

CHICAGO SHADY DEALER



Volume 16 Issue 4

Comedy Thrives in Darkness

April 10, 2020

With University Moving Online, Dealer To Publish Issues Via Fax

From Chicago Shady Dealer News Desk

CHICAGO, IL –

Representatives for the Shady Dealer announced today that, despite the University of Chicago's move towards online classes, the paper would keep publishing, albeit in a different format. Effective immediately, new issues of the Dealer will be distributed by fax.

"With the University moving classes to Zoom, we figured it was finally time to embrace modern technology," noted the paper's editors in a statement released Friday. "The coronavirus crisis has forced us to think creatively about how we distribute our issues, and we think we've hit upon a solution that will finally bring the Shady Dealer into the 20th century."

Among other factors, the Dealer touted convenience as key in the decision to adopt the fax-based format: "Everyone has a fax machine, right? All UChicago students will have to do to read the Dealer is call us, ask us to fax

them a copy, and then wait as their fax machine prints out eight pages slowly whilst making annoying beeping noises."

When asked if the paper could benefit from switching to an Internet-based format, representatives for the Dealer took a skeptical tone. "We considered that, but

we just aren't sure that enough of the student body owns modems. Besides, this whole internet thing is just a fad. Fax will allow us to send everyone physical copies of the Dealer, and that's the gold standard. Physical publishing will live forever."



"Forget Coronavirus. I can't find my shoe!" - Person wearing only one shoe

By: Joelle Stephenson

Yesterday, I left my door open while I went to fetch my laundry. When I came back, what did I find? My shoe was gone, and a dead body was on the floor. The dead body wasn't odd, as I always keep it on the floor, but I was worried by the note on my desk. The note read,

"I am looking forward to forgetting the times we've shared" signed shoe. Seeing that, I went to our clothes drawer and found that all my shoe's laces were gone. Only then did I understand that my shoe had truly left me.

Why would my shoe want to forget that day in the park, when I pushed over a toddler?

We laughed all the way to the police station! Did the amount of people I killed for my shoe, during Macy's Black Friday sale, really mean nothing? What about the time I had the neighbors join us for a sensual shoe shine, lasting hours? I even did that thing my shoe liked, tightening its laces as much as possi-

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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.

“My shoe was gone, and a dead body was on the floor. The dead body wasn’t odd, as I always keep it on the floor”

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ble until my shoe climaxed. Sure, our relationship hasn’t always been perfect. With my break-dancing career taking more and more of my time, I gave my shoe’s worries less thought. It didn’t help that my shoe felt I looked down on my shoe’s work as a car salesman. But, I just wanted my shoe to reach its full potential.

How could my shoe leave me? We had a life. We had a family. Sure, they were horribly misshaped half-human, half-loafer children, but we, I loved them. Where is my shoe? Off in Spain cavorting with a sandal? Up in Maine, working as an apple picker? Wherever it is, I will hunt my shoe down even if it’s the second to last thing I do (I sold my soul to the devil,

and there are still a few atrocities his lowliness wants me to commit). Once in my grasp, I will force my leather shoe to sit outside in a rainstorm. Then, I will give my shoe to a puppy of the mouthy variety. Mwhahaha-haha!!!

Please, if anyone has seen a fashionable tan leather shoe with a slight heel, let me know. I have included a photo for reference.



Tired of Seeing His Ads, Mark Zuckerberg Blocks Bloomberg from Facebook Feed

From News Desk

Mark Zuckerberg is just like us! After years of speculation, we finally have substantive proof that he is not a robot sent from Mars to kill us all. He is, in fact, human: he too is completely fed up with seeing Michael Bloomberg all over his Facebook feed. Unlike the hilarious memorability that is Bernie’s ads or the tangible desperateness in Elizabeth Warren’s ads, Bloomberg has tight, well formatted advertisements which makes them annoying and no fun. Like a Progressive commercial without Flo or a Pepsi commercial without Cardi B, Bloomberg ads are just not enjoyable to watch. I know that I for one have seen them

too many times, and I hate them. Turns out, so does the Zuckerberg!

