

# THE ATHENIAN

ISSUE #fifty

CWRU's student humor magazine, est. 2000

WE MADE IT  
TEN YEARS...

John WESTERN CASE  
Carroll RESERVE  
UNIVERSITY



...PREDICTION FOR 2020:  
ANOTHER MERGER

FIFTIETH ISSUE EXTRAVAGANZA!



# *The Athenian*

“Censorship feeds the dirty mind more than the four-letter word itself.” - Dick Cavett, whose mind is no dirtier than yours.

ON THE WEB:

<http://filer.case.edu/org/athenian/>

EMAIL: [athenian@case.edu](mailto:athenian@case.edu)

**ISSUE #50  
MAY 2010**

## **The Goons In Charge:**

**Advisor/Obi-Wan:**  
Mr. Bradley Ricca

**Editor-in-Chief:**  
Jon Backmann

**Bartender:**  
Billy Joel

**Business Manager/Treasurer:**  
Spencer York

**Head Graphics Designer:**  
Beth McNany

**Bellringer:**  
Quasimodo

**Layout:**  
Pat Melvin

## **Articles by:**

Jon Backmann  
Paul Brinnel  
Steve Dee  
Patrick Finnegan  
Paul Hay  
George Jones  
Pat Melvin  
Pete Simko  
Dan Smalley  
Sean Snack  
Josh Yeske

## **With Graphics by:**

Paul Brinnel  
Paul Hay  
Beth McNany  
Stephanie Ohtola  
Pete Simko



Proud member of the Case Media Board since Hundert.

## From The Editor

So here we are, the end of the 2010 academic year, and I find myself, like many, in a time of transition. Where many find themselves delving into a defunct job market, while others retreat deeper into the recesses of the ivory tower of academia, I speak to you as the new editor-in-chief of the *Athenian*. Where one might see this as an opportunity to reflect on the coming year, I see this as an appropriate time to gloat about my bloodless coup.

I mean, honestly, how often do you get the chance to walk into a position of power? I'm no Somali pirate, but in the past months, I've learned a thing or two about taking charge and extending my power and influence.

Think of your favorite people, ranging from the nicest guys to the sweetest girls. Would you trust the running of a peerless tabloid to any one of them? Hell no. It has to be someone bold, charismatic, and a touch insane. To quote N\*SYNC: it's gonna be me.

I admit, the stakes are much higher. The previous editor-in-chief, Paul, raised the bar on the level of funny this publication churns out. The awesome staff that has served under him now trusts me to lead in the same insane-in-the-membrane way. We have a growing readership. People actually approach us (already a minor victory) and tell us how they laughed out loud at our nonsense. As well, our submissions are increasing with each issue. In all this improvement and awesomeness there lies a daunting question: can I live up to those expectations?

You bet your ass I can.

Which is where you readers come in. This paper cannot survive without you and your submissions. I know just as well as you there is funny out there. Discussions in dining halls, conversations in common rooms: there is funny to be drawn from everywhere, and that funny should be shared. I'm no commie, but I believe everyone wants to laugh, and by America, I'm going to give it to them, and so can you. All you have to do is write something down, something that gets people to at least smile, and I'll do the rest.

Here's to 2011, whatever it may bring, knowing too well it's going to be hilarious.



**Jon Backmann, 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 particular article. This is to preserve a lack of integrity for the staff.

2) *The Athenian* is CWRU's number-two-ranked source for April Fool's Day Observer parody issues.

3) Any submissions/questions/complaints/gossip/dirty limericks can be sent to [athenian@case.edu](mailto:athenian@case.edu). Any submissions can/might/will be altered as needed.

Congrats to **Stephanie Ohtola**, who won the \$50 prize for best submission for Issue #49!

## Maltz Foundation Makes Huge Donation for New *Athenian* Offices

(CLEVELAND) - Case Western Reserve University and The Temple – Tifereth Israel have announced yet another historic partnership with a generous donation of \$25 from the Maltz Family Foundation of the Jewish Community Federation of Cleveland. The gift will go toward the long-promised (and much-deserved) but never-completed construction of a private office building for the *Athenian* staff.

“Milton and Tamar Maltz have given the staff of the *Athenian* a remarkable opportunity,” said Barbara R. Snyder, President of Case Western Reserve. “This project has the potential to allow this august publication to turn the corner and become much more professional, now that they don’t have to share office space with smelly old *Observer* hack writers nor be in such close proximity to the decrepit hive of scumbags that is the UPB office.”

To be built in the summer of 2010, the new *Athenian* office will be located in a top-of-the-line cardboard box on a sidewalk at East 105th Street at Silver Park. The office is set to

contain a loose-leaf notebook and pencil for writing ideas down, as well as an extensive assortment of McDonald’s wrappers. The structure may also receive a pretty-sharp-looking racing stripe if school officials allow it.

The old office will be listed in the National Register of Historic Places as the site where former *Athenian* editor Griffith Tannen performed the first successful alien autopsy.

“This is quite a coup for those scrappy *Athenian* staffers,” said Media Board PR secretariat Audrey Groat. “Few would have pegged the *Athenian* as being the organization that would be able to score its own office complex. But I guess it goes to show you that you can never count out a group that the pizza guys at Rascal House know on a first-name basis.”

The staff of the *Observer* was kind enough to throw the *Athenian* staff a going-away party on Tuesday, which mostly consisted of roasting and repeated requests not to return to the old office. There was really good cake, though, so contractually I’m not allowed to report on



*Departing editor-in-chief Paul “Muad’Dib” Hay, posing next to an architect’s mock-up of the new office. As a humanities major, Paul is intimately acquainted with the cardboard box lifestyle.*

the party in a negative light.

