New USG Chartered Club Claims:
“You’ll Die for Our Cause!”

Members of the newest USG-chartered organization, the Anti-Christ Club, are currently trying to rally support.

"We’re trying to give a new voice on the campus, and we thought that this would be a great outlet,” comments a club leader who only wishes to be called “Beelzebub.”

"After all, with all those damn Christians running around, the anti-Christians and Satanists don’t have a voice.”

According to Beelzebub, the Anti-Christ Club is meant to promote the coming of the Anti-Christ and, eventually, the Rapture.

“Come on, we want to see those horsemen! They sound freakin’ sweet!” says member Cecilia Johnson, ’12.

When asked about the end of the world, she responded, ”Wait, what about the end of the world?

So far, the club has a total of 66 members. Their long-term goal is to fill their roster with 666 members, at which they will cap their membership.

“We’re really hoping to appeal to the members of the Christian Fellowship as well,” states Beelzebub.

“While ‘god’ might appeal to their sense of everlasting life and whatnot, we know that we can get them on the here and now, and hopefully get them to participate in some of our activities.”

The club is planning a variety of activities open to the entire campus, including placing a Satanic Verse of the Week in Student News; conducting a service for those of like-minded religions at Monocacy Park, where they will sacrifice a chicken each time to the Accuser; and a daily Bible burning ceremony, where members will dance upon the ashes.

See ANTI-CHRIST, page 5

MORAVIAN SEMINARY: Candle light rituals are used by the Anti-Christ Club to initiate new members.

PHOTO COURTESY OF SXC.HU
Dear Amos,

Don't judge me, but I like President Comenius?
—From, Dazed and Confused

2. Dear Amos, I like President Thomforde. I want to look like him. I think his sense of style is fierce. How do I do that?
—B0Otleg T-Forde

3. Dear Amos, Don't judge me, but I want to steal from the Blue & Grey. I love that rush from stealing. I steal Political Science books from Reynolds and Haddad and I steal test tubes from the science department. It's a ton of fun! How should I go on and steal from the Blue and Grey?
—KConiq

Until next season-- Your copper friend that STILL supports lacrosse and everything else in between,

Amos

Now, like the Swine Flu, the HILL has permanently invaded South Campus, making many Southies sick, almost near death. What a sad world we live in.

![The Comedian is the traditional, entirely satire issue of The Comenian. All articles within this issue of the paper are fictitious and fake. Any resemblance to real persons or events is purely coincidence except for all references to the Board of Trustees, sports cuts, and everything else related to Moravian. The Comedian is intended for a mature audience. If this issue is offensive in any way, please watch Fox News, specifically Bill O'Reilly, if you are more comfortable with lies, distortions, and half truths. If you have a sense of humor and enjoy news and political satire, please read on and drop us a line if we made you laugh.](image-url)

I am a South Campus whore.

That's right. Here I am, dazedly waiting for the bus. If you don't take the bus on a daily basis, consider yourself lucky. You don't have to wait, wait, wait, and wait with your cup of coffee in your right hand and drum sticks in the other.

While waiting at the steps of the HILL, I try to avoid looking at it. It's an ugly building, to tell you the truth. Some North Campus kids moved in here along with the original South Campus residents. South Campus used to be like this homey, chillax place. The art kids, music nerds, Main Hall girls (who are wayyyyy hotter than those cliquey Jo-Smith girls, without a doubt), and the adorable Clewell boys joined forces and made South Campus what it was.

Finally, the bus stops right in front of me. I am happy if your sorry ass stands and

15 minutes. We’re up to seven Tegan and Sara songs. Joyous. Hey, at least it’s sunny, and the bees are out, and so are the various students who are smoking. Great. Don’t you just love cancer sticks?!

Finally, the bus stops right in front of me. In my head, Handel’s “Hallelujah” replaces the sound of Tegan and Sara’s “Where Does the Good Go?” As we depart, I catch up with a friend who lives in Clewell. He is eating a Buffalo Panini from the Root Cellar, the café in the HILL. (It’s like a smaller Blue and Grey, though equipped with much nicer staff and more unhealthy food.) The buffalo smell radiates through the air to my nostrils, making my stomach growl.

