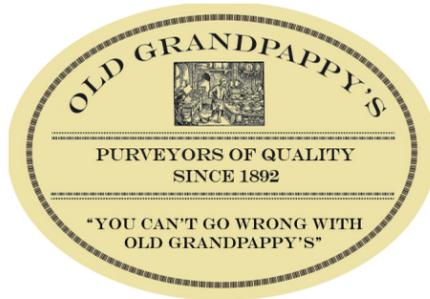


The Chicago Shady Dealer

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University Police Discover Hidden Realm of Grad Students

By Carl Wheeler

A chance discovery by two University of Chicago Police officers last week revealed an underground realm where U of C graduate students have been creating a thriving, if primitive, society for the last four hundred years.

The kingdom, which many have called a cross between a prairie dog village and a Soviet prison camp, has its only entrance to the outside world in a closet at the back of the Swift Coffee Shop. Because its inhabitants rarely enter what they call "The Kingdom of Light and Employment", they were able to escape notice until UCPD officers happened to look in the closet in search of some plastic forks. John McAyal, one of the two officers, described the discovery: "At first we were just like, 'Woah, this is a way bigger closet than we thought,' but as we looked around for some damn *Old Grandpappy's Shilelagh Polish and Vaginal Lubricant*, we realized it was actually an entrance room to a much larger place. We were both scared shitless, of course, so we got some real police officers with real guns to come and help us."

McAyal alerted the Chicago Police Department, who, after some routine beatings and discrimination against him for being Irish, formed an exploratory party. They returned to the coffee shop the next morning with provisions for several days' journey and gave an exclusive report to the Shady Dealer yesterday. The full text of the report follows:

"The caste system is very highly regulated, beginning with the lowest and newest members of the society, the "Pee-ons". They are forbidden from speaking or making eye-contact with anyone higher than the "Laws" - law students. "Researchers" spend most of their time trying to tunnel into various campus libraries. All of the Grad-people spend many hours per day worshipping the semi-godlike "Econs" who rule over their land and, it is rumored, will soon be able to get jobs. Edward A. Snyder, the President of the Graduate School of Business, denies that the Econ students there are subjecting the Grad-people to a life of eternal darkness and slavery as an unethical money-making scheme. Saul Levmore, the Dean of the Law School, also denies that his

students act as servants to the Econs, routinely beating the Grad-people with volumes of Herr Deutschmaster's 114th German Überencyclopedia and Bratwurst Cookery Guide.

Their currency, the Ramen, is a hard, brick-like substance, which, in desperation, is often eaten. Some United States currency has been found in the tunnels, and Patches himself claims to have \$2.37 in rusty old coins. In an exclusive interview with the leader, he told us that he is "really, really close" to getting his PhD. "Like, thiiiiiii close," Patches repeated. "So like, I have my dissertation and everything. I just have to defend it. And of course, re-evolve eyeballs after my family has lived in these caves for a few dozen generations."

We have also asked many University of Chicago undergraduate students for their reactions upon learning that their counterparts underground lived in such conditions. One student, a third-year political science major, seemed to summarize the undergrad opinion: "Yeah, that doesn't surprise me. Grad students are weird."

The University of Chicago Presents: The Great Hume Review

For the 89th year, the esteemed faculty of the University of Chicago has published this collection containing the pinnacle of intellectual achievement by the most elite of first-year undergraduates in their humanities classes. With no further ado, we'd like to share some excerpts from these works:

"Dictionary.com defines 'forms' as 'paperwork that is filled out'. It is really interesting that Plato uses the word 'forms' in an entirely different way, which has something to do with ideas. Throughout the book, Plato tries to explain this, and even though it

doesn't make much sense it is a really smart idea."

"Since the beginning of time, everyone has wondered if Hamlet is crazy or if he is just pretending. All through the play, Shakespeare keeps us guessing. I think that maybe Shakespeare just wanted it to be kind of left up to everybody's imagination. To prove this, I will show that sometimes the play shows that Hamlet is crazy and sometimes it shows that he is just pretending."

"But the main reason why the Greeks beat the Trojans in The Iliad was because the Greeks had Spartans. Spartan soldiers were really awesome, in fact they were so good

that 300 of them beat a really big army of Persians that was way bigger than the Trojans, so as long as there were 300 Spartans the Greeks were going to win anyway."

