



Study Confirms You'd Look Really Cool Cruising Around on that Longboard

by Nik Varley

Recent research conducted by scientists at the University of Chicago has confirmed that you would look really cool cruising around on a longboard. The researchers, whose work was recently published, told the Dealer that you would look "sick", "awesome" and "basically chill as hell" if you purchased and regularly rode a longboard around campus.

"Every test we conducted indicated that you would look really fucking sick if you cruised on a sweet-ass longboard" said Professor Steinberg, who led the project. "Our results also indicate that wearing a loose fitting beanie while riding your board would look pretty damn cool."

The study went on to demonstrate that riding longboard would increase your coolness by as much as 46%, while your chillness and general radness could see gains of as much as 12.5% and 37% respectively. The study also found that getting a longboard with "a cool skull design on it or something" could increase these figures considerably.

"The results we published are honestly pretty conservative," said Steinberg. "If you picked up a longboard and started riding it everywhere, there's really no telling exactly how fucking awesome you would look. Hell, if you threw on a bored expression while you cruised around, the gains would be quite frankly incalculable."

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INTRODUCING THE NEW CULTURALLY-NEUTRAL HOLIDAY EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT: FISTMAS



Photo by Willamina Groething

by Jacob Johnson

It's almost the most wonderful time of the year again! And that means it's time to start thinking about gifts for the important people in your life. Now, that's all well and good, but who wants to deal with regular, old religious holidays anymore? Not only are they culturally exclusive, but they're boring! Spice it up a little with the fist-sensation that's sweeping the nation: Fistmas!

Instead of subjects like peace and gratitude, Fistmas focuses on something the vast majority of people have: namely, a fist. Say goodbye to dull trees and candles and get ready to deck your knuckles out in true Fistmas spirit. Affordable and fun,

Fistmas makes Fist-giving a joy for the whole family. Remember: if your knuckles aren't white by the end, you're doing it wrong!

According to a new study sponsored by the Order of the Massive Hand, Fistmas is gaining in popularity, and is expected to enter rapidly into the wide crevasse of American holiday culture with limited pain. Truly, this a joyous occasion. Don't worry about practicing Fistmas in adverse weather either. A little coldness isn't going to ruin our hand-happy Fist-exchange!

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CULTURAL EXCHANGE

THE
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DISCLAIMER

Have the fangs of our prose pierced you? Does your blood boil with anger, or just the regular kind of boil? Are you plotting your revenge? Think of how little it would mean, to spill our blood, to chew our flesh. Think of how meaningless all our lives are, bottle the anger up, then go home and drink the bottle.

META-DISCLAIMER

We apologize for the tenor of our disclaimer. We like you, or we really want to like you. We like the idea of you, and you shouldn't take our insinuations of bloodthirst to heart.

META-META-DISCLAIMER

To be clear, we stand by our stance. God is God and the river is swift and we don't fucking care.

I LOVE THE NEW DIRECTION PACKED IS TAKING

by Chase Harrison

Well, they reimagined again. After causing a total campus meltdown last year, Packed: Dumplings Reimagined is back. The fast casual, organic, locavore, yuppie, globalist fusion restaurant caused major waves last year after opening. Students like myself dreamed that Packed would offer greasy, cheap late night drunk food. When it turned out that Packed just offered 10 dollar dumplings filled with Cioppino or Goulash or whatever, the entire campus was furious. Look, imagination is a powerful tool. Reimagination is even more potent. Packed had plainly misused their magic. When I went home for the summer, I was inconsolable.

However, upon coming back to Hyde Park this quarter, I realized Packed looked ... different. I couldn't put my finger on it, but this is definitely not the Packed I'd grown to know and resent. So, I went to check it out.

The minute I stepped into the New Packed, I knew that something was up. This Packed didn't have pictures of farms on the wall! How was I supposed to know where the hell this food was from?????

