

Social Sciences Professors Update Curriculums with Rich Instructional Technology

By: *Christine St Jeanos*

The pandemic has forced our Social Science professors to find unique ways to foster collaboration. By being required to play Among Us, students will still have the “traditional” SOSC experience— fearing group discussions, pretending they are completing tasks, and suffering from Imposter Syndrome.

“Our Social Sciences core

introduces students to the fundamental question— What is society?” Dean Nondorf wrote in an email to undergraduates. “In many ways, Among Us reflects society in real life. You work, you chat, you have emergency meetings, you get framed for murder, you are ejected into the void.”

We reached out to Dean Boyer for comment on faculty concerns, particularly the imagery of murder. He defended his

decision and praised Among Us’ setting for upholding the Chicago Principles. “This is a galaxy that encourages sabotage and murder, which is perfect. We don’t want our students in a Safe Space.”

He added that if Among Us is successful, the University will expand their academic technology and Civilization Studies professors will explore aspects of colonization through Fortnite.



Top Five Things You Can Say in SOSC to Convince Your Professor That You Did the Readings

By: *Merrin Seegers*

1- Ask a question

This is the easiest way to pretend to engage with the reading you did not do. The question does not have to be good but rather heard and noted by your professor. Add in some ran-

dom words like “to what extent” and “impact” and “society” and you will scam your way into a decent participation grade.

2- “Actually in another class I am taking this quarter..”

This is a standard but reliable go

to for students who did not want to read another hundred pages of Adam Smith talking about money or whatever. Gold medals should be given to students who can vaguely connect Global Warming to their Self discussion. Disclaimer: this

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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.

UChicago Student Victim of Drive-by Laser Tag Shooting

By: *Buford Sandalford*

The University of Chicago Police Department (UCPD) has received eight reports of individuals in vehicles shooting laser tag guns at pedestrians in what city officials are calling “the most fun crime wave ever!”

Frank LeBlanc, the victim of one such incident, described the traumatizing experience: “I was just walking along the Midway — you know, normal stuff — and all of a sudden, this rad-looking car drives by, a neon-green SUV with skull decals. The guy in the passenger seat rolls down the windows — he’s probably in his late forties, early fifties — and pulls out this huge laser tag gun. He pointed it at my face and fired it about a dozen times, while shouting ‘Pew! Pew!’ before speeding off.”

Minutes later, the UCPD arrived on the scene and confirmed that Leblanc had sustained no physical injuries.

Still, he told reporters, the incident likely caused years worth of therapy. “Sure, things turned out alright, but what if I had been wearing laser tag gear? Then I would have been out of the game for sure!”

Henrietta, a grad student who did not provide her last name, had a similarly frightening experience. “I had just left the apartment when I saw a tricycle wobbling down 57th Street. When it passed me, the rider fired a laser gun at me three times. None of them hit me — thank God — but one did turn off my TV, which I had forgotten to do myself.”

The UCPD offered a warning to the student body: “Stay alert, stay vigilant, and carry a mirror at all times.”

UChicago Republicans Endorse the Ghost of Ronald Reagan for Student Council

By: *Merrin Seegers*

In a surprising move, the UChicago Republicans have endorsed the Ghost of Ronald Reagan for Student Council. This endorsement beats out many other possible contenders including a trash bag filled with copies of Atlas Shrugged and a mummified Confederate horse.

The Ghost of Ronald Reagan is the phantom of the 40th President of the United States. Ronald Reagan is most known for his policy of Trickle-Down Economics (which we were told was not a sex thing), war crimes, and being out-acted by a chimpanzee in the film Bedtime for Bonzo.

In a statement to the Shady Dealer, club member Barry Goldwater III explained “As conservatives we pride ourselves on having freedom of thought. I was never influenced by my

family or friends when making my political beliefs. I only rely on the facts. Because of this I am glad our club has endorsed the only logical choice in this race — a paranormal spirit.”

The UChicago Republicans told the Shady Dealer they plan on holding a rally for their candidate. While the rally is still in its planning stages, some possible highlights include a candidate speech made via Ouija board, a bonfire out of their boat shoes, and a merch table filled with Bush Reagan ‘84 shirts redesigned with red sharpie to include the word “ghost.”

