

The Athenian

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Issue 9

April/May 2003

Dear Reader(s),

Welcome to the final issue of The Athenian for the 2002-2003 school year. Hope you have enjoyed yourselves throughout this past year's ebbs and flows of the Humor train, as it slowly (ever-so-slowly) struggles upstream against the currents of Courtesy and the avalanches of Decency, being sure to avoid the rocks of Despair and Hypercynicism with the oar of Vociferousness and the life-jacket of Get-Up-and-Go, tied together by the cords of Self-Confidence.

For those staffers and readers to whom we bid a fond farewell this year, I'd just like to write that we will miss your company, but, that is life. Or is it? Yes, it is.

For those of you who still have a couple more years to serve your sentences, we'll see you next year. Hopefully, you'll be able to get through the hazy summer without our warm companionship and sense of well-being. I assure you that, despite the exceptionality of this year's output, you ain't read nothin' yet.

Sincerely,
The Editor

Aries

Mar. 21 - Apr. 19

Next Friday, about that Chinese food you'll think about ordering: if you eat it, they will come. That's right, debilitating stomach cramps.

Taurus

Apr. 20 - May 20

When in doubt, just think, "What would Mr. Rogers do?"

Gemini

May 21 - June 21

Don't even think about starting a rival humor publication. We are cooler than you, so you might as well submit to our will now. Thank you.

Cancer

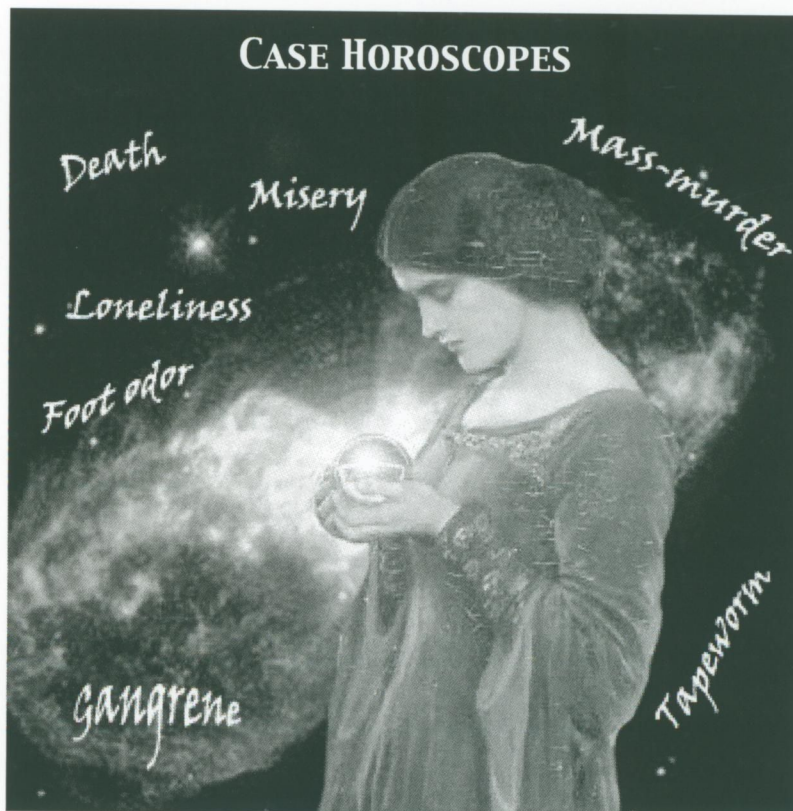
June 22 - July 22

Yes, that's sick. Leave the poor squirrels alone! Sheesh, you'd think you were M.T. or something.

Leo

July 23 - Aug. 22

You think our Springfest booth is the best. Ever.



Virgo

Aug. 23 - Sep. 22

Don't hate the player, hate the lame-asses who spout off clichés, especially ones they have no business using. Ever.

Libra

Sep. 23 - Oct. 23

Whoa. You'd better not let your professors catch you doing that. Ever.

Aquarius

Jan. 20 - Feb. 18

Don't forget that inside jokes are only funny to those on the inside.

Pisces

Feb. 19 - Mar. 20

You're probably right. Seriously. Just quit being such a dork on.

Scorpio

Oct. 24 - Nov. 21

Sometimes you feel like a nut. Most of us do, though.

Sagittarius

Nov. 22 - Dec. 21

There will be a move in your near future. Seriously.

Capricorn

Dec. 22 - Jan. 19

Neither awesome programming abilities nor supreme physics problem skills will help you out on the dating scene. Try the acoustic guitar.

FROM THE FILES OF THE CASE WESTERN RE-SERVE PROTECTIVE SERVICES

Security Alert Level 4: Attacker Escapes with 3 Cents

On the night of January 26, 2003, a CWRU student was walking alone near Wade Lagoon when he was approached by a suspected mugger. The suspect demanded that the student give him all his money. The student, carrying only three cents, tried unsuccessfully to fend off his attacker by using a pair of sunglasses and a two- to three-pound kitten. Those were not enough, however, since the suspect brandished a flame thrower and opened fire. A medical examination of the student showed that he was ~~incinerated~~ unharmed. The assailant is described as a Caucasian, African-American, or Asian male or female who is 4-6 feet tall. If spotted, contact CWRU Protective Services at **** (Note: extension intentionally blotted out to protect those involved). CWRU Protective Services urges students not to defend themselves, no matter how many pennies are in danger of theft.

Caren Grzegorz, Goddess of Safety and Well-Being

MAN WHO USES 'I'M IN THE CIA' PICK-UP LINE ACTUALLY IN THE CIA

It turns out that Cleveland resident Jeff Williams, who has recently been seen trying to pick up women by telling them he is in the CIA, is really in the CIA. Williams has been a covert operator for the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency since 1996. He has completed a number of missions abroad, including activities in Canada and Lichtenstein.

"Well, with the whole recent hubbub in Iraq, covert ops in Lichtenstein haven't been a key point of focus for my employers," said Williams. "That gives me time to hit the numerous hot spots in the Flats." He has been known to spend many a Friday night in the popular Cleveland entertainment district.

When asked about the success of his pick-up line, Williams admitted that it is seldom successful. "You'd think women would be impressed, but they usually just laugh at me. They probably think I'm just some loser making it up. Then I have to prove it to them somehow, like knocking some guy out by putting him in a sleeper hold. That pretty much scares them away." Williams is "not at liberty to say" when the use of his pick-up line last resulted in sexual intercourse.

