

# THE ATHENIAN

Nov-Dec 2008

**Snyder solves deficit crisis!**

**Loophole found in  
voting for Issue 6!**

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Proud member of the Case Media Board since Hundert.



## *The Athenian*

"With the first link, a chain is forged.  
The first speech censored, the first  
thought forbidden, the first freedom  
denied, chains us all irrevocably." -  
Captain Jean-Luc Picard

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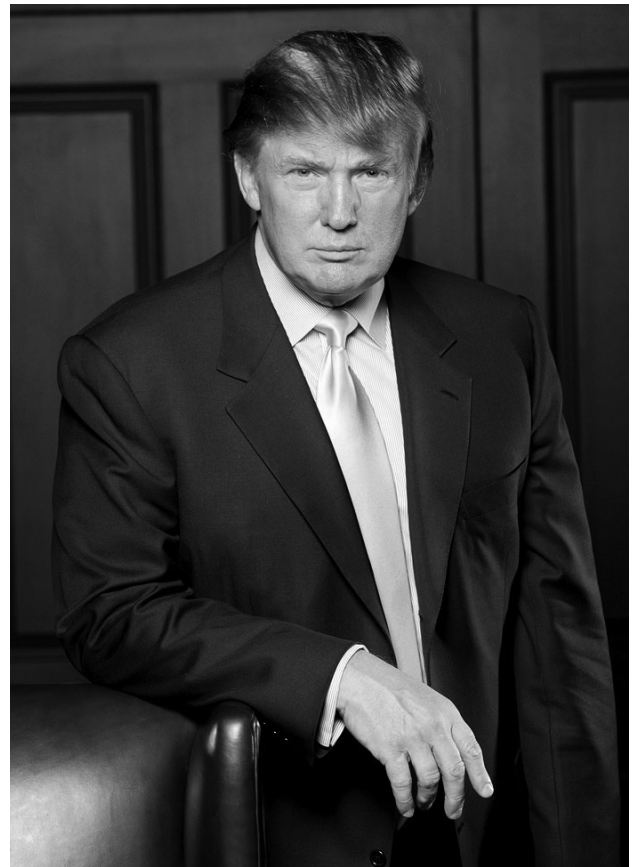
Paul Hay

## Letter From The Editor

Hey folks. It's about that time, eh? It's that wonderful time of the year where everyone spends 18 hours a day studying for those pesky finals and working on those all-semester projects, but not you. You're a faithful Athenian reader!

You see, you are special. The fact that you are spending time reading these words and not the blocks of 6 point font text inside a tome of information for BME's says something about you. What exactly that is, I'm not sure. But I can guess!

You're not here for the learning. You didn't come to Case for the little known educational benefits or that "degree" thing that some people are rumored to have left with after a decade. No, you're here for Case's world renowned party school attitude! Whether it was the late night beer pong tournaments held in the basement of Rockefeller (Find the night shift janitor and tell him "Millikan's car is out of oil." He'll know what you mean.) or the jell-o shots offered on the 5th floor of Nord (Tell them "Hundy" sent you.), something caught your eye while on a visit. And it wasn't the talent of walking backwards that apparently all Case students seem to exude. Congratulations to you, Mr. CaseP4r7yAnim@I++. Sit back with a Natty Light and relax while the rest of the campus is engulfed with chaos as people raid Starbucks and Arabica in search of that precious caffeine.



-- The Editor

## 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 printed on acid-soaked, chemically-enhanced paper cut from endangered species of trees and made in mills powered by child labor. Several cute, cuddly animals were harmed in the making of this issue.

3) Any articles/comments/scathing rebukes/limericks/subpoenas can be sent to athenian@case.edu. Any submissions can/will be altered as needed.

## **She Surprises Everyone; Market Suffers**

### **P. Flyer (Cleveland, OH)**

In an unexpected turn of events during a District 13 Federal Court case it was revealed that she is actually mute.

She was quietly sitting next to her attorney when the judge ordered her to come to the stand and testify as to the suffering she has endured. Her attorney, John Smith, objected to withhold her testimony on the basis that it wasn't necessary to put his client on the stand, because there was enough evidence without her. The judge overruled him stating that he desired to hear first hand from the plaintiff. After a brief verbal argument, resulting in Smith receiving 5 days in jail for contempt of court, she reluctantly made her way to the stand.

