

DEAN'S FUND STIPEND USED TO SEIZE CATALONIA

By Thomas Noriega

Second-year political science student Olivia Riley made waves this week when she, using only the \$1500 allotted to her by the Dean's Fund, conquered Catalonia for herself. Riley invested the modest stipend, available to any student in the College, in the training, housing, feeding, and arming of a small insurgent army comprised largely of disaffected Spanish anarchists. Under the moniker of "La Mariposa", Riley seized control of major transpor-

tation hubs throughout Catalonia, immobilizing the would-be nation while her mercenaries detained all major political figures in the region. The region has sided with Riley and her forces, instating the second-year as the new President of Independent Catalonia.

"I always knew she was ambitious," said second-year Jack Moor, Riley's boyfriend, "and I always knew she wanted to seize



Catalonia. She would talk about it constantly: when we were getting dinner, when we spent Thanksgiving with my parents, even during sex. One time, she put a map of Catalonia on top of me while we were doing it and told me to hold still so she could decide whether to attempt an amphibious assault on Barcelona or a pincer maneuver by land. I had to make some sacrifices, sure, but it really seemed to pay off for her." Photo By Aubrey Christofersen

We asked Dean Boyer about the development, curious as to what he thought about his fund being used to conquer part of the Iberian Peninsula. "It's really sensational," Boyer told The Dealer. "The University of Chicago is committed to curating the leaders of tomorrow and to helping make those who make history. Ms. Riley exemplifies this commitment by becoming living history herself."

Riley declined to be interviewed, citing her difficulties in eradicating pockets of resistance in Barcelona. She issued a brief statement on the future of Catalonia, claiming that the seizure of a culturally-diverse microstate would look great on her grad school applications and for her future job prospects. "I'm so grateful to the University for this unique opportunitv," the statement Page 2

President's Horrific Tweet Shocks Nation

By Sarah de Vegvar

The entire country found itself astonished when President Donald Trump released a horrifying and offensive string of tweets targeting specific people. Allegedly, these people had said things that did not align exactly with Trump's world view. The tweets came 10 minutes apart, each beginning and ending with 17 ellipses. The tweets came out during some odd morning hours during which the nation assumed the president would be competently dismantling President Obama's Legacy.

Many of the public figures opposed to Trump decried the president's tweets claiming he has crossed a line in the sand. The president's tweets have also sparked

a new wave of calls for impeachment as Anti-Trump petitions began circulating on social media. The petitions cited the Jerk-Clause in Article DIC Section II Part l of the Constitution that states that "in the event that the sitting president shall of his own volition- with a clear mind and steady hand with complete and utter disregard for the office to which he serves- be a complete and total butthead, the sitting president shall be deemed unfit to serve in office." One member of the movement, Náívë Hœp, claimed, "He's most definitely going to be impeached now. His supporters must make a complete 180 on how they view him in light of these tweets."

Meanwhile, members of the pro-Trump

camp seem to be going through an identity crisis. "I don't know what to say. He's normally so calculating and thoughtful." sighed Norm Mann of Brackashaw, Wisconsin. "I mean, how could this possibly be our president? He forgot a comma before a conjugation between two independent clauses!" Mann later called our office to add that he was also bothered by Trump's use of soft expletives and implicitly racist language.

This incident is entirely unprecedented in the president's administration, but this intrepid reporter thinks the backlash to yesterday's tweet will continue to grow until it consumes us all.

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 collegeadmissions@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.

Opinion Pages

Opinion: Zimmer is Such a Scorpio

By Ella Hester

Recently, University President Robert Zimmer celebrated his birthday for the 70th year in a row. In recognition of the milestone, the Shady Dealer would like to honor President Zimmer for what he truly is: a Scorpio. To the average student, President Zimmer may come across as stand-offish. While he gives talks at other universities about free speech, he is too shy to meet with student groups on campus that wish to voice their concerns with university life. While some might scoff, "Free speech my ass!", that isn't the whole story. Zimmer, like other Scorpios, is just misunderstood. And to understand him, one must look up—at the sky.

