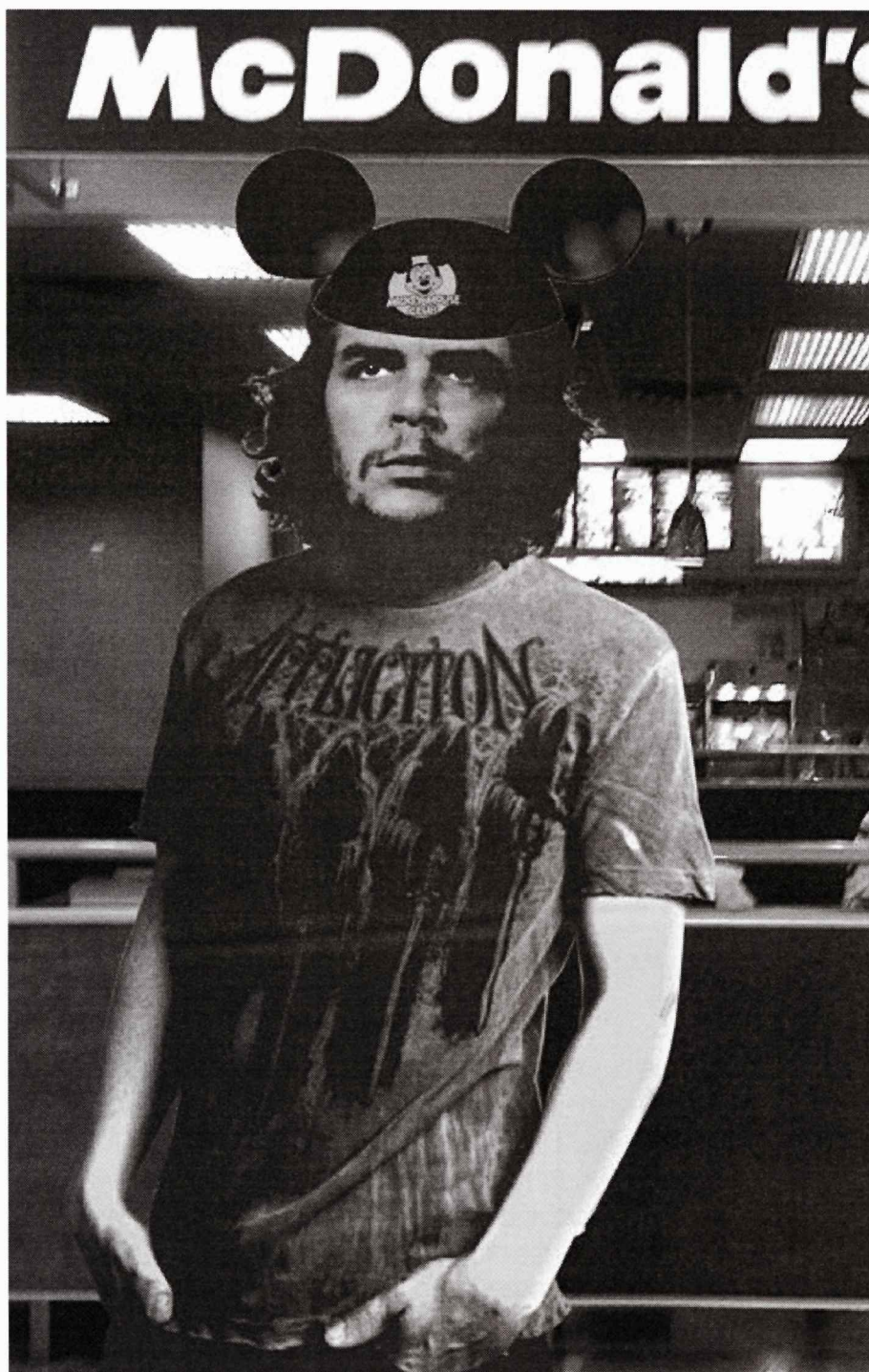


THE ATHENIAN

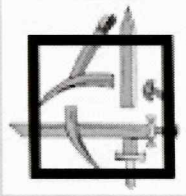
ISSUE #45

CWRU's student humor magazine, est. 2000

*WE
SOLD
OUT!*



The Corporate-Sponsored Issue



The Athenian

"Freedom is something that dies unless it is used." - Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, justifying our many obscenities in this issue.

ON THE WEB:

<http://studentaffairs.case.edu/groups/mediaboard/members.html>
(someday we'll have our own site)

EMAIL: athenian@case.edu

ISSUE #45
OCTOBER 2009

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Emperor/Editor-in-Chief:
Paul Hay

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Charles Manson

Business Manager/Treasurer:
Spencer York

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With Graphics by:

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Beth McNany
Stephanie Ohtola
Pete Simko



Proud member of the Case Media Board since Hundert.

From The Editor

Howdy fellas,

As the editor of the *Athenian*, people often ask me, "Hey man, got any change?"

Less often, people ask me, "Why is the humor magazine at CWRU called the *Athenian*?" This is not an easy question. I've done very little research (some would say *no* research) on the matter, and a strong guess would be to attribute the name to the traditional weirdness of *Athenian* editors (a tradition in which I proudly take part). But if that's not satisfying, try this:

CWRU is a nerd school, but the CWRU mascot is the Spartan, a tough barbarian warrior in ancient Greece. This is ironic. To parallel (but also to reverse) the irony, CWRU's humor magazine (a veritable fount of dumb dirty jokes and general creepiness) is called the *Athenian*, even though Athenians in ancient Greece were the very models of dignity and intellect.