In a stunning upset, the clown community has decided to endorse Donald Trump. Insults exchanged between the candidates put clowns in the crossfire: Trump told Biden that he was not smart, and when Biden retorted that Trump was a clown, the remark sealed

“All Social Interaction is Inherently Performative,” Says First-Year With No Friends

By: Darya Foroohar

Third week has come and gone, and the fresh crop of freshmen have finally formed their throngs. Whether you see them sitting in awkwardly large circles on the quad or spending all their money at Te Amo, it's impossible to cross campus without tripping over a pack of first years. But who are we to begrudge them their naïve happiness? We can leave that to their peers, particularly those who have failed to find a group of their own.

“Honestly, it's just impossible to have a deep conversation with a large group of people,” said Margo Fuller, closing her dog-eared copy of Harry Potter. “Everything is so superficial, it's all like, ‘what's your major?’ ‘Where are you from?’ And it's like, I don't care

about that. I wanna really get to know someone.”

When asked how she would really get to know someone without leaving her dorm, Margo wasn't able to give a clear answer, saying how she'd assumed she'd “just find her people” once she got to campus. “It's been a little harder than I thought,” she admitted, expressing her surprise at all the groups forming. “I don't know how people are forming cliques so fast. It reminds me of high school, honestly, and that was really toxic. Hopefully people mature out of that soon. Then I'd like to expand my circle.”

Unfortunately for Margo, it can be difficult to expand your circle if you don't have a circle to begin with and all you do is glare out the window and play Animal Crossing. When we mentioned this, Margo seemed a little upset,

saying, “it's not my fault everyone was able to find groups and I have to sit in my room all day feeling sorry for myself because I've missed the window of opportunity to meet my people, and now I have to be depressed all four years!” She put her head down and started sobbing. The reporting team didn't really want to deal with that, so we just left.

Hopefully, Margo will be able to find enough friends so that she can stop complaining about how obnoxious everyone else is being by posting pictures of their peers on social media. After all, it's UChicago—there are sure to be plenty of other people who are even less self-aware about their own former gifted kid-ness than she is. If and when that happens, we'll be sure to cover it so that the rest of you can steer clear.

Chicago Students Much More Attractive Wearing Masks

By: Nick Schwarz

HYDE PARK, Chicago—UChicago may be known for many things: getting overrated in the U.S. and World Report rankings, sky-high tuition, misery; but an attractive student-body is not one of those things. As the importance of beauty for prospective students falls somewhere between “average water-ski ability” and “number of times attacked by a turkey” according to the Admission's Office formula. A recent article by how-hot-is-your-school.com said that Maroons are like “Purdue kids but with funny teeth.”

So, while the social life at most schools has hit a snag due to the Coronavirus and students being forced to wear masks, romantic activity has seen an uptick at UChicago. Many students share the same theory: “My girlfriends and I used to call Chicago ‘the driest campus that still drinks,’ but the whole masks thing means that you can go on a date without spending the entire time thinking ‘what the hell is wrong with his lip?’” a third year told us. “The last relationship I had, ended because she couldn't stand how I never looked at her the way I looked at the squirrels outside the Reg.

With masks though, anyone can be hotter than a squirrel if you can imagine it,” says a second year. Many students have opted to never see each other without masks, even in the bedroom. “In our past hook-ups, both of us were pretty limited to doggy-style so we didn't actually have to look at the other person. But now, because we've been mask-exclusive since we started seeing each other, face-to-face positions aren't a disgusting turn-off,” one couple agreed. “Thanks to COVID and masks there's a whole second half to the playbook now. Make Missionary Great Again!”

Biden Loses Clown Vote

By: Andre Dang

the endorsement decision for the American clown community. This is a major loss for the Biden campaign, and

major damage control will be required on their part.

A spokesperson from the Biden campaign told the Shady Dealer: “Joe Biden has no ill will towards the

clown community, and was merely in a heated debate.” The Shady Dealer can confirm the spokesperson, whose breath smelled like peppermint gum,

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STUDENT LIFE

“... Add in some random words like “to what extent” and “impact” and “society...””

