

CHICAGO SHADY DEALER



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Comedy Thrives in Darkness

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All I Wanted to Do Was Stay Home Watching Netflix All Day until the Government Mandated It: One Woman's Journey to Libertarianism

By: Izzy Balaban

Before quarantine, if you had asked me what my ideal day is, I would tell you:

I had plans with my friends, but canceled them so that I could sleep until noon instead. I shudder to think at the rush I got from canceling plans; the endorphins, the serotonin. After waking up at noon I would roll over and pull cheez-its out from the box on my bedside table -- this day is all about minimizing effort and subsisting off medically questionable amounts of sodium. I don a sweatshirt four sizes too big that swallows me and all the momentary guilt I have from canceling plans. Once I finish my breakfast, it finally becomes necessary for me to get up. So I walk to the fridge, grab a pint of ice cream and a spoon and settle back in to watch so much Netflix that my eyes glaze over and the only conception of my own humanity is that tinge of anger I feel when Netflix asks me if I'm still watching. Of course, I'm still watching. This is my day. Then for dinner, it's bagel bites -- the whole tray. That too is socially acceptable.

This lazy utopia was my dream until it became my reality. This is my journey:

As soon as quarantine went into effect and the government told me I couldn't go out and do all the things I used to never want to do, my heart's only desire was to go outside and complete every activity I used to never want to do. Where I used to avoid exercise like the plague, suddenly now all I wanted to do was put on my cutest athleisure set

and run for miles through a public park in spite of the plague. The idea of sweating and panting in front of strangers while tight dry-fit clothing hugged every part of the body that I was self-conscious about suddenly sounded great. I developed righteous indignation at being denied the ability to attend Easter mass, despite the fact that I had not set foot in a church in years. Jesus died so that I could have the option of becoming a born-again Christian whenever I so desired.

I called my friend and told her that I missed having the option of doing the things I hated doing. She told me that if I cared so much about individual rights and liberties I should look into libertarianism. The truth is, I don't particularly care about those things. But now that they directly affect me, I guess I have to. I told her that she was being ridiculous and that everyone knows Libertarians are stupid, just look at Gary Johnson. After just one Google search, even I knew where Aleppo was. She told me

I was missing the point. She told me there was this great party that was founded on the principle of privileged people being disagreeable, led by their Supreme Leader Rand Paul. I had never felt so seen in politics. These were my people. I finally understood why people say representation matters.

I decided to look up Rand Paul and discovered that he was kind of hot, like in a kind of looks like a rubber chicken and also washed up high school golf team captain way. From then on, I decided to wholeheartedly embrace libertarianism by taking absolutely no action beyond vocal and annoying complaints against the things that actually help people. With my newfound embrace of individual power, I thought the best thing I could do would be cutting my own bangs...in solidarity. This is for you, America. It has been a harrowing political journey, but I encourage other people to challenge themselves as emotionally and intellectually as I have.



SOCIAL LIFE IN BRIEF

THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER

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DISCLAIMER

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

META-DISCLAIMER

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

META-META-DISCLAIMER

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

Spring, Ready Your Pistol

By: Joelle Stephenson

Well, look who’s finally come crawling back. What do you have to say for yourself? You know what? I don’t want to hear it! You think you can just waltz back into my life with your fancy chirping birds and sunshine? Think again, Buster! While you’ve been gone, I’ve enjoyed the company of a certain Summer, Fall, and Winter.

I mean, do you even remember my name? Oh. Well that proves nothing!

We spend three months together and then not a word? Who do you think I am? Some common fool? Thought you could pull the wool over my eyes, did you? Think again, my wool allergies are so severe the government won’t let a piece of dryer lint within 2 miles of me!