If that's still not good enough, try this: the *Athenian* takes its name from a segment of a secret Masonic ritual describing the Ascension of the Novitiate (or Neophyte, depending on whether or not the Scottish Rite is used) to level of Grand Cyclops, at which point the treasures of untold centuries become accessible through a Swiss bank account number fraught with numerological overtones. The Mason then receives a free copy of every undergraduate humor magazine in the colleges of the continental United States, and gets to have lunch with either Dick Cavett or Harry Shearer on a Tuesday in April.

Keep all that in mind when you're reading this issue. Enjoy!



PAUL HAY, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

-- The Editor

Athenian Guidelines

1) *The Athenian* is a semi-anonymous publication. Contributors' names are printed on page 2, but aren't necessarily connected to any one article. This is to preserve a lack of integrity for the staff.

2) *The Athenian* was used as kindling for witch burnings in Salem, Massachusetts last year, but we declined the opportunity to continue our business relationship with that state.

3) Any submissions/suggestions/doodles/screeds/fake news can be sent to athenian@case.edu. Any submissions can/might/will be altered as needed.

FLASHBACK: 1978 World Battleship Championship

Few who witnessed the beauty and chaos of the 1978 World Battleship Championship have ever forgotten it, even those who have since gone senile. The ranks of competitive Battleship players across the globe had grown in caliber every year since the game's inception in 1943, and many fans (at least, my garbageman and me) believed that the '78 title match pitted the two greatest players of all time. The FIC (Federation Internationale de Cuirasse), the world governing body of Battleship competition, couldn't have been happier when the brash young upstart, American James Greenwald, easily won the international qualifying tournament to earn the right to face the world champion Dr. Aleksi Johansson of Finland, since they knew it would guarantee a knock-down, drag-out title match of epic proportions—or at least be kind of cool.

Greenwald, a prodigy bagpiper as a child (who would later grow up to become a leading conspiracy theorist regarding Communist water fluoridization), had taken the American Battleship community by storm (all 60 of us) with his loudmouth antics, his genius gameplay, and his disgustingly prominent nose warts. Greenwald had compiled an astounding 117-4-10 record in his career, with one of the losses being contested (he claimed that when he got beaten by his little brother at Thanksgiving, he was letting him win), and few believed he could be stopped by Johansson.

Dr. Johansson, to his credit, had long been known as a leading light of the Battleship scene, at least since his dramatic victory over the grand master (and famous pop singer) Englebert Humperdinck to win the world title in 1971. Johansson's nervous tics and bizarre behavior were just as famous as his talent at the game; he had a habit of playing matches with his shoes stuffed with mashed potatoes, and he once memorably wore a snake around

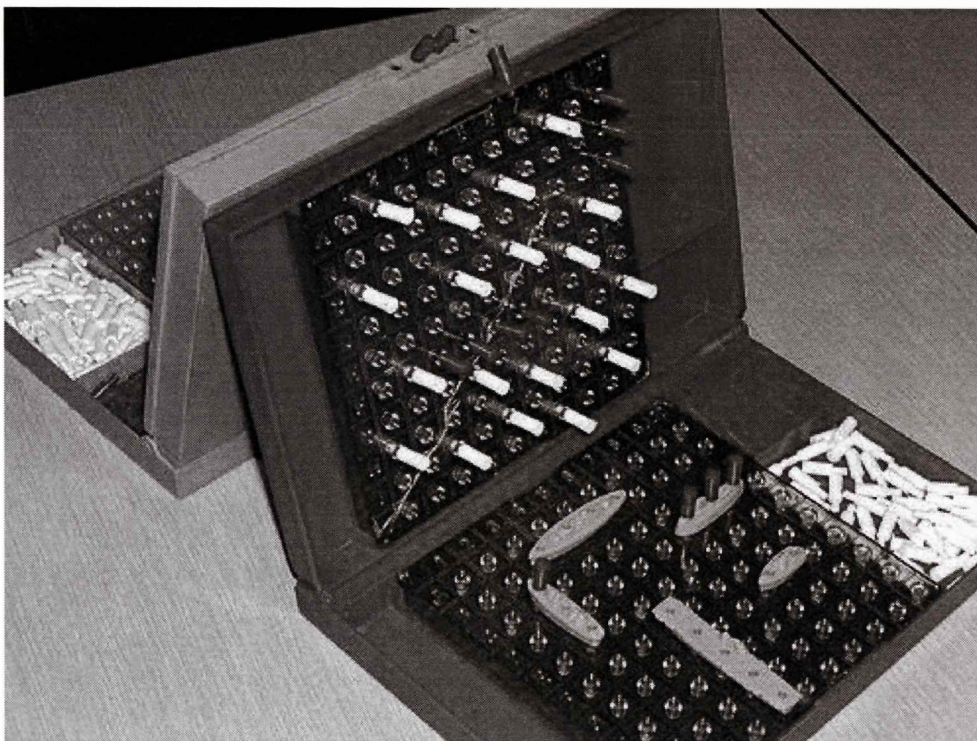
his shoulders for a match and asked it for guidance.

