

# chicago shady dealer



VOLUME XIV ISSUE 7

comedy thrives in darkness

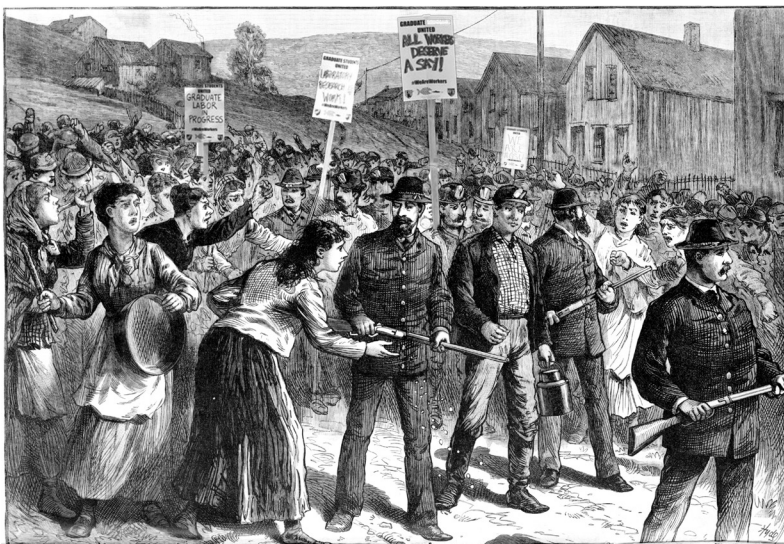
PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

## GRADUATE STUDENTS UNITED RALLY DISPERSES AFTER PINKERTON DETECTIVES OPEN FIRE

By Daniel Lastres, Hyde Park, 1892

In a bid to regain control of campus following more than a week of unrest, University administrators ordered a contingent of three hundred Pinkerton Detectives armed with jackknives and Winchester rifles to secure Levi Hall and several other key facilities. Their attempt to break the picket line, though ultimately successful, resulted in a violent confrontation that left one agent, eight striking TAs, and two lecturers fatally injured.

The University of Chicago Pinkerton Detectives (UCPD) have earned a fair bit of scrutiny and criticism for their aggressive policing tactics and often antagonistic relationship with the Hyde Park, Kenwood, and Woodlawn communities. However, this was the first time the administration had deployed them to handle an ongoing labor dispute.



The strikers from Graduate Students United (GSU) were demanding that the administration bargain with them directly, rather than accepting the fact that President Benjamin Harrison's administration would break up the union and nullify its legal standing. GSU also claims its members were forced to occupy classrooms and block the entrances to facilities after University officials hired scabs from

Photo By Aubrey Christofersen

Northwestern University to teach and lecture in their place.

The injured strikers were eventually transported to the University of Chicago's Trauma Center, where their wounded limbs were amputated and they all died of blood loss anyway. While many strikers anticipated a hostile response, very few expected the University's desperate anti-union tactics to escalate into violence.

University Security Director Marion B. Lynch has also released a series of "security alertness" pamphlets warning students to be "aware and alert of their surroundings at all times" and to "avoid trade unionists, socialists, and communist sympathizers who threaten to subvert the University community and undermine the strong relationships between graduate students and their employer."

## BOYER HEARTBROKEN OVER DEATH OF BELOVED TAMAGOTCHI

By Ella Hester, Chicago, 1997

In breaking news, the Chicago Shady Dealer is sorry to report the death of Dean Boyer's Tamagotchi, Habsburg aka "Habsy." Habsy was in the "Teen" stage of the Tamagotchi Life Cycle and was five days, six hours, seven minutes, and thirty six seconds old at the time of his passing. We joined Dean Boyer, still in mourning, for a wistful afternoon walk on the quad. Dressed in all black, Boyer's mustache started to quiver as he looked up at the autumnal trees covering our path.

"I supposed it is fitting that Habsy had to die now, as the dead, browned leaves fall at our feet." Boyer's eyes followed the leaves as they fell to the ground, turning away to hide his tears, yet failing to mask the quaking heaving of his sobs.

