

CHICAGO SHADY DEALER



Home and Garden Issue

COMEDY THRIVES IN DARKNESS

Summer of Love, 2018

Two Second-Years in a Trench Coat Caught Sneaking into Alumni Beer Garden

By Breck Radulovic

The Alumni Weekend Beer Garden is a tantalizing, esoteric myth among the University of Chicago's undergraduate student body. The garden baffles college students, who do not yet know the joy of gathering with graduated peers and drinking on the University's dime.

"What lies behind her mysterious white fence," undergraduates wonder aloud as they walk between the Harper and Regenstein libraries. "What is it like to feel such joy," they ask.

But this year, two adventurers decided to inquire into the depths of the Alumni Beer Garden. Donning naught but a second-hand trench coat, the two second years gathered their best fake ID and gave it a shot. Public Policy major Evan Cochran explained his valiant mission.

"I was walking back from Bartlett to procrastinate on the Quad before failing my Econometrics final, when I saw it. Dozens of smiling thirty-somethings in business casual, drinking beer—free beer. As an undergraduate man, I never get free beer.



I knew I had to get in there."

Cochran then grabbed best friend and co-conspirator Amy Phan and told her his plan. At first, Phan was skeptical, but the lure of free University beer proved too strong for her objections. After comparing fake IDs, Phan climbed on Cochran's shoulders and the two marched bravely toward the beer garden.

"We were the 21st century Adam and Eve," Phan said. "We begged the Lord for entrance back to the Garden of Eden and asked to see the forbidden fruit held within."

Yet the fruit was not to be had so easily. When Phan and Cochran approached the gates, a University administra-

Photo By Aubrey Christofersen

tor-cum-bouncer abridged their journey.

The beer guardian asked a simple riddle of the pair. "Which class did you graduate in? Everyone gets a shot glass with their graduation date etched on it!" Phan, the cooler head of the two, replied with the plausible answer of 2017. However, a panicked Cochran answered from the trench coat's mid-

section, "1928!"

Phan tried to blame Cochran's outburst on her IBS, but the bouncer was not fooled. Screeching, he sounded the alarm.

"This is not a distinguished alumna of the University! These are two undergraduates in a trench coat! This happens every fucking year." He then told Phan and Cochran to leave the premises before he called their Resident Heads.

And so, like the first man and woman, Phan and Cochran left the garden naked and cursed to a life of labor and pain. Dreams dashed, they returned to the depths of the A-Level to live out their sentence sober and disgraced.

University Administrators Hastily Shut Down Alumni Weekend DMT Garden Following Mass Vomiting and Hysterical Preaching

By Nik Varley

University administrators reportedly shut down the alumni weekend DMT garden following reports of mass vomiting and hysterical preaching. The garden, initially intended as a relaxed environment in which alumni could enjoy hallucinogenic N,N-Dimethyltryptamine, quickly be-

came both a health and safety hazard as visitors collectively regurgitated before succumbing to a religious frenzy.

"We spotted several wide-eyed alumni wandering nude through the quad proselytizing to passing students" said alumni association president Megan Rosenbaum. "At that point, we realized that the whole

thing was probably a bad idea."

Unfortunately, by the time Rosenbaum shut down the event, most of the garden's occupants were already "fully tripping out". Despite the best efforts of security officers, a band of delusional alumni successfully broke in to

See DMT on Page 2

DON'T LET THE DOOR HIT YOU ON THE WAY OUT

THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Dan Lastres
Milena Pross

MANAGING EDITOR

Nik Varley

LAYOUT EDITOR

Breck Radulovic

COPY EDITOR

Claire Holland

PHOTO EDITOR

Aubrey Christofersen

SECRETARY

David North

WEBMASTER

Chris Walker

FEATURED WRITERS

Ella Hester
Noah Goodman
Deblina Mukherjee
Kyle Oleksiuk
Antonia Salisbury
Reed Thurston

MEETINGS

Sundays at 7 p.m. in Harper 145

WEBSITE

chicagoshadydealer.com

SUBMISSIONS

chicagoshadydealer@gmail.com

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.

A Farewell Letter

Dearest Reader(s),

We have had the humbling, back-breaking honor of serving as Editors-in-Chief for the Chicago Shady Dealer over the past year and we want to give you this opportunity to thank us for all our hard work and dedication. It has been a trying affair and we've sweat through many outfits, but we did it for you, our dedicated readers. We were thrilled to do it, but we feel we deserve more appreciation.

