

# The Chicago Shady Dealer

## Ambitious 8-Year-Old Announces Candidacy for 2023 UChicago SG Presidency

By Sam Spiegel



*Tyler attending a mass rally in his 2nd grade classroom*

Tyler Carlson, of Terre Haute, Indiana, has announced his intentions to run for President of the University of Chicago Student Government in 2023.

Carlson, aged 8, said in a press release, "My mommy said that she would buy me a milkshake if I play president."

According to his mother, Joan Carlson, "Tyler feels he can make a real change in University-relations with the community and bridge the gap between students and the administration."

While the 2023 race is still anyone's game, preliminary polling reveals several key points, according to Carlson campaign poll analyst Jeffrey Jones.

"The most recent survey shows 5% of current UChicago students say they would vote for Tyler," Jones said, "though there is a 5-degree margin of error, so that figure could be as high as 10%."

The rest of the students surveyed responded to this effect: 80% answered "who the fuck cares," and 15% were undecided.

Carlson, however, is not worried by such numbers. Joan Carlson, currently the lead campaign strategist, has brought in David Axelrod as an advisor. Axelrod is most famous for heading up Barack Obama's presidential campaign in 2008.

"People are questioning Tyler's qualifications," Axelrod said in an interview. "That is definitely hurting him in the polls. People want someone with experience in these tough economic times, especially since by 2023 the US will have an economy one-forty-second the size of China's. What we plan on doing is emphasizing the fact that he was appointed See Election, p5

## Queen Guitarist Wins Nobel for "Fat-Bottomed Girl" Theory of Gravity

By Emily Bosakowski

Brian May, noted astrophysicist and long-time guitarist for the rock band Queen, has just been announced as the recipient of the 2010 Nobel Prize in physics. The 63 year-old Londoner attained worldwide attention through his 1978 pa-

per arguing that it is fat-bottomed girls which make the rockin' world go 'round.

Popularly nicknamed the "Big Butt" theory of gravitation, May posited that the sub-gravitational fields around particularly well-shaped female rumps stabilize the rotation of the planet. Were it not for liberal gatherings of these beauties at rock concerts and bicycle races, the earth would stop spinning and fly off it's axis, a veritable shooting star leaping through the sky, defying the laws of gravity. May's thesis grew in prominence after it's proven use in studying the curvature of sound and light around amply-proportioned young women. The original paper

See Queen, p7

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## To Leave God a Voice Message, Press 2 Now . . .

### The Chicago Shady Dealer

Crescat Rumor, Vitia Excolantur

**My Name is the Lord!**

Alison Howard

**Royale with Cheese**

DJ LoBraico

**Dead—Um—Person Storage**

Sam Spiegel

**The Watch up his Ass**

Tommy Cook

**Killed While Taking a Dump**

Charna Albert

**On Brain Duty**

DJ LoBraico

**The Country of WHAT?**

Yichen Zhang

**Uncomfortable Silences**

Adam Levine

Mae Rice

Pierce Ekstrom

Meetings

Sundays, 7PM @Harper 145

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#### Disclaimer

If you are offended, shocked, or otherwise provoked to hunt us down like a delusional maniac, please take a deep breath—that's right, don't be shy—and count to ten. Maybe think about some animals or something.

Puppies always work for us.

#### Meta-Disclaimer

We're real sorry about that last disclaimer. It came off as a little snarky, plus we called you a maniac. Who does that? It was in poor taste, and we're sorry.

#### Meta-Meta-Disclaimer

Though don't get us wrong. That last disclaimer was just an apology for the tone of the first, not a retraction. Please understand: We don't give a fuck.

# God Has Nothing Left to Say to You Guys, Okay?



*By Archangel Michael*

Hey guys, Mike here. So, last night I was chillin' with God and all the angels in heaven, drinking some White Russians and talking about life, and I got to say, He was pretty bummed. The other day, on His way to the Co-op He overheard a couple of deacons or monks or shit talking to some undergraduates outside of U-Church about how He "hasn't finished talking." Like, "don't worry, kids, God has more to say to you." And God was like, no I don't, but he didn't stop and tell them that, because it would have been awkward, you know?