Last night, he pulled the plug and officially blocked Bloomberg from his Facebook page by publicly stating on Twitter, “I have officially blocked Bloomberg Campaign ads from my Facebook feed.” This made me wonder, “can I block ads from my Facebook page by saying so on Twitter, or is it a special billionaire power?” Well, I tried it: I posted “I have officially blocked Fungi Cure from my Facebook feed,” and I am happy to report that it sort of worked! I no longer have a ton of ads for foot creme, but now I only get ads for mushrooms — from portobello, to shitake, to the magic kind.

BREAKING NEWS

NEW! Duck Dynasty inspired line of Canada Goose winter parkas

By: Kate Kaplin

Are you a person from the “square states” who wants to show off your newfound wealth without “losing touch with your roots”? Did you just win the lottery or inherit money from your rich uncle? Have you traded in the old double-wide for a nice new fancy house in “that gated community”? Do you now find yourself in need of a coat that says “look at how much money I have” for all of your new rich friends, while saying “I’m still down-home country town” for when you come home for Thanksgiving?

Then, oh boy, are these coats for you! Made out of the ducks your cousins killed last winter but wanted nothing to do with, our new line of coats cost at least five times as much as your average ridiculously expensive Patagonia, Moncler, or Arcteryx jacket, but you could never tell from the quality or style. They’re like you in that way! One parka looks like a trash bag got dragged through the mud and then tossed through hay. Another style is just so terrible, that it will put your cousin Bob’s neon waders to shame -- but step into a wall street office and they will think that you look like a classy Justin Bieber. Is it Givanchy, Gu-

cci, Balenciaga, Canada Goose, or you old hand-me-downs from 1972? No one will be able to tell and that is the true sign of high fashion these days.

We here at Canada Goose strongly believe in our Canadian origins and values, but in light of our new partnership -- and your current president -- we have decided to let some of our values slide: most noticeably our values of kindness and acceptance. (We were told by our publicists that Ameri-

cans were just worse people overall. It’s okay, we’re not expecting an apology, we just want you to buy our jackets.)

So please, do yourself a favor and buy one of our newest winter parkas inspired by the lifestyle and values of contemporary American classic Duck Dynasty. We can’t promise that you’ll love it, but we can promise that other people will resent you for wearing it, and if that isn’t the entire point of our brand then I don’t know what is.



New Company Sells T-Shirts to Spread Awareness of Coronavirus and Actual Coronavirus

By: Clayton Lovell

Willy Creech, founder and CEO of “COVID CASUAL,” a West Virginia-based startup, is causing panic in the fashion world as he continues to eat up market share for streetwear. We were lucky enough to sit down with Willy for an interview.

Just last week, Creech noticed a huge problem in his hometown of Volga, West Virginia, a community of 53. “Only 8 people in alllllll of Volga were aware of the Coronavirus pandemic” he said, after wiping Jack Daniels off his mouth with his hand. Communication with mainstream society is limited in Volga as less than 4%

of the residents own cellular devices. Creech, being one of the lucky 2, was first to hear about Coronavirus. Since being informed, he has started COVID CASUAL, a company that focuses on spreading awareness of the virus and the virus itself. “At first I figured the best way to get the word out was through t-shirts, but then I realized that I could also use the actual virus.” Creech reasons that, while t-shirts saying, “WATCH OUT” in block letters are effective to some extent, the only thing that could truly spread awareness is the actual Coronavirus. COVID CASUAL works with a manufacturer in China to make 98% cotton, 2% Coronavirus t-shirts.

“It just works” says Creech. “By selling one t-shirt, I really get the word out to hundreds if not thousands of people.”

As the market in many regions has shrunk due to a decrease in population, COVID CASUAL is looking to expand to regions so far unaffected by Coronavirus such as much of Africa. “We want people to know. Some people are living healthy, oblivious lives without even knowing what’s going on!” Creech said emphatically, leading into a slight coughing spasm. “Excuse me.”

Look to see COVID CASUAL in the finance section in a few years as Creech plans a strategic IPO after the quarantine is over.

