

ISSUE
154



the
SOPHISTICATED
issue

Editor's Note

Why, I see you've picked up our esteemed satirical magazine. Now, usually, my verbosity comes in the form of cruel and crass jokes about a particular dangling reproductive organ, but in this issue of *The Athenian*, we've decided to change our grotesque ways and focus on more sophisticated, highbrow humor. Now, it is not so easy to partake in such a quick rapid change. I've had to indulge in Leo Tolstoy and Charles Dickens just to feel something. I have been racing to enhance my mind and soul in all things literary. Dr. Jekyll is Mr. Hyde, Willy Loman had an affair, and Horton did, in fact, hatch the egg.

Why, I've begun to only engage in black and white films. "Dick" jokes are beneath me now. My focus has shifted to phallus jokes. Now, you too can join me in the top 1%. In order to accomplish my lofty goal, I've put forth tremendous effort. Wearing patterned knee high socks and a stylish chapeau was just one step. Fortunately for you, lucky reader, you do not have to replace your bicycle with a penny-farthing or wear a monocle. You have access to the magazine in your hand. This issue of *The Athenian* provides you a quick ticket to the realm of sophistication. In order to take advantage of this magnanimous gift, you must read every article. Leave no drop of ink unseen. I've done my part in printing this work of art, now it's your turn to join me.

My top hat shines tall,
Evan Durkee



@cwruathenian



athenian-editors@case.edu



cwruathenian.org

university    
media board

Editor-in-Chief:

Evan Durkee

Managing Editor:

Jake Bridge

Copy Editors:

MG Davis

David Kaplan

Cade Kuhlins

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Head of Design:

Nealey Barak

Designers:

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Arya Srivastava (walking)

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Esquire:

Megan Abel

Contributors:

Wren Davis

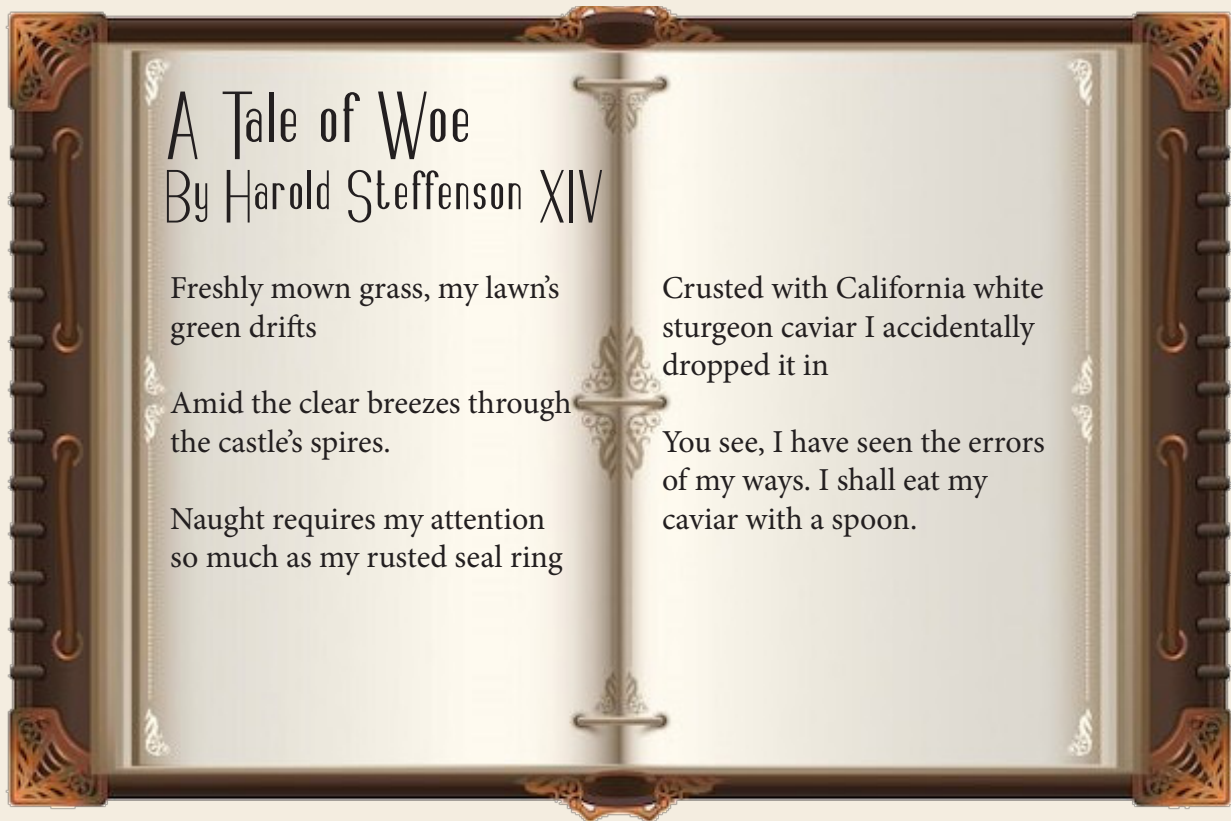
Rowan Fogg

Jonah Kerchner

Wren Penkala

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A most sophisticated game

By Sir Doku

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How to retire before first grade

By Mightbe Gifting “MG” Davis

Fifteen years ago, I took a big step in my career. I had done everything right — I invested smart, worked hard, and rose to the top. It only took a few years of effort, but I had amassed enough wealth to have me set for life. And so, in the summer between kindergarten and first grade, I left the workforce and started retirement.

