jimmy Buffett</h2> <p>Editorial Board</p> <div> <p>Trop-rock pioneer James William “Jimmy” Buffett was born Christmas Day, 1946, to James Delaney Buffet, Jr. and Mary Lorraine (née Peets) in Pascagoula, Mississippi. With strong maritime influences from his upbringing, Buffet became a musical legend by marrying influences from the Nashville country scene and acid folk-rock bands of the ‘60s and ‘70s into his own distinct and laid-back style heard in his “Big 8” tracks “Margaritaville” and “Cheeseburger in Paradise,” and other singles like “Son of a Son of a Sailor” and “It’s Five O’Clock Somewhere.”</p> <p>Buffett’s success would not be limited to music, with Buffett’s beloved hits “Margaritaville” and “Cheeseburger in Paradise” inspiring chain restaurants of the same names alongside various other entertainment and service ventures that would also make Jimmy one of the wealthiest musicians in the world.</p> <p>Despite his various musical and business successes, Jimmy’s true richness was found in his easy-going and laid-back spirit, and his uncanny ability to inspire peace in others with his “island escapism” lifestyle. In his lifetime, such music legends as Paul McCartney and Bob Dylan both noted Buffett as a</p> <p>personal and musical inspiration, while his myriad “Parrothead” fans adopted his easygoing temperament and positive attitude.</p> <p>Jimmy passed away in his home over Labor Day Weekend at the age of 76 after privately battling an aggressive form of skin cancer. He is survived by his wife, Jane, and their three children. In lieu of flowers, please pour one out before getting absolutely sloshed with your favorite rum-based cocktail— it’s five o’clock somewhere.</p> </div> </div>			

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

3

This month in "Big Fucking Surprise News": Kevin McCarthy ousted from role as Speaker of the House

Etaoin Shrdlu

Well, it looks like *someone* has to print a retraction on that whole "very long, normal term" thing. Boy, did that one age poorly. Now-former Speaker of the House Kevin McCarthy was ousted by alleged child sex trafficker and real-life Beavis and Butthead character Matt Gaetz (R-FL) (seriously, who lets these people hold office?) and a Republican majority after serving the third-shortest term as speaker in U.S. history, and is the only speaker to be removed during a legislative session.

McCarthy's removal follows repeated opposition from more extreme members of his party, brought to a head when he insisted that keeping the

government from shutdown made him a target for "being the adult in the room" (a problem, presumably, for Matt Gaetz). In an interview with CNN, Gaetz announced his intention to remove McCarthy for working with Democrats before said Democrats immediately voted unanimously to remove him. Guess he didn't work with them closely enough.

In a statement to *the Athenian*, McCarthy was quoted as saying "that one certainly didn't go as planned," before riding off dramatically into the sunset.

In any event, so begins the tumultuous task of finding his replacement, thus far beginning with majority leader Steve Scalise

(R-LA), who withdrew after winning the nomination, and Jim "Don't Google my name + OSU wrestling" Jordan (R-OH), who failed to win three consecutive votes.

Though the future of the position is at this point unknown, *the Athenian* confidently hopes that it won't be taken up by a relatively unknown, Trump-endorsed Christofascist completely out of left field, and instead by another moderate candidate with reasonable beliefs willing to work with both sides of the aisle.

Editor's note (Oct. 25): God fucking damnnit.

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[illegible]

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDN

Opinion: Let Colombia's invasive druglord hippos fuck

Editorial Board

Earlier this week, the Colombian government put into motion an initiative to begin surgically sterilizing, relocating, and potentially euthanizing invasive hippos descended from those illegally brought into the country by infamous drug kingpin Pablo Escobar throughout the 1980s. Though many have since escaped captivity from Escobar's estates and become invasive species in their wild habitats, let it be absolutely clear that the official position of *The Athenian* is to let the cocaine hippos fuck.

To repeat, it is the stated opinion of this magazine that Pablo Escobar's illegal drug hippos should be allowed to fuck. Period.

