



FASHION

Black Student Arrested in Library for Disruptive Outfit

Reg desk clerk suspended for Two-Thousand-and-Lateness

By Josh Nalven
Dealer Staff

The student body was up in arms last Thursday following the arrest of third-year Derek Williamson in the Regenstein Library for his allegedly loud shirt.

Williamson was studying on the first floor of the Reg wearing a purple House of Holland T-shirt with enormous silver lettering reading "WHO NEEDS A MIXTAPE I'VE GOT THE MISSHAPES," complemented by purple and yellow A-Life high-tops and a purple and white flat-rimmed BAPE baseball cap, playing it all off spectacularly like it wasn't even a thing. As of press time, none of the eyewitnesses have come forward with those responsible for his black denim jeans, though authorities noted that the pants' refusal to be restricted to either "thug" or "skater" styles place Pharrell's Ice Cream brand as a prime label of interest.

Anonymous students complained to Reg desk clerk Sherri Loggins between 7:00 and 8:20 pm, most claiming that Williamson's attire was loud and disruptive, and according to some, trying a little too hard. Eyewitnesses said Loggins approached Williamson around 8:30 asking him to tone down his attire to a level more appropriate for the library, like a nice polo shirt and maybe some pleated khakis. Williamson reportedly asked Loggins several times why he was being singled out when a group of softball players at the next table were all wearing flip-flops with socks and pajama pants, even though they were all clearly too old to still be living on campus. After a third and final request from Loggins, Williamson appeared to relent

by covering his shirt up when he threw on a teal and checkered Kidrobot hoodie in direct defiance of Loggins' demands.

Two UCPD officers arrived on the scene at 8:38 and asked Williamson to leave the premises. Eyewitness reports disagree as to whether the responding officers asked to see any receipts or holographic tags. However, those present agree that Williamson seemed ready to acquiesce when he violently lashed out, throwing a Burger & Friends patterned backpack over his shoulder. He was immediately restrained and arrested.

"If you ask me, their use of force was unwarranted," recounted a witness who asked to remain anonymous. "The Zoo-York-does-Radio-Raheem thing he had going on at first wasn't anything less than cutting edge, albeit admittedly eye-catching. But when that patterned backpack came out with the neon Space Shuttles all over it, it was like the New Boyz and Deerhoof were hanging out, getting high and prank-calling Springstein all night – shocking, sure, but adroit and not without a definite purpose."

Second-year Econ major and eyewitness Ted Henderson, who apparently thinks business-casual Friday is every day of the week, defended Loggins' actions: "I was trying to study for my Econometrics exam when out of nowhere my eyes were assaulted by [Williamson's] over-the-top amalgam of Day-Glo purple and mirrored text, looking like that Kanye guy. Or something. It sure wasn't L.L. Bean, that's for sure."

Others responded to the incident with more criticism, claiming that it is emblem-

CHICAGO LIFE

City Celebrates St. Patrick's Day, All Traffic Lights Turned to Green

By Pierce Ekstrom
Dealer Staff

St. Patrick's Day was a resounding success this year in Chicago—festivities spilled out over the streets, parks, bridges, and railings as the whole city celebrated by switching every traffic light at every intersection to green for 24 consecutive hours.

"It was great!" attested one delighted Chicago resident. "I felt unstoppable! We weren't, of course, but it sure felt like it. We had rolled down the windows after somebody threw up in the car—it might have been me—so we could hear all the music and the shouting and the sirens and everything. It was just such a rare experience you know? Everybody really went all out."

Of course, not everyone was as enthusiastic about the celebration. The Chicago Police Department had been wary of the idea since its inception, and had even gone so far as to question whether anyone would really enjoy the change at all. "Obviously we were wrong," admitted Kyle Rayner, a senior officer with the CPD. "Everybody had the time of their lives. It was a real nightmare from an enforcement standpoint though. What were we still supposed to pull people over for, speeding? What about running stop signs? The way some people were driving, I think some people might have even been taking advantage of the occasion to drive drunk! But the way everybody was driving it was impossible to tell. Hell, for all we know, everybody might've been drunk!"

