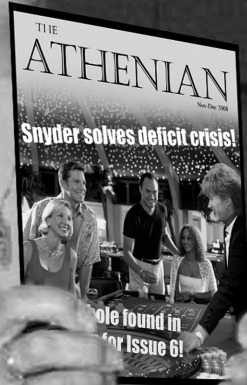


THE

ATHENIAN

Early 2009

Kids love it!



Articles by:

P. Flyer
Jim Poole
Sid Bream
Mark Lemke
Paul Hay
Cory Snyder
Hank Shermann
Oddibe McDowell

With Graphics by:

Beth McNany
Andrew Schwirian
Paul Hay



Proud member of the Case Media Board since Hundert.



The Athenian

"I saw a werewolf drinking a piña colada at Trader Vic's...his hair was perfect." - Warren Zevon

Website:

<http://studentaffairs.case.edu/groups/mediaboard/members.html>

Email: athenian@cwru.edu

Officers and Groupies

Advisor/Kal-El:

Mr. Bradley Ricca

Dictator/Editor-in-Chief:

Andrew Schwirian

Quality Control:

Shang Tsung

BM /Treasurer:

Charles Pairan

Head Graphics Designer:

Beth McNany

Caterer:

Jeffrey Dahmer

Layout:

Paul Hay

Letter From The Editor

Hey folks,

It has come to my attention that I will only be serving time at Case for (hopefully) only a few more months. Time flies when you're stuck behind a desk facing hours of homework. Seeing that I am a (hopefully) soon-to-graduate-senior, I believe that earns me the right to give a "back in my day" speech to all the underclassmen who haven't realized yet that they shouldn't read the Athenian.

Back in my day the SAGES program was only beginning to be required for all students. It involved forcing random Russian biology professors to teach English. Oh, that reminds me- I should turn in my writing portfolio soon.

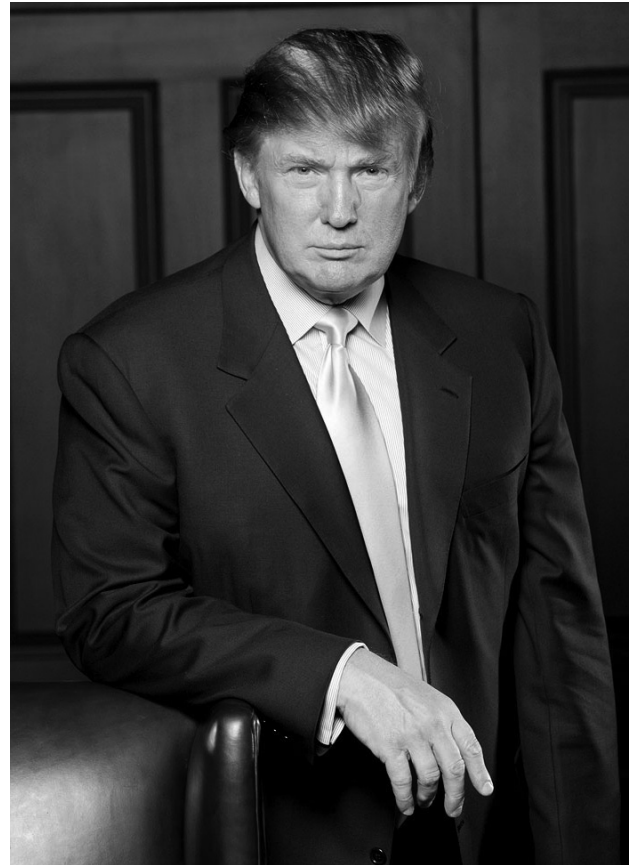
Back in my day Ed Hundert was the Supreme Commanding Wizard of Case. When he left, the Athenian realized it lost its most ripe deceased horse for beating. Case realized it lost a few million dollars somehow.

Back in my day Leutner served food. Yeah, it used to be edible.

Back in my day there was no nextbus.com to predict when the Greenie would be late. We relied on lunar cycles to predict the next appearance.

Back in my day the Athenian staff was really strange. Seriously, it was the most screwed-up group of students on campus. Glad to see this hasn't changed.