Persevering through sandstorms, power outages, and attrition of our web development team, we strived to bring you the most truthful news and filthiest scoops we could get our probing little hands on. We dug through countless trashcans, each full of hundreds of pages of pure administration gold. You owe us, big time. Until we set up a P.O. Box for all your fan mail and cash donations, feel free to just tell your mail carrier how great we are, they'll understand and pass the message along.

We set many goals for ourselves at the start of this year. Our 14th year! The "ivory or elephant" anniversary. Some

of our goals were met, like "hosting a nuclear symposium" and "selling condoms for sport." Others did not quite work out as planned, like "maintaining our web development team" and "implementing comics." It's clear that the Shady Dealer has come a long way but still has a big journey ahead of it.

We are proud of this flimsy paper. This year we got staples in the side of it, a huge win for morale. Print journalism is certainly on its way out, but we will keep chopping down trees as long as we're strong enough swing an axe around. Though our web development team scattered around the globe, we believe we are still a superior campus publication to the Chicago "Maroon." Our party dip has three more layers and we'll take you to the Indiana Dunes.

It is also our pleasure to leave you in the loving, manicured and soft-yet-capable hands of Breckenridge Radulovic and Nickelodeon Varley.

Warmly,

Milena "Mom" Pross and Dan "Dad" Lastres

An Ode To Our Only Reader

Hey Ed Zamb
You're the manb
You have a son named Teddy
And a heart that's ready
To 'like' our pieces
Your support never ceases
Never leave us, O, Ed

You are our bread
And butter, while it melts,
we have no doubts
that Zamborskys will always be
almost certainly
the backbone-sky
of our self-esteemsky

DMT, from Page 1

the divinity school and demanded that the religious scholars acknowledge that "all religions are one when the ego dissolves and the human unconscious can infinitely expand into hyperspace". They then proceeded to eat all of the raw coffee beans in Grounds of Being and subsequently threw up on several illuminated manuscripts in the divinity's school's collection.

"Yeah, the whole thing was a complete mess" said third year witness Emily Mc-

Donough. "The alumni association basically had to round up them up like escaped zoo animals. That said, one of them gave me some pretty good ideas for my religious studies before he started trying to chew my Converse off my feet. So I guess it wasn't totally unproductive."

At press time, the Alumni Association released a statement reminding the University community that at least the DMT garden wasn't as catastrophic as last year's "bear garden".

CAN WE CALL YOU A RIDE NOW?

SG: UPASS to be Replaced by UBER

By Ella Hester

Starting in the 2018-2019 school year, students in the College will have the option of choosing an alternative to the U-PASS: the U-BER. This new program will cover all Uber expenses for students on rides that are valued below \$5 and above \$25. The initiative was proposed by a Student Government member who remarked in a meeting, "Where even is the Red Line, anyway?" The campus is divided over the expected efficacy of the program, but those who support it are very enthusiastic. "I think it's great because car pooling with Uber Pool is great for the environment, and I really care about the environment," Sheila Newton, a second year in the College, told the Dealer. "I just wish the whole city could have access to a program like this. The government could even subsidize it with our tax money! Isn't that a neat idea?" she said, waiting for an Uber at the 55 stop under the Green Line tracks.

Kevin Wolcott, another University of Chicago student, said, "I've tried so hard to get used to the CTA but I just can't wrap my head around it. How do you even get on the bus? I mean, I obvious-

ly know how to get on the bus. But how do you stay on the bus? It's really hard to latch on to the side for more than thirty seconds. Unless you're on the bike rack. That's the jackpot right there."

When the Dealer asked the same student what they thought of the people who rode within the bus, he said, "The inside is just for the bus people, silly. That's where they live, God bless 'em." One concerned parent expressed great relief at the addition of the U-BER to the Dealer. "Now I can fall asleep at night knowing that my child can get around town without worrying for their safety. The biggest public health problem in our country is the fact that public transport doesn't provide seat belts. Ever! And until that is fixed, ride sharing in a compact car with complete strangers is the only alternative for my little munchkin."

