

# THE ATHENIAN

ISSUE #46

CWRU's student humor magazine, est. 2000



The "Love Your Campus" Issue



# *The Athenian*

“What is freedom of expression? Without the freedom to offend, it ceases to exist.” - Salman Rushdie, probably with us in mind.

## ON THE WEB:

<http://studentaffairs.case.edu/groups/mediaboard/members.html>  
(someday we'll have our own site)

EMAIL: [athenian@case.edu](mailto:athenian@case.edu)

**ISSUE #46**  
**NOVEMBER 2009**

## **The Goons In Charge:**

**Advisor/Patron Saint:**  
Mr. Bradley Ricca

**Emperor/Editor-in-Chief:**  
Paul Hay

**Health Guru:**  
Keith Richards

**Business Manager/Treasurer:**  
Spencer York

**Head Graphics Designer:**  
Beth McNany

**Talent Scout:**  
Boba Fett

**Layout:**  
Pat Melvin

## **Articles by:**

Paul Hay  
Amalie McKee  
Pat Melvin  
Andrew Schwirian  
Pyone Thi  
Josh Yeske

## **With Graphics by:**

Paul Hay  
Ben Manekin  
Beth McNany  
Stephanie Ohtola  
Pete Simko



Proud member of the Case Media Board since Hundert.

## From The Editor

Howdy fellas,

Last week, as I was taking my illegitimate sons James Rockford Hay (age 7) and Lee Marvin Hay (age 5) to get some ice cream, we passed a street corner being worked by a woman of ill repute. "Father," little James asked, "what is that brazen hussy doing there standing in such preposterous clothing?"

"I don't like it when you use that kind of language, Jimmy," I responded. "But I'm just as curious as you are, so let's find out."

We walked over to the scarlet woman and inquired as to her behavior. "For fifty dollars I can give you a good time, sugar," she told me.

Just then I was struck by the import of her words. We live in tough economic times, and Cleveland is not faring much better than any other part of the country. There was a time, not too long ago, when gasoline cost less than a dollar a gallon, unemployment was low, and prostitutes had too much pride to turn tricks for less than a Benjamin. What has happened?

People are taking desperate measures to make ends meet, and often the little luxuries of life are sacrificed. It pains me to think that, to save money and pay bills, Clevelanders are canceling subscriptions to MAD Magazine and visiting comedy clubs less frequently. That's why we, the *Athenian*, are committed to bringing you, the reader, top-notch humor writing for free. We're grateful that CWRU's student government, its Media Board, and **of course** its **fiscally-generous** SEC are willing to give us the funding necessary to exist as a free publication. Hope you enjoy this issue!



PAUL HAY, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

-- The Editor

## *Athenian* Guidelines

1) *The Athenian* is a semi-anonymous publication. Contributors' names are printed on page 2, but aren't necessarily connected to any particular article. This is to preserve a lack of integrity for the staff.

2) *The Athenian* can usually be found in Thwing, KSL, Guilford, Clark, PBL, Wade, Leutner, Rockefeller, Havorka, Smith, Yost, Wickenden, Sears, Nord, Bingham, Fibley, and President Obama's nightstand.

3) Any submissions/complaints/scribbles/fan mail/love letters can be sent to [athenian@case.edu](mailto:athenian@case.edu). Any submissions can/might/will be altered as needed.

Congrats to **Pete Simko**, who won the \$50 prize for best submission for Issue #45!

## Hart Crane Memorial To Be Replaced By Shaved Ice Stand



Above: the current memorial stone as it stands now on E. 115th St.

Below: artist's rendition of what the site will look like after the renovation

English literature fans were horrified Wednesday when CWRU officials announced that the stone memorial on E. 115th St., marking the birthplace of the renowned poet Hart Crane, will be razed in March so that a shaved ice stand can move in.

But a straw poll, conducted by *Athenian* staff members throughout the CWRU campus, found that not a single student, and not really any faculty members either, could name a single Hart Crane poem, or had ever heard of him or the memorial.

"Exactly," said one CWRU official. "You can't name a single thing this guy has done. Right now that stone is just wasting space. I mean, it's not like it's the site where he died, or where he took out a bunch of British soldiers in 1777. The campus community will be better served by a delicious summer treat."