Some of this unease may not have been unreasonable. St. Patrick's Day in Chicago often coincides with a rise in property

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THE CHICAGO
SHADY DEALER
LIGHTS ITS
CHARCOAL
GRILL WITH THE

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ROFL East LOL Street

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E-mail:

amhorton@uchicago.edu

CONTACT

(1997)

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Jodie Foster

Matthew McConaughey

Jena Malone

David Morse, et al.

WORDS, PUNCTUATION

Letter from the Editor

Subtitles are great if your audience is lazy



Aaron Horton
Editor-in-Chief

Take a big whiff. Do you smell that,
readers? If you're a math major, what you're
smelling is body odor. But what everyone
else is smelling is *change*. It's the beginning
of a new quarter, and the beginning of April,
and we at the *Dealer* decided that we needed
to mix things up. As you can see from our
new and improved image, we're well on our
way.

But we haven't just changed out im-
age; our entire outlook is new and improved.
We've always provided pseudo-factual news-
entertainment in our articles, or else outright lies,
or else things that no one in their right mind
could possibly care about. But we've been
doing it *on purpose*. From this day onward,
we pledge to keep doing all those things, but
with less effort.

So, without further ado, I present to
you *The Chicago Shady Dealer*, the University
of Chicago's Second Unintentional Humor
Publication.

Happy April,
Aaron

MARINE BIOLOGY

I Had to Do It

Wacky Whale Wallops Water Woman



Shamu
Orca

Yeah, I killed a man. Okay, it was a
woman, but saying "man" makes it sound
more badass. And I kind of sound like a dick
for killing a woman. Which I'm not. I'm just
frustrated, okay? What did you expect? I'm a
killer whale! A killer. I was just asserting my
whalehood!

Anyhow, Shamu isn't even my real
name. My whale name is Tillikum, bitch.
Shamu's the name for a stuffed animal. I'm

not for child's play! I am not a squeaky toy! I
have a heart, okay? A GIANT beating heart!
The heart of a wild beast! Don't you try to
fill my innards with stuffing and sell me for
\$14.99 at the Splash Zone! I'm from the real
splash zone, the OC-ean. And I've got a re-
cord to prove it. You can change my identity
as a predator of the deep, you can make me
the butt of obesity jokes and embroider my
image on fanny packs, and you can make me
bounce a ball on my nose for a bunch of
screaming 9 year olds, but you can never take
away my pride!

I don't think you realize how frustrating
it is to be an unfulfilled whale. Have you seen
that training tank? It's the size of a bathtub.
How can I self-actualize in a bathtub!? I

KILLER, continued on pg. 3

KILLER continued from pg. 2

don't even have any aromatherapy candles, or bath salts. Whales like me have no way to de-stress, and no lady friends either. All the girl whales here are too career-oriented for dating. Sometimes they're so busy practicing their tricks and shit, we do it in vitro. You know what that means? Well, let me say, it's not easy to get going on your own when you've got four veterinarians, three trainers, and the park manager watching you do your business and then collecting it in a little cup.

So I had to broaden my horizons. It was inevitable, okay? That trainer strutting in front of my tank everyday in her moist, skin-tight wet suit. She went all surfin' safari on me when we were in the practice pool, and later at the live shows too. Then she'd kiss me on the mouth and give me a rub-down...sometimes twice in one afternoon. I didn't hate her! I loved her. But I had to kill her. Bitch got on my nerves. She said it wouldn't work out between us, some bullshit about our parts not fitting together. Who knows what that means. So I told her she was already riding me everyday – why not be my main squeeze, make it official? She just laughed and gave me a pat on the nose and said she was going to Applebee's with Steve the Bird Trainer... but I made sure she never got there. Steve was wrong for her. Everyone knows he has a reputation for being a lady-killer. She deserved better.

And don't you tell me you wouldn't have done the same thing. I loved her too much to throw her life away – her life with me – for a plate of Cajun Lime Tilapia and a few shots of tequila with some humanoid who I heard can't even swim. So don't you try to put me in prison. I've been in prison every flippin' day since I came to SeaWorld. I been beaten down. I jumped through hoops and jumped up at flags. I seen the masses of humanity, huddled together with their bright yellow plastic ponchos and disposable cameras, thinking that I am a cutie patootie and why can't we keep a whale in our swimming pool? Well, think again, suckas. You can't hurt me anymore, now that I've lost the one woman who could have saved me. You can take away my name, but you can't take away the colloquial term for my species. I'm a killer whale, bitches. Screw with me, and you awaken a beast.

