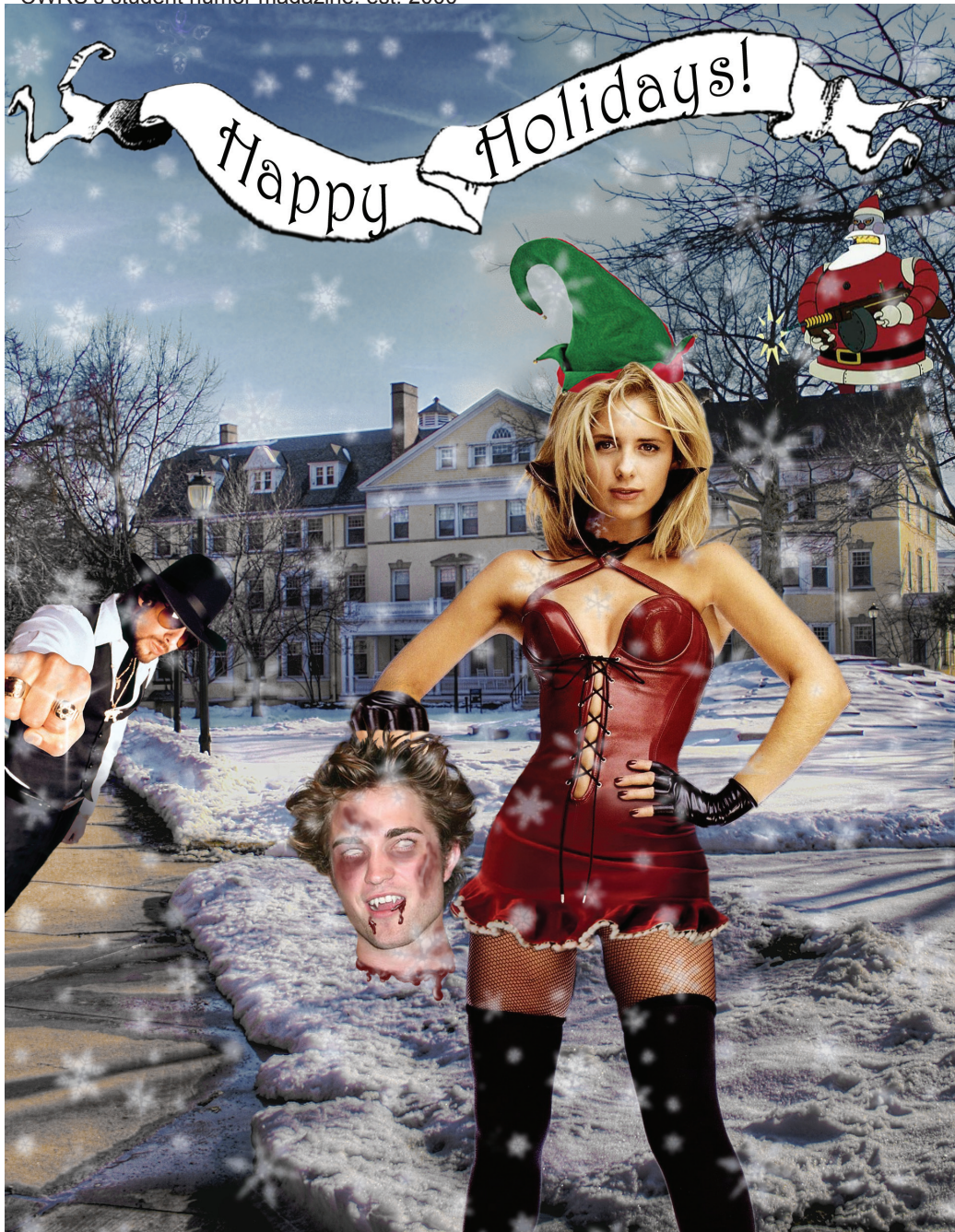


the Athenian

CWRU's student humor magazine. est. 2000



The Red-Nosed Rein-Issue!



The Athenian

“Good artists copy, great artists steal.”

- Thomas Landusky

EMAIL: athenian@case.edu

ISSUE #57

The Goons In Charge:

Advisor to Rule Them All:

Dr. Bradley Ricca

Editor-In-Chief:

Thomas Landusky

Staff Alchemist:

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Business Manager:

Pat Melvin

Head Graphics Designer:

Beth McNany

Staff Wizard:

Antawn Jamison

Staff Soothsayer:

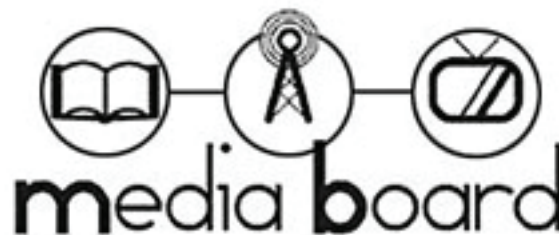
Shakira's Hips

Staff Rogue:

Anna Marie

Content by:

Hallie Dolin
Phil Durachinsky
Ryann Lally
Thomas Landusky
Evan Martin
Beth McNany
Pat Melvin



Proud member of the Case Media Board since Hundert.

From The Editor

Good tidings, readers!

As Editor, I find myself questioning whether or not the content we print is funny. As an engineer, I find myself wanting to quantify how humorous certain things are. Naturally, this makes me want to develop an algorithm, take its derivative, and set it equal to zero. However, against my own instincts to measure and experiment, I know in my heart that humor is not about how funny something is, but why it's funny. Humor is about shared experience, and laughter is a bond.

On a personal note, despite my uncertainty in my own ability to make people laugh, I have faith that, given two arbitrary things, one of which is funny and one which is not, I can correctly determine the funny thing 9 out of 10 times. That being said, there is always room for improvement.

So you know that feeling when you come up with this great idea, and then days later you realize how much better it could have been? Or maybe you didn't think of something snappy to say in response to a friend's (or enemy's) witty sarcasm, but right after they leave you find the perfect line?

I find that many of the jokes I write and approve make it to print long before being optimized. Jokes are kinda funny that way, I guess.

That being said, I'd like to wish all of my

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 too sexy for its shirt. So sexy it hurts.
- 3) Any submissions/questions/complaints/gossip/dirty limericks can be sent to athenian@case.edu. Any submissions can/might/will be altered as needed.

