



## First Year Finalizes List of RSOs She's Not Going to Join

by Matthew Goldenberg

Incoming first-year student Patricia Lewis has announced that she has decided which Registered Student Organizations she wants to join and, more importantly, the ones she doesn't want to join. Lewis said the decision to not join some of the more than 350 RSOs was difficult but necessary.

"I wish I could participate in all of these groups, but that is just not a feasible option," said Lewis, "I decided these 67 RSOs would not contribute to my UChicago experience very much so they had to go."

Lewis said she analyzed every RSO on strict criteria. She wanted every group to contribute to her study of the Life of the Mind and broaden her cultural horizons. She joined a few club sports to ensure that she would stay physically active.

Despite the fact that she will be participating in approximately 283 RSOs and a sorority (which has yet to be selected), Lewis is confident she will have time for it all. She says she was very busy in high school, with activities such as student council, dance, music, pottery, DECA, basketball, speech, debate, football, basket weaving, competitive lawn mowing, tooth pulling, nail painting, and mixed martial arts.

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## CLASS OF 2017 SURPRISED BY AIR OF SEXUAL PROMISE

by Clay Olsen

Most long-time inmates at the University of Chicago know that the campus and its environs are boiling cauldrons of sin, a few well-timed winks and broken condoms away from more unplanned pregnancies than a small town in Texas. Indeed, various sexual shenanigans abound in this isolated corner of the Windy City—but you wouldn't know it if you talked only to