You read that right — I retired at six years old. And you could have too, if you had just followed a few simple steps. Retiring early is a lot easier than all those Starbucks-drinking, depressed millennials will have you believe. Take it from me; I started out with nothing but the skin on my back and my parents’ trust fund. If I was able to retire before I could ride a bicycle, then what’s stopping you? To show you just how easy it is, let me walk you through my life story and give you a few tips on how to succeed.

1. Start early. It’s never too early to invest. Before I left the womb, I had a stock portfolio and an emergency fund that my parents set up for me. It wasn’t much, but it got me started on my journey. I wish that I could’ve been born a little later so that they could’ve invested in Bitcoin for me, but you can’t win them all!

2. Network. Mere seconds after I was born in the Northrop Grumman boardroom, I pulled myself up by my bootie-straps and began to work towards my future. I climbed the corporate ladder before I could crawl. I shook hands with executives before I developed hand-eye coordination. Once I mastered “peek-a-boo,” I had my eyes on the prize. If you wanna make money, you need to know a lot of people like I do. And no, my networking skills had nothing to do with my mom being the CEO of Northrop Grumman. I’ve never needed nepotism to succeed.

3. Be rich as fuck. This really could be a footnote because it’s not as important as the other tips. My parents are crazy rich, and so were their parents. I think having that support might have helped me save up money. It didn’t contribute as much as my years of hard work did, though, so it’s not necessary.

4. Work harder. When I entered preschool, I knew I was different from the rest of my class. Other kids didn’t have the same mindset that I did. Other kids didn’t take the family helicopter to school or eat Lunchables dipped in gold. Clearly, I was special because I worked harder than any of them. I never stopped that grind, and I never let anyone tell me what to do. I believe that this is ultimately what led to me making so much money from a young age.

I remember my last day of kindergarten. I was coloring outside the lines (I’m a free thinker) when I realized that I never would need to work another day in my life because of the wealth I’d attained. I stepped out of that classroom and felt the weight fall off my tiny shoulders, knowing that I’d be able to live out my days in comfort, all because of the effort I’d put in in my early years.

I hope my life story has inspired you to work harder, but this is only the tip of the iceberg. If you want to learn all the secrets to investing and making money, please subscribe to my podcast.

A Review of the Sixty-Seven

By Bartholomew Sark'oofogous



In recent weeks, a troubling lack of profitability has caught my attention. Many of my underlings have wasted precious minutes to simply state "Sixty-Seven," a shocking waste of my money. I sent my bodyguards to investigate, but unfortunately those plebians simply returned with a single word — "meme." This utterly useless answer has resulted in the push to do my own research.

I pulled out my gold and diamond encrusted Apple iPhone 29 Ultra Extra Max Expanded Edition and typed out the digits six and seven. From there a dizzying account of music, numbers, and young people on the civilian app of TickTocks arose in response to this search.

The best I can make of my research is that the sixty-seven "meme" comes from a word of Latin origin, meaning the "sixth" number and the "seventh" number in English. More recent sources attempt to explain the word's close relation with a song using suggestive hand movements.

The mere idea that my employees, the pinnacle of the lower class in monetary skills, have fallen to this point is revolting. My employees, while previously above this imbecilic level, have dropped below my lowest expectations, and they must be removed to prevent a negative public image. They should be fired and replaced by new blood, perhaps six or seven easily impressionable younglings.

BREAKING NEWS: BS Fashion reduces work force from 3 to 1, likely as a response to usage of endangered white rhino leather in their luxury underwear.

An ad for Top Tier Tushies

By a man on the throne



President Kaler announces new University Housing Plan

By Bill Derr

As Case Western Reserve University (CWRU) prepares to admit its largest ever freshman class for the upcoming school year, many students are wondering how the campus facilities will be able to handle the unprecedented overflow.

To assuage student and faculty worries over overcapacity, a confused President Eric W. Kaler has promised to “make sure Dr. Covault goes over capacitance in PHYS 122.”

On an unrelated note, President Kaler recently unveiled his plans to construct a massive Tinkham Ballroom (not to be confused with the Tinkham Veale University Center ballrooms) at the site of the North Residential Village. To clear space for this elegant endeavor, President Kaler intends to demolish the Mistletoe, Juniper, and Cedar-Magnolia residential communities.

Concerned for the budgetary implications of this proposal, our brave reporters asked President Kaler how he intends to house the displaced students.

“I have... concepts of a plan,” he responded. “We know that most students live in Clarke Tower, anyway. They’ll fit somewhere.”

President Kaler provided ample concept art for the ballroom, which will include a massive CWRU-branded chandelier, a six-fingered statue of some former professor, and multiple stairways leading to nowhere.

The expansive ballroom will be funded by additional budget cuts to Undergraduate Student Government clubs and by the elimination of various unnecessary programs such as “Disability Resources” and “the entire Sociology department.”

Despite his elaborate plans, President Kaler seems unsure of how exactly the ballroom will be used. He suggested that it be reserved for “high-class networking events” and “as a backdrop for cool promo emails.”