POINT**I'm Only Dating You for Your Accent**

Sarah Thorton
Second-Year

Okay, so you're no Italian stallion. Nor are you French trotter, an Australian Stock Horse, a Brazilian Sport Horse, a Belgian Warmblood, or even a Coney Island Pony. I'm not actually sure what you are. But when you open your mouth and make those sweet noises that I think mean you're trying to talk, I just melt. Honestly, I could care less about your translucent skin and goldfish eyes and even how you chew with your mouth open. When I close my eyes, you're beautiful to me. How could anyone call that shallow?

Besides – I just like you. I like it when you try to talk to me, and I can't even understand you with your thick, impressive brogue, so I have to ask you to repeat what you say. And then I get to hear you talk again. Someone should give you a radio show, or something. You could do voiceovers! You could be an animated character! On the Disney Channel! Honestly, I could just listen to you read stock quotes all day, and I would be happy. Also, I like how, when I tell people I'm dating you, they go "That guy? You're dating that guy? The guy with the accent?" I can just hear the jealousy in their voices. I like the mystery around you – the quality that makes everybody go "Who is he? And why does he talk like that?" And when people ask that, I get to say: "He's my boyfriend, and I have no idea."

But it doesn't matter, because it's such a great accent.

COUNTERPOINT**My Thanks, I Work Hard on an English**

Hans Bryczwskzqi
Third-Year

Ah, I likes to hear that's - how you say - the way of speaking excellent. I work on an English, and much better and better each daytimes. My friend, he say that there are no understands, but the time that is next at table I will say ah, wrong, one says speaking is fine. Any classes also, I talk, but I get, ah, the not understand. My feeling feels bad, that I want much to say and express that not happen. Possible that you try hard, and they not try hard? That is nice.

I also likes when hear the speech of you for reason that it good practice for ears. Practice makes things perfection, I hear? Ah ha. That is useful also, I learn these things, these many sayings that not from class and books, that "all is well when finishes well" and "catch onto the bus." I think those. But "in general" (ah ha! Another! These are everywhere!), is good to learn how to speak, will help me practice, and help fit, and get job. I like this country lots, and would like to live inside. You are help for this.

Also, ah, offense be none, but there is a worry that, ah, caused by you. Understand is, you not really likes my personhood, ah, and is important I tells you I am very nice. I happy, I make others happy, and I believe, ah, I believe that you will know better and likes better, and I likes you better.

I guess what I just say is, more around me than accent.



SOME COMPANY PAID US LIKE
\$3000 TO TELL YOU TO
BUY A CELLPHONE

FEMINISM

From the Burka to the Thong... I'd Hit It

Open-minded "New Man" of 2010 doesn't discriminate



Miles Greenborn
Fourth-Year

Let me just say this right off the bat, I'm all for thongs, I've got nothing against burkas, and frankly, I prefer no clothing at all to both of them. There's nothing like a good naked lady to heat the blood up. But when I heard about this Sunsara Taylor lady and her calls for revolution, I just had to have a second look. I found a flier about a talk she was doing on campus and the word "sexuality" was on there in bold like four times, and that was enough for me. Believe it or not, I missed the talk, so I figure I'll offer up my opinion on the subject here for the enrichment of all y'all.

Ms. Taylor says that "from the burka to the thong, everything must, and can,

change." We differ slightly in that regard, as I say "from the burka to the thong, everyone must, and can, change into something more comfortable." To-may-to, to-mah-to, eh? Anyway, maybe I should go through my argument a little to convince you folks.

I think we can all agree that everyone CAN change. That seems pretty clear. I change before bed, I change after working out, I change for fancy dinners and special occasions. If I can change that often, then I'm sure everyone can change once in a while. The real issue people have with me and Ms. Taylor's argument is the other bit, the "must change" element.