I begrudgingly concede that maybe there’s one thing nice about the HILL: the delicious paninis and the workers at the Root Cellar.

We arrive on North and I am late to class by ten minutes. Thank you, O Glorious Bus System.
Moravian Seeks to Revolutionize Adjunct Professor Positions

By Zach Roth
Copy Editor

The unfortunate reality for post-baccalaureate students is that there are fewer available teaching positions in academia with each passing year. At colleges and universities both small and large, tenured positions are being replaced with adjunct positions in an attempt to alleviate some economic pressure.

Moravian is no exception. Roughly 65% of the College's faculty are adjunct professors, and in light of the recent financial crisis, that number can only be expected to increase.

Hoping to stay ahead of the curve, the administration quickly assembled the Committee for Institutional Integrity, which has formulated a plan to dramatically alter the adjunct faculty position in response to these dire times, through use of gentle euphemism.

Beginning with the 2010 May term, adjunct professors will now be classified as "commuters."

“When deciding upon the nomenclature, we endeavored to capture the second-class, ‘not-a-real-student’ connotations of ‘commuter’ and transfer them to the adjunct professor, who occupies roughly the same status," said Cory King, student representative to the committee.

“Press releases and salient College information will now read something like ‘100% tenured faculty and a rich commuter presence.’”

The new ‘commuter’ classification will allow adjunct faculty access to all the commuter perks, like a mandatory meal plan.

“It isn’t about the money,” King said. “I mean, it sort of is about the money. But what our committee and the administration are insisting it’s about is better student-teacher integration, and the formation of a more unified campus community that shares similar experiences...like eating the same forgettable dishes prepared by unhappy, apathetic workers who aren’t part of a union.”

For Writing 100 professor Dr. Paul George who moonlights at J.P. MacGrady’s, it is all about the money.

“I don’t care what they call us as long as I get paid,” Dr. George said. “Being an adjunct—er, ‘commuter,’ pays worse than being a TA in a grad school, but at least I have my bartender’s license to fall back on.”

When asked what it was like to work in academia by day and bartend by night, Dr. George replied, “Really, the people I service in either job are the same. That’s why it doesn’t matter that I get paid roughly the same amount, whether I’m tending bar or grading research papers that read like they were written by seven year-old Mexicans who don’t know what a three-page minimum means. Whenever my customers or my students disappoint me, I can step back and think, ‘They’re just a bunch of pathetic drunks, I can let ‘em slide just this once.’”

Moravian College’s Student Affairs office has just released a notice for all current residents of the Bernhardt and Wilhelm dorms. It reads:

Residents should gather all necessary materials and create their own living space on the quad, due to the recent infestation of bed bugs.

Suggested materials included cardboard, duck tape, plywood, rocks and wood for a cozy fire, some blankets and pillows, plus a shovel and flashlight for when nature comes a-knocking.

Unfortunately, the women’s jaw-dropping lacrosse games will have to be put on hold for the creation of MoCo village, which will probably be more entertaining anyways. The makeshift shacks and shanties echo the Hoovervilles of years past and have been dubbed, “Thomfordevilles.”

One downfall to this arrangement will be that a local resident known as “Alvatory Rape” will have free reign. Watch out, ladies.

Another downfall is the evil squirrels, who might ransack the village at night like little ninjas.

Ultimately, the Housing Department has made promises to make some improvements—mainly to rid the dorms of the stench rumored to come from the “Bernie brothel.”
In response to constant complaints from students and faculty alike about the severe lack of parking within 20 miles of campus, the Moravian College Campus Safety Department has unveiled a brand new parking policy.

Beginning with the 2010-2011 school year, cars will no longer be permitted on campus. Instead, students who wish to have their own form of transportation will be strongly encouraged to purchase and utilize bikes.