"Usually, people just read this story and don't get what it's about, and that was kind of the way it was for me. But the author's narrative is an allegory meant to imply the imperfection of the human form in matters related to the temptations of the flesh (Sparknotes, p. 45)."

Order now for only \$29.99 and receive *Old Grandpappy's Smut Machine* for free! (WARNING: CONTAINS BESTIALITY)

Super Gay Astronomy Nerd Totally Jizzing Pants Over Leap Year

By Josh Nakven.

Indifference swept across campus like wildfire this week as third-year astronomy enthusiast Kenny Finkle practically jizzed his pants in anticipation of the upcoming leap day that occurs once every four years.

"If I may interject," began the gangly mess of limbs from beneath his hemispherical mushroom cut, "the leap day is only added every four years provided that year is not divisible by 100, and if it is, it is then only added if that year is also divisible by 400. For instance, the years 2000 and 2400 were and will be leap years, whereas the years 1900 and 2100 were not, and will not be leap years." Whatever.

Everyone - from Finkle's few friends, to classmates, to whoever is within earshot of him on the bus - struggles to wrap their minds around why the disheveled Space Camp graduate derives so much fascination with the Universe's most boring phenomenon. "Oh my God, if that lame-ass starts talking about the fucking leap year during lab one more time, I swear I'm going to shove his telescope where the stars don't shine," lamented Finkle's lab partner Shelley Wilkins, as she straightened a stack of *Old Grandpappy's Black Market Textbooks From Myanmar*. "Who cares? Once every four years, big fucking deal. I mean, maybe if he was turning eight, then yeah, sure, it would be marginally understandable. And it's a man-made system, for Christ's sake! It's not even all that astronomical!" Finkle's astronomy professor shared Wilkins' feelings. "That kid is so gay, it hurts."

Despite the outcries of his detractors, Finkle soldiers on in defense of both the leap day and his own virginity. "I think that the leap year is an astounding astrological phenomenon, albeit a vain one," began the certified "Mathemagician" from within the jagged shadows cast by the expandable geodesic sphere hanging from his bedroom ceiling. "The way Man struggles to keep his precious vernal equinox in line -- it's quaint, really. But no matter how hard humans might try, the constant spin and revolution of the celestial bodies is too complex to be written off by an extra day here or there," he exulted while spewing bits of freeze-dried astronaut food he bought from The Discovery Store, "Why, even with the leap year, the calendar will be one day behind in 8,000 years! Take THAT, Pope Gregory XIII!"

Fuzzy Bear Empathy Patrol is keepin' me down

Now That I Live on the South Side, I have Tons of Street Cred

By Justin Habelmasser

Hi! I'm Justin Habelmasser from Erie, PA, and I just want to say that I can NOT believe how much street cred I have now that I live on the South Side!! I knew the University of Chicago was a good school, but I did not realize that I would also get cred from going here! I mean, I've seen a few things in my first two quarters that would make everyone in Erie

pee themselves -- simultaneously!

Like once, I was walking on 53rd Street, snacking on *Old Grandpappy's Cheap Off-Brand Candy*, and this homeless guy just came up to me out of nowhere! And guess what he did. He asked me for money! That would never happen in Erie. And like, I was scared -- obviously -- but I wasn't too scared to say no. So I totally said it! And then he said, "Have a nice day," but I don't think he meant it at all. I told my

friend back home about it, and he was like, "WOW Habelmasser, you are so hardcore," and I was like, "Oh, I don't know," but I was just trying to make him feel better about Erie. I totally am!!

There's other stuff too. Like once, someone got mugged! Right outside my dorm! And it wasn't me, but it totally could have been me, and I totally think I could have survived. Also, another time, on the train, this lady cussed me out for

no reason. She did!! She totally called me a "turd" and flipped me the bird. THE BIRD! It was nuts. My parents were freaking out when I told them, oh my gosh!!

And now, as they say on the streets, "I need to bounce a lot." There's definitely some crazy stuff I've forgotten, too, but hopefully you get my point. I live on the South Side, and boy do I ever have street cred!!

Bitch, Please

By Sparklepoo, Unicorn of the Enchanted Gumdrop Forest.