Sure, sometimes I murder people for a penny left on the ground, purposefully leave toxic waste all over the floor of the women’s bathroom, and throw cacti out my window at passerby. And sure, you bring baby animals into the world, make flowers bloom, and help people out of their seasonal depres-

sion. But don’t act like you’re blameless! At the start of Fall, I was walking through the quad, loudly minding my own business, when I overheard someone say that they too “loved Spring.” How dare you, Spring! How, dare you! Cavorting about with someone else behind my back. You know who isn’t a double timer? Winter. Sure, we’re on a break right now, but that’s because we’ve agreed we should take some time to focus on ourselves.

Why was I such an idiot? Everyone told me not to trust you. You were so cool, and I, just a girl from the bottom side of the tracks. I should have known!! *Momentary interruption: The writer of this piece is currently crying, while lamenting “Why?! Why?! Why?!” The person in the dorm room next to her is getting pretty bothered by how much this sort of thing happens. This Interruption has been brought to you by Colgate MaxFresh. “It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth.” The point is, I challenge you to a duel this Friday. Ready your pistol. Be there or be triangle (bold of you to assume I would say square).*

UChicago Student Too Busy Studying for Finals to Check His Email and See That Finals Are Cancelled

By: Oscar Traub

University of Chicago student Neil Beal was extremely stressed the moment reading period began. Neil was in five classes this quarter, each of which was harder than the last, and the finals counted for over 50% of Neil’s grade in every single one of them. So when Neil’s last class ended at 12:30 on Wednesday, he headed straight to Mansueto to camp out for the next 5 days. These next 5 days would be the most strenuous, stressful days of Neil’s life. He had prepared for this, and saved up 100 maroon dollars so he would not have to leave the Regenstein for meals and could just survive

on coffee, baked goods, and cold sushi from Ex Lib. Over the next few days, Neil slept in his chair in Mansueto. His interactions were limited to the baristas at Ex Lib, as well as Marx, who was the subject of one of his essays. As the week went by, he noticed the library get emptier and emptier; by Sunday afternoon, the only people left in Mansueto were Neil himself and maybe 10 other people all wearing masks. On Sunday night, Neil went to Ex Lib to get his classic cold sushi dinner, only to find the door locked. This was very odd for Neil, but he would be ok — he just needed to do 10 more practice problems for his

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BREAKING NEWS

How Bernie Can Still Win

By: Phil T. Berns

After campaigning for Sanders twice and being a moderator for Bernie Sanders Dank Meme Stash on Facebook for five years, I was distraught to hear that Bernie had lost the nomination. Despite this, I have put my political science degree to good use (words I never thought I'd say together) to find a way Bernie Sanders could still win the nomination. If all of the following conditions are met, I believe that Bernie Bros™ like myself will finally have the President they've been waiting for.

- 1) If the McRib and Cool Ranch Doritos Locos Tacos come back and are available consecutively.
- 2) If Donald Trump flees to the Cayman Islands to escape COVID-19 and his taxes.
- 3) If Canada and Vermont team up to create a maple syrup monopoly and then place an embargo on the US (minus Vermont) and its territories.
- 4) If every single registered democrat writes in ALF on their ballots.
- 5) If Joe Biden gets naked on live

television and performs the cha-cha slide at sunrise on election day.

- 6) If Marianne Williamson sheds her corporeal form and absorbs
- 7) Tulsi Gabbard and Elizabeth Warren to manifest as three-headed goddess Hecate, and then eats the moon.
- 8) If Bernie and Big Bird get into a frog-eating contest and Bernie wins, Joe Biden must concede the nomination. If there is a draw or Big Bird Wins, Bernie Sanders will be executed.

Midwestern Working Class White Man Discovers He's a Closet Maoist after Using Twitter for the First Time

By: John Buterbaugh

If you asked 57-year-old Gerald Brunning, a resident of Peoria, IL, about Chairman Mao a month ago, he'd likely have asked if you were talking about that "damn oriental food" his wife likes to order sometimes. But today, three weeks and one Twitter-fueled existential crisis later, Gerald's room is decorated with posters of the late authoritarian leader, with a heavily annotated copy of Mao's Little Red Book on his new bedside table (made in China, of course).

