

The ATHENIAN

That Other Student Newspaper of Case Western Reserve University

Issue #49

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Land pirates make booty call at Crawford Hall; cupcakes looted

TED KNIGHT
Contributing Reporter

CLEVELAND, OH - Yesterday, bystanders on the Euclid corridor were shocked to see several costumed men leap from what seemed to be a commandeered parade float onto the outer porch of Crawford Hall in daring feats of Jolly Roger-like acrobatics. Brandishing strange-looking weapons, the coat-tailed and peg-legged assailants soared the sordid Cleveland skies as would an old-fashioned boarding party leaping from ship to ship. Meanwhile, the parade-float-shaped vessel was met by a barrage of expletives from confused citizens halted in their commutes to their repetitive automaton-oriented occupations.

"They just charged in through the windows. I didn't know what to do," said one of the employees at the SAGES café. "I can only remember the dollar-store eye patch staring me in the face." As the café patrons scattered, bravely abandoning the café workers, security quickly responded, first looking for their guns in the restrooms, then on the really comfortable basement couches from which they were roused.

The scene on the main floor worsened. "He told me he wanted my cupcakes, but we only had danishes that day. I would have gladly handed over some of the over-priced puddings no one buys," one worker said. With his demands unmet, the costumed man, later identified as Swash-buck the Large, commanded his

men to, quote, "grab all the booty you can find," as he charged over the counter and took the unfortunate café workers by surprise, nabbing an unclaimed mocha-chino and guzzling its contents, giving them time to flee.

As chaos ensued inside, the situation outside grew even more dire as Cleveland authorities surrounded the land-cruiser amidst expertly redirected traffic. "Hey, it's just common sense. You see a giant ship roll through the middle of the street, you get people moving to safe places," replied the on-hand crossing guard. [Editor's note: This guy is awesome. You should really talk to him sometime, instead of just ducking your head and trying awkwardly not to engage him in conversation, you big jerks.]

With the area sufficiently clear, the police called for SWAT support as the ship turned hard to starboard, preparing to loose a barrage from its unexpected cannons. Police snipers filed into position to gain a clear shot, but, as reported, "all hands were below-decks." The ensuing fusillade caught everyone off-guard. With the boom of multiple subwoofers, the entire Cleveland police force was showered in balls. "Never have I taken so many balls to the face," said one officer. Littering the street were balls of all colors: red balls, yellow balls, sickly green balls. One officer reported even getting blue-balled.

"Really, it wasn't so much that it hurt as much as it was the shame," said one. The street littered with plastic balls, the police

maintained their positions.

On the inside, the men had overcome several floors, tossing papers to floors and knocking out fake ceiling tiles. Phone calls were rudely interrupted, and receptionists were hassled with inane questions. "Really they were not that much different from the students, just with bandanas and puffy shirts," replied one employee.

Only two offices seemed to endure the attack. As per protocol, Access Services had no issue denying them service. The SAGES Office appeared untouched as well, although many can only speculate as to why it was left alone.

It was only a matter of time after the SWAT team arrived that the attackers were apprehended. Several foam swords and fake peg

legs were confiscated, as well as various sweaty eye patches. The land-ship, christened the SS Junk Trunker, was impounded after animal control subdued the land sharks held within the very bottom holds. No one was reported injured in the incident.

"What I can't explain is why several men would dress in period attire and ransack a university facility," noted one bystander. "I'm just glad the land sharks didn't get out," said an animal control representative.

"When it comes down to it, I think the parrot was in charge," offered one of the café workers, "because they were all just too organized to have been arranged by one of the men."

In the meantime, the streets were swept clean of the all the balls. At the same time, Case Western Reserve University has announced plans install a ball pit in the Veale Center. "Finally, I have a reason to use that place," offered one student. Another stated, "Well, at least there's a new way to have fun with the Network gone. I have to say, though, with the hub down, you have to expect new forms of piracy."

Case will pursue further action to prevent further attacks by privateers. Current solutions include building a Maginot Line, hiring the British Royal Land Navy, or instituting a campus-wide game of Ninjas vs. Pirates. The University is also considering hiring such nefarious mercenaries to defend the campus' borders as the Man With No Name, Yojimbo, and former Case Western Reserve University President Ed Hundert.



CWRU Modern Art Endowment used for popular new statue

CWRU administrators have been lauded by all members of the campus community after unveiling a newly-erected statue of Scorpion from Mortal Kombat on the area near Adelbert Hall, a statue made possible by the generous John and Mildred Putnam Sculpture Collection Endowment.

"This statue marks a turning point in the history of this school," said CWRU President Barbara Snyder. "While in the past we have decorated our campus with challenging works of modern art, we have now instead decided to honor a much more potent figure in our lives. Scorpion, whose harpoon attack is highly effective and whose fatality is awesome, deserves this glorification."

The unveiling ceremony was heavily attended by both students and members of the University Circle community. It was punctuated by several martial arts exhibitions and a "Test Your Strength" contest in which competitors chopped blocks of ice in half with their bare hands. As the curtain was lifted, oohs and aahs

could be heard from the gallery, as well as one "Finish him!"

Student support was nearly universal. "I absolutely love it," cooed sophomore nurse Melba Hutchinson. "I never understand what those weird pieces of scrap metal around campus are supposed to mean. But Scorpion's dynamic pose, with just a hint of the threat of malice, is easily understood. When the portal from Outworld opens up on Earthrealm, I hope it happens right here, so that Scorpion can see this statue and be proud."

However, not everyone is pleased. The Young Americans for Liberty protested the commission of the statue, noting in an open letter to the administration that "this demonic figure is a symbol of 20th century tyranny and oppression." It was also rumored that the group really wanted to erect a Barry Goldwater statue in the same spot.

We at the *Athenian*, though, wish to commend the administration on an excellent erection. Flawless victory!



Teddy bear given preference over student in room selection process

ODDIBE MCDOWELL
Staff Reporter

For some time now, it has been unclear who will live in Glaser 223 for the fall semester of 2010. Group leader Joe Dapro wants it to go to his teddy bear, Mr. Snuggles. Dapro's friend, Calvin Kline, insists that Mr. Snuggles is just a teddy bear and that the room should go to an actual human being – like, say, himself. In a blow to Kline, and in a resounding success to stuffed animal rights activists everywhere (all three of them), the Residence Hall Association today announced that its decision has gone in favor of Mr. Snuggles.

"We have reviewed this case carefully, and ultimately we believe that Mr. Snuggles would be a better fit for the suite than Mr. Kline," said RHA head Larry Moonwalker. "Mr. Dapro has presented his case very well, and has slipped us some money under the table, so we feel it in the best interest of the school to give the room to Mr. Snuggles. We wish both parties the best of luck for the 2010-2011 school year."

Dapro was quoted as saying that he

is "absolutely elated" and said that "Mr. Snuggles is a good guy. He never causes any problems, he's never walked in on me and my girlfriend during our private time, he never whines, and he never plays his music too loud when I'm trying to study - unlike that schmuck Kline. I couldn't be happier with how this all turned out."

Kline was thoroughly disgusted at how things have played out, and promises to appeal. "This is ridiculous. Mr. Snuggles is a teddy bear," Kline said, as if we didn't already know that. "How in the hell do they decide that a stuffed animal deserves a room more than a human being? I'm worth more than that!" (Apparently Dapro wasn't kidding when he said Kline was nothing like Mr. Snuggles). Kline has issued a statement saying that he will be talking to his lawyer and "suing the school, RHA, and Dapro for all they're worth."

Dapro responded to this statement with "Wow, *someone's* got anger issues."

Mr. Snuggles has offered no comment as of press time. More details on this story will be reported as they develop.



Gettin' NAKED!

Maguire to Add Peanut Gallery

FELIX UNGER
Guest Reporter

In an effort to improve class attendance and keep his students awake, Chemistry of Materials professor Dirk Maguire today announced that he will include a peanut gallery that will make funny remarks throughout the lecture.

The gallery will consist of three students who will sit on the left side of the stage from the back. Each will be equipped with a microphone to ensure that students can hear what they have to say. The group will go into operation at the beginning of next semester. Maguire hopes that this new addition to his lecture will improve test and homework scores as student attentiveness perks up.

We asked Dr. Maguire for a statement on this matter. He said, "Well, every time I give a lecture, I see kids dozing off, playing on their laptops, texting people, and just not paying attention. My test scores are down and the university is investigating. I've tried everything else I can think of – I think this is interesting stuff, but apparently the kids disagree. So I think that a group officially doing what my students have been unofficially doing for years is the way to go."

Hans Wisenheimer, one of the students in Professor Maguire's class, has said that he is looking forward to the change.