CAMPUS NEWS

A Crime of Fashion: The Worst Part of MODA Was Having to Put the Models down after the Show

By: *The Tube Sock Warehouse*

People say to us all the time, “MODA is so great,” “MODA is so original,” “You’re so brave for designing clothes,” “We could never wear clothes like you do” — we know. But so much more goes on behind the scenes. You’ve got your typical fashion show rituals, like eating paper and water for two days before the event. You’ve also got some more progressive traditions, like sacrificing a male virgin as opposed to a female one. But, at the end of the day, the most harrowing thing we have to do as the MODA board is put down all of the models at the end of the show.

You see, while we put on the facade of being creative, hip types, we’re all really just econ majors who like to wear bright colors. As such, we know how costly high overhead costs can be to any organization on a tight budget. The models, while undeniably crucial to the success of our event, constitute a sunk cost to us: we recoup none of our money by keeping them around post-show, so we must do the difficult job of putting them down, one-by-one, after the last “go OFF, queen!” is yelled by someone holding a cracked iPhone, but such is fashion.

I know it’s the job we signed up

for, but sometimes, when you’re putting the models down (while making searing, unforgiving, and unforgetting eye contact) after a great show, you can start to feel a little down. You can even get attached if you’re not too careful. It’s particularly hard when it’s one of your friends — but then again, they were the ones who said they’d do anything to feel pretty.

Every year we tell the models: “you know, this is a difficult job, there’s more to modelling than wearing our gorgeous rubber plaid and velcro turtle-necks — we’re gonna charge people to see you walk through the fanciest basement in Bridgeport, and you’ll die at the end.” And they say, “did you say Bridgeport?”. The price for fashion is steep, but those who are willing to pay the ultimate price do so.

Of course, as in any operation, accidents happen. Say, for example, that my friend Tynnifer trips while wearing a one of a kind pair of velour high-heelys (high-heeled heelys). We all know how difficult it is to schedule a Student Health visit, and — knowing that most models never recover from injuries on the track — we must go on-stage, midshow, and deliver the lethal injection. Sometimes, you can’t help but feel like there must be another way to

do this as you see the life leaving from your first college friend’s eyes, but the greek chorus’s scream of “yasss, slayyy queen!” snaps you back to reality and you remember that this is the only way.

The humanitarians and economists in all of us have gone back and forth on this policy. Why treat the models like racehorses? Why not use real horses instead? People ask fewer questions when you put down a horse, right? These are all good questions, but the fact remains that people wear clothes and horses don’t. Ergo, we must kill people.



Phil Starts Fire

By: *Kate Kaplin*

Another \$300 million down the drain, and the big question that remains is this: whose idea it was to care for a dying phoenix in a bustling hospital? (It’s almost as if nobody watched Harry Potter or took a class on mythical beasts.) UChicago Medicine nursing staff had hoped that Phil would make a full recovery after his illness earlier this year. He even attended some of the sports games in the spring, determined to raise school spirit. However, this was not to be the case. When Phil chose to drink like a first year one fateful bar night, he was taken into the hospital for alcohol poisoning and his

condition deteriorated rapidly.

The next morning, sparks were flying — Phil’s doctor and PA had just gotten engaged! Also, the building was on fire, but there was a wedding to plan! Between the chaos of the mandatory ring show off, discussing what the theme of the wedding just “had to be”, and deciding on which flowers to order, nobody noticed that the entire building felt oddly warm for a freezing cold Chicago day. The next thing that anyone knew, the fire alarms had started ringing and the entire hospital was evacuated. Nobody too important died, so no need to worry — and bonus, there is a cute little baby phoenix waiting in the replacement maternity

wing.

Now, the only question is what the new mascot will be. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity to choose a good mascot. After all, the only other times that mascots are changed is when people finally decide that they’re racist — looking at you, Amherst! It could be anything from another bird, to a mammal, to even just a paint swatch of maroon. We have to be careful, though, because we’re not good enough at sports to pull off something like the Blue Devils. Remember, folks, boring is beautiful. Keep these tips in mind when submitting your suggestions to the Dean’s Office or by email at beandoyer@uchicago.edu.