I'll admit, it's pretty weak. For the record, burka is just a Spanish word for "thick dress or sweater that covers the butt and obfuscates the breasts." With that out of the way, I know what you're asking, why should I change out of my burka and into a thong in the first place? Isn't it cold? Won't I get arrested for indecent exposure? Will men think of me differently?

First of all, I guess I really can't tell you what to do. You CAN change, we've

established that. I want you to change; that is pretty clear. Why must you? Well this is where the "WE NEED TOTAL REVOLUTION" comes in to play. After the revolution, women will pretty much just want to wear thongs all the time. Some people say I'm a (wet) dreamer, but trust me, I'm NOT the only one.

As for the other questions: Yes, you might be cold, but that shouldn't be an issue, because every hot-blooded man will want to put his warm steamy arms around you at all times, so that solves that. No, of course you won't get arrested for indecent exposure (revolution, remember?). Men will DEFINITELY think of you differently... they'll think you're a way cool babe that likes to have a good time. Is there anything else that you could possibly want to portray yourself as?

In closing, let me just say to all you ladies out there, that whether or not this revolution (some are calling it the American Revolution, where I'm the founding father) ever happens, from the thong to the burka, I'd definitely hit it... all night long.

**YOU'RE NOT
PRETTY
ENOUGH**

Do you really
need to eat that?

The bangs
make it
worse.

Your sister's cute.

10% off eyeliner that you'll
probably just cry off anyway,
you sad freak.

ZEITGEIST

Census: More Coffee Shops than Hipsters

By Katharine Bierce
Dealer Staff

Preliminary results from the U.S. 2010 Census at the block level for the Hyde Park area (within the Metropolitan Statistical Area for Chicago) indicate that there are more coffee shops than hipsters.

As Census worker Anna Gonzalez said, "Usually, the Census only counts people living and sleeping in a specific place on April 1 of the Census year. On most of the Short Forms that are mailed out, we count just race, ethnicity, and home type with a total of only ten questions. But for some of the Long Forms, we included questions for a random sample about where people get their morning cup of joe, how tight their pants are, how

many plaid shirts they own, whether they smoke or not, and how often they spend time on the North Side of their city."

When asked whether she was surprised by the preliminary results, Gonzalez replied: "Well, we can't say with any statistical certainty whether these results are true until the numbers get crunched in a year. That's because people are delinquent and don't mail in their forms. But we can say that there are a lot of coffee shops in the Hyde Park area, and that this number exceeds our count of people with the specific qualities previously mentioned."

Whether this data will affect public policy remains to be seen. Varsity football players were reported to be relieved at these results.

GREEN, continued from pg. 1

damage and, unfortunately, this year was no exception. Current estimates, after taking into account damage to automobiles, bars, sidewalks, street lights, Lake Michigan, power lines, retail outlets, children, furniture, canned sweetmeats, musical instruments, milk cartons, and socks, place the total cost of repairs at approximately \$473.2 billion. While this number may seem small in relative terms (only about 3.34% of U.S. annual GDP), it does not take into account the cost of the hospital stays, which also showed a sharp increase beginning on March 17th.

While the new celebration this year may not have done an ideal job of limiting some typical St. Patrick's Day problems, however, it did significantly improve people's outlook on these issues. The increase in hospitalization rates, for example, was not necessarily accompanied by an increase in hospital gloominess. In fact, as growing crowds of patients arrived, Mercy Hospital and Medical Center rivaled Michigan Avenue in its riotous revelry, as smiling nurses served green jell-o shots one after another to indefatigably cheerful victims of broken bones, severely scuffed foreheads, and partial paralysis.

"One thing's for sure," one hospital patron said with a wink, his few remaining teeth bared in a heart-warming smile, "No one's going to forget this St. Patrick's Day!"

DELUSIONS

Guy Has Girlfriend, Guy Announces

By Mae Rice
Dealer Staff

Last Thursday in the Divinity School coffee shop, witnesses reported that a guy loudly announced to his friend that he had a girlfriend.

"I'm going to that lecture with my girlfriend," the guy said in a poorly modulated voice, "because I have one. A girlfriend, you know. Rebecca is my girlfriend. Man, love is beautiful! Do you hear those birds chirping outside!"

The guy's friend reportedly replied, "Yeah, those birds are pretty loud."

