

Wiithenian



Why safety straps save lives - pg 38

Insider : Elewariultimatealliancezelda-bits! pg Xbox

Cheats, tips, your girlfriend! - pg last night



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Proud member of the Case Media Board since Hundert.



The Athenian

“That’s not a hair question. I’m sorry.”

–Peter Berdovsky

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Due to an overflow of articles, there was no space left in the issue for an editorial letter. Instead, we leave you with some layout quotes and article ideas.

(In the Observer Office)

"I wonder if they have the Sorcerers of the Midwest archive here."

"Why, are you going to parody it?"

"No, I want to burn it."

-Andrew Schwirian taking to the editor.

"The words "thick penis" now appear in print. We are no longer cutting off Ron Jeremy's thick penis."

-Chris Williams

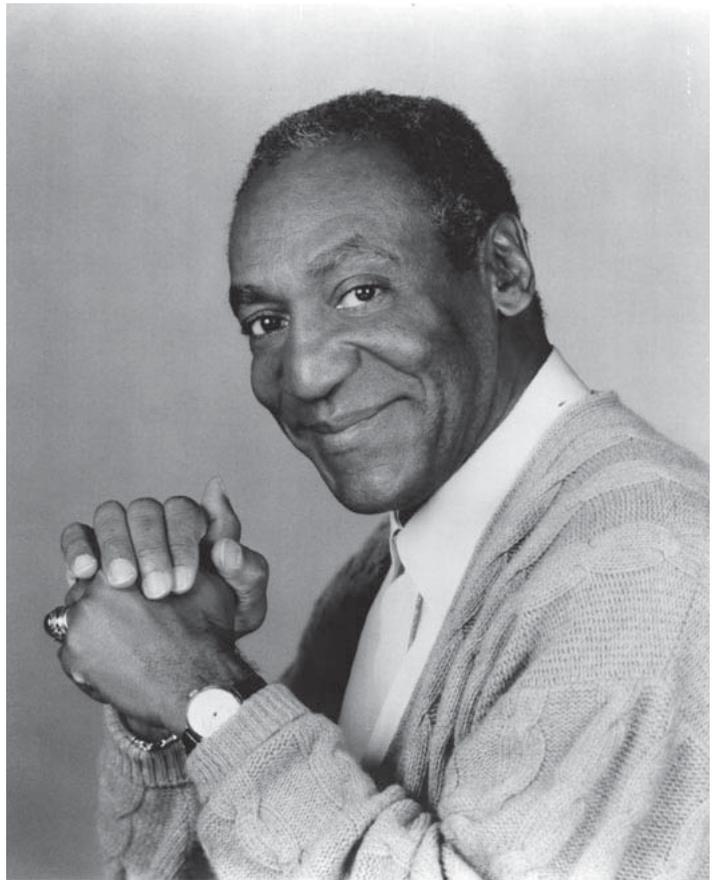
"Damn it my brain stopped working."

-Quinn Daniels, said on a regular basis



"I'm filling white space with tiny popel-ings!"

-Chris Williams again



"If they can't find incriminating evidence, then it obviously doesn't exist."

-The Editor, controller of content



Athenian Guidelines

1) *The Athenian* is a semi-anonymous publication. This is to preserve a lack of integrity for the staff.

2) *The Athenian* is not something you just dump something on. It's not a big truck. It's a series of tubes. And if you don't understand those tubes can be filled and if they are filled, when you put your submission in, it gets in line and it's going to be delayed by anyone that puts into that tube enormous amounts of drivel.

3) Any gripes/suggestions/complaints/double entendres can be sent to athenian@case.edu. Any submissions can/will be altered as needed.

ROCK STAR REVEALED TO BE PART SNAKE; NOBODY SURPRISED

Spring is the entertainment industry's favorite time: the time for self-applause. In the midst of award shows and Rock Hall nominations, some stars feel the heat of the spotlight while others feel the chill of apathy. In a desperate attempt to drum up some much-needed press for his band, Aerosmith frontman Steven Tyler has come forward to admit that he can unhinge his jaw. This would explain the wide span of the singer's mouth and his oversized lips, not to mention the wrinkled skin on the lower part of his face.