Judge Davis G. Gray XIII asked her to describe to him why she was in court. She didn't respond. Turning to her, he repeated the question. At this point court reporters report that she reached in to her purse, removed a wallet, a pen, a comb, some make-up, keys, half a ticket stub from a Third Eye Blind concert, a coupon for WalMart, a banana, two hair ties, and a small note pad. She then took the pen, wrote something on the back of the coupon and handed it to the judge. The judge announced that she may return to her place next to Smith. The judge then revealed to the

court the message she wrote on the piece of paper. "I'm mute."

Subsequent evidence presented in court revealed that she has been mute since third grade when she was infected with post operative necrotizing fasciitis and her voice box was removed to save her life. "She hasn't been able to speak since she was seven. She is incapable of conversations," testified her physician Dr. R. Sponinbug D.O.

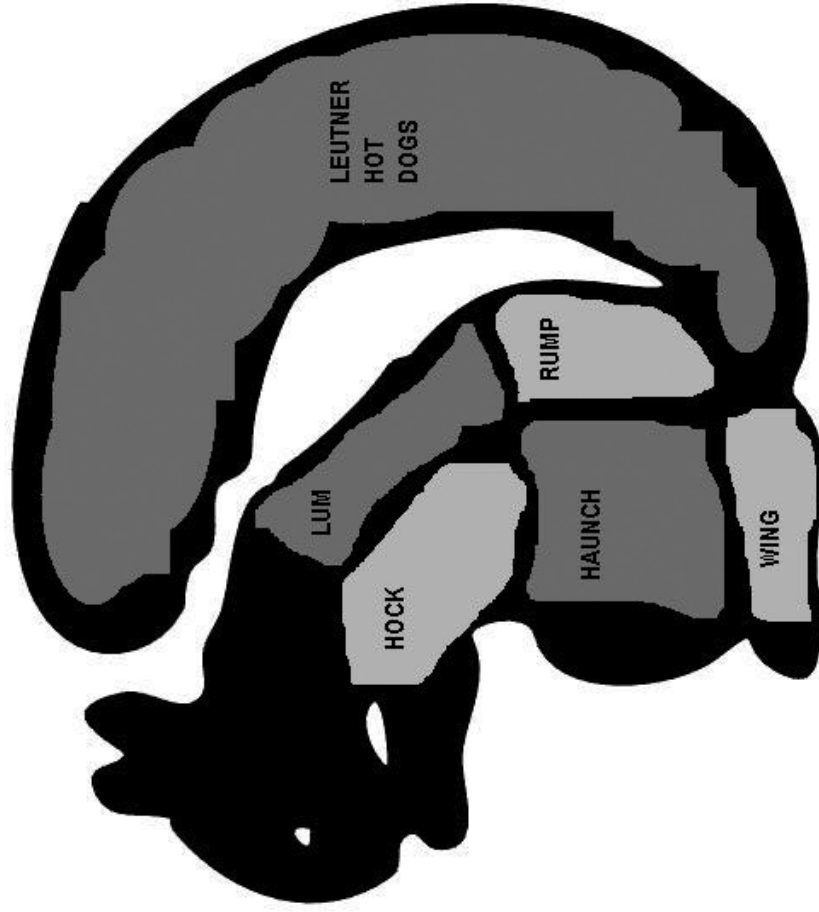
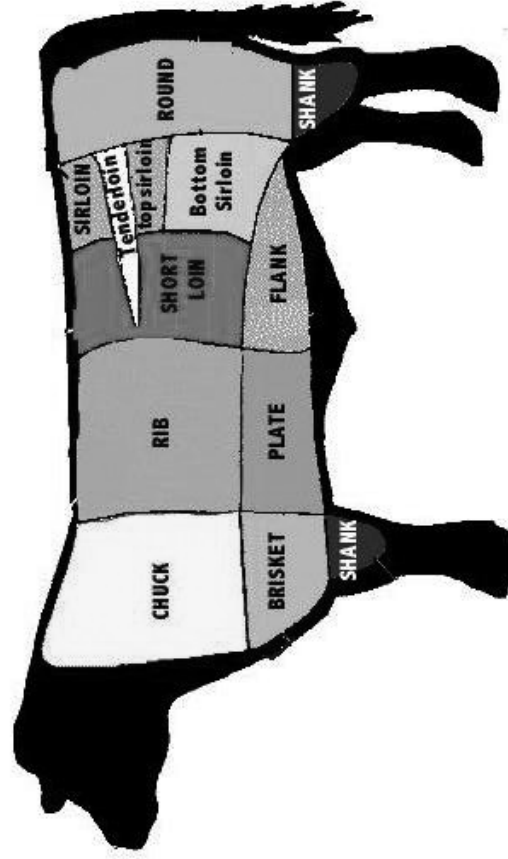
The judge reviewed the testimony and determined that there was no possible way she could have said any of these things. In his judgment he said "There is no possible way she could have said any of these things." He ruled in favor of the plaintiff. He furthermore determined that any person caught slandering her in print or conversation would be guilty of a class five felony and subject to 30 days in prison and a fine of 250,000 USD.

