

CHICAGO SHADY DEALER



Volume XIV Issue 1

COMEDY THRIVES IN DARKNESS

September 17, 2017

UNIVERSITY INTRODUCES LIVE BEARS TO CRACK DOWN ON SAFE SPACES

By Reed Thurston

After last year's controversial memorandum on free speech, the university doubled-down on its commitment to intellectual free enterprise this week. Administrators revealed a new "curricular reinvigoration" project designed to promote more challenging discourse across campus through the use of untamed and unsupervised bears, to be released and used for education both inside, outside, and beyond the classroom.

Highlighting the administration's dedication to cultivating an atmosphere of academic survivalism, Dean of Students John "Jay" Ellison penned a new letter to students last Friday, emphasizing that "the inherent challenges of an environment in which no viewpoint is expressly protected



or prohibited are vital, not only to the personal growth of every student, but to the development of a collective conversation in which disagreement and discomfort are taken on headlong as welcome aspects of the Life of the Mind, also bears."

After providing more details on a newly-established academic exchange program with the Nova Scotian Coastal Wildlife Preserve, Ellison's letter explained

Photo By Aubrey Christoffersen

that "the eight-hundred pound North American brown bear, commonly known as the grizzly bear, is one of the most terrifying and genuinely dangerous mammals native to this continent, and will no doubt help foster precisely the kind of intellectually un-coddled environment necessary for truly rigorous and inquisitive dialogue

throughout the greater university community."

While no further information was given as to the size, speed, or number of bears to be released at the end of O-Week, the Shady Dealer has uncovered an email from the university's dining vendor Bon Appetit detailing a weekly salmon shipment large enough to feed a sleuth of at least twenty-five bears.

Disappointing Dollar Shake Shatters First-Year

By Thomas Noriega

As everyone on campus knows, students can get milkshakes in Reynolds Club for a dollar every Wednesday. Newly-minted first year Daniella Heinz had heard all about the longstanding UChicago tradition through the barrage of college advertising she had received.

"I live near an ice creamery back home in Wisconsin," Heinz said. She went on, explaining, "They sell these excellent shakes dripping with all sorts of syrups and candies, crowned with mountains of whipped cream. Of course, they come

at a price." But when she heard that she could get shakes at school for a dollar apiece, Heinz was understandably excited. "My parents only got my brother and me shakes on special occasions, so I figured this would bring me feelings of home every week."

Eager to experience her first UChicago shake, Heinz marched out to Reynolds her first Wednesday on campus. She reportedly saw the colossal line, stretching through C-Shop

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FRESH FACES: Meet the Editors, if you dare

UofC LEAKS: An explosive examination into the damning document dump

THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER

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DISCLAIMER

Did we hurt your feelings, or say something that “rings untrue” in your soft ears? Well you’re paying too much attention to what we said, and not enough attention to what we meant. Any complaints can be emailed to colletheadmissions@uchicago.edu.

META-DISCLAIMER

Okay, but seriously, we’re all just trying to cut to the core of what’s wrong with society, and specifically, our weird school. We’re genuinely sorry we spelled everything so terribly wrong.

META-META-DISCLAIMER

To be clear, we still stand by our original comments; God is God, the river is swift, and we don’t give a fuck.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

To Our Readers, Skimmers, Casual Perusers, and Trench Coat Lovers:

Another year of ships is upon us: Scholarship, Friendship, Hardship, and Bullship are staples of everyday life here at UChicago. But of all the sinking ships braving this campus’s barren media landscape, the Chicago Shady Dealer ought to be your choice for witnessing the death of print journalism first-hand.

This ship has a new masthead, and it’s the only crack news team equipped to tackle the inconvenient truths, overwrought analyses, and unproven but undoubtedly true conspiracies that fester and spread through our university’s ivory air ducts.

A newspaper lives and dies by how horny it gets for the truth, and we will not rest until this campus is sopping wet with journalistic integrity: our investigators are dogged, our office managers are dogs, and our commitment to the truth is as unwavering as that flag on the moon. We will not pivot to video, nor lie to our parents about what we’re doing this winter.