"We're all so relieved this happened," an anonymous source told the Dealer. "He hasn't done any work in weeks. He can't go five minutes without looking at that plastic egg. It's key chained to his belt loop. He thinks he's being subtle by looking at it under the desk! I know he has tenure, but goddamn. At least show

up to your classes with a syllabus."

"I would rather perish than publish if that meant I could bring my little Habsy-Babsy back to life," Boyer choked between bouts of crying. "You should have seen him, writhing around in a sea of his own pixelated shit. There was nothing I could do but watch him die!"

"That is simply not true," University President Sonnenschein told the Dealer. "He doted on the little guy way too much, gave him too many snacks. That ups the Hunger and Happy Meters but results in a bellyache **SEE PAGE 2**

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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](mailto: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.

## A LETTER FROM THE VICE PROVOST ON MANIFEST DESTINY: "TO THE MAROONS OF THE FUTURE"

By Killian Makepeace Warburton, Chicago, 1895

*The Shady Dealer staff was digging up the foundations of Cobb for no particular reason, and discovered a small metal capsule containing a letter from our first Vice Provost on Manifest Destiny. It was slated to be opened in 1980, but was apparently forgotten. The letter has been reprinted in its entirety.*

Hail Maroons of the future!

I hope you'll tolerate a few words of congratulations from an old man. I can speak, with almost perfect certainty, that you've followed the Department on Manifest Destiny's instructions to the letter. I can see the school now: stretching from 20th Street in the north to 80th Street in the south, running from the lake to the western edge of Chicago. You see, good Maroons, we are singularly charged with cultivating the South Side of this fine city. It must be as unto the forums of Rome, resplendent with scholars, libraries, and sleek, modern dormitories.

President Harper and I have spent long nights drawing up plans for the regions surrounding campus. Although it is hardly 4 square blocks now, I wish I could be alive to see it as it must be in your day, nearly a hundredfold grown! I

do hope you included some of my own designs for the area.

I am sure you have spent many hours laughing at the stockade block near the lake, wherein you can best contain the plucky orphans that have robbed our cafeterias for too long. The self-contained transit system was another idea I hope you adopted; the L is nice, but it doesn't service the 60 acres our university now covers. But above all, I pray you finally got around to erecting the 10 story wall completely encircling the campus, to keep those damnable mountebanks and tax collectors from infesting our bounds and stunting our glorious mission.

Progress, Maroons, always progress! I sell you too short. My vision is limited by the age in which I write, but yours is the age of the future! I can hardly conceive what ingenious new plots you've cooked up to disabuse the ungrateful peasants ringed about us of their land. I am confident you've papered over those paupers with colonnades, statues proclaiming our glories, and, of course, more neo-gothic buildings than you can shake a poorly carved gargoyle at. Remember, in all your endeavors, that the crusade never ends! Fare thee well!

## TAMAGOTCHI, FROM PAGE 1

and too much excrement. Any self-respecting academic knows how to clean it up, but not Boyer. This is the 22nd Tamagotchi he has lost to his own incompetence. He should be ashamed of himself."

When the Dealer asked Boyer what he misses the most about Habsy XXII, he told us it was the intoxicating, overwhelming sense of control he had over every aspect of Habsy's life.

"I felt like a God, I tell you, a God! The power to give life and then snatch it away at any moment... Yes. That is the highest high I will ever experience." Boyer said, with a glimmer in his eye not seen since before Habsy's untimely demise.

Boyer took the Tamagotchi off his belt

loop and held it up close to his face, the image of a space ship flying the Habsy's corpse back to his home planet reflected on his glasses.

Boyer whispered into his hand, "Take me with you, Habsy. Take me far away from here. I am so tired of this high definition world and these high definition students. Is it the 90s on your planet too? I sure hope not." After a moment of reflection Boyer looked up and spoke to us directly. "Make sure you get this on record. I will never forget the years I had with Habs. I will never forget the 90s. Never!" And with that proclamation Boyer threw his Tamagotchi into Botany Pond, laying Hapsburg XXII in his final resting place.