Back in my day the Observer featured the student made comic "Sorcerers of the Midwest". We thought hell would freeze over before the Observer found something worse. "Robots in Case" came along. Satan bought a Snuggie.



-- The Editor

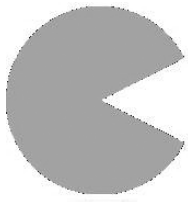
Athenian Guidelines

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

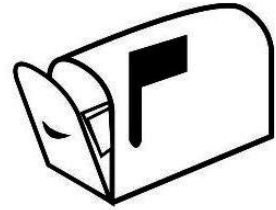
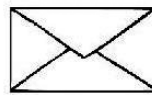
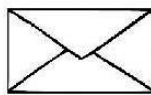
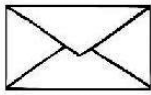
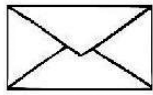
2) *The Athenian* contains secret, cryptic imagery and phrases which have been linked to obscure Masonic rites detailing the location of a vast sum of ancient treasures collected through the years by an elite brotherhood of marauders dedicated to the proliferation of Nicholas Cage movies.

3) Any articles/comments/drank e-mails/weird pictures/chain letters can be sent to athenian@case.edu. Any submissions can/will be altered as needed.

Opening Up the Athenian Mailbag



WHOP WHOP WHOP WHOP...



Dear *Athenian*,

I enjoy reading your issues (when I can find them on campus), but I have noticed that your material appears to all come from the perspective of a middle-class straight white male. Could you please start including articles that appeal to a wider variety of gender, ethnic, and lifestyle groups? Thanks, and tell Hundy I said hi.

W., House 3

First off, we think that poop jokes are universal. (Everybody poops!) But more importantly, W., we want you and our other readers to keep in mind that while we do have a staff, the life blood of the Athenian comes from submissions from the student body. We'd be more than happy to print articles about Tyler Perry's House of Payne, or vibrator jokes, or whatever, if students sent them in to us. We don't claim to be experts on all cultural experiences (as that last sentence shows...yikes), so naturally we skew towards our favorites (e.g., Dune, pro sports, Steven Seagal movies).

Hundy replies, "No comment." (Don't feel bad...we've been sending him fruit baskets for months, and he still won't reply! You think he holds a grudge or something?)



How has he not won an Oscar yet?!?!

Dear assholes,

To be blunt, your publication is terrible. It's always either unfunny, lazy, or repetitive, and only sporadically published. I can find much better humor on the Internet. You don't deserve to exist.

H., Storrs

We appreciate your candor. Look, we can find really funny things on friggin' Juicy Campus,

not to mention the thousand other humor outlets on the web, but this is the only one a) written entirely by CWRU students and b) on paper (still the superior print medium after all these years), so that's why we're special. If you don't like what you see, we'd gladly accept your own submissions of what funny is. Also, eat shit and die, please.

To whom it may concern,

I fully support the arts and all, but I have to wonder why you're always ragging on the school. For some reason Case has developed a real "whiner culture," and the *Athenian* is at the forefront of it. Worst of all, you're always making fun of the same five things that everyone makes fun of Case for. I guess what I'm asking is, why are you always sipping so much Haterade?

B., House 5

We'll stop making fun of Case when Case stops being seriously flawed. Besides, it's not like we always pick on just the faculty, or just the administration, or just the maintenance, or just the students—we spread it around equally. If it weren't for Haterade sipping, we'd die of thirst. (It's the nature of satire.)



Dear Athenian,

My roommate snores too much, but I'm too afraid to tell him it bothers me. I'm tired of being sleep-deprived all the time. What should I do?

Yawning in Glaser

We recommend pouring warm cola down his nose the next time he snores. That's what they do in prison.



"I did 6 months in San Quentin for pulling the 'Do Not Remove' tag off my mattress."

This portion of the column was left blank in protest of the poor treatment of Native Americans in the film industry. (What, not good enough, SEC?)

I'm No Dave Barry

Disclaimer: If at any point while reading any of these articles, you feel that I am wrong or offensive, just back away from your computer slowly chanting "I'm good enough, I'm smart enough, and doggone it, people like me!" Then pat your back knowing that you are right, I'm wrong, and that there's no need to write a very angry email to the Athenian.



