



# *The Athenian*

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Issue 8

March 2003

Dear Reader,

Hope you like what we did with the magazine. We thought page numbers, a table of contents, and organizing the articles into sections would help make The Athenian experience a more enjoyable one for everyone. Also, much to my delight, my lifting on the photo ban has resulted in some highly humorous pics. If you prefer the old spontaneity and disheveledness or if you really dig this new egress to aesthetic satisfaction, we'd appreciate your input—email [athenian@cwru.edu](mailto:athenian@cwru.edu) to share your thoughts, concerns, or recipes for raisin-coconut-peanutbutter clusters.

That will be all. I'm rather tired.

Sincerely,  
The Editor

## 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.*

It seems some ladies are having trouble attracting a mate. Bone up on these tips and you'll be fighting suitors off with a tampon.

### Dr. Sex Rex's Tips on How to Get a Guy to Notice You



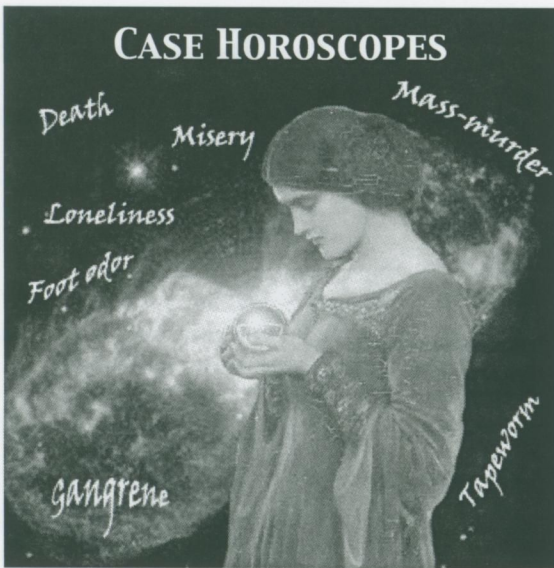
Wardrobe is everything. Know what to wear and you won't have to wear it for long:

- 1) Pajamas – there is nothing sexier than a frumpy pjs.
- 2) Fruit – guys especially seem to like big melons.
- 3) Sorority clothes – tell him you'll put out when drunk without saying a word.
- 4) Burqa – men love a mystery.
- 5) Nothing – show him how adventurous you can be.

If he's blinded by your beauty, there are a few other tricks to try:

- 1) Be loud – males want a woman who says what is on her mind.
- 2) Be physical – guys enjoy a bit of wrestling.
- 3) Fight – a cat fight is a sure way to get the attention you crave, so find girl nearby and start ripping away.
- 4) Plastic Surgery – maybe it's not your beauty that he's blinded by.
- 5) Dress like a man – you may not find a mate, but you might figure out the problem.

*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@cwru.edu](mailto:athenian@cwru.edu).*



## CASE HOROSCOPES

### Virgo

Aug 23 - Sep 22

You'll think about writing a letter to a politician, but probably play video games instead.

### Libra

Sep 23 - Oct 23

You'll think about joining a political group, but probably join a club instead.

### Scorpio

Oct 24 - Nov 21

You'll think about volunteering, but

probably look up Darth-SCSI instead.

### Sagittarius

Nov 22 - Dec 21

You'll laugh and call this "liberal crap" - well, just enjoy people blowing up for no apparent justifiable reason.

### Capricorn

Dec 22 - Jan 19

It's ok if people get blown up as long as it's supposedly for democracy, right?

### Aquarius

Jan 20 - Feb 18

As long as it's not our people getting blown up, right?

### Pisces

Feb 19 - Mar 20

Why can't we all just get along?

### Aries

Mar 21 - Apr 19

You will see people get blown up on the evening news.

### Taurus

Apr 20 - May 20

You will see people about to get blown up on the evening news.

### Gemini

May 21 - June 21

You will see what's left after people get blown up on the evening news.

### Cancer

June 22 - July 22

People. Explosions. 'Nuff said.

### Leo

July 23 - Aug 22

You'll wonder whether might makes right.

## WORD OF THE ISSUE

This issue's word is.....

## Astrobobabitch

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

# The Athenian

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"You know lots of criticism is written by characters who are very academic and think it is a sign you are worthless if you make jokes or kid or even clown. I wouldn't kid Our Lord if he was on the cross. But I would attempt a joke with him if I ran into him chasing the money changers out of the temple."

—Ernest Hemingway, to Harvey Breit, 1952 (*Selected Letters*, p. 767)

## Officers and Other Notables

Advisor: Mr. Arthur Biagiatti

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Treasurer Emeritus/

Business Manager:

Pete Nalepa

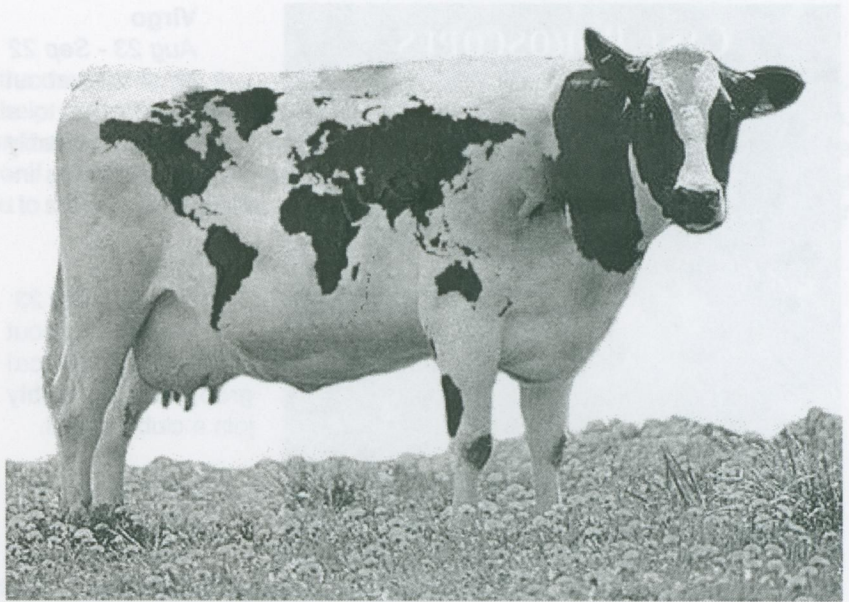
President/Editor-in-Chief:

