



Enigmatic Billionaire Russell South Re-purchases "South Campus", Beats out Cathey Bid

by Stephen Lurie

The University of Chicago Office of Undergraduate Student Housing announced last week that the newest residential commons south of the midway will retain the "South" moniker until at least 2014. This announcement came as a surprise to many in the Hyde Park community, as newcomer Arley D. Cathey had appeared to be on a trajectory to purchase naming rights to most of the University's main campus. In the announced deal, South, a venture capitalist, founder of the South by Southwest music festival, and on-again, off-again Chief Operating Officer of South Dakota) retains his naming rights to the full South Campus Residence Hall until October 2014, with

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PARENTS EXPECTED TO HAVE AT LEAST 475% MORE SEX THAN THEIR CHILDREN THIS O-WEEK



by James Ekstrom

Experts have recently agreed that while a few lucky first-years will be engaging in sexual congress during Orientation Week, the amount of sexual activity students will indulge in pales in comparison to the excessive amounts of carnal activity their parents will carry out over the same seven-day period. Scholars from the University's "Sex Lab" Research Institute have also assured the public that while their findings are likely to be considered

"the worst" by most students, it is in fact pretty much the best as far as accuracy is concerned passing all S- T- and D-Tests with a P level of significance at 0.005. "The signs are clear," local expert Jason Ridgeback explained in an interview, "parents are getting ready to have sex, and lots of it, as soon as their kids move off to college." Ridgeback compared the situation to when young people invite a

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Welcome to College, Get Ready for Grad School

by Benjamin Boyajian

Congratulations for making it through four years of high school! Now that you've gotten into college, it's time to kick back and relax ... not! You need to start worrying about grad school like ... right now. Yes, I know that maybe you're thinking about applying to grad school, and maybe you're not. I recognize that there are many paths that you can take after you finish college and many of these paths do not include further education. But let me just say

that if you don't go to grad school, you're probably going to wind up in some dead-end job and exist as a failure for the rest of your life. Also, grad schools are super competitive, as in UChicago competitive times n where n is a large number. So if you want even a remote chance of getting into grad school, you should pay close attention.

The first thing you need to worry about is what classes to take first quarter. You've probably heard people say things like "oh, don't worry about the placement exams", "it doesn't matter how you do on those" and

"they'll place you where you need to be." Well, guess what? You need to be placed in the most advanced classes possible. What are grad schools going to think if they see that you took 150-level Calculus first year? If you didn't do so well on the placement exams (and by that, I mean didn't score in the top 1 or 2 percent of your class), then you need to talk with the department chairs and beg them to let you take honors

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THE
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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.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Hello literate being,
Whether you are a first year at your first O-Week, an O-Aide, an upperclassman here to prey on first years, an alum at your seventh O-Week, or someone who picked up this paper to wipe that little dribble of vomit off of your cheek, we at the Chicago Shady Dealer would like to welcome you to Hyde Park, our first and only home. As you might know, Hyde Park is one of the largest and most illustrious parks in London, established over three hundred years ago. Just this summer, Hyde Park hosted two Olympic events and... wait, what? Wrong Hyde Park? Shit. Sorry about that.

As we were saying, welcome to Hyde Park! As you must certainly know, Hyde Park is a quaint town, serving as home both to the Culinary Institute of America and to one of our greatest Presidents, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Located just north of Poughkeepsie, this—fuck, that’s seriously the wrong one again?

Welcome to Hyde Park, Chicago. Home to “One of the Best Universities of All Time.”™ Hyde Park is known for its beautiful tree-lined streets, bookish people, people-like books, mild danger and sauce-

covered fried chicken grease. Whether it is your first time here, or you are a seasoned vet (in which case you should check out my dog, he has been coughing lately), the Chicago Shady Dealer is really glad to see your face for your face to see us.