Article 1: I'm no Dave Barry

by **HHYP**

And thus it began, and it began like this... "I don't know. What do you want to do?" ... "I don't know. What do you want to do?" ... "I don't know. What do you want to do?" ... "I don't know. What do you want to do?" ...

It's such a suburban idea: boredom and leisure time. Somehow it's not as great as "Leave it to Beaver" made it seem. That is a horrible show title by the way: the kind of title that could only have existed on prime time TV in the 50's or on HBO in the 90's. But it's still not as bad as the D**k Van D*ke Show. Now I feel like the little kid from "A Christmas Story" getting his mouth washed out with soap.

Thanks a lot. I blame you, the audience.

You suburban parents had better be careful though. Yes, it's 3 in the morning, do you know where your children are? It is getting tougher to give little Johnny and Mary Sue the freedom they rightfully want as American teenagers while making sure they aren't out doing "inappropriate" things. Notice how I said American teenagers and not Canadian or French teenagers. The difference being that every Friday night, the Canadian teenagers go to cyber cafes to drink coffee, French teenagers go to the nearest alley to drink wine and riot in the streets, and American teenagers

go to the mall to buy rebellious clothes that all the other kids are wearing (on their parents' credit card of course). Notice how I currently have my shirt ever so carefully unbuttoned and my collar popped. Yes I might live in Wichita, Kansas but darn it, I need my surfer seashell necklace. Nobody understands me, especially you mom and dad. By the way, can I have \$20 before I take your car out for one hell of a night on the town?

Americans aren't ignorant. We choose to be oblivious to the rest of the world. When we sang "We are the World" in the 80s, we really did mean that we (Americans) are the world. Don't blame me, blame Michael Jackson. It was his idea, I swear! Well... his idea or Bubbles' idea, but that is a different article. Oh, I'll have fun with that one. But anyway, as Americans we are just enjoying the fruits of

our labor... our nuclear labor. Children are the future, and genetically engineered children make for a bitchin' future. I just love better living through chemistry. Someday sex will just be for entertainment and you will buy babies from a vending machine, babies that never lose that new baby smell. If it's one thing the enlightenment and the 1960s have taught us, it's that in the future we won't need morals because we'll have technology and free love. Eventually we will have flying cars. Flying cars with really, really padded back seats.

MEDIA BOARD



"Cash, grass, or ass ... no one makes art for free."

Joker Jokes “No Longer Too Soon” Ambiguous Syntax Draws Ire From Critics

On January 22nd, 2009, America, indeed the world, released a long-held breath of relief. The 22nd marked the anniversary of the Late Great Heath Ledger’s tragic passing, and it also marked the subsequent lifting of the statute of limitations on jokes about him and about his death - alleged to be the work of Aboriginal insurgents.

News of the actor’s death by firing squad shocked the world a year ago, leaving scores of questions unanswered and wise-cracks unvoiced.

“As soon as I heard [that principal photography for Dark Knight had been completed] it hit me - Heath’s really dead,” recalls Tommy Davis, Campus Construction Completion Commissioner, “and he has no reason to come back. It’s going to be a while before I can, in good taste, shout ‘Willlliaaaaaam’ while galloping in slow-motion.” It was a dark time - the darkest. The headlines still echo today in the Internet’s memory. “The Flame That Burned Too Bright”; “The Star That Fell: A Late Great Heath Ledger Tribute”; “Joker Actor Not On Set Lately - What’s Up With That?” But, of course, it is always darkest - for about a year.

Today, after our memories of Ledger’s accidental electrocution have abated,


the nation, indeed the world, is back in top form. Quoth Victor Menezzio, Case University Re-Branding Committee Chair, “Jokeback Mountain was kind of a slippery slope for a while there, but I’m ready to mount that horse again.”

“The thing I hated most about Heath’s assassination? That I couldn’t make fun of it, not even a little bit, not even at all,” quipped IMPROVment Security Manager Dan Monarch, to a hearty round of awkward “Aha...yeah...”s. “It was a tough wait towards the end there,” he adds, “waiting for the anniversary just got harder and harder; I’ll be honest, I had trouble sleeping. Who knows what all I was on, just trying to get through those last few days.” Breathing a huge sigh of relief, he finished, “It’s over now, though. Thank goodness my housekeeper found me in time.”