To understand a Scorpio's mind is to enter a world of deep thought and passion. Zimmer's influential mathematical work is typical of a Scorpio's analytical nature. A Scorpio is also most at home mulling over data and creating plans, and is therefore prepared for almost any scenario. Zimmer showed his adaptive nature and typical Scorpio need for control of every situation just the other day during the Graduate Students Unite (GSU) union rally. The rally took place right around lunch time, and with his path to lunch blocked, Zimmer reportedly made his own, which in Scorpio-language meant that he cleverly told an assistant to get it for him.

UChicago students don't see much of President Zimmer. The Dealer can only speculate as to what kind of work he does all day, but it is common for outsiders to think that Scorpios don't work with much care or intensity. A Scorpio will always come through, though; recall how the recent plans for a new dorm on the the site of the Harris School suddenly appeared! In a classic Scorpio move, Zimmer was able to keep his cards close to his chest for years at a time.

However, being secretive also works as a safe guard against rejection or criticism from those Zimmer is trying to please. A Scorpio is ruled by their desires, and their number one desire is to please others. Why reveal a plan for a new dorm in a timely manner when you can sit on it for years, perfecting it until it is in tiptop shape for very scary and demanding students?

However, students' points of view are not nearly as frightening as Zimmer makes them out to be, but we have to understand that Scorpios are one of the three zodiac water signs. Zimmer is reluctant to meet with students because he cares so deeply about what they think of him; he only wants to minimize the risk of embarrassing himself. Being such an emotional, sensitive water sign is especially hard on Scorpios because of their tendency to take things so personally. When Zimmer sees a protest, he sees an attack, not a cry for understanding and compromise.

When it comes down to it, our favorite Scorpio is a sensitive man who exercises great control over his environment at all times, at the cost of excluding the people he is meant to work with. Using this information, it might be possible to bridge the gap between him and the student body. How nice would it be if students could show him that they are nothing to be afraid of, and if he could share his creative-dreamer personality with the rest of the world! Or perhaps it is time to accept that Zimmer and the campus community will never understand one another. The Scorpio is stubborn and resistant to change. If you cut off its tail, it'll grow right back in. UChicago is the Taurus to his Scorpio, the Earth to his Water. It might just not be in the stars.

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read. "I always thought I'd have to wait until I was in my 40s to take control of a major European city and the surrounding region, but thanks to this generous stipend, I got to do it with my whole life stretching ahead of me. Everyone should take advantage of this excellent opportunity before my growing global hegemony subsumes the entire world and ends your petty aspirations."

Holdday Cheer

Feliz Navidean: Happy Holidays from Levi Hall!



Photo By Aubrey Christofersen

8 Tips for Arguing with Your Dumb Family This Season

By Dan Lastres

As you return home to your family this winter break, you may feel the urge to share some of your newfound wisdom on topics ranging from sex and politics to religion. Unfortunately, your loose grasp of the humanities and the social sciences might put you a few too many steps ahead of your loved ones this year. But whatever it is you are celebrating or screaming about, this is your comprehensive guide to arguing with the crowd of chattering imbeciles you call relatives. 1. Know Your Audience: Don't waste your breath on an argument that just leaves you upset. Consider whose mind is open to change and why they, personally, believe the naive and uninformed crap they do.

2. Keep it Simple: Keep your sentences short and your vocabulary plain. Cousin Randy may not be open to thinking about how profoundly alienating the commodification of our world and atomization of our social experiences under late capitalism can be, but everybody hates their boss.

3. Read the Room: Don't just bloviate right out of the gates; weave your in-

sightful ideas and impressive knowledge into the conversation naturally. Don't bring up Nietzsche during grace and talk veganism after dinner when everyone feels their most disgusting. Timing is everything, uncle Jack may be sharp at the table, but he's not so clever or passionate once he's taking a nice bloat nap on the couch.

