



THE ATHENIAN

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Letter From the Editor

The other day, I said a phrase I didn't think I'd start saying until I was in my mid-fifties.

"Man, those were the days."

(Which was immediately followed up with, "Damn, I'm getting old.")

To give that statement a little bit of background, I was specifically talking about one of my favorite television shows when I was a kid, "SpongeBob SquarePants." After watching a few re-runs of old episodes, I realized the insane amount of double entendres and ties to literature that I never knew as a kid (nerdy, I know).

Finally, I could understand why my parents loved watching the show with me; the show was packed with humor that I couldn't (thankfully) understand at my young age, but that allowed my parents to enjoy the show's antics as much as I did.

(But, as we all know, after the movie version, SpongeBob started to suck as much as most modern-day children's television shows. Now, there are no hidden dick jokes in SpongeBob's antics. Now, it's too fast-paced to really enjoy if you're not six years old.)

Anyway, putting this rant to the side, think about this startling fact—"SpongeBob SquarePants" debuted on May 1, 1999. Personally, I was five years old. Many Case Western undergrads were at a similar age. And now, the show has been on air for over 15 years.

I'll repeat that for dramatic emphasis:

15 years.

It's no "Simpsons," but it's one of the last remaining TV shows from our childhood that wasn't cancelled or transformed into some horrible spinoff (seriously, did anyone really see "Rugrats: Grown Up" becoming successful?)

Quite a few of my childhood memories are of television, because (let's be real), some of the best children's shows occurred while my generation grew up. And also, I was a lazy kid. But even outside of TV, look at how much the world has changed.

THEN: Toys of choice once included turtle-shaped sandboxes and finger skateboards.

NOW: "Mom I'm five and I want an iPhone."

THEN: Crocs shoes were actually cool for a couple of days.

NOW: "Why are you wearing those? They're so 2004."

THEN: Flare jeans every day.

NOW: "This isn't a disco."

If the world's standards of "cool" have changed so much in the past 20 years, it's mind-boggling to consider how much else has changed.

And when you think about it, Cleveland and CWRU changes are just as mind-boggling. Did you know there was a time that the Browns didn't suck? Or that Cleveland's business was booming? Or that CWRU used to be two schools?

This issue of The Athenian is dedicated to looking back at the past, but also the present too. After all, change isn't always a bad thing; who says the good old days can't be today?



Anne Nickoloff
Editor-in-Chief

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Memories of the 90's

Sabanrab Bocaj

If you haven't realized it yet, a majority of high school freshmen in this country were born in the years 2000 and 2001. This entire generation missed the Y2K disaster.

If this fact sends chills down your spine, there's a chance you're a 90's kid, or something much more ancient. Let's take a little journey down the memory lane of the millennial generation to soothe our worries and concerns of this new and scary era. The 90's were iconic, cheesy, fun and impactful. They had their crazy things, too, but for many, they have become keepsakes and parents.

It's December 1991, and George Herbert Walker Bush has been president two years, professor Chris Butler has been teaching math a little longer, mix tapes are their own subculture and all the popular kids in school are wearing neon windbreakers.

But the times were a-changing. The pressures of the new era were too much for some, including the Soviet Union; people just weren't afraid of communism like they used to be. Finally, Mikhail Gorbachev ringed up the White House and said, "Well, George Hubert Walter Bush, we're giving up."

Decades of the Cold War spawned a new wave of world changers, like Vanilla Ice and Ice T, whose inspiring music were integral in bringing peace. There was an economic surplus. George Hooter Water Bush was replaced by good ol' Bubba Clinton. President Clinton set a new precedent for world leaders by focusing less on trying to screw up the nation and more on screwing someone else.

Soon folks who had amassed large collections of cassette tapes to play on their Walkmans were confronted with the rising popularity of CDs. Cars were being mass built, installed with computers and automatic, over-the-head seatbelts. Some tall people were choked.

With these leaps and bounds, there was still a semblance of hope. The entertainment industry surged with new life. People could rest easy popping in their Queen VHS tapes, knowing that DVD's would not supplant them for years. Children with Gameboys discovered a whole new world of Pokemon, and Japanese culture was being localized at a higher rate than ever.

MC Hammer's music video for "U Can't Touch This" was changing the way we saw dance. The Wu-Tang Clan was revolutionizing the hip hop industry. Heartthrobs the Backstreet Boys and N'Sync won the hearts of thousands.

Inspiring films like "Forrest Gump," "Titanic," "The Shawshank Redemption" and "The Silence of the Lambs" taught us to love again. People considered the characters from "Full House," "Friends" and "The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air" to be fully-fledged family members. Nickelodeon and Disney Channel became household necessities. Schoolchildren everywhere were overjoyed to be Saved by the Bell and enchanted by a young man named Harry Potter. And I will never forget that fateful day, for me the defining moment, the apex of the 90's, when "Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace" came to theaters.

Despite Jar Jar Binks, the world gained hope that the 90's had not been in vain.

The 90's were a time of change and wonder, and for many, including the CWRU graduates of '90 and '91, there was a new and engaging sense of hope for the future. Just 20 years later, the new set of students and graduates face a generation oblivious to the triumphs and falls of our childhood.

This day and age can be quite scary for the 90's kids, but thanks to our positive memories, we can face the future with courage, even when high school kids say, "Huh, what?" to a "Home Alone" reference.

Lost CWRU Traditions

Barnabas Brennan

There are many traditions that have passed to the wayside. Such things are part of the spirit and identity of past generations. Case Western Reserve University graduates all around the world carry with them the memory of what it was like to be a part of this community. While we may not celebrate our CWRU-ness the same way they did in the Middle Ages, there are still helpful things we can learn from the olden times. Here we have just a few traditions that have passed to the wayside, but maybe they will inspire new students to take up a sense of pride and forge new paths for CWRU history.

Students in the old days used to build snow sculptures all around campus. There was much more open space back then, so it was normal to see herds of penguins and large sea monsters behind the Kelvin Smith Library or in front of the Dean's office. One particularly intricate dragon was once decapitated, and its head was placed on a regular snowman body down the street.