The only significant push back to this



plan has come from the Scooter Lobby, an RSO on campus that believes Razor Scooters are a superior form of transportation. "U-BER and U-PASS are both a disgusting waste of our tuition money," a Scooter Lobby spokesperson told the Dealer. "Our official stance is that the school should instead buy a razor scooter for every student. Scoot, scoot."

The Scooter Lobby and other students will have to chance to voice their concerns in SG surveys over the course of the next year. They will move to continue the U-BER beyond that time if 40% of ED students from LA are satisfied with the program by the year's end.

Discreet Mathematics Course To Be Held at 3 a.m. in Undisclosed Parking Garage

By Reed Thurston

According to anonymous sources within the University's Math department, a new listing has been added to the graduate-level course catalogue for the autumn quarter of 2018. It describes in sparse detail an advanced section of mathematical study available exclusively to students who have completed the Spectral Graph Theory course, and who "know how to keep their mouths shut." The listing, which was printed in UV-sensitive invisible ink on the reverse side of the distributed course pamphlets and hidden entirely within a commented line of source code on the course catalogue's website, gave no further details as to the instructors, class size, or subject

matter of the course. Included below the aforementioned prerequisites were a set of longitudinal coordinates which point to a small island in the Seychelles, followed by a block of heavily encrypted text and the words "No Snitches."

Several professors of cryptology were consulted to try to decipher the encoded information, but all of whom immediately refused to comment and vehemently denied the existence of any such course after the origin of the text was brought to their attention.

However, a number of University students volunteered to attempt to crack the code on the strict condition of absolute anonymity, and several pieces of the text have thus far been deciphered

to read "WHITECHEVYTAHOE," "BASEMENTSUBLEVELTWO," "MEETATTHREEM," and "TEXTBOOKSARE\$400."

No more information has yet been uncovered as to the nature or purpose of the course, and every student who was rumored to be enrolled in it quickly fled from reporters upon being approached for questioning on the matter. Meanwhile, Senior Lecturer in Mathematics and Assistant Director of Undergraduate studies John Boller also could not be reached for comment at his visibly-ransacked office, and by all witness accounts has apparently been missing for the past two weeks.

PARTY IN THE USA

LEAKED: Valerie Jarrett's Class Day Speech

By Deblina Mukherjee and Ella Hester

I can almost see it
That dream I'm dreaming but
There's a voice inside my head saying
You'll never reach it,
Every step I'm taking,
Every move I make feels
Lost with no direction
My faith is shaking but I
Gotta keep trying
Gotta keep my head held high
There's always gonna be another mountain
I'm always gonna wanna make it move
Always gonna be an uphill battle
Sometimes I'm gonna have to lose
Ain't about how fast I get there
Ain't about what's waiting on the other side
It's the climb
The struggles I'm facing
The chances I'm taking
Sometimes might knock me down but
No I'm not breaking
I may not know it
But these are the moments that
I'm going to remember most yeah
Just got to keep going
And I



I gotta be strong
Just keep pushing on, 'cause
There's always gonna be another mountain
I'm always gonna wanna make it move
Always gonna be an uphill battle
Sometimes I'm gonna have to lose
Ain't about how fast I get there
Ain't about what's waiting on the other side
It's the climb (yeah)
There's always gonna be another mountain
I'm always gonna wanna make it move
Always gonna be a uphill battle

Sometimes you gonna have to lose
Ain't about how fast I get there
Ain't about what's waiting on the other side
It's the climb (yeah yeah ea ea)
Keep on moving
Keep climbing
Keep the faith baby
It's all about
It's all about
The climb
Keep the faith
Keep your faith
Whoa oh oh

TA Rebrands Discussion Section as "Darties" in Hope Someone Will Actually Show Up

By Dumbo McGonagall

In response to declining attendance and a total abandonment of moral fiber, your TA has decided to take matters into their own hands and has sent out an email informing students that the weekly discussion sections will be changed to "Psi U + [Insert your Major Department here] Present: Alcohol, Real People, and your Midterm From 5th Week You Haven't Picked Up." The aim of this new initiative is to "to save your GPA, by whatever means necessary," according to an anonymous source. The Canvas notification in your inbox reads, "Hello all, this is a reminder that

the weekly darty will be in [building you've never been to] 107. Please come prepared to discuss the problem se--I mean, drink and do party things on a weekday."

The student reaction has been mixed. The initiative has been described as "the most transparent ruse since your uncle said, 'Got your nose!' to you as a toddler." We stopped second year Dalton Thomas en route to the darty.

