

THE ATHENIAN

ISSUE 52

CWRU's student humor magazine, est. 2000



The Third-Rate Debaters Issue!



The Athenian

*"The sage is guided by what he feels and not by what he sees, and I'm feeling for a cold one."
- Lao Tzu*

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From The Editor

Hey everybody,

So last week I was in the Amazon River Basin searching for a rare strain of tarantula said to live in a special moss that contains a possible cure for cancer, when I found out at the very worst time my entire crew was a gaggle of arachnophobics. Scattering throughout the jungle's floor upon the very sight of the highly venomous spider, the guides left me to fend for myself.

After three days alone in the jungle, I managed to obtain an ample amount of vials containing the curative moss, learn the language of the indigenous people, and befriend a jaguar who guided me back to civilization. However, as a result of my companions' cowardice, I ended up being a staggering fifteen minutes late to my monthly quantum physics roundtable discussion with Pauly D and Stephen Hawking.

Ultimately, this led me to evaluate my priorities. As of late, it's been difficult to manage my time. My lunch meetings with Liam Neeson have taken a back seat to poetry readings with William Shatner and mountain climbing with Ellen Degeneres. On top of that, there's tai chi with Samuel L., and boxing lessons with Betty White (she says I need to keep my hands up or she'll KO the shit out of me).

Now, what's a globe-trotting editor supposed to do? Clearly, I can't keep moving Liam back, but I can't keep missing deadlines for Calatrava's ideas panel (to which I haven't been giving my best effort, I must admit). But seriously, fine architecture isn't going to design itself.

I think the bottom line here is to not stress out too much if you miss something. There are always things coming up, events that you should go to, people you should meet, and positions you should fill, all in the name of beefing up that all-important CV. But if you chase every rabbit of an opportunity, you will find yourself unable to pursue the mighty gazelle of a life-changing moment. Be smart. Know what to sink your teeth into, and what to pass on.

And most importantly, in the spirit of hedonism this magazine so fervently believes, don't forget to take a moment to lay back, relax, and command your cadre of servants pour various warm and sweet liquids all over your succulent body. My personal favorites are Crown Royal and fudge.

All the best,

-- 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 a respectable authority on safeguarding your mojo from dandy space-pirate, Oscar "the Wild" Wyld.

3) Any submissions/questions/complaints/hot stock tips can be sent to cwruathenian@case.edu. Any submissions can/might/will be altered as needed.

Congratulations to **Thomas Landusky** for winning \$50 for best submission of issue #51!



Jon Backmann, Editor-in-Chief

“Weird Al” Wins Presidency During Midterm Elections

WASHINGTON, D.C. – In what may arguably be the strangest thing to ever happen in a midterm election (and that’s saying a lot), popular parody singer/songwriter “Weird Al” Yankovic walked away from the 2010 midterm elections with the presidency. He has already named John Ham as his vice president, saying “He’s as good as anyone else I can think of.”

Even though the position of President was not supposed to be up for grabs during this election, a large number of write-in ballots had the word “Senator” crossed out and replaced with “President.” These votes also had Yankovic’s name written in on the line. An election spokesperson said that “Normally we don’t do this, but Mr. Yankovic got enough votes that he would win the necessary number of electoral votes to obtain the presidency. Therefore, we felt it necessary to give said position to Mr. Yankovic. The American people have spoken.”

When asked for a statement, Yankovic stated, “Well, gee, I wasn’t expecting that.” His statement reflects the beliefs of many in the nation. *None* of us were expecting that. In fact, Yankovic’s inaugural address consisted solely of him performing his hit song “Every-

thing You Know is Wrong.”

Yankovic has wasted no time since being elected president. He has already signed Bill R024-A, also known as the “Emergency Doughnut Act,” into law. This law will establish every Friday as “Free Doughnut Friday;” every Friday, everyone in America will be granted a free doughnut, which will be handed out at every doughnut shop everywhere. He has also decided to jettison tradition and hire advisors and diplomats based on competence.

Former president Barack Obama has publicly stated that he is “OK” with the election’s outcome. Former vice president Joe Biden said in an interview with *Meet The Press* “At least it was Weird Al. I would have been pissed if that smug-ass Alf won.”

When asked for his thoughts on the matter, John Ham took a sip of his Old Fashioned and resumed being a badass.

Weird Al was able to win the presidency without even running because he has so thoroughly captivated the American voting public with his incredible lyrics and non-derivative melodies. It remains to be seen whether he will be able to keep that up throughout his political career.



Above: *Weird Al* addresses U.S. from his (though out of season) newly elected position.

Georgia State Legislature Signs Controversial Bill Into Law

In a move that has left a deep divide among citizens, Georgia governor Sonny Perdue signed a bill into law today, requiring all public school physics textbooks to carry stickers that read “Gravity is a theory, not a fact”.

“I’m not saying that gravity is not a theory worth regarding, but we want our students to be presented with other ideas”, said Jon Wiles (R), a state senator who supported the bill. “The very narrow, one-sided view that some people want our children to see is not the only explanation for why we all don’t float off into the sky.”

This bill comes in the wake of previous legislation that required biology textbooks to carry stickers that read “Evolution is a theory, not a fact.”

“A lot of people assumed that our bill had a religious motivation”, remarked Wiles, “but really we Alabama legislators just strongly support academic rigor and controversy. For instance, did you know that public schools teach Einstein’s Special Theory of Relativity as accepted scientific fact, when really it was based off of the Galilean Transformation, which at the time was almost impossible to verify? It’s appalling.”

But regardless of the motivation, many religious groups are supporting the bill.

“These blasphemous scientists think that they can take glory away from the Lord, with their ‘theories’ and ‘well-supported’ scientific arguments,” said Scoot McGee, a resident of Atlanta. “Who’s to say that celestial bodies aren’t attracted to each other by God’s divine rubber band factory?”