Some in the student body have questioned why the *Athenian* should be the recipient of this gift. "I'm outraged," said an anonymous poster on the comments section of the *Observer* website. "Whenever groups that I'm not in any way associated with receive funding of some sort, it MUST be unfair! I'm going to blame this all on the SEC."

Rabbi Yitzhak A. Simkowitz, media liaison of The Temple – Tifereth Israel, offered this comment: "The people of this synagogue have found the tasteful humor found in this student publication to be of the highest caliber. As such, we wished to provide for them the means by which they can continue to grow and develop as artists while still creating the excellent publication we know and love. Now don't be a schlemiel, you schmendrik."

In 2008 the university identified Culture, Creativity and Design as one of four primary academic alliances in its strategic plan, Forward Thinking. The new *Athenian* office project, for some reason, will be an integral part of advancing that alliance--I guess it looks good in the brochures or something. After the creation of a performing arts venue to feature programs and performances from the music, dance and theater departments--a 100,000 square-foot facility which will also feature rehearsal rooms, classrooms and faculty offices--the administration wanted to flex its muscles a little more.

Rumor has it that the administration is hoping someday to cultivate a humorist who will get really really famous and then donate a lot back to the school--the "next Conan O'Brien" is how they describe it. (Judging from recent issues, they'd better be content to hope for the next Gallagher.)

Perhaps the final word on the subject should come from Cleveland Cavaliers guard Delonte West: "I believe that the *Athenian* is the funniest undergraduate humor publication in the city of Cleveland, and I think it deserves every penny of this \$25 donation. Now go get me some Krispy Kremes."

~NEWSFLASH!~

## **Playboy names Tiger Woods athlete of the year**



On Tuesday, the popular men's magazine *Playboy* named Tiger Woods its Athlete of the Year for 2009.

"In my opinion, Tiger Woods epitomizes what a playboy should be," said *Playboy* founder Hugh Hefner. "He's the best golfer in the world, and women like guys that are the best in the world at what they do. Tiger realized that and used it to his advantage."

Woods was involved in a car accident on Nov. 28, and speculation followed about a possible domestic incident related to rumors of infidelity. Since then, many of those rumors have been revealed to be true.

When reached for comment about the honor, Woods said, "That's a private matter."

## CaseEMS refuses treatment for Human student

(Cutter House) - Case Emergency Medical Services refused to treat a human recently attacked by a Zombie.

Ryan Humbleton, 20, was attacked at approximately 6:00pm while returning to Clark from Chemistry Lab. He was ambushed by fourteen zombies outside the Silver Spartan while distracted by the fact that they actually had milkshakes.

After the call came into dispatch from the Spartan manager, Case Police #500 and #503 arrived on-scene and the zombies fled. The supervisor asked for CaseEMS to be dispatched. According to the police report, CaseEMS arrived on scene at 6:32pm. The shift officer started to assess the patient and then abruptly stopped. According to the report the shift officer told the supervisor that he couldn't treat Humbleton, that Humbleton was "a goner," and treating him was "outside his scope of practice." Humbleton pleaded with CaseEMS to treat him, but CaseEMS transferred care to Cleveland EMS and left the scene.

By the time Cleveland EMS arrived on scene, Humbleton was too far gone to be treated, so Cleveland EMS transported Humbleton to the Wade Lagoon and dropped him off. According to the EMS report, Humbleton ran off towards the northwest corner of the lagoon. The report also noted strange howling sounds coming from that quadrant of the park.

A CaseEMS investigation is currently underway reviewing protocols regarding the treatment of Zombie Attacks. The Chief of CaseEMS could not be reached prior to the publication of this article.

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# SUPPORT CWRU'S MEDIA BOARD!



*"Because Wagner's 'Ring' Cycle is more interesting than the Krebs Cycle."*

# The Brocabulary

In the world of attractive 20-somethings, the bro subculture is taking on such a life of its own that soon douchebags will become a completely different subspecies. Already there are signs that bros are developing their own language, independent of modern English. Researchers at the Institute for Advanced Awesomeness at the University of Chicago have created a working dictionary of the unique (and sometimes impenetrable) bro dialect. A sampling of that lexicon is below.

Brozone layer (n.) - the perpetual cloud of AXE surrounding a bro that protects him from the harmful UV rays of tanning beds.

bromnipotent (adj.) - able to take care of his shit because he's just that hard.

brorangutang (n.) - a muscular, fuckin' sweet primate from which bros are believed to have evolved.

brophthalmology (n.) - the branch of medicine concerned with kickass aviator sunglasses.

brovaries (n.) - testicles (formal diction).

brobliterate (v.) - what a steady stream of Jager-bombs and Natty Lights will do to you.

bronomatopoeia (n.) - the written form of the sound a bro makes while fist-pumping on the dance floor; known to attract hot bitches.

Brosetta Stone (n.) - an ancient writing tablet, discovered on the Jersey Shore, which has identical pickup lines written in Greek, cuneiform, and Egyptian hieroglyphs.

brobust (adj.) - meets and even exceeds expectations, like a really sharp polo shirt or a particularly potent bottle of tequila.

brodent (n.) - a small woodland creature that picks up all the hot slam pieces.

brosemary (n.) - the perfect herb for seasoning Hooters wings.

brotisserie (n.) - a device made for roasting said wings.

brobelisk (n.) - a massive stone tower often decorated with inscriptions and reliefs, usually in honor of an autocrat. See also: penis.

broyalty (n.) - the coolest motherfuckers on campus you have EVER met.

brobnoxious (adj.) - describes people to whom these words apply.