Unicorn, what?

Girl, you think you got it tough? You don't know the half. You think you from the streets now, or some shit? You think you keepin' it real? Livin' in the Imaginary Enchanted Gumdrop Forest, that some real shit. That shit make Compton look like fuckin' Lincoln Park.

Bitch, please.

You gots a few homeless guys here? So what? Ain't no thing. Least you don't got no motherfuckin' magic pixies all up in your grill. A unicorn might just be takin' a shit in the woods, mindin' she own business, when all these magic pixies pops out of nowhere and axe you for booze money. And if you don't give up the goods, they got all

these pixie curses and shit, and then they push a unicorn over into the molasses swamp and shit. I'd just curb-stomp the motherfuckas, but they fuckin' fly.

And the cops. Got damn. You think the pigs are bad here in Chicago? You should see the fuckin' Fuzzy Bear Empathy Patrol. Jesus shit. They see you walkin' down the peppermint trail or whatever, wearin' you *Young Grandpappy's Urban Wear*, a subsidiary of Old Grandpappy's, not doin' shit to nobody, and they'll pull your four-legged ass over and rough you up with the laser beams they got in they bellies. They think that you always lookin' for a virgin, just 'cause you a unicorn. Can you believe that shit?

Step off, bitch, 'cause you gots to check yourself fo' you wreck yourself.

I say again: Bitch, please.



The Fuzzy Bear Empathy Patrol: "To Protect and Kill"

The Chicago Shady Dealer

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Connor O'Steen

Protocol Engineers

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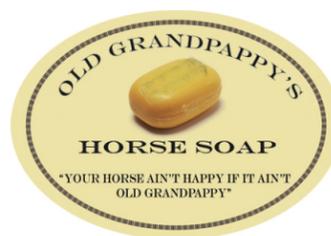
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University of Chicago Hit by Grade Stagflation

By Reggie Rutherford

Student confidence hit a 10-year low last month amid concerns that the University of Chicago is headed for a rare and devastating condition known as grade stagflation. This disastrous situation is a combination of rampant grade inflation, in which the grade given to average work increases over time, and an abnormally high unemployment rate of University graduates.

Although grade inflation has been common since the 1950s, the 1.7 point increase measured in Autumn Quarter is more than triple the historical average. To make matters worse, leading indicators for grade inflation, such as enrollment in 130-level classes and new requests for term paper extensions, are predicting even worse conditions through the rest of the educational year. Experts also point to midterm results which Citibank has classified as "definitely sub-prime."



The unemployment side of the crisis is even more worrisome, as the percentage of U of C graduates receiving full-time employment fell to 65% last year and is projected to hit 50% for the Class of 2010. The threefold increase in students majoring in gender studies since 2004 is the factor most frequently cited by analysts, but blame is increasingly being placed on the refusal of most That Kids to accept jobs paying less than \$1 million per year.

While most experts are calling for drastic action from the University administration to counter these problems, others are

less concerned. Ms. Sal Kennon, a counselor for CAPS, points out that students who come in to have their resumes reviewed receive absolutely no help from her and her colleagues. Sgt. Kip Suthers of the United States Marine Corps, standing behind a table in the Reynolds Club, added, "I don't see what all the whining is about. There's plenty of jobs out there where nobody cares what your grades were, or what you majored in, or anything else. Not only that, but I get to wear *Old Grandpappy's Kickin' Boots* to work everyday! Can you do 20 chin-ups?"

President Zimmer is expected to take no action regarding the grade stagflation, but advisers are proposing options ranging from having dinner in the same general area as 25 pre-selected students to hiring humanities majors as unpaid interns for the University's sanitation service.

"Just sign on the dotted line," Sgt. Suthers suggested. "You're not a gay, right?"

Now three times as lazy!

The Holiday That Time Forgot: St. Chucky's Day

By Edwin Sweeney

DUBLIN — In all the hoopla and flim flam about St. Patrick's Day, the world has forgotten St. Chucky. St. Chucky the Special is commemorated on March 14 when millions of people all over the world go about their business normally. Although this has become a tradition with a staggering 99.9% of the world's population, the fact that most people don't even realize that they're doing anything has gotten some old time Irish folks all pissy. "I remember when lads and lasses would get their tizzies in a bunch over St. Chucky." Explained Mr. Tyre McIlroy (Catholic) "But 'ese days 'ey don't even know it's going on. That gets meh curly kale all blanched. I won't stand for it. I won't."

