

The Athenian



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*Solidifying
your future*

Issue 6

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Dear Readers,

Remember in my first letter to you, when I mentioned those floodgates of quasi-cruelty and bitterness, and how I couldn't hold them back forever? No? Oh yeah, I forgot, I had to cut that part out. Well, in the original version which you didn't see, I did mention floodgates. Now, despite my attempts in the previous two issues to keep them closed, those floodgates have been rammed open by our writers. This is the first issue of my reign which could possibly get us involved in some serious hubbub. I don't know whether to be proud or conceited.

If, in response to this increased vindictive character of the magazine, you should want to contact us, you should know that our email address has changed to accommodate those of you who have an aversion to the Shift key and thus could not email us at our prior non-pop account. Now, all you have to do is type in "athenian" (the full address, needless to write, is athenian@po.cwru.edu), and we'll get your comments, criticisms, recipes for date-peanut butter clusters, or whatever else you feel like sending us.

In related and much bigger news, *The Athenian* is now being published not only in hard copy form, but also via the World Wide Web, or, as those hip youngsters now call it, the "Internet," thanks to the initiative of regular contributor and Athenian-devotee from the get-go, Bart Keyes. Visit *The Athenian* online at <http://home.cwru.edu/athenian>, and check out recurring features from past issues, selected articles from issues past and present, and other fun stuff which you won't find in the print version, like clear "Happy pants Bill" comics. (My apologies to Draque for the blurriness last issue.) It is our hope that the website and the print magazine be two separate realms of humorous content, a portion of which is shared, like one of those crazy Venn diagram thingies.

In order to additionally increase the word on the street about the magazine, we're reforming our distribution process. Odds are that you picked up this issue from one of the contributors, thereby creating a more personal dissemination and ensuring that large numbers of the magazine don't get arbitrarily thrown out. Please, if you want to spread the funny, pass this copy on to others who will appreciate it.

One more item of new business: *The Athenian* is proud to welcome its first-ever female contributors, Kelly Underman and Cassie Grillot. We hope that they will not be the only ones for long. In part due to their writing, this issue (while it is the most offensive) is also the most diverse we've had in our semester-long reign.

As you can see from the above and from the abnormally-large size of this current issue, as we reach the halfway mark, we can see that *The Athenian* has experienced unprecedented growth this year. Perhaps even one day, we will grow large enough so that it is not necessary to use the editorial "we" in order to gain legitimacy among our readership. But we doubt it.

Sincerely,
Matt Greenfield
Editor-in-Chief

WORD OF THE ISSUE

This issue's word is.....

Fucking

[Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow!
Wee-ow! Hahahahaha! ... Ha.]

The Athenian

"Strange! that a Man who has wit enough to write a Satyr; should have folly enough to publish it."

—Benjamin Franklin, *Poor Richard's Almanack*, 1742

Check out our brand-spankin'-new website at home.cwru.edu/athenian, and/or contact us at athenian@po.cwru.edu. That is, if you have e-mail/Internet access.

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Bart Keyes

Treasurer: Pete Nalepa

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Matt Greenfield

LET'S TALK ABOUT THE WAR

All right all you Case students, put down your marijuana needles and heroin pipes, for I have something important to say. It has recently come to my attention that I hate *The Observer*. For all of you that don't know what *The Observer* is, picture this: a money-sucking vacuum cleaner run by Satan that issues a newspaper every week. My God, *The Observer* has everything. They have a website (www.roughmidgethobo-amputeegoatsex.com), whereas we have nothing. [Note: This article was written before the new *Athenian* website—home.cwru.edu/athenian—was created—Ed.] I know for a fact that they own Crawford Hall, Clarke Tower, and Veale Center. They even have Dilbert. FUCKING [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] DILBERT. If we try to put a nationally-syndicated comic strip into *The Athenian*, we'd get the pants sued off us (maybe it's not that bad—most of us don't even wear pants). My frustration has led to one conclusion: WE MUST GO TO WAR. A recent survey states that 9 out of 10 religions support war if there is a "just cause." I want to destroy *The Observer* "just cause" they're a bunch of assholes.

Plan A: Full Frontal Assault

So I went over to Clarke Tower (it's within jumping distance from my dorm) with a bag of rocks and began pelting. After about 15 minutes, campus security took me away. It appears that they have a very powerful ally.

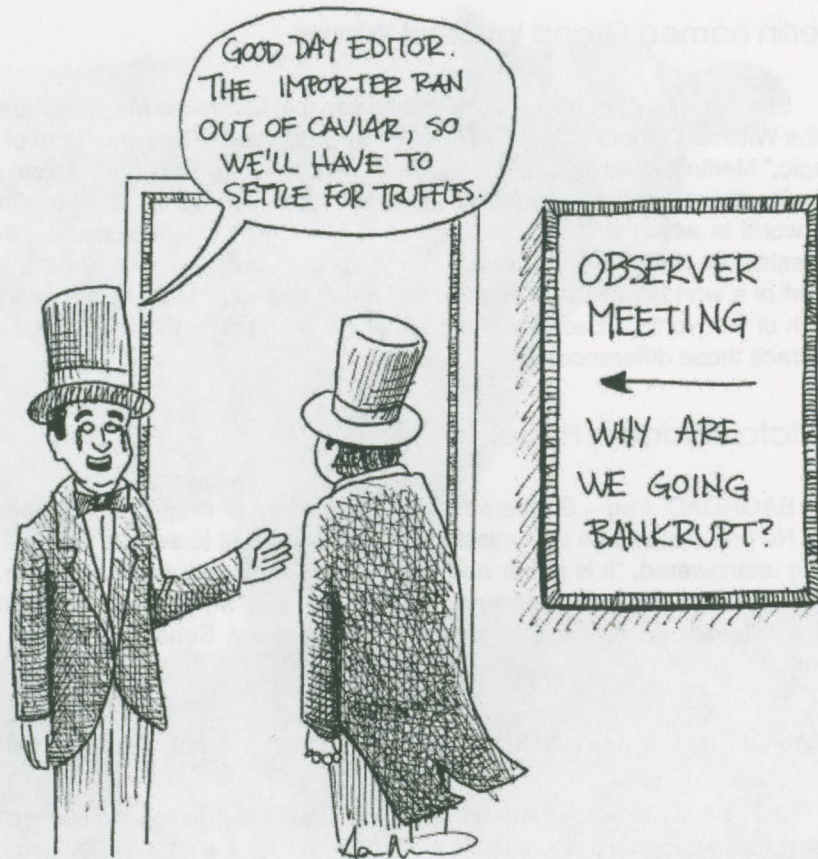
Plan B: A More Devious Measure

I stopped by the meeting room in Crawford Hall where top executives discuss things like how to starve *The Athenian* out of all of its money and how to use this money to light their fat Cuban cigars. I brought a nice fruit basket (laced with arsenic, cyanide, and strychnine) and placed it on the table. I don't know if my plan worked, but I did notice that there are more dead hoboos on the street than there used to be.

Plan C: Passive Resistance

I decided that I would crash one of those super-secret *Observer* executive meetings. In order to look more like an *Observer* executive, I wore a black-and-white tuxedo with coattails, a monocle, and a top hat. When the meeting began, I stuck out like a sore thumb (apparently to look wealthier, *Observer* executives wear two monocles). This reminded me of the time I wore my Damned t-shirt to church. This time (instead of tackling the pastor) I shouted, "YOU GODDAMN MONEY-LEECHES! *THE ATHENIAN* WILL RULE OVER ALL!" I burst out of the room, fell down the stairs, and died. You may have won the battle, *Observer*, but I now have been granted the angelic power to shoot lasers out of my eyes. MUAHAHAHAHAHA.

The moral of this story: don't piss off *The Athenian*. Our mordant opinions of you will be seen by thousands. By thousands I mean our mothers. We're not made out of money, you know.



COUNTERFEIT DOCS

Mr. Editor,

I wanted to applaud you[r] article concerning the so-called counterfeit med students. Being a medical student, it is often frustrating to see dental students working out at one-to-one in scrubs! In order to help the general undergrad pool, I wanted to let you know that only medical students wear white coats with the blue seal. We often look dissheveled [*sic*] and in a rush. Those are the hallmark signs any undergrad should look for when in search of a med student. You are right, not ALL dental students have this problem. But to the rest of you, I am with the Athenian: find another pick up line!

Keep up the good work!