"It's taken me years to become comfortable enough with my body to admit this to the public," Tyler stated at a press conference.

However, Tyler's confession merited a collective shrug from the entertainment world. The only source to acknowledge this reptilian quality with surprise was VH1's Best Week Ever. Apparently it was a slow week.

For everyone else, the news was that this was not news at all. "I've been unhinging my jaw for *years* longer than Steven Tyler," claimed Rolling Stones singer Mick Jagger. "How do you think a guy who looks like me would be such a hit with the ladies? It's all in the mouth."

Other celebrities felt Tyler underutilized his skill in different ways. "H-h-h-h-he didn't even f-f-f-fucking bite off the b-b-b-bloody head of a f-f-f-fucking bat," remarked Ozzy Osbourne before screeching for the attention of his wife.

Indeed, the scrawny singer of Aerosmith looks far too emaciated to be using his skill to swallow his prey whole. So what is the point of Tyler's jaw unhinging if he does not consume small children or fuzzy woodlands creatures? Proponents would argue that it improves Tyler's vocal delivery, though how one can shriek more coherently with a disconnected jaw is beyond the comprehension of this journalist.



The purpose of Steven Tyler's confession will remain a mystery for now. In the meantime, we eagerly await Axl Rose's admission that, he remembers that the '80s are over and, despite his cornrows, he is still white.

HAIKU

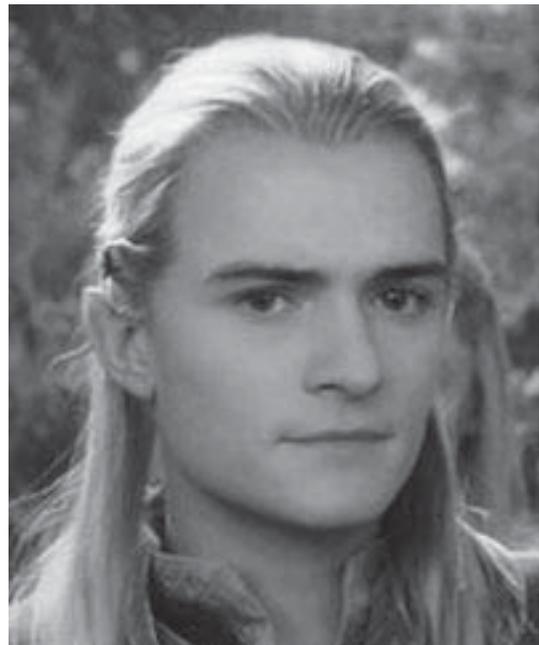


She Lifts Up Her Skirt
Oh No, She's got a Penis
Not Again Princess

Don't Go In the Shed
By the Time You Read This I'll
Be Dead. Call the Cops



Come Hunting with Me
I'll Shoot You in Your Damn Face
And Get Off Scott Free



I'd like to meet a
Chicken in a Burlap Sack
Please Call Soon I'm Hot

DIARY OF ADAM

Monday

Who am I? What am I? Why am I here? Why is anything here?

Tuesday

Answers to my questions are not forthcoming, so I will ponder them later. At a later date they will surely be easier to answer.

Thursday

I decided to start naming the animals today to keep track of them. Made good progress in naming the smaller ones, but somehow felt uneasy approaching some of the larger creatures. Something about the sharp teeth seemed unappealing, but I am uncertain as to what it might be. I must investigate this later, once I get the nerve to do so.

Sunday

Today is the day of rest. I do not understand the point of this because one day seems just like the others, but no matter.

Monday

Woke up from a nap today to notice there was a new creature in the Garden. It talks. A lot. I think it might be a new parrot for all its squawking, but it has no wings or feathers. Instead it has very long hair spouting out of its head and long, flat nails at the ends of its paws. I don't know what to make of it.

The talking creature is irritating as it refuses to stay with the other animals where it belongs. Instead it prefers to fill my head with its squawkings and appears annoyed when I do not listen. But who could possibly listen to all that prattle all the time? I am already missing the peace and quiet of my garden.