But not everyone agrees. We found a random graduate student at Wooster College in Ohio who is writing her dissertation on Hart Crane's greatest work, entitled...uh...we honestly can't remember it for some reason. "The lack of respect being shown this leading light in American poetry demonstrates CWRU's foolish disregard for the importance of the humanities," she said. Then she disappeared in a puff of smoke. It was weird.



For further research, we sampled the menu of the future proprietor of the stand, Gave's Shaved Ice. The cherry flavor was exceptionally sweet, and the mango lemonade was an exquisite blend of two classics, way tastier than any poet could ever imagine or describe in words. The prices were fair, and the portions were judicious. The *Athenian* encourages CWRU officials to destroy more historical monuments if it will mean more food options for the students.



IF THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL  
WERE PAINTED BY JACKSON POLLOCK

## Zombie News

*Written by a Guy Who Dresses Like a Left 4 Dead Hunter*

### Humans vs. Zombies Comes to Case; PETZ to Protest

Humans vs. Zombies: it's a time to unwind from the stress of midterms, get into the spirit of Halloween, practice the techniques put forth in *The Zombie Survival Guide*, and shoot Nerf guns at other people for no good reason whatsoever.

It's also the sort of activity that gets the blood of the People for the Ethical Treatment of Zombies boiling.

The People for the Ethical Treatment of Zombies (PETZ) is a group that is, according to its website, "dedicated to promoting respect for our undead brethren and changing the perception that zombies are bloodthirsty monsters deserving only a bullet to the brain." The group is believed to have organized the

Left 4 Dead 2 boycott earlier this year and was instrumental in getting the game banned in Australia.

Earl Haisenheldtzer, head of PETZ, was quoted as saying, "This 'Humans vs. Zombies' game reinforces the negative stereotypes frequently associated with zombies. What kind of message do you think this activity sends these kids? They learn that zombies are slow, stupid creatures that are only good as fodder for shotguns. We at PETZ want to tell the world that just because zombies are slightly decayed, highly infectious, and view humans as food, does not make them any less worthy of respect.

"If this activity promoted shooting small

---

## SUPPORT CWRU'S MEDIA BOARD!



*"A thing of beauty is a joy forever...what **we** do lasts at **least** four years."*



children with Nerf guns, would you support it then?" Haisenheltzer added, as if the two things were even remotely comparable.

When it was pointed out that zombies don't actually exist, Haisenheltzer replied that it was beside the point: "People think that just because zombies don't exist, they somehow deserve to be treated like monsters. That's ridiculous." When told that if zombies did exist, they would be too busy feasting on the PETZ protesters to care what the protesters are doing (in other words, that they basically are mindless monsters), Haisenheltzer said, "Now see, that's the attitude we're trying to change. It's people like you that promote the hatred towards zombies."

The protest is scheduled to take place on November 15th at 3:00 PM (which our more astute readers may have noticed is well *after* the actual game is scheduled to take place). Our readers are encouraged to protest the stupidity by showing up and throwing things at the protesters.

In related news, the Cognitive Science department will be conducting research to determine how Haisenheltzer and his followers have the mental capacity to tie their own shoes. Students are welcome to join.

## Lesser-Known Great Lakes Brewing Company Flavors



- **Mahatma Drunkdhi** - A well hopped India Pale Ale; not too pale, really, but pretty thin
- **Gonorrhea** - A fragrant spiced ale; burns a little going in, a lot going out
- **Albert Belle** - A complex, roasty porter with a hint of cork; known to induce rage
- **Deutsch Bag** - A plum-colored Weizenbock with spicy notes of Axe and Hooters wings; a great chaser for Jagermeister or gross energy drinks
- **Goth Chick** - An angrily hopped American Pale Ale; sometimes makes your lips turn black, especially under full moons
- **Urban Blight** - A fragrant saison blended with garbage, bullet shells, spray paint, and government cheese; a Cleveland classic
- **Dennis Kucinich** - A smooth lager that strikes a delicate balance between incompetent and crazy



## Sex and Dating

by Maggie the Maenad



Girls. This one's for you.

Now, school's been in session for about two months and classes have settled down to something that's a little more reasonable. This means it's about time to make room for something else in your life: love. Of course, when I say "love" I really mean "sex and homework help". But you know, they're really almost the same thing.