“It's the perfect solution,” said the head of the Campus Safety Dept, Captain Jack Sparrow. “You can squeeze five, maybe six bikes into any one parking space. That means we've just quintupled our parking capacity!”

Sparrow continued by stating that students will still be required to purchase parking tags. Though the price has increased by $200 per tag, it included tag-mounting equipment specifically for bikes, engineered from a revolutionary combination of twisty-ties and chewing gum.

In response to questions about inclement weather, the administration has agreed to provide official Moravian College umbrellas to all bikers, at an additional cost of $19.95, plus shipping and handling.

Commuters will not be exempt from this new ruling, though the administration has added a clause in the official announcement, recommending that “commuters, particularly those who travel more than 5 miles to get to campus, should strongly consider investing in a padded seat cushion to help increase the comfort of their travel.”

This new legislation was prompted by a Moravian professor’s recent dilemma. Dr. Michael Scott had such trouble finding a parking space that he was forced to go all the way to Scranton to park, and then walk back to Bethlehem. The journey took three days and as a result, he was forced to cancel two consecutive classes.

Appalled at the thought that Moravian students were losing precious classroom time, the Academic Affairs office partnered with Campus Safety to come up with a solution. After much deliberation, the result is the new Pedal Parking Policy.

The policy has received enormous accolades from the physical education department, the Environmental Coalition, and particularly the Moravian College Bike Bell Makers (MCBBM), a new organization on campus who hopes to profit from the policy.

Adam Bronze, founder of MCBBM, said, “It's great for us, because business will be booming and now our club actually has work to accomplish at our meetings. It's time the College realized that we are a contributing member of the community, not just a bunch of ding-dongs.”
Moravian to Cut History Department

By Zach Roth
Copy Editor

On Tuesday, April 20, Professor Emeritus Flannery Baumann of Yale University visited Moravian to evaluate the history program. On her recommendation the administration voted to cut the entire department as of Fall 2010.

“Rest assured, the initial purpose of my visit was merely to observe and make suggestions. This procedure is entirely normal. Every department of every college is subject to an evaluation such as this,” Dr. Baumann said.

“Having spent my long and illustrious career delving through the annals of history, I was pleased with both the content of the curriculum and the excellent delivery of it by the professors. Fran Ryan, especially. His history muscles are hunky.”

Baumann had a glowing review written and ready to be submitted when a colleague suggested she sit in on one of Dr. Kristina Haddad’s political science classes.

In the middle of Dr. Haddad’s lecture on the nature of time, Dr. Baumann collapsed into a pile of convulsions and tears.

“It was like a simultaneous existential crisis and nervous breakdown. It was glorious!” Dr. Baumann recounted.

Dr. Haddad conciliatorily patted Dr. Baumann on the shoulder before asking her to leave, as her outburst was wasting valuable instruction time.

After being escorted from the room, Dr. Baumann shared her revelation with whoever would listen.

“Learning about history is a waste of my time! Our time! My discipline is a time sink! I yelled through the halls of that gaudy building that looks like a castle.” Dr. Baumann said.

She was rushed into an emergency meeting with the entire History department and any administrators that were on hand. The doors were locked to prevent press access and student input. The meeting had lasted only five minutes before the history professors emerged, defeated, mumbling, “She’s right.”

When asked what she said behind closed doors, Dr. Baumann replied, “I merely stated an irrefutable fact: despite humans studying history for millennia, endlessly pouring over and analyzing old texts, and recognizing patterns of destructive behavior, we never learn from history. So why waste effort and precious, precious time studying it? It makes perfect sense.”

Dr. Baumann’s decision saw no resistance from any member of the History department, and it was painlessly excised the next day.

Students who have signed up for a history class in the Fall and all history majors and minors are advised to carefully rethink their life choices.

The philosophy department is up for review in the fall but has assured The Comedian they aren’t worried.

West Laurel Street to be Dubbed “Rape Avenue”

By Catherine Felegi
Incentives Manager

In honor of the lack of lights on West Laurel Street, Moravian College, in conjunction with the Bethlehem City Council, plans to rename the street “Rape Avenue.”