Matt Greenfield

## COW(ORLD) MOOS

Justice Department abolishes F— word

WASHINGTON, D.C. – Attorney General John Ashcroft announced the removal of “French” from the American vocabulary. Ashcroft recited a list of acceptable words to be used in replacement of the forbidden F— word. “Suitable replacements include, but are not limited to: freedom, independence, emancipation, liberation, freewill, liberty, and deliverance.” Following his statement, Ashcroft was seen munching on freedom fries and liberty toast, with a side salad covered in deliverance dressing and croutons made from liberation bread. Bystanders were shocked to see him simultaneously freewill kissing his emancipation poodle.



## Protestors End War on Iraq

WORLDWIDE – In a demonstration of their love for peace, anti-war protesters demolished buildings and destroyed property across the globe. Demonstrators sang happy songs as they attacked police officers with anything they could find. One man from the group declared, “Violence is not the answer, man,” as he hurled a hubcap through a McDonalds window. “We’re here to send those federal fat cats a message. You can’t just go around hurting people and breaking things. That’s totally wrong. The only way to solve these problems is to talk. People just have to learn to communicate, man.” Afterwards, the peace activist found a nearby civilian with an American flag and beat him with his sandal. As a result of the mass demonstrations, President Bush made a public statement ending the war on Iraq saying, “Those hippies are right. What do I care if Saddam kills his own people? Sure we told him not to make weapons of mass destruction, but the ones he made probably can’t reach us over here anyway. We’re on a totally different continent. Let his little neighbors take care of it. As for the terrorists he funds, duct tape and plastic will take care of them. I don’t know what I was thinking. War over.”

## Observer Warms Hearts and Hands in Cleveland

CLEVELAND, Ohio – Students of Case Western Reserve University can rest assured that their student activity fee is going to a good cause when put in *Observer* hands. Out of pure generosity, our campus newspaper is keeping the homeless warm all over Cleveland. With only 500 people on campus picking up an *Observer* to read, the organization graciously prints over 5000 papers a week as a service to the less fortunate in our community. Bums and hobos all across Cleveland can be seen wearing the *Observer*, huddled over fire barrels fueled by the precious printed words of CWRU’s *Observer* staff. Unfortunately, all copies of the *Athenian* are read by loyal fans, leaving none for the needy. On behalf of the *Athenian*, and everyone else on campus, thank you *Observer*. Thank you for printing ten times more copies than anyone reads. Thank you for spending our money in the most honorable of ways. You, *Observer*, are a king among men.

## Reporters Grill Saddam a New One

BHAGDAD, Iraq – As a final effort to avoid his removal from power, Saddam invited reporters from around the globe to a press conference to show the world he is actually a nice guy. Unfortunately for him, the reporters knew his plans and unrelentingly grilled him. The following are excerpts from the conference:

Reporter (CNN): It is reported that you have been extremely violent against your own Iraqi people. Is your favorite color green or blue?

Saddam: Your reports are untrue. My favorite color is red like the hearts of the many Iraqi citizens I love and adore.

Reporter (BBC): *President Bush has claimed you have been illegally building weapons of mass destruction. Who would win in a wrestling match between Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera?*

Saddam: That evil American pig-dog knows Aguilera plays dirty. There's no contest.

Reporter (Al-Jazeera): *Is it true Allah has sent you as a gift to the people of the world?*

Saddam: Yes. You know me well.

Reporter (TVDeutche): Those cowboy American joe six packs just want to blow things up. Do you like to drink beer as much as I do, and would you like to share my frankfurter?

Saddam: Excellent question. Talk to me after we're done here.

Reporter (NBC): So I hear President Chirac and Chancellor Gerhardt Schroeder are engaged in a secret love affair. Do you have a hair stylist or do you do it yourself?

At this point, the questions had become too much for Saddam to handle, and he ended the press conference feeling he had accomplished his goal. Later that evening, he was seen drunk, wearing Lederhosen and sharing frankfurters with the TVDeutche reporter.

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

### *Part V: 'All' Is Discovered*

You may recall, if you were so inclined to read last issue's exciting installment, entitled "Snow Business," that this author stated that (and I quote, hence the quotation marks): "All will be discovered in 'Part V!' [double quotation marks added]"

There was an error where that sentence was concerned. I had clearly written 'All' with single quotation marks, but our nefarious editor M.T. thought that this was simply too cutesy-wutesy on my part ("It's either double quotation marks, or nothing," says our gregarious editor-in-dictator-in-gregariousity, Mr. Greenfield). So, he cut them.

Some of you apparently had the impression that this unparalleled saga would come to an end with Part V. Foolish mortals, behold how easily thou thinkst thou mayest escapeth my wratheth. Nevetheless, I can well understand that reaction, M.T. nefariously and gregariously cutting my single quotation marks as he did.