We know you will have a lot going on this O-Week, and that first year can be fucking terrifying: but know this—we are here for you, even if you just want to throw up in us. Before you do, though, we hope you will read this guide to O-Week, the University, and Hyde Park, the annual Chicago Shady Dealer O-Week Issue. We will be honest, it might not help you ace those placement tests, impress that special house mate, or spice up the dining hall food but we do hope it will make you laugh. Or cry. Or throw up. Really, a reaction is all we are looking for. We also hope to see you at our meetings this year so you can help us write things (Sundays at 7 pm in Harper 145).

Now get out there and O-Week it up you lovely few: our Hyde Park is waiting for you in all its truthy glory.

Sincerely,
DJ LoBraico and Stephen Lurie
Editors-in-Chief

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the option of a two year extension. This latest battle, won by South through his donation of \$50 million to the College, is only one in a long series of spats between the magnates. The feud reportedly has its origins in an elementary school spat over rights to “the best-swirly slide on the whole playground”. Since then they have played out a dramatic and expensive half century, the University of Chicago is simply the latest ground for the high-tempered power struggle.

This particular chapter in the saga began at the renaming of the Harper reading room. After installing his name in stunning and much-lauded modern typography over the grand Reading Room in Harper Memorial Library, Mr. Cathey quickly set his eyes on the formidable residence hall to the south, remarking in his renaming speech,

“To the South we ride!” While some critics of Cathey bemoan the “selling out” of the traditional reading room, and worry of this approach spreading to South, most students were still asleep in the room’s comfy orange chairs and unavailable for comment. Rumors from the South camp were not as ambivalent: Mr. South, as a threat to Cathey, appeared to corner the Chicago-area bowtie market, throwing most of the ties into Botany Pond. Cathey’s attempt, bowties aside, at an estimated bid of \$35 million and two “sucking candies,” was insufficient to push South off of the very not-proverbial map. At least for the near future, residents of the dormitory remain under South’s fatherly grasp, but analysts question how long the status quo will be maintained. Media reports of the past few weeks suggest that one Mr. K. West is looking to claim “all of the” property on Chicago’s South Side.

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lover to their home when parents go on vacation—except with lovers who have waited and prepared for this moment the last eighteen years.

The evidence, as noted by graduate research assistant James Marshall, is “revoltingly irrefutable”. Interviews with parents confirmed that for 89% of them sex was a “definite”, and that it would be both “constant” and “kinky” over the first week of the children’s absences. The remaining 11% of interviewees had answers ranging from “probably” to “maybe not”; however, as the interviews progressed, researchers noted that those with doubts ascribed them only to a lack of foresight—with those participants quickly changing their prediction after suggestion of sexual activity. Additionally, analysis of market trends has revealed that sex accessory sales have spiked in anticipation. Although these trends could be attributed to other factors, parental interviews confirm they “aren’t.”

Finally, parents of college-age kids across the country have requested vacation weeks with destinations such as “The Himi-gettin-laid-a mountains”, “Bra-celona”, “Niagra Fall-acio”, and of course “Cancun-ilingus.” The review predicts these circumstances will result in 4.75 times more sex than parallel conditions encountered by first-years: house lounges, dining halls and the Midway Plaisance. Ridgeback does warn that one factor could completely alter the accuracy of the prediction: a large attendance at the Discover Chicago Through Servicing day sponsored by UCSC. The locations and events of O-Week are only one part of the picture though, according to the report. Most importantly, the study claims, new first years are expected to experience only miniscule amounts of sex because, experts confirm, “they just ain’t got game”.

A WINE-LOVER’S GUIDE TO PICKING YOUR DOUBLE MAJOR

by Clay Olsen

In today’s fast-paced world, one must always do one’s best to stand out from “the pack,” even when that pack is comprised of several thousand of the world’s best and brightest. Double majoring, or “doubling down” as it has affectionately never been known, is a simple and effective way to do so. Starting up a business or joining a student group, while good for raising one’s profile, often comes with the risk of being labeled a “rebel,” “dirty hippie,” or “one of those fucking hotshot Mark Zuckerberg wannabes.” Doubling allows a young go-getter to raise his or her profile while sticking only to the skills developed through years of obsessive test-taking and grade-grooming. With that in mind, we at the Chicago Shady Dealer humbly provide a guide to choosing your double major, in the style of the second-most important field of study, oenology.