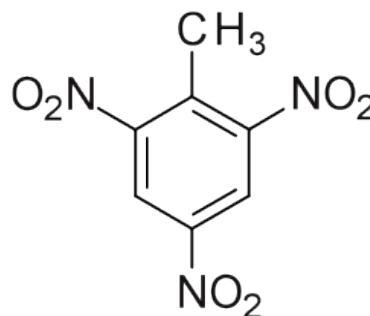
Congratulations to **Hallie Dolin** for winning best submission of Issue 57!



Thomas Landusky, Editor-in-Chief

colleagues the best of luck on their exams. Although this time of year is supposed to be a time of kindness, generosity, and community, I am aware of how trying the first few weeks of December can be. I hope that the cold weather, grey skies, and impending doom of exams does not weigh so heavily on us that we forget what's really important.

— The Editor



Above: One of my favorite aromatic compounds

Take it in the Ear Day Gains Soundness Worldwide

This winter, along with the requisite Christmas, Hanukkah, Kwanzaa, and Festivus celebrations, people worldwide will be able to mark their calendars for another rockin' December holiday. December 8, 2011 marks the thousandth anniversary of Take it in the Ear Day, a worldwide celebration for which we can thank a certain Byzantine. For those who have never taken a history class (i.e., 95% of CWRU students), an abbreviated explanation can be found below. The blowout, however, needs no explanation and, to quote the Dalai Lama in a recent interview, will be "bitchin'."

Saint Auriculus (now known in the Greek and Orthodox Churches as Auriculus of the Knife) was born in Constantinople (pro-Istanbul) sometime around the turn of the tenth century (1000 C.E. (A.D) – 1099 C.E.), as far as modern historians can approximate. The second son of an illustrious family, he elected to become a healer rather than a soldier, practicing medicine until his 111th birthday (evidently, not having gotten it right until then). At that point, he retired to Ankara (another city in Turkey) to receive a select few patients and marinate in the bathtub (a place to wash oneself) between appointments. He would have been entirely unremarkable had he not, during one of these appointments, forgotten that he wasn't supposed to be in the tub. He died several hours later of penile trauma; as a translated contemporary record put it, "he expired, for his tree could produce naught but the driest and most poisonous of sap, having perchanced to strike noon, the bells ringing upon the ears of a wrestler."

For his medical services, Auriculus was honored with ritual cremation. During the ceremony, the smoke from his burning body flew into the air in the shape of the very act that had killed him, then formed itself into the shape of a cruciform. Local officials took this as a sign of divine provenance, but considering the nature of his death, Take it in the Ear

Day has been highly controversial since its incarnation.

Although America's official position on the holiday is neutral, many states have elected to patch into the annual Thousand-Year Ear party via webcam; the party will be held in Stockholm, with satellite sections in Zurich, Copenhagen, and Jakarta. The event, which has been described by English officials as "artistic," has cost in excess of four quadrillion dollars for planning alone. Anyone wishing to attend will be able to purchase tickets in advance up to three days before the celebration. According to the Bureau of Statistical Labor, there are no recorded births in the above cities on September 9th since the inception of the tradition.

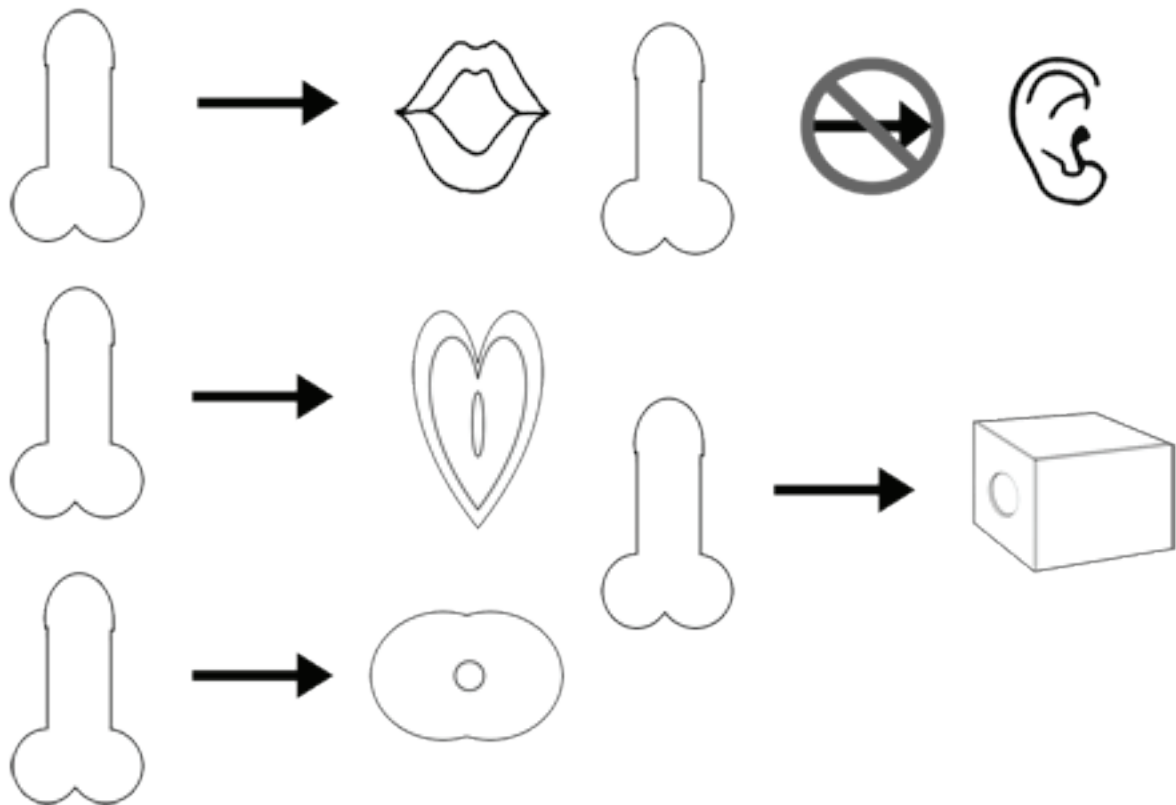
When questioned, Case students proved as enthusiastic about Take it in the Ear Day as they have about everything else remotely related to the subject. A poll taken last week indicated that 0.0005% of students strongly approve of the holiday, while the vast majority of the student body finds it unimaginably kinky and something else that no reporter was able to catch, as the poll subjects all appeared to develop sudden bladder infections mid-sentence. Meanwhile, freshman alchemical engineering major Dean DeMille claims that he has been saving for three years to buy a ticket to the Thousand Year Ear party. When asked what he is going to wear, he answered, "Gold-plated earmuffs and nothing else!"

