



Five Ways to Have a Great Girls' Night In! (Sponsored by New Target™ on 53rd)

by Breck Radulovic

1. Deborah, 53, Hospital Administrator: I love popping into the new Target™ on 53rd after a long week at work. I'll pick up a single-serving Marie Callender's and a double bottle of Barefoot Pink Rosé... just for myself! Sometimes I just can't say no to the latest issue of O Magazine and fun-size pack of M&M's at the checkout counter. It's a such naughty way to end the week, but no one has to know but me, myself, and I.

2. Meredith, 19, Vegan and Marxist: While usually I hate capitalism, the new Target™ on 53rd makes me forget about everything I learned from reading *Capital* when I was a junior in high school. Last Saturday I grabbed some vegetarian chick'n nuggets, an organic hemp charcoal face mask, and a cool Frida Kahlo slogan tee. Then my Riot Grrrl zine club came over to my co-op and we drank black Target brand coffee and dyed each other's armpit hair with Manic Panic hair dye.

3. Carrie and Ana, 24 and 26, Graduate Students in the SSA: We love having date night at the new Target™ on 53rd. First, we like to browse the flannel section and make sure we aren't missing any color schemes in our joint wardrobe. Then we like to stock up on the microbrewery craft IPAs and Biore pore strips. You know it's

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UCPD ANNOUNCES PLANS TO FLOAT HYDE PARK 200 FEET ABOVE REST OF SOUTHSIDE



Photo by Willamina Groething

by Dan Lastres

Responding to a spate of home burglaries and street muggings, the University of Chicago Police Department announced yesterday a new plan to relocate Hyde Park 200 feet directly above its current location.

The move was announced after a joint plan with the Chicago Police Department to significantly increase the local police presence, to the chagrin of many inebriated students. Despite the subsequent upsurge in the number of police stops conducted, local levels of crime and poverty remained unchanged.

Citing the benefits of a secure perimeter, Associate Vice President for Safety

and Security Eric M. Heath praised the plan's airtight approach: "This will bring our community the peace of mind we have been after," Heath said. "We will not even need a police presence beyond 61st street or Cottage Grove anymore because the proposed elevator system will allow UCPD to profile and arrest individuals bringing crime into the area before they have even set foot on our streets."

University administrators cheered on the move, which will open up a large swath of land below the old neighborhood. In a widely circulated email blast, President Robert Zimmer stated, "We are already

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FOOD SECURITY

THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER
CRESCAT RUMOR, VITA EXCOLATUR

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Sundays at 7 p.m. in Harper 145

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DISCLAIMER

Have the fangs of our prose pierced you? Does your blood boil with anger, or just the regular kind of boil? Are you plotting your revenge? Think of how little it would mean, to spill our blood, to chew our flesh. Think of how meaningless all our lives are, bottle the anger up, then go home and drink the bottle.

META-DISCLAIMER

We apologize for the tenor of our disclaimer. We like you, or we really want to like you. We like the idea of you, and you shouldn't take our insinuations of bloodthirst to heart.

META-META-DISCLAIMER

To be clear, we stand by our stance. God is God and the river is swift and we don't fucking care.

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RUSSIAN CYBER-INTELLIGENCE RETALIATION REVEALS FOUR OF ELEVEN SECRET HERBS & SPICES

by Reed Thurston

WASHINGTON, D.C.— Following the virtual attack which leaked politically sensitive information from the Democratic National Committee in October, a second major cyber-security breach was detected earlier this week. Reportedly, the attack targeted multiple FBI databases and published, along with over two thousand federal employees' social security numbers and several dozen redacted pages from the Warren Commission, at least four of the eleven secret herbs and spices found in KFC's famous Original Recipe Chicken. The Department of Homeland Security held a press hearing on the matter Wednesday, during which Secretary Jeh Johnson took the podium to provide the official investigative account of the events, and to reaffirm the Department's confidence that the breach in secu-