President Kaler’s philosophy has consistently been that CWRU requires the biggest and most modern facilities with the most obnoxious branding in order to be taken seriously on the national stage.

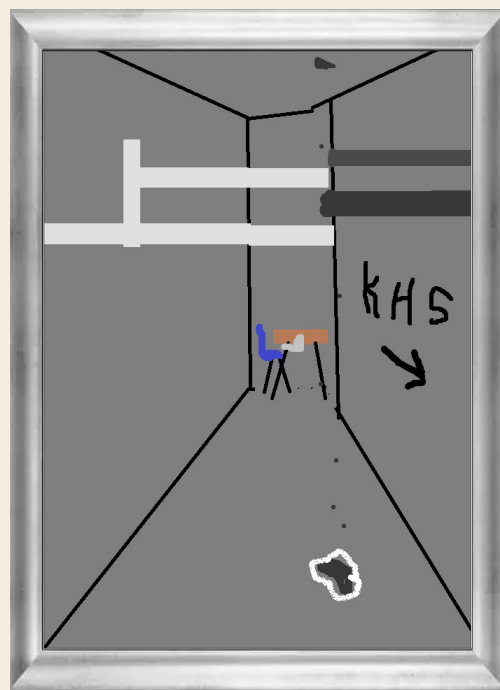
At the time of publishing, President Kaler has confirmed that, to remind everyone which school they go to, the ballroom exterior will be decorated with at least one new sign.

The Young Aristocrat's Guide to the Most Refined and Sophisticated Study Spots on Campus

By Vox Patricius

In this esteemed institution of learning, there is no greater calling than the improvement of the mind. However, in this age of these newfangled video games and social media, far too many young scholars are being led astray from the sacred pursuit of knowledge. To guide these prodigal youths, I have partnered with *The Athenian* to assemble a list of the best study spots on Case Western Reserve University's campus in order of worst to best.

7. The hallway fifteen minutes before the final exam. Yeah, we all do this, but honestly, it likely won't help much and just stresses you out even more right before the exam starts. Just study beforehand and get a good night's sleep. Plus, desperately trying to memorize the stages of glycolysis is the exact opposite of sophisticated. Your net worth says you own half the world, so act like it.



6. The Kelvin Smith Library (KSL). Yeah, this one will be controversial, but really, you're the modern-day aristocracy! You're sophisticated, elite, stylish, the exact opposite of KSL. The lower levels are the place for the rabble, the commoners, the plebeians: it might as well be the unemployment office with how they'll turn out. And the third floor is just for upstarts who think they can get somewhere in life with hard work or effort. Do keep a bit of an eye on them.

5. The Peter B. Lewis Building. It's the business school, so you're starting off on the right track. The wide open space evokes grandeur and shouldn't make you feel small in comparison. It's also got the curvy sorta organic looking architecture and the all-consuming silver tide of doom aesthetics to symbolize the naturalness of your ascension to shadowy master of the world; the silver gripping the building just as you will have the globe in the palm of your hand (I'd have a globe myself, but the one at Goodwill had the paper torn off in some places). It also has lots of power outlets, if your laptop is constantly dying like my self esteem when exams are looming. Honestly, the only downside is that it's well known, so it's a bit pedestrian.

4. The Allen Memorial Medical Library. What is there to say? It has "memorial" in the name. Of course it's a good place to study and memorize things.

3. The roof of Clarke Tower. I know what you're thinking: "Clarke tower? The worst dorms on campus?" The wretched hive of scum and villainy? But really, it's got an exotic, roguish charm, and from the rooftop you can look down on all of your lessers while calculating compressive stresses. Oh, and some people may protest that you aren't allowed up there, but obeying rules is for peasants.

2. The steam tunnels. Sometimes, it gets boring being rich and powerful and charismatic — the world doesn't see your darker, more sensitive, broodier persona. Enter the steam tunnels: the perfect place to mysteriously vanish into while you finish your essay on human remains in American museums. There's even a desk down there, though it is dusty.

1. L'Albatross. Is studying for exams feeling like an albatross around your neck? Then L'Albatross is the perfect place to forget all that while enjoying a nice leg of duck confit. It's also a great place to do a group study with your fellow heirs to the world. Leave The Den to the unwashed masses (seriously, don't skip on showers guys).

OP-ED: The billionaires are just like us! Local billionaire discovers monster trucks are still cool

By NYT Opinion Writers

The following article is a reprint from the New York Times opinion section

Last Tuesday, local billionaire Fakhta Porr released a statement on the social media app X, declaring that he had discovered a new “pinnacle of human experience.” That experience? Monster trucks.

The billionaire son of an old-timey oil baron (the kind with the top hat and monocle and child workers and everything!), believed he was heading to Münster, Germany for the Jeffrey Epstein Memorial Orgy and BBQ, but mistakenly went to see MONSTER: GERMANY, the biggest monster truck show in Europe. According to his secretary, an AI chatbot, “Oops! That’s my mistake. I guess I was confused when you said you wanted a ‘good time featuring the voices of screaming children.’”

Upon arriving to the show, Porr saw something he had “never seen before. It was just totally badass!” Porr was dismayed that he had never heard of monster trucks before, stating, “if I had access to this sort of entertainment when I was a young man, I would have never gone on to become a serial sexual predator, using my wealth and social status to avoid punishment. I would’ve become a monster truck driver instead!”