"I can't believe someone would do something like this," choked out Thomas between sobs, "to take such an important part of my education as a darty and bastardize it like that! Have you no

decency, you monster? Darties were the only thing keeping me going."

Other students were not so easily fooled. "Honestly, it was pretty clear from the fact that only 20 people were invited on the Facebook event and that the only event description was 'making poor decisions in a well lit room,'" said third year Ashley Johnson.

The Dealer attempted to contact your TA for more information; however, we have no idea who that is because we've never met him or her, and neither have you. Maybe we should read the syllabus. Maybe we should all read the syllabus.

CAN'T BE TAMED

Chief Keef Devours Entire Chicago Rap Scene

By Robby Zissner

South Side music icon Chief Keef shocked the world this Tuesday when he ate the entire Chicago rap community. Dealer sources report that the incident began when fellow rapper Lil Durk accused Chief Keef of being “all bark, no bite,” to which Chief replied, “I’ll show you bite.” He then stuffed the twenty-two year old trap artist into his unhinged jaws. Since then, Keef has been terrorizing the Chicago rap world, feasting on musicians and expanding his body to massive proportions. As a result of his diet, Chief has acquired a number of supernatural powers, including the ability to shoot Xanax from

his hands and to speak in the voices of the damned.

Asked for his perspective on the matter, Chief Keef turned from the half-consumed body of R. Kelly to reply, “We Are Legion, Soon All Will Be Keef.”

The most recent victims of Chief’s rampage are University of Chicago rappers Blue Bobby and OT&D, who were scarfed down this morning. A spokesman for Blue Bobby assured the Dealer that he was honored to have been devoured by such a visionary artist, and that conditions in Chief’s stomach were accommodating.

Priests have attempted to exorcise the demonic spirit in possession of Keef’s

soul, but all attempts have met with failure because Chief Keef is actually a demon himself. In that regard, parents across the Midwest had their fears validated by the discovery that Chief’s most recent studio album, *Bang 3*, which sounds like scary mumbling when played forwards, if played backwards at triple speed, turns out to sound like even scarier mumbling.

Music critics agree that after absorbing the power of over 500 Chicago-area lyricists, the sky’s the limit for the young Mr. Keef, who is now the size of a small bus.

Op-Ed: Bill Gates, Support Journalism On-Campus by Setting Up a Trust Fund For Us

By Ella Hester

Dear Bill Gates,

Thank you so much for buying property near our storied university. We have no clues as to your motivations, so we're hoping you just like us for who we are! We do, however, feel the need to inform you that there is another Hyde Park institution worthy of your support: The Chicago Shady Dealer.

When we first heard the clang of one thousand (?) piggy banks ringing out, we immediately knew you were currently moving cross-country and we thought, hey, it's our time to get a piece

of the pie! Perhaps a yacht, or a castle to match the Harvard Lampoon's old fashioned, culty aesthetic--don't worry, we'd swap out the hazing for an exclusionary moat.

But then, our minds turned towards the practical. We dug deep into our souls and asked ourselves, what do we really need? And we realized that we want nothing more than to spend the rest of our days writing our articles in the dark corner of a dark room with no hope of our work or our selves seeing the light of day. All we need to accomplish this is a regenerative form of income, and

that's where you come in.

We don't need a fancy trust fund, just one with a lot of money. Like a whole bunch. Lots of dough. Moolah. Cash. Coinage. Greenbacks. Loot. Gravy. We're sure you've heard it all. You are well versed in the world of money, but sadly, we are not.

Thank you for considering the position of our collective benefactor. And if you decide not to be our savior, could you put in a good word with the kind people who gave us only 2/3 of our proposed budget this year? We patiently await your response.

15 BuzzFeed Quizzes for Others in Your Life

By Martha Pitzka

Everyone knows it’s fun to take BuzzFeed quizzes for yourself and figure out exactly what kind of brunch food you are--I’m a mimosa ;)--but sometimes you want to take BuzzFeed quizzes for other people in your life!

1. What type of bitch is your roommate?
2. What color is your coworker Cassie?
3. No, that wasn’t racist, I meant like,

what color of the rainbow.