MUSIC/GENDER STUDIES:

This crisp, floral combination is based more on new attitudes than traditional doubles, such as Biology and Chemistry. However, it can prove unexpectedly relevant at parties of all types, as music and gender differences are both universal. A double in Music and Gender Studies is also great for people who prefer to sublimate their racist urges by criticizing rap music. Recommended Class: MUSI 20100/GNSE 23500: “Bitches Ain’t Shit and They Ain’t Saying Nothing”: Performance of Gender in Minaj’s Beez in the Trap. Piquant with notes of notes and tote bags.

EARLY CHRISTIAN LITERATURE/CHICAGO STUDIES:

If you liked The Da Vinci Code, you’ll love this foxy, full-bodied double, especially popular with conspiracy theorists and Fox News commentators. It’s true that Chicago has been around for less than two centuries, but comparing Harold of Chicago to Clement of Rome is a pastime that never gets old. Recommended Class: NTEC 30300/ANTH

20201: Extra White Sauce: Sociocultural Implications of the Foodgasm in Boystown and Beyond. Hints of communion wafer and chicken grease.

ECONOMICS/PHILOSOPHY:

This tried-and-true double has an excellent mouthfeel, with its apparent drabness balanced out by a tangy aftertaste and hints of douchebaggery. Best enjoyed floating on a swimming pool filled with the foreign currency of your choice, although we at the CSD are partial to the Czech koruna. Recommended Class: ECON 20500/PHIL 10201: Kantian Approaches to OECD Z.I.R.Ps. Notes of “wish I was at Oxford” and Milton Friedman’s knee joint.

INTERDISCIPLINARY STUDIES IN THE HUMANITIES/HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, AND SOCIAL STUDIES OF SCIENCE AND MEDICINE:

This harsh, gamey double has a slightly sweet aroma. Excellent for students with overbearing mothers, as the sheer length of the combination will convince them you’re doing well in school. Also works for people completely unsure as to whether they’re “humanities people”, science people, or not people. Recommended Class: HIPS 29600: “Everything’s interdisciplinary, so we recommend arranging a dartboard with class names and throwing stuff at it until you find something interesting: A colloquium seminar”. Hints of blended pizza and cardamom.

CLASSICS/GEOPHYSCAL SCIENCES

This rustic blend is custom-made for the antiquarian type. Given the opportunity to only study things that have been dead for a long time, or never alive (we’re looking at you, Homer), makes for an exhilarating and well-paired mixture. Make sure you leave your “interesting” side at home. Recommended class: CLAS 24001/GEOS 23400: Dat’s Busty: A Geologic Study of Early Roman Busts.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
SECURITY ALERT MAD LIBS

At approximately _____ (time), _____ (date) – a victim not affiliated with the University walking along _____ (street) was approached by two _____ (adjective) males, one of whom was armed with a _____ (noun). The suspects took the victim’s backpack and ran _____ (preposition). The suspects immediately approached a _____ (adjective) University student walking east on 57th Street between South University and South Woodlawn and took her _____ (noun) before fleeing south in the west alley of Woodlawn. The suspects may have escaped in a _____ (University of Chicago Police Segway) paid for with _____ (your parents’ money).

Be alert and aware of your _____ (noun) at all times. Familiarize yourself with the location of University emergency _____ (communications device with a blue light on top). If you see suspicious activity, please report it immediately to the police, who will _____ (reaction of stifled amusement). If you have any information related to this incident, you _____ (probably aren’t a student of the University of Chicago).