Keep the undergrads rattled a bit!

I salute your efforts.

Vic [Ibrahim]



COW(ORLD) MOOS

Merlin named Grand Imperial Wizard

ENGLAND – After centuries of faithful service, Merlin the Magician has been named Grand Majestic Wizard of the Witch & Warlock Wizardry (WWW). By promoting its superior form of magic over the “evil practice of black magic,” Merlin has advanced the cause of the WWW. During his inaugural ceremony, Merlin declared, “As I don my wizardrous cloak, I look forward to leading the WWW into the future, eliminating the evils of black magic from the world in which we live.” Supporters of black magic outnumber those that are against its use, and have protested the WWW since it began. The Wizard of Oz spoke out against the group stating, “I would just like to be a part of a world in which we can all live together and practice our chosen form of magic in peace.” The Good Witch of the North added, “No one form of magic is better than another. They are just different, and we should embrace those differences.”

Dictator Saddam Hussein Missing

BAGHDAD, Iraq – Saddam Hussein, President of Iraq, has mysteriously vanished from any known location. No one realized he was missing until his wife went to service him last night, her knock on the palace door going unanswered. “It is rather odd, because he rarely misses a servicing,” explained his wife. The last words heard from Hussein by close friends are “Uh-oh,” and “My pants are wet.” In unrelated news, Republicans in the United States of America now control the Presidency, Senate, House of Representatives, and the Supreme Court.

Pope John Paul want children, lots and lots of young children

VATICAN CITY – Last week Pope John Paul II expressed his concern with the aging populace of Italy. To further its development and secure a bright future for the country, Italians must listen to more Barry White and

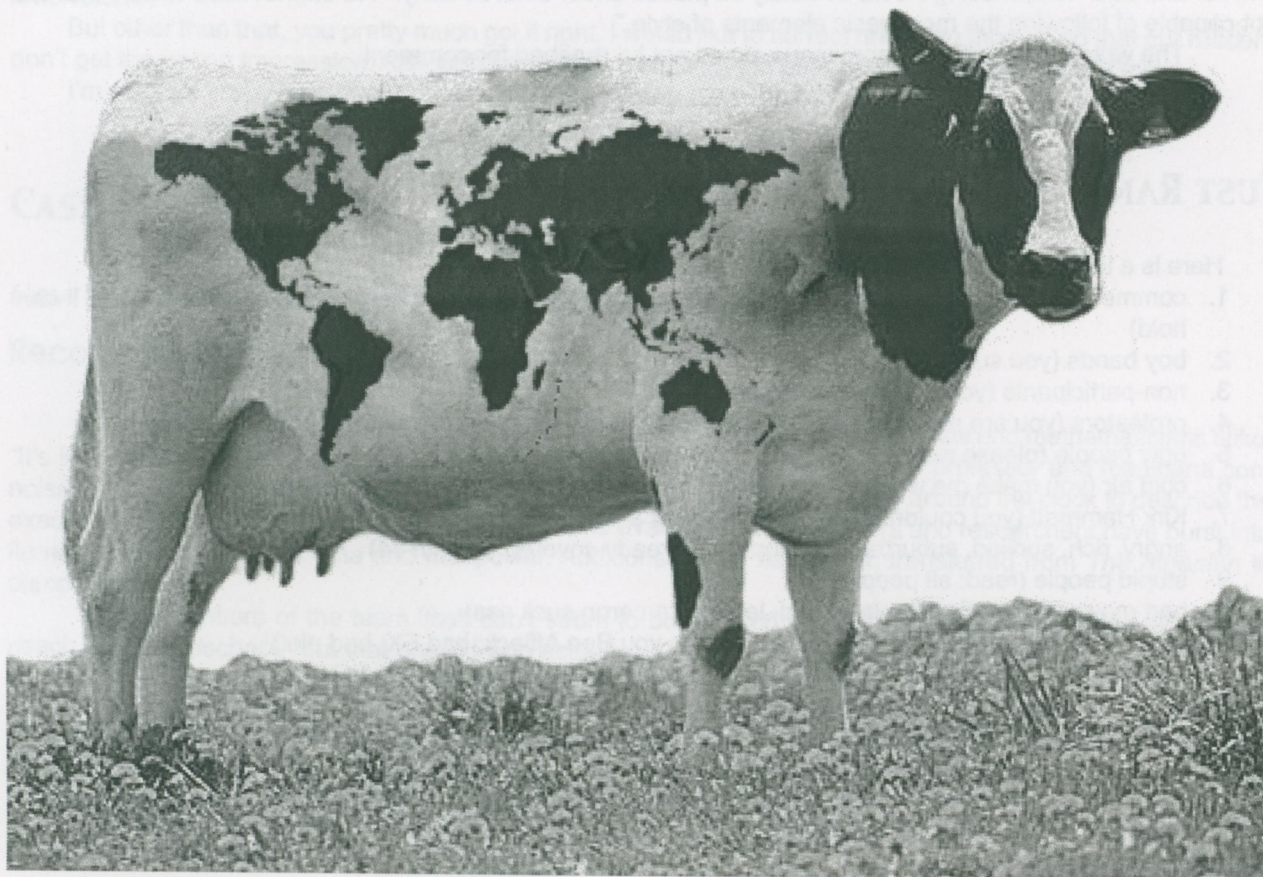
"get humping," he advised. Today, he explained how the Vatican will help with the baby boom that they hope will occur. "We will develop a day-care system that will benefit all the young of Italy. Priests will be scattered across the country to run day-cares for the children. No child will go without a priest within arm's reach." The Pontiff concluded his speech, stating, "Priests embrace Italy's young children and we look forward to developing a new relationship together."

Canadian Bacon turns American

United States of America – Following several years of pleading, the United States of America has accepted Canada's request for statehood, making Canada the 51st state in the union, and securing America's supply of Canadian bacon. In return for acceptance into the union, Canada has agreed to "man it up a bit" to shed its feminine appearance, and will no longer be called "America's sister." Canada will also increase its crime rate and street trash to comply with U.S. standards. To help out, Congress passed a law changing the country's landfill from New Jersey to its 51st state, resulting in an outcry from mob spokesmen asking, "Where do we put all the dead bodies now?" The Census Bureau reported that in one day the United States of America became the leading importer of ice, albinos, and eh?

Jesus spotted again, the king lives on

ORANGE COUNTY, Florida – An image of Jesus Christ was spotted on a matzah ball Tuesday. Alan Goldberg, owner of the matzah ball, discovered the image when he was eating lunch. "It is not everyday you look down at your food and find Jesus looking back at you," Goldberg said. The ball is now on display in front of Goldberg's Florida home for all believers and non-believers to see. There is no charge for admission, but he asks that viewing occur between 9am and 7pm. This has been the last food-image sighting in Florida since Malcolm X appeared on a white cracker two months ago.



ATHENIAN WRITER A SEXY BITCH

Athenian writer Pete Nalepa is a sexy bitch, say the ladies. Nalepa, a second year philosophical botanical engineering major, was recently cited by the ladies as "the sexiest hunk of man we've ever seen."

When asked about his widespread fame as a sexy bitch, Nalepa shrugged and said, "Yeah, it's cool. But it's not really unexpected." He was then mobbed by a group of beautiful, ample-bosomed women.

In response to a question concerning other writers' feelings toward his sexiness, he said, "Well, [*Athenian* Editor] M.T. [Greenfield] is always calling me up and asking me if he could have one or two of my ladies. He says he's even willing to settle for some not-so-hot ones. I always have to explain to him, 'M.T., I'm not a pimp, just a sexy bitch.' He doesn't understand that I can't just deal the girls out like playing cards. It's kind of pathetic really."

The interview would have continued had Nalepa not been required to get his groove on with his cornucopia of women. Ladies are encouraged to write *The Athenian* at Athenian@po.cwru.edu.

ATHENIAN WRITER STARTS SENTENCE WITH CONJUNCTION

People everywhere were shocked to learn that while being quoted for an article in this issue of *The Athenian*, writer Pete Nalepa committed a major literary faux-pas by using a conjunction as the first word of a sentence.

In the second paragraph of the brief article, which is entitled "*Athenian* Writer a Sexy Bitch," Nalepa gave a quote that read, "Yeah, it's cool. *But* it's not really unexpected [emphasis added]."

When reached for comment, Nalepa claimed he was misquoted. "There definitely should have been a comma in that statement, not a period. Whoever that writer is, he should be fired. A sexy bitch like me doesn't deserve this kind of interrogation."

