

NEWS

issue 20 January/February 2005



VS.



WHEN OTHER NEWS IS TOO BORING TO CUT IT.

WORLD'S ANGRIEST MAN AND #1 MOST FURIOUS BABY SQUARE OFF IN GRAND BATTLE ROYALE!

REPAIR EFFORTS FOR ADELBERT BRIDGE STEPPED UP. EXPECTED TO FULLY REOPEN IN 3 DAYS.



Kool Aid Man crashes party. Four children refreshed, three dead.

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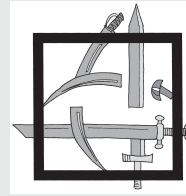
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Proud member of the Case Media Board since forever.



The Athenian

“It pays to be obvious, especially if you have a reputation for subtlety.”

—Isaac Asimov

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A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

A Brief History of *The Athenian*

Happy Black History Month everyone! Speaking of which, here's a brief history of your favorite publication named after a white guy.

1000 BC: Athens founded.

999 BC: Sparta founded. The crude, warlike inhabitants of this city will later remind people of a Division III engineering college.

1774: Leonard Case's mother experiences parthenogenesis.

1968: *The Observer* is founded. First headline: "This is a Newspaper."

1999: *The Athenian* is founded. Somewhere, for some reason, Dolph Lundgren weeps.

2001: First Editor Vipul Modi names Archibald MacArthurburg as successor; rest of staff decides to go with a real person (Matt Greenfield).

2002: Future present *Athenian* editor fails to get into MIT; parents attempt controversial seventh-trimester abortion.

2004: Future present *Athenian* editor becomes present *Athenian* editor.

2005: You become angry at this half-assed attempt to be funny.

Oh. There's about a half-page left. Let's look into the future.

2005: Hundert shuts down *The Athenian*. We laugh.

2005: Hundert: "No, really, I shut you down." We laugh harder, then release the next issue.

2005: Hundert threatens expulsion of entire *Athenian* staff. We continue to laugh.

2005: Hundert razes Thwing Center. Laughter only increases.

2005: A weary, beaten Hundert resigns, citing "sex with animals." *Athenian* staffers' lungs rupture.

Well I'm out of ideas. Have a nice semester.

ATHENIAN POLICIES

1. *The Athenian* is a semi-anonymous publication. We're also semi-permeable, semi-circular, and bi-curious.
2. *The Athenian* is actually a fantastic flying machine that uses letters to the editor as fuel. That was lame, so send the editor a letter about it.
3. The views expressed in *The Athenian* may not reflect the views of anyone. All characters in this magazine are fictional and all similarities to actual people are strictly coincidental (except for the people you know we're talking about.)



TERROR FROM BELOW!!!

Local religious groups are concerned that the newly formed “Baker Crater” may have unexpected consequences. It has long been rumored that Case was built over damned ground. (Indeed, this is suspected to be true of much of Cleveland.) Paranormal experts warn that digging into this unholy loam may release evil spirits to plague the campus. These spirits may perform malicious acts such as diverting traffic patterns and corroding concrete. Nothing can be done about these creatures, but their habits are mere nuisances compared to what may follow. If the walkway eventually built above the pit takes on an occult shape (a pentagram, say, or a mosaic of the president’s head) the site of the former Baker building could become a focus, or even a conduit, for the forces of darkness. All dining hall staff are advised to use excessive garlic in the preparation of all future dishes.

TWO STUDENTS GUNNED DOWN WITH THIRD STILL AT LARGE IN ATTEMPTED BRIDGE CROSSING

In a surprise move, the city of Cleveland posted an armed guard at each of the two entrances of Adelbert bridge. Undeterred, a group of three students attempted the crossing anyway believing in a phenomenon known as “strength in numbers.” Unfortunately two of those students never made it off the bridge.

One of the fatally injured students could be heard muttering, “I just wanted to get to class on time.” A third year Biomedical Engineer’s dying words were, “I’d rather die than get a B in a class anyway...” The third student managed to evade the two guards and was last seen sprinting towards Schmitt, trailed by a group of attack dogs. A nearby student said, “I’m told that all these bridges are on the verge of collapse, and then I’m expected to go under one?”

It can be seen everywhere on campus, just outside of Veale parking garage is a sight which is all too common nowadays. Bodies of those who have succumbed to the cold line the streets, frozen corpses waiting for the promised greenie that has never to come. Refugees swamp Bag-it now that they have nowhere left to go. And if the long lines aren’t bad enough, afterwards they wander aimlessly through the halls of Nord, Sears, and Wickenden. Hunger is rampant, tempers are short, the entire place is packed. Devastation is everywhere.

When a Cleveland police representative was asked for comment his only reply was, “Case decided that they were creating the Most Powerful Learning Environment and we just knew something had to be done.” Case officials were not available for comment.

It is uncertain how long this will go on. There are rumors of a pedestrian walkway but knowing the city it could take weeks, or months.

And when it’s done, who’s to say that they won’t close that too?

ONE DEGREE EQUALS 0.01745 RADIANS

In an effort to update Case to SI units, starting in the fall of 2005, all engineering degrees will be converted into radians.

A MESSAGE FROM ITS

Dear sir or madam:

Are you a faculty member at an up and coming learning institution? Do you think still register students for classes using the archaic pencil and paper? If so, stop! What hopes do you have of becoming the most powerful learning institution in the world if you do not embrace technology? What you need is SOLAR!

What is SOLAR? Well, heathen, SOLAR stands for Secret Organization for the Liberation of Albanian Rectangles. During registration, SOLAR accepts up to fifty students at a time (the "elite") to actually schedule their classes. The other unfortunate fools are subjected to a stealthy virus infecting their systems to slow down their connection speed to 56K and to steal their credit card information if applicable. We are also accepting donations since college students are poor.

The SOLAR page may appear to be blank for long periods, but do not think that SOLAR is defective. It only means that your system does not support the Albanian font we are using to brainwash you. Do not think that our efforts are

wasted. The English translation is recited at a frequency too high for the human ear to hear, but the brain registers this information. While Albanian rectangle liberation may not seem like an issue in the United States, the students will use their newfound passion for rectangle liberation during their junior year abroad.

The efforts of SOLAR are made possible by OPAL (Organization of Passionate Albanian Lovers) Player. Opal earns one leke, the equivalent of one penny. It takes approximately ninety-two point five six lekes to buy the freedom of one Albanian rectangle. There is work to be done. Case Western Reserve University has already been generous enough to embrace SOLAR. During registration for Spring 2005 classes, over three hundred Albanian rectangles tasted freedom for the first time. Hope remains for the figures left behind, but not for long.

If you have any humanity in your souls, please integrate SOLAR into the registration process at your college or university. Only then will you be able to be not only the most powerful research institution in the world, but also the most compassionate.

Sincerely,
An ITS Representative

BEAT THE CAPTION

The winner of last issue's Beat the Caption was Elizabeth Bair. She provided this gem:

"With the help of the Biology Department, Doc Oc and President Hundert switch bodies, keep ward-robos."

Thanks to all who entered. Keep on the lookout for future contests and such.



ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT CATCHPHRASES

Biology is My-ology

[Editor's note: myology is actually a subfield of biology. Man did I kill *that* joke.]

Political Science: The Fun of A Being Science Major without Those Pesky Labs or Actual Science

Wanna Hang Out with Physicists? Major in Accountancy. That's Where All the Physics Majors End Up Anyway.

PERSIUS THE POLITICAL PENGUIN

Hi kids! It's your old pal, Persius the Political Penguin, here to teach you about politics in our society! Today we will learn about a man call Mr. LaRouche, and the Political Action Committee (LaRouche PAC). Now don't be frightened of this man, children, even if he does look like a closet rapist. He teaches us a valuable lesson, that the American people are sheep and will pay attention to any mind-numbing moron with a microphone and fancy brochures. Do you know what a sheep is children? See if you can find a picture of a sheep.

Back to politics. You might be wondering, "What does this Mr. LaRouche stand for?" Well, I'm glad you asked that question. LaRouche stands for a few concepts, one of which being the physical economy. Our physical economy is the massive polluting industrial plants and giant basic industries that so beautifully embodied the commie pinko bastards in the Soviet Union. LaRouche states that our economy has been in the decline for the last 40 years and that the only way to save it is a massive rebuilding of the physical economy.

"Where did our economy go wrong?" you might ask. Well, for the answer to this question we will turn to something called Economics 101, something our poor annoying friend Mr. LaRouche seems never to have taken. America is what we call a "service economy." This means we get paid more money for doing highly technical work and outsource the simpler, less profitable industrial work to third world countries without emissions laws so Americans can buy cheaper goods and have higher paying jobs. This would be horrible for the economy, children. LaRouche is right, high paying jobs and cheap goods are for the devil-

Wait, I'm sorry, must have been tripping on that crazy LaRouche music. Oh, you don't know about the LaRouche music, children? Well that is one of LaRouche's main tenants, that "the 'magic of music', which will awaken peoples' minds and optimism about creating a future" is



what will lead us out of the fiery path of total destruction. What's that children? Does that sound like a smoked out hippie on the back of his VW bus tripped out on weed and LSD? You bet it does! Wait, it gets even better! This is to be carried out by the LaRouche-Youth Movement. This group is similar to the Neverland Ranch, except replace the bi-color dancing, singer pedophile with a dirty old man who doesn't distinguish between presexual humans of either sex. We have another word of movements like this, children. We call them "cults." Can you say that word children? Say it with me... "CULTS".

"What is it that makes this poor deluded man tick?" you ask. Well, that answer is very simple. Simply pick up one of his many unread, unwanted brochures, and the answer is stunningly obvious. The man is lost in time, stuck in 1935. He practically busts a nut over FDR. It is the FDR plan of revitalizing the economy by pouring massive quantities of money into the infrastructure, to be constructed by the unemployed masses. This plan seems like a great idea except for one minor flaw. It has never worked. If you look at the numbers, what brought America out of the Great Depression was this little thing we call World War II. It wasn't building dams that brought the American economy up to speed; it was the massive production of little toys I like to call tanks.

Well, children, that about wraps up our time for today. I hope you had fun learning about political leeches and a monosynaptic genetic anomaly today. Coming up next it's time for those hilarious antics of Stabby the Suicidal Clown and his posse of insane ninja clowns. And remember, beware of LaRouche-Youth members offering you Kool-aid...

DEMS THREATEN TO RAISE CTHULHU TO PREVENT BUSH FROM DESTROYING WORLD

The Democratic Party has threatened to begin a summoning ritual to bring about the being known as 'Cthulhu' in order to prevent President Bush from conducting acts that they believe will bring about the end of civilized society. "We cannot allow the President to continue to bring about the end of world through pointless military operations based on misguided judgments that continue to cost the lives of American soldiers," the Democratic National Committee stated in a prepared statement. "This administration refuses to be accountable for its actions and shows cavalier disregard for common sense. Therefore, we are prepared to bring about the rise of Cthulhu unless the President immediately ends his course of actions."

The White House immediately responded to this statement as 'outrageous' and called into question the utility of summoning Cthulhu and the Democrat's ability to do so. "Not only do we feel that Cthulhu if raised will cause the end of the world and would not stop the end of the world, the Democrats have no way to actually summon Cthulhu," the White House stated. "As proven with John Kerry, the Democratic National Committee does not possess the dark magicks to effectively animate a zombie much less summon a sleeping god. Furthermore, if summoned Cthulhu would consume a large number of American taxpayer, forcing already overtaxed hardworking middle class American families to bear the cost of this foolish scheme."

The response on capital hill to the DNC's announcement was largely partisan, with the Democrats in the house and senate praising the plan as 'monumental' and 'necessary for the future' with potential benefits as a solution to the Social Security crisis. The Republican party condemned the statement as a 'empty threat' brought about by political losses across the board and stated that even if summoned, Cthulhu will not stand a chance against the now mass produced Cheneybot 10000s that can transform in large numbers into a 100 meter tall 'American fury' unit with laser eyes.

ENLARGE YOUR MANHOOD 8-20 INCHES

“Once upon a...oh goddamnit!” said Bill.

Bill sat at his computer, trying to write the screenplay that he was commissioned to write over 6 months ago. It wasn't that Bill was a bad writer; he just had no inspiration, no drive. He decided to take a break and began checking his e-mail for the 12th time that day. It wasn't really out of the ordinary; this was how he usually spent his Friday nights, anyways. There weren't any new messages in his inbox, as there hadn't been for the whole day. However, there was one new message in his spam inbox.

HEY BILL! WE'LL WRITE YOUR SCREENPLAY FOR YOU... read the subject line. He didn't usually open up spam messages, but this one seemed different. He opened it up and began to read:

Bill,

Having trouble writing that screenplay? We can help. Come down to the wharf, tonight at midnight. Come alone and don't tell anyone you're going. If you say a word to anyone, I'll fucking kill you...and that dog.

Bill turned around to make sure that his dog, Sparks, was still there. It was sitting in the corner, sleeping peacefully, so he went back to reading.

*Wear a bathing suit and a formal suit over it. Over that wear a yellow raincoat and a yellow fisherman's hat, like the VanDeKampe man. Don't be late, or you'll miss this opportunity of a lifetime. Also, do you want a rock hard tool so powerful that it'll bust down doors?! **CLICK HERE!!***

Bill sat there shocked for a second, collecting his wits about him. It was such a strange and cryptic e-mail, unlike any one he'd ever received before and he doubted he would ever get an opportunity like this again. He looked at his watch, it was 10pm and he had just enough time to get into his outfit and down to the wharf if he left now. He had some milk and cookies. They were delicious.

Bill finally started getting ready. He put on his little man g-string. Sparks whined and hid his eyes under his paw, that cute way that dogs do that sometimes. If this was America's Funniest Home Videos, and it was hosted by the late, great Sam Kinison, then the dog would be saying, “OH OH OHHHHHH!!! Holy fucking shit that's gross!!!” Bill went and put on his suit and then on top of that, his favorite Halloween costume, the VanDeKampe man.

He drove at a leisurely pace, well under the speed limit, until he pulled up to the wharf. Bill looked at his watch, it was 2 minutes to 12, and he still had time. He jumped out of his car and started running towards the docks. He didn't know where he was going, but his soul drove him on.

“Hey look everybody, it's that asshole Bill!”

Bill looked around, but there was no one else around him on the docks.

“Down here, you blind asshole!”

Bill looked down into the water and saw a floating football, but nothing else. Suddenly the football's mouth started moving.

“Hey! I'm Crayfish, the sentient football. You must be Bill.”

Bill had never seen a sentient football, because he'd never been in one of these stories

before and was obviously shocked. He soon got over it and they were talking like old college buddies who this one time had gotten so drunk that they had sex with each other and it was the most awkward thing and eventually led to the suicide of one of their pets.

After a couple of hours, Bill asked Crayfish how he was to go about getting this screenplay done.

“How are you going to go about getting this screenplay done?” Bill asked Crayfish.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“The E-mail? About getting my screenplay written?”

“I didn’t send you any e-mail.”

“Then how did you know who I was and that I was supposed to be here?”

“Because I’m psychic.”

“That is so fucked up.”

“You wanna see something fucked up? Look at this.”

Bill bent down over the docks to get a better look. And he never stuck his arms in the lobster tank again.

ANIME CON

A while back, a close, personal friend of mine broke the news that he was attending an anime convention. Disturbed, we had no idea what to think or how to respond. So, for all of you out there who have a close, personal friend about to attend an anime conference, I have spent hours upon countless hours (read: about 15 minutes with a bottle of Jack) and conducted many, many (read: one) interviews with anime aficionados so as to determine the effects of intense adult cartoons upon the mind of the human male. With the assistance of vast personal experience (read: I watched an episode of *Trigun*) and vector calculus, I bring to you the tools needed to describe the effect of intense animated visual bombardment on the human visual cortex (read: I’m really low on ideas and bullshitting this entire thing).

The first step is to draw the vector of your friend in the planes of reality, normality, and insanity. As you may have noticed, your friend has a very small vector component in the insanity plane. This will be our starting point. Now take the cross product of your friend with respect to Japanese schoolgirl. That would be the unit vector in the negative reality direction multiplied by the age of the schoolgirl (either 18 or 9; nothing exists between these numbers. All Japanese go from grade school to being a high school senior with massive combat powers). The resulting vector is known as hentai, and also the path of travel of your poor friend.

The dot product of hentai with normality or reality shows us that your friend is vastly approaching the level of antisocial. Your dot product will be very small, a result of the Large Breasted Ninja Cat Women Theorem. We see the proof of this as the limit of male with respect to Japanese schoolgirl is zero. This translates into a perfectly vertical slope along the insanity plane.

As to what will become of your friend, we simply take the linear sum of all of his prior capabilities still contained under the curve of Japanese schoolgirl. This is best expressed as the integral of your friend from geekdom (D&D) to hormones (Japanese schoolgirl). The result is an obscure mathematical oddity known as sick fuckery.

Mathematics proves an anime conference has a deteriorating effect on a normal social life. Your best bet is to tie your friend to a chair and force him to read Nathaniel Hawthorne or watch Olsen Twins movies. An alternative course of action is to simply declare the patient too far-gone. If you can’t beat them, join them, and find the first season of Dragon Ball Z on the network. Or something with giant robots and random cute things. But please. Avoid. The. Hentai.

BUILDING BRIDGES WITH BUTTONZ MCKENZIE

Buttonz McKenzie used to go to CWRU until he was asked to leave due to his poor grades. His final semester here, his grades spelled BIFFF which ironically was Buttonz's slang for failure (such as "I really biffed that test."). It's not that Buttonz and I were really tight, but I do miss the amazing bridges we would build. I recall this conversation well.

Me: Sup Buttonz?

Buttonz: It's freakin' ass cold outside.

Me: This is Cleveland man, where you from?

Buttonz: San Diego.

Me: Well what the hell are you doing here?

Buttonz: The gigabit network is ideal for a program I wrote that automatically downloads gigs of porn.

Me: I see.

Buttonz: Man, I wish we could change the tilt of the earth so it could be warm here all the time.

Me: What? How the hell would that work?

Buttonz: There are plenty of ways. Didn't you see Superman? He flies around the earth the wrong way to turn back time and save Lois Lane. That time shit though didn't make any sense. I mean time is linear and it wouldn't go backwards because the earth spun the wrong way. But the movie did get me thinking about being able to change the rotation of the earth. I figure we could have rockets fly around the earth to control the direction.

Me: There's no way rockets could have an effect on the earth like that. Besides, you would either have to get a ton of rockets or they'd have to fly really fast.

Buttonz: Well the rocket thing wasn't my only plan. I was also thinking about running in place and exerting a force on the earth. It'd be kind of like log rolling, only the earth would be the log.

Me: You know you'd have to get everyone on the earth to do anything close to what you're suggesting?

Buttonz: So what? Hey, you know what else we could do if we changed the earth's movement? We could completely stop the earth from rotating. Then we could move Cleveland to the equator or something.

Me: That would totally screw up ecosystems and climates and...

Buttonz: Then when we started up the earth's rotating again we could make it so Cleveland would be a geographic pole. That way the sun would always shine and you wouldn't have so many white people.

Me: Uhhh.

Buttonz: Yeah man, everyone in Cleveland would get a sweet tan.

Me: Oh oh, that's what you meant, ok. But if you did that, then it wouldn't get dark here. How would you sleep?

Buttonz: I always sleep during the day. At least this way I'd get to see the sun more and people in Cleveland wouldn't be so grumpy because it's cold out.

Me: What the hell have you been smoking?

Buttonz: Oh I think you know.

Me: How do you eat your Oreo?

Buttonz: As many as I can, usually after "smoking."

Me: Close enough.
Buttonz: Subsonic Foot-in-yo-ass!
Me: What?
Buttonz: Mad Libs rule!

WANT A BETTER CYBER-WEB?

Have you ever seen those new AOL commercials where the people demand a better Internet? Those are dumb. And I don't like soccer moms.

Anyway, being jobless this past break has given me at least 1025 hours of free time (but not 1025 hours of unlimited internet access har har), so I decided to give my ol' buddies down at AOL a call.

Operator: Thank you for calling the America Online Helpline. A customer service representative will be right with you.

Operator starts playing "Let the Good Times Roll" by The Cars. Several minutes or hours pass.

Operator: America Online Helpline, Jennifer speaking. How may I help you?

Me: I can't seem to get your Internet to install on my computer.

Operator: OK. Can you tell me exactly what happens?

Me: Well, I try to put the Internet CD into one of the slots in my computer and nothing happens. After a couple minutes, the CD pops back out and it smells like it's on fire.

Operator: Whoa, that's interesting. I think your CD drive may be the problem.

Me: Can I fix it?

Operator: Let's see. Double-click on My Computer.

Me: Double-what? What does *your* computer have to do with anything?

Operator: Sir, take the mouse and...

Me: I don't have a mouse. I have a crayfish.

Operator: Do you have a keyboard?

Me: Um... I don't know. There's the lever I pull down that makes the CD go down into the computer and another lever that goes from "Lighter" to "Blacken."

Operator: What?!

Me: Yeah, when I pull the big lever down, the CD goes into the computer and these wires light up and get all hot and red. Then a couple minutes later, the CD pops out and it's all burned.

Operator: Is this some kind of joke?

Me: Listen. Your commercials promise a "Better Internet," and so far, all the ones I bought sucked. If I return this Internet in its original packaging, will you send me a new Internet? Oh and I don't want any naked dudes on the new one.

Operator: ...

Me: Hello? Put The Cars back on.

There you have it. Don't use AOL. Stay in school. Stay off drugs. Et cetera.

IGNITE WEEKLY TELEVISION SCHEDULE FOR SPRING 2005

12 AM	Continuing VP Debate Coverage	State of the University Speech/Sleep Aid	Live From the Spot: Bands You've Never Heard Of	Just a Test of the Emergency Broadcast System	Late Night with Your Mom
1 AM					
2 AM	Infomercials	Infomercials	Infomercials	Infomercials	Infomercials
3 AM	Hungdirk Does Campus	Debbie Does Differential Equations	Steamy Passion of The Christ	Dude, Where's My Pants?	Planet of the Apes: The Pornographic Musical
4 AM					
5 AM	Early Morning Religion Show	Early Morning Cooking Show	Early Morning Talk Show	Morning-After Show	Knight Rider
6 AM	Good Morning Case	Good Morning Case	Good Morning Case	Good Morning Case	Good Morning Case
7 AM	Get Your Ass Up Already	Get Your Ass Up Already	Get Your Ass Up Already	Get Your Ass Up Already	Get Your Ass Up Already
8 AM	Falwelltubbies	Thomas the Tankbuster	Hypnotic Children's Show	CWRU Jackass	La La Foo Foo
9 AM	Blurry Porn	Show without Sound	Static	Technical Difficulties	Loud Beeps Then Silence
10 AM	The Price May Be Correct	Violent Family Feuds	The 50000 Yuan Pyramid	Street Stupids	The Bong Show
11 AM	Ambush Makeover	Ambush Castration	University Figureheads Blathering On	Provost Hour Nap Time	University Commie Hour
12 PM	Celebrity Suicides	Boringest Sports Stories Ever			
1 PM	Good Morning Engineers	Good Morning Engineers	Good Morning Engineers	Good Morning Engineers	Good Morning Engineers
2 PM	Queer Eye for the Case Guy	Straight Eye For The Queer Guy	No Eye for the Blind Guy	Straight Guy Has Gay Eyes	Gay Stereotype Hour
3 PM	"Dr." Phil	Cooking Feces at Fribley	Hygiene for Comp Sci	The Ralph Maggio Show	Friday Afternoon Sports: Case vs. Some Other Unknown School
4 PM	Self-Defense w/ Tae Kwon Do	Self-Defense with Kung Fu	Self-Defense with a Gun	Self-Offense with Catalyst	
5 PM	Test Pattern	Test Pattern	Test Pattern	Test Pattern	
6 PM	Observer Action News lol	Observer Action News lol	Observer Action News lol	Observer Action News lol	Observer Action News lol
7 PM	Freaking Long-Ass Movie of the Week	CHEM 105/106 with Doc Oc	ENGR 131 not with Joel Kraft	BIOL 703 with Staff	The Physics Dept. Hates You
8 PM		Bill O'Reilly Eats Children	Survivor: Texas	Dumbass Sitcoms	COPS: Campus Security
9 PM		We Will Kill You Now: A New Reality Show	Mindless Drivel	Two Hours of IMPROVment	Why Are You Watching TV On a Friday Night?
10 PM					
11 PM	News You've Heard by Now	News You've Heard by Now	News You've Heard by Now	News You've Heard by Now	

IGNITE SCHEDULE HIGHLIGHTS

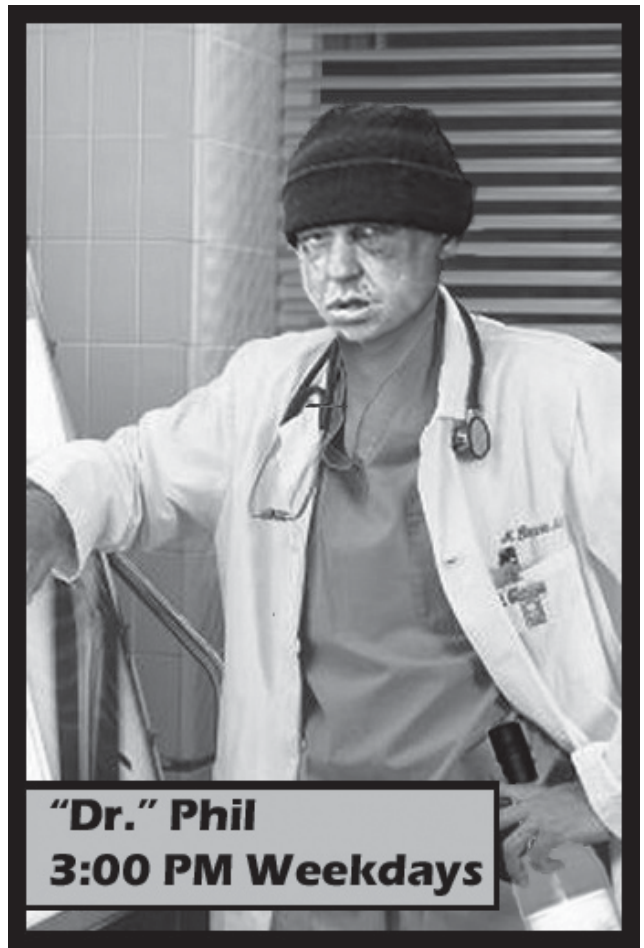
Friday 8 PM: COPS: Campus Security. A rash of petty thefts; Campus Security arrives just a little too late.

Wednesday 2 PM: No Eye for the Blind Guy. In this episode, they push him down some stairs.

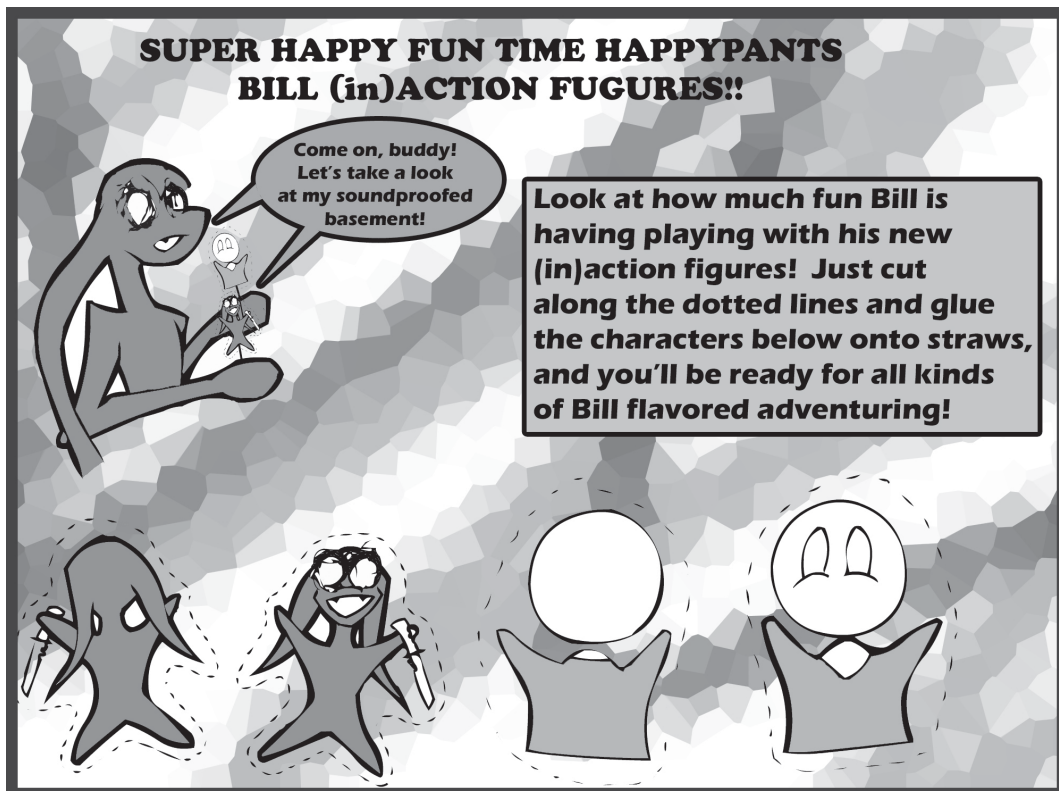
Thursday 8 AM: CWRU Jackass. Case students fall down and pretend they're injured.



Tuesdays 8 AM: Thomas the Tankbuster. Thomas learns the importance of tolerance by firebombing Krauts of all shapes and sizes.



HAPPYPANTS BILL



SO I HAD THIS WILD DREAM LAST NIGHT AND I WANT TO WRITE IT DOWN AS QUICK AS POSSIBLE

Also it's a semi-recurring dream, as in this dream world I know that I was going to be going through a succinct series of steps, as I had before. The basic premise is that I'm on a TV show/contest where it starts off and there are 4 teams of 3. The Game can start at any time, and I was inside a Giant Eagle when I realized the game had started. As usual, it began with the trip to the airport, but as I was leaving the Giant Eagle, there was a silver boom box on the ground that was saying that the next flight out of the city was going to be hijacked and the players could either run from the hijackers, or surrender, cutting their time down. I yelled that I wanted to surrender when I saw the "airport baggage cart" full of terrorists pulling up behind us (the rest of the players were there now) in the parking lot. When I yelled that, everyone else in the game stopped because they thought they had to surrender as well, luckily it was only my team, and after I apologized for confusing the other teams, they started running again. My team, which consisted of 2 non-descript women and a non-English speaking man of Spanish descent who had brought his entire extended family, which consisted of about 12 children only, got onto the baggage cart and started to make our way to the airport. We were driving up and down these hills in a beautifully lit city, as I saw a sign for the airport (an airplane, with an arrow under it). We drive really fast up this hill and realize that there's a hole in the road and that we might not make it, but we speed up the baggage cart and sail right over the giant gap in the street, we look behind us and see that the other teams are having trouble with the hill in their bus. We get to the bottom of the hill and realize we're on the main street. Even though it looks nothing like it, I realize we're in Las Vegas. Even though it's the daytime, the lights are still on and I feel happy again. We open the window (somehow) and scream out "WHOOO!!" I then wonder out loud if Vegas Hotels offer "non-who" rooms, so as to protect their patrons from crazy people on the street. We round a corner to the right, driving past hotels with glass walls, in which each concierge is an old white woman with dirty blond hair and they all sit at brown oak desks with their hands folded. Next thing that happens is I'm running up a cream colored ramp, to a sort of waiting area before we can get on the plane. A British woman greets me at the door and I throw off my jacket and give it to her. She hands me the "card" I need, that shows me that I passed this round, and gives me back my jacket. It's at this point that the teams are introduced like in "Amazing Race". There is Lori and Bolo, (a wrestling team if you haven't watched the show) and two other couples. One couple had a K name, and when they were introduced, I knew they were going to die (because this was the movie version and they weren't on the TV Show). In the next event, I'm suddenly one of the K couple and am very eccentric. I have to ride a bike that is completely covered in mud and when I look at it, it looks like a 6-foot rope of shit all covered in gray mud/clay and twisted up like a pretzel. It looks nothing like a bike, but I still have to ride it down an alley. My "wife", is behind me and I can hear her complaining and also the announcer explains about how we kill animals and stuff them and I look down and I have this cat puppet thing that I know used to be a real cat. I start squeezing it, and realize it's a cartoon dog. It starts trying to come to life, but I squeeze it around its midsection more, to empty it of its stuffing. Instead of shitting out its insides, tennis balls start to drop out of its ass and onto the ground. More come out, differently colored ones, until I squeeze too hard and an empty water bottle inside gets crushed (which sounds like breaking ribs). That's all I can remember from that part. Suddenly I'm back on the plane for a very short time and everyone's dancing around, some people are drinking water out of those dispensers that they have in offices, straight from the jug. Next thing I remember is that the whole group is in a restaurant/waiting area, either before/after the plane takes off. It's a comic book store on the first floor, and you walk up these steps to get to

the middle of the restaurant. I look around the comic book store, there's a rack of porno magazines on my left and in front of me, down a spiral staircase a little ways, is a rack of comic books with some miniatures on it. I look through the comic books, not wanting to venture down the steps anymore, and see that they're all the new Rising Stars series and some series called "Top-7", but that they're all from the same main series and just spin-offs. I see a cool miniature, an exact replica of a Wolverine statue that they have down at Eide's and I go to pick it up to see how much it is, and it's 8 bucks, only because I realize that though the statue itself is small, it has a huge gigantic plastic base that takes up almost the whole shelf. I put it back and look at the magazines. There's nothing good on the rack and I hear angry lecturing from upstairs and realize that the event has already began. I walk up the steps and am suddenly in the middle of the meeting. There are superheroes all around the steps, where I've come up and they're all looking ashamed. There are also some super villains in the group too, grinning and looking happy. Leading the meeting is some sort of Mega Leader (bad guy from the Fantastic Four), though it might have been a really big Skrull (see FF also). He's yelling at Captain America, who is crying. Leader keeps saying, "What are you going to do?" but I realize it's inspirational and through his tears, Captain America replies, "I'll bu-bu-be strong". It was truly depressing. I remember the Hawk was next to him. After that, Leader starts yelling at Phil from "Fresh Prince of Bel-Air" about a failed assassination attempt on one of the Leader's/Skrull's people. The intended victim comes out and one of the Leaders behind me starts clapping and grinning. Phil inquires how he was ratted out and I look to the left and there's a giant buffet line being prepared by, who else, but Geeves from "Fresh Prince of Bel-Air" as well. He's looking quite nervous, but also proud of himself at the same time as he heads into the kitchen and back again, preparing the buffet. Mega Leader informs Phil that he must either face his destiny, or kill the one who ratted him out (though Mega Leader will not tell him who it was) so as to avoid ever seeing the Leader's people ever again. Then my alarm went off.

This, my folks, is why I don't write out my dreams too often.

NASA TO FUND SPACE EXPLORATION THROUGH OIL DRILLING

Citing the discovery of water and possibility of life at one time on Mars, NASA has announced that they will begin funding space exploration through potential oil reserves on the red planet and beyond. While tricky and expensive, a lack of competition ensures a monopoly for NASA in extraterrestrial oil drilling. "Where there is a possibility of life, there is a possibility of hydrocarbons," stated one senior official. "Just think, if Mars was at one time a green planet filled with sentient beings then today Mars must be just brimming with oil." Ecological organization Greenpeace condemned the move on the grounds that oil drilling will damage Mars's natural ecosystem and endanger any possible life that lives in the barren desert wasteland that is Mars. In addition, NASA has partnered with convenience store chain 7-11 to provide gas stations on Mars for other spaceships passing through needing to fill up their fuel tanks, and can't resist a 76-ounce drink for just \$2.89. If successful, NASA has already stated plans to drill for oil on Titan, Ganymede, and any other planet or moon that might at one time possessed carbon based life. NASA is also partnering with Ford to produce the Ford Galactic Sport Utility Shuttle, a model that is already highly criticized for its 2,000 miles/gallon fuel consumption and is blamed by scientists for contributing to universal warming.

JESUS FISH EVOLVES INTO AMPHIBIAN; CREATIONISTS RETHINK STRATEGY, LIFE



The “Jesus Fish,” the idol of Christians across the country, (besides, you know, Jesus) shocked supporters last week when it developed lungs and grew legs, evolving into an amphibian and thrusting the iconic world into a new era.

The change, which pushed Christianity from the Devonian to the Carboniferous period, was first documented by a biology student at Ohio State who was carefully charting the anatomy of bumper stickers. He soon realized that his “fish,” in spite of the notable handicap of being a piece of metal, started slowly crawling around the desk.

Honored for his discovery, the OSU student was named “Employee of the Week” at White Castle, where he currently works full-time.

The discovery is now being widely accepted by academic and religious circles, and has recently been called upon to “force evolution back into the churches” by the the Kentucky School Board. However, some members of religious groups are starting to claim that they saw the change first.

“I was washing my car one day when I noticed my [Jesus] Fish was gone from the bumper,” said Pat Robertson, wearing nothing but a speedo. “I later found it on the street, crawling along, evidently trying to jump into the sewer to spawn. My first instinct was to blame the radical evil Muslim religion, but I found more solace in launching a militant holy war against humanity in general.”

Former Senator Jesse Helms was even quicker to acknowledge the phenomenon. “I think it’s a clear message from God. By the way, didn’t you notice that the fish that are painted white are evolving slightly quicker?”

And the LaRouche people have wasted no time following the walking fish around the ponds, trying to draw them into conversation and ignoring or violently dismissing their valid counterarguments.

Problems in the South

The mass evolution has not been entirely well-received, however. In the Southern states, where there are an estimated five Jesus Fish per capita, the now-crawling amphibians have infested gardens, parks, and even homes.

“One day, when washing dishes, I saw three of them in the sink, squiggling around and spreading Christ-love. So I screamed and turned on the garbage disposal,” one Alabama woman said. “Heh, I guess Jesus isn’t as protective as I thought.”

In addition, due to the lack of Jesus-preaching fish on the bumpers of cars, incidents of tailgating, hit-and-runs, and fatal crashes have risen an estimated 80 million percent.

In the deep South, the amphibians have found perfect breeding grounds in swamps such that they are a daily hazard. People in the deep South are afraid to speak freely for fear of being suffocated by swarms of Jesus Fish, clenching their mouths and using simple, monosyllabic

phrases like “I love Bush” or “I love guns.”

In addition, African and Middle-Eastern people are afraid to walk out into the streets in some Southern towns for fear that the Jesus Fish will smash violently into them, breaking their bones, all because of their dark-colored skin, which is a warm place to sun-bathe.

The situation has gotten so bad that many Southerners have moved North, but have found the situation is not much better anywhere in America.

“It seems anywhere you go, there’s a bunch of Jesus Fish crowding the TV news, forcing you to behave a certain way to get them off your back, keeping you from saying certain things, and then forcing their entire ecosystem on our publicly-funded parks and roads. It’s very frustrating,” said a very frustrated Ohio businessman.

The U.S. government has not made any plans yet to stop the hordes of Jesus Fish, explaining that “any day they could evolve into an intelligent being that can make an informed vote, and maybe even work for a living.” The only hope so far has been on the campuses of many Tier-1 colleges, where the large amounts of rational and creative thought has somehow deterred many swarms of Jesus Fish from entering.

MO ROCCA PERFORMS AT CASE, FINDS STUDENTS DON’T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT POLITICS ANYMORE

Mo Rocca, the political satirist featured on Comedy Central’s “The Daily Show,” performed at Case this week to a nearly-empty theatre.

The tickets had been on sale for two weeks, but very few people showed to buy them, even though they were only \$5, according to UPB. “We ended up having to give them away, but people just ended up writing equations and notes on them,” said a UPB ticket-seller.

“They gave us excuses like, ‘It’s probably on the network somewhere,’ or ‘I’ll probably be doing homework that night.’ It’s weird because we all thought we were enlivened after the VP Debate.”

Indeed, during the month prior to the Debate, Mo Rocca tickets sold out in just a couple days. Unfortunately, Rocca had to postpone that appearance because of a family emergency.

“Man, I kinda remember being excited when I heard he [Rocca] was coming back in October, and I was gonna have a sign for... that one guy... who ran for president... but then it all kinda fuzzied away, you know? Can I get back to Warcraft now?” said a sophomore mechanical engineer.

University officials suggested last week that students “totally don’t give a shit about politics anymore.” Provost Anderson suggested that the 2008 Presidential Debate at Case be moved up to next week, and that we use our giant robots to get it there, but the Board quickly reminded him that the robots were reserved for the rest of the semester by the Music Department.

Suspensions were confirmed by a Junior BME, who did not, in fact, give a shit about politics anymore.

“I mean, it used to be cool and all to discuss the economy and stuff,” he said. “But now the only thing that affects us are the LaRouche people since we have to pass them every day. That one girl’s pretty cute – maybe if I express my fear that the economic bubble will burst any second, she’ll take it as a sexual come-on.”

However, sources confirm that that guy is way too awkward to make any kind of pass at a reasonably cute girl worthwhile. In addition, President Hundert announced yesterday that “this dude seriously needs to get some confidence before he can make it with a chick like that.... Maybe he’d have it if I didn’t kick his ass in Warcraft all the time, haha!”



FETISHISTS ARE PEOPLE, TOO.

Best read with a dictionary

I am a masochist. I'm going to stand right in the middle of the sidewalk and you all are going to run into me and I'm just going to smile and you probably won't know why traffic isn't moving forward.

I am a sadist. I just tripped you in the quad. I just held up the Bag-It line. I just asked another stupid question in your slowest class. I love my life.

I am an infantilist. You just got lucky with a girl pretending to be two years old. She even dressed the part. And it turned you on. So what does that make you?

I am a necrophiliac. Everyone else in the anatomy lab would hate me if they knew who I was. 'Cause I'm the only one at the practical who does know what happened to the cadaver.

I am a urophiliac. And I don't see a down side. I shower and I shower and then I shower for real this time and I never have to worry about athlete's foot.

I am a coprophiliac. I have done well for myself at the CIA. Fingerpainting may not be the most "professional" level of artwork, but sometimes it can be an inspiring activity in and of itself.

I am an exhibitionist. I was at Rocky Horror Picture Show. You were taking pictures. You were at Rocky Horror Picture Show. I was taking pictures. Who owes who a coke now?

I am a diaperist. You ask, what could possess you to wear something like that? I ask you, what can you possess you to clench your bowels in an uncomfortable position and hold it while you walk down the hallway?

I am a chrematisophiliac. I am also a gamer. I am also a sushi lover. I am also flat fucking broke. Seriously, man, I've got nothing.

I am a troilist. I think my boyfriend is cheating on me. I always see him at parties, trying to talk up some other woman. I could not be more in love with that boy.

I am a saliromaniac. You make me laugh. Neither my date nor I ever have to be drunk.

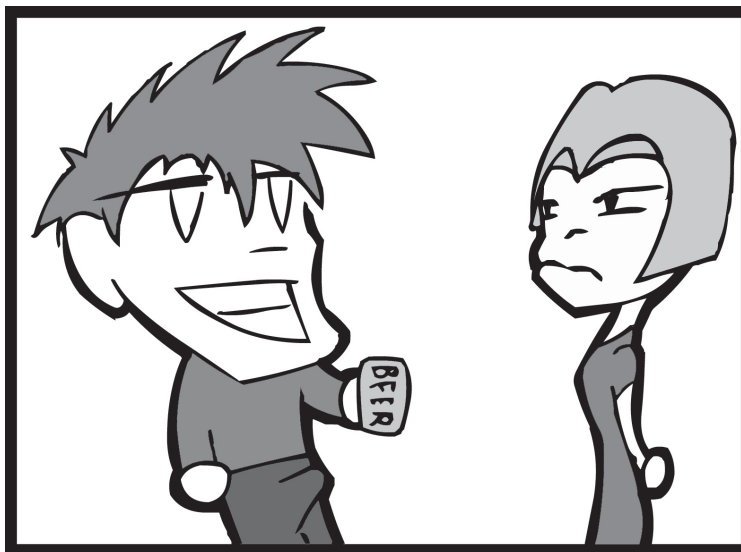
I am an erotomaniac.

THE ROMANTIC ADVICE OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

#7 in a series of 64

The Girl at the Party:

The key moment is always the first impression. You have to show the lady that you're a gentleman of grace, refinement, and understanding. Alcohol always makes for a great icebreaker. Offer the lady a drink. You can get it when you get your own. From there, you can introduce yourself properly. She'll hopefully tell you're her name and then you can offer to get her a drink. After all, you're going back for another yourself. Coming back the second



time, you'll find there's already a genial atmosphere. Start to talk about the hosts. Bring up their various accomplishments or maybe the subject of the party itself. That'll probably call for a toast. Make sure you have drinks ready.

In fact, making sure the lady always has a drink is a great way to appear considerate and thoughtful. And it'll give you an excuse to never be more than ten feet away from the bar.

Once you have a friendly vibe going, now's the time to impress the girl. Show her why you're the best choice out of the whole platoon. In most cases, this can just result in unflattering bragging on your part. Try to keep your trap shut and actually SHOW her. If the other guys are like you, then they're probably also gotten very, very much drunk by now. I doubt anyone will object to fun bout of racing, wrestling, boxing, or whatever sports traditionally define potency to you. Just don't lose. You don't deserve your chromosomes if you lose.

The other, less belligerent way to flex your guns (beyond showing her your fine and undoubtedly numerous gun collection) is to let her know that you were a soldier. When the Great War came, society forever knew who were the men and the boys. Unfortunately, the men had paying jobs and you needed new clothes. But now that the dough is gone from your cheeks and you've cheated death more times than you care to count in a frozen mudhole in Europe, you can impress the ladies. Just don't let her know what you actually did. She might pity you, but no woman really wants an ambulance driver. Trust me. I'm sure of it.

Hopefully, by this point you've gotten her to walk home with you or your incompe-

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page

tence baffles me. Now's when you get her in the mood. Killing animals always works for me. Find a yard with a dog. Not a small one, but one mean bastard of an attack dog. Make sure your blood is still good and liquored. First, jump the fence. Next, kill it using your bare fists. I know it may seem intimidating, but you just need to hold its jaw open and punch it repeatedly in the throat. That'll raise her eyebrows.

Raise them right to the bedroom, I mean. She'll be on you faster than ants on jelly. Hanky panky might seem harmless, but a smart man always takes precautions. Go straight to her closet and grab him by the neck. You know, the teenaged boy that meant to meet with her tonight instead of you. You know he's there. She always really wanted him. Show her why that was a bad idea. Sure, she might scream hysterically. Or do the more ridiculous thing and call the cops. Or go completely buggy and ask why you're trying to choke her coat. But don't let up.

The bastard was trying to bed your woman.

Oh, wait.

Shit.

She left, you understand, because of your penis. Your miserable, small penis.

FAMOUS AUTHORS AND THEIR TAKES ON VALENTINE'S DAY

Nathaniel Hawthorn: A

Edgar Allen Poe: Quoth the bachelor, "Nevermore!"

H. P. Lovecraft: The unspeakable horror of forgetting to buy a card slipped tentacles of insanity deep into Herbert West's shattered mind.

J. R. R. Tolkein: (A long song in Elven.)

Dr. Seuss: A day of love is zipping close / So find your girl a Spriggle-rose.

J. K. Rowling: Harry is a whinny, angsty twerp. What girl wants to put up with that?

Bill Clinton (hey, he has a book): One for Monica . . . one for Paula . . . one for

Ernest Hemingway: The old man went fishing. He found a card in his boat and it rained.

Hugh Hefner: I don't know about love, but lust is really kinda cool.

e. e. cummings: love needs no capital letters

Ambrose Bierce: Love – A temporary insanity curable by marriage (actual quote, *The Devil's Dictionary*).



SEX AND DATING

A Valentines' Day Primer

By Ares, God of War

Many young warriors have asked me "What is this Valentines' Day the women folk keep whining about?" After inflicting the tortures of the eighteen arrows upon them, I impart my vast godly wisdom. Since I am running out of arrows, I will provide this for all to read. But first, remember the first rule of Ares: "NEVER THINK YOU ARE WORTHY TO TALK TO ME YOU DISGUSTING SLIME OF A MAN!"

Anyway, this "Valentines' Day" is a holiday devised by the grubbing merchants as an excuse to distract young warriors from their rigorous training. Do not allow your vigilance to drop for even a moment you unblooded, milk-sucking vermin who have the gall to call yourselves warriors! Scorn these malicious fat men, scorn them frequently enough that one might force them into the joyous cacophony of combat. Then have buttsex with your squire.

Women are the central antagonists of this corrupt holiday. They seek unjust attention and compensation for our access to their childbearing organs. It is shameful women do not accept our more than adequate gifts of children from our loins and bread for their table. It is not them place for a women to speak to a man unless spoken to. Never allow your wench to mention Valentines' Day. Beat her.

The most cunning warrior learns to use his enemies' plots to his advantage. I give a new creed for this so call "day of love." Make glorious war upon your neighbor, and the heathens who surround your shores. Slay their men and children and take the women into your bed so as to spread the fruit of your loins across the world. Valentines' Day is for breeding new strong warriors to serve the might of my great nation-states. And if no women folk are available, or their blood is weak and tainted, slay them and have buttsex with your squire. That is the message of Valentines' Day. Buttsex.

[Help fill up white spaces like this one. Send articles and/or graphics to athenian@cwru.edu]

SEX!

*Happy Valentine's Day
from The Athenian*



SD 66

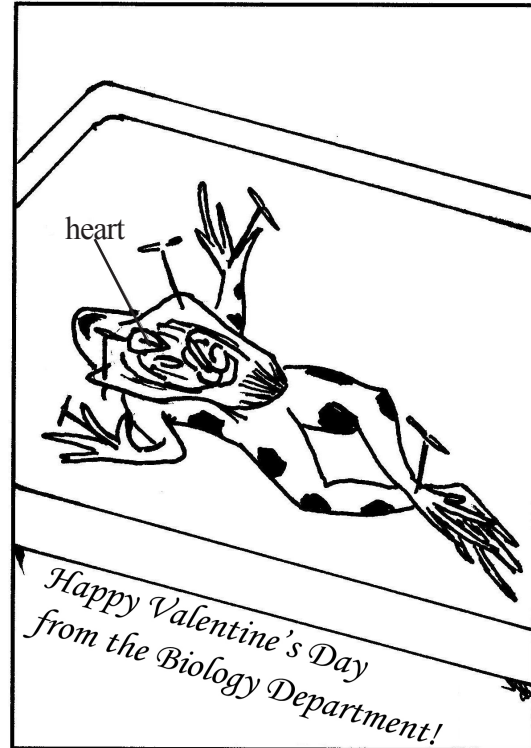
VALENTINES COURTESY OF *THE ATHENIAN*

**VALENTINE'S
DAY COUPON**

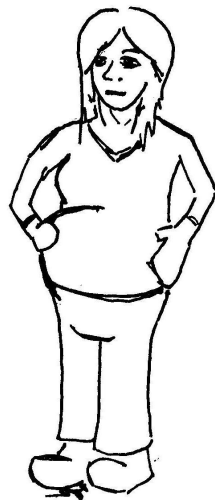
Official Rules:

Void where prohibited. Void when combined with Roofies, Spanish Fly, excessive alcohol, and/or low self-esteem. Not recommended for those who are pregnant or suffer from back/heart problems. Misuse of this coupon may lead to loss of vision, reproductive capabilities, and innocence. Users agree to comply with all local, state and federal laws pertaining to bestiality, sodomy, and, for some reason, waste management. Aim away from face.

Have a safe and
memorable
Valentine's Day!



**OR AT LEAST START
SENDING CHILD
SUPPORT CHECKS
YOU BASTARD!**



Directions:

Cut along solid black lines using scissors or a sharp rock. Send to honey or honeys of your choosing and wait for the lovin' to commence. *The Athenian* is not responsible for any physical disabilities or mental anguish caused by use of these Valentine's Day cards.

These are the back sides of the cards. The fronts are on the other side. Duh.

VALENTINES COURTESY OF *THE ATHENIAN*

*I'm Jumping
For Joy This
Valentine's Day!*



Directions:

Cut along solid black lines using scissors or a sharp rock. Send to honey or honeys of your choosing and wait for the lovin' to commence. *The Athenian* is not responsible for any physical disabilities or mental anguish caused by use of these Valentine's Day cards.

These are the front sides of the cards. The backs are on the other side. Duh.

**VALENTINE'S
DAY COUPON**

Check the box(es) of the following Valentine's Day Treats:

- Snuggling
- Back Rub
- Warm Nap
- Candlelight Dinner
- Buttsex
- Handjob
- Dry-humping
- Rusty Trombone
- Cleveland Steamer
- Undulating Chimneysweep
Software Engineer

Redeemable at any participating slut. See reverse for details.

Be
My
Valentine!