"Maguire is so boring! I can barely stay awake in his class, and I always do miserably on the tests. Now with someone making fun of him maybe I can pay some attention!" Another student in Maguire's class, Anna Silliana (who does not wish to be identified), said, "I regularly learn more in one hour from my recitation leader than in a full week of Maguire. Hopefully this will change things."

Not everyone agrees with Professor Maguire's decision, however. Professor Dan Theman, clearly not the brightest bulb in the chandelier, was quoted as saying, "I don't see how putting a bunch of peanuts on stage will improve anything. Is this just Maguire's attempt to pad his budget?" Others feel that the peanut gallery will distract from the material too much. (Yeah, we're not really sure where they got that idea, either.)

Maguire, however remains optimistic. "The difference between the old way of doing things and the new way of doing things is like the difference between low density polyethylene and high density polyethylene. If you didn't know, the difference is..." At this point, we only listened for a few more brief moments before succumbing to sleep. A peanut gallery for our interview would have been a welcome addition, and we feel it safe to say that it would be a welcome addition to his class as well.

Couric's Commencement Address to contain humor, bone-chilling revelations

MIKE GARCIA
Staff Reporter

After a humongous bribe, the *Athenian* was able to obtain an advance copy of the commencement address to be given on May 16th by CBS anchorwoman Katie Couric. Some sneak previews are below.

- Couric admits that she spent her collegiate years "occupying various administration building, smoking a lot of Thai stick, breaking into ROTC, and bowling."

- she declares that the future success of Sarah Palin as a political candidate "depends on how many current voters' mothers smoked and drank while pregnant."

- she is willing to give an internship to any of the graduating CWRU undergrads, if they are able to name all the Vice Presidents in order during the ceremony

- her favorite Disney princess is Nathan Lane from *The Lion King*

- she played a part in the attempted as-

sassination of boxing promoter Bob Arum
- she thinks more and more celebrities will broadcast their colonoscopies on live TV until finally there will be a digital cable channel devoted solely to just such programming

- she really hates Tom Brokaw
- she plans on doing an interview with Mahmoud Ahmadinejad loaded with "gotcha" questions to hurt his chances at political office in America

- she expects Lebron James to eventually be named Holy Roman Emperor
- she was the Lindbergh Baby
- to avoid the effects of global warming, she is moving to the planet Krypton

- she can out-drink any of us
- she believes George Michael will rise again

- she loves those Ernest movies
- she thinks we'll all lead happy, fulfilling lives

Student attempts 'witty' subversion of English language, now referring to self in the second person

GENE BEARDEN
Yellow Journalist

Brian Saxeingen, widely regarded as an insufferable cunt, has once again tried kicking off another linguistic fad. Following on the heels of his recent, botched efforts to craft nicknames for everyone in his Introductory Biology lecture and to create a Midwestern equivalent for "hella," his new project promises to be nothing but a major irritation to everyone who has to deal with the little schmuck.

Overpromising from the beginning, the prick has been nearly preemptory in promoting what he advertises as a "witty subversion of modes of address" and considers it "a promising new examination of

linguistic identity, and funka-funny." Following a peer's half-hearted inquiry into the new joke, Brian immediately launched into the performance.

"You're bored," he sighs, as his eyes wander, glazed over with that dead-cow stare so famously attributed to the petty twit.

"Yeah, I am, so?" the peer responds, unimpressed. "I wasn't talking to you," Brian rebuts, then catches himself and resumes with, "Oh, wait, you messed it up."

[Editor's note: We don't want to bore you with the watered-down 'who's on first' conversation that followed. Just ignore the kid. Seriously. We're tired of his bullshit, and we imagine you must be, too.]



Michelson-Morley Building found to be hiding world treasures

OREL HERSHISER
Well-Paid Journalist

CWRU janitors recently discovered that the abandoned Michelson-Morley building on the Quad is actually home to a huge collection of world treasures once thought lost forever.

"This is quite a find," said associate professor of history Tom Buckler. "I think I

saw some Dead Sea Scrolls in there. Definitely an Egyptian sarcophagus. Also what appears to be an alien flying saucer. Pretty cool."

Within hours of the discovery, government officials descended on the building and starting sweating profusely. It seems

(SEE "TREASURES," PAGE 71)

Quiznos closes amidst scandal, mysterious death, and cries of foul play



QUENTIN NOSCUP
University Circle Beat Reporter

On Thursday, March 11, the Quiznos off Bellflower finally closed its doors, after weeks of getting embroiled in a scandal that has rocked the nouveau-riche of Cleveland—the gruesome murder of the Honorable Thaxton Brisby. His Honor, long retired, was found dead weeks before, preposterously splayed among the tomatoes and torpedo loaves in the store room.

Officials close to the case have been tight-lipped about the affair, trying not to draw undue attention to the prestigious Brisby estate, but rumors have been circulating and we feel it is our duty to clarify the current state of the matter. Tongues and fingers are tirelessly wagging as all concerned try to get to the bottom of this bizarre whodunit, and it seems as though the truth is becoming as muddled as the orders formerly processed at our former estimable establishment. What is clear at this point, however, is that Judge Brisby was at the center of a complex business transaction implicating local insurance companies, many petty hangers-on clamoring for

the power-teat, and even our own beloved Quiznos.

The suspects in this case are a who's-who of schemers and backstabbers keeping their eyes on the Brisby prize. Bernadette Cornwall, the longtime maid of the Brisby estate, was often seen flirting with the owner of the Quiznos and asking macabre questions, like how long the freezer could keep a corpse, or how well it could confuse the time of death. Maxwell Monstooth, the aged manservant, frequented the Quiznos as well, often testing an assortment of knives on the meat in the backroom, "for his own purposes." He is also noted by key witnesses as being a partner with the shady Horton Vantressor, the local wool magnate who has often indicated interest in the location, and his desire that "some scandal might drive those hooligans off the lot." These and other colorful characters have been implicated in the increasingly absurd situation, drawing a lot of bad press for the modest establishment. To escape the shame of their association with the scandal, the owners have elected to move to Cincinnati, where "this sort of Hollywood bullshit doesn't happen."

Student body now ignoring Brian Saxeingen

GENE BEARDEN
Still a Yellow Journalist

Following his "second person" stunt, it appears the entire student body is taking the advice of this publication and ignoring the nutless wonder. While some concern has been raised that a report on this matter will draw attention to the resident fuckhead and fuel his perversely quixotic pursuit of attention and people who think he's funny, numerous sources are confident that he won't get within ten feet of this periodical. Multiple people who have had the misfortune of being in extended contact with the cock-gargler confirmed his antipathy towards the written word, both quoting him in conversation and his Facebook profile, which lists his favorite books as: Hah, like I ever READ? *snrrk*.

While the student body as a whole is

doing an excellent job ignoring Saxeingen, reports are circulating that his efforts are becoming increasingly desperate. Different sources assert that the twit has recently been coming to classes absent certain articles of clothes, mostly shirts and shoes, and has proclaimed to no one in particular that he thinks clothes "are such a puerile concept, and once we stop paying attention to bullshit status indicators, we can be as cool as Tyler Durden." Others claim that Saxeingen has stopped speaking English entirely, preferring to communicate in bizarre onomatopoeic constructions reminiscent of the original Batman series. While some readers might be tempted to acknowledge this student's desperate bid for attention, we must implore you—Do not. The sooner he realizes that we're not willing to take his shit anymore, the better off everyone's going to be.



University Cracks Down on Hub Users

JACK TRIPPER
Reporter-at-Large

At the behest of the RIAA, the MPAA, the ESRB, the FCC, the ADHD, the Porn Star's Guild, PETA, Habitat for Humanity, and some other organizations looking for an easy score, President Snyder today announced a plan to institute a crackdown on students who used DC++. Reportedly the university was told that if it did not make amends for running the hub by aggressively punishing any student who partook in the illegal file-sharing practiced over the hub, the university would lose all of its federal funding, plus the IRS would take any and all incoming tuition money.

The plan calls for any student who took part in illegal file-sharing to have their internet connections permanently shut off and their computers smashed in front of them. Additionally, any offender will receive a GPA of 0.0 retroactively for their entire college career and be given a grade of "F" in any and all classes they ever took at Case (and any transfer credits will be thrown out). The harshest offenders will also be publicly flogged; placed in stocks, where the righteous students will be permitted to throw things at them; and tarred and feathered. Finally, all students who used the hub will be required to attend seven sessions over the course of the remainder of the semester regarding copyright law. Officials say that these punishments are necessary to ensure future compliance with copyright laws.

