

# The Chicago Shady Dealer

## Sandinista Death Squad Ruins Contra Dance, Executes 30

By Connor O'Steen.

Tragedy struck last Monday night in Peoria, when a Sandinista death squad infiltrated a contra dance and killed 30 participants. Taylor Haycock, one of the few survivors, described the incident: “a group of them, wearing jungle fatigues and carrying rifles came in... now I noticed pretty quick that they were hogging all the punch and eating a bunch of the sandwiches, even when the sign clearly said ‘please take one,’ and, well, I don’t speak Hispanic or know much about Mexican culture, but I thought something was a little funny about ‘em then. And that was pretty much when they shot Billy.”

According to several eyewitnesses, the Sandinistas spent some time ruining the dance before beginning their pre-meditated death spree. “We were doing a chorus jig and this one guy kept stepping on my feet...I mean, he was a bad dancer, but I think he was doing it on purpose. After that, he mumbled something about contra dancing being a betrayal to the ideals of ‘the resistance,’ and then the shooting started,” said Rosie Palmer.

Joey Palmer, a local resident, turned red with rage. “I am almost positive I saw one of those amigos spitting on the floor, and another one kept making lewd jokes about my now departed girlfriend. It was bad enough when they started methodically and dispassionately gunning us down with their AK-47’s, did they really need to spoil what turned out to be the last contra dance for a lot of us?” he said.##The head of Sandinista Death Squad Chapter #217, Raul Rodriguez, formally



John “Quincy” Adams, a third-year in the College, managed to snap this picture just moments before the massacre unfolded: “I should have known that something was wrong... I mean.. those fellas had absolutely no rhythm. Groove free.”

apologized in a press statement yesterday for what he called, “a mistake...although it’s a little stupid to call something a ‘contra’ dance. I mean c’mon, what were you expecting, for us to not accidentally kill you?” From his jungle hideout in nearby Indiana, Rodriguez held a press conference, saying, “boy, when I heard that we’d just killed 30 middle-aged suburbanites with a penchant for line dancing, was my face red!” He added, “we’re a little more used to fighting an enemy who carry the severed ears of our former loved ones with them. An enemy driven com-

pletely mad by a blood frenzy that extends beyond ideology into something more primal and urgent: the desire to kill, the thrill of ending life and snuffing out the existence of another. And in return, we are subsumed by la selva, the jungle who embraces us and tells us to murder or be murdered, for we are all pawns in the same vicious game that Cain played when he slaughtered Abel...S-till, I think we’ll all look back on this at next month’s dance and laugh about it.”

## Activision Introduces New Guitar Villain Game for Douchebags

By Sarah Pickman

Activision unveiled plans for its next game, a new installment of the extremely popular “Guitar Hero” series. The game, “Guitar Villain,” enables wannabe rockers to put down their plastic guitars and their dreams of nailing “Ace of Spades,” and step into the roll of the diehard rock and roll douchebag.

“We wanted to go in a completely different direction than the previous games,” explained Activision president Tom Bradshaw at a press conference. “The villain has long been an integral part of the rock and roll world. Without the countless buzzkills, assholes and posers, what would rockers have tobe angry and smash guitars about?”

Instead of a guitar, “Guitar Villain” comes with a plastic controller, similar to those from the Wii, that enables all of the game

functions through the movement of the player’s arm. And just as with its “Guitar Hero” predecessors, the new game features several different levels of gameplay. In the first level, players assume the role of the concert heckler. While a guitarist performs on stage, players must try to hit the guitarist with as many empty beer cans as possible, as prompted by on-screen cues. The player must also shout for “Free Bird” on cue. In the second level, players get to be the buzzkill parent, who interrupts his or her child’s basement band practices. Points are earned for the correct number of knocks on the basement door, accompanied by cries of “Turn down that racket!” and “You’ll never go anywhere with that rock and roll music! Why don’t you get off your ass and get a real job?”

Those players who make it through all levels of “Guitar Villain” unlock a special level where they play

a snooty critic at *Spin*. While a band’s music plays in the background, players have a limited amount of time to write the harshest, most blistering review possible. Points are based not only on the career-destroying potential of the review, but also on the number of obscure references made in the text, as well as the number of times the player stops writing to take a sip of his green tea vitamin energy drink.