*brorangutang*

# THE COLLEGIATE ALPHABET

**A is for Alcoholism.**

**B is for Booty Call.**

**C is for Cirrhosis.**



**D is for Drunk.**

**E is for “Eff this shit, I’m outta here!”**

**F is for Fucking in lab.**

**G is for “Grades aren’t the only important thing.”**

**H is for Hangover.**

**I is for Innocence lost after orientation.**

**J is for “Just one more shot.”**

**K is for Killing that douchebag of a professor.**

**L is for Liver damage.**

**M is for “Mom, Dad...I can still get a very successful job at Wendy’s.”**

**N is for Nickels (since we’re too poor to play quarters).**

**O is for Orientation Leaders who are waaaaay too happy to be here.**



**P is for Puking, Pissing, and Praying** that your professor doesn't show up to tomorrow's exam.

**Q is for "Quitting** ims fofr biddchez! I gan sdill standsf..." (promptly collapses on your kitchen floor)

**R is for R.A.'s** joining your beer pong game

**S is for Fucking...er, my bad...Sex!**

**T is for T.A.'s** that can't fucking speak English.

**U is for Underwear** that isn't yours in your bed.

**V is for Virginity?** Not for long...

**W is for Wasted Wednesdays.**

**X is for Xenophobia...**I'm not racist...I just hate walking stereotypes.

**Y is for Your** soul (as in, what you'll have to sign away to pay student loans).

**Z is for Zippo** lighters and couches do not mix well.



# What Do They Have in Common?



# S.T.P.S.

## STUDENT TURNING POINT SOCIETY

Were you unpopular in high school, couldn't get over it, and now consider yourself a campus leader? Do you have a strong desire to feel important? Then join the highly selective group of students known as the Student Turning Point Society! Send in your application today!

*"All serious douching starts from within"*

## Case Meal Plan Causes Annoyance, Five Dead

**Herb Alpert, Staff Reporter** – For the casual eater here at Case Western Reserve University, the scene is a remarkably dreary/awkward one. After a recent “clarification” of the contract by Bon Appetit Catering, students of Case Western Reserve have become fed up with these meal swipe shenanigans; unfortunately, due to their anti-rebellious natures and generally introverted ways, nothing of real note has been done.

When asked about how he felt concerning the new “actual” rule of not being allowed to share meal swipes, a visiting Ohio State student said that he was not too upset. “I mean, since I can’t eat a normal meal with my girlfriend, we’ll probably head over to Mi Pueblo tonight. My girl told me how Leutner food can be anyway, and I don’t want an upset stomach while I’m [trying to fall asleep next to] her on the roof of my buddy’s frat house.”

Unfortunately, the “real” rule has led some students to become beggars with reports of about twenty students each day claiming they will starve if they don’t get to cash in on somebody else’s swipes. Although twenty students is a rather shocking number, it is comforting to know that only four freshmen and one super-senior have been reported as having literally starved to death since the “line-for-line rule that we all clearly should have read when we signed the contract” was pointed out to the student body via email.

I tried to set up a lunch interview with some of the Bon Appetite staff, but the fact that I have been off the meal plan for years virtually ensured that I would never see the inside of my old cafeteria stomping grounds again. Though I was partially disappointed, it was a *Taste of Honey* to realize I would never have to hear that damned jukebox play fuckin’ Journey. Anyway, I paid off a couple kids to ask some of the staff a few questions and just record the answers—man was THAT dumb. Finally, after I took one

of the little twerps out back for a curb stomp, he told me I could get some information off a Facebook group dedicated to the feeble attempt at a student uprising.

After stalking for like three hours and finally getting sick of Facebook Chat constantly disconnecting, I was able to get a few quotes that had been written by Case Western Reserve students on a comment board in Leutner:

“GIVE BACK OUR SWIPES!”

“you have NO right to take away what we PAID for [...] NO RIGHT”

“how can you expect college-aged kids to actually Read your Contract????”

“PLEASE Bing back the GYROS [...] there so GOD”

“OK, so given you HAVEN’t RESPONDED to my original post, I take it I’m RIGHT”

“Everyone of those swiipes is a waste of 15 bucks—hope y’all are happy”

“Calm Down you idiot Freshmen! You signed up for this, so DEAL WITH IT. ~senior ABG”

“I liked the gravy from Thursday. You should make it like every day.”

It will be interesting to see what plays out this summer concerning the “rule;” nevertheless, one thing is for sure: somehow, the SEC is behind this all.

*Herb Alpert is a second-year graduate student in the foreign brass ensembles program.*

## The Daily drops “Case” from name, both readers offended

In an attempt to spark actual readership for “The Case Daily,” the email-based publication shortened its title to an even less university-associated “The Daily.” Although mostly met with routine deletion, the publication’s two readers made known their displeasure.

“The Daily”? Which daily? There are lots of daily things,” commented reader Deng Svinten. “Assignments, meals, morning wood. How am I supposed to know which daily thing it is?”

“Does a bear shit in the woods? If it does, I rely on the ‘Case Daily’ to tell me,” said Sal Haurghman. “If there’s no ‘Case’ in the name, how should I know if it’s a reliable source?”

The frequently ignored periodical was originally intended to serve as a supplementary news source. In recent days, various on-campus groups employ “The Daily” as free advertising space for their equally unattended events. Daily news is interspersed between the notices of prestigious speakers and free colonoscopies. After being disseminated, the news finds itself warmly deposited in electronic trash folders everywhere. With it go the dollars of several organizations naively believing the “The Daily” serves as effective advertisement.

“Under the ‘Case Daily,’ I could know when the Kung Krav Wan Do club was holding its ‘How Many Five-Year-Olds Can You Take at One Time’ event. I was one of three people there!” exclaimed Deng Svinten. “Now I can’t distinguish between my daily news and my daily dump.”

With such a PR non-disaster on their hands, the CWRU marketing division has released an apology to its “avid readers.” The statement revealed the department will divert its remaining funds to “provide a better service.” Of note are the marketing funds being diverted from budget devoted to balancing the campus male to female ratio, a redistribution of typical CWRU fashion.

