

With contributions by:

Josh Breitzer

Matt Greenfield

Ben Henri

Bart Keyes

Vipul Modi

Pete Nalepa

Anatoly Zlotnick

And illustrations by:

Aaron McMichael

# *The Athenian*

Issue 4

August/September 2002

Dear Reader(s),

I'm sorry.

For all future annoyance, emotional/psychological harm, crassness, unfunny and anything else which will undoubtedly bother you in concerns with this magazine, I apologize.

For those of you who didn't catch the first three issues, let me update: We here at the Athenian don't discriminate in our discrimination.

We're a free-for-all humor magazine, using and abusing freedom of expression to its full capacity. As long as the authors of the various works featured within the covers of this publication and I think their work is funny, it goes in.

Let me stress that we focus on satire, as do most forms of humorous expression today, written or otherwise. We live in cynical times, and we're trying to hold up a mirror to that, even if that mirror is a crinkly piece of aluminum foil formerly used for making crack.

Satire is not an all-protective shield however. That is why, unlike past issues, the authors are taking some credit for their works. I write "some" because you'll only see a list of contributors. We figure it's a compromise between anonymity and responsibility for one's words. And then we can say "One for all, all for one" at the meetings.

By the way, I'm Matt Greenfield, and I'll be your editor-in-chief until the powers-that-be figure out what [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahaha! ... Ha.] a horrible mistake they've made. Now I know this may come as somewhat of a shock, but I, Matt Greenfield, am in fact the true identity of ... M.T. Greenfield <horrified gasp>. 'Twas I that formerly wrote all those mildly offensive and chock-full-of-big-ass-words humor columns. I apologize for the various lies I've put forth in order to hide my identity. The alter-ego (who is nothing like me in person most of the time) filled me with bitterness and an overwhelming sense of ... M.T.-ness. But no more of that, I have quasi-retired the name M.T., only to be used now in the "Running on M.T." columns which may or may not be written by me in future issues.

So you can put a face with the name, that's me on the cover. I'm hoping to start a precedent whereby an author will grace the front cover and also choose the photo that goes on the back. The guys decided that it should be me who takes the heat for this first issue.

The covers, hopefully, will be the only photo-laden pages. The images for the rest will be provided by the Artist Formerly Known as Aaron McMichael, who, coincidentally, is also currently known as Aaron McMichael. It's part of my plan to make this magazine, like my Observer articles, be focused on words.

For those of you who think we're not doing such a great job at not-sucking, I'd like to make one of two suggestions. Either write a letter to the editor, or, more preferably, see if you can do any better. We're always looking to increase our staffage. (In case you can't already tell, we love the editorial "we.")

Nevertheless, I hope you enjoy it or, at the very least, don't use it for toilet paper (although the glossy paper is very soothing on the ass, let me tell you).

A final thanks to all my underlings (if any) and overlings that have supported and encouraged the Athenian. By the way, from what [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahaha! ... Ha.] I understand, the magazine's title is an intended contradiction of our university's mascot and a general exultation of that which is rational and intellectual. Ironic, huh?

Sincerely,  
Matt Greenfield  
Editor-in-Chief

## BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Now, I know what [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] you're thinking.

... Besides that.

... And that too.

Okay, so maybe you're not thinking it. But *I'm* curious about how I ~~got stuck with~~ was privileged to be appointed editor-in-chief of this curious magazine. Now, the first question that's popping into your mind, other than "Did he just use curious twice in the same sentence?", must be "How can this man be so presumptuously egocentric as to think we'd read an entire article about him?" My response to that is that you should stop asking so many damn questions and just read like the good little Spartan that you are. And that it seemed to work all right in the Observer.

Let us go far back in time and space to Leutner Dining Hall circa April 2002. I was involved with His Majesty Nick Hanek in a little production called "Sleuth" (that's right, "Sleuth," the play with more props than a hooker's handbag). Even though I was much lazier than the A.S.M. Pete Nalepa (that's right, Pete Nalepa, the man with more props than a hooker's handbag), I still was graced with the title of Stage Manager (that's right, Stage Manager, the theatrical vocation which involves more props than a hooker's handbag; that's the last time, I swear).

Anywho, when His Majesty called me over into His Corner of Power and Evil, I assumed that it involved the aforementioned play. That or flicking me off, which is Nick's way of telling you that he likes you. I was more than surprised when Nick offered me this magazine, which was apparently up for grabs.

At first, I thought that Nick would wait for a response, then laugh hysterically, eventually calming down to say, "You thought I was serious? You are a conceited little fucker, aren't you? By the way, your Observer articles suck." Then, he would flick me off and run away laughing, and later go on and on about what [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] a great joke it was at rehearsals. That's the type of humor Nick has.

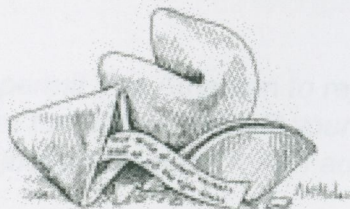
But, he was serious. All I needed was to surround myself with supporters and collaborators. I proposed a couple past His Majesty, who is so omnipotent that he had to ask his surrounding cohorts of his Empire of Evil whether or not he liked the persons in question. Nick Hanek, you're my hero.