The first of many controversies in the contest erupted during the selection of the match site. FIC officials chose to host the championship in New York City, at Greenwald's aunt's house in Flatbush, but Johansson refused to fly across the Atlantic Ocean (believing that at any moment, the antediluvian civilization of Atlantis might rise from the deep and affect the plane's flight controls). Heated words were exchanged via telephone; finally, after a wealthy and anonymous Battleship fan agreed to fund an alternative site in exchange for Super Bowl tickets, the competitors agreed to play in Avignon, France, in the basement of FIC chairman Norbert Bonvoisin's mother's house.

The FIC's first recognized world champion, the Scotsman Adam Blackhall, was flown in to be the official judge for the best-of-13-games contest. Greenwald immediately ruffled feathers by skipping the official introductions, electing instead to go to a bar and get roasted. Meanwhile, Johansson was complaining to Bonvoisin about the bathroom facilities, which he claimed were substandard and possibly bugged by spies. It is to the credit of Blackhall that he never delivered on his initial threat to "beat the living shit out of both those guys."

Game 1 began with Greenwald, as he had done in most of his prior 131 matches, employing the Macedonian Defense, lining up all his ships vertically in even-numbered columns. Uninspired bomb choices from both competitors caused the game to extend beyond the 5-hour time limit, and the game had to be concluded the next morning, when Greenwald sunk Johansson's submarine on C-5.

Prior to Game 2, however, Greenwald informed Bonvoisin that he had a bad case of the runs and would not be coming to the rest



The sport of kings. The arena of geniuses.

of the games. In reality, as many knew, Greenwald was holding out for more prize money (he wanted TWO free Disneyworld tickets, not just one), and Blackhall was forced to declare a forfeit win for Johansson, sitting at the table chewing his toenails, in Game 2.

Luckily, a crazed (and armed) Milton Bradley employee achieved communication with Greenwald and “convinced” him to keep playing, so Game 3 began normally. Johansson surprised the audience in the room by fianchettoing his carrier on the left side, leaving Greenwald to throw harmless bombs all game into the middle of the board, and took the match in 15 moves.

By Game 6, Johansson was nursing a strong 4-1 lead, but Greenwald began to storm back, catching Johansson in the famous Poopamoto Bind (named after the Japanese grand master Akira Poopamoto). With Johansson having crowded his pieces in the lower half of the board, Greenwald punched holes in his entire fleet, and Johansson was forced to resign after 20 moves. At this point, the match had a break so that Johansson’s mother could

feed the competitors milk and cookies.

Game 10 started with Greenwald, having seized a 5-4 lead, breaking from his norm by executing the Scalzo-Iberian Defense. With all his pieces in the top right corner, and with effective psychological strategy employed, Greenwald left Johansson dithering like a drunkard and took the match in 38 moves. Soon thereafter Johansson lodged a formal complaint that Greenwald’s warts, so distracting to the Finnish doctor, were unfairly affecting the gameplay. A heated exchange took place that in a steakhouse between Johansson, Greenwald, Blackhall, Bonvoisin, and the restaurant owner, and punches were thrown.

His black eye nursed, Greenwald showed up to Game 12 with a renewed vigor and easily manhandled Johansson’s board, sinking his battleship on B-8 after 24 moves. Greenwald would go on, of course, to have a lengthy and tumultuous reign as world champ, which ended with unmentionable disgrace. Battleship fans, however, remember this match with fond remembrance, as all great athletic contests should be recalled.

TRUE/FALSE QUIZ!



IS IT A CANNIBAL CORPSE SONG TITLE?

Formed in Buffalo in 1989, Cannibal Corpse is one of the leading proponents of extreme gore-death metal (in fact, they are acknowledged as the number one seller of death metal albums, over a million albums sold thus far in their career). See if you can tell which of the following song titles are actual songs in the Cannibal Corpse discography!

- 1) _____ "Vomit the Soul"
- 2) _____ "Addicted to Vaginal Skin"
- 3) _____ "Edible Autopsy"
- 4) _____ "A Skull Full of Maggots"
- 5) _____ "Meat Hook Sodomy"
- 6) _____ "I Cum Blood"
- 7) _____ "Entrails Ripped From a Virgin's Cunt"
- 8) _____ "Bonesaw Bloodbath"
- 9) _____ "Fucked With a Knife"
- 10) _____ "Force Fed Broken Glass"
- 11) _____ "Orgasm Through Torture"
- 12) _____ "Mummified In Barbed Wire"
- 13) _____ "I Will Kill You"
- 14) _____ "Blowtorch Slaughter"
- 15) _____ "Frantic Disembowelment"

Answer: All of these titles are real except for number eight.

MEDIA BOARD



“Cash, grass, or ass ... no one makes art for free.”

“Pour Some Sugar On Me” - a very sweet story

Once upon a time, on his **Payday**, **Mr. Goodbar** decided he needed a **Bit O’Honey**, so late that night he drove down to the corner of **Clark** and **5th Avenue**, where he met a lady named **Baby Ruth**. Her price was **100 Grand**, but **Mr. Goodbar** didn’t mind—he just wanted to **Skor** tonight. “Do whatever you want, but no **Kisses**,” she said. He began to feel her **Mounds**...this was pure **Almond Joy**. Then he whipped out his **Twizzler** (at this point it was a **Chunky**) and stuck it in her **Life Saver**, while his **Butterfinger** rubbed her **Whatchamacallit**. She moaned “**Oh Henry!**” until finally he busted his **Zagnut** and shot his **Milky Way**. He was a **Jolly Rancher** indeed that night.