Fundamentally, the difference between the elite and the working class is one of exposure to monster trucks, and as we recognize this, we should be pushing legislation that gives tax cuts to the wealthy if they own monster trucks. It’s an easy way to incentivize a system in which monster trucks trickle down to us working-class folk. They’re the most badass of all the trucks, and everyone, no matter their tax bracket, should be able to experience the glory of watching a big fucking truck crush small, stupid cars. To be frank, the working class has been gatekeeping monster trucks for far too long.

If you’re ever annoyed that the wealthiest people seem entirely disconnected from reality and morality, don’t blame them! They just haven’t seen a monster truck.



Jobs as a Recession Indicator

By Riel Scyentist

Abstract:

We here at *The Athenian* have decided that, as an illustrious and venerated journal, it is our right, nay, our duty, to put our brilliant minds to work and research a problem that has plagued humankind for all of history: the economy. More specifically, how can we predict recessions in the economy? Job numbers have long been identified as a way to predict the movements of the economy, but shockingly little research has looked into what kind of jobs. In this literature review and evidence analysis, we determine what type of job is the best indicator of a recession.

Introduction:

To set up a point of comparison, we need to look at what the US economy actually looked like throughout the time period that we examine in this work. The following figure shows the annual growth of the US GDP over time. The business majors that we kidnapped for the purposes of this experiment inform me that the big dips in the graph are *bad* and they represent recessions.

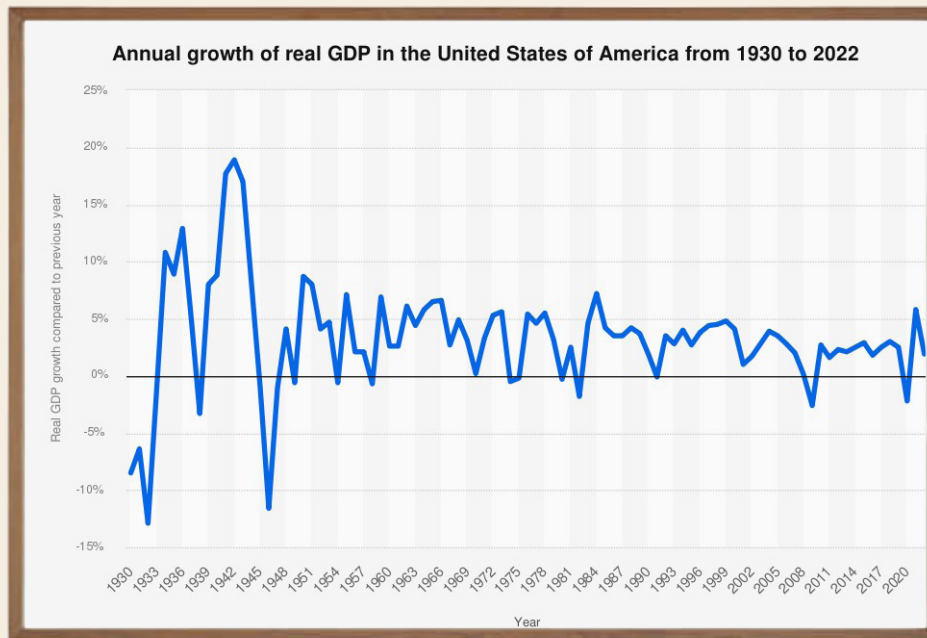


Figure 1.

Evidence:

The first type of job we will consider are nose jobs. Plastic surgery has surged in popularity and, given the American healthcare system, requires a lot of disposable income, which isn't widely available during recessions.

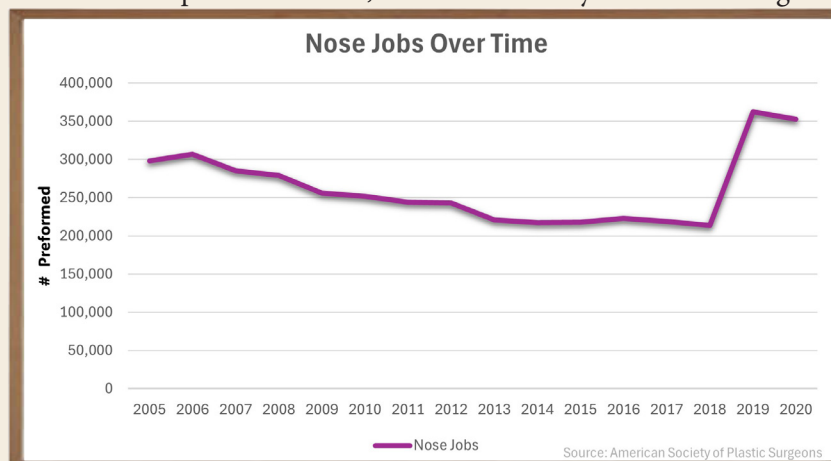


Figure 2.

While we do see a decline around the time of the 2008 recession, it occurs before we would expect to see the results of economic hardships impacting people's spending habits. There is, however, a spike in nose jobs around 2019 and the GDP increased in a similar spiky manner, so we cannot rule out the possibility of nose jobs being linked to recessions.