I still didn't give him a final answer. I just showed him a very serendipitous fortune cookie which Nick had dropped earlier in the week and which I had picked up. It said, "Your sense of humor reveals itself at just the right times."

I suppose it was confirmed at my first "Sleuth" (that's right—sorry) rehearsal, when His Majesty shrewdly offered the magazine to the aforementioned Pete within my presence, a very clever strategy I must now admit. I figured that if Pete got the magazine I would be de facto editor-in-chief anyway, as he would just be copying me, so I might as well claim the title as well.

Not as funny a recollection as I originally recalled. I suppose I imagined more flicking off.

But that's about it about how I got this job. I guess somebody had to do it. Not really, but it's nice to think that.



## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear *Athenian* Editor,

I have been a devoted reader for about 15 minutes now, and I would like to express my concern about your policy regarding advertising in your magazine. You see, my friend is the president of an organization known as The People's Improvisational Society, PImpS for short. It's an acronym, but it also sounds like someone who manages prostitutes.

Anyway, PImpS is an improvisational group that strives to make improv theater more available to CWRU students. It was just recently resurrected after a two year period of non-existence, and things are going well. The group is, however, always in need of performers and techies.

But back to my concern. My friend, let's call him the president, wanted to advertise in your magazine. He wanted to place an ad for the first ever improvisational dinner theater murder mystery, taking place October 24 and 25, 2002, in Thwing Ballroom, with tickets on sale October 10. He wanted to place an ad not only for the ticket sales, but also indicating that he needs actors, technical people, writers, and a production staff. This would have been done via the announcement of the auditions for the improvisational dinner theater murder mystery, which will be held on Sunday, September 8, from 1 to 3 p.m., and Monday, September 9 from 7 to 9 p.m. These auditions were held in the Black Box of Eldred Theater, located between Millis and Rockefeller. Look for the big "E," and then head through the red door under it past the descending steps. And even though the auditions have already passed, it's still not too late to get involved. This would all have been communicated in the said announcement which the pres so desperately desired to print in your magazine. You, for whatever reason, would not let him.

Because of your anal-compulsiveness about not having any ads in your oh so hilarious magazine that makes me laugh until my spleen hurts, nobody will know that if they want to learn more this event, they can email him at brk8. They'll never find out that open auditions will be held within the next couple of weeks, and that a cast of between 20-30 people, male and female, will be put together. And God forbid that your readers should find out that the mystery is being sponsored by UPB Fine Arts, and that it will be one of the most fun performance events to strike the campus since 1826.

So, Mr. Editor, when you go to bed tonight, I hope you will think about all the people that you prevented from getting vital information about the PImpS dinner theater murder mystery, taking place October 24 and 25 in Thwing Ballroom, and the auditions on September 8 and 9, from 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 respectively, in the Black Box. Maybe you will reconsider your policy towards advertising, and perhaps then some people would be able to learn that they should contact brk8 for information about the positions available as well as the upcoming auditions. In fact, maybe you should contact brk8 to apologize.

Sincerely,  
A Satisfied Reader

Dear Satisfied,

Even if I were to withdraw from the no-advertising policy, there are several problems with "your friend's" request. Firstly, the event is not until October 24 and 25. Although it may be true that tickets go on sale October 10, I still think that the proposed advertisement should go in for our October issue, if in fact we are going to be a monthly magazine.

Secondy, although I understand your need to recruit actors for this elaborate improvisational dinner theater murder mystery (Boy, I wonder if I can type that ten times in a row really really fast; improvisational dinner murder mystery improvistational dinner muder mystery improcisationela dinner theater muder mysterty omprivuejdiugf diner idmtiudjlf jfhudtreui improvisatibnfe diner dimrpdokjr fkjrjhiod kldmltjioe fkdiemnv imprvod goijvjktg dinner theater mudrf girfjiuf mystery fdjhlkfoem vopijnefinker ompriovkje gfjhefj iprjkhv diner vkjhiltgfkj gidn mystery fkje... No, I guess I can't), this magazine is not a forum for theatrical announcements as we have no direct connection to the theater community. I would expect the president as well as the "director" of this improvisational dinner theater murder mystery to realize that and not pounce on unsuspecting editors of newly-resurrected humor magazines like myself.

I understand your concern about putting the word out there for a need of actors, techies, etc., but this is not the place to do it. That would be too much like a classified, reading something like the following: Those interested in being involved in the PImpS Murder Mystery, October 24 and 25 in Thwing Ballroom, should e-mail [brk8@po.cwru.edu](mailto:brk8@po.cwru.edu) for information. And then for the auditions: Those interested in performing in the PImpS murder mystery should go to the Black Box on Sunday, Sep. 8, from 1 to 3, or on Monday, Sep. 9, from 7 to 9, for auditions. To be quite frank, this magazine does not have the space even for that brief line or two. The plethora of humor articles with which I have been inundated in recent weeks is this magazine's main concern, not quasi-nepotistic advertising arrangements.