4. Don't Shout, Orate: There's no need to raise your voice when you can craft it into poetry. Go ahead and get verbose, mix a little ethos and pathos in with that sweet, sweet logos. A little eloquence is never condescending.

5. Reference your readings: No need for specific passages or citations, but be sure to mention the author's name and what class you read it for. The substance matters somewhat, but above all you should aim for an intersection of prestigious and obscure because they can't refute a book they haven't read.

6. Drinks, Drinks, Drinks!: If they're not too old, too young or too soft, liquor them up a bit. A little bit might loosen up their feelings and open them up to new ideas. A good amount could inhibit their argumentative skills. Entirely incapacitating them might help you win the argument, but it's hardly worth shouting housing statistics or sports scores at cousin hector when he won't remember how much you're owning him.

7. Belittle Them: Go ahead, make them feel small and stupid and powerless in a world of suffering. Get personal when you tell your brother-in-law, Jake, how his blue lives matter obsession is not only racist but also another sign of how desperately he wants to feel powerful. Freud and Lacan are your allies here.

8. Show them the numbers: Numbers are facts you can count and you can count on them to win over any skeptic relative. For extra effectiveness — if you know what kind of arguments you might get into — prepare visual materials in advance. Cousin Travis can't deny that higher rates of gun ownership cause more gun deaths once he sees the chart you printed off of fivethirtyeight.com and Great Aunt Ruth will have to accept you once she sees the stunning graphic representation of how equally turned on you are by Ricky Martin and Dua Lipa.

LISTICLE COLTORE 10 Things Nobody Gets Right About Gophers

By Cyrus Pacht

Like other rodents of the family Geomyidae, gophers are severely underrepresented at this university. You wouldn't believe some of the tales that get spun about this handsome half-pounder, ranging from the inaccurate and uninformed to the downright slanderous. In fact, gophers aren't the verminous paragons of social decline they're often made out to be; they're a lot like you and me. I've decided to set the record straight by addressing ten common misconceptions about gophers, and thereby bring glory back to Mammalia's greatest marsupial.

1. Though often nicknamed pocket gophers, gophers do not in fact wear pockets. They used to, but after reading "The Gender Politics of Pockets" in The Atlantic in 2014, they boycotted them to protest the gross inequity that is man-pockets.

2. Unlike their distant cousin the ground squirrel, gophers are not im-

mortal. They typically live one to three years with a maximum lifespan of five years, much like the UChicago graduate student.

3. Just as our university grounds attract unwholesome specimens like Richard Spencer and Kenneth C. Griffin Department of Economics bros, the gopher has been known to carry external parasites including lice, ticks, fleas, and mites.

4. Despite their chub-a-dub-dub physique, gophers are capable swimmers. Goodness knows they need exercise when they can get it. And while technically Ratner doesn't allow animals in the pool area, per se, there is a campaign by some rogue biologists to classify the gopher as a plant.

5. Pocket gophers are solitary outside of the breeding season, like many of us here at UChicago. The only difference is that we do it year-round.

6. Gophers create a network of subterranean tunnel systems as a means of protection and food collection, an underground railroad of sorts; however, gophers are much less prone to making books and movies about it.

7. Like this author, gophers have no idea what they're doing with their lives professionally, academically, romantically, socially, or morally.

8. Contrary to its surly Zizek-like expression, the gopher is capable of experiencing a deep, abiding, childlike euphoria, especially when in the presence of chives.

9. The Geomys and Thomomys species of gopher are classed as "prohibited new organisms" under New Zealand's Hazardous Substances and New Organisms Act of 1996. Consequently, it is illegal to import gophers into the country. So, speaking of euphoria, gophers are like drugs.