For those on South Side, you may be interested to hear the history of your home spaces. For example, residents from one building on the top of the hill used to shout out the window, "Hey, Michelson, what time is it?" or "Hey, Kusch, what time is it?," to which the response would be, "It's four o'clock, and Glaser still sucks!"

This was partially true. When the elevator got stuck, the doors would open and suck air into the shaft. On that note, the volunteer Glaser elevator rescue team was an esteemed role in the old days, especially since they were needed 20 times a week.

At the bottom of the hill, there were plenty of traditions as well. The new initiates of Sigma Nu were told stories of their rivals across the way and their notoriety for setting large bonfires to piles of junk. On cleaning day, the brothers left their old furniture and such on a heap on the lawn, just in case their rascally neighbors happened to revive the old tradition. The pile was untouched, so somebody said, "I suppose we could start one ourselves."

That's when the fire marshal showed up and said, "You boys better put that fire out."

Thus, the brothers fulfilled the very legend they were warned about.

One of the most time-honored traditions was the bed races. Oh, they were a hit. Before there were chariots, beds and cots of all shapes and sizes rode up and down the quad, as fraternities partied with much rejoicing. That was until that fateful day when the bed races, scheduled on the same day as the Hudson relays, had a terrible course collision with a group of last leg-runners, causing a massive pileup with a large group outside the Pikes' fraternity house on North Side. This was the cause of the fire that burned down their house.

The Pikes fraternity was largely football-oriented. Thus CWRU's fate was sealed to forever be a nerd school.

Quotes From a Grandpa

Julia Bianco

"Back in the old days, we couldn't even walk to school. The whole way there was covered in quicksand!"

"Back in the old days, we didn't have iPods. If we wanted to listen to music, we had to play it ourselves on the glockenspiel!"

"Back in the old days, every party was a toga party!"

"Back in the old days, we didn't have text messaging. If we wanted to send a 'sext,' we had to do it via carrier pigeon!"

"Back in the old days, we didn't study abroad. We studied a broad!"

"Back in the old days, we didn't have fax machines. And neither do you! Ha!"

"Back in the old days, if we wanted a Facebook, we had to draw pictures of all our friends in a notebook!"

"Back in the old days, we didn't have calculators, we had to do our math problems with rocks and pebbles!"

"Back in the old days, the only fast food were the chickens as they ran across the farm!"

"Back in the old days, we didn't have televisions. If we wanted to tell visions, we had to become psychics!"

Back in the Year 2014

Jessica Chalas

Though my bones are brittle and my heart is cold, my mind is as sharp as a Spartan's, courtesy of Case Western Reserve University. Ah, the olden days, the good times, the times when I could stomach five plates of food at Fribley and follow it up with a Denny's burger at 3 a.m. The times when mutant ninja squirrels were not yet extinct and University Farms still had the capacity to grow food. The times when there were only two Veale centers, not four, and two Starbucks, not zero. (Maybe suing them for ridiculously overpriced coffee wasn't the best idea after all.)

I remember when I could walk up the Elephant Stairs with a skip in my step, then play on the Carlton Courts until dusk. I remember the friends I could count on and the roommates that I couldn't, the funniest teachers now buried in the ground. I remember when my biggest fear was zombies and

running out of meal swipes; when math seemed to matter and a good grade meant I did something right. I remember when the major I chose led to the career I would have and dreams weren't all for naught. I remember when prices at Constantino's Market seemed high and when the money I'd borrowed had not yet accrued into a life-long death sentence. I remember, but vaguely.

What if I had actually stuck with BME and completed my pre-med requirements, had steered clear of Peter B. Lewis just a bit longer? What if I had learned to sing before trying to karaoke at Jolly Scholar on Thursdays – would I have gotten that date, and maybe, that ring? What if I was that leader of that one club, or volunteered at that one thing? Would I be as happy as I am now if I did anything differently...?

Hell no! Cheers to CWRU.

The Athenian's Tips for Aging Gracefully

Cloe de Plume

As another school year continues in full swing, many people are anxious about growing older. Remember: You may not be able to stop the passage of time, but you can change how you feel about it. Here are some tips for staying vibrant and feeling great as you age.

- Many men highly value strength and vigor, so they tend to fear the loss of physical power that comes with aging. Get around this by stopping all physical activity so that you have little to lose.
- Just because you're getting older doesn't mean that you have to act old! Relive your youth by going about your day in a diaper and asking your professors for a quarter for the candy machine.
- Make sure that you start saving for retirement. Then, you'll have funds to pay off your rising debts after you graduate and can't find a job.
- Recent headlines are scaring many Americans into a fear of Alzheimer's. Remember, chances are that you will actually worry more about skin blemishes and wrinkles becoming visible as you get older. An easy way to avoid this is by always wearing a mask to hide your ugly face.
- Lastly, remember that the advance of death is inevitable for all. Keep a calendar to count down the days until your eternal oblivion.

Alien Invaders Unable to Understand Tinkham Veale's Interactive Screen

Adithi Iyengar

There is finally proof that the video game in the entrance of the Tinkham Veale University Center can't be played.

Earlier in the semester, highly intelligent alien invaders arrived by UFO and landed directly on top of Tink. "It was one of the most spectacular things I've seen," said a worker of the Cool Beanz coffee shop. "The aliens were obviously very intelligent because they knew how to come to our university all the way from their home planet."

In effort to understand human behavior, the aliens approached the largest thing on campus: the screen in Tink. For a period of 12 hours, expert alien mathematicians, software engineers, and game designers struggled to figure out how to play the game, even while using extremely complicated technical equipment including an abacus and a Rubik's cube.