At approximately _____ (ridiculous hour of the night/early morning), two University students from _____ (suburban enclave) walking north on _____ (major thoroughfare you thought was actually safe) were approached by _____ (number less than six but greater than two) males, one of whom was armed with a _____ (sharp kitchen implement). The suspects took _____ (Apple products) from the victims before entering a silver 4-door vehicle, possibly a(n) _____ (vehicle), and fled east on 57th Street. Neither victim was _____ (celebrity).

At approximately 4:15 p.m., Sunday, September 23, University President Robert Zimmer was accosted by _____ (number less than 15,300) _____ (sentient creatures) demanding “their money back.” He _____ (laughed) from his _____ (room) in _____ (building) while _____ (verb ending in -ing) a(n) _____ (person/thing other than his ex-wife).

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sequence. Don’t worry, you won’t seem obnoxious – professors love it when students are academically driven and confident about their abilities. However, if you really want to impress grad schools, you need to place out of the first-year sequences entirely. I believe they have accreditation exams that you can take during O-Week. These exams probably cover material that you are completely unfamiliar with, so guess what that means? You have a lot of studying to do for the next few days! Good luck and remember, your whole future is on the line!

Many of you are probably thinking about double majoring, as graduate schools are known to regard single-major applicants as “uncompetitive” or “lacking motivation.” But guess what: a double doesn’t cut it anymore, either! You’re going to have to triple major if you want even a second-tier grad school to consider your application. And don’t even think about choosing majors that are conveniently similar. Do you

think that grad schools are going to take your application seriously if your majors are biology, chemistry, and biochemistry? I don’t think so. Try physics, music, and political science instead. Now you might have to major in a subject where you have no interest or academic ability, but don’t start complaining – did you think that college was going to be easy?

Let’s move on to another crucial step: choosing your BA thesis advisor. Normally, this process is fairly straightforward and begins sometime in your third year. But if you want a competitive grad school application, you’re going to have to start a bit earlier. You don’t have to worry about this immediately—but let’s just say that if you haven’t made progress by the end of Winter Quarter, you might as well give up any dreams of making it into a well-ranked school. Don’t expect the University to hold your hand and select a thesis advisor for you, like they do for third-years. You’re going to have to handle this on your own. You’re going to have to knock on the

doors of professors and graduate students and find someone who is willing to work with a student who wants to start his or her BA thesis two years early. Needless to say, they’re going to think that you’re not ready to start your thesis, and they will probably be right. We do not recommend bribery or the use of drugs to alter the mental state of your potential thesis advisor, but let’s be real – academia is a cutthroat world, and you’re going to have to do whatever it takes to succeed.

Even if you follow our advice, there’s still a considerable chance that you won’t be accepted into grad school. There could be seventy-five available slots, and you could be the seventy-sixth most qualified applicant. Or the person who’s assigned your application could be in a bad mood and tear it to shreds without even reading it. But no matter what, remember that we already finished giving you advice on applying to grad school. What are you doing, wasting your time by reading this? You need to start studying! Hurry! No time to waste!

I CAN ALREADY PICTURE
BRINGING HIM HOME FOR
THANKSGIVING!

by Becky Stoner

I’ve never been the romantic type. Sure, in high school I lingered for a few dozen hours over Pride and Prejudice and daydreamed for a few years of my very own Mr. Darcy. Maybe I spent a few rainy days inside, crying over The Notebook and wishing for that sort of passion to animate my life. But since I was the only girl in the Mathletes and the Physics Olympiad, as well as four-year blue-ribbon winner of my school’s annual fetal pig dissection, most of the dashing young gentlemen in my high school found me quite intimidating (and no, it is NOT the harelip!) During the last months of high school, I realized that if I wanted to find a prince, not a frog, the only place for me was the University of Chicago. The cubicles of the Regenstein seemed to me the perfect place to curl up in a handsome youth’s arms, the frosty winter air encouraging nothing but snuggling under large parkas and young male brains frothing and fevered with passion and mathematics.