10. Fuck New Zealand.

10 Things That Aren't Worse than Childbirth, According to My Wife

By Jacob Levin

1. Waiting for the next season of Game of Thrones

2. Being on fire

3. Getting stuck in a Chuck E. Cheese's ball pit

4. Accidentally making wild Mewtwo faint in Pokémon FireRed and then saving the game

5. The hospital bills accrued as a result of stepping on a Lego

6. Northwestern University, amirite??? Am I??

7. When you accidentally mix regular Cheerios with Honey Nut Cheerios in the bowl and now you have to throw the whole thing out8. Unrequited love 9. Having an affair with that cute receptionist who just started working in the office who is young enough to not want to settle down but old enough that it's not weird—you know, like 25, 26 years old

10. Adultbirth

Security Alert: Tires Stolen From Concrete Car



At 11:25 p.m., Saturday, November 25, UCPD officers responded to reports of tire theft at the Ellis Garage, located at Greenwood Ave and 55th street. An unknown subject was seen removing four tires and mounting Wolf Vostell's Concrete Traffic, a 1957 Cadillac DeVille encased in concrete, on cinder blocks at approximately 11:15 p.m.



IOP Announces Event with Every Living President and Senator and Governor and Also Every Mayor

By Chase Harrison

Building on a quarter of hosting seemingly every relevant politician in America, the Institute of Politics held an event on Tuesday entitled "The American Political Circus." The event, moderated by David Axelrod, featured over 15,000 American public elected officials.

Announced the day before it occurred, the event was only open to students. IOP staff member Roz Herrera explained, "There was only enough room left in Rockefeller for one student." The sole student, Francine Burton, seemed baffled by the whole event. "I was so excited to hear from many of the speakers. Trump and Obama and the Bushes and McCain and Kamala and Rahm and Chris Christie! I mean, it was the who's who of politics. But, instead, all the speakers spoke simultaneously. It was like there was an angry mob on the stage!"

"That's just good discourse!" Axelrod responded when told about the attendee's reaction to the event. "We want our students to hear every perspective possible on all issues, and the diversity of viewpoints was on full display today at our event! I know that our students will now aspire to be on that stage one day, literally writhing up against Elizabeth Warren, gasping for air!"

Fourth-year Ronnie Fumoda expressed his frustration with the event: "What are all these major national politicians doing speaking to a room of like twenty college students every week? Especially the Democrats? Shouldn't they focus on, I don't know, actually winning an election?"

Another party frustrated with the event was the Chicago Fire Department, who attempted to shut the event down because Rockefeller was dangerously over fire capacity. However, Axelrod was firm. "We do NOT shut down events for any reason. We stand fearlessly against those who are afraid of the power of ideas."

The event was off-the-record, so little is known about what occurred inside. Burton did tell us that President Obama began to explain how to fix American politics when Mayor Kathy Coffey of Yakima, Washington began screaming, "WE'RE NOT WHACKIMA IN YAKIMA! COME ON DOWN TO WASHINGTON STATE!"

Admissions Department Scrambles to Recruit Children of Those Named in Paradise Papers

By Zakir Jamal

On November 5th, journalists leaked the "Paradise Papers" containing names of thousands of individuals the world over who had been evading taxes by stashing money in offshore tax havens. Since the leak, The University of Chicago admissions officers have been on a blitz, sending emails and phone calls.

Though the Papers have not yet been made available to the public, the University is rumored to have gained access to the list of mentioned names via the carbon copy (colloquially known as "cc") line in an email the Guardian sent to all those named when asking for comments. Additionally, while it is not confirmed that the University is giving admissions preference to those affiliated with the Papers, inside sources tell the Dealer that students with the same last names as those mentioned in the papers will have a "close to, or above, 100%" admit rate in the Early Decision round. Numerous students whose parents were named, but who did not apply, notifyed the Dealer that they had received acceptances in the mail.