WORD [UH-OHHHH! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! WEE-OW! WEE-OW!

HAHAHAHAHAHA! ... Ha.] **OF THE ISSUE**

This issue's word [Uh-ohhhh! ROOOOGAAH! ROOOOGAAH! Wee-ow! Wee-ow! Hahahahahaha! ... Ha.] is.....

Word

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

The Athenian

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"Logomachy, *n.* A war in which the weapons are words and the wounds punctures in the swim-bladder of self-esteem—a kind of contest in which, the vanquished being unconscious of defeat, the victor is denied the reward of success."

—Ambrose Bierce, *The Devil's Dictionary*, 1911.

Officers and Other Notables

Advisor: Mr. Arthur Biagianti

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Secretary/Secretary of Secretaries: Scott Milinovich

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President/Editor-in-Chief:
Matt Greenfield

OBSERVER REPORTER KICKED OUT OF IRAQ

Awan Tusukit, a reporter for CWRU's student "newspaper," *The Observer*, was forced by U.S. military personnel to leave Iraq after it was discovered that *The Observer* is indeed the Spawn of Satan.

A three-month investigation revealed a number of terrible secrets concerning *The Observer*. It turns out that the "newspaper" was not only fathered by the Prince of Darkness himself, but that the actual Editor-in-Chief is Saddam Hussein, that the "newspaper" is printed on mutilated and recycled dollar bills from the student activities fee, and that *Observer* staff members power the office by burning kittens in an incinerator. Yes, they put the kittens in while they are still alive, resulting in a terrible, pain-induced "meow" of horror.

Observer officials could not be reached for comment, as they were busy swimming in their pool made of gold and filled with champagne.

THE HOUSE THAT MATTEL BUILT

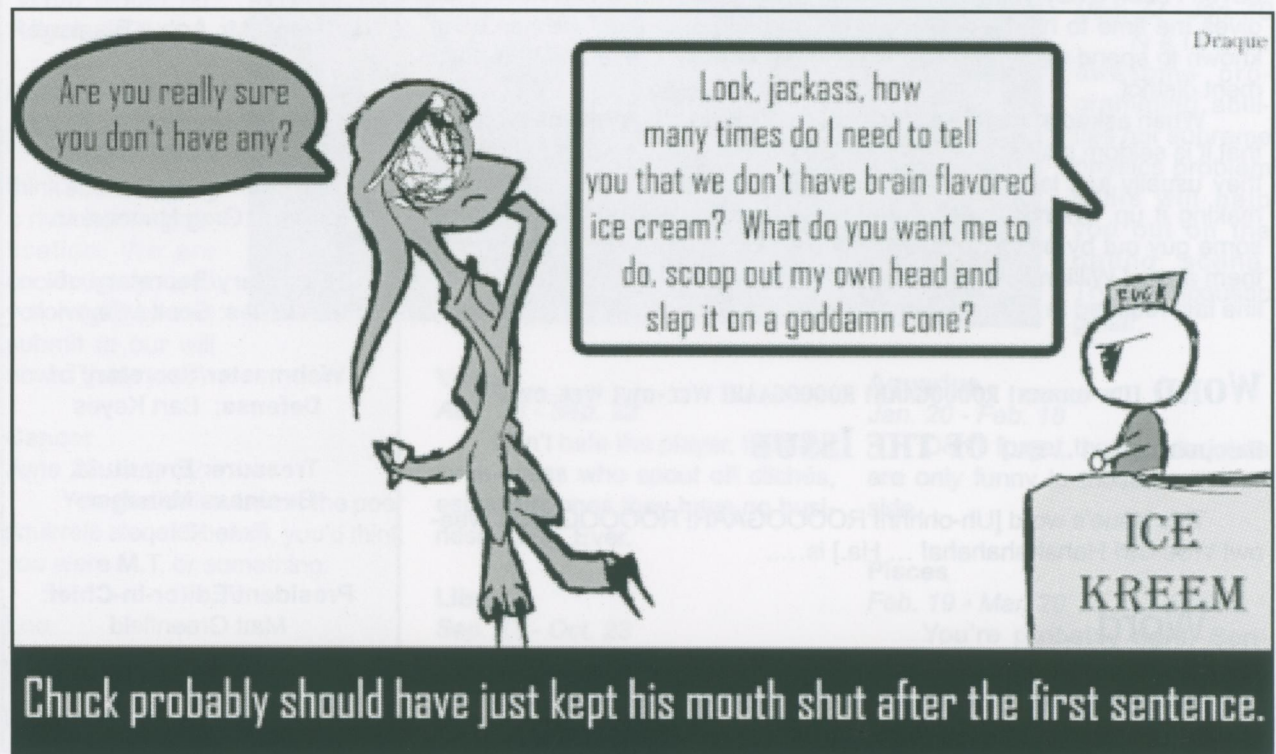
Malibu, California — A beautiful beach house sits atop a sheer precipice, waves smashing against the base. This is the home of Barbie. Or was the home of Barbie. Now, at an inglorious 44, the nips and tucks have begun to sag. But that's not the only thing falling to pieces in Malibu. Ken, Barbie's long time hubby, has been charged with the rape of kid sister Skipper.

"I wasn't doing anything wrong," Ken says. "She's old enough, and God knows she's been around the block. Besides, she offered to give me head while Barbie was off being a doctor or whatever Mattel dreamed up for her."

Skipper, who claims she was a virgin before Ken seduced her and took her like a wild animal, says that she repeatedly said no and threatened to tell Barbie if he fucked her like a sheep again. "Oral is one thing, but hot monkey animal sex 24/7 is a violation of my cooch," Skipper said.

Barbie, devastated by this turn of events, took baby Kelly and Tom and headed for Midge's place in San Diego. Midge, with that sexy hard body, and politically-incorrect bust line, was knee-deep in male models and

HAPPYPANTS BILL



Continued from previous page.

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 ----- love -----
 ----- the president -----
 -----, and -----

 ----- Cheney ----- "-----," -----
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 -----,

'ARE WE ON THE SAME PAGE?'