But anyway, God totally doesn't have anything left to say. Last night, he was like, "Dudes, I covered that already with a little thing called the Ten Commandments. It got published in, like, 2000 different editions of the Bible. It's all pretty straightforward. Don't kill people. And don't steal shit. And don't bear false witness just to get with some other dude's wife."

And then God was all like, "I'm looking at you, Archangel Gabriel," (you know, cause of that whole thing between Gabe and Mary a few years back), and Gabe was all like, "Jesus, God. That was all you. I was your wingman. I only told her that You were into her. I wasn't the One revealing Himself

to a mortal woman without any protection." And God kind of threw up His hands and sighed, and we didn't say anything cause He's sooo not ready to be a father, and He knows He shouldn't have hooked up with Mary, or whatever it is that went on, I'm not really sure, but in any case the child support is kind of killing Him...

Anyway, so God was kind of lost in thought, and we were just sitting there awkwardly, and Uriel (God, he's such a hipster) was chewing on sunflower seeds really loud, and then God was like, "Enough!" So Uriel spit out one last seed, which was so gross, but whatever, because that wasn't what God was actually talking about.

So God was like, "Everybody thinks that because Jesus is always rambling on about daisies and love and shit that I'm the one talking and telling him to say that crap. But I'm not one of those dads that put everything into their son's mouths, like with those kids that are Republicans just because their parents are Republicans. Seriously, Jesus is, like, his own person. I'm trying my best to bring the little dude up right, but it's so hard sometimes. It's like my identity, man, is all wrapped up in his." Suffice it to say, it was a pretty heavy evening.

We kind of feel bad for Him, cause Mary hasn't been much of a help lately. She used to be really cool and she was, like, a model for some really influential painters and stuff. But lately, she's gone off the deep end for real, and she's really into some super-modern, crazy fucked-up shit like toast art. But she did take Jesus for the evening, which was cool. I think they went to go visit her folks in the Vatican.

Basically, dudes, God has a lot going on right now, and He really doesn't have time to talk to you. Like, maybe if you come up to heaven and are pretty cool, we can hang, but for now, just work out your own shit while He works out His.

## You Don't Get to 50.5 Friends Without Knowing a Few That Kids

### I Would Hang Out With You Sometime, But I'm Going to be Busy Then



By Serafina Ho

You've been staring at me furtively for weeks now during class. I know because every time I look up from my notebook to toss my hair out of eyes we make several seconds of awkward

eye contact. There've been some other, not-so-subtle hints too. Like whenever the professor calls my name you look up too. Oh, and the fact that you keep opening my Facebook page during class and looking at all my photos.

It came as no surprise when you finally cornered me after class and asked me that one question I'd been dreading. "Here goes," I thought. You're going to ask me to see Fellini's 8 and a Half this Thursday and then to a café in Bridgeport so we can discuss its magical realistic elements. Or maybe you're more into the lecture on the Pollack synthesis of the logic of cubism, surrealism, and impressionism at the Art Institute this Saturday. Either way, it's not going to be hard to make up an excuse.

Obviously I need to take a ride around Hyde Park on my fixed gear bike on Thursday. And Saturday is just completely out of the question. Saturday is when I take low-fi analogue pictures of my friends smoking clove cigarettes in the alleyway next to the Med bakery. Nice try kid from my class, but my weekend is full. Booked. Planned out. I can't believe you would even try to

ask me out on such short notice. Don't you know I have an extensive tape collection that I need to listen to?

And then, you said it, nervously shuffling your proletarian New Balance sneakered foot on the cobblestones. "Hey, wanna hang out sometime?"

Okay, I don't know who you think you are, kid from my class, but you should know I am way too busy to commit to "sometime." I have a lot of pitchfork.com to read, okay? Maybe I could make room for you on Monday morning. Monday mornings are pretty lame. On second thought, probably not. Monday mornings are when all the best stuff gets thrown out in the dumpster behind Hyde Park Produce.

You know, I was strongly considering giving you Wednesday at noon. That's when I work on making my distressed clothes look a little more distressed, so it's not that important. Maybe if you had asked me about Thursday, and not "sometime," you could have ridden on the handlebars of my fixed gear bike. I can't give you "sometime," though. I'm going to be busy then.