So when I saw him, at my very first frat party, my heart jumped. Maybe it was the way his eyes sparkled—like the Goldschlager we later chugged together, locking eyes over some kid’s brand new desk lamp. Maybe it was the way he seemed just slightly self-conscious and out of place, like he was looking to be rescued from this horde of drunken teenagers. I was determined to be his lifeboat, at this frat party, and also later in life as his lawfully wedded wife. Grinding with him to the seductive sounds of Flo Rida was the most intimate and intense moment I’d ever shared with another human being.

It’s been the most crazy intense roller

coaster kind of love. Our eyes meet at Orientation meetings... nothing gives me the urge for eye sex like learning about Chicago’s public transportation system. When my O-leader handed out the rape whistles, we both had the same thought: we might get raped, mugged, and left to die on the tracks of the 63rd and Cottage Grove El stop, but at least there’s one person we won’t need to use this on. Whenever our house O-Aides suggest a house trip to explore Chicago, I know that we’re both thinking that it’s not just the Hyde Park neighborhoods we want to know intimately, and not just the local restaurants we want to get to discover with our mouths.

Sure, the O-aides have warned us all about O-mances, and how they don’t tend to last past the first HUMA class. But I know that for us, it’s going to be different. We’ve already kissed on the bridge near Botany Pond, which means we’re guaranteed to get married. Plus, we both love Harry Potter, and our favorite flavor of frozen yogurt is plain. We see the world in similarly unique ways, too. We both think the dining hall food sucks, and that Snitchcock has more traditional charm than South. It’s crazy that I’ve found someone so compatible so fast. I’ve already called my mom and told her all about him. She’s so happy that I’ve finally found the one that I’m sure she’ll say yes when I ask if he can come for Thanksgiving. I can already tell that he’ll get along well with my parents, siblings, dog, ferret and at least 65% of my cousins. And I know that when we break the wishbone, I’ll only be wishing for one thing: true love forever in my O-lover’s arms.

Memorable Moments
in O-week History

by James Ekstrom

1895: Orientation Week established after it became evident that students were book-smart, not street-smart.

1904: William “Rain Man” Harper gets his nickname when immediately prior to an opening convocation he raises his presidential scepter to the sky and calls down a tempest, so that only those truly worthy would manage to be convoked.

1916: Chicago Bears come to campus, eat all the honey and pose major safety concern until falling asleep for the winter.

1924: Anti-Irish sentiment finally subsides enough to allow “O’week” to be an acceptable phrase.

1933: The first O-mance to not result in lifelong love and marriage occurs.

1942: First sustained social interaction takes place during a tackle on the University of Chicago football field.

1952: The Maroon Scare Incident: Entire Orientation Week staff of CIA agents sent to smoke out student Communists fails when entire incoming class is composed of FBI agents trying to smoke out staff Communists.

1965: Milton Friedman rampages through a catered welcome party for parents, overturning tables of free lunches.

1974: The “O-Ade” program begins as a sponsorship deal with Gatorade.

1985: Kool-Aid man comes to O-Week, has a great time saying the letter “O.”

CHICAGO SHADY DEALER EXCLUSIVE: INTERVIEW WITH ALLEN PETERS, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO CLASS OF 2016 FACEBOOK GROUP CELEBRITY

Much like legends Helen Smith (SB ‘14) and Bernice Yi (AB ‘15) before him, Allen Peters has distinguished himself on the University of Chicago Class of 2016 Facebook Group as the face of the incoming class. Allen graciously took the time to Facebook chat The Chicago Shady Dealer despite his busy schedule. His willingness to provide an interview may or may not have been affected by the Dealer’s offer to ensure he gets his top housing choice of the Broadview (As he knows now, we are not the Housing office).

CHICAGO SHADY DEALER: Hey Allen, what’s up?

Allen Peters: nm, u?

CSD: Nothing much. Just watching videos of cats. Can we ask you a few questions?

AP: ya sure i just have to post my daily deep discussion thread about politics, religion, money or some other offensive shit you normally don’t talk about with others. it takes me over an hour to write the post lol, so u better make this quick.

