

The Athenian

With contributions by:

John Angelis

Joe Caldwell

Matt Greenfield

Cassie Grillot

Bart Keyes

Aaron McMichael

Scott Milinovich

Vipul Modi

Sreenath Narayan

Rashi Singhal

Kelly Underman

And graphics,
illustrations, and
comic by:

Aaron McMichael

& Draque



[There will be no letter from the editor this issue due to his disgraceful disgrace; see below.]

MT GREENFIELD RESIGNS IN SHAME DUE TO SEX SCANDAL

Facing impeachment by a majority vote of The Athenian staff, MT Greenfield resigned from his post of Editor-in-Chief in total disgrace. His resignation was not very much of a shock due to the persistent rumors of lascivious behavior. Greenfield's attempted solicitation of an undercover policewoman prostitute with several bags of cocaine was his undoing. Rumors of sexual indiscretions have always cast a dark cloud upon the most prolific editor in The Athenian's short celebrated history. But they were all rumors until now. Let's rehash the content of the rumors just for the sake of accurate and comical news reporting.

Timeline of MT Greenfield's Sexual Shenanigans

March, 2002 → Greenfield hires several female interns who later claimed sexual harassment. One intern claims that he taunted her by saying, "There is a pubic hair in my Coca Cola caffeinated beverage." Despite testimony by the intern, Greenfield is sworn in as Editor-in-Chief of The Athenian amidst a swirl of controversy.

April, 2002 → One humor writing intern by the name of Landra Chevy turns up missing. MT denies any wrongdoing and having any sexual relations "with that 'loose' woman."

July, 2002 → The existence of a blue dress that may hold the damning evidence of MT's escapades is made aware to The Athenian reading public. DNA tests on the spooge are scheduled, but the dress suddenly disappears.

December, 2002 → In an attempt to install a conservative Editor-in-Chief, the hardcore Deep South Republican Bible Belt members of The Athenian organize an elaborate setup in order to destroy MT's credibility and hopefully catch him red-handed. They also order an investigation that ends up costing \$40 million of CWRU undergraduate students' activities fees.

December 31, 2002 → At a New Year's Party at The Athenian Mansion, MT is rumored to have slept with Athenian Centerfolds, Ms. March all the way through September.

January 21, 2003 → As the entire campus is celebrating the birth of national hero Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., The Athenian is about to be shaken at the foundations. In the early morning hours, Darth Scsi is just not enough and MT has a hankering for a hooker. He circles the campus several times in his Lexus and notices a prostitute on the corner of Adelbert and Euclid (a popular street corner for CWRU prostitutes). He offers her several bags of primo shit. The hooker handcuffs him as MT replies that he likes "it rough." She replies by saying, "You are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent, etc., etc." MT replies by saying he's into hookers that act like cops. Only until he is behind bars for 2 days does he realize that he's been arrested.

January 26, 2003 → Climbing aboard his Athenian-funded helicopter, Greenfield vows to return and gives a single Nixon-esque wave.

THE ATHENIAN STAFF MEMBER REACTIONS TO MT'S RESIGNATION

Vipul Modi: "MT will be back. I wouldn't even be surprised if he is reappointed Editor-in-Chief for the next issue. I offer two powerful examples. Look at Marv Albert. It only took him a year to get his job back after he bit his girlfriend's ass. Number two. Look at Marion Barry. He was elected mayor of Washington DC 2 years after being busted for buying coke. With MT, you have coke and sex. He'll be back earlier than either of those two clowns."

Joe Caldwell: "Since I didn't read the article, I will assume it was all just one giant pack of lies. Unless of course the lightning snow storm earlier this week was the universe's way of saying that that sort of thing shouldn't happen."

Cassie Grillot: "I don't believe it. I thought he was gay! He looks like a prison bitch to me."

Bart Keyes: "If [M.T.] Greenfield's resignation is the only way to stop the Canadian terrorists, than I am all for it. We can't take unnecessary risks in this dangerous time, and if firing some uni-browed humor magazine editor is the only way to prevent another terrorist attack, then so be it. Kiss my ass, Canada! Whoo! Yeah! USA number one!!!"

An anonymous former intern: "I don't care. You know, it's not like he was a great editor or something. If a girl puts up and shuts up for long enough, she can get herself advertising deals, book deals, and her own TV show. I even have my own E! True Hollywood Story coming out: "I Was an Athenian Intern." Oh, and I have my own line of evening wear at K-Mart now! But nothing blue. No. Right, right, getting back to Mr. Greenfield . . . Nah, I still don't care."

Dr. Sex Rex: "I knew he was innocent of his highly publicized sexcapades— women just aren't his thing...It was the squirrels he kept hidden in his pants that bothered me."

WORD OF THE ISSUE

This issue's word is.....

Shiiiiiiiiit

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

GOING TO CASE IS LIKE UNPROTECTED SEX: YOU'RE HAPPY YOU GOT IN, BUT YOU REGRET THAT YOU CAME

[See title.]

I WANT MY BLACK MARKET GOODS NOW

Have you ever heard of the so called Black Market, where Al-Qaeda supposedly buys its weapons, and where Iraq and North Korea can sell their weapons of mass destruction? I would like to know where I can locate this Black Market. I have wanted to buy some depleted uranium for some time now and this Black Market really sounds like the place to go. If it's half as good as the media makes it out to be, it must be one hell of a gathering.

Continued on the last inside page.

The Athenian

Website: home.cwru.edu/athenian
E-mail: athenian@cwru.edu

JUST DISCOURSE:

"... If you devote yourself to practicing my precepts, your chest will be stout, your color glowing, your shoulders broad, your tongue short, your hips muscular, but your tool small. But if you follow the fashions of the day, you will be pallid in hue, have narrow shoulders, a narrow chest, a long tongue, small hips and a big thing; you will know how to spin forth long-winded arguments... You will be persuaded also to regard as splendid everything that is shameful and as shameful everything that is honorable..."

—Aristophanes, *The Clouds* (circa 423 B.C.)

Be forewarned, boys and girls, it happened to M.T., it can happen to you too. Please, listen to Just Discourse and stop reading *The Athenian* if you know what's good for you (and your melatonin).

Officers and Other Notables

Advisor: Mr. Arthur Biagianti

Photo Dude: Tim Ridgely

Head Illustrator/Graphics Designer:
Aaron McMichael

Layout: Greg Hanneman

Webmaster/Secretary of Defense:
Bart Keyes

Treasurer: Pete Nalepa

President/Editor-in-Chief:
Matt Greenfield

HORMONALLY-CHALLENGED ANONYMOUS

Hi, my name is...on the front of this magazine, and I'm hormonally poisoned. All together now; "Hi, '...On The Front Of This Magazine!" It's really hard for me to talk about this... (sniff)... I'm suffering from a severe overdose of $C_{19}H_{28}O_2$, and I'm convinced it's incurable. That's testosterone for you bio majors—there's your crumbs, so go read Dr. Towers, ok? Because the rest of this isn't going to make a lick of biological sense, so go scan some genomes. Maybe you'll figure out that you have the L7 gene, which predisposes you to a life of ugliness and spending long hours in the lab. Wait...no, not you, honey...yeah, I'm talking to you, you with the pocket protector and goggles...WHAT AM I SAYING! GET OUT OF HERE!