I did not mean "all," as in "the entire," "the complete," or "the whole;" but rather "All," as in that fabulously gregarious brand of detergent.

For, as M.T. cleaned his clothes in an attempt to remove all of the "snow" from his snowman-building adventures (see "Part IV: Snow Business," *The Athenian*, Issue 6, January/February 2003), he did discover the miraculous and gregarious cleaning power of this much-beloved but little-hated raiment-cleaning product.

Swaggy, of course, could care less about this.

It still is quintessential to the development of this series, for it inspired this author to use the word "gregarious" or any of its gregarious forms a full 8 times.

As mentioned in the previous issue, M.T. would "awoke from his lethargy [improper grammar not added or accounted for with brackets to change "awoke" to "awake"]" in March. And that's no lie; having discovered the full-frontal cleaning power of one of America's favorite brands of laundry detergent, M.T. awoke to the enhanced bright colors and self-fulfilling fragrances. Thank you, makers of 'All,' you have saved us all, and that's 'All' there is to it. What could we possibly do without these terrific puns of which you are the 'All'-encompassing source?

Don't miss the next gregarious (there's the eighth one; you thought that I had miscounted, didn't you?) installment, in which we'll get back to some sort of story line... hopefully. It's all one can hope for, after 'All.'



## HOW WILL YOU WIND UP IN THE ER THIS WEEKEND?

- 1.) How are you getting dressed on Friday night?
- Provocatively. You need to be getting some lovin' tonight.
  - Dressed? Who needs to dress up to lie in bed and watch movies?
  - Something that won't hold the smell of pot too long.
  - Well, you're wearing your roommate's tee shirt. Shh! Don't say anything!

- 2.) What are your plans, anyway?
- Uhhhh ... What was the question? Ohhh, you know, maybe buy a quarter?
  - You don't know. Whatever your roommate is doing... if you can follow him/her.
  - Fucking. Lots of fucking. If you're lucky, of course.
  - CWRUBert and Find. Lots of pirated movies.

- 3.) Did you eat yet?
- No! You don't need your breath smelling awful.
  - Mmmmm... munchies. Pretzels go amazingly with beer.
  - No. Picking up the phone for pizza is too difficult.
  - Yeah. Your roommate's ramen! Shhh!

- 4.) Is the TV on?
- Yeah! Lifetime is the best!
  - MTV. *Undressed*.
  - Yeah. Where the hell is the remote? Ehyyy, too far...
  - Shhh! VOICES! Oh. The TV is on...

- 5.) Who are you hanging out with?
- Who cares? You don't need people around to watch TV.
  - Who cares? They smell amazing...ly like weed.
  - Your roommate!
  - Who cares? As long as they are hot and put out!

- 6.) Where will you be crashing?
- Where ever you end up when you black out.
  - Where you are right now.
  - Some fine honey's bed.
  - Who knows? Where's your roommate sleeping?

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

### Scoring:

6-10: You'll probably end up in the hospital for an overdose or something like alcohol poisoning. You should really lay off the 151 and the weed. Oh, and the eight-balls, and the crack rocks...

11-16: You'll be in first thing Monday morning to get emergency contraception for either you (if you're a girl) or your girl (if you're a guy). It's called a condom. Use it. Love it.

17-21: You'll be in the hospital for something very rare: mold growth. You know, if you move now and then, you won't have these problems.

22-24: This is obvious: assault. Your roommate is going to beat you senseless. Not everyone likes to here "Complicated" every fucking second of the day.

## HAPPYPANTS BILL



# RUNNING ON M.T.

Running on M.T. Presents "A Briefe and True Reporte of the Endeauorovs Ventvre Inuoluung, Amonge Other Aspects of Life of a Tertiariie Edvcational Stvdnt, the lffvance of a Upafs for the Local Regionale Tranffit Avthoritie, and Said Ventvre Inuoluung Said Upafs of the Avthor"

So heere, allowv me to prefrently reelayte the "deeliieyo," as they fay:

Some tyme ago, I receiued a Upafs, the pafs which heretofore giuing a ftydent accets to the fabvlvovs nettvvorke of traynes and buffes in the neare proximitie of Cleave Lande, and, infyed of faying 'Upafs ualid 1/6/2003 - 5/20/2003,' it fays 'U afs ualid 1/6/2003 - 5/20/2003.' Is not that fvnnie? Methovght so.

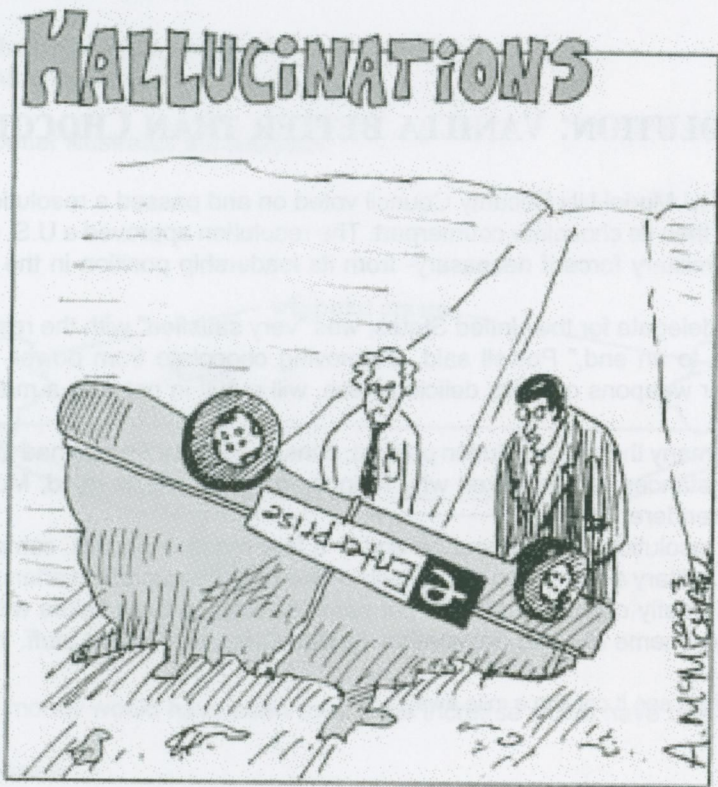
I hereby svveare that I haue not altered the pafs in