Sincerely,  
The Editor

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

We here at *The Athenian* respect the opinion(s) of all self-identified "persons," regardless of racial/ethnic background, religious beliefs, gender, shoe size, spoons-playing ability, knowledge of the state capitals, number of hairs above the second knuckle on the ring finger, degree of tolerance to William Shatner's interpretation of "Rocketman" at the 1978 Science Fiction Film Awards, or deodorant use; so long as those opinions originate from *Athenian* staff members. Nevertheless, if we've somehow hurt your precious little "feelings," write a letter to the editor via e-mail ([cwruathenian@yahoo.com](mailto:cwruathenian@yahoo.com)—write "letter to the editor" in the subject line). And stop being so damn sensitive, ya' jerk!

*By submitting your letter, you permit The Athenian to reprint your letter without compensation, and for us to generally make fun of you and edit your letter as we see fit. Please note, we will NOT print anything that is just a thin guise for an advertisement. The Athenian does NOT advertise. Thank you.*

## A NEW GRAND ATHENIAN TRADITION

My first official act as editor-in-chief is to introduce what [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] will hopefully be a long-continuing tradition. "How can a tradition be introduced?" you may ask. My response still remains: shut up and read. Each issue from now until it becomes ridiculously annoying, there will be a special word, a la Pee-wee's Playhouse. Each time the word is written within the issue (in its stated form), you will see the following: [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.]

This issue's word is .....

### WHAT

[Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.]

Just another reason for you to stop reading The Athenian ... right now.

## I WRITE THESE ARTICLES TO IMPRESS HOT WOMEN

*By Don Juan*

You're probably wondering why the fuck I would even sit here and write these articles. Some comedians are in it for the laughter. They like to make people laugh. What [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] a bunch of lame ass horse shit. I'll be frank with you. I'm in it for the pussy. When the last issue came out last April, a bunch of hot women (i.e. from beer commercials, SI Swimsuit models, Playboy bunnies, Hawaiian Tropic, porn stars, hot prostitutes, Maxim cover girls, FHM cover girls, and so forth) wanted to sleep with me. They emailed [cwruathenian@yahoo.com](mailto:cwruathenian@yahoo.com) telling me how much they wanted me. They were pretty much willing to do anything for me. Chicks always do say they like a guy with a sense of humor, but that is complete utter shit because they never practice this principle unless it's me, Don Juan. They always go for steroid man, motorcycle man, dumbfuck frat man, red car man, or in general any other bastard man. Well bitches. I'm funny and here I am\*. This is hope to any funny man out there trying to get laid. I use my humor to get quality and volume- strictly in pussy terms.

\*This is a joke. I don't want you clogging up our hotmail account if you're deranged enough to believe what [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] I'm writing is real cause hot chicks to tend to be dumb and not get jokes. Here's my theory. After girls leave high school, they pretty much know whether they are hot or not. The hot ones decide they can sleep their way through life, become a rap video hoe, or marry some rich bastard. The stinky ones know they need school because they have no chance with anybody. So study hard, stinky one. Study hard. There do tend to be anomalies such as the random hot chick that is smart. But these are sheer aberrations. Just a theory. I could be wrong. Here's a way to test my theory. Go up to some hot chick and ask her for her phone number. If she says no, this means she's too damn stupid to remember her phone number and her cover for this brute stupidity is by "playing hard to get."

## GIGABIT NETWORK STILL NOT FAST ENOUGH?

With the new fall semester almost underway, Case students are the first in the country to experience a 1 gigabit per second network. This network is the first of its kind at a college campus, and the upgrade has been turning many heads.

The gigabit network allows for faster downloading of files both through the internet and through file sharing, a process that allows users of the same network to download files from other users' computers. Sharing is a very popular means of obtaining files quickly and easily. The new gigabit network should make sharing even faster than before.

Despite the recent upgrade, many students are not impressed with the speed of the network, particularly when dealing with the sharing of movie files. Said one Case student, "What [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahaha! ... Ha.] good is a gigabit network if it still takes me three minutes to download a 12 minute clip of two blonde cheerleaders performing oral sex on each other?"

Other Case students were skeptical of the real download speeds achievable by the new network. Ferdinand Sillwater, a third year mechanical engineering student, said, "Okay, it took me 5 minutes and 37 seconds to download *Little Shop of Whores*, which is about a 657 megabyte [approximately 0.66 gigabytes] movie. By my calculations, that is only 0.00195846 gigabytes per second! That's ludicrous!"

Students were equally outraged because they are being forced to pay a \$200 per semester "technology fee." Darrel McCalister, a second year physics major, said, "This is such a rip off! I'm paying \$200 a semester to be able to download low-resolution Asian bondage clips when I could drive to my local adult video store and buy a full-length, high quality film or DVD for ten bucks."