As we begin the school year, we are awed by the familiar: our dorms are still standing, our favorite coffee shops weren’t remodeled over the summer, and we ran into our PhySci TA at HPP and realized we still owed her a lab report.

Yet we must also confront what is different: we think, perhaps, there are maybe four new dorms? We know that deep in the university’s underbelly there are secrets, bubbling and fizzing with increasing urgency, and we are the only paper with the guts to emergency-caesarean them out. And deliver them we did. For the first time ever in an O-Week issue, we are pleased to present FOUND DOCUMENTS straight from the administration.

Think you’ve got what it takes to cover the factless hellscape we call home? Join us in Harper 145 on Sundays from 7 PM to 8 PM beginning on 9/24. And we know what you’re thinking, but don’t worry - there is no dress code! Check us out on Facebook and Twitter, and keep an eye out for our upcoming podcast, The Chicago Shady Squealer.

From our tandem gondola,

Dan Lastres & Milena Pross

Editors in Chief

Letter To the Editor: Grandpa on Free Speech

Hi Sweetie, this is Grandpa. I hope this letter finds you well, and I hope you’re not out there having too much fun! I hear a lot about hookup culture on college campuses right now, haha. I know you would never do that! Never do that.

Speaking of culture on campus, I wanted to make sure there was plenty of free speech on your campus. I’ve been seeing a lot of stuff on Fox News about speakers being shut down at college campuses

everywhere and people being beat up for thinking and dressing conservatively, and I just wanted to check in to see if it was like that at the University of Chicago.

I know it’s not really like that, but will you give me a call and let me know so I can play it for my friend Bob? You know, his grandkids went to Oberlin and Sarah Lawrence, and you betcha they don’t have freedom of speech there. His grandson is such a nice young man

other than that. Very handsome, too. You remember Henry from that one time 12 years ago he pushed you off the swing? Anyway, I just want to make sure you don’t get stuck in a safe space. Instead, I hope you’re thrown into a pool of unnecessary trauma and regressive discourse. Haha! I hope you have a good first semester of college, honey. Let me know if dissenting perspectives are being silenced on campus! Love you!

HOW SHORT IS TOO SHORT? DRESSING FOR OFFICE HOURS

By Breck Radulovic

When it comes to grading, it's no secret that professors can be cruel, arbitrary, and entirely motivated by lust for their young, nubile students. So how's the modern American woman to maintain both her GPA and her modesty? Read this brief guide on appropriate office hours dressing to get the A, the D, and altogether fucked.

If you are going to office hours to beg for a C+ in SOSC, you're obviously not good with words. Let your outfit do the talking for you. Here are some basic guidelines: yoga pants, while suggestive, distracting, and down-right coquettish, are too informal for a meeting with the Philosophy PhD candidate deciding whether or not you get to pass Power. Slacks, while appropriately serious, kill libido almost as quickly as your Capital readings. It's best to go for a Foucault-inspired bondage vibe. Rock the choker trend with a short velvet mini-

skirt that'll get your professor wondering if you've been doing your Kegel, I mean Hegel, exercises. Don't overshoot the mark. Leave the pleather bodysuit and thigh-highs at home, ladies.

You may be tempted to have a successful academic career without ever turning to your feminine wiles. This is impossible. Try to heed your first-year writing TA's advice when they bestow the following advice on essay length: not too short and not too long, just like a lady's skirt! But be warned; this "advice" is merely evidence of academia's Madonna-Whore complex. Showing up in demure cropped culottes might get you accused of plagiarism. It's best to go with homemade daisy dukes that say "I didn't intend for my ass-cheek to be displayed to all of Gates-Blake when I cut these shorts, but I'm not that great at DIY-ing denim or writing papers!"

Most importantly, you want your sexy office hours look to seem natural. Noth-

ing turns your Latin professor off more than reminding them that you're only there for a better grade. Toss in some questions about their dissertation on Virgil to seem interested in their life. Ward off that awful air of desperation by sporting your best Walk of Shame attire. You want a low-cut shirt that lets your professor know you didn't make it home from Bar Night, but you did make it to their 8 AM office hours! That's how important they are to you! If they seem concerned with your partying habits, you've gone too far. The sweet spot is when they offer to raise your grade to an A- while remarking on how much fun you must have had last night.