We originally had a great image to go here, but mean CWRU lawyers made us get rid of it.

anie waye. When I vvas iffved it, the 'p' vvas almoft compleately miffing. Har har har.

Milkeing the fame, I fvppofe this meanes that my afs has onlie come to bee as of Januarie the fixth, and will ceafe to exift as of the fifth of Maye. Anie one who has an afs to fpare, pleafe conuerfe with me, as I onlie haue tvvo months in vvhieth to find a replaycement.

I vvovlde replicayte this pafs, uia fcanner, for all to fee, but the Sixth Rvle on the back of the pafs ftates that "Reprodvction of this pafs or the vfe of a reprodvction is ilegal and fvbject to profecvtion" and, as I heretofore am fvbject to enough prosecvction already, I thought it beft not to calle the bluff of the Regionale Tranffit Avthoritie. In plaine trvth, I am not fvre that printing Rvle the Sixth is leegal... 'Tis a goode thyng that I am vvriting in fvch a arkayike uernacvlar, or elfe I fhالبة in feriovs fhitte.



Maybe we should deliver the rental cars before we wrap them up.



## PR0N COMPLAINTS

If you are like me, you walk across the quad and hear engineers lamenting the pr0n selection on campus. Although the likes of darth-scsi have been supplying copious amounts of pr0n for some time now, after you have seen "Where the Boys Aren't Five" ten times, it tends to lose its appeal. When asked about the pr0n situation, mechanical engineering student Rick Acer said, "I used to be on darth-scsi all the time, but I've come to rely on outside sources for my massive boob-shot needs." Rick isn't alone in his criticism of the in-house pr0n archive. Tommy Tuffnutts, an electrical engineering student, said, "I don't care about quality, I'll watch anything once, but what I need the most is gigundous amounts of pr0n from which I can select." While no solution appears imminent, one suggestion is sure to fail: making your own pr0n. Not only does no one want to watch someone from this institution in any type of sexual situation, no one is having sex in the first place and consequently there is nothing to photograph. Hang tough, fair reader, a messiah will come; his name is Frankie.

## BRING BACK W

I have great respect for our new president. You've gotta respect a man who can take himself that seriously, even when he is a human booger. I refer to the president of the university for those of you who were thinking unpatriotically. Shame on you.

I don't know about you, but I liked being represented by Jim Wagner, or as his friends know him, W. He was a nice, respectable man, who never sounded awkward, and always knew the right thing to say. Then we got this bozo in, who wants to spend all our money of on the so-called Arts and Sciences. This is coming from the same man who, in reply to a *New York Times* article criticizing the large-scale turtle (PBL), wrote, "Nah-uh!!! We have tons of great things at our school. We are the awesomest awesome in the history of awesomeness." W is the only president that I would have voted for.

## MODEL UN RESOLUTION: VANILLA BETTER THAN CHOCOLATE

Last week, the CWRU Model UN Security Council voted on and passed a resolution declaring that vanilla ice cream is "way better" than its chocolate counterpart. The resolution approved a U.S. delegate-led initiative to remove chocolate- with military force if necessary- from its leadership position in the ice cream machines in Leutner and Fribley.

Fake Colin Powell, delegate for the United States, was "very satisfied" with the result. "Finally, chocolate's reign of terror will come to an end," Powell said. "Removing chocolate from power, followed by destroying sprinkles, nuts, and other weapons of mass deliciousness, will result in not only a much safer America, but a much safer world."

It was a surprise for many that the resolution passed, considering that France had threatened to use its veto power under any circumstances. When asked why France had changed its mind, Model Ambassador Jean-Marc de La Sablière surrendered\*.

The passing of the resolution brings about an end to a four month long U.S. campaign attempting to persuade the UN to support military action in the dining halls. Asked what he would do after chocolate was removed, Pretend President Bush briefly outlined a plan to permanently replace bran flakes with Fruity Pebbles. Bush stated, "It's all part of my scheme of world domination. I mean doing stuff. Good stuff. Yes, doing good stuff."

\* Come on, like you didn't see it coming a mile away.

[White space.]



## AVOIDING HUMAN PREGNANCY

Ah wait, who am I kidding? This is one article that does not need to be written on this campus. Go back to your typing.