Bradshaw and his colleagues are expecting strong sales. “We know that gamers want even more ways to be part of a virtual rock and roll experience. If “Guitar Villain” does well, we plan to move forward with our prototype for “Guitar Booking Agent.” Bradshaw revealed that designers are creating a dildo-like controller, to be used in the future development of “Guitar Groupie.”

## Girlfriend: Sexual Dysfunction No Longer Endearing

By Josh Nalven.

Another relationship hit the rocks this week as third-year Rebecca Burton released a statement revealing that she no longer considers her boyfriend Gregory Stevens’ sexual dysfunction to be an endearing trait.

“Listen, I love Greg. We’ve been together for 14 months, and I know that he really cares about me,” began the pleasure-starved young woman. “But his performance in bed... I can’t deal with it any longer. At first, I didn’t mind the half-erections, or the lightning-fast climaxes, or even the occasional cry session after, before, and sometimes during sex. In fact, I started to like that about him. I felt that dealing with his insecurities made us closer, and having only a little sexual experience myself, his poor performance made me feel more comfortable in that capacity,” Burton explained of her history with Stevens. “But lets be honest, here... a woman’s got needs, and it’ll be a cold day in Hell before Greg can fulfill any of them.”

Dr. Fred Clark, a leading urologist and sex specialist at the UC Hospitals, corroborated Burton’s findings. “I’ve seen some bad cases in my 25 years in this field, and most are treatable to some extent,” explained the doctor, holding back a chuckle. “Mr. Stevens is the only truly hopeless case I’ve ever had. Some men suffer from ED and premature ejaculation, but I’ve never seen someone exhibit both symptoms simultaneously. Even while flaccid, he is prone to climax whenever subjected to the slightest licking, groping or petting, the sight of one or more exposed breasts; even the breeze generated by the flap of a nearby fly’s wings. I can say without a doubt that Gregory Stevens, son of Bob and Melinda Stevens of Kenosha, WI, is the most sexually dysfunctional human on Earth. My prescription: complete celibacy.”

While Stevens’ amusing and defunct genitals bar him from most conventional modes of intimacy, his paranoia, frustrations and complete lack of anatomical understanding prevent him from enjoying alternate forms of corporeal pleasure as well.

“We’ve tried everything: mutual masturbation, manual, oral, domination and submission; everything ends in either a marathon sobfest, one or both of us vomiting, or a trip to the ER, though frequently a combination of two of those three,” said Burton. “We even tried cutting him out of the picture and letting him watch me have sex with another man, but his muffled weeping made our guest lose his erection too! And to make matters worse, he keeps swallowing the batteries to all my vibrators! I have no idea how or why that would ever happen. Ever. But sure enough, Greg has found a way.”



My friends, it's time to go to the gates of hell.

## Courtesy of *The Dealer*: AIDS!

### Activities and Information: Doing Stuff

#### WEDNESDAY:

--Have you ever contemplated the intersection between Benjaminian discourse and the semiotics of early Soviet collaborative art? Bethany Vergandan, professor of visual culture at Newbergh College, presents her lecture "Aesthetics, Anomie and the Spectacle in Early Modernism." Come and be crushed by the weight of her syllables and the punishing gazes of bespectacled grad students. Wine and pretentious hors d'oeuvres will be served. (CWAC 156, 5 PM)

--Those bastards at Chicago Friends of Israel brought another distinguished speaker to campus. Let me guess, he's a renowned Ivy League professor who just happens to be a rabid Zionist. And he's going to talk about, oh, I don't know, why we should bomb the shit out of Palestine. You might want to catch this one, I don't know if they'll ever have an-

other event like this again. (Stuart 101, 7 PM)

#### THURSDAY:

--Doc Films presents "An Evening with Ingushetian Filmmaker Murat Kostoyev." You'll get to view his latest short films, the virtuosic "Jakov Goes Home" and the insouciant, luscious "Fruit of My Forebearers," both additions to the already rich body of Ingushetian dramatic cinema. The screenings will be followed by a Q & A session. And you thought Ingushetia wasn't even a real country! (It's not, it's a federal subject.) (Max Palevsky Cinema, 7 PM, \$5)

--C'mon, doesn't anyone want to Contra Dance? The old geezers at the Folklore Society are out there every Thursday night, hoping someone, anyone, will want to do some Contra Dance. Please, please, just make them happy once before they kick the bucket. (Ida Noyes, 6:30 PM)

--University Theater presents: "A University Theater Production."

