

CHICAGO SHADY DEALER



Volume XIV Issue 6

COMEDY THRIVES IN DARKNESS

April 20, 2018 Blaze It!

Botany Pond Ducklings Served at Fourth Meal

By Breck Radulovic

Last Thursday's Fourth Meal featured a very special menu item. We know what you're thinking, but this time it wasn't mozzarella sticks! To celebrate the arrival of spring, Bon Appetit said "bon appétit" to the famous Botany Pond ducklings. Supplies were limited and the ducklings ran out fast. But the early bird catches the worm, as they say. Those lucky enough to stop by the Comfort Station before 9:30 on Thursday were treated to tender, batter-fried baby ducks and an artisanal chipotle aioli.

The ducklings are practically a UChicago institution. Fuzzy, cute, and utterly defenseless, the arrival of the little yellow birds heralds the arrival of spring in Hyde Park. The subject of Facebook posts and University admissions stock photos, the ducklings were voted the most popular birds on campus, landing ahead of our very own Phil the Phoenix. When the dining hall wanted to debut a special, UChicago-themed Fourth Meal delicacy, the ducklings were a natural choice.

Snell-Hitchcock second year Beatriz Ar-



thur saw the ducklings every day on her way to class but was even more excited to see them fried and impaled on skewers at Fourth Meal. "Every year Snitchcock names all the ducklings. I think I ate Betsey, and my best friend had Sir Quacksalot. I didn't see Jim Webb, but he was the biggest so I'm sure he got eaten first. Robert J. Swimmer was the scrawniest of the bunch, so he was definitely the last one left. I tried to go back for seconds, but they told me only one serving per person." Arthur said the meal was the best she'd had at UChicago, but Betsey "definitely could

Photo By Aubrey Christofersen
have used some more salt."

Of course, not all students were thrilled at the dining hall's choice of Fourth Meal snack. Fourth year Calvin Jacobs was displeased with Bon Appetit's decision. "I just don't think it's fair to serve such a limited number of ducklings. Everyone should get to try the tender flesh of the newly born!" Jacobs had hurried to Baker as soon as word got out about the unusual sampling, but by the time he managed

to swipe into the dining hall, only feathers were left on the plate. Jacobs did manage to sneak a bite from a friend's plate and rated the meal very favorably.

At press time, UCPD was still investigating bizarre quacking noises heard coming from North Campus shortly before 8:45pm. UCPD is also investigating an unrelated incident at Botany Pond, in which masked subjects were seen trapping small birds with nets and cackling maniacally. If you have any information in either of these cases, the *Shady Dealer* urges you to contact UCPD immediately.

Exposed: The Fire Station is Actually a Police Station

By Milena Pross

After a three year long investigation, the *Shady Dealer* has concluded that the firehouse located on 55th Street between University and Woodlawn Avenues is not what it appears to be. No, the building is in fact not a firehouse at all, but rather a police station in disguise. Proving to be one of the greatest cover-ups of all time, the entire Hyde Park community is shocked that the wool was pulled right over our gullible, gullible eyes. The

whole thing is a front.

The clues were obvious from the get go: the building is only one floor high, suggesting they don't have a fire-pole. No authentic firehouse is complete without a pole. We surveyed students and not one reported ever seeing a Dalmatian walk in or out or even near the building. Worst of all, the building barely even smells like a fire.

The longer you spend working this hoax out, the more it becomes crystal clear just

how easily the police accomplished this grand-scheme hocus pocus. They didn't even have to get a fake phone number—they just kept their classic 9-1-1. Given the city of Chicago's worrisome history with fire (for example, the Great Chicago Fire of 1871), residents were easily sympathetic to the cause and welcomed the firehouse with open arms. Nobody suspected a thing.