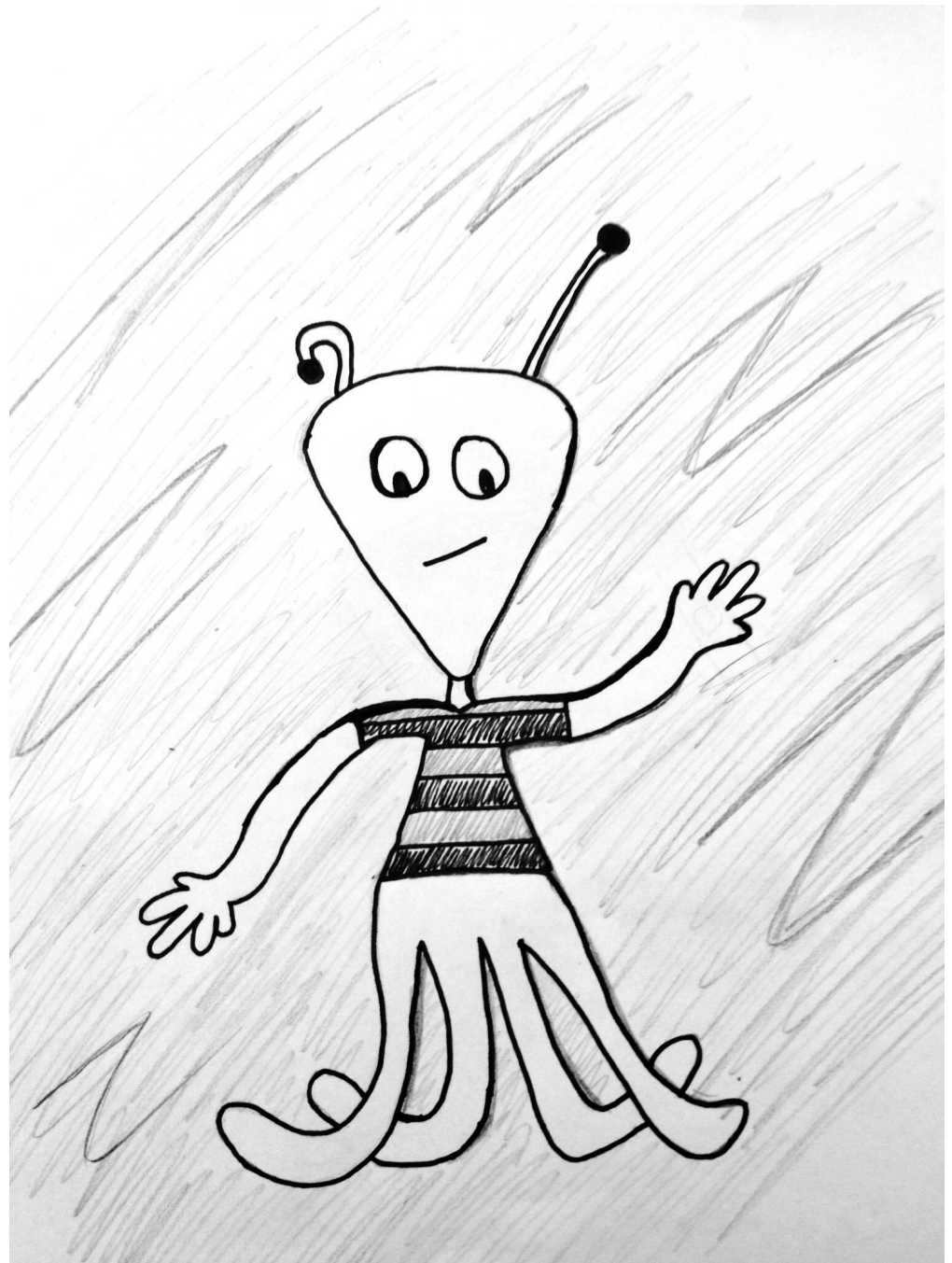
While they looked quite different from humans, with their green skin and insect-like eyes, they still wore the same lab coats that human scientists wore.

"They chatted amongst themselves fervently in their weird languages. There was a lot of head banging and screeching.

We could tell they were quite frustrated with this, and it got scary," said a fellow student in Tink.

Some got so frustrated that they ended up abducting some of the students. Luckily, administration was able to buy the students back by providing the aliens with free grilled cheese sandwiches from Melt University.

In the end, it was deduced that the video game was officially unsolvable, and, to everyone's despair, even



the most intelligent beings in the universe couldn't play it. However, the good news is that the aliens were so delirious after hours of mental labor that they decided to leave without destroying the building.

Fortunately, the beautiful student center that we affectionately call "Tink" still stands, but is still haunted by the enigmatic game that not a single intelligent being can solve.

KSL Exhibit CWRU Life in the Past: The Horse-Drawn Healthline

Canderson Ooper

Officials from the Kelvin Smith Library announced that starting this week, KSL will open a new exhibit called “CWRU through the ages.” The display will look at CWRU’s entire illustrious 134 year existence, and will feature photographs and stories about how the university has changed over the last century and a half.

As everyone on campus knows, CWRU was founded in 1880 when the university’s only president, Barbara R. Snyder, passed through Cleveland en route to Independence, Missouri. This was during her famed trip, where her family attempted to travel the Oregon Trail to settle in Oregon City, Oregon. The Snyders were originally from New York, but were hoping that the new western territories, with their potential of finding gold, would bring some more money into the family.

Snyder was only 10 years old at the time, but fell in love with the beauty of the “Mistake on the Lake” when she was mesmerized by Cleveland’s burning river. Despite her young age, Snyder, who was affectionately called “Babs” by her family, stayed behind and founded CWRU with nothing more than a dream, and \$10,000 of her father’s cash, which has a current purchasing power of \$250,000.

Unfortunately, her family died en route to Oregon, all perishing from dysentery.

A newfound orphan, Snyder built many of the original CWRU buildings herself. Pictures from the exhibit show what the first building Snyder built on campus, the Tinkham Veale University Center, looked like over 100 year ago. The structure still stands at the heart of campus today, with there being only minor renovations

made to save the aging, well-loved 1800’s style glass and steel structure.