See, it's important to realize that girls have the monopoly on this campus. There are guys everywhere, but a very small number of single girls. This means that it's important not to attach yourself to just one guy. I mean, Henry might be nice, but if you stay with him he'll eventually make you go dutch with him on dates while Andrew would definitely treat you to a nice dinner every once in a while. So get over it.

Of course, what you learned in high school health class about the risk of STDs and pregnancy is still true, even at Case, so it's still important not to be promiscuous. However, there's no reason to limit yourself to just one partner. Sam calling you a whore for what you did with Nathan? Move on. He was probably

an asshole anyway.

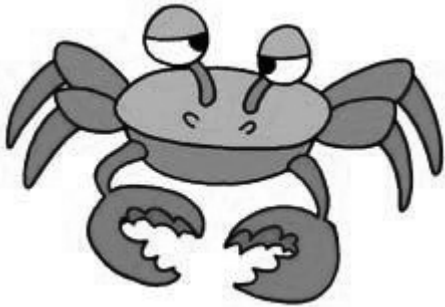
Guys are like tissues. Once you use one, just discard him. You know, when he starts getting all mushy and soggy and clinging to your hands. It's not worth it when there's another one right there.

There's also about as many kinds of guys as there are tissues. You know, there's the kind with lotion for when you have a cold and have to blow your nose every two minutes but don't want to irritate your skin too much. And there's two ply, for when you want something cheap and easy to come by but that won't come apart when you blow into it. Tissues are the same.

Lastly, it's important to remember that, like tissues, boys aren't a bottomless pit. If you keep taking from one box – dorm, fraternity, physics class, whatever – they'll eventually stop putting up with you. They'll realize you're likely to hurt their sensitive little feelings. So, spread yourself a little thin. Never hit the same box twice. You'll get the hang of it, I'm sure.

So go out there, blow your nose, and remember – have fun.

## Dear Crabby



Dear Crabby,

My girlfriend and I have been together nearly a month. We both go to Case, so it's natural that she has a lot of male friends. She's very attractive, and I know a lot of her male friends are attracted to her. For the most part, I'm not jealous. However, she gets very physical with some of them. She promises she's not cheating on me, and I want to believe her. But it's hard. Am I being unreasonable?

--Poor, neglected bloke from North Side

Are you a fucking moron? You call yourself "Poor, neglected bloke" but I call you "stupid wanker" when I gossip about this to my friends. Your girlfriend's definitely cheating on you. In fact, I think I've seen her do it. Is she about 5'6", mousy brown hair, blue eyes and pierced ears? That girl? Yeah, she videotaped herself having sex with some guy and posted it to the Case forum. There's a Facebook group devoted to tracking her STDs. In a city known for its cheap whores, she's about the cheapest. If I were you, I'd ask her if she's cheating on you, and when she lies to you (i.e. reiterates that she's not cheating), I'd stab her multiple times and light the corpse on fire. It's the only way you can know you stopped the spread of her diseases. If you wanted to decontaminate the blood-splatters first, you might want to piss in her wounds. Just saying.