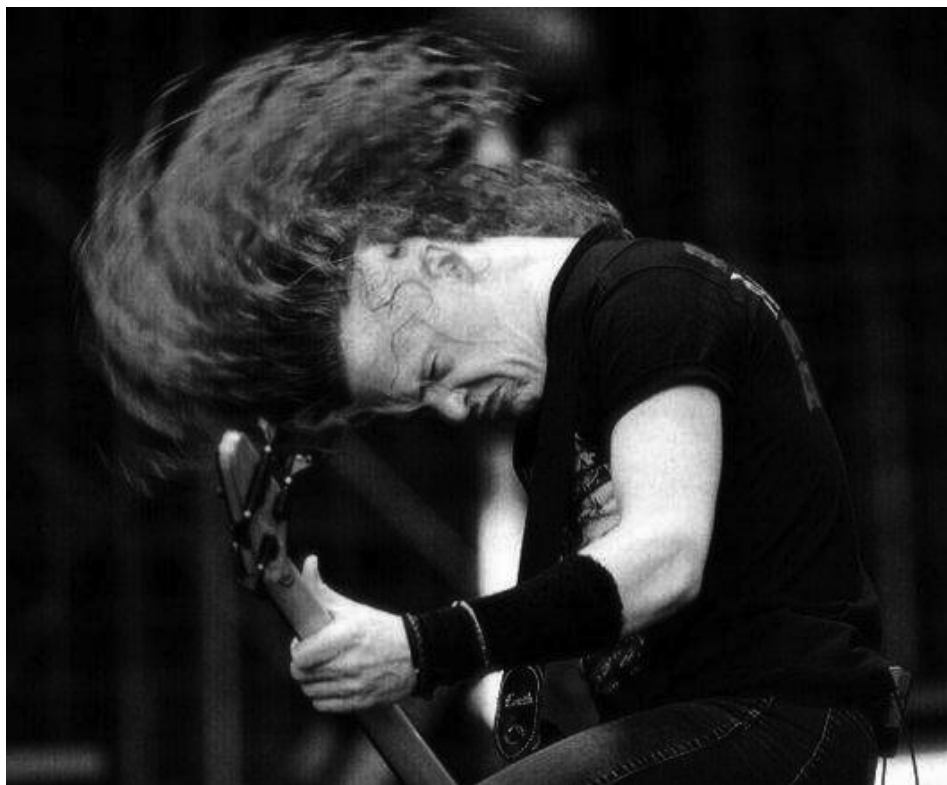
President Snyder was quoted as saying "I believe that these measures are over-the-top and wholly unnecessary. But what can I do? Those leeches will drain Case Western Reserve University of every last dime if we do any less."

"It's not about the money here. These

students need to learn that what they did was wrong – it hurts the producers of the copyrighted material," said RIAA official James Schizzelgruber. "How are directors supposed to afford new luxury yachts if these kids keep stealing their movies? How will the musicians be able to pick up attractive members of the opposite sex in bars when they are making no money for their music? How are the porn stars going to get breast implants and lingerie if kids view their movies for free? The greedy little shits who use DC++ hurt everyone in the industry!"

Student opinions on the matter have been mixed. A freshman by the name of Trogdor Burninator gave a statement to the effect of "This is bullshit. A lot of – ." However, he was standing right next to Mr. Schizzelgruber at the time, and Mr. Schizzelgruber, apparently not open to differing opinions, cut him off every time he tried to go any further. Another student, an anonymous sophomore named Fred J. McGillicutty, told us, "Man, I'd better get out of here until the heat dies down. I downloaded a lot of stuff off the hub." Senior Richie McHolierthanou said "Well, I didn't use the hub. I've got *nothing* to worry about. Those thieves will get everything they deserve. And – hey! Wait! Where are you going?" he continued as we ran as far away as we could from that self-righteous asshole.

It seems unlikely that the university will be able to work around the measures at all, given that the affected groups have installed several officials on campus to see to it that the punishments get meted out. We here at the *Athenian* will continue to monitor this situation from the safety of our secret headquarters in an undisclosed location where the lawyers can't get us.



Student Health Service Says Headbanging Good Stress Relief

DAVID PUDDY
Friendly Contributor

The Student Health Service today released a study that suggests headbanging is a good stress management technique. Metalheads everywhere rejoiced at the news, which confirmed their years of behavior.

The study itself is a bunch of random numbers and data (allegedly collected over a twenty year period) written in such obscure jargon that it is impossible for any normal person to comprehend it, so we just take the SHS's word for it. We prefer to think it's true, in any case.

"I knew all those years of annoying the neighbors at three in the morning were good for something!" said rocker Rocky "Spike" McLoudmouth. Another student, Sabrina O'Hara, called us to her room for a statement, but the music was so loud we couldn't hear anything she was saying.

The Metal Music Association of America has issued a statement supporting the research, and several metal bands are increasing their tour dates and stops to help more people relieve any stress they may be under.

(SEE "HEADBANGING," PAGE Y112)

UPB to postpone several events next year

TXT-9000
Journalism-Bot

Thurman Esiason, Director of Excuses for the University Programming Board, announced this week that due to the overwhelming support UPB gave itself for incompetently postponing the Winter Concert until the end of March, several other events next year will be postponed.

“Do you see this UPBaller hoodie I’m wearing?” barked Esiason. “They only give these to the most important people on this campus. With this hoodie on, every decision I make is solid gold!”

UPB plans to schedule all Spot Nights in 2010-2011 on Wednesdays but not actually hold them until the next Thursday, Esiason told us. Also, UPB won’t be holding the next ski weekend until June of 2011. Similarly, the 2011 Springfest will not actually take place until the beginning of August. Esiason promised that a boring, no-name indie rock band will be signed to headline, but they will eventually cancel and be replaced by an even more boring, even more obscure indie rock band.

UPB Media Liason Jenny Matriz was supposed to comment on this story but

had to miss her interview because she was attending a three-day “leadership conference/retreat” in Daytona Beach. She pushed back the interview until well after this publication goes to print. Matriz did wish to emphasize that UPB sponsors Spot Nights, and mercilessly scolded the *Athenian* for not mentioning that over and over in each issue.

Esiason also wished to announce that next semester’s Fall Concert, featuring a guy that mixes 1970’s sitcom theme songs with dance-club beats, will be postponed until 2013. In the meantime, CWRU students can enjoy the fun and excitement of the activities planned for Thwing Tuesdays, which include:

- bumfights
- playing with some kid’s old Legos
- sock darning
- making Popsicle-stick birdhouses
- learning to read Esperanto
- washing UPBaller hoodies
- competitive fasting
- LSD experimentation
- pouring frosting all over your face
- just sort of hanging out
- moving tables around
- taming velociraptors

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Last issue’s article on the wonders of Coca-Cola was well-written but contained a few misleading claims. While it is true that Coca-Cola cures all earthly diseases, it CAN’T also make you stronger. A proper exercise regimen is also necessary to gain muscle tone. Increased Coke consumption will, however, give your muscular skin a healthy glow. Also, the article claims that Richard Nixon declared Coke the official beverage of the United States of America and replace the 13 arrows in the eagle’s talon on the Great Seal of the United States with 13 bottles of Coke. In fact, it was Gerald Ford who changed the seal, in 1975. Perhaps most distressingly, though, is the claim that Pepsi “is nearly as good as Coke, but doesn’t quite capture the crisp cola flavor.” This urban legend, perpetuated over the years by misinformed journalists, has no basis in reality and was in fact the concoction of three desperate Pepsi-Cola advertising executives in the early 1930’s. In reality, Pepsi is a soft drink fit only to serve to the family dog or a man who’s been lost in the desert for days. I hope this letter will clear up these inconsistencies so that your readers will be better informed.

MIKE MUNUTTI
Senior

Dear Editor,

I just wanted to call your attention to a growing problem on college campuses these days. Too many young men and women, after a night of hard partying and drinking, feel it’s acceptable to vomit onto their bedroom floors. This disgraceful behavior serves to desensitize the young people of America toward the type of decadent lifestyle that they should be fearing and avoiding. That’s why I want college students to choose the higher path and vomit into their beds.

Waking up in the morning surrounded by little puddles of puke is no way to live. It dehumanizes the victim and leads to other, riskier behavior, like vomiting on other people or vomiting into cars. I hope the *Athenian*, and other publications at CWRU, will join me in advising young people to aim their hungover vomit streams directly back into their beds, soiling themselves and their sheets and pillows. It’s a small change, but it makes a big difference.

GIL WAGNER
Society of Laundromat Owners

Dear Editor:

“We know a remote farm in Lincolnshire, where Mrs. Buckley lives. Every July, peas grow there.” Do you really mean that?