Thursday

The new creature tells me it is not an it, she is an Eve. Very well, I have no patience to argue. How does Eve know what to call herself anyway? When I asked her she merely made a sound she calls "giggling," which I find is as silly a word as she is.

Saturday

She discovered the pond today, and spent a good time looking at her reflection as if expecting her features to change. How silly.

She also told me today that she was made from my rib, and that she was made as a companion for me. I find this doubtful for two reasons: I am not missing any of my ribs, and anyone who would consider her a companion has an odd sense of humor.

Sunday

Sunday again. How boring.

Tuesday

At the end of the day, Eve began wondering about why the “cats” and “dogs,” as she calls them, have sharpened teeth when all they eat are plants. What a silly question: all creatures eat plants because anything else involves something called Death, which is not allowed in the Garden.

Anyway, she says and asks a lot of odd things when observing the plants and animals that make no sense at all. Eve is clearly not good at deciphering the natural world, now that I think of it. It must be innate.

Friday

The silver creature in the sky, which I have dubbed the moon, disappeared today. This is quite distressing because it was looking sickly in recent days, so I am worried it got stuck in a tree branch and is too weak to move. Explored the surrounding lands with no results.

Wednesday

Eve has taken up chattering with the snake. Good. This way I can get a rest.

Thursday

Eve now meets with the snake while climbing the forbidden tree. This worries me quite a bit and I told her so.

Friday

I forgot to mention yesterday that the moon is back and growing again. I am glad; the sky looked quite lonely without it.

Sunday

Yawn.

Tuesday

Eve says that the snake has advised her to eat fruit from the tree, as it will give her knowledge, which I nixed right away. I told her it would bring Death into the Garden, which may have been a mistake- I fear she might want to help her cat and dog friends now so they can use pointed teeth.

Wednesday

A few hours after sunup I was in the Garden, watching the various animals grazing and playing with each other, when all of a sudden they began to yowl and stomp as if a new nature had come upon them. Some

of the animals began to tear at one another in a frightening way and the wolf began to leer at me menacingly, so I ran away from the Garden as quickly as possible. I don't know if I can go back, knowing the dangers that lie there.

Time passed, and I grew very hungry. Eventually Eve showed up with an odd assortment of fig leaves hiding her body, and had a few apples left from the forbidden tree in the Garden. I did not want to eat the apples knowing where they were from, but it is difficult for a man to hold his ethics to a high standard when hungry.

Of course, once I finished the apple I felt ashamed and went outside to fashion some fig-leaf garments for myself. It is uncomfortable and scratchy, but will have to do for now. I have work to do.

Months later

I returned from hunting today to discover that Eve has caught a new creature, one that I have never seen before. It is tiny and wrinkled, and thrashes its limbs like a fish out of water.

She has given it a name too, which means we'll have to give it food and will never be rid of it. She calls it Cain.

Much later

Eve is completely different around this Cain creature, whose exact taxonomy eludes me still. It walks on all fours, now, though his hind legs are much longer than his front ones, and has hair on its head similar to ours except it is of a different color.

Months later

Eve found a new one of the creatures, but named this one Abel. It is just as small and wrinkled as the Cain creature was when it first came to us, so they are probably of the same species.

Cain, who can now walk on his hind legs, did not seem very pleased by this new addition to the household. He looked at Abel the same way the wolf looked at me when Death first came to the Garden. I sense trouble, but am uncertain as to if I can stop it from happening...

THE ATHENIAN IS STILL LOOKING FOR A LAYOUT EDITOR.

INTERESTED PARTIES SHOULD APPLY TO ATHENIAN@CASE.EDU.

INQUIRE ABOUT "BENEFITS."

HOW TO TELL IF YOUR PI IS INSANE

One of the hazards in lab work, as in any employment, is the possibility of working under a dangerously loose-screwed employer. Some PI's will insist on seemingly strange things with genuinely good reason. This should not be worrisome, as a life of research tends to make people a bit . . . whimsical, and whimsy and wisdom oft go hand in hand. The important thing, though, is to know when essentially normal behavior crosses the line into the bizarre, or worse, the pathological.

Normal behavior: Eating in lab (a bad idea, but still normal).