After calming down, I decided to venture up to order at the counter. The menu was almost in a whole different language and all the items were from one cuisine rather than nine cuisines like the old Packed. This seemed kind of racist to me, to be honest. "I'll take two cemitas dumplings," I told the cashier. She seemed confused, but I get it. When you work for a restaurant that changes its menu every week, things can get pretty confusing.

The dumplings came to my table and they were huge and not even closed. It looked like a sandwich almost. Wow. Packed reimagined the dumpling ...

as a sandwich. I considered the concept as a took a bite. The meat was juicy. The avocado was smooth. The Oaxacan cheese had a salty bite. I spit it out. It was then it totally dawned on me. THIS WASN'T PACKED AT ALL.

I had to get out. This was too much. I started to cry. "Where am I?", I screamed. "You're in Cemitas Puebla!" a worker told me. I've taken enough Spanish to know what "pueblo" means TOWN. So puebla must means female town. I was in a FEMALE TOWN dedicated completely to CEMITAS. A whole fucking town! I immediately had so many questions: Who is the mayor of this town? Who lives in this town? Do they have a post office? Also, what the fuck happened to Packed????

Anyway, the cemita was pretty good!

FISTING from page 1

*Update: How Do I Return my
Fistmas Gift?*

Hello once again everyone! A very moist Fistmas to you all. I am writing to see if anyone knows a way for me to possibly return the gift I received as part of my town's local Furtive Phalange drive. While I do appreciate the thought, I just don't think it's for me.

The gift consisted of a pink, glove-like apparatus

equipped with strange metal outcroppings. It also had a cartridge compartment for the seven AA batteries required to operate it (which were included, yay!). The device, labelled simply as a "Mister Fister 9000", looked cool, but lacked any instruction manual - which appeared to have been replaced by several intricate diagrams of various fruits and vegetables at numerous odd angles. I tried looking up a "How To" video on operating said "Mister Fister 9000", but ev-

ery search result was either blocked by the F.B.I or only available for viewing in Slovenia. Could anyone tell me the best way to return my gift? I am getting notably uneasy just seeing it here lying next to me as I write. I guess I've had enough Fistmas for one year. I've got to hand it to them though, they sure have some catchy music. Thanks, and have a White-Knuckle Fistmas, everyone!

INCLUSION

FIVE REASONS WHY AIR BUD DESERVED TO WIN BOB DYLAN'S NOBEL PRIZE

by Antonia Salisbury



Photo Willamina Groething

Like many other prestigious international awarding bodies, the Nobel Literature Committee overlooked a gleaming candidate this year and instead chose to indulge their fat crush on Bob Dylan. Air Bud, of the world-renowned Air Bud series, was once again denied the recognition he so deserves. So get outta here Bob Dylan! Hand your sweet literature award over to my pal Bud. But, for those of you who are still unconvinced, take a quick break from writing your Bob Dylan fanfic and get woke to the five reasons why Air Bud should've won Dylan's Nobel Prize.

1. Air Bud is a networking mogul: Brains and brawn, this pup has experience way beyond "poetic expressions." Not only

was he the founder of UChicago's 11th fraternity, Blue Chips, but he also has major ins in the Silicon Valley. The 2009 spin-off Space Buddies was actually inspired by a real trip to space that Air Bud took with Elon Musk, his best friend from his high school IB program. You took APs? Oh cool. Yeah, IB is just like AP but like a little bit harder, you know? Don't worry about it.

2. Down with the Bourgeoisie!: Bob Dylan, more like Bob Billion; that guy's loaded! Only 1 in every 13 million people win a Nobel Prize in Literature, and what about the rest of us? Air bud is a dog of the people, let him usher in a new era of global equality. Down with the .000008%.

