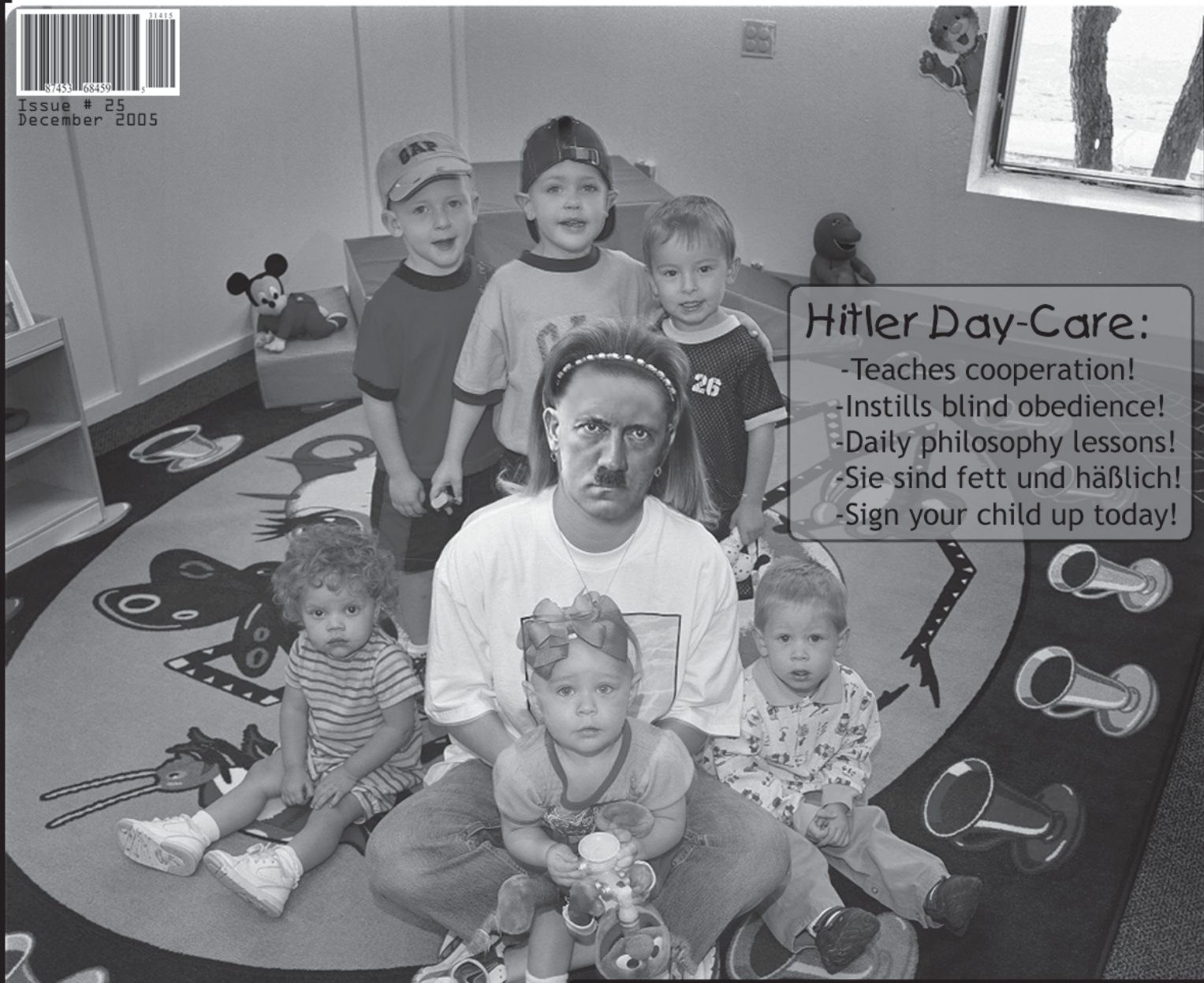


Athenian 4 Kidz



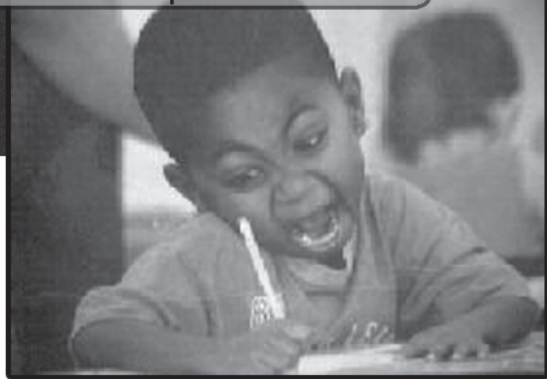
Issue # 25
December 2005



Hitler Day-Care:

- Teaches cooperation!
- Instills blind obedience!
- Daily philosophy lessons!
- Sie sind fett und häßlich!
- Sign your child up today!

Adam sure has a passion for self expression!



Here, assistant fuhrer Amy Jones helps little Bobby with his reading assignment.

Articles by:

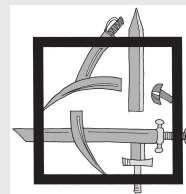
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The Athenian

“Life does not cease to be funny when people die any more than it ceases to be serious when people laugh.”

—George Bernard Shaw

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A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Pre-Med Advice: Picking a Medical Specialty

I think it's time *The Athenian* gave a little back to the community. I am a senior pre-med student (no, you can't see my biology homework), and I believe that I am in a position to give advice to youngins about their futures. If you're still a pre-med, you already know how to study or have found someone who knows how to study, and you know all about the application process. So let's skip ahead about 4-7 years to choosing a medical specialty. Here are pros and cons of a few selected fields:



Plastic Surgery

Pros: Taking a tack hammer to someone's face without being arrested.

Cons: They don't use ball-peen hammers.

OB/GYN

Pros: Tee-hee.

Cons: The magic would be gone, you know?

Dermatology

Pros: Everything is dermatitis! Also, bitches and Benjamins.

Cons: Rashes...

Proctology

Pros: "YOUR ASS CANCER WILL BE RECTIFIED IN NO TIME!"

Cons: I would get fired for saying things like that.

Neurology

Pros: If I ever become a zombie, I'll know where to go for sustenance. Also, you get to poke people with pins.

Cons: People might ask me why I'm poking them with pins.

Urology

Pros: Some people dig catheters.

Cons: Piddling salary.

Witch-doctor

Pros: Shrinking people's heads.

Cons: Grass skirts.

Anesthesiology

Pros: Don't feel like talking to someone? Pull that handkerchief out of the secret pocket in your jacket and dream about something nice.

Cons: No hitting people in the head with a gigantic mallet like in Bugs Bunny cartoons.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Athenian:

I'm having trouble coping with all the work and studying that needs to be accomplished for my finals. I already study 9 hours a day. I have to go to med school, or my father will disown me and my wife will only bear daughters. Do you have any suggestions on how to ace my finals?

Sincerely,
Any BME student

Dear Carpet Monkey,

Yes, we are truly full of suggestions. You seem to have a complicated problem, but one that is not entirely unsolvable. Your first step is going to be to gather vast amounts of cocaine. Meth will also work if you feel frisky. You will then ingest a truly staggering amount of drugs. In fact, get your favorite coffee mug, and fill it with drugs. Play Pink Floyd's "The Wall" on repeat for the next 27 hours. During this time, make sure to stare intently at your books. Never let them leave your side during this time. If you pay close attention they will tell you stories. Many stories. Then get fantastically drunk, and diddle with your professor's daughter. If you are to fail your final, simply threaten to reveal your professor's stashes of kiddie porn.