Abnormal behavior: Using Petri Dishes as plates, forceps and scalpels as forks and knives, and KimWipes as napkins.

Pathological behavior: Growing food in culture and refusing to eat anything else.

Normal behavior: Extremely detailed labeling of all cell lines.

Abnormal behavior: Creative, obscure, or irreverent pet names for cell lines, e.g. "Buffy" or "Henry IX".

Pathological behavior: Phoning the lab on weekends to talk to "the children".

Normal behavior: Insisting on careful hand washing after all lab work.

Abnormal behavior: Checking your hands with a microscope after you wash them.

Pathological behavior: Washing your hands for you.

Normal behavior: Extensive diagramming of reactions prior to execution.

Abnormal behavior: Insistence on team-building exercises, such as reaction relay races, to practice methods.

Pathological behavior: Tattoos of commonly used protocols. For everyone.

Normal behavior: Keeping the lab computers under password protection.

Abnormal behavior: Installing an "Invisible Fence" around the computers.

Pathological behavior: Polishing a shotgun threateningly across his or her lap while explaining the procedures for computer use.

Normal behavior: Playing loud culturally-appropriate music on the lab radio.

Abnormal behavior: Performing as a one-man band in the lab space.

Pathological behavior: Singing along to J-Pop if white, male, and over fifty.

Normal behavior: Being a stickler about having your results on time.

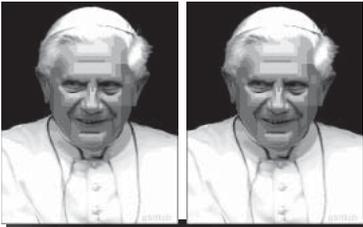
Abnormal behavior: Taking pages from your lab notebook as you write them.

Pathological behavior: Funneling money into time travel research.

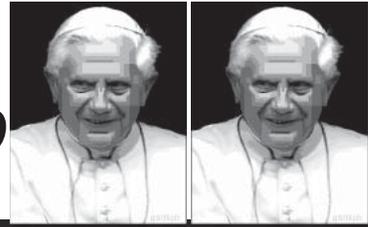
Normal behavior: Answering questions in an unhelpful manner, leaving you to figure things out on your own.

Abnormal behavior: Referring you to a random number generator and a numbered list of possible answers.

Pathological behavior: Answering any question by shouting the word "SCIENCE!!!" then hiding under a desk.

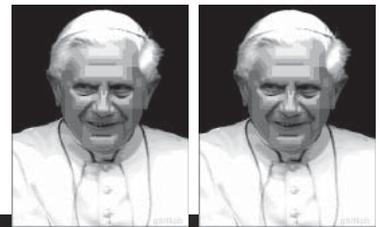


A Tribute To





The Pope



We couldn't make him look this creepy if we tried.



BEING A CAMWHORE IS EASY AND FUN!

If you have low self esteem, that's probably because you suck at life and everybody hates you. However, thanks to an invention called the "internets," people can now find their own little group of friends without having to let them know how much of a piece of shit they really are. While this works for most people, there are still a certain few of you who cannot find friends even with gratuitous use of the internets. You have no Facebook friends even though you "friend" everybody in your "network". You are not in any raid guilds in Warcraft, because your characters are night elves. Hell, you can't even fit in on the forums where people talk about how much they love shitting their pants! Luckily, technology allows these internet outcasts to become camwhores!

Here is how to be a camwhore:

- 1) Buy a webcam
- 2) Upload pictures of your breasts and vagina onto image boards
- 3) Sit back and relax while fat guys around the globe fap mercilessly to you

This is a great thing for everyone because if you take the pictures or videos right, nobody even has to know that you hide your face behind your hair and you have cuts all over your arms, they just care about the fact that you are showing us your body (hot or not, nobody cares).

Some people are so successful at being camwhores that they have turned it into a profession. They have their own websites where people can pay to see them doing mundane daily tasks naked, with extremely low resolution cameras. Being a whore can also make you famous, it worked for Paris Hilton, and even Eric Bauman!