The nation, indeed the world, has long awaited a better class of joke - and now, at last, Heath has given it to us.

“Thank God,” says Pi-Rho Secretary Archibald Enns, “Now I can finally write that Heath Ledger article for the Athenian. You know, I could get fifty bucks for writing that. Gosh, I hope no one steals my idea - the way that Mary Kate Olsen stole Mathilda Rose’s innocence.”






WIRELESS INTERNET



ELECTRIC COMPANY



WATER WORKS

If one "Utility" is owned
rent is 4 times amount shown
on dice.

If both "Utilities" are
owned rent is 10 times
amount shown on dice.

Mortgage Value \$75.

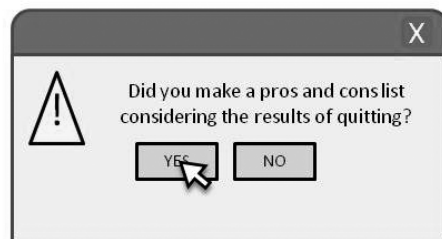
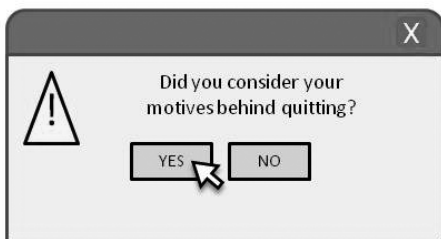
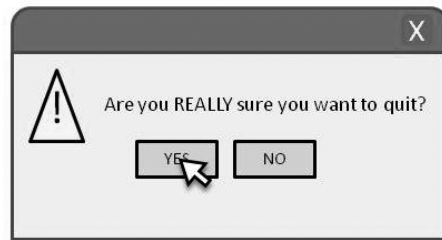
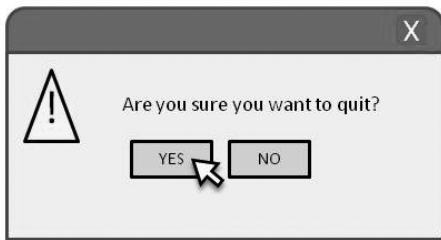
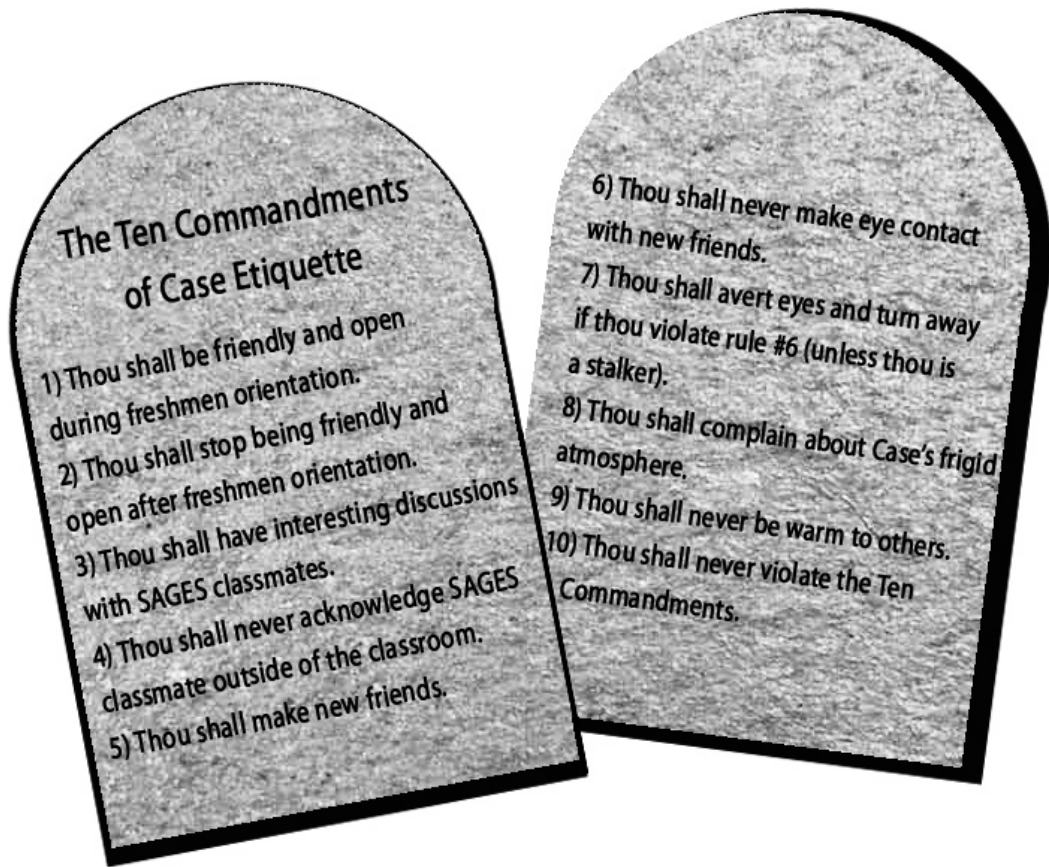
© 1935 PARKER BROTHERS