Why would this happen? **See Page 5**
What would prompt the

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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 colleeadmissions@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: Please Buy Us, Sinclair Media Group

To the lovely people, responsible journalists, and concerned citizens of the Sinclair Broadcast Group:

We understand that your organization is working tirelessly to acquire local news networks, and we believe the *Chicago Shady Dealer* would be a great candidate for acquisition. You should buy us because you cannot afford to exclude a publication as dedicated to journalistic intimacy as ours is; plus, we already turned down Elon Musk.

We have learned a lot from competing with other publications on a campus so ruthlessly dedicated to free speech, and we can bring that experience undermining our school's core principles to Sinclair. Nothing makes us happier than the opportunity to spread disinformation and pure narrative under the guise of news and truth. We live for scandal and would die for the chance to be a part of your next nationally syndicated piece of state-propaganda. Seriously, we want to be bought so much.

To prove our loyalty, viability, and commitment to your agenda, we've already posted your latest "must-run" script below. You're welcome.

"Hi, I'm Dan,
and I'm Milena

D: Our greatest responsibility is to serve our campus community. We are extremely proud of the quality, balanced journalism that the *Chicago Shady Dealer* produces.

M: But we're concerned about the trou-

bling trend of irresponsible, one-sided news stories plaguing our country. The sharing of biased and false news has become all too common on social media.

D: More alarming, some media outlets publish these same fake stories... stories that just aren't true, without checking facts first.

M: Unfortunately, some members of the media use their platforms to push their own personal bias and agenda to control 'exactly what people think'... This is extremely dangerous to a democracy.

D: At the *Chicago Shady Dealer*, it's our responsibility to pursue and report the truth. We understand Truth is neither politically 'left nor right.' Our commitment to factual reporting is the foundation of our credibility, now more than ever.

M: But we are human and sometimes our reporting might fall short. If you believe our coverage is unfair please reach out to us by emailing ChicagoShadyDealer@gmail.com. We value your comments. We will respond back to you.

D: We work very hard to seek the truth and strive to be fair, balanced and factual... We consider it our honor, our privilege to responsibly deliver the news every day.

M: Thank you for watching and we appreciate your feedback."

So, Sinclair Broadcast Group. We've got what it takes, but can you name the right price?

- Milena and Dan

SHADY DEALER CONDOMS

Never forget about your University's unique and steadfast commitment to academic and political freedoms with the *Chicago Shady Dealer's* new "Free Expression" brand condoms. Unleash the power of open discourse and revel in the unbridled and naked glory of unencumbered expression with this limited edition condom. This is the safe, effective, ideologically neutral birth control you

and your cl-*ass*-mates have been waiting for.

They will be sold for \$2.00 each or as 3 for \$5.00 at select campus locations throughout Spring Quarter, and they can also be purchased through the online order form pinned to our Facebook Page and Twitter. Your right to freely express yourself may be unlimited, but supplies won't last--so order today!

INSTITUTIONAL PIETY

Op-Ed: Who Do We Worship at Rockefeller Chapel?

By A Confused Prospective Student



Photo By Aubrey Christofersen

When I came to campus for an "April Overnight Visit," I was delighted to discover that the tallest building on campus is none other than the towering and holy edifice of Rockefeller Chapel. Yet, upon entering this consecrated space, I found myself beset by ambiguous iconography, purely aesthetic stained glass windows, and zero clue who the hell anybody inside was worshipping. I will go right ahead and say it: I am a theist. Unlike a lot of the sad boys and

Nietzsche-fiends infesting this campus, I have not given up faith in a higher power and still believe that my time on this Earth is imbued with purpose by forces beyond my comprehension. So how am I supposed to worship my God(s) of choice when there are definitely other gods being worshipped on the same consecrated ground?

Never mind the homogenous melting pot of faiths that seem to congregate in this space on any given holy day--the building itself seems to direct one's prayers and holy secrets to deities and cosmological entities no one has any business praying to. Is this just John D. Rockefeller's tomb where we worship his well-endowed and prestigious legacy? Are we here to celebrate the life of the mind and the intellectual curiosity which drives us all mad? Or is this whole building a cover meant to distract the student body's most zealous and conservative worshippers away from the clandestine fertility cult known as "Snell Hitchcock Dormitory"?