## EXCLUSIVE: AN INTERVIEW WITH A CAMPUS GARGOYLE

By David Manchego, Chicago, 2018

There's an old Irish (American) limerick that goes something like this: "There once was a gargoyle from Nantucket, then he moved to Hyde Park and gentrified the neighborhood." Sweet poem, right broskis? Anyway, we interviewed that gargoyle, or was it an old man with a skin condition? Probably should have checked. So read the interview if you want, or, like, not. We don't really care. They pay me by the word, and that word is "moist." With that, enjoy the interview!

*Note from the Editors: This interview and the views expressed in it do not reflect those of the Dealer editors and staff.*

Dealer: Hello, thanks for meeting with us. We're so glad you could take time from your busy schedule to answer our questions. I was hoping you could shed light on the history of UChicago through the eyes of one its oldest community members.

Gargoyle: Questions, questions, questions! I remember when I had questions, once. Questions like, "What building will I be put on?" or "What does pigeon shit taste like?" or "Will this sculptor remember to give me a big dick?" You whippersnappers and your questions. I asked questions back when I was newly birthed (and by birthed I mean birthed). I remember Grand Pappy would always avoid my questions. He kept screaming "I'll never talk! You can waterboard me all you want!" I was in the CIA back

then. 2007 was a different time.

Dealer: Of course, of course. Now, on to the first question. Tell us a bit about yourself--what do you do on campus?

Gargoyle: Eh? When I'm not running my side business of being a Milton Friedman stunt double, I mostly just sit and brood. From time to time I also post on UChicago Secrets whenever I feel like people don't hate life just as much as I do. Oh, that reminds me, I spend a lot of time streaming Disney's Pinocchio on loop while muttering, "I wish I were a real boy," under my breath.

Dealer: Utterly fascinating; you really are full of wisdom. Now let's shift our focus back to the University. Could you describe the early days of UChicago?

Gargoyle: Well, after chasing the Baptists of the Old University out with a fire and one saucy waltz, the founders of the new University of Chicago took it upon themselves to declare the University the only officially Zoroastrian university in the country, until we found out Harvard had beaten us to it, so we became Rastafarians instead. This went on for a few years until we found a new God: Benny "Jay" Franklin's sweet, sweet 100 dollar bills--Richie Rich's Almanac if you will. And we haven't looked back since.

It was after this that President Harper, our first President (and our last) said, "Fuck it, I want a library." And lo' Harper Memorial Library was built, named after this famous memo. Granted, he also said, "We should name that

building BJ," and people took him seriously, so maybe he wasn't 100% full of good ideas.

Dealer: [Sycophant noises]. Now, how would you say the University has changed?

Gargoyle: Well, my dick got smaller. What I mean by that is, that when you're gargoyle like myself, shrinkage isn't the real enemy, acid rain is. In less important news, though, I think it all went wrong when they filmed Divergent here. Ever since then we've been trying to capture lightning in a bottle and be like all the cool schools. Hasn't really worked out for us.

Dealer: Now we're going to shift into rapid-fire questions. What's your opinion on Grotesques?

Gargoyle: Fuck 'em.

Dealer: Best 4/20 on campus?

Gargoyle: The 4/20 of 1902 was a sight to behold, even though at the time we didn't know why we smoked on that day. We just felt like we had to. A lot of people think our coat of arms is a phoenix being reborn in the flames; it's actually me being reborn in a cloud of the 'devil's lettuce,' as we called it in those days.

Dealer: Future professional plans now that you're set to retire as campus gargoyle?

Gargoyle: I'll be taking a joint position in the Econ department and Booth.

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## ASK GRORG: ADVICE FROM 45,000 BCE

Dear Gorg,

Me Want Relationship, But Only Man Around Is Neanderthal. Still hit?