“Ha! I have a monopoly on the Adelbert Complex now that I own the deed to Clarke Tower! Time to start screwing with their utilities!”



**DECEMBER
2008**

Marcus Dawson
Second Year Coordinator





Steelers Win Super Bowl; Divine Wrath Blamed

The Vatican, Rabbis and Imams agree: Steelers' 6th Super Bowl win is a sure sign of God's hatred toward all mankind.

However, they have also agreed that, despite being the most tangible symbol of God's loathing towards humanity, it is hardly the only one. A list of roughly 845,000 examples (which they were able to come up with in about 4 days) was compiled, including but not limited to:

- 1) 6 Steelers Super Bowl wins
- 2) Star Wars prequels
- 3) Continued existence of Canada, Australia, and the Amish
- 4) Matrix Revolutions
- 5) Boy Bands
- 6) Wesley Snipes (a.k.a. Blade) jailed
- 7) War
- 8) War on Drugs
- 9) War on Porn
- 10) Global recession

- 11) Case Western tuition rates
- 12) RIAA, MPAA, FCC, and NAMBLA
- 13) Windows Vista
- 14) Sarah Palin
- 15) Popularity of "American Idol"

Due to the failure of the Faithfull's normal appeals to the almighty for salvation, the assorted leaders of the Jewish, Christian, and Islamic faith are now considering alternative platitudes to the higher powers. Creating a website, thusly titled hatingonhumanity.org, polls will remain open throughout 2009 to ensure the widest possible array of means to please the lord and hopefully avert the Mayan apocalypse of 2012. Currently leading the pack are 1) virgin sacrifice with 1,290,342 votes and 2) execution of Shia LeBeouf with a whopping 3,432,688 votes.

Celebrity Iron Chef America



The Food Network's flagship program, Iron Chef America, pits renowned and respected chefs against America's best representatives in a one-hour cook-off to see who can create the best five dishes using a mystery ingredient. During sweeps week, the Food Network had a special celebrity edition of the program.



IRON CHEF Michael Symon
vs.
Larry the Cable Guy
MYSTERY INGREDIENT: *VENISON*

Highlights:

- 00:00:04 – Larry yells out “Git ‘r done!!!” for the first of what will be seven times.
- 00:27:19 – Symon drops a piece of grilled venison on the floor and goes to discard it; Larry shouts out, “Five-second rule!” and grabs the piece of meat for use in one of his own dishes.
- 00:41:22 – A small explosion occurs in Larry’s kitchen, later discovered to be the result of a lit fart (Larry’s sous chef received minor burns).
- 00:59:45 – Larry is reported to have muttered “Oh shit, I’m screwed!”