### UChicago Student Tries to Create Social Network, Fails

By Chad Evans

Martin Wuckerberg, a Scrabble champ and Civil War reenactor in high school, just wanted to break out of his shell and experience college at its finest when he began his first year at the University of Chicago last month.

"All I wanted was to party, make some great friends, booze it up, and maybe get laid once or twice." And he thought he was doing all the right things. "I wanted to go into school a well-known guy, so over the summer I started Facebook friending everyone in the UChicago network. Undergrads, grad students, even professors."

As early as O-Week, Wuckerberg found that some people weren't as interested in friendship as he was. "I memorized everybody's name and information so that I would know everyone I saw, but some people reacted strangely when I came up to them and started whispering their favorite poem into their ear, or casually mentioned her boyfriend Lloyd's comment on their wall about their trip to Alaska together the week before. It was like they weren't interested in getting to know other people. I wanted to come here with an open mind, but I'm starting to think what they say about UChicago students is true. Maybe they are just socially awkward."

In a note posted on his Facebook account, Wuckerberg proclaimed, "There needs to be a place where people can go and socialize, without fear of other people rejecting them. I've got this idea for a website where people can share information about each other and not feel weird when other people come and talk to them about it. It would connect people, people like you and me. Maybe I'll call it

ConnectU."

Wuckerberg is still trying to keep a positive outlook though, regardless of the success of ConnectU. "I'm thinking about joining Blue Chips and maybe even Fiji. I hear they get a lot of tail out there. I think I have a really good shot too. I mean, I'm still a pretty popular guy. Do you know anybody else with 4,398 Facebook friends?"

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**Where the present is just catching up with 2003**



## If Elected, I'll Take You to . . . the Beach, 'Cause, um, It's Nice

# Rahm Emanuel Runs for Oprah

By Bailey Steinworth

Former White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emanuel announced Sunday that he plans to run for Oprah. The Chicago native hopes to replace the current holder of Chicago's highest office after her final season this year.

"Chicago's a world-class city today because of Oprah's leadership," Emanuel says in a video on his campaign website. "She deserves our appreciation. But we are facing tremendous challenges, from finding new emotionally uplifting novels to helping compulsive hoarders clean out their closets. Did you know that ninety percent of American women are wearing the wrong bra size?"

Supporters say Emanuel is the ideal candidate to host the nation's most popular talk show, citing his six years of experience representing Illinois in the U.S. Senate. "Rahm Emanuel is a Chicagoan at heart. He is committed to serving the people of this city by interviewing celebrities on national television," said campaign spokeswoman Katherine Birch.

Emanuel will face stiff competition in the race to replace Chicago's most famous icon. Disgraced former Illinois governor Rod Blagojevich is an early favorite after he announced last month that he plans to campaign for the coveted position. Other names on the ballot include Chicago native and former attorney general John Ashcroft, pop music sensation Lady Gaga, and University of Chicago president Robert J. Zimmer.

The Illinois Democrat has a strong advantage over his competitors in an endorsement by President Barack Obama, who told the Associated Press, "Rahm Emanuel is the change Americans need to see on their television screens."

Emanuel's campaign platform focuses on bringing viewers more relationship advice, fashion makeovers, and more interviews with polygamists. "If I am elected as the next Oprah, I will be fully committed to making each of my viewers feel personally uplifted and empowered. I want to help each of you live your Best Life," Emanuel said in a press conference this week. He admitted that he had "fallen off the wagon" in his struggle to lose weight, but was now ready to recommit himself to taking care of his body, mind, and soul. The native Chicago politician proposed a "Ninety Day Get Fit Challenge" as his first act if he is elected.

Speculation has been high as to what gifts audience members at the Rahm Emanuel Show might receive, considering Oprah's record of presenting her audience with cars and trips to Australia. Rumors are circulating that if Emanuel is elected to host America's most popular talk show, audience members could go home with seats in the Illinois legislature.