rity was the responsibility of Russian intelligence agencies acting remotely through third party connections. Reiterating the government's speculation that the recent spate of cyber-invasions is likely part of an effort by high-ranking Russian officials to interfere with the ongoing presidential election, Secretary Johnson referred to the attacks as "a shocking and unwarranted escalation of social and political subterfuge," before moving on to outline the virtual and physical strategic defense measurements that the federal government is prepared to take to "secure and protect the safety and anonymity of this nation's herbs and spices, as well as its citizens." Meanwhile, the Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation— which has had a tense and bristling relationship with both Russian and U.S. intelligence

agencies dating back to the mid-1950's— has had to scramble this week to assess the fiscal damage from this revelation and mitigate the torrential media backlash from thousands of newly disillusioned chicken consumers. Releasing a statement to news correspondents on Friday, the KFC Legal team clarified that only two notarized copies of the full recipe have ever existed, one being held in a locked vault at the company headquarters in Louisville. The other is kept in "Harland Sanders' cold, dead hands." The company's legal team now claims any unauthorized knowledge of its chicken's ingredients to be a result of illegal spice-tapping, announcing plans this afternoon to file a civil lawsuit against the FBI on four counts of Unlawful Surveillance and Storage of an Original Recipe.

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taking bids for development projects in the former Hyde Park area. I fully expect that new businesses, arts venues, and three-story walk-ups owned by corporate landlords will revive this once-thriving part of the historic South Side."

*The Chicago Shady Dealer
Cordially Invites you...*

Join us in mailing all bodily fluids you believe to be forms of free speech to the University of Chicago's Dean of Students, Jay Ellison.

BRUCE WAYNE'S WIFE ANNOYED ALL BRUCE DOES IS PUT "BAT" BEFORE EXISTING SEX POSITIONS

by Nico Aldape

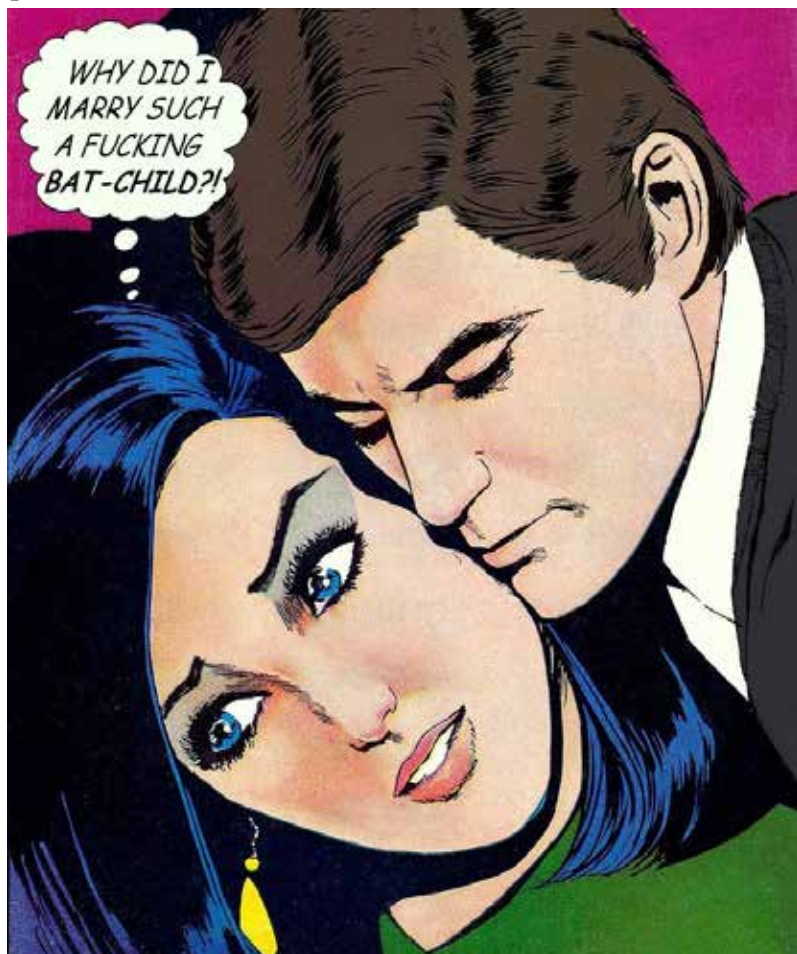


Photo by Willamina Groething

When he's not fighting crime in Gotham City, Batman (known as Bruce Wayne to the public), loves to be with his wife in Wayne Manor outside the city. Given the notoriety and fame of her husband, Mrs. Wayne would like to merely be referred to as "Mrs. Wayne." While happy in their marriage, an exclusive Shady Dealer interview with the couple revealed that, like