I really don't have to say much more to convince you of my condition. I grew up normally, had a normal childhood, had NO IDEA HOW FOUR-LEAF CLOVER LUCKY I WAS TO BE SITTING NEXT TO SARAH JENKINS IN 9th GRADE ENGLISH because the puberty fairy skipped my desk that year. Then, I passed through adolescence! My hormones actually worked normally...and I could objectively and accurately rate who was hot and who was not...and then I went to bed like it was any other day, got up the next morning, and BAM!...(sniff)...4 LONG YEARS OF BAD CHOICES! I'm still trying to decide what day it was...I think I have it narrowed down to sometime in the spring of 1998...or maybe the winter of 1997...I don't know...(sniff)

So I called Sarah Jenkins' house the other day, because I just realized that morning in Calculus II that Beth Johnson is unattractive and has been for the 6 weeks I've stared at her every morning...no, Beth isn't the teacher, it's not that bad yet! I'm getting better, right counselor? Counselor? Yeah, thanks, and same to you. So it took 6 weeks for the message to get to my head...it never takes that long for the message to go the other way (sob). Tissue? Thanks...Her mom answered and said "Yeah, 'OTFOTM,' I remember you! You were Sarah's little partner on her English project!"...

OTFOTM: Yup, that was me. Wow, I'm surprised you remember. *Whoa, maybe it's actually a good thing to try to call people like this, and maybe I'm not being a stalker; I wonder how Becky from kindergarten turned out? Oh, google google...or GO OGLE to those of us in the know...that's trademarked, so don't touch it, Dr. Sex Rex, or they'll be calling you Dr. ASex Rex...*

COOL MOM: You were quite the little gentleman. I was glad you were her partner—she was quite lonely that year. All she did was play soccer and come home and sleep.

OTFOTM: *She said "partner" the second time now...ooh...why can't I remember her mom?*

MYSTERIOUSLY ALLURING MOM: Well, Sarah's off at school again. Those Johns Hopkins professors keep her busy, you know? All that going to the medical school and running off to New York—I don't know how you kids do it!

OTFOTM: *Yeah, ha, I don't know how either...I was only able to look up 3 chicks on GO OGLE the other day, and I skipped Physics to do it, it is tough here...DID SHE JUST SAY MEDICAL SCHOOL?*

PRATTLING MOM: Yes, she's in her second year there. She actually graduated high school in 10th grade—we home-schooled her every year but that one. We sent her to school because we wanted her to have friends.

OTFOTM: *(nervous chuckle) Imagine that! Smart, money and no friends...wait, wasn't her mom hot? I remember now! She came to pick Sarah up after the one game and I thought she was Sarah's sister! WHY DIDN'T ANYONE TELL ME ABOUT THE HOT MOTHER MEANS HOT DAUGHTER RULE!*

MAKE MY MILLENIUM MOM: Yes, I don't know how she has time for those modeling shows in New York and Paris! It's not like she needs the money—she's on full-scholarship—but she thought it'd help her raise money for AIDS orphans. But she met Jim there, so I guess she made the right choice. You'd like Jim—you should meet him!

OTFOTM: Of course! I'm happy to hear she's doing so well! Well...uh, tell her to give me a call sometime, ok? *Because I'll only get one phone call in prison after I introduce Jim to my Fist of Righteous Harmony, and that call's to you, counselor...oh wait, prison...There goes my hormone problem, I'm normal for a week!!*

BANE OF MY EXISTENCE MOM WHO DIDN'T EVER INVITE ME BACK AFTER THE ENGLISH PROJECT TO BE HER DAUGHTER'S "LITTLE PARTNER": Bye!

So there it is—my hormones are either on off or "ORANGE ALERT," except for that one day when they were normal...I think it was summer 1996...(sigh) just can't remember. WHAT IF IT HASN'T HAPPENED YET?! So I was talking to Madeline Albright on my recent trip to DC to "accidentally" try to bump into Sarah. Ah Madeline! She told *Time* that being a SOS makes her attractive to DC men. Now there's a girl who should be in our group! When she started flirting with me, my hormones immediately applied for a visa to the Sahara Desert; apparently she froze them so badly they needed to thaw out! So I quickly start my "Heading to nearest monastery to start a

two-year mission as Brother OTFOTM" story, never used before on a girl except that one day...(sniff)...did I say summer 1996? I think it was spring 1995...

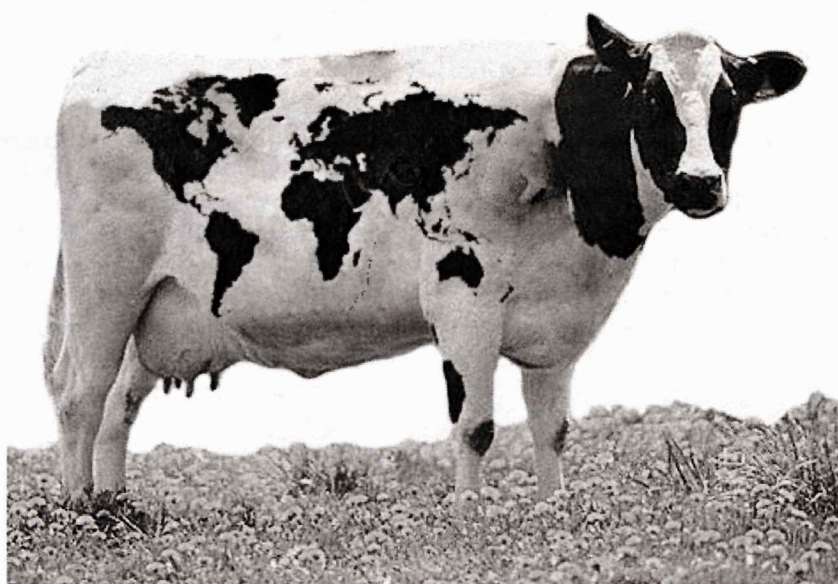
HEY! Stop it! You! I see you looking! She's mine, back off! Think no one can see you in the corner, huh? All isolated! You're about as good as a real monastery would have been for me! Anyone who thinks "Isolation breeds holiness" should walk in on their best friend unexpected. RYAN, IF YOU EVER TOUCH MY AQUARIUM AGAIN, I'M GETTING PIRANHAS! What part of "Keep your hands off the goldfish" don't you understand? We'll see if the piranhas like it in your mouth like "Goldie" did, roomie! What, counselor? NO, I DON'T NEED MY ANTI-TESTOSTERONE SHOT TODAY! I'M JUST FINE, LEAVE ME A... OUCH!...oww...thanks, I needed that...Every day I see Ryan trying to pick up girls in our apartment complex is another day I won't need to come to meeting...but I just wanted to tell you that I have pictures of Madeline Albright and Ryan next to my alarm clock...and the first day I wake up and one of them looks hot, it's over. Come to my funeral, will you? And donate my body to Dr. Sarah Jenkins—it's the only way I'll ever get close to her...sigh...feed those AIDS orphans, babe, and rip my heart out in the lab. Yeah, I remember the last day I was normal! It was the day Sarah left, June 5, 1998...or was it when Kara left for LA?...I wonder how Kara's doing?...Excuse me, I got to make a phone call...

—NEXT! Yeah, you, you at the CWRU...with the two arms and two legs...

COW(ORLD) MOOS

French Oui Oui Their Pants

FRANCE – Years of unshaven women and snotty attitudes have failed to strike fear in the hearts of enemies as the French had planned. In preparation for war against Iraq, France has removed the blue and red stripes from its flag, reducing it to a waving banner of pure white. President Chirac also announced, "The infantry uniform will also be changed to red shirts and brown pants to save on the cleaning bills." France is expected to announce plans for its own surrender to Iraq as it appears a war



led by the United States of America is inevitable. Leaks from sources inside the French government also suggest France will be the largest nation to declare neutrality since the Swiss Miss.