3. Who do you think ghost wrote "Tangled Up In Blue": Not Bob Dylan, that's for sure. You guessed it alright – it was Air Bud. Talk about a triple threat; Air Bud has been composing musical gold since

he was an Air Buddy. In his artistic dark period, Buddy, overcome with a desire to have human hands, wrote the lyric "How can the life of such a man be in the palm of some fool's hand?" Bob Dylan pretended to get it but we could tell he didn't. Air Bud was also the first member of Odd Future, indisputably the most lyrically magnificent ghost group of our generation. He and Tyler the Creator snuggle up in the same sleeping bag on Tyler's tour bus and one night, when they were feeling real silly, they even created the joint snapchat @TylerAndAirRBuds. Need more proof?

4. Air Bud is a philanthropist: Sure, Bob Dylan has worked with six major, international charities, but boy was Josh Framm a piece of work. I mean, that kid couldn't play basketball to save his life. If Air Bud hadn't stepped in a given him those solid dribbling pointers, Josh might still be sulking about his dead dad instead of killing it on the courts. Bummer! No one likes a downer Josh; thanks Air Bud!

5. No one even knows who Bob Dylan is: Who is Bob Dylan? I honestly have no effin' clue. And if he isn't winning IM Football for my house with his lil puppy paws this weekend, I don't give a flying frisbee who he is.

Admissions Office Announces Exciting New Diversity Initiative

by Philip O'Sullivan

The University of Chicago Admissions Office recently announced an exciting new diversity initiative, the Opportunity Scholarship, to help increase the diversity of rich and privileged students attending the University. The Admissions Office said the new program reflects the University's commitment towards bringing in all sorts of wealthy students from different backgrounds.

"We want to ensure diversity in all senses of the word: geographic, racial, cultural, you name it. That means rich children of Midwestern business tycoons, wealthy

children of West Coast celebrities and rich children of international businessmen can all find a home here. We at the University are committed to being diverse place" said one admissions officer regarding the new decision.

The University stated that "it is important to have this crucial diversity to foster the life of the mind on campus. While we still have a long way to go, this diversity will truly ensure a rich and productive dialogue and exchange of privileged ideas from all over the world."

The initiative will entail increased out-

reach and contact in order to let prospective students know that the University is a diverse and welcoming community filled with all sorts of privilege. The scholarship will available exclusively to families making more than \$250,000 a year to ensure that those who need help the most receive it. The Scholarship will also feature specialized support staff to help students tap into their already rich network of opportunity and privilege to the fullest extent.

The University concluded the announcement by affirming its commitment to privileged diversity of all types.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

UNITED STATES AGREE TO AMICABLE SEPARATION, SPLITS INTO SEVEN NEW COUNTRIES

by Willamina Groething

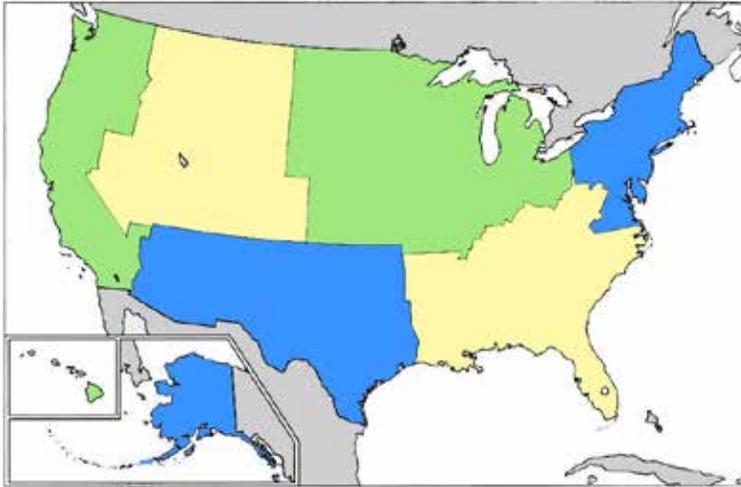


Photo by Willamina Groething

The United States of America confirmed this week that they have separated into seven distinct sovereign nations. The countries' media representative told the Shady Dealer that the nations have been "culturally and emotionally separated for years," and while they have "tried to stay together for the youth of America, it's clearly just not working out anymore." The states cited "irreconcilable differences" in their decision to permanently split. The main function of the breakup is to allow for public policy decisions that best fit the cultural and economic needs and preferences of each region.