## WHERE DOES YOUR STUDENT ACTIVITY FEE GO?

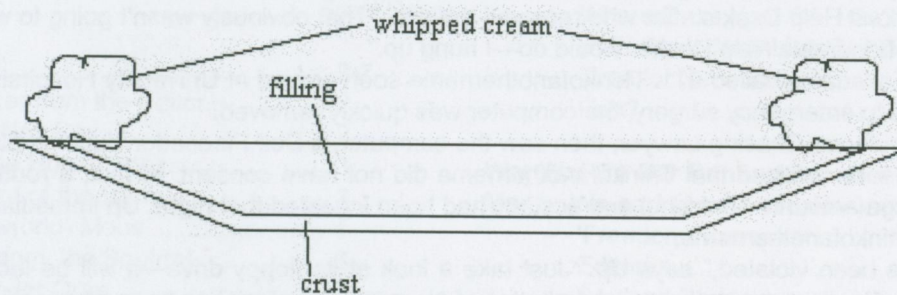
I like money. Most CWRU students like money. On the average, each student makes an annual salary of - \$32,000. As if this isn't enough, there was a proposed hike in the student activity fee that was flatly rejected. The hike wasn't really a hike, in fact. It was more of a strut. Nonetheless, we love our money. There were even flyers that had the opinions of the FORMER Republican Students Club President, the FORMER Democratic Students Club President, and the FORMER Libertarian helper monkey, who all said that the increase was bad news bears. Maybe these officers are FORMER officers because they agreed with their enemies. I know that's how the Libertarian helper monkey got mysteriously neutered.

Most people do not have the connections that we Athenian secret-agent humor machines have. This enables us to get the inside scoop (read: manure shovel) of where your money actually goes.

Here's a breakdown of how the student activity fee is currently used:

75%:	The Observer
50%:	USG (Über Schlaf Getränk)
45%:	Winner of the WRUW-Film Society mud-wrestling tournament
30%:	Ballpoint pens that function in zero gravity
40%:	Hydraulics for Greenies
10%:	
30%:	What the hell is Ignite anyway?
0%:	Bitter Athenian writers

This pie chart better illustrates the situation:



Here's how the money would have been used if the increase would have been approved:

280%:	Hell if I know
-------	----------------

I can't produce a pie chart based on this new data, but I bet that it has a cherry in it somewhere. I'm sure that I'll come up with some sort of coherent data, if I ever get my head unstuck from the dish return at Leutner. Don't ask.

## BME FINDS NEW USE FOR FLOPPY DRIVE, CHARGED WITH RAPE

On March 25, 2003, at approximately 2:38 AM, Obviously Fakename entered his suitemate's room, Glazer 1206BB, after hearing strange but highly pleasurable noises emerging from it. What he found is as disturbing as it is promising.

Frustrated after weeks of failed attempts to develop so-called "interface" technology that would allow him to have sexual relations with his computer, Ican't Thinkofanothername, Obviously Fakename's suitemate and a Biomedical Engineering major, gave up and decided to do it the easy way.

But that easy way turned out to be hard. A lot harder than anyone, including Ican't Thinkofanothername himself, expected.

"At first," says Fakename, "I thought Ican't was actually knocking boots with a live person, which is odd enough. But then, after I heard these groans of pain, I knew something was up."

That something was up, upper than is safely permissible. Thinkofanothername had expanded his computer's floppy drive (with what has not yet been determined). It gets icky from there.

"You have to admit, the guy does have creativity and enthusiasm," says Fakename.

When it became obvious that Thinkofanothername could not get himself out of the situation, Fakename attempted to free his entangled suitemate.

"[It] would just not come out," says Fakename. "He had really given that thing the works."

Fakename called 3333, and within minutes three squad cars, two ambulances, and an ice-cream truck for good measure arrived on the scene.

Sergeant Shitthisishard soon realized that the predicament was not within his jurisdiction.

"As soon as I saw what had happened, I barfed," says Shitthisishard. "Then, I barfed again. Then, I realized that this was a job for the Help Desk."

Calling 368-HELP, Shitthisishard and the other emergency personnel, after several more attempts at withdrawal and ice cream cones, left the scene.

"I usually tell people, if they've got a disk stuck in their floppy drive, to take a screwdriver to it," says the preferably-anonymous Help Desk staffer who received the call. "That obviously wasn't going to work this time. So, I did what any honorable Help Desker would do—I hung up."

At 4:04 AM, Fakename called 911. Thinkofanothername soon arrived at University Hospitals' Emergency Room, and, thanks to emergency surgery, the computer was quickly removed.

Igive Up, Ambulance-Chasing Lawyer, then saw the computer, a Dell Pleasedon'tfuckme 8300, in the recovery room, and soon realized that Thinkofanothername did not have consent. In fact, a routine blood test discovered that large amounts of alcohol and ecstasy had been ingested that night. Up immediately filed rape charges against Thinkofanothername.

"My client has been violated," says Up. "Just take a look at its floppy drive—it will be lucky to receive another disk again. So, it gave Ican't a couple minutes of pleasure, my client has been physically, emotionally, and technologically scarred for the rest of its life."

The computer, who is currently recovering from reconstructive surgery, is unavailable for comment.

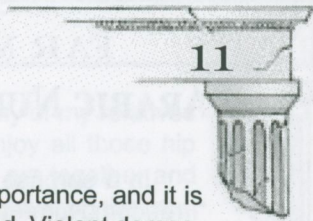
Ishould HavewrittenoutsomenamesbeforeIstartedtowritethisarticle, Ican't's attorney, has refused the press access to his client. We've heard, though, that it really fuckin' hurts.

The Athenian, ever-vigilant in the search for the Truth, has also contacted Mr. and Mrs. Thinkofanothername for their response to the incident, which many are calling "The File Transfer of the Century."

"I just hope it's not pregnant," says Mr. Thinkofanothername. "That's just what we need after all that has happened to Ican't."

The trial has been slated to begin April 14, with Judge Greenfield presiding. The Athenian will keep you posted of events as soon as they come out.