Yet other groups have chosen to mimic “The Daily’s” minimalist self-titling, if only out

of pure coincidence. Media Board Publication *The Observer* is drafting headlines under its new designation *The Server*. UPB is dropping “Board,” to become “University Programming,” appealing to the engineering crowd to ironically mix with the hipster community. A new tag line of the organization will be “What’s UP?”

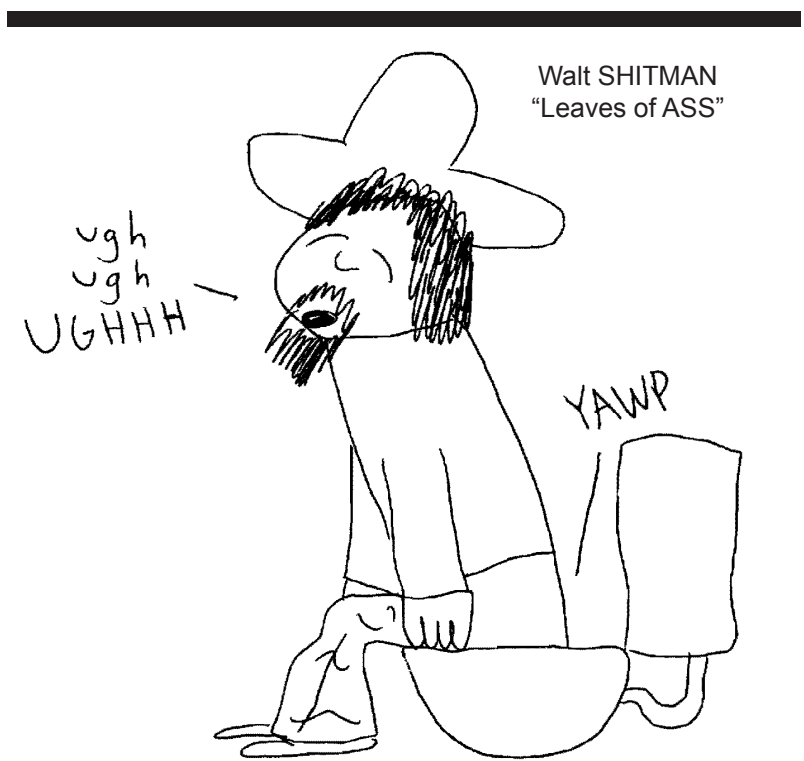
Student member Hogan Hiro, in regards to the new slogan, notes, “Nothing. Every damn event here is a total sausage fest. Especially speed dating. Nothing is up.”

For the most part, most organizations remain unaware of the name changes and continue to sally forth under such illustrious acronyms like COC or STD, both instead relying on viral ads than useless name shortening.

“Hey, if you’re STD, you’re everywhere,” noted officials from the head chapter office, “if not, you should be.”

Meanwhile, “The Daily” continues to go unread. Making its home in trash folders everywhere, the campus continues to go unnoticed. And yet, in a land of mass deletions, two readers still care.

In related news, the periodical *The Athenian* has announced plans to change its name to “The Monthly,” causing drop off of female reader.



## Op-Ed

*Because pointless rants are fun and useful!*

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### **No matter where I go, my stupid nicknames follow**

*By Tom “Tommy Gun” Eldritch*



Parents spend all kinds of time trying to choose the perfect name for their children. It beats the hell out of me why – less than five minutes after the kid’s been born, he’s already being called by a stupid nickname. Take me, for example. Ever since I was a young boy, I’ve been called all sorts of dumb nicknames. I’ve had to endure such delightful names as “Egghead,” “Thomas the Tank,” and “Eldinator.” As I moved into high school, these names were replaced by the even less spectacular nicknames of “Nosferatu” (look at my picture if you don’t understand why), “Ritchie,” and “Spud” (don’t ask; I don’t know).

Imagine this: you’re with some new friends from college. Or perhaps you’re walking your date back to her room. Or even worse, you’re with your parents trying to move some stuff in. All of a sudden, before you can react, somebody that you sort of knew from high school yells over “Hey, Ritchie!” Your new college friends will feel compelled to begin calling you “Ritchie” as well. Your date will immediately cease to have any respect for you whatsoever – don’t be surprised if s/he stops calling. And your parents? They’ll never let you live it down. It’s enough to make a guy spend his whole college career in his dorm room playing video games and listening to emo music.

This is the reality that I must deal with every single day. Even now, in my freshman year of college, people have called me “The Elder,” “Mr. Tommy Face” and “Edison” (apparently because I’m really smart and because I share a first name with that venerable man). In an attempt to eliminate this, I’ve insisted that people call me the slightly less stupid nickname

of “Tommy Gun.” It goes without saying that this effort has been completely futile. It’s a nickname that accurately describes my quick wit, and it won’t cause me any undue grief. Why, then, do people still insist on calling me stupid things?

Perhaps people think they’re being cute or clever. Perhaps they think they’ll brighten my day by doing so. Or perhaps they’re simply trying to set me off. I’m not really sure. In any case, it’s time to wake up, people. This madness must stop immediately. No seriousness can be given to a man who is known to the entire campus as “Mr. Tommy Face.” My academic, social, and professional futures are at stake because a few individuals thought they were being clever. How exactly can I get my professors, potential dates, or future employers to give me any serious consideration at all when they’ve come to know me as “Nosferatu”?

I very much doubt that I am alone in saying these things. I’m sure that all across campus, dozens if not hundreds of students are experiencing the same thing as me. Sadly, I’ve developed no techniques for making them stop doing it – they just keep calling you what they will anyway. There’s not much you can do except grin and bear it.

Indeed, I harbor no delusions that this article will actually make anyone stop calling me any of these nicknames. I’ve learned better by now. In fact, it would not surprise me if the ghosts of my past mentioned in the first paragraph surface to haunt me again after this article is published. I just felt a need to get this off my chest.