The Georgia state legislature says that this is only the beginning.

“We Georgians will not rest until students are allowed to make informed academic decisions, after being presented with all sides of an issue”, said Wiles.

But some opponents of the bill accuse the Republicans of playing to their base to gain

popularity in the upcoming election.

“Everyone knows that southern conservatives go nuts for anybody who will tell them what they want to hear about scientific thoroughness and scrutiny”, said Robert Brown (D - GA). “I’m sure after the election in November is over, they’ll drop this issue and go back to business as usual. Gravity is such a polarizing issue.”

The Georgia Democratic Party had no comments on this issue.



Above: If gravity is so real, why are these animals floating, Mr. big-brained liberal Scientist? Huh? Huh? What now?

U.S. Congress Engages in Senseless Babble; Progress is Made

Washington, D.C. - With midterm elections looming overhead, The United States Congress reportedly and unexpectedly engaged in several days of senseless babbling. What is stunning, say political analysts, is that progress was actually made during that time.

Spurned by Weird Al's election to presidency and the realization that their constituencies could very well vote to replace them with cans of baked beans at any moment, the members of the 111th Congress immediately broke into a state of shock.

"The thing is, during all that turmoil over the possibility of a bean-based republic, we spat out the best bull-shit ever heard since humans were born with ears," stated Republican Majority leader Mitch McConnell.

"Never have we babbled such progressive, nonsensical bull-shit in our careers," added Democratic majority leader Harry Reid, "and never has it caused such great benefit to society."

"Who would have ever though that if politicians spoke the same bull-shit language, they would solve all the U.S.'s bull-shit problems," noted an on-hand correspondent.

A White House press release shows that U.S. Resolution 76BD23-P, also known as the "Fix the Damn Economy Act," was voted upon and passed. For those unfamiliar with the act's stipulations, it will fix the damn economy.

It is currently unclear how long this sense of getting shit done will last. analysts speculate another storm of babbling won't occur for another two years after politicians sink back into their secure positions as heads of state. Still, many are hopeful a second wave will blow through and wipe out all the bull-shit ideological differences that keep our nation from repairing its shambling economy, glaring disunity, and busted-ass education system.

"Who knows? Maybe they'll senselessly babble themselves into caring about the people instead of their financial backers. One can only dream."

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Air Force One Hijacked While In Flight; Bath Robe Stolen

Washington, D.C. – According to a White House press release, not even the highest government officials are immune to burglary. Just this past Thursday, experts reported that Air Force One was broken in to during a flight between the nation’s capital and Los Angeles.

On the date in question, newly-elected President “Weird” Al Yankovic was flying from the nation’s capital to Los Angeles, reportedly so that Yankovic could get inspiration for both his budget plan and for a song that would parody Papa Roach’s “Lifeline.” Approximately an hour and a half into the flight, an aide to the President left a discussion regarding the possibility of going to the Russians and demanding a refund for Alaska and headed towards the restroom. As he walked back, he noticed a suspicious figure going towards the back of the plane. The aide entered the restroom – he was later quoted as saying that he would have gone back immediately, except that he “had to drop a major deuce.” A minute later, he heard a loud gust of wind as the rear door of the plane was opened. The aide finished up in the restroom approximately ten minutes later and walked back towards the sound to find that the left rear door was indeed open. He shut it immediately and raced back to the group to tell what he had seen. The plane was immediately locked down and searched for any explosive devices or other potential threats to the President’s safety. A search of the plane turned up a whoopie cushion on the President’s plane seat, a bath robe missing from the bathroom, and a parachute missing from the storage area.

President Yankovic told reporters “I understand why he took a bath robe. Those things are comfy. Keep me nice and warm when I get out of the shower. Not like those knockoffs they sell in the White House gift shop.”

“This is just the latest act of craziness. ,” he continued, “first, I get elected to a position that I’m not even running for and which I’m

pretty sure is not up for grabs. Then somebody breaks into Air Force One and steals my bath robe. This has been a pretty crazy couple of weeks, but not nearly as crazy as the night Santa went crazy,” Yankovic said before bursting into song.

The suspect was described as being 6 feet tall and about 24 years of age. He wore a dark hood and had fingers of normal thickness. The Secret Service has already ruled out a number of terrorist organizations, but a spokesperson has stated that they still have at least a couple of thousand college fraternities to investigate.

Meanwhile, the Athenian’s layout editor denies reports that he is the party responsible. In an interview in his dorm room, he stated that “this is preposterous. I’ve never heard anything so ridiculous in my life!” Throughout the interview, he stood in front of his closet in a futile attempt to conceal what appeared to be a dark hood, and occasionally he kicked at a blue sleeve of something that appeared to be robe-like that was sticking out from under his bed. The investigation remains open.

Top Ten other “Acquireables” from Air Force One

10. Executive floatation device (not for use in unstable economies)
9. 3D glasses for in-flight movie
8. Engine
7. Presidential barf bag
6. Broken mile-high cherry
5. Exit Strategy
4. Presidential-ply toilet paper (for after spreading democracy)
3. Bureaucratically Transmitted Disease
2. Breath-taking view of disunified nation
1. Complimentary pretzels (warning: choking hazard)

Student Body Shafted as Michelson-Morley Monument Comes to Life

Every day, CWRU students walk around the Michelson Morley statue, affectionately nicknamed named the “Phallus.” For years we have impressed a meaning upon a piece of sculpture, and much like certain magical schools that cannot be named due to copyright issues, inanimate objects have a habit of coming to life as they are imagined.

Over the last few weeks, ever since the yearly “Vagina Monologues” had been at Case, something unusual has been happening at the Phallus. It started to lose its metallic luster, and slowly morph from a smooth piece of metal into the something a little more... veiny? By the second week it was clear that something amazing was happening. It was not until earlier this week that what has come to be referred to as “The Incident” occurred on campus.