How many times are professors going to ask the above question before they realize that every professor says this? What page should I be on? Half the time they say this I don't have any clue what the professor is writing on the board let alone what page he's on. This is just their way of saying, "I know that none of you know what I'm doing up here, but since I don't give a rodent fuck I'm going to keep flapping my lips." Next time your professor says this, raise your hand and say, "Which page are you on? I'm on page BLOW ME!" That will make them respect you all the more for giving them some honest feedback.

THE ATHENIAN'S GUIDE TO THE SURROUNDING MUNICIPALITIES OF CLEVELAND

When I first set out to write this column (read: misshapen block), I was planning to travel the world to bring you, the CWRU student, a secondhand glimpse of parts of the world that are greener than this place and probably don't smell. I was going to use the millions of dollars generated from Athenian sales so I can accurately describe French whores, but apparently The Athenian is handed out for free. We're not rich like *The Observer* either. They get a solid gold furnace that only functions when burning \$100 bills. We get our choice of a kick in the crotch or a kick in the head. Anyway, The Athenian only has enough money for me to use my own RTA bus pass and go to the outskirts of this block of land called Cuyahoga County.

There's very little civilization east of Cuyahoga County. The people there are simple folk whose main form of entertainment is the television. Their televisions are much simpler devices; they consist of cats walking around inside cardboard boxes. One man introduced a real color television and was burned at the stake for being a witch. Another was stoned to death for saying that the world was round. Moving on...

The most prominent city to the south of Cleveland is Akron. It is referred to as "Little Cleveland" because I'm an idiot and also because it is completely populated by midgets. They're so cute with their Rubbermaid™ factories and their security cameras that are aimed at public sidewalks. Fun activities in Akron include unintentionally trampling the populace and unintentionally appearing on the new Fox reality show "Who Wants to Marry the Entrails of a Midget?"*

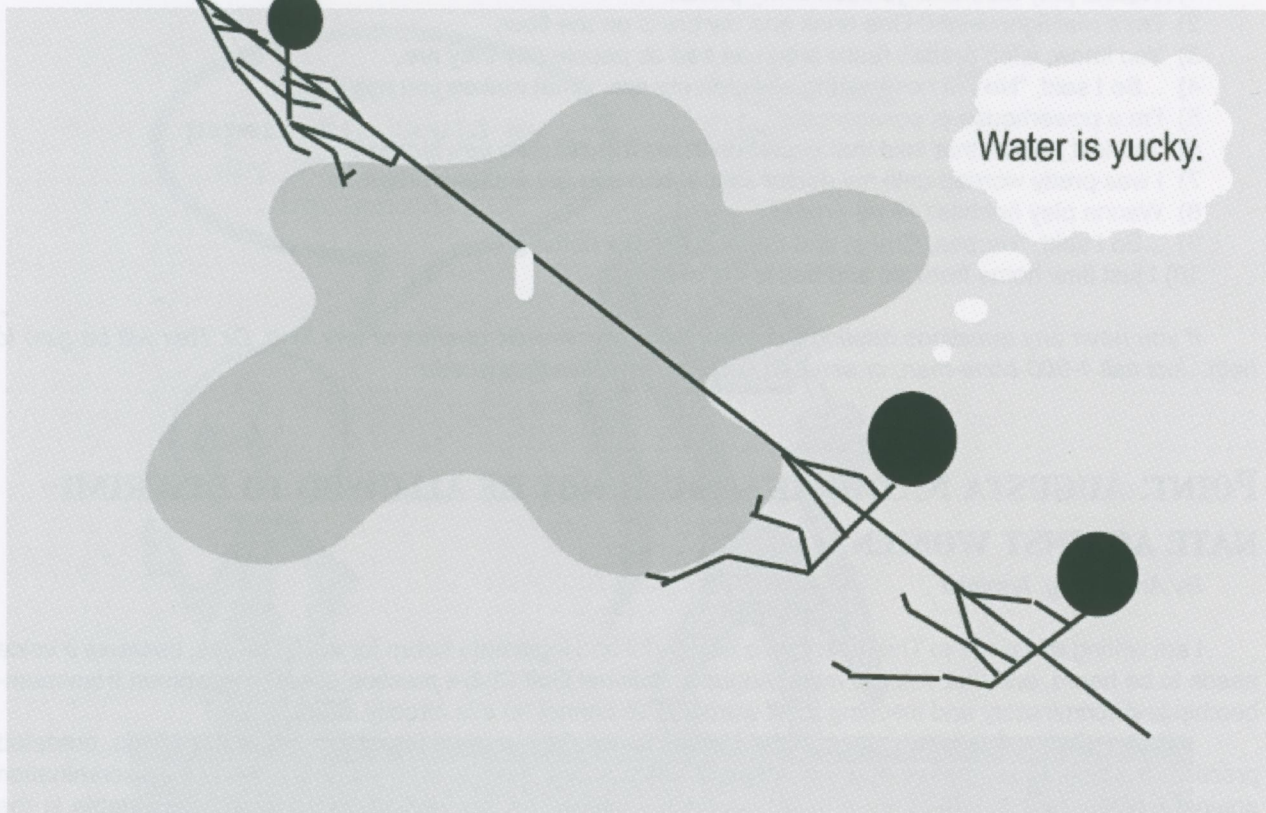
After visiting Akron, I boarded the bus and proudly exclaimed, "Take me north of Cleveland!" In a matter of fifteen minutes, I drowned, caught on fire, and was buried in fish carcasses. That's Cleveland for ya.

* I'm pretty sure this is why they cancelled "Futurama." Also, if you don't understand the ending of this piece, the bus drove into the lake, since the predominant landmark north of Cleveland is Lake Erie.

RRR000000000PE PUUUUUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!?!?

Is it just me, or is rope pull the most inane sight ever seen on the face of the earth?