From: Cavewoman Seeking Caveman

Hello Cavewoman,

As somebody who have Neanderthal brother-in-law, me can speak good on this. Neanderthal usually not cute. 5/10 at best. But Neanderthal also not stupid. Have spent much time around in-law's

family. Have weird taste in music and large foreheads, and eat too much mammoth meat. Cool hominids though. Fun at parties. Make cool cave paintings. Good interior decorating skills. Me say Neanderthal DNA is okay. Maybe Neanderthal will have good personality that make up for forehead. Ultimately, it will be up to you to decide whether he is truly right for you, though--that's a responsibility we have in every kind of

relationship, romantic or otherwise.

... Me sorry. Huge linguistic breakthrough while carving last sentence. Anyway, me final verdict is hit it. Maybe start family? What worst that could happen?

xoxo.

<3 Gorg <3



# academic integrity

## MELVILLE FURIOUS EDITORS CHANGED “CRAB” TO “WHALE” IN ORIGINAL MOBY DICK MANUSCRIPT

*By Terrence Vestibule, New York City, 1851*

Herman Melville, renowned New York author and poet, was reportedly furious earlier today upon discovering that his editors had changed every instance of the word “crab” to “whale” in the manuscript of his upcoming novel *Moby Dick*. An irate Melville told the Dealer that the change was “absolutely unacceptable” and that it “completely undermined his narrative of an unbalanced ship captain obsessed with killing a giant crab.”

“The monstrous, white crab absolutely indispensable—it’s the center of the whole novel!” said Melville, while hastily thumbing through his manuscript. “Ahab’s entire motivation is an insatiable desire for revenge against the humongous crab that bit his leg off! That’s a huge part of the narrative!”

“And the crab has a ton of symbolic significance!” continued Melville. “What could better represent the elusive mystery of life better than a giant crab, the most enigmatic sea creature? And what

about the irony of Ahab using a piece of crab exoskeleton to replace his missing leg? That kind of symbolism just doesn’t make sense with a whale.”

Melville’s editors, however, called changing the novel’s antagonist from a crab to a whale a “no brainer” and expressed disbelief that Melville had chosen to center an entire novel on the life of New England crabbers.

“Don’t get me wrong, Herman’s got some great stuff here,” said lead editor John Pietsch. “But come on—a giant crab? He keeps referring to it as ‘the mighty crustacean thundering across the floor of the sea’ and I just have to roll my eyes. And there are so many passages describing Ishmael and Pip the cookboy cracking open the carapace of the crabs they catch to suck the meat directly into their mouths. That’s definitely not gonna sell.”

“The people we showed it to really didn’t respond well either,” continued Pietsch. “They all liked the writing in general, but the part where Queequeg

demonstrates his prowess as a crabber by killing 300 crabs with his bare hands at the beginning of the novel really put them off. The shrunk heads thing actually came off pretty tame in comparison.”

Melville, however, remained adamant that his editor’s changes were unacceptable. “They completely rewrote the novel’s final scene,” the author complained. “In my version, *Moby Dick*’s giant claws emerge from the sea and tear the *Pequod* apart stern from hull, and the crab drowns the sailors with its enormous legs and antennae. In their version, the whale just rams its head into the *Pequod* and everyone drowns. Talk about anticlimax!”

“Ah well, the whole novel is probably a lost cause at this point,” concluded Melville. “Maybe I’ll just pump the fucker full of endless, mind-numbing descriptions of the whaling industry. That’ll show those bastards.”

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# health and wellness

## PIRATES BEAT SCURVY WITH NEW INVENTION: BUD LIGHT LIME

By Ryan Fleishman,  
*The Carribean, 1735*

In an unprecedented stroke of maritime genius, local pirate captain Bart Seaman staved off scurvy for his entire pirate crew by inventing a new beverage called "Bud Light Lime" that combined the hallowed American flavor of Bud Light with the refreshing citrusy tones of lime. "I created Bud Light Lime to keep my crew safe from the horrors of scurvy while delivering a crisp hint of lime in every sip," said Seaman, who emphasized that Bud Light Lime did all this while keeping the crew in tip-top shape at the low low calorie count of 116 calories per 12 fl. oz. "When I take a swig, I be reminded of our treasure hunt on the breezy beach



shores of Cabo. Bud Light Lime truly is the liquid form of a summer vacation." "Yaaaargh," followed Seaman. The captain continued to announce that while he prefers his Bud Light Lime stored

in large wooden barrels, he currently plans to release Bud Light Lime in groups of 6 cans or glass bottles.