Students reported walking by the changed Phallus, ignoring all life as they listened to their iPods, when all of a sudden the ground began to shake. Pulled from their dazes, the engineers plus one humanities student looked around in confusion, some muttering equations under their breath in an attempt to rationalize things, others getting out their seismographs. It was the single humanities student who realized what was happening, “Oh my god, the Phallus! It’s moving!” were his last words as the Phallus pulsed out from the ground and, in a disturbing fetish move, swallowed the English major whole through its formerly water-spouting top, now shaped like a mushroom, according to other eyewitnesses.

Mayhem ensued. Several students were heard to say, “Wow, it’s Spore come to life! I didn’t know you could export it to RL.” They were promptly eaten by the raging Phallus. It seems to be spurting death left and right, looking for something, and destroying everything in its way, like a disease – a sexually transmitted disease.

Professors from the department of Statics

at Yost were the first officials on the scene, and they were trampled on by the giant set of balls that used to be the pond part of the Phallus. Reinforcements were called in the form of the Astronomy Department, who fought valiantly with their telescopes to try to pin the monster down. Unfortunately they had forgotten protection, and were quickly swallowed up by the Phallus, which grew larger with each victim.

After several seconds of destroying the campus (the Phallus had some issues keeping up the pace, as it were), it suddenly halted. Like a phallic shaped bear sniffing the wind for its prey, it lifted its length upwards towards the gray sky and seemed to be looking for something.

Surviving witnesses have varying statements, but the general consensus is that at the same time the Phallus ceased consuming the populace, something strange was happening at the highly reflective Peter B. Louis Building, affectionately called “The Ugliest Thing At Case.” The pulsating metal sheets began to pull together and formed a vagina-esque shape, much like a Transformer, if Transformers were able to shift into vag-shape.

The giant metal vagina then flew off in search of the Phallus. One witness, Heywood J. Blowmee said, “It was amazing! I’ve never seen a vagina that size! Or at all actually, but that’s not the point. I wonder where it’s going... I also wonder why you’re interviewing me instead of following that vagina!”

The advice was sound, and so back at the Quad a war was raging, but not the usual kind. It was the Battle of the Sexes! The huge Meta-Vag was in fierce battle against the Phallus, and this may have been the most action witnessed by a student at Case, but that is another investigation. The battle ended as quickly and strangely as it began, with the Meta-Vag swallowing the Phallus whole and flying off into the distance, and as of this report has not been seen or heard from since.

Thus ended the carnage, with only minor

structural damage reported on the buildings, the students' mental health has never been a priority for the administration, and by this time the students were used to randomly appearing and disappearing construction happening that effected their lives. The statue has been replaced with an identical Phallus, and looking at it one can not see any difference. The Peter B. Lewis Building was also repaired and is back to its job blinding hospital helicopters during peak hours.

French Canadians stage coup, inadvertently diversify campus

Last Tuesday, during a USG General Body Meeting (which happen every Tuesday at 7:00 PM on the Second Floor of Adelbert Hall and are open to the public so that people can actually know what's going on around campus and participate in school politics), proceedings were halted as the general assembly was suddenly overtaken by a new wave of French.

"We were in the middle of discussing better ways to integrate international students when suddenly the doors flung open to the sound of the French National Anthem, *La Marseillaise*. "I didn't know what to do. It was so, *je ne sais pas*," stated one bystander, clearly affected by the intrusion.

Within moments, students were at the mercy of a flood of berets, baguettes, and a platoon filled with mimes. An insurgent took the podium and yelled into the microphone through a thick French accent, "Alright, you American pig-dogs, this is a coup. We will be taking your government, and your dignity, as well as any, as you call them, freedom fries, because we are starved."

However, within moments after the apparent Frenchman took the stand, CWRU security burst in through the door, American flags waving in the background, and apprehended the insurgents.

"They were eager to surrender," said one CWRU officer.

Investigations following the coup revealed the attackers were actually French-Canadians, explaining why some came armed with hockey sticks.

"We should have seen this coming," admitted a representative of the Department of Homeland Security, "we observed a vast wave of ennui pass through all of Quebec. We figured the usual would happen – they would drink coffee, smoke cigarettes, and partake of witty banter describing their ire of inactivity, so common of the mystique of ennui."

"We didn't count on the fact that they'd get so displaced from reality that they'd actually go out of their minds and take action," noted psychologist Norm Johnston, "on the bright side, we've learned a lot about our neighbors to the north. Usually when we get these guys, we can only determine that they are, in fact, French."

Regardless, despite the apparent new wave of confusion, the Quebe-quoi's made great progressive steps during their 1.5 seconds of tenure. Campus diversity increased as a result of the northern exposure, and they passed a resolution to improve the quality of cheese and coffee about campus. They could not, however, ratify the serving of fine French wines in the dining halls.

"It was our prerogative to extend the influence of the greatest culture on the face of the Earth! Why do you think we retain our roots in such a desolate country to the north of your capitalist-pig state?" so stated Pierre Eifel, leader of the Quebecian coup.

When asked about the motivation for the sudden revolution, however, the beret-adorned leader offered a less specific answer.

"It was a day like any other, except that we thought to ourselves, 'why not have a coup?' There was certainly nothing stopping us except for a quick swim across your awfully polluted lake."

Burning river aside, some remnants of the coup remain. Except instead of proudly exclaiming their nationality, they go by the term "Hipster."

Segcroquet a smash hit among CRWU campus

The last warm Sunday in Cleveland was greeted with the healthy sound of mallots hitting balls. Sending out groups of six, UPB saw over one hundred students in attendance to whack balls at Sunday's Segcroquet event.