# University to Hold Traditional "Punctilious Costume Ball"

By Df LoBraico

Students were universally pleased to hear the Council on University Programming (COUP) announce yesterday that it would once again be hosting the Punctilious Costume Ball in Ida Noyes Hall on Friday of Eighth Week this quarter. The Ball, which has come under fire from administrators for its overly strict standards of dress and behavior, has not been held since 1984.

"COUP hasn't really said what they changed so that the University would let them hold it again," according to one fan, third year Isaac Erdrich, "but I really hope they haven't made them change too See Ball, p7

# Iran Blames West For Everything

By Anthony Hoffman

Earlier this week, Iranian president Mahmoud Ahmadinejad released yet another sweeping diatribe against Chicago-born hip-hop artist Kanye West. This renouncement follows past claims that "West has stepped too far into regional politics" and "808's and Heartbreak was an over auto-tuned piece of shit." Ahmadinejad's most recent outburst was in relation to West's newest album, "My Dark Beautiful Twisted Fantasy," which he criticized as having a title "more convoluted than the entire state of Israel."

Ahmadinejad has another reason to dislike West. In 2009 West infamously hopped on stage during the MTV VMA awards and snatched the microphone away from one of Ahmadinejad's favorite artists, Taylor Swift. The Iranian president then condemned West, stating that



*Amid other allegations, Ahmadinejad has accused West of poor taste in sunglasses, as well as adopting imperialist policies against the Middle East*

he had "overstepped traditional boundaries into dangerous territory. Besides, how could he do that to such a sweet, innocent girl?"

When West was contacted for comment, at the first mention of Ahmadinejad's name he said, "YO IMMA LET YOU FINISH BUT SADAAM HUSEIN WAS THE BEST OPPRESSIVE MIDDLE EAST LEADER OF ALL TIME."

## Hmmm . . . The New RH Looks A Lot Like Harrison Ford

### Pierce Residents Move Into MSI U-Boat, Find it Comfortable

By Yadav Gowda

As part of a University Housing plan to greater accommodate the needs of students, last Tuesday Pierce Tower residents moved into the German U-505 submarine located at the Museum of Science and Industry.

"We needed to find a new home for the 250-odd residents at Pierce," said Kimberly Goff-Crews, Vice President of Student Life, "and it just so happened that the U-505 fit the bill."

Students from Pierce are already quite taken with their new surroundings. Walking down the hallway, one can see students using the various control rooms and fuel pipes as common areas.

"I love it in here," said second-year Jen Segel, member of the newly-formed

Vernichtungsgedanke House. "It's just so much more spacious than Pierce ever was."

Among the dissenters, however, are those who say that the residence hall is too far away from any dining halls. However, soon after moving in, students at the U-505 Residence Hall discovered a cache of canned German food, which quelled some of their concerns.

"I really don't know why the University didn't do this sooner," said Benjamin Paulsen, a third year and resident of Flottentorpedoschacht House. "The students are happier, and so is housing. It's a win-win."

Pierce Tower has since been sold to MAC, and will be converted into apartments for grad students.



*A new, warmer Pierce double*

### Election, from first page

hall-monitor three times by his second-grade teacher Mrs. Bright. If that's not experience, then I don't know what is."

Tyler has been taking a very hands-on approach to his campaign, apparently hoping to grab some grassroots support. In a recent interview with Time magazine, he said, "I get to draw pictures on the sidewalk with chalk! My mommy used to yell at me for doing that, but now she won't let me have supper unless I write on at least four different sidewalks."

Things, however, are not all perfect for the Carlson campaign. Last week the political blogs were buzzing over allegations made by a current classmate that Tyler has a "poopy mouth."

Damage control, though, is not something new to Carlson. Several weeks ago Tyler's older brother, Freddie, announced in a press conference that Tyler "definitely has a crush on Lindsey Dalke from across the street." Tyler shot back by quickly organizing a press conference of his own and announcing to the world that Freddie has a dirty magazine hidden under his mattress.

This reporter was able to catch Tyler at recess one day recently. When asked how he felt about the switch in admissions to the Common Application, and if it changed the culture of the University in any way, he said, "Watch how high I can get on the swings! I can get, like, really high."