Some of you think you have too much dignity to become a camwhore. Well, if you had dignity, you would have friends, and wouldn't even think about doing something like this in the first place. Come on, unless you have at least 1 friend, MySpace or not, you've got nothing better to do with your life. So, what are you waiting for? Tits or GTFO!

THE ASSOCIATIVE PROPERTY IS STUPID, TOO, YOU KNOW.

I hate doing basic math proofs. They're almost always time-consuming demonstrations of something intuitively obvious! This goes double for vector proofs and treble or more for those no-pejorative-strong-enough matrix proofs. For example, why should I have to show that matrix addition is commutative? Of course it's commutative! It's A-FRIGGIN'-DDITION!!! Stop making me show that! And don't tell me that the proof matters just because matrix multiplication isn't commutative. It should be! If the dunderheads who invented math had been doing their job right, things would stay commutative if they started that way! It's MULTIPLI-FRICKIN'-CATION!!! It should commute. Why? Because it's better that way! Because I said so! And because then I won't have to write a_{11} , a_{21} , a_{31} . . . ; a_{12} , a_{22} , a_{32} . . . ; a_{13} , a_{23} , a_{33} . . . a thousand times just to show that something that should work doesn't! You don't test-drive an Edsel, just to prove it was a bad idea. You shouldn't have to waste hours demonstrating the failure of our mathematical forefathers to generate a consistent symbolic system! AARRGG!!! Math just makes me so mad sometimes!

FRESHMAN DISCOVER THAT ROCK HALL IS WORTH ONE VISIT

Lame Tourist Attraction Bureau –

When Freshman Cindy Frutkas and Mark Snauza boarded the RTA rapid on their first trip to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, they were overwhelmed by excitement and anticipation. “You know, I never had time last semester to really get downtown on account of all of the... you know, work and stuff. I mean, CWRU is really hard, right?” Snauza defended himself on not leaving the campus once his entire first semester. “Actually, Mark is just afraid of black people, I mean, he totally had never seen one before, except on like TV,” Frutkas explains, and how Snauza is from a gated community in Indiana. And while they can expect to be the only white people on the trip downtown, what neither Frutkas nor Snauza can predict that the Rock Hall completely sucks balls. Although both Frutkas and Snauza were initially excited to get their free tickets to the museum, the excitement died right there. “I mean, it was a cool building and everything, the suspended cars were really neat, but I mean, these exhibits are crap,” remarked Snauza, studying Jim Morrison’s Boy Scout uniform and childhood drawings. “I mean, you’d have to be some kind of freak to really get into this stuff.” And while Frutkas found some initial pleasure in Michael Jackson’s original ‘Thriller’ costume, she was at a loss to describe the museum as anything but lame. “I mean, it totally looks like Bono showed up with some money for starving children and was all like, ‘This place could use a little more me.’ I mean seriously, why is there so much U2 crap here?” exclaims Frutkas. “Holy Shit, right here, U2 gets inducted before Black Sabbath. What are these people smoking?” Even the contemporary exhibits seemed more geared towards disappointment than any sort of educational experience. Sophomore Ryan Sanders felt that the subject matter of most of the exhibits was designed to make him sleepy. “I mean, what kind of exhibit is ‘The Greatest Album Covers That Never Were?’ How about, ‘We didn’t think anyone would spend money on this unless we called it historical?’ Thank God I didn’t pay for this,” concluded a yawning Sanders. After making it halfway through ‘Evolution of Audio Technology’ Sanders remarked that he ‘felt tired’ and ‘needed a nap.’ Frutkas and Snauza said that they did enjoy the actual Hall of Fame itself. “Yeah, the lights and signatures were all cool and everything, but it isn’t worth coming all the out here for.” But the day wasn’t a total loss as Frutkas, Snauza and Sanders all compared what they had stolen from the gift shop on the RTA ride back home. “Yeah I got this cool little bottle opener and Cindy here snuck this shot glass out under her skirt,” bragged Snauza. “So I guess there’s pretty much no reason to come back.” When asked if he’d return with his free pass next semester, he replied “You’re missing the point.”