At the very least, we appear to be worshipping "science" and "learning" as abstract concepts, and that ought to make your skin crawl. I am not trying to be intolerant of science, astrology, atheism, or any other religion (though agnostics need to make up their damn minds). If anything, I think it would be easier to

tolerate the other religions I am sharing the space with if we could just be clear about who is praying to whom. Maybe we can designate the east-facing wall for Muslim students, have all of campus' Jewish students gather at Chabad and Hillel, and let the Catholics and Protestants shout it out in the Bell Tower. Arranging students by religion might seem unpalatable, but it will all be worthwhile once this accursed campus ceases to blaspheme every god from Apollo to Zoroaster and is rewarded with favors divine and/or sexual.

This college is renowned for the freedom of speech it forces all students to embrace, and that's fine. However, I think we could do a better job when it comes to drawing some boundaries when it comes to freedom of religion. There's an easy way to do this: All we need is a few LCD TV's placed around the sanctuary and over the front door which can cycle through slides displaying the name and image (when permissible) of the spirit(s) and great creator(s) being worshipped during a given event. That way everyone can feel at home. If that doesn't work, maybe we should just hold a ranked-choice referendum among all UChicago members, and the winning god takes all.

Cobb Cafe Art Installation to Close

By David North

The experimental student art installation "Cobb Cafe," located in the basement of the historic Cobb Lecture Hall (5811 S. Ellis), will close this week.

The visionary art installation centered around pushing the boundaries of interactive performance art. "It allowed the subject to simultaneously experience and become part of the object," commented third year Art History student Alexis Hursthouse. "It was a pretty immersive and remarkable experience that, while unsettling, really recon-

textualized the experiences of caffeine consumption and nourishment."

The gallery attendants, sometimes called "baristas," were told to make the installation "deconstructed." Drawing inspiration from Deleuze and Guattari, the artists created a complete, well-curated experience. Students and faculty alike have often come to the gallery to observe and appreciate the space's formal and affective qualities. Additionally, the exhibit included a beloved sound component that did not technically qualify as music, but certainly created

an ambience of puzzlement and *je ne sais quoi*.

"I'm sad to see it go," commented second year student Carlos Washington. "I'll never forget the greasy film that covered the walls, the wilting plants, the aluminum foil hanging from the ceiling, or the Minion erotica VCRs they'd play on Monday mornings. That's what art is all about."

The art installation closes on Friday. Plans to replace "Cobb Cafe" have yet to be announced.

REACHING NEW HEIGHTS

Grounds of Being Ascends to Heaven

By Jughead Greg

University coffee shop Grounds of Being rose into the sky this past Sunday, in what observers have called the greatest modern miracle since The Wire.

The ascension took place just after a public address by Dean of the Divinity School Laurie Zoloth, during which she announced her decision to replace not only the beloved haunt of graduate students, but the entire Divinity School with a Jewel Osco. Dean Zoloth spoke from a third-floor balcony to a crowd of thousands, mostly unlettered tradesmen and peasants, who said that they were “awed to be in the presence of a figure they had previously only seen on coins and in sculpture.” The clouds reportedly parted when she mentioned that the new Jewel Osco would sell indulgences. Then, all at once, the Earth split open and the coffee shop rose from the earth as a voice from the sky boomed, “CAN’T BE HAVING ANY OF THAT.”

“I guess it really was where He drank coffee,” said fourth year student and



Photo By Aubrey Christofersen

former Grounds of Being barista Nostradamus Egglington. “One of the Mug Club members did use the wooden chalice from Indiana Jones and the Search for the Holy Grail, but it always seemed like a joke.”

In all the excitement, however, many failed to notice a number of smaller ascensions that occurred throughout the following night. Fifty half darks from Harold’s Chicken, the top floor of North Campus Residential Commons, and all of Dirt Red Brass Band were seen

entering the stratosphere around midnight, and reports continue to pile up. Fearing a major blow to its faculty, the University has chained all of its Nobel Prize economists to the ground, but so far none seem to be in danger of entering Heaven.