"Oh yeah, it's probably pretty sad about all that tax evasion stuff," said one passing Admissions Officer immediately after the papers leaked. "But we have in our hands the biggest list of potential upstanding members of the University of Chicago community that the school has seen in years. The only problem is that we're going to need about 1,254 extra beds, for when all these upstanding students would like to lie down."

University President Zimmer was unable to respond to the Dealer's request for comment as he was in New York at the time of publication, giggling while shopping for a new condo on the Upper East Side.

UChicago Divinity School to Begin Selling Indulgences

By Breck Radulovic

In September of this year, the University of Chicago announced a two hundred fifty million dollar fundraising campaign for its world-renowned school of divinity. So what will such a gift get you at Swift Hall? For the whole 250 mil, the University will rename the Divinity School after you, kind donor. Got a lower budget? The University is introducing indulgences at 5 million a pop. Indulgences, for those born after the Protestant Reformation, reduce the temporal punishment for sin received in the afterlife. Not a bad deal, particularly for those Econ grads who might be concerned about their eternal souls! So, sin boldly, *Dealer* readers.

- Fuck, Marry, Kill:
- Dean Boyer
- Dean Ellison
- President Zimmer
- Write us with your answers:
- chicagoshadydealer@gmail.com

<u> Reason for the Season</u>

Groundbreaking Study on Clinical Depression Finds You're Probably Just Faking It For Attention

By Reed Thurston

Opening new doors for the ongoing conversation on mental health, a new study conducted by researchers at the Johns Hopkins University in Maryland reportedly found that the demotivational symptoms of clinical depression are likely actually just in your head, and that you're probably only acting this way for sympathy.

The study, which was published in this month's issue of the New England Journal of Medicine, surveyed a sample of over two-hundred adults aged 18 to 35 over the course of a seven-month trial period, and reportedly discovered no significant correlation between each participant's exhibited emotional status and any good reason to be such a whiny mope about it.

Doctor Isaac Patel, head of the University's Department of Psychiatry and Behavioral Sciences, attempted to reconcile the somewhat-controversial nature of their conclusions with the clarification that "some people have, like, actual problems in their life that they have to deal with, which I can totally understand being bummed about, but most of the people we studied here just didn't seem to have a good excuse."

Of the two hundred and thirteen adults who volunteered for the study, over two-thirds either failed to meet the criteria for "real, actual depression," or were "just obviously making it up." Of the remaining seventy-one participants, more than half were reportedly unable to offer a valid explanation as to why they felt they were depressed. "I mean, my uncle has cancer," Patel commented, "but you don't see him being such a sadsack about it." He continued, "Most of these people just need to eat some fruit and start jogging or something."

The "milestone" study has since been lauded by peers in the psychiatric research community as a "major leap forward" for our scientific understanding of these disorders. Many hopefully believe it will not only change the way we talk about mental illness, but also drastically reduce the number of depression diagnoses in the near future.

Inside The Newly Released JFK Files: Turns Out JFK Is Dead

By Milena Pross

This fall, President Donald "Donald Duck" Trump artfully persuaded the US government and the National Archives to release over 2800 records regarding the United States' 35th President, right on time. And what did these archival documents show? Some shocking, shocking stuff.

Believe it or not, it looks like JFK is dead. That's right, deceased. And what's more? Seems like he might have been shot. We'd need a team of detectives to really put the puzzle pieces together, but even the untrained eye can see what conspiracy theorists have long suspected: John Fitzgerald Kennedy was assassinated.

Trump tweeted, "JFK Files are being carefully released. In the end there will be great transparency. It is my hope to get just about everything out to the public!" And just about everything out to the public, he got. The files make it clear: on November 22, 1963, then President Kennedy was assassinated to death, as he rode in a motorcade in Dallas, Texas.

What could have been a normal motorcade seems to have been a death motorcade. If you read between the lines, it appears that bullets (from a gun, presumably) hit the president's neck, head, and even chest. When you think about it, it kind of just makes sense—the bullets caused him to pass away.