The next type of job that we look at is the man, the myth, the legend, Steve Jobs. While he may seem a strange choice as a possibility to explain the actions of our economy, he did invent the wildly successful company, Apple. One only has to take a stroll around the campus of our very own Case Western Reserve University to observe the enormous impact his inventions have had on the average consumer.

The economy did quite well the year Steve Jobs was born. This is potential evidence that his mere presence in the world has caused the economy to do good things. Additionally, he died just after the economy had finished rebounding from the 2008 financial crisis. Clearly, he stuck around just long enough to set the economy back on its feet before shuffling off this mortal coil. This implies that perhaps, while his presence doesn't seem to be a particularly good indicator of recessions, that he may have had an effect on helping the economy recover from them.

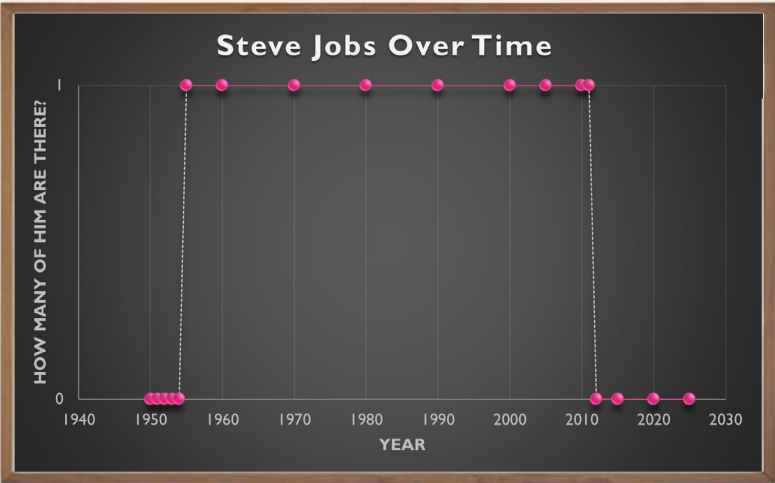


Figure 3.

Perhaps the most convincing indicator of recession that we found in our research is the humble blowjob. The graph clearly shows blowjob numbers spiking in a reverse relationship with the economy. This makes perfect sense, as people turn to sources of comfort during times of stress. Additionally, recessions result in a lack of traditional income for many, so they may need to turn to alternative sources to keep afloat in hard times.

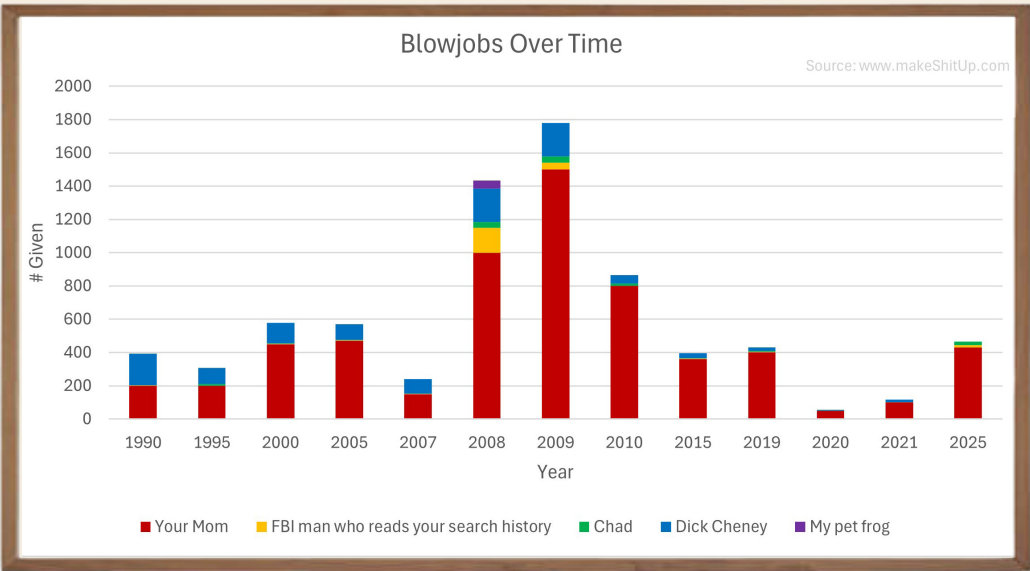


Figure 4.

Conclusion:

In summary, we find that blowjobs are the best indicator of recessions, although there is some evidence that Steve Jobs can help indicate recession recovery. We also find that the traditional type of job that most studies cite to be so unrelated to recessions that it need not even be included in this paper.

(This article has been peer reviewed by the smartest business majors we could find)

A Review of Chris Butler

By Anonymous

I was originally ecstatic to learn that there were, indeed, butlers at Case Western Reserve University, as I had been given to think that it was rather a lower class type of establishment that made one provide such necessities for oneself. It seemed perhaps a tad strange to have one teaching a math class of all things, but butlers do tend to get antsy if you don't give them enough work, and my butler is always quite good at helping me find my exes (no matter how devilishly they may try to hide), so perhaps butlers are just naturally good at math. BUT NOT THIS ONE!! I attended his "lecture," which I presumed to be a type of tea party, but when I got there, there was only a slovenly dressed old man who seemed to have misplaced his shoes and kept talking about killing things! How vulgar! When I asked him where I could find the advertised butler, he responded that, indeed, he was the butler. Despite my doubts, I decided to give him another chance to perform his proper duties by attending something called "office hours," which were described as "a time to get help with things you don't know how to do." Naturally, I brought my dirty laundry, which for some reason had started to pile up instead of returning itself to my closet. Instead of doing it for me as expected, he had the nerve to kick me out of his office! I was following his instructions — obviously I don't know how to do laundry! Who does he think I am, a peasant? 0/10. Not a real butler.



