

# *The Athenian*

*Case Show-Off Shows  
Off a Little Too Much*



Issue 19

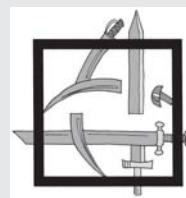
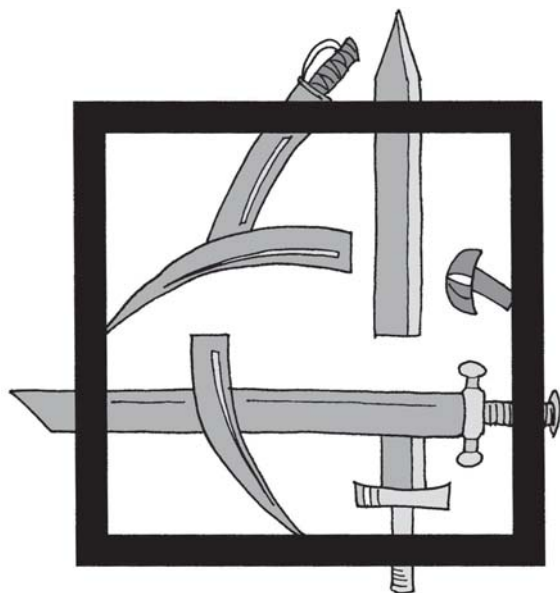
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# *The Athenian*

"Man, you guys suck."  
-Everyone

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## A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

It was a dark November night, about midnight. I sat in my room watching Robocop 3. My beard was dyed orange from a cheese-curl binge, and my pants were across the room, laughing at me in their silent, menacing way.

Suddenly, a sound. Not a knock at the door, not the ringing of a telephone, but the soothing, yet intriguing bling-blong of Microsoft Outlook.

“Oh you sassy bitch, what do you have in store for me this time?” I asked the fuzzy glow of the computer screen.

It was a message from President Edward Hundert. It stated that Administration was “concerned about questionable content” in one of the past issues of *The Athenian*. I was to meet Hundert in his office the next day.

The next day, I made the trek to Adelbert College. The secretary had me sit down in the waiting area. I leaned back in my chair, wondering why there was an issue of *Juggs* outside the President of the University’s office.

“Mr. Mahamovich, the President will see you now.”

“Please, sit down,” said Hundert, “There is something of importance I want to talk to you about.”

I sat down.

“As President of the University, it’s important to make sure that I have a good public image. Since I’ve been in office, *The Athenian* has maintained that I’ve been cloned, I use my computer to share pornography over the network, and that I am a good piece of furniture to have sex on.”

I chuckled to myself. He continued, “What really irks me is how you guys always put quotes in my mouth. Let me set the record straight: I am the love-child of Elvis and a wooden plank.”

O.K, so I put that quote in his mouth. What he really said was, “I’d appreciate it if you discontinue making references to me in your magazine.”

I sat there for a moment, contemplating.

“Nope,” I said, “you’re just too damn funny. But if you’ll excuse me, I think MacGyver’s on.”

I stood up.

What happened took me completely by surprise. I found myself lying on the ground with a throbbing pain in the side of my head and blood trickling out of my ear. I looked up toward Hundert, who was holding some sort of weapon.

No.

It couldn’t be.

Was it... the fabled Academic Integrity Board? That finely crafted piece of wood that was chopped from the Tree of Knowledge when it was bulldozed during construction of Western Reserve University one hundred seventy eight years ago?

Yes. Well, that’s what the backward imprint on my skull said.

Hundert sat down and let loose a triumphant, evil cackle. He thought he had won, but I came prepared. I reached into the scabbard behind my back and pulled out the entire Athenian Staff, the magical wooden pole used to conjure up benevolent humor spirits and to change the channel on the television when the remote control is out of reach.

We both stood there, waiting for the other to make a move. Indeed, the battle was on...



## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

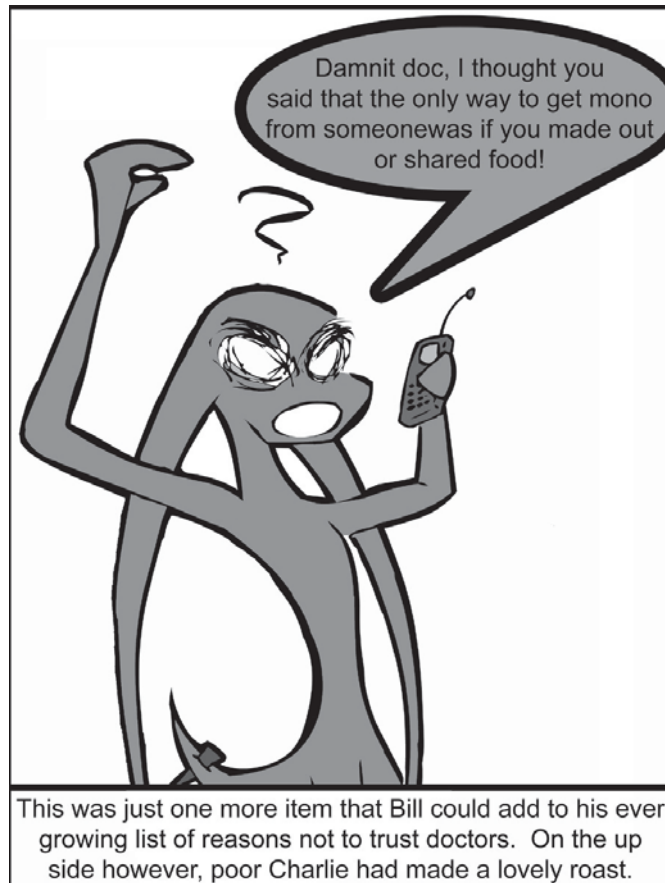
Hello, this is the editor speaking. I got this really long email about how f\*ck\*d we are now that we re-elected George W. Bush. It's not really funny, so I made a part of it into a Mad-Lib. Enjoy.