Remember, genuine hard work and intellect can only get a gal so far. You'll have to let your objectified body deliver the A. Good luck, dress smart, and never miss a chance to drop by office hours. You never know what might happen.

The UChicago Sports Cheers You Need to Know

By Chase "The Fanatic" Harrison

- Roooooooooolllllll 'Roons!
- Give me an A (No!)
Give me a B (No!)
Give me a C (No!)
Ok, give me a C- at least! (Everyone starts crying.)
- Hey Hey!
Ho Ho!
UChicago has 89 Nobel Affiliates!
- What do we want?
A new dorm!
When do we want it?
Every single year!
- Walk sign,
55th Street!
Walk sign,
Lake Park!
- (After UChicago scores)
Boom goes the first nuclear reactor!
- I believe that we will participate! I believe that we will participate!
- I believe that we will participate! I be-

lieve that we will participate!

- (Gradually faster) gentrification gentrification Gentrification GENTrification GENTRIFICATION GENTRIFICATION GENTRIFICATION

-The Legacy Chant:
Who's your Daddy?
Who's your Daddy?
What'd he donate?
What'd he donate?

\$HAKE, from page 1

and spilling out across campus, as a good omen. "Oh man, look at all these people!" she exclaimed. "Nobody would wait this long for a mediocre shake."

As Heinz approached the counter, she joked to the employee managing the cash register, "Heh, a bit small, aren't they?" The employee stared blankly at

Heinz for a few long seconds before asking what toppings the first-year wanted. "I'll have..." Heinz's voice trailed off, noticing her only choices were a couple of stale maraschino cherries, trace amounts of Oreo dust, and nearly-whipped cream, the last of which was, admittedly, pretty hard to mess up. "Whipped cream and your, fullest, most intact Oreos, please."

Upon receiving her shake, Heinz saw only a misshapen mound of almost-whipped cream dusted with a few cookie crumbs. "Looks can be deceiving," Heinz said hopefully, her voice nevertheless faltering. She took a sip of the vanilla concoction. Her face fell. "Oh," said Heinz, staring into the mediocre malt. "Oh..." she repeated, absently stirring the drink as she gazed into the face of an uncaring universe. Heinz stumbled off to class, the existential void that had opened within her serving as great preparation for her imminent adulthood.

REPORT: FILTHY APARTMENT HAS NO SHOES POLICY

By Alan Weisz

Despite strictly enforcing their stringent “no shoes allowed” policy since they moved in last June, the residents of 5132 Greenwood Ave., Apt. 3A, have, by all accounts, a disgustingly filthy apartment. The occupants, all of whom are rising third-years, have a diverse array of academic and extracurricular interests, none of which include even a modicum of desire or ability to keep their living space from being a pigsty.

Although the floor of the living room has no visible scuff marks, it is blanketed in a layer of dust, crumbs, and beer stains. The front entrance is almost completely obstructed by more than a dozen pairs of shoes, forcing residents to clamber over them like newly-hatched, filthy lizards taking their first steps. Some shoes appear to be at least ten feet from their partners, likely kicked there by residents stumbling in drunkenly at night.

While the back entrance is not blocked, ensuring the safety of the residents’ lives in the event of a fire, the kitchen into which this entrance leads assaults four of the five senses. The sink is filled to the brim with plates and pans soaking in putrid stagnant water. The only pot large enough to boil pasta resides at the bottom of a mound of caked-on eggs and potato chunks, which caused one resident to acquire second degree burns af-



Photo By Aubrey Christofersen

ter attempting to make penne in a metal, handle-less bowl. And although the linoleum tiles show astonishingly little damage, the eye is immediately drawn to a pile of takeout containers piled up against an already-overflowing trash can in the corner of the room. Adjacent to the Leaning Tower of Pollutants, as this reporter calls it, is a hellscape of cans, Treasure Island bags, and bottles which the residents refer to aspirationally as “the recycling.”