The seven new countries, which have all retained the governmental structure of the original United States, were self-determined and named by the collective judgments of the governors and congressional representatives of each state. These representatives have been charged with grouping themselves based on geography, cultural and political identity, and economic profile. The presidents of these new sovereign nations have been determined by popular vote in each country following the dissolution of the Electoral College.

The United States of the Atlantic is made up of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Dela-

ware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and coastal Virginia. The states are united by their shared history dating back to the American Revolution. The President of the U.S.At. is Bernie Sanders of Vermont.

The United States of the Prairie is comprised of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and North and South Dakota and united by its largely agricultural economy and widespread politeness. In a surprising turn of events, the President of the U.S.Pr. is Garrison Keillor. Analysts suggest that he appealed to the same populist sympathies as Donald Trump, but with the kindness and mild-mannered judgment characteristic of the Midwest.

Inland Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida form the new United States of Dixie, the representatives of which insist it has been brought together by shared heritage and values, none of which relate to intolerance of any kind. The President of the U.S.D. is Phil Robertson of the Louisiana Duck Dynasty.

The representatives from the United States of the Rockies, from Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and rural Nevada, admit that their nation is mostly brought together by geography. Still, it rejected the name, "the United States of Hufflepuff." Word is still out on whether this new country will legalize polygamy in the coming months. The President of the U.S.R. is Jill Stein, a surprising choice given her prior Massachusetts residency.

She has relocated to Denver since her election to high office.

The United States of Texas is made up of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. The representatives from Texas, outnumbering those from Arizona and New Mexico, carried the vote to name this new nation, which cites "Texas" as its unifying feature. The President of the U.S.T. is Greg Abbott, previously the governor of Texas.

The United States of the Pacific, comprised of Washington, Oregon, California, and Hawaii, is characterized by its political unity and passion for water sports and trees. The U.S.Pa. has elected Oprah Winfrey as President, for obvious reasons.

The United State of Alaska, formerly the state of Alaska, has chosen Sarah Palin as their new commander in chief. For reasons that are as of yet unclear, roughly 38% of Alaska's residents have left the new country for either Canada or another American country.

While there are some mass migrations expected between the nations in the coming months and years, day-to-day life is not expected to be drastically different for the majority of Americans. The governments of these new nations came together on November 15 to decide the nature of their relations going forward, and it was concluded that the United States of America would live on as a loosely defined economic union, much like the European Union, so as not to disrupt the economy of the citizenry and to ensure stability going forward. All seven countries will continue to use the U.S. Dollar and in the event of military engagement, they will band together as a Seven Nation Army.

After all these years, The Shady Dealer invites you to revisit the 2004 classic Sky High.

FREE SPEECH

SINCE I FEEL COMFORTABLE SPEAKING FREELY AT THIS UNIVERSITY, HERE ARE A FEW UNPOPULAR OPINIONS ABOUT MAD MEN

by Daniel Ruttenberg

UChicago is known worldwide as a paragon of free expression. I can't imagine myself being as comfortable speaking my mind about Mad Men anywhere other than here.

1. Joan was nowhere near as cool as Peggy.

Yeah, I get it. Joan was the sexy one, and she had her red hair and stuff, but Peggy had bigger dreams and aspirations. Her character arc was much grander over the series. Thanks UChicago, for giving me the charisma to make this opinion known!

2. "The Suitcase" was a really good episode, but "Shut the Door, Have a Seat" was WAAAY better.