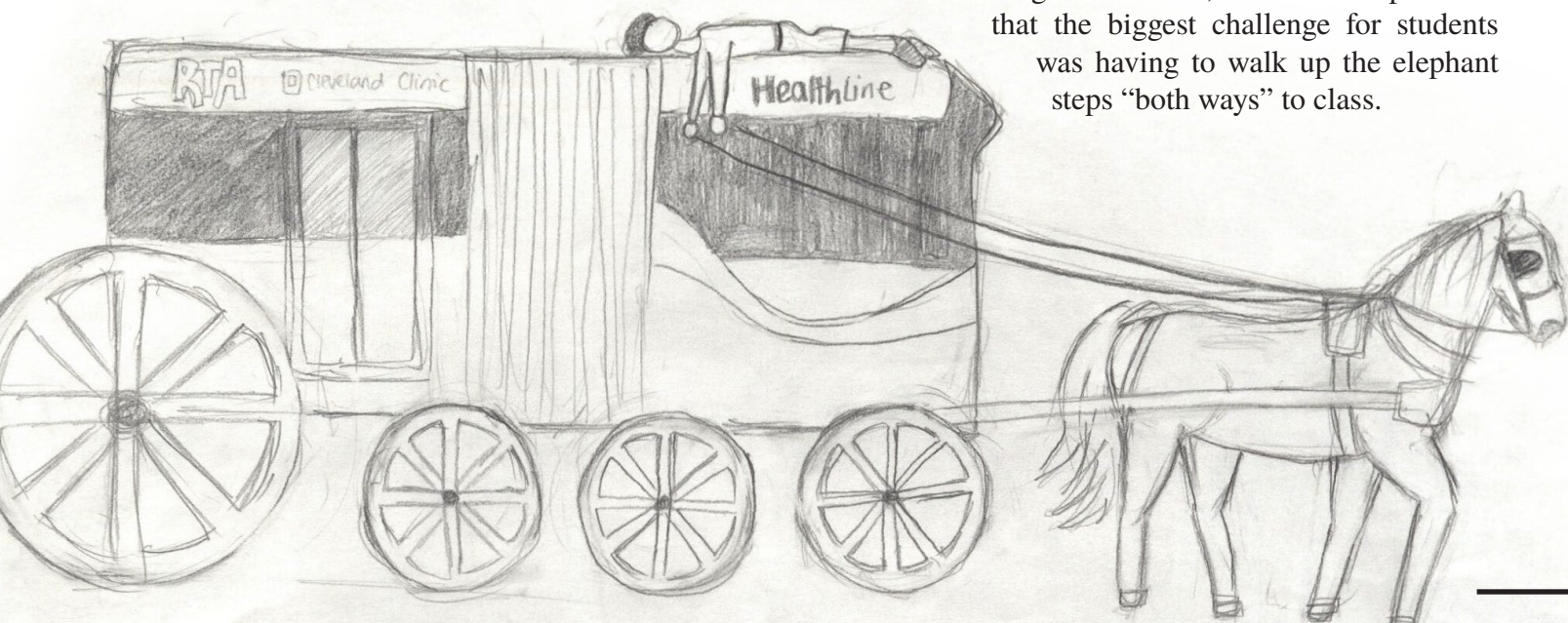
The other parts of the display then move away from Snyder’s story to examine how students’ lives were different in the past.

According to the exhibit, in the university’s early days (late 1800s), when Ronald Reagan was president, the Healthline was still a horse-drawn transportation system, nearly identical to the setup that CWRU has today. However, instead of receiving an RTA pass, students back then used to be given a bag full of oats so that they could feed the horses pulling the bus as payment.

The exhibit also notes that Bon Appétit only served porridge and liver in those days as well, but still somehow managed to hold a monopoly over the university’s food service. Upton Sinclair planned to discuss the food management company’s practices in the second chapter of his famous novel “The Jungle” but was intimidated not to follow through with his plans due to Bon Appétit’s connection with the local mafia, run out of Little Italy.

One of the biggest differences which the exhibit highlights between the old times and current day is that electricity was not installed on campus until Michelson and Morley discovered its existence in 1943 after receiving funding from the Nixon administration. In fact, CWRU was the first university in America to have this newfangled technology. Prior to this discovery, students had to charge their laptops via old hand-crank technology.

However, while a lack of electricity was surely a challenge for students, the exhibit emphasized that the biggest challenge for students was having to walk up the elephant steps “both ways” to class.



A Taste of TVUC: Restaurant Review

Anton Ego

Running low on time before an important meeting with potential investors in my third start-up, I make a sharp turn off Euclid and quickly pull into the garage below the new Tinkham Veale University Center. Begrudgingly acknowledging the lack of valet service, I find a quiet spot in the back, lock my Jaguar up, and swiftly jaunt up the stairs into the world's largest Apple Store.

Around the corner I was greeted by a quaint food court, complete with a variety of authentic options - Indian, Italian, and Vegetarian - but what caught my eye most was Pinzas, with its unique name. While I speak a number of languages, pinzas was unfamiliar to me. Wondering what it could mean, I pulled out my iPhone and quickly googled it. According to Google Translate, pinzas is actually Spanish for "tweezers."

(Note to the reader: I will refer to the restaurant as Tweezers going forward in order to prevent confusion arising from the multiple languages being used)

Tweezers welcomed me with several options including margherita and barbecue chicken. I decided to get it by the slice, and for an irresistible \$3.75 a slice, this price gouging was right up my alley. On the mean streets of the Big Apple, I've typically paid a measly \$2.50 for a slice of pizza the size of my very large head.

Being charged 50 percent more for a cut of a personal pan pizza from Tweezers thus delighted me and my deep pockets to no end. And unlike my previous encounters with Grab-It, no sort of silly "meal swipes" were asked for or even accepted here - why bother with the hassle?

How did it taste? I have visited the finest pizzerias in Naples, Rome, New York City, and Chicago. Let's just say Italy's tourism industry is dead - the new pizza capital of the world can be found right here in Cleveland, Ohio on the campus of Case Western Reserve University, at Tweezers.