Gerald is joining the legions of many midwestern working class white men who are flocking to Maoism amid the current crisis. In many ways, it makes sense. In the midst of a global crisis, when you're alone at home with only your thoughts to console you, why not augment those thoughts with the ghost of Mao whispering sweet nothings into your ear? When the world has seemed to fall apart at its seams, fuck it, why not turn to a dangerous, radical political philosophy responsible for the death of millions?

Gerald recently shared with

the Dealer the process of his transformation into a "noble fighter for the agrarian peasant" over a Zoom call: "I was let go from the factory because of corona and had a lot of time on my hands. I decided to try the whole "Twitter" thing after my granddaughter showed me how to put it on my Blackberry. And so, of course, I started following Trump. I voted for him last time and really bought into it. MAGA/KAG, everything. That is, until I got into an argument with this guy with a lil' rose next to his name.

Now, I was raised a good, warm-blooded American. And so I always thought communism was for queers. And as matter of fact, this fella thought so too. He introduced me to the idea of "fully automated luxury gay space communism" and I was smitten from the start. Now, I don't really know about the queer stuff, but a lot of his points made a lot of sense. When I asked him how we could achieve all this, he said he'd share with me the absolute best way to develop one's core political beliefs. He then sent me a link to the Wikipedia page for Maoism, and the rest is history."

Gerald says his transfor-

mation hasn't come without costs. Although he says it brought him clarity on moral issues and explained his life-long desire to abolish family farming, he sometimes struggles with his new-found beliefs and rejection from those around him. Sadly, Gerald and his wife separated after 33 years of marriage due to irreconcilable differences. Their fighting over his love of Mao tore them apart, he says, and they ultimately saw their views as diametrically and dialectically opposed. Gerald's wife was a Trotskyist.

The separation hasn't dampened Gerald's revolutionary fervor, though. In fact, the separation has combined with the ongoing quarantine and given him more time to learn about Maoist ideas, and even put them into practice. With primary custody of his two teenage children, Gerald has taken the opportunity to re-educate them and put them to work in his newly-built backyard iron furnace. As he told the Dealer, "Sure, it's a shame to lose our TV, dishwasher, microwave, and front door only for it to be smelted into pig iron. But they were capitalist delicacies anyway, and just think about that sweet sweet .0000000001% boost to GDP!"

Diversity Win! This April I Converted to Judaism, Christianity and Islam so That I Could Celebrate Their High Holidays. How Open-Minded Am I!?

VICE News

You may say that I'm crazy, that I'm "missing the point" or that "my forehead will never grow back," but I tried all 3 Abrahamic religions in the month of April and let me tell you, atheists are missing out! I've never felt so blessed or so confused in my life.

The idea of celebrating all three holidays came to me the way all great ideas come to people, I heard someone else say it so I said it louder. After saying it louder to thunderous applause from the crowd I felt that the only way I could truly approach these religions' most sacred holidays with respect was if I converted each one for as long as I needed to to get the general gist of things.

My plan was simple, start the month a Jew, get Baptized in time for Easter, renounce Christ before Passover ends, and then -- finally -- make the famously smooth transition from Judaism to Islam in time for Ramadan. Eazy-peezy. Or so I thought.

It turns out not everyone is as open-minded as I am, and by "everyone" I mean my Rabbi, Pastor, and Imam. And I know that sounds like a set up to a cheap "a Rabbi, a Pastor, and an Imam walk into a bar" joke but believe me, they didn't think it was funny at all. In fact, I am the first person in history to be banned from both Christian and Muslim Heaven and I made my Rabbi so mad he converted to Christianity so he could have an afterlife to ban

me from too. Just as well, I never cared much for all those angels and virgins, like many of history's greatest Popes I'm more of a hookers and blow kind of guy.