These files finally put to rest an idea many of us had been grappling with: the possibility that JFK was still alive, well and serving as president. These long-concealed documents confirm what some have always suspected: JFK died of gunshot wounds, specifically wounds to the skull, in 1963, and has been lifeless ever since.

Hanukkah Proves There Should Be More Ways to Spell Christmas

By Antonia Salisbury

Picking the two most-exciting spellings of Hanukka, such as Hannukkah and Hannukah, is my heroin. I would rather have no presents and only half a bible than wake to live through another tiresome "C-h-r-i-s-t-m-a-s." Chanukkah, even as I am only one among the gentiles, give me the strength to stand against uniformity, to spell Christmas in a way that makes little to no phonetic sense, and to pronounce it with a hard "ch". To be clear, Xmas is not a viable alternative spelling of Christmas. If I'm feeling charitable, it's an abbreviation. It is neither phonetic nor sustainable.

As the Chanuqa menorah is my guiding light, there will one day come a Kryctmis. Children will nestle all snug in their beds as visions of Christmas spelled different ways dance in their heads. Finally, Chrisgtmags will grow to be a commercial monster, devouring Chanuka in its wake. Within the comfortable homogeneity of our pronunciation, we will find uniqueness in the way we think Christmas is spelled. Wars will be fought, hearts will be broken, but you will have at least three options when it comes time to spell Christmas. In the spirit of Xanuka (soon to be another spelling of Christmas), please share this holiday classic with your friends and families.

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SHADY DEALER GIFT GUIDE Album Review: Taylor Swift's *Reputation*

By Nik Varley

On November 10th, Taylor Swift released Reputation, her hotly-anticipated sixth studio album. The hype around Reputation was enormous; however, now that the dust has settled, I feel that the time is right to review the album on its own merits, away from the starry-eyed Swifties and dogmatic haters. To that end, I have recently listened thoroughly to Ms. Swift's latest LP and attempted to transcribe my experience as closely and objectively as written language will allow. What follows is my own journey through Reputation – I hope you find it informative.

Tracks 1-5: ... Ready for It?

A strange sensation creeps over me: I feel as though a stream of Pantene shampoo is being forced into my mouth at the exact rate at which it is exiting my anus, filling my digestive tract. It dribbles from my nose as the flow rate slowly increases. I am saturated. Helplessly I blubber along to Swift's lyrics: "I-I-I see how this is gon' go / touch me and you'll never be alone" while the Pro-V Volumizing and Nourishing oils slide smoothly down the concentration gradient into my cells, bloating and expanding them until I resemble Jabba the Hutt, lying warm and prone in the Hair Care & Beauty aisle of a vast, astral CVS. "Oh Taylor," I sigh as Pantene's Deep Cleansing and Purifying Shampoo drips from my now-useless genitals, "Could I ever be the boy for you?"

But in what possible future could I ever be such a boy? Maybe in one in which love and affection are dispensed via electric shocks by enormous, sinister machines in the rearmost aisle of one of your town's four Walmart Superstores? I strap the antiseptic-soaked electrodes to my temples, turn the dial to 'orgasm' and select 600V; instantly, Taylor's King of My Heart sears its way into the ancient and reptilian corners of my brain. "All at once you are the one who've I've been waiting for / King of my heart, body and soul, oh-whoa-oh". The sections of my nervous system yet to succumb to necrosis are ecstatic – at last I am a rat, and Reputation the sumptuous cheese, la rédemption infinie de ma souffrance, as it were.