### Patriotic Americans Oppose Use of Arabic Numbers

By Eliza Brown

The recent national dialogue concerning the mosque planned to be built two blocks away from Ground Zero has made some Americans consider other insensitive practices to their fellow Americans. The most blatant example of this disregard is the use of Arabic numbers. "They are just about everywhere," said Mary Shneebley, a real American. "Even saying or writing 9/11 says that we, as Americans, have lost, and let me be clear: Americans don't lose."

Shneebley and other concerned Americans argue that using Arabic numbers means that the terrorists have won. Eric von Stoher, a dentist and resident of Poughkeepsie, NY, argues that Arabic numbers might have been the cause of the September 11 attacks altogether. "The planes themselves run on computer systems with Arabic numbers. And Arabic bombs are built with Arabic numbers, for sure."

Some groups, like Americans for America (AA), have latched onto this theory and others and now claiming that Arabic numbers are "dangerous" and "must be stopped at any cost and continued debt to China." Twelve AA members were arrested in Boston for ripping apart signs at a Walmart that listed "Everyday Low Prices," using Arabic numbers. A Walmart employee, Ann Johnson, was admitted to the hospital with severe injuries and will probably never regain use of her left ear.

Some Americans sensitive to this issue have called for the return to Roman numerals. "They are the American way. Just look at the neo-Classical White

*See Numerals, p7*



## Kafka On a Bad Day

# Google Launches “Hip” New E-mail Provider, OGmail

By Mae Rice

As part of their effort to reach “the only clientele we have so far been unable to access,” Google launched a new e-mail provider last Friday. Titled OGmail, it is intended to cater to OGs, or original gangsters.

At the launch party, Google CEO Eric Schmidt explained that “OGs tend to conduct their business through face-to-face interactions, or by delegating to subordinates. OGmail is Google’s first step towards breaking into this lucrative, historically offline communication market. We have modified our popular Gmail into a hip, fresh e-mail provider that we expect OGs to find extremely useful.”

OGmail provides users with new features, like the opportunity to send untraceable e-mails. “When OGs need to send anonymous, threatening messages, e-mail isn’t the first means they consider,” said Schmidt of the feature. “Google’s innovative programmers are changing that.” The untraceable e-mail feature includes a brief, scroll-down menu of suggested content, such as “I’m watching you,” “I have a big gun,” and “I am going to steal your dog.”

New features also include a stratified address book, which allows the user to separate contacts into preset categories like “Pimps,” “Hos,” and “People To Kill Soon,” which includes the subcategory “People To Kill Tomorrow.” When a contact is listed under “People To Kill Tomorrow,” OGmail automatically prompts the user to create an event in their Google Calendar entitled “Murder,” so that OGs don’t forget their obligations or overschedule their day.

# Popular Professor Found to Be Cocoon for Prehistoric Moth

By Adam Levine

It was a big day for the students of Professor Robert Singer last Wednesday. The popular economics instructor was in the middle of a lecture to one of his largest classes when the 200-pound moth that had been growing inside of him for seventy years burst out of his head and flew away, tearing his empty skin to tatters. Officials who examined his shredded remains reported that the professor’s skin was in fact made entirely of a hardened silk, indicating that he was not a human being, but a cocoon. James Non-dorf, the University’s Dean of Admissions, described the event as “unprecedented.”

Students had admired Professor Singer for his habit of trailing off mid-sentence, staring at the empty doorway, smiling at an unseen guest, and jovially declaring “And here comes the old queen now!” However, many began to notice that something was amiss several months ago: Singer reportedly began to display a desiccated appearance, as if his body was bereft of all moisture. He developed

heterogeneous bulges and swelled to five times his original size. He began shedding flakes of skin in massive quantities during class and would often stop to break off a dangling finger or place one of his ears in a drawer. A recent email to his students, bearing the subject line “The Unbearable Misery,” simply read, “The agony is unending.”

Many of these strange behaviors were explained last Wednesday when Singer’s eyes glassed over, he stood perfectly still, and a 10-foot leg methodically pushed its way through the top of his skull. According to eyewitnesses, it took less than twenty minutes for the enormous moth which had been metamorphosing inside of him for decades to free itself from the



*Professor Singer’s Unexpected Transformation*

confinement of its cocoon and fly frantically through a window, where it proceeded to become more frightened of Chicago citizens than they were of it. Dr. Sherman McCarthy from National Geographic believes that the moth is prehistoric in origin, dating from perhaps 350 million years ago.