4. What type of ice cream is your dentist?
5. How hard is it for your roommate to pay the fucking rent on time I swear to God?
6. What type of alcoholic is your mother?
7. But also, Cassie is Native American, right?
8. Is Dennis gay?
9. What type of horror movie is that

guy you saw on the subway?

10. Is Dennis a top or a bottom?
11. Is your father enabling your mother’s alcoholism?
12. Does Dennis like jazz?
13. Is Dennis single?
14. How many times can this dog bark before it gets put down by your neighbors?
15. What Sex in the City Character is Dennis?

University of Chicago Fails Mental Health Inspection

By Breck Radulovic

The University of Chicago failed an April 16 mental health inspection because of insufficient mental health resources, unsatisfactory support for those in need, and actively hostile policies toward students struggling with mental health, according to a report posted last Friday on EveryBlock Chicago.

The University was found to be at “high risk” by the City of Chicago’s Department of Mental Health Protection Program after an initial inspection found evidence of Title IX failures, poor mental health services across the campus, and a demanding work environment that leaves many students physically and financially drained.

According to the report, the inspector observed over 20 droppings in the Uni-

versity Student Counseling Services. “There were droppings everywhere,” Inspector Martin Hall said. “SCS dropping students who still needed their help, students being dropped off at Lake Shore Hospital, and the University forcing students to drop out after leaves of absence.”

The inspector also noted that the SCS offices on Woodlawn were insufficient for the number of students who requested their services, and that certain individuals experienced negative outcomes as direct result of the University’s negligence.

For example, the report listed several cases—including both undergraduate and graduate students—where the University failed to provide the bare minimum of support for its community.

Anxiety and depression were reportedly written off by the Administration as merely a part of the culture, and other mental illnesses were considered a direct liability to the University’s reputation and profits.

Though the University claims SCS is easily accessible, an inspector’s comment stated that there are often long wait times to see a counselor and most students were referred off-campus for care.

The University has also failed mental health inspections in the past.

In 2012, a failed mental health inspection caused the University to insincerely promise to change its ways. The College also failed a mental health inspection in 2013, after similar risks related to student mental health were discovered.

Catching Up With the Student Who Licked the Sustained Nuclear Reaction Sculpture in December 2014 and Never Got Unstuck

By Milena Pross

As all visitors to campus know, the University prides itself on inventing a real big bomb, and to commemorate it, they put up a bronze statue that looks like something or other right next to the Mansueto Bubble. It’s tall, it’s metal, and it’s a shape. But what do all chemistry students know? That in cold temperatures, metal becomes adhesive.

And nobody knows that better than Tallulah O’Hannigan, Class of 2018. Tallulah has been stuck to the statue for about three and a half years, but she’s still set to graduate this month. As a first-year in December 2014, a housemate dared her to lick the steel popcorn and promised her a dollar if she did it. Always one for adventure, she went ahead and put tongue to metal, ignoring the fact it was a brisk 4 degrees Fahrenheit (roughly -15°C). Her tongue latched on to that mushroom-gone-bad quicker than you can say “wait don’t it’s cold.” She was trapped. Her friends rushed to her aid and brought more jackets, blankets, and space heaters. Everybody realized this could take a while. While some more

ambitious helpers tried pouring boiling water on her tongue, it only scalded her and then promptly froze her harder. After a few hours and the fire department, everyone agreed a big rip was the best option—on the count of three, hordes of people pulled on Tallulah, but that tongue was not leaving the cold cold metal. It was like superglue.

Spring came, and changed nothing. Summer made the metal hot, but didn’t free Tallulah. It soon became clear that nothing ever would. Now, almost four years later, Tallulah has become a staple of campus life, a friendly figure everybody knows and loves. The *Shady Dealer* team braved the moderate spring weather for an interview.

SD: So, how are you doing?

TO: Pretty good, a little anxious about graduation.

SD: Wait how can you talk so well? Your tongue [which is now noticeably longer and bluer than an average tongue] is so stuck to the statue. Doesn’t that make speech difficult?

TO: I’ve got years of practice.

SD: Wow, okay. So how would you

describe your overall UChicago experience?

TO: It was an uncommon college experience, but that’s exactly what I wanted going in. I loved it.

SD: What did you study?

TO: Fundamentals. My question was “What happened to me??”

SD: Okay. And how did you attend classes?

TO: Usually classes came to me. If not, Skype.

SD: What are the highs and lows of this lifestyle?