Tracks 6-9: I Did Something Bad

Oh, but were this album solely concerning the divine pleasures of love, the warm caress of a lover, la belle vie de cœurs merveilleux and so forth. But no - Reputation finds Swift in an incomparable state of wrath, much like an innocent bystander inadvertently pushed into a containment vessel brimming with highly-disfiguring toxic waste who, now both loathing and embodying the exact anti-human toxicity that lead to their grotesque physical transformation, uses their newfound mutant powers to subject their foes to unimaginable feats of horror while still harboring a melancholy longing for the way things used to be. In the center of this noxious stew of every imaginable sludge and slime we fittingly find Ed Sheeran, delivering a slurry of raps which seem to emerge directly from his high, Anglo-Saxon nose: "I got issues and chips on both of my shoulders / reputation precedes me." I become enraged, and my heart longs for the warmth and sterility of Walmart - I cannot stand to hear one more word from Ed the Bastard.

Tracks 10-13: This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things

Is this endless toxic sea the only thing that the monstrous, pustule-ridden New Swift has to offer us? Is the Old Taylor of yesteralbum really and truly doornail-dead? Will her bella tenerezza del marchio, her désir d'amour et de chagrin never again ring in our lovelorn ears? It is impossible to say, but as I hear Taylor's voice crumple her detractors like poorly constructed suburban McMansions in an unseasonable storm, I find that only the German concept of das Waldsterben can adequately express my suffering. "Didja think I wouln't hear all the thing you said about me-e-e-e?" Cease, Taylor, I beg you! I feel that some key constituent of

the socio-culture consciousness that undergirds my psychic well-being is slowly and disastrously inching its way out of alignment, like the preliminary axial wobbles of the Earth as it inevitably slips from its orbit, tumbling away from the heat of the sun through cold, dead space, its delicate biogeochemical cycles cruelly shredded and left flapping in its wake like tinsel ribbon. "Because you break them / I had to take them / awa-a-a-aa-a-ay" sings Swift on "This is Why We Can't Have Nice Things" -- referring to our covenants with the nature and God? -- as the Earth's magnetic poles swirl and shift around her. The center cannot hold - oh, what fools we have been!

Tracks 12-15: New Year's Day

I am now a hopeless modicum of dust. Surveying the total chaos and disorder around me, I wonder if order will ever return to our world; what geologic force could ever restore light to Swift's dead planet? But wait -- the scene changes: I writhe nubile and ecstatic at the feet of history's greatest businessmen and economists. They tower over me like the skyscrapers that bear their names, their firm, paternal gaze descending upon me from hundreds of steel-reinforced stories. Behind them, insatiable supply chains roar in triumph and workers bustle, while transatlantic cargo ships barely afloat under the weight of Chiquita bananas disgorge their cargo to fastidious cranes. And in the center, Taylor; who else could it be? A secret gift, a midnight kiss - her very existence an affirmation of our ability to give ourselves everything that we ever dreamed; we are gods. I can feel my swollen heart pounding as my uncontrollable convulsions threaten to tear my sinews asunder. "There's glitter on the floor after the party / girls carrying their shoes down in the lobby". Words fail. Logic fails. Only the blazing connection of our eyes reveals what has passed between us: I believe in love. What more is there to say?

News in Brief

CAMPUS WIFI TOO STRONG

By Jacob Levin

According to reports from numerous UChicago students, the campus wifi signal was just too strong to handle for most phones, tablets, and laptops last week.

"I was eating the delicious food provided at Bartlett Dining Hall, but when I tried to check my fantasy football team's score, the internet worked so fast that my phone short-circuited," first-year Jacob Kahn complained to the Shady Dealer.

Kahn was not alone in his displeasure with the powerful wifi connection; second-year Lizzie Baetz told the Shady Dealer, "I was deeply engaged, giving my Sosc reading a second pass for the sake of comprehension, when I made the mistake of searching for additional texts to supplement my learning using my brand new MacBook. Suddenly, the screen went black."

The great connectivity surge also downloaded every Steam game, torrent file, and Spotify track in second-year Philbert Ardmore's library. "I can't download any readings because my computer is full up with huge programs and terabytes of non-pornographic media," said Ardmore.