Shady Dealer reporters reached out to God in prayer, asking comment on this matter. God simply replied: “SEM CO-OP IS NEXT.”

Our Top 10 Recommendations for Making Baseball Shorter

By Brian Baek

The 2018 Major League Baseball season officially kicked off earlier this April, and fans across the baseball spectrum already cannot wait for the games to be over.

From 2012 to 2017, the average length of a baseball game (18 half-innings) increased from 3 hours to 3 hours and 8 minutes. While this increase may not seem significant, adding 8 minutes across 2,430 regular season games contributed roughly 13.5 additional days to the season. To put that into perspective, Anthony Scaramucci only served 6 days as the White House communications director back in 2017 and Major League Baseball needs to account for the 2.25 Scaramuccis of baseball added to recent seasons.

With the pace of games in the NBA and NFL steadily increasing, it would certainly behoove Major League Baseball to start making some changes of its own in order to catch up. So without further ado, here are the *Shady Dealer’s* top ten ways to make baseball games shorter in 2018:

1. Turn the pitcher’s mound into an anthill. Keeps pitchers on their toes and reluctant to stall.
2. Spin a wheel before each game to determine what inning to start the game at. Instant win if it lands on the “Bonus” wedge!
3. Eliminate the seventh inning stretch. It is baseball, not choir practice.
4. If the crowd attempts to perform “the wave,” end the game right there. Fuck that celebration, waves kill dozens

of sailors every summer.

5. Place hidden mines in the outfield. Can’t keep playing after a tragedy, right?
6. Angels in the outfield. Self-explanatory; great movie.
7. Replace baseball bats with animal bats. Much harder to hit with.
8. Make baseballs out of vibranium. Will go through any bat; imagine all the strikeouts.
9. Tape Vuvuzelas under every chair in the stadium before each game. Hopefully the game ends before you have to end yourself.
10. Let fans throw things onto the field if innings go beyond 10 minutes. Bobble-head and Margarita nights will become even more popular with attendees.

Columbian Exposition Artifacts the Obama Center Doesn't Want You to Know About

By Ella Hester

Historians are rejoicing while the Obamas are gasping in horror! As the Obama Presidential Center and Library gears up to break ground, archaeologists have found many relics from the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition held in Jackson Park. However, not every found scrap has made it into the headlines. The Obamas have done everything in their power to prevent the following artifacts from making it into the public eye. Thankfully, the *Chicago Shady Dealer* has your back.

Annie Oakley's Cow-Skin Diaphragm
That's right, folks! When Little Miss Sure Shot wasn't breaking sharpshooting records at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show on the Midway, she was riding the cowboys hard with this cutting-edge birth control over almost every square inch of Jackson Park. There's a reason they had to burn the whole exhibition to the ground! Sources close to Obama say this find has absolutely shattered the former President's romanticized perception of Ms. Oakley, and as a result he has radically altered the playlist for his weekly Ethel Merman sing-along sesh

(to be featured in the next edition of *Rolling Stone*). In Annie Get Your Gun, she sang, "I'm quick on the trigger with targets not much bigger / Than a pinpoint"; if the same was true for her lovers, this diaphragm is just the first piece of the puzzle for historians looking to reconstruct Annie's sexual awakening in the summer of '93. Keep an eye out for more clues next time you go bird watching in Jackson Park!

H.H. Holmes' Mustache

How'd the mustache of a serial killer said to be the devil incarnate, buried in Philadelphia in a block of concrete, get here? The implications of the answer are enough to make even our former President Barack Obama quake in his boots. Holmes lured young girls traveling alone to the Columbian Exposition to his hotel of horrors on 63rd and South Wallace in Englewood. But after Holmes' execution, his mustache seems to have taken on a life of its own. In an interview with the *Shady Dealer* conducted through pen and paper, the mustache said it has retired from murder and now prefers long strolls along the lake and freaking out the neighborhood dogs. "Also, I really do hope something

comes of this Community Benefits Agreement," the mustache said. That statement frightened Obama even more.