QUALITY

1.0

CALCULUS

May 11th, 2025

For Credit: **Yes** Attendance: **Mandatory** Grade: **F** Textbook: **N/A**

DIFFICULTY

5.0

Helpful

0

0

Share

Flag

Tags: Unkempt, Not helpful

A Joyful Way on Turkey Day

By Evan Durkee

As November has come to a close, it's important to reflect on the important holiday often overshadowed by Halloween and Christmas. Yes, Turkey Day itself is a wonderful holiday consisting of food, family, and fun. While some people enjoy their Thanksgiving just fine, I have decided to share my own experience to permit people to understand how their festivities could fit a more rigorous standard.

Family is of the utmost importance. After all, you would not be here if your grandparents had not copulated. Yes, no matter how much you do not want to admit to it, your family has contributed to some point of your life. If you have some extenuating circumstances and a really poor home life resulting in your family not having provided anything for you, I am very sorry. Life can be tough. Some people struggle more than others. If you are feeling depressed, there are always people and resources available for your assistance.

One part of having a family is interacting with them. My family receives pleasure from board games, but one game of Trivial Pursuit caused my uncle to cuss at me. We then played dominos.

After bonding over games and spectating the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade through the television, the food had to be politely consumed. It really is incredible, a remarkable feat to say the least. Hours of labor and effort are poured into the meal. A few relatives in the kitchen donate hours of their time to render turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes, gravy, green beans, and pumpkin pie. It truly is fantastic. The indispensable part of Thanksgiving is created. The family meal during the holiday is truly the essence of the magical event. It was gone in five minutes.

Subsequently, I decided to build a snowman. The weather permitted the downfall of ice crystals and it had been many years since I had delighted myself in such an activity. So I donned my winter attire and hastened to the back yard. To my minor disappointment, I was all alone on this quest, but I did not allow it to hinder my pursuits. Fun waits for no man! I began in the typical fashion by making one giant snowball. I then made two more snowballs to stack on top. Once completed, I had a beautiful snow sculpture that was most pleasing to the eyes.

At this moment, I had spent approximately one hour, or the time required for caesium atoms to absorb and emit microwave radiation 33,093,474,372,000 times. During this elapsed interval, my bladder was gradually filling with liquid. I had quaffed a hefty dairy beverage. The human bladder is capable of storing one liter of liquid. I used this to my benefit. The snowman decoration shop was closed on Thanksgiving, so my snowman was left bland and bare. My body's own natural function helped me in this exact moment. In a circumstance like this, I desired to give my snow man a colorful hue to add to its artful nature. I chose yellow.

I urinated on the snow man. A launch angle of 60 degrees or $\pi/3$ radians with laminar flow (a Reynolds Number of less than 2,300) was adequate to accomplish my goal. I made sure to achieve a flow rate of 300 mL/min. With this, my journey continued. I wanted to draw designs, so I did my best. Unfortunately, my penmanship did not suffice for what my vision entailed. I made sure to write my name directly in front of the snow man with my remaining urine. It is very important for an artist to leave a signature. After all, it may be worth something some day.

Once completed, I admired my beauty. From childhood to adulthood, the building of a snowman instills joy within all hearts. As I looked, I noticed that my urine looked too yellow. I found a hydration chart on the internet. I was indeed dehydrated. I went inside the house, imbibed a glass of water, and called it a day.