"We know the judge made the right decision. We know that the goodness of the American people and their infinite respect will result in the elimination of slanderous comments," said her attorney at a press conference following the court case. "I expect that people will now think twice before saying that she said it."

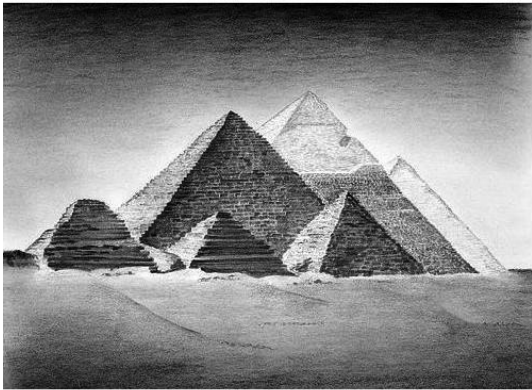




If there were a  
butcher shop on  
campus...



# Upcoming Architectural Additions to Case Western Reserve University's Campus (artist's renditions)



CWRU's Adelbert Hall, Newly Renovated

To be erected on Freiburger Field (KSL may need to be destroyed)

Optional Barbara Snyder Sphinx to sit atop Severance Hall

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## CWRU's Long-Proposed Greek Village

To be built in the clearing next to Clarke Tower



Weatherhead School of Management's Peter B. Lewis Building

(after court-ordered redesign of dangerous lethal-icicle-making curves and folds)

Door graciously donated by CWRU Medieval Society

## Lesser-Known Celebrity Sex Tapes

“I Got a Fever” (Christopher Walken) – In this recently-unearthed 8-millimeter film from the early 80’s, Walken is in a hotel room with an expensive call girl (whom he has to pay with a traveler’s cheque). Walken tells her to take off her clothes while he dances around the room, singing an old show tune. Then he asks her if she wants to see his Best Supporting Actor Oscar from *The Deer Hunter*. When she declines, he begins to tie her to the bedpost but can’t figure out how to make a reef knot and finally gives up. They do the deed, and Walken keeps winking at the camera the whole time.

“Model Behavior” (Kate Moss) – Moss’s boyfriend secretly made this tape in their beach house in the Cayman Islands, which mysteriously imploded two years later. Moss walks into the room naked with a bottle of cheap whiskey. She places herself on the guy in a cowgirl position, muttering in what sounds like Arabic. Then he rolls on top of her, and one can almost hear bones breaking. The video cuts to a few minutes later, when a visibly-asleep Moss does not respond to her boyfriend’s dirty talk.

“Did I Do That?” (Jaleel White) – Filmed last summer in White’s L.A. penthouse, the video sweeps across his beer-can-strewn bedroom and lands on a nubile young woman whom White addresses as “Candy.” White puts on a surgical mask and gloves as Candy rubs Thousand Island salad dressing on her breasts. They begin lovemaking, and White makes a lot of high-pitched squeaking noises. Candy bumps the camera so that one can only see their feet for a while. When it is finally readjusted, the room is on fire.

## MEDIA BOARD



“They keep giving us money, and we keep asking ‘Why?’”

## Going to Class Drunk

There's nothing more fun when you wake up in front of a toilet, reeking of last night's vomit, than to polish off what's left of the stale PBR and stumble out the door, struggling to remember what day it is and which building your first class is in on the quad. You're not truly living unless all low-range frequencies make your head hum like a beehive, especially if you've got to listen to a lecture on neutrinos at 9:30am. The collegiate experience is designed not simply to let us learn the necessary skills to enter the world of commerce, but also to allow us to experiment with a frighteningly bohemian lifestyle. Take advantage of these years while you can still get away with being "Edward 40-Hands" for the night...or afternoon...or morning.