TO: Gee, the best parts are all the friends I make. But the weather can get rough and at night sometimes it’s a bit lonely. Sleeping isn’t super comfortable.

SD: Any post-grad plans?

TO: The university hired me as a tour-guide-in-place slash lecturer.

[At this point, it got cloudy and looked like it might rain so the *Shady Dealer* left and went inside, leaving Tallulah alone.]

The school is certainly full of uncommon characters, but that’s the life of the mind we all know and love!!

Off-Campus Apartment Fails Health Inspection

By Clarence Burrough

The residents of 5743 South Cornell awoke to a health inspector knocking on their door this past Tuesday. Working quickly, the inspector documented eighteen violations, three of which were unidentifiable smells that “must have been something real nasty we just couldn’t find.” The residents were told to correct the violations before a surprise re-inspection in the weeks to come.

This inspection came just a few weeks after Bartlett Dining hall failed a surprise health inspection. Despite the failure, meal plan holders were impressed by the haste with which Bon Appétit and Facilities Services got the building

back up to par. It even inspired third year Brian Polder’s scheme to force his unreasonably filthy roommates into action by similar means.

Polder, who told the Dealer off-the-record that he arranged the “health inspection” as a last ditch effort to get his roommates to “Get their shit together.” His plotting paid off, as his roommates had the apartment spotless by the following morning.

The person Polder paid off to impersonate a health inspector could not be reached for comment. Polder assured the Dealer that the legal penalties for impersonating a health inspector are minimal.

“It was a lot of work and it involved a fair bit of dishonesty, but I don’t regret a thing,” said Polder, barefoot in his own home for the first time since last fall. “It worked so well that I may even begin offering it as a service to harried parents and responsible roommates whose house-mates need extra motivation.”

Brian added that, like Jeremy Bentham’s Panopticon, the “health inspector” need not visit very frequently in order to maintain cleanliness and organizational discipline, but just frequently enough to imply unceasing observation.

Uh-Oh! That Kid Made a Good Point For Once

By Noah Goodman

THURSDAY 2:00 pm — It appeared to be a typical day in Professor Jones’s section of Self, Culture, and Society. Half the class hadn’t done their reading, Fanon’s status as a Marxist was being discussed, and first-year Christopher Kerber, resident That Kid, was partaking in his patent prolonged patterings. That is, until 2:42, about halfway through the discussion section, when the Shady Dealer received a report that Mr. Kerber had apparently said something that was actually kind of insightful for once. According to one of our sources in Professor Jones’s section, who will remain anonymous, following the professor posing a question that was rather obviously meant to be rhetorical, Kerber began to “answer” it, eliciting a slightly less than audible sigh from the class. What followed, though, thor-

oughly surprised everyone present: instead of positing some inscrutable “meta-theory” only tangentially related to the topic at hand or “just playing devil’s advocate”, Kerber uttered a sequence of words that, for once in the entire history of Spring Quarter 2018, Section 34 of Self, Culture, and Society, didn’t consist entirely of metaphysical blather and was only a little bit conceited.

This reporter was certainly shocked upon hearing of this groundbreaking event in the development of this particular SOSC section, but the people that were most affected by this completely revolutionary change of conduct coming from Mr. Kerber were his very own classmates. When we asked second-year Jessica Schmidt what she thought about Kerber’s comment, she replied, “Which one?” And when we asked first-year Skyler Weiermyer whether he thought this was a turning point for his SOSC

class, he said, “Sorry, I was looking for the page we’re on. Can you repeat the question?”

These powerful student testimonies definitely speak for themselves, but if anything is certain, it is that Section 34 has a bright future ahead of it. Of course, while this does not necessarily mean that change will come quickly or that Kerber’s action signals a permanent shift in his modus operandi, it does suggest a certain fact that will be pivotal to positive future change: namely, that Kerber is physically capable of formulating and expressing ideas that have some element of merit. While analysts long suspected this to be the case, the presence of concrete evidence is a significant step forward and opens up many possibilities down the line. All that can be done now, however, is to watch Kerber closely and hope that he makes a few more comments that are actually not

THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER SAYS: DON'T YOU DARE ENJOY YOUR SUMMER

SPRING HAS SPRUNG: FIJIS QUIT BREASTFEEDING

By *Antonia Salisbury*

Frarty season is upon us, and you know what that means: barbecued mashed peas and a banana yogurt ice luge.