CAMPUS NEWS

Godot? I'm Still Waiting

By: *Kate Kaplin*

It has been twenty days, ten hours, and seventeen minutes since I was promised Godot. I have not left Logan's Theater West since the show began, ended, began again, ended once more, and began and ended again. Yet still, there is no Godot!

What drove my journey, you may ask? Well, I spent more than 10 hours watching two men waiting for a guy named Godot, so I figured that He must be some really special dude -- someone clearly worth waiting a long time for. Therefore, as an opportunistic college student always looking for the next great networking event, I was not going to pass up this rare chance to meet an extremely influential man. Do I

know who He is? No, but am I sure that His reference letter will get me very far in life? Absolutely. Forget professors, research advisors, influential bosses, and my father's friend's famous brother, Godot is the heavyweight of all recommendation heavyweights. After all, why else would someone write a whole play where all the characters just simply wait for Him?

So, here I am in the darkness of Theater West subsisting solely off of my hoard of stolen dining hall bagels, and the rare scraps pulled from the theater's floor. I have not talked to anyone in weeks. The only people I see are the janitorial staff, whom I must hide from because they might kick me out. This is a true test of endurance: only the tough

will survive to meet Him. I may die of thirst, hunger, or loneliness before ever meeting the legendary Godot, but it will have been worth it because I will have tried my best and clearly was just not good or strong enough to meet His criteria.

Please support me. My supplies are running out and my bank account is almost empty, so I might have to leave the theater and venture to Logan Cafe to beg for sustenance, but I fear that in the moment I step out of the theater, the glorious Godot will enter and I will have missed my one and only opportunity to meet this great man. So if you would like to contribute to my cause, please stop by Theater West in Logan with sustenance. We can wait for Godot together.

What Happens Between Pre-Reg and Schedule Release

By: *Rahul Gupta*

To the chagrin of unsuspecting students who were already grappling with running complicated game theory calculations in their heads to determine how to rank their classes, pre-registration resolution is now a week longer than normal. This recent change has provoked an outpouring of frustration, with students blaming the malfeasance and incompetence of the computer science department for yet another of their woes. Intriguingly, an investigation by the Shady Dealer has revealed that the computer science department is not to blame. We would never stoop so low as to absolve the administration of blame for its misdeeds, however, and the results of our research have only confirmed our resolve. Continuing our long and storied tradition of cunning espionage, we donned fake mustaches and pretending to carry large boxes of paperwork. Then, we snuck into the registrar's office and uncovered secret communications between the registrar's office and

Shadow Inc, the company responsible for developing the app used so effectively in the Iowa Democratic party caucuses. As is our moral duty, we have published our findings in the goriest detail possible.

The communications outlined a plan to replace the pre-registration resolution algorithm with an application designed exclusively for the University of Chicago by Shadow, Inc. The application mentioned would gather the ranked course preferences of all students directly from the app, without having to go through my.UChicago, and transmit them to a central database. Upon placing the data in the central server, the app would then run an algorithm, giving courses to students based on such various factors as time spent in the College, Core course status, number of followers on TikTok, amount of pro-Dean-Zimmer / Boyer content posted on social media, and preference for pineapple and anchovies on pizza. Out of this efficiently designed machine would come thousands of schedules for individual students,

efficiently optimized to give them adequate time in the day for non-academic activities.

All this was fine and good, but our hackers...err, we mean investigators, discovered multiple alarming security flaws in the app that would allow pranksters to access the course database and throw students out of courses or reassign professors. Moreover, the administration had apparently already attempted to use the application to give students their schedules, but the data transmission had failed, explaining the delay in getting pre-registration results. The difficulty in the registrar's office was compounded by the fact that someone had apparently misplaced the paper copies of students' course preferences, and in many cases the results from Shadow's application did not match the paper results. The most recent emails between the two parties was filled with heated invective; the university administration castigated "twenty-year-old buffoonish basement dwellers who wasted all of

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Op-Ed: This New Provost Will Fix Everything!