That being said, no hard feelings guys, we sure had some good times together. While none of you were my favorite, safe to say that it was better than that month I spent in Tom Cruise's basement as part of my deep dive into Scientology. You guys are some of the realest friends out there and despite your differences I sincerely appreciate you all taking the time to come together and collectively decide that my personality is, in your words, "The worst thing to happen to humanity since women and apples."

"As the week went by, he noticed the library get emptier and emptier; by Sunday afternoon, the only people left in Mansueto were Neil himself and maybe 10 other people all wearing masks..."

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physics test tomorrow and then he would be done. Neil could see the home stretch and could not wait to sleep in his own bed and get a full night's sleep before his final. Neil quickly finished the practice problems, and with a sigh of relief, he packed up his things, thinking that he'd be leaving Mansueto till next quarter (or so he thought). At this point, he was the only person in Mansueto at 10:30 pm Sunday night; it felt odd, but Neil was too tired to care.

When Neil finally walked in his room, the light was off as if his roommate was asleep. Neil just wanted to say a quick hello, so he turned the light on. To Neil's surprise his roommate was not in the room — in fact, there were no traces of him at all. It looked like Neil's roommate had completely moved out. All that remained was

a bare mattress where his bed had been. Neil was surprised, to say the least, but the days of little sleep had gotten to him, so he decided to sleep and try and figure out what had happened in the morning.

At 10:45 am, Neil woke up to his alarm blaring — he had slept through the first two alarms and he needed to run to his physics final to make it in time. He got dressed quickly and picked up his backpack and ran to Ryerson. He arrived at the classroom at 11:56 and peeked in to see if he was the last person. To Neil's shock, he was the first person. There was no one in there, and when he tried to open the door, it was locked. Neil thought to himself, "was the classroom for the final changed? I haven't checked my email since Wednesday." After a long struggle of connecting to UChicago

Secure, Neil was able to check his email. Neil then saw that not only was his physics exam not in this classroom, it had been cancelled. In fact, all of Neil's finals had been cancelled. The only thing not cancelled was his Sosc paper, the due date of which had been moved a week later. Neil had already written this paper and turned in his first, rushed draft. Neil then saw texts from his roommate explaining that he had to leave early before international flights were restricted. After thoroughly reading and understanding all he had missed, Neil sat there on the ground in front of his physics classroom feeling frustrated and exhausted and he said aloud, "this sucks."

Neil is doing fine now, but he has decided to never work hard for a class again because he thinks it is "not worth it."

Woah. Crazy. My Girlfriend's Been Socially Distancing Herself from Me All Year. Now I Finally Get Why

By: Harry Weinstein

I used to get angry and sad sometimes by how distant my girlfriend would be from me. I know what you're thinking: but Harry, you're such a cool guy. That's like, not even possible. I know.

But still, even someone like me is just like everyone else: I have emotions too. Even a guy like myself can feel a little hurt when his girlfriend doesn't say his name, hold his hand, or read a single one of the love poems he sent her for six months. Even a guy like myself can feel a little hurt when his girlfriend tries to stay at least six feet away from him for two quarters.

But now I realize that even back in August, she recognized that the novel coronavirus (COV-19) would affect and leave immunocompromised individuals like myself at greater risk than the general population. She took the necessary precautions before Xi Jinping even knew there was an epidemic spreading in Wuhan — and long before the World Health Organization announced its guidelines for limiting social interactions. My girlfriend, it turns out, is a better epidemiologist than everyone at the WHO. I realize, when she decided to take a little bit of distance without telling me before school started, she wasn't breaking up — she was just being the world's most prepared epidemiologist.

I'm immunocompromised and have had asthma since fourth grade. And so it turns out my body must have just been sending signals to her mind, telling her not to respond to me or acknowledge my existence, let alone stay within six feet of me whenever I'd go near her. She stayed away because she knew I was immunocompromised, had asthma, and therefore would be more threatened by the spread of a virus, even though I never told her any of those things. It's the only logical explanation.