The Notorious B.I.G.’s face and a more understated background, “Thug Life,” which features the words tiled across the screen in the popular font Comic Sans. OGmail also marks the debut of new, OG-appropriate emoticons, such as “drinking Cristal,” “smoking a fatty,” and “representing my hood.”

## There's Nothing an Overdose of Enthusiasm Can't Cure

### Queen, *From First Page*

was known as much for its exhaustive observations as it was for its 68 pages of detailed anatomical illustrations.

In a statement released on Monday, Brian May thanked the Nobel committee. "I am deeply honored to receive this award. After decades of researching the link between big fat women and gravity, I consider myself the world's foremost expert on the subject." May added, "Of gravity, I mean. Gravity."

May's other well-known paper, coauthored by David Bowie in 1981, hypothesized that the universe is in a continued state of being "under pressure." It was later the subject of controversy when its central thesis was notoriously "borrowed" by particle theorist Vanilla Ice's dissertation of the coldness and denseness of Dr. Ice's own beats.

"Dr. May has long been a favorite of our committee," said Nobel committee chairman Magnus Carlsson. "We enjoy his meticulous research, erudite writing style, and blistering guitar solos. Seriously, did you know he built that thing himself?" Observers in Sweden point out that Carlsson's decision could pave the way for other rock 'n roll based Nobel prizes, including Ringo Starr's role as mediator in the 1968 Lennon-McCartney talks, the Steven Levitt-proven link between a spike in the American birthrate and the release of Led Zeppelin IV, and the so-called "medical miracle" of Keith Richard's continued existence.

The prize is not without its detractors. University of Chicago astrophysicist Subramir Checkasandr was vocal in his criticism yesterday. "The whole physics community knows that it was [Freddie] Mercury who was the main theoretician of Queen. This decision is just Rosalind Franklin all over again. Besides, if you ask me, Brian just got into astrophysics for the drugs and the girls."

### Numerals, *from p5*

House and Capital building and you can tell who the real ancestors of America are," said Jack O'Sullivan, a prominent blogger on the topic.

The Roman numeral movement, often called Freedom Numbers, has lobbied state legislators to write bills that

## Cast of Glee to Perform Der Ring des Nibelungen

By Sharon Lurye

Gleeks, prepare your librettos: Glee producer Ryan Murphy has revealed a selection of what the Glee cast will perform next season.

The next fifteen episodes will feature Wagner's four-opera epic cycle Der Ring des Nibelungen, culminating in a season finale in which *Quinn* gives live birth in the middle of the *Götterdämmerung*.

"The fans have been begging for some Wagner for months," said Murphy. "Sure, the special effects budget

is now going to be \$40 million for each episode, but it's high time we got around to it!"

Chris Colfer (Kurt Hummel) mentioned that his soprano part will be challenging. "But if I can hit the high F in *Defying Gravity*, then the *Walkürenritt* should be easy."

"I'm so excited," said cast member Lea Michele (Rachel Berry), "I can just imagine everyone at home singing along: *Zu Ortlindes Stute*



*Glee's latest extravaganza*

stell deinen Hengst: mit meiner Grauen graßst gern dein Brauner!"

make teaching Roman numerals in public schools a requirement. "I don't want my kids learning Arabic anything. Roman numerals are plenty good enough for any math that is actually useful in life, I mean the abacus still works great" said Shaniqua Thomson, mother and state representative of District 9 in Ohio.

Though the issue with Arabic number is far and away the most prevalent of campaigns, some citizens have decided to reduce their use of all goods with Arabic and Muslim origins and ties. "We stopped buying coffee and going to restaurants, that's for sure. Both are inventions of Muslim people in the 10th century and both have led to the deterioration of morality, that's for sure," said Kathy Khan, a convert and proponent of the movement.

Those that practice a reduction in Muslim inventions offer assistance to each other in avoiding such pervasive inventions as the pure distillation of chemicals, the soap bar, underarm deodorant, and public hospitals.