Love and Snuggles,
The Athenian

POLICIES REGARDING LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Athenian strongly encourages members of the campus community to send letters to the editor. However, we reserve the right to edit your letter in any way we see fit, in ways including (but not limited to) editing spelling and grammatical errors, changing correct spelling and grammar to make it seem like the writer is an idiot, changing the letter into a madlib, forwarding it to the Office of the President and Provost, setting it on fire, or changing its main ideas. All letters received will appear in the next issue.



CASE TO GIVE TUITION BREAKS TO STIMULATE LOCAL ECONOMY

Following 3 consecutive years of tuition increases, Case Western Reserve University has announced that it will soon provide a tuition cut to help middle class tuition payers retain more of their money and to retain the prosperity of Case and its surrounding regions. This 1.2% rebate would give over \$1.3 billion of the student tuition payer's money back into their pocket as well as shift the tuition burden away from Case's already over-tuitioned middle class. Furthermore, this tuition relief effort is expected to encourage private entrepreneurship throughout the Case population. In addition to the base tuition decreases, Case also announced plans to eliminate the death tuition.

The Administration called these cuts "necessary and vital" to the overall economic prosperity of Case. Citing statistics proving that the average student currently pays over 743% of their overall net value (organs accounted for in net value) the administration showed statistics that with these tuition rebates this figure would be reduced to a more manageable 524%. "These rebates are not about the numbers but about the people," the Administration said. "This plan sets out to make life better for every proud student at this university and works to the betterment of everyone."

There has been some opposition from the minority party in the Administration, the Case National Democratic Republican Congressional Federal Independent Worker Commonwealth Party or CNDRCFIWCP. Citing a period of record op-

erational deficits, the CNDRCFIWCP questioned the overall need and called into doubt the Administration's claims of the effectiveness of the tax rebates. "Why are we preparing to spend over \$34 billion of an operational budget that is already \$76 trillion in debt when we are cutting programs that repair showers and toilet seats across the living facilities of this University," stated the CNDRCFIWCP leader. "Before this administration came to power there was free printing for all. Then we have had 3 years of tuition increases and now no free printing. In addition, the Administration continues to pour money into their Giant Robot construction program and continues to endanger the lives of good AI constructs from this university with no timetable for disengagement. It is time to put tuition dollars where they are needed and bring home our AI constructs risking their lives every day in a nebulous mission with ill defined objective."

In further news, the Administration criticized those who are calling for withdrawal of Case's Giant Robot forces fighting insurgents in Carnegie Mellon. "It sends the wrong message to our AI constructs that we as a university do not appreciate what they are doing and are willing to run



“some things just need to rise.”

HOUSING WAGES FINAL GREAT WAR AGAINST TERRIBLE CHOICES

Over the past year, the Office of Housing, Residence, and Greek Life have made a number of last minute changes affecting all facets of students' living arrangements. In order to prevent last minute opening of residence halls housing has released a sixty-three-page report on their exact plans for the next school year.

The first seven pages define all the goals of the department over the next 23 years. The overlying theme of these goals is the extreme concentration on advertisement to prospective students. While this has been steadily increasing over the past few years, the released report skyrockets them forward. It reports, "We hope to gain 1300-1500 new students, sometimes referred to as "chosen ones" due to their acceptance to the school, in first year class next year. That is our top priority."

The most convincing evidence of this pull for new students is where first years will be placed. The document reports, "All first year students will be placed in the new apartments next year." This statement comes after explaining how the lifeblood of this educational institution is the first year students. Upperclassmen were referred to as, "...lazy, apathetic wastes of the new apartments." The following two pages describe how upperclassmen actions are irresponsible citing events such as Oktoberfest and tailgate parties as "drunken orgies."

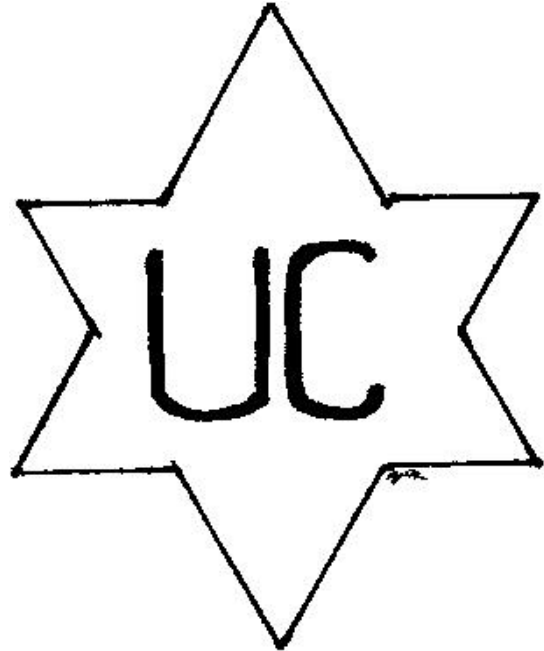
According to the report, many additions are being planned for the one-year-old apartments. In order to fit the expected number of first year students, the double beds are being removed to house twin beds and lofting equipment. To make up for the inconvenience to the valued new students, Housing plans to place plasma televisions in each of the new apartments. Along with the televisions will be the new xBox 360 and a Playstation 3, as well as controllers and a small supply of games. Various other additions are also planned for future installments.

Second year students are mentioned next in a brief two sentence paragraph. "Second year students are very important to us. They will be housed throughout the uninhabited North Residential Village."

The rest of the report plans out, in detail, what will happen to the upper-class students. Instead of continuing the negative attitude, Housing chooses to take a positive approach. "We want the upperclassmen to be more active and feel part of a group, just like the first year students." All upperclassmen will be placed in the South Residential Village, now referred to as a camp. "South Residential Village is not a title that instills a sense of togetherness in students. Something more solid is needed to fulfill that task. In order to obtain that sense of togetherness, we are borrowing a term used by boy scouts and religious groups all over the country." In order to make it feel like a camp, bunks are being added to every room in each of the seven buildings.

Safety is another high priority for the housing staff. Because of various incidents that have occurred in the area, including the armed robbery outside Fribley, new safeguards are being established. To begin, ten foot fences topped with barbed wire are being erected to surround the camp. Also armed guards are being hired to patrol the perimeter. "We are sure that once students feel safe where they live, they can form stronger bonds with one another."

Precautions are also being taken to prevent the guards from misidentifying a student. All students will be provided with patches for their clothing. It reports, "We feel these patches will be



not only help guards identify the students, but that they also will show to underclassmen the pristine gained as an upperclassman. The patches will be simple: a capital 'UC' will be placed on a star which symbolizes how we think of upperclassmen, as stars."

The final part of the plan for upper class students is the title of their living area. Housing has decided to abandon their Residential College plan in order to better cater to the upperclassmen. The report announces, "Since school and grades are very important to upperclassmen, we have decided to design a system to augment their studies. Research shows that when you concentrate on a task, the efficiency and outcome of that task is dramatically augmented. Therefore, we feel establishing the title and idea of Concentration Camp will aid the students in their school work." At the end of the report there is mention about new showers which will be installed in the Concentration Camp residence halls, but no details are included.

It is important to note that Greek Life is not mentioned in this report at all. When asked why this was it was found that the new Greek Village was constructed in Yost's basement where the Greek Life staff holds one continuous party. Most of the schools current debt can be attributed to this.

MORNING GLORY

Originally from the observer, edited to be realistic. For full effect, read the Observer article "Morning Glory" first.