all couples, they are not without their problems—especially in the bedroom. Applying "bat" to words is no new trend for Bruce. After "inventing" the Batmobile sports car and the Batarang boomerang-type weapon, Bruce has begun to apply his trademark "bat-" prefix to one of the most

important aspects of a relationship—sex positions. "I could tolerate having to call the car the Batmobile and boomerangs Batarangs" said Mrs. Wayne, "But first of all, it'd be nice to drive a car without worrying if I'll open some secret missile compartment. Second of all, his insistence on wearing his mask and cape to bed, referring to our sex as 'batmissionary' and our

cuddling as 'batspooning' is a bit childish."

In other bed-related complaints, Mrs. Wayne told the Shady Dealer that during many a lovemaking session, Bruce leaves the bedroom to fight crime because he "won't finish until my duty serving justice is finished." Mrs. Wayne has resorted to having to complain to Alfred the butler. "Please help me. I have had decades of Bruce talking to me about new vehicles and guns, whether as a boy or a superhero. Now I have to deal with Mrs. Wayne talking to me about her sexual dissatisfaction. I have never been able to have a wife because I have been trapped in the Wayne household. I would ask someone to hire me, but I am too old" grumbled Alfred before suddenly being summoned to another room.

Mrs. Wayne also told the Shady Dealer that Bruce has not been the same since The Dark Knight. "I could see the homoerotic overtones between Bruce and the Joker right off the bat (no pun intended)," said Mrs. Wayne, "Along with the 'Bat stuff', he could never stop talking about how cool the Joker looked in his makeup or asking me if he could 'put a smile on that face.' No, Bruce, no. You are putting a frown on that face."

Mrs. Wayne concluded the interview by saying that Bruce's attachment to big fancy toys and powers is definitely him compensating for something.

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true love when you can wear matching flannel shirts and do pore strips together while watching Carol.

4. Professor Lyn, 42, Chemistry Professor: I would give an unabashed endorsement of the new Target™ on 53rd, but sometimes it's a little awkward running into current students. They're thinking

about how I just gave them a 23% on their midterm and I'm hoping they don't notice the piles of lube, condoms, and hot sauce in my basket.

5. Brett, 21, Fraternity Brother: To be honest, when the new Target™ asked be for my opinion on how to have a great girl's night in, I was a little taken aback. Usually

I'm the one in the girls, if you know what I mean. Haha. But seriously, when I'm looking to have a nice, lowkey night in I'll definitely hit up New Target™ for some moisturizer, scented candles, bubble bath, and a fresh 30-rack. The moisturizer's not for that, ya perv! I have dry skin too! Jeez.

HOME GOODS

APARTMENT INFESTED WITH MUGS

by Morgan Pantuck

When local undergraduate student Mindy Rankin came home from work last Tuesday evening, she knew something was wrong.

“I saw two or three mugs on the living room table and thought, ‘huh, that’s weird, I thought I washed those,’” Rankin explains. “When I went to put them in the kitchen, I passed two more on my dresser and found at least ten of them sitting in the sink. That’s when I realized how serious the problem had become.”

Soggy tea bags, spoiled milk, and tufts of fuzzy growth are all telltale signs of a mug infestation, an increasingly common health concern in crowded urban areas. *Challis antiquus*, the most common type of mug, is known to accumulate in spaces where students live and study for long periods of time, particularly during the winter. Once mugs are present, they reproduce rapidly and are very difficult to kill.

“The trouble is most mugs are resistant to pesticides nowadays,” explains pest



control specialist Bob Koopman. “You just gotta go in and smash the critters one by one.”