The author's actual piss on a snow man

The Disastrous State of Education at this University

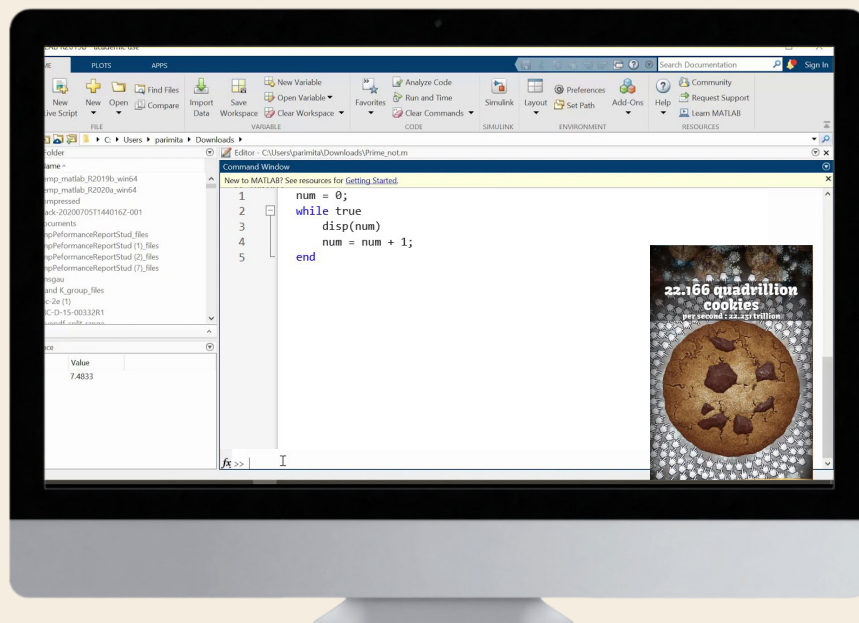
By A Deeply Concerned Undergraduate

Let me be very clear: the state of education at Case Western Reserve University (CWRU) is dire. When I applied to CWRU, I accepted my admission offer because I believed that CWRU would deliver an academic experience superior to nearly any other university in the country. I was assured that CWRU's academics were among the best. This, unfortunately, has not been the case. In nearly all of my classes, I find that the professors are either misstating information, misinformed about the course content, or outright mistaken about the subjects they teach.

To give a concrete example, I will share a situation from my ENGR 130 class. Note that this situation, despite only occurring once, is representative of my experiences in all classes I have taken thus far. In ENGR 130, the professor had introduced loops to the class. Firstly, I was astounded by the fact that loops were being introduced at all. Any self-respecting CWRU engineering student should already possess an encyclopedic knowledge of the three most popular programming languages for engineers. That is the absolute minimum expected. Regardless of my misgivings about the subject matter, the professor then went on to explain that loops were the best way to iterate over an array. It is with this statement that I take serious umbrage. While that may be true in general, it is absolutely not the case in MATLAB! MATLAB is designed to be a vectorized language, and as such, it is much faster and substantially more efficient to utilize the many built-in parallelization and vectorization features to perform identical computations over vector elements. My own analysis concluded that the professor's method (taught to 300 students!) was at least 15% slower than the optimal MATLAB implementation. I cannot fathom why the professor chose to omit this critical information about MATLAB-specific language implementation details. As we all know, professors must explain every detail of every topic they discuss the moment it is introduced to impart accurate information to the students.

As mentioned earlier, this situation is not unique to ENGR 130. I have observed chemistry professors simplifying the atomic model, physics professors simplifying equations (making "assumptions," as they call it), and engineering professors making idealistic generalizations. We all know that rigid bodies aren't real! The most accurate way to model a structural element is to model each individual elementary particle. Why isn't this taught in the introductory statics course?

I cannot learn in an environment that hides critical information from me. How can I trust that what a professor teaches is the truth? I have already been ejected from lectures for daring to clarify the professor's misleading statements. If this academic negligence continues, I will be forced to transfer to a different university. I demand that the Office of the Provost take immediate action to rectify this dire situation.



MAD LIBS: The Rules of Etiquette

By Silvry Tay

- (1) Adjective: _____
- (2) Location: _____
- (3) Noun: _____
- (4) Adjective: _____
- (5) Something you wear: _____
- (6) Occasion: _____
- (7) Occasion: _____
- (8) Number: _____
- (9) Plural noun: _____
- (10) Emotion: _____
- (11) How you would kill a horse: _____
- (12) Adjective: _____

Etiquette is a tricky task, and manners are not trivial to uphold. However, with these simple rules, you are sure to be _____(1) at the dinner table. First, ensure that you place your utensils in _____(2). Quite simply, to use the rightmost _____(3) without the permission of the host is a(n) _____(4) breach of etiquette. Second, be sure that when you go to dine, that you ask the host beforehand if you can wear your _____(5). While wearing such a thing is certainly professional, it may not serve the ambience of the occasion, especially if that occasion is _____(6) or _____(7). The gracious guest should bring a gift, on the order of _____(8) _____(9), so their host does not feel _____(10) and decide to _____(11). So long as you follow these tips, you're sure to have a(n) _____(12) time at your next formal event.



Same Jewel
Different Color
By Min E. Ral

Opinion: We, as minorities, need to use AI in everything

By Newfangled Richman, stakeholder in ShitassGPT

I own 93 newspapers and make over \$3 million annually. As a member of the 0.01%, existence is a constant struggle of trying to make more money in a world where people don't want me to make more money. They claim "infinite growth is unsustainable." To them, I say, the real unsustainability crisis is *humanity* — people gulp up resources for little return on investment.

It's time we take charge and change this. It's time we take back our agency and fight for our rights as the 0.01% to exist. It's time we stop employing people and switch to AI.

The foremost issue of employing people instead of AI is that people make mistakes. People are made to do things other than work for 12 hours at our factories and office buildings. This means they will have flaws that make them less than 100% productive. The obvious solution is to replace them with algorithms that are specialized to the job, but how am I supposed to profit from that? If that happens, I make less money because I bet 90% of my net worth on shitassGPT succeeding so please dont.

People also have "needs," like food, sleep, and socialization, otherwise they waste away and hallucinate.

Generative AI also has energy needs, but the costs of water and electricity can be paid for by the public instead of by your own dime. Especially in the great free state of America, socialized costs make for great private profits!

Finally, people are slow. It takes the average person ten minutes to write 400 words of anything, assuming they know what they're typing. Meanwhile, the average LLM can shit out that many words in less than a minute.

That many words can't be wrong.