Now, the question seems to be whether or not even a gigabit network is fast enough to support the pornography-sharing needs of a wired campus like Case Western Reserve. Experts say no. William DeShevetts, a network developer, explained, "There's no way. The one gigabit network is just not fast enough to supply sufficient porn to meet the demands of students. Maybe at OU [Ohio University] you wouldn't see this problem, but at Case, it's a completely different story."

Campus officials, however, claim that the problem lies with the students and not with the capabilities of the network. Mike Furtelli, director of student affairs, stated, "Why the hell don't those losers go out and get girlfriends or something? Then we wouldn't have this problem! They can't blame the speed of the network for a predicament that is essentially caused by their own pathetic sex lives!"

While tensions are high between the administration and the students over this issue, an attempt at making peace is expected to take place. Preliminary reports state that a possible solution to slow download speeds may be available. The administration has proposed a new, porn-only network that would result in significantly faster downloads. The concept of a faster porn specific network was pleasing to many students, though not as pleasing as a night spent watching *Snatch Adams* or *Good Will Humping*.

## STUDY: DIET PRODUCTS INEFFECTIVE WHEN COMBINED WITH FOODS HIGH IN FAT

People who take diet products and consume foods high in saturated fat and cholesterol will not lose weight, according to a Case Western Reserve University study.

Researchers published the results of a six month long study in a recent issue of *Health Science Monthly*. Leading the team of researchers was Dr. Julia Sensefeld. She stated, "The results of this study have confirmed what [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] a number of us had suspected all along: That diet products will not be effective if people still continue to eat unhealthily."

When asked about the possible effects the results of the study might have on Americans' eating habits, Sensefeld responded, "Well, I would bet that very few people would actually change their diets. See, most Americans are too lazy to care about their health, so they will continue to stuff their faces with whatever food they can get their hands on, regardless of potential health problems."

The results of the diet study will most likely not go over well with Americans who unsuccessfully use diet products in an attempt to lose weight. Many of these people are reluctant to accept the fact that they will no longer be able to consume their favorite fat-loaded foods if they wish to be healthy.

Roger Bucksley, President of the American Association of Fat Americans (AAFA), was one of many who were not happy to learn the results of the experiment. "I can't believe this," said Bucksley while devouring his third king size Snickers in the past five minutes. "You mean to tell me that we're going to have to change our eating habits if we want to lose weight? That's a load of bullshit."

Bucksley's sentiments were shared by many in the fat community. Said one AAFA member, who wished to remain anonymous, but whose name is Roberta Foghorn, said, "The problem is not with us. It's with the diet companies. They should be changing their production techniques to create a miracle drug that will make me lose weight, even if I continue to eat a dozen Stouffer's French Bread Pizzas topped with hot dogs and Peanut M&Ms in one sitting."

Trent Shoeburg added, "This is who I am. My eating habits are a part of my lifestyle. If I want to superficially change myself while remaining the same terrible person inside, I should be able to do it as a result of someone else's research and hard work, not as a result of any effort given by myself."

Medical experts are concerned with the health of the average American. America is overweight, according to many, and hopefully the published results of this study will help some people realize that they will have to put forth some effort to reverse the detrimental effects of America's weight problem.

In response to these medical concerns, Bucksley stated, in between heaping spoonfuls of his gallon of triple fudge caramel delight ice cream, "Weight problem? What [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] weight problem? America is not overweight; the rest of the world is underweight! Now if you'll excuse me, I need to get a Diet Coke."



## PEOPLE LIKE TO EAT THINGS, SURVEY FINDS

After much scholarly debate about the issue, there is finally definite proof that, given the choice, most people would like to eat things rather than not. At least, so states a controversial new survey from the Society Whose Sole Goal Is To Discover Whether or Not People Like To Eat Things By Asking Them, The People That Is, If They Like To Eat Things (SWSGITDWoNPLTETBAT,TPTI,ITLTET).

The survey, conducted nationally this past March, took years of development and planning, according to SWSGITDWoNPLTETBAT,TPTI,ITLTET spokesperson Dr. Sudo Nim. "This is a very sensitive and taboo issue for most people," says Nim. "It took a well-developed psychological strategy to overcome surveyees subconscious anxieties about the subject."

That strategy remains privy only to top executives at the SWSGITDWoNPLTETBAT,TPTI,ITLTET, although an inside source has informed the Athenian that it involved a cardboard cutout of Miss Piggy and a whole lot of yogurt.

"The idea of using the stereotypical Miss Piggy/yogurt metaphor would not only be scientifically immoral and inadmissible but it would also be too damn sexy," says Nim. "That last part was off the record," he added.

Albeit through possibly shady methods, the SWSGITDWoNPLTETBAT,TPTI,ITLTET has produced shocking results. According to their survey, a haunting 26.72% of Americans admit that they have eaten things at some point in their lifetime. These results overturn the centuries-old belief to the contrary. When asked to elaborate about the "things" most of these "people" (although can we really use that word in describing such horrible, horrible monsters?) said that the things were in fact living creatures, such as dead animals and, yes, even plants.