Ida B. Wells' CBA Pamphlets

It is a well known historical fact that Ida B. Wells and Frederick Douglass handed out pamphlets to exposition-goers protesting the exclusion of African Americans from the World's Columbian Exposition. But what Obama doesn't want you to know is that they also pushed for a Community Benefits Agreement (CBA) between the exposition and the surrounding community to guarantee jobs for residents and stability in the neighborhood. The *Shady Dealer* did some digging in the Regenstein Library Special Collections and found Ida B. Wells' diary from that time. In it she says, "If they leave the Midway swampier and marshier than before they got here, so help me God.... Director B[urnham] should know better than to leave the neighborhood behind in the dust of all this construction." Truly inspiring stuff. The *Shady Dealer* asked an Obama spokesperson about this artifact who stated, "Uhhhh," fished something out of his pocket, threw it on the ground, and vanished into a puff of smoke.

Police? from page 1

police to run this horrible scam? The answer is simple: everybody loves firefighters and everyone hates the police. When people see a firefighter dressed in an obscenely heavy suit that takes roughly 18 hours to put on, topped off with a practical supply of oxygen, anyone with a brain on their shoulders wants to kiss that hero and marry the hell out of them. When people see a police officer, however, with their navy blue uniform and no protection from extreme heat, all most people want to do is bottle up their spit for several months just to pour it all over those pigs.

The police presence in Hyde Park is already grotesque (everyone agrees on this, this isn't even satire, pretend you're reading *The Maroon*, not us, the *Shady Dealer*). So it makes sense that the police wouldn't want to be criticized for yet another massive panopticon right next to campus. So they took their building and painted it red and built incredibly realistic cardboard fire trucks around their police cars. They even splurged on real hoses.

"Come to think of it, I've never even heard of a fire happening near here recently. I sort of assumed all the firefighters just sat around playing Uno all day,"

chimed in first year Anthony Twindle. "But now it all makes sense—they never fought fires or played Uno, they just were cops who were too ashamed to dress like it. And we were all bamboozled."

Following this humiliating unmasking, the police from the "firehouse" have been booted out of town, and neighbors filled up the building with 101 Dalmatians. But the masquerade ball doesn't end at midnight—we've just received a tip that the entirety of Harper Court is, yep you guessed it, not an officially sanctioned court of law.

SEWAGE, PIPES, AND GRIPES

Disgusting Sewer Mutants Emerge at Night to Write UChicago Secrets

By Nik Varley and Megan Parsons

Investigative journalists for the Chicago *Shady Dealer* have discovered the source of the grotesque and inflammatory posts frequently submitted to the popular UChicago Secrets Facebook page: a large, writhing colony of sewer mutants who live beneath the streets of Hyde Park. The Dealer can confirm that these unfortunate creatures—some sallow and eel-like, others resembling partially squashed insects—make a nightly journey from the Chicago sewer system to the city surface in order to sneak into Regenstein Library and write that night's batch of secrets.

"Yeah, I saw one of them yesterday on the A-Level while I was pulling an

all-nighter," said first year student Asher Ferguson. "It was oozing raw sewage directly from its hands onto the keyboard while it described how minorities should act around the police--totally nauseating."

"At first I thought about trying to help it, it looked like it was in so much pain," explained fourth year Deborah Pines, who spotted a mutant in the Logan Center. "But then I saw that it was writing a ten-paragraph screed describing how women wouldn't get sexually assaulted if they stopped wearing miniskirts, and I knew I had to get out of there. Don't even get me started on the smell."

Eyewitness reports confirmed that several mutants completed their nightly

debauchery by writing lewd comments in the Harper men's bathroom stalls and stealing all of the spoons from Bartlett. When reached for comment, the sewer mutants emitted a series of highly unpleasant screeching and grinding sounds from what appeared to be mouth-like organs, from which they proceeded to eject a black, globular substance that was then quickly harvested by Dining Hall staff for what remains, at this point, unknown purposes.