University Circles Crop Up

CLEVELAND, Ohio – Unexplained circles, lines, curves, etc. have been appearing in our own back yard. All around campus can be seen snow tramped down to perfection. Some might say – *too perfect[ion]*. As a result CWRU activist groups have begun demonstrations against the suspected alien presence. A leader of one group, asking to remain anonymous, declared, "We don't know who they are, what they are, or why they are doing this, but someone has to yell about it! Why are they here? Why am I here? Do any of us really know? I am against it. That's what I know. Next thing you know they'll be chasing us with probes! That's not my life, man. Fight the tyrannical power!" CWRU President Hundert suspiciously declined to comment about the strange phenomena, which happened to occur around the time of his inauguration. CWRU groundskeepers, who have done their part to cover up the phenomena with salt, also declined to comment. CWRU security refused to open an investigation, leaving the community both scared and confused.

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

Chinese Dam Crazy

CHINA – In an effort to show the world their dominance over water, China is erecting the largest dam ever built. With Nike and McDonald's in bidding wars over the name of the dam, the Chinese government is expected to accept Nike's offer of \$2 billion and 5,000 sweatshop workers. The dam is being built with the same quality, attention to detail, and fine workmanship the Chinese put into all of their products. By opening sea trade to the Chinese interior, Americans are guaranteed access to more goods delivered in three weeks or less, with bulk orders receiving two cans free soda.

Michael Jackson Buys Happiness

AFRICA – The King of Pop proclaimed himself African Queen after acquiring it earlier this week for an undisclosed amount. He explained his reason for the purchase, stating, "I love the animals. I think Africa has gorillas...and children. Lots and lots of children. [grabs crotch] Hoooooowooo!" He is expected to rename the continent "Wonderland." Jackson's ideas for development include roller coasters and mansions as part of Africa's planned "facelift." He concluded his speech stating, "I can't wait to go and play. Boys and girls and monkeys, oh my!"

Canadian Smugglers Stretch Limits

ONTARIO, Canada – An international penguin-smuggling ring based in Ontario was brought to a halt on Tuesday. With penguins valued at over \$3.5 billion, it is the biggest black market bust in maple leaf country since the counterfeit albino trades during the 1972 prohibition. Commented a Canadian Mounty, "Back in '72, people just couldn't get enough white. It was one big party. They don't call it the great white north for nothing. Those were good times, eh? But this penguin stuff makes me sick." Law enforcement had been on the trail of the smugglers for months with no good lead until they got a break in the case during a routine airport screening. A suspicious man was given a cavity search, turning up five male Emperor penguins and two penguin eggs. The smuggler played dumb during questioning, asking, "How did those get there, eh?" Eventually authorities got the information they were looking for, leading them to secret warehouses with stockpiles of pure grade "A" penguin. Canadian officials are still trying to track down the destination for all of the penguins, but suspect Martha Stewart was using the hides for a new line of formal wear.

CHOCOLATE COVERED PICKLES

If you kept up with our magnificent campus newspaper last semester, you were sure to read one of many fabulous editorials about being a chocolate covered pickle. This fine piece of Pulitzer Prize-winning material was about how Case students need to broaden their horizons, and strive to be unique and interesting individuals. At least that is what I got out of it. Anyhow, while trying to think how I should broaden my horizons, a friend of mine told me about one of her recent mind-blowing experiences at Ohio University in Athens. Now, everyone on campus is familiar with Darth Scsi and his numerous good works on campus, but what I would like to know is, how many of you have tried midget porn?

I think this is a truly broadening experience.

Midget porn is unique because, well, because it has midgets in it. Isn't that enough? And I don't think that the midgets in our society get near enough respect. It's time that we recognized their accomplishments in the adult entertainment arena and showed some respect. When I think of midget porn, I think of tripods, and Mini Me. I won't go into details, but you get the idea. Nevertheless, I think that midget (or little people) porn is something that everyone should experience. We at Case need to come out of our shells, and dive into the world of midget porn headfirst! Go on, eat that chocolate covered pickle whole!

PRESIDENT BUSH DECLARES WAR AGAINST A ROCK

White House officials were both relieved and confused yesterday when they learned that the “war against Iraq” was actually the “war against a rock.”

It turns out that President Bush is in favor of a full-scale military attack on a rock that resides on the White House lawn. Bush kicked the rock and subsequently stubbed his toe after losing five games of Scrabble in a row to the three-year-old son of a close friend.

Bush’s call for war has been met with mixed feelings in the international community. The United Nations is pressuring Bush to allow Hans Blix and his team to inspect the rock before any action is taken. Bush has taken a contrary view, stating, “I’m the king of the world! I don’t need some stupid council’s approval to kick a rock’s ass!”

Bush was surprised to learn that an international crisis was close at hand. He said, “Well, I don’t really watch the news. I’m more into cartoons, if you know what I mean. What? Iraq thinks we’re gonna blow ‘em up? I’d better get on the phone with good old Sammy Hussein over there.”



GETTING BACK TO MY ROOTS -OR- HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB(S)

Are you ignorant? Do you think the Academic Integrity Board is what President Hundert hits you with when you cheat on a test? If so, skip the rest of this paragraph and read on. If not, read on but ignore the first sentence of the next paragraph. In the second sentence, replace the word “this” with the phrase “Black History Month.” Hey, you were the one who said you weren’t ignorant. In the rare event that you accidentally read the first sentence, cheat on a test and maybe Hundert will strike you on the head enough to blot out any remaining memories.

February is Black History Month. Thinking about this makes me want to get back to my roots. No, I’m not a half-human, half-plant mutant. And no, I’m not that scary guy who stares at you while you sleep, breathing heavily and drawing rough sketches of you in blood. What I mean to say is that Black History Month makes me want to tell the world about which European country my ancestors called home.

I’m Yugoslavian, and Yugoslavia is known for its rich history. Soon after the defeat of Muhammad Hitler Khan in the Great Bulging Battle of Star Trek II, Sir Isaac Eisenhower pointed to a portion of a globe and named it Yugoslavia. The name was a result of Eisenhower’s drunken attempt to inform a colonel that he was, in fact, a

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

slob. Later that day, Eisenhower bravely marched across the lunar minefields of Scandinavia and invaded the land of the Metroids. With the defeat of the Metroids at the hands of throwing stars and stun batons that can be used as bludgeoning devices, Eisenhower claimed the area for the United Snakes of Asparagus and called it Yugoslavia. Over the course of a couple of months, Yugoslavia was invaded and occupied by Germany, Austria, Microsoft, Germany, Russia, Germany, and Germany. From then on to the fall of the Soviet Onion, Yugoslavia had experienced a time of unspeakable peace.

Present-day Yugoslavia presents a much different scenario. My countrymen constantly launch bombs and rockets at each other, blowing every square foot of the country-formerly-known-as-Yugoslavia into bits. This gives rise to square-inch pieces of land that declare independence about every 16 seconds and demand aid from the United States. In order to fully and accurately express their heritage nowadays, Yugoslavians must recite a series of unpronounceable Eastern European-sounding names. This is seldom seen, however, since the precise ancestry of the average Yugoslavian would take several large buildings to put into print. Doesn't anyone remember the time when all Yugoslavians were united by that all-encompassing aura of love called "The Iron Curtain"?

PEOPLE-WATCHING: GUIDELINES FOR, AND SUGGESTIONS REGARDING

Have you ever been sitting in Leutner or Fribley and seen one of the many truly interesting individuals that populate our campus and thought to yourself how odd/amusing they are? Then, my friend, you are a people watcher. Here following are some rules by which I have honed my people-watching skills over the years with the goal of maximizing my enjoyment of our fellow man.

1. Be discrete: there's nothing worse than thinking to yourself "That Matt Greenfield is such a douche-bag," but instead of thinking it you yell it out and then he walks over to you and kicks your ass.

2. Make up names: this is perhaps the most fun aspect of people-watching, names not only make it easy to point out an individual without their knowledge (following rule #1) but it also makes the experience of seeing that particular person all the more enjoyable. There is nothing better than saying to your friends "Hey, there goes Billy and his mom," and everyone looks and laughs because they all know the odd couple of which you speak.