Dear Crabby,

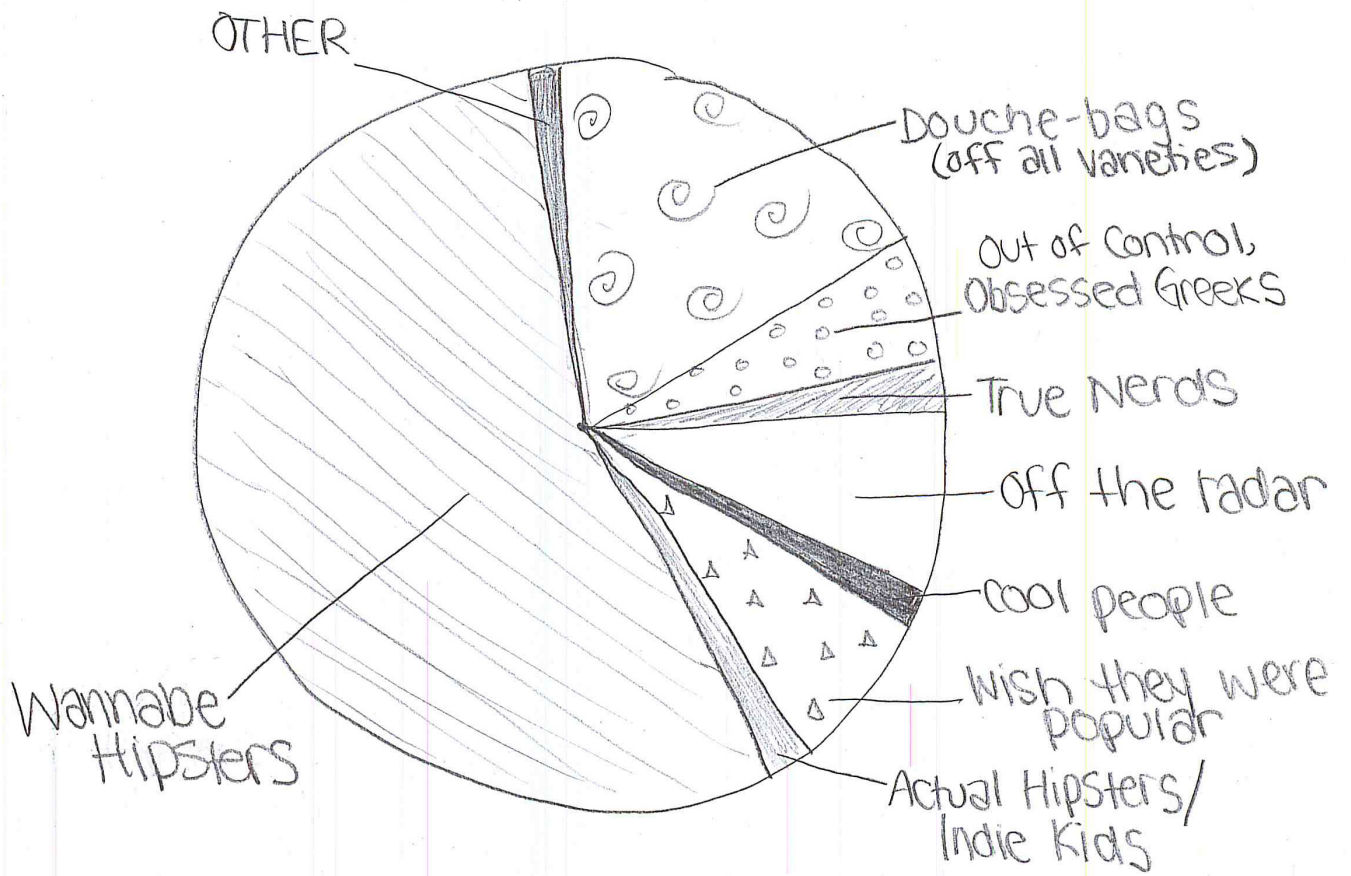
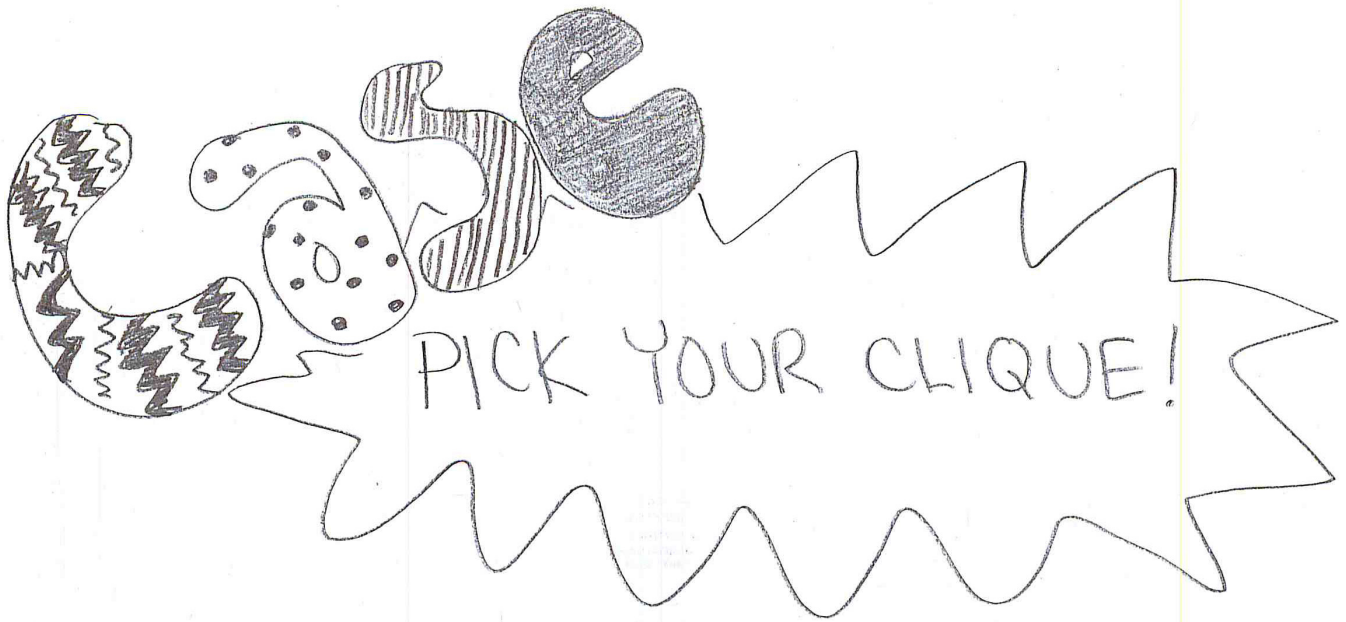
My roommates and I have been living together for nearly 4 weeks now, and I'm the only one who's taken out the trash. I try to leave it for one of them to do, but eventually the whole apartment stinks and I'm the only one who does anything about it. I try talking to them about it, but they always promise they will eventually and don't do anything about it. How do I get them to actually do their share of chores?