- Shouldn't someone have to pay royalties to the creators of the sport behind rope pull, i.e., "Tug of War," a vastly more difficult and interesting contest than rope pull since one team actually wins?!
- How is rope pull so hard that months of training are required for 15 guys to lie down, place their feet in conveniently dug trenches and hold on to a rope when the other team isn't even pulling on it? Last year I saw one of the team's anchorman (the guy tied to the end of the rope), eating a sandwich during one of these supposedly grueling contests of Greek life stupidity. Some participants go as far as starving themselves and even journeying to the local instant enema shop to lose that last two pounds to get under the weight limit.
- What is the point of having a pit filled with water between the pulling teams if neither team ever goes into the water? Every single team pussies out and refuses to lose position; instead, they let the rope slip in their hands, dragging the anchorman such that he crushes the pussies in front of him who won't get wet (depriving the audience of some much needed action).
- Why do the teams need coaches to bark orders at them in unintelligible gibberish (REERAAREERAAREEERAAREEEEEtard) or bizarre hand signals (there's always some fat dude slapping his chest—heart attack?) telling them when to pull? It just makes the whole event seem even more like one giant farce. Some coaches even forbid their pulling team from fornicating in the days before rope pull to build up some sort of horny, testosterone-induced insanity so that their team can lie in those trenches better than any other.



DR. SEX REX

Dr. Rex is the premier source for sexceptional advice in the tri-state area, devoting his life to sharing his gift of sextrasensory perception. His statements are derived from years of chasing tail and humping it. With his sexpertise and regular sexercise, you too can become a sexual dynamo.

Dr. Sex Rex, I got a big problem and I need a good answer. My threads are so fly I got women hanging all over me. There's plenty o' me to go around, but some of these ladies look about as good as Rosie O'Donnell run over by a Mack truck with rusty-chained tires. I just can't get rid of some of these girls. You gotta help me out. – Troll Magnet

I just can't get rid of some of these girls. You gotta help me out. – Troll Magnet

I know exactly what you are talking about. I have to fight the ladies off with a frozen midget. They just cannot resist my Rex-appeal. Below I have listed some tips on how to dispose of the weeds and pick the flowers:

Dr. Sex Rex's Tips on How to Lose a Girl (and Keep Her Lost)

Toss 'em these lines and they'll be gone before you can say "hoe down":

- 1) Wanna play hide-and-go-seek in my pants?
- 2) I'm a real lightweight. One drink and my bra is on the floor.
- 3) You know, alien probes really aren't as bad as people say they are.
- 4) ...So I said, "No I'm not wearing a wig on my ass. What makes you ask?"
- 5) I'm a powerhouse of sexellence!
- 6) The last person that said that ended up in my freezer...are you hungry?
- 7) I was pretty worried until my doctor said a man can get a sheep pregnant.
- 8) Wanna play hobbits? I'll be Frodo!
- 9) ...So I said, "Herpes, Crabs, and Syphilis? That's nothing."
- 10) I just flew home from jail and boy is my ass tired.

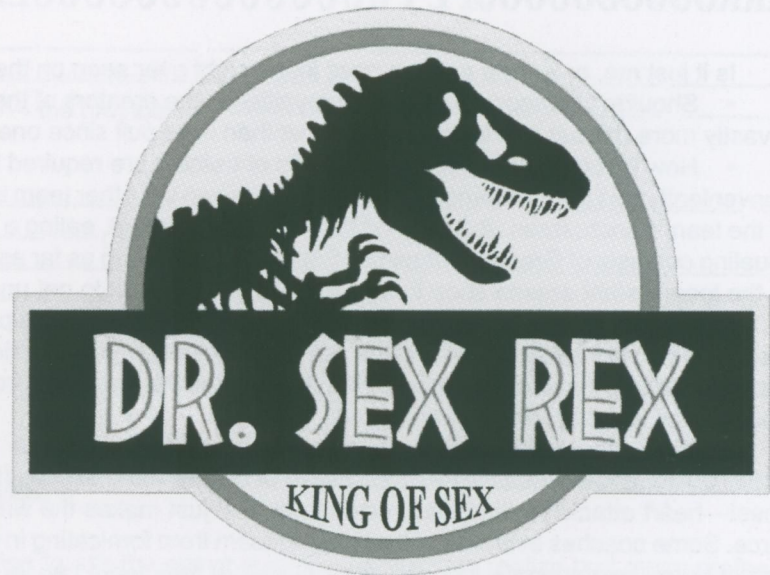
If you have any questions relating to sexcapades or romantic queries of any kind, Dr. Rex will be glad to help. Just call 1-900-bone-man, or send an email to athenian@cwru.edu.

POINT: AUGUSTA NATIONAL SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO DISCRIMINATE AGAINST WOMEN.

By Ann Oying, feminist

I am writing this piece to The Athenian, a wonderful and legitimate forum for social issues, because a voice needs to be heard, and that voice is mine. Augusta National Golf Club's practice of banning women from membership is discriminatory and insulting to all women. We cannot let this atrocity stand.

I, Ann Oying, feminist, call upon the United States Government to put an end to this idiotic, outdated practice. It is time to tell the members of Augusta National that there is no place in the world for discrimination against women, and that the idea of male superiority implied by their actions is no longer acceptable in the



United States of America.

It's time to take a stand. Augusta must open its doors to women. They must add women's tees to the course. They must add ladies' restrooms and locker rooms. They must serve wine coolers and Smirnoff Ice in the clubhouse. The time is now, women of the United States. Take a stand! I, Ann Oying, feminist, challenge the U.S. Government to right the wrongs that have existed for too long. Our wait is over!

COUNTERPOINT: NOBODY CARES.

By Ty Tass, Federal Unfair Practices Committee

To Ann Oying, feminist:

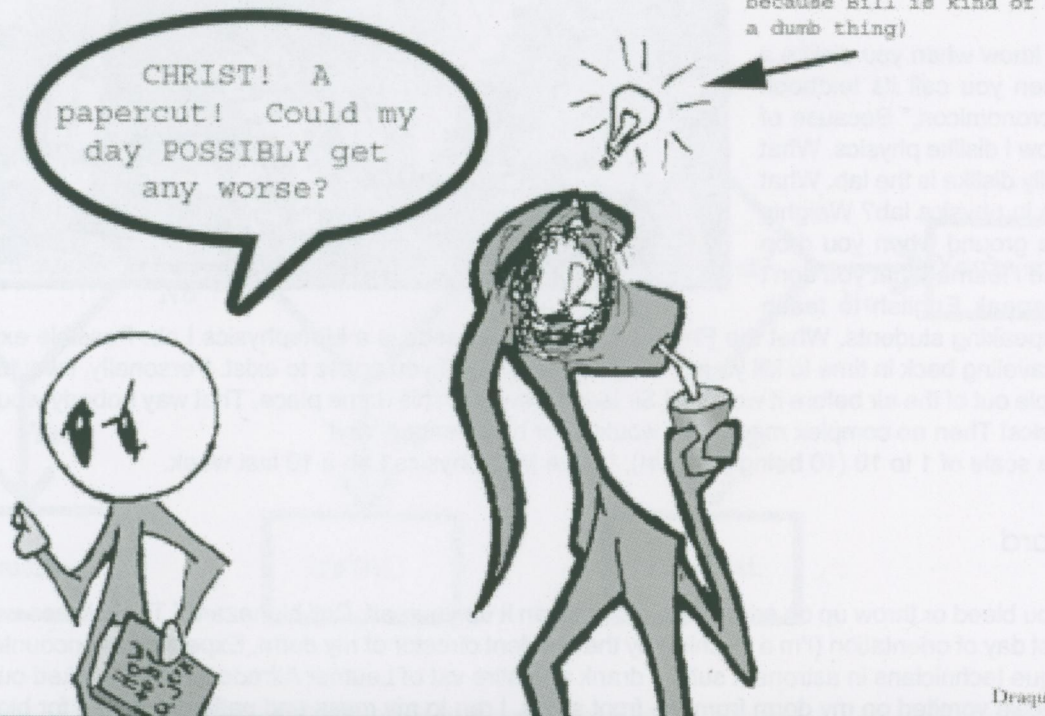
I am a member of the Federal Unfair Practices Committee (Fed. U.P.), and I am writing to tell you that frankly, nobody cares about your little crusade against sacred male institutions. You see, right now there are a number of other situations that require attention. Your beef with Augusta National is nowhere near as significant as the poor economy, the conflict in Iraq, or the War on Terrorism. We here at Fed. U.P. do not have the time to worry about something as minor as you taking your emotions out on a golf course because you ran out of Midol.

Your petition has been forwarded to a new subcommittee which procrastinates on all petitions from people classified as young, obnoxious, and/or unimportant (Y.O.U.). The Y.O.U. subcommittee will start to read your complaint, then put it in a file drawer for months, hoping that you will soon forget about it.

Don't worry; I can assure you that your petition will be dealt with in the most appropriate manner. When we combine the powers of the committee and subcommittee, our ability to get nothing done increases dramatically. We are powerful already when we're just Fed. U.P., but we're even more powerful when we're Fed. U.P. with Y.O.U.

I hope this crushes any dreams you had of your petition actually making a difference. It's not that our committee is discriminatory against women; it's that we simply don't care. Now get back in the kitchen where you belong. I mean thank you for your correspondence. We are all working together here. Remember, Ann Oying, feminist, we are Fed. U.P. with Y.O.U.

HAPPYPANTS BILL



Bill always had a way of putting things into perspective.

REVIEW: EVERYTHING

It's been nearly three issues since I reviewed anything, thus allowing my readers to get opinions of their own. This will not do. In order to combat this new trend, I've written a multi-page dissertation consisting of reviews of many smaller things. So read, enjoy, and abandon all hope of thinking for yourself.

CWRU Architecture

Some of the buildings here are just jokes. The hallways in Mather House and Yost are about as wide as this magazine and nearly twice as tall. They tend to bend and transcend any form of logic, which offends my friends. Any attempt to append these buildings would tend to send my life to its end. This trend continues with the Peter B. Labyrinth building. I can't even begin to describe it. No really, I can't. It would be like finding the beginning of a Möbius strip (or a Klein bottle).

On a scale of 1 to 10 (10 being the best), I give the architecture here a rating of below average.

Physics Lab

You know when you dislike a class when you call its textbook "The Necronomicon." Because of that, I know I dislike physics. What I especially dislike is the lab. What do I learn in physics lab? Weights fall to the ground when you drop them. Also I learned that you don't have to speak English to teach

English-speaking students. What the Physics Department needs is a Metaphysics Lab. Possible experiments include traveling back in time to kill your grandparents to see if you cease to exist. Personally, I would grab that damn apple out of the air before it would hit Sir Isaac Newton in his dome piece. That way nobody would have to take physics! Then no complex machinery would ever be invented! Yay!

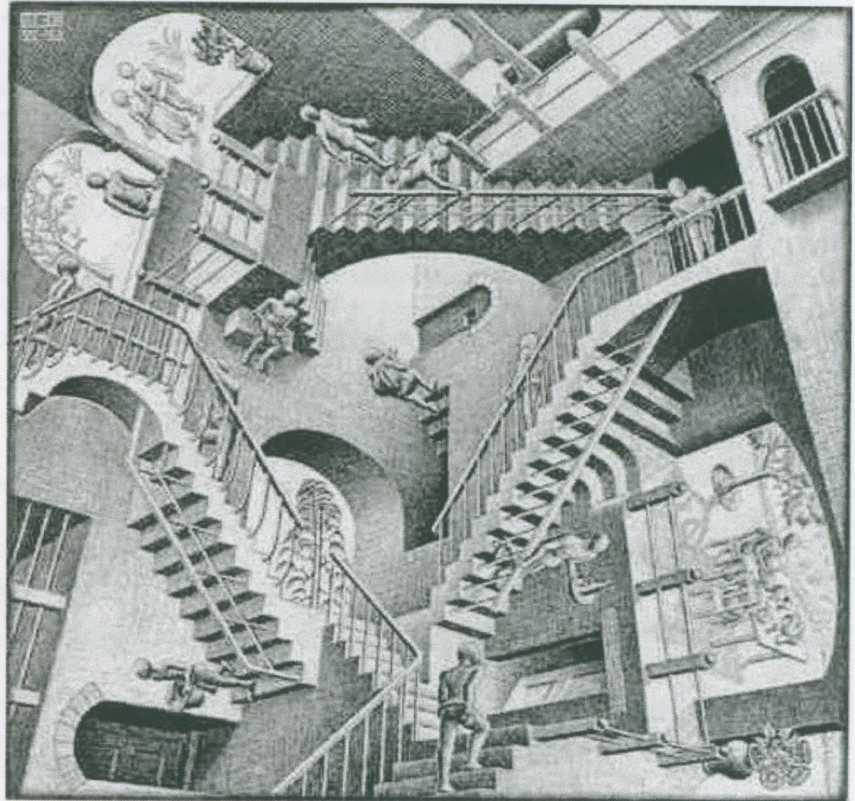
On a scale of 1 to 10 (10 being the best), I gave Metaphysics Lab a 10 last week.