We do not care that they have no natural predators in Colombia. We do not care that they have an unnatural abundance of their main food source. We do not care that they are now probably considered an invasive species whose population needs to be delicately managed to preserve the ecological balance and order of their new habitat. Let the hippos fuck, if for no other reason than Colombia struggling to control how fast Pablo Escobar's drug-money hippos have sex has to be one of the funniest national crises ever put to paper.

Honestly, it might even just be that we're kind of pissed we didn't come up with it ourselves. It certainly sounds like an *Athenian* headline, sure: "BREAKING: cocaine hippos feast like kings, fuck like rabbits," or "Colombian president complains hippo sex 'out of control,' declares a national emergency." It's

brilliant. It's exactly the kind of childish, short-sighted humor you could only find in a college satire magazine, and we are unequivocally here for it.

And so we once again restate our position: to any Colombian drug hippos reading, know that we at *The Athenian* fully support you and your God-given mission to eat and reproduce with reckless abandon, and will defend to the death your right to do so. We in no uncertain terms call on the Colombian government to put an end to their tyrannical campaign to prevent these hippos from fucking, not on any moral or ecological ground but purely for the comedy of the situation. We're sure they'll understand where we're coming from.

Here signed,
The Athenian Editorial Board

22

ESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	9		

Unreleased email from Eric Kaler

Olivia Nelson

Did you, like many of your fellow CWRU students, notice a suspicious silence from President Eric Kaler during the political proceedings of Ohio State Issues 1 and 2? Well, wonder no longer, below, a never before seen email sent by an anonymous informant who stated “He really wanted to send this out, but his lawyers said no.” We at The Athenian hope that you find some closure and comfort in seeing the email below:

November 9th, 2023

To the Case Western Reserve University Community:

As we waltz through the fall semester, let’s take a moment to acknowledge the outcomes of the November 7th Ohio election. The people of Ohio have officially declared, “Let there be weed for

the adults, and let reproductive rights forever take root in the state constitution!” Now, before you rejoice I have been informed that there is a hangup. Thanks to the Drug-Free Schools and Communities Act of 1989, we, as a university, swimming in federal funding, need to stay on Uncle Sam’s good side. No blazing it up on campus, folks!

But fear not, my dear scholars, for I present to you a magical window of leniency – a grace period if I may! From December 7th to December 10th, I’ll be your cannabis collector. Amnesty boxes will appear like mushrooms after rain, ready to discreetly take your herbal treasures straight off campus, and to my house. Karen and I will personally *take care* of these boxes, ensuring they have a jolly good time away from prying eyes.

So, bring forth your Mary Jane and Joe, and let’s clear the air – both metaphorically and literally. No harm, no foul, just enlightened students ready to face the rest of the semester with clear heads and uteruses.

As we shimmy through the remaining weeks, remember that your well-being is my top priority. If the stress of exams hits harder than a jumbo nugget of Gorilla Zkittlez, don’t hesitate to tango your way to *TimelyCare*. Mental health support is just a side step away, and University Health and Counseling Services are here for any addiction concerns.

Here’s to a semester filled with good vibes, higher learning, and the occasional whiff of herbal wisdom (legally obtained, of course).

Cheers,
President Eric W. Kaler

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDN

George Santos expelled from Congress

Just your favorite Trumpy

George Santos was expelled from Congress. But why? It is not like he did anything wrong. Now the Republicans are just barely holding onto the majority in Congress and we need more Republican representation to be fully representative of the entire country. Representatives like him are what makes our government truly representative and without him, the Democrats will take over and steal all of our money by spending it on the poor through welfare programs and increased taxes on the rich.

He is the sixth person in history that has been expelled from Congress and the third since the Civil War, is this really the precedent we need to set? He was elected into office and some people who were not elected by all of the people; who are not truly representative of the people

of this beautiful country were the ones to vote him out. Under no circumstances were his minor actions worthy of getting kicked out of an office that he was only there to serve for two years...

Nope...Nope...Nope. Just No.

New author here, just call me Joan. Don't ask what happened to Trumpy up there.