When asked about the grammatical error, Editor M.T. Greenfield said that the competence of Nalepa as a writer and as a human being would definitely be placed under strict scrutiny. "We cannot have writers that are not capable of following the most basic elements of style."

The writer of the article, Anonymous, could not be reached for comment.

JUST RANTING

Here is a list of things that really chap my ass:

1. commercials (don't advertise a product that no one would buy, who cares how much blue liquid it can hold)
2. boy bands (you suck)
3. non-participants (you are the only loser)
4. protestors (you are retarded, why do you protest wars which do not exist?)
5. ugly people (please wear a bag)
6. cold air (you make me wear underwear)
7. Kirk Hammett (you couldn't hold David Gilmour's jock)
8. angry, rich, spoiled, suburbanites (oops... I already covered them in #4)
9. stupid people (read: all people)
10. bad movies (Jerry Bruckheimer and James Cameron suck ass)
 - a. *Armageddon* (bad acting, yes I mean you Ben Affleck; bad FX; bad plot)
 - b. *Con Air* (bad acting, yes I mean you Nicolas Cage; they end up in Vegas)
 - c. *Pearl Harbor* (Ben Affleck again, how shocking)
 - d. *Face/Off* (Nicolas Cage again, this must be the wooden actors convention)
 - e. *The Abyss* (three hours of my life that I want back, plus interest)
 - f. *Titanic* (Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, I done told you, 3hr. movie + James Cameron = sucks ass)

POINT: I HATE YOU M.T.

I hate you M.T. You are such a pain in my ass, it's unbelievable. You walk around campus all day like a fucking [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] moron, thinking you're all sweet because you're a history major. Well I've got news for you, you little butt pirate. You suck.

I've figured it out. I knew there was a reason that people actually talked to you, because no one would do so without adequate motivation. You have a gift for sucking cock. It's the only reason I could think of that would make anyone even consider interacting with you. Well, let me tell you, I will not fall into your trap, you whiny bitch. I don't care how much dick you suck, I will never let you convince me to not hate you.

By the way, has anyone ever told you that you look like a Muppet? That's right, a Muppet. You're what, like, three foot seven? And those glasses and the big eyes that always look confused? Yes, my friend, you are the CWRU equivalent of Kermit the Frog.

Now where was I? Ah yes, you suck. The funny thing is you know you suck, but you pretend that you don't know you suck, so when people meet you they're all like, "Man, he sucks, but he doesn't know he sucks," and then you do that diabolical laughter thing, and you think, "Fools, I have fooled you. You think I think I don't suck, but you don't think that I think I do, which is really what I think. You will pretend to be my friends, and in return I will give you the oral pleasure that you desire."

So how does it feel to be the world's biggest cocksucker publishing the campus's best humor magazine staffed with the greatest writers anyone could ask for and still being the piece of shit that you are? I hope it feels good. I mean bad. I hope it feels very, very bad.

COUNTERPOINT: THANKS.

I suppose it would feel bad "to be the world's biggest cocksucker publishing the campus's best humor magazine staffed with the greatest writers anyone could ask for and still being the piece of shit that [I am]." But, fortunately, because you're writing for me and thus drag *The Athenian* as a whole down with you, I only feel ambivalent.

But other than that, you pretty much got it right. I would like to correct one thing though, so that our readers don't get the wrong impression: Although I may be a Kermit on the outside, on the inside I'm all Gonzo.

I'm glad we see eye-to-eye. Or should that be "eye-to-belly-button"?

CASE SPORTS SHORTS

New Number Invented to Describe Case Sports Team's Record^{*}

Record now 0-§

Last Sunday, a CWRU sports team fell to 0-§, baffling both sports enthusiasts and mathematicians alike. "It's like eleventy-trillion-billion, only much, much bigger," explains mathematics professor and marijuana connoisseur Dr. Archibald "Cheech" Filibuster. Mathematicians have been working around the clock to describe the exact number of CWRU losses, but have come to no avail. Several computers and researchers have burst into flames, causing a loss of data and manpower. Additional funds have been transferred from *The Athenian* to compensate.

The members of the team itself don't seem to be affected. "Surprisingly, morale is pretty high," says coach Jock Nerdschool, "but that one kid who actually understands numbers is pretty pissed."

^{*} I don't want to warrant unnecessary anger toward *The Athenian* because the only anger permissible is mine toward *The Observer*.

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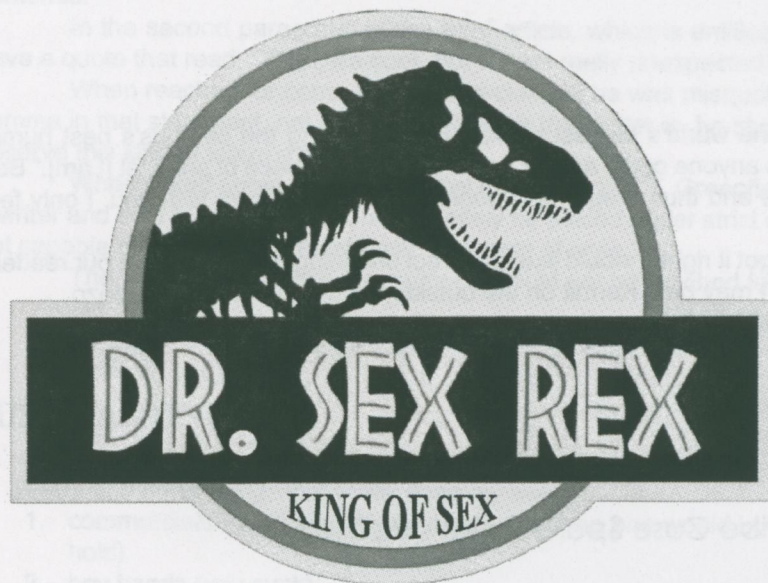
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Shuffleboard Team Stoned to Death by Curling Team

Shuffleboard-Curling relations fell to a new low yesterday when members of the CWRU curling team took up arms against the Case shuffleboard team. "The bloody wankers were askin' fer it, aye they were!" explains team captain Angus MacBlarney. After practice, members of the shuffleboard team screamed racial slurs such as "GO BACK TO IRELAND, YOU GODDAMN BATSHIT LEPRECHAUNS!" This angered the curlers, since curling is Scottish and "guano" is the proper word for "batshit." According to witnesses, the scene exploded into a mass chaos of blood, brooms, and argyle. When the fighting subsided, all members of the shuffleboard team were either dead or dying. "This was the single worst sports disaster since the Great Field Hockey-Ice Hockey War of 1957," explains Case President Edward Hundert.

Exceptional Item Acquired

Maynard Higginbotham, a noted Diablo II expert, recently acquired exceptional mace Baezil's Vortex. "I defeated Mephisto on Hell difficulty when I noticed that he dropped the Vortex," says Higginbotham. "It's really great. It's +200% enhanced damage, +100 to mana, and +25% to lightning resist." He seemed to forget that Baezil's Vortex is also +10000% to get-laid resist.



DR. SEX REX

Dr. Rex is an accredited sexpert in 44 states and a certified sexual predator in the other six. 'Accredited' means his statements on sex and love are as valid as those of Dr. Laura, who is not an actual doctor either. Dr. Rex's statements are little more than personal opinion derived from years of chasing tail.

Dr. Sex Rex, Does Size Really Matter? – Tiny Tim

That is a silly question to ask Timmy – of course size matters. The ladies don't call me dinosore for

nothing. Women want a guy with plenty to go around, but a man has got to know his limits. Bigger is better, but too big could get someone hurt. The last thing you want is to be poking somebody's eye out. My advice is not to worry too much, Timmy. You are probably still a growing boy, so just be patient. When I was a small lad like yourself, I had the same worries. I would wonder and wonder if I was going to get any bigger. My mom would say, "What are you talking about? At your current length, it's about time you were clipped again." It is actually not as painful as it sounds. Once you have reached the desired length, it is important to clip back any new growth. I prefer using cable cutters, but it all depends on the thickness. So yes, Timmy, size does matter. Ladies love a lad with lengthy toenails. It drives them crazy in the sack.