Police report that they have one lamp post lit on the street but in the imminent future plan on taking out the light bulb for that lamp post as well.

“We really don’t want prospective students to have the glare of the lights in their rooms while they dorm here next year,” Officer Jenson of the Moravian College Police Department said, “Also, what if the students looked into the lit lamp post and went blind? We don’t want the school to suffer from a lawsuit either.”

Students in general agree with the name change and the removal of the final light.

“I think it’s fine,” Jake Marcus, ‘12 said. “I mean, it makes things a lot easier for people like me. Now, we don’t need to watch for the wasted girls stumbling back from a night at OBT. We can just pick them off in the dark and leave without worrying if they will be able to identify us in a police lineup.”

Other students are equally enthused about taking down the light, though they wish that the name of the street would not be changed to something as negative as Rape Avenue.

“My issue with the name is that when you think Rape Avenue, you’re going to think rape,” said Charlie Randese, ‘13. “It should have been named Stabby Street.”

Despite the excitement surrounding the changes taking place, female students are taking up the issue.

“Seriously, what on earth is wrong with this school?” Sharon Kinley, ‘10 asked, shackled to the kitchen stove, burning a bra. “Do you honestly think that this can be in any way a good idea? The number of rapes, thefts and even murders will go through the roof on this campus!”

Karen Smith, ‘13, solely a baby-making instrument, added, “It is ridiculous that anyone would even think of sanctioning such an action.”

Though the campus entertained the quaint notions of its female students, they were put on sandwich duty and the decision-making was left to the “big boys.” After all, if any female students were walking down Rape Avenue and happened, they must have been asking for it, right?

If you would like to provide your input regarding the new street name and removal of the last bulb, don’t bother.

PHOTO COURTESY OF SXC.HU

ANTI-CHRIST from page 1

USG did, however, stop them from sacrificing a different student from the Christian Fellowship every month, stating that the college would thus have to raise tuition due to the lack of student funding. This has been a source of indignation and frustration for the club ever since.

“It is insulting that we would allow such a discrimination against our religious practices on this campus. We are working on getting a lawyer to sue the college,” said Vice President of the club, Joey Smith, ‘13.

Treasurer Corey Leopold, ‘11, says the club plans to get additional funding by having a bake sale next semester. Items such as Devil’s Food Cake, Death by Chocolate, and Devil Dogs will be sold for the price of one soul. If the club can gather enough souls, then the lawyer will take it as payment and help sue the school.

“We are really happy that we got this club chartered at all,” comments Beelzebub. “However, the fact that they put this huge restriction on our club is ridiculous and we need to fight it.”

For more information on how to sell your soul to the club to support the lawsuit or how to join the Anti-Christ Club, please e-mail Beelzebub at staan666@moravian.edu.
Former Wrestler Steve Austin Going Back to “School”

By Bernard Byrne
Reporter

Throughout this “renaissance” of children’s entertainment, professional wrestlers have made several appearances in movies and television shows. Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson has starred in several Disney movies, like “The Game Plan” and “The Tooth Fairy,” and John Cena appears in Nickelodeon’s “True Jackson VP.” However, I recently stumbled upon some juicy info about a new Disney movie that made me say—if you pardon the pun—What?

It appears as though former WWE Superstar “Stone Cold” Steve Austin will be in the latest installment of “High School Musical.” The series of movie musicals, drawing both undying love from its fans and incredible heat from its detractors, will feature the superstar famous for drinking beer in the middle of the ring and flipping off his boss Vince McMahon.

Disney fans and wrestling fans alike had mixed reactions to this news. One Disney fan was elated to hear that the series would continue. “It’s been the greatest franchise put out by the company since the Mickey Mouse Club!”

“We feel that Austin will bring a new type of fan to the Disney family,” a Disney spokesperson said. “We hope to best utilize his talents and skills to further our next generation of High School Musical.”