It’s time to take action, people. Together, we can stop the epidemic of bad nicknames that plague so many of us.

## SAGES Reflective Essay - Angriest of All Time

### 1. On the lack of a first seminar paper

Unfortunately, my SAGES First Seminar was something of a traumatic experience, as outlined elsewhere. The long and the short of it is that following fall semester of freshman year, I burned all of my papers in a spiritual cleansing ritual before venturing into the woods of graduate math courses to seek greater clarity in life. By the time I came back to the world of SAGES to complete my Undergraduate Experience, I found that the university's IT department and my own personal workstations had undergone enough permutations to completely obliterate any electronic trace of my work -- and, while I do not know for sure whether this came also through ritualistic destruction or simply through the procession of entropy, my first seminar professor also found herself without any traces of it.

### 2. Critical analysis of selected works

Thinking back now on my University Seminars, the first question that comes to mind is "what the hell were my University Seminars?" Hold on; let me consult SIS. Ah, okay -- the PDF that I've downloaded after 10 minutes of "processing..." says that I took "Writing Rock and Roll" and "The Limits of Science." That's odd--those were both pretty cool gimmicky sorts of classes. How come they're so unmemorable? It might be that despite having awesome instructors and cool course material, they had no overall purpose in my undergraduate education, and existed wholly outside of anything resembling a logical progression of coursework.

You see, in order for an education to be meaningful, it needs to have conceptual integrity. It must flow together--the basic building blocks must contribute to understanding of more advanced concepts, the coursework must be situated in context with itself, and the program must have a clarity of purpose, be that to prepare one for the workforce or to bring one up to speed on current thought in an academic community. When a degree is peppered with random exercises in remedial writing, with subject matter that we don't necessarily care about or want to write or talk or even think about, it becomes meaningless. When we students aren't progressing towards some goal, or when we don't see any utility in the exercises we are doing, we become apathetic and disengaged. We cease to find value in any coursework. We will look back on our time at this school and wonder: "what was that for?" And as we mentally check out of our classrooms, so too will our professors, seeing no point to their lecturing. Eventually, the whole university will become as its general education program: devoid of purpose, cut off from reality, churning out papers and grants without ever really understanding why.

Anyway, I picked a couple of papers from my university seminars that I feel pretty fairly characterize the experience I got out of them. Coming from "The Limits of Science" is a piece on the programmatic simulation of consciousness, and from "Writing Rock and Roll" is a fun 10-page examination of the 70's Canterbury rock scene. It includes a bibliography, and I'm pretty sure it synthesizes critical viewpoints, critically, viewpoint, synthesis, synergy... something. Here's a quote from the opening: "Some music defies classification. Sitting at the intersection of several different genres, possibly displaying features not found in any existing genre, this sort of sound begs to be analyzed, but refuses to be categorized." It is alive with anthropomorphization of abstract concepts. As an opening, it "pulls you in" so you can stand to pay attention to the rest of the essay. It is exactly like every other opening of every other well-written SAGES paper ever produced. In that respect, it exemplifies mastery of the "SAGES writing outcomes". It is also totally meaningless.

These papers are on legitimately fun topics. I might have had a good time writing them,

too, if I'd been passionate about them -- and therein lies the problem. Writing without passion is excruciating. Speaking without purpose is embarrassing. If we don't understand why we're communicating, we will never find any joy in it. Without joy, passion, or purpose, we will not excel. If we don't excel, then we will take away from SAGES the lesson that we are just not good communicators. We are not poor writers because we don't understand what a paragraph is, or because we don't know how to cite in proper APA style. We are poor writers because at base level we do not in the slightest give a shit about what we are writing.

The assignment asks me to assess my current strengths and weaknesses as a writer. My strengths, I hope, are that I have maintained a clarity of purpose in the face of mass confusion, and that I am at times capable of producing work that makes synaptic connections that didn't exist before. In the enclosed research paper, I unified two seemingly disparate fields into a novel view on the interactions between programmers and computers. In the student organization I founded while here, I created a learning community around a singular purpose: the understanding of systems through immersion in their source code.