One of the fastest growing sports in the world (much like any other obscure sport), Segcroquet is essentially a hybrid of polo and regular croquet. Players mount segways and drive around a course of wickets. They must stay in constant motion while using wooden mallot to hit balls in the proper order through the wicket course.

A contact sport, players are allowed to attempt to un-segway each other by crashing into another player's cart. Players cannot hit each other with mallots, but they may knock their ball into other players in an attempt to get them off their segways.

"Really, it's quite exciting," said one battered CWRU student having taken one ball too many to the face.

"It seemed like everyone had a great time," said one UPB representative, "we took a lot of care to make sure everyone had proper protection before banging it out with everyone here."

Considering the amount of balls tossed around, referees were hired to ensure proper ball-handling and care. Trainers were out there, too, to give lessons to those who did not properly know how to handle the shaft of their mallot.

"It's all in the wrists," said Buck McNafee, one of the instructors, "forearm strength is key to this high-endurance sport."

"You can't just go out there limp," noted another CWRU student, "you have to be able to go out there and keep it up the whole way through."

Said a third student, "You can't stop short. you have to finish."

The event lasted the entire Sunday. Many students were still going at it late into the night when most had already packed up.

"The best part," said Buck, "is that these kinds of events get people interested in what professionals are doing on this scene. The kids usually get so curious, they go home onto their computer and look up online videos just to get a good idea of how to do it. Even for those who haven't done it before, online videos are a great way to see how some do it, although I wouldn't recommend they look at the extreme stuff right away."

The student body satisfied, many went home spent after a great day of banging around balls. UPB recorded the event as one of its most successful. They look forward to next month's big event, professional Macarena Wrestling.



Above: Essential gear for Segcroquet, a sport thoroughly enjoyed by those with substantial ball-bearings.

Haiku #110, by Questing Lotus (for the weary of sport)

Battered and beaten
Shaft is hard to grasp. Athlete
I am not a pro.

Bro roundtable discusses brose and broetry

Last week in Guilford Parlor, the CWRU's chapter of the Brociety convened their monthly roundtable discussion series to discuss imbro-tant items in bro-related affairs. For this month, the bros shared their ideas on various works of bro-literature (brolature, in the lingo). Some of the discussed titles are as follows:

Bro Scott Fitzgerald **- Brobalon Revisisted**

This hearbreaking story depicts the life of an ex-bro putting together the pieces of his bro-dom so he can get his little bro back. The bros that are currently caring for the little bro do not believe the big bro ready to be the little bro's dawg, let alone return to brociety as a competent bro.

Robert Brost - The Bro Not Taken

This broem is commonly mistaken for a broem about taking one's own path in life. in reality, this broem is about a bro who, when picking a wing-man, comtemplates picking the bro less travelled. Ultimately, the bro picks the wingman every bro picks, but knows he will tell the story of how he picked the bro less travelled by.

James Broyce **- Brotrait of the** **Brotist as a Young Bro**

By Irish bro and literary brotist, James Broyce, this novel follows the development of the bro Brophen Brodalus, mirroring the development of Broyce himself. Using an experimental means of narrative, the brose relies on stream-of-unconsciousness throughout to describe the young bro learning to pull off birkenstock sandals and mastering the proper throwing technique for beer pong. The reader sees scenes in the bro's later life when he develops a taste for the finer things in life, like Nattie Light and Halo. Truly a brodyssey like no other, aside from Broyce's later novel *Brolysses*.

Broginia Brolf **- The Broyage Out**

By English brovelist, Broginia Brolf, *The Broyage Out* follows a party of bros travelling across the brocean to see the sights of the world. Reaching tones of humor and tragedy, the the reader watches the bros get "wicked trashed" in western hemisphere brocales like Brogentina, Brozil, Cuba, and various spots in the Bronited States. An earlier work, Brolf's book is held in high regard among those of this brovelist's amazing career.

*Note that these were not the only works discussed. Other discussions included Edgar Allen Bro, Bromily Dickinson, Bronest Hemingway, Jane Brosten, William Shakesbro, Isabro Allene, Pabro Neruda, Gabriel Garcia Broca, Fyobro Dostoyevski, and many more.



Above: A volume of classic broelure. Inside are works of some of the finest broets and brose-writers of all time.

Not Cool With the Sun

As you sit there reading this, what are you worrying about? Grades in school? Your source of income?

Whether you could give an iguana extensive facial surgery to make it resemble Keanu Reeves? How about the sun?

If you think about it, all of mankind's problems can be related back to the sun. In ancient times people were killed as sacrifices to the sun. In slightly less ancient times people were killed for saying that the sun didn't revolve around the Earth, and in increasingly less ancient times, people are being killed by skin cancer from (guess what) the sun. All this time, humanity has been looking at the sun the wrong way, thinking that it is merely another giant ball of super-heated gas suspended in the sky instead of a foe achieving a level of villainy only obtainable from hitting babies over the head repeatedly with a kitten.

You know what I have to say? We should take out the sun before it takes out humanity.

Now, Mr. "We need the sun for light" over there might be saying, "we need the sun for light!" Well guess what, you're wrong! Thomas Edison invented the lightbulb as part of a pre-emptive strike against the sun, though the official story was, "so that people would stop burning down their damn houses with candles." Now, you can't go 2 feet without seeing a lightbulb, unless of course you are in the wilderness (which though as of yet is lightbulb-less, could be fixed) or Amish. Now, if the Amish refuse to use lightbulbs, that's their choice, I'm sure they will be able to get some light by burning down their houses with their damn candles.

And there you go, Mrs. "What about heat?" You know what I have to say to that? Look around, I'd say we humans are doing a pretty good job of heating up the planet ourselves.

The sun is a unique opponent in that:

A) It does not have emotions such as fear, anxiety, or hunger.