--Objectified roommate living off campus

Well, it seems to me that you have three options. One, you can stop being such an anal-retentive bastard. When you say the whole apartment stinks, it probably reeks of neat-freak asshole. Just calm down, okay? Someone will get to it when it needs to be done.

Two, you can stop being a pussy and deal with it through passive-aggression. Maybe move the trash to the middle of the kitchen with a sign on it that says "Take me out!" or something. Or else make a public ultimatum that if the trash isn't taken out by next week you'll, I don't know, fill the bathtub with battery acid. Taint the water supply with a poison only you have an antidote to. I'm sure you'll think of something.

Three, you can realize that this is probably them trying to send a message to you. Is there something about you that's particularly trashy? Do you smoke Marlboro Reds? Is your girlfriend a particular breed of skank? Do you listen to 90s boybands? If so, it's probably time to clean up your life. Switch to Lucky Strikes, stab the girlfriend, and convert your old CDs to Frisbees. You'll see. Someone will take out the trash.



Social Groups of CWRU-Fall '09

# “THE BALLAD OF HARLD AND RTA”

*(with apologies to John Lennon)*



verse 1

Harold says he's got a large package  
Rita wants to give you a ride  
Harold's got a lot to stuff in your slot  
Rita's nice and warm inside

Case! You know it ain't easy  
Trying to get a degree  
If I don't pay my tuition  
They're gonna CWRU-cify me

verse 2

Harold's got a girl in his office  
Rita's standing out in the street  
The girl is a tramp, she's licking his  
stamps,  
But Rita's got a helluva seat

Case! You know it ain't easy  
Trying to pull a 3.3  
If I don't show up for finals  
They're gonna CWRU-cify me

verse 3

Babs has Harold wrapped 'round her finger  
Bud has Rita's number all right  
Harold won't be late when Babs is her date  
And Rita comes on time tonight

Case! You know it ain't easy  
Trying to find a DD  
If I don't quickly get sober  
They're gonna CWRU-cify me

## Op-Ed

*A conduit for controversy since newspapers first appeared!*

---

### All the Private Conversations Outside My Door

by Brett Veon

Hey, you. Yeah, you, on the phone, outside my door. You do realize I can hear you, right? I can hear you telling your mother about how you failed your calculus midterm. I can hear how your thyroids are swollen again. In a campus that spreads at least a good ten square blocks, why do you consistently pick that particular spot to have these conversations?