Mugs are unable to fly, but can move quickly from the kitchen to other areas of the house by traveling on a human host and remain hidden on flat surfaces for

Photo by Willamina Groething
prolonged periods of time. If you suspect that you are suffering from an infestation, be sure to call your local extermination company so they can de-mug the house before your parents visit and lecture you endlessly.

Everyone Has a Price. Mine Is Three Pickles.

by Marlin Figgins

I remember my first day in economics. The professor, who shall not be named for anonymity’s sake, went into his first lecture of the year beginning with the claim that all of my classmates could agree with: everyone has a price. Being the good capitalists that we are, we continued along, but the idea didn’t quite sit with me. I voted for Bernie Sanders, so I know the economy. I read Marx- well, an essay on Marx, or probably some excerpt, or a quote, or something. I know the goddamn economy like the back of my hands. I have seized the means of production; I am the economy, trust me. That’s why, at first, I thought not everyone has a price, then I realized that I hadn’t found mine. You see, the bourgeoisie, being those who take interest in money or the economy at the large, are indeed lizards in suits that strip this market of what truly matters. They’ve stolen the pickles. I know that seems ridiculous, but listen,

pickles are a key good in this market. The production of pickles includes literally every facet of the market. You need farmers to grow the proto-pickles, pickles which have yet to be pickles, the chemical industry, because I’m pretty sure pickle juice is a chemical or some biology-related shit (I don’t know, I’m an English lit major, fuck that science shit). You need philosophy to determine the nature of pickles, to understand that pickle-ism is way of thought, and, most importantly, you need math to count the number of pickles you smuggle out of the factory to avoid giving your money to Wall Street.

You know, I’m a pickle expert and an anti-capitalist, but I have to admit my professor was right. Everyone does have a price, and mine is three pickles. I bet you’re wondering why I picked three pickles exactly. Well if you think about it, why not three? Three is the perfect

number. It’s the number of the things in the Holy trinity of pickles: the proto-pickle, the jar, and the pickle juice. Hell, three is even divisible by three. The utility of three pickles is near endless. Need to save yourself from a mountain lion attack? Throw one pickle in the lion’s mouth and then use the second and third to beat the lion in submission. Pickles are also indispensable to my field of expertise. Philosophy would be nowhere without the advent of pickles. Plato even went so far as to argue that pickles were the highest of all forms in the Symposium, discussing the merits of being the pickle (ερωμένο) or the pickler (εραστής). At the end of the day, that capitalist swine of a professor was correct when he said everyone does have a price. I’m ashamed to admit it, but mine is three pickles. I wouldn’t have it any other way.

HIGHEST GOOD

HOW CAN I BE A GOOD BOY IF THE CONCEPT OF GOOD IS ARBITRARY AND FLAWED

by Fidocles, the Dog

“Who’s a good boy?” my master asks me. In that moment, my mind is opened to all of the possibilities of goodness in our world. For what is goodness, really? Is it virtue? Is it tangible? Can it exist at all? These questions haunt my soul.

“You are!” he says after a moment. I’ve heard this before. I pant and wag my tail, but deep down, I wonder what his logical justification is for such a-

OH! HE THREW THE BALL! I WILL GET THE BALL! BALL BALL BALL BALL BALL!!!!

Excuse me. My attention was momentarily diverted by the spheroid my master so skillfully ejected with his hand. Yet the issue remains: how are we, I ask, to address the definition of goodness if we cannot

even reach a modicum of consensus on the concept? Some masters may call us “good” if we do our business in the backyard, yet others may be displeased and even withhold treats. Thus, we reach the only possible conclusion: what we perceive as “goodness” is merely a subjective thing, as intangible as any-

DID HE SAY WALK?!? YES! YES, I DO WANT TO GO FOR A WALK!! OH BOY, OH BOY, OH BOY, LET’S GO OUTSIDE SO I MAY SNIFF THINGS AND POSSIBLY URINATE ON THEM! WOW!