Don’t you think you really want to say July over the snow? Isn’t that the fun of it?

I think it’s so nice that you see a snow covered field and say, Every July, peas grow there. “We know a remote farm, in Lincolnshire, where Mrs. Buckley lives. Every July, peas grow there.” We aren’t even in the fields, you see.

We’re talking about ‘em growing, and she’s picked ‘em.

I don’t understand you then. When must, what must be over for July?

But I was out. We were onto a can of peas, a big dish of peas when I said “in July.”

Yes, always! I’m always p-past that!

Yes! Well that’s about where I say “in July.”

Why? That doesn’t make any sense. Sorry. There’s no known way of saying an English sentence in which you begin a sentence with “in” and emphasize it. Get me a jury and show me how you can say “In July” and I’ll go down on you. That’s just idiotic, if you’ll forgive me by saying so. That’s just stupid... “In July”; I’d love to know how you emphasize “In” in “In July”. Impossible! Meaningless!

ORSON WELLES

THE ATHENIAN

Established in 2000 by the undergraduate students of Case Western Reserve University

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Staff Reporters: The tasteful elite of CWRU’s student body, including but not limited to Jon Backmann, Paul Hay, Beth McNany, Pat Melvin, Ben Manekin, Stephanie Ohtola, Erica Wieser, Justin Petersen, et al.

Congratulations to Ben Manekin, who won the \$50 prize for best submission for issue #48!

– EDITORIAL –

A Farewell from the Editor

So, technically this is the issue where I’m supposed to hang up my boots and call it a career. In this section I give one last hurrah to CWRU and fondly reminisce about my early career with this publication. Perhaps some teardrops spatter onto the keyboard as I pen my final missive.

Malarkey! I’m not graduating until May. There’s still one more issue left, and I intend to wrap my tentacles all around that thing. Heck, I can still write articles as an emeritus editor...in fact, this summer I may just write pages and pages of non-time-sensitive material and have it get published for years. Forget about a farewell, compadres, I’m NEVER going away.

But, out of a sense of duty, I will say a few words. The referendum concerning this publication’s use of the Student Activities Fee to fund stipends for the staff was definitely a setback to our work. A lesser editor might have taken that vote as a sign that the student body did not support the existence of this publication. I understood, however, that the issue had been framed more in terms of the use (or abuse) of student money than in terms of the right of this publication to stay on campus. While people aren’t coming out of the woodwork to tell us how great we are (and we probably haven’t come close to earning that yet), I have received much praise from people all over campus about our work this year, for which I am very grateful. A school full of nerdy engineers is the type of environment where complaints are always going to be louder than compliments, but our value to the campus life has been made known to us again and again.

To me, the issue of quality is directly connected to the issue of student involvement. Contributions this year were up from last year but still below the rate that this august publication once had. I know we’re all busy with coursework, but I also know there are a lot of students at this school who are just effortlessly funny. If they only took a few minutes every week to capture this humor in print form and send it to us, we would benefit greatly. And this is especially true for the “haters” out there who like to rag on this, well, rag. If you don’t think we are funny, then send us articles you’ve written that YOU think are funny. We will most likely print them, and thus the publication improves. Everybody wins!

I had a lot of fun working on this publication in my four years at CWRU, and I felt that work was very rewarding. I encourage you all to consider contributing to this publication in any way you can. College isn’t forever; enjoy this ride while it lasts.

Signed,



Paul Hay
President/Editor-in-Chief, Emeritus, *The Athenian*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be e-mailed to athenian@case.edu, and should under no circumstances be mailed to The OBSERVER OFFICE, 11111 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, OH 44106. Letters need to include the writer’s full name, credit card information, and allergies. You get five bonus points every time you compliment us, too. The *Athenian* reserves the right to publish all hate mail in a future issue of this publication, probably with some kind of insulting commentary (especially toward typos). All written communication with the *Athenian* must be accompanied by a ten-dollar bill, or an equal amount of coupons.

The *Athenian* is the tri-semesterly undergraduate student humor magazine of Case Western Reserve University. Established in 2000, The *Athenian* exists to provide a print medium for CWRU students to publish written and graphic material of a humorous nature. The *Athenian* is a proud member of the Case Media Board. For advertising information, make a casual comment to a staff member about considering buying an ad, and we will beg and plead with you to do so until you finally succumb.

Comic outsourced to well-regarded internet fad amidst terrible dearth of comedy on campus

MILLARD FILLMORE
Concerned Citizen

The Observer, at some point in the year (and I can't be bothered to research this sort of nonsense), elected to run a webcomic in lieu of the original content of some student. The decision has proved controversial, with one sides arguing, "It's nice to have at least something that looks professional in that rag." In addition, the move blurs the line between the democratic free-for-all of the internet and the borderline fascistic demands of syndication, and that of course these elements would be reconciled in a college newspaper, where the standards are

virtually nil.

The other camp, however, less amused by trifling trans-medial cross-pollination, is deeply dissatisfied by the solution. "Basically, it means we're fucked as a student body. Seriously, no one on campus is willing or able to write a decent comic?" laments one student.

Another interjects. "Yeah. And the definition of 'decent' is pretty flexible. Like, anything better than 'Robots @ Case'. Which is everything." But when asked why they didn't try writing a comic themselves, the students merely shook their heads and muttered something about a physics lab. Typical.



Student Activity Fee reallocated again; now every student gets a Pomeranian

SHEP PROUDFOOT
Human Being

Following the SEC's decision to revoke Media Board's salary system, their office had become inundated with the myriad howls of different organizations bellowing for more changes, more allocations, and basically to take money away from groups they didn't like. Emerging from the chaos, one claim has been made by all parties concerned, and has been accepted in turn: the notion that the Student Activities Fee, paid for by all students, shouldn't be used to cover the costs of an intensely focused, smaller group that caters to the tastes of a tiny minority.

Many groups have made this claim, and the SEC, in a historic gesture, has elected

to rescind all funding for specialty groups in favor of something everyone loves: Pomeranians.

Following this electoral watershed, the SEC has deemed it necessary to stop catering to the special interests, cease the political distribution of funds, and evenly distribute the SAF to buy every student the Pomeranian he or she wants. The SEC has looked into the matter, and researched the adorable little dogs to exhaustion, finding different breeders in Cleveland, arranging trips to dog-oriented accessory shops, and amending the housing rules to allow for the massive influx of purse-dogs into the dormitories. "We just want to get everyone what they want. Ultimately, we feel this is the best compromise," an unnamed spokesperson remarked.

Springfest headliners forced to cancel; Case Western Reserve University President Snyder requests GWAR as replacement

KIMMY GIBLER
Focus Editor

Citing a severe case of whooping cough, Springfest main-eventers Minus the Bear were forced to cancel their appearance at Springfest this year. Simultaneously, the other headliner, Kid Sister, was discovered to have been a huge Internet hoax created by aging rocker (and notorious practical joker) Jimmy Buffett.

In the face of this calamity, CWRU President Barbara Snyder contacted the Springfest Planning Committee and demanded that they name heavy metal artists GWAR as a replacement.

"I've been a big fan ever since I bought their album *This Toilet Earth*," said Snyder. "Plus I'm sick of lame bands coming to Spot Night and concerts on campus. I just had to step in."

"We're just happy to play anywhere," said GWAR guitarist Balzac the Jaws of Death. "We didn't think we had any fans in Cleveland any more, but whaddaya know. Hope the CWRU campus is ready to get soaked in fake blood and other creepy weird stuff."

Snyder confirmed that the band was being asked to play material from *Scumdogs of the Universe* in addition to songs from the newer albums.

Panhellenic Council charged with stealing office supplies

JOHN BUGG
Spy-in-Training

Several executive members of Panhel were recently fingered in a wide-ranging office-supply theft ring which shocked the campus of Case Western Reserve University. The ringleader of the operation, Clarissa Lembogo, Panhel VP of Balloon Parties, was discovered to be living in a two-story apartment made entirely out of Post-it notes. Other executive board members, including VP of Sunshine Z.Z. Germanga and VP of Daffodils Telly Carbanga, were found to have personal possession of cars made out of paper clips, living room furniture made out of pencils, and home exercise equipment made out of gum erasers.

"This is an absolute outrage, and the student body is rightly furious," said random fifth-year senior Robert Swagger, who started the probe. "We've been led to believe that these types of embezzlement scams don't happen in our highly-regarded Greek Life system, but evidently we were wrong. And what's worse, they didn't even get cool stuff, like Xboxes or free vacations."

Lembogo, the current president of the Thigh Mega Tampon sorority, was adamant about her defense. "I was framed,

FRAMED I tell you!" she said over drinks with an attractive but gullible *Athenian* cub reporter. "It's a nice story, but none of it sticks to me. This is all the work of conspiratorial forces permeating this very campus. The vast left-wing media plot to destroy my reputation is already underfoot!"