Biohazard

"If you bleed or throw up on something, don't clean it up yourself. Call biohazard." That phrase was uttered on the first day of orientation (I'm a freshie!) by the resident director of my dorm. Expecting to encounter a group of ET-esque technicians in astronaut suits, I drank an entire vat of Leutner Alfredo sauce. I walked out the door and projectile vomited on my dorm from the front steps. I ran to my mess and patiently waited for biohazard to arrive. There were no astronauts; just an angry African-American janitor who murdered me with dirty looks.

On a scale of 11 to 20 (15 being the best), I give biohazard a 13.62.

*Greetings from the
Peter B. Lewis Building!*



The Observer

Одъиыс жиьплдб бий силю платчж.

This One Suburb of Cleveland That Isn't Even in the County

If you go west enough, you'll encounter several cities that I refer to as "dirty." One town, for example (which I will call "Blank Ridgeville" or maybe "North Blank" to protect its identity), has more pregnant girls than computers in its high school. What makes traveling through "Blank Blank" extremely fun is that there are more stoplights on the main roads than there are pregnant girls in its high school. As a result, local children don't play "Red Light, Green Light," they play "Stop Here to Actuate Signal."

On a scale of shoes to top hats (top hats being the best), I definitely give "Blank Whatever" a score of pants.

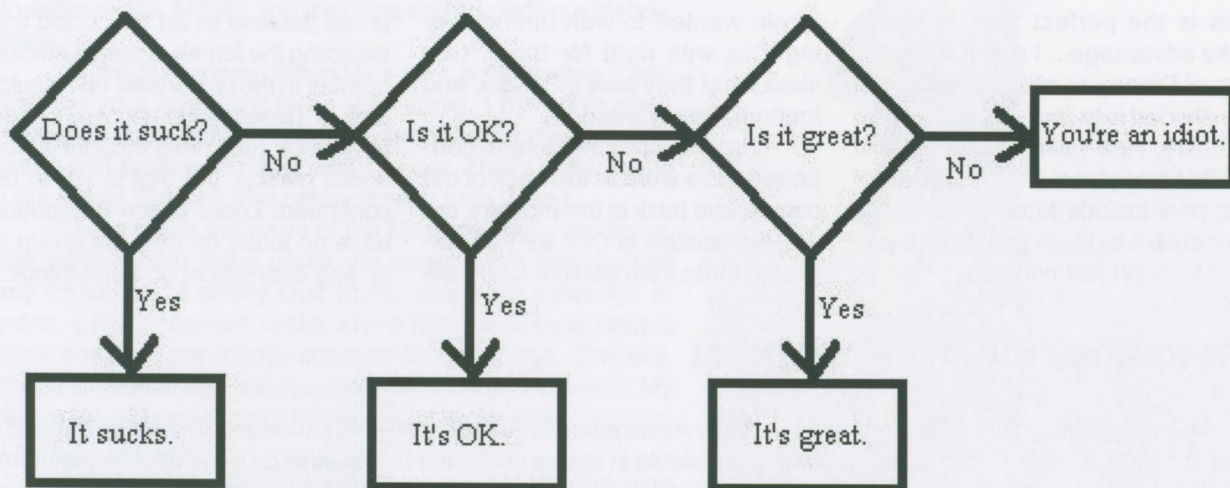
America Online Instant Messenger

This wonderful piece of equipment has revolutionized nearly everyone's ways of life, from the degenerate seventh grader to the degenerate business man. Anyone can tell anyone else "no u suk fag" in a matter of nanoseconds. The functionality of AIM is also pretty sub-par, since everything I ever download somehow gets saved in my refrigerator.

On a scale of lolz to antidisestablishmentarianism (antidisestablishmentarianism being the best), I give AIM a "n00b."

Well, it seems that I cannot review exactly "everything" as I had hoped, but I did review nearly everything that is in big letters (except for the "Review: Everything" part). As a result of my laziness and a rare feeling of compassion, I will let you form your own opinions. This may be difficult for some of you*, so I've made a helpful flowchart outlining how to think about things:

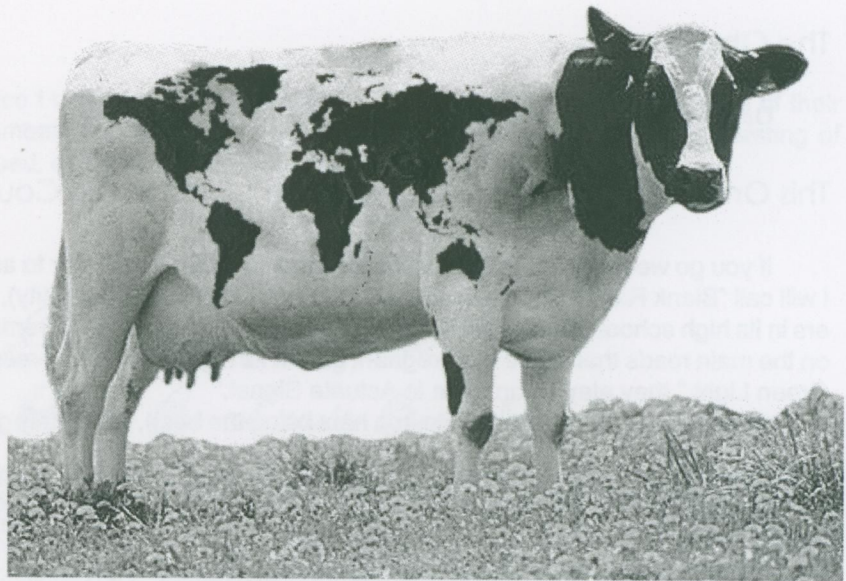
* WHO SUPPORT THE WAR!!! BONNNNGGGG!!!



COW(ORLD) MOOS

Prince Crowned Queen of Pop

PRINCE'S HOUSE – The Artist Formerly Known as Good has declared himself the “Queen of Pop.” Remarking on his ascension to the throne, he said, “Michael Jackson already holds the title of King, so I figured Queen would fit me well. From now on, just call me Queen.” Queen plans to celebrate his rise to power with a new outfit that “shows some cheek” and some new makeup.