The spokesperson did not say what role Austin will play in the film, nor whether or not he will sing. Reports are being leaked, however, that the film’s production is taking longer than anticipated, due to Austin’s “disagreements” with the director.

PHOTO COURTESY OF IGN.COM

Because illegal stuff is entertaining news

Police Log

Compiled by Catherine Felegi

3/23 — 4:05 PM — Criminal Mischief — Five commuters were found without meal plans. Instead, they were using paper money to purchase items from the Blue and Grey Café. The students were promptly arrested and sent to Student Affairs.

3/25 — 6:00 AM — Theft — Female student reports that a pink thong underwear, a denim mini-skirt, a sequin tube top, five-inch heels and a fire-engine red purse were stolen from her room the other night. She asks that if someone were to find them, not to report it to the police. Simply leave the items in a bag at the corner of Monocacy Street and West Laurel Street, where she will pick them up. Under investigation.

3/25 — 8:00 AM — Arson — Student reports that his cigarettes were set on fire. Police searching for the arsonist. Under investigation.

3/28 — 7:42 PM — Theft — President Christopher Thomforde reports that three of his favorite bow ties, the ones with the polka dots on them, went missing. Police are searching for the thief. Under investigation.

3/30 — 5:00 AM — Criminal Mischief — Student found streaking across the Quad after screaming, “I’M SUPERMAN!” while tying a red blanket around his neck. Police had problems capturing the culprit, since the student was evidently on the track team. Under investigation.

4/1 — 12:45 PM — Criminal Mischief — Chickens were released into the HUB Building with the numbers, 1, 3, and 4 written in spray paint on their sides. The students were found, charged for animal endangerment, and sentenced to serve PETA for the next five months. Chicken number 2 has yet to be found. Under investigation.

4/4 — 5:00 PM — Theft — A student was seen pulling blades of grass out of the Quad in order to “twirl between her fingers.” She was sentenced to re-seed the Quad by hand. Under investigation.

4/14 — 4:32 PM — Criminal Mischief — Police found a dummy child covered in ketchup in the arms of the Comenius statue on Main Street. The dummy child seemed to be shielding its face from Comenius, as though trying to avoid being eaten. Under investigation.
Under the Radar: Jimmy!

By Joanne Marshall
Reporter

This issue’s Under the Radar focuses on a very special local treat. From Bethlehem, PA, it’s Jimmy Marshall—yaaaay!

Jimmy is a handsome young man of 16, and he plays his clarinet something fierce. When he first told me in elementary school that he wanted to play the clarinet, I thought he had the Gay. Then, when he would spend hours in his room just playing with his instrument—-all those horrible squeals and wail, warbly notes-I thought he hated me, and was trying to torture me because I wouldn't accept him as a Gay! But in the end his perseverance and my saintly patience have paid off in droves.

Jimmy’s playing a solo at the upcoming band concert at Liberty High School next week! Exciting! Now I know all of you readers out there haven’t heard of Jimmy before (this is Under the Radar after all!), but let me assure you he is a talented musician. Why, just last week he played me his arrangement of Lady Gaga’s “Pokerface,” and it was so beautiful I could have cried. I called his sister hands the whole time. But I am a forgiving, big-hearted woman so I didn’t even read it. Hope it’s good.

have a little more confidence in herself and she could probably even move up to second flute!

They are so cute together! Sometimes Esther stops by with her flute and they play little melodies to each other and it’s adorable, except that one time I went upstairs to tell Jimmy and Esther it was time for dinner. I opened the door and sang cheerfully, “Meatloaf night!” but it quickly turned into a blood curdling scream, because there was my little Jimmy and that skank Esther necking on top bunk of my sweet boy’s bed! They were playing a tape of a clarinet and a flute! I was horrified at their lewd and loathsome behavior, so I yelled, “Not in this house, you two bohemian gypsies! Jimmy, you will wait until you are married or so help me I will drown your first born bastard child in holy water! Now you two come eat your meatloaf before it gets cold!” And we all ate a silent and uncomfortable and delicious dinner of meatloaf and mashed potatoes and I kept one eye on that skank Esther’s hands the whole time. But I am a forgiving, big-hearted woman so I forgave her, provided her little harlot lips never son... unless she’s to be married the barrel of Jimmy’s 8PM in the gym. You should all come! Toodles!