“It’s all about the little things you can do to keep the place tidy,” says resident Sean M., whose name has been changed to protect his identity. “When we moved in, we all agreed on a no-shoe policy as a way of getting us to respect the space we live in.” Sean M., who is

seated on his bed because his desk chair is covered with dirty laundry (his desk, as it happens, is covered with clean laundry), acknowledges that he and his roommates have busy lives. “Katie and Harry [edit: names have been changed] both have a pretty exhausting internships, and I’m taking Euro Civ this summer. While our own rooms can get a little messy sometimes, we all do our best to keep the common areas clean,” Sean M. explains, disregarding at least four separate Harold’s dinners left to rot on the living room table.

At press time, their subletter issued a statement that he is leaving prematurely, citing health reasons.

Fun Burned in Effigy at Annual Ceremony

By Sam Hoffman

At the stroke of midnight on Friday, September 15, a select group of O-Aides, Dean Boyer, and 13 professors chosen by lottery met in the exact center of the Quad, dragging along with them a jolly straw effigy of Fun. As Dean Boyer began to chant the traditional elegy, the O-Aides centered the ill-fated scarecrow along the axis between Harper and the Reg and doused it in whale oil. Then, one of them tossed a match.

Boyer bellowed, “We gather here today

to rechristen this campus for a new year as The Place Where Fun Comes To Die. Though some of you may have had fun over summer, it is now time to move on to theory, oh bummer.”

The O-Aides stared into the flames as the professors began to intone a Gregorian chant.

“Tomorrow,” Boyer whispered in the O-Aides’ ears one by one, “the first years will arrive with haste, clueless as they stand on Fun’s resting place.”

As the last of the flames died down, the

professors, inspired by the yearly ceremony, began consulting one another. They all agreed to schedule their midterms for Tuesday of Fourth Week and Thursday of Eighth Week, and to encourage their colleagues to do the same. The light from the straw figure faded, and the O-Aides swept away the ashes. Dean Boyer was then seen scurrying up the Rockefeller steps to curse the bells, so that they might ward off all whimsy and delight in the coming year.

THE DOS AND DON'TS OF SORORITY RECRUITMENT

By Chase Harrison, Yamini Nambimadom

It's the moment every girl dreamed of since they were young: Sorority Recruitment at the University of Chicago! The moment when young co-eds have the chance to join the most rarefied Panhellenic organizations in America. It's likely that your parents, grandparents, and even great grandparents were UChicago Greeks. And now it's your chance to join this nearly 400 year old Maroon legacy.

But which one will you be sorted into? Will you be a DG like Philip Glass? A Theta like Bernie Sanders? A Pi Phi like Milton Friedman? Or even a AOII like David Axelrod? The sorority you're in determines your DESTINY for the rest of your life, so follow this guide carefully to ensure you get your perfect match.

DO: Introduce yourself to everyone you meet.

DON'T: Repeatedly scream "Y'ALL ALREADY KNOW WHO IT IS."

DO: Wear cute clothing like a romper or sundress.

DON'T: Wear too much cute clothing at once, like a romper AND a sundress.

DO: Talk to the Rho Gammas about which sorority may be right for you.

DON'T: Talk to the Rho Gammas about whether Gardasil may right for

you.

DO: Talk about any travel you've done.
DON'T: Talk about the one time you accidentally trafficked cocaine into the United States, Jenny, that's totally inappropriate and in violation of the nondisclosure agreement you signed.

DO: Smile.

DON'T: Sneeze. If you sneeze, you are automatically eliminated.

DO: Share your interests, like playing the guitar or volunteering at a children's hospital.

DON'T: Share your medical history, including that one time you got mono from cute but douchey Josh in your English class, Jenny. Gross. Wrong time, wrong place.

DO: Talk about what you did over the summer.

DON'T: Tell everyone you're "cool for the summer" while rubbing their upper thigh.

DO: Keep an open mind.

DON'T: Keep an open wound.

DO: Explain your career aspirations.

DON'T: Tell everyone you'll do WHATEVER it takes to get to the top, while simultaneously pushing the other pledges on the floor and standing on top of them.

DO: Be attentive and maintain eye con-

tact with the people you're talking to.

DON'T: Maintain eye contact so intensely that the nice third year swimmer you're talking to starts inexplicably crying and asking if you're God.