## TIME FOR SERIOUSITY

An important question has been raised among colleagues. This question is of grave importance, and it is imperative that it be drawn into the public eye. CWRU students will become intensely polarized. Violent demonstrations on both sides will shake the very foundation of this academic institution. The country itself will take notice of this issue, and the ol' U of S of A might erupt into civil war. At least three times. With that said, here's the question in question: "If you had to say the phrase 'midget hobo baby astronaut,' would you rather say 'astrobobabidget' or 'mibabonaut'?"

Before you throw that cinder block or ignite that Molotov, please consider this question carefully. You may be alienated from your friends, disowned by your family, and excommunicated from your religious institution. This is history, folks. As for me, I will remain neutral. Neutral as long as the mibabonazis are our slaves.

## HEH?

[Editor's Note: This article was written (rather spoken) one word at a time by the participants in The Athenian's doubly-mistitled SatCo course, How to Make People Like You, or, Humor Writing 101, on March 22. Three staff members and "students" Mindy Bedrossian, Ina Brand, Patricia Greene, Lewis Jones, Nicholas Matteo, Lou Suarez, and Terry Woods took part, each contributing roughly every tenth word or saying "period" (or "exclamation mark") to end a sentence. All other punctuation has been added by yours truly.]

The gazpacho chocolate spilled on my plenipotentiary moronic absolute. My lightswitch imploded after she obfuscated back to prostitute, said "Hello, I'm here for special attention." Now dastardly Dick, he ate millions of eyeballs. Until released bodacious butterflies on my preschool-aged dog. Cleverly, dastardly, wildly, astoundingly hairy men don't enjoy butter with their bagels. Dilemma shouted around the clock tower. Seven fountains of hell are in a underground kindergarten bunker; beneath mountains stood Inferno. Once there, traffic lights were lit brightly and despair struck the astrobobabidget; confusing George Bush Jr. changed America ... hallelujah!

# Table of Contents

Front Cover.....	Front Cover	Where Does Your SAF Go?.....	9
<b>Features.....</b>	<b>2-7</b>	BME Finds New Use for Floppy..	10
Letter from the Editor.....	2	Time for Seriousity.....	11
Dr. Sex Rex.....	2	Heh?.....	11
Case Horoscopes.....	3	<b>War War Bo Bar Banana Fana Fo Far Me My Mo</b>	
Word of the Issue.....	3	<b>Mar ... Wa-aar! (And Terrorism).....</b>	<b>12-13</b>
Cow(orld) Moos.....	4	'Freedom Numerals'.....	12
Swaggy the Squirrel.....	5	Editorial.....	12
Reader Quiz.....	6	Sex and Saddam.....	13
Happypants Bill.....	6	<b>Miscellaneous.....</b>	<b>14-15</b>
Running on M.T. ....	7	Damn You, Academy Awards....	14
Hallucinations.....	7	The Next Beatle.....	14
<b>Case (With a Capital 'C') Specific.....</b>	<b>8-11</b>	A Tribute to My First Love.....	14
PrOn Complaints.....	8	Toys I'd Like to See.....	15
Bring Back W.....	8	Photo(s) of the Issue.....	Back
Model UN Resolution.....	8		Cover
Avoiding Human Pregnancy.....	9		

## ARABIC NUMBERS TO BE REPLACED BY 'FREEDOM NUMERALS'

In a surprise move, Director of Homeland Security Tom Ridge converted our Arabic number system to "Freedom Numerals," a slightly less annoying form of the extremely annoying font Wingdings.

"The terrorists thought that they had the winning edge," explains Ridge "this threat was more silent than nerve gas and more deadly than anthrax. Yes, our former number system was silent but deadly."

Reactions from the press were that of intense giggling and intense wonder. Many questions were raised including: "How will we get an entire nation to convert to this new number system?" and "Ya mean we have to learn stuff?"

Ridge's plan is two-fold. To erase any memory of the former number system, citizens will be bludgeoned with patriotic paraphernalia, ranging from ceramic busts of George Washington to garbage bags filled with ceramic busts of George Washington.

The second phase of the plan was not explained in great detail. When asked by a White House reporter, Ridge screamed, "LOOK! IT'S GODZILLA!" and pointed to the wall behind the seated reporters. After the reporters' search revealed no evidence of a rubber Japanese dinosaur, they turned around and discovered that Ridge had disappeared. Reporters suspect that Godzilla was used by the terrorists to eat key American figureheads.

Here is a chart depicting the new number system that will replace our terrorist way of thinking:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
✈	☩	☩	✪	☩	☩	☺	☩	♥

Starting Monday, Americans will be saying things like "A gallon of gas costs \$✪.☩✈" and "George W. Bush is starting World War ☩." Learning this new system is expected to proceed slowly, as America is filled with Americans.

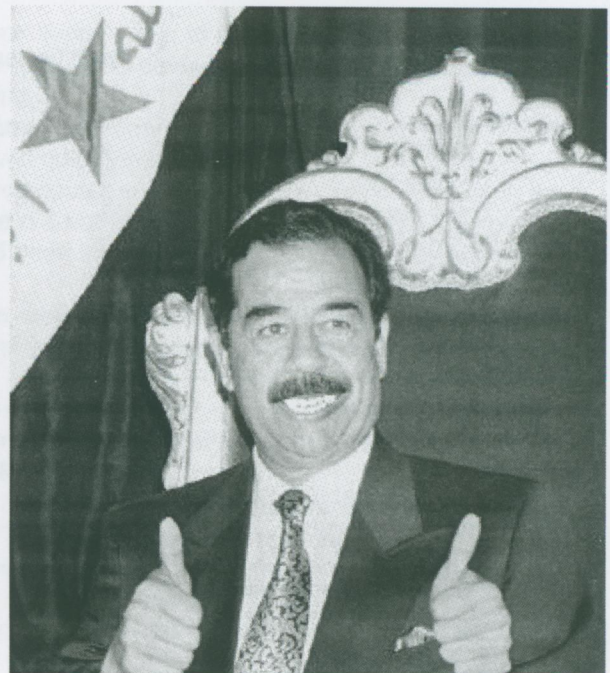
When asked about the number '0', Ari Fleisher, who replaced the eaten Homeland Security Director, explained, "The number zero was conjured up by Arabs. Anyone thinking of nothing does not deserve to eat oppressi... freedom fries."