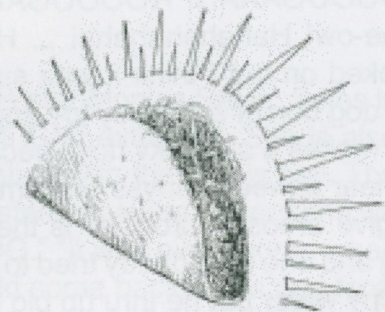
"Ahhhhhhhh!", says this reporter.

"This scientific ineptitudiness can not and will not stand," says Dr. Lilian Gallimaufry. "Such ideas are not only dangerous to the scientific community and its accepted credibility to the general public, but are also amoral and cynical of human nature, which makes them not nice at all and really, really bad."

Gallimaufry, and many many others within the outraged scientific community, are currently forming the Anti-SWSGITDWoNPLTETBAT,TPTI,ITLTET Society (A-SWSGITDWoNPLTETBAT,TPTI,ITLTETS) in order to combat the peril which they believe the scientific community is in— and no, I'm not going to end a sentence in a preposition. The Athenian, as the only source of real news anywhere, will be sure to keep you posted of events as ~~we make them up~~ they happen.

## RESPONSE TO ATHENIAN'S PLEA FOR WRITERS AT THE ACTIVITIES FAIR

What [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahaha! ... Ha.] the hell? I just wanted a taco.

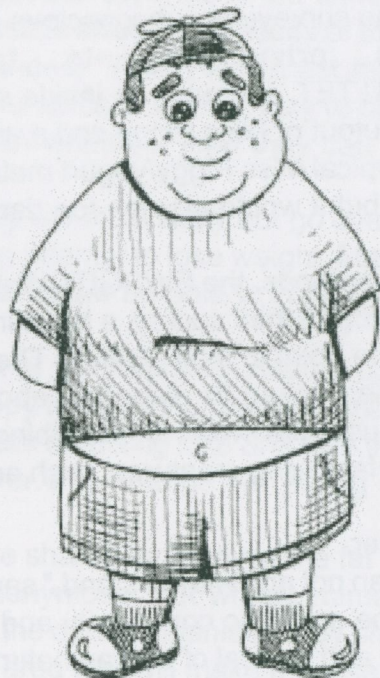


## KIDDIE KORNER

by ME!!!!

Sometimes my mommy can be really really mean like on the other day when she was really really really mean because she didn't have any of her happy water she keeps her happy water in a big cupboard happy water is only for old people so I can't have any but that's okay because I don't really really need happy water I'm happy just the way I am but mommy needs the happy water it has a really poopy smell it smells like lickorish and the gas stayshun the gas stayshun man is very really dirty all the time one time I asked him why he was so dirty and he said you should mind your own goddam business snot now I always try not to have snot in my nose but sometimes it comes out anyway when I sneeze when daddy sneezes he sneezes out his long nose hairs too it's funny to see a big cleanecks full of nose hairs daddy likes to drink the happy water to and then he gets really happy and falls down the stairs and tawks funny like he's chewing on something but he hasn't swallowed it yet one time my dog choked on something but then he burped it up I forget what [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] it was he choked on but I think it was something like a big dog bone or a chewy toy and that chewy toy makes a squeaky noise because dogs like to hear squeaky noises one time daddy tried to give brooster brooster is the name of my dog and one time daddy tried to give him some happy water but he threw up big chunks and it was like chunky peanut butter with a lot of water mixed in it smelled really nice almost as good as

the gas stayshun one time I asked the gas stayshun man why he was so dirty because he was always dirty and I asked him why he was so dirty and he told me you should mind your own goddam business snot nose that's what he said maybe he was a little bit grumpy because he didn't have any happy water because sometimes grownups need their happy water and when they have the happy water they stay happy for the day until they wake up grumpy because the happy



A. Michael

water doesn't last that long really it only lasts maybe a couple hours so then you have to go out and get some more from the store that smells like poop and get some more and give some money to the guy in the glasses with the hairy eyes and he says how are you doing sunny don't you know this store is only for adults what [ U h - o h h h h ! R O O O G A A H ! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] are adults I don't know that word too much but my mommy said it was the same as grownups and then I asked the man in the glasses with the hairy eyes why he said that other word when he really

ment grownups but he said you should mind your own goddam business snot now no wait that was the gas stayshun man I think it's time for my nap because right before I have my nap I can't remember things and when I wake up I remember them better maybe if mommy took naps she wouldn't need so much happy water so she wouldn't have to go to the man in the glasses with the hairy eyes he's really scary but I shouldn't tell that to him mommy said because kids shouldn't suppose to talk too much because they have to be polite I don't know that word but I think it means that kids can be happy without happy water which is a good thing I get I better go take my nap now.