Mickey Mouse Goes Muslim

IRAQ – Following the war in Iraq, Disney has planned the construction of a new amusement park in the desert outside Baghdad. Disney Publicist Min Niemouse announced the name of the new park would be “Mickey’s Mirage.” She explained, “Just like their yearning for freedom, Iraqis have also yearned for Disney to capitalize on them. With EuroDisney such a success and the love for all things American, this is the perfect time for us to take advantage... I mean bring the joy of Disney to all.” The park will be divided into four sections: Kurd Kountry, Turk Town, Sunni City, and Shiite Shantytown. Planned rides for the park include Muslim Mountain, where Mickey takes guests on a wild ride through hell and back.

Cox Cable merges with Virgin Enterprises

BRITAIN – After weeks of long talks and one night of drunken debauchery, Virgin Enterprises has agreed to merge with Cox Cable. A Virgin spokeswoman commented, “After years of going it alone in the entertainment industry, it was time to team up. Virgin has accepted Cox, expecting much growth from the company.” With years of experience in mergers, Cox tried to rush the union, but Virgin wanted to wait until deciding Cox was right for them. Cox liked what they saw of Virgin, and immediately wanted in.

Virgin’s spokeswoman continued, “We were in the back of the competitive pack in this industry, but with the addition of Cox, we’ll be surprising them from behind. Competi-

tors are going to end up with more than just egg on their face.”

CIA Suffers Art Attack

Cleveland, OHIO – In the first terrorist incident since the escalation of terrorist-American relations after Sept. 11, terrorists mistakenly broke into the Cleveland Institute of Art thinking it was the Central Intelligence Agency. Security cameras captured looks of confusion on the faces of the criminals once they entered the building. In a fit of rage, the group defaced all art they could find depicting the female figure. A suicide bomber in the group blew up a sculpture of Greek goddess. Authorities believe he may have thought it was a real person, but that is yet to be confirmed. Local police authorities have no leads on who the group is or why they would do such things.

THIEF GOES DOUBLE-PLATINUM

Washington, D.C. – The Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA®) announced that Radiohead’s new album, *Hail to the Thief*, which will not be available in stores until June 9, has already gone double-platinum.

“We never used to count Internet-downloading before,” said spokesperson Avi Fletcher. “But this was just too huge. I mean, over two million downloads and the album won’t be out for another month? Damn. Yeah, that’s right - we just say ‘Damn’ around the office whenever it comes up.”

The RIAA® went on to explain that the album’s rating was not the traditional multi-platinum status, but rather a new classification they have debuted with *Thief*. In a stunning display of waiting for just the right moment to release a new standard, the RIAA® introduced the new “Thief Gold,” “Pirate Platinum,” and “Master Pirate

Multi-Platinum" classifications.

The traditional classifications, which will remain in place, include not only a minimum number of albums sold but also minimum dollar amounts of sales. However, the new classifications will not require minimum dollar amounts of sales, since qualifying copies of the music are available for free. However, the certification process is somewhat more difficult, since the copies are distributed to computers all over the country that are not necessarily readily searchable. The RIAA® is working on that issue, however, as Fletcher went on to specify.

"The RIAA® is currently in the process of securing permission to search every computer in America in order to determine which albums are eligible for the new awards," said Fletcher. "This of course includes not only the initial survey, but also the installation of monitoring software so that our totals will always be up to date."

When asked whether the RIAA® was concerned about violation of privacy, people resisting their new program, or even securing permission to begin with, Fletcher merely chuckled. "Look, first off, do you really think a major business concern will have problems getting what it wants under this national administration?" he began. "Second, people are in a great mood to give up privacy in the last few years. We probably won't even have to get them to believe it's to fight terrorism anymore."

"Of course, there will be a few who have a problem with the new program and resist," Fletcher continued. "Our response to them shall be swift and mighty. We shall smite them on the beaches, smite them on the seas and oceans, smite them in the fields and in the streets, we shall smite them with growing confidence and growing strength in the air. We shall defend our profits, whatever the cost may be."

"Whoa, sorry," Fletcher then apologized. "Uh ... I mean, we respectfully disagree with opponents of our new strategy, er, strategy, and will continue to pursue our objectives. Dude, we couldn't even smite people on the seas or in the air – it's not like we have an air force or navy or anything like that at all."

Fletcher then chuckled nervously.

[The Athenian apologizes on behalf on Winston Churchill and his descendants for Mr. Fletcher's remarks.]

OKIES... HERE GOES.... IT'S PRETTY SHITTY BUT, WHATEVER, IT'S 2 A.M.

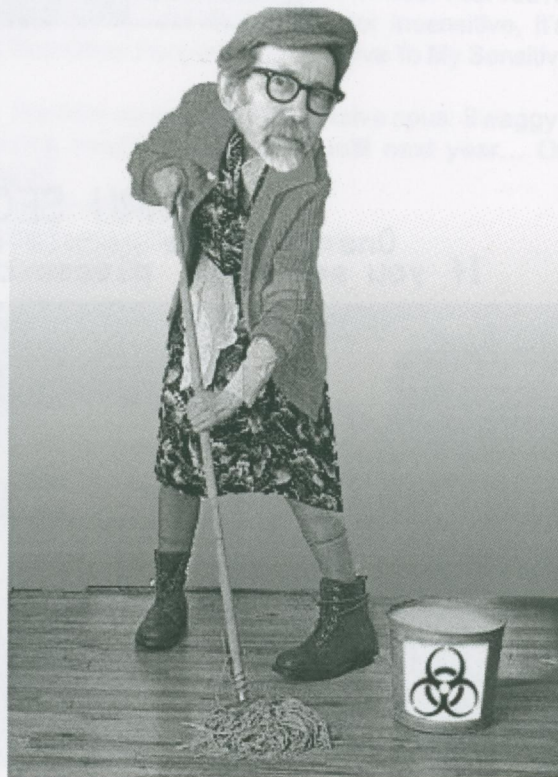
Remember how in high school when you had slave for a day to raise money for like prom or something? (Which is bullshit: I didn't go to my prom.) Anyway, the basic premise was you were your teacher's lackey for the day and did shit to seem useful. Mostly, you ate pizza and graded your friends' tests.

I'd like to propose: Slave for a Day, college style. Only, you get your professor to be your slave. I have this massively entertaining fantasy that my horrible (anonymous subject here) professor could wax my car. That's right, make Lola shine! (Damn it, the car's name is Lola. Live.)