B) It is not affected by propaganda (see reason A), and can not be asked to simply "Be a sport."

C) It is roughly 12 times the size of the Earth.

D) It will likely be in existence for billions of years, ruling out the age old tactic of running away and waiting for it to die.

I have realized that I will not be able to take on such an adversary myself, so I plan to enlist allies to help my cause. My initial plans include recruiting the Moon, clouds, and Russians. The Moon's motive is perfectly obvious, in that it would no longer have to provide light at night (given that we have lightbulbs), and could pursue it's own dreams of being a teapot (therefore fulfilling Bertrand Russel's theory of a teapot revolving around the Earth). The clouds are already doing their part, blocking out the sun whenever possible due to a deal involving rather large quantities of Jello that the sun failed to follow through on many millenia ago.

Finally, the Russians would add an entirely new front to the war. I have selected the Russians for two reasons:

1) There isn't enough sun in Russia for them to miss it, anyways.

2) Massive amounts of vodka can be used as payment (in cooperation with the clouds which have agreed to rain vodka once a week).

I myself plan to make deals with waterballoon companies world-wide, and to organize group throwings. Given that the sun is such a hugely massive target, I have to believe that at least one will connect. I would also be most willing to employ any comets or asteroids willing to take the job so if you are either a comet, have a friend that is a comet, or have a friend that thinks he/she is a comet, please contact me.

Front Cover: That damn sun. Study it, understand it, know it, but do not be it.

New Function Breaches Math's Southern Border

I write to your scholarly journal today to discuss the newest and fastest growing field of Mathematics research, the Inverse Factorial. The Inverse Factorial is defined as the operation which performs the opposite operation of the Factorial. However colloquially, the Inverse Factorial is often referred to as the Mexican factorial because the symbol most often used to represent it is the upside down exclamation point “¡”, which is most commonly used in the Mexican Language. The Mexican Factorial has some very useful relations that might be helpful in your classes.

The most successful proofs involve either trying to find an inverse for the gamma function, or an inverse for Sterling's approximation, but so far none of the proofs have been rigorous, and many include the phrase “And then a miracle occurs...”, before ending with a semi-reasonable answer.

First, being the inverse operation of the Factorial, it has the property that it can remove the identities: $N!_j = N_j! = N$

In addition it is often sufficient to approximate N_j As being equal to zero, so the next time you are confronted by an equation involving factorials, just set all non-exponential, non-factorial terms to 0, and solve using the remaining terms. Your professors will surely be impressed by your mathematical abilities.

The Mexican Factorial has some very useful applications to computer science. The traveling salesman problem was recently solved by Ebay contractor, Randall Monroe, as documented in the Issue 399 of the prominent Physics Journal, J. Xkcd. In the article, Monroe took the Traveling salesman problem which can only be solved in $\Theta(N!)$ time, and reduced it to just being $\Theta(N)$ time.

It is hoped that through further research more unsolvable problems can be solved in such a simple way. Remember, at CWRU, we like to think beyond the possible.

Midget Door Leads to New Dimension

The body of the recently missing Case Western student was found today, dead outside of the midget door on Mather House. Upon closer inspection the door was discovered to lead to another dimension.

The door, which for years was considered by students to merely be for the entrance of the occasional midget history major, was studied after the body was found chewed up, as if by some animal. To fulfill my duty to the art of journalism, this reporter delved into the dimension to get an exclusive scoop.

As I stepped into the door I fell into a large, clichéd spiral. I screamed as I tumbled through the black and white swirls, bowels free to express their equal terror, and craved cocoa puffs.

What I saw was the most terrifying world I have ever experienced. At least over nine thousand blastoise lined up in a chain gang, turning the cogs to a large machine, evidently providing the portal with its power. At the end of the machine rested a sole pikachu, her menacing eyes glaring at the blastoise slaves. She played strip poker with Zeus, which was cheating since Zeus only had one article of clothing—which rested on the floor.

Having noticed my sudden presence, Zeus bashfully grabbed up the article while the pikachu approached me in an electric fury.

For some reason, I understood it in its full, whiny-as squeals of “CHUUUU CHUU CHU CHU CHUUUUU.” I had to fight my way out.

In an instant, the pikachu summoned a herd of toothfairies to eviscerate my entrails. I had only one choice. Acting resourcefully, I found a mystery block over one of the blastoises heads. The block mercifully contained a Yoshi egg. Mounting the freshly birthed dinosaur, I charged for the exit of the dimension, commanding the reptile to lap up any and all fey creatures that dare impede my escape.

Once at the final gate, I dismounted the Yoshi, bid farewell, and now seek therapy.

Discostein emerges from disco plane. Unleashes funky ire on haterz.

"Haters gonna hate," stated famed music-critic and astrophysicist, Derwil Neshlin, "that funky disaster from the twelfth circle of Dimension Psychedelic needs to accept that."

Unfortunately for the rest of the pop-crazed and indie-inundated world, Discostein, recently emerged from the funk-ed-out deepness of trans-rhythmic space, could not deal.

"After so many years of haters trashin' his style, it's only natural he'd be comin' back for some revenge. Homies steppin' on my cred? That ain't happenin', or at least I wouldn't let it happen to me," commented Neshlin.

It all started deep and down-low on that funky Friday night. Things were rollin' smooth over at the local club scene. People were moshin' and mashin' and movin' to that easy beat flowing out of the club's hyper-jammarific speaker system. The flow was winding around and through the crowd when out of nowhere, a trans-dimensional rift tore through the center of the dance floor, and something funky-awful emerged from the depths of cross-beat space.

What emerged was both terrifying and out-of-sight.

"I've come to get my grove back," was the only sound to be heard, the slammin' riffs silenced by the emanation of pure soul.

For a moment, the crowd could only gaze at the awesome dyno-mite of that blast from the past. Then, Discostein let loose his eternally undead smile and sucked whatever soul the crowd had right out of their moves.