Every single day, someone decides that the best place to have his private conversation is right outside my bedroom door. Every single day, I'm subjected to someone relating a disgusting story about what someone did at a party over the weekend, or what the resulting mess looked like after someone did one too many shots, or occasionally I get a real treat and have the privilege of listening to the ranting of that one paranoid kid from the next building over. Were I the sleazy sort, I could easily fill the Observer's gossip column with the juicy tidbits I've been picking up.

Do you think that no one can hear you having this conversation? Barring the fact that my door is far from soundproof, this is a narrow hallway – voices echo. You can be heard on the first floor from the fourth – right outside my door is nothing.

Perhaps you think that no one lives on the first floor. I should think that the name and picture on the door, plus the dry erase board with ample drawings and writings all over it, should be enough to disabuse anyone of this notion. But then, maybe you see these things and just figure that I have a life and am not home to hear you. Long story short, I don't have a life – the fact that I'm writing this article is proof of that.

Plus, why do you insist on communicating these things so darn loudly?! Not only does it

echo down there, but you people practically scream into your phones or talk to the person next to you at a decibel level that would be more appropriate if you were a singer in a metal band. Let me put it this way: I went to a Slipknot concert over the summer, and freakin' Slipknot was quieter than you.

I complain about this for two reasons: first of all, it's annoying. I'm sorry, but it really is. There's nothing worse than trying to get to sleep the night before a big test, and, just as I'm on the verge of falling asleep, being jarred awake by someone shrieking in the hallway about how poorly they did on the last test (let me tell you, that always gives me just the confidence boost I need).

The other reason for my complaint is that if I can hear you, chances are I'm not the only one. There's another person on this floor, and unlike me, he *is* the sleazy sort who submits things to The Observer's gossip column. Even if not him, the common room sits on this floor as well and you can be heard all the way over there. In other words, by doing what you're doing, there's a pretty good chance it'll be all over the whole school before too long. And I really doubt you want the whole campus to find out your affections for that one guy / girl down the hall.

I'm just trying to preserve your reputations and my own sanity, people. Don't kill the messenger, I'm just working for the good of all on this campus.

Incidentally, if you see Gertrude Winkerstein around campus, ask her how her thyroids are doing. She'll appreciate your concern.

# SECRETS OF THE ALPHA BETA GAMMA FRATERNITY

## REVEALED!

Part 1 in an ongoing series



**THE SECRET HANDSHAKE:** The brothers stand in front of one another with about 18 inches of space between them. Each brother first places his left hand upon the nose of the brother in front of him and squeezes. They then remove their hands and ball them into fists, with their thumbs sticking out (to simulate a nose, as we'll see). Each brother then waves his fist in the other's face, taunting, "I got your nose!" Simultaneously, each brother takes his right hand and places it in the front right pants pocket of the brother in front of him and rifles around, hoping to steal either car keys or loose change.

Having brought both hands back to his side, each brother gives the other a raspberry. To conclude the handshake, the brothers lock hands in front of each other and lick their knuckles for a good 30-45 seconds. With this hand-lock released, each brother jumps, clicks his heels together, and shouts, "Diggity boom box!"

Needless to say, the secret handshake is only performed in ceremonial situations and with the privacy of the room secured. Dangerous inebriation also usually plays a role.

**REVEALING BIGS AND LITTLES:** The original Big Brother Revelation ceremony, dating back to the founding of the first chapter at Barder College, involved wrapping the house in string, digging a six foot hole in the ground, and going on an elaborate scavenger hunt. At the Alpha Beta Gamma National Conference of 2002, however, the convened chapters voted unanimously to ban this ceremony and replace it with something even crazier.

Nowadays, the pledges assemble on the school football field under the light of a waning gibbous moon. Each pledge wears nothing but American Apparel tights and an umbrella hat. The pledgemaster emerges from the visitors' locker room, hepped up on energy drinks and lite beer, and begins shouting in Hebrew. (The pledges are supposed to return back in Farsi, but few ever learn this part in time.) Then each pledge is handed a large pumpkin with seven numbers scrawled on it in magic marker. The pledges have to unscramble the digits into a phone number and then call it to get their next instructions, which are usually barely audible over the sound of crunk music blaring in the background.