Written by a member of University Theater, it will be directed by a member of University Theater. The show stars eight members of University Theater in a story of University Theater members hamming it up for the benefit of other members of University Theater in the audience. This show marks the beginning of the Spring 2008 season for University Theater, which will present several more University Theater productions over the next few weeks. This is one you won't want to miss. (First Floor Theater, 7 PM, \$6)

#### FRIDAY:

--Um, I don't know. I think Alpha Delt might be having some party or something. I heard there's also something going on at Phi Delt. (Alpha Delt/Phi Delt, 11:30 PM, \$5)

--That thing you got a Facebook invitation and a million messages about from someone you barely know is also happening tonight.

Do you know what it is this time? Probably another a capella concert. Or a talk about AIDS. Whatever.

#### SATURDAY:

--Chicago's own home-grown art phenomenon, Ed Jablonski, unveils his latest installation, "Vigor and Vim," at the Museum of Contemporary Art. Jablonski was one of the founders of the Chicago Imaginary school in the early 1970's, and has continued to produce cutting-edge, pop art-influenced bullshit ever since. This latest work blends the visually pleasing painting style of the Old Dutch Masters with dog poop and calls it art. Shocking, sensuous, and totally over your head. (MCA, 8 PM, \$15)

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Crescat Rumor Vitia Excolantur

エディタ

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ビジネスマネージャー

Patrick Lange

レイアウトエディター

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ホイッピングボーイ

Deutsch-Ezra Feltman

神風パイロット

Katharine Bierce

Bill Volk

Mae Rice

Matt Doiron

Zachary Binney

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#### Meetings

Sundays @ 7pm Harper 141

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### Disclaimer

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### Meta-Disclaimer

If you think our articles are terribly written, uninteresting and riddled with inaccuracies, you should check out the *Maroon*!

#### Meta-Meta Disclaimer

On a personal note, I want to say what beautiful eyes you have. Yes you. They look like they were crafted by candy canes and rainbows. I don't care if this creeps you out. You have to know this. Call me.

## With Nomination Sealed, McCain Returns to Cryogenic Freezer

By Carl Wheeler

After an exhausting primary battle, brittle and grumpy Senator John McCain (R-AZ), the Republican Nominee for president, is being placed back in his subterranean cryogenic freezer until late October. His aides say that the freezing process, which will keep McCain's 104 year old body in pristine condition until nearly election day, will be a welcome change from the rigors of the campaign trail. One top advisor told the Dealer, "Sure, Sen. McCain loves the thrill of campaigning – telling voters about

his plans for a 'social security' plan to help seniors, or explaining his commitment to keeping troops in the Philippines until the mission is complete, but after a while, it just gets tiring – not as tough as his 1932 primary battle against incumbent Herbert Hoover, but tough."

The cryogenic chamber, or "ColdTowne, USA" as it is informally known to staffers, has housed McCain before – most notably, he was hermetically sealed inside from 1948 to 1968, and more recently from May 2003 until his presidential campaign began last year. McCain's foreign policy advisors say that they

just don't have the heart to tell him that the War in Iraq went so far downhill while the Senator was frozen; as far as he knows, American military forces are doing an efficient, humane and effective job at implementing a democratic government in the region.