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phrase does rely heavily on the assumption that you have done the reading for another class. This might be an unrealistic expectation if you are reading this article.

3- “In 2020...”

I am sure if this 17th century philosopher came back to life hundreds of years later in the 21st century they would have a lot of things to say. However, I am not sure their first comment would be about Instagram

and its impact on mental health. It would probably either be fifteen minutes of continuous screaming or them repeatedly yelling the phrase “DIE WITCH DIE!”

4- “I agree with what *insert name here* said”

This is the W*tson and Cr*ck of things to say in SOSC. It perpetuates the long-held truism of “if you cannot come up with anything original to say, then plagiarize a woman by saying exactly what she said but

louder.”

5- Personal anecdote

If Shakespeare said, “All the world’s a stage” then I believe that “All the world’s your finsta.” Want to talk about that weird thing that happened to you last week? Then bring it up during your SOSC discussion. Self-care can be as simple as pinning your square on Zoom and treating everything you say in class like you are complaining on your private story.

“Joe Biden has no ill will towards the clown community, and was merely in a heated debate”

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muttered to her colleagues while walking away, “I can’t believe they made me wake up at 4 just to talk to some kid” and “did you see the way he was grinning and staring at us without blinking the entire time” and “he’s still following us, what a creep.”

Gerald, a representative of the clown community who is also a friend of my mom’s that comes over a lot when my dad is out of the house, told us that he “is four months behind in

rent” and “needs to get back to work” and “regrets giving [me his] phone number.” He went on to say that he “couldn’t give a rat’s *** about politics” and “didn’t watch any stupid debate” and that if I kept pestering him he would “tell [my] mother I was harassing him.” It seems that Biden’s insult has really struck a chord with these clowns, so much so that they get angry at student reporters, when clearly their anger is directed at Joe Biden.

A Trump campaign spokesperson,

who smelled like roses and honey, also spoke to the Shady Dealer, clearly enthused about an anti-Biden article, stating that “Donald Trump feels very positively about the clown community.” This is an understandable stance, as many people have referred to Trump’s supporters as “clowns”; one can only assume that this is due to the increased number of clown supporters. Biden better watch his step when it comes to his insults, because he can’t afford to lose any more votes.

Zoom Host Drunk with Power

By: Cameron Chang

In a shocking turn of events, Carl Shelton, Zoom host for his chemistry study group’s meeting this week, has become inexorably drunk with power.

“It was really weird,” said John Tandara, the member of Shelton’s study group who usually hosts group meetings. “I told everyone I was gonna be like a minute late. Then Carl just went ‘Oh, no! I guess I have to host the meeting now, hahaha.’ Which was strange, because he usually doesn’t text with punctuation. I tried telling him that we can just start a minute later, but he just sent ‘NOOO!!!’ and then the cry-

ing emoji. He seemed like he really wanted to host it, so I wasn’t about to stop him.”

According to eyewitness accounts, upon starting the call, Carl instantly burst into a gleeful smile, and repeatedly told other members of the study group: “I hope you’re having a good time in my meeting.” After using the term “my meeting” upwards of ten times, Carl changed his display name to “God.”

“We all kind of laughed nervously, because he was laughing,” said Amy Fairflag, another member of the study group. “But then he changed Ricky’s name to Noah and said ‘Here comes the flood, bitch.’ Then he kicked

everyone else out.”

“It was just me and him,” said Ricky Lopez, while sipping hot cocoa with a heavy blanket draped around his shoulders. “He doesn’t talk. He just stared. He stared for so long.” Lopez spent the next hour gazing blankly at the wall, shuddering at the darkness.

Most recently, Shelton has designated Tandara as “Jesus,” in a move described by Tandara as “fucking terrifying,” and has begun telling Tandara “the sins will be washed away.” Half of the six-person study group is now using Google Hangouts.