The best drink to have while watching someone go over your calculus homework on a projector is the ol' Varsity Cocktail—vodka in a Gatorade bottle. It won't smell or look conspicuous, and if you don't wash the bottle you can get a nice fruity aftertaste. (You could also substitute Cobra, which is cheaper than bottled water and almost tastes like it.) You definitely don't want to drink gin, which, although it smells like Christmas, will just make you surly; save that for when you're brown-bagging it on Euclid Avenue a few years after graduating.

You should spend serious time and effort into cultivating a good Mather Quad Stagger. This will let everyone around you know, even if you've got a hoodie wrapping 85% of your head, that you're trashed and not ashamed of it. I like to lead with my left foot and drag my right foot along a bit, with my left hand out in front of me clutching at the air, as if expecting to have to tear through cobwebs

at every step. If you can lurch your way into each classroom, you can be certain that no other students will sit next to you and bother you with requests for a pencil while the rooms spins around like a demented carousel.

Be careful: although drinking warms you up, it actually lowers your body temperature. So when you stumble out of Rockefeller and fall into the deep Cleveland snow, don't just lay there smiling and rolling in it. Get back and take a shower before night falls and your organs fail.

If you have a chem lab from 6-9pm, do yourself a favor and saunter into the Jolly Scholar at 5pm. Imitate your favorite nonmetal element and try to drink as many beers as it has valence electrons. (Now you see why they call them the "noble" gases!) You'll have a much more relaxed attitude when you show up for the lab, and if your partner doesn't approve, lighten the mood by igniting a belch with a Bunsen burner. Operating expensive and dangerous machinery can be nerve-wracking; it's best to take the edge off by shotgunning a few MGDs right beforehand. (This is definitely true if you're about to take a final. As a rule of thumb, take your desired GPA and divide by ten; this will give you the BAC you'll need to get the grade.)

As a final thought, take heed of the don'ts of in-class drunkenness: DON'T start singing along when someone's cell phone rings; DON'T take your shirt off, even if you think the room is too warm; DON'T puke in a potted plant; DON'T wear body armor made out of empty Natty cases; DON'T kiss your professor (maybe on the cheek, definitely not with tongue). As Thoreau says, Live deep and suck out all the marrow of life—maybe you can get a buzz off of it.



# EVERYTHING I NEED TO KNOW I LEARNED FROM NEIL YOUNG

Every junkie's like  
a setting sun.

Welfare mothers  
make better lovers.

Only love can  
break your heart.

A man needs a maid.

It's better to burn  
out than to fade away.

I could be happy the rest of my  
life with a cinnamon girl.

Look at Mother Nature  
on the run in the 1970's.



## Hollywood Poetry

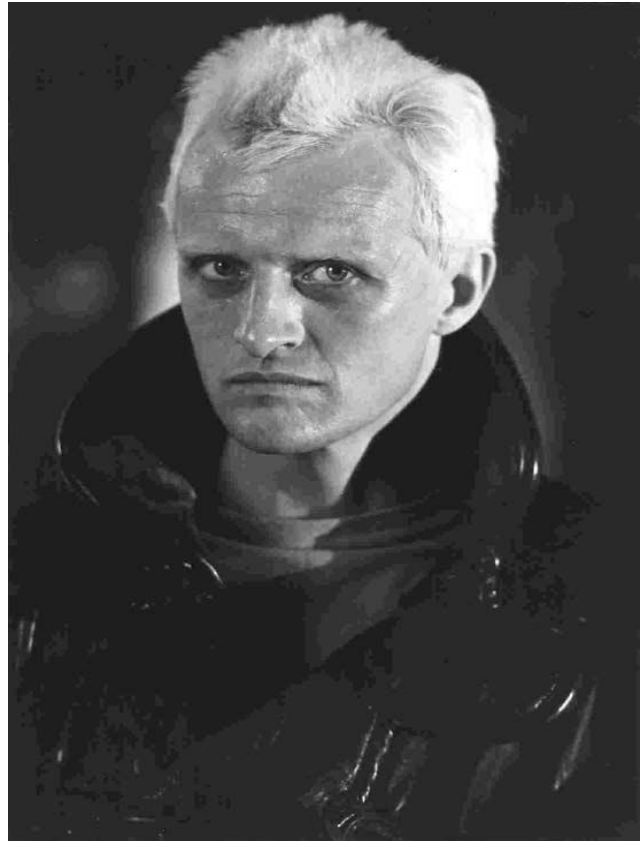
Rutger Hauer – “Blade Runner”

I’ve seen  
things  
you people wouldn’t believe

Attack ships  
on fire  
near the shoulder of  
Orion

I’ve watched C-beams  
glitter in the dark  
near the Tannhauser Gate.