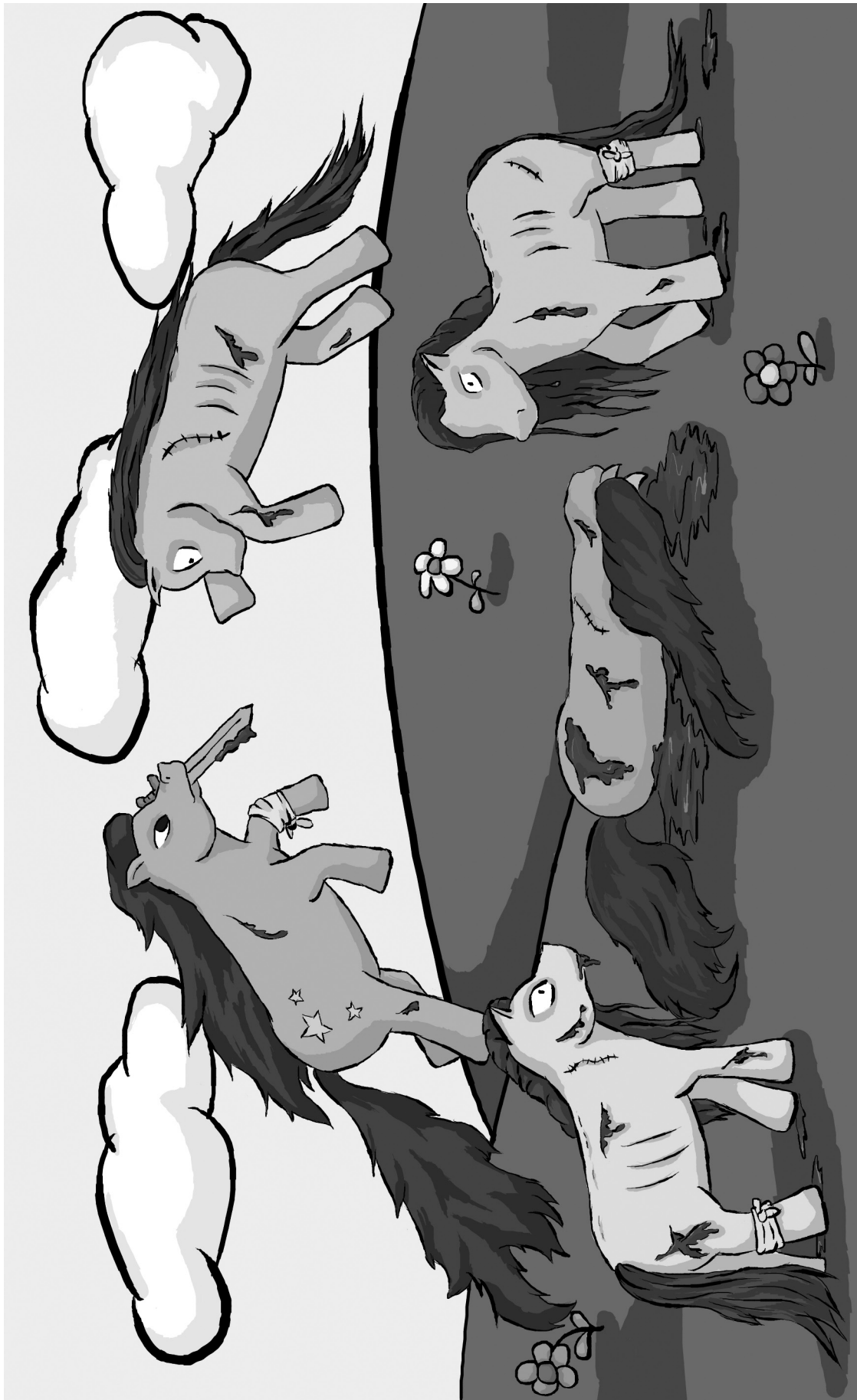
My weaknesses, I think, lie in a lack of tolerance for arbitrary systems of bureaucratic nonsense. I seem to lack the part of the brain that allows one to sedate oneself and churn out word after word until some preset condition has been filled. I will never produce an undergraduate math textbook, nor will I ever take a position that stipulates a minimum paper output per annum. Because of this, SAGES, for me, was something akin to a personal assault--I felt brutalized and came out none the better, save perhaps for the strength of character that the experience conferred.

Here's what I think of SAGES: I was a better writer going into this school than most people are coming out of it. The experience set me back a year and a half developmentally, and it's only been fairly recently that I've started to recover. It is in many ways a perfect microcosmic reproduction of the massive-scale harm caused by this school's and this society's adherence to pencil-pushing bureaucratic requirements over common sense. In a sane world, I would've said "I don't need this" and been freed to more worthwhile pursuits. Instead, I've been told to put item A into slot y n times in order to get diploma z at the end of the assembly line.

I want to get out of here as much as you want me gone. This paper and the enclosed samples, I believe, fulfill the technical requirements of the SAGES writing portfolio. Should anything be found lacking in it, please email me and I will do my best to rectify it. Also, email me if you want a pizza roll. I send 'em in the mail.



Figure 1. Totino's® pizza rolls.



MY LITTLE PONY - ZOMBIE PONY KILLER



## **LET YOUR VOICE BE HEARD! VOTE IN UPCOMING USG SPECIAL ELECTIONS**

### **VOTE JOHNNY DuBOI for USG DICTATOR**

#### Qualifications:

1. Has studied of 100 years worth of NBA Officiating.
2. Has traveled to many countries around the world.
3. Is aware of "where you sleep at night."
4. Has 10 years of practice staging "fair elections."

#### Plans:

1. DuBoi will mandate homework until your brain melts and create mandatory weekly final exams.
2. DuBoi will prepare to alter MediaVision to MindcontrolVision.
3. DuBoi will train Case Security and Police to be oppressive and secret.
4. DuBoi will make the food in Leutner and Fribley better.
5. DuBoi will make the USG Mass Funding process easier, by spending it all on Twinkies.

### **VOTE TYREL SHUFFLIN for USG Surgeon General**

#### Qualifications:

1. He is pre-med.
2. He has studied BIOL 214, 215, and 216.
3. He has watched C-SPAN a lot.

#### Plans:

1. Shufflin will ban smoking on Adelbert Road.
2. Shufflin will regulate the amount of time students can spend studying.
3. Shufflin will issue bed nets to persons living in freshman dorms.
4. Shufflin will develop a program to education persons on emergency EtOH treatments.

### **VOTE THOMAS KINLIN for USG Ambassador to John Carroll University**

#### Qualifications:

1. Speaks 4 different languages (English, Spanish, French, and HTML).
2. Has traveled to 12 suburbs of Cleveland.
3. Knows how to ride the RTA including the HealthLine.
4. Grew up on a farm and has experience in cow tipping.

#### Plans:

1. Kinlin will explore plausibility on making a secret underground tunnel from Case to John Carroll.
2. Kinlin will investigate possible John Carroll relationships with Cleveland State University
3. Kinlin will develop relationships with John Carroll government services.

### **VOTE TINKUA SEEN for USG Secretary of Urban Development**

#### Qualifications:

1. Has lived in Cleveland for 3 years.
2. Knows where the "safe" places are.
3. Has connections with people in Student Affairs and RHA.