### Ball, *from p4*

much, because everything was just perfect exactly how it was before."

Traditionally, the Punctilious Ball was held annually and renowned for the particular attention to detail that was shown in every regard, from preparation to execution, of the event. "I have fond memories of Punctilious," one faculty member and alum told us on condition of anonymity, "My roommate was kicked out because he used the dessert fork for salad. Idiot."

There are also reports of guests being prohibited for missed belt loops and "simply poor fashion decisions" in the form of harem pants and empire waist style dresses. One organizer insisted that "we simply will not be accepting anyone wearing neon pink or a one shouldered dress... Umm hello, so last fall!"

Tickets can be purchased at a 30 inch by 48 inch folding table precisely 36 paces from the 57th Street doors of the Reynolds Club from 10 am to 12 pm sharp all of next week.



## Point/Counterpoint

### Point of Observation: Your New Fangled Manner is Far Inferior to the Appropriate Expectation of Our Society



*By Henry Crown Field Mouse, Esquire*

Dear Lord Ratner,

You are quite the trickster. What is the need for your type in this day and age? One University surely does not need two resident rodents. Myself, Henry Crown Field Mouse, Esquire, is more than ample to serve this community in all of its splendor. My foreboding grey exterior serves as a hallmark sight among the campus buildings. My humble field property, oh my, what can I say about that? It is truly the representation of full bravery and dedication to the love of sport.

You however, sire, are simply an empty shell of a creature. An abomination! You may wear the finest finery, but sir you know not of the common gentleman and gentlewoman. Need I not mention your scandalous relations with Lady Stagg, it is quite absurd and not worth the ink on my quill. She is quite a trampling tramp, not to mention her lifestyle is out of proportion of that of an honorable vermin. How can you even associate with the family Cervidae?

Furthermore your modernity is a wart on the face of our community. You stick out like some sort of terrible alien creature. Ah! You might argue that there are plenty of your type, but at least Max Elephantsky handles a load far weightier than yours, daily storing twenty-five dozen maidens in his trunk. But you! A proud rodent should know better.

Alas, besides my concerns, I really come to you with a plea. We must work together to ensure our community utilizes our resources as best as possible, to thus become more aggressive and more attractive than the squirrels. Moreover, we must avoid at all costs a new dependence on the Man-sueto, which would surely cripple our society even more. Although I find your differences abhorrent, and far inferior to the proper style of rodenture, perhaps we can meet together to best promote the strength of our people.

Sincerely,

Henry Crown Field Mouse, Esquire.

### Counterpoint to Thy Fallacious Remarks: The Ratner Manor is of the Most Modern Convenience



*By Lord Gerard Ratner, Baron of Ellishire*

My dearest Elder, Crown:

Thou canst not understand the new generation of sportsmen (even sportswomen in this age) and the needs they retain during their gymnastic interludes. This being only a natural artifact of your most venerable and respected age, I beseech thee to try thy keenest to come to some level of compliance and toleration of this fact, even if thy simplest of minds, worn over by the grime of the rise of one hundred moons, is incapable of even the slightest title of understanding.

You see, my meandering undulations and vigorous steel joists, most exquisitely assembled into a astoundingly intricate edifice, still maintains the most aesthetically pleasing visage of a smoothly rolling wave, crashing done onto some, much warmer shore. Your dull and hoary figure, trite, with the footprints of one thousand tired joggers depressed by your most disconsolate form, is no longer a necessity on this campus.

As for your accusations of a relation with the most lovely Lady Stagg, whose husband, dead now for some time, was never really capable of nibbling on her garbage like a true man of the Ratner legacy. She deserves the serene guardianship that a Lord of my stature can provide yet your envy seeps just the same, how ghastly, you most repugnant of foes.

I must concur with you that the Man-sueto does pose a new threat to some of our more...esteemed perhaps... structures on this campus. I however, harbor no fear of this new improvement to the district, fully confident in my relevance for some time to come. It may be a cold winter for you my dear Crown... cold indeed.

Yours truly,

Lord Gerard Ratner, Baron of Ellishire

P.S. At the least we can agree to face united against the Cobbra. It is purely venomous to our kind.