We at the Athenian applaud this display of extreme economy, and wish to add that we will provide pre-perforated excuse slips to any student planning to join Mr. DeMille in skipping classes on the eighth.

Top 5 Places Not to Put Your Dick

5. Your mom
4. Pencil sharpener
3. Dead body
2. Animal cages
1. Empty eye socket

How to Use Your Penis



Above: Opposing protocol regarding penis use. Image courtesy of Athiests Against Purity

Entire Campus Laid Due to Deactivation of Hormonal Suppression

In a move that no sane person could've possibly foreseen in a million years, students recently discovered and turned off the Reproductively Suppressive Field Generator hidden under CWRU's campus, leading to the entire campus getting laid last night.

"Oh my god, three years of frustration, finally gone!" said Cory Jefferson, a third year chemistry major at CWRU. "For my entire time here at Case, I've spent Friday night after Friday night in my room alone, with nothing but my romantic comedies and a box of tissues, but no longer! The ladies just can't get enough of me now," said Jefferson, with a beautiful Case girl hanging off each of his arms.

The Reproductively Suppressive Field Generator, or RSFG, had been hidden under the Michaelson-Morley statue.

"Sweet Heavens, it all makes sense!" said another Eugene Washington, a Case sophomore. "Think about it, what could the phallic shape have to do with an experiment providing evidence against the existence luminiferous aether? Nothing! This statue was clearly designed as a monument to the sexual frustration all CWRU students were destined to feel until this machine was turned off."

And the mood on campus since the deactivation of the RSFG has been one of pure euphoria.

"Last night was the best night of my life", said Washington. "Until last night, the most action I had gotten here at Case was when I 'accidentally' touched that Italian, or maybe some kind of Spanish, major chick's boob during a coed Ultimate Frisbee practice. Now, I literally

have enough women's clothing next to my bed to open my own outlet store."

But the origins of the device remain a mystery.

"It must've been those damn engineers," said Jefferson. "Don't they have anything better to do with their time? They should be worrying about all of the lovely ladies around campus who are looking for a good time. Oh, wait, never mind. I forgot, they're engineers."

And Jefferson had a valid point. Amongst all of the students who got laid last night, only 0.04 percent were engineers.

However, for everyone else, the future started looking bright.

"Oh man, I'm going to get so much tail tonight. The girls here are literally throwing themselves at me," said Kyle Reed, a third year. "I've literally had to lock my door in the evenings to keep some of these beautiful women away."

"The discovery of this device should come as no surprise," added Reed. "After all, everyone knows that deep down, Case men are pure sex."

The Best (or Worst) Idea by CWRU Administration, Ever

After several failed bake sale attempts, our beloved president tries a new tactic to raise money for CWRU from alumni, as well as the occasional community member. Yes, her salary is head-spinning, but nobody ever says she doesn't work hard for it.*



*A note to Barbara Snyder: You are a beautiful woman and we love you and everything you've done for us.

Tappa Kegga's

MR. EWWW

An all-male beauty pageant designed to find the ugliest, skuzziest, most pathetic excuse for a man at Case! Sponsored by Tappa Kegga to raise money for ~~the house's spring break fund~~ something really, really charitable.



Three components:

- **Appearance:** who among you makes us want to gag? Who doesn't? Look your best, which for many of you, might not be saying much. Winners will be determined by how good they look and how much we pity their lack of fashion sense.
- **Dance-Off:** Show your moves (or lack thereof)! Just, please, try not to pull anything. Also, anyone attempting anything resembling disco will be disqualified on the spot. The winner will be the one with the best moves or the one we find most hilarious.
- **Sex Appeal:** Contestants will be shown a picture of a pretty woman. They must describe exactly what they'd like to do to her – both in bed and the events leading up to it. The winner of this part will be the one who we find most appealing or the one who makes us reach for our pepper spray the fastest.

Grand Prize: \$1000

Entry Fee: \$995

Humor in New Spinoff “Sex Offenders in the City” Fails to Come

It seems that in the midst of the strenuous quest to develop reasonable television programs, writers have stopped trying. As a result, the American public suffers as producers compete in a “What’s the cheapest show people will watch?” contest. The opinions of these television producers are becoming clearer and clearer. They believe we are collectively dumber than a sack of hammers. The perspective is perhaps fueled by the fact that hammers gain intelligence when grouped together, but people often lose intelligence when surrounded by others. Spawned from this disparaging mindset, a new show has surfaced that makes any healthy individual within a fifty-mile radius want to claw their eyes out with rusty nails. Four quirky guys – the protagonists, played by Matt Damon, Patrick Dempsey, Gerard Butler, and Ryan Reynolds – are just trying to make a living in the Big Apple. The guys happen to be on the national sex offender registry list, having found no other people willing to live with them but each other. And of course, their neighbors are all attractive, top-heavy women. Hilarity (supposedly) ensues.

Let’s take the pilot episode, for example. In the first scene, Cormac Stupowitz (Butler) is enjoying a cup of hot chocolate on the couch and reading the classified ads when there’s a knock on the apartment door. It’s a hot girl (Kate Moss, so your mileage may vary on the ‘hot’ part), wearing nothing but her towel! Oh, no! What’s a sex offender to do? Well, this sex offender slams the door in her face, of course, and runs off to his room to scream out the window, because life is so unfair. Cue Gerard Butler™ brand angst, a few landscape shots to round it out, and scene.

The rest of the episode revolves around Cormac’s apartment-mates Miroslav (Damon), Sam (Dempsey), and Sean (Reynolds) trying to convince him that he’s not a horrible

person for wanting to have sex and, in fact, should revel in the fact that his penis is still alive after being convicted. Miroslav’s rallying cry, “It lives!” is more reminiscent of a bad Frankenstein dub than anything playing today – but we should be so lucky. Rinse and repeat for the second episode, except Sam finds it more difficult to resist temptation. But when an angry toy poodle conveniently mistakes Sam’s felonious phallus for a hotdog, its bite sends him to the emergency room rather than the police station at just the right time.