I wasn't always comfortable admitting this. I remember being in SOSOC class, feeling a need to censor myself on this, when

Professor Kelly told me that I should feel free to speak my mind here, and that no one would attack me for my beliefs. That's when I realized I shouldn't hide it; Don Draper's much more interesting when he is on his game and creating something new than when he is sad. I mean, he's a two dimensional character, so both are important, but it's much more enjoyable when I'm watching him taking charge and doing stuff, you feel?

3. Mike was sort of a gimmick.

I know this is a "Breaking Bad" opinion, but I can say anything! Screw what you think.

4. Don probably didn't write the Coke Ad.

You don't like it? Fine, you can argue against it. But do not hide yourself from

my opinions just because they make you uncomfortable.

5. I wish there were more episodes with that preacher character.

He was a good character. Get out of your "safe" space and hear me out.

6. Peggy probably shouldn't have gotten that abortion.

I don't care what you think! Peggy's abortion was a really crappy thing to do. And I believe it.

7. Don Draper actually was his real name.

This is actually more of a theory than an opinion. But it is pretty interesting. If you aren't scared, check out my blog: Ruttenberling-Cooper@blogspot.com.

8. Dean Ellison is the Pete of UChicago.

Local First-Year Does Awesome Borat Voice

by Reed Thurston

In what eyewitnesses are referring to as a "masterful" and "evocative" recollection of pop culture quotation, first-year student Brian Reeves has recently been lauded by friends and colleagues across the greater university community for the discovery of his reportedly "pitch-perfect" delivery of Borat's precisely-inflected catchphrase, "My Wife!" Describing his performance as both "riotously well-executed" and "deeply moving," hundreds of university students and faculty members alike have

since rallied on social media in an outpouring of support for Brian's newfound talent, which one fan called "a gift too beautiful for this world." Reeves, when reached for comment, stated that he had never previously considered pursuing a career in performance until this recent whirlwind revelation, and that his utmost gratitude goes to his school community, whose overwhelming support helped him to "start a new chapter in life." The candid video recording which captured Reeves' original

moment of method inspiration has now been shared to over twenty million viewers worldwide in the 48 hours since its upload, and while Brian has not yet announced plans to quote any other familiar phrases from the film, both the Cadillac Palace Theatre and Wrigley Field have sent in offers to host the performance for a live broadcast television event.

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Not all scientists have endorsed Steinberg's result. David Chen, another professor in the department of Cruising Studies was quick to point out the potential risks involved with buying a longboard.

"I agree that if you bought a longboard, your coolness, chillness, radness and sickness would generally increase," said Chen. "But I think that Steinberg ignored the

crucial Douchebag Factor while conducting his research. Getting into longboarding could increase your douchiness to unacceptable levels, as much as 40-50% above where they are now. I mean, let's face it, your douchiness numbers are already pretty high to begin with; throwing a longboard into the mix could spell catastrophe for you."

The study concluded by strongly encouraging you to "start cruising as hard as you

can as soon as you can" and to "stop wasting your time walking around on your two feet like some sort of lame-ass idiot." It's final sentence reads: "Get out there on that longboard and finally become the chill motherfucker you were born to be."

OPINION: NON-BIO MAJORS SHOULD GET TO DO DISSECTIONS TOO

by Milena Pross

I was recently informed that many students, specifically biological science majors, are frequently given the opportunity to wear gloves and dissect hearts, brains, eyes, and other organs. I'd like to state for the record that I have never, not even once, been offered this chance while enrolled at the University of Chicago. This raises a few questions:

1. It's not fair!!

While technically not a question, this is my immediate gut reaction to hearing about other students' interactions with guts. STEM students get to wear goggles and hold knives in class? How come all I ever get are books? I just re-read every syllabus I've ever received and I swear I've never even held one knife in class. One time a teacher brought in cake to celebrate some famous writer's birthday, but even then I think we cut it with a fork.