Shabahadan, lord of promiscuous sex

Have you ever noticed that in the movies, attractive, non-nerds have sex at night? And whenever you imagine getting a booty call, it's always really amazing, unlike your real life? Let's face it, nighttime sex is just plain not for you. And neither is morning sex. Since you're a computer science engineering major, you're probably not going to have sex with any one of the three girls that you share a class with, despite how many times you masturbate (**mas – TUR- bait** [from the Latin word masturbatus]1.) When a man or woman, uses a body part to allow themselves sexual pleasure. Masturbation often results in a mess of genital fluids. These fluids can be used in many ways such as glue, fertilization, or even for a sweet taste) to their picture late at night.

Fortunately for you, testosterone levels peak between 6 AM and 11 AM in males, which explains why so many guys wake up with the infamous "raging boner," or "Morning Glory." Let's be honest: males at Case have sex. Oh hold on a second – no they don't. Therefore, *The Observer* wrote a completely useless article that can be flushed right down the toilet.

Unfortunately, some guys just can't help it, so pornography is in high demand to compensate for the noticeable lack of actual sexual activity. It can be very beneficial to start the day with a little DC++ downloading action. Pornography is an excellent way to attempt to forget how lonely you are, and 5 minutes later, you'll be glad you downloaded "Gay Bestiality Backdoor Sluts Biracial Facial XVII."

Just like a morning workout, morning pornography can help you to face the day feeling good with a big, goofy grin on your face. You pervert. Even if you've spent the previous night spanking the chicken (Fig. 1), be sure that you don't pass up the opportunity to start the day by "lightening your load."



Figure 1. Spanking the Chicken

SAGES DRIVES FRESHMAN INSANE

Last Saturday night the EMT response team on campus received a dubious call. A freshman was said to have been found passed out on a bench in front of Clark Hall and had been non-responsive to the numerous attempts to awaken her. The team punctually responded to the emergency, it was the first big break of the evening. The squad members donned their trendy light blue, one hundred percent cotton uniforms with an air of bravado and took a quick look in the mirror before rushing out. Boy, they sure beat the Baywatch crew! Those smart collars and carefully ironed patches looked damn impressive. They sprinted fashionably down Ford, puffing out their chests as their emergency bags swung at their sides like surf-boards. In their minds they could almost hear the sand give way beneath their feet as the hot sun drenched their gleaming backs and revealing bathing suits. If they only had one of those jeeps to carry them along so they could lean dangerously over the side and appear thoroughly worried!

Nevertheless, in ten minutes they had arrived. The subject in question, who in this article will be given the name Doreen, was sprawled out across the bench, head leaning over the side, blue-socked feet hanging in mid-air, one Puma, arch support, flexible-tip shoe apparently missing.

“Ma’am?” The blond muscular EMT peered into Doreen’s face.

“Ma’am? Are you feeling alright?”

The girl turned over and opened her eyes. The soft, rich voice had struck a cord. She thought to herself: “Oh, please let it be David Hasselhoff!”

Unfortunately, it was not he, but the hunky EMT. Just as well, she reasoned. Opening her eyes she fell sobbing into his strong, fraternity arms.

“I cannot do this anymore!” she wailed. “I simply cannot! What did I do to deserve this wretchedness! Oh, what, please tell me! All I wanted was the financial aid, I would have gone to Duke otherwise, oh why did they have to lie!”

The EMT nodded in silent bewilderment. He had never had such an opportunity before. The only other individuals he had treated had been drunk, overweight physics majors trying to survive their last depressing weekends on campus. He could not miss such a chance. He checked to make sure that his patches were all properly visible and leaned in closer to better take into account the situation.

“Ma’am, could you please explain what’s wrong?” He smiled, showing off his beautifully formed canines.

“I don’t know, I simply don’t know! I have credit, I have AP credit, I have credit for not one, but two English classes! And I went to the registrar today and she said I would have to take SAGES and I don’t need SAGES, and SOLAR wouldn’t let me drop it and my professor...” At this point her hiccups were replaced by high pitched short bursts of sound which resembled out of tune violas. “My professor is a professional grant writer!” The frequency of the noises intensified.

The squad rummaged through their bag. What could they do? They were only allowed to medicate with Advil.

“And my papers are about autistic people and how wonderful it is to be normal! And we’re doing the five paragraph format! And I want to read Nietzsche!” Doreen noticed with satisfaction that her blubbing had created quite a large wet patch on the EMT’s shoulder. She wiped her nose in the same place for good measure.

“I want Shakespeare! Milton! I want English! This isn’t life of the Mind! This is life of the basal ganglia after 3.14159 vodkas!”

“Ma’am? Are you drunk ma’am?” He thought fearfully that perhaps he should pull back, per-

haps they should have brought more reinforcements, what if she vomited on his beautiful new uniform?

"Listen to me! You don't understand, none of you understand! I don't want forced field-trips! I don't want third or fourth paper drafts, I don't want "GOOD JOB DOREEN!" stickers and engineers teaching me about some man named Sacks who was picked by Undergraduate Studies because his books came with a shipping discount!"

As she wailed into the EMT's arms, he felt a sort of relief wash over him. Perhaps Doreen's new-found instability would prevent her from noticing that he didn't know what in the world she was talking about. He thought with pleasure of the delayed ambulance and the fact that she could probably feel his rippling muscles through his shirt. It felt good to be a frat boy. Perhaps he wouldn't have to think of something intelligent to say after all. He usually had to ask his squad buddy Steve to take over while he would step away to think of something poetic. "Your eyes are like a...wait, how did that go again?" Steve had come to assist nonetheless.

"Don't worry..." he said placidly into her ear, 'this year they're starting a totally cool pilot program called CaseFAM which they hope to remedy things, you know, part of the 'best learning environment in the world' thing!' He smiled helpfully.

Too late did they hear the *Everyday Writer* strike the Clark window accompanied by a shower of curses and the clatter of broken glass. From a distance a voice echoed into the night: "Burn in hell, you assholes!"

Can't take life any more.
~~Girlfriend~~ left me

Athenian sucks too much.

I loved you all
This is becoming
far too common
at Case. Help stop
the madness.
Submit your articles
to Athenian@case.edu

DON'T THINK GOD DOESN'T KNOW WHEN YOU SMOKE (EXCEPT WHEN HE'S TOO BUSY HELPING US LIFT PACKS OFF OUR FRIENDS)

People say a sense of humor is a gift. I, however, disagree because I know with a self-righteous certainty that in fact it is a fetal malformation produced by second-hand smoke. (For all those of you out there whose idea of "cool" requires unfiltered Camels, try Marlboro Lights for once, you'll lose your sense of humor, but I guarantee you won't smell like smoke-stacks anymore.) In any case, if you were, say, to give in to the evil of cigarettes to gain your humorific powers back, where would that get you? On this campus, smoking is not only considered inhumane, (think of all of the poor innocent tobacco plants that had to die for your stupid cigarette) but it also, most definitely has something to do with the shadowy academic minorities that are slowly becoming a threat to the rest of the community. After all, who wants those scraggy, pale kids fed on a diet of marijuana and art screwing up the image of the school with their future lung cancers and mouth rot? The hard core, blond hair, steel-eyed engineers, the pure, master race, they are the ones who matter, they are the ones who will make lots of money one day and donate to the alumni fund, and attend the homecoming football games. They are the ones who will successfully drive "the most powerful learning environment in the world." I mean, haven't you seen those shadowy, skeletal English students behind Guilford, puffing away like the world was going to end in the next five minutes and their eternal soul depended on that last drag? Now sure, they may look smart, exhaling with pleasure as you walk by disgruntled and cold with your raspberry tasting water and the "Jesus loves everyone!" bumper sticker on the back of that beat up Toyota, but you know they'll regret it one day. Sure, maybe they'll write the next great American novel or play some messed-up music, but twenty years from now you'll be the one in that new SUV with the electronic windows and that nifty little television above the dash. And you won't get lung cancer, and you'll have a well paid cubicle job, and you'll vote Republican like any other good American. You may well wonder what voting has to do with cigarettes, but I'm quite certain, it has everything to do with it. Did Gandhi smoke? Did Mother Theresa? The Dalai Lama? Jesus? No, no, see they do what's called 'trying to save the world' (a liberal interpretation required). They would have all voted Republican too, if they could have.