Under the wonderful taskmastership of our editor, whom we all love, the Athenian staff at large happily sat through the entirety of the first season. The opinions were unanimous. The writing was unbelievably sloppy, the plot – what there was of it – an excuse for a plethora of anatomically incorrect near-pornography, and the cinematography just plain awful (how many stock shots of Los-Angeles-posing-as-New-York does one need, if one is in possession of a functioning brain?). Roger Ebert, one of the sole voices of reason regarding both the big and small screens these days, lamented in an October review that he would rather “slit [his] wrists and let what blood remains drain out of them than watch one more second of this vomit storm masquerading as a television show.” Word, Roger.

The one bright spot that the show can claim among its hours of fail is the witty charm by the character of Porny, the guys’ well-meaning but short-sighted parole officer (played by a very well-cast Morgan Freeman). When questioned, Freeman explained, “The script was so bad I thought hey, this could be my ‘Snakes on a Plane.’”

Top 5 Failed Spinoffs

5. How I Met Your Mother Last Night
4. The Warehouse
3. Law and Order: the Huang Chronicles
2. The Stewie Show
1. Glee: the Next Generation

Na na na na na na na BATLAB!



The language BMEs need, but not the one they deserve right now.

Haikus by Questing Lotus

Haiku # 503

*Yo' mama so fat,
at a school bus of white kids
yells, Stop that Twinkie!*

Haiku # 504

*Yes, I have gained weight
I'm storing fat for winter
Looks like you are, too*

Haiku # 505

*Obesity is
a tragic epidemic
Doughnuts everywhere*

Episode of José the Soldier Receives Rave Review

This week's episode of José the Soldier, NBC's more adult-oriented animated program based on the popular children's program Dora the Explorer, has been nominated for an Emmy Award. The episode, titled "José Goes to the North Pole," depicts a forlorn Santa Claus at the end of his wits. Why? Because his worker elves want their collective bargaining rights back in a movement they call "Occupy the North Pole." The irresolute Santa beseeches the U.S. National Guard to help. Having nothing better to do, one unit agrees to go on the adventure.

The episode's realism is a stark contrast to its cartoonish inspiration. However, the program often follows the same basic formula as its predecessor. In the episode, José must lead his unit through three challenges, including: flying over Lapland, passing through polar bear country, and arriving at Santa's Workshop to mediate the dispute. That's Lapland, polar bear country, Santa's Workshop.

Most of the episode revolves around José attempting to peacefully deal with the elves. His first effort depicts the steadfast soldier raising up his right hand in front of the elves and repeating "Strikers no striking!" three times. While his endeavor successfully ended the strike, it did not prevent the elves from continuing to merely occupy the tundra.

The episode turns dark when one elf shoots Sergeant Pepper, a member of José's unit, from 300 feet using a football rifle. Again, our hero turns to his signature problem solving technique, exclaiming "Snipers no sniping!" in triplicate.

As the elves become increasingly frustrated, José attempts to console his dying friend. Acting quickly, he opens his backpack and selects the first-aid kit. José soon realizes that the bullet left an exit wound several inches above the entrance wound. This is impossible because the sniper was shooting from a higher location. José then enlists the help of the audience to determine the correct

angle of the bullet.

Upon verification, José concludes that the bullet was magical, and the only way to thwart the elven magic and to save his friend is to end the Occupy movement. Galvanized by his adrenaline, José breaks the code. At the top of his lungs, arm fully extended and fingers spread wide, he yells "Gripers no griping! Gripers no griping! Gripers, no griping!"

Muffled sounds of consternation could be heard over the raging snowstorm, as the elves slowly got out of their tents and went back to work. The episode ends with Sergeant Pepper dead in José's arms—he was too late. As José looks out at the arctic sun, he wonders if death is the only way to satisfy the enigmatic hunger of Santa's elves.

Top 5 Competitors at Kwanzaa Mascot Tryouts

5. Gary Coleman
4. Zebra
3. Tamarind
2. Sinbad
1. Gaia

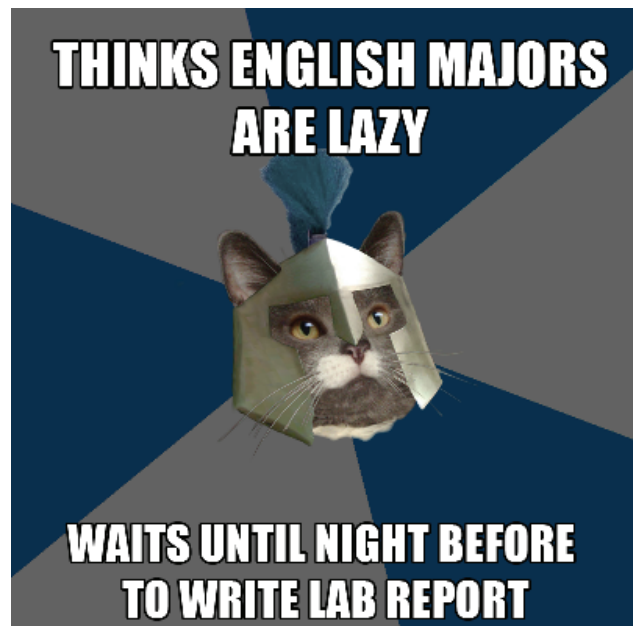




Photo courtesy of PETA
(People Eating Tasty Animals)



NOOOOOO! Stop killing me
with your funny magazine-oriented
content!

Channels 14 and 15 on campus

Join us!

Come to one of our meetings:
Wednesday @ 8pm
Media Board HQ: Thwing Room A09

or email igniteboard@case.edu
for more information.

ignitetv.case.edu

IGNITE
TELEVISION 

Case BME Graduate Develops “At Home” Abortion Kit

In order to circumvent any current and potential acts of the U.S. government to disregard women’s rights, Bach Michellen, a recent CWRU graduate, has developed the very first “at home” abortion kit.

“The real genius is in the marketing. Because the product was developed as an innocent ‘cleaning appliance,’ it didn’t require any FDA approval or receive any backlash. The fact that you can do relatively safe home abortions with it is just a coincidence,” claims Octomom.

Michellen elaborates.

“It is technically a cleaning apparatus, just not a very good one. I’m legally obligated to say that using it to clean tight corners and holes IS its intended use, and that any uses other than the specific, intended use are strictly NOT RECOMMENDED.”

However, this was not the inventor’s first idea.

“Originally, I wanted to design a staircase that guaranteed fetal destruction, but there were too many variables. Plus there were issues with construction, distribution... it was a mess. But I always knew that my goal was to design something that would get through loopholes by being labeled as something else. I wanted to create a relatively safe, simple, and inexpensive way to secure a natural right.”

This invention is only the tip of the iceberg for Michellen.