Dr. Rex, Is Protection Really Necessary? – James Hat

Protection is an important issue and it must be taken seriously if you plan on being intimate with a woman. If I had not used protection on my numerous wild adventures, I may not be here to talk to you right now. You never know what is going to happen, so you must be ready for anything. A back-up source of a protection is also

helpful for the stickiest situations. Protection comes in all shapes and sizes. Look around to see what is available, and find the one that fits you best. You may want to test a few varieties to get a feel for how they work. Mom always told me, "Protect what you got, because you don't get a replacement." The best protection for my money is a solid piece of cowhide. It feels good and it does the job well. Women just cannot get enough. My whip never leaves my side, and neither do the ladies.

If you have any questions relating to sexcapades or romantic queries of any kind, Dr. Rex will be glad to help. Just call 1-900-bone-man, or send an email to athenian@po.cwru.edu.

SEMINAR EDUCATION

For the many CWRU students who aren't freshmen (and those who are freshmen and ignorant of their surroundings), this is the first year of a new kind of core curriculum class. GASES (General Approach to Seminar Education and Scholarship) involves many abstract concepts that are not available in other core classes such as speaking, listening, and writing. Also, students are required to speak, listen, and write in interesting places like the Cleveland Art Museum, the Natural History Museum, and Clark Hall room 110. Writing assignments are completed and placed in a special GASES portfolio and (in my case) set on fire then shredded. GASES continues up until the senior year in which there is a massive celebration of not having to attend GASES any more. There are no GASES classes (ha!) in the works for superseniors or superduperseniors as of yet. I can't imagine why.

Those who are enrolled in GASES may understand its inner workings perfectly, but there are many more who do not. For those who do not understand, I have derived a helpful formula:

The ideal GASES law:

$$PV = nRT$$

Where

P = the constant Pressure to do well

V = the Volume of knowledge amassed (measured in microliters)

n = the number of moles of assignments due at any given day

R = .0821 L•atm / K•mol

T = the To kill others

CAMPUS SAFETY TIPS

This is almost my sixth year on campus here (and still no pussy to show for it). I feel it's my duty to impart my wisdom to those of you who were mere fetuses when I started college. Why have I been here this long, you wonder? It's because I still haven't finished my Phys Ed requirements. It might also have something to do with me taking 5 credits a semester a la Van Wilder. Back to my point. CWRU is a city campus and hence there are elements which we have to deal with. For example, we have to deal with those fucking [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] panhandlers every goddamn time we go to McDonald's. If you follow these little pearls of knowledge, you should be ok.

1. If that bastard named Toucan (aka Antoine) approaches you on Euclid Ave, gives you a "I just got out of jail-I'm down on my luck-My son has West Nile" story and then asks you for money, tell him to 'get the fuck out of my (your) face.' Then run. Run as fast as you can. Run like you've never run before. Then turn around when you're still in earshot and tell him to "get a job, you waste of public space" then run even harder. This one works every time.

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2. If you're sitting by the lagoon during the day, you're basically an idiot. If you're sitting there at night, you pretty much are asking (more like begging) for rape. So avoid the lagoon unless you want your body to be floating above it the next morning.

3. If you're walking back to your dorms from KSL after long hours of studying and it's dark...walk with somebody. Or if you see someone ahead of you, follow them closely. The first complication is when the person you are following because you're scared shitless becomes scared shitless as well because they think you're a criminal who is following them. The other possible complication is when the person you're following is the guy who wants to rob you. Even Corky would turn around and walk the other way at this point.

4. Say somebody approaches you and wants a possession of yours. Tell them that they they're out of luck because they fucked with the wrong person on this certain day. Fight for that bike or wallet or whatever because your life is replaceable, possessions of course aren't. That ER doc is really gonna admire you for trading your life for a Gucci watch, idiot.

5. Avoid wearing gang colors. Some of the trees and bushes on campus are evenly split among the Bloods and Crips. They'll have no qualms about shooting your suburban ass and taking your Air Jordans.

6. Try to avoid the Botanical Gardens in the early AM. Every time I read the *Observer*, I always read that those sexual predator dirtballs like to hide in that area. I'm telling you something that Gary Condit should have told Chandra Levy. Avoid the urge to jog in the park at night. Going to see flowers at night isn't worth the risk of being deflowered.

7. In an ideal world, all of us would carry guns so we could all be safe at any given moment. But the world isn't perfect, so it might be wise to invest in some pepper spray. Just make sure you point the damn thing the right way in the event you ever have to use it (especially for seasoning that New York Strip Steak or when you're friend is being a total dick to you.)

8. Know that all evil isn't external which means the clichéd "rapes are more likely committed by a person you know." If Johnny is a little drunk at that frat party and you're a little loopy from the happy water (see first issue) too, know that Johnny might want to relieve himself at your expense, ladies. Not that Johnny is a bad guy. It's just that the happy water for him should also be called 'horny' water. And for you happy water can be 'stupid and vulnerable' water. I mean...just use your common sense. By the same token, if you're Johnny and the water makes you stupid and vulnerable and Susie gets horny, say 'no.' (unless Susie really wants it) We've all seen *Disclosure*. I know personally I'd give in to Demi Moore. I'd throw it all away (my family, kids, everything) in a heartbeat for a few minutes of great sex. That's a no-brainer.

9. If you're walking one side of campus to the other late at night, cut through UH. It's safer. I mean this in all seriousness. It's indoors and at least there are people around.

I've caused enough trouble. CWRU really isn't that bad safety-wise in my experience. Just try not to be an idiot and things should work out. Good luck with the remainder of your time here.

SWAGGY THE SQUIRREL, OR, ONE MAN'S ADVENTURES IN BESTIALITY

Part III: The Nonplot Thins

Nothing happened for a while.

YOU CAN'T SPELL "FLUSH THE FUCKING

[Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH!

ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] URINAL" WITHOUT "FLUSH"

I'm not sure whether you ladies know it or not, but we gentlemen pee in urinals. This is disgusting enough in its own right, but it becomes exponentially more so when certain gentlemen do not have the common courtesy to flush the urinal after use, leaving a puddle of yellow for the next dude to piss in.

Perhaps these gentlemen think it's "macho" to not flush after peeing in the urinal. "Look at me, I'm so cool, I could be flushing the urinal now that I've pissed in it, but I'm not, I'm just that cool." This is what I imagine these gentlemen to be thinking after performing this heinous nonaction.

Well then, gentlemen, by your logic, it would be even more macho do piss in your pants, which is what I recommend you do since you refuse to flush your liquid waste to where it belongs. The women will want you; the men will want to be you, when they see that yellow stain around your crotch area. "Man, I wish I could pee in my pants like that guy. He doesn't care about hygiene at all, just like James Bond or something. I wish I were gay." would be what other men would be thinking.

Perhaps you feel hesitant to sacrifice a part of your glorious being to the sewer system. Please, if you feel you have to keep your urine around for all to see, keep it around your own person rather than in a sacred community institution like the urinal.

Or perhaps you'd just like to see the world become one big yellow pool of pee. If this is what you desire, you indeed are a sick bastard, but it's a free country. If this is what you wish, then start in your own dorm room. You could even make a urine hot tub. If that won't make your bachelor pad Hotty Haven, I don't know what will.

Or perhaps you're a germaphobe like myself. Well, gentlemen, I have news for you: if you turn 180 degrees around, you will see a sink. Not only does this sink have running water, but (usually) soap. And, after all, how many germs can you come into contact with by pushing down a metal handle for two seconds? (Biology people, don't answer that.)

I have a cousin named Ken, aged 5. Actually, I don't, but if I did have a cousin named Ken, aged 5, even he would know that flushing a urinal is good and not-flushing a urinal is bad. Even if he has to stand on his tippy toes, or even climb up on the rim of the urinal, he still flushes it. Don't be a bad role model for Ken, should he ever come to this university, should he ever exist.

And, if not for all these arguments, flush it for my sake. Think of the tinklage, man, the tinklage! The next guy that uses the urinal might splatter some of yours onto his privies, and that's just wrong. You go to the bathroom to get rid of bodily waste products, not gain them.

I apologize, ladies, for exposing you to the unsanitary world of the guys' bathroom. I have another piece of news for you: most guys don't wash their hands. But, that story is for another day.

WONDERPHRASE REVISITED—AGAIN

No, I'm not giving up. I'm serious, there is actually an intended phrase composed of real words that you can get out of these letters. I'll just give you the letters this time; all you have to do is unscramble them and make them into words. If that weren't enough, I'm giving you the number of letters per word in the same order that the phrase is in, plus synonyms (or antonyms) for *all* of the words.