I must apologize once more. I am of the belief that physical activity is the first step to freeing one’s mind. But even the elation I feel when indulging in life’s greatest

pleasures, like barking at carsor chasing a squirrel down the sidewalk, cannot be the ethos of goodness. When my master posits the question, “Who’s a good boy?”, how can he expect me to answer? Or perhaps what he means is that I am the closest thing to the pure form of goodness he can see in the world, just as he is to me. Perhaps what matters is not the universal definition of the good, but rather the one I find most meaningful. In this world, we must each find satisfaction and meaning in our own way. Only then will we-

CAT! I SMELL A CAT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING NEAR MY HOUSE?? GET OUT OF HERE! GRRR!!! BARK BARK BARK!

“There’s No Money for a Living Wage,” Announces Zimmer from \$30 Million Dollar Francis and Rose Yuen Center in Hong Kong

Rat Poison: Not Just for Cutting Cocaine!

by Native Advertising

Seth Blattstein, a spokesman for SteptON, the world’s leading manufacturer of rat poison, has announced this Friday that, while he is aware that the main use of the corporation’s product is as a relatively cheap adulterant to cocaine, the product has a number of other nifty uses which the company wishes to promote. Blattstein stated that SteptON was “a wonderful gift idea for those friends and family members you secretly want to murder” and went on to promote the release of The Rodenticide Cookbook, which he called “chock-full of to-die-for little recipes” and “an essential addition to any DIY serial killer’s home library.” Blattstein went on to state that SteptON can also be used to fill sandboxes at the nation’s playgrounds and day care centers, as an all-natural pool maintenance substitute to chlorine, and as a lawn-care strategy for “nontraditional suburban

homeowners.”

In keeping with its more common usage to cut cocaine, Blattstein also maintained that the unknowing consumers of the product could simply remove the middleman and the slog of having to ingest a highly-enjoyable stimulant drug and simply snort, shoot, or otherwise ingest SteptON’s product straight. “Unlike a lifetime of cocaine abuse”, Blattstein stated, “this smart time-saving strategy is a speedy and cost-effective alternative suicide method” for the 21st century’s savvy modern consumer.

Of course, for those wanting a more retro experience, rat poison can be used for its intended purpose of actually killing rodents. However, even this folksy down-home use of SteptON’s product can take a fun modern twist. Rather than setting up the rat poison in conventional traps and

waiting for the vermin to merely wander in and die, set up non-lethal traps first. Once two lucky rats have been caught, call up your friends, the fun has begun! Simply dump the writhing but still-living small mammals into a cage filled with SteptON’s rat poison, wait for them to ingest it, and take bets on which poor bastard will die first.

“Whether it’s for lawn care, manslaughter, cutting illegal drugs or even just good old rat murder, we’re confident that SteptON is more than able to meet the needs of today’s sophisticated consumers” concluded Blattstein. “Swing by your local supermarket or cocaine dispensary and pick up some SteptON today. No home should be without it!”

CLASSMATES INSIST ALL HIS ESSAYS BE CALLED MANIFESTOS

by Ryan Fleishman

Throughout his three years as a student in Social Sciences at the University of Chicago, classmate Brady Schultz has insisted that every single essay, paragraph, and problem set he penned be called a manifesto.

Wikipedia defines a manifesto as “a published verbal declaration of the intentions, motives, or views of the issuer, be it an individual, group, political party, or government.” According to Brady, every piece of work he produces is a manifesto because he believes he is his own group, party, and government. Also, he is extremely smart (more than anyone else), so his work must be recorded as manifestos for future generations.

“I am too smart for these political parties, so I created my own party: The Schultz Party for a New World Order. We at the Schultz Party believe in independent citi-

zen sovereignty, so I naturally have become my own nation of Schultzland,” said Brady, who has created his own driver’s license and passport from construction paper and crayons. “Honestly, I would not write manifestos if I wasn’t just so smart and morally correct that I owe them to the world. I call it the smart man’s burden.”

This insistence has occasionally led to strife between Brady and his teachers. Last March, Brady attempted to start a physical altercation with Professor Todd Maloney in the Cinema and Media Studies Department after the professor forgot to italicize Brady’s Manifesto on the Many Faces Of Seth Rogen in an email. While assault is illegal, Professor Maloney has refrained from pressing charges out of pity. Professor Maloney said, “I simply felt bad for the kid after he called his fists ‘Manifestos of Pain.’”