All those  
moments  
will be lost  
in time  
like  
tears  
in rain.



Strother Martin – “Cool Hand Luke”

what we’ve got here is  
failure to communicate

some folks  
you just can’t  
reach

so you get what we had here  
last week  
which is the way  
he wants it

well, he gets it

I don’t like it  
any more  
than you  
men.

Arnold Schwarzenegger –  
“Conan the Barbarian”

Crom!

i have never prayed to you before  
i have no tongue for it  
no one  
not even you  
will remember if we were good men or bad  
why we fought  
or why we died  
all that matters  
is that two stood against many  
that's what's important!

valor pleases you, Crom  
so grant me one request  
grant me revenge!  
and if you do not listen  
then to HELL with you!



Donald Sutherland – “Animal House”

Don't write this down  
but I find Milton  
probably as boring  
as you find Milton

Mrs. Milton found him boring too.

he's a little bit long-winded  
he doesn't translate very well into  
our generation  
and his jokes  
are terrible.

# 2008 ANNUAL SECURITY REPORT



## SECURITY ALERT

Case Western Reserve University Police and Security Services

Type of Incident: Robbery, Aggravated Assault, Sexual Assault, Vandalism, Drug Trafficking, Money Laundering, Homicide, Kidnapping, Embezzlement, Illegal Possession of Weapons, Underage Drinking, Trespassing, Disorderly Conduct, Public Intoxication, Poor Sportsmanship

Location of Incident: All incidents occurred at the Alpha Beta Gamma house in the South Residential Village of Case Western Reserve University.

Date of Incident: All incidents occurred late at night on Sunday, November 16th, 2008 into the early morning of Saturday, November 17th.

Time of Incident: The incidents occurred within an 8 hour span between 10pm at night to 6am the next morning.

Incident Description: At 10pm the night of November 16th, 4 men belonging to Alpha Beta Gamma fraternity set off a Drano Bomb outside their fraternity house in the South Residential Village. Complaints were called into the Case Western Reserve University and University Circle police, who responded quickly and arrived at the house within 15 minutes. Upon the arrival of the police, the 4 men quickly ran inside the house. As police moved to enter the house, they came across a young man who had apparently fallen off of the roof of the house and had broken his neck. EMTs were summoned and arrived on the scene soon after. After knocking on the door for 10 minutes, a fraternity member opened the door and allowed entry to the police. Inside the house was covered in yarn, in which several young men were tangled and calling for help. A cursory search of the house resulted in the discovery of several kilograms of cocaine and heroin stacked in the bathroom. Loud noises from the upstairs were investigated, and it was found that members of the fraternity were shooting bottle rockets out of their windows at a fraternity house across the street that it was later found that Alpha Beta Gamma had lost to in an intramural sports match earlier that day.



The 4 men responsible for the bottle rockets and the 4 men that had run inside when the police arrived were quickly arrested and the nearest Fire Department was called to help extinguish the fire that had started in the house targeted by the Alpha Beta Gamma bottle rockets. As the police were leaving to take the suspects to be processed at the police station, 8 men who were visibly drunk stumbled up to the house, commenting on their successful “quest of rape, murder, and pillaging.” Alcohol appearing to be mead and several weapons including a broadsword and a battleaxe were confiscated from the men, and further police officers were called to investigate the claims of “rape, murder, and pillaging,” which were found to be true. Alpha Beta Gamma fraternity at Case Western Reserve University is now under investigation for illegal drug trafficking, possession of illegal drugs and weapons, and an unrelated embezzlement charge. Students are advised to stay well away from the premises of the Alpha Beta Gamma house and all members of the fraternity.

Description of Suspect(s): All 16 men involved were members of Alpha Beta Gamma Fraternity, 8 of which were dressed as Vikings.

Additional Information: The young man who had fallen off the roof survived the fall, but is now paralyzed from the neck down and is, quote, “really fuckin’ pissed” that no one stopped him from sleeping on the roof.

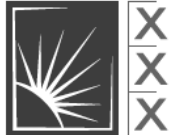
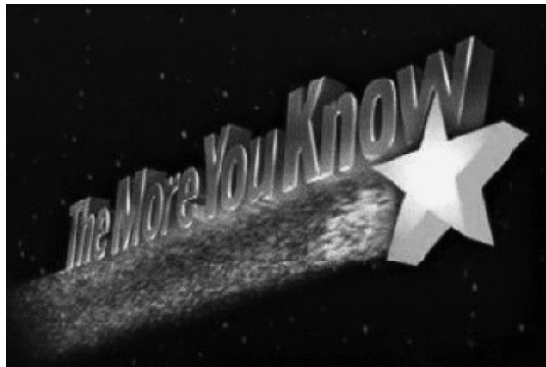
Security Alert: # 1337

Initiated: 11/18/08

Information provided by: Police & Security Services and University Circle Police.