Pirates and sailors around the world are rejoicing over Bud Light Lime for preventing sores and sickness caused from scurvy while simultaneously making every day feel like Spring Break.

"I turned to a life of pirating for money and adventure, but now I'm staying for the tropical party environment Bud Light Lime creates," said Bart Seaman's crewmate Todd Oceano, who was wearing a Hawaiian shirt and a lei.

At press time, the entire pirate crew had abandoned their pirate duties to host a trans-Atlantic belly flop contest.

## CITIZENS WORRIED PROPOSED SINGLE PAYER SYSTEM WILL FORCE THEM TO CHANGE LEECH PROVIDER

By Nik Varley, *Washington, D.C., 1860*

Citizens across the country have expressed concern that a proposed single payer healthcare system would limit their choice over which breeder supplies their medical leeches. The proposed reforms--informally dubbed LeechCare--would use tax revenue to provide medicinal leeches for all American citizens and may force patients to change their family's leech providers as the nation's healthcare system is restructured.

"My family has been buying leeches from the same man for ten years. I know him, I trust him, and I've seen the bog where he gets his leeches. The idea that government would force us to get our leeches from any breeder they please is ridiculous and insulting," said incensed Virginian Jeremy O'Doyle.

"When my kid wakes me up in the middle of the night with a high fever, I need to know that I can let his blood with high quality leeches from a dependable

source. As a hard-working, employed citizen, I think I deserve at least that much."

Several others shared similar concerns with the Dealer. "What's next? Are they going to force me to start buying my snake oil from another guy?" said Philadelphia resident Jacob McPherson. "Or what about when I need to magnetize my wife to cure her hysteria? Our magnetizer is an absolute wizard with a lodestone -- it would be a damn shame if we had to give that up over some so-called 'reform'."

The nation's apothecaries, however, were quick to assuage the nay-sayer's doubts. "There are more than enough qualified blood sucking worm professionals to go around, and customers will still have a large amount of choice in where they get their particular leeches," said Dr. James Bradshaw, of the Harvard medical faculty. "A handful of people may be shuffled around, but the vast

majority of people will be getting the same old quicksilver, arsenic, and leech treatments that they always have."

"And if you're still not satisfied," continued Bradshaw, "you are always more than welcome to head down to the river and grab a few of the little suckers yourself."

Many opponents of the reform maintained their doubts. "Will my insurance still cover the imported fine Welsh leeches I've been using my whole life?" said Edmund Cremington, a New York based landowner. "My constitution is very delicate -- I don't think I could ever be treated successfully with a common swamp leech."

However, despite their differences, both physicians and critics ultimately agreed that in the event of a cholera outbreak, they could always fall back on trusty cocaine.

## SILLY BANDZ CRAZE SWEEPS SUPREME COURT

By Breck Radulovic, Washinton, D.C.,  
2010

Photo By Aubrey Christofersen

Wow! It's 2010 and every middle schooler, stoner, and Supreme Court Justice is rocking the hell out of Silly Bandz! You read that right--your favorite robed old people are wearing your favorite silicone, animal-shaped bracelets, and they look fucking hot.

It all started when Justice Kagan's second-favorite niece, Rachel, gave her a dinosaur silly band. When Justice Alito spotted her new accessory in court, he just had to have one. One thing led to another, and before you could spell "Constitutional Originalism," every single justice was amassing their own Silly Bandz collection.

According to reports, Justice Ginsburg is so into Silly Bandz, she ordered custom-made RBG dissent collar Bandz. Justice Scalia has over 585 Silly Bandz

and wears them all at the same exact time. Even Justice Emeritus Sandra Day O'Connor is in on the super popular fad.

Just like in the hallways of elementary schools across America, justices are swapping Bandz left and right across the judicial aisle. Chief Justice Roberts recently had to intervene in a Supreme Court gambling ring run by Justice Sotomayor and Justisce Breyer, where the pot for being in the majority on a controversial decision was at least seven-ty-five Silly Bandz.