Here is the real thing, this guy absolutely deserved to be kicked out of Congress and Republicans should agree. According to their traditional values and the freaking Constitution, this man was doing illegal shit; stealing money from voters and constituents. There are court cases about this, rulings, opinions, laws, bills, statements, and a ton of other stuff that make it clear that embezzlement and money laundering are bad. While

it is considered a white man's crime usually done by rich old white men who get a slap on the wrist and fines, this is still illegal and breaches his duty as a Representative. In no world were these actions okay. Just looking at the facts it is clear that the actions of our elected officials were the correct action to take and to quote a man who was no apologetic about stealing from the people who directly voted him in "to hell with this place." To hell with you Georgie! Xoxo

Amendum: (Lukas Smith)

I don't know where these people got this information from, we all know the reason George Santos was expelled from Congress was because of his addiction to Nikki Minaj's music. The whole money thing was just an FBI cover-up. How else do you explain the money trail?

ESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1	
6			

Taylor Swift named TIME Person of the Year

Andy

It is an incredible honor to be named the TIME Person of the Year and we all know just how hard it is to get that title. But what are the steps in doing it and how will it impact Ms. Swift's life?

First, you have to always be on time for everything, hence the name of the freaking magazine.

Second, you have to absolutely *slay* everything you do and stand out amongst the crowd of other punctual people. My sister is always early and you don't see her getting no awards about that—see

Karen, no one cares you are the “early bird.”

Third, there is no excuse for being late, being on time should ALWAYS be a priority. Just look at this year's TIME Person, she is always on time and makes no excuse for no man. Not even her uber-famous bae Travis Kelsey. There is a reason she has this award and we are all praising her for it.

Her recent Eras tour did so well, that she has only gotten positive attention and media this last year, she has gotten so much money and

is doing a-maz-ing to the point that she should be the Person of the Year for every magazine, not just one about the time. She has liter-ally been the hottest topic for this entire year with her albums dropping, world tour, dating life, and everything else she has been up to, the question we are all asking is why this is the only award she has gotten this year. Honestly, this TIME thing is not even that big of a deal when you look at everything she has done and everything she is going to do this next year.

THE YEAR

Our printer charges by the letter: 2023's most notable deaths, in one sentence each

Editorial Board

As we commit those lost to 2023 to the ground—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—we must remember still the ever-present restriction of our medium and limitations of our Student Activities Fund allocation. In loving (or not) memory of all those high-profile artists, celebrities, and politicians who passed in the past year, here lie 2023's most notable deaths in about one sentence each, since we can't give them each their own full-length obituaries:

Lisa Marie Presley (Jan. 12): Courageous and honorable heiress to the Presley name, singing and song-writing prowess, and, tragically, cause of death. May she rest in Graceland.

Jerry Springer (April 27): Well-known broadcaster, entertainer, and apparently Mayor of Cincinnati? Till next time, take care of yourselves and each other, unless you were one of the guests on his show. May he rest in you, ARE the father of one daughter, whom he is survived by.

Gordon Lightfoot (May 1):
THE LEGEND LIVES ON
FROM THE CHIPPEWA ON

DOWN OF THE BIG LAKE THEY
CALL GITCHE GUMEE
SUPERIOR, THEY SAID,
NEVER GIVES UP HER DEAD,
WHEN THE GALES OF
NOVEMBER COME EARLY. May
he rest in Lake Superior.

Tina Turner (May 24):
Remembered as the Queen of
Rock 'n' Roll, with an expansive
discography and acclaim as both a
duo frontwoman with her husband
and solo artist. May she rest in
Switzerland, I guess?

Pat Robertson (June 8):
Commentator, minister, and
religious advisor to Ronald Reagan
who believed 9/11, Hurricane
Katrina, and the 2010 Haiti
earthquake were the fault of gay
people, pro-choice activists, and
liberated slaves, respectively.
Wonder who he'd blame for the fact
that he's dead now. May he rest in
religious pluralism.

Ted Kaczynski (June 10): Gone
too soon, he would have loved
what we're doing with artificial
intelligence. May he rest in a cabin
in the woods.

Cormac McCarthy (June 13):
Wonderfully talented author,
remembered for mixing sentences
pages long with a voice so passive
it was killed by one of his super
weird and fucked up characters to
show you how evil they are. May he
(and all the annoying film bros *No
Country For Old Men* created) rest
in the American Southwest.