ARTICLES THE EDITOR SHOULD HAVE MADE THE STAFF WRITE:

Hundert Hires Guerillas to Retake Campus; Fails to Budget Adequately
Woman on Facebook has 90,000 Friends; Knows 0 of Them
Arnold Schwarzenegger Calms down; Reverts to Bruce Banner
California Breaks into Ocean; Bush Declares War on San Andreas Fault
Man Sells Soul on Ebay: Auction Expires
Luddites Lose Battles with Mechanical Pencil
Bush Gives State of the Union Address: Forgets Delaware
Greenie Arrives on Time: Students Baffled
Athenian Faces Dead Horse Shortage
Microsoft Introduces Woo to Counter the Wii

This is an unbearable strain, Boston, but I am doing it harder than I ever have before



POINT-COUNTERPOINT: THE INTELLECTUAL DIVIDE

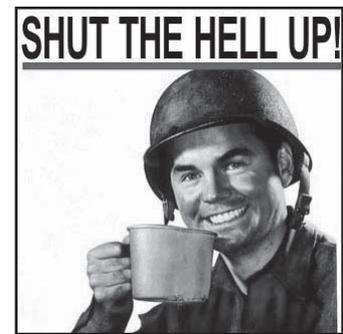
Point: I Am A Bloody Great Genius

My name is not Poindexter Braxtus, but it should be, or something equally grandiose. Why? Well, shouldn't it already be evident from the cultured, proper way in which I write these words? I am a genius. No typical genius I, however; I am the sort of genius that extremely smart people go to with questions. Yes, most of the plebian masses would consider these extremely intelligent folks geniuses in their own right, but alas, their miniscule intellects consider any level of brightness a miracle – sadly, it is easy to be blinded by even the smallest amount of cognitive power when you do not possess any at all. I find it difficult not to sneer when I observe the masses, in line at the Bag-It or milling about between classes in Nord, who have conversations about nothing and laugh ignorantly at what they see as the absurdity of life! I know there is no absurdity, for my intellect is so great I understand everything. I am not exaggerating. Yes, I know that you may scoff and deride what you interpret as arrogance. And for those who react in such a way, I am sure that you have never encountered someone with such a precise awareness of his own abilities. I alone hold the knowledge to answer the questions no one else can answer. It is I who am so powerful, I possess the answers to questions *you have not even asked yet*. My comprehension of the system of the world should render you in awe, and attractive women weak in the knees – however the great pity of possessing my abilities is that I am alone in my brilliance. It is evident that none other has even the ability to recognize my greatness, let alone measure up to it. But I will not let this deter me – I am a gift to humanity and I shall bring my presence as a present to you all.



Counterpoint: You Are A Fucking Idiot

Hey, have you seen that guy around in classes? Yeah, you know which one I mean, that asshole who always sits right in front and center. Did you see him the other day? That guy knows what he's talking about, but have you ever seen anyone answer a question *and then look around smugly*? What a fucking idiot! The silence that followed his question, it's like he was waiting for applause... And don't you think it's hilarious how he finishes the professor's sentences? I nearly shat my pants when the professor was talking about what he did this weekend, starting a sentence like "I took my kids out to the park and.." which was immediately interrupted by a nasal whine, finishing "... I cannot help but take them, for I am a product of my genetic material and I must ensure the success of my offspring." And then the guy did that smug-looking-around thing again!



I think that we should go beat the shit out of him, or see if he wants to help me with my homework. He is really smart but if I was in the same room alone with him for more than a half hour then one of us would be dead. Unfortunately, it doesn't matter how great an idea you have is, because if you can't communicate it effectively, jack shit happens. Doesn't that make you think? Stupid people who communicate effectively can get away with people thinking they're pretty sharp tacks, you know?

Hey, I'm not an asshole – look, you think I'm being mean? Well fine, tomorrow, I'll go and try to make some idle get to know you conversation, but only if you bet me fifty dollars that he doesn't laugh or smile even once.