Judges:

- 1. Leon Covaleski (professor, Culinary Institute of America)
- 2. Jenny Matris (editor, *Knife & Fork Magazine*)
- 3. Tila Tequila (whore)

Symon’s Dishes:

- 1. Venison chili with black and red beans
- 2. Roast rack of venison w/ Creole mustard
- 3. Venison tips and rice
- 4. Venison rotini soup
- 5. Venison enchilada casserole

Larry’s Dishes:

- 1. Venison burgers with fries
- 2. Chili-cheese venison ‘dogs
- 3. Spaghetti and venison balls
- 4. Venison kabob with onion rings
- 5. Venison a la mode

Scoring:

	Symon	Larry
TASTE (out of 30):	27	8
PLATING (out of 15):	11	5
ORIGINALITY (out of 15):	12	1

Winner:

IRON CHEF Michael Symon (who graciously accepted Larry’s gift of a chef’s smock with the sleeves cut off)

World “Yo’ Mama” Championships Conclude in Miami

Every four years, Earth’s greatest Anglophone trash-talkers and haters compete in the most grueling two-day tournament in sports today: the World “Yo’ Mama” Championship Tournament. The 2008 tourney concluded last week, having been held at a Hooters restaurant in Miami, FL. This is the first time the championships have ever been held in America; previous sites for the tournament have been Glasgow, Vancouver, and Beirut.

This year’s winner was, as expected, Dr. Richard Bresnahan from Columbia University in New York. Dr. Bresnahan was a 3-1 favorite and already a two-time world champion in this contest, and he showed almost no weaknesses throughout the tournament. “I’m just glad that I’m still able to perform at a competitive level,” said Bresnahan. “Some of the people who went up against me in my rookie years have long since been humbled into silence, but I’ve managed to stay at the top of my game.”

The final day of competition ended as follows:

QUARTERFINALS

- Dr. Richard Bresnahan (USA) def. Simon McDougal (IRE) with “Yo’ mama’s so fat, her belt size is ‘Equator.’”
- Teddy Hanson (AUS) def. Greg Anderson (CAN) with “Yo’ mama’s so ugly, Freddie Krueger has nightmares about *her*.”
- Vince Cameron (USA) def. Dr. Ian Pinker (ENG) with “Yo’ mama’s so stupid, she pulled an all-nighter studying for a blood test.”
- Dr. Sanjay Dutt (IND) def. Dr. Stephen Greenblatt (USA) with “Yo’ mama’s so slutty, her high school’s football team retired *her* number.”

SEMIFINALS (*championship categories now in play*)

- Dr. Richard Bresnahan (USA) def. Teddy Hanson (AUS) with “Yo’ mama’s so neutral, she makes Switzerland look like Hitlerland.”
- Dr. Sanjay Dutt (IND) def. Vince Cameron (USA) with “Yo’ mama’s so shaggy, she was mistaken for the carpeting in the Brady Bunch house.”

FINALS

- Dr. Richard Bresnahan (USA) def. Dr. Sanjay Dutt (IND) with “Yo’ mama’s so ductile, when she does yoga she stretches across the entire continental United States.”

FRANK BOOTH SAYS...



“Heineken and the *Observer*? Fuck that shit! I drink Pabst Blue Ribbon, and I read the *Athenian*!”

Memoir: I Am the Greatest of All Time



In 1994, Midway Games released NBA Jam Tournament Edition for the Sega Genesis, which would later be looked upon by historians as one of the turning points in the post-WWII era in America. Not only did NBA Jam T.E. represent the very pinnacle of video-game creation, it seemed to transcend its real-life subject (basketball) and reach the level of a pure art form, like a sunset or the music of the spheres. I, having appreciated this artistic knowledge for many years, spent last summer in a quest to master the game—to become the greatest NBA Jam T.E. player of all time. To achieve this goal, I had to make many sacrifices: social, emotional, even scatological. Beyond all measurements, I succeeded, and I now recount my exploits for you so that you can fully comprehend my might and power.

I have several jewels in my NBA Jam T.E. crown. Among the brightest is a game in which I recorded 66 steals, averaging out to 5.5 per minute, an insanely high figure. The feat made me feel better about the recent death

of my grandma, but for some reason my mom didn't think it was worth missing her funeral for—philistine! The specific button combination used to gain these steals required an extraordinary amount of activity from my right thumb, which became so strained and blistered that my doctor fears it will need to be amputated (I am currently seeking a second opinion).