CSD: Ah, OK. What is the reasoning behind these ‘deep discussions?’ I mean, it’s just Facebook, right?.

AP: uh yeah, no. this shit is REAL. this is the fucking university of CHICAGO. we r quirky, we r smart, we r UNCOMMON. most of all we are EL-OQUENT. this is no normal fb group. this is a FAMILY. ya we talk about stupid crap sometimes, but this is the uni of chicago and we NEED to post essays about ANY and ALL controversial topics.

CSD: We’re no Northwestern, is that your assertion?

AP: dam right!

CSD: Could you please explain to us how you rose to become the quintessential member of the Class of 2016 Facebook group?

AP: ya sure. so it all started small when i got in EA (btw fuck you RDerz; EA KIDZ RULE AND LUV UCHICAGO MORE THAN U EVER WILL) and I did just a coupla posts per day, nbd. then the EA kidz started getting uber close, like FACEBOOK FRIEND close (that’s how I found my roommate lol), so i spent all my waking hours just checking the group as if it were my job. i eventually set a goal to comment on as many posts as humanly possible as quickly as possible. my teachers eventually knew it was no use to tell me to get off my phone in class since I was on the Facebook group of the BEST class of the BEST university EVER. speaking of which, brb dudez.

CSD: Allen?

One hour and twenty-two minutes pass.

AP: back.

CSD: Wow, you weren’t kidding when you said it took over an hour (We are liking that post about the Satanic principles in Harry Potter, by the way). So what other kinds of people are on this Facebook group?

AP: well, you have your typical that kids, the people who only post boring questions about ‘important stuff’ like immunization forms etc., then you have those current students/admins just trying to ruin our fun with serious stuff because they are jealous, and, of course, me. you didn’t hear it from me, but of course there’s the exclusive ~*secret group*~ lol.

AP: wait, don’t print that. fuck.

CSD: Well that’s all I have. Thank you for chatting with us, and be sure to join our listhost :).

AP: not a chance, dude, I hear there are like 20 different Fbook groups you can join once you are student. but u r welcome. GO CLASS OF 2016!

BIOGRAPHY OF

Sunday: Move-in

While his mom was unpacking his underwear, Dylan went to introduce himself to his floormates. He caught the eye of one girl who lived down the hall from him, named Cassie.

DYLAN: Wow, that girl is pretty hot. Now that I’m in college it’ll be so easy to score so many chicks, and what better place to start than right in my dorm!

CASSIE: The Dylan guy seems really nice and cute. Just the sort of person I can rub in the Facebook face of Zac.*

** The guy who just wouldn’t ask her to prom even though they totes would’ve won cutest couple*

Tuesday: The Frat Party

A bunch of first-years from their house are going to go to AE[] for a party. Dylan invites Cassie to come along. Dylan and Cassie were “dancing” and chatting with each other all night, though Dylan had too much to drink and couldn’t close the deal.

DYLAN: do you....sex....all night....*[vomit]*.....

CASSIE: Ewwwwwwwww.

Thursday: The Movie Night

Dylan tells his roommate to go watch the movie with everyone else in the house lounge; he’s not feeling too well (he is). He invites Cassie over, and they finally do the dirty.

DYLAN: Oh yeah, we’re gonna do this all nigh---oh damn.

CASSIE: Is it in yet?

Friday: Breakfast

Dylan and Cassie run in to each other at breakfast. They exchange a few awkward comments, but mostly ignore each other. for the next 6 months.

DYLAN: Oh yeah, my first one-night stand! I’m such a player!

CASSIE: I wonder if Zac will be around over Thanksgiving break?

AN O-MANCE



Monday: The House Activity

At a house activity Monday night, everyone was supposed to pair up with someone else and find out the most interesting thing about the other person and share it with everyone else (it was a pretty dumb activity). Naturally Dylan and Cassie wind up together.