When asked for comment, Rebecca Jenks, the reported girlfriend, said, "We've been dating for two days. I don't know if I would call it serious yet. And he's a little weird - sometimes, he announces to me that I'm his girlfriend. Like, 'Hello, girlfriend!' Or 'Remember how you are my girlfriend?' I don't know if I like that."

The guy has been sighted around campus on various occasions since, announcing that he and his girlfriend are still together and that things are going great.

PHLEBOTOMY

Overachiever Lists Blood Type as A++

By Katharine Bierce
Dealer Staff

College student and self-proclaimed "goal-oriented individual" Vincent Myers broke medical precedent last Thursday when he listed his blood type as "A++" before a routine medical exam.

"Initially, I thought it would be cool to list my blood type as A positive positive. It reflects who I want to be. And why shouldn't I try to be all I can be?"

When asked if he thought there would be a problem, the patient seemed slightly confused:

"I considered if someone got confused when giving me a transfusion. But then I thought, hey, cool, now I can really be who I want to be! An A++ student in body and mind! You know, mens sana in corpore sano and all."

When asked if he knew about how blood cells are made, the patient indicated that she had acquired the relevant knowledge, although he still did not understand the implications entirely:

"I think my next logical step is to get a bone marrow transplant. That means I can get rid of all these B- blood cells that are running around dragging me down and get some top-notch A++ blood to start coursing within. Yeah. That's the ticket."

The patient's family declined to comment.

• • • • •
• **DID YOU KNOW** •
• **THAT:** •
• **GOTHAM IS** •
• **THE ONLY** •
• **FONT THAT** •
• **MATTERS** •
• • • • •

FILM

Coen Bros Forget They Made *Fargo*

By Carl Wheeler
Murmurer

Directors Joel and Ethan Coen, whose films have been nominated for a total of twenty-three Academy Awards, forgot that they made the 1996 film noir “Fargo” while watching the film last week.

“Man, that movie was really good,” Joel commented to his brother at the conclusion of the film. “The pacing was great — starting out with people committing small crimes and having them inadvertently grow into big ones as they try to cover up what they’ve done. That’s a really great concept.” Ethan said that he commented several times during the film that the dialog was “exactly perfect — exactly what I would have written there. Amazing.”

The film, which the brothers wrote, directed, and produced, was shown on the AMC channel from 8:00 PM to 9:38 PM last Thursday night. It earned Ethan’s rare “6 out of 6 stars” rating, prompting him to wonder who had made the film. “With a movie like that, you really wonder what else that guy’s made. And some of those actors look like they would be so much fun to work with — Steve Buscemi, man, I can think of some great roles for that guy.”

Joel Coen also commented to his brother that lead actress Francis McDormand was “both charming and effective” in her role as a pregnant police officer who is caught up in a series of kidnappings and murders. Joel, who has been married to McDormand for more than 25 years, confessed to his brother that he “kind of fell in love with her a little bit” while watching her in the film.

The brothers decided to check the Wikipedia page for the film, which informed them that it had been made by a little known director named Roderick Jaynes. “Huh,” said Ethan. “Guess we’ll have to look up some other stuff he did.”

At press time, the brothers were finalizing the script for their new film, a zany dark comedy about slackers and bowling.

TRAVEL

Mythical Land of Cancun Reappears for Two Weeks in March

By Chris Graf
Murmurer

Some call it a “lost city,” others, a “modern Shangri-La.” The Mexicans call it Cancún, a name linguists say derives from the ancient Mayan for “land of a thousand tans.”

For the 40th year on record, the first weeks of this March saw researchers from all over North America flock to the eastern Mexican coastline. Anthropologists, archaeologists, geologists and geographers united in anticipation of an unrivaled phenomenon: the annual appearance of the legendary land of Cancún.

“It is, in a word, a marvel,” says Dr. Lisa Eulek, a researcher with the Geological Survey of America, “fifty weeks out of the year, this land is only so much dirt, sand, and trees. But for fourteen short days, it transforms into vibrant coastal city.”