Dear Editor,

<Noun> on you, <country>. <Same noun> on you for <gerund> the <plural noun> you were <past-tense noun>, even while the <plural noun> <gerund> them were <adjective> and <adjective> to all. <Same noun, a third time> on you for <adverb> <gerund> to <verb> that this "<figure-head>", in a span of <number> <adjective> <time period>, has done more <noun> to <large group> than any other <person> before him. <Fourth instance of this noun> on you for <gerund> whole the <angry noun>, the <angry noun> and the <hyphenated angry noun> that this <person> and its corporate <plural noun> have <verb> so <adjective> to <verb> in you. <Fifth use of this noun> on you for <gerund> the entire <noun> to the <plural noun> of another <number> <time period> of this <angry adjective>, <angrier adjective>, <angriest adjective> <noun>.

Sincerely,  
Gideon Spero

If you would like to have your voice heard or turned into a Mad Lib, send a letter to the editor at [athenian@cwru.edu](mailto:athenian@cwru.edu). Don't be alarmed when the editor makes changes in your spelling, punctuation or main ideas.



## LETTER FROM THE PHOTO DUDE

For a few months now, our Photo Dude, Timothy St. Hilaire, has been sick in the hospital with Dracunculiasis. Since the burn ward is an insanely boring place, Mr. St. Hilaire found a new hobby in writing customer complaints to random companies. Enjoy!

Ferrero U.S.A., Inc.  
600 Cottontail Lane  
Somerset, NJ 08873

RE: Customer Complaint

To whom it may concern:

It is my duty to inform you on the impending research to discover the TRUTH about the addictive qualities of your so called "Tic Tac" candy, particularly the 'orange' flavored confection. As a citizen of the United States and a citizen of humanity, I DEMAND to know the ingredients that force me to desire these small, delicious, pill-like candies day in and day out.

I have told others of my intentions and they have cheered me on. We are tired of corporate fat-cats wearing high priced designer suits putting addictive substances into things and then selling them, consciously aware of the consequences of such actions. As you can see, we did not let Big Tobacco ruin our lives. No. Instead, we sued them and got them to put commercials on television telling people how horrible they were. We may desire no less from you. We are going to take down Big Tic Tac like we took down Big Tobacco. Then comes Big Giant Eagle and those godless bastards at Big Altoid.

After the case studies done about addiction were shown on television I now know that it is not my fault for craving these mint like, refreshing tablets. It is your fault for making them taste so heavenly and delicious, feeding my gluttony until one day, like today, I can no longer function in society without them. The little plastic boxes with the flip top is the perfect shape to fit in the breast pocket of my jacket, so that I may conceal my shame and my addiction.

And what about the children? If I ever have children will they be born addicted? Must I liquify box upon box of mouth-watering goodness so their tormenting yearning to taste Tic Tacs is satisfied? There has not been any research into this matter, I know. It is for this reason that I write you, so that you may establish such programs before we, the PUBLIC, are forced to expose your product for what it truly is: a delicious, subtly minted breath mint that CONSUMES the SOULS of its unknowing connoisseurs.

With hope for the future,

Timothy Sainte-Hilaire



## MINUTES FROM THE LAST MEETING

Did you ever wonder what goes on during the meeting of your favorite magazine? Well tough luck! Here are the minutes from our last meeting. Please note that names have been changed to Scott to protect the identity of our staffers.

Scott 1: So did I ever tell you my chest hair is called the Italian Casserole?

Scott 2: No! Now put your shirt back on!

Scott 3: People, this meeting will now come to order.

*The room silences.*

Scott 3: Since it is now Thanksgiving time, I think *The Athenian* should do something in the spirit of the holiday.

Scott 4: I say we throw food at the homeless people!

Scott 5: Yeah, they would be happy to eat if off the ground.

Scott 4: Besides, it can't be worse than the stuff they have at Fribley and Leutner.

Scott 6: *Entering.* Sorry for being late. The pr0n I was watching took longer than expected.

Scott 2: So that explains the white spot on... Ugh...

Scott 3: I won't be having this. You're fired!

Scott 6: You can't fire me! I don't even work for you. I quit!

Scott 7: Oh! Can I replace him?!

Scott 3: You can't. You would need to gain 400 pounds and develop a bondage fetish.

Scott 2: How do you know he has a bondage fetish?

Scott 3: His computer is the only one that shares *Whiplash Vixens 7* and *Manbeater 5!*

Rest of Room: ...

*Scott 11's cell phone rings. He is quickly attacked by the others and killed.*

Scott 3: Before we begin, its time for elections! Who wants to run for layout manager?

Scott 4: I do!

Scott 5: Oh! Oh! Pick me! Pick me!

Scott 3: Hmm... How should we decide this?

Scott 1: A fight to the death!

Scott 2: Reauchambeau!

Scott 6: A dance contest!

Scott 7: How about a trivia match!

*Two hours of obscure trivia questions later...*

Scott 3: This isn't working. We need to try something else!

Scott 1: How about Rock-Paper-Scissors?

Scott 4: That's fine by me.

Scott 5: Same here.

Scott 2: Okay, I will say 'one two three shoot,' and then you throw. You ready?

*Both nod.*

Scott 3: One two three... [*Looking at Scott 4.*] You weren't supposed to throw yet! How could you mess this up?

*Before Scott 4 can answer, Scott 5 wins by throwing a sucker punch to the throat.*

Scott 3: I guess that takes care of that. Now we have to get this meeting underway. Does anyone have any ideas for articles?

Scott 8: Don't look at me. I'm only here for the food!

Scott 9: I say we haven't pissed off ZBT enough this semester. We need to take more shots at Greek life!

Scott 5: We also need an obligatory shot at the food here.

Scott 6: I have the funniest idea for an article! I say we PhotoShop a picture of Hundert, some KY jelly, and a moose...

*This part of the minutes was lost after the recorder collapsed in a fit of laughter. The rest of the minutes were unfortunately lost when Hundert's professional hitmen stormed the meeting.*

[Editor's Note: Sadly, a vast majority of this article was not made up.]