Our statistical analysis showed that most students experienced this problem with overly-strong wifi either while looking at pictures of what they described as "the extremely attractive UChicago student body" or writing thank-you letters to the financial aid office for their extremely generous contributions to their future.

AREA WOMAN BRAVELY DECIDES TO LOVE BODY FOR LENGTH OF TIME IT TAKES TO CONSUME CAKE

By Megan Parsons

Area woman Carly Fuller, 21, had been following a strict low-carb diet for approximately one week when she was faced with a dilemma: should she adhere to her diet plan, or eat a delicious slice of chocolate cake offered to her at a birthday party? Fuller briefly contemplated declining the cake before stumbling head first into a sudden, transient realization: her body was perfect exactly the way it was.

"Up until that point, I had been really committed to eating healthier and losing weight," Fuller explained. "But then I decided for about ten minutes that I didn't need to change how I looked to fit some bullshit, patriarchal standard of beauty. All bodies are perfect and beautiful, especially the ones that are eating cake and which belong to me." So brave! Amazingly, Fuller's body-positive epiphany lasted for the entirety of her dessert experience, and not a second longer. "When the cake was gone, I was like, fuck," Fuller explains.

At press time, Fuller was overseen googling "does frosting have vegetables" and "chocolate mind control FBI???"

LISTHOST LISTHOST INFORMS LISTHOSTS ABOUT NEW LIST-HOSTS

By Thomas Noriega

A new email listhost, lists@lists.uchicago.edu, has been created to keep students up to date on the numerous listhosts being created campus-wide. Whenever new listhosts are created, lists@lists sends a list of the lists to everyone on the lists list. Listhost subscribers will be able to know right away about new and interesting lists they might have missed before.

"We'd be remiss if students missed out on lists," said executive listhost manager Misty Liszt, "So I had to insist we create a lists list. I'd personally feel pissed if I missed out on Biss@lists, a list about Daniel Biss that brings me such bliss. Or even some more esoteric lists, like schist@lists, a list for geologists that provokes interest in scientists studying schist."

Lists@lists forced the listhost server to dismiss some tasteless lists, like militarists@lists, a list about how to provoke an interventionist crisis against ISIS. Cysts@lists was another listless list, but it persisted in distributing pics of cysts to the list. Liszt dissed such lists: "I'll twist their wrists if students insist on persisting in these lists." Liszt was dismissed, as she had to finish up on lists@lists, but she thought we'd gotten the gist.

ELON MUSK DISRUPTS HOLIDAY GIFT MARKET WITH NEW HYPER-SLEIGH

By Dan Lastres

Billionaire tech mogul Elon Musk revealed his latest contribution to society this week. The founder and CEO of Tesla, SpaceX, and several other revolutionary firms unveiled Hypersleigh, his newest venture into the holiday gift market. The Hypersleigh is comprised of a raised system of sealed tubes through which holiday gifts and cheer may travel free of air resistance or friction at optimal acceleration.

"It's going to double the rate at which kids receive gifts while cutting emissions, maintenance, and labor costs by more than half," Musk announced to a screaming crowd of fans. "The scaffolding required will be minimal, and I already have government approval to connect most homes in the developed world."

While the move was cheered by investors and cash-strapped parents, the milk and cookie futures have taken major hits, falling by more than 15% since the Dow opened on Tuesday. Retail stock prices, Sears excepting, are up.

When asked to comment, Santa Claus sent the following one-sentence email: "If tech-Jesus thinks he's gonna beat me out of this market then he's forgotten what happened to those three wise guys."

Representatives from Mystical Workers of The World (MWW), the union representing Santa's elves, are also urging caution. "We literally have nowhere else to work; if these jobs leave the North Pole we're all going to be destitute," said Peppermint Joy from local 1 of MWW. "We knew it was only a matter of time before we got automated out of this business, but Santa is going to have to lay off even more of us now just to keep up with Musk."