If you have further information on any of the above incidents or have suffered abuse or wrong at the hands of Alpha Beta Gamma Fraternity, contact Case Police at 368-3333. What FIPG policies did Alpha Beta Gamma break? What consequences will the fraternity face for its actions? What could Alpha Beta Gamma have done to avoid this incident?

We didn't actually  
make this up!



clear zone equals 1/3 height of icon



**PLEASE NOTE:**

icon and text should never be separated

icon must remain to the left of text

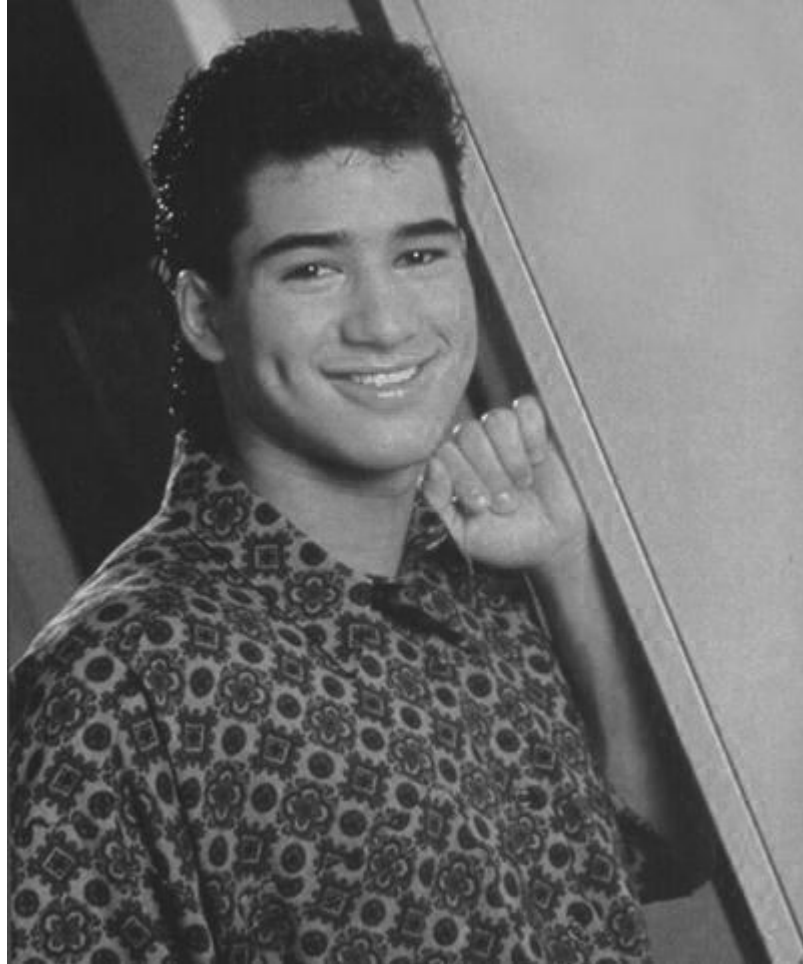
nothing should be in the clear zone

logo should not be used any smaller than 2" wide to insure proper reproduction and visibility of all elements

when silk-screening logo should be no smaller than 4" wide unless silk-screener can not maintain quality of all elements

until completed style manual is released all uses of new logo should be run through University Marketing and Communications for approval

# ***SLATER SAYS...***



“All the *cool* kids write for the *Athenian*...even Screech! Meet me after class at The Maxx and we'll think of some dirty limericks!”

## **The Case of Natty** **(A modern re-telling of Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado")**

I am not a man known for his rancor, but Brent Jesko's wanton douchebaggery could have driven a nun to commit arson. I had endured the thousand insults from Brent with as much patience as I could muster, but finally I could bear disgrace no longer—revenge was necessary. It was during the supreme madness of the Halloween on the Farm weekend that I saw my chance.

My brothers in the Alpha Delta fraternity had all gone out together to a brotherhood retreat many miles away—I had stayed behind, feigning a urinary tract infection—which left our house deserted. The October night was cool, and loud music wafted on the winds outside the nearby Greek houses. Revelers in various states of sobriety wandered past my window. Tonight would be my perfect opportunity.