Unlike in the rest of America, the Silly Bandz craze is showing no signs of



slowing down among our most prestigious legal officials. Every single justice is hiding rows and rows of silicone animals under their billowing sleeves. When asked for comment, all Justice Ginsburg had to say was, "Snap, Snap, Motherfuckers!!" before shooting a Silly Band across the court and riding away on her vintage Heelys.

## OP-ED: WELL, THIS WHOLE POPE SMOKE SYSTEM IS PUTSO!

By Father Geoff, The Vatican, 1500 A.D.

Well, here I was at the Vatican, ready for the best study abroad of all time. I'd been holed up at the seminary practically my whole life, reading and praying and self-flagellating so much, but I was finally here in Rome! I made it! La vita è bella!

I was ready to see it all: the churches, some stained glass, all the bishops' houses, and if all went well I was gonna get brunch and gelato with a cardinal. But just my luck--the pope up and died.

Rats. First they lost my luggage, and now this?? I must have done a rosary wrong or something. God is a big prankster, and oh boy does He have it out for me. Also, it's a bit grey and drizzly.

The pope dying really set a less-than-cheerful tone for the rest of the trip. Most of the restaurants were closed in mourning, and the pasta place I finally found didn't even have a gluten-free/dairy-free option for my sensitive tummy. This was turning into the vacation

from Hell (and I never use that word).

But there was one silver lining: I was gonna be here for the next selection! The big Papal Conclave! Truly a once in a lifetime but often many-times-in-a-lifetime opportunity! This is an even bigger deal than last year's Christmas pageant. And I got to be right in the middle of it, camped out next to the Vatican.

The first day of the conclave, I tried to walk right in, but a Swiss Guard stopped me at the door. I explained that I'm a priest from out of town and I'd love to take part in choosing our next pope, but he was having none of it. He said I had to be a cardinal. I said I hoped to one day become one and I already bought the red outfit just in case. He said he knew I wasn't a cardinal and also not a bishop. I thought I'd trick him by telling him I WAS the Pope, pretending to be a priest, but he was too smart--he saw right through me and informed me that he knew the Pope was dead.

So I was stuck. No way in, and no desire to go back to the seminary where I have to whip myself all day long. But I was eager--I wanted to know who my new pope was!

There were a bunch of us anxiously waiting outside, so at least I made some new friends. Then, everyone started freaking out--the first vote had happened! This was it! The new pope! I started squealing. We stared at the Sistine Chapel Chimney, waiting. While we waited, I realized that if I had really wanted to go in and be there, I could have climbed in through the chimney. But too late now; smoke was billowing up!

Black smoke! FUCK YEAH!!! I started screaming and cheering and crying tears of joy. "We got him! We got a new Pope! Hooray!" As I reveled, I realized everyone around me was still solemn. "What's YOUR problem?" I asked.

They told me that I had been mistaken. It turns out black smoke means there ISN'T a new pope **SEE PAGE 7**



## WHERE ARE THEY NOW: CHECKING IN WITH THE CLASS OF 1890

By Deblina Mukherjee, Chicago, 2018

For more than 265 years, University of Chicago alumni have contributed extensively to the life of the University and to the larger society. Today, there are approximately 91,000 living University of Chicago alumni in all 50 states and 153 countries.

The dedication and loyalty of University of Chicago alumni is legendary. In any given year, approximately 26,555 alumni volunteers work for the University in class and regional association activities, schools committees, community service, fundraising, and by providing opportunities and advice to students and young alumni interested in internships and careers. Many alumni also serve in University advisory and leadership roles.

*Prince William J. D. P.H.D. E.F. G H.:* Prince was raised in New York City, with the exception of the elementary school years he spent with his family in Beijing and the high school semester in Rome. The years were formative in ways that shaped his interests as a University of Chicago undergraduate and that continue to take him abroad. William, who wrote his senior thesis on the effect of monuments on reconstructing national identity in post-communist Eastern Europe, received a grant from National Geographic's Young Explorers program to study the post-war rebuilding of Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina, after graduation. He led an expedition to the region to create content for National Geographic's media outlets and worked closely with a photographer to help illustrate the stories.