Cancún does not attract only investigators and academics, however. As if guided by a mystical force, thousands of American college students yearly descend on the Mexican coast in tandem with the other species. Like the swallows returning to Capri Cano, these young adults migrate southward to their own ancestral breeding ground, turning Cancún into a nexus of energy where they eat, drink, and mate unabated for two weeks. Then, like followers of an unseen calendar, the teenagers and twentysomethings depart as swiftly they had come, returning to their universities and degree programs just as Cancún itself fades away once more.

Though they appear synchronized to the same celestial clock that governs the appearance of this tropical Brigadoon, “the latest data . . . [suggest] that these young people know no more about the true nature of Cancún than the rest of us,” says Eulek. She cites a recent study in which nine out of ten revelers surveyed could not locate Cancún on a map of Mexico. Eulek is only the most recent in a long line of scientists who



have endeavored to unearth the secrets of the land.

Though the earliest written records of Cancún only date back to the 1970s, newly discovered evidence indicates that this enigmatic cycle has been repeating itself for much longer than the last few decades. Archaeologists have discovered carvings in nearby mountain caves dating back thousands of years depicting bare-chested men and women imbibing medicinal brews through ceremonial hoses. Excavations under the sand after Cancún’s last vanishing in 2009 uncovered ancient animal-hide prophylactics as well as petrified samples of a long-extinct taxon of peyote.

“There is strong evidence to suggest that the Mayans invented the poolside bar,” says Dr. Lawrence Giorgi, an archaeologist who participated in last year’s dig and returned for further study this March. This year, Giorgi and his team discovered a diary containing what may be the earliest written record of a young woman trying to get revenge on her uptight, overbearing father.

Despite all they have discovered in the past few years, most researchers’ curiosity remains unsated. “We’ve learned a lot [about Cancún], but there are still so many unanswered questions,” says Eulek, “Questions like, ‘Who built this place?’ ‘Where did they come from?’ and ‘What happened to my bikini top?’”

WORLD CULTURE

Russians Tragically Misunderstand Chat Roulette

"Headshot" Takes on New, Grim Meaning

By Eliza Brown
Murmurer

The new Internet phenomenon of "Chat Roulette" allows people from all over the globe to vidchat with each other at random. Sometimes you are matched up with someone awesome, more often you are bombarded with penises. And sometimes you see the Jonas Brothers!

Chat Roulette attracts people of all sorts, but one people added its own flavor to the mix. Russian people, more accustomed to the sort of Roulette in which one has a 1/6 chance of dying in the process, have somehow combined the new roulette with their suicide game. Russian authorities are trying to discourage the practice, which involves spinning the chamber on a revolver, stopping it at random, and pulling the trigger, especially considering the steadily declining Russian population due to immigration and the lack of desire to reproduce when the temperature is 50 below zero. Said Alexi Brenkov, a 19 year old from Moscow, "Putting a gun to my temple seemed way more natural to me than going on the Internet and talking to a random person about the weather in their country. And, given the presence of internet predators, it's probably safer."

Added Brenkov, "If I see one more sign telling me to make a silly face, I'm going to shoot myself regardless."

Authorities recommend the chat-obsessed to contact authorities if they see anyone holding a gun to his temple. Please do not call anyone if you see a penis, even if it is, like, super-weird.

STUDENT LIFE

Suicide Prevention E-mails Drive Student to Suicide

Mark As Dead

By Zachary Binney
Murmurer

A series of incessant reminder e-mails for a suicide prevention workshop in Crerar Library drove third-year and noted anti-socialite Chauncey Chalmers to the act of auto-defenestration last Thursday night.

In what the Student Counseling and Resource Center called a "stirring endorsement of our sessions" and Chicago humor scholar Ted Cohen described as a "deliciously ironic twist," the 47th and final reminder, sent 15 minutes before the meeting began, led Chalmers to become so anxious to reach the summit that he unceremoniously threw himself out of his 9th floor room in Pierce Tower in an effort to avoid waiting for the elevator, witnesses reported.

"We were delighted to hear of Chauncey's excitement, but perhaps he should have

taken our lessons to heart before taking to flight," Dr. Shirley Mason said, struggling to constrain a chuckle behind her wry smile.