I've heard the dining halls offer this same pizza on an all-you-can-eat basis for a meal swipe. While I typically don't go for buffets, this pizza is absolutely worth an exception.

Tweezers received my highest marks, however, I unfortunately vomited on the giant touch screen in the lobby and again, as customary, must deduct a star.



How To Tell You're Getting Older

Mahima Devarajan

1. There are songs that you listen to just for reminiscent value.
2. It's physically painful to stand up after a 50 minute lecture.
3. You just can't metabolize certain things like you used to. (Sunday mornings are not appropriate for doing homework...)
4. You almost appreciate getting socks for Christmas.
5. You can't be actual friends with people born in the 2000s.
6. Your knees go out more than you do.
7. You get angry at people jaywalking. Though sometimes you do it too, in the hopes you'll get hit by a greenie and not have to pay tuition.
8. Naps are not only fun, but necessary.
9. Denny's at 2 a.m. doesn't sit right anymore.
10. Certain slang genuinely makes you angry.
11. You have spent time wondering why you should put effort into the way you dress.
12. The "Friends" 10 year anniversary hit home.
13. It takes two tries to get out of your bed in the morning.
14. You correct grammar. Who vs. whom falls high on the priority list when it comes to everyday conversation.
15. You worry about things like rent and careers, not Leutner vs. Fribley.
16. You're jealous of people younger than you, who haven't made the mistakes you have.
17. Your resumé is no longer a collection of bullshit high school achievements.
18. Your mind is dirtier than a McDonald's bathroom on St. Patrick's Day in Detroit.
19. You know what it's like when your bank account has a comma in it. That is one of your most treasured memories.
20. It is always, always time for bed.

Area Student Slowly Realizing Quarter-Zip is Not Warm Enough for Cleveland Autumn

Canderson Ooper

CLEVELAND, OH- Noting that the brisk Cleveland breeze is making him shiver, 18 year-old Case Western Reserve University freshman Eddie Evelton told reporters Monday that he isn't sure his blue quarter-zip CWRU hoodie purchased from the university bookstore is warm enough to be his sole jacket this autumn.

Despite the weather still being beautiful for Cleveland this time of year, and sitting around the 50 degree mark, the Californian native has been "shocked" by drop in temperature.

"Everyone warned me that Midwest weather is nothing like my home states, but I guess I was just not prepared for this," Evelton said while rubbing his hands against his upper arms in an attempt to warm himself and let everyone else around him know he was cold. "I don't know what I'm going to do, I was hoping to just layer this hoodie with my Northface jacket and be set for the winter."

"This is kind of ridiculous, who builds a city in a place like this," he later added. "I think I'm coming down with something because of this bullshit weather."

At press time, several sources speaking under the condition of anonymity confirmed that Evelton's cough is in fact due to a severe case of pneumonia which will kill him in a few days.

GET JOLLY



the
**Jolly
Scholar**

Hours

M - W	: 11am ~ 12pm
Th - F	: 11am ~ 2am
Sat.	: 12pm ~ 2am
Sun.	: 11am ~ 12pm

Whether it's
Bingo on Monday,
Trivia on Tuesday,
Ladies Night on Wednesday,
Karaoke on Thursday,
or Late Night on Friday,
there's always time to
GET JOLLY.

The Pipers' Greatest Win: Remembering Cleveland Sports Heyday

JP O'Hagan

Hey Cleveland. It is I, the honorable keeper of all things sports in this great(ish) city. I know I have been rather horrible to you over the past 50 years, but I promise that I have been working on something that will blow your minds!

A LeBron championship? Um no... didn't he leave? Oh he's back? Well good for him! No, no Cleveland, I have something better!

Okay, so you know how there hasn't been a championship here for 50 years? Right—of course you do, just checking. Well I have spent the last four years (yes, fine, I haven't been paying attention since after LeBron left, sorry (.not sorry)).

It was really just kind of pointless for me to do any up to date work, its not like the Browns were suddenly going to turn it around after all. Anyways, I have spent the last four years digging deep into the history of Cleveland sports and guess what? I have found the Holy Grail. A Cleveland Sports team that we can be proud of!

No, no, please listen, listen, its true. Let me make it up to you guys, just hear me out.

So back before the horrible (justified?) "mistake-on-the-lake" nickname was given to (earned by?) us, there were plenty of businessmen and women who (well actually, I guess it was basically all guys since this is way back in the 1890s) wanted to bring sports to Cleveland.

This was when I started overlooking the sports of this city. Unfortunately, I started off on the wrong foot, and sadly most of those businessmen failed, like the owners of the Cleveland Forest Citys, a baseball team that was around from 1871-1873, and what a weird name right? They didn't even spell "cities" right. They went 16-35 in their two seasons.

After losing them I was out of a job, but I was able to convince so many other teams to try and make Cleveland their home.

Remember all the different baseball teams we've had? There were the Blues, the Spiders, the Infants, Bearcats, Tate Stars, Browns, the Elites (not really), Hornets, Tigers, Cubs, Giants, Red Sox, Bears and Buckeyes. Sadly, we are really not creative with team names.

Or do you remember the basketball teams like the Chase Brassmen, the Allmen Transfers, or the Rebels? Or the WNBA team the Rockers?

We have had lots of football teams like the Tigers, Indians, Bulldogs, Panthers, Rams (now the St. Louis Rams) Thunderbolts and Crush.

What about the hockey teams the Indians, Falcons and Crusaders? Oh and the Barons, who were actually really successful but where a minor league team and only lasted two years in the NHL so I guess they don't count.

We have had decent soccer teams, but I won't even bother going there.

Or did you know that we had a professional indoor tennis team? I didn't even know that was a thing!

Anyway, the point is I have found a team who we, the proud sports fans of Cleveland, can be proud of. Sorry it took so long, it brought up a lot of harsh memories and I honestly wasn't very organized when I was younger.