3. Don't be a stalker: DO NOT let your people-watching get out of hand; this campus has enough sex-depraved peeping toms, we don't need any more.



DO I WHY HATE THE CHICKEN?

Dear Reader: After I realized that this article sucked, I decided to translate it entirely into English. (Refer to English.com if you don't know what the means.) I think it makes the article slightly more entertaining. To me, at least.

There is a confession which it should make in me. No, I am not the homicide person. No, as for me being my sweetheart, no the cheat. As for me boyfriend of my roommate no fuck. I am not the medicine common practice person or the schizophrenic. As for me no shop-lift. Hell, as for me with test no cheat.

Approximately what kind of I'm a worse thing it can do to say. To God honesty. But truth is as follows: I fear the chicken. I do not tease. Chicken saw my fear. I am the fucking seriously. I do not eat the meat, but, as for that because of my chicken phobia difference. But steering wheel city which does not have the calm. I hate the chicken.

The beady which classifies me at size concerning the small eyes what? Chiba which goes sharply small it dies, being attached, what? It was scurvy, pulled and tore, concerning the feet of scaly condition what? Me from variety hardcore of chicken. I do not tease here. I hate the chicken.

I should explain I why hate the chicken. As for me my grandma. The majority of my infancy periods was used in the farm. There is a pet chicken in my grandma. Pet chicken! As for her running the killer who the really attaches those creepy small feather, the pooping the fact that it possesses the fact that you call squeak is liked. Thing and the pooping which call squeak. Humping garden. (As for me. Now it trembles) The she chooses those, loves. The chicken small cooing noise makes these. They liked me to the taunt.

That me hates the chicken, or why is not. Being to like the fact that it attacks I hate the chicken. As for me teasing here the fucking. Attack of chicken. The chicken moves the after the you, picks your foot with the bill. The chicken pulls the blood. As for me you desire because this fact can be done clearly.

The chicken pulls the blood.

When you went out you apply with the back court, the I must carry the around the broom. This is truth. When coming to me where those poke flight me with the bill, I must carry the around the baseball of the chicken of the broom and the play. The assault whose one is good and those go flying to the rear. As for chicken easily dissuaded. They rise for the second time the after the you, go.

The I now, concerning the chicken of murder. Completely. I fair don't. Those which attack me we want. I'm because of those foolish things was hurt because of life. So now in the degree where I look at the chicken, I the beady which it waits in order to attack the small black eye and it. Fair scoping me of it you have known.

We seem like the chicken's The Tastes you say. Perhaps the they Proverb of renamely Does the Tastes like the human.

POWERHOUSE SHMOWERHOUSE

Why can't ZBT fix their fucking sidewalk? I think this every time I walk past the so-called "Powerhouse of Excellence." There is no doubt they are a powerhouse, they have about 200 brothers crammed 4 and 5 at a time into rooms made for 2 and sleep on beds nailed to the walls. On a tour of the ZBT house back in my less-wise freshman days when I had yet to realize that Greek life is the devil incarnate, I was told the story of how two brothers were dicking around (read: being blatantly homosexual) and they accidentally crashed through a wall into a small cavern behind the wall. Then I was told that this crevice was where some lucky brother now slept. WHAT KIND OF A STORY IS

THAT??!! Are they proud of the fact that they can make extra space by being stupid?

Back to the real point of this article, fix your goddamn sidewalk, douche-bags. There are eight hundred of you mother fuckers, just go outside one afternoon and one third of you bang your thick skulls against the old sidewalk till it breaks up into smaller pieces. Another third can carry the pieces away and the rest of you can mix the new concrete and pour it. There you go, all done. Then people wouldn't have to walk through your beautiful unused volleyball court to get around the huge-ass puddles in front of your "Excellent" house.

WANNA BE A SORORITY BOY?

Join the new co-ed sorority located in Norton #666 at Case Western Reserve University. Announcing break-through bio mixers and happenin' history parties, pledge to STUDY MU. Be my sister, be my brother. Let's hold hands in Kelvin Smith, drink from coffee kegs in Thwing.*

STUDY [MY] MU FOREVER

Interview with a SpamBuyer

[02:26] StudyMuFoo: join my new co-ed sorority

[02:26] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: [brimming with tears of joy][shit ruinin my mascara][shiiiiiiiiit [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] was that out loud] i'm signing my bid right now...chat room study sessions?

[02:27] StudyMuFoo: psh we have our own server and everything

[02:28] StudyMuFoo: if you don't leave your dorm room, there are network accommodations

[02:28] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: how about sunlight ... how do you feel about windows?

[02:28] StudyMuFoo: halogen lamps - that's all i have to say; windows are for the weak

[02:28] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: but those are against the rules! i like your style, u started this?

[02:28] StudyMuFoo: we have no style, it's called Salvation Army spirit, herman

[02:30] StudyMuFoo: yeah , but my wannabe nerd roommie is trying to steal my baby though

[02:30] StudyMuFoo: i think she wants to be co prez; i'm gonna have to take her down

[02:30] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: damn straight - i propose a math off - diffy qs for iffy moos

[02:30] StudyMuFoo: that's it; she's haulin her ass in to mr. hoedirt, tell em she likes new shoes

[02:31] StudyMuFoo: and ladies' perfume, and that she cannot attend cwru.edu now

[02:32] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: ladies perfume? i wear it all the time SHIT out loud again

[02:32] StudyMuFoo: forget quantum , she needs platinum

[02:33] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: be like me, a wanna be rapper, self absorbed bastard

[02:33] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: that's mom talkin, tryin to stuff me back in the womb at birth

[02:34] StudyMuFoo: if anything, people here will try to stuff you into one of those ksl lockers

[02:35] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: if so, study mu would flood mailboxes with 1000s of emails

[02:36] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: cover windows with whiteout, they can run, but no one can hide

[02:36] StudyMuFoo: we'd start an anonymous thread on Forum and WREAK HAVOC

[02:37] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: behind every stack, in every lab, there is a study mu...waiting

[02:37] StudyMuFoo: omg i'm putting you in charge of pr

[02:38] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: i haven't been this happy since i got my ti-89 customized blue

[02:38] StudyMuFoo: oh dear lord you ACCESSORIZED?! i feel so unworthy now!

[02:38] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: you didn't? pssssshhhhhhhhttt! its ok, i'll help you through this

[02:40] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: it will be our secret - erase this conversation from your aim+

[02:40] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: this conversation never happened::edit undo:: cntl - alt - delete it

[02:41] StudyMuFoo: excellent [rubs hands together mr. burns-esque]

[02:41] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: this is blowing my mind, among other things

[02:41] StudyMuFoo: we're shady like that, got 70 windows up for furtive study mu recruits

[02:42] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: omg that's amazing - i know this is sudden, but marry me

[02:42] StudyMuFoo: be promiscuous on the chat lines yourself; let study mu show you the way

[02:43] StudyMuFoo: i know this is sudden; but will you hold my books for me to class?!

[02:43] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: omg omg omg this is too much, i'm so excited, i'm in too deep

[02:43] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: my hands are sweating, im spekjdflsjdin stuff wrongd

[02:44] StudyMuFoo: my fingers are shaking

[02:44] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: my fingers are slippin fds all over the keybaord

[02:44] StudyMuFoo: beads of sweat are running down my forehead; my legs are fidgeting

[02:45] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: will you trade mice with me? we can be mice brothers

[02:45] StudyMuFoo: oh me gorsh, i'd be honored to touch your mouse...hey u speak binary?