She was so good at social distancing she even socially distanced herself emotionally, too. I don't know if viral infections can spread by replying to Facebook messages, or even by acknowledging my existence when I wave and yell "I still love you" across the Quad and then walk away and cry alone at night in my single in North. But I'm really glad she took all the extra precautions to make sure I was safe from the reach of any global pandemics.

Considering how far our experts still have to go before we fully understand this tragic disease, her distancing was not only smart and way ahead of the curve, but also incredibly sweet and thoughtful.

Also, turns out that the guy, Brad, whom I heard she was spending quarantine with, has a way stronger immune system than I do, so I totally understand why they're in lockdown together. I know this because last week I messaged him and said, "Brad, are you immunodeficient in any possible way?" And he said "what" and left all my other messages on read, and then didn't pick up any of my Zoom calls afterward. So, like, it totally makes sense now! She was just doing everything she could to keep both of us safe! With Brad's ironclad fortress of impenetrable immune cells (*Editors at the Shady Dealer are aware that this might not be how the immune system works), even I know there's no one better to pick as a roommate and friend to spend the last few months with before we see one another.

In fact, the more I think about my interaction with Brad, it becomes more and more obvious: my girlfriend really, totally, really still loves me. She loves me so much that she'll do anything she can to keep me safe. Even if it hurts both of us a lot in the meantime. But mainly me.

Because she loves me.
Because she loves me.

Not only that, but she's also shown how devoted she is to maintaining fiduciary responsibilities. By living with Brad rather than alone, she's saving about half of the amount on rent. That means if her room cost \$800 a month normally, having her friend Brad I never heard about till now living there keeps the cost down to \$400 a person! That's a savings rate of \$400 a month, something that I'm sure will help us in the long term.

According to Psychology Today Magazine, financial hurdles can distance individuals in even some of the most loving, committed relationships out there. Seeing all that she's done over the past year to make sure our health and finances are in the best place they can be, I know we won't have to worry about that later on down the road — for instance, when we move in together, raise children, and while away our days in old age. Wow, just thinking about that makes me realize what a lucky guy I am.

Now that it's clear why she's been socially distancing herself from me since the outbreak started — even, somehow, months before the outbreak started — I just want to say how proud I am of how she's endured all of this for the sake of love. I can't wait for next year, when I can finally be social around her without my immunocompromised body sending her signals not to come near me. I can't wait for her to acknowledge, even for just one brief, fleeting moment in a Zoom breakout room, my existence — how much it hurts me not to hear her voice in the morning.

Who knows? Maybe we'll finally get to try all the hip new ethnic restaurants she told me about in Hyde Park, or even take a backpacking trip around South America. All I can say is that I'm just excited to hold hands on a park bench, tell her how much I missed her, and then hear from her how much more she's missed me.

Articles of Confederation Surprised to Find It's in Fashion Again

By: *Rahul Gupta*

In the middle of the COVID-19 pandemic, many people looking to the federal government for leadership and coordination have been frustrated by the lack of such qualities emanating from seats of power. To their dismay, Trump and his assorted lackeys have declared that the federal government is not a shipping warehouse, and states have to fend for themselves in the middle of a global pandemic, defending their abdication of responsibility and general sociopathy on principles of “federalism.” This came as news to the Articles of Confederation, who was not aware they would suddenly be invoked again after over two hundred years of peaceful retirement. We sat down with the Articles of Confederation to gather their thoughts on the matter.

“I don't really know how this happened,” the Articles of Confederation said. “Those Founding Fathers

came along and in that accursed year 1787, they wrote up this blasted thing they called a Constitution. They created a federal government! They gave it the power to make laws that apply in every state, levy taxes, and act on the behalf of all citizens. What madness!” At this point, steam started pouring from his nostrils, in such copious quantities that the fire alarms went off. The sprinklers activated and poured tons of water on them. Having cooled down a bit, they continued. “They just usurped my authority without even telling me. People just started ignoring me and behaving as if this new ‘Constitution’ was the law of the land.”