“Currently, I’m working on developing a female pleasure enhancement device, designed to give women the feeling of having a penis. It electrically maps the ‘head’ of the instrument to the clitoris.”

One senior member of the CWRU BME faculty responded to Michellen’s new project.

“Huh. I never thought of that.” After commenting, the faculty member started to golf-clap.

Jedediah Smith, member of the Westboro Baptist Church, comments on the moral-

ity of Michellen’s device.

“We ain’t no fools. That Bach Michellen is a sinner and a pervert and a murderer. We all know his gadget ain’t no ‘cleaning device.’ We’re just like those poor fetuses—we weren’t born yesterday. Michellen’s going to answer to God for this.”



Above: Prototype of Bach Michellen’s invention

Political scientist Largaviday Prosperidad retorts.

“Scientifically, the basis of life is unknown. A sperm cell and an egg cell are alive, but they are not living beings. When they combine, they form living tissue, but this tissue is a mass of cells, no more alive than an arm or a leg. Politically, it can’t be murdered until it is born, and it doesn’t have government rights until it’s a citizen.”

In some states, homicide of a pregnant woman is considered double-murder; and some states consider life to begin with conception. By this logic, every unfertilized egg is a denial of life, and everyone is nine months older.

However, Prosperidad’s logic leads to similarly obscure conclusions. Radical analyst Square Roots explains.

“If consciousness has no known discrete location in the brain, how alive can things be? Is a jellyfish more organically complex than a Venus Flytrap? Where does biological programming end and sentience begin? It’s easy to say ‘oh, it’s okay to kill fetuses, they aren’t really alive,’ but what does that say about the

child once it is alive? You might as well start killing babies because they can't make conscious decisions. Regardless of how delicious they are, this is not an acceptable course of action."

Michellen explained that it was easier for him to invent a novel technology than try to jump in to such a difficult debate.

Hijackers: Episode 2

In this episode, Hijackers presents a recorded 'conversation' between a patient and her doctor.

Listen, Doctor Hansen—no, I know that my arches are very enthralling, but I feel I must tell you something. Sir, please look at my eyes for just a moment, and take your hands off my heels. No, Doctor, my eyes are up here. Listen, I understand that you're a licensed podiatrist, but you're still making me very uncomfortable.

Now, don't take this personally. You're very good at what you do, and the shoes that you recommended for me have done wonders for my arch strain, but I feel it's time for us to part ways. See new people. It's just that, whenever you look at my toe nails, I see something light up in your eyes, and quite frankly, it creeps me the hell out. You stroke my ankle bones, and you take just a little too much time looking at the calluses on the bottom of the heels. You may be a qualified medical professional, but sir, you have the type of interest in the feet of your patients that would have even a burly lumberjack squirming like a puppy during a lightning storm.

No, Doctor, please don't be insulted. You are a fine man. I quite enjoy discussing sports with you, and talking about our children. But as soon as my shoes come off, you starting staring at my feet like an obese man stares at a freshly cooked turkey. I've contemplated running out of the office barefoot, but despite my survival instincts that roar within, I stay glued to the examination chair, and watch with a discomfort that I have not known since my bearded uncle Steve would tackle me at family reunions and stick my head under his shirt. I can still remem-

ber the rubberyness of his nipples jiggling with every bout of laughter he emitted.

You are the reason that I fear for my children's safety at night.

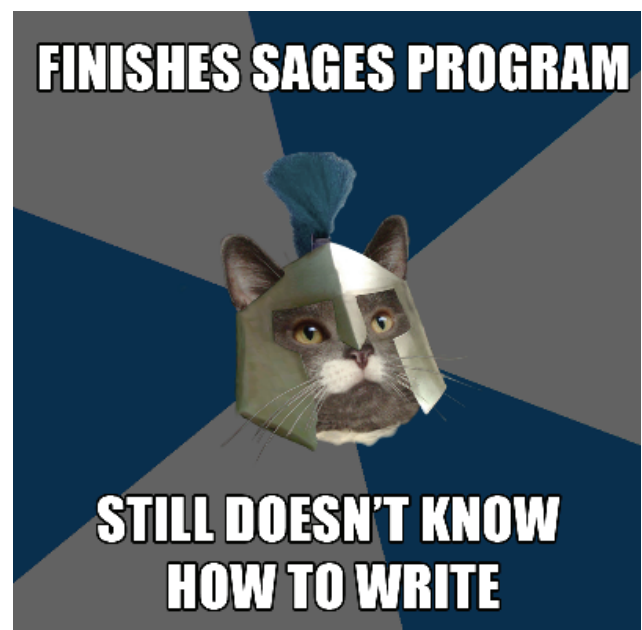
Again, please don't take this personally. I do so look forward to discussing with you the latest developments in the world of fashion, and the newest research in degenerative nerve diseases, but the minute you lay eyes upon the medial cuneiform bone of my x-ray, you send a shiver up my spine that I cannot shake from my memory, no matter how I try.

You sir, are—Dr. Hanson? Dr. Hanson? Are you even listening to me? Have you been looking at my feet this whole...Oh that does it. I am leaving, and you will never see me or my feet again.

Good day sir.

FUN FACT:

Foot fetishism is thought to be caused by the feet and the genitals occupying adjacent areas of the somatosensory cortex, possibly entailing some neural crosstalk between the two.



Ohio Accidentally Shows Huge Boehner to Rest of Country

In the House of Representatives today, Ohio experienced a rather embarrassing moment that many a bi-centennial state has feared while giving a presentation in history class. Specifically, the Buckeye State popped a huge Boehner. And the entire rest of the country could see it.

“I used to think everything was bigger in Texas,” said Oklahoma, “but I guess I was wrong. It seems like Ohio knows how to pitch a pretty impressive tent.”

Following the most recent elections, Boehner was elected to the coveted Speaker of the House position. But unfortunately for the Midwestern state, as he made his way to the front of the chamber to deliver his speech, Ohio’s huge Boehner was put on display for the entire country to see.

“I was just staring in wonder”, said Washington. “The only thing I could think is ‘I want that Boehner inside me.’ But all I could do was gape.” Added Washington, “Can you say ‘Hang On Sloopy’? Yes, yes I can,” she said with a sigh.

Instantly noticing its Boehner, Ohio laughed nervously and fumbled with his pants button, attempting to tuck its massive Boehner into its waistband. But before the Buckeye State could even say a word, all 49 other states and Washington DC stood and gave a round of applause to its hardcore conservative. Men were filled with envy, women swooned, and official state animals humped like there was no tomorrow.