Who smokes? Hemingway who killed himself, and Oscar Wilde whom you must consider a pervert, and Ayn Rand, that crazy Russian chick who wrote all those impossibly long novels, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, though he was more of an opium fellow. And besides, Martha Stewart says it'll ruin that cornflower blue wallpaper you've always wanted.

See, I can already tell what you're thinking. You go to Case and your future is bright and filled with special things like medical school and that perfect significant other who preferably goes to medical school too, and two blond little angels, and a nice house in the suburbs, and no pets (they pee on the carpet). But for the rest of us, cut us some slack. Sure, smoking outside of Veale defeats the purpose of Veale, sure we like to blow smoke rings in your face and clog up your air vents and leave cigarette butts all over the sidewalk and lie to you at the beginning of the year when we find out you don't smoke. And maybe we're not engineers, and you can be satisfied thinking we'll die from cancer like all those other bastard liberals, but just remember: because of us, you'll have to move ten feet away from the entrance of Guilford every time you pass by. Your dorm rooms will forever smell like Marlboro. You'll freak out and think you suffer from withdrawal after every party you go to. Your coffee will never taste as good. Your conversations will never be as fulfilling. You'll never have the chance to bum one off your best friend. You'll never be funny. You'll never have the inspiration to rant like I just did. In short, your life will suck. Oh, one more thing. Don't think God doesn't know when you hide in the closet and light one up in secret.

P.S This smoking add has not been endorsed by Camel, Marlboro, or any other cigarette company. The Surgeon General helped though. (And just so you know, he smokes too and he *likes* it.)

BAD GUYS LOSE IN NARNIA, SUCCEED IN LIFE

Unless you've been living under a bridge like some sort of troll or hobo or perhaps the rare hobo troll, you probably have heard of the recent release of *The Chronicles of Narnia*. This is a classic imaginative tale of good against evil except without ninjas or a chocolate factory. For those of you who've already seen the film, you may have noticed familiar faces from previous great winter releases. You guessed it... the Orcs.

I'm sure everyone was surprised as I was to see the gangly group orcs on the red carpet in Hollywood for *The Chronicles of Narnia*. In fact security was so surprised, they escorted the orcs to the closest dumpster. Luckily this is where *The Athenian* usually posts reporters to keep up with the news and we got an exclusive interview.

Like most struggling actors in Hollywood, these creatures suffered through years of being overlooked and forced to work bussing tables. "We had a few spots here and there appearing as extras on *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, even *Law and Order*, but the air time was minimal and we wanted to show our acting prowess. Then came our ideal film: *The Lord of the Rings* for which we would be renowned." Yes, the orcs were the group of baddies people just loved to hate. They had fame and fortune through the course of the three years of LOTR trilogy. They went from the dumps back to the dumps, but with a lot more money and notoriety.

"We were ecstatic about our break, but sorry to see it end. We were worried about our next big film, but luckily *Narnia* came along. Sure we'd have to dress up a little to be Minotaurs and such, but the casting director was quite impressed with our talents and resume." With these two major blockbusters under their belt, offers have been pouring in left and right, much more than the gang can handle. "We have TV commercials now, a Broadway show, a Calvin Klein fragrance, and even more." Now that they have their choice, what part would they most like to perform? "I hope someone turns the novel *Grunts* into a screenplay so we can be the heroes for once."

A CAROL FOR THE CASE STUDENT, TO THE TUNE OF THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

The Twelve Days of Case-mas

On the First day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: a Hundert to take my money

On the Second day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: two Lewis Buildings

On the Third day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: three meal plans

On the Fourth day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: four tuition hikes

On the Fifth day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: five final tests

On the Sixth day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: six pointless walkways

On the Seventh day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: seven new dorm buildings

On the Eighth day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: eight SAGES programs

On the Ninth day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: nine expensive textbooks

On the Tenth day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: ten stressed-out students

On the Eleventh day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: eleven slippery sidewalks

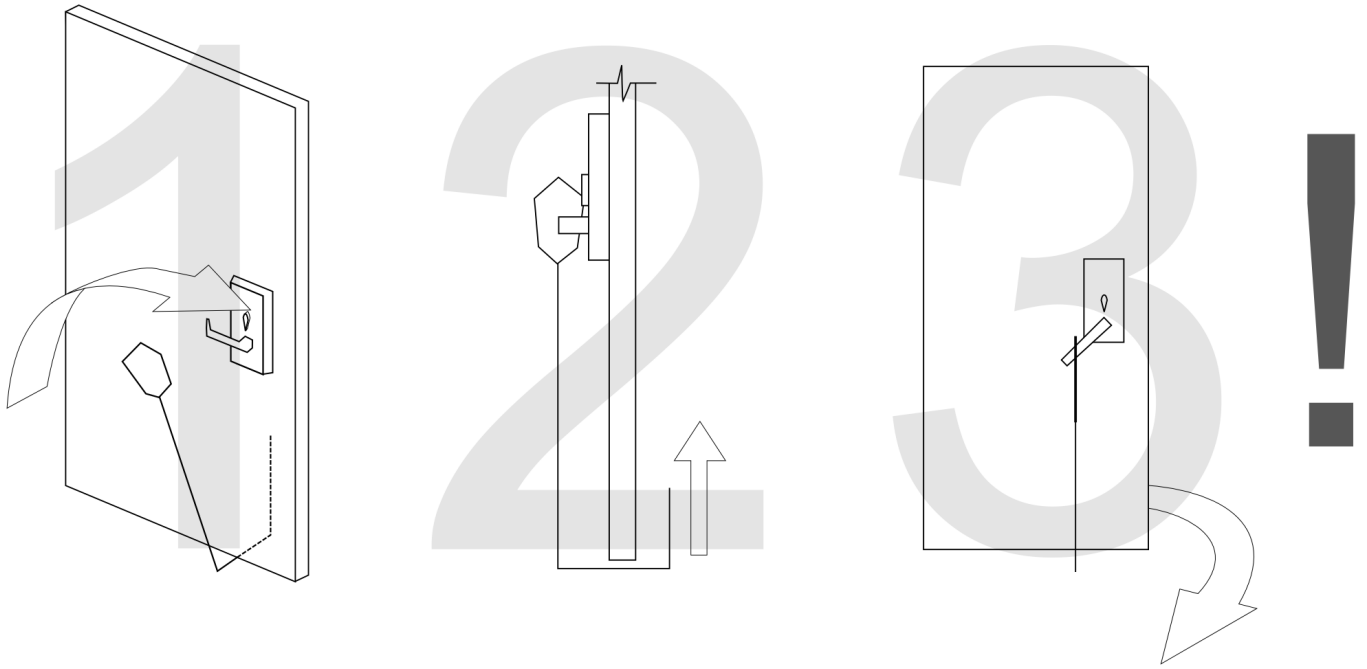
On the Twelfth day of Case-mas, my TA sent to me: twelve printers breaking

Happy Holidays! This holiday season, let's remember what's really important: it doesn't matter what you give your friends and family or what you have in your heart, as long as you give Case all your money.

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HOW COOL IS THAT?