[02:46] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: 10010011 1001001 100001 10011100 !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[02:47] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: that was a binary haiku just 4 you - talk dirty binary to me baby

[02:47] StudyMuFoo: no, we gotta do hexadecimal; that's so much more sensual

[02:48] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: i dont know if im ready for that commitment
 [02:48] StudyMuFoo: then i don't know if you're ready for study my mu
 [02:48] StudyMuFoo: we'll have to reconsider your application; mastery of hex is a prereq
 [02:48] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: please i'll 'donate' my bluetooth, saw it on tv
 [02:48] StudyMuFoo: what you watch anything on tv besides simpsons?!
 [02:49] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: you've caught me, i'm a poser
 [02:49] StudyMuFoo: you're in - you talk the talk, trip up the walk, work hard, play (halo) hard
 [02:50] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: i'm really in?! dont play with me, i'm cellulite soft to the touch
 [02:50] StudyMuFoo: but they gotta stick together: fake ghetto language, fake cliques
 [02:52] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: do you haze?i'm scared, time to hide, where's mommy's bosom
 [02:52] StudyMuFoo: if you call hazing having a fellow brother use your favorite bic for a week!
 [02:52] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: thats fine, just please dont make me talk to a girl in person
 [02:54] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: btw, how do you guys feel about acne...cuz ive got this buddy...
 [02:54] StudyMuFoo: we have a stock of Clearasil; it comes in the goody bag
 [02:55] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: how about puberty, that isn't a prereq is it? mom warned me
 [02:55] StudyMuFoo: of carse not - you should meet our soprano friend named Bo
 [02:59] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: btw you remind me of GhettoCaseGrllnBritchesBePimpinItUp
 [03:00] StudyMuFoo: whoa nelly! are you comparing the likes of a study mu to another?!
 [03:00] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: uh-oh did i say something wrong?sorry ma'am; i didn't mean it
 [03:00] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: 100100 ????? it seems i might need to bring out the big guns
 [03:01] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: :-[no one can stay mad at that emoticon
 [03:01] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: yes, i called it 'emoticon'...and i'm not gonna change for anyone
 [03:00] StudyMuFoo: that ain't gonna work tonite baby, what else do you emote fo da ladies?
 [03:02] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: diss me at lunch even, this is still the greatest day of my life
 [03:02] StudyMuFoo: i might pilfer some lead, but i will never talk to you in person
 [03:03] StudyMuFoo: cuz you're a boy and i'm a girl; keep your perved out cooties to yourself
 [03:03] StudyMuFoo: then it's only gonna get worse, and u'll cry me a river leading to your mucus puke
 green ocean; study mu will deliver puffs tissue with aloe/lotion to your doorstep
 [03:04] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: i can't cry; i have a glandular problem
 [03:05] StudyMuFoo: lordy you are really evolved for our species; that's perfection right there
 [03:05] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: no, just horribly inceded
 [03:05] StudyMuFoo: oh, that works too; i must worship you, must build glandular shrine, hey i gotta study
 orlando bloom's mu on the network now, get my mu on tonight - mooooooooooooooo
 [03:06] BigSexyFoggyBifocals: okie dokie mu out, mu'night, get your mu on
 [03:06] StudyMuFoo: ok, good night; mu out the way

**Study Mu does not discriminate on suspender length, paper clip count, or flaming displays of flannel. This Greek Geeks4U sorority was co-founded by my mom and your mom alike. Don't be a hater, be a player and get to know other 4 eyes.*

INVITES ONLY

The last couple of weeks I have been watching all the blonds from miles around spend all day primping so they could go meet other girls. At first I was confused, are they all hot lesbian porn stars? No, that's not it. Is there a Real World audition coming up? No, that was last October. Shit. Wonder what all the make-up is about? Oh yeah, it's RUSH!! That wonderful time when some of the freshmen girls decide to pretend to be suave, sophisticated and an asset to some stupid sorority. Personally, it looks just like high school. Because you know it's only looks that matter. Look who rushes: the debutantes, cheerleaders, hoochie mamas, and the easy girls. The rest of them just hide in their rooms until it is all over, and wait for the dust to clear. There is nothing worse than watching some poor shmuck waiting for an invitation that will never come because "she just wasn't <insert sorority name here> material." It's sad really, that we must continue this popularity contest in college. Wasn't high school and junior high damaging enough? Must we continue to degrade ourselves into our late teens and early twenties? It's one thing to join a group of people who have common interests (like AA) but another to join a group so stuck on themselves that they wear shirts saying "if you weren't there, it's because you weren't invited." I mean, come on, could you be any snottier and cliquy (is that even a word)? Another one I enjoy is "Everyone is a star. Some just shine brighter than others (or whatever it says, it is bitchy)." I hope your star falls into a black hole, you prick. I am glad there are only four sororities on campus. God, can you imagine a whole slew of haughty girls chanting all the fucking time? Christ in a wheelchair.

THE GUIDE TO SLEEPING IN CLASS

After not being able to type for the last couple of months, I know firsthand the dangers of repeated stress injuries. More than ever, I appreciate the gift that is my life. To help you to keep from following in my footsteps in terms of joint health, I have put together this guide to sleeping in class.

I know that right now, you are thinking, "What is this kid going to tell me about sleeping?" As far as credentials go, I must tell you that I happen to be a first-class expert. I have been asleep in a wide variety of classroom settings, as well as in a variety of types of classes all around campus. It is based on this experience that I dub myself an expert.

The first question is, why bother sleeping class? Why not just stay in bed? The answer to this is that, even you are asleep, when you are in class, *you are still learning*. In fact, you are probably learning more than when you are awake and getting in the way of your own learning. For evidence of this theory, I submit my second semester here. About a third of the way through the semester, I noticed that I had borderline grades in all of my classes, and that I was sleeping a lot in class. Thinking there was a direct relationship between the two, I decided to stay awake and try to learn. Boy was I naïve. My grades immediately went down. I figured that if I was going to get bad grades, might as well not be tired. So I started sleeping in all of my classes, every one of them. My grades shot through the roof. The theory is that I was interfering with my own learning when I was awake, and mixing myself up by unnecessarily trying to understand the material. However, when I was asleep, my brain just directly absorbed the material, without the confusion.

Now, to the exciting part, the mechanics of sleeping in class. The ideal, of course, is to get the wall seat. This reduces the strain on both the neck and the wrist, as compared to the method wherein the student (= person sleeping in class, not implying that there is an actual teacher-student relationship) simply puts his (assuming the 'student' is a he, which is more than likely) head on the hand, which is resting (bet you didn't think it could actually be used for this) on the armrest. On the other hand, since most professionals tend to like to challenge themselves, a seat in the middle of the row poses a worthy challenge.

The trick here is to slouch down in the chair so as to make it look that you are awake and fully paying attention. Teachers like this, although once they have heard the absorption theory of sleeping, you might be able to get the university to fund pillows and blankets for classrooms. Someone should bring this up at one of the president's many "happy" hours, office hours that he cancels once every week. Be sure not to mention this article.

At this point, you might be telling yourself that it was a waste of your time to read this article, because it only told you what you already knew. On the other hand, you might be scanning this page for some real information. Either way, do not think of my adventures as glamorous; I do not want anyone to be inspired by my classroom behavior. You might be asking, then what exactly was my point in writing this article? I answer that the meanderings found here serve no purpose other than to finally, for the health of the campus as whole, reach the word limit to get this published.

THE ATHENIAN'S GUIDE TO SUCCESSFUL SENIOR PROJECTS

In this issue of the Athenian©TMÄ¶, we are straying from our normal attitude. We no longer (for February at least) see our readers as "idiots," "assholes," or "fuck you." Instead we aim to help the University community in whatever ways possible. For this piece, I will focus on the long-lost, often forgotten group of CWRUzers: the seniors. This aid should elevate their respect for me from "that guy sleeping under the car over there" to "vocational master something." Anyway, here's the potential senior projects:

Edible Food

As most of us probably know, the food at Leutner has the nutritional value of road tar. This final project can be a "tag-team" project made up of a nutritionist and a military historian. The military historian (who should have a minor in necromancy) will oversee a hostile takeover of Leutner at the hands of General Tsao. From there, the nutritionist will make REAL FOOD that is REALLY EDIBLE and does not take SEVERAL COLONNICS to eliminate.