"Everything just became awkward and unbearably stiff," reported one witness, "it was like I had to break everything down just to boogy on up."

In response to the disco-inferno, the greatest minds of disco-topia have come together. The Funklords of the Brassy Plains, the Soul Sisters of the Alta Peaks, and the Barons of Blues from the Bass Valley have all convened at Club Fresh, where they will

meet with the Doctors of Rhythm and Rhyme to put an end to the tantrum of the two-steppin' tyrant.

"Right now, we have a plan that's solid-gold," noted one of the Funklords, "we're lookin' at a three-pronged approach using earth, wind, and fire."

Resisting the temptations to strike too early, the dream team is finalizing the stages of its plans.

"Supremes. That's what we're calling the different phases of the plan."

Meanwhile, the population at large is hoping they'll show some hustle. For now, everyone's got an upbeat and funkadelic attitude about stayin' alive. Action will be taken in the immediate future to trounce that undead maggot-brained monster and slide him back to the electric depths of Dimension Psychedelic.



To the side: Discostein emerges from the morass of the disco-plane to make it rain.

A Zombie Weighs in on HVZ

by Joe "Chompy" Wilson



I've been a zombie for about fifteen years now. In those fifteen years, I've been horribly discriminated against. As soon as I get close to most people, they run away screaming, or, in some cases, they attack me for no reason. Even before they've met me, they've decided that I'm a vicious monster that wants nothing more than to feast on their brains (I do find the taste of brains to be quite pleasant, but that is entirely beside the point). And where do people get these perceptions? From popular culture, and, yes, from Humans vs. Zombies. Needless to say, I was quite upset upon finding out that Humans vs. Zombies will be going on this year again. And over Halloween, no less! If that doesn't instill in people that we're something to be afraid of, then I don't know what does!

Whenever I try to make my views heard, it never ends well for me. If I submit a column to a respected newspaper, I invariably get it back with a note stating that it "does not meet our needs at this time." If I try to get on a talk show or news bit to try to promote my views, the studio never returns my calls. But the people promoting the new zombie horror film always seem to get on. They push the same old tired argument that zombies are all mindless monsters, basing their information only on popular culture (as far as I can tell). It's discrimination, is what it is!

People, it's time to wake up. HVZ is an offensive game that reinforces the negative stereotypes that plague me and my undead brethren. The attitudes towards zombies need to change, and games like Humans vs. Zombies are only going to hinder the progress of change. We zombies don't deserve to be treated like monsters simply because we're hideously ugly and crave the taste of human flesh. We are still attacked for no readily ap-

parent reason. And consistently the courts have sided with our attackers – apparently our mere presence is enough of a threat to justify deadly force.

So next time you see a zombie, don't immediately draw your gun. Give him or her a friendly hello. He or she might try to eat you, but don't worry, as soon as they realize you're not out to kill them, they will return the kindness. What do you think is the worst that will happen?

And for crying out loud, don't sign up for Humans vs. Zombies.

[Editor's note: Mr. Wilson finally decided he had had enough and recently organized a group of zombies to march upon a TV station to make their voices heard. Whereupon Mr. Wilson and many other zombies lost their lives in a number of terrible accidents involving chainsaws and shotguns. Also, I hate to be a Negative Nancy here, but HVZ ended like three or four weeks ago.]

Classifieds for the Dead of Body

- Recently departed body for rent. Warm in winter, but requires careful maintenance during summer months. Few bats in the upper belfry. Brilliant views from ahead. Overall an elegant corpse. Soulless need not inquire.

- Fetid Cadaver for Flesh Partner. Enjoys ancient history, old news and dead languages. Turn-ons include wrinkles and light cranial nimbling. Intact body a plus.

- Looking for hearing protection. Loud neighbors at Grandplace Cemetary.

- Tired of the same old haunt? Want something a little livlier? Then ditch your decrepit party scene and come on over to Poe's Wings and Swings! Quoth *Raven's Guide to Party Scenes*, "The Popular Usher House falls second to this hip new club."

The Obstinate Cat: Stream-of-Consciousness not a legitimate form of narrative

So I was working up a decently-sized hairball the other day when my roommate (not to be confused with owner, because, really, who thinks they can own me?), walks in reading what he calls to be a most fascinating book. Now, I, too have a penchant for fine literature. Indeed I enjoy my time ambling along the rolling plains of a Steinbeck or the dark psychological depths of a Dostoy. But when I'm not plumbing the infinities of time-space with Borges, I should like to take moments to survey the landscape about me, learn what it is my philistine compadre carries into the house.

Now, when I found my roommate brought home Joyce, I found it quite a delight. Indeed, a noble feline like myself does enjoy taking part in a dense, Irish-authored novel. But then my roommate had the most radical suggestion. Instead of conformation to the normal conventions of today's novel, all books should take on the direct-discourse form of stream-of-consciousness narrative.

Ghastly! I say. Certainly it is a form to be appreciated, but alas, should I have to read the same type of babble over and over again I am quite certain I would lose all sense of myself. The Barnes & Noble best seller's section is already incomprehensible enough, and those novels come from others without any talent to begin with. Hmf!

Now, do not misunderstand me. I should hope not to address this issue as I would my usual urine-saturated way of addressing those dreadful Garfield comics (although without Garfield, it becomes quite entertaining – the trials of Mr. Arbuckle an exercise in the sadness and futility of the human condition). But I must say, when I come upon a novel, I want to read it, not decipher it. I cannot wolf down *The Waves* the way I could *A Moveable Feast* (even for a cat like myself).

Yet my roommate contends the parcing out of ideas is a part of the art form. Through

direct perception, the reader does not experience the same interference of a narrator, first or third-person. The filter of processed thought is lifted in favor of actual perceived sounds and running ideas in their pre-cognitive form, or so says the imbecile.