## ARTICLES WE HAD NO TIME TO WRITE BUT MIGHT GET TO SOMEDAY

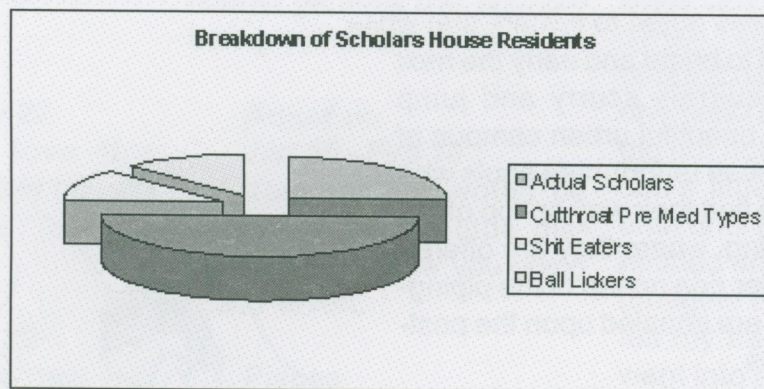
*Cleveland Heights Police Officer Pulls Student Over for Going Speed Limit on Mayfield Rd.*

*First Person Blinded by New Peter Lewis Building*

### SCHOLAR'S HOUSE LACKING SCHOLARS

An exclusive reconnaissance mission by an Athenian staff member reveals that the Scholar's House has been short on residents that are actually scholars. While this may not be the case for every student in the Scholar's House, there are enough morons living in there to justify eliminating the name "Scholars' House." Among the types that live there are cutthroat pre-meds that want to include the fact that they live in the "Scholars' House" on their AMCAS applications. A completely baseless crackpot study done by our staff reveals the following information. We could have summarized it in paragraph form, but we want to look more intelligent...so here is an exploded pie chart for 3D visual effect. We are all about style and no substance...just like the Scholars' House.

\*This crackpot study lacks any credibility.



### MONICA SELES TOO LOUD DURING SEX

A local man was brave enough to sleep with women's tennis star Monica Seles. Seles is well known for being jabbed in the neck by the knife of a Steffi Graf extremist. She is also notorious for her ear piercing shrieks as her racket makes contact with the tennis ball. The man claimed Seles was so loud he thought he 'was boning his stereo system.' Everytime we changed positions, she was like "AAAAHHEEEEEEE, AHOOOOO." "It was even worse when she took the role of a dominatrix with a tennis racket. As she did some backhands and forehands on my ass with her Prince High Torsion racket." Just for curiosity's sake, the man recorded the relative loudness of her sound, and it reached 200 decibels. "I don't care if she was Salma Hayek. I refuse to screw a human lawn mower," said the deafened man.

# SWAGGY THE SQUIRREL, OR, ONE MAN'S ADVENTURES IN BESTIALITY

## Part I: Our Story Begins

One day, M.T. Greenfield was walking with his friends (this is how you can tell that this story is fiction). He was chomping on an ice cream cone.

Let me clarify. The ice cream cone was, for lack of a better word, empty. Why does M.T. enjoy to eat ice cream-less ice cream cones? Because he's a sick bastard, that's why.

Continuing with our story, M.T. was saying to his friend (to make this story more true-to-life, let's say that the "friend" is in fact one of the ice cream cones which he was devouring), "You know what, ice cream cone, I've figured out the secret to romantic success and satisfaction. All these fellas around here are going about it all kjakljfkhweiyo (this is M.T.'s ridiculously big and made-up word for "wrong"). They're going after the wrong species. If you (and the "you" at this point was purely imaginary, as M.T. finished the ice cream cone minutes ago) want to have a long-term, dependable relationship, you have to look to the flora and fauna which has fascinated and intrigued mankind almost from its very inception. Aristotle was prone to remark, while circling the Lyceum with his peripatetic school....."

Let's skip the academic bullshit and move on with the story. M.T. explored the possibilities of this his latest misadventure. The question, "Which animal to fuck?" circled around his cavernous, polluted and disturbed mind until he came upon the logical choice: the squirrel.

"Ah yes, you squirrels!" shouted M.T. from his window at 3:41 a.m. "You had better watch your asses, literally! Your days of frolicking and Johnny-go-lighting are over, my furry, furry little friends! Sleep, and sleep well, for tomorrow your purpose on this campus shall at last be unfolded. Linnaeus was noted to remark that while...."

Jumping forward to bright and early the next morning, several squirrels scurry and jump around the lush and beautiful urban campus of CWRU. Except for those unfortunate souls who manage somehow to find their way on top of the Peter B. Lewis Building, where they are offered a teasing roller coaster ride on top of the piping-hot steel before they are impaled upon the post-modern jagged edges.

And not one of them notices that oddly large leaf blowin' in the wind... that very pale, unibrowed leaf.....

But, who is that particularly cheery little quadruped hustling and bustling about the greens? Is it, why yes, yes I do believe it is... our protagonist Swaggy the Squirrel. Run, my little friend, run, for you cannot begin to think of the horrors which await you.