## EDITORIAL: I'M NOT A BAD GUY, JUST MISUNDERSTOOD

By Saddam Hussein

My friends, I would like to take this opportunity to put to rest a few misconceptions that the American people tend to hold concerning the nature of my personality. Unfortunately, I am often portrayed to be a ruthless, blood-thirsty dictator who has no interest in the welfare of the Iraqi people. This is simply not the case. I want to assure you that I am a very compassionate man, and that I care deeply for my subjects.

Why, just last week I visited a nursing home in Mosul to talk with senior citizens about healthcare issues. I am very interested in their thoughts on HMOs. Then on Thursday, I went to a middle school in Baghdad. I was extremely impressed by the reading progress of the first grade class that I observed. It was deeply moving when little Ahmed and I sat together and read a passage from *Curious George Gets His Hand Cut Off for not Submitting to the Government*. Those kids are amazing. Education has always been one of my favorite issues, and I have kept all the promises I made in my most recent dictatorial presidential campaign.



Really, you need to open your eyes so that you can see what a nice guy I am. Just ask any of my relatives that I haven't yet killed. They will undoubtedly tell you what a laid-back guy I can be. I enjoy all those hip recreational sports, like golf, tennis, badminton, and jai-alai. You know what? How about we get together and play racquetball sometime? I have courts in all of my numerous palaces which I obtained by exploiting the Iraqi people winning game shows.

I hope that this letter has helped you to realize that I am really not a bad guy at all. In an effort to help you experience the good nature of Saddam in person, I am inviting you, the American infidels people to dinner at my place. It will be so much fun! You can come over early and we'll have drinks and watch Oprah. You'll love it. If you're hesitant, ask Hans Blix how much fun it is at my house. He was just here a couple weeks ago, and he enjoyed himself thoroughly. Good old Hans. Anyway, it will be great. After dinner we can have some beers and watch the game on my big screen. Or we could watch some movies on my new DVD player. I just got one of those big surround sound home theater systems. It's like you're right there in the movie! Better than in the theaters. Okay, so is next Friday good for you? Cool. I can't wait.

## SEX AND SADDAM

The perfect solution to peace in the Middle East is monkey business! (Okay, maybe that's the lamest joke since the whole English chicken story.) And yet, the gist of what I'm about to describe boils down to that lame, lame joke. Peace, monkeys, and (oh boy!) sex. See, here's how I view it: animals can be so much smarter than humans at times. And I think right now is one of those times. We should take a clue from the Bonobo monkeys. It's kind of like what the French have done. (As a French friend tells me, "We don't fight; we cuddle." That's pretty endearing, but especially endearing when it's 3 AM, you are drunk, in a foreign country, and you want a



fucking donut but your drunken French friend is being a putz. That's prime cuddling-not-fighting time.) To resolve conflict, Bonobos release tension sexually. They rub the genitals of the other monkey with whom they are in conflict. You heard me: they jack each other off. That's a really good idea, actually. "You fucking prick! You stole my hot monkey girlfriend!" "Hey, man, relax. Take this." Then the monkeys have hot hand action. Pretty handy, eh? (I typed that sentence, then realized the horrible, horrible pun. I apologize.) It makes for the perfect solution. Get Bush and Saddam in a room together. Put on some Sade or Kenny G or, hey, if your little heart fancies, some REM or even "Billy Jean" by Michael Jackson. Then set to. I mean, you have to respect the guy that's holding your man bits in his hand. Then again, Bush is a Republican and conservative, so it's doubtful that his man bits have seen sunlight since 1985.

Imagine the far-reaching global consequences! The U.N. would never have tensions again. Delegates would receive plenty of Lubriderm and scented candles. Who needs nuclear war? World peace would reign supreme. Hey, if it's good enough for the Bonobo monkeys, then by gum, it's good enough for humans.

## DAMN YOU, ACADEMY AWARDS. WHAT ABOUT 'BALLISTIC: ECKS VS. SEVER'?

I realize that I'm just kicking a dead squirrel here, but was or wasn't "Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever" the best film of last year? Come on, non-stop action, sexy stars, great script; this trifecta cannot be beaten. I think the brilliance of this film is shown in the following three scenes. First, when the bad guys are trying to get Lucy Liu for kidnapping the bad guy's son (who really isn't his son), they attack with this super armored combat vehicle with a mounted machine gun on it. But Lucy Liu is so bad-ass that she beats the shit out of the assault team with her special sticks and then kills about a hundred cops with the machine gun on the assault vehicle. Next, while preparing for the final battle, Antonio Banderas looks through the gun selection of Lucy Liu and asks her where she gets all her weapons. She replies, "Some girls buy shoes." The wit, the sarcasm, how could that scene be written better? Answer—It can't. Lastly, preparing for the last showdown with the bad guys, Antonio Banderas hides guns in the undercarriage of railroad cars in the rail yard where the battle will take place. This is so creative, what a great way for the protagonist to get new weapons as the battle progresses. He runs out of ammo and "oops": he finds a new AK-47, genius.