Donning a nondescript black hoodie, I emerged onto our front lawn, sat down on a rusty lawn chair, and waited. Waited. I knew he would show his face at some time.

"Hey, Steve! I need your help, brah!" The voice came from the adjacent Kappa Chi frat house. I couldn't even suppress my grin.

"Sure thing, Brent. What do you need?" Brent walked over to me, but his cologne got there first. He was wearing the standard Kappa Chi uniform: popped-collar polo shirt, madras shorts, sandals. Frosted tips. The total package.

"Red alert, my broseph. It's only 1am, and our party is almost out of beer. You guys got any brews we can take...umm, borrow?"

I looked around to see if anyone was within earshot. Nobody. "You're in luck, Brent. We've got a case of Natty Light in the basement that hasn't been touched. Come get it with me."

"Kickass, Steve! You're the fucking man," Brent replied.

We entered the foyer of the Alpha Delta house, and in the light of a cheap chandelier I got my first good look at Brent. Bloodshot

eyes betrayed recent bong hits, and the aroma of cheap booze almost covered up his Brut. Brent liked to party hard, and he wasn't averse to waking up in a pool of his own vomit. Lately this habit had increased; according to the rumor mill, he had been named in a paternity case and was "really stressing out about it." All the better for me—I would prefer Brent not to be thinking straight.

"Here," I said, handing him a bottle of Southern Comfort. "Take a nip, it's kinda cold down in the basement." He emptied half of it in one breath, then gave it back to me. I showed him the door and we descended down the stairs.

The Alpha Delta house was not large, but it boasted an extensive network of basement rooms. Between the irregular layout and the piles of random junk heaped in each room, it was easy to get lost down there. One of our house managers attempted to clean and organize the whole basement a few years ago, but he soon suffered a nervous breakdown and the project was scrapped. Mostly, brothers just avoided going downstairs whenever possible.

We waded cautiously through the mess: stacks of old yearbooks, ancient composite pictures haphazardly propped up against each other, children's toys that had no business being in a frat house. There was sawdust on the carpet, cobwebs in some of the corners. Here and there an empty beer can tried to hide.

"Ow! Fuck!" shouted Brent.

"What's wrong?"

"I just banged my knee on something." He picked up a large framed picture of the Alpha Delta coat of arms. "What's your motto mean?" he asked, pointing to the words *SERVA JUGUM* underneath the shield.

"'Keep the yoke,'" I replied.

He paused. "What's that mean?"

"No fucking clue. Have another drink, this bottle is nowhere near empty."

We continued into the next room, which





contained some power tools and an unnecessary amount of scrap wood, with a few empty bags of concrete mix for good measure. Brent tripped over a few bricks, as his alcohol intake for the night was starting to catch up with him. I noticed that he appeared to be wearing not one polo shirt, but three.

"It's a status thing, brah," he explained. "The more collars you can pop at once, the more of a badass you are. Look, the other two shirts are fucking pink! I'm so fucking hard... why do you have a trowel?"

"I think there might be some cockroaches down here, I need something to crush them with. Hey, still some SoCo left." I dragged him on into the next room.

Our path through the basement entered into rarely-traveled areas. The lighting became sparse, usually no better than a bare bulb hanging from the ceiling, and the walls gave way to undecorated cinder-blocks. We unearthed a laundry basket full of 8-track tapes in front of one door, trophies from a Nixon-era beer drinking contest near another. One room, inexplicably, housed the rusted-out remains of a 1987 Chevy Cavalier. Brent paid no atten-

tion to his surroundings—his liquor-soaked mind could focus on nothing but the promise of future Natty.

Finally we entered the most remote room in the labyrinthine Alpha Delta basement. The room was small, but bare, except for a large locked cabinet, about seven feet tall and three feet wide, which housed our ritual paraphernalia. I pushed the cabinet aside, revealing a recess in the wall that was only slightly smaller but deep. "The Natty is in here," I told Brent.

He began to walk into the recess and I followed closely behind, snapping a pair of handcuffs to his wrist and fixing them to an overhead pipe. Before comprehension dawned and a feeble resistance could be made, I had cuffed his other wrist and attached it to the pipe, trapping Brent in the recess.

"Wait a minute, bro, what about the Natty?"