FIRST YEARS AT IT AGAIN

University to Build Kenneth C. Griffin Community Overreach Center

By: Ian Olson

The University of Chicago today announced new construction plans in an area from 51st to 60th St. and from S. MLK Dr. to S. Cottage Grove Ave. — which is, purely coincidentally, the entirety of Washington Park. Provost Lee and President Zimmer described the plans in a joint statement as “monumental, palatial, all-encompassing, and as big as a second university when you think about it.”

The new building will be named the Kenneth C. Griffin Community Overreach Outreach Center. In addition to student housing, dining, classrooms, an athletic complex, a particle accelerator, and an indoor

nature courtyard, the sleek structure will house the newly created UChicago Anti-Gentrification Initiative, the UChicago Southside Community Development Hub, and the UChicago Center for Greenspace Preservation.

One feature of the university’s architectural plans is to preserve the DuSable Museum of African American History in what was described as a “comprehensive multi-acre atrium.” Provost Lee was quoted as saying, “We saw this excellent Southside cultural institution and knew we had to preserve it — by whatever means necessary.” She then proceeded to describe the state-of-the-art features included in the plans to preserve the museum, including a clear epoxy developed by the

Pritzker School of Molecular Engineering, Sr. (a second one, “Jr.” is included in the new development) which will preserve the DuSable Museum from the weathering of eons. “We’re really excited about this aspect in particular,” Lee said. “As we see it, we’re creating a great opportunity for community members to walk around the outside of an impeccably preserved museum, and have an immersive learning experience about the days when community members could walk around the inside of the museum.”

Shortly after the announcement, a handful of student environmentalists could be found outside Edward H. Levi Hall, protesting the near-guaranteed loss of Washington Lagoon’s lone heron.

Going Bald for Extra Credit

By: Zakwan Khan

I couldn’t help myself. As someone called a brownnoser (I assume because I have a nose that is brown) in the past, what did you expect me to do??? Studying remotely sucks: I can’t pull off giving an apple with a worm in it to the professor. I can’t pretend to take forever to pack up my things in the hopes of being the last one in the room and then strike up a conversation with the professor. I can’t look at their water bottles and laptops to find a sticker that gives away our conveniently shared interests and opinions. So, when I saw that two of my professors were bald, I made the only rational decision there was—I shaved it all off. and all of my luscious locks

soon found a new home- the bathroom floor. As a man of science, I want to assure you that I followed the scientific method to a tee. That’s right, I formulated the hypothesis that I’d look dope. Then I plugged in my pictures in Make-Me-Bald A.I. programs and found that I could indeed look dope. I then sent in my findings to be peer-reviewed by my mom and she said that I was “very handsome” (*Editorial FactCheck: this is a false quote*).

I thought my professors would appreciate the my efforts to become a Pakistani Mr. Clean knockoff and slide me some extra points on a paper or lab here and there, but nah.

If you’d asked me, I didn’t think I’d look that bad. I thought I’d be somewhere in the middle of the Dwight D.

Eisenhower- The Rock Scale. To put it kindly, I looked like an egg with a badly drawn-on beard. Not even a cool free-range chicken egg. Instead, I looked like an egg that PETA would use in its propaganda pamphlets. Do you know how hard it is to convince yourself that the hair you found in your takeout order is yours when you’re bald?? DO YA??? Also, it’s really weird when your unibrow has more hair than your entire head. AND IT WAS SO COLD. Screw you, air vents.

What was I talking about again? Oh yeah, extra credit. Anyways, it didn’t work. I didn’t even attend my classes bald since I looked like I belonged on some Most Wanted list. So, I threw on a beanie and looked like a wannabe hipster in my classes.

“Why am I so bitter? Why aren’t you?”

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bastardized democracy. Simply google the home address of your local senator and slip the money in an unmarked envelope under their door mat (next to the keys). Tell them it’s a gift from me, they’ll know what to do with it. Feeling philanthropic yet? If you inconspicuously donate enough they’ll

soon find the requisite motivation to look beyond petty morals and make my agenda their agenda. Hey, if you donate even more they might be able to afford Starbucks.

I’m not asking for your vote. In my vision of America I’ve reduced inefficiency to zero in part by casting your ballot preemptively. All I ask

is for your complete, unconditional loyalty and admiration at the culmination of my schemes when I achieve total world domination on January 7, 2040 at 10:00am (CST). My reign of unforeseen chaos is inevitable, do not resist. Until then, together we can irreparably change America in unspeakable ways.