Yes, I can appreciate the voyage out into the experimental realm of literature. But for me, stream-of-consciousness is more fury than sound, at least on the reader's part. You do not have to be Ulysses to see where I am going with this. For a non-academic reader such as myself, I am not looking for the overt complexities of untangling webs of unfiltered thought. If I have to do that, the narrator is not doing his or her own blasted job! I am not a lazy feline, but I can't be expected to exert myself over every syllable in a book.

Alas, this rant has exhausted me. I believe it high time for a cat-nap. But to wrap things up and deposit it into your lap like a freshly caught mouse, I should like to say that I appreciate the art form, but I do not believe it should be the dominant form. I do not want to see the world of literature become a world of exercise, losing sight of its readers. And as I lay dying, I would hope that literature continues to be a point of access for all, not a exclusive point only for academics. Granted, my roommate argues this is an arrogant perspective, that one should have faith in everyone's ability to access art, to access through feeling and reaction. But I know better than that. I'm a cat.

Back Cover: Mr. Hubert Reginald Richard Jameson is a professional feline and culinary critic. Having obtained his Master's of Arts in General Cattiness, he has written several books, including his most recent title: The Importance of Taking Naps. Also of note, Mr. Jameson only likes to be petted when he wants to be petted, and will not suffer the embarrassment of being hugged, squeezed, or otherwise "wuvved" in public.

Historical moment in Pirates vs. Ninjas: Debate of the past tense of “Zing!”

“You! Pirate dog. What does your inferior clan consider past tense of word ‘zing?’”

“Avast! By the clearest ocean day, we say zung, as it should be rightfully pronounced. It’s in the Pirate’s Code.”

“Incorrect. Pronunciation is ‘zinged.’ It no wonder your tribe never defeat us. You forever trapped in garbled tongue like drunken bee in melted wax.”

“Aargh. ‘Tis you who the one be having the ‘garbled tongue.’ By the blade of Bluebeard, you cut off all your articles. By the waves, you barely speak at all.”

“Yes. We speak little. Open mouth like sword-less hand – both good for nothing.”

“Yaargh. A good battle is nothing without a great hearty bellow, especially from the barrels of a deep cannonade! By the seven winds of the seven seas, ye can’t properly brawl unless ye’ve insulted ye brawlin’ mate’s mother. Come t’ think of it, ye mother is so dim, she thought our walkin’-the-plank plank was a diving board. Ar har har har har!”

“Expression is ‘all talk, no action,’ but digression here. Bottom line, your past tense wrong.”

“By Davie Jones! It’s zung. It has the look of sing. It rhymes with sing. It’s one siren’s call of a letter from being the very word itself!”

“And what difference does make if word has same spelling? Saw and saw share same spelling, yet one refers to act of ‘having seen,’ and other is tool. Your homonym argument, like disarmed gorilla, holds no weight.”

“Aaargh, don’t change the subject! We be not discussin’ homo’s. ‘Tis a polarizin’ debate for another time. B’sides, I don’t give a kraken’s mighty tentacle about a word’s orientation. It can like whatever brings home its booty. All I’m saying is if ye gander upon the word, it’s as if staring into the briny blue depths of words like sing and hang – they both “ung” in the past tense.”

“No matter, still wrong. Past tense

‘zinged.’”

“And why, by Neptune’s swirling beard, makes you so right? Certainly it cannot be your blatant lack of cannon or boarding party.”

“We have plenty boarding party. More important, zinged is proper because it is completed action, much like action of walking and walked. Walked is done. Zinged is done.”

“Yaargh, and yet you deny by the unfor-giving winds of the violent tempests that hung is not a completed action?”

“But hung not used for people. Hanged is, so is zinged.”

“Avast, I spy a participle! Hanged is employed to describe the scallywag has had an action done unto him! By the cold blowing northern wind, the past tense to describe a true seadog’s action of rattling the masts of another seadog is zung!”

“Yet you neglect tenses past perfect and past simple. ‘Has been walked’ describes what has happened to someone in terms of adjectival phrase, like ‘has been hanged.’ Both, in this case, serve as participles because both are describing noun. Yet ‘walked’ serves as word in simple past as well, as should zinged, because both are actions that occurred.”

“Yaargh, you are the false one, here! I shall tear down your mizzenmast!”

“You false one. Like vanity of mirror, I shall shatter you!”

“I dislike the cut of your jib!”

“Your hat is stupid!”

“Yaargh, I shall make you an accord. For the time being, let us parley and agree to disagree.”

“Indeed. Like sun accepting repose under horizon, I accept your offer.”

“By the Pirate’s Code, it is done.”

“For now.”

Front Cover: The great enemies prepare for epic battle and cognitive besting.

How to Prepare Pan-Fried Woodchuck

Pan-Fried Woodchuck is a rare southern delicacy, that is both easy to prepare and delicious.

First get ½ pound of ground beef from your local grocers . You want to get as much chuck as possible, and as little steak. 80/20 should do just fine. You may also want to purchase some vegetables, like mushrooms and tomatoes. These should be diced finely and mixed with your chuck. You must then go acquire a small amount of your favorite wood from a local supplier. Personally I recommend hickory, but mesquite is the more traditional flavoring.

Use a heating element to slowly smoke the beef for several hours. The stove in your residence hall should work just fine, but you may wish to divert the smoke as to not set off your fire alarms. Those with engineering backgrounds should find this to be an interesting, but not terribly challenging problem. Sorry Business Majors. Stop sucking and get a real major.

After smoking, lump into patties about the size of your fist, then fry with butter in a pan at medium heat. Serve on a bun with ketchup and cheese.