Others were not convinced by the SCRS's interpretation of events, however. "Really, those reminders can get pretty irritating. Sometimes I think they do it on purpose," said second-year Hannah Thurmond. "When I read one backwards once, I'm pretty sure it suggested I go stand directly in front of the physics department's neutron howitzer."

The UCPD announced there will be no further investigation due to an overwhelming sense of apathy regarding the case and Mr. Chalmers. In lieu of a funeral, his body will be left to nourish local wildlife.

Some Classical Shit

Let Everyone Know
Just How Fucking
Cultured You Are at

Mandel Hall
Thurs. April 8th
7:30 PM

Brought to you by God's Gift to
Entertainment



"R.I.p corey haim, lost boyz forever bro"

-- Cleveland Cavaliers center Shaquille O'Neal, via Twitter

MANLY SPORTS

Spring Olympics to Include Ultimate Frisbee, Lying on the Grass

By Chris Graf
Dealer Staff

The International Olympic Committee announced this Sunday that preparations have begun for first Spring Olympic Games.

The new Games will be held in 2019, 85 years after the Winter Games, the second seasonal Olympic variant, were introduced in Chamonix, France, in 1924. As the first vernal Olympic event, the IOC announced that the Spring Games would also introduce several new activities. The 2019 Olympics' roster will include team sports such as ultimate Frisbee and full contact hackey sack, as well individual events such as lying on the grass and rolling down a hill.

"We're very excited to be able to offer the world 50 percent more Olympics," said Count Jacques Rogge, president of the IOC. Too long has the year's third-best season gone without an international pan-athletic event."

In addition to both new and old sports, says Rogge, the Spring Games will also feature several "experimental" variations on existing events. These will include both the men's and women's varieties of the 4 x 100 meter egg-on-a-spoon relay and sack race triathlon, as well as the men's shirtless 10k.

Almost a dozen cities worldwide have already submitted bids to host the 2019 Games. There has been some expectation that Athens would be awarded the honor



2010's world champion freestyle lawn loungeur Richard Swenson, who recently qualified to represent the US in the upcoming Spring Olympics

in a classical tribute, given that the original Olympics originated in Greece and the first modern Summer Games were held there. However, an anonymous source reports that the IOC has unofficially rejected Athens' bid because "who knows if Greece will still be there in nine years," in reference to the country's market woes. Officially rejected bids include Moscow, "for obvious reasons," as well as Berlin, "for negative associations with The Producers."

The IOC has announced that Durban, South Africa has been selected as the host of the 123rd IOC Session, where the IOC is expected to announce its selection of the IOC Session in which they will announce the selected host of the first Spring Olympics.

OUTFIT, continued from pg. 1

atic of larger, University-wide problems with racially influenced fashion profiling. The Organization of Black Students and MODA released the following joint-statement: "It saddens and shocks us that the incidents occurring in the library last week are still possible at a university that claims to pride itself on racial tolerance and a commitment to daring fashion choices. We maintain that it is every student's right to rock whatever threads and/or kicks they please, be they avant-street or ghetto-prep, worn with Steve Aoki non-chalance or Iggy Pop swagger, regardless of the color of their skin."

University administrators were too busy shopping for orthopedic loafers on Zappos.com to comment, though Dean of Students Susan Art reassured critics that although Loggins and the arresting officers could not be transferred or fired due to union rules, University policy reserves the right to put them through basic Karmaloop training. "We too are very upset at this situation, and I am in complete agreement with you that our library staff needs to read a damn blog or something," responded Art at a press conference, her Ann Taylor pant suit and Cartier brooch making Jacqueline Kennedy look like a Jerry Springer guest. "The Cool Kids didn't name themselves that for nothing, is all I'm saying."

CALENDAR

Wednesday 4/7

• Dollar Shakes @ C-Shop

Wednesday 4/14

• Dollar Shakes @ C-Shop

Wednesday 4/21

• Dollar Shakes @ C-Shop

Wednesday 4/28

• Dollar Shakes @ C-Shop

Men
Tyrannosaurus Rex
Jason Lee Scott

Mastodon
Zack Taylor

Triceratops
Billy Cranston

Dragonzord
Tommy Oliver

Women
Sabertooth Tiger
Trini Kwan

Pterodactyl
Kimberly Hart