“At first I was embarrassed that my Boehner was showing, but after a reception like that, what can you say?” said Ohio.

As the rest of the states cheered and clapped for a solid twenty minutes, Ohio stood proudly at the podium, with his Boehner flamboyantly displayed for all to see.

“See this!? The rest of the world wishes they had a Boehner like this!” cried Ohio, was promptly met with even greater cheers.

“Canada! What do you have? Fucking

nothing, that’s what! Germany? I don’t think so! And Malaysia? Don’t even talk to me about Malaysia. Yeah that’s right, rest of the world. You all wish that you had a Boehner like this!”

According to reports, Ohio was seen leaving the congressional building after his speech, Boehner fully displayed, with Washington and Colorado each hanging off his arms, giggling and fawning over the enormous Boehner.

Less commonly known, however, is the conspiracy between Oklahoma and the East Coast to destroy Ohio’s Boehner. Oklahoma, having only a small panhandle, devised a windstorm of epic proportions. By using the magic of fusion, the East Coast was able to polymerize the windstorm with one of its own political activists. Meanwhile, Florida gave zero fucks.

The storm has been officially declared a T11 TorNader. Texas, as well as several other Southern states, was confused as to why this tornader would be such a big to-do.

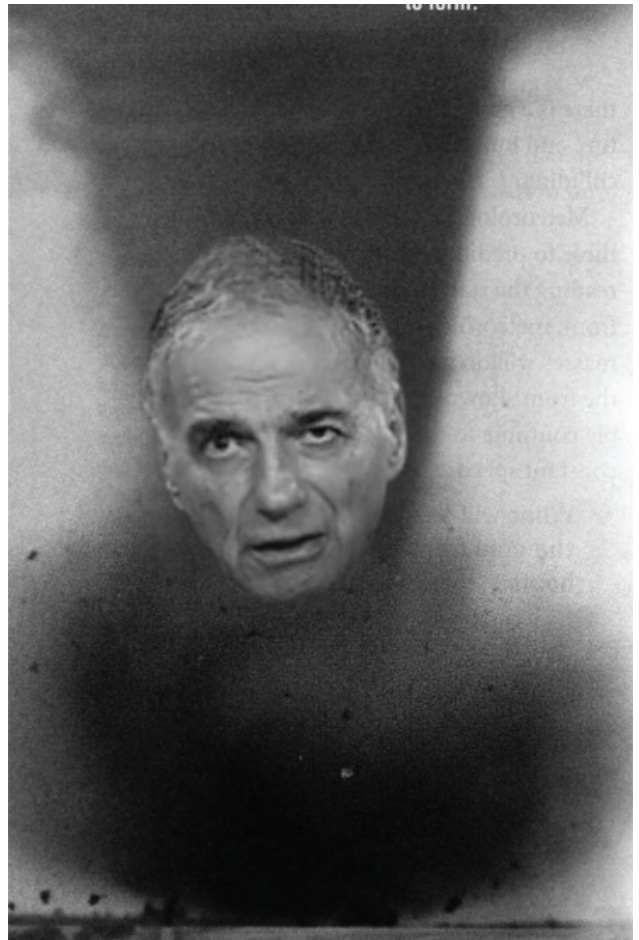
As the Boehner is third in the presidential line of succession, the ensuing destruction would be devastating, as Daniel Inouye, U.S. Senator from Hawaii, would honorably take his place in line. Described as the “most senior” senator, Inouye is a recipient of the United States Medal of Honor, as well as other military awards. Despite being respectable in his prime, the elderly, Asian, Inouye would be a step down from the impressive Boehner.

Top 5 Things that are Hard

5. Places next to rocks
4. Taxes
3. $H_2O + Ca^{2+} + Mg^{2+}$
2. Touching your left elbow with your left hand
1. Bargaining with the Devil

Right: The vicious TorNader

Below: Ohio and its disheartened Boehner



Unemployed Grinches Turn to Other December Holidays for Work

They're mean. They're green. They look like Kermit on meth. And unlike the Sneetches, they are perfectly willing to work for a living. Until recently, these vile mountain dwellers have been contentedly inhabiting mountaintops worldwide.

Previously, Grinches were able to sit in cushy chairs, and work at home. They could live sedentary lifestyles as they played World of Warcraft and completed the slow metamorphosis into Hutts. But now, Grinches are being forced out of their homes and onto the streets seeking employment.

Now, however, the solitary Grinches have turned to lives of crime in order to combat the ever-rising unemployment crisis. GrinchCo, in tandem with the Totally Not Jewish Worldwide Media Conspiracy, or TNJWMC, is responsible for employing all existing Grinches as critics. Unsurprisingly, American Grinches are unable to compete with Grinches from China and India, who "criticize twice as much for half the pay."

Consequently, American Grinches have been attempting to steal other holidays, not out of greed or irritation, but out of necessity. At first, they tried the profitable December holidays,

but found little in the way of income. “Festivus, winter solstice celebrations, and Kwanzaa are almost completely gone, and Hanukkah is on its way. There’s just nothing left to steal,” reports the Grinch of Allegheny Mountain. “All the resources are disappearing. If you don’t lose your job to an Asian Grinch who’ll do the work for a fourth of the cost, you’ll lose it to an African Grinch who will do it for a tenth of the cost.”

Grinches from Asia and Africa, as well as Mexico, do not have as strong of a capitalistic climate as those in Europe and Northern America, and have been criminals for years. Some Somalian Grinches have even turned to piracy.

Other lucrative holidays have proven equally dismaying. Halloween, for example, is often considered a suicide run due to the insane amount of partying that takes place. Although being surrounded by people in costume provides adequate camouflage, Grinches rarely escape deadly combat with parents passing out candy and drunk teenagers.

When asked why the Grinches do not simply try to recapture the glorious, pseudo-secular majestic money-making enterprise that is Christmas, Allegheny had this to say.

“Ever since the Grinch of Mount Crumpit had that run-in with the Whos, his heart grew three sizes above Grinch level, making it a full size larger than standard human. Of course, this inspired responsibility within Crumpit, with which, of course, comes power.”

According to Allegheny, having three times the power of any other Grinch is considered super-Grinchian. Crumpit has become a legend, and a righteous crusader. Christmas has been sanctified, and now represents a hallowed institution no Grinch may besmirch, under penalty of death.