By: Katherine Phillips

UChicago students, rejoice! Our university-wide nightmare is over. For too long, we've been plagued by an administration that is clearly more concerned with their bottom line than with our academic and emotional well-being. But the recent change of leadership in the provost's office will put this to an end. Ka Yee C. Lee, who was announced in February as the replacement for outgoing provost Daniel Diermaier, will fix everything that's broken with the administration, guaranteed. I don't really know what a provost does, but I do know that our new one will live up to the hype. From the very first words in her introductory

email to the student body — “Dear Colleagues” — Ka Yee Lee made it abundantly clear that her true loyalty lies with the students. What will develop out of this new era in the university's history? I don't know precisely, but I expect radical, sweeping changes. Now that our newest hero is staffing the provost's office, I would not be surprised in the slightest if I walked onto campus next year to find a students suddenly paying thousands of dollars less in tuition, sufficient mental health resources, a new academic calendar that everybody loves, and an overall much happier student body. Now, the administration has taken its fair share of criticism over the years. But you have to admit that they got

this choice incredibly, dramatically right. To those pessimists and skeptics, I have only one thing to say: do you trust our excellent new provost more when she says that she wants to “support your scholarship,” or are just you holding onto a now-obsolete feelings of resentment of the administration? Are you on the side of progress, or do you just refuse to believe that Dean Boyer and President Zimmer, who interviewed and selected Ka Yee C. Lee, would choose someone who wanted to fix the underlying issues they've overlooked (and caused) for years? Only one of those beliefs has any place in a rational, rigorous argument. This new provost will fix everything. You can take that to the bank.

Our Bylaws Forbid us from Commenting on Any Current Student's Opinions No Matter What Surface They Are Written On

In its 144-year history, The Chicago Shady Dealer has never commented on a single current student no matter what surface their opinions might be written on. In fact, we have never even mentioned a single current student by name. This is, in part, due to our strong commitment to being a tax-exempt 501(c)3 RSO, which mandates that we are “a public-facing organization, and therefore have certain expectations of conduct.”

This year's campus she-nigans are highly unusual, but ultimately no different: The Chicago Shady Dealer believes every current student's opinions to be equally not-worth-commenting on, due to our faithful compliance with our bylaws.

In particular, we do not have any comment on any posts that may or may not have appeared on the Institute of Politics' social media, nor do we have any comment on any dim-witted

fuckery written on a whiteboard in said post. Because of our unambiguous bylaws, we do not encourage you to engage in the mockery of this absolutely inane and provocative opinion, or its author (a current student).

The Chicago Shady Dealer has no opinion whatsoever on David Axelrod.

— The Editorial Board of The Chicago Shady Dealer

Dealer Music Review: “Take Me Out to the Ball Game”

By: R.E. Stern

What happens when a girl loves America's pastime so much she insists that all of her dates be at sporting events? Lyricist Jack Norwood and composer Albert Von Tisler have an answer in their acclaimed single “Take Me Out to the Ball Game,” (now available on iTunes for \$0.99) a catchy and upbeat earworm that is sure to make its way into your head, if not onto

the Billboard charts, pretty soon. Granted, the single is pretty short — barely two minutes long — but that's no reason it can't compete for airtime with the likes of Taylor Swift or Billie Eilish. Norwood and Von Tisler, celebrated musicians already, reach a new high in “Take Me Out to the Ball Game,” which, at its core, is a love song. Whether its protagonist, Katie Casey, who “was baseball mad/Had the fever and had it bad,”

is also in love with her boyfriend or solely with the idea of going to baseball games, though, is left ambiguous. Musical storytelling of this sort is often hard to achieve, but “Take Me Out to the Ball Game” knocks it out of the park, so to speak, expertly balancing the song's infectious organ-backed hook with its charmingly carefree desire to “root, root, root for the home team.”
Grade: A-