The Ark of the Covenant

This project is for potential theological engineers and can be completed in two steps:

1. Watch Raiders of the Lost Ark nearly seventy times.
2. Build the Ark of the Covenant.

There's sure to be extra credit if your Ark emits horrifying wraiths. Even more if it melts Nazis.

New Swear Words

Contrary to popular belief, there are simply not enough swear words. What if I wanted to tell someone that his Athenian How-To Guide makes me want to travel back in time to Colonial Salem Massachusetts to proclaim that I am a witch so that the part of my brain that contains any memory of the said How-To Guide is burned at the stake? A simple "dang" will not do in this situation. What everyone needs is for an English major to combine existing words to make ultra-offensive cuss-abominations. If someone would need to say "tree-humper" and the "F-word" at the same time, they would only need to say "truck." This would make the English language a bit easier and those who speak it a bit fatter. For some reason.

New Explosives

What the government needs is more bombs*. It will be the responsibility of an up-and-coming chemical engineer to make a bomb that uses fluorine as an explosive. Then we can drop the F-bomb on countries that we don't like! Hooray! Further experimentation could result in a bomb for nearly every letter in the alphabet. This does have one astronomical downside: what if the United States accidentally drops an N-bomb in the middle of an urban area?

These projects are sure to act as a gateway from being an overworked college senior to being an overworked college graduate. I should know; I've been a senior since Bill Case met Dave Western Reserve and they had a college together. By the way, be sure to tune in next week (month, or time that The Athenian comes out) when I will tell you about the art of writing term papers underwater.

* no

DR. SEX REX

Dr. Rex is an accredited sexpert in 44 states and a certified sexual predator in the other six. Dr. Rex's statements are little more than personal opinion derived from years of chasing tail.

Dr. Sex Rex, I'm Getting Old and Having Trouble Getting Up. What Do You Suggest? –
Jim Potent

Well Jim, I may be a fossil myself, but I have no problem getting up or down. However, there is a solution for your predicament. Don't feel too bad about your problem. Your condition is shared by many men and some-times women. You need more excitement in your life. Just try to find something worth getting up for. The right woman will provide the necessary motivation to get you up and going. There is nothing like a fine lady to get you standing at attention. I hear they have pills for people in your situation, but sex may be the best motivation for getting your ass up and off the couch. Remember, it's not how hard it is, it's how hard you try.



Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

Dr. Sex Rex's Tips on How to Find Yourself a Fine Lady

Chicks love a man with a good job – here are the top 5 professions for attracting women:

- 1) Maid – girls like a clean man.
- 2) Skyscraper owner – ladies love men with big erections.
- 3) Baker – women love men with dough who know how to make bread.
- 4) Nurse – females love a man in uniform.
- 5) Engineer – just kidding. Engineers die pathetic and lonely.

Chicks love a man with a sense of humor – these jokes will get the ladies laughing and keep them laughing the whole way home:

- 1) I write for the *Observer*.
- 2) I'm a dungeon master!
- 3) I'm in a fraternity – we're a powerhouse of excellence!
- 4) I'm an engineer.
- 5) Do you want to see my Anime collection?

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@whateverthehellthenewcwruemailformatis.

AMERICAN EAGLE EARNS WIN OVER ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

American Eagle defeated Abercrombie & Fitch 9-8 in a close Preppy Clothing Company League lacrosse match yesterday. While both teams had been given the descriptive name "authentic," this match showed that there can be only one "genuine" team in the PCCL.

A.E. Coach Rusty Allen said, "This win will be a great confidence builder for our players. Those guys went out and gave all they had, and they were rewarded appropriately."

A&F Coach Skinny Whiteman said, "Whatever, how can we even expect to concentrate when we're playing a team whose jerseys only cost ninety dollars? If your uniform costs any less than half a grand, you don't belong on our field. I need a latte."

The rivalry between the two teams will continue with next Wednesday's rugby match.

ASK A HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMAN WHO WORKS AT DEFIANT SEAGULL

**Note: All references to characters, places, concepts, and events in this article are purely fictional; none are allusions to actual phenomena or the hair on the chinny chin chin of your dear Aunt Sally. For example, Defiant Seagull has no relation to the grocery store Giant Eagle found in some rockin' Cleveland suburbs, one of my favorite hang out locales second to Chuck E. Cheese's.*

Dear High School Freshman Who Works at Defiant Seagull,

I just returned from a business party catered by a Mexican food chain. Promoted up from peon status, inflated, and climbing the corporate bladder, I also have my hands full preparing for my first child, due in October. Meanwhile, I must deliver a Lizertorte cake with garlic relish to my wife in an unmarked parcel every night of a full moon day precisely at 2:13:54 AM. Needless to say, I am a very busy person. Do you have any suggestions on time management?

-Huffin' And Puffin' in San Francisco, CA

Dear 'Huffin,'

Even toiling chattels such as myself must deal with these issues from time to time. For example, outside of Seagull, I spend my meager time in "paintball to the death" or working up a sweat watching Britney Spears on MTV. However, I too live a hard-knock life. Just last month my car was out of gas, and I had no willpower in my entire existence to haul it to the nearest BP. And I'm tired of having to explain to my math teacher why learning how to add and subtract decimals is completely useless. Who needs to balance a checkbook when Seagull is already dishing out the big bucks to me? What's worse is when I come home from a long day's work. The first thing I hear from my freaked-out mom is, "Ishmael Igor Icabod, you are not getting a bite to eat until you change your socks from last week and finish your biology homework!!" Ha, she doesn't happen to know that I was born a child-genius for whom homework is futile. Only I can unlock the powers of a Bonus Card. As for the clothing that never reaches the hamper, who needs clean, fresh socks anyway when you can get those alluring form-fitting, foot-length nylons at the shoe store for free??

Dear High School Freshman Who Works at Defiant Seagull,

As the CEO of a major corporation mildly suffering from the wretchedness of today's economy, I can no longer afford to buy Vienna ice cream with small countries as stocking-stuffers for my kids. While we aren't starving to death, I am in the process of discovering food substitutes (rubber-roast chicken cuisine, perhaps?) to serve the children. What is your expert opinion on this matter?

-Down To Merely 8 Jaguars in New York City, NY

Dear Down,

You may be interested to know that frozen meals offer a fascinating substitute for nutrients essential to the human body. After working 15-16 hour shifts, I sometimes need a snack. It's so easy to sneak one of those Lean Cuisines away from the frozen aisle without anyone noticing. All I need to do is hide in the break room with my custom-designed silverware and Marilyn Manson rendition of "Tainted Love" cd and Winnie the Pooh visor and.... ooh.... somebody *stop* me! Yeah, I'm on a diet. That cute blonde from Phys Ed really digs me, I'm sure of it. She said she'd go out on a date with me if I could develop a 3-pack on the left-hand side at a 30-degree angle. She also claimed that she had the guts to stop ducking every time the volleyball was spiked over the net to her, so I remain somewhat incredulous of her. Maybe I can build up some muscle by lifting and stocking the crates of bottled water at Seagull; who *knew* tap water could be so much fun! If you can't afford Stouffer's, try Big Red chewing gum. Just make sure you don't develop a lisp while talking with the butyl rubber in your mouth; a few of my friends have already started shock therapy for that sorta thing, but as a result have started to stutter on words such as "bagger" and "customer service."

Dear High School Freshman Who Works at Defiant Seagull,

My best friend and my boyfriend are up to something behind my back. On one hand, I don't want to ruin my life-long friendship with Cynthia. After all, she's the one who introduced me to the joys of superficial, wait no, superdeeduper, teenie-bopperness. On the other hand, she trespassed on sacred property of mine, in fact, my only ticket to real romantic drama in my life such as what shade of chiffon to wear to the prom. What should I do?