## **NEWSWORTHY POLITICAL EVENTS**

Dick Cheney Assassinated by Bacon Cheeseburger

Bush Asks God to Bless America, God Tells Bush to Go Fuck Himself

Patriot Act Results in Stronger Defense, More Third Down Conversions

John Edwards Dies of Crest WhiteStrips Overdose

Bush Solves Energy Crisis by Harnessing Power of Founding Fathers Spinning in Their Graves

Political Analysts Gather Acorns for Upcoming Four -Year Hibernation

George Orwell: "Dammit, I was 20 Years Off."



*A few days ago I was lost in the basement of Sears when I happened upon large, pressure-sealed door. Naturally being a reporter, I overrode the lock code and passed through. My glimpse of the world beyond was unfortunately cut short by BME stormtroopers, who demanded that nothing be said of my experience. Since the number of death threats to the Athenian has been down to ten per week, I've decided to tell you about my journey into...*

## **THE LAND OF DYSFUNCTIONAL CARE BEARS**



Morning was breaking over the garbage-strewn ridges of the Valley of Dysfunctional Care Bears, so I stretched and strode forth for a look around. Aryan Bear was playing his war music and throwing stones at Jew Bear, Hedonist Bear was passed out in front of the jail, and Schizophrenic Bear was having a heated discussion with the lamp post. Sadism Bear's daily brawl was being carried out on the main avenue, this time against Hippy Bear, while Crooked Cop Bear watched. Nobody talked to Assorted Minorities Bear, even though he offered fried chicken, moo goo gai pan, and tacos. Raver Bear was stoned off his ass as usual, and Compulsive Gambler Bear was betting on the ambient air temperature with Meteorology Bear. Physics Teacher Bear was torturing Gamer Bear with equationsheetless tests. Sexual Fetish Bear was buying assorted

vegetables and blunt instruments the local market, and Evangelist Bear was throwing Gideon's Bibles at every passing bear.

At this point, I was apprehended, and tossed out of the valley. Apparently the BME stormtroopers keep the valley secluded in an alternate dimension, for if the Dysfunctional Care Bears ever broke free, they would send the world into a fiery doom from which there is no escape, volcanoes would erupt, icecaps melt, tornadoes... hang on, I'll tell you once I break the seal on the valley's dimensional stabilizer...

## **PRESIDENT HUNDERT ANNOUNCES FORMATION OF NEW CAMPUS SPIRIT ORGANIZATION: THE MIGHTY MORPHIN' MOST POWERFUL LEARNING ENVIRONMENT RANGERS**

[Editor's note: This article was found to overuse the established cliché "world's most powerful learning environment." Also, it contained multiple references to giant robots of various heights, the lackluster career prospects of classics majors, and the nerdy nature of the typical Case student. This article has been removed as a result, and its author summarily executed on grounds of excessive unoriginality. Let this be a warning to you.]



## ART SCHOOL DECLARED SUPER ADVANCED KINDERGARTEN

A recent study by the Center for Education Excellence (CEX) has confirmed that art school is really “super advanced kindergarten.” The study spanned twenty years and included more than one hundred top art schools in the country, including the Cleveland Institute of Art (CIA).

“We really just compared the workload of different colleges and art schools and decided,” said CEX President John J. Schmidt. “When we consider that art students are really doing the same thing in school now as in kindergarten, we came to the conclusion that art school cannot be called college.”

Schmidt cited such activities as finger painting, making glue sculptures, and drawing stick figures as the subjects studied.

“It’s about time,” said Ben Fakename. “I’m so sick of hearing all these art students talking about being in college and it’s so hard. Goddamnit, go take an engineering class or something. It’s not like drawing is so hard. Jesus God!”

Many Case students echoed this sentiment. With workloads keeping them all night nearly every night, students find it difficult to imagine the plight of the art student.

“I wrote a twenty-five page paper on Plato’s theories in comparison to modern day urban planning,” said Lindsay Sorostitute. “All in one night. How can splashing color on a canvas compare to that?”

CIA students seem desperate to retain their image of college. Some have been defending their class loads. CIA students have classes scheduled from 8:30AM until sometimes 9PM.

“I mean, 9PM!” said Joe Waspy, a CIA painting major. “I need to be home and drunk by 6PM. I have lots of work to do.”

When asked what kind of work, Waspy replied, “You know, drinking bourbon and drawing on paper. It’s really difficult.”

CEX claims this study should not change how real college students view super advanced kindergarten students.



Dr. Bear says: “Hey Kids! Drink your juiceboxes or you’ll get herpes!”

# TIRED OF CLASSES? FINALS GETTING YOU DOWN? ULTIMATE STRESS RELIEF SOLUTION!

Has the stress of finals started to grind you down? Can you feel your soul being crushed underneath the relentless drive of academic existence? Are you looking for a way to make the very fabric of time and space pay for the torment you endure in order to possibly have a remote chance of future employment? Then we have a solution for you! Presenting the ultimate in stress reduction, the D-Raser 10000! With this new device you can simply<sup>1</sup> and easily<sup>2</sup> remove section of reality that you just don't like. Just point, click, and its gone, vanished, and never to be seen again<sup>3</sup>! Tired of an ugly building that makes you look ugly? Cut its cords to existence and let it fade away from every perception of the universe<sup>4</sup>. Need that moment exactly 43.445432<sup>5</sup> seconds ago purged? With the push of a button you can! Really, really pissed at an entire city? Remove it! And if the next thing built there annoys you, remove it too! No consequences<sup>6</sup>. But don't take our word for it-here is the opinion of one of our real life customers<sup>7</sup>- Dan Smitoscoff. "When I first heard of the D-Raser 10000, I had my doubts. But after buying one for myself, I can quickly and easily remove anything I do not like from reality itself. Remember that really, really bland day, that no one found any value in? Now you do not, as it never really happened." See, you can trust Dan<sup>8</sup>. Now what do you think it would take to operate this device? A nuclear reactor? 10<sup>80</sup> Hamsters on wheels? In actuality, all its takes is the essence of an intelligent creature, ideally not you<sup>9</sup>. Mix that with our patented freeze dried dim matter and its goodbye Detroit, see ya March 17, 1404. Combined with our easy to use interface<sup>10</sup>, and you can have complete control over whether or not anything can continue to exist. All this for 10/easy payments of quantum singularities<sup>11</sup>! There is no better deal for anyone who just doesn't want something to not exist. The D-Raser 10000, removing tomorrow, yesterday, and today, today. Some restrictions apply<sup>12</sup>.