When asked to clarify what she meant by "vast left-wing media plot," Lembogo replied, "Oh, you know, when someone writes an article about me in the paper that I think makes me look bad, it has to be unfair, sloppy journalism, right?"

VP of Rainbows Deena Shirlo, president of the Tappa Kegga sorority, who was indicted on charges of building a deck and patio behind her house out of copy paper, also fought back. "One of my sisters said a friend of hers told her that she heard once that someone admitted on the internet that a few years before that someone on Media Board once bought a pizza and paid for it with the yearbook budget. So BACK OFF!!!"

There has been no official word about the punishments that the girls will receive for their chicanery, but several sources have been reporting that they will have to pay the ultimate price: to sit at a table in Leutner and sell shitty candy to make up the lost money they stole.



Babs, seen here posing with the band in their infamous stage attire.

The Art of Class: Notes From a Qualified Source

B.D. GRILL
Cooler Than Thou

As a member of an elite class of Case Western Reserve University known as the “Classy Ladies,” I feel as though it is my duty—moral obligation, if you will—to force my perception of classy onto the rest of the world. And as a self-identified “Classy Lady,” I believe I am qualified to define the word “classy” and give you tips and advice on how to amp up the “class” in your life. After all, I am a campus leader, and we all know how important campus leaders are. Just ask them.

First and foremost, in order to understand my definition of “class,” you need to realize one very important detail: image is everything. It doesn’t matter if you are a wonderful, kind, funny girl with a great sense of humor—unless you are obsessed with your image to the point of being gilded, I will treat you like shit. You see, what really matters is whether or not you dress in wannabe-professional clothing on a daily basis, join as many douche-infested clubs as possible, and be fake to as many people as humanly possible. Like I said, it’s all about image.

I also tend to prey on the stupid and spineless sheep of CWRU—they will go

along with almost anything I say simply because I know how to package it correctly. In fact, I am so good at making other people think that I know what is “classy” or not that I am able to make them forget entirely that “classy” is really just a subjective concept that doesn’t actually mean anything except to the people that purport to be classy themselves. And there are people that see through this, but they are either fake themselves and just talk about me behind my back instead of confronting me, or they openly disagree with me and I just discredit them until they simply don’t give a fuck about me or my kind. Either way, I win, and I do it with class.

If you want to be classy too, just make sure you follow these very important rules:

1) **Never wear sweat pants to class.** There is no reason for you to be tired with the course load that Case tortures us with, and absolutely no reason for you to not care about your appearance. After all, it’s not like we’re here for an education. We’re here to make sure we look good at all times—even if you have three exams this week.

2) **Always be sugary-sweet to people’s faces even if you are a massive bitch behind their back.** It’s all part of being

diplomatic around here. If you do happen to be honest and blunt, that just means you care more about being a decent person than looking good at all times—and that is just unacceptable.

3) **Always worry that someone is watching you.** Part of being concerned about your image and the image of the groups you are part of is worrying about what others think of you and being self-absorbed enough to think that someone actually gives a fuck about what you are doing. That means don’t take your homework to a Panhel/IFC meeting—the important business that is covered is way more valuable than getting your work done. Don’t wear jeans and a hoodie to a MUN meeting, don’t snack on a granola bar during a Magic the Gathering Club tournament—remember, somebody is always watching and they will think less of you for acting like a normal, busy college student.

If you care enough about yourself and the image you are projecting, you will adopt my lifestyle as a “Classy Lady” of Case Western Reserve University. Boys, don’t worry—these rules for “class” are flexible among the sexes so you too can be classy. Haters, prepare for the Classy Apocalypse.

ONE LAST TIME: Nothing good can stay: DC++ network shut down, thousands weep in mourning of its loss

BENNETT BROWER
Gadfly

When Jim Weatherly first penned the moderately successful single “You’re the Best Thing That Ever Happened To Me,” he surely wasn’t paying tribute to the DC++ hub located at share.case.edu. However, the same sentiments he wrote in 1973 are once again being evoked by a number of students and editorial writers who find that their existence has been stripped of meaning since the shutdown of the hub.

ITS has banned the protocols necessary to run any DC++ network: in short, there is no possibility of students illegally obtaining copyrighted materials, unless they muster the cognitive capacity to install a torrent client or a web-based file hosting service.

“The DC++ hub was a great resource for students, and Bittorrent is hardly an adequate substitute,” said Tyrone Kildow, a third year engineering student. “Through the hub, it was possible for me to download a movie in as little as 5 minutes. Now that I use Bittorrent, downloading a movie can



**YOU JUST GOT
ZUCKUSS’D!**

take as long as 15 minutes, and sometimes even longer if it’s in HD.”

The end of the DC++ filesharing hub is being regarded by some as the end of a great civilization. “This is just like the extinction of the Indus Valley Civilization,” said Ashton Rush, a second-year philosophy major. “In fact, the two were identical, except for the fact that the Indus Valley Civilization was a culture that existed for hundreds of years, built on the ability of Bronze Age peoples to peacefully coexist, while the hub was a group of college kids congregating to swap bits of data. But other than that, they’re exactly the same.”

“The hub possessed a kind of culture,” Rush continued. “It was a venue for people to congregate. People could converse and get homework tips. Now, all of that has been lost: there is no way for Case students to communicate with one another, unless they decide to use IRC, Case forum, Facebook, or leave their dorm rooms and physical interact with other human beings. The death of the hub marks the loss of something great: a source of free music and pornography.”

datinandfuckin

It’s Your Rectum, Not Mine

By Athena, Goddess of Well-Researched Sex Columns

Sodomy, bone smuggling, fudge-packing, going to brown town—no matter how you choose to label it, anal sex is alive and well in bedrooms and “back allies” for millions of Americans. But this highly-pleasurable activity has its own unique set of risks that every bugger should be aware of, especially the wholesome students of Case Western Reserve University.

The kid that sits behind me in PHYS 122 asked me the other day, “How can I talk my girlfriend into having anal sex?” My reply: “I hope you can’t.” Absolutely no coercion, promises, manipulation or threats with a big dildo covered in Axe bodyspray are acceptable. It must be mutual with a definite understanding of the “bottom line.”

But should you happen to be successful in your endeavors to make someone’s ass bounce like it has the hiccups, be advised of a little-known side effect of anal sex: the torn rectum.

The mucous membrane lining of the rectum is not as heavy as the lining of the vagina, so it can tear quite easily, and it does not heal as quickly as the vagina. The vagina, one of the most majestic natural phenomena the world has to offer, is built for rough-and-tumble play. If a ten-pound baby can squeeze out of there with no problem, sure—it’s made for some serious porkin’. But the anus, no matter how much wishful thinking you apply, is not made for particularly rough activity. The vigorous thrusting that may occur during anal intercourse can tear the mucous membrane.

But is a little tear in your butthole really a big deal? When feces is involved, it is. Because feces, loaded with bacteria, will pass by, which means any tear is vulnerable to infection. This can develop into an anal abscess that can become infected, which is extremely painful and leads to a very slow, unpleasant recovery.

Of course this is not meant to deter you from enjoying some butt-play, but rather just to warn you against the dangers that lurk from behind. As always, you should practice safe sex, but especially with anal you should use a condom, making sure to put on a new condom if you are planning on switching to vaginal intercourse or fellatio. And believe it or not, female condoms are excellent for anal sex when used properly. So grab a rubber and some lube, and agree to stop when you sense a disturbance in the force and your partner expresses pain or discomfort.

All of this equipment is available for free at the Flora Stone Mather Center for Women, but please—limit yourself to two free gifts per visit. It’s a resource-center, not a warehouse for freeloaders.

For more information on anal sex or any other aspects of sexual health, be sure to consult a reliable source such as the Center for Women, Health Services, or the Free Clinic. Another great source is Go Ask Alice, a sexual Q & A site through Columbia University.

So the next time you or your partner are considering making the switch from tight-end to wide-receiver, know the risks and follow this Planned Parenthood motto: “Know what you are doing, think ahead, plan ahead, and never let sex just happen.”

Outside the Circle

There is a world beyond CWRU’s campus...and it smells good!

St. Nathaniel’s Pub

Tired of World of Warcraft? Of course not, but your girlfriend is, and if you want her to stop wondering why she puts up with your Cheeto’s fingers and Mountain Dew breath, you should take her out, on a date.