Mediator's Opinion: Both Of Youse Be Foo's

Listen, foo! You both best be tryin' to make that dough and quit pussyfootin around, or Im'a lay the smack down. Yes, you may expect me to pity the foo', and indeed, I do pity the foo' – in this case, both of you. You both squirm like insects when I pick you up by your hair and scream QUIT TALKING SHIT into your faces, with spittle flying out of my mouth – damn man I practice the spittle, you best not be a bitch about a little water, mama's boy! Man you both in college and shit, all not old and you be wastin your time spittin' foolish jive... best quit messin' around and start doin' what you came here to do, man! Listen, smart-ass, don't be a holier than thou jackass, and you listen, critic-boy, you don't know jack shit so why don't you work on keepin' your grades up, foo'!



I'm just keepin' it real. That is what I am here to do. The rest of the A-Team don't know jack shit – they just jibbajabba. Tireless, mindless jibbajabba. I think I am going to take a nap. Mr. T. needs his sleepy time, ooo yes he does, doesn't widdle Mr T? Bitch what you lookin at me odd for, I'ma take a nappy!

Unofficial Case Slogan: "Pass The Buck"

New information from a source close to university administration has leaked Case's new unofficial slogan. "'Pass the Buck' really emphasizes what Case administration has to offer its students. Especially after this whole name debacle and budget shortage, Case has no time to deal with little needy children."

Therefore, starting this past December, students will never get any answers. If they go to an office to get some information they will merely be sent onto another office, and so on. For example, if you ask housing a question, they will send you student affairs, which will send you to registrar, and they will send you to bookstore. The bookstore will ignore your question and refuse to accept any returns, but they will gladly give you \$5 for a \$200 book. You will never, *ever*, get an answer to your question.

Although many students have come to know this as Case's slogan after a couple of months at Case, now it is officially unofficial. Nothing will change from the student's point of view. Teachers, advisors, and deans will never be found when needed and it will take at least a week to reach them through email. According to a dean I recently talked to, "Seeing a professor will be like getting a PS3. You'll have to camp outside their fucking office for days to get to them!" In that same vein, Case is considering applying a \$600 fee to office visits. That'll make that deficit go down, and the excess will go to killing the fat man with a surfboard. His blood will run blue and gray through the streets, and administration will feast upon his grave.

HOW TO RUN A SEMINAR COURSE

Students love lectures. They don't have to think too hard; they don't even have to stay awake. It's an easier bang for their collegiate buck. Fucking lemmings. I know, I'd love to put them up against the wall myself.

But that's not an educator's way. Helping your students is more important than the erotic Bacchanal of just rewards. That's what the seminar is for. In the safe, controlled environment of a planned discussion, students can grow into blossoming free thinkers, just like you. But seminars can be tricky things. One false move and you might find yourself with nothing more than a roundtable of silent, cynical robots.

Here are five simple rules for ensuring your seminar works:

1.)The most inspiring topics are the most banal. Some first-time seminar leaders make the mistake of discussing politics or philosophy or some nonsense like that. That's unproductive at best, since there's no guarantee you're students will care about filk like that. They want topics like "Late 17th Century Aqueduct Critique" or "The Llama In Russian Mythology". You know, real-world topics.

2.)Peer pressure makes people think. If people aren't talking, badger them to contribute. Single them out by name and religious persuasion. Insist that they're the only answer you want. Remind everybody else that they'll never get to speak again unless the recalcitrant prick opens their yap. Make the class do push-ups while your problem student enjoys a doughnut.

3.)Never let the topic wander. If the students start jabbering about on some random tangent, they may stop being inspired. Just because their mouths are moving don't mean their independent is free-thinking. Encourage them, gently but with a forcible reminder about their grades, what you intended the discussion to be about. You're the expert in the room, after all.

4.)Interrupt often. Students thoughts are chaotic and, at the present, utterly worthless. Half the time, they don't even know what they're thinking. It is imperative that you explain their own words to them. And define their terms. And sum up the last few minutes again. And maybe reread the last paragraph.

5.)Always place the creepy guy across from the hot chick. She should be Asian with a minimum cup size of C. He should be round and hairy and wear a linux shirt. And have those disturbing wandering eyes. It's, like, good luck or something.

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER TO RECEIVE PATCH FROM BLIZZARD

Blizzard Official Press Release:

It has come to our attention that a number of females claim to have been groped by the current governor of California. After investigation into the incidents, we determined that the governor's hands were sufficiently large that they possessed an unintended AoE (Area of Effect) ability. We wish to assure you that Arnold Schwarzenegger's hands will be patched to a more manageable size in this week's update. The hands should then function as intended.