<sup>1</sup>Device interface is written in a language so complex your mind will explode if understood. Only classics majors should use.

<sup>2</sup>The D-Raser 10000 requires complete understanding of incomprehensible physics. Any incorrect calculation will fragment you into several million pieces. Sorry, those are the rules.

<sup>3</sup>Occasionally, removed space-time reappears. Orange. And it tastes green.

<sup>4</sup>Does not apply to individuals that can see into the toothpick state of reality, where you can see the base structure of reality made out of toothpicks.

<sup>5</sup>Beware of divine smiting.

<sup>6</sup>Only accurate to 3 significant digits.

<sup>7</sup>Poor Dan, we found what was him in a pool of what was Dan, only liquid antimatter

<sup>8</sup>Dan was kind of a shady character

<sup>9</sup>You see, it's difficult to use the D-Raser if you turn yourself into your fuel.

<sup>10</sup>If you don't like it, install Linux over it

<sup>11</sup>We also accept major credit cards

<sup>12</sup>Illegal in the entire known universe. And Belgium.

## SEMESTER GRADES

by The Registrar

Yes kids, it's that time again. It's time for me to sound like a snobby bastard because somewhere along the line the staff of this magazine decided that it had the power to assign grades to things that it really knows nothing about in an attempt to seem in connection with students and to seem like the authority on student life. I don't feel so bad though. It's just a rip-off from another black and white Case publication. Anyway, think it was a good semester here at Case? Think things need improvement? It doesn't matter. I'm just going to tell you what to think anyways.

### **USG** – *B is for big,*

Something like 90% of undergrads are part of USG. Why? I for one would much rather have a small, elite, non-representative group of students that caters to special interests deciding what to do with our money. What's that? Oh, it's 0.009%. Well done.

### **UPB** – *A is for anteater.*

At least that's what I've been told the mascot is. Someone needs to tell whoever picks the mascot that anteaters don't wear tank tops or dance. I have some anteater friends here at Case who are getting fed up with this stereotype. Until we stop creating ill-conceived caricatures of our fellow students just because they happen to be rainforest-dwelling crossbreeds between elephants and pigs, we will never fully comply with the non-discrimination clause.

### **The Observer** – *T is for toilet paper.*

A 20-page newspaper that consists of 14 pages of sports opinion pieces surely must be aware of the type of news coverage Case students demand.

### **Media Board** – *A is for allocation.*

Media Board is the most organized member of the Student Executive Council. I've never encountered a nicer group of people. See you guys at the funding meeting.

### **The Learning Environment** – *P is for powerful.*

The Great Leader has implemented plans to help us fulfill our destiny as the world's most powerful learning environment. The invasion of the evil Carnegie Mellon University and the subsequent capture of the #22 *U.S. News* ranking is just the beginning of a very secret "Master Plan" that will lead us into a new era. All hail the Great Leader.

### **Baker Building** – *D is for demolished.*

On a sadder note, Case students will greatly miss this campus landmark. It may not be possible to build a more generic building than Baker, but Case architects are sure as hell going to try.

### **Everything Else** – *W is for "Who cares?"*

Seriously, I can't believe you've read this far. Fact is, I don't get paid by number of words (or at all for that matter), so this article stops here.

## MOVIE REVIEW: *HUNDERT DOES CAMPUS*

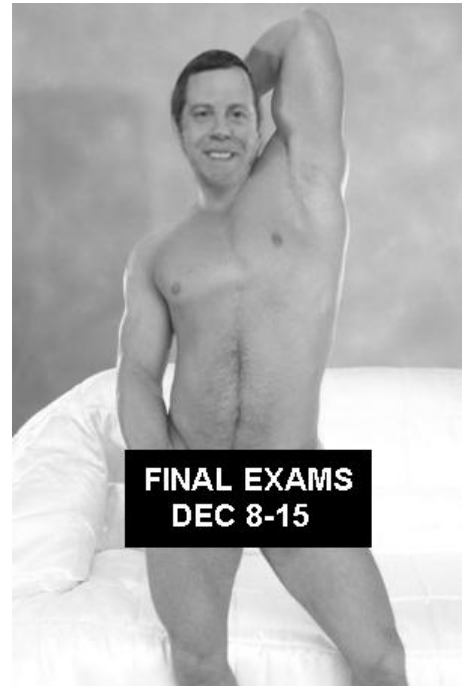
### Background

*Hundert Does Campus* is the product of a figurehead who is too comfortable with his own body. The film itself was made during the earlier parts of President Hundert's presidency, when his judgment was not as fully developed as it is now. As a result, Administration has told campus organizations to not mention the movie, to which we replied, "OK, sure."

### Plot Synopsis

Being a pornographic feature, the plot is a little *too* offensive, even for *The Athenian*. As a result, it will be summarized in a very immature way.

The film opens with Hungdirk (Hundert's porn name) probing some steam tunnels with his Clarke Tower. He then ventures to "the top of the hill," working the Tippit of his Hitchcock into a luscious Kusch. Additionally he Pierces some more Botanical Gardens with his Rockefeller until they could take no Morley. For those of you into the kinkier stuff, Hungdirk shows his Stone Commons to a She[r]man, who proceeds to Bingham. The film ends on a sad note, however; after his Thwing makes contact with the Underground Parking Lot, he learns that he has contracted the Clapp.