### POPES, FROM PAGE 6

yet. Whoops, my bad! One of my new friends tried to help me with a mnemonic rhyme: "White Smoke, Pope; Black Smoke, Nope." I repeated it over and over under my breath, trying to get it to stick. But I just kept mixing it up. We went through a bunch more rounds

Following his project with National Geographic, William began working in Copenhagen, Denmark, for ReD Associates, a strategy consultancy that uses methods from the human sciences to understand business problems. He traveled the world studying big phenomenological questions like "What is the future of play?" for companies ranging from LEGO to Adidas to Samsung, before dying tragically of smoke lung in 1901.

*Tyler:* Tyler, an 1895 alumnus, came to University of Chicago from Overland Park, Kansas, thinking he would major in public policy or economics.

Four years later, he applied and was accepted to a graduate program in musicology at Yale University, where he is currently working on a dissertation that has its roots in his undergraduate senior thesis.

It might seem like a big leap for a young mind to make, but that's an important aspect of University of Chicago's undergraduate education. "No matter what you concentrate in, you never feel pigeonholed into doing only that," says Park, who graduated with a bachelor's degree in music and certificates in finance and violin performance.

Tyler began his University of Chicago career taking mostly public policy and finance classes, but never left music behind—particularly violin performance. Tyler was a co-concertmaster of the University of Chicago University Orchestra and played with several smaller chamber ensembles, including a string quartet. It wasn't long before Tyler fell in love with University of Chicago's

of voting, and every time I thought they'd finally decided. But no... black smoke, black smoke, and more black smoke. They could have used me in there—I'm great at decision making! Finally, after two whole days, people started murmuring. White smoke was coming up the chimney, like an angelic

music department; he calls himself its biggest fan, and he religiously donated to the department until his death 1906.

*Jeff V. Rich VVI:* What brought Jeff V. Rich VVI to University of Chicago was its reputation as a leading research university that offers an exceptional undergraduate education.

"What I heard about University of Chicago's focus on undergraduate education not only proved to be true, but also continued to impress me on a daily basis," says Rich. "I cannot imagine an undergraduate student at any institution in the world getting a higher quality education," he adds. "The professors in every department are leading thinkers in their fields. I almost took it for granted every time I attended a lecture by a Nobel laureate or when I learned that I was using a textbook that my professor wrote."

An academic highlight for Rich occurred at the end of the freshman seminar "Taxes" when the course professor, Rarvey Hosen, an economist and no relation to Alex, invited his students to a celebratory formal dinner. "All of us were absolutely shocked when Professor Rosen ushered Alexander Hamilton into the room," he says. We all enjoyed a long dinner and conversation with Mr. Hamilton and his wife."

After University of Chicago, Alex attended the University of Pennsylvania, where he completed an doctor of medicine/master's of business admission joint degree program and somehow also donated enough money to rename Harper Library. He is currently dead, and has been since 1908.

chimney cloud!

"White smoke! White smoke!" they all shouted.

"Darn it," I thought. "Well, we'll just have to wait for next time."

## HEIDEGGER REVEALS DASEIN CAN ALSO DO SICK OLLIES

*By Heinrich Beckenbauer, Freiburg, 1927*

As we all know, Martin Heidegger's monumental work *Being and Time* delineates and delimitates the trio of fruminous characteristics which are characteristic of his most original and characteristic concept: Dasein.

While it is a given that we all understand the Dasein-Being, a brief summary will not be remiss at this critical juncture in the work. Thanks entirely to Heidegger's thought, we've been fully aware that Dasein is (1) "in-the world," i.e. worldliness-as-such, (2) Being constan-tuated by "being-in- the-world," the phlegnomenological everydayness of Dasein, and (3) Being-in as such, the ontic charisma a pastrami of Dasein's being. But only this month, Heidegger has released a new work in which he details the breakthrough for which he had been searching all his life: the fourth (4th) characteristic of Dasein.