Stockton Rush (June 18):
Innovator in designing bold new
ways for stupid rich people to kill
themselves and accidental class ally.
May he blow up more submarines
in the great Atlantic Ocean in the
sky.

Sinead O'Connor (July 26):
Controversial singer-songwriter
and activist most famous for
ripping up a picture of Pope John
Paul II before going on to outlive
both him and his successor, which
presumably means God didn't think
it was that big of a deal. May she
rest in *Saturday Night Live*.

Paul Reubens (July 30): Actor
and comedian with a wide TV
and film resume, most likely to be
remembered as "Hey, it's Pee Wee
Herman". May he rest somewhere
other than an adult film theater in
Florida, 1991.

IN REVIEW

Bob Barker (Aug. 26): Beloved game show host and inventor of spaying and neutering pets, remembered for single-handedly controlling consumer goods prices and animal populations nationwide until his death. May he rest in *Happy Gilmore* cameos.

Steve Harwell (Sep. 4): Lead singer of Smash Mouth and alternate-universe lovechild of Fred Durst and Guy Fieri. May he rest in “they don’t stop coming and they don’t stop coming.”

Fernando Botero (Sep. 15): Colombian artist, sculptor, and founder of “Boterismo,” a style using often exaggerated volume as a form of humor, political commentary, and probably some kind of weird sex thing. May he rest in silly-looking bloated horses.

Michael Gambon (Sep. 28): Actor best remembered as the second Dumbledore, both in terms of casting chronology and fuckability. May he rest in “JK Rowling didn’t make him gay enough.”

Dianne Feinstein (Sep. 28): Record holder for longest term spent actively decomposing in the U.S. Senate, and most vocal compost in opposition to green environmental reform. May she fertilize a Green New Deal project.

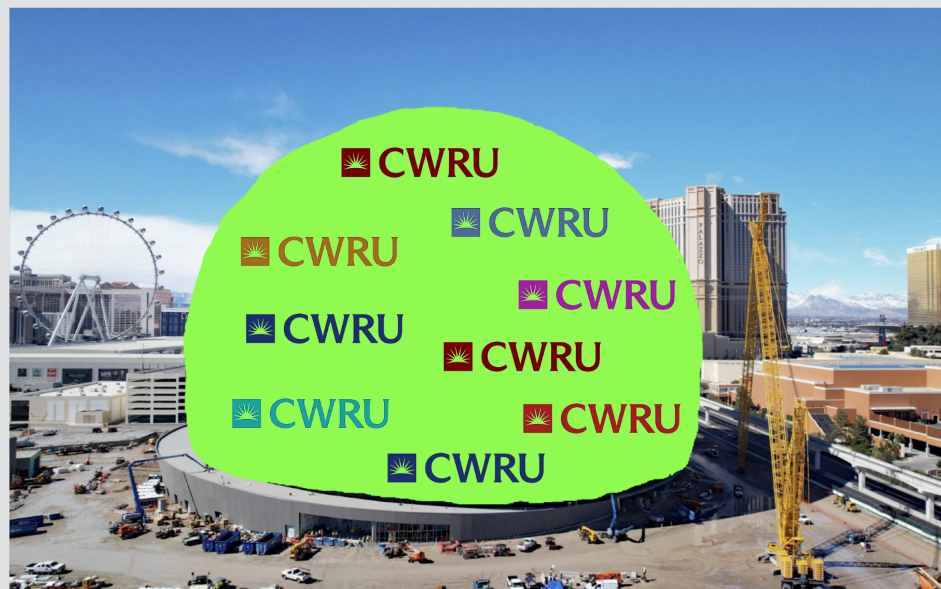
Matthew Perry (Oct. 28): Actor known for his roles in such works as *Friends* and *Fallout: New Vegas*, and later outspoken advocate for rehabilitation and drug treatment until his untimely death. May he rest in a funnier TV show than *Friends*.

Henry Kissinger (Nov. 28): Ex-living proof that only the good die young. Rest in piss bozo.