DO: Talk about the classes you are in.

DON'T: Mention you're in Honors Analysis. Ever.

DO: Be friendly to the other girls.

DON'T: Pee on other girls to establish your dominance, Jenny.

DO: Ask questions to gain more information about each sorority.

DON'T: Pee on each sorority as part of your litmus test, Jenny. We shouldn't have to say this twice.

DO: Stay informed about the history and philanthropies of the sororities you're interested in.

DON'T: Stalk sisters on Instagram long enough to know their dad's salary, mom's maiden name, the number of goals they scored on their high school varsity soccer team, and the hometown of the boy they hooked up with in Cabo during Spring Break 2015. Knowing most of these details from social media research is okay, but don't know ALL of them.

DO: Be yourself.

DON'T: Be Jenny. After last year, she doesn't stand a chance.

Why a Woman Needs Her Own Study Spot

By Megan Parsons and Kimmie Hefner

It's an easy relationship trap to fall into. You're busy, he's busy. You only see each other at the Reg. Plus, it's pretty cute when you work in the same 5th floor double cubicle together. But women who rely too heavily on their boyfriends' study spots are signing themselves up for serious trouble.

Yes, we have all been tempted to take the easy way out and follow our man to whatever part of the Reg he likes to work in. What would you rather do: trudge through the booths for 40 minutes looking for a good table, or ask your beau if you can pretend to read Durkheim next to him on the A Level? But when your study location depends

on a man, this gives him too much power and control in your relationship. The next time you catch him looking at Hot Tina's Instagram, what are you going to do? When you fight, you're less likely to call him on his bullshit because you can't retreat to your own study bunker. Plus, what happens if you break up? You might get to keep your shared friends and his oversized sweatshirts, but you'll be left without a secure place to do your Calc p-set. Where else are you going to go, Crerar? Gross. Law Library? As if. Harper? Your ex still studies there.

Too many women end up staying with men who disrespect them because they rely on their Reg spots. You're going to do whatever he asks because your grades

basically depend on his table next to the window near an outlet. This is the 21st century; women ought to control their bodies, lean in to their careers, and find their own study spots. You'll feel much more empowered if you find your own comfortable spot—even if it's on the 2nd floor!—than if you have to ask your boyfriend for permission to use "his" table in the Ancient Near East Languages section.

As Virginia Woolf once wrote in *A Room of One's Own*, "A woman must have money and a study spot of her own if she is to submit this Chalk response by 6 PM."

Leaked Docs Reveal Budgetary Chaos and Ambitious Plans

U of C LEAKS

On August 8, a reporter from the Dealer identified seventy-eight pages of internal university documents amidst a stack of papers at the stand of an enterprising fishmonger at Market Fisheries in the Park Manor neighborhood. The stand's proprietor, despite having no use for the papers other than the wrapping of fish, insisted the papers were his nonetheless.

The fishmonger explained to our investigator that he couldn't "just go scampering around here slamming [his] grubby paws down on anything shiny that caught his eye like some fucking raccoon. This ain't fucking Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. If you want the papers so bad you can buy some fucking fish."

In exchange for all the money on his person, he was able to obtain seven pages of the report, wrapped individually around the seven smallest rainbow trout available for purchase at \$7.99/lb. These pages offer a glimpse into some of the most elaborate and ambitious projects the university has ever undertaken.

University Intends to Build Literal "Information Superhighway" Across the Midway

By *Elijah Wolter*

A report contained in the documents outlines plans for the construction of a 115-acre state-of-the-art telecommunications complex stretching from Cottage Grove Ave. to Lake Michigan. It did not include any technical specifications or clear information on the purpose of the information superhighway. The report did, however, note that its construction "would plop" the University of Chicago's "meaty haunches" into the "goddamn driver's seat" of the information economy.

In a phone conversation, Michael Franklin, Liew Family Chair of Computer Science at the University of Chicago, said he had "absolutely no fucking clue" what any of this was about. Franklin expressed dismay at the lack of transparency surrounding the development of the project and questioned its utility and the University's intentions. "I've been doing this shit for over twenty years and let me tell you. There is no viable reason, practical or theoretical, to build the type of hyper-concentrated high-capacity telecommunications infrastructure you've just described to me," he said.