Convenience and Physical Security: Parsimonious Rights Amplification in Residential Lever-Based Ingress Systems

Project Club: Security Division
Case Western Reserve University, Cleveland OH

December 3, 2005

Abstract

This essay examines a local privilege escalation exploit that has been confirmed to exist in certain vulnerable versions of card-key centric conditional control constraints. A proof of concept implementation of the multi-stage Dynamic Orthogonal Calibrated Haptic algorithm, the DOCH device, is already in its second revision.

1 Synopsis

Using the latest advances in precision materials manufacturing, the DOCH device is a marvel of modern engineering finesse. Orders of magnitude more portable than previous implementations of comparable tools, the device is weather resistant, field-reconfigurable, requires no active cooling elements, and is only kind of conspicuous. Perhaps most importantly of all, the device offers a cost-effective alternative to so-called "Hotel"-style access token recovery systems.

2 Summary

The principles of operation are easily understood by any fool with graduate degrees in mechanical engineering and anthropology. Astounding in its simplicity of operation, yet unparalleled in its originality and efficacy, the device takes advantage of metallic hysteresis and of course operates in the non-linear saturation region. An iterative refactoring process is responsible for the high degree of refinement present throughout the design, indicative of the shear amount of effort put forth by the research team.

When utilizing a precision attack vector, one may position the relevant elements such that, by applying a torque about the proper axis, the terminal segment of the device will properly align and lock on to the vulnerable portion of the target mechanism. At that point, a moment may be exerted through redirected retrograde motion, on account of the spatial relationship of the control system and target-acquiring segment of the DOCH device. Provided that the moment has the proper sign, this will cause the primary widget to rotate, even overriding vestigial secondary defensive structures. Consequently, an anterior force at a point sufficiently far from the barrier's vertical axis of rotation will result in completion of the cardinal function. It should be noted that throughout the procedure, the DOCH device also provides real-time haptic feedback rivaling that of the most sophisticated control systems created today.

The DOCH device is a tool, and as such, can be used for both honorable and baleful purposes. Provided they could even approximate the majesty of the DOCH de-

Figure 1: A Scientist Demonstrating the Device



vice in another form or from other components, there is nothing preventing some scoundrel from applying the methods detailed in this paper toward deleterious purposes. We must rely on a certain faith in man, as well as a faith in the forces of security to hold such persons at bay. It should also be noted that there is no mistaking a DOCH device for anything else, and the execution of the previously described process is sometimes time-consuming and at all times manifest. At present, no sufficiently powerful countermeasures have been developed. The best yet created is nothing more than a defensive field of objects packed closely to the interior side of the barrier.

There are those who would decry us for publishing this paper. We do not subscribe to the "keep vulnerabilities secret" model. We did not create the vulnerability, but we do want users of the vulnerable system to be aware of its deficiencies, so that they may make informed decisions regarding their security.

Addendum: after observing similar systems installed elsewhere, it was discovered that this vulnerability was more or less "patched" through a $\pi/2$ rotation and directional reversal of the lever.

HISTORY FOR ENGINEERS, PART DEUX*

Once upon a time, some fantastical creatures roamed among the fields and shires of that Far Away Place. The people had followed a divinely inspired eagle in order to discover where they should settle, and when that eagle decided to swoop down and get something to eat, they took it as a sign to sit down and eat there forevermore. It was a mystical, magical land that the evils of Modern Man had not yet penetrated.

These delightful little pixies, which from here on out we shall call Aztecs because “delightful little pixies” fills blank space but is quite dreadful to type repeatedly, lived a happy life, a simple life. They worshipped a left-handed hummingbird. They had slaves. They ate insects. They sacrificed humans and held their hearts up to deliver to their gods. Yes, life certainly was fabulous for the Aztecs.

Of course, happy times rarely last forever. The Spanish conquistadors were out conquistadoring when they found out about this magical kingdom. Perhaps it held the Meaning of Life, the Holy Grail, the Fountain of Youth, or some other important and similarly capitalized item. Their fearless leader, like all fearless leaders of a sinister nature, had a mighty mustache that curled evilly at the tips. Cortez was his name. He had pretty blonde hair, but blondes are not always cute and innocent. What kind of stereotypes are you running on, anyway?

The Aztecs were such a fascinating species. They were so sadistic, so ordered, so shiny...Cortez simply had to have them. After all, the conquistadors were infamous for pilfering shiny objects. So our villainous Spaniard twirled his fiendish mustache and cackled in quite a cruel fashion. A lightning bolt leapt across the sky, and thunder rumbled all the way to the precious Aztecs.

Normally the Aztecs would have realized that Cortez was a money-grubbing bastard, but they had this problem. You see, they had this crazy belief that one of their holy figures had left them but was going to return to rule over them (Ridiculous, no?) This figure’s name was Quetzalcoatlín, and he was a blonde god. Just think of the way girls freak out over Brad Pitt now. In fact, Brad Pitt is a lot easier to type than Quetzalcoatlín, so we’ll just go with this. You know you’d rather read about Brad Pitt anyway.

So the Aztecs saw Brad Pitt on the edge of their great city, and they were thrilled that such a grand celebrity would come to assume control over their modest holdings. They greeted him with the proverbial red carpet treatment (though the carpets they put down could very likely have been stained with the sacred blood of human sacrifices) and gave him many lavish gifts. It was quite like the Oscars, and that sly Cortez had won them all. Besides, his men rode on horses, and since these were Aztecs rather than Greeks, they did not know the ways of the minotaur.

Montezuma was the leader of the Aztecs. Your loyal and humble narrator cannot think of a clever pun on this name, and so we must simply stick to historical accuracy for once. Anyway, once Cortez was inside the mighty palace of the Aztecs, it seemed quite logical for him to pull out a great big knife and hold it to Montezuma’s throat. After all, if this crowd of rabid fans found out that Cortez was not Brad Pitt, they would be sure to cut out a few Spanish hearts. Cortez was partially to keeping his ribcage intact, and so Montezuma was his new hostage. “You are my hostage!” he informed the other man in Spanish. “Buahahahaha!”

“What?” Montezuma asked in Aztecian or whatever the hell it was they spoke.

“Buahahahaha!” cackled Cortez again.

Montezuma could understand the international language of sadism, so he kept quiet. The Aztecs felt lost as their ruler was seized by the ruler of their devoted little hearts, and so they

**Deux* means “two” in French.

started scraping together goods to appease the Spaniards.

After a bit, Faux Brad had to attend to some urgent evil Spanish business elsewhere, so he left his men in charge. These men also have evil, curling mustaches. When Montezuma rode back into town, he was greeted by many bloodied bodies. This did not surprise him all that much, but these dead Aztecs all seemed to have their hearts. Besides, they were shot. "What the hell is this?" he demanded of his men.

"Just a tiny slaying," one responded.

"And who gave you the orders to slay? There must be dozens slain!"

"Slain."

"What was that?"

"The word should be 'slain,' not 'slewn,' sir."