Nobody Ever Talks about How Great John Wilkes Booth Was as King Lear

By: Anna Katz

In our modern political climate, we tend to judge the figures of our history through one defining act. For Abraham Lincoln, that would be delivering the Emancipation Proclamation. For Thomas Jefferson, writing the Declaration of Independence. For political-one-hit-wonder John Wilkes Booth? That would be his January 10, 1847 performance in the title role of Shakespeare's "King Lear."

I am a Theater and Performance Studies (TAPS) Major in the college, and my work during the last four years has been focused on examining and replicating John Wilkes Booth's life's defining performance. The personal accounts of Chicago theater-goers during Booth's only performance in the state of Illinois are ones filled with awe. In particular, they commend the producers for picking such a "heartly, heady, young

and handsome" main character (The Chicago Tribune, Marx, 1847, 1a).

Yes, usually King Lear is a role attributed to an older, more experienced actor. But many "Lear" scholars attribute the most successful productions to those who defy the norms, as Booth certainly did. Booth had a "look of firey terror in his eyes, as if he were about to kill Edmund, rather than be sent to execution" (Tribune, 1847, 1b). His look not only went against the source material's planning, but also the director's. Booth was uncontrollable that night. His performance resulted in one-hundred percent of the female audience needing to be escorted out of the theater, a feat that would only be matched by George Antheil's "Ballet Mécanique" in 1925.

Historians and the general public especially browse over is the audience members of Booth's cathartic performance. The theater

was doing a special 5-for-1 deal because they had been in the red for the past two years.

Unfortunately for John Wilkes Booth, the American people, theater historians, and Abraham

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OP-ED: If I Wanted to Live in a Bastardized Democracy I Would've Bastardized it Myself, Damn it

By: Isaac Murrell

My fellow Americans, our nation faces both a health crisis and an existential one. We all share a growing sense of discontentment with our lives and the federal government's ineptitude. In times like these we need to stop and ask ourselves what kind of country we want to live in, to focus on what issues we care about most. For instance, why is a cup of coffee so expensive? Who will I deride on Twitter today? Does my vote really matter if my insufferable neighbors also have the right to vote? Fueling our doubts and suspicions, the daily monotony of the 24/7 breaking news cycle has now become as dull and predictable as Washington's complete inability to resolve a problem. What we call "modern politics" truly is the sorriest excuse for a storyline I've ever seen. Rest assured that if I really wanted to live in such a mediocre semi-dystopia,

I could've done just that without your help.

Why am I so bitter? Why aren't you? If the political duopoly we've collectively surrendered to is just going to pick fights and attempt to pack the court with their respective ideological allies, then we aren't making much progress at all. This blatant disregard of the founders' intentions is unacceptable. If you're going to subvert the workings of our sacred democracy, then at least do it right. Forget the Constitution, ever heard of subtlety? You morons truly have no respect for the controlled, systematic manipulation of the American public that gets real work done, let alone its diabolical complement in plausible deniability. I should know — I have plenty of experience in the area, and I've never even been elected! Quite frankly, I'm baffled no senator bothered to consult with me, a morally ambiguous, humanity-apathetic voter beforehand.

It didn't have to be like this. The coronavirus pandemic had all the makings of a great story: an indeterminate killer, a current cold-war enemy, an international conspiracy of silence... I really was hoping for a zombie apocalypse — that would've (possibly?) resulted in bipartisan agreement on something, while providing at least a mildly interesting distraction from the coming new world disorder. But disappointingly, COVID-19 hasn't resulted in the downfall of civilization. The only difference is now I can't leave this concrete bunker and I'm left to contact my co-conspirators remotely. As the saying goes, if you want to watch the world burn, you have to torch it yourself. And you incompetent politicians still manage to mess that up? Pathetic.