This was, as he put it, "the ability to kick-flip an absolutely radical ollie."

It has long been known that Heidegger's time in the urban jungle influenced his philosophizing, but it has only just begun to come to light exactly how serious that influence was. As he writes, "At the halfpipe after school, we must interrogate both ontically and ontologically the outward-ness of Dasein's nature, which is circumscribed by its ability to show Tod what's up with a No-Comply 180 Nosegrind. Truly monstrous tricks and flips are within the purview of Dasein, if it is willing to skin its knees on the Truth."

When asked for comment, leading philosopher Anthony Hawk said that Heidegger's discovery had been common knowledge in the profession for years. "Indeed," he told the Shady Dealer, "for one of us to pull off a mongo Slob-Air is to demonstrate analytically that Being which is our Being."

For those interested in learning more, Hawk will be delivering a lecture entitled "Existential Immanence and The

Frontside/Backside 180 Kickflip" later this week in Weiboldt 104. For those uninterested: duuuuuuuude.

## ASSOCIATION OF GIANT TENTACLE MONSTERS RE- FUUSE TO BELIEVE THEY EVOLVED FROM HUMANS

*By Ryan Fleishman, Terra, 3708*

Following the Council Of the Wise's decision to introduce evolution into breeding pod curriculum, the Association of Giant Tentacle Monsters has formally announced their refusal to acknowledge evolution as a fact, especially in regard to humans.

"I can't accept that we evolved from those stupid hominids. They have only two tentacles! They aren't even purple!" said Association Vanguard Ch'Turggah while violently shaking their 3 heads in unison. "I simply cannot believe that our race has any genetics in common with creatures who can't calculate space-time equations in any of their heads."

"The Association of Giant Tentacle Monsters needs to understand that evolution exists and creates new species through promoting advantageous features like laser vision and tentacles with suction cups, while discarding disadvantageous features such as the appendix and gender," countered Wise Chairman Xel'Torath while running a tentacle through their beard on each of their three heads.

"Just because humans are not extinct does not mean evolution is false. We simply branched out into different paths of evolution, with humans developing strong legs to traverse the world and us tentacle monsters developing tentacles to voyage through the murky darkness of the Eternal Abyss." Xel'Torath proceeded to show fossils of ancient humans that contained mini-tentacles at the end of each arm, which they believe are a precursor to the tentacle monsters of today.

The official stance of the Association of Giant Tentacle monsters is that the false theory of evolution will soil the minds of our broodspawn and lead to

moral degradation. The Tentacle Pope also vouched against evolution, on the grounds that God created tentacle monsters in the image of Themself. The Tentacle Pope's proclamation may very well sway the Council of the Wise, as over 89% of tentacle monsters are devout Roman Catholics.

## CHICAGO FIRE FOLLOWED BY SMALLER, DUMBER VCHICAGO FIRE

*By Thomas Noriega, Chicago, 1871*

As Chicago struggles to recover from the devastation wrought by the recent inferno, the city was struck once again by tragedy, albeit a far sillier one. A chemistry student at the University of Chicago, literally a DAY after a HUGE FIRE BURNED DOWN CHICAGO, reportedly thought, "Ooh, daddy sent me here to learn, let me combine several combustible chemicals without following any safety precautions and see how much 'learning' I can do with my eyebrows on fire!"

According to reports, the student took a whole flagon of ether (with absolutely NO clue what he was doing) and decided to start pouring that shit out near an active burner. When that fucker lit the whole damn room ablaze, firefighters weren't exactly flying to the rescue.

The emergency teams eventually came to the dumb bastard's aid, and promptly gave him a slap across his third-degree-burned face, reminding him it was lucky that the school was built of stone so it didn't turn into the pile of ash that is now Chicago.

He was taken to the hospital, where the attendant doctor repeatedly shouted, "Dumbass says what?" too quickly for the student to hear, prompting a number of laughs from the rest of the operating room when the student invariably replied, "What?"

He was expelled shortly after being released from care, with the administration citing negligence and dumbfuckery as grounds for his removal from campus.