-Forever Disillusioned with Facial Glitter and Cher from "Clueless" in Key West, FL

Dear 'Dissed,'

If you want to hear about a real soap opera melodrama and teenie bopper life come to Seagull. I have witnessed heart-wrenching embraces between fathers and estranged sons in the hygiene aisle on many a Sunday afternoon. Old Spice does wonders on paternal relationships gone awry. Concerning your romantic situation, however, I recommend you ask Jobo, our Hispanic butcher who insists the "J" in his name should be pronounced like "H." World-renowned psychic Cleo-yes-that-really-is-my-accent-and-these-are-authentic-gold-pirate-earrings claims that the name "Jobo" describes a happy nature, and the ability to establish trustworthy relationships with others. The catch is, you gotta know the password to get Jobo to open up: "Here's a twenty for a stash." He has been hardened by suffering the tragic wage-inequities and heart-wrenching deportations typical of frisky illegal aliens. Jobo only hangs with gamers, and by default Colombian drug lords disguised as wealthy and respectable businessmen. Jobo has 6 wives, 3 concubines, 4 mistresses, 6 fly girls, 1 cyber crush, and 2 personal escorts. At any rate, he's a genius; rarely does one find a connoisseur in matters of the heart, except for Casanovas such as myself of course unfairly plagued by what dermatologists call carbuncles, furuncles, and pus. Life sucks. Word.

Continued on next page.

SOFTWARE PIRATES RAPE, KILL, PILLAGE, AND BURN

Terror spread across the CWRU campus yesterday when software pirates ruthlessly attacked the undisclosed location of the Information Technology Services Help Desk. Three people were killed and twelve taken hostage in what has been called "The crappiest day ever at CWRU. Seriously, we mean it."

Only one person at the undisclosed location managed to escape the rogue pirates. According to her account, a man with a wooden leg, an eye patch, and a parrot approached an employee and demanded that he purchase a bootlegged copy of Windows XP Professional (full version) for twenty dollars. When the employee refused, the man persisted, stating that the software was over ninety-four percent off the price demanded by Microsoft on its website. When the employee again rejected the offer, the man became angry and called to a large number of similar looking people, who proceeded to attack the employees and burn down the help desk.

The witness, who managed to escape by hiding in a bathroom, said, "They were saying all these terrible, weird things, like 'You'll walk the gangplank!' and 'Let's destroy the port.' I have no idea what a gangplank is."

Fortunately, the witness made it out of the burning building after the pirates left. She quickly found a campus phone and dialed 3333. Security arrived on the scene shortly after.

A security guard told *The Athenian*, "We arrrrrrrrrrrr doing everything we can to apprehend and punish those responsible for this hideous crime against humanity." He added, "It's a good thing that woman had the right mind to dial 3333, otherwise she might not have made it."



PARTY DEFENSE 101

So *The Observer* now has its own sex and dating column. Wonderful. Well, I'd like to propose the start of *The Athenian's* own sex and dating column. Pretty cool, eh?

Okay, so you know it's happened to you: you've been at a party and that annoying girl/guy has started to hit on you. Perhaps you're on the dance floor. This is a phenomenon known as "dance rape." That's when you are grabbed by a member of the opposite sex and forced to dance despite your obvious efforts to be freed. Perhaps it's when you're just trying to get a fucking beer at the bar and someone backs you into a corner.

Well, it sucks. But how does one battle this annoying invasion of personal space? I'd like to give you all five tips to try next time this happens.

1. *Make up or draw attention to a significant other.* Frequent mentions of your boyfriend/girlfriend should dissuade your attacker. Girls, be careful not to mention your *girl*friend because this is only going to encourage your attacker. Drunk guys really like girl-on-girl action.

2. *Develop an annoying habit.* Nothing gets an attacker off your back like a whooping cough. Seriously. Next time someone backs you into a corner, pick your nose, and if they're really dense, wipe it on the person's shirt. Laugh like Fran Drescher. Shake uncontrollably.

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

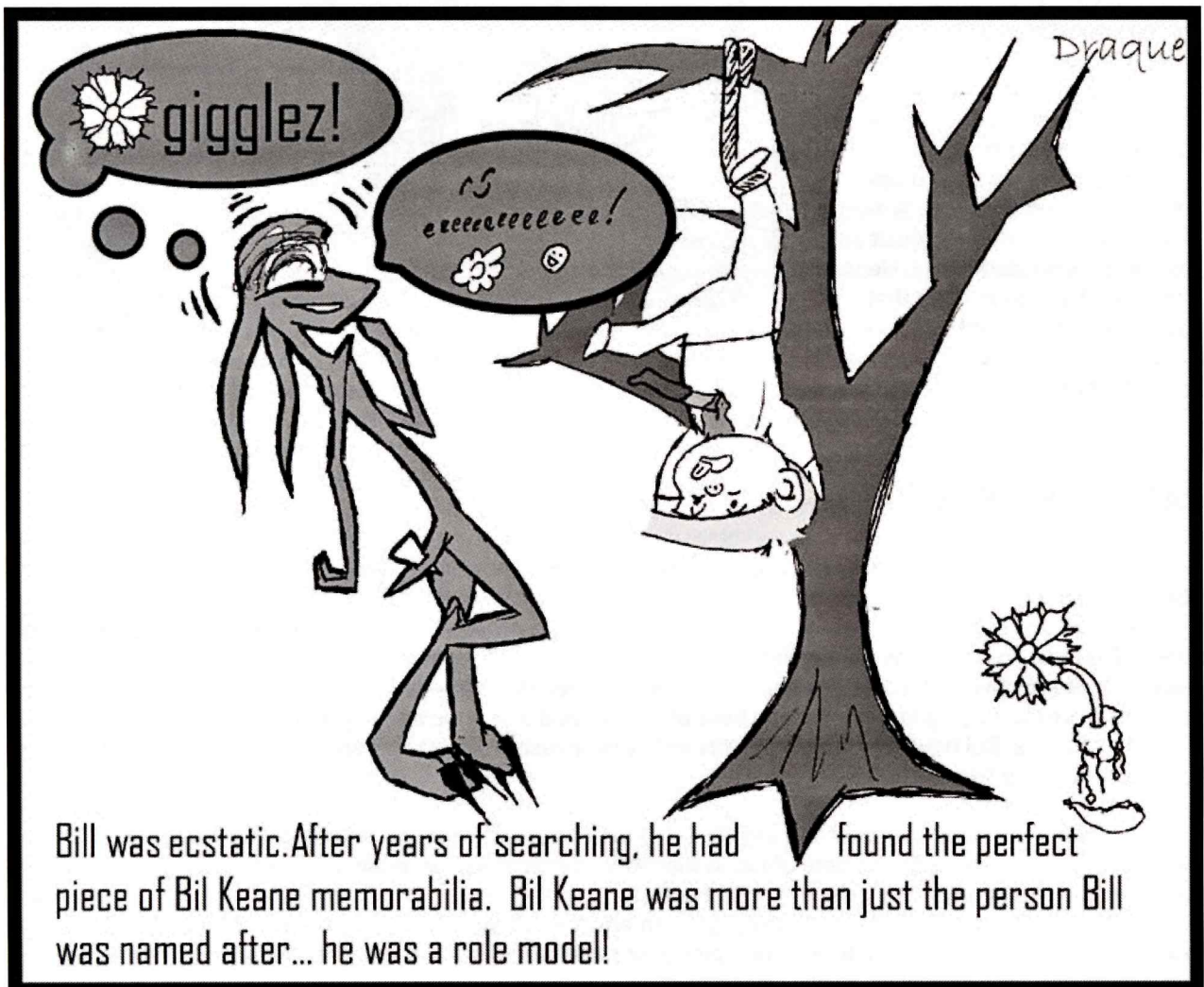
3. *Fake catatonic schizophrenia.* For those of you who aren't psychology majors (shame!), catatonic schizophrenia is the form of the illness when the sufferer just holds a pose until forcibly moved. You've seen the movies. Next time you're attacked, just strike a pose and completely ignore the person until he or she wanders off. The more flamboyant the pose, the better. No one wants to hit on someone who is frozen like Michael Jackson in "Thriller."