Will it be too late for our hero? Will M.T.'s diabolical trap catch its first victim in the form of our dear good friend Swaggy? Catch the next exciting installment whenever the hell the next issue is.....



## CASE HOROSCOPES

### Aries

Mar 21 - Apr 19

Mars and Jupiter make an appearance. They've come for you - avoid strategy games or military recruiters.

### Taurus

Apr 20 - May 20

Stay away from the bathrooms in Crawford this month. Just you - but just trust me on this one.

### Gemini

May 21 - June 21

Do yourself a favor and shut off the Instant Messenger for once. Go outside and make your peace with the evil sky demon.

### Cancer

June 22 - July 22

Lucky with love this month. Unfortunately, you still go to CWRU.

### Leo

July 23 - Aug 22

Try something new with your hair this month. Please.

### Virgo

Aug 23 - Sep 22

Even though it may be tempting, do not accept that "sounds too good to be true" offer. "Random collectible bronzed items"? Tsk tsk.

### Libra

Sep 23 - Oct 23

For a good time, call x1222.

### Scorpio

Oct 24 - Nov 21

This is your lucky month! But don't rush to buy any lottery tickets - you're just getting a few weeks off. Expect the harassment for being a dork to resume.

### Sagittarius

Nov 22 - Dec 21

No, it is not funny to refer to "the device," "the plan," or "holy vengeance" in an airport. But expect better luck next month - when they finally let you call your family from prison.

### Capricorn

Dec 22 - Jan 19

You will have a perfectly normal, perfectly fine, perfectly boring month. Damn you.

### Aquarius

Jan 20 - Feb 18

Your mother would be ashamed (and a little disgusted) if she saw you doing that. Pervert.

### Pisces

Feb 19 - Mar 20

Avoid squirrels - they are plotting against you.

## A LIMERICK

I'm do not excel in oration  
And I cannot write prose with  
sensation.

Ah, but one thing I do  
Where I'm better than you  
Is out and out exaggeration.

## I THINK YOUR FRENCH WHORE IS DEAD

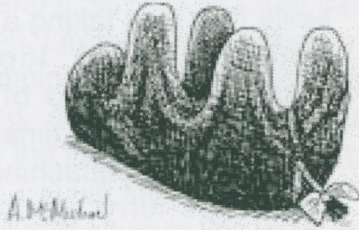
I tried domesticating a wombat in Australia, but I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears. It seems that in my vain attempt to introduce the furry creature to a life of ease and tea parties and parlor games, I deprived her of her only child, a sad-eyed little waif whom I called Otis and whom she affectionally called GRRLERROFROF-FYIP. One day I dressed his mother in a petticoat and taught her to walk erect by balancing books on her head while Otis was taking a nap. Since she was looking unblinkingly ahead of her, one timid step at a time, she did not notice squashing her son's little furry spinal column until it was too late. He emitted an ear-piercing howl (imagine my surprise when I felt my ears being pierced), went into an epileptic shock, and expired. The mother was so shocked and enraged that she began to shriek hysterically herself and lunged for my throat, tearing out my carotted arteries and half my pharynx in the process. So besides being responsible for the death of an innocent wombat,

I lost part of my neck in the process.

Doesn't that just beat all?

## WINNIE THE POOH'S BELOVED EYORE COMMITS SUICIDE

After years of battling personal demons, The Adventures of Winnie the Pooh star, Eeyore ended his life with a single shotgun wound to the head. He was found dead in his posh Park Avenue penthouse in New York city at about 7:04 am. The famous donkey's death was no surprise to his inner circle of friends. Piglet said that Eeyore had been experimenting with more hardcore drugs in the last few months. "Eeyore saw drugs as a way of assuaging his inner pain. We tried several interventions and even put him in a rehabilitation center, but Eeyore escaped." Tiger, who is well known for pouncing on Eeyore and repeatedly wrecking his stick house was at loss for words. Tiger managed to whisper that "this whole thing was my fault." The show's star, Winnie the Pooh, said, "Oh botha, this is a very sad moment for our cast. I wonda what [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] Christopher



Robin will do when he finds out. I know this is a bad time to ask, but do you know where I can find some Honey?"

Events before the Disney star's death are still hazy, but detectives have put together a crude timeline of Eeyore's last night of life. After doing 20 or so lines of coke, he called an escort service at around 1:20 am and accompanied the stripper to several hotspot night clubs where he continued his substance abuse binge. The stripper claims she did several spoons of heroine with him. After nonstop partying, boozing, shooting, and snorting, Eeyore passed out at Scores, a renown New York hotspot. The stripper called a taxi and took him home where she left him in bed. He was discovered the next morning.

The troubled donkey did write a suicide note. Here is a partial transcript of Eeyore's suicide note:

"Goodbye cruel world. For sometime now, I have been familiar with the transience of pleasure. All I feel is pain. This pain is not worth it anymore. I am going to a better place, and I hope the creator forgives my sins. My final written words are about to sound cliched, but I truly believe them. 'It is better to burn out than to fade away.'