This year McIlroy organized educational events around the Emerald Isle. "It's tough 'cause yeh can't place the day on March 14,

yeh know. Would be against the spirit of St. Chucky. Many people figure the day is about not doin' a thing 'cause St. Chucky didn't do nothin'. They're bleedin' stupid. St. Chucky makes Patty look like a lazy slob. 'Oo introduced snakes to Ireland? St. Chucky. 'Oo introduced the printing press to Ireland and then decided you could have a personal relationship with God? St. Chucky. 'Oo was James Joyce's editor? St. Chucky. 'Is intentions mi' 'ave been bad or good, but everything 'e did turned out all wrong. , he was about as useful as *Old Grandpappy's Abstinence Education Program*. Like an ancient Bush. 'E teaches us that if yeh do shit yeh have to live with that shit. 'Ence 'is day is all 'bout not doin' stuff, and we 'ave to remember it."

Not everyone agrees about the remembrance of St. Chucky's Day. We sat down with Roy McIltyre (Protestant) and Tyre



McIlroy for a discussion. Roy was the main opponent of McIlroy's planned events. "It's a good thing that crazy bastard is forgotten. He brought the snakes to Ireland, din' 'e? 'E was James Joyce's bloody editor wa'n 'e? My great grandpappy forgot to throw out a blighted potato because of the shame," proclaimed Mr. McIltyre. "Yeah, he

did them things, but it's not like 'e did it on purpose. He was such a special child, Chucky was. Why do yeh think they call 'im 'St. Chucky the Special'?"

When confronted with the seeming anachronism of St. Chucky, McIlroy 'anded me a bo'le o' Guinness, sayin', "Drink this on Patty's and it'll all make sense."

Stroke Victim's Left Brain Keeps Playing Pranks

By Carolam Fried

The UC Hospitals got an unusual case this week. Steve Schmidt, 12 years old, checked in early Saturday after a mild stroke. Extensive tests revealed a unique cause for the disturbance. "It appears," said one doctor assigned to the case, "that Steve suffers from a mischievous left brain possibly caused by overindulgence of *Old Grandpappy's Erectile Dysfunction Popsicle Sticks*."

This may explain a lot about Steve's behavior both before and after the stroke, for he has long since been considered to be "disturbed." We at the Shady Dealer decided to go directly to the source, and now bring you an exclusive interview with the left brain itself:

SD: So, Steve's left brain -

LB: Please, it's Steve-O.

SD: Right, well, Steve-O, what can you share with us about your role in Steve's reportedly unusual behavior?

LB: Well, I can't give away too much, but the right side is my territory. That time Steve told his math

teacher he wouldn't sit down until he got kisses on the right cheek from three pretty ladies? That was all me. I've had a thing for this blonde who sits in front of him for a while now.

SD: I see... well, I guess a brain can have urges, too...

LB: Damn straight. I control language, too, so keep a lookout for post-stroke aphasia. I'm thinking I'll have Steve say "penis" every three words.

SD: Isn't that a little immature?

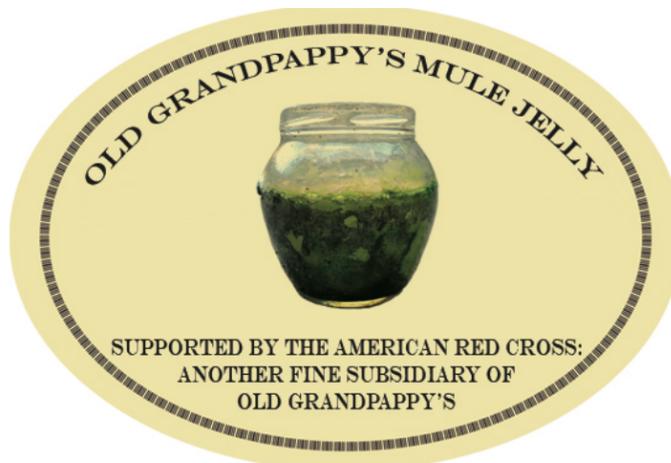
LB: I'm 12 years old, and my name is "Steve-O." What do you want? Besides, the stroke here was really my magnum opus, and there's nothing immature about an ailment that generally affects elderly men.