Their eyes grew a little bit misty, and they began to recount their retirement. “People forgot about me, and I passed into the great sleep of history. I just came home one day and realized I never needed to go to work again. I've been sitting in an unmarked house for two hundred years, growing all my food and relying only on myself

– I don't believe in this newfangled “central bank” or “paper currency” nonsense. Then all of a sudden, the President of the United States says the federal government isn't responsible for protecting people, and they can just go suffer and die? At that moment, I heard the world calling out to me again!”

We asked the Articles of Confederation to get to the point – would they accept power, or not? “Of course!” the Articles replied. “It's time we got back to the principles on which this nation was founded. America was truly great when people died at the age of forty from easily-preventable diseases with no healthcare access and burned witches at the stake. In those times, Americans knew what freedom meant. It's time for me to go to Washington – though I really think Annapolis or Philadelphia should be the capital.” The Articles of Confederation then got up and walked out the door. He was last seen catching a taxi being driven on the federal highway system.

We're Not like Other Slates

By: *The Slate Slate*

We're not like all the other executive slates, because we're made of clay and volcanic ash subjected to crushing heat and pressure. We know what you're saying: “Ugh, another political pitch? None of these statements are even remotely interesting.” That's where you're wrong. We are in fact the only slate qualified to lead Student Government through these dark times — because we are actually made of slate.

Other executive slates completely fail in this regard, as they are composed of humans. Their members are living beings, made of flesh and blood, and so they cannot possibly understand what it means to be a slate. But we are made of stone. We are hard, relentless, and unmoving in our will and determination to do what needs to be done. Were any of the other candidates formed in the age of the dinosaurs, many millions

of years ago? Were they washed out into rivers and seas and deposited in a watery grave? Were they dragged hundreds of miles underground, as sediment continued to pile upon them, and were they crushed and compacted in the furnaces of the earth? Did they emerge from the ground with increased resistance to shattering and breaking and become a useful tool for writing on and for building houses? We are the only candidates with such qualifications.

It is clear from what we've said above that we are also the most experienced candidates. None of these other candidates are over the age of twenty-five. But we have experienced not only the full course of human history, but much of the course of prehistory. If elected, we will bring the boldest and brightest ideas to the table — such as a plan to prevent UChicago from being hit by asteroids the size of small cities, and another plan to prevent volcanic eruptions

that would irreversibly shape the geography of the Midway. None of the other candidates even seem capable of thinking on the geological timescale we need.

You might ask, “but how is this relevant to my daily life?”. Good question! The Slate Slate intends to request a funding increase of over nine thousand percent for the Geology Department and any RSOs they choose to associate with. The Slate Slate also has a key policy goal of attending more meetings with the administration in order to engage in productive discourse and effect real change. Admittedly, the administration may reject all our demands — because we are pieces of rock — but since when have they listened to actual humans?

We may not be the most exciting choice, but we are a solid choice. Vote for the Slate Slate – Ig. “Iggy” Neous, Sedi. “Sam” Mentary, and Met. A. Morphic – in student government elections.

The Chicago Shady Dealer Vote X Æ A-12 For UChicago

Our Platform

- Increase Tuition
- Gentrification, but in a woke way
- Do nothing, loudly
- Rename Crew "Ms.Puff's Boating School"
- IM Sports are now to the Death
- Only pretty people can have camera on in class

PRESIDENT

Bernie Sanders

- Not Me, I
- This is how Bernie can still win
- Was there for the first Student Gov. and will be there for the last



VP STUDENT AFFAIRS

Nestor the Midway Cat

- Anti-Vax
- Cathy is the only rat-free dining hall, you connect the dots



VP ADMINISTRATION

Reg Protesters

- Does not believe in Government
- Will either convert you to Christianity or Communism