Under the Radar: Apathy

By Zach Roth
Copy Editor

Honestly, I couldn’t be bothered to write my column for this issue. I’m a senior. It’s April. What do you expect? Like any good American I outsourced the work. I didn’t even read it. Hope it’s good.

Dine at a Dump

by: Emily Doll
Copy Editor

This month, our dining spotlight will focus on one of the most popular haunts of Moravian College students: the dearly beloved Wawa. With approximately 692 franchises in the city of Bethlehem alone, I was eager to explore this restaurant I’d heard so much about.

My experience began with the exciting task of finding a parking space. After navigating through the parking lot without getting mauled by various other prospective diners (all of whom were in more of a rush than I), and surviving a close encounter with a TastyKake truck, the adrenaline was pumping. Any business that caused its customers to fight for parking spaces had to be worth my while!

As I began my journey towards the building from my parking space on the other side of the lot, I had time to reflect on the aesthetically-pleasing sight of 48 fuel pumps. My appetite was only heightened as each gave off the distinct smell of gasoline; a scent that easily permeated the establishment, giving the entire environment a very cozy, truck-stop-ish feel.

Once inside, I ordered my meal from the personable digital screen. Though it neglected to greet me or introduce itself, the way most waiters do, it made up for these faux pas by offering me everything from extra bacon to extra cheese to extra potato salad to an extra kitchen sink. My order finally complete, I had copious time to stand in line and exchange awkward glances with other customers, who were also waiting for their number to be called.

My “toasted” roast beef sandwich was almost warm, and had been allowed to marinade in its own grease, giving the roll a uniquely gooey, squishy texture. My side order of macaroni and cheese, which came in an adorably tiny container, almost contained enough noodles to fill two spoonfuls. I found out later from one of the apron-clad folks behind the counter that the secret ingredient in the recipe is a dash of Elmer’s glue, which creates the signature thick, sticky texture of the dish. When I inquired about dessert, I was directed to the make-your-own-milkshake machine in the back of the store, illustrating how Wawa invites customers to take an active role in the preparation of the meal. The food itself was not the only thing I was impressed by during my visit; indeed, the facilities, too, were beyond my expectations. Wawa seems to consider itself above the idea of having tables or chairs for its diners to utilize; instead, customers are encouraged to loiter awkwardly on the sidewalk outside while eating. The women’s bathrooms did not sport the typical annoying pink-and-flowery decor of most bathrooms, nor the expected cleanliness which has become all too common; instead, they featured black stalls, black and what-used-to-be white tiled floors, and a layer of black and grey grime covering nearly every surface. In addition, the bathrooms were equipped with speakers, so that there was absolutely no part of the entire building where one could go and not hear the very genuine country music.

As such, I would wholeheartedly recommend the Wawa dining experience to anyone who enjoys country music, eating while standing up, and paying to make their own meals. You won’t be disappointed.
MoCo Classifieds

**For Sale:** Photo Lab. Complete with fully equipped black and white film processing capabilities and historic photo processes room. Also comes with remnants of classroom at no extra charge. $1000 OBO.

**Wanted:** Full-Time security personnel for campus safety office with high turn-around. Responsibilities include, but are not limited to, providing escorts service between campuses and (sometimes, if you feel like it) responding to student violations and crises. Please send resume to Sean Tallarico, Joel Labriola, 1200 Main St., Bethlehem, PA 18018

Food Mate
I am seeking a nice nonmusic major who will always sit next to me in Clewell Dining Hall during breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The guy must be at least 5’8”, an IQ of 157 or above and have an uncanny love for history.

Please call 1-800-DESPERATE for negotiation prices