The Dealer began its reporting at the Fiji mansion. Upon our arrival, all the biggest boys were chewing on their toes. This is what 241-month old Fiji social chair, Baby Face McGhee, had to say: "I am a big baby. I just want to be pushed around in a stroller by my mommy." Stopping to let another brother wipe Gerber's dribble off his chin, he continued, "I expect to fall asleep in my car seat and wake up in my crib."

The boys say that quitting breastfeeding cold turkey has been a challenge. "Some nights I wake up and try to lift my head but I can't get it all the way up yet," said second year Todd Milquetoast. But the guys agree; downgrading to applesauce is a small price to pay for taking your first steps. Are you good at spike ball? Do you love Migos? If you know how to do infant CPR and love saliva, well then I'll see you at Fiji this Saturday.

But watch out ladies, the Fiji boys are teething!

SOSC CANVAS POSTS TOO INTIMATE

By *Warner Swatkins*

WIEBOLT HALL- The trouble began when a number of students in Professor Bart Conroy's third quarter of "Self, Culture, Society" expressed concerns that the readings and works concerning Dr. Sigmund Freud and his contemporaries would be awkward, to say the least. Little did they expect how seriously their T.A. and more intellectually rigorous classmates would take the material.

The students showed little restraint and a whole lot of emotional vulnerability in their weekly chalk posts interrogating the machinations of gender, family, and sexual development in their own lives.

Responding to the works of Freud, Adorno, Lacan, De Beauvoir, and Fanon opened them up to examining their unconscious minds. The promise and potential offered by blaming their problems on society and their parents proved to be very alluring.

"I'm impressed by how seriously they all took the assignment," Margret Elliot, the course's T.A. said, "Getting all their deep trauma and festering neuroses out on the canvas site really helped kickstart an even more intimate discussion, and we've never been closer as a section.

Despite improved rates of participation and critical engagement, many students felt uncomfortable. "It's great that everyone is opening up about their experiences of race, class, gender, and even queerness," said an anonymous student in the class, "I'm just not ready to reconcile my own upbringing with the theory we're reading... My sense of self and identity may be false and unquestioned, but it's still my consciousness."

At press time, The Dealer can confirm that a majority of the class is dropping out to form a commune in the Adirondack mountains of upstate New York where they intend to live in peace and harmony amidst the wilds of the North, practicing a doctrine of sharing, caring, and unconditional love.

DID THIS ARTICLE JUST POSE A RHETORICAL QUESTION IN LIEU OF AN ACTUAL HEADLINE?

By *Reed Thurston*

Startling readers and baffling journalistic style guidelines everywhere, you won't believe the answer you hear when we ask the hot-button question that's on everyone's mind: Did the headline of this article really just blankly state a pointlessly obvious question, instead of actually conveying any information of substance to its audience?

Well we, the intrepid journalists of the Chicago Shady Dealer, have done our digging to get the real scoop on this

week's most scandalous and sensational line of inquiry. But what we eventually discovered shocked even the most experienced editors in our staff!

"But how could that be?" you ask. "What's really going on with those big words at the top of this column?"

"Does any of it mean anything?"

"Can a mere question actually be considered news of any kind?"

"Are the writers really so creatively bankrupt that they'd resorted to employing hollow, attention-grabbing, tabloid clickbait schlock tactics just to drum up more business?"

For the answers to all these questions and so many more, look no further than the next five or six sentences, because not only do we not know how you'll react to the answers we're about to give you, but we have no idea just how much longer we can pad out this article for content!

"But, why just a question?" you're still asking. "Wouldn't it make more sense just to summarize the content of the article in a brief declarative statement?"

"Doesn't posing every potential new piece of knowledge as an open question not only muddle the meaning of an otherwise-innocuous fluff piece with unnecessary ambiguity and overt bias, but also fail to actually inform anyone of anything, wasting both the reader's and the writer's time and energy?"

"Was this article even about anything in the first place, or is it now just a receptacle for its writer's vain, self-referential satirical navel-gazing?"

Well as it turns out, the true answers to all these questions are so incredibly unbelievable that we can't even run them in print! To get the full story, with all the scandals and salacious details, follow the rest of this piece and click through the entire slideshow so we can farm for ad revenue at www.chicagoshadydealer.com.