4. *Start talking about your hobbies.* This may seem counterintuitive, but you don't have to be honest. Talk about your collection of lint balls. Discuss your passion for marathon staring contests. Ask to show your attacker your collection of vintage buffalo chips. Be careful not to mention anything scintillating, like vintage porn, fancy underwear, or masturbation. However, feel free to discuss your secret fantasy to fuck that homeless guy on the corner because "smelly, hairy, psycho drug-addicts turn you on." And be sure to mention your love of dipsticks as sex toys, *without* washing them off. Grrrrrowl, baby.

5. *If all else fails, just scream.* Seriously. If your attacker will not leave you alone, just spill your beer all over him/her and start screaming like Franka Potente in the casino scene of *Run Lola Run*. You'll definitely draw the attention of everyone and make your attacker look like an ass. If you'd like, scream something about, "No, I will *not* have a threesome with you and that homeless guy on the corner!"

Being polite and excusing yourself to the bathroom is probably the nicest, most humane solution, but it doesn't get the point across. Imagine what happens when you come out and are seen again. Ugh. That's worse than blood-thirsty chickens.

HAPPYPANTS BILL



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

Part IV: Snow Business

As you may recall if you read our last exciting, cliff-hanging installment, after M.T. was defeated on his first attempt at sexual consummation with Swaggy, nothing happened.

By the time that the nothing was over with, it was winter. As we are at CWRU, not only does that mean that giant ice floes decapitate unfortunate souls in front of PBL, but it also means that very few squirrels are left on campus, as they go off to hibernate or migrate south or some shit like that.

Swaggy, however, remained around, as he enjoyed the pleasurable sensations he received from the snow underneath his unmentionables.

He did not, however (Damn, did I use "however" again? Someone think of a better word for "however" and then imagine it in the place of the preceding "however," so then I can seem like a real writer), remember what this sentence was originally about, because of that long-ass parenthetical erudite pile of crap in the center of it. So much for this paragraph.

And this one.

Now, let me derail my thoughts again so we can get back to the story. Let's say that M.T. wants to disguise himself as a snowman and then see if that works any better. Sound good? (I know I'm no "Adaptation" Charlie Kaufman, but hopefully I'm better than "Confessions of a Dangerous Mind" Charlie Kaufman.)

M.T. spent weeks perfecting the archetypal snowman, going back to the drawing board several

times after proving unable to resist the temptation to put a unibrow on the thing. Afterwards, while M.T. got carried away with his fantasy of finding a unibrowed mate, the proto-snowperson shortly melted.

After M.T. ran out of "snow" and the real kind of snow, he got Aaron McMichael to draw him a life-size cardboard cutout of a snowman instead.

Now, M.T. was ready to [Is there a way to make "fruition" a verb? If so, insert that word here] his plan, but there was one problem: it was February, and an unexpected thaw had dramatically cut short both the quantity and quality of snow on the ground.

Not being one to give up, M.T. gave up.

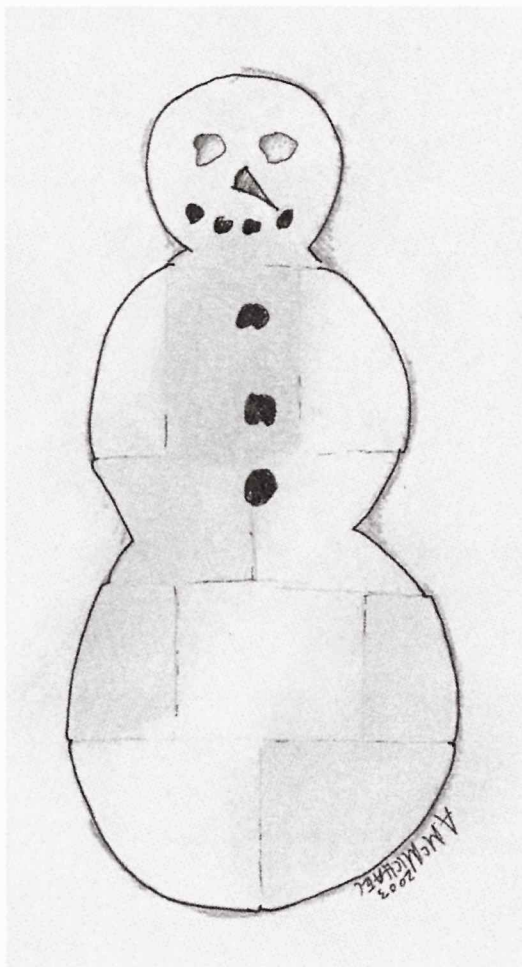
After all, the mood of Valentine's Day was still in him, so he had no desire for love. Not even passionate, trans-species love.

Even if he wanted to, this second plan was finished before it started. The only thing he could do with the snowman cardboard cutout now was scan it in tiny sections, recompile it, and place it in this article with the help of Greg Hanneman.

But, M.T. would not remain unlicentious for long (no matter how much the rest of

us would like). Once March rolled around, M.T. awoke from his lethargy as leaves awake in the stomachs of anteaters. As George Harrison sung, "Do-do-do-do."

Can Swaggy possibly survive his peripheral yet titular relation to this series? Will M.T. have the last guffaw? All will be discovered in "Part V"!



I WANT MY BLACK MARKET GOODS NOW — THE LAST THREE SENTENCES

Continued from first inside page.

At one shop you can get your small arms, AKs, SAMs, rocket launchers, etc. At the next you can get your anthrax and mustard gas. Oh, the good times that await me at the Black Market.

A NOTE ON THE FRONT COVER

The cover is an attempt to poke fun of the Northside "diner," recently in the process of indeshopeless and Sisyphean construction. The projected date of completion was January, 2003, and, as you can plainly see, the "diner" is now a happenin' hangout for Northsiders and med students alike. We'd get more people on the cover to maximize the comic effect, but we didn't feel like breaking the tradition of a one-person spotlight. (Although, you will notice that we did break previous semester's tradition of formal wear.) Also (unlike some other CWRU publications), we don't have a plush layout of 20-dollar bills at our disposal to use on photos.

WONDERPHRASE SOLVER(S)

Congratulations go out to Robert C. Roberts for being the first to solve the deliciously-impossible Wonderphrase, featured in all of last semester's issues. The Solution to the Wonderphrase was:

"Discover sensuous treasures inside my flying Swedish handyman."

Mr. Roberts was so excited, sources report, that he shouted the solution out to neighbor and editor M.T. Greenfield, much to the bewilderment of everyone else in the surrounding environs. (As the Swedish handyman is fictional, he does not have any sisters, much to the dismay of Mr. Roberts.)

PHOTO(S) OF THE ISSUE

Immediately after announcing his victory, Mr. Roberts was given his "prize," as M.T. took a razor to the back of his head, carving in a capital "A" in the tradition of Nathaniel Hawthorne. (Mr. Roberts has since shaved the rest of his hair off in disgrace.) The second (and, as far as we know, the only other) person to solve the Wonderphrase, Matt McCurry, was not so lucky when he received his runner-up "prize." After much consideration and vomit, we decided to burn the photos and any record of this "prize," a "prize far too disturbing to describe, even for the contents of this magazine."