Hunting the Wild Cereal Box

Staring at the vast rolling plains of the Middle West United States, the sheen of golden wheat glares and glints as waves of wind gently blow past. The gentle caress of this wind is deceptive, though. One moment, it is your friend, the next, a debilitating foe.

“I’m not going to sugarcoat it. You have to be cunning to survive out here.”

Expert box hunter Amos Corgrils has lived on these plains for years, subsisting entirely on the quarry he hunts and traps in this brutal part of the world.

“Once in a while, you’ll come across a real beautie of a specimen, and you’ll get lost in its

corners, those square and flat sides. You wait too long, and suddenly, it’s off bounding away because you dropped your porcelain net. Then you’re in a real sticky situation.”

Out on these Midwestern Plains, Amos has seen many different things, from simple flocks of flakes to the grand stampedes of bunches of oats. He’s watched the majestic leaps of the kicking krispies, and beheld the rare coo of the slithering loop.

“You see a lot of things out here. I would venture to say it could change a person. There is just so much life.”

Yet Amos’ way of life is in danger. More and more, land developers are claiming the once free and wild plains of the epic Midwest. Big box stores and saltbox houses are emerging from the golden plains, turning them into flat lawns and homogenous real estate.

When asked about the livelihood for people like Amos, who feed off the land, land developer Cubert Windbhag commented, “For Pete’s sake, the man should get a job, buy a house, and buy food like a normal person. They sell groceries, like boxed cereal, in these incredibly new places called, believe it or not, grocery stores!”

Amos did not appreciate the sarcasm.

“There are rare and beautiful sights out there to behold. If we pave over all our land, we will lose our spirit, the natural wildness that powers us through life.”

In the meantime, the call of the wild toasted-o is progressively going quiet. Already, herds of fruit-flavored pebbles are relocating, their grazing grounds plowed under by land developers.

“I fear the day will come when we will no longer be able to harvest highly-processed bland bran from the open range. People need to take action, now!”

Currently, fringe societies working to spoon up some change. Amos members the Super Savers Club.

Just DEW it: An Inside Look at a Popular Drink

Recently, I had the opportunity to sit down with a very high ranking member of the Pepsi Cola Co., Mr. Cokesucks, to find out the secret behind one of the company's most delicious beverages:

Me: Thank you for taking the time to meet with me, Mr. Cokesucks.

Mr. C: No Problem, but I'd like to kindly remind you that you need to discard that Dasani water bottle right away. There's a direct chute to the incinerator right over there.

Me: Oops, sorry.

Mr. C: It's alright. So, what can I tell you about Mountain Dew, let's see...

Me: Maybe you could start with how you manufacture it?

Mr. C: Sure. We actually get our main ingredient, mountain dew, from the Himalayas. It's really quite something. Back when we first started, we used to get it from the peak of Eyjafjallajökull, but that's not really an option any more. But our work force in the Himalayas has proven much more productive anyways.

Me: Really? How do you convince workers to climb the dangerous peaks of Tibet?

Mr. C: Well, most of our workers are children, so they don't know any better. We collect the bastard kids of Tibetan monks, and raise them as if they were monkeys. They make excellent climbers, although we lose one or two every week. We usually find them a couple months later and just thaw them out.

Me: So, can you take us through a day in one of these kids' lives?

Mr. C: Usually, they're roused from their igloos, which they build themselves by the way, around Midnight, and we start sending them up. The best make it up in about 8 hours. We issue each a spoon which they use to take a drop of dew from the single blade of grass that sprouts from each mountain top every spring. Then, they have to carry the spoon back in their mouths, because they need both of their

hands to climb back down. If they spill, they get whipped; but kindly [this was emphasized]. Some are chased by snow leopards, and that can be a real bummer for them; but snow leopards are beautiful creatures who just want a nice meal, no one can blame them. When the kids get back, they drop off their dew to a proper company employee, and then they are rewarded with a full 3 hours of sleep.

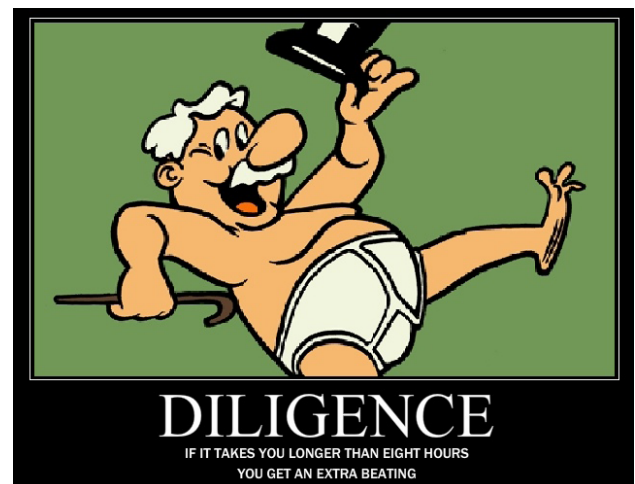
Me: So, what about Mountain Dew do you think makes it so addicting?

Mr. C: Mostly, I think people are impressed with the fact that it's made with all natural ingredients, like the little bit of Marijuana put in each batch. We've created a chemical process that makes it soluble in water, so the drink stays smooth.

Me: Interesting. Well, thank you for your time Mr. Cokesucks, and your insight into the making of this one-of-a-kind drink.

Mr. C: It was my pleasure.

Well, there you have it folks. Hope you keep on Doing the Dew, and remember: Drink responsibly.



Above: One of many helpfully motivational posters to spur the sherpa children in their quest for precious droplets of Mountain Dew.

Good show, if I do say so
myself. Hope you've
enjoyed yourself.



We shan't be long returning.

But ho, do be a chap and submit your humorous articles and ridiculous photoshop renderings to cwruathenian@case.edu. There may be \$50 in it for you, or at least a good tummy rub.

THE
ATHENIAN