### Review

Oh dear God my brain needs to be sandblasted. Four c\*\*ks out of five.

## ELECTION STORIES

Kerry/Edwards Loses Close Election to Bush/Jesus

Nader Elected President of Florida

Libertarian Candidate Delivers Powerful Concession Speech to Teddy Bear, Stuffed Rabbit

Kerry Gets Consolation Runner Up Medal, Keeps Only the Ribbon

Ohio Joins Rest of Confederacy

## THE RETURN OF WONDERPHRASE! RELOADED

It turns out that (maybe) this puzzle is a little too hard for a Universityful of engineers. Here are some hints:

Sequence of Words in WonderPhrase:

1. (Adj., 8 letters): preserved
2. (Adj., 10 letters): from a certain South American country
3. (N., 4 letters): controlled substance
4. (Plural N., 11 letters): people who distribute controlled substances
5. (V., 4 letters): create
6. (Adj., 11 letters): delicious
7. (N., 8 letters): famed explorer from Spain
8. (N., 3 letters): twenty-four hour time period
9. (N., 6 letters): rewards

Don't forget that these words

1. A type of dog (it begins with M)

Are still in the puzzle.

The Puzzle:

E	M	I	O	F	U	F	C	L
B	E	N	E	F	U	A	F	O
Z	M	T	V	I	S	R	I	E
T	U	G	U	T	T	R	C	A
U	B	P	R	S	D	T	K	S
E	S	M	D	A	Y	E	R	E
A	A	N	A	M	C	S	A	M
L	S	D	L	U	R	M	K	E

Good luck! Send answers to [athenian@cwru.edu](mailto:athenian@cwru.edu). Remember that there is an inane prize for the first person to respond with the correct answer!

## BUILDING BRIDGES WITH CHRIST

Christ Atsidis is a friend of mine whom I ironically met at a bar while listening to satanic heavy metal (No kidding, really.). He introduced himself as Christ, which I assumed was short for Christopher, but I saw that it really was Christ when he showed his ID. At that point a hugely sacrilegious conversation ensued. Sadly this is not that conversation.

Me: Hey Christ, how are you?

Christ: I'm O.K., I'm O.K., yourself?

Me: Math is kicking my ass this semester.

Christ: You know, math is a bunch of bull\*\*\*t

Me: How do you mean?

Christ: Take infinity for example. Infinity is something that someone came up with to make their equations work. You can't go infinity anywhere, do something for infinite amount of time. How can you sum up an infinite number of numbers? The definition of infinity is that there is no end.

Me: So you don't believe in infinity.

Christ: No. Hell, I don't even believe in the number two.

Me: Heh. Sorry Christ, but the number two seems pretty solid to me. I have two eyes, two hands, and so on.

Christ: But the concept of there being two was just something that people created to make life easier for themselves. An alien might come down and say that you have three or four hands. It's all very abstract.

Me: Wait, wait, how come this sounds like a Buddhist thing? Are you saying that that we are succumbing to the conventional reality of there being "two things?"

Christ: What?

Me: Christ, you're freakin' Christ. How can you be preaching a Buddhist idea?

Christ: What the hell are you talking about? I'm not preaching anything, just telling you math is bull\*\*\*t

Me: Yeah well... that doesn't make the finals any easier.

Christ: You know how I get 100s on all of my tests? Because I get loaded before taking them.

Me: Uhh, right. I think that's some double vision on those zeros, Christ. I remember I got a 100 on a math exam once, except it was out of 200 points.

Christ: Oh, well I bet you weren't wasted, were you?

Me: No I wasn't.

Christ: There's your problem.

Me: Right. Anyway Christ, winter break is almost upon us, which means your birthday is coming up.

Christ: Oh great here we go again.

Me: Come on now Christ, it must be pretty sweet to have a birthday and a rebirthday. I mean that's double the presents.

Christ: Technically yes. However, my birthday is Christmas, so I get screwed there.

Me: Oh yeah, fair enough. But when your rebirthday happens this year, don't scare me like you did last year. I mean, I didn't see you for a few days and I really was starting to get worried about you, Christ.

Christ: Good grief. You know, I'm Christ J Atsidis, not J Christ.

Me: One final question: How do you like to eat your Oreo?

Christ: Is that what they call it now, eating an "Oreo"? I eat the whole thing. Heh heh, get it? "Whole thing."

## THE ATHENIAN INTERVIEWS PLUTO

- Q. Where do you see yourself in 10 years?
- A. That's really cute man. Fuck you.
- Q. All right, calm down. So what do you make of the controversy surrounding your status as a Planet. I'm sure you are aware that some people argue you're not a real planet.
- A. It dark matter.
- Q. What? Did you just say dark matter?
- A. No, I said it doesn't matter. Why? Because I don't let that stuff get to me. If I did listen to those inner solar system bastards I would have never made it this far.
- Q. So you're happy to be part of our Solar System?
- A. I'm thrilled. It's a lot warmer for one thing (laughs). To me, being included is a small step for my other oppressed friends just outside my orbit who are considered nothing more than just cold hard icy balls.
- Q. Could you talk a little bit about your lack of atmo —(Pluto interrupts)
- A. I don't have an atmosphere! Okay. And I don't pretend to have one.
- Q. Would you have liked one?
- A. Are you kidding?. All these particles, rocks and shit bustin' into my grill every other freakin' day. Of course I would.
- Q. It seems you've picked up on the hip hop culture, Pluto.
- A. Hip hop is spreading like the solar winds. Just because I'm all the way out here in the Kuiper belt, people think I have no idea what's going on. I mean, hey, I have a dish, my internet is wireless. I love that new show, Saved By The Bell. Cracks me up ...have you seen it yet?
- Q. That show is from like the early 90s.
- A. Oh ...
- Q. Do you remember anything about your formation process?
- A. Yes. But I'd rather not relive it. It just never got hot enough out here. And Uranus and Neptune started taking all the leftover gases and ... I don't know, I guess nothing really got develop. Hence, the no atmosphere. I'm still not speaking to those planets.
- Q. How about the other planets? Are you speaking to them?
- A. Jupiter. It's funny I was so intimidated by him at first — all those layers. But deep down inside, once you get to the core, he's really a good guy. Say, have you heard the one about the weak astronaut and the strong one?
- Q. No.
- A. Okay. What does the weak astronaut say to the strong astronaut?
- Q. I give up.
- A. Are you taking asteroids? Get it? Like he's taking -
- Q. I do. That's very clever.
- A. Clever? Just say you don't like it.
- Q. I do like it though. It's like one of those jokes you think you've heard before but you really haven't.
- A. Yes, exactly! Thank you.
- Q. Is that all you do with your long days, just make up jokes?
- A. ....No ... .. I mean, .... .... it's just that sometimes it can get so lonely out here, you know. Hey! C'mon where are you going? Come back! ... I'm so scared.