Jack Dorsey Attacked!

By P. Flyer
Staff Reporter

Jack Dorsey, the creator of Twitter, presented himself emergently to St. Louis Medical Center after being attacked. Notably, he had bird droppings all over him, a broken nose, and small beak bite on his rump.

Although no witnesses were available, many believe that birds are upset at the word "tweet" being used to define a short blog-like posting on the internet. In a statement last month, Tweety Bird and Big Bird, members of the International Canaries Union (ICU), shared their frustration that "humans were attempting to degrade the nature of tweeting communication into a mindless standard of internet jargon." They went on to say that tweeting represents a high function of communication between birds and that they would not "just perch nearby and just watch."

According to research in the field, birds use tweets to communicate short messages to one another. Usually these messages share information between birds such as the lunch-time telephone wire everyone's meeting on. The language is almost completely dependent upon articulation.

Jack Dorsey was in stable condition this morning. His publicist reported that he is unphased and has no plans of changing twitter's name any time soon.

Detective Sylvester of the St. Louis Police Department had little comment. When asked who he suspected was the perpetrator he said "I taw a putty tat." At this moment investigation is still open; however, no assault charges have been pressed.

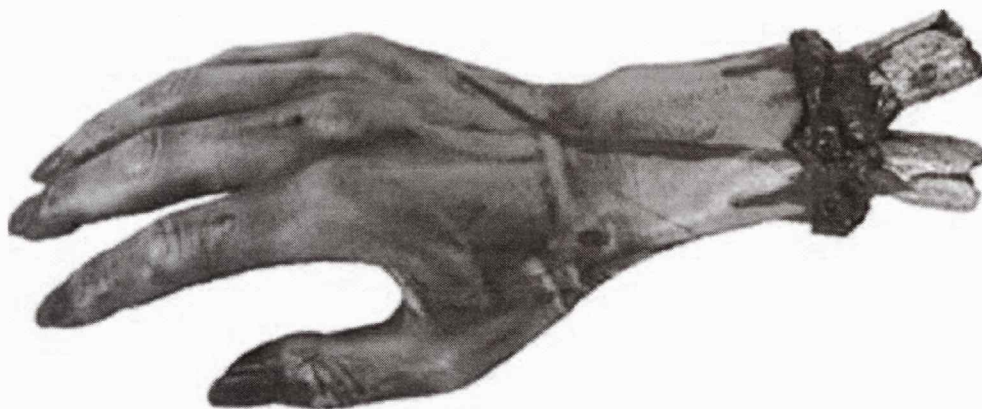
The St. Louis Police Department is looking for any information leading to the arrest of the parties involved.



Did someone accidentally hit you too hard during Tae Kwon Do practice?



Did your professor give you a paper cut as he handed back your exam?



Has *The Athenian* run one too many bad articles?

Call us, WE CAN HELP!!!!1!!1!!!!111234567890!

We are the Ambulance, Chasers, and Nitwits Law Firm. Although we aren't, technically speaking, BAR certified attorneys, we have watched several episodes of *Law and Order*, and we've read every John Grisham novel cover to cover. Furthermore, we've spent lots of advertising dollars sponsoring *The Athenian*, so we feel that we have a pretty good understanding of the law regardless. Our lawsuits have won millions of dollars in awards for our clients. Granted, most of that money goes to us in the form of attorney fees, but you get the satisfaction of knowing you successfully sued someone for millions of dollars, and that always feels good!

Call us at 1-800-EASY-MONEY

First-Year Class Brings Wealth of Knowledge, Unique Experiences

There are 982 first-year students in the Class of 2013 at Case Western Reserve University.

These students bring a wealth of talent and unique experiences. The class counts as members top athletes, artists, academic competition winners, volunteers and leaders.

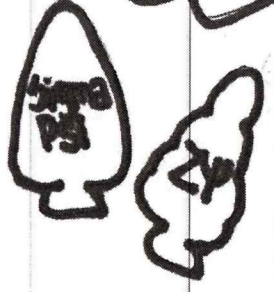
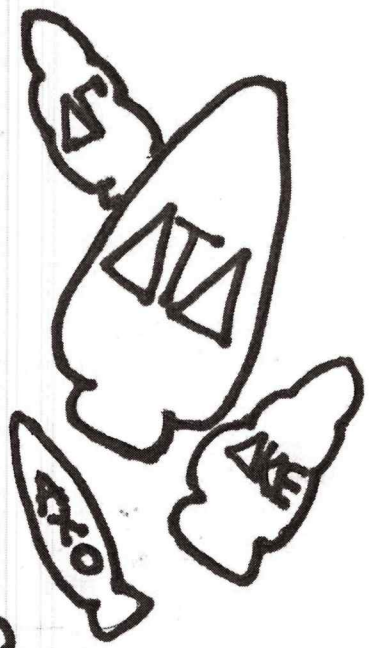
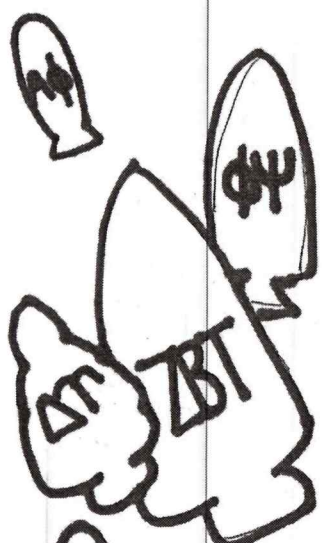
Some of the interesting stories include:

- a former mobster in the Witness Protection Program after turning state's evidence
- a Nobel Prize-winning Lego artist
- the inventor of the Nerf ICBM
- one enterprising delinquent has had his driver's license revoked by all 50 states
- a state record-holder in tiddlywinks competition
- a barbecued-wings enthusiast/historian
- a Duct Tape Wedding Dress Scholarship winner
- an old hobo who got lucky
- a golfer who once recorded a score of 18 on a pro course, only to later admit, when pressed, that he cheated
- the kid that stole all those Beanie Babies from Sears way back when
- an activist who has petitioned the state government of Maine to allow chimpanzees to obtain voting rights
- an adventurer who once fit 50 Goldfish in his mouth at one time
- an anthropomorphic bear
- a horror film actress who has had her skull crushed by demons in over ten movies
- a student who spent his summer in Antarctica slowly going insane from the cold, the loneliness, and the voices in his head
- a xylophonist who has won international competitions in Johannesburg, Prague, and Buenos Aires, despite having lost both arms at birth
- a heavy-drinking douchebag
- a deranged Jonas Brothers fan who has been arrested twice for stalking and now has a restraining order against him (yes, him)
- a world-class fingerpainter
- a track star who set a state high jump record in Oregon by leaping over thirty three feet under the influence of PCP
- a Teen Wheel of Fortune contestant who tried to buy a "Y" (because sometimes it's a vowel)
- the bride of Frankenstein
- a mass murderer who got off on a technicality
- a self-proclaimed political ideologue whose blog is read by over three people weekly
- a student who rode a tricycle across the continental United States to protest the war in Iraq
- a couple hot girls

CASE

PICK YOUR CLIQUE!

We keep on pluggin' along



"Find your perfect fit"

Survivor Series: MSNBC vs Fox News

JIM ROSS: "Well, we've got a real slobber knocker here tonight, a 3-on-3 no-holds-barred grudge match between a team from MSNBC and a team from Fox News."

JERRY LAWLER: "That's right JR, it'll be Keith Olbermann, Rachel Maddow, and Chris Matthews taking on Glenn Beck, Sean Hannity, and Bill O'Reilly."

JR: "There's the bell, and Olbermann wastes no time going after Beck. Olbermann is explaining the flaws in supply-side economics, and he follows it with a vicious clothesline!"

JL: "He nearly took him out of his boots. But now O'Reilly's telling Maddow how illegal immigration is undermining the economy and adding to the unemployment rate, punctuated with a huge vertical suplex."

JR: "Matthews goes over to help, peppering O'Reilly with punches...there's a boot to the gut...and there's a retort that Mexicans do the work that other Americans don't want to do! O'Reilly is reeling!"

JL: "Hannity! Out of nowhere! He just decked Matthews with fears that lax border patrol would allow terrorists to sneak a dirty bomb onto American soil! Olbermann throws Beck into the corner...he's pummeling him with kicks, damn near stomping a mudhole in him....and there's a 'fear-mongering' ad-hominem attack! Beck looks dazed and confused."

JR: "Hannity just applied a figure-four leglock to Matthews...Matthews is just grimacing in pain as Hannity shows how unaffordable Obamacare is. Matthews may not be able to resist much longer."

JL: "And Maddow just received an atomic drop from O'Reilly, who says that national health care will lead to a shortage of doctors and price rationing. But Olbermann just threw Beck out of the ring, and now he hits Hannity with a vicious leg drop to the throat."

JR: "Olbermann throws Hannity into the ropes...there's a big powerslam. And now

Olbermann is pointing out that America spends too much annually on health care to justify the amount of citizens who have no health insurance. Hannity looks groggy....there's a scoop slam, and he's staying down. 1...2...3 and Hannity has been eliminated."

JL: "Olbermann throws a clothesline at O'Reilly, but O'Reilly ducks and says that socialized medicine gives the federal government too much control over citizens' lives. Olbermann is backing into the corner, O'Reilly is hitting him with big left hooks...but now he's returning the punches, and telling O'Reilly that the conservative-loved Patriot Act gives the feds even more power!"