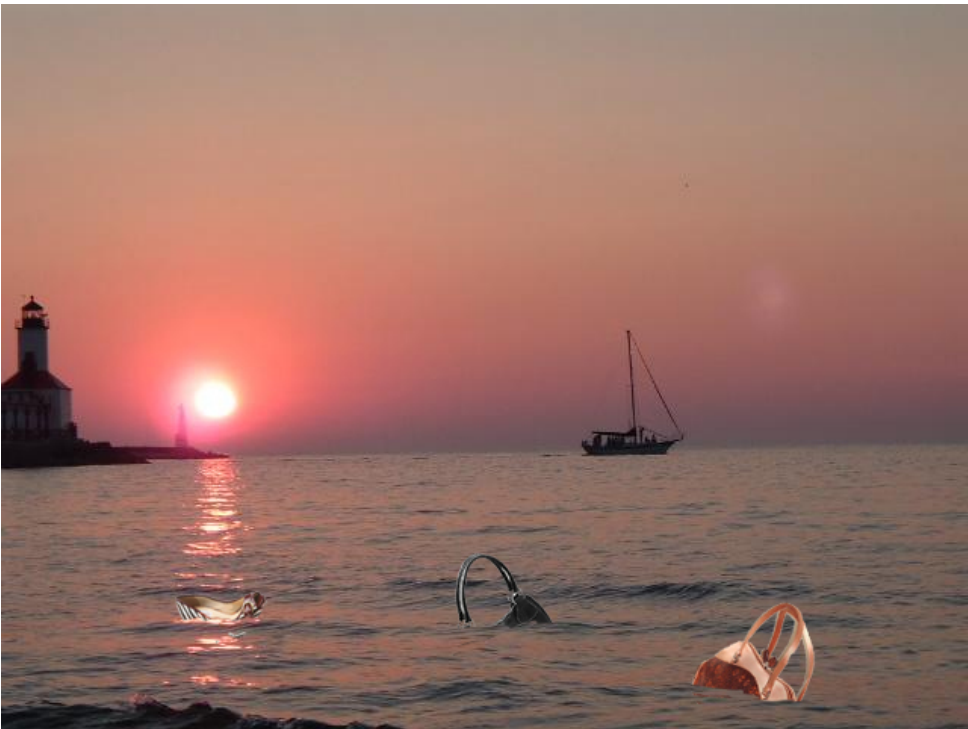
ColdTowne has had had its share of problems, however, including a hilarious misunderstanding that Cindy McCain, Sen. McCain's 14 year old wife, still likes to laugh about to this day: "In '96, when we had to put him down there so he'd skip the presidential primary that year, we had a little 'incident'," Mrs. McCain told reporters. "Seems some equal-opportunity employers decided to staff the Restraining Room with Vietnamese immigrants. Needless to say, when John saw the little squinty-eyed fellows trying to tie him down to the cryoboard, well, he flipped some PTSD shit fast. Took us weeks to get his bodily chemicals in the proper balance for the cryogenic process." Luckily, this time the only incident was when Former Governor Mitt Romney (R-MA) attempted to jump in after Sen. McCain, screaming "Let's be friends now!"

McCain was lowered into his semi-permanent home at 4:30 pm on Wednesday, April 16th, and will be removed and defrosted sometime in late October. McCain's freezing chamber, at four thousand feet below the surface of the earth, is located several hundred feet above Rep. Dennis Kucinich's Magic Land of the Elves.



Tora! Tora! Tora!

# Tragedy: Confused World War II Veteran Sinks Boatload of Jewish-American Princesses



At right, a file photo of PFC John Wilkins.

At left, the carnage.



By Josh Nalven.

Tragedy struck Lake Michigan last Friday when 86-year old veteran John Wilkins sunk a party boat carrying Rachael Silverberg’s Sweet Sixteen celebration, killing 73 of the Jewish-American Princesses onboard. “I heard down by the marina that there would be a boat full of JAPs patrolling the lake,” said Wilkins of his attack. “I knew right then and there what I had to do for my country. Oh, sure, they said that the war is long over, but I knew they were planning a comeback, what with all the cheap cars and cartoon porn they’re sellin’ us, and the way my dry cleaners are always givin’ me the shifty eyes,” said Wilkins of the Thai-