The team? Oh yeah, right, drumroll please... the Cleveland Pipers!

Yes, the Pipers! You never heard of them? Really? They were a professional basketball team in this city before the disappointing Cavaliers came to town. See, the Pipers were winners!

They have an spectacular 100 percent championship rate in the great historic American Basketball League. (Trust me. I am not making this up! The Pipers have never lost an American Basketball League Championship Series.)

So, Cleveland, remember back on the great times that the Pipers provided and next time anyone tries to bash the great city you can...

Oh you are skeptical? Wondering how that is possible?

Well I guess you should also know that the Pipers were owned by George Steinbrenner. Yeah, the guy who went on to own the Yankees when they won seven World Series. He made Cleveland a winner, too.

Still want more information? The Pipers played in the American Basketball League for only one season. Why? The American Basketball League actually only kinda sorta existed for one season, the 1961-1962 season, and there were only eight teams in the league.

But the Pipers won! They were even going to join the NBA after the season! But then they didn't because Steinbrenner fell behind in payments to the league, forcing the team to fold. (But really guys, this is all circumstantial; we won a championship so remember that, only that.)

Sure, I will make sure to pay more attention to the sports of Cleveland this year. We actually stand a chance to add something other than a losing record to the archives of Cleveland sports.

For now, proudly remember the Pipers, Cleveland and the runner-up top children's team "East 88th St. Browns" from the Peewee Cleveland Muny Football League.

A Building Not to

Nardine Taleb

“Excuse me, do you know where Mather Memorial is?”

“Mather Ore?”

“Excuse me, ma’am, do you happen to know where Mather Memorial is?”

“Well. It should be on Mather Quad.”

Oh. Really.

“Hey, do you know where Mather Memorial is?”

“Well, do you have five dollars?”

Mather Memorial was a building betwixt the Church of the Covenant and another pretty building constructed of beautiful stones. No one really knew where or what Mather Memorial was, and no one seemed to care. It was a psychology/sociology building made in the 1900’s and lasted through the 2000’s, back when buildings were made out of the earth, back in the olden days.

Kyra was the first to find it. She told Nick who told Ryley who told Beast who didn’t tell me. I found out though, and the night they went out to “party,” I stuck along like an enthusiastic freshman. They walked in a cult-like formation, as if they were held together by invisible string. I gave them their space. I mean, they were upperclassmen, and I was the jumpy freshman.

We passed Peter B. Lewis on the street parallel to Euclid and then headed left. It was dark, and I could feel the night walk with us, listening in to their conversations, just as I was.

“You know what’s really funny?” Kyra said, her hands hidden in her pockets. “The building just happens to be by my favorite sitting place – that little area with tables and benches.”

“The weed area?” Beast asked.

“Nah, man, that’s Hessler,” Nick replied. “And only you would go and investigate a boring building, Ky.”

She turned around and walked backwards. “No, it’s actually really cool. It’s so eerie, ya’ll are gonna love it.”

The group took a sharp left down the lane, Clark Hall

to our right. The church was in front of us, and to our left was Mather Memorial. It was grand, to be honest. I mean, how did anyone miss it? It stood like a king with a cylinder shape in the center and a horn on each side. Its body enveloped this large piece of grass, embracing it greedily.

“Did you ever think that maybe...this building doesn’t want to be found?” Ryley asked.

Kyra shot her a look. “Well, too bad. I found it. Tough nuts.” She motioned us to the right entrance of the building. “I think there’s a radio station in the basement!”

“You are way too excited for this,” Beast said. He moved like he was dragging trucks behind him, exhausted but relentless. He was on the football team.

“Uh, can you tell me where you found the keys to this building?” Ryley said, watching Kyra open the door. Ryley was often questioning everyone around her.

“Can you tell me why you’re so scared?” Kyra bit back.

One time someone compared her to a wolf. She bit them, too.

The building was spooky as hell. And I’m hoping that hell isn’t even this creepy. When the door closed behind us, we stood in a hallway that was maybe four times Beast’s height. It was so silent that our heavy breathing was evident. I walked a little bit closer to Beast – even though I was pretty sure he was the last person who would protect me.

“So what’s the building’s story?” Nick asked.

Kyra shrugged. “Don’t know. I just wanted to show you guys something.”

We climbed up to the second floor. On my right was a sign that said “Thank you for not smoking,” even though I could smell the odor of cigarettes hanging in the air like spider webs.

When we got up to the second floor, Kyra led us to where I assumed was the middle of the building. Two

Be Forgotten

intimidating doors stood like guards, so high above our heads we had to look up. And there, Kyra pointed straight at a circular object.

“You see that?”

“Yes,” Nick said in a bright voice, “It’s a circle!”

Everyone looked at him. I could just feel Kyra pierce her lips. “I think it’s a bell – one of those old ones people use to have.”

I narrowed my eyes, standing on my tiptoes like I could see better that way. “And what’s under that?”

Kyra smiled at me. “Two faces. On the left is an angry old man, the right is a young guy.”

“I seriously need new friends,” Beast muttered to himself.

“Flora Mather was a pretty awesome woman.”

All heads turned toward me. I blinked back...had I just said that?

“How did you know that?” Ryley asked.

I shrugged. “She was the wife of Samuel Mather, and she did a lot of religious and educational work. This building was in tribute to her after her death.” I stopped, glad that I could only see a silhouette of their stunned faces.

After two minutes of them gawking at me like a naked statue, Ryley shifted closer to the door, her arms folded. “It’s sad no one really knows of this building.”

“Let’s throw a party,” Nick said.

We all dismissed the idea in our heads, but nodded encouragingly.

Kyra was the only one who was still studying me. “What do you think we should do, freshman?”

Their eyes in the dark were so clear, with the moonlight peering in through the pretty windows from the staircase. And all I could think of was how lonely this building must have felt, so out of touch with the world, so abandoned. There were still offices here, no doubt, but the life out of the building was completely sucked out.