## RIME OF THE PHYSICS STUDENT

*It's late at night, my mind is weary,  
Eyes are bloodshot, vision's bleary,  
I know not what I'm really thinking,  
My sanity's surely winking.  
Yet I stay up for I am not done,  
With homework for P121.*

*My mind's back from temporary lull,  
And contemplates a bouncing ball,  
Then reason shouts out, with great diction,  
"Idiot! You forgot friction!"  
So I cross out numbers written there  
And hang my head in great despair.*

*I am at a loss and panicked too  
Because I don't know what to do!  
I factor out "t," I integrate,  
But the mistakes do not abate.  
I feel like a failure and a fool..  
What's life like in the business school?*

*But I see through that confusing mist,  
After all I'm a physicist!  
I know the movements of block and book  
Using Laws from Newton and Hooke,  
I know a bowling ball's energy  
Based on its squared velocity.*

*I now see myself years down the line  
Where physics glory is all mine,  
The secret of dark matter I know  
Having found the neutrelino.  
My proof is so clear and it's so bold  
I win myself some Swedish gold!*

*But as I start my acceptance speech,  
I hear a harshly ringing screech.  
A startling thought to my mind does creep:  
Oh my God I've fallen asleep!  
It's eight in the morn, not late at one  
And my damned homework's still not done!*

*I stare at my paper with a frown  
And jot some garbled numbers down,  
And before I can think any more  
It's in my bag; I'm out the door,  
And as I'm walking I pray my best  
That problem won't be on the test!*



## KNOW YOUR CASE ALGEBRA

(Times the last issue of the Athenian dissed President Hundert for his “most powerful learning environment in the world” plan) \* (Pathogens you’re likely to find in an average foot-long sub at Charlie’s Place) = (Atoms in unidentified neon green cloud floating around Pytte Science Center).

(Atoms in unidentified neon green cloud floating around Pytte Science Center) – (Minutes it takes for the Case helpdesk to respond to a logged ticket) = (Temperature of your ass in Celsius as you cross Euclid Ave. come January).

(Temperature of your ass in Celsius as you cross Euclid Ave. come January) + (Case couples having sex at any given moment) = (Times the Browns have won in their last three games).

(Times the Browns have won in their last three games) + (Percentage of Case students who voted Republican) = [(GPA of average Case student) \* 10].

[(GPA of average Case student) \* 10] to the power of (Hours of sleep you can expect to get on an average night during finals week) = [(GPA of average Case student) \* 10].

(Hours of sleep you can expect to get on an average night during finals week) – (Films about orgasms in Ohio shot on campus during the past month) = (Tact level of P. Diddy’s “Vote or Die” slogan).

(Tact level of P. Diddy’s “Vote or Die” slogan) + (Bits of rice thrown around at recent Rocky Horror Picture Show at Strosacker)<sup>2</sup> = (ACT and VoteMob volunteers active throughout Cuyahoga County on November 2nd).

[Log base 2 (ACT and VoteMob volunteers active throughout Cuyahoga County on November 2nd)] = [(Case’s national academic ranking) / 2].

[(Case’s national academic ranking) / 2] – (Dorm residents at any given moment who are unable to concentrate because of the wild sex going in the neighboring room) = (Baker Buildings we’ll have on campus a month from now).

(Baker Buildings we’ll have on campus a month from now) + (Times presidential/vice presidential candidates visited Ohio during the past 6 months) = (Decibel level of The Dean Scream).

(Decibel level of The Dean Scream) \* (Ohio provisional ballots) = (Cost of undergraduate education at Case in cents).

7<sup>th</sup> root of (Cost of undergraduate education at Case in cents) = (Price of two Monday night tickets for “Motorcycle Diaries” at the Cedar Lee theater).

(Price of two Monday night tickets for “Motorcycle Diaries” at the Cedar Lee theater) / [(Hours that Oberlin students had to wait in line to vote) \* 2] = (Opportunities you have to make the most of your college experience).

## TOP TEN EXCUSES FOR DELAYING BAKER'S DEMOLITION BY ONE TO THREE YEARS:

10. Spring courses are already scheduled in Baker-Hatch auditorium. (Sorry, that's the reason for giving the registrar a lobotomy in 1 to 3 years.)
9. Maybe if we ignore it, it'll go away by itself, like, you know, North Korea.
8. Peter B. Lewis and Frank Gehry jointly agree that it's "the greatest building ever made by man" and "totally not ugly." Hundert bends over.
7. City rules the building a "safety necessity," being the only thing keeping Cleveland drivers off the sidewalks.
6. *Athenian* editor rules previous joke "not funny," being the only way the writer can fill an entire top-10 list.
5. Baker is shiny, and like all shiny buildings on campus, any construction will take several years and cost at least \$100 million more than planned.
4. Theresa Heinz Kerry yelled at us.
3. Everybody thought it was a good idea, so Catalyst is protesting.
2. Large group of magical gnomes found in closet, having apparently been living off mystical energy of VPN bandwidth for centuries.
1. Gnome eat brain.

## BEAT THE CAPTION



"Look at the guy with three ears," says the guy with the broken neck. Meanwhile, photoshop artists weep quietly.