So instead of employing people, we, the most oppressed minority (the ultra-rich), should employ LLMs for everything that humans can do. This way, we can have faster, cheaper, and 100% less incorrect solutions to any problem that is making us lose money. One of the ways I do this is generating the funnies section in my papers. It's so funny! Funnier than humans!



Another Ad
By Guchie

A Critique of “Opinion: We, as minorities, need to use AI in everything”

Not Larry Ellison, owner of ShitassGPT and Prison Labor LLC, unbiased critiquer

I own several small startups and make a humble salary of \$300,000 per day. Newfangled Richman’s article has lost touch with reality and the true lifeblood of American capitalism — you, the reader, who could be working for me right now instead of wasting time reading.

Richman claims that people make mistakes, and that AI will make less mistakes. This is poor people thinking. In addition to being incorrect, Richman fails to realize the potential capital that comes with constantly correcting mistakes with more mistakes. Mistakes happen more often than progress, but shareholders are too stupid to realize that. In fact, the future is hiring people to use generative AI to constantly make mistakes, slowing progress to a standstill as projects become bloated with slop that no one actually understands. Like Windows.

Richman also claims that people needing food, sleep, and social interaction is a downside. This is poor people thinking. Where Richman sees liabilities, I see opportunities. If you meet people’s basic needs, not only do you buy their loyalty, but also you buy their entire biological systems. One of my startups is experimenting with Nutri-slop, a synthetic compound that meets all vital daily vitamins, minerals, supplements and calories, and tastes just enough like something to make people accept working until they die. Additionally, socializing people with other company drones is the perfect way to groom them into loyal workers who will never unionize. Remember, don’t talk about your salary! It’s rude.

The two things I agree with Richman on are the speed of AI and its uses in humor. In fact, I think Richman should consider using ShitassGPT to make his own life faster. Instead of wasting time talking to his children, he can just use ShitassGPT to message them daily, and if he pays just a smidge more per month, he can make his version extra fatherly. This way, his children will love him again.

Additionally, with its flaccid, safe, and recycled humor, AI-generated humor keeps consumers uncritical and vapid. I encourage Richman and any other humor magazine writers out there to fall back to generating humor whenever their atrophied brains can’t think of anything to say. Better to make something full of slop than risk being caught empty minded.

And hey, while you’re at it, you should check out my new startup — the MindMelder Chip, with built-in ShitassGPT. Never think again! Buy my product.

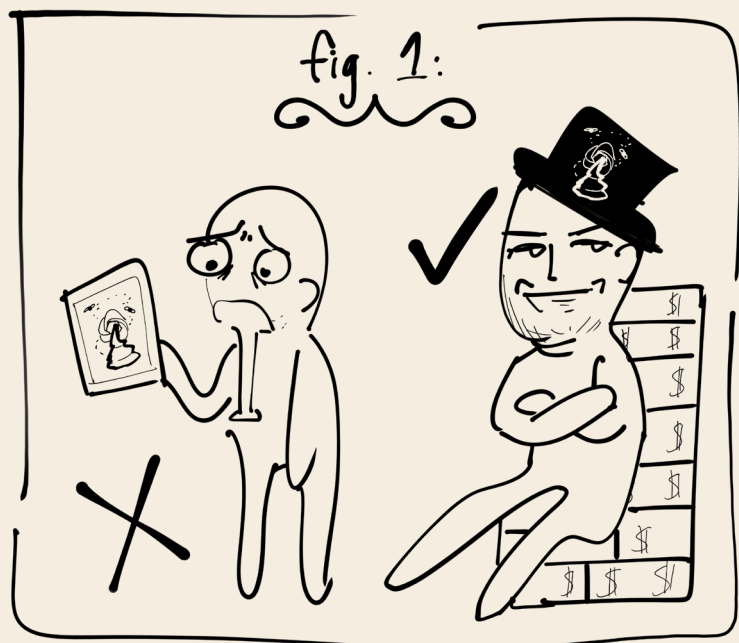


Figure 1: the difference between a poor person and a rich person.

Fixing Famous Paintings

By Payne T'erre

Listen. I've taken one art history class during my time at CWRU and I'd say that makes me pretty qualified to give critiques of a few of history's most famous paintings.

Starting off with *The Starry Night* by Van Gogh, I think the overall painting is a bit too unrealistic. I can get behind the swirling sky and wavy buildings but a clear night with that much visibility? Ridiculous. I fixed it by adding some light pollution, just to give it a more accurate touch.

Now, we examine *Saturn Devouring His Son* by Francisco Goya. A classic, sure, but also a great example of impropriety. When eating any messy food, such as your offspring, it is only polite to use a napkin or other covering to reduce the mess. I have dressed Saturn in the loveliest lobster-eating bib so that he may enjoy his snack without concern for his dinner attire or lack thereof.

Finally, we look at *The Creation of Adam* by Michaelangelo. Honestly, this painting has always given beta male energy. Their fingers aren't even touching. You're telling me that a monumental event such as the literal creation of humanity happened with their wittle fingies extended towards each other with no real contact? Preposterous. Don't worry, dear reader. I fixed this painting by making the subjects engage in a firm, manly handshake. We all know that a good business deal ends in a solid handshake, and this is no different.

You're welcome.



This page is left open to interpretation