SD: Your magnum opus? Does this mean you'll be leaving Steve alone for a while?

LB: Well, I'll probably lay low for a bit, at least until the doctors stop trying to get rid of me. But I have a comeback planned, don't you worry. In fact, watch out for Steve's bar mitzvah. He wants to go bowling... the possibilities are endless...

At this point doctors flooded in and the interview was cut short. However, we got to speak to the real Steve and found that Steve-O was still making himself felt. "Yeah, I've been penis made fun of penis for a long penis time. It got penis really bad after penis I pooped in penis my chair during penis history that one penis day," Steve tells us, about the hardship of being a consistent prank target for his own left brain.

But what will be done about Steve-O? The doctors appear to be stumped, and have tried everything short of a hemispherectomy. An attempt at exorcism was met with considerable opposition from Steve's family, which is very religiously Jewish. Head economists at the University of Chicago have suggested simply killing Steve, claiming that without control of his own actions, he is a "deadweight loss," while the Psychology Department is in negotiation with Steve's family to buy rights to his body and soul, for testing purposes.



Blogosphere Converted into Far More Exciting "Blog-o-Dome XTreme"

By Carl Wheeler

In an attempt to stay exciting and attract new fans, bloggers everywhere have replaced the Blogosphere with a new, high-tech Blog-o-Dome XTreme. The Blogosphere, which began on Nov. 23, 2003, had long been the online realm where independent, poorly edited and unemployed college graduates could report stories, argue with fellow bloggers and desperately ask for money. Most members were also called "Blogospheres" as a clever nickname in high school, because most of them were, in fact, spherical.

But all of that is no more. As first reported last month by blogger Marc Ambinder, an entirely new, cage-match-based system of political analysis is the new trend. Less than 12 hours after the Blog-o-Dome went live, prominent bloggers Matt Yglesias and Ezra Klein were greased up and ready for fightin' in the main ring. While nominally an argument over the direction of public health care in America, the match quickly took a personal and violent turn. After a total of nineteen links back and forth, 537 comments by users, and even a blockquote-within-a-blockquote-within-a-blockquote the fight was finally declared over, with both sides claiming victory.

Klein reported on the fight with a post entitled "Your World in Charts - BITCHSLAP EDITION!" In it, he referred to his opponent as "Fatt Uglysias" and insinuated that Yglesias is a writer for the "Fatlantic Monthly" and an avid fan of "Fatsketball". Yglesias in turn posted an open thread where his readers could compliment him on his performance, and wrote that "Ezra is a dumb name anyway. It's Kleinda obvious that he's a douche. Why don't you just apply a thick layer of *Old Grandpappy's Mule Jelly* and call it a day!" Yglesias also insisted that Klein should demand "A man-date - for SUCKING!"

Independent voice Josh Marshall, of talkingpointsmemo.com said that the new Blog-o-Dome's bright colors and thumpin' soundtrack could bring in an age of even more young people participating in the process, adding "but screw them, I've got a motha-fuckin' Polk award!"

Prominent blogger Duncan Black, who blogs under the name "Atrios" also added his characteristically terse analysis of the new developments, posting "Hm. La daa daa with the thwump, goodbye to the clump, biggedy boogedy lugerdy hurdle burg with the mortgages. Thoughts? This is an open thread. Yar rock music."

Running down a dream, the devil would come to me

Gentleman Savant Aids Local Constabulary in Reclamation of Purloined Henry Crown

By Josh Nalven.

The general citizenry found itself aghast with wonderment last week as a Mr. Sherman Helmes solved the mystery of the stolen Henry Crown.

It was not a fortnight ago that the precious Henry Crown, a cherished University relic, was purloined most deviously from its jade-and-alabaster case in the Henry Crown Field House.