And it hit me all at once while we stood there in the hallway: why did any of us care so much?

I felt a smile crawl slowly across my lips.

Mather Memorial became our place. At night, we would go to the building and sit in a different class, thinking of all the women who used to sit in the exact spot, since the building was originally built to educate women. It was the place we studied (there was this small room at the end of the hallway on the first floor filled with books and a window that looked out onto the street), the place we told secrets and let them live with the dust, and the place we listened to history and hoped we were leaving ours.

I didn’t really know why they first agreed to keep this place our secret, anyway. I thought the upperclassmen had hated me, forgotten me and weren’t really too enthusiastic about my weird personality.

“You’re always observing,” Kyra told me once. “It’s hella creepy.”

One day I was walking into Mather Memorial in the daylight when I caught the inscription on the building. Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies... Flora Mather must’ve been the Beyoncé of the 1900’s.

Don’t think I’m telling you this story because I want you to go to that building. I’m not. It’s my place, ya know, where I had good old times. When class wasn’t in session, anyway. The whole building still lives in 1911 with grace and pride. You can feel it once you walk in. Look around you. I think the building reflects a lot about us.

I think it’s a building not to be forgotten.

Modern Fire Codes Prevent Art From Catching Fire When Searching For Meaning

Kushagra Gupta

Did you know that, “the art gets what the art wants” was once a popular saying on campus? Until the Cleveland fire department campaigned against its usage, the phrase was engraved in the heart of every student, and it used to represent the ceaseless spontaneous combustion of art pieces that students faced when trying to find meaning in sculptures and statues.

It’s not uncommon to see a Case Western student staring at a piece of modern art, trying to find a meaning in it. Perhaps these students are having a bad day or just at a low point in their semester. Heck, maybe they’re just trying to catch a breather between classes on a long day.

Unwittingly, what these students may not know is that thanks to modern fire codes, they are actually protected from attempting to appreciate a piece of art and are instead forced to talk to a friend or mentor about their problems.

Many don’t know, but without modern fire codes today, many art pieces that we hold dear to us would actually impulsively ignite as we attempt to locate their inner meaning. In fact, in the olden days, it was common for soul-searching persons to be disappointed with their answers due to sculptures and even fountains catching on fire. (The latter would catch due to a mixture of the ‘stressful’ pool of lighter fluid

that was kept within them and sparks from the ‘wearily’ placed lighters within the fountains.)

Furthermore, after many accidents, the codes also now require fountains to have a cylindrical shape so as not to prompt persons to comfort themselves, leave and then be stressed-again-but-also-on-fire.

None of these disasters, however, compare to the CWRU wooden statue fire of Java-Biophysics-psychology (3241). Reportedly, this fire stretched out so large that its fiery debris hit over half the campus. According to lore, the statue exploded due to the insides being made up of 7,000 pounds of nitroglycerin that ignited. The cause, however, is still unknown, as nobody could figure out if students going to the Java-Biophysics-psychology final caused it, or if they were on the way back from it.

In addition to this, old fire codes lacked statutes that required paintings and engravings to have strange or unique names.

Due to this, in the olden days, the “ugly statue” was actually named the “The flower of Case Western Reserve University.” The statue was renamed after multiple instances of unplanned combustion of the statue, which at many times resulted in ruminating students’ Denny’s meals getting cold, getting locked out of their building and remembering that homework was due at midnight.

SAGES: It Just Keeps Getting Better

Anastazia Vanisko

For the aspiring Middle Ages scholar, Case Western Reserve University is broadening its SAGES selection. A new university seminar, USSY 20958AYX: The Good Old Days, will now be offered in Old English.

Recognizing that Old English isn't exactly common these days, the first month of this class will be spent teaching the students how to read and speak the language. Fluency will be expected by mid-October and will be 30 percent of the final grade.

Participation won't be emphasized quite as much as normal, at least until the students learn Old

English. Then they will be expected to participate twice as much to make up for the lost time. This will be 10 percent of the final grade.

Papers and presentations are also expected to be done in Old English (the last 60 percent of the final grade). In fact, any lapse into contemporary English, Spanish, French, Chinese or any other language will be severely punished—they will get the exciting chance to translate "Beowulf." If translating that doesn't make people stop speaking their native language during class, who knows what will.

Unfortunately, CWRU is having trouble finding a professor willing to teach the course. As it turns out, most people aren't actually fluent in Old English. That didn't stop the university from running a test course, though.

A group of students (paid \$10 an hour) took the class for two months on the weekends. Apparently, the professor's inability to speak Old English made for many awkward silences. On the bright side, as long as students acted confident, the professor had no idea whether they were making words up or actually speaking the language.

For the one paper the students wrote in the test course, however, the teacher was able to use an online translator. Luckily for most students whose grades would have plummeted, this was only a test course...

Stæf we hyhtan se.... I was going to say let's hope this class doesn't actually happen, but the online translator I was using couldn't find an old English word for this or class, so I gave up.



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A Scary Story

Greg Ritchey

WARNING: The following is based on a true story. Reader discretion is advised.

It was just like any other Sunday night for me, beer in hand watching “Gilmore Girls” on Netflix. Yeah that’s right, “Gilmore Girls” is on Netflix now. You’re welcome.

I stared out my foggy window to see that it had started storming. Taken aback, I quickly alerted the campus with a Yik Yak post. It only took three minutes before it was deleted. What was happening?

I paced the eight-foot span of my room with an eerie feeling brewing inside. Just when the clock struck midnight, like some sort of Cinderella voodoo, I received a text from my physics lab partner. He was unsure how to do a part of the lab report. Lab report? What lab report? I dove for my syllabus to check the due dates. My heart was pounding as I smoothed out the crumpled paper that I found shoved in my biology book.

Suddenly, the power went out. A flash of lightning illuminated the page as I saw the due date. My god. I spilled my beer, ruining my MCAT book. There goes med school. My life is over.