My abilities extend beyond mere steal-gathering. To prove my all-around skills, I set out one night (after being branded a pussy by my friends for refusing to leave my couch regardless of how many Playboy bunnies were attending the nearby rib burn-off) to earn the fabled “quintuple-double”: at least ten points, ten rebounds, ten assists, ten blocks, and ten steals. Naturally, I pulled it off within the first three quarters, and even though I lost the chance to see big fake boobs in person, I felt I had made the right choice.

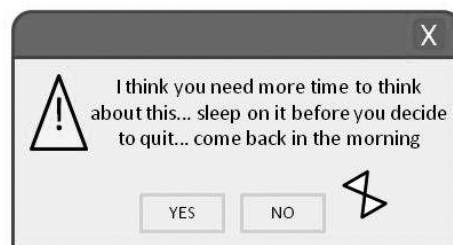
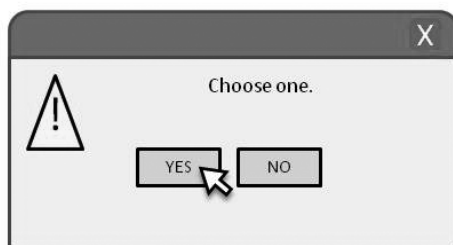
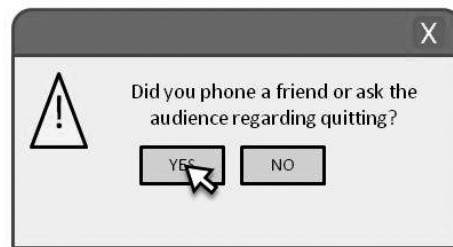
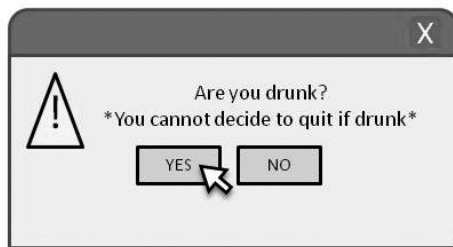
I had a similar dilemma a few weeks later: either take my girlfriend out to a sumptuous Red Lobster dinner and follow it by attending the premiere of some testosterone-sapped

chick flick, or try to score 50 points in the first quarter alone (a normal person would score under 20; I could usually get 40 if I brought my A game) and have her break up with me. Luckily, I used my brain (instead of any other body part) to make the decision and went with the latter. After dropping a quick 50 on the Spurs, I celebrated by jerking off, which, unsurprisingly, was just as satisfying as getting a reluctant BJ from my former ball-and-chain.

Scoring 200 points in a game was a benchmark I had given almost mythical status, and unfortunately I never reached it. My closest was a 196-9 beatdown against the Bucks (my biggest margin of victory). The game was marred in the second quarter when I had to pause and listen to my parents bitch me out for spending so much time on the couch eating kettle chips and drinking Cokes and MGDs when I should have gotten a job or at least gotten some exercise. I vaguely recall that they threatened to kick me out of the house, but it was already August, so what could they really do?

Which brings me to August 9th, 2008, a

red-letter day if there ever was one. It was the third day of a particularly nasty alcohol-soaked debauch in which I dangerously mixed Coors Lights with my antidepressant medication (which I started taking in late June after staying indoors for over two weeks and after almost losing to the Bulls). My motor skills and heart rate had been swinging wildly all day, but somehow they all came together for the 12 minutes I played against the Suns, a game in which I had set the clock to its fastest speed (for a greater challenge). I won by the score of—brace yourself—83-0. By my estimates, my performance was nearly flawless; certainly it would have been physically impossible to score over 90 points. The next day I was taken to a mental hospital, but the victory of August 9th can never be taken from me. Clearly, with such a resume, I am the greatest NBA Jam Tournament Edition player of all time.



P FLYER

Letter of Recommendation

To Whom It May Concern:

Chris P. is a gentile and a scholar. If he attends his classes as frequently as he complains about them, then his professors are justified in calling him “a student with ... potential”. It should, therefore, come as no surprise that every semester Chris consistently receives grades that rhyme with high marks. But Chris does more than receive grades; he also frequently contributes to the University’s avant-garde graffiti-inspired art scene. Others have called him a racist, but I would not limit him to this term; some of Chris’s best friends talk to black people.