DYLAN: At age 7 she won a state chess tournament? Laaame. But she does have a pretty decent rack.

CASSIE: The most interesting thing about himself that he could think of is that he likes to play soccer? How the hell did he get into this school? He’s still cute though...

Wednesday: The Trip Downtown

Their house organized a trip downtown for a mini-sav hunt. Should be fun! Dylan asked Cassie if maybe she wanted to go work on items down the street away from everybody else. They go and make-out.

DYLAN: Yes!

CASSIE: *Why are his hands on his ears? That’s really creepy.*

Thursday Part II: Early Hours

Dylan and Cassie profess their undying love for each other, make a blood pact, and attempt to take the North shuttle to the nearest “place where people get married”.

DYLAN: *(Unintelligible yelling)*

CASSIE: *(Unintelligible yelling)*

MY SUMMER INTERNSHIP

by Josh Grimwald

When I received a letter in the mail inviting me to a summer internship I thought that I had really lucked out. Unlike my friends who had spent countless hours perfecting their résumés and writing cover letters, I had been perfecting my beer pong arc (the hard work paid off, it’s really fucking sweet). At the time, I didn’t remember applying for any internships on the CAPS jobs site, but who really remembers all of the things that they do when they are a little tipsy. The letter listed the job title as “Intern” and compensation as “None” but it’s a tough economy and I have lots of friends that ended up with unpaid jobs so I was just hyped that someone actually wanted me to work for them..

The letter did have an odd note towards the end in retrospect; it implied that no confirmation was needed by me and that they would pick me up on my first day. “Huh,” I thought, “that’s nice...they must be sending a



driver!” So on the fifteenth of June, I woke up nice and early, shaved, put on a tie, packed a lunch and prepared for the first day of my internship. At 8 AM sharp, a white van rolled up with about 15 other kids my age in it. I kissed my parents good bye and headed out to meet them. We stopped at a few other houses and then got on the highway. I must have fallen asleep because when we arrived at my new office we seemed to be far away from southern California.

The “office” was more of a campus, but it wasn’t anything like the office parks I was used to. It was a fenced off area filled with lots of smaller, ramshackle buildings as opposed to one or two large buildings. We (the other interns and I) were ushered straight to orientation. Our hosts asked us to line up out in the center of campus.

The whole campus was like its own little town, except everything was a bit more dilapidated and sleepy. They gave us a welcome speech and told us a little bit about what sorts of work we would be doing. It sounded mostly like typical intern work, I thought: sitting around for hours, reading old newspapers, making moonshine, breaking rocks in to smaller rocks and playing cards for cigarettes. One of the other interns raised his hand and asked if we would be assigned mentors. The orientation director (I think he was in HR) seemed confused but said that he didn’t expect that we would be needing them.

At first, things were going well. The work kept us busy (I made a note to self that wearing a tie was probably a bad idea for day two),

but around 6:30 I started to get tired and ready to go home. I asked around, looking for the driver that had picked us up in the morning. Everyone I asked seemed really confused but finally I got my answer: this

wasn’t an internship program, it was an internment program! Initially this realization was hard to stomach (especially after all the gruel I ate for lunch). Why would CAPS list an internment opportunity? Why would I have applied for it? I quickly learned though, that this was no place for hypotheticals and theory. Only two months later did I really appreciate the opportunity I had been given. Once the camp was shut down by the FBI and I was returned, a new man, back home I really had the chance to put into words my great fortune. I had been given free housing, food, and a job that fully utilized my skills and allowed me to further explore my interests: industrial production, manual labor, and obedience. The fact that it was unpaid was too bad, but all of it was for the security of the glorious state!