The report poses more questions than it answers, but one page stands out from the rest. It shows a preliminary design for an inscription to be engraved around the exterior wall of the complex. While somewhat cryptic, it provides some insight into how the project fits into the University's long-term vision to secure its status as a world-class institution of higher education. According to this early draft of the engraving, it is to read as follows:

SUPERHIGHWAY IS DISCOVERY BY
AMPLIFICATION SUPERHIGHWAY IS
THE AMPLIFICATION OF DISCOVERY
SUPERHIGHWAY IS THE REORGANIZATION
OF THE BOUNDS OF UNDERSTANDING LET
KNOWLEDGE GROW FROM MORE TO MORE
AND SO BE HUMAN LIFE ENRICHED

In a recording sent to this reporter's personal voicemail, an audibly-intoxicated administrator who identified himself only as "the provost, alright, the provost of whooping your ass, you little shit," provided some revealing information on the finer details of the project in the drunken ramblings of his twenty-seven minute monologue.

Following a flurry of incoherent threats and convoluted venerations regarding

the information superhighway, this reporter was told that, "if you only knew... you don't know what you just stuck your fucking nose into buddy, but you're gonna know soon. You'll see the way that... once it starts... I mean you thought the internet was something, but you know what? We're gonna make the internet look like a puddle of horse piss... it's the... it's going on and it's beyond you, okay?"

Leaks Reveal Questionable Purchases

By *Dan Lastres*

It's no secret that the university's finances are not in great shape. Between a struggling endowment and a high demand for buildings to name, the administration has had to pay a lot of smart administrators a lot of money to keep the school administrated. But the leaked documents include some projects that would certainly strain credulity and the university's coffers:

2018: Gala Fundraiser Extraordinaire: Cirque Du Soleil has been booked to perform. The document suggests this is meant to pay off debt from past university galas.

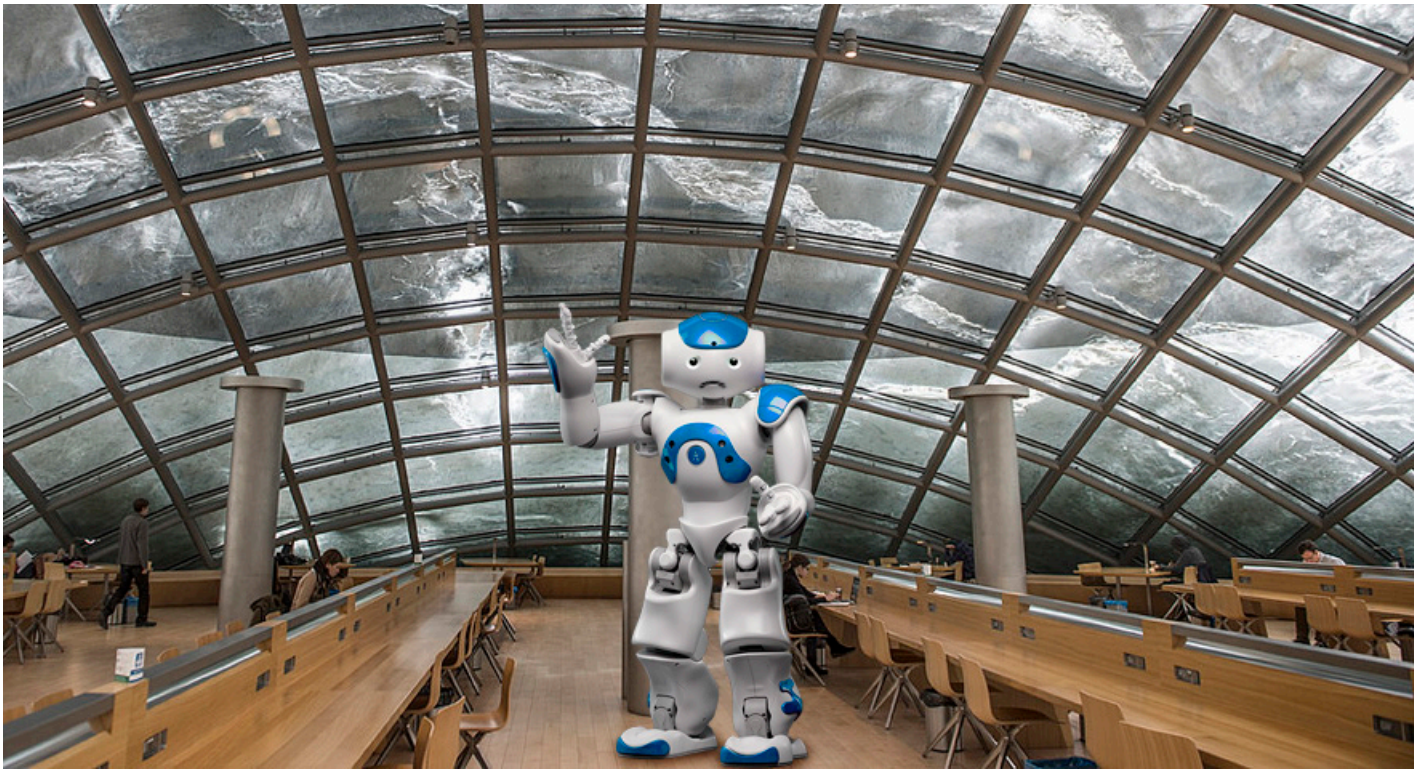
2019: A Second
North Campus:
Architectural