The pledges are then conducted to the basement of the Alpha Beta Gamma house, where the Ritual Chairman is waiting with an authentic Lord of the Rings replica sword. The Ritual Chairman pretends to be about to cut off each pledge's hand, but really he's not gonna do it. Then each pledge is offered the choice of going into one of two rooms, a twisted sort of "lady or the tiger" conundrum. Behind one door is a futon and the current "fratress" of the fraternity, and every pledge choosing this room gets one-hour-anything-goes. Behind the other door is the fattest (and drunkest) alumnus that the fraternity can find on such short notice, and he gets to assault the pledge with a wiffle bat for 15 minutes.

After this is all done, the pledgemaster wakes up off the couch and just tells the pledges who their bigs are. Then everybody does a shot of Jager and calls it a night.

**THE IDENTIFICATION:** When a brother is out in the "real world" and thinks he has spotted another member of Alpha Beta Gamma, either because he is wearing what appears to be letters or because he's just so awesome that he simply has to be a brother, the Identification can be attempted. In the history of Alpha Beta Gamma, there has never been a failed identification attempt that has not been really awkward.

The challenger approached the potential brother from behind and grabs him by the belt. He then whispers in the potential brother's ear, "Are you going to Wing Night?" If the potential brother responds with the phrase, "I don't know no Tightly Whitey," they rub their ears on each other's faces in confirmation of the identification.

Sen. Chris Dodd (D-CT) once attempted an identification of Sen. Sherrod Brown (D-OH) on the floor of Congress, but Sen. Brown misunderstood Sen. Dodd's intentions and threw him to the ground with a vicious powerslam.

## Google to Release GoogleFinch Soon

by Roy Visage

Google announced yesterday that their newest piece of software, GoogleFinch, will soon be released for the public to download. In order to download, users simply log into their GoogleAccount and hit the “request download” button to instantly be put on a waiting list.

“This new program is being released by our tried-and-true method of ‘selective release,” reported Evan Evans, speaker on behalf of the programmers at Google, who was chosen for his profound ability to speak and make eye contact at the same time. “By giving out our software in this way, it’s kind of like evolution because we select which individuals are strong enough to pass on the application.”

After Google receives 100,000 requests to download GoogleFinch, they will begin selecting individuals special enough to get to software over 12 years. Three whole people will be chosen each month.

“We think this is the fastest way of getting GoogleFinch to the public without the fear of crashing our servers from the rush of downloads,” remarks Steve See, a computer programmer at Google who chooses to speak his words through a sock puppet. “If you didn’t know, we really like the word google and putting it in front of other words. Google, google, google.”

As with several other Google program releases, once someone has attained the software, they will have a total of 2 invites to give out. Once both invites are sent, Google’s computer network will analyze each recipient’s email and determine which invitee is a stronger candidate. This chosen individual will then be given the opportunity to download the software. The weaker individual will be euthanized.

“Yeah, I wasn’t really kidding about the evolution thing,” continues Evans. “The truth is, we can purge anyone from the public that

we want. With the information we’ve collected from GoogleEarth and GoogleMaps Street View, we know where everyone is at all times. We only say we aren’t using the information we collect to do evil. Hey, am I going to be quoted in *The Athenian*?”

There is still no word on what GoogleFinch actually does. However, since it’s being released by Google, there will undoubtedly be millions of users who will want it for the sole purpose to act like a douche-bag when they get it and ask all their friends why they haven’t also download the software yet.

*Roy Visage used to work at The Athenian until he was fired for not giving a shit about the Stanley Cup playoffs. He now spends his time wandering the streets at night and uses his title of Former Editor of The Athenian to get all the ladies. And make haunted houses. Also, the word “google” sounds weird after saying it so many times.*





## THE KITCHEN CORNER

### Cookin' with the Yeskimo

Recently, the American government has sought to create a number of healthy eating alternatives in order to lose the title of World's Fattest Nation. No doubt you see on the late night infomercials all of these fancy new ways of cooking food, or diet foods, or whatever. But we all know the true health food, we've known it for years, and quite frankly, it can be cooked however you like. This week, I'd like to provide you folks with an old family recipe.