Word/Letter Sequence in the Wonderphrase:

- 1) 8-letter word—syn.: find
- 2) 8-letter word—syn.: sumptuous
- 3) 9-letter word—syn.: valuables
- 4) 6-letter word—syn.: within

- 5) 2-letter word—ant.: your
- 6) 6-letter word—syn.: airborne
- 7) 7-letter word—syn.: from Scandanavia
- 8) 8-letter word—syn.: carpenter

The letters:

DSINF AHMSOTM WYADDNNHSEILIIYY
SNCGNSIUVD ERAEEEEERSIUSROSUS

Send in all answer submissions to athenian@po.cwru.edu; the first person to guess correctly will be featured on the (back) cover of our next issue!

P.S.: It's been the exact same puzzle all along.

IF YOU GO TO A CLUB, DON'T GO WITH A GUY, YOU BITCH.

Disclaimer: I only have a beef with a specific type of woman. More specifically the stupid ones. So if you're a stupid chick, I hope you are reviled and insulted by this. I hope it makes you nauseous in that you recognize your terrible mistakes. I hope you hurl. If you're a smart chick....you have nothing to worry about.

Let me ask a simple question. Why do people go to clubs? Take a few seconds to answer. I go to clubs because I want to meet and hopefully approach a nice female who I can take out on weekends and in general treat nicely. I am assuming you girls go to clubs because you want to meet different people as well and maybe hang out (fuck) with them later. This is why I wonder constantly why some of you dumbass females insist on bringing that loser guy with you to a club. Are you dating him? Is it safe for me to approach you without that loser of nebulous relation to you kicking my ass? I am confused by this phenomenon. Do people who are dating go to clubs? And if they do, why the fuck do they? In short, if you go to a club, I am assuming you are there to meet people. Please don't bring a guy, you goddamn bitch. And if you are dating the loser, why don't you stay at home and fuck each other? Don't come to a club to remind me that I'm single. Sure, you don't give me the time of day right now. Don't pout at me and bully me to rub my rejection in. Do it nicely. And if not, mark my words, cunt....you will be looking for a stable guy like me when you are approaching your depressing midlife with your polluted womb and menopause on the horizon. At this point, I will turn you away. I

will humiliate you 5 times worse than you did to me. And I will tell the loving, smart woman who is with me (the chick that I bring to a club) to rub in the fact that you are single. I won't be whipped, but I will do anything for her because she was smart and you're fucking [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] stupid. A single fucking [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] golddigger is what you will become. Remember when the junior high cheerleaders and jocks thought they were cool? Where are they now? My, how the fucking [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] tables have turned. You cool people maxxed out too early. Cheerleader bitch is getting her comeuppance from Mr. Jock in bruise currency. Mr. Jock's NFL dreams were dashed when he woke up to reality to find that there were a million morons like him fighting for one Quarterback spot of some Arena League football team. Now you're a bitchass mechanic who fixes my Audi. Remember that, mother fucker. I was the guy who you used to throw around in the hallway. Don't pull that shady mechanic shit on me, you goddamn crook. Why don't you use your

NFL arm to fix what really needs fixing, you joke? You complete and utter waste of your parents' sexual energy not to mention their sperm and an eggs. Wax and shine that Audi till I can see my face in it. Hate it. Hate every second of it. Where's my lunch money, bitch? You remember that? Where's my lunch money, you fucking [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] clown? Remember that. Ugh bitch. Ugh. Westside mutha fucka. Westside mutha fucka. Ugh. Ugh. Ugh. Resent me. Hate me. The karma of your brutal bullying of me is my subtle condescension of you. I savor every moment of your hatred towards me like it's a big goddamn juicy New York Strip steak. And golddigger bitch, you are going to be like cheerleader whore. And why do I hate you? All because you brought that loser to a club with you. Think about that. Chew on that straw for a while. The chick that I'm planning to devote my life religiously to could have been you. Suffer for your stupidity, bitch, suffer. You're goddamn right, rejection sucks, but it sucks even more when you rub it in and humiliate me. I can't wait till it's you, you half-witted slut. What goes around comes around.

The Athenian— unlike other magazines, we're not afraid to have a big freakin' spots of white space. So there.

COUNTER-COUNTERPOINT: FEMINIST VIEWS ON STUPID BITCHES

As a woman, I was asked to respond to the editorial on stupid bitches. And to be honest, I actually have to agree with the guy. I also have a beef with stupid chicks. And you know who you are. Cheerleaders, gymnasts, models, beauty pageant contestants, strippers, Barbie wanna-bes and frat whores. Frat whores are girls who spend their entire weekend trying to get with as many frat boys as they can. They think that maybe if they fuck their lives away they won't feel quite so pathetic and worthless. These groups of stupid chicks make us all look bad. It is hard to get a guy to treat you like a real person when the last girls he met just wanted to be treated like pieces of meat.

I really think this article is about these stupid bitches who think they are better than everyone else just

because they date big Jockman and are an anorexic size 0. These fucks think that they can rub everyone's nose in the dirt just because they are cute and put out. Well, I hope you all get gonorrhea and watch your assholes fall off. That's what you deserve for every time you smash someone's dreams, pick on some girl because she dresses funny or doesn't have enough money. Every time you laugh in a geek's face, or taunt him with your boobs you should get one thousand lashes with a cat o' nine tails. And just in case you don't know what that is because you were too hung over to go to history, it really fucking [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] hurts. And yes, it will ruin your Prada miniskirt.

I would also like to address the

jocks. These fuckheads think just because they can play football that they deserve to be worshipped. I don't fucking [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] think so. I hope the next girl you go down on has crabs and warts. Maybe even herpes. Every time you beat up a geek or a nerd, just think about 20 years down the road when they will be making millions and you will be in a trailer park with a toothless, fat ex-cheerleader. Enjoy being king of the hill while you can, dipshit. Because once you tear that tendon, your stupid 34 IQ ass is outa here. There is no retired college football players' home. And for good reason. We need someone to clean our toilets. Make it shine, asshole. I've got millions to make and I wanna see your face in the porcelain.

RUNNING ON M.T. PRESENTS "ON HAVING A BEARD"

By the time this issue comes out, I will have shaved off my increasingly-unkept growth of facial hair. For the past three months or so, I have worked hard to be lazy and resist the urge to pick up the razor. (Those of you that are old-time acquaintances know that, even in my beardless days, I was not too fond of having a regular shaving schedule.) No, I did not grow out a beard because "it was the cool thing to do," unlike so many of our persequutory campus youths. I was just lazy. And, since I had the excuse of growing it out due to theatrical roles, I had to do it, or rather not do it.

Having a tangled beard has many benefits (aside from earning the nickname "Grizzly"), especially for the antisocialite such as myself. People don't want to look at you anymore, and when they do look at

you, they quickly avert their eyes, thinking "Please, Mr. Beardy, please don't hurt me!" It's remarkable how people will think that you're a psycho, and not the sort of psycho who you come up to and say "You had better stop being such a psycho," but the type of psycho which you completely ignore. I suppose this thing wouldn't have happened in centuries past, when it was quite fashionable to be bearded. Something must have happened since... Thank you, Unabomber!

The personal benefits also heavily outweigh the disbenefits. Especially if you're growing a curly mass of tangled tufts like mine was, you can discover all sorts of treats and surprises when you comb through your fuzz each morning. On one day alone, I discovered a toothpick, two Cheeze doodles, a colony

of fire ants, a fortune from a fortune cookie, and my car keys. And then there are the little particles of food-stuffs which lurk deep in the roots for weeks. I discovered the last morsel of gristly, A1 covered Leutner steak on November 23, almost a month after the previous steak night. Indeed, this "flavor savor" aspect is what entices so many of our young men to venture into Beardland.

Although I did eventually shave off the beast, I definitely would and will do it again some time in the future. A beard is a new avenue of self-discovery. For example, as the whiskers grew to the quarter-inch level (results may vary, this was only achieved with daily watering and effective fertilizers), I noticed that the beard was turning red, brown, and even whitish-yellow. Next time, I'm shooting for fuchsia. It'll take a lot of hard work, but I think I'm up to it.