Inspectors of His Majesty Bobby's Police, aka Bobby's Bobbies, attended to the matter immediately, questioning the few witnesses and any rabble present in the area at the time. After extensive investigation, Commissionaire John Brownbeard implicated the following suspects: Henry Broomsweep, 47, chief custodian of the Field House, by some accounts, oft taken to drink; Victor Geartinker, 31, absent-minded clockmaker and husband to consumptive wife; Clarabell Goldbonnet, 37, Duchess of Westminstershireham, skilled gambler and rumored partaker of opium; Chase Hawkspeed, Jr., 25, international playboy, heir to the *Old Grandpappy's* for-

tune, daring zeppelin racer; and finally, Jason Silverberg, 19, Econ major.

Having taken the evidence and depositions under close examination, the Commissionaire did then arrest Mr. Silverberg in connection with the deed. Mr. Silverberg resisted his capture and protested his innocence in the strongest terms, demanding, "Who the fuck are you guys?!" and, "Is that an actual billy club?!" as he was taken into custody by the arresting constables.

The matter seemed concluded, and indeed it would have been were it not for the protestations of Mr. Helmes, who stated his discontent with the authorities' choice of perpetrator. After requesting that Mr. Silverberg's trial take a recess, he set about to right the matter by means of deduction. Believing he had done so, Mr. Helmes did report his findings most recently to a crowd of frenzied newsmen and eager lookers-on.

"It's quite a simple matter," said Helmes of his conclusion. "Mr. Broomsweep's innocence is assured, as his considerable girth and history of joint ailments render him unable to go spelunking in the vents through which the thief would have necessarily trav-

eled to reach the crown room, as is evidenced by the undisturbed accumulation of dust upon the floor. Surely, this man's only crime is neglect of his janitorial duties!

"Mr. Geartinker is not suspected either, as the rough manner of the case's opening indicates a culprit with more strength than the unfortunately thin man in question; as well as a lack of knowledge in the art of lock-picking, to which a clockmaker would prove naturally inclined.

"The Duchess Goldbonnet is cleared, as I have it on good authority that she had just wagered and lost her prized Persian cat in a game of baccarat at the time of the incident.

"Hawkspeed is also cleared due to the scent of cologne at the scene, which, while indicating a thief of comfortable station and impeccable taste, did bear traces of coriander. Such a component, while subtle, would not befit a man of such youth who pays close attention to the rapidly changing trends of old Paris.

"Most importantly, Mr. Silverberg could not have committed the crime, because, as a resident of Hitchcock and an avid player of Dungeons and Dragons, he would have no idea

that the Henry Crown Field House even exists at all.

"No, sirs, I know for certain that the accused are not the persons that you seek. For, after close examination of the bashed case, the smashed lock on the door and the remnants of a whiskey-soaked shamrock, it is my assertion that the culprit is none other than Knuckles O'Shannigan, the grizzled Irish boxer!"

"Curse ya, Helmes! Curse ya heart, ya bloody son of a mule!" screamed O'Shannigan from the crowd, as some half-dozen constables did forcibly apprehend the drunken pugilist, much to the amusement of those present.

When reached for comment, Helmes claimed the victory not for himself, but for Reason. "This is yet another example of how logic and deduction can triumph over the phantasmal web of lies spun by those of deceitful dispositions, as well as the hurried inclinations of overzealous, poorly informed police work. Ultimately, I take solace in knowing that my efforts will undoubtedly leave Hyde Park free of crime for much of the foreseeable future."

Point-Counterpoint: Jews

Point: The Jews Control the Media and the World's Gold Supply

By Robert Shea

Haven't you ever noticed that whenever you meet someone named "Gold" or "Goldstein" or "Goldberg" or even "Goldblat" that they turn out to be Jews? Coincidence? I think not. They are advertising their control of gold - it's obvious, people! The ignorant jew-pologists and nose-coddlers will tell you that just because someone is named "Gold," they do not necessarily have a lot of gold, but I am not tricked by this and you shouldn't be either.

The reason the Jews don't seem like they have a lot of gold is because they are paying these pansy-assed pundits to disseminate disinformation. Of course, the "establishment" with their "experts" and "knowledge" and "facts" are trying to mislead you. Believe me, I know what all those Jew "psychiatrists" with their "medicines" think of me. Some Jew doctor probably told you that you got "diabetes" from "a lifetime of poor health choices," but I know that your medical problems come from injections of some gold-based formula administered while you sleep. It's all there in *Old Grandpappy's Big Book of Racial Hatred*, a must have for the truly informed.