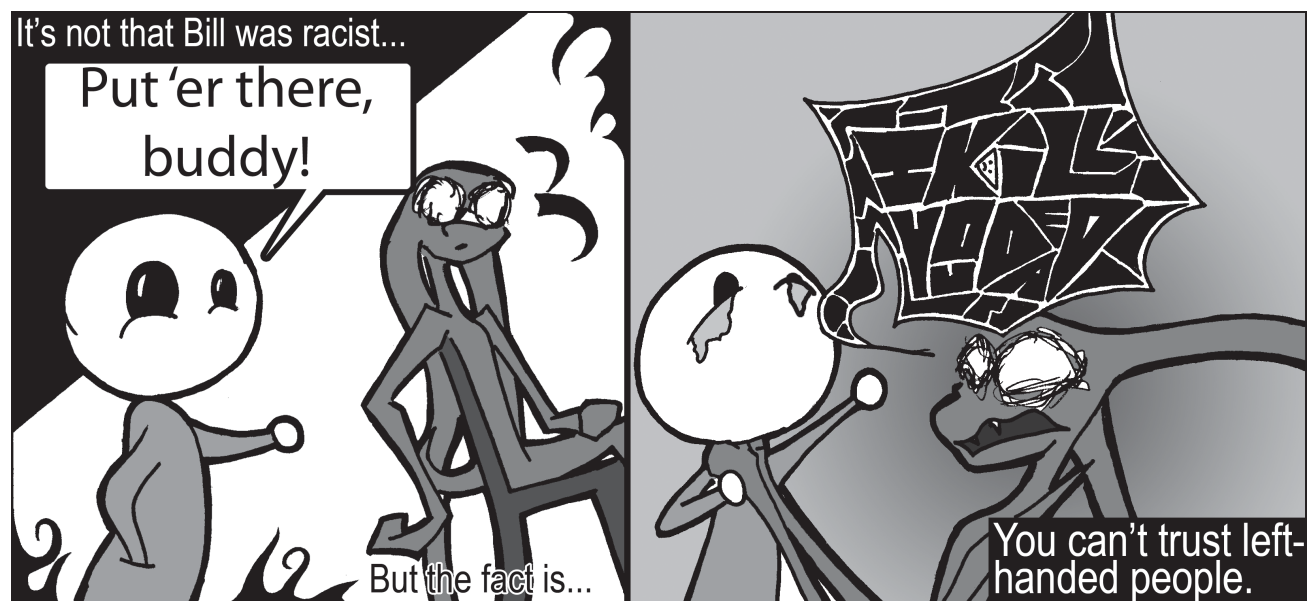
"Quiet, infidel!" Cortez would have shot the man right then and there, but some pesky Aztecs lived on and were quite pissed about their loved ones being dead for no good reason. They did what any self-respecting crowd of angered, unarmed individuals would do to an oppressive, invasive foreign imposition—threw rocks at them.

The Spanish were feisty, clever little fellas. Already they knew that while armor was nice, humans deflected stones just as easily and were kind of squishy. Cortez ran to fetch Montezuma to use as a human shield. This was all well and good until Montezuma got hit in the head with a rock and died three days later. The Aztecs didn't like that much, and so the Spanish were driven out of town.

They weren't finished yet, though. No, not by far. Their next order of business was to cut the Aztecs off from food and water by surrounding their city. Any time someone came to the gates wishing to exit in order to, well, survive, a Spaniard would greet him or her and say, "Here, have a blanket. It's like a cloth hug you can take with you!" The Aztecs did not understand what they were saying, but the blankets were so soft...soooo soft...

They were also infected with smallpox, as so many European stories of the time go. So Cortez was able to conquer the Aztecs and kick their asses. Their capital, whose name is so long and pretentious that it need not be reproduced here, became Mexico City. Mexico is now the proud home of the second highest crime rate in the world. What do you expect from a place that was founded because a freaking eagle decided to eat a snake on a cactus?

HAPPYPANTS BILL



BALLAD OF THE ELECTRONICS STUDENT

*Leaves are crunching on the ground
And in the sky sheep-clouds abound,
The sun tosses warmth each way
While below students bask away,
But down there you won't find me
'Cause I'm in lab for Double E.*

*I return from my pained woe
To my circuit's LED glow,
Then I quickly give a shout
Because the lights have shorted out!
I feel pangs of fear and grief
As my partner shows disbelief.*

*"What happened?" I, aghast, say,
"Why did the voltage go away?"
My partner shrugs, lost like me
In this odd world of circuitry.
No doubt we're stuck in this rut
Because we missed something- but what?*

*No doubt in the latest lecture
There were points where, I conjecture,
While I gave poor attention
The whole crux was given mention.
So I curse and give a sigh
That this did somehow pass me by.*

*To my circuit I now turn
Recalling scant facts I did learn
I place wires all around
And add more power and some ground
More resistors I add too
Until the circuit looks brand new.*

*Confident, I flip the switch
And it lights up without a hitch
Then, at no doubt divine whim,
The LEDs splutter and dim
I howl, 'cause I can't ignore
How we're worse off now than before.*

*I strike the board with my fist
As there's no answer in our midst
And I don't care what I'd hit
'Til my partner says, "look at it!"
I do, and receive a fright
'Cause all the LEDs are burning bright.*

*I exalt and give a cheer
Grateful to know the end is near
And before we do much more
We're done with lab and out the door
Hoping that, come writeup night,
We'll find that we were partway right!*

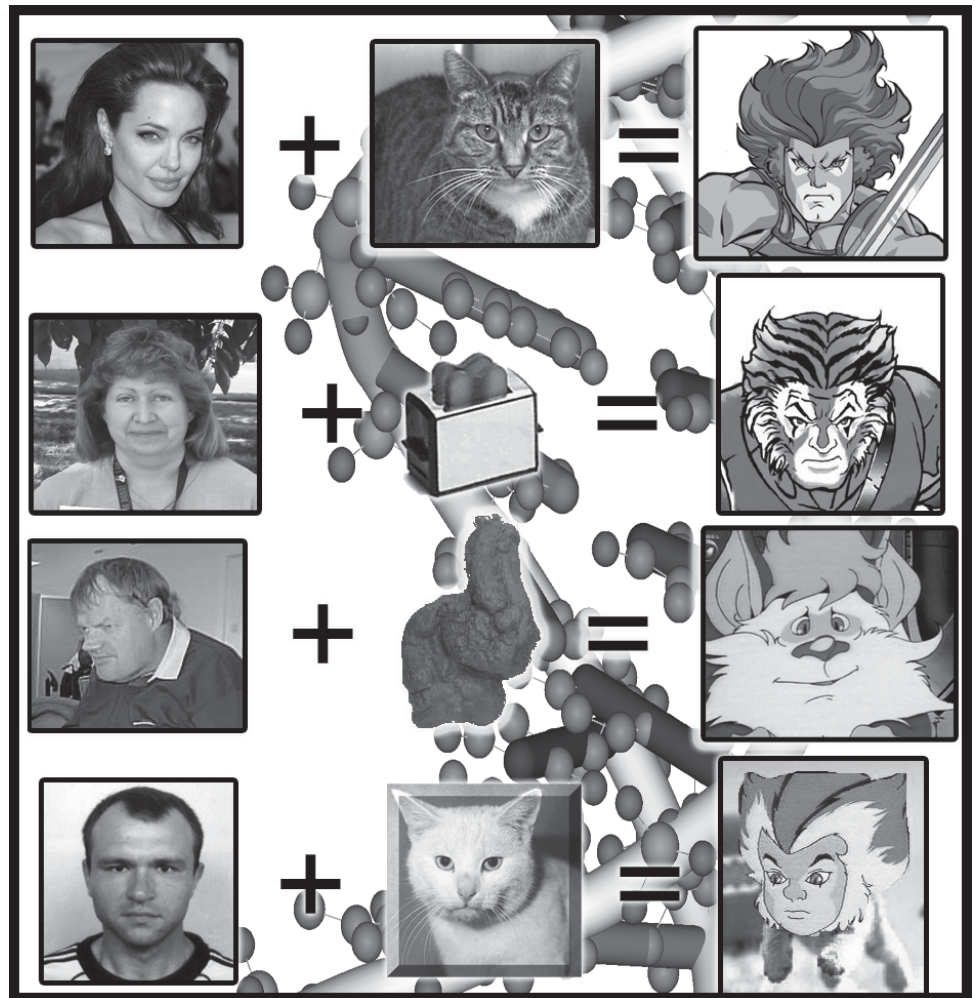
BUSH APPROVES GENETIC MANIPULATION FOR THUNDERCATS MOVIE

Feel the magic, hear the roar, Thundercats are loose, ho...