PROTEST DURING SOMEONE ELSE'S DINNER

This is a note to all those student activist groups on campus. Don't bother me during dinner. I doubt very much that you appreciate it if a telemarketer calls your house while you are eating your evening meal. Well, much in the same way, I do not appreciate if some guy wielding a terrible haircut and mutton chops comes running up to the window of Leutner shouting something through a megaphone whilst I attempt to eat my dinner. It's hard enough already to digest that food, why would you want to complicate the situation?

I might have not been so bothered by this had you taken the time to tell us what you were protesting. Believe it or not, Mr. Chops, shouting through a megaphone and a window is not the best way to ensure that your voice is heard clearly. And your disciples did not help either. I heard a great deal of muffled shouting, but that was about it. Other people in the dining establishment expressed similar sentiments. If you want to protest, at least make sure that people can understand your words.

I have come up with a few pointers that would greatly improve your protesting:

1) Don't do it during my fucking [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] dinner! - Dinner is a time where I do not want to think about your problems. It is the only time during the day where I get to relax and enjoy a meal with my friends. Don't spoil it for us.

2) Do it naked! - The best way to get people to pay attention to you is to protest in the buff. That is, of course, unless you are fat. If this is the case, I would recommend keeping all your clothes on. Ideally, all your protesters would be Victoria's Secret models, but since we know this can't always happen, you should just get two or three of them to lead the parade or whatever it is you do. As long as they are naked, everyone else may remain fully clothed.

3) Surprise people. - If you want people to listen to you, you have to shock them. Some ways for your members to do this are to partake in bathing or general grooming techniques, have more than ten people at a protest, or not protest at all. Try these things and see how well people react to you.

I was also thinking, since I am so unsatisfied with this group's performance, I will start my own student activist group. We will gather to protest a very small list of injustices, including other student activist groups. We will not protest during people's dinners, and when we do protest, it will be with naked Victoria's Secret models. Shit, that would be great. All you other student activist groups will be so jealous. You'll be like, "Damn, we wish we were that group. They have naked lingerie chicks."

Okay, so to recap. There will be a new student activist group that will protest the protests of other student activist groups. If you want to be in it, email athenian@po.cwru.edu. You can also email us if you are interested in becoming a model. Ladies only for that please. So our first meeting will be this Sunday at 3 PM on the top of the Peter B. Lewis building. Bring a garbage bag and some PAM, we're gonna be doing lots of sledding.

REVIEW: TONY HAWK

Like most premedical, computer science, and women's studies students who attend CWRU, I enjoy playing skateboards (what nobody other than a couple of friends and I call "skateboarding"). When most people think of skateboard playing, they think of property damage, crime, and child abuse. After that, they think of the phrase "damn kids", and then their minds eventually wander to the pop culture icon that is Tony Hawk.

Mr. Hawk is not all he is cracked up to be. He is touted as the "ambassador to the mainstream," but that would be like sending Richard Simmons to the UN (Bombin' to the Oldies!!). Another nickname is "The Michael Jordan of Skateboarding," which makes me want to defecate in my trousers until I dehydrate.

Everyone, especially little kids with overprotective housewife mothers, has heard about Tony Hawk's Pro Skaters 1, 2, and 3*. You can 'bust' the same moves as your favorite pros by simply pressing buttons! You don't even have to blink! As a result, these cute lil' rugrats accost me at local skateparks and say things like, "Do a somersault-aerial front flip twist grind!", to which I reply, "What the fuck is that?!" Of course, this profanity causes their overprotective housewife mothers to become perturbed and hit me with their Ford Behemoths* or whatever brand of minivan they cruise the streets (kill pedestrians) with. (Did I mention I hate overprotective housewife mothers?) Also, these bundles of sunshine distract me by asking how to perform a trick (like how to do it in real

* I got huge bags of money for mentioning this product! Woo! Go America!

life!). I usually reply "X triangle left up. I hope this helps." This leaves them confused and speechless, and there is nothing I like better than a confused and speechless child when trying to play some skateboards. (This would be a good time to comment on "Tony Hawk's Gigantic Skatepark Tour" but that would involve watching it.)

Here comes the straw that breaks the camel's back. By "straw" I mean "boulder" and by "break the camel's back" I mean "mash the camel into gristle." You've seen those Macintosh ads telling us to switch to their wonderful (shitty) computers. My favorite is the one about the "blue screen of death" where this guy explains how e-machines told him to go fuck himself because he couldn't find the "any" key. Anyway, Hawk informs us that he is a professional skateboarder and that we should all use Macintoshes. Apparently they can make him get higher air or something. I've heard that heroin does that too.

In conclusion, Hawk is a sellout. I don't feel like stressing this point any more, partially because I'm lazy but mostly because my brain is liquefying as I write this. What? This is a review? Oh, I guess anger has blinded me once again. I give Tony "Michael Jordan" Hawk a score of 3 + out of 5 sellouts.

Tony Hawk: 3 + sellouts (out of a possible 5 sellouts)

MORE WILD RANDOMIZATIONS

Remember that one episode of *Freakazoid!* when Freakazoid traveled back in time to Pearl Harbor and he told the Japanese that they couldn't invade because they bringing in fresh fruits or vegetables against the import/export laws and then he went into the future again and Brain from *Pinky & The Brain* was the President, and Sharon Stone was Lady Macbeth and she was really good at it, but then something happened with a vortex and things went back to the way they were, but Brain was still the President? Yeah, that was a good one.

One time, I was clipping my toenails and I was looking at my disgustingly-large amount of stomach hair around my belly button, so I was like, "Maybe if I cut off the hair with the toe-nail clippers it won't come back anymore." So then I snip-snipped at it, but then it came back with a vengeance a couple of months later. So now, I have a large bush of belly-button hair, but the rest of my stomach is normal, so it looks really weird. But sometimes, I like to braid the belly-button hair and pretend like it's Barbie hair or something and that I swallowed Barbie, but she's trying to escape by poking her head out of my belly-button, but only her hair comes out. But the braids always get tangled overnight, so each day if I want to have these Barbie-swallowing fantasies, I have to re-braid it. On the down side, I have to be especially careful when I'm buttoning my pants that the long belly-button hairs don't get caught in them. That really hurts.



I had a really freaky dream. Maybe it was because I forgot to eat anything all day. Isn't that what the Indians did when they wanted to get high? Anyway, I was walking into some sort of library, and I was walking up to the reference desk, but the reference person refused to see me because I didn't have a card or something. So then, I'm like "..." and I was walking away, when I saw these two blonde chicks sitting on a couch. They were all smiling at me, so then I worked the charm on one of them and asked her to go over to the reference desk and do my business for me. She did, and in the meanwhile I was witting it up with the other one. I usually have very witty things to say to the ladies, but I always say them monotone, so they think I'm being sarcastic or reciting from the verses of Clooney, Pitt, Damon, or Moranis. But this time, I got the tone down just right and she was like, "Wow! You've got some wit on you." But then, outside, a corner of another building just flew off and hit the library, and, while I was remaining perfectly calm, everybody was freaking out. When we were all outside, Cheech Marin was looking at some bees and saying something like, "Those are some bees there. That bee is bigger than the other ones." Then I woke up.

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

What's up with all the Zero Bars in the vending machines? Does anyone actually eat these things? If so, they've definitely got some fetish for semen and/or poop. Who would want to eat almond, pecan, caramel nougat, all covered with WHITE CHOCOLATE!?! And yet, they are always stocked to the brim. Why waste the space, when we can have more room for those delicious lubricated condoms? I think that, inside the Zero Bar wrapper, there's not a candy bar at all. I don't know what it is, and I don't ever want to find out, for fear of finding an actual Zero Bar inside. Any brave souls venturing to risk their 70 cents and digestive tract should inform *The Athenian* at athenian@po.cwru.edu about a) whether there are indeed Zero Bars inside the Zero Bar wrappers, and b) if so, what these Zero Bars taste like.

ALWAYS LOGICAL, NEVER RELEVANT

Dr. Ivory Towers is a post-doctoral student "somewhere in the theoretical sciences". He graciously consented to write a column for us—little does he know that there is no funding involved. We print his column largely as proof of how destructive a decade of graduate school can be—you have been warned! Without further ado—the column:

Q: Dear Dr. Towers, I am a male studying Engineering at Case. I am about to graduate and make more money in my first year than you will in four years of stipends. Despite this, I can't get my dream girl to give me a second look. Doc, I'm no player—I just like one girl, and she hasn't had a boyfriend in 1.5 years (she goes here too) and STILL WON'T GO OUT WITH ME! Give me a clue here. Signed, Witless in White Building.