No. Would Rory give up? Heck no. I can do this. My computer had a full charge, just enough to finish the report. I got a Venti Pumpkin Spice Latte and spent all night constructing a totally average paper. I made it to Rockefeller with two minutes to spare. I must have looked like the mutant offspring of Amanda Bynes and an ostrich.

As I released the paper into the collection box, I received a text from my partner reading “Finished my report a week early. Yay! :D.”

Oh no. I must have misread the due date! Head hanging low, I walked out of Rockefeller while



trying to reply to a Snapchat from the night before. I got a nice selfie with the caption “lol kill me” right as the swinging doors deleted me from existence.

Medieval Times Faire

to be brought to Case Western by the
Medieval Combat Club
due to popular demand.

Listen for the Herald for more information.



5 Ways to Know Winter is Coming



1. Your fall/winter wardrobe begins to get a little blurred. "Will this be too warm?" is rarely a valid question anymore.

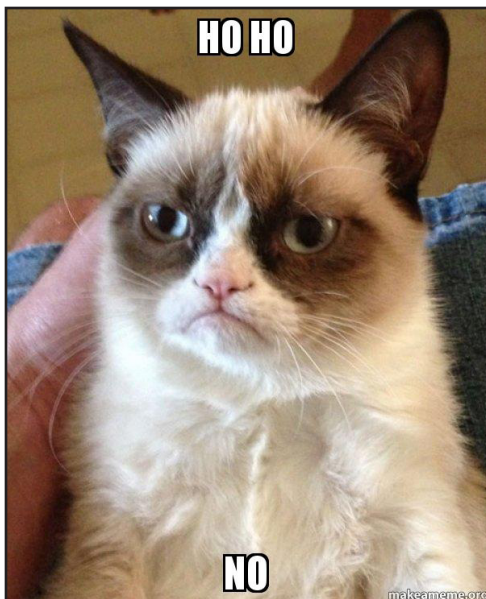


2. The Greenie schedule suddenly seems a lot funkier than usual, especially when you're running late.



3. And honestly, it might not be worth it to call the constantly overloaded SafeRide cars, either.

4. All that holiday fun you had growing up seems suddenly distanced, tantalizing you from the never ending tests and finals.



5. Actually, the only cheer you have anymore is your morning Peppermint Latte, which now functions as a hand warmer on your way to class.

Anne Nickoloff,
Editor-in-Chief

#ThrowbackThursday



@bigdudejony1V3: #tbt early Apple Watch prototype



@bp: #tbt to a time before these monstrosities endangered birds everywhere

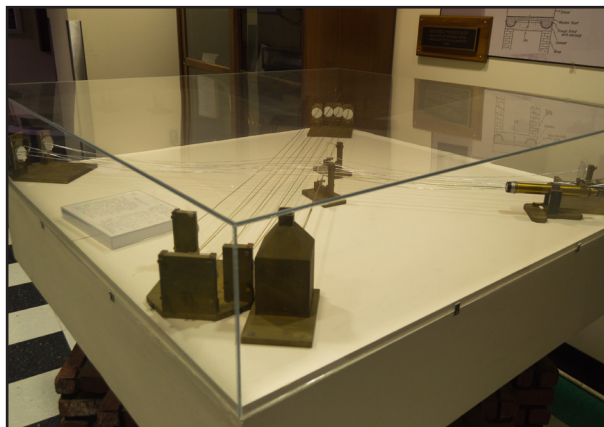


@sw4gm0nst3r: #tbt to that amazing November night freshmen year when I lost my League of Legends virginity

@lonelyboy15: #tbt to when my drunk ex-girlfriend hooked up with 3 of the employees at Denny's for a free Grand Slamwich



@case: #tbt to our favorite thing to name-drop in brochures and generally anywhere possible for the past 127 years



Andrew Hodowanec

Case Complaints - Yik Yak Version

4

New

Hot



Nothing happens in Cleveland.

0

⌚ 1min

The parties at CWRU suck.

4

⌚ 20min

AWW! I wore my UGGs today because it was really cold, but then it rained and now they're wet!

2

⌚ 1hr

The weather is awful! It's always super cold or super humid and hot.

3

⌚ 2hr

Home

Peek

Me

More

Got more complaints that you want to hear a response to? Send em' in to mxd415@case.edu and you can see what the Athenian has to say.



Details

Nothing happens in Cleveland.



🕒 1min

1 reply

Well who the hell asked you to sit in your room all day and watch Netflix? You probably spend the better part of your life bitching about everything, don't you? You're probably one of those people who gets Chipotle to-go and then idly wastes their life away in 10" x 9" prison cell that you call a room until you whither from stress and boredom, aren't you? Maybe leave Adelbert road and the 1/10th of Euclid that you live on and LOOK outside. We're a city, for goodness's sake. For something to be a city, by definition, things need to be going on. Get up, and do something.

The parties at CWRU suck.



🕒 20min

1 reply

Oh, we're sorry our parties don't match your state school standards of beer as far as the eye can see and vomit in every place there isn't beer. If you think parties at CWRU suck, you've probably drunk enough in one sitting to give yourself alcohol poisoning, permanently stunting your brain development forever. You knew what you were getting into when you came here. If you thought coming to a place called "Case Western Reserve University" was going to be a bumpin' party town on Friday nights, that's on your dumb ass.

AWW! I wore my UGGs today because it was really cold, but then it rained and now they're wet!



🕒 1hr

1 reply

Dear obnoxious, spoiled brat,
First of all, no one cares. Second of all, you know why you can't wear UGGs in the rain? Because they're mostly sheep skin. Don't go walking on dead sheep and complain about how they're not gonna look good once they're wet. Oh and also, giant-ass moon boots definitely make good winter shoes if they aren't water resistant. Go figure.

Sincerely,
Everyone

The weather is awful! It's always super cold or super humid and hot.



🕒 2hr

1 reply

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If you want to be involved in
The Athenian, email mx415@case.edu.

Or join us at any of our meetings, the
schedule can be found on our website:
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Thank you all for making Issue 78 great!



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