35 Ways to Spend Your Extra Daylight Savings Hour:

By: Harry Weinstein

Bungee jumping, having sex, having more sex, having even more sex because you really don't take that long to have sex, calling your mother and apologizing for everything, finally visiting the Art Institute, touring Evanston to feel slightly better about your decision to come here, PLEIN AIR, finally finishing the long-overdue HUM paper you had all those ideas for

when you started (applies to all years), breathing because you forget how you breathe all the time and it's amazing, mountain biking, going camping for one complete hour, apologizing to your mother again, going on a date with a real human being who is real, definitely, and totally human, starting books you likely will never finish, going for a walk with friends, exploring all Alaska has to offer, seeing a doctor — like literally just seeing anyone

who happens to be a doctor — just so you can say “today I saw a doctor” before you apologize to your mother again, not feeling guilty and bad about things, feeling guilty and bad about things, visiting the graves of people you know, hanging out with friends you love but never see and enjoying time together... oh wait, fuck, daylight savings is the other way around this time. Fuck, I'm so fucked. I'm so fucked, I'm so fucked.

Fourth Year Math Major Forgets to Read

By: Calpurnia Higgenbottom and Deblina Mukherjee

What had previously been considered an un-losable skill, like riding a bike or swimming, has for the first time been proven to be losable. This past Monday, Ican Add became the first person in history to lose the ability to read. “The loss of the ability to read—what our team is tentatively terming “disreadabula”, is an incident of extreme scientific interest, a phenomenon previously only theorized,” lead investigator Ben Maxwell said. Add's disreadabula may only be the tip of the iceberg; in the time since the discovery of the illiteracy event, evidence

of further illiteracy among other Math majors has also recently been found.

“We started working with Ican more than two years ago, when he had just finished the Honors Analysis sequences, and was just starting Honors Basic Algebra I. It's been quite a journey -- we've been together for a long time,” Maxwell said to the Shady Dealer.

“At first, we just thought Ican was pretending. There's nothing in his academic history that would suggest he can't read. He got a 2380 on the SATs! But we ran some tests when he first came to us, and it was real: he could only recognize the Greek Alphabet. The conclusion we were eventually able

to draw using MRI technology was that years of math classes had completely atrophied the part of his brain that handles natural language processing.”

Ican takes part in a rigorous program intended to re-familiarize him with the English language. “It's quite a project to refamiliarize someone with all the nuances of native-spoken English,” Maxwell said. “We started simple, having him equate familiar latex keywords like ‘alpha’ with English letters like ‘A’ Our hope is that one day he'll be able to read his diploma without any confusion.”

This article was read aloud to Ican.

After Dropping Out of Democratic Primary, Mayor Pete Sees Rise In Black Support

By: Nico Aldape

“This is the first good decision he's made on behalf of the black community,” said longtime Hyde Parker Marshall Jackson. “Now that he's out of the race, I could see myself giving him a second chance.”

Controversy in his home city of South Bend, Indiana for his firing of a black police chief and not doing enough for the black community followed Mayor Pete.

“Maybe if he spent as much time talking about reparations and ending police violence as he did

about ‘future former Republicans’, he wouldn't have to drop out,” said fellow Hyde Parker Amisha Thompson. “Not that big a loss - he was running to be someone's vice president anyway. I'll vote for him for VP, cause everyone knows VPs do jack shit.”

With Pete Buttigieg's drop-out, the number of centrist, unqualified, problematic mayors in the race dropped down to one, former NYC mayor Mike Bloomberg. His campaign wished Pete Buttigieg well and thanked him for a hard-fought battle for the nomination.

“With Mayor Pete out, I look forward to convincing every black person outside of New York City that my tenure wasn't actually that bad. The only way to counter Trump's conservative plutocracy is with my liberal plutocracy,” said Bloomberg at an event in the Super Tuesday state of Texas. “I will fight for this nomination! I promise to have at least one embarrassing conversation leaked a day, consistently lie, and gloss over my multitude of personal and political legal troubles in an attempt to prove I am nothing like Donald Trump.”

FINAL REMARKS

Counterpoint: I use Cursive Every Day

By: Claire Holland

The Boomers say cursive is dead. The millennials say cursive is useless. But I, a lonely sapiosexual, say cursive is life.