2. Is Core Bio some sort of farce?

When I took Core Biology my first year here, I thought it was the most advanced

class this institution had to offer. Sometimes we got to wear lab coats and even touch microscopes. But now that I know we were denied basic scalpels and scissors and again, most importantly, gloves, I feel that important information, namely key details about what's hidden inside of animals, was censored from me. I heard all sorts of yammering about cells and DNA, but I wasn't permitted to look inside any animal at all. Did I even learn anything?

3. If we're expected to learn a language and a little bit about art to graduate, surely we should be expected to know how to take apart all the pieces of a cow's eye, right?

Everyone at this college won't shut up about the core, the core, the core. Let me tell you, I took the core, and I still don't know the first step of dissecting anything except a squid, and only because I did that four times between the ages of 9 and 15. All I know is that you need gloves. Now, I'd gladly dissect a squid again (for the part

where you get to write your name with its pen and its ink sac), but I don't know anything about eyes, brains, or any of the other "fancier" organs. In core art everyone gets to play with charcoal and gummy erasers, but unless you're a "pre-med," you don't get given a scalpel. This is a double standard that I will not stand for.

In conclusion, this is fucked up. If I want to fully understand *The Odyssey* the way biology majors understand *The Human Body*, I need access to knives and gloves and Homer's still-beating heart. If the University of Chicago truly wants to be taken seriously and move up to #1 in the U.S. News and World Report Rankings, they'll get their act together and give me some gloves.

*Dean Ellison's
favorite Britney song is
"Boys."*

Am I Happy in this Relationship or Am I Just Passing Math?

by Baunee Martinez

The soft, silky sheet. The streaks of gray that flutter across the page. The brush of the red pen on the the top corner of the calculus midterm I turned in only two days ago. It sends chills down my spine knowing I am merely getting by on a C- in college level math. It is a sense of reassurance I'm not used to.

Don't get me wrong, my boyfriend is fantastic too. He's nice to talk to and he's not bad looking either. We have so much history. He provides me with "emotional support" and a "shoulder to cry on." And I can do the same for him! I can see us starting a future together. Honestly, I think he may be the one.

But there's just something that nags at me whenever I think about the fulfillment I get from that 71% on Chalk next to MATH. It makes me feel like I! AM!

LIVING! There is nothing that gives me a break from deafening anxiety and depression like the fact that I am currently passing one of many core requirements for my major which will eventually provide me with a Bachelor's degree which I can then leverage to get a job (even though in today's economy a Bachelor's has become the equivalent of a high school diploma and I will probably have to continue into post-graduate education to be a truly viable candidate for any career while simultaneously undergoing various internships to satisfy the years-long, real-world experience employers want).

So, you can see my dilemma when I say that I've got too many good things going for me, and I am really confused as to which one I am truly deriving my happiness from. What if my boyfriend isn't the

one? What if I get married to him and then ten years later, Bachelor's in hand, I find out I'm not getting the same rush that comes from being threatened with looming unemployment? Or what if I do leave him and find out the void in my life that I thought was being filled with the satisfaction of academic achievement was actually occupied by true love and acceptance?

There are simply too many factors at work here and my mind is getting jumbled just thinking about them. I think the most mature course of action, at this point in my life, is to simply drop the only relationship I have nurtured over a long period of time as well as my boyfriend. From there, I can figure out who I miss more.

LOVE & ABSTINENCE

OUR FAVORITE NEW POKÉMON (PLEASE DON'T MASTURBATE TO THIS)

by The Shady Dealer Gaming Committee

Pokémon Sun and Moon came out on November 18th, and we are head over heels in love with the new guys. Let's have some wholesome fun and look at the coolest new Poképal's! Please don't masturbate to this.

1. Rowlet

This cute little owl is a grass and flying type Pokémon. While it looks cute, it can evolve into a super powerful bird Decidueye. Please, for God's sake, don't jack off to this. This game is for kids.