Just last week, Brady started a hunger strike in retaliation to the math department banning his manifesto approach to calculus. “If the mathematics department will not accept my The Integral Manifesto, then my stomach will not accept food,” said Brady. He then spent the next three hours explaining how The Integral Manifesto is comically charming because it is both a manifesto on integrals and extremely integral towards human society (due to his massive intelligence). Brady has reached day 8 of his hunger strike, yet the only response from the math department so far has been “we do not care.”

Brady does not yet know his future plans, but he has confidence that his infallibility and truly flawless brain will lead him to greatness, like his role model Alex Jones.

OP-ED: Fuck, You’re Writing Another Paper About Carlos Santana, Aren’t You?

by Prof. David North

Dear Daniel,
Look Danny, I’m just as big of a fan of the 1970’s Mexican-American latin rock guitarist Carlos Santana as the next guy, but I’m not gonna act like I don’t see the shit you’re trying to pull right now. You can’t write a third paper on ten time Grammy Award-winning musician Santana. Sure, I jam the fuck out to Smooth after a couple hits of chief, but as your SOSC professor,

I have to draw the line at two papers about Santana. I’ll admit, your first paper about Santana’s solo in Corazon Espinado at 2:11 qua Marx’s Grundrisse and the proliferation of ideology and the prima facie cases of exploitation in capitalist arrangements was pretty fucking clever, but I won’t fall for that kind of bait-and-switch again. You can’t just show up to my office hours and talk about the contemplative

life of a Santana roadie. I could see what you were up to the moment you started attaching sexy Santana gifs to all of our email chains. I wrote this op-ed just to let you know that if I so much as see a mention of Santana, rhetorically effective or not, you will fail this section of Classics of Social and Political Thought. Good luck.

Best, David

Kuvia: A Review

by Jack Toole

Although I have nothing but admiration for my Paleolithic forebears, I have no desire to share in their ways. Rising early to hunt mammoths, fight cave bears, and perform other needless exertions is a thing that I firmly believe should be confined to History Channel reruns. Those who arise early on January mornings in futile pursuit of megafauna should return to their bunks and wait for the doomsday clock to

run out. You see, humanity has evolved greatly in the time since Ice Age. In the current Collision Course epoch, we are a more refined species. No longer do we do we worship the sun, for it is boring. Our scientists have determined that it rises each day regardless of how many rise to greet it and request success in the pursuit of megafauna. Reasonable folk these days worship more productive deities like Ku’Ruh, the lizard god, may his malevolence fall upon

us. So, my friends, I leave you with a call to action. Let us band together and boycott these maladaptive behaviors so bizarrely exhibited by our fellows. Those who needlessly venture into the howling darkness with regularity, for the sole purpose of obtaining a new adornment, must be stopped. Only then can humanity truly march toward the singularity and eventual demise of the universe.

MODERN LOVE

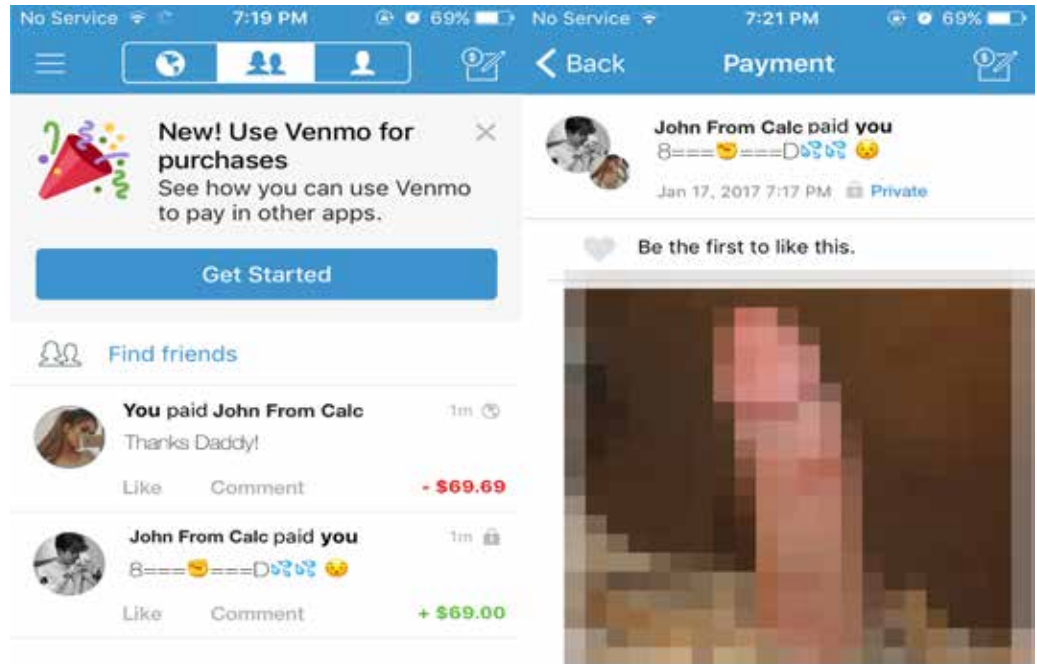
SEXTING OVER VENMO IS AS EASY AS IT SOUNDS