owned cleaning service on his block. The former PT boat captain approached the S.S. Poseidon’s Party on his 5m motorboat from the starboard side at approximately 11:36 PM, somewhere between the playing of DJ Casper’s “Cha Cha Slide” and Lil’ John’s “Get Low.” After strafing the side of the vessel with a barrage of machine gun fire, he armed and released a naval surplus torpedo that he had bought at an Illinois gun show the day before. “The explosion was so much prettier knowing that I was sending those dirty JAPs right where they belonged – their watery graves.” Thanks to Mr. Wilkins’ efforts, watery graves were indeed the final stop for some 73 guests at Silverburg’s party, though the bodies of the miss-

ing were still surfacing as of last night. Witnesses and survivors described the boat’s sinking as a truly horrible spectacle. The chaotic surf was speckled with scores upon scores of Coach bags, Steve Maddens, and Burberry headbands. Investigators say that many of the girls didn’t stand a chance, being too weighed down by their Tiffany’s charm bracelets to stay afloat. Furthermore, those left unencumbered by their lighter knock-off jewelry chose to drown themselves over facing exposure as an owner of second-rate accessories. However, even the lucky few who remained would face difficult odds, as the frigid lake claimed many via hypothermia despite the girls’

attempts to stay warm through rapid gum chewing and nasally voiced discussion of total bullshit. Indeed, not even those sporting the time-tested Uggs-Northface-SoLow combination were taken by the frigid tides, and many of the first responders compared the scene to a “floating Bloomingdale’s of Death.” “As we pulled up in the cutter, we could see custom sweatpants everywhere,” said Coast Guard Lt. Jim Williams of the rescue operations. “When we moved in closer, we could make out writing printed on the ass of each pair: ‘I Got Lucky at Rachael’s Sweet Sixteen!’ In my 20 years on the Coast Guard, this was truly the cruelest irony I’ve ever seen.”

## UC Pickup Lines that End Awkwardly:

- Do you want to take a trip to the Cummings Life Science Center, because I have a class there in 5 minutes and it would be an efficient use of my time.
- Are you on Facebook? Ok, I'll friend you on Facebook.
- Do you have a phone number? Yeah, cool, so do I. Awesome...

- Do you have a breadstick in your pocket? Because I missed brunch and I'm kinda hungry.
- I won't charge you \$4 for my Naked juice. And by Naked juice, I mean semen.
- Do you live in BJ? Oh yeah, that's cool, I heard that was a pretty good place to live. Do you know Mike?
- I'm a Gender Studies major with a minor in HIPS. Yeah, my parents don't think I'll ever get a job.

## Students Get Rocks Off in New Geoscience Department Class

By Katharine Bierce

As part of GEOS 28001: Field Course in Geology, spring quarter Geoscience students will be taking field trips to the unique rock formations known as “Stony Island,” “Blackstone,” and “Shoreland.” Of particular interest are the structural and chemical relationships between brick, modern-day concrete, and rare Wisconsin limestone carved by Irish immigrants in the 1850s. “I wonder if there will be any members of the population known as ‘stoners,’” commented fourth-year Kym Granitt. “I hear that those outcroppings are particularly far out.” “I’m looking forward to a down-to-earth class with real-world knowledge,” said first-year Tony Igneous. “I like to keep a grounded kind of perspective, you know?” “Shoreland’s layers of history,

which correspond to the various stages of its occupation from luxury hotel to student housing, are an excellent example of sedimentary strata,” said professor D. Douglas Johnson, who prefers to be called “The Rock.” “Dude, we get to visit dorms for class? Sweet!” said second-year football player George Sweeney. “This is even better than the time we watched that dumbass flick The Core for our core PhySci requirement.” Other earth science professors have lauded The Rock’s investigations of carbon-based continental drift in Blackstone, where first-years have recently thrust up the ranks to a traditionally upperclassmen (or upper-crust) dorm. For those about to painstakingly extract, catalog, categorize, and arbitrarily dust rocks for no possible reward, we salute you.

## DEALER CLASSIFIEDS

--FIGHT CLUB! WHERE? On the Midway, west of MLK. WHEN? M, R, F 9:00 p.m. - ?? WHY? Because bitches ain't shit! HOW? Walk west. Wear a blue shirt. Ask for Tyrone.