2. Charjabug

Looks pretty innocent, but nope! Charjabug is a dangerous Pokémon! With its ability to learn both bug and electric moves, it is a real threat to any Gym Leader. Put your dick back in your pants. This is not appropriate. What would your family think if they saw you masturbating to Pokémon? What would your mom think?

3. Bruxish

No. No. No. We get it, Bruxish has big lips, and while big lips may be attractive on humans, Bruxish is a fish. Do you masturbate to normal-looking fish? Is it the fact

that these creatures are animals that turns you on? Or that they look cartoonish? Or is it the uncanny valley of Pokémon between animals and cartoons that gives you your jollies? Sick fuck.

4. Bewear

You are masturbating to a cartoon bear. Look at it; the guy just wants to give you a hug, and you are masturbating to it. If I could leak your information to every potential employer you will ever encounter, I would. The world becomes a better place when we can all look at carton bears together and NOT RUB ONE OUT. This is NOT hard.

I'm sorry. That was uncalled for. I just wanna play Pokémon, OK? I just wanna catch them all like the dream, and this is really hard to watch. Can we please just



Photo by Breck Radulovic

enjoy a listicle on the new Pokémon? This only comes every few years. And I get it, this guy looks stupid, but it still reminds me at least of a better time, when I was more youthful, and...innocent...and...lustful for life.

5. Tsareena

N n n n n g h . . . o o o o h
Nnnnnnngh...ngh..ngh.ngh oh oh oh
oh oh. NNNNggghggHHHH

How to Tell if Your Tinder Date is Danny Devito in Drag

by Ryan Fleishman

Have you ever had a wonderful conversation with someone special over Tinder, and then set up a date at a local café? Did you meet up with your date, only to realize that she looked different than her profile photo? That girl wasn't the 5'9" Brazilian Bombshell with a banking job you expected, but Danny DeVito in drag! You are not alone: thousands of men and women are tricked into dates by Danny DeVito dressed as a woman each day. Here are some telltale signs to spot out Danny DeVito before it's too late.

1. She asks to go to an amusement park with you

Danny DeVito is quite short. So short, in fact, that he cannot ride the roller coasters at amusement parks without an accompanying adult. If a Tinder date asks to go to Six Flags, there is a real chance that your

date is secretly Danny DeVito trying to access Kingda Ka.

2. She constantly uses Danny DeVito Reaction Gifs

Danny DeVito is a vain creature, and loves nothing more than communicating using images of himself under the guise of a completely different person. Receiving two DeVito gifs in a row is a guaranteed sign of our short friend Danny.

3. Her name is Dani

While Danny DeVito is a scheming devil, he is also rife with sloth. Therefore, he consistently uses the name Daniela Delito during his catfishing ventures, which he shortens to Dani. If you ask your date to spell her name and she accidentally types Danny, you are talking to Danny DeVito.

4. She recommends buying the box set of It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia

Danny DeVito is known and loved by all, and is a staple of pop culture. However, he has spent his money liberally over the years, and is now in desperate need of cash. He will use his fake Tinder accounts to constantly shill It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia Blu-Ray sets and Frank Reynolds merchandise.

5. Her profile picture is Danny DeVito in drag

Danny DeVito is a trained master in the arts of makeup and feminine mystique, and when he dons a Versace dress and poses for camera, he looks like the most beautiful woman in the world. If you have a trained eye and the blessing of the gods, you might be able to pierce through DeVito's deception. Good luck.

LINGUISTS PLEAD FOR THE DESEXUALIZATION OF "GIRTH"

by Morgan Pantuck

Nearly 100 members of the Linguistic Society of America signed an open letter to the public this weekend detailing "the necessity of desexualizing the word 'girth,'" the Dealer reports. "Girth just means circumference," the authors note. "Yet, one cannot refer to the girth of an object, no matter how innocuous, without imbuing it with sexual overtones."

The letter goes on to lament the current shortage of synonyms for "width," stating that "[we're] basically limited to 'breadth' and 'perimeter,' which places major constraints on the ways in which one can discuss the measurement around the middle of something.