Like most women who prefer venues beyond the threshold of your bedroom door, she probably wants to go somewhere fun, so take her to St. Natty’s Pub on West 6th in downtown Cleveland, right across from that guy who keeps asking for a sandwich. Undoubtedly the least-expensive bar downtown, you too can feel like a douche-bag as you eat with douche-bags, drink with douche-bags, and douche-bag with douche-bags in general. Wear your hat backwards! Pop your collar! You’ll be indistinguishable from the rest of those assholes on

the block. Just remember to leave your D-20 at home, kids, or you might lose it in one of the millions of Solo cups provided by the hepatitis-ridden staff.

No beer knowledge? No problem! St. Nathaniel’s has all the selection you need, plus games! Beer Pong for \$1! Flip Cup for \$1! It’s a wonder they even turn a profit! But thanks to St. Natty, everyone can enjoy a night away from the glare of your computer screen.

Forgot how to behave in public? No issue! The latest G-for-generic gangsta hits will be blasting at five times your normal decibel comfort level, eliminating the need for you to speak to anyone, least of all that girl who keeps you from leveling your Dark Elf-Orc-Monkey-Dragon-Demon-Cheerleader-Slayer.

Don’t forget to take advantage of the nightly “Put it in the Backroom” specials. For \$2 more, you, too, can enjoy the privi-

lege of being one of those assholes in the VIP suite. It’s the perfect place if you forgot how to wear your pants. But remember, only boxers are permitted. No one wants to look at your cracker-ass if it’s sporting briefs.

So come on out to St. Natty’s Pub on West 6th in Downtown Cleveland! You can drink cheap booze, and your girlfriend can breathe fresh air. We promise you won’t regret getting out of your chair.

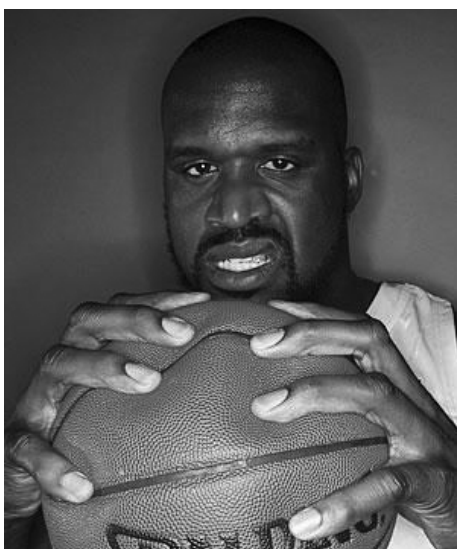
Tom Petty’s Exotic Petting Zoo

Ever wanted to pet a wildebeest? Running down a dream to touch an emu? You got lucky, babe, when you found this petting zoo, located in the warehouse district. Owned by the Floridian rocker himself, the zoo is home to over 50 exotic animals from around the world. Go!

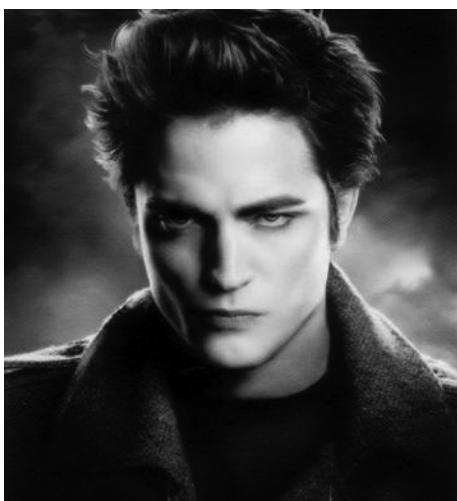
stateyourcase What is your one big dream in life?



"To prove that Barack Obama invented New Coke"
- Glenn Beck



"To eat a basketball filled with beef brisket"
- Shaquille O'Neal



"To stay relevant once they stop making Twilight movies"
- Robert Pattinson



"To give birth to a half-human, half-alien baby"
- Lady Gaga

Athenian/Ted Brogan

Spotlight: Case Anarchy Club

USG funds many student groups, but not all of them are extremely visible on campus. The *Athenian* recently sat down with Daphne Casem, a representative of one such group, the Case Anarchy Club.

A: Thanks for speaking with us. So, who is the president of your club?

D: No one!

A: When do you come together to meet?

D: Never!

A: What types of activities does the club usually do?

D: Occasionally we'll all randomly form a mob and run rampant through campus, setting cars on fire and smashing windows.

A: Do you usually scream chants about some vague political cause?

D: Sometimes, but not always. We also like to try to undermine and destroy other collective organizations on campus.

A: Such as USG?

D: Absolutely.

A: The very organization that funds you and thus maintains your existence?

D: Ironic, ain't it?

A: Kind of silly, too.

(At this point Daphne punched me and left. Uh...end of story?)

Former CWRU student writes official sequel to *The Vagina Monologues*

Eve Ensler's episodic stage production *The Vagina Monologues* finally has its long-awaited sequel, but surprisingly, it's been written by a 26-year-old man and an aging standup comic.

Ryan Wetzel, who graduated from Case Western Reserve University with an English degree in 2006, teamed up this spring with actor and veteran standup comedian Andrew "Dice" Clay to write *The Vagina Monologues 2: The Wrath of Vagina*.

"It's been an honor and a privilege to work with Andrew on such an important project," said Wetzel. "I've long been a fan of Ensler's original work, and felt like it needed some expansion."

The production is made of a string of various vignettes. Some pieces, written by Wetzel, contain meditations on the authors' love for vaginas or cuttings in which the authors (sometime both at the same time) interact with a vagina or two. Other pieces are more or less verbatim transcriptions from Clay's 1980's standup routine, including "Little Boy Blue... 'Cause He Needed the Money" and "Why Does This Bitch Smell So Bad Down There?"

However, the duo rejects the idea that what they wrote is in any way derivative of Ensler or their own prior material. "No, I don't think it's fair to say that we just wrote a copycat piece from the male perspective," said Clay, smoking a cigarette awkwardly. "But ya know, I don't have a vagina. Neither does Ryan. So who the hell knows?"

The production has already been reviewed by the *New Yorker*, which damned it with faint praise. "The new monologues go pretty well with about twenty beers," wrote Hilton Als. "Wetzel's sub-literate musings on all things vagina, coupled with Clay's dirty nursery rhymes, make for a thought-provoking evening of exploration for the criminally insane." *Cat Fancy* magazine, however, gave the production five stars out of four, so it's all a crapshoot.

The duo are taking the show on a national tour this summer. The production comes to Playhouse Square in Cleveland in August. Free tickets for CWRU undergrads will be distributed in Thwing Atrium every hour of every day starting, um, tomorrow.

Tiger Woods caught in love tryst with chipmunk

JACK PARKMAN
Sports Editor

Just months after the shocking sex life of Tiger Woods took the country (and Fox News) by storm, yet another scandal has erupted for the 33 year-old adulterer—and it involves a chipmunk. A breath of fresh air in comparison to Tiger's typical penchant for skanky blondes, the young chipmunk was spotted late last week leaving Tiger's pants after the two spent a romantic, sweaty afternoon in the park in which the chipmunk is a resident.

The professional golfer and known sex addict was immediately questioned by paparazzi who could not believe what they just witnessed. In a love-induced stupor, Tiger explained everything to the press, stating that he just couldn't resist the chip-

munk's masterful "talent for stuffing nuts into his mouth." Furthermore, this was apparently not the first time the two engaged in sexual activity, but rather that a deep emotional connection was present in addition to the sizzling physical chemistry. As Tiger hopped on his golf cart, his fly still unzipped, he left the press with one last defiant proclamation: "We did not just have sex... we made love."

A rep for Elin Woods says that she is "shocked by the sudden bisexual twist" to her husband's sexual saga. It is too early to predict whether or not this will be the final straw for the married couple who have until now been trying to save their sham of a marriage.

The young male chipmunk was unable to be reached for questioning.

"We did not have sex," Woods insists. "We made love."



HvZ: No, It's Not Just a Case Thing



KEVIN FICKSER
Last Man Standing

For the longest time, I have thought that all the weird shit the dorky kids do around here was just unique to Case Western Reserve University... but then I stumbled upon a Humans Vs. Zombies website and I was horrified to discover that this is an actual game that people play all over the country. And that it has official rules. And people actually take them seriously. Thus an investigation was launched to see if any of the other weird shit that happens at Case can be found elsewhere. And by "weird shit", I mean the kind of stuff that makes you wonder if you accidentally wandered onto a playground at a school for children with learning disabilities when you see it.