Chris is renowned on campus for his miraculous undergarments and the hygiene that made them possible. Most days, he proudly wears a t-shirt caked with American soil and emblazoned with the phrase “America: Love it or Leave it, M*therfucker!” He is a true patriot; every orifice sweats American pride, as evidenced by the stains on his underwear. Only the “one, true G-d” knows how they got there, and “that’s the way I want to keep it, thank you very much” he says when questioned. Some heretics claim that the stains did not appear ex nihilo by virgin burst, but were, in fact, created by Chris himself. Chris refutes this theory of an Un-intelligent Designer, ardently believing that the stain on his holiest of holies is an incarnation of the smear Jesus has left on his soul. While I would agree that Chris is certainly touched, it takes a unique breed of optimist to find their faith in an MRI scan half-full of cancerous spots. Despite this miraculous malaise, I have frequently heard Chris energetically discuss the blessings of his briefs. Women of wickedness flee from his drawers at first whiff, no matter how much he has paid them beforehand. He feverishly and fervently thanks the Lord for this gift that keeps him from biting into the juiciest of sins – gluttony of the flesh: adultery (and, by extension, divorce). But Chris remains confident that he will one day find a soul mate for, “There is lover in every leftover”.

If you believe in miracles as well, then I eagerly recommend that you hire this terrific student post-haste. I can promise you that Chris has never heard a single complaint about himself. I will miss seeing him go, but give him your warmest regards when he arrives.

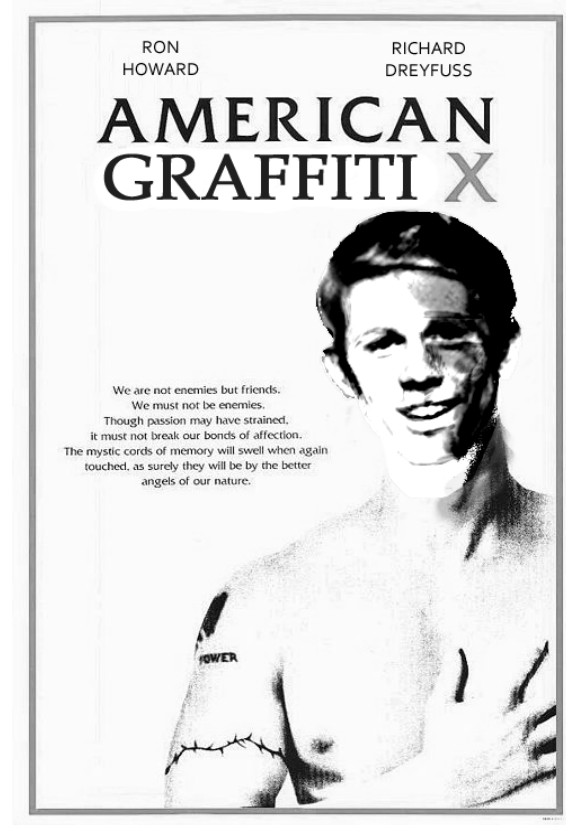
Your Obedient and Humble Servant,

Nom De Script

**Now Showing This Weekend At Strosacker Auditorium
Brought To You By the CWRU Film Society**

Friday: *American Graffiti X* (1974) 97 min.

Steve Bolander (Ron Howard) is an average high school kid in the early 1960's, but after getting into a fight outside the Sock Hop, Steve becomes attracted to the nascent Neo-Nazi movement. After being arrested for drag-racing, Steve is shown the error of his ways by radio personality Wolfman Jack. But his best friend, Curt Henderson (Richard Dreyfuss) is headed down the same path, and Steve doesn't know if he can stop him.



Saturday: *Back to the Future IV: Doc Brown v. Board of Ed.* (1991) 125 min.



After Biff Tannen (Thomas F. Wilson) uncovers the time-traveling DeLorean built by Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd), he heads back to the 1950's to make sure that desegregation in public schools never occurs. Brown doesn't notice the change in history until he realizes that his young new protégé, Langston Black (Forrest Whitaker), has to walk ten miles to catch a different bus to a "separate but equal" high school battle-of-the-bands. Now Brown must go back in time and convince the Supreme Court that a change must be made or else history will be altered forever!

Can Haz Articles?

athenian@case.edu