At press time, the sun was rising over Hyde Park and a swarm of cherubic angels was descending from the heavens to write the day's UChicago Crushes.

Self-Acceptance Win! "I Was Rectally Stimulated by Toilet Water, and Enjoyed It."

By Cyrus Pacht

I am a paragon of heterosexuality, or so my fraternity tells me. I've ogled girls since the third grade, and once—surpassing many a UChicago male—ventured to speak to one. Whenever I'm inclined to listen to A Chorus Line and similar musicals, I do so while lifting heavy weights. I have a non-negligible body of photographic evidence strongly suggesting that I can grow a beard. I sing in a choir that is not the Women's Ensemble. In my omnivorous past, I have eaten steak. Both of my grandfathers have served me beer, independently. I am a skilled amateur at foosball. On several occasions, I have been spotted eating chives. All of this is to say that I am a very manly man.

This makes it difficult for me to make the following pronouncement. I will try to get it off of my chest as quickly as possible, like the proverbial ripping off of chest-wax.

In a Men's Room stall on the A-Level of the Regenstein Library during my

freshman fall, as I was flushing away my last parcels of gastronomic residue, the swirling eddy beneath me leapt out of the toilet bowl like a specter, and, thief-like, stripped me of my cherished prostate virginity.

What's more, I seem to have enjoyed it. At first, this alarmed me beyond any consolation. In a very taboo sense, it was for me love at first flush. What does this mean for the unflinching image of machismo I have carved for myself since crawling, bristly-face-first, out of the womb? Am I gay, just because an automated toilet bowl's lonely whisper says I am? Or will this be the extent of my college "experimenting"—my coy, brief, unspoken flush with death—of all places, in the Reg?

Perhaps this is a normal bodily response to refreshing stimuli. I like to think that my great-great-grandfather Avi, a twice-married, thrice-bearded Orthodox rabbi from Lithuania--and his anus--would have had the same reaction. He was surely as manly a man as

ever descended from Adam's bulbous balls. I imagine Rabbi Avi studying at Chicago. In between reading Mishnaic commentaries on the second floor, he would occasionally come downstairs to relieve himself, flushing twice: once for business, and once for pleasure. In the evenings, he would come home to make love to his first or second wife, as instructed by the Torah; she would never know.

Today I feel better about the whole situation. Sure, I am not quite the same man I once was in magnitude; my scrotum doesn't hang quite as low, what with the cold water regularly forcing its way up my asshole nowadays. And I can be honest with myself: I don't play much poker, but even I know that was no straight flush. Still, I feel enriched as a person. I am not just manly. I can be many things. It's no longer necessary to be an avid heterosexual, the way one can be an avid birdwatcher. It's possible to be simply heterosexual, with some A-level action on the side.

"SO WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE SUMMER?"

The Shady Dealer's Must Take Classes of Summer 2018

By Deblina Mukherjee

1. Dystopia, Utopia, Australia (NELC 69300)

The scope of the honors section is the same as the standard section, but it covers material at greater depth and using more sophisticated mathematical methods.

This course aims to expose students to a variety of examples of well-designed social organizations, within the context of an area of great importance and interest: Australia. One goal is to clarify what it means to be a "dystopia" or a "utopia" or "Australia." A second goal is to appreciate the features of good utopias, dystopias, and Australias. A third goal is to examine the variety of research methodologies in the social sciences, including ethnography, clinical case interview, survey research, experimental studies of cognition and social behavior, behavior observations, longitudinal research, and model building. The general emphasis is on what might be called the aesthetics of Australia.

2. How To Write A Maroon Op-Ed (ENG 93200)

The scope of the honors section is the same as the standard section, but it covers material at greater depth and using more sophisticated mathematical methods.