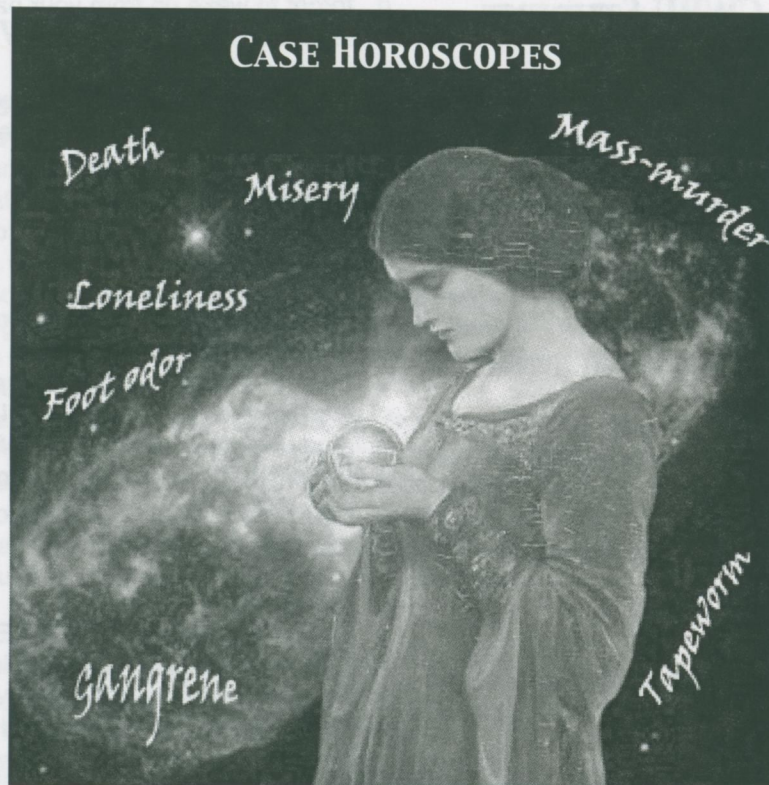
A: Dear Witless. Your problem is not unknown to me. In the literature, it is commonly referred to as the "You + Her = Great Fun" chemical equation. Why the term "Great Fun"? It's a lot like my current experiment. I write up a proposal that has very little to do with the "Great Fun" part, hinting just enough to get funded. Then, once I get the left-hand side of the equation working by whatever means necessary, I quickly claim that the right-hand side is almost what was expected, and that I need "more time and funding" to get it right.

But enough about my experiments—I've been told that some people "out there" actually get tired of hearing about research. Unbelievable, huh? What you need to do is to convince her that the equation "You + Her = Great Fun" doesn't require Her. As long as she seems to be the only Her available, it'll never work. It's just like the First Law of Computers: "Important Project + 1 Computer Available = Blue Screen in T-10 Minutes."

I first advise you not to make the substitution "Her = You." Besides moral hazard, telling Her about this will ensure that you will never synthesize the equation "You + Her = Great Fun" in your lifetime. The technique, then, is to find some "Her.sub" and convince "Her.real" that Great Fun will take place. Knowing something of the social network of males in your phylum convinces me that you have no other "Her.sub" available. Although I must admire your attempt to rationalize this on account that you are not a "player," whatever that is—is it the same as the First Law of Nerdhood? "The Laws of Probability prove that with Me $\langle P, N \rangle$, where Me $\langle \text{Personality} = 0$, Attractiveness = $-1 \rangle = \text{You}$, there could be at most 1 Her/3,000,000,000 females worldwide with which to have Great Fun."

So then, you will have to find a "Her.sub" somewhere else. I suggest that you immediately take every opportunity to look at personal ads which picture women that are her opposite. There is some precedent for claiming that some scantily-dressed model is "Her.Sub." However, you mentioned that the girl herself attends Case. Being familiar with your type, she's not going to fall for this technique. Your only hope is to gush effusively over these girls, while studiously pretending that you are no longer attracted to her. Of course, this in and of itself will not be enough—you must call her over and ask her to critique your own advertisement and mushy letters. I suggest also delicately forging a few e-mails back from "Belinda in Belize" to better move things along, and make loud mention in her presence about your trip to Belize as soon as break arrives. Comment that "Belinda's not like American girls—she's so unspoiled." There is precedent in the literature for even forging a ticket or two, but I doubt you'll have to resort to such measures. In no time at all, due to Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle ("People only do what you want when you pretend you aren't paying attention") the LHS will be completed, and "You + Her.Real" will be a reality. Write me back when you get to "Great Fun," ok? If the technique works, maybe I'll publish! Ah, funding, funding, funding.... (sounds of drooling).

CASE HOROSCOPES



Aries

Mar 21 - Apr 19

Despite your repeated efforts, you will not be able to gain a pen pal. You do realize that Halle Berry doesn't even read her own fan mail, right?

Taurus

Apr 20 - May 20

Just remember to dress warmly if you're going to camp out for the opening of *The Two Towers*, ok?

Gemini

May 21 - June 21

You will think the local bands involved are being ironic when they announce the Holiday Suckfest Concert. You will get very excited. You will be disappointed.

Cancer

June 22 - July 22

You will be tempted to find out just why the Easy Mac package says, "If cheese sauce appears thin, do not put back in microwave." On a completely unrelated note, does the phrase "Three Mile Island" ring a bell? Ding!

Leo

July 23 - Aug 22

I don't know exactly what you did to piss off the hoard, but be on guard when a knock comes at the door. If he says he's "Attila," do NOT open it.

Virgo

Aug 23 - Sep 22

You will find that neither the university nor the publishers of "Kiss Me Kate" will reimburse you for the Shakespeare classes you've taken here. You should not have taken them literally when they said "Brush up your Shakespeare/And the women you will wow."

Libra

Sep 23 - Oct 23

Updating your blog every fifteen minutes doesn't mean you're dedicated, it means you have a problem. Admitting it is the first step.

Scorpio

Oct 24 - Nov 21

You should resist all temptations to make any sort of calculus

jokes. Seriously. Help make the world a better place.

Sagittarius

Nov 22 - Dec 21

Just remember it's against the rules to run a business out of your dorm room. Especially that kind - is it even legal?

Capricorn

Dec 22 - Jan 19

Do yourself a favor and get some culture. No, petri dishes do not count. No! Neither does yogurt!

Aquarius

Jan 20 - Feb 18

You will be inspired to stop just bitching and actually get involved with making a difference. Fight the urge - unless you're sure you want to be different than the other sheep, baaa?

Pisces

Feb 19 - Mar 20

Sometimes, you just have to swim upstream to get to the places that matter most. You know, if you're a salmon, that is.

WHAT TYPE OF CWRU STUDENT ARE YOU?

- 1.) It's 7 AM and time for class! You:
 - a. Class? At 7? You're mad!
 - b. are already downloading today's lecture notes.
 - c. roll over and hit your Quartz travel alarm.
 - d. are just getting to bed.

- 2.) Once at class, you:
 - a. click open your laptop and type away.
 - b. pull out your yellow legal pad.
 - c. doodle in the margins of your notes.
 - d. take out your sketchpad. Today's study: Harkness Chapel.

- 3.) Stop! Look down! What are you wearing?
 - a. Abercrombie
 - b. Goodwill
 - c. your favorite Star Wars tee
 - d. a mix of thrift store chic and trendy fashions. The pants are Bisou Bisou, but the top? The Renn parlor.

- 4.) After class, you:
 - a. go back to bed.
 - b. lie in the sun listening to Weezer.
 - c. head to good ol' KSL to study for your Econ test.
 - d. go back to your room to write some DC++

- 5.) Late night in the dorm? You're:
 - a. debating politics and philosophy to the music of Radiohead.
 - b. still writing DC++
 - c. calling your girlfriend/boyfriend and reviewing notes.
 - d. enjoying the greens with friends.

- 6.) What's the last movie you watched?
 - a. *Requiem for a Dream*. A poetic, brilliantly done film about addiction and desires.
 - b. *The Waterboy*.
 - c. *The Two Towers*. Downloaded from online, duh.
 - d. *Candyman*. It's a classic.

- 7.) What kind of rug do you own?
 - a. Rug? I need a rug?
 - b. It was made by hand in Peru. It's llama wool. I bought it there.
 - c. It's orange. It's fuzzy. It's fuzzy and orange!
 - d. My mom bought it for me.