Sandra Day O’Connor (Dec. 1): The first woman to serve as a U.S. Supreme Court justice notable for actually retiring before she died, whose boldly “conservative but pro-Roe-v.-Wade” position was then taken over by literally *the* guy who would overturn Roe. May she rest in “wait a minute how does Ronald fucking Reagan somehow look good in all this?”

Andre Braugher (Dec. 11): A respected comedian and actor, best known (and to be missed) for his role in *The Office* of copaganda. May he rest in “hey, cops can be gay and Black, too.”

CWRU rents Las Vegas Sphere to mirror Euclid plaza signage



THE YEAR

Musk's Neuralink: A New Top Dog in the Monkey Killing Business?

Silvry Tay

Looking back on this year, who are we but pitiful, powerless peons in front of the great Elon Musk, the world's first man to remotely engage in vehicular manslaughter? Throughout 2023, God-King Musk has been engaged in a new technology, the Neuralink chip. After implanting it in some monkeys, and only killing a few of them, Musk claimed that his Neuralink chips didn't directly lead to the deaths of the monkeys in question. As we all know, Elon Musk has never told a lie, nor engaged in any shady business practices, but as an investigative journalist at the cutting edge of monkey-killing research, I decided to make it my mission to test out all the other ways that we can rid the world of those annoying apes. Behold, without further ado, the *Athenian's* Top Five Monkey Killing Devices™:

5. The Baseball Bat

The baseball bat is a long-beloved item, instrumental in the incapacitation and elimination of monkey-kind. Despite scoring top marks in the "Fun" category, the inefficiency of this item and the need to hear the incessant wailing of that damned creature, as you send it to meet its maker, means that the baseball bat only takes the

number five spot on our list. The baseball bat, whilst an old classic, is beginning to show its age in the face of 2023's newest tech.

4. The Neuralink Chip

Kudos to Mr. Musk on his creativity; rocketing into the top five monkey killers this year is Elon's Neuralink chip. Despite its lack of efficiency, as only *some* of the monkeys on which this magnificent machine was tested were sent to a place beyond this world, the Neuralink chip more than makes up for its inefficiency in its originality. It's something straight out of a dystopian novel! Not only that, but getting approval for human testing as well? Elon, you have outdone yourself. But he's not the only billionaire who's stepped up.

3. The Titan Submersible

What a year it has been for killing primates! In June of 2023, Stockton Rush pioneered a new form of death, a near-instantaneous event that only costs millions in research (and a few bribes for safety officials to look the other way). In a fraction of a second, the Titan submersible can send a whole boatful of living, breathing entities to the grave. If we plan everything right, maybe next time Elon can get his monkeys to

control the submersible with their minds to give those darling critters a little fun before it's crunch time. The price of this option can be a tad prohibitive for most simian slaughter supporters, but luckily the next one on the list is pretty cheap and a real doozy.

2. Survivor's Guilt

If the weight of 10,000 feet of water isn't enough to crush the physical bodies of your willing monkey test subjects, maybe try a mental approach. Let your monkeys know that unlike the monkeys involved in Musk's trials, they are alive and well while their brethren died at the hands of a billionaire egomaniac. Then, as they sit there, devastated by the revelation that they only survived as a coincidence, a mere trick of fate, sorrow may overtake their feeble monkey minds, driving them, as it were, to the depths of despair, a fate which our next entry on the list may help them out with.

1. The Gun

Coming in strong at the top of the list for almost 200 years running, the gun is the cream of the crop for any primate killing need. Swift, efficient, and relatively cheap, this weapon has been killing those that we deem subhuman for


IN REVIEW

as long as it's been around. And unlike Musk's Neuralink and Rush's Titan submersible, a gun is easily obtainable and sometimes even useful outside of its intended purpose of causing harm for the pride and ego of its wielder. With

that in mind, we again reward the top spot of the Athenian's Top Five Ranking of Monkey Killing Devices™ to the gun.

Thanks for sticking with me as we've explored the latest and

greatest in technology. The world might seem like a big scary place out there, but remember, as you go on your ape assassination adventures, billionaires have your best interests at heart.



**I volunteered for
Neuralink's human
trials and all I got
was this lousy *The
Magnus Archives*
reference**

Sergey Ushanka

On to

2024.