What is a Maroon Op-Ed? What impact

did they have on human beings and on the writing of literature as the University of Chicago exploded onto the U.S. News and World Report rankings? In this course, we will trace the ecological, economical and emotional footprints of various past Maroon writers and editors. We will delve into the topic with a discussion of The University of Chicago: A History by John Boyer, continue with a reflection on the human being as an op-ed columnist, transition to accounts on opinions (generally) and end with some current Maroon Op-Ed columnist extravaganzas, which will include a visit to the Maroon Offices in the windowless basement of Ida Noyes.

3. Introduction to Goldman Sachs (ECON 83400)

This course explores how Goldman Sachs and incoming summer analysts explain many different aspects of the college experience. Specific topics include evolutionary theory, natural and sexual selection, game theory, cost-benefit analyses of behavior from an evolutionary and a behavioral economics perspective, aggression, power and dominance, cooperation and competition, biological markets, parental investment, life history and risk-taking, love and mating, physical attractiveness and the market, emotion and motivation, sex and consumer behavior, cognitive

biases in decision-making, and personality and psychopathology. This class aims to adequately prepare the Assets of 2022 to become the Donors of 2032.

4. Clocks, Socks and Flocks In The British Empire (PBPL 75930)

The scope of the honors section is the same as the standard section, but it covers material at greater depth and using more sophisticated mathematical methods.

The British Empire is the product of political, historical, economic, and cultural factors of several key clocks and several other key socks that lead to certain outcomes (and not others). This course will examine each of these factors and their importance in shaping the British Empire as it existed in Britain, with consideration of both public clocks and sock control policies, as well as the theoretical underpinnings of imperial activism and policymaking.

5. The Sociology of RSOs (SOC 54300)

This course will introduce students to a range of debates on the nature and effects of registered student organization social networks. How are registered student communities like organic communities and how are they different? How does an individual's RSO and non-RSO worlds relate? What are the social consequences of "registered" "student" "organizations"?

Need a Cover Letter Template? We've Got You Covered

Dear Sir or Madam:

It is my wish that you gainfully employ me at your institution. My entire life has been filled with a deep and abiding desire to exchange my labor for currency. Your institution provides currency in exchange for labor. It is therefore logical that I exchange my labor for your currency. You can then appropriate the products of my labor and use them to acquire more currency.

While it is the role of every sentient being to exchange labor for currency and contribute to the GDP, you might consider me as the next replacement in an

endless line of faceless laborers for several reasons. First and foremost, I can perform special labors. These labors are not actually special but if I am a good enough liar you might select me to exchange labor for some of your limited supply of currency. Second, I am willing to exchange labor for currency at a less favorable rate, relative to some benchmark rate that I claim I previously exchanged at. This is good for you because you can exchange less of your currency for more of my labor. This is also good for me because I was lying and will take whatever pittance you are willing

to bestow upon my lowly being.

Finally, since I have exchanged similar labors for currency in the past, I will be a more efficient automaton than any other laborer you may be considering.

Please do consider my humble entreaty. I have tried farming, but my crops withered, and I stand to starve amongst the rest of the landless proletariat. I wish nothing more and hold no higher ambition than to be a happy cog in your capitalist machine.

Deepest and most pitiful grovelings,

Your Name Here

HATE TO SEE YOU LEAVE, LOVE TO WATCH YOU GO

5 Perfect Moments That Will Never Top Leaving the Reg

By Breck Radulovic

There are but few moments in life that will truly bring joy to the tortured human soul. Among them are winning a Nobel Peace Prize, curing cancer, or eating the last of your roommate's ice cream and blaming it on his boyfriend. Although these moments are rare, they allow us a small glimpse of true happiness in the face of our bleak realities.

But without sadness, we would not have pleasure. Imagine leaving the Reg at 5:37 pm, Thursday of Finals Week. You've turned in your last paper three and a half hours before the deadline. The air is unseasonably warm and you have two hours of daylight still ahead of you. This is the happiest you will ever be. After this moment is over, nothing will ever again carry you away from the perpetual dismal malaise so completely. Here are five moments that will come close, but never surpass, the unadulterated jubilation of leaving the Reg early.