"The Sapir-Whorf hypothesis suggests that language determines the boundaries of thought, and linguistic categories determine cognitive categories," the letter argues. "Thus, we contend that 'girth' should be used to describe something, nay, anything other than penises."

"Girth matters," the authors conclude. When reached for follow-up, they added, "No, not that way, god-damn it."

KID BEHIND ME WON'T STOP ANSWERING RHETORICAL QUESTIONS IN CLASS

by Jacob Johnson

"Why would anyone, for any reason, answer a rhetorical question? If you answered that question in your head just now, fuck you- you're part of the problem." -Albert Einstein

At approximately 12:47 pm this Tuesday afternoon, resident Ralph Lauren enthusiast Jared Barbosa decided to raise his hand upon hearing his sociology professor ask the question "what more could a person ask for?".

Barbosa then idiotically proceeded to provide a long, in-depth list of other items one could request besides life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness, which mostly consisted of brand-name food products.

After nearly five minutes of this had elapsed, uneasy glances were exchanged around the room. Jared's mind-numbingly stupid answers to the rhetorical question showed no sign of stopping.

"I mean, at first I was glad Jared was taking up discussion time," remarked Beth Overdier, a fellow student in the class. "But eventually it got really, really weird. Like, okay, Jared, we get it. Shut up already."

This was certainly not the first time Barbosa had infuriatingly answered a rhetorical question. Other phrases, like "Are you kidding me?", "Does a bear shit in the woods?", and "Et tu, Brute?" were met by Jared with responses of "No", "Yes", and "Maybe?", respectively.

At the time of this article's writing, Jared had answered no less than fifteen separate rhetorical questions in the hour-and-a-half class. In this reporter's opinion, Barbosa should be permanently banned from all discussion participation until he can get his shoddy, ignorant, rhetorical-question-answering life together.

Jared, if you're reading this, what's it going to take for you to stop, huh? Never mind. I know you just answered that. Fuck you.

VISITING PROFESSOR REVEALED TO BE A SWARM OF LOCUSTS IN TWEED SUIT

by Nik Varley

Students in Professor Walden's History of Philosophy class were surprised to learn today that their visiting professor was in fact a swarm of locusts in a tweed suit. Professor Walden, a long term professor of ethics at Columbia University, successfully taught His-

tory of Philosophy 1 for ten weeks before his students realized that he was in fact a highly functional agglomeration of insects.

"When I saw the cloud of locusts burst from Professor Walden's tweed jacket, I couldn't believe what I was seeing" said third year student Amy Brown. "It's like, one minute I'm taking notes on the importance of David Hume, and the next I'm being attacked by a huge cloud of angry bugs. It was fucked."

Many of the students, when asked about their experience with Walden before he revealed himself to be a swarm of locusts, stated that "there were some pretty clear signs that something was wrong" and that "we probably should've picked up on this sooner".

"I honestly can't believe that none of us picked up on it sooner" said visibly shocked second year Liam Gupta. "I mean, the fact that his face looked like a seething mass of locusts was a pretty clear giveaway, but the class was at 9 a.m., so I guess I wasn't really paying close attention."

Third year Amanda Iverson echoed Gupta's sentiments. "In hindsight, the fact that his voice was the ceaseless drone of a thousand locusts buzzing in unison probably should have clued us in to what was going on. That being said, I think I speak for all of the philosophy majors when I say that Walden wasn't the most incomprehensible professor we've ever had. Hell, his constant, unintelligible buzzing was still better than the shit I had to listen to in my Heidegger class last quarter."

"Actually, all in all, I think that Walden was one of the better professors I've had" continued Iverson. He wasn't strict, he never took attendance and he usually graded our papers by devouring them. It was pretty nice while it lasted."

At press time, the cloud of insects formerly known as Professor Walden were terrorizing Bartlett dining commons.