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Leaked: Robot Under Mansueto Lonely, Depressed

By Alex Morales

Photo By Aubrey Christofersen



A report titled “Final Overview: Mansueto Systems Anomalies” details a long string of investigations and investments wherein the administration attempted to restore normal function to the robotic library system housed beneath Mansueto Library. The report estimates that over the course of one year, the university “spent upwards of four million dollars” to solve this issue, more than two thirds of which went towards building a “Companion Robot.” Beginning in February 2015, library technicians noted “momentary but insignificant decreases in productivity,” including occasionally misplaced books and stoppages. The first technician to point out the anomaly ran the usual diagnostics and found zero hardware issues. Yet by the following month, the problem had worsened as the robot frequently “failed to enter sleep mode” and kept shelving and re-shelving books through the night without any appar-

ent rhyme or reason. To make matters worse, the lack of downtime seemed to be causing more malfunctions and outages as the days wore on, and by May, efficiency was reportedly “down by more than 50%.”

June to September 2015 saw a considerable uptick in the robot’s performance, as its services were not needed as frequently during the summer. The technicians assumed the problem had been solved. But by Thanksgiving, the system was as dysfunctional as it had been at the end of the previous spring quarter and the staff was out of ideas. On Black Friday, technician Christine Tau wandered into the library in the middle of the night while the system was active and blasting “Last Night I Dreamt that Somebody Loved Me” by the Smiths. According to the report, the robot “muted its spokesperson once it realized she was inside.”

After a few testy emails concerning “resource allocation,” administrators agreed to send over a therapist from Student Counseling to talk to the robot so

as to understand the motives underlying its behavior. Upon being interviewed, an unidentified clinician reported the following: “The long hours pushing books in near total darkness and isolation has worn the system down, and in my professional opinion, I think it best that a friend be manufactured for the bot, as all friends must be.”

By winter 2016, the system was operating at peak performance again and travelling the cavernous archives beneath the library with a state-of-the-art friend in its bin. While no plans or images of the companion robot were included, the report did note that the new bot would be strictly programmed for love “in the same way that optimal friends are.” University personnel records indicate that the Mansueto system is technically an employee, but it is unclear whether the companion robot is enrolled or employed. The university does not have any stated policies on compensation for emotional labor.

University Embarrassed by Unfortunate Leaking

Continued from Page 6

renderings indicate that the buildings will be stacked in reverse order so that all three towers of Double North Campus are the same height.

2021: A Endowment Dedicated to Covering the Costs of "Sordid Affairs"

2023: Reopen Reg's C-Level: Closed in 1923 after a shaft collapse in the book mines killed three scholars, the C-Level houses one of North America's most plentiful knowledge veins, and university officials are willing to take risks again.