Think you can come up with a better caption for this picture? Send your ideas to [athenian@cwru.edu](mailto:athenian@cwru.edu). The winning caption will be featured in the next issue!

## THE NORTH RESIDENTIAL VILLAGE, NOW FEATURING A SUNNY DOME AND CAVES OF ICE!

*On North Campus did Ed Hundert  
A new-built residence decree  
Where Juniper the road did run  
Beneath the grayish Cleveland sun,  
A home for you and me.*

*So from the ill-used football field  
The grass and sod were duly peeled  
And there were girders dark with rusty rime  
Where mounded many a muddy hill,  
And here were metallic cranes and line,  
Waiting all upon construction's sill.*

*But oh! those tall romantic pillars which rise  
Up from the ground above the track-choked earth!  
Into the air! to overreach the very skies  
To prove that we wait not on falsehoods nor lies  
That tales of the new dorms are something worth!  
And from this earth, the old football entombing,  
Come up new forms of wood and girders looming.  
And finally now the roofs appear  
These dorms may yet be done within the year,  
Huge hulks of dreams and hopes for their taker.  
Now if only they would knock down Baker!*

Like Coleridge's own poem, "Kublai Khan", this work is incomplete. But this poem is even more incomplete than his. And I'm not on laudanum. I swear. This is just water. For medicinal purposes. Yeah, water for medicinal purposes, that's it.

## HALO 2 LIVE ACTION ROLE PLAYING

"There's no physical contests?"

"Of course. This is using guns, for god's sake. You expect the guy with the rocket launcher to rock-paper-scissors you?"

"I'm just saying, we ought to have some way to..."

"This is just a play test, alright? If we find that we need physical contests, then we'll probably put them in. The whole point is to find the problems with the system. We need to get this polished up by Gen Con."

"You're not serious."

"This is brilliant shit, man! People check you out if you bring something like this to the table. Steve Jackson checks you out if you've got something this brilliant!"

"Steve Jackson is not going to give a fuck about this."

*Continued on next page*

*Continued from previous page*

"Shut up."

"...Is that a boner?"

"Shut up!"

"Hey guys! Hey guys! Can I be Master Chief, guys?"

"I say we should keep the costume depot in the bathroom. It's centralized, I'm going to get in anybody's way, you guys aren't going to accidentally come across me changing..."

"But the problem with that is that somebody can just up and take our stuff without us knowing."

"Who's going to want a pile of coats and an umbrella?"

"Who take my rain coat at Fribley?"

"C'mon, guys, can I be Master Chief? Guys?"

"I just don't want to be running from one end of the library to the other with all this luggage. It'll be hard enough keeping track of where you guys are."

"The library's not that big."

"You don't have to run it."

"It's not that much..."

"Hey guys! I'm Master Chief, guys! Alright, guys?!"

"I still say we need some more people to play Covenant."

"Why are you such a prick about this?"

"Try to imagine this. I have to run to one end of the library, throw on some ungodly combination of your clothes, run around like that until I find you, spend thirty seconds flailing my arms around while you keep shouting "Shoot test! Shoot test!" and run all the way back to Covenant base just for the sake of some randomization rule. Without more people as aliens, this is going to be you pretending to sneak around the stacks with a broom handle for fifteen minutes at a time."

"Like I said, this is play testing. Besides, it's all about **atmosphere!**"

"Never get your hands that close to my face again."

"Right. I think the problem's solved. So, I guess I'll be Master Chief and..."

"Guys! That's not fair! Guys!"

"Ow! Motherfucking ow!"

"Okay, pause moment. OOC is allowed. What did you hit your head on this time?"

"Some journal called...Theses. Yeah, it's Theses."

"Right, that's the third time. Pay up, Zach."

"You need to be more careful about that. You'll get us kicked out of here."

"I have your coat over my head! It's not my fault you've taken up the "opaque fibers" fad! Explain again why I need it hanging over my face?"

"Oh my god, it's the flood, guys! Shoot it, guys! Shoot it! Shoot test!"

"It's **atmosphere!**"

"I told you about the hands."

"Right. Fuck you. I have a lab to get ready for."

"I'm out of ammo, guys! I'm using my rifle butt! I'm using my rifle butt on the flood, guys! Rifle butt test!"

"Hey, you don't have to dump them on the floor!"

"See ya in the class!"

"Traitor!"

"The flood, guys! The flood has me, guys! Ah, I'm done for! I'm done for, guys!"

"Kyle, stop stepping on my coat."

"Um...team battle now?"

"You're sniped!"

"I just don't think the sniper rules are worked out. They're too unbalanced."

"How so?"

"You're sniped!"

"He just has to tell people that's they're dead. I know that sniping distance is too far to throw one of the Shoot Test counters, but you're dead if he sees you."

"But isn't that the true way of the sniper? Clouded in mystery, impossible to avoid, the unknown death that erases your teammates and gives you only the barest of warnings with every body that falls around you?"

"You're sniped!"

"But he's crouched in the center isle and pivoting on his knee!"

"The grenade's sniped!"

"So they have to use stealth. That's the whole point. It's a challenge!"

"I eject my burning shell into your face, then snipe you at point blank range!"

"You have to admit, he's beating the horse for all it's worth."

"You're just being a whiner. Heh. You can't stand that's he better than you."

"You can't shoot test the sniper! That's cheating! You were totally sniped!"

"Did you say that I was sniped?"

"I...uh...it's implied when...Game master!"

"Should I even ask?"

"It's the Warthog."

"I'm driving, guys! I'm driving!"

"I don't think the library wants you sitting on their tables."

"I don't think the library wants a lot of the things we're doing tonight. Now, I haven't railed gunned you yet out of respect for your ignorance, but..."

"And I don't think the library wants you swinging around their chairs like that."

"Oh no! Lots of enemies, guys! I'm swerving! I'm swerving!"

"Huh...let's start with how you even justify this."

"It's the grenade glitch."

"The grenade glitch."