In light of this, I'd like to propose a new, more efficient, "equity-based" model for governance. If you have \$1.99, you too can participate in

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A Lone Comedian's Search for Creative Freedom in a Nation Oppressed by Political Correctness or Why I Slapped Adam Levine

By: Cameron Chang

Political correctness is ruining comedy. There. I said it. It used to be that you could tell a joke about any subject, no matter what ethnicity it was. But now? Now, you can't even tell a knock-knock joke without being so-called "cancelled" for a so-called "20 minute rant" containing so-called "derogatory remarks against Amish people." (For the knock-knock joke, which was fucking hilarious by the way, search up "Amish people disgust me like I hate them so much and I want to burn all their little villages down to the fucking ground who?").

Anyways, the point is that some people just don't understand humor. And for some reason, these same ninnyes are running society. They say offensive humor isn't funny. They say that there's some lines that shouldn't be crossed. They say that freedom of speech applies equally to their right to criticize me as it does to my "unreasonably hateful knock-knock joke." Well, they're missing the point.

That's why, as a comedian who won't let my creative freedom be bridled by these social justice warriors, I refuse to apologize for any of the jokes I've made on stage, the things I've said on Twitter, or that time I bitch-slapped Adam Levine outside a Chicago Denny's with all those people watching.

People frequently tell me, "what you said was offensive," or "what you said was not ok." But to that, I say: Those people are stupid idiots who don't deserve opinions. That's the entire point of it. The joke's meant to be offensive. Trust me, I'm offended by it too, but what they don't understand is that it's all in the name of comedy. When I tell a joke that addresses a sensitive issue, like race or religion, you better believe I know I'm gonna ruffle some feathers. Similarly, when the palm of my right-hand makes sweet, sweet contact with Adam Levine's rugged, symmetrical face while he carries his Lumberjack Slam in a to-go bag on his way to visit famed Chicago attraction The Bean, I know I'm gonna steam a few kettles.

But here's the thing. I don't care. It's comedy, baby. If you're too slow to get the joke, I shouldn't be punished for it.

I've been told there's a lot of people expecting an apology from me. Well, they're certainly not gonna get one. Comedy is subjective, and it's fine if you don't find funny things funny. But I'm not going to stand here and apologize for making a joke about religion or smacking former judge on The Voice Adam Levine with a force so hard that his shriek matched the high notes he sang in his band Maroon 5's hit song One More Night. No, sirree. I'm not gonna apologize for comedy. That's for certain.

Everyone keeps asking if I fear the consequences of my actions. What consequences? Oh, are the bloggers gonna get mad at me? Am I gonna be cancelled? Are Adam Levine's lawyers currently pursuing me in court, a lawsuit which I have neither the money, time, or power to fight? I don't give a fuck. It's comedy. I can do what I want.

Op-Ed: I Am an Etsy Seller and I Paid More in Taxes Than Donald Trump

By: A Future Veterinarian

For promotional purposes, I have chosen to identify myself by my Etsy account name, WorkFromHome123. The reason I have taken the time to write this piece is that I am absolutely irate that I have paid more in taxes than the freaking president. Pardon my language.

I wasted all those hours making premium foot earrings when I should've just found me a nifty lawyer. Don't even get me started on the time I've spent perfecting my two-headed duckling taxidermy piece (available exclusively at etsy.com/WorkFromHome123). I have so much duckling blood on my hands! I spent so much money on

non-tax-deductible art classes! I ate so much banana-infused foie gras just to become one with the banana duck!

You know, I've worked very hard trying to deliver high-quality products for my clients, and I've tried to do my part by paying taxes. But if a man who claims to be worth billions barely pays any taxes, why should I?

"I am a Theater and Performance studies (TAPS) Major in the college"

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Lincoln, Booth shot the 16th president at the Ford Theater on April 15, 1865, while Lincoln was enjoying a production of "Our American Cousin" — a much more derivative work than "King Lear." Somehow,

this moment seems to have overshadowed Booth's monumental performance in our history books, mainly because of the prejudice against theater kids that is instilled in the US Constitution (Article 69: No theater kids should be allowed to

vote).

If you would like to read more of John Wilkes Booth IIX's BA Thesis, please contact the TAPS department here: <https://taps.uchicago.edu/contact-0>