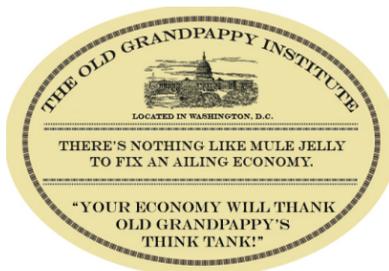
I can't believe that gullible Americans think that some sort of "invisible bacteria" causes their sore throat when it is obvious that it comes from breathing the same air as those degenerate kippah collectors. I'm not saying Hitler was right, per-

se, but you must admit that when The Truth was revealed about the Jewish people, it certainly made a lot of people think again.

Doesn't it make sense this way? After all, the first Jews were spawned in 1849, the same year that gold was discovered in the American West. They quickly spread their story of coming from the Middle East and, judging from what I see today, probably started growing their beards then, too. They used "Goldman" and "Silverberg" as code names so that other Jews would find them. Is it a coincidence that the largest gold supply in the world is in the basement of the New York Federal Reserve Bank? Or that every single Federal Reserve Chairman has been, well, Jew-y? It is not! Open your eyes!

What is their ultimate goal with the gold, you ask? Simple - to hurl the Earth into space. This should go without saying. As the Jews accumulate more gold and buy up more hot-air-spewing celebrities, they will be able to transport all the Earth's precious metals to their subglacial Alaskan hideout, tipping our precariously balanced globe and hurling us into outer space. From there, the Jews who left early for Neptune will intercept the planet and kidnap the rest of us to use us as slaves in the Neptunian spice mines.

DON'T YOU SEE IT, PEOPLE?



Counterpoint: That's Just What The Orbital Lasers Want You To Think

By Robert Anton-Williams

You've heard it time and again: the Jews

control the media, the papists enslave a race of midget half-men, the Muslims kill Christians for their Ramadan dinners, UFOs landed in New Mexico for research purposes, the Jews control the gold supply and want to tip the earth off-balance, etc. You may have even heard that the Jews teach their children to smell out good Protestants with their large noses, or that the filthy Irish want to clog all our plumbing with potatoes out of jealousy over said plumbing, or that the Jews think of nothing all day but a Hebraic World-State in which everyone speaks Yiddish and all Christians are denigrated to midget half-men. But don't believe it!

Crazy, you say? I know - it certainly looks that way, especially if you read only every 23rd letter of the Jewish Week or the documents that the Irish don't want you to find. But, in fact, it all has a simple explanation: the government death rays are shooting lasers into your brain to make you think that. There's simply no other solution.

Why would the Jews want the world's gold supply? After all, a race as educated as the Jewish Race should know that gold is nothing more than small comets that land on Earth from Planet Betalon, and only have value if people insist on denying the Betalon facts. It just doesn't make sense that

the Jews would want to hurl Earth into space - they of all people are poorly equipped for the rigors of space-travel. No, my friends, the puzzle simply doesn't fit together.

The Official USA Government Explanation - that the Jews are a filthy race of midget half-men - reeks of lies as much as an Irishman reeks of sewer garbage. But why would the USA Government and the UN Government, a subsidiary of *Old Grandpappy's*, put forth such misinformation? To hide the truth - that their orbital mind control lasers are changing public opinion so that no one knows about their other plans: repopulating Atlantis, draining the Indian Ocean because "the Indians don't deserve an ocean", and using rockets to carve their slogan, "Worship or Die", on the surface of the moon. It all begins to make sense now, doesn't it?

For further proof, read every underlined part of the Constitution (not the one in Washington - the real Constitution!), connect the dots on Thomas Jefferson's face (edited out of photos - you need to dig up his grave), or simply listen to everything the president doesn't say. It will all become clear!

I am glad that you now understand the truth about the Jews, the Irish, the Earth's orbit and the lasers. So the next time you think to yourself, "Hey, it's a scheming Jew!" don't throw a rock at him, just remember your foil, anti-laser hat and keep on stockpiling weapons for the moment The Revolution comes. The Revolution will come. DON'T YOU SEE IT, PEOPLE?