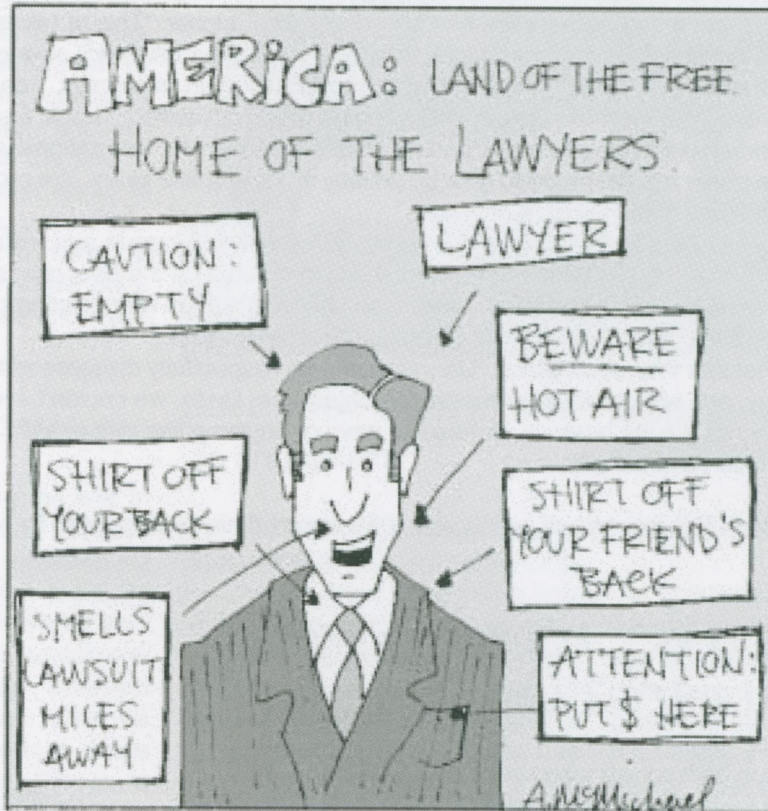
There's also the issue of the Dust Harveys (you know, the large rabbit) living under my roommate's bed. Amidst my collection of empty Diet Sprite cans, her collection of pens, a few homeless socks, and a handful of stale Tositos lives a race of genetically superior Dust Harveys. One day, these Dust Harveys will rise up and conquer the world. My Slave for a Day prof would have to defeat the Dust Harveys. I sure as hell won't.

Within the guidelines would have to be some provision about my prof writing my papers. Maybe not for his/her class, but for another class. I'd like that immensely. I could watch Wild On or some such ridiculous show, eat Tositos (feed the Dust Harveys!) and say, "Damn it, write my paper!"

What a wonder world...



YE OLDE RANDOME PAYGE OF PICTURES



CWRU SECURITY ALERT:

One of these people may be a suspected criminal.
If you see them, please cross the road and tell security



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

Part VI: A New Hope... -lessness

And so, after masquerading as a giant leaf, getting manhandled by a group of passivist protestors, doing a lot of nothing, attempting and failing at disguising himself as a life-size snowman due to none-too-predictable Lake Erie weather, and discovering the valuable power of 'All' detergent, M.T. Greenfield was, finally, at a loss for thoughts.

What could possibly bring to fruition his squirrel-lust at this point? Was Swaggy, the object of his undesirable desires, working in mysterious ways to impede him from gratification? M.T. came to one conclusion, one of the most original methods the human being has developed for denying the futility of his actions: four magical words which make everything all right, even for a little while: "More research is needed."

So, M.T. pounded the books.

Then, he read them... most of them... just the introductions, actually... and by that, I mean the introductions of the titles... and by that, I mean the first two words of the titles... the first letters of the first two words. (Here's what he came up with: ~~frjdncrthe dskipwgyssssskthp wads h n d h b n w e d k e d g y~~)

After compiling all his research, M.T. then wrote a 150-page thesis on the subject, entitled "How Come The Squirrel That Goes About Mather Quad, Who I Understand Is Called Swaggy, Is Not Submissive To My Repeated Attempts at Trans-Species Copulation, and Other Finite Phenomena, Located and Defined Peripherally, Using the Qualitative De-Qualifying Sys-

tem Developed by Strasson and Lee (1974d) and Used Extensively by Many Fancy Fancy People—But I Will Not Devolve Into a Sense of Even Quasi-Erudition in the Bulk of This Thesis, Much Less the Title; and If You Don't Like That, Find Your Own Damn Squirrel and Write Your Own Damn Thesis About Him or Her, If You Can Determine the Gender of Your Own Damn Squirrel, That Is, or Are Even Remotely Interested In That Type of Thing... Now, I Have Lost My Place In My Title, Just

Because of Your Little Trifling Concern About Getting Your Own Damn Squirrel;

You Take No Responsibility

For Your Actions and

Now It's Me, M.T.

Greenfield, Who Pays

the Price For It... I'm

Sorry, I Know You Were

Only Trying To Help; I Do

That Sometimes, I Just

Blow Up in People's Faces,

and It Seems Like I Don't

Care (My Girlfriend Says

She's Had It Up To 'Here'—At

This Point She Points to an

Imaginary Line Right About At

the Level of Her Imaginary Head),

Do, I Really Do, It's Just That You're

I'm Sorry; I'm Not Insensitive, It's

But I an Asshole— I'm Sorry; I'm Not Insensitive, It's Just That Other People Are Insensitive To My Sensitivity."

The final verdict of M.T.'s massive opus: Swaggy-screwing would have to wait until next year... Or would it?

Yes, it would.

But I wouldn't hold your breath...

Or would I?



[White space.]

PHOTO(S) OF THE ISSUE



As a retrospective of this year's cover images, four out of five of The Athenian's cover men (the fifth, Vipul Modi, was last seen in Busymedstudent Land) gathered at Wade Lagoon for the above photo. The only creature who jumped at the "bait" of past issues of the magazine on that Thursday morn was M.T., who was obviously intoxicated after ingesting the floating geese poop in the Lagoon... He later attempted to put the moves on two Lagoon Nymphs, who remained indifferent to his advances, despite his amorous T-shirt logo.

Stick to squirrels, M.T.

(On an equally disturbing note, a wave of dead fish was discovered the following day... no doubt due to Athenian poisoning.)