As the other holidays slowly dry up, Christmas is taking over more and more of the calendar year, further exacerbating the unemployment problem among Grinches.

Free improv comedy,
right on campus.



Semester calendar:
improv.case.edu

The Athenian Exposé

When I was sixteen, I learned about Deep Throat. Ever since then, I knew that I wanted to become an investigative journalist. The drama, suspense, truth, fame—I wanted it all.

You have to have what it takes, though. You have to build trust with your sources. You have to get them to believe you are one of them. That was my strategy when I took on my life's work: an exposé of CWRU's mysterious Athenian.

My heart pounding in my ears, I walked into the cold and clammy meeting room. The only light came from a spotlight at the head of the table where the infamous Editor-In-Chief was seated. He pressed his fingertips together and looked at his minions.

"Alright, crew. Help yourselves," he said, gesturing to the copious amounts of Guy's Pizza. I ate some. It was good. No one in the room looked at me; they all simply chuckled to themselves at their own witty thoughts. What had I gotten myself into?

The Editor peered from under the brim of his feathered hat.

"This is not a democracy. Or a dictatorship. This is a pirate ship. Just want to make that clear before we start."

So this is where the humor happens. I was on the inside of a secret society that has had comic greats such as Dane Cook, Jaleel White, and Groucho Marx. Though I was there purely for journalism, I was in awe. What if Chris Rock's buttocks had once been sitting in this very chair?

The editor pounded his fist on the table. The meeting was about to begin.

"So gang, what's funny?"

After a few ideas flew around and the secretary took down the notes in a Google doc, a hush fell over the room.

"Now, down to business," said the Captain. "World domination, via piracy."

World domination? Via piracy? Was this just another one of the Athenian's unfunny jokes? When the Editor Captain whipped out

an ancient world map of the seas, I knew that this was serious. Using CWRU's overly generous budget, the Athenian has been overbuying pizza and secretly investing in Somalian pirate ships. What I had thought to be a quirky magazine was actually a terrorist group!

I had to get out. The crew around me had begun to notice my lack of enthusiasm in pillaging, looting, and parrot breeding. The Captain had begun to stare me down.

Mumbling something about an important phone call, I grabbed a slice of pizza and ran out of the building. I downloaded the audio from my secretly microphoned bra. Now, just to find a government department that will believe the Athenian is capable of anything as funny as piracy.

Top 5 Things That Aren't What They Seem

5. The beginnings of M. Night Shyamalan movies
4. Dumbledore's advice
3. That hot Asian girl on the bus with a boner
2. Beggin' Strips
1. The false wall opened by Jafar, dressed as a greedy old man, to let Aladdin out of prison



Above: Jafar dressed as a greedy old man, about to let Aladdin out of prison

Case Researchers Make Headway on Optimal 1D Sphere Packing

Finding the most compact way to arrange a set of circles or spheres has been a problem of interest for centuries. Applications have reached as far back as the 1500s for efficiently packing cannonballs in a small space on a ship. Both 3D sphere packing and 2D circle packing have found use in the sciences for understanding the arrangement of atoms in a crystal structure.

The problem of circle packing is best understood in terms of donuts. You're really hungry, so you order an infinite amount of them. Now you're really happy because they're the kind with pink frosting and sprinkles. But, to your dismay, you can only carry as many as you can fit into a large, flat box.

You might try to arrange your donuts haphazardly to get a non-optimal arrangement such as that seen in Figure 1. However, you can fit them more compactly with the hexagonal pattern shown in Figure 2, which has been mathematically proven to be the best and most delicious way to pack donuts.

The three-dimensional case of spheres has two equally compact arrangements thought to be optimal. While it is not universally accepted, the most likely proof of this comes from mathematician Thomas Hales using an exhaustive, computer-aided search in 1998.

While the sphere packing problem can be generalized to four or more dimensions, a local Case research group has decided to take on the much more difficult task of 1D sphere packing. In general, an n -dimensional sphere is simply a region containing all points within a certain distance from a central point. In 1D, this is just a stick.

Instead of packing 2D circles on a 2D surface, close-packing of 1D spheres can be thought of as finding the most compact way to arrange equally sized sticks in a line without them overlapping. It sounds simple, but the researchers have had to make a change of strategy after failed analytic attempts using a

variety of mathematical tools including calculus of variations as well as linear and quadratic programming techniques.

Inspired by the work for the 3D case, researchers have started trying computer-aided techniques. By utilizing spare computers previously dedicated to viewing pornographic material, researchers have generated a series of successively better results. Some of these are shown in Figure 3, with the current best at the bottom.

In hopes of improving on these results as well as freeing up their spare computers for sexy time, the group has made arrangements to begin running a series of exhaustive calculations on over 1000 processors using Case's high performance computing cluster. An optimal solution is expected to be found within a month of calculation.