#### Plans:

1. Seen will develop the quad into a multimillion-dollar shopping center.
2. Seen will entice new businesses using donuts, coffee, and free t-shirts.
3. Seen will create 100,000 new jobs using slave undergraduate labor.
4. Seen will reduce the unemployment rate by using different mathematical formulas to calculate it.

## Michelson-Morley Statue to be completed

(CLEVELAND) - President Snyder announced this week that, thanks to an anonymous donor, The Michelson-Morley statue located on the main quad will finally be finished after a construction hiatus of 37 years.

Originally intended as a permanent shrine to Edward Morley's most prized possession, its construction was interrupted in 1973 when then university President Louis Adelbert Toepfer announced that he would not have such unrealistic depictions made a permanent part of his institute of higher education. Then-retired President William Elgin Wickenden also released his now famous statement: "I served Ed Morley's dong, I knew Ed Morley's dong, Ed Mor-

ley's dong was a friend of mine. And that is not Ed Morley's dong."

Despite the controversial conditions under which construction was originally halted, the past four decades have brought with them increasingly positive public sentiment towards Dr. Morley's prolific genitals.

"I feel as a university, it's time we stop being ashamed of one of our greatest asset's assets," said Snyder. "Thanks to this very generous endowment, another generation of undergraduates can find comfort in the site of Dr. Morley's own generous endowment."

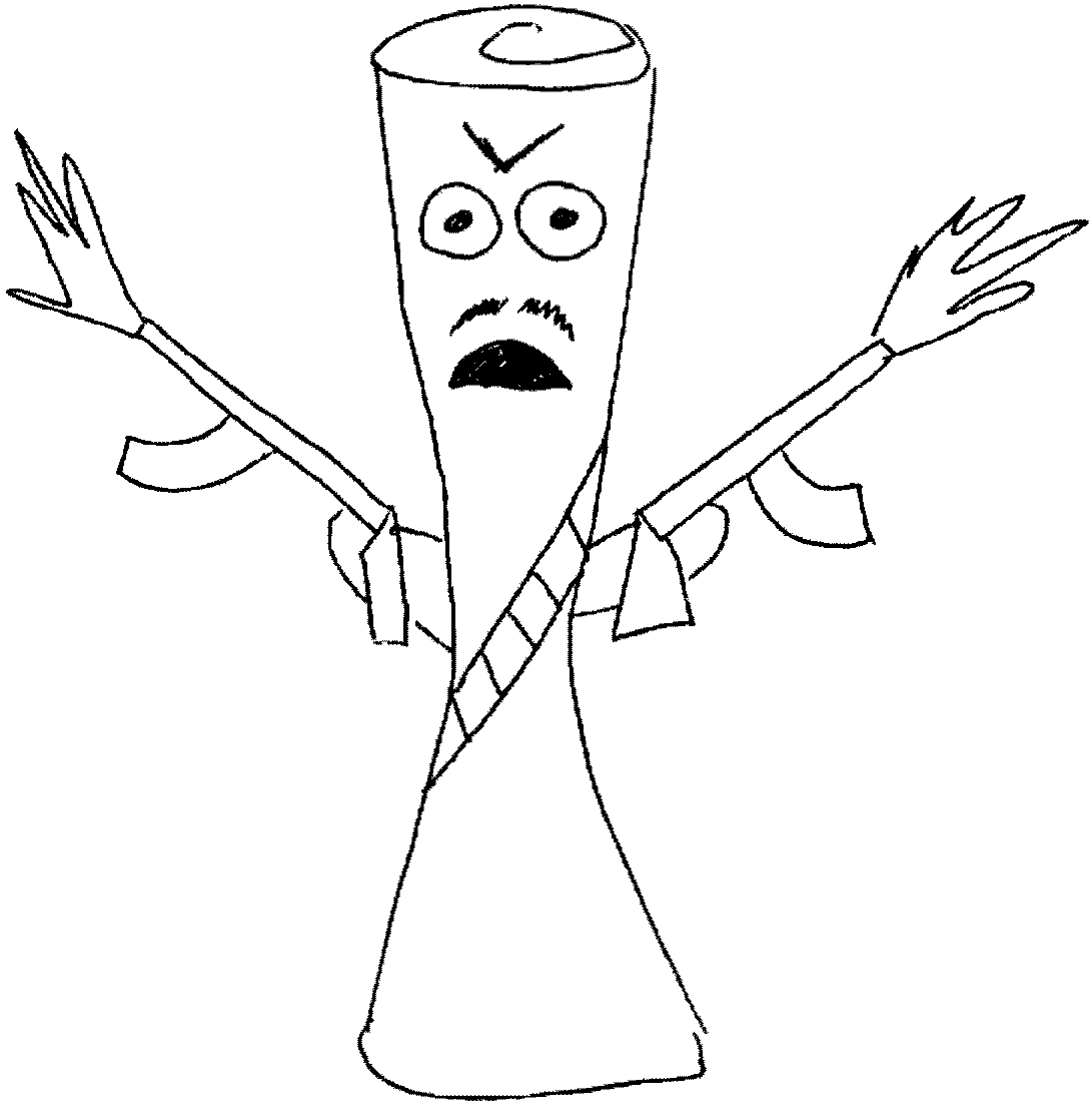


The unfinished statue.