I like imagining the way cursive was invented. One day, someone looked at text and was like, You know what? These are too many fucking letters. Everyone needs to get a goddamn grip. I'm gonna make this shit one letter. Fucking take that, atheists. You didn't think I could turn "contrapositive" into one letter—think again.

My dedication to cursive has

proved something to me that I will never forget: Words are for the strong. People look at me strangely when I'm drawing connections between the letters on street signs to make them into a glorious cursive script, but little do they know how buff I'm getting from hand-over-handing it over the freeway. You really develop those 'ceps when you do your work dangling over literally hundreds of speeding cars for hours every day.

My quest to improve the world's typography cannot be stopped. Even now, I am putting in place the final steps to launch myself into space so

I can recode all of the satellites' stored text into beautiful Lucida Handwriting, the closest thing I can reach to my pure, sweet cursive.

But it is not only I who can change the world: you, too, can take action. Deface public signage. Fail the kids in your TA group if they turn in anything in the devil's block script. Anything you can imagine, you can do. Bring those curly boys back to town, one crime against humanity at a time.

Some day, things will change. Will you be a part of that change?

Thank you.

"It's Not Easy Being a Horse," Says Horse

By: Joelle Stephenson

A lot of people have this romantic image of a horse's life. Well, I can tell you it's not all rainbows and unicorns. Want to know why? Rainbows don't exist and unicorns are uppity jerks. Also, you humans suck!

First and foremost, humans treat us as though we horses have some undeveloped palate? Hay this, hay that. Maybe, I want some spaghetti? Okay, right now, I want some hay, but that is because I was just talking about hay!! Where apples are concerned, we can easily discern between that variety people feed us, and we judge the fate of those people according to their choices. If you give us a Honeycrisp, Granny Smith, Gala, Golden Delicious, Braeburn, Cortland, Jonagold, or Fuji, we will try not bite off one of your fingers (Honestly, fingers look really similar

to carrots, so mistakes happen. Also, fun fact, fingers and carrots taste pretty much the same). But, a Red Delicious, and we are biting off, at the very least, your entire arm. And, if you ordain to walk within ten miles of us with a paltry and pretentious Knobbed Russet, we will find you and, let's just say, you will have a hoof mark on your forehead for the rest of your life. That is, if you live to tell the tale. Where carrots are concerned, we will eat any breed. Why? Because I said so, jack-ass!

Secondly, carrots and apples equal good (Considering the differentiations made above), and other fruit and vegetables equal bad. Please do not try to be unique with a plum or bit of asparagus. We will just whiney at you. Which, for those not well versed in horse language, is equivalent to a thorough shaming.

Thirdly, with the advent of the

car, most would imagine that horses became obsolete, no longer necessary for transportation, working the fields, or, for that matter, anything. At least, that's what horses neighfully thought would happen! But no, you lunatics are still riding us, finding every possible way to keep horses in constant employment. Have you ever seen horses milling about in the street, shooting the breeze with one another? That's what I thought!!

Fourthly, quit it with the "whoa there horseys." That was not funny the first time someone said it, and Julius Caesar was a pretty hilarious dude.

Lastly, I have dreams. All horses have dreams. What I want from life is simple! I want to eat carrots in Rome, sample the apples in Tokyo, and be the first horse to sail around the world!! Is that too much to ask?

"The communications outlined a plan to replace the pre-registration resolution algorithm with an application designed exclusively for the University of Chicago by Shadow, Inc"

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our economically-efficiently-spent money" while Shadow's developers retorted that the administration was comprised of "boomers who don't know the difference between a for and while loop."

Students had already been

muttering that the pre-registration resolution process was like waiting for the Iowa caucus results, but it was all the more surprising when they were told the link was legitimate. "At this point, I think a guy sitting in a windowless room assigning all the courses by hand would be

more effective," one clearly fatigued student complained. We at the Shady Dealer, along with the rest of the UChicago student body, look forward to receiving our courses by reading period of this quarter – at least, while reading period still exists.