by Antonia Salisbury

iMessage bumming you out? Snapchat not doing you dirty like it used to? Never fear, sexting over Venmo is all the rage in 2017, and you heard it here first.

We all know that there's nothing hotter than a naughty dick pic accompanied by a receipt. In the words of Venmo creator Andrew Kortina, "Money in the air as mo' fair/grab you by your coat tail/Take you to the motel 'ho sale/Don't tell, won't tell." And with Venmo, you're always sexting for keeps. All you need is a money transfer between \$0.01-2999.99 per week and a little imagination to keep things steamy. Because money, credit, and debt always get me feelin' prepped to send some nudes.

Let's be real. In this digital age we are forgetting what real connection is. It's not about "likes" and "friends." Those aren't real, man. What matters in the end is getting ass and American currency - two things that have historically stood the tests of time. As likely celebrity-sexter Akon



once said, "Our focus is the social transaction. Our bet is that we can do a better job of giving the user the best experience." Just remember that John from Calc wants you to call him "Daddy" just as bad as he wants the eight dollars you owe him from sushi last week and the rest will come nat-

urally. If that isn't beautifully human, then I don't know what is.

Disclaimer: For every 100 sexts you send, Venmo staff are legally entitled to get off to 3. Not a scam! We swear!

Happy sexting.

No, I'm Not a Fuccboi; Yes, I'm Sleeping with Both Girls in My SOSC Class

by Liam Coles

Recently I had an experience which I found not only wildly offensive but also frankly inaccurate. My good friend David and I were hanging out, and I was going over girls I would totally smash. Then, out of nowhere, he accused me of being "sort of a fuccboi." Apparently, among my friend group, that's my "rep."

I was hurt; I'm such a nice guy! I immediately asked him how the hell he could come to such a conclusion, and the only thing he could think of was that I was sleeping with both of the girls in my Power section. Like what? That makes no sense.

I thought slut-shaming was bad, but apparently David thinks it's ok to do it to

guys. I am just sleeping with both girls without either one knowing about the other. They both consented to their actions, but just because I'm "stringing them both along for the sex," people are calling me a "fuccboi." This is outrageous. Fuccbois are total jerks and are in frats. That is just not me.

My friend says that I should "stop playing with their emotions and at least go on a date with one of them," but I just don't want to. Neither is my intellectual equal. For example, when we were reading Simone de Beauvoir, they totally didn't get it. I tried explaining her argument to them in class discussion so they could better understand it, but they clearly weren't into

learning. I need girls who will intellectually challenge me, and I don't want to be unfair to them. Sex is the best thing I could be doing for either of them.

Nice guys like me never get a break. It's either I get friendzoned, or just end up getting impugned for the choices I make with my body. I'm tired of all of this. As a feminist myself, I find that guys have just as hard of a time as women, and I am a perfect example of this.

David, politely, go fuck yourself. I'm a gentleman.