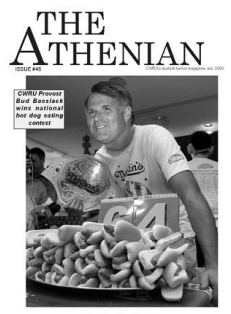
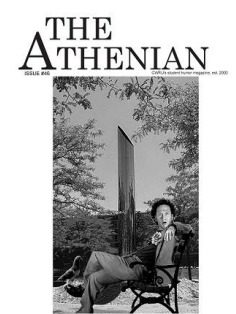
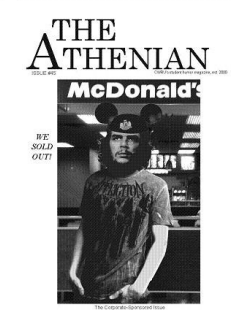
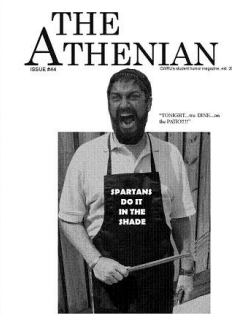
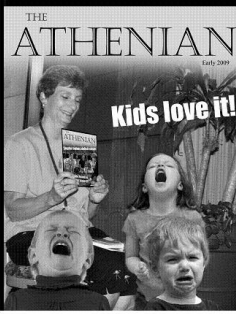
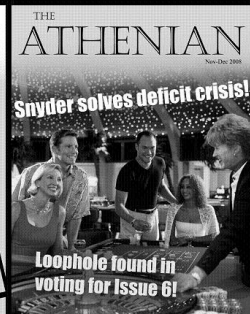
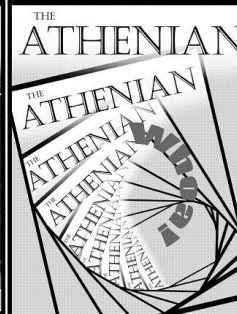
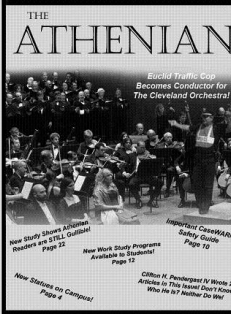
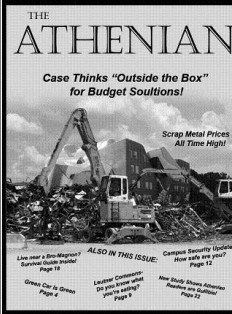
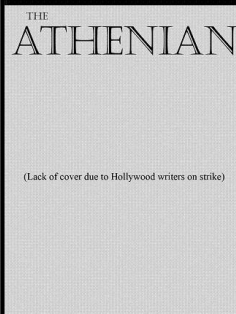
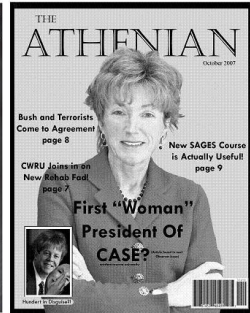
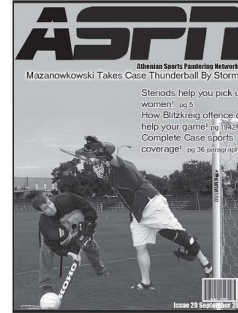
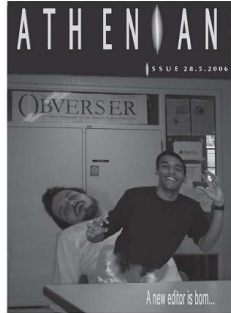
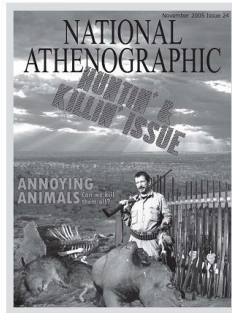
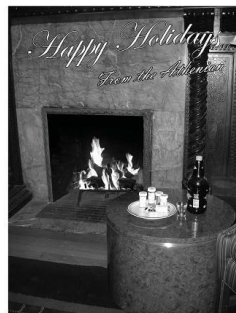
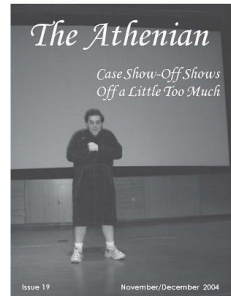
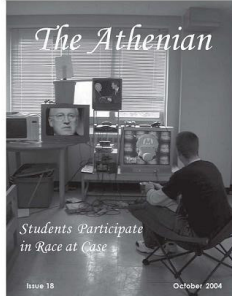
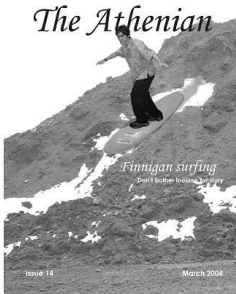
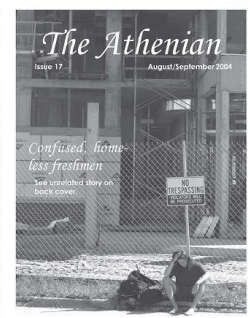
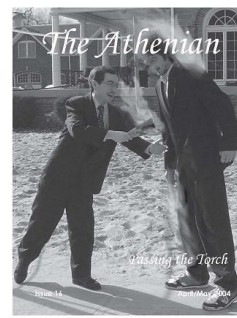
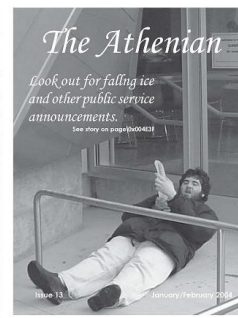
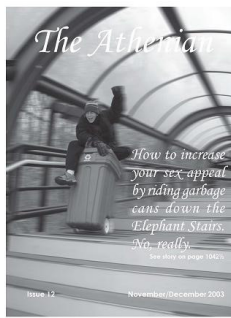
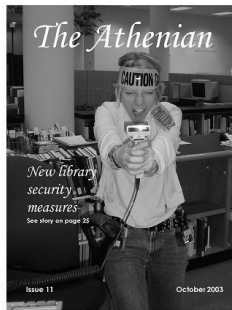


Artist's rendering of finished statue.

# SECOND AMENDMENT MAN



“I need these Uzis to  
protect my family!”



50

uhh...not all 50 covers shown