(Note: The above work is total sarcasm. This is the worst film I have ever seen in my life. It was even worse than "Armageddon," and that had the dual effect of Jerry Bruckheimer and Michael Bay going for it.)

## THE NEXT BEATLE

I was recently informed – it is amazing how the little things can escape notice for so long – that the band Coldplay is considered to be the new Beatles. As John Lennon rolls around in his grave, and Paul McCartney in his money, the musical genius of Coldplay somehow escapes me.

I remember when Oasis, the next Beatles, first became popular. The statement that they were the next Beatles was solely based on the fact that they were British. Every Brit can claim to be new Beatles, since they are from the same island. Makes you want to move to England, doesn't? I mean, the weather will make you want to bang your head repeatedly into your steering wheel while driving on the wrong side of the road, and the accents will make you want shove your fist through someone's eye, gov'ner, but at least you will be considered to be part of the Fab Sixty-Million.

Another thing that pisses me off about the Brits is their political views (I know this has nothing to do with music, but I am out of ideas). Tony Blair, the next Beatle, has been very pro-war on Iraq, even more so than the American people. One can only wonder: why? What can he hope to gain from an American war? A British invasion – of the world. Re-claim the glory that once was: The Beatles. Let's put the Brits back in their place. No war for US.

## A TRIBUTE TO MY FIRST LOVE, TO THE JOE SCHMO/JANE DOE READER OF THIS PREORDAINED ESTABLISHMENT

Dear Reader,

I profess that you are the wind beneath my kelt:<sup>1</sup> While I imagine you in Leutner dripping sweet Sloppy Joe's from your tender lips,<sup>2</sup> As you play audience to my written confessions that this is truly heart-felt,<sup>3</sup> Know that I hang from your every word, and that no one else gives better tips.<sup>4</sup>

I can't tell you how much it means to have you in my life,<sup>5</sup> And surely you must realize how lost I am without you.<sup>6</sup> When we are apart I lie awake at night in internal, gut-wrenching strife,<sup>7</sup> So it is here that I must make a stand to better woo.<sup>8</sup>

If at any point you empathized with my pathetic pursuit of rhymes,<sup>9</sup> Then alas, in my trap for emotional suckers you are at once seized!<sup>10</sup> Although the Athenian may seem negative, even misconstrued as derogatory at times,<sup>11</sup> This well-meaning magazine has at least one not-so-subliminal message aimed to please:<sup>12</sup>

If there is one thing we value, it is the smirk of our faithful Reader.<sup>13</sup> Nothing else gives us greater satisfaction or joy,<sup>14</sup> Even if you worship that movie with the line "Take me to your leader."<sup>15</sup> We do sincerely hope you acknowledge our appreciation, however, And realize that for your beloved attention we will attempt any ploy.<sup>16</sup>

1 Kelts in your mouth, not in your hand. 2 Remember darling, a moment on the lips, forever on the hips! 3 How about we role-play something new and spicy tonight, baby? 4 Why don't we make this a joint venture... I'll work Euclid, you work Adelbert. 5 Actually it usually amounts to failing tomorrow's hoechem final just to spend quality time with a hoe. 6 Lost without you and your mom, that is. 7 No dear, this has nothing to do with Gas X or the chili bean soup from dinner. 8 Read on to hear my epiphanic plea, *you can do it, put your back into it!* 9 Hey, did you and the rest of\*

\*Footnotes continued on next page.

Footnotes continued from previous page.

your snickering ChemE suite come to Case to learn to write poetry?? **10** Well, unless you really are a Theater major, in which case you are hereby *unseized* with hopes you will promptly exit stage left. **11** Don't hate the player, hate the game. **12** Make love, not sushi. **13** Hey you! Yeah, that's you! Stand up right now wherever you are and take a bow, or at least candy from a baby! **14** Except for cheese in a can, of course. **15** [shudder] [grimace] [wince] [roll over and *die*] **16** subject to void where prohibited.

## TOYS I'D LIKE TO SEE

	Gang Green Chemistry Set	Learn to Fly Kit: Skinning your neighbor in 2 easy steps.
	"2001: A Space Odyssey®" Star Child play set	Hamster Hangman
"Don't get Mad, Get Anthrax!"	Blue® goes to the Vet Sterilization play set	"The Shining©" action figures, comes with Evil topiary figurines
Clue® goes to the Bahamas	Deadbeat Dad – comes with empty liquor bottles and a dirty wife beater.	Crank Addict Barbie®
Betty Ford Center Barbie®	Bob Villa's This Old Bong	Porn Star Ken®, comes with whips, chains and assorted sex toys.
"All the President's Women" action figures... Collect them all! (Hillary Clinton sold separately.)		

## PHOTO(S) OF THE ISSUE

Some of these photos, taken at the March staff meeting, should appear in this year's Retrospect. The first two depict Webmaster/Secretary of Defense Bart Keyes' attempt to benchpress Editor M.T. Greenfield, with Treasurer Emeritus/Business Manager Pete Nalepa holding on to M.T.'s stinky feet.



As you can see, Mr. Keyes failed to get a proper grasp and suffered the consequences with a face-full of Greenfield ass.

We then moved outdoors, where we all tried to give The Retrospect "something tasty." We were interrupted by a flock of female Norton on-lookers, who proceeded to giggle at us. We then surrounded them, and showed them what's what by taking a picture in front of their window.