2024: A Freestanding Wind Tunnel: Planned to be built over the Quad, it will have the strength of an F4 tornado.

2027: The "Fun Lazarus Project": No details in attained documents.

2030: The Jeanne Gang Institute for Prestige Architecture: The university's newest division will be housed in a crystalline bubble suspended over Washington Park.

2038: The Discourse-Dome: From the papers: "This arena of knowledge looks like the coliseum of condescension and intellectual combat we've been waiting for. This un-safe space will feature rhetorical traps, logical pitfalls, and plenty of nuance with which to beat down one's opponent. The field of ideas runs red with the blood of inferior thinkers."

2050: Subterranean Expansion: A full-scale replica of the university, but with a lower admission rate, is to be built directly beneath campus.

Surviving First-Year in a Post Pratt-Faris Separation World

By Greer Baxter

It was daunting enough handling first year at UChicago when it was still possible to bask in the warm glow of romantic idealism that emanated from the blessed union of Chris Pratt and Anna Faris. So when the unthinkable happened and the greatest Hollywood fairytale of all time came crashing down this summer, the class of 2021, nay, all of humanity was suddenly faced with the prospect of

getting through first year without the euphoric satisfaction of the Pratt-Faris miracle to lean on. To those unfortunate students—indeed, to us all—I offer the following brief survival guide:

1) Try to remember that deep down, you always suspected that Chris Pratt was too good to be true. You could see it in poor Anna's face; even she knew he'd cheat on her eventually after he lost all that weight.

2) Vent your frustration with Chris Pratt by taking Self, Culture, and Society, where you can revel in the spectacle of Simone de Beauvoir putting Sigmund Freud in his place.

3) Snap out of it! Your first-year love life was going nowhere whether Chris Pratt remained faithful to Anna Faris or not—this isn't Bucknell, it's UChicago, for crying out loud.

First-Year Excited to be Surrounded by Diverse Group of Assholes

By Megan Parsons

Incoming first year Brian Porter is extremely excited to be attending a top-tier institution like the University of Chicago where he can "finally gain exposure to a diverse group of complete assholes," the Dealer reports.

"Back home in Kettlesworth, we only had meth-head assholes and quarterback assholes," Porter explained. "I can't wait to meet some genuine philosophy major assholes, social justice pricks, and study abroad scumbags!"

The university has long been making efforts to recruit new varieties of insufferable asshats. President Zimmer commented, "The University of Chicago is distinctive in many respects, but perhaps in no way more so than in our singular commitment to generating a campus community of diverse dickbags from every corner of society." Similarly, Dean Nondorf remarked, "We have over 400 student organizations on campus, so there are countless ways to explore your own unique brand of douchebaggery."

However, the administration's efforts

have not been without controversy. Some students feel that certain kinds of conceited fuckwads—notably Dr. Who assholes and STEM chauvinist assholes—are still overrepresented on campus. Zimmer is willing to concede that "we could use a greater spread of assholes."

Meanwhile, others complain that the university shouldn't base its admissions policies on the kind of asshole the student is, but rather the degree to which they suck. "You shouldn't admit a French poetry expert who's only mildly intolerable, just because those are rare, when you could admit the world's worst militant atheist," says third-year Freddy Waters. "That's just not fair to those of us that work extra hard to be terrible and technically correct."

Regardless of these diversity issues, Porter is still enthusiastic about his upcoming undergraduate experience. "I hope I get to meet a fundamentals major," he whispered to the Dealer. "But I don't want to get my hopes up."

Researchers Discover Dog Dreams Exactly the Same as Dog Reality

By Greer Baxter

In partnership with the University of Nome, scientists from UChicago have recently concluded a series of canine sleep experiments, the results of which confirmed what many had suspected all along: dogs dream about the exact same things that occupy their time while awake, specifically eating, running, barking, and being patted on the head and back.

Explains one researcher, "What all this means is that basically, a dreaming dog doesn't even know when it has woken up. No wonder they sleep so much—what's the point of budging when getting up is just going to mean more of the same but in a standing position?"

No dogs were harmed during the study, because to harm a dog would be unforgivable even in the pursuit of science.