- 8.) It's Friday night! You:
 - a. are partying at ZBT.
 - b. are still writing DC++
 - c. are down at the Grog Shop, enjoying Cleveland's underground.

- d. forgot to wake up from your nap. 2 AM Gilly's run, anyone?
- 9.) And now it's Saturday. What does today hold for you?
 - a. Probably more Weezer, more lying in the grass, maybe some thrifting.
 - b. Recovering from a hangover.
 - c. Bed. Sleep. Lots. Go away.
 - d. DC++

 - 10.) Where do you see yourself in ten years?
 - a. Owning your own company
 - b. Just like Bill Gates ... only richer and more powerful.
 - c. Managing one of those little UNICEF shops in a trendy but alternative section of New York.
 - d. Working at McDonald's. Your major isn't conducive to a real job.

Scoring:

10 to 15: You're a COMPUTER SCIENCE major. Your life involves lots of downloading, DC++, and hard drives. I'll be careful not to irritate you. You might hack into my bank account. On second thought, could you make me a billionaire?

16 to 24: You're a CIA STUDENT. You're not really a CWRU student, you just live in our dorms and eat in our dining halls. Chances are, you have dyed hair, *tres chic* clothes, and a lot of self-possession.

25 to 33: You're a BUSINESS major. Your life involves a lot of partying, studying, and being inside the Peter B. Lewis building (you poor soul). You'll be on Wall Street someday, I'm sure. Don't worry, there are hot chicks there.

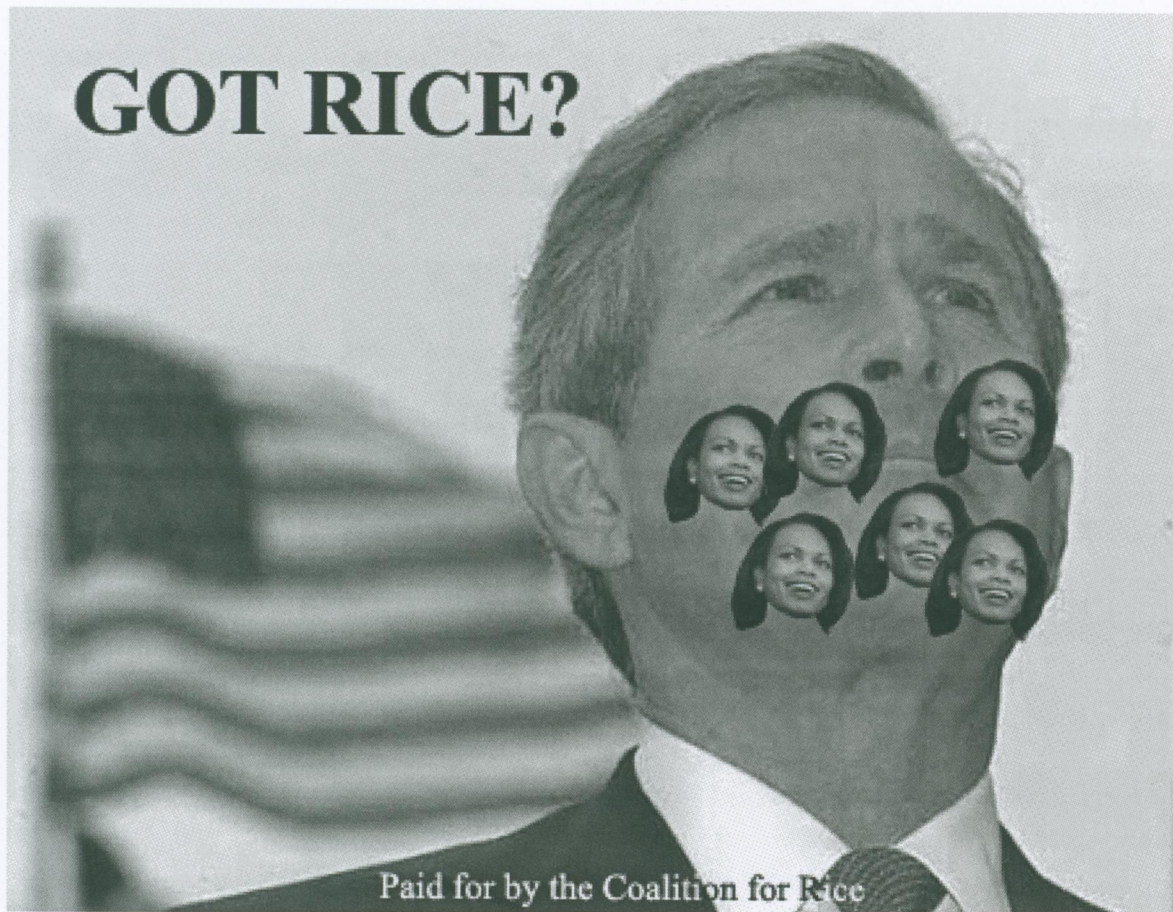
34 to 40: You're a LIBERALARTS major. You probably get a lot of flack for not having a "real" major. That's okay, because you don't have to take O Chem. Ha! But pursuing a Ph.D. is recommended. McDonald's isn't a career choice.

Points per answer:
 1/a. 2/b. 1/c. 3/d. 4
 2/a. 1/b. 3/c. 4/d. 2
 3/a. 3/b. 4/c. 1/d. 2
 4/a. 4/b. 2/c. 3/d. 1
 5/a. 2/b. 1/c. 3/d. 4
 6/a. 2/b. 3/c. 1/d. 4
 7/a. 3/b. 2/c. 4/d. 1
 8/a. 3/b. 1/c. 2/d. 4
 9/a. 2/b. 3/c. 4/d. 1
 10/a. 3/b. 1/c. 2/d. 4

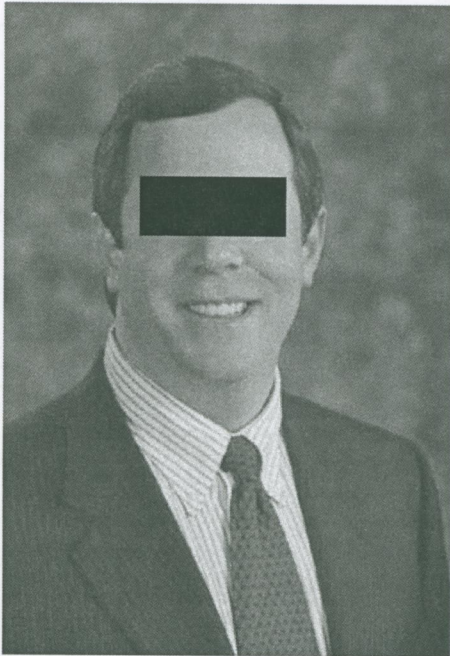
TWICE THE EVIL, TWICE THE FUN? MICROSOFT, IRAQ IN TALKS

Many in the media were surprised and outraged to see how soft the terms were against Microsoft in the recent federal anti-trust suit. Apparently, there was another term in the settlement not made public. A tipster identifying himself only as "William Fence" called *The Athenian* offices to give us the scoop. Saddam Hussein will call a press conference at 3:00 PM today to announce the impending "friendly" takeover of Iraq, Inc., by Microsoft. A Microsoft spokesman would neither confirm nor deny the rumor. The spokesman did state that "Iraq certainly would fit in well with our current portfolio." Microsoft is known to be upset at the loss of the Bin Laden gaming license to Sony Playstation (expect "Osama's Revenge" in the spring). Acquiring Iraq, Inc., would certainly make for a long line of profitable games (i.e., "Desert Storm II: The Return of Saddam," "Grand Theft Tank: Baghdad City," "Age of Crazy-Homicidal Dictators with Funky Uniforms Who Like Plastering Their Mug on Every Wall in Town," and Kurdmagedon").

However, some within the industry see a darker link. A spokesman for Scott Case said "Bill's still angry at the lack of respect he's been getting lately. Hardly anyone's called him 'The Devil' since September 11th went down. It's just too hard for him to compete with real evil, as opposed to his nerdy, sink-your-[Netscape] battleship kind. The omission of Microsoft from the Axis of Evil was the last straw. And you know Bill—if he can't beat you, he eats you. Iraq was just the best country available—besides, I-ran.com was already taken." We'll bring you more on this story, just as soon as Al Jazeera sends us the tape.



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