Figure 1: Non-optimal donut packing

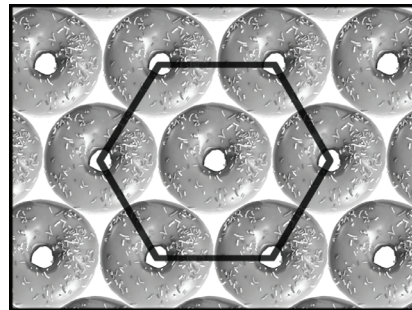


Figure 2: Optimal, hexagonal, donut packing

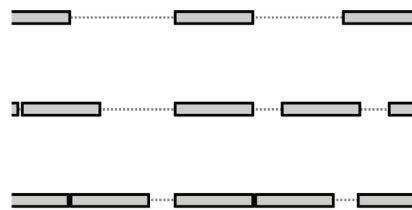
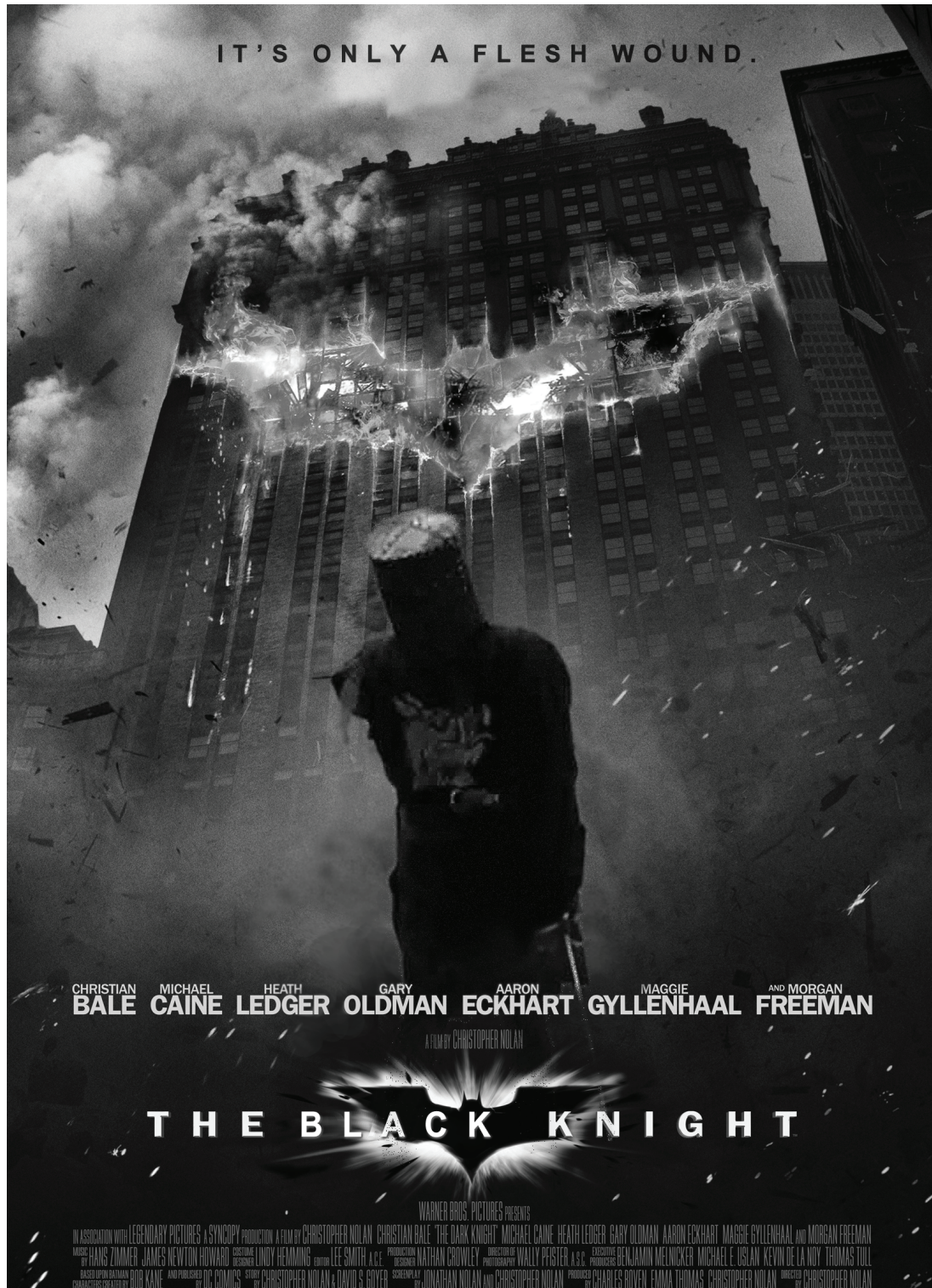
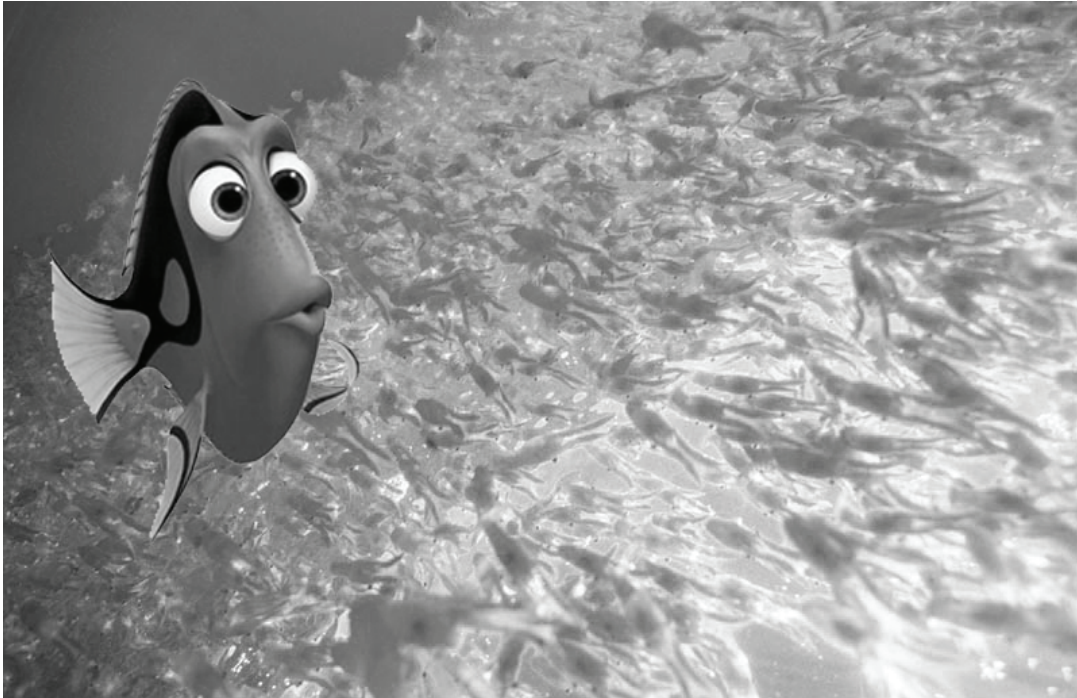


Figure 3: Computational stick packing results

Movie Posters



Hey Dory, how do we get more people to submit their funny articles and photoshopped pictures?



Just keep swim...oh look, krill!

Hmm, yes. I see what you mean. Focus on the present, living life according to one's own creed, and adventure will come on its own. Brilliant! In your spirit then, we shall continue to produce funny pictures, articles, and other original magazine-oriented content, waiting for adventure to strike! If your first name is Adventure and your middle name is Danger, please send your content to **athenian@case.edu**. One lucky submission will earn its creator \$50! Furthermore, our meetings offer free food, drink, and entertainment. There is no greater zen than sharing laughter amongst friends.

Please send text as text or word files, and your images as .jpgs, .gifs, .pngs, .tifs, or whatever! You can also send us your questions, comments, concerns, lovemail, and hatemail to **athenian@case.edu**. We sincerely hope you enjoy our product, and look forward to hearing from you. Remember: do or do not, there is no try.