Do these lyrics mean something to you? If they do, you are not alone. It seems President Bush has a soft spot for the retro cartoon featuring Lion-o, Cheetara, and the loveable Snarf. He loves it so much he's planning on changing national policy to get the new movie as close to his childhood fantasy as possible.

When questioned as to the nature of the bill, the president responded, "Ya see, they're half man and half ferocious wild cat," with the latter part of the sentence punctuated with pseudo cat sounds and clawing at the air.

As the President's appearances are simply for photo ops and public relations rather than public policy (and he was late for his nap), the real information was released to the media through a small, one paragraph letter handed out as a parting gift to the now comatose reporters. Simply put, scientists will be allowed to use



previously outlawed practices, including gene splicing, to create a real band of man-cats. He is currently pushing a bill to allow federal tax dollars to be spent on this venture; citing national security precautions and a feeling of personal connection to the cat clan. This due to the fact that Bush has been teased since childhood for looking and acting like a monkey.

This technology has been used before to give future superstars their trademark looks. Just look at Julia Roberts's horse grin, Vin Diesel's ape-like attitude and general point of view, and Anna Nicole's cow-udder breasts. These are all examples of genetic manipulation for entertainment's sake, but this is the first time the government would actually give money to the project.

After the project President Bush plans to adopt the Thundercats and enlist them in the military, intentionally have them killed, and point to them when people question if he has any family members who have died for his pointless oil war.

THE STORY OF GENESIS

A long, long time ago, there was this thing called God. God knew he was God. He also knew what he was capable of, how long he would exist, and how much he could love another being. Credible sources suggest his answer to any of those questions would have been to hold his arms out real wide and say “*this* much!” God had a lot of free time on his hands, namely all of it. To keep himself busy, he started on various projects. He started small at first, making rocks he couldn’t lift and trying to lift them or tossing irresistible forces against immovable objects. Then, it occurred to him that making a mistake was pretty much beyond his repertoire, and he got down to the serious business of creating all things in his image. He started with the psychiatrist, got a stern forty minute lecture on ego projection, and decided to go back to square one, noting that there ought to be a rule about second guessing him.

First came the choirs of the angels. It was nice for a while, but then the teenaged years hit like a mac truck. God just couldn’t see how an-thems and contemplation became “uncool.” Now, it was all flaming swords and multiple eyes and names within names and wings. It could have all passed by harmlessly, except for a nasty little astro-pyromaniac named Samuel.

One day, he stormed right into God’s room and demanded to know why things were the way they were. God, not looking up from his book, quietly pointed to the sign he had put up after the incident with the alpha-shrink. Samuel, determined not to take this shit, knocked God’s book away. God looked him in the face and uttered those words that would ring throughout all of history.

“Who the me are you?”

A pause echoed through the halls of Heaven.

“Um ... Samuel. The lightbringer.”

“Doesn’t a ring a bell.”

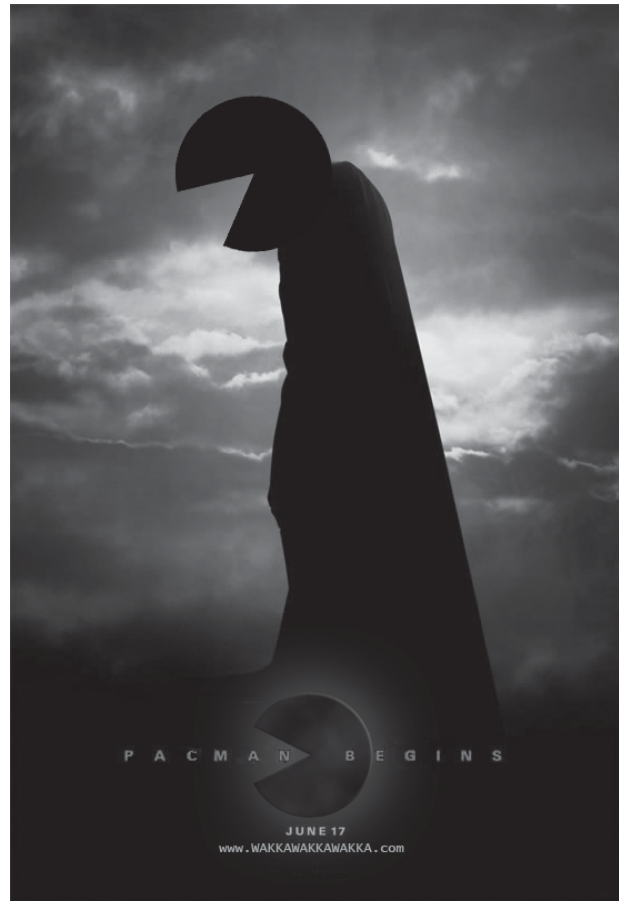
“I ... er ...” Samuel made a demonstrative gesture with his wings. “I light the suns.”

“Look, buddy,” God sighed patiently. “I don’t have any change on me and-“

“You created me!” The angel stomped his glorious foot in righteous, if petulant fury. “I am second only to you!”

“Nope, nope, you don’t look like you were co-opted from the mythology of the earlier Fertile Crescent peoples.” God yanked up Samuel’s chin and looked him over. “Maybe you’re ... Wait! I remember! You’re that Persian corruption! Okay, yeah, what can I do ya’ for?”

With that, Samuel spat in God’s face and flew out. Getting all his friends together, he proclaimed himself to be Lucifer and starting cut NIN lyrics into his arm. The rebellious angels took up arms and rushed the Divine Realms. The armies of God came forth to give out their creator’s wrath and shit got totally fucked up. The archangel Michael came forth with mad skillz, skillfully



handing asses back and forth like a ninja. The armies of Lucifer were far too emo to succeed. In the end, the loyal angels tossed their former comrades in a giant cosmic ghetto and sealed it with the authority of God.

It was, they agreed, a pretty sucky way to spend an hour.

Then God reproduced via osmosis. It was a good thing that Hell had been recently created, since it freaked the shit out of everybody. To take attention off of his personal hygiene, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit steam-rolled the rest of Project: Existence.

On the first day, he declared there shall be length, depth, width, and time. Just to show it off, he violated the First Law of Thermodynamics (a favorite trick of his) and pointed out that there were places of the universe that the light had not “reached” yet.

Then, on the second, he got a bunch of unhappy angels to empty the pool and pitched up a huge tarp over it. The water was poured over the tarp. Some of his stayed above and some of it slipped under the bottom. God called the relative dry spot the Earth, the tarp the sky, and the water that had slipped under the seas. Who was going to argue with him?

The third day came and God got down to the serious work. He tilled the entirety of the Earth and seeded every furrow. He pointed out he was God and each seed came forth as a plant and the whole of dry land became green. Then a couple of plants found out they were planted in deserts and on mountains and their enthusiasm as a whole died. Those that survived in nicer climates pumped out the oxygen as God looked on proudly.

The fourth day was a doozy. God took all that spare energy he had left lying around and quantified it into fundamental particles. From these he made the hydrogen atoms. He placed large collections of them across the galaxy, so that they might collapse under their own gravity and burn into the endless night of interstellar distance. God took a chunk of rock and put it over the Earth so it might reflect the light of the nearest hydrogen collective. He said it would totally fuck with their heads. One of the angels asked who “they” were. God told him to keep his shorts on.