POINT/COUNTERPOINT

POINT: I REALLY APPRECIATE THE THOUGHTFUL ADVICE FROM RETURNING STUDENTS ON THE CLASS OF 2016 FACEBOOK GROUP



by An Incoming First Year

As I bid farewell to my high school friends and watch them disperse to colleges across the country, I must admit to a growing sense of trepidation at the prospect of beginning my own college career. I appreciate the tongue-in-cheek insouciance of the University of Chicago's reputation as "Where fun comes to die," but I'd be lying if I didn't acknowledge the school's redoubtable academic legacy: I'm wondering if I'll measure up to the high standards set by my predecessors, if I'll have time to socialize with my peers, and if I'll be able to successfully pursue my dreams both within and without the venerable, gargoyle-crowned, ivy-clad classroom.

It was with delight and relief, then, that I ventured onto the UChicago Class of 2016 Facebook page to discover a bevy of lucid and comforting advice from students who had passed through the gauntlet of the first year at UChicago and emerged, if not unscathed, stronger for their exertions. The exuberance, the camaraderie, the sheer joie de vivre I encountered in only a few posts quickly reassured me that indeed, my years at the University of Chicago would provide me with both the intellectual atmosphere I craved and the classic college social experience.

Students wrote ebulliently of the famed O-Week, during which, in my understanding, lasting friendships are forged, romances blossom, hijinks ensue, and life is generally taken by the horns and ridden like a rodeo longhorn. I was encouraged to hear that multiple majors and engagement in numerous Registered Student Organizations (RSOs) are not only possible, but even allow for enjoyment of the occasional libation. I've never consumed alcohol, but, as they say, "hashtag YOLO".

All in all, I truly must thank the thoughtful returning students who have taken time out of their busy summers, clearly filled to bursting with high-profile internships, international travel, groundbreaking research, and all the other activities that suffuse the lives of UChicago students, to reassure a hesitant first year. I'm so lucky to have your carefully chosen words of wisdom to guide my first months at our prestigious institution.

COUNTERPOINT: LOL I ♥ TROLLING FIRST YEARS



by A Rising Third Year

So my friend's an RA in South next year, and I was like, you know what would be super funny? It would be super funny if he had to deal with tons and tons of drunk first years during O-Week. And vomit. Like, so much vomit. From drunk first years. Imagine the most vomit you've ever imagined, then multiply it by ten. Then raise it to the power of ten. That's a third of the quantity of vomit I'm thinking about right now. There will be so much vomit they'll have to stop calling it South and start calling it "Mouth." Or "Vomit."

But anyway, my plan—it's great, I know—is this: Class of 2016 Facebook group. Right? Brilliant. They had this thread asking for advice and I posted stuff like, "yeah oweek is great you should party all the time literally ALL THE FUCKING TIME because you will literally never have this opportunity again in your life so just get fucking SCHWASTED because that's a really really great way to really bond with all these people who are going to be your best friends for the rest of your life."

So, I was actually pretty schwasted myself when I posted that, and then the next morning I thought, oh fuck, I totally fucked this up. That's so obviously fake no one's going to pay attention. But I looked and they were eating this shit up! So I was like, I can do one better, and I made four more Facebook accounts with fake names, and then I posted more stuff like, "dude this is literally THE ONE best opportunity ever to have the experiences you will remember for the rest of your life and if you don't get shit-faced *every night* you will look back 30 yrs from now and regret this" and "don't worry about going to any of your scheduled meetings because they are totally worthless and no one goes and you should just GET TOTALLY SCHWASTED instead because that's what everyone else does! even if it's like 10 AM no one will be at those advisor meetings they'll all be doing drugs in Crerar and you should too" and "you can totally triple major in econ and physics and philosophy and still be pre-med...and GET TOTALLY SCHWASTED every single night!"

There was this one thread about RSOs, and I wanted to make sure I had all my bases covered, so under one name I posted, "you can join all the RSOs and still have time to get really really really fucked up every single night!" and then under another name I posted "don't join any rsos first year. just GET TOTALLY SCHWASTED EVERY SINGLE NIGHT."

My friend is going to have such a fun O-Week with his belligerent first years. Oh shit that's my boss. I better pretend I'm doing something and get off Facebook. This unpaid internship seriously blows.