**Par-boiled Baby with Linguine**

#### **Ingredients:**

- 1 Baby
- 1 bottle Italian dressing
- 1 large can Cream of Mushroom soup
- 1 16 oz box of linguine (or suitable pasta)
- 1 bottle of white wine (any kind will do)

#### **Directions:**

Taking the fresh baby (I recommend going to the Farmer's Market, they usually have the best and widest selection of baby--a little more expensive, but you'll find none better unless you travel to France), and placing it in an appropriate bag (cooking/baking bags are fine), pour in the bottle of Italian dressing with 4 oz of white wine. Place the bag into boiling water for 10 to 15 minutes. Once done, take a 13x9 baking pan, layer the baby (in parts) across the bottom, and pour the Cream of Mushroom and 6 oz of wine over top. You may mix the sauce together if you wish, but it isn't necessary. Bake the mixture at 375 for 28-32 minutes, stirring occasionally to avoid sticking. Once the baby is thoroughly baked (white in the center), remove it from the oven. Ideally the pasta should have been made 10-12 minutes before the end of the baking, but if not, prepare the pasta as instructed on the box. Once the pasta is done, serve the baby/sauce combination over it, with a nice glass of Sauvignon Blanc and a slice of French bread, and enjoy.

*Hope you all enjoy the meal and check in next month when we find out how to make Leutner food edible!*

## The REALISTIC Five-Year Plan

### By SusieAnn Genesis Entrance-Sistine

Our four key strategic academic alliances are:

1. *Create a committee to review this committee's results. Repeat.*
2. *Party like H1FUN1 (Too soon?)*
3. *Invest in Zombie warfare. They are our future selves, only better and hungrier.*
4. *Kindles for everyone (Geek porn anyone? YES please!)*

We selected these areas after a review of our existing academic strengths and areas of common interest across the University. By elevating them, we commit to achieve prominence as an institution known for exemplary scholarship in these realms. The plan that follows describes our priorities in detail. Just as important, it provides context for the kind of community we seek to become.

We will foster an environment in which we:

1. *Build more useless art (Why not increase tuition for blocks of concrete that everyone can hang their broke heads against?)*
2. *Create a shrine for MJ (RIP)*
3. *Only attract good-looking people. This is truly an investment in our future.*

Our plan not only articulates these principles, but also describes the specific steps we will take to fulfill all of our goals. Moreover, it details specific metrics we will use to chart our progress. We will report annually on our results.

From this moment forward, every major new initiative and expenditure will face a threshold question: Does it advance our strategic plan? By committing to these ideas, we acknowledge a basic reality: No university, no matter how wealthy, can be all things to all people. Instead, we will invest strategically in those realms where we are most likely to achieve distinction, even as we fulfill our essential mission. This focus will enable us to move far more quickly toward those imperatives we as a community have decided are most important, and in so doing, raise our academic stature overall.

By following this plan, we will measurably advance the University. Five years hence, Case Western Reserve University will enroll students of measurably higher quality and attract significantly larger research investments. Our constituents will report markedly improved levels of satisfaction with all manner of campus support and services. Our alumni will participate more actively in the life of the University. And we will realize concrete gains in relevant measures of academic quality both for the University and its individual schools and departments.

Our campus is already full of faculty renowned in their fields and revered by their students. By executing this plan, we will create an environment where collaboration contributes to discovery and understanding in extraordinary ways. Our scholarship will demand attention from peers, policymakers and prospective students. The dynamism and imagination in our teaching will prepare graduates to become leaders in an increasingly complex global society. We will, in short, become an institution that achieves the remarkable possibilities inherent in the 1967 federation, one with a powerful sense of purpose that inspires every member of our community. *AMEN.*

# ***KUATO SAYS...***



“I know what it is you want, CWRU students...humor! You have it inside you, you’ve had it all along. A man is defined by his actions, not his memory. Free your mind...let the humor flow through you!

“And when it flows, make sure you get it down on paper (or Microsoft Word) and submit it to the *Athenian*! All submissions go to **athenian@case.edu**, from the most intelligent fake news articles to the silliest doodles and dirty limericks. Those guys will accept anything! And the best submission of each issue gets a fifty dollar cash prize! Money like that can buy you a lot of corporate-owned air on Mars, my friend!

“So don’t wait any longer....start the humor-making reactor.....free CWRU.....start the reactor....”