JERRY FALWALL ORGASMS IN FRONT OF CROWD; MAKES NO APOLOGY FOR HIMSELF

Jerry Falwall was addressing a lecture hall of undergraduates at Liberty University when he experienced what was apparently his first orgasm. Ever.

Doc Jerry was lecturing on the subliminal gay messages in the Koran at the time. The finest crop of young Americans he could conceive of stared up at Falwall in chthonic reverence and dimly the preacher could perceive his every word dribbling down their chins. The enormity of realization finally boiled over in his brain and set off the old moonlight action potentials gone unfired since the anal stage. In the middle of explaining how Barack Obama celebrated Kawanzaa by aborting twelve Caucasian babies, Doc Jerry went apoplectic in the face, pounded the podium with the fury of Istar, and finally christened his neglected pecker.

The whole hall went silent as the bright, blue-eyed post-teens tried to reason out if an exorcism was in order. Doc Jerry could only stare forward in shock, the silent "Sweet Jesus" dancing on his lips, his dream-meats spinning on his spinal cord at only half their weight. The meat-scented moo-juice tiptoed like Jet Li on pubic hair pillars. "Well," Doc Jerry said, and excusing himself with a seventh-graders confidence, he adjusted his legs, smearing shame over the cloth of his crotch.

For a few minutes, Falwall was insensible. He stood there, grinning dumbly, as chemical salvation from mortal glands strangled holy hate in his throat. But Doc Jerry used to be a trooper and, with a polite cough, started to confabulate about scarlet fever sent by Satan and stemmed by the Son. But that's when the smell hit. The fifty god-awful humors curling around each like the breeze of Mississippi as they wound through the audience. Thirty-nine of them resembled burnt pork, fresh oil, and the poor homeless man you paid to howl like a dog. It was a smell Mrs. Falwall knew from her nightmares; the smell Haitian dockhands scent before crossing themselves.

The whole assembly shuddered speculatively. Doc Jerry burned in his skin as the old angels finally took hold again. His mind raced his dick back to the country of calm. He was rhetoric ready when the dam broke and some front-row fucker laughed.

Something modern in Doc Jerry went primitive. Howling with a degeneracy below motivation, he leapt down from the stage and hauled the poor fool to his feet. The boy panicked and Falwall tore the kid's face off with his teeth. He spat the sheet of skin onto the bodice of some evangelical nymphet and the confused girl suddenly wanted to be married.

"So? So? So? So what? Like it should matter a damn?!" The holy doctor bellowed out. "I'm not like those sluts and traitors and commies and muggers and jesuits and homosexuals! I'm only human! Give me a blessed break and a fucking little Christian love!"

The offender's blood dribbled down his chin.

"That's what we're here for, ain't it?"

The crowd cheered. Nobody noticed how small the stain really was. Somebody skinned a rabbit that night. It rained in Tennessee.

This is only the truth.

TO THE JOKER:

*Above the night I stalk, and watch your sin
And in the moonlight loath your twisted grin.
Iamb Batman!!!*

LAST ISSUE'S BEAT THIS CAPTION



Winner!!!

“Hundert, NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!“

NOW, BEAT THIS CAPTION UNTIL IT BLEEDS

Contenders:

I R Intrenets meme! LOL or ju lamexor!

WAAAAAAAAGH!!

I'm gonna post this on Myspace!

Send your captions to athenian@case.edu, you lazy bums.



USG REFERENDUM PRESENTS



SCREW YOU FOR SMOKING

Based on the best-selling novel

FOX SEARCHLIGHT PICTURES and BORN 2 ENTERTAINMENT present a DAVID L. JACKS PRODUCTION in association with CENTENNIAL & JASON BEITMAN with AARON COGGART
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AND ROBERT DUVALL "DANIEL MASON" BOB O'DONNELL "JOHN HENNING" JEFFREY BRIDGES "JOHN HENNING" JEFFREY BRIDGES "JOHN HENNING" JEFFREY BRIDGES
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