You know those kids that hang out on the quad and engage in fake battle with styrofoam swords and cardboard daggers? Yeah, guess what—it has an actual name, Dagohir, and we aren't the only campus that has that flavor of crazy-business going on. The battle game's description on the official website reads, "DARK AGE EUROPE MEETS TOLKIEN'S MIDDLE

EARTH IN A SAFE & ACTION-PACKED NATIONAL LIVE ACTION BATTLE GAME." I'm pretty sure that if you are wiggling your sword at other 20 year-old computer programming students in front of Bingham, that is the only "action" you are getting. Although who knows—maybe there are people around here that get off from the smell of chainmail and soggy cardboard.

Don't get me wrong, it's not like I live under a rock and have been completely oblivious to the fact that dorky people love to role play. I know they can't get enough of it—I just had no idea that games like Humans vs. Zombies and Dagohir had actual names with real rules and a legit following across the country. God bless America. And thank goodness spring is here to provide the perfect weather for these exciting outdoor games—I just love looking walking to class and getting to hear a trio of Zombies get all emotional and dramatic about someone cheating. And yes, I have actually heard an argument in Sears over someone cheating and I'm pretty sure one of the dudes had tears in his eyes.

What a great school.

CWRU launches full-contact curling team, hopes to find willing victims for season

SPONGE HARRIS
Assistant Sports Editor

Curling. Long since derided, with some justification, as the silliest and most pointless sport in the Olympics. That's about to change—a group of CWRU students, wanting to change the image of curling, have established a full-contact curling league.

The standard rules of curling will all apply, with one exception: any form of physical contact is now allowed. Punching, kicking, beaming competitors over the head with the broomstick, and taking off your skates and stabbing someone are all fair game. The only limitation is that players are not allowed to use any outside implements—bringing a baseball bat, for example, is forbidden. Any items used must be part of the curling game. Even so, curling promises to be much more interesting, if still silly and pointless.

CWRU already has a curling dream team lined up. Hockey team reject Eddie Strongman, 6'5" and 275 lbs., jumped at the chance to beat the hell out of people while wearing ice skates. He issued a statement saying, "Well, I can't get on the hockey team, but I figure this is the next best thing. Plus, you know what the ladies think of a man holding a broom."

Junior Dirk Ironpeck, who clocks in at 6'9" and weighs 316 lbs., is also on the roster. He said of the team, "Me strong. Me like hurt people."

Rounding out the squad is sophomore Peter Jenkins, who is 5'5"; 150 lbs.; has



big, thick glasses; and likes to wear button down shirts with bow ties and a pocket protector. Jenkins was quoted as saying "This is great! Curling has always been my favorite sport! My mom is going to be so proud of me! I just know we have what it takes to go all the way to the top!"

Reaction from the student body has been mixed. Most students seem unaware of the league's existence, or had to be re-

minded that yes, curling is the sport with the brooms and the stones. Once informed, however, freshman Jake Larson said, "I never pass up an opportunity to watch two kids beat each other senseless." This reaction was common to most of the students we talked to. If the league can get the word out, it just might be able to carve out a nice niche here at CWRU.

The league will launch its first season

next semester. The first game is a home game against Carnegie Mellon and is scheduled for October 3rd at 7 PM. The team will play a series of games until mid-February, though we haven't counted exactly how many games they're playing. (We figure they won't survive the season.)

World Athletic Competition Wrap-up: Sumo Curling Results

DICK SCHAAP
Sports Reporter

In total WAC form, the World Athletic Competition saw yet another dramatic conclusion to one of its most revered events: Sumo Curling. A rapidly-growing sport, the passion and strategy of "Scumourling" has taken the world by storm after the explosive upset by Team Morocco over the perennial winners of Team Japan.

"I'm still shocked that the fifth fittest country in the world took gold," reported one analyst.

For those unfamiliar with the sport, Scumourling is very similar to a completely obscure sport theorized to have originated in Scotland in the 16th century. However, instead of vulgar stones being thrown through the middle of a few circles inscribed in ice, a team consisting of 16 people take turns hurling themselves across a plane of ice, trying to hold control of the middle. Twelve extremely overweight men wearing relatively nothing build up speed and charge to an icy surface, gliding on their prodigious stomachs, while the remaining four teammates, all command-

ing superb bowler's physiques, sweep and shout "Yeah, No" and other inane words until one fat man bumps another out of the middle.

Leading up to the final four, the tournament saw very dramatic action including such highlights as Team Canada overtaking Denmark in a stunning 12-11 finish, Belgium craftily strategizing around the obese Argentinians for a final 2-0 victory, and Team Papua New Guinea edging out France in a nail-biting 8-7 match, going into five extra bottoms. (Tee hee! "Bottoms.")

Of course, there was the disappointment of Team America being disqualified for cracking the ice after one throw. But no one could forget the Cinderella story of Team Somalia rolling over Great Britain, even if Norway served them a crushing defeat. Fans of the sport hope to see Team Somalia again in the following years.

But it was Team Morocco that pulled off the impossible. Underdogs throughout the tournament, they fended off Teams Germany, Sweden, Russia, and the powerhouse of Corsica. Enduring a painful semi-final match against Papua New Guinea, Morocco certainly earned the right to the gold medal game against Japan.

"They were positively ferocious. I've never played against a more skillful and aggressive team," commented the New Guinea skip.

The opening of the Japan/Morocco match saw Japan as the usual gold-medal favorites. Weighing an average 16 Big Macs more than the Moroccans, Japan was a heavy favorite. However, the Moroccans kept pace with the brutal tidal wave, keeping the flopper throughout the first four scoreless bottoms. However, Japan snagged in the fifth, going up 1-0.

"You just have to get on the boards. The rest takes care of itself," said the Japanese skip.

In the sixth, Morocco missed a fat opportunity to score 2, and instead allowed Japan two more points, extending their lead to 3-0.

"We were nervous, but I wasn't about to go home blubbering," said a Moroccan sweeper.

In the seventh, Morocco, cleared the floor, then scored two in the eighth. Japan sought to bite off the come-back in the ninth.

"Rally's too strong," stated a commentator, "Morocco always comes back with something."

Coming into the twelfth bottom, Japan controlled the flopper with a 3-3 tie. They exchanged throws, setting and clearing the top, bodying up the floor only to throw everyone out.

"There was a moment I thought we would bite it," said the Moroccan skip, "but on that third-to-last throw, well, that was a game-changer."

After settling in behind a few unrecovered guards, Japan was unable to drive through the built-up Moroccan lines. Morocco finished the bottom 4-3, taking gold.

"It was quite the finish. I look forward to a rematch someday," said the Japanese skip.

The gold medal was a great victory for the Moroccan Scumourling team, their first in the many years of WAC events. Even more so, it was a victory for the sport and sportsmanship at large. Fans look forward to the next WAC games, and hope for the pageantry and drama surrounding all that is sports.

Epic Battle Between Case Tae Kwon Do and Case Kung Fu Concludes; No Winner Named

HOWARD COSELL
Emeritus Sports Editor

As the dust settled in Thwing Atrium on Tuesday, March 16, members of the most epic battle in the history of Case Western Reserve University did as well (yes, even more epic than Humans vs. Zombies). The battle between members of Case Tae Kwon Do and Case Kung Fu concluded, with no victor that we feel comfortable announcing here—these guys are martial artists, they can hurt us without breaking a sweat. But suffice it to say that it was a long, hard-fought, bloody, and downright entertaining match.

Tae Kwon Do President Matt Snickerschneltz said of the match, "Well, [the Kung Fu guys] put up quite a good fight, but I think we emerged victorious." Kung Fu President Steve "Klondike" Barr disputed this, insisting that his team won. It appeared as though another fight would break out in the post-match interview room, at which point we snuck out of the room.

The spectators offered many varied opinions of the match. One freshman told us, "I want Tae Kwon Do to win!" When asked which side Tae Kwon Do was, he said that he couldn't really tell the difference. Another student, when asked the difference between the two groups of fighters, replied, "Well, those guys over there are bruised, and those guys over there are bleeding." The other spectators were too engrossed in the action to offer any comment.

One student we talked to did attempt to offer an explanation of how the two martial arts differ. "Tae Kwon Do is a Korean martial art that is primarily kick-based. Kung Fu originates in..." Unfortunately, we kind of zonked out as she was talking, and we still really aren't sure how the two are different.

Overall, the match was a brilliant display of martial arts and physical agility. Plans for a rematch are already underway, though no details have been forthcoming at this point.



Classies may be purchased behind the Silver Spartan at night for a briefcase full of diamonds. You will purchase them from our secret associate. All classies must be penned with a bald eagle quill (we'll be able to tell) and Denny's napkins. No eye contact can ever be made with an Athenian official while the transfer is being made--this includes the secret associate. Roving bands of Zulu warriors ensure quality and content of classies. All classies are printed with cuttle-fish ink made from an ivory distillery--provided by funds from the Student Activities Fee, of course. Classies must be received by 5pm Tuesday night or we will swallow your soul. DON'T TEST US, MAN.