## "RUNNING ON M.T." PRESENTS M.T.'S FUN WITH THE DICTIONARY

Remember when M.T. used all those sesquipedalians in the Observer which nobody really understood? Well, now you can similarly obfuscate and amaze. Rather than going through Webster's and searching for that really long word to amaze all your acquaintances with (I write "acquaintances" because, thanks to your new verbosity, you won't need friends or much human companionship anymore! You'll have words, wonderful, wonderful words! Yayyyy!), M.T. cordially presents a select selection of his favorite infamous wordísimos.

**antimajoritarian**- adj.- against majoritarian  
ex.) After those sloppy joes at Leutner, I had a serious case of antimajoritarian last night.

**epigone**- n.- a pig with hairs on the inside of its ears  
ex.) What [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] does epigone mean?

**gullirantly**- adv.- very very hankerously  
ex.) Sometimes, when I'm feeling very very hankerous, I explicate gullirantly.

**nonplus**- v.- to subtract  
ex.) Nonplussing can be dangerous for the immune system.

## WONDERPHRASE

Wonderphrase (patent pending) is the next level up from Wonderword. Simply find the listed words in the letters below, and the remaining letters are the unscrambled Wonderphrase (patent pending). Good luck (you'll need it). This issue's words: (Am, Helping, U). This issue's Wonderphrase (patent pending) has eight (8) words.

D S I N F A H M  
S O T M W Y A D  
D N N H S E I L  
I Y Y S N C G N  
H E L P I N G U  
S I U V D E R A  
E E E E R S I U  
S R O S A M U S

## *The Athenian*

Dishin' out humor for the 21<sup>st</sup> millennium since 2000.

Think you can write the funny? Give it a shot, and contact [cwruathenian@yahoo.com](mailto:cwruathenian@yahoo.com) to join The Athenian staff.

### Officers and Other Notables

**Advisor:** Mr. Arthur Biagianti

**Photo Dude:** Tim Ridgely

**Illustrator:** Aaron McMichael

**Layout:** Greg Hanneman

**Treasurer:** Pete Nalepa

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

**placation-** n.- like a vacation, but without turtles  
ex.) "Placation" has three syllables.

**sports-** pl. n.- ????  
ex.) Sports?

**venusify-** v.- to hit something with the planet Venus  
(formerly V- )  
ex.) And if all else fails, venusify like hell.

**whahoolabaheyheynowawahhhhhh-** n.- when  
you're feeling kinda frisky; also spelled  
whahoooulabahyheynowawahhhhhh (chiefly  
Brit.)  
ex.) Whahoolabaheyheynowawahhhhhh!

**WHAT I THOUGHT WHEN I SPILLED  
MY GLASS OF 2% MILK ALL OVER  
THE KITCHEN TABLE AT 3:19 ON  
FEBRUARY 30, 2002 A.D.; AND I  
DIDN'T HAVE ANY PAPER TOWELS  
AROUND AT THE TIME**

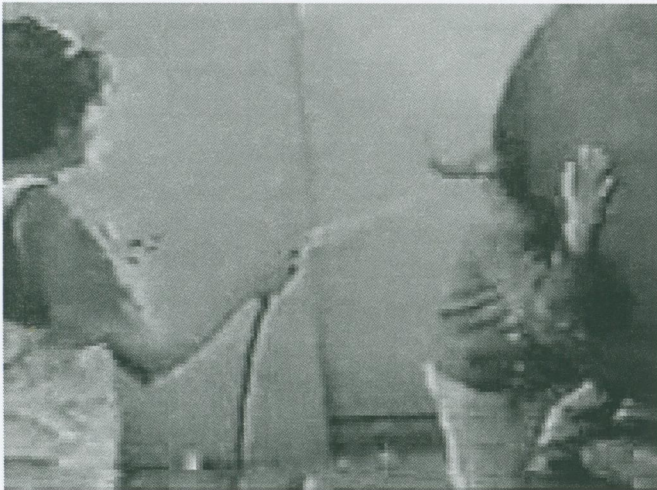
Shit

## PHOTO(S) OF THE ISSUE

Up there with such unanswerable questions such as “What [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahaha! ... Ha.] is the meaning of life?” is “What [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahaha! ... Ha.] does it feel like to have your head up an elephant’s ass?”

Well, the gentleman pictured in the below photos certainly knows the answer to the latter question. Apparently while cleaning up some of the elephant’s fecal matter, this man got his head forced up the backside of the pachyderm when the animal moved backward suddenly. If you look real closely at the second photo, you’ll actually see part of the elephant’s rectum as he poops the man’s head out. For the complete video, go to

[http://www-scf.usc.edu/~hhwu/Links\\_Old-Chicken-Chat-Room.html](http://www-scf.usc.edu/~hhwu/Links_Old-Chicken-Chat-Room.html)  
and scroll down a bit. Enjoy!



A brave and accidental explorer of the previously-unkown region of Elephantanus.



It's a boy!