1. The birth of your first child. You will cradle little Rebecca in your arms after undergoing the ancient pains of childbirth, connecting you to every creature that has ever been born and is yet to be birthed. You'll name her after your own mother in the hope that she will be as strong and beautiful a woman as her. She will grasp your finger in

her tiny, tiny hand and you will feel at peace—but not as at peace as you did when you left the Reg early that one afternoon.

2. Driving your favorite car on the Autobahn. You'll run into a drunk Russian oligarch in a small German bar. He'll give you the keys to his Bugatti and tell you to go wild in his broken English. You'll go fast, so so fast. But it won't be better than stepping out of that concrete misery hole as a college student.

3. Winning \$12 on a scratch-off lottery ticket. Stopping by the convenience store on a whim to buy a chocolate rose for your beloved, you'll decide to purchase a \$2 ticket. After celebrating your good luck with the clerk, you'll drop your winnings in the "Leave a Penny, Take a Penny" container for the next person. You'll feel happy, but the shadow of what you once had will tinge the moment with a faint melancholy.

4. Catching a foul ball at the Cubs 2092 World Series. The Cubs will make it back to the World Series for the first time since 2016. Dying of cancer at almost 100, you'll attend your last game surrounding by your family. The Cubs will be up 2 runs in Game Seven, bottom of the ninth. You'll see Kris Bryant's great, great-grandchild sling a foul ball your way. You'll reach out and catch it.

Then, you'll feel complete. Almost like leaving the Reg in 2018.

5. Reuniting with your first love at your 55th high school reunion and re-carving your initials in that old wooden bench by the football stadium. You'll see them across the gym of your old high school. They'll be just as beautiful as the day you took them to prom in 2015, if not more so. Your spouse will have passed peacefully three years before, and after taking time to grieve and heal, you will be ready to find love again. Your high school sweetheart will be unmarried, too, and you will reminisce about the first time you said "I love you" under the bleachers while Thad Benson scored the winning touchdown at homecoming. You'll say, "Let's go back to that field, one last time," and they'll agree before admitting you still give them butterflies. For the first time in fifty-five years, you two will kiss, passionately, deeply, like high schoolers who have yet to experience the true miseries of life. They'll pull out the pocket knife you gave them at graduation and say, "I've held on to this. I guess I didn't know how to say goodbye." You'll carve your initials into the bench you're sitting on and kiss again. For a moment you will think this is the happiest you've ever been. You are wrong.

Announcing Our New Reverse Caption Contest

Here at the *Shady Dealer*, we have concrete and irrefutable evidence that the New Yorker is a high minded and low brow rag for coastal elites. However, we also have to respect the power of dry wit and chuckle-worthy cartoons generated through audience participation. Thus, we are introducing a new *Shady Dealer* Cartoon Captioning Contest wherein you, our clever little readers, get to submit cartoons for the hilarious and sardonic captions generated by our craftiest writers. This format has nothing to do with the departure of our staff's only illustrator and everything to do with the New Yorker's legal team breathing

down our neck. So, prove us right and send your best cartoons including one of the captions provided below to chicagoshadydealer@gmail.com.

- "When I said put your back into it, this is not what I had in mind."
- "I guess you really are what you eat."
- "At that moment, he realized that God really was dead."
- "What do you not understand about 'No Flash Photography?'"
- "This has to be some violation of Terms and Services, right?"
- "Well, you did sign the waiver..."
- "It says right here, violators will be towed."

- "Overall, I think this was a good idea, although it could probably use less 'you.'"
- "Diane, your enthusiasm has been noted."
- "We did a lot--maybe even too much--means testing, and it still didn't work"
- "Shave his head and there you have it, bald Ted Cruz."
- "Hapless, just hapless, and lacking anything appropriate or suitable for children."
- "If this gets any worse, we'll have to move the office further inland."
- "It's Sunday afternoon, my pals."