"Brent, buddy, don't you worry about that anymore!" I scoffed. Being the chaplain of Alpha Delta, I alone had access to the ritual cabinet, and with serene familiarity I removed the key from my pocket and unlocked

the door. The ritual garments had all been crammed into a corner; most of the space in the cabinet was being taken up by a stack of bricks and a bucket of wet cement.

“Steve, what the fuck is going on?”

I almost wanted to stand back and enjoy listening to Brent struggle with the handcuffs, but it was starting to get late, and I had hard work to do. Building a brick wall is more complicated than it seems; luckily, an amateur bricklayer can find great advice on the Internet. I was already halfway done before Brent realized what was happening. His screams began in terror but, after desperately trying to break free from his bonds, ended in rage. Music to my ears!

“Let me out of here, you piece of shit!” he yelled. I continued my work, humming softly to myself. Building the higher rows went faster; I was starting to get into a rhythm.

I had one more brick to put into place when I heard it: weeping. A big-man-on-campus reduced to tears. “Steve, please...don’t do this to me, man...I don’t deserve it.” Truly pathetic. For a second, I wanted to let him free.

But only for a second. I set the last brick into place. His screams seemed to echo through the entire basement. Then suddenly, he was silent. I took the bottle of Southern Comfort and finished it off in one gulp. Done.

I slid the cabinet back in front of the new brick wall, which was completely covered. Initiation wouldn’t take place for another month, and my term as chaplain didn’t end until April. But longer still would the body of Brent Jesko lie in the darkness behind the wall, an unmarked grave, a hidden marker of my revenge. And to this day, people still wonder why I always shudder at the smell or the mere mention of Natty Light.

## Some Uncommon Fears

**ungulatophobia** – the fear of four-legged hooved mammals

**lembogophobia** – the fear of shoes with odd-numbered sizes

**terminatophobia** – the fear that a cyborg will be sent from the future to kill you

**germangaphobia** – the fear that your TV will only get the Weather Channel

**alacartophobia** – the fear that, on your birthday, someone will send you naked pictures of your family members

**transcendentaphobia** – the fear that you will have an out-of-body experience during the Super Bowl and miss all the good commercials

**jeskophobia** – the fear that someone will steal your replacement hip out of your body

## Least-Ever Downloaded Files on DC++

- Fully-ClothedWomen.avi
- Little House on the Prairie Episode 02-12.wma
- Citizen Kane (anime version).avi
- The\_Beatles\_-\_In\_Da\_Club.mp3
- GreekWeek2005UnityEvent.wma
- Striptease (PG-13 edit).avi
- CWRUAlmaMater.mp3

# THE ATHENIAN STAFF'S CHRISTMAS LIST

Dear Santa,

Howzit going, Nick? Enjoying the weather up there? According to Al Gore, it's getting nice and balmy around the North Pole...maybe by this time next year Mrs. Claus will be able to trade that boring old overcoat for a nice new sundress.

Anyway, we've been VERY good this year (more or less meeting our deadlines, and with only a handful of libel threats and that-went-beyond-the-limits-of-good-taste complaints from a few Puritans on campus), and we thought we'd put together a list of toys we wouldn't mind seeing under our tree in the break room come the morning of December 25. (As always, feel free to sample our stash of Milano cookies and Great Lakes Christmas Ale from the kitchenette; you are by far our favorite guest.) See what you can do with these!

- The full DVD set of *Married...With Children*
- A ship-in-a-bottle of the Edmund Fitzgerald
- A bolo tie
- A Moe Green action figure/bobble-head/wind-up talking doll ("I made my bones while you were still bangin' cheerleaders!")
- An original painting by Bob Ross
- A Mortal Kombat II arcade machine (so we can challenge the Observer staff for high scores)
- Pumpkin butter
- A million army men (to recreate the Battle of the Bulge on the floor of the staff room)
- A mint-condition copy of *The Punisher Meets Archie Comics*
- Backstage passes to a Michael Stanley concert
- A Washington Bullets throwback jersey (preferably of Tom Gugliotta)
- A ventriloquist's dummy of Marlon Brando from *Apocalypse Now*
- A case of Surge soda, a two-liter bottle of Josta, and a three-day supply of New Coke
- A *Pure Moods* CD
- A Virtual Boy
- A subscription to *Cat Fancy* magazine
- L.A. Lights (size 11)
- A Ghostbusters beach towel
- World peace
- A Swahili-English dictionary
- More submissions in 2009

Sincerely,

The Athenian Staff



# **Can Haz Articles?**

**athenian@case.edu**