FOR THE RECORD: fuccboi is pronounced "fook-bwa"

KELLOGG'S "RASPUTIN-O'S" NOT SELLING SO WELL IN RUSSIA

by Nico Aldape

In an attempt to remain a global and healthy cereal brand, Kellogg's introduced "Rasputin-O's" in Russia. While expecting the cereal to be a nutritious and delicious hit with kids, sales for the cereal flopped.

"We saw the ridiculous, mystical, mysterious story of Rasputin, how he was connected to the czar, and had an awesome beard, and thought, 'how could this not sell?'" said Kellogg's Regional Chief Didier Azpilicueta. Rather, sales for the cereal were the worst of any Kellogg's has yet released.

"But we put in at least 9 grams of whole grain and 10 vitamins and minerals a serving. We put all the cereal buzzwords on the box – what's wrong with people?" asked Azpilicueta desperately.

In order to market the cereal to children, Kellogg's adjusted the image of the mysterious, mythicized, enigmatic Rasputin to a cute, chubby "Mr. Rasy" and adjusted flavorings of the cereal to resemble its mascot.

"Considering Rasputin was tossed in a river multiple times and poisoned with cyanide and yet survived both, our cereal stays afloat and crunchy no matter how much milk you put in it," said Azpilicueta. "Actually, scratch the milk part – 'Rasputin-O's' were made to taste best with slightly dirty, cold tap water, which is pretty common given Russian infrastructure."

As of the release of this article, Russian President Vladimir Putin has asked for a total recall of "Rasputin-

O's" and a deletion of the "Ras" from their name. Azpilicueta was unavailable for future comment, and as of last contact, he was reported to "be going for a swim in the Volga for a very extended period of time."

AN EXCERPT FROM THE SYLLABUS FOR THE NEW "DAVID FOSTER WALLACE CIRCLE JERK" HUM SECTION

by Antonia Salisbury

This is water. Don't worry; I am not the wise old fish who is going to try and explain to you why David Foster Wallace is both embarrassing and the voice of our generation. Instead I will explain to you, in length, why I believe that both the Epic of Gilgamesh and your personal relation to whatever novel we are reading can be easily summed up by the first 100 pages of *Infinite Jest*. I certainly read the whole book, I just don't really feel like talking about pages 101-1079. The footnotes were crazy, am I right? Very Kafkaesque.

Anyways. Basically, because of the mundanity of life in the 21st century, you are now enrolled in DFW Circle Jerk 103 instead of Self, Culture, and Society. So it goes. Poo-tee-weet. Add-drop for this class ends on Friday of Fourth Week. Life is so arbitrary. Nietzsche.

Anyways. Basically, we will write three papers this quarter. By the end of this course you will all understand the inner torments of intelligence. I'm constantly berated by my own thoughts. Life of a poet I guess.

White Noise by Don DeLillo.

Class is dismissed early today because time is non-linear. Have a good rest of your week.

FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION ISSUES REPORT DECLARING "BOTH ARE PRETTY NICE"

by Dan Lastres

On Tuesday, the FDA released its yearly report on the status of foods and drugs in America, concluding that "overall, both are pretty nice and we have a lot to be thankful for."

The report analyzed US consumer markets over the last few months to determine the overall quality of available products. It reads "We found a lot of great barbeque joints, Americans have a myriad of snacking choices, and food trucks are the shit." Indeed, the public has never had it so good when it comes to eating their feelings.

Additionally, the report found the American market for drugs has never been so robust: "Remedies for medical issues of all kinds have never been so accessible. Everything from allergies and vitamin deficiencies to crippling life dissatisfaction and impotence can be fixed with a quick visit to the pharmacy"

The report also determined that consumers of food and drugs are getting more value out of every purchase. It highlighted the increasing potency or "dankness" of recreational drugs and rising calorie counts that allow consumers to get more nourishment for less.

Amidst the tumult of the presidential transition, many federal agencies are struggling to adapt to new executive leadership and policy goals, but FDA commissioner Robert Califf MD has a much more optimistic outlook. "It's smooth sailing ahead," says Califf, "whatever the administration's goals are, it won't affect the unmatched quality of America's food and drugs."