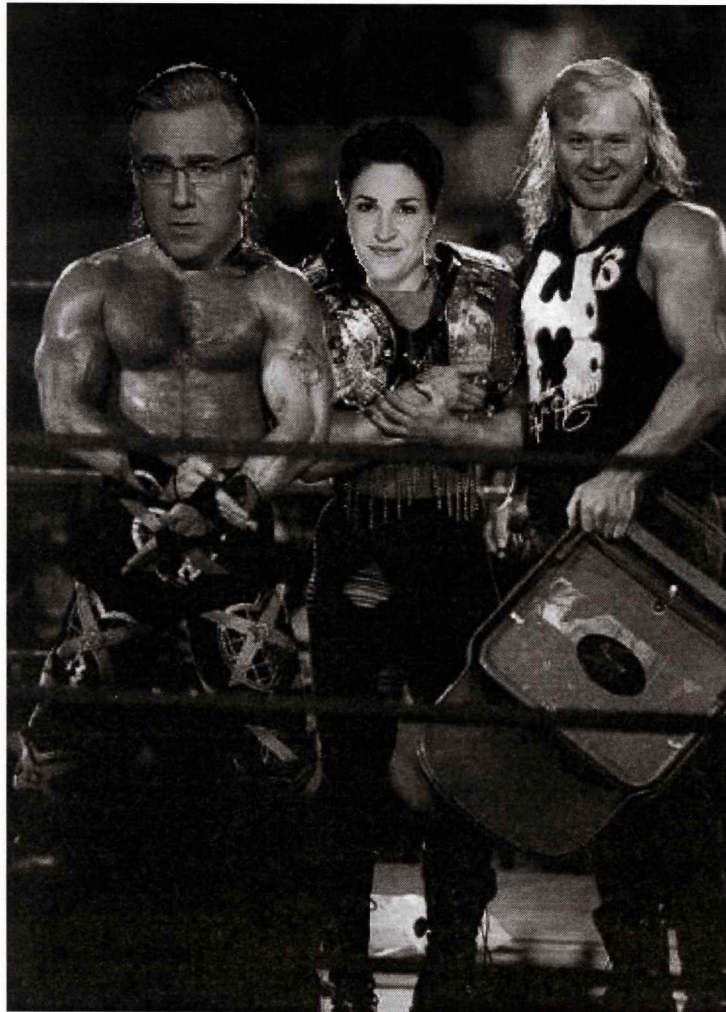
JR: "This crowd is going wild...Matthews has Beck in a front headlock, telling him that global warming is directly related to other social and economic issues like floods and droughts. But Beck just broke the hold by gouging Matthews' eyes!"

JL: "And now Beck is claiming that environmentalism is a crock created by left-wing academics to further their Marxist agendas! And he's got a chart showing how global temperature increases are negligible!"

JR: "I don't think the referee saw that chart, Beck should have been disqualified. O'Reilly just delivered a brutal piledriver to Olbermann as he justifies the war in Iraq as central to maintaining global stability in the Middle East. Maddow is coming over to help out, saying we've become less safe since 9/11, but Beck just hit her with a bulldog and claimed that the troop surge is working. 1...2...3 and she's eliminated."

JL: "Matthews just locked Beck in an abdominal stretch...the referee is going over to see if Beck will tap out...Matthews is accusing weak federal regulations on banks and investors of contributing to the economic collapse. Beck can barely hold on. But O'Reilly is there to break it up!"

JR: "O'Reilly hits a DDT on Matthews! Good lord! Matthews is busted open, he's



bleeding on the mat! And Beck is saying that stronger federal regulations keep market innovation from happening! 1...2...3 and Matthews is out.”

JL: “Now it’s two-on-one, Olbermann is getting circled. O’Reilly goes for a clothesline but Olbermann ducks and sends him out of the ring. Beck hits a boot to the gut, tells Olbermann that Obama wasn’t born in America, now he’s setting up a powerbomb....reversal! Olbermann locks in the Sharpshooter!!! Beck can barely hold on....he’s tapping! He tapped out!”

JR: “But now O’Reilly slides back into the ring. He whips Olbermann into the ropes... spine buster! Olbermann is down, and O’Reilly is screaming that Sotomayor is an activist judge! He’s going to end it right here!”

JL: “BUT WAIT! Wolf Blitzer! He’s here!”

JR: “Wolf Blitzer! And he’s got a steel chair! He’s running down the ramp and into the ring! CHAIR SHOT ON O’REILLY! CHAIR SHOT ON OLBERMANN! They’re both face down on the canvas!”

JL: “Blitzer came out of nowhere and turned this ring into a madhouse! And the crowd is going insane!”

JR: “Blitzer is flipping the bird to both men, and now he’s cracking open a can of beer! Unbelievable! This match is a no contest draw, due to the interference by Wolf Blitzer. Both channels have been battered and beaten... tune in next week for another thrilling contest between loudmouth political commentators who have long since forsaken credible, objective journalism in favor of pandering to the TV audience.”



MÖTLEY CRÜE

He's the one they call John GIELGUD
He's the one that makes ya feel ALL RIGHT
He's the one they call John GIELGUD
He's gonna be your DUKE OF CLARENCE

SHAMELESS PRODUCT ENDORSEMENT

(because our new Ferraris won't pay for themselves)

XTreme Inc.'s "Debilitator" Diet Pills: The Proof

By Gertrude Winkerstein

If you're like me and struggling to lose weight, I'm sure you've tried everything – liposuction, tapeworms, even a good diet and exercise. But nothing seems to work. Take heart: it's not that you can't lose weight; it's that you're too darn lazy. But now, there's hope. XTreme Inc. has unleashed their revolutionary new diet pill, the Debilitator. With this diet pill, you are guaranteed to shed the pounds with minimal effort! It worked for me, and trust me, it will work for you!

With all the claims out there, I was a little skeptical. And after I saw the Debilitator's ads in a pop-up window, I was even more so. As proof of its claims, the Debilitator ad presents a "Before" picture and an "After" picture. I could have sworn, however, that the person in the "Before" picture was an overweight white woman, but the "After" picture was a slender black woman. And I did some background research on XTreme Inc., and found that the current owner, Max Gains, had done five years for fraud selling fake products. Still, I figured that I didn't have anything to lose, so I went ahead and placed an order. It was a decision that changed my life.

I took two pills a day for a week. Over the course of that week, I dropped 200 pounds and went from a size 36 waist to a size 2! Granted, my doctor says I'm extremely malnourished and dehydrated, and mysterious charges have been appearing on my credit card statements ever since I placed the order for the pills, but it was definitely worth it! I look great, men hit on

me in bars again, and my life is fantastic!

But there's no need to take my word for it! A study conducted by XTreme Inc. found that in 100% of clinical trials, the Debilitator diet pill was found to take off as much as 400 pounds! A similar study was conducted by the Association of Worthless and Defective Products and got the same results, as did one by the Association of Corporations Who Only Stay in Business Because Their Customers Are Desperate and Stupid. In fact, the Debilitator pills have proven so effective, they've actually been banned in Finland and thirteen other countries! (XTreme Inc. insists that this is due to heavy lobbying from the health and fitness industries, not due to the myriad safety concerns and multiple class action lawsuits related to its product).

I can't recommend the Debilitator diet pills highly enough. They turned me from an unhealthy ugly duckling into an even healthier swan! Well, what are you waiting for? Make the decision that will change your life! Order the Debilitator diet pills today!

**This article was sponsored by XTreme Inc. XTreme Inc.: Supplying you with worthless and dangerous products since 1889! For more information about the Debilitator diet pills, including how to order, please watch our informational video at: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Yu_moia-oVI*

Shaggy-Ass Kid Finally Gets a Haircut

Sources close to one unnamed sophomore have confirmed rumors circulating around campus: That one really dirty kid finally got a haircut.

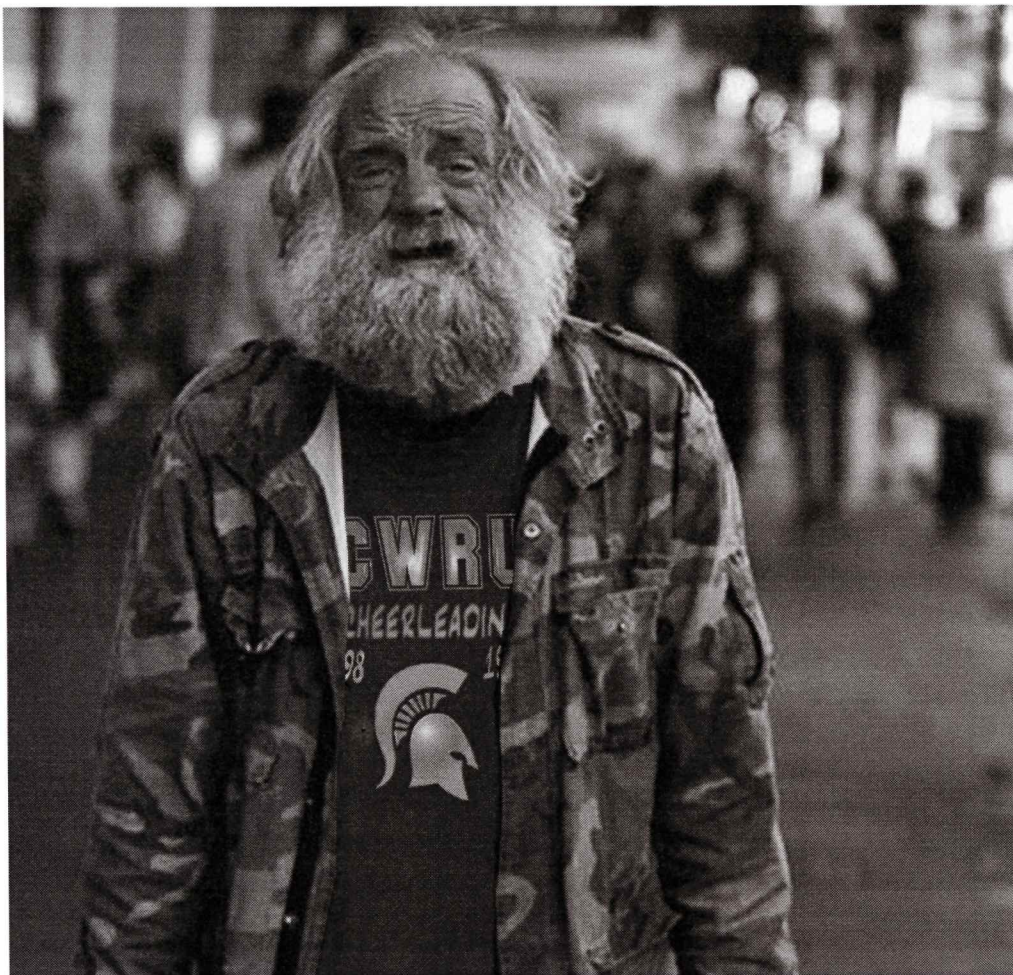
“It was way past time. I mean, he was filthy. No, really. It was gross” says one freshman girl who reported feelings of nausea upon crossing paths with the mongrel child in Leutner. “It was disgusting. I immediately felt my stomach turning.

“And I eat at Leutner,” continued the student. She recounted the incident with trepidation, describing how he “definitely smelled like burnt catshit” and how she tried to walk to the side, but the aspirant hobo, completely oblivious about how to navigate crowds,

pulled the maneuver witnesses describe as the “double juke.”

Other students have stepped forward, offering their opinions on the change of hairstyle for that nasty bastard. “I hope it’s the first of many changes for him, since I seriously feel like he’s a vector for diseases or something. Shit was nasty.”

However, while the vast chorus of responses is pro-haircut, a small but vocal minority maintains that it was a mistake. “College is a time for experimentation and establishing a sense of identity, and if part of that identity includes an outrageous disregard for one’s hygiene and the comfort of those around him, then how can we try to stifle that?”





CWRU texts from last night

(216): woke up to find bio textbook under 50 empty beer cans. should be a good final today

(216): leadership meeting with Babs in an hour. bad that I'm hung over?

(216): only your roommate can touch your penis, it's an art

(216): how is she, scale of 1-10

(1-216): no at case we use the binary scale...0 is unattractive, 1 is good enough

(216): lets get some grey goose and watch Down Periscope

(216): i think my chem si is here, chugging natty...good time to ask him about getting a hw extension?

(216): sdkfjssddidiiiiCHARLES NO

(216): get to spot night right now, theyre bringing in the midgets

(216): i had to wipe my ass with an observer. most use i've gotten out of it in four years here.

(216): do you have my iClicker?

(1-216): yes. and trust me, you don't want it back

(216): i can only stay awake at chapter meetings by imagining myself dancing down the street to the bg music from mario 2. is that so wrong?

(216): south overlook, more like mouth bonerlook

(216): new season of house is on the network

(1-216): my weekend is set



PAUL E. PEPPER'S

ADULT FUNHOUSE

Looking for a new place to have good food, good fun, and some slightly disturbing sexual experiences? Paul E. Pepper's Adult Funhouse, recently opened in Lindale, is the place for you! We offer a wide variety of erotic and fun activities, ranging from gag balls to Skee-ball.

Paul E. Pepper's is a great place to let consenting adults of any age be free to run, jump, climb and play on the games, rides and attractions Paul E. Pepper's has to offer. From the coolest video games and high tech simulator rides to our leather torture rack and bullwhip armory - we have fun covered.

Be sure to sample our animatronic strip show, with all your new best friends: Elektra Bunny, Sapphire Chipmunk, and Cassidy the Sexual Hippopotamus. The show is always followed by a big serving of free pepperoni pizza and sodas... how awesome is that?!

Our arcade room is stocked with all the coolest video games and and coin-operated arcade machines, including Naked Triathlon, Fuck Your Way Out of the Dungeon, and NBA Jam T.E. Try to win a leather mask from the Big Crane Game...go for a high score on Porno Pinball...hammer your heart out at the Whack-a-Mole Board. Make sure you cash in your tickets for some sweet prizes, like a dominatrix outfit or an autographed Travis Hafner jersey!

Do you like balls? We have a pit for that. Yes, we have a ball pit in our playroom, along with a crazy amount of slides, mazes, and discreet video cameras. Clothing optional!

Throw a magical party without lifting a finger! Our parties are a totally cool way for your sexual partners to celebrate with the fun of Paul E. Pepper's. Plus, all you do is relax...because we do all the work. We also are happy to host your corporate event or meeting. Recent attendees include NASA, the quarterbacks of the Cleveland Browns, and CWRU's Student Executive Council Fall Retreat.

- - - - -

Paul E. Pepper's is the coolest place around to have fun! But don't take out word for it...here's what the newspapers have to say!

"Like an *Eyes Wide Shut* sex club combined with a Discovery Zone...strangely alluring." - *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

"A few dominatrix costumes away from being a nightmarish hell, but the pizza is surprisingly delicious." - *Akron Beacon Journal*

"A great place to bring your lovers of any age (over 18, of course)...be prepared to get bruised and have a ton of fun!" - *Cleveland SCENE*

- - - - -

COME ON DOWN, EXPERIMENT WITH YOUR PERSONAL BOUNDARIES, AND HAVE A GOOD TIME! DON'T BE SCARED..... DON'T. BE. SCARED.



CWRU Film Society

THIS WEEKEND'S MOVIE SCREENINGS:



Friday, October 9, 2009 7:00 p.m.,
9:30 p.m., 12:00 a.m.

Predator 3: Sexual Predator
(2006)

Rated R (98 min.) Director: Roman
Polanski

With Chris Hansen, Jeffrey Jones

After being defeated twice in hunting trips on Earth, the Predator aliens decide to abandon our planet. But one Predator decides to come back not to hunt men as game but for other nefarious purposes. The CIA, aware of the Predator's presence on Earth, recruits Dateline NBC personality Bill

Calloway (Chris Hansen) to catch the Predator before it's too late. Will Calloway be able to keep his sanity when the Predator targets his own house? Will the Predator accept his offer of sweet tea or lemonade? Will the AIM chat logs be too graphic for television? Featuring music by Gary Glitter.

Saturday, October 10, 2009 7:00 p.m.,
10:00 p.m.

The Importance of Being Ernest (1994)
Rated PG (102 min.) Director: Kenneth
Branagh

With Jim Varney, Kevin Kline, Judi Dench

Algernon Moncrieff (Kevin Kline), an aristocratic young Londoner, is expecting a visit from his pen pal, whom he knows as Ernest P. Worrell. Ernest (Jim Varney), who shares the same name as the aristocrat's friend, accidentally drops in on Algernon and assumes the role of his pen pal, continuously referring to another friend named "Vern." When Lady Bracknell (Judi Dench) arrives with her daughter, Algernon excuses himself from dining with them by claiming a visit to Vern in the country. Ernest gets in on the act and there are a bunch of slapstick routines where stuffy Victorian sophisticates appear to get serious injuries, and at the end Kline gets nominated for an Oscar.