"I pull it off all the time. You know, planting a grenade under the warthog, driving up at the fort walls, all the good stuff? We did it while we left the area for a while."

"It's a hill! I'm jumping the hill, guys!"

"I'm not allowing this. Get off the table, Quinn."

"It's valid! It's practically a noble tradition!"

"Off the table. I'm not letting you gain a power up via a glitch."

"It's part of the game! We're trying to replicate the game, right? Right?"

"Fine. You want to roleplay a glitch? Much needed developer's patch test!"

"Console, biyotch!"

"Ahh! We're being shot with a rocket! The Warthog is exploding! We're jumping, guys! We're jumping, guys!"

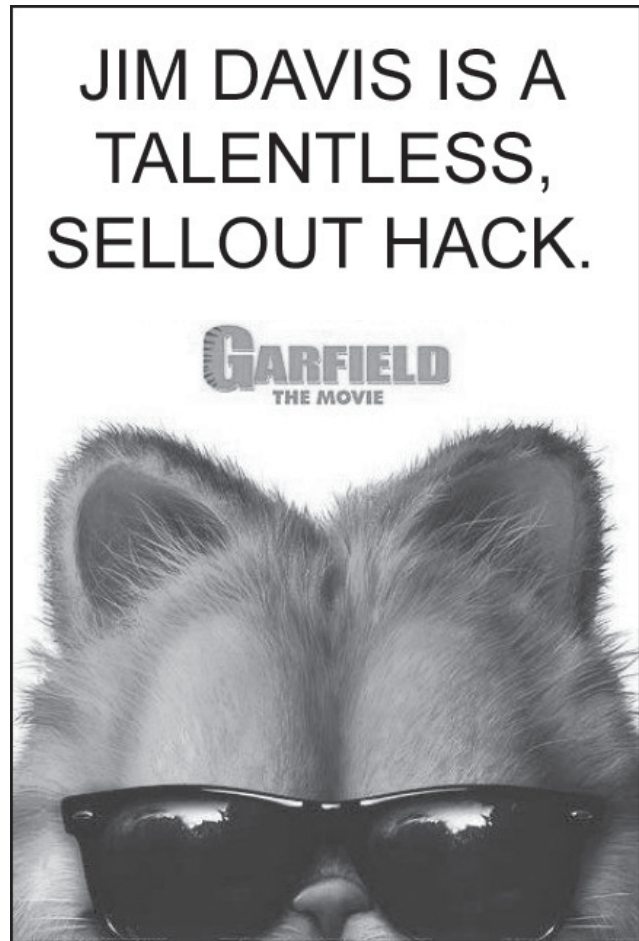
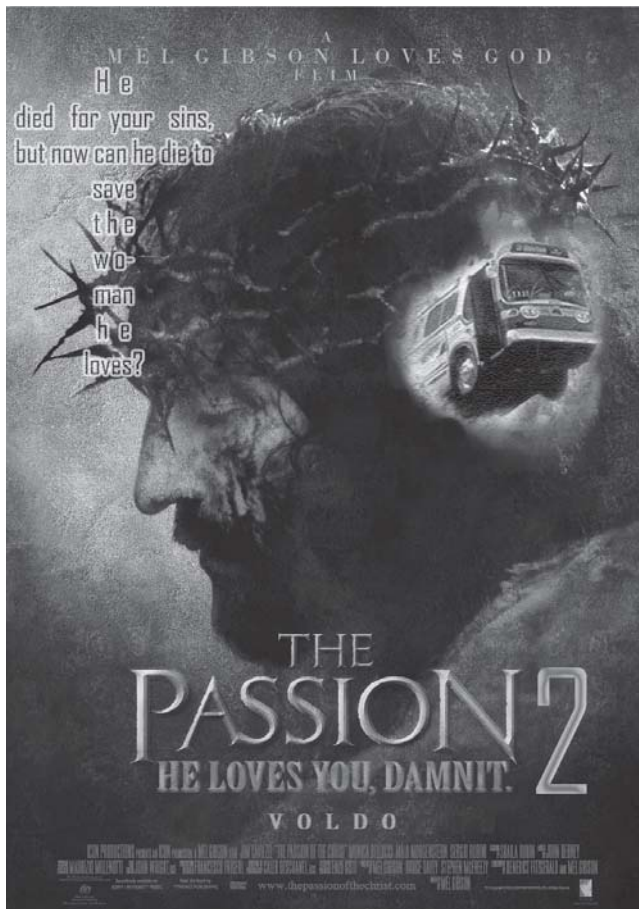
(Pause)

"Ow...blood..."

"If we left him unsupervised by a wall, do you think he'd have the time of his life or just kill himself?"

"...it was supposed to be a thing of beauty..."

## NOW SHOWING AT STROSACKER AUDITORIUM



## MORE ARTICLES WE DIDN'T WRITE FOR SOME REASON

- P. Diddy Changes Name to P. Diddley, Releases Country Album
- Bon Appetit to Student Body: "It's People, You Maniacs!"
- Case to Give Out Baseball Bats for Domestic Violence Awareness Week

## WOULDN'T IT BE WEIRD IF...

...you were watching the movie *Hannibal* while eating the brain of a doped-up Ray Liotta, and the Ray Liotta from the movie was eating his own brain, saying "mm... this is good," and you were like "hell yeah it is!"

Think we suck? Send us your writings or pictures to [athenian@cwru.edu](mailto:athenian@cwru.edu)

# What the Hell Happened to Them?



After resigning from Bush's Cabinet, Colin lives out his life long dream... and becomes a circus clown for Ringling Bros.



After spending all his wife's money on booze and cheap drugs, John is forced to find an actual job.



After a guest role in "Hundert Does Campus" Edwards takes to the road, starring in such pictures as "Hitler, A Blitzkrieg in Bed" and "Bill Clinton's Life: A Documentary".



Driven insane by Bush, Ashcroft changes his name to "Muhammad Al-Ghandi", joins the Militant Angels of God, and runs off to the woods of Montana.



First Prize!