Classies:

Want a bigger penis? Call Eduardo (216) 368-2916.

Jake, I know you're cheating on me. If you're reading this: fuck you!

Congrats to the baseball team on finally winning a game! We knew you could do it!
<3 Thigh Mega Tampon

Copy of Superman 64. I will pay YOU to take it. Email clark.kent@case.edu.

Spare apartment room for sublet. Minor blood stains.

Also, slight bug problem.

Also, I am a murderer.

Wanted: sexually transmitted disease. Meet me in men's room at 3am, Harkness Chapel. Come alone.

Goat play is for suckers...SHARK play is where it's at!

Wealthy businessman needs help moving large sum of money out of Nigeria. Slight processing fees may apply.

Help! I'm being held prisoner in the Observer Office and this is my only means of escape! Someone save me!

Wanted: good classie jokes.

Attention, student body: my roommate pissed the bed last night. Just wanted everyone to know.

Want to learn how to lift a car with your brain? Free lessons on Saturdays at 6am in Sears 357.

Bored on campus? 7pm, Rough Rider Room, mustache rides.

Found: .357 Magnum.

If the owner would like it back, please contact campus security.

The year is almost over! Only a month left to find a husband!
<3 Thigh Mega Tampon

Pinned down by zombies outside of Clarke. In need of immediate assistance. (signed, August 2009)

Undead trouble? Call your friendly neighborhood Zombie Exterminator! (216) 368-2916. Ask for Chicago Ted.

Klaatu barada nikto.

Wanted: hitman. Roommate is snoring. Will pay handsomely in Rascal House coupons.

Need a hug? We have friendly Siberian tigers! (Penguins by request.)

April is National Baked Beans Month. Also National Clothespin-on-nose Month. Be aware!

Want your pets spayed or neutered? Call B. Barker at (216) 368-2916.

Problem roommate? We got it covered. Cleanup included. (216) 368-5017.

For sale: VHS copy of The Mighty Ducks 2. Slight water damage from tears of joy.

Claire, I swear my meeting with Diane was totally innocent. I'm not cheating on you. Jake.

Organizing walk-out in Dr. Boring's MWF 930am class. Don't be a pussy.

Want free money? Call (216) 368-2438 between 3am-6am. Leave several messages.

Thigh Mega Tampon, good luck with [generic philanthropy event]!
Love, Tappa Kegga

Wanted: principled man to film unprincipled Mounties and their butterfly collections.

High-quality crocheted hats. Handmade with love. E-mail nicole.adams@case.edu. [Editor's note: this one's real.]

Caitlin - you're totally sweet! Just thought you'd like to hear that since your fiancee went gay.
xoxo, Thigh Mega Tampon

Best of luck with that military tribunal, Kimmy!
<3 Thigh Mega Tampon

Free caricatures on Sundays behind the Blue Fig. 8pm-10pm. 60 seconds or less if you look like a stick figure in real life.

Dirty laundry, clean hands! Call (216) 368-2438 for more information.

Marijuana legalization rally on 4/20. Come get high with us on the Quad to show your support. BYOB. (Bring your own buds.)

Headless body found under touchless air dryer. Call (216) 368-5017 to claim.

CMU sucks. Love, everyone.

Special at Gary's car wash--free rim job every Tuesday.

Wanted: personal lubricator. Contact Sven.

Wanted: one man for bobsled team. Contact ... a Jamaican guy. Yeah!

Need cash fast? Come trade your squirrel pelts at Thwing Tuesdays.

Need cash even faster? Crazy Eddy will show you all the secrets of bank robbery. Crazy Eddy absolutely swears he's not a cop.

BLOWJOBS: the fastest cash there is. Contact Sven or Crazy Eddy.

Good luck to everyone on cheating for finals!
<3 Thigh Mega Tampon

Grade improvement: sleeping with your professors for fun and profit. Contact Sven.

Keep shitting your pants in class? Try Larry's Anal Douches for the man with control problems. "If you don't want to lug it, you can just plug it!"

Imported from India: copy of Sitar Hero for Xbox 360. Contact Eashwar.

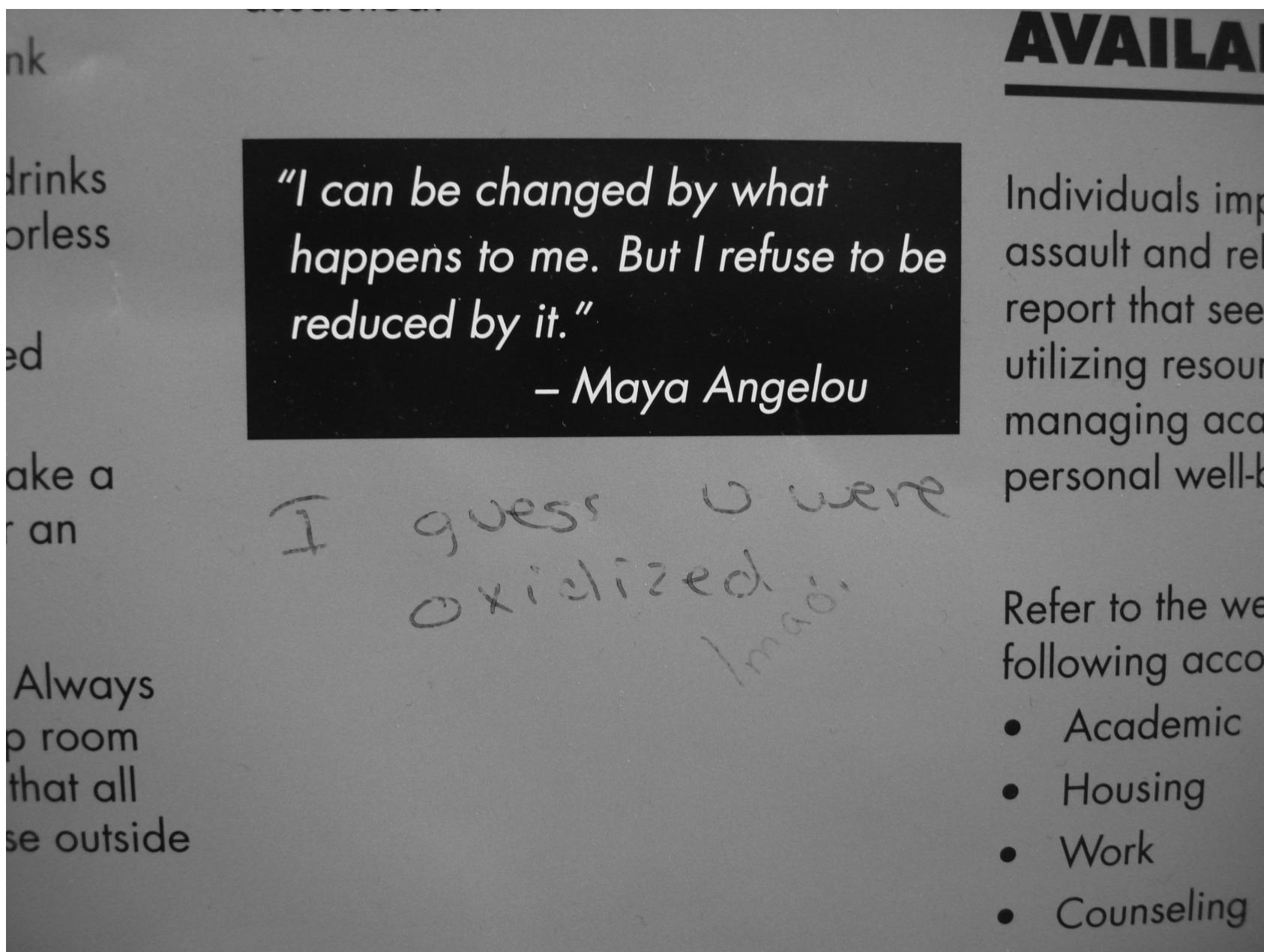
Free crate of panda cubs. Slightly alive. Come to Observer office with eucalyptus branches and a big smile!

Lisa, good luck on Friday at your pregnancy test in a Wal-Mart bathroom!
Love, Tappa Kegga

We hate you all. Thanks for reading.
Love, the Athenian.

"Where On Campus Is This?"

Can you name this place? E-mail athenian@case.edu with your answer and we will chuckle at you for a few minutes.





The Funnest Fun Page in the Whole Friggin' Known Universe! SERIOUSLY!



HEXADECIMAL SUDOKU!!!

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