On the fifth day, God tasted the oxygen content in the air and found it to his liking. But the plants struggled in it, begging for some decent carbon dioxide. So, being kind, God created a chemical system which converted oxygen into carbon dioxide. But it was random and soaked into the ground and the Lord was a bit embarrassed. He created a system of membranes to hold this chemical system and keep it from spilling about. The membranes worked magnificently. Spurred on by his success, God began to weave more and more complex systems of membranes. He excited added extra-membrane structures and membranes within membranes and structures of linked membranes. And in his joy, God made every creature in the air and under the sea and on the land. And these strange, oxygen-consuming beings gave him an idea.

On the fifth night, God was really excited about his project for the sixth day and couldn't go to sleep. He stayed up, taking pot shots at the dinosaurs.

The sixth day saw God sowing a bunch of animals (so he had named the oxygen-consumers) into a shape that more closely resembled him than anything he had done before did. This didn't work so well. They chewed each other apart and in generally, it wasn't pretty. Determined to have deliverables, God willed that the creature he had intended to make into existence. Mankind immediately asked God why he hadn't done that in the first place. God pointed to the sign on the wall.

On the seventh day, God was really tired from having stayed up two days in a row. He pretty much slept through the whole day. It was awesome.

To be continued...

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM NANTUCKET

*“There once was a man from Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket,
He had a daughter named Nan,
She ran off with a man,
Giant piles of dirty stinky elephant shit.”*

“Wow, that really is the nastiest limerick I’ve ever heard,” said Moe, the gruff, but loveable trucker whose hard exterior just hid his heart of gold.

“I know! Now I know why no one ever completes it,” replied his buddy Jimmy, the talking dashboard hula-girl.

“Now dance for me, Jimmy. Dance like your mother used to.”

Jimmy danced and danced, oh how he danced. It was as if someone had taken the world’s most delicious nachos and turned them into a dance routine. When he was done dancing, Jimmy reminded Moe that he was still driving the truck and that he needed to watch the road because a giant meteor was going to come crashing down in front of it in two minutes.

“Whoa! Jimmy! You’re psychic, too?” said Moe.

“No,” said Jimmy, “I’ve just read this story before.”

“Ooooo, trippy,” said the narrator.

Two minutes later a meteor crashed into the road in front of Moe’s truck, but luckily he was able to stop in time and only spill a tiny bit of the deadly nuclear waste that he was hauling from a secret government base in Alabama to an all-you can eat buffet called “The Bucket and Shovel” in Washington, DC.

Moe got down from his truck and walked over to the still smoking meteorite. Upon further inspection, Moe gasped with surprise.

“GASP!” Moe gasped as he pulled out his Ronco Cooking Gloves and put them on. He kept the flavor injector close by in case anyone needed him to inject anything with whole cloves of garlic or delicious berries.

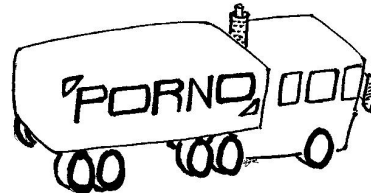
Moe put the meteorite in the passenger seat of his truck and zoomed on over to see his best friend and confidante, Dr. Swedgeworth, the smartest asteroidologist on his block. Granted, Dr. Supergenius McSmarty pants lived 5 minutes away, but he’s far too silly. Moe arrived at Dr. Nofirstname Swedgeworth’s mansion and knocked on the door.

“Dr. Swedgeworth! You gotta come see what I found!”

The beautifully carved oaken door opened up and there stood a crotchety old woman.

“SWEDGEWORTH! One of your little friends is here!” yelled Swedgeworth’s mother, or Mrs. Swedgeworth, but not really Mrs. Swedgeworth because she didn’t marry her son and in a liberated society like the one we live in today, it isn’t necessary for a woman to have to take her husband’s last name; she should have the right to retain her individuality but for the purposes of the story she’s a meaningless character so let’s just say that she died instantly after opening the door.

“Oh my God! My Mom’s dead! Oh, hi Moe! Oh wow, a meteor! Let’s go up to my lab.”



Dr. Swedgeworth went on to explain that this meteor was actually a piece of a larger asteroid, nicknamed Asteroid Katrina and then renamed to Asteroid Terrell Owens for fears from the asteroidologist community that the public would just reply with “Too soon, too soon” instead of “lol”. Dr. Swedgeworth went on to explain more that they had built a giant robot and that they needed something large enough and with more than 17 but less than 19 wheels for the robot to use to hit it back into space so it didn’t destroy the Earth.

Moe then suggested in great detail a plan that is far too complicated to include here but it includes the robot using his 18-wheeler as a bat.

“You are retarded,” said Dr. Swedgeworth.

Moe left, broken-hearted and dejected. He got into his truck and drove until the horizon became an ever-repeating series of trees and farms. He later read in the newspaper that the asteroidologists had went with his plan but instead broke the asteroid up into a million pieces and caused a billion people to die instantly and one guy to be hit by a tiny piece of debris and whine for so long about the welt that he got that his neighbor finally shot him in the face, thus resulting as the only casualty from the actual asteroid itself. Lord knows, using an 18-wheeler as a baseball bat to save the Earth from an asteroid collision may not have been the best idea.

CASE ECONOMICS PROFESSOR RUNS FOR GOVERNOR

In a move sure to annoy people who might not like elections, the Democratic process, or perhaps white people, Emeritus Professor William Peirce of Case’s Economics Dept. will be running for Ohio governor for 2006.

“It’s about time somebody whose long career of professional research was focused on causes and solutions for the exact economic problems that plague Ohio. There could not be a more perfect candidate, and I don’t see how anybody in their right mind could not vote for this guy,” a very enthusiastic political commentator said yesterday.

When told, however, the Peirce was running on the Libertarian Party ticket, the commentator simply said, “Oh. Well, never mind then.”

“[Current governor Bob] Taft screwed up the economy of the state pretty well over his term. We finally have somebody running who can actually turn the state in the right direction, fix these problems and hopefully bring some good publicity to the school, fixing the damage that Dennis Kucinich did to our reputation,” said the president of Case Libertarians.

But can Peirce win?

“Well, I mean, I guess the Libertarians have a few problems. People not voting for us is a big one. Perhaps as big is people not hearing about us. And not caring about us. And hearing about us but hating us, or hating Ayn Rand, or hating the people in the party who are insane. But I’m optimistic, still, I guess,” he responded.

Case has already responded to Peirce’s exciting announcement by putting out a press release on very good-quality paper. The school also announced that it will be raising tuition, in homage to Peirce’s plans to lower taxes across the board in Ohio.

“The University fully endorses Peirce’s decision to be involved in politics, and we encourage more politics from everybody in the community, and more involvement, and more involvement in politics and in the community,” said a very not useless or generic spokesperson for Case.

Peirce has not yet commented on whether or not he will honor Case’s request for it’s own personal division of the Ohio National Guard, or for political autonomy of all East Cleveland, or for a vote in the U.S. Senate. However, sources indicate that President Hundert will “do anything for it.”

When asked to confirm, sources said, “Yes. *Anything.*”

Ford, what if the **government**
could **rape your daughter**

Arthur,
IT CAN.

...without your
permission?



Hear Peirce Billard, Liberatallian Candidate for
Governor, speak on the issue of raping your loved
ones and the Kelogs decision! **FREE MEDICARE!!!***

Thursday December 1st 12:00 - 1:00

The broomcloset down in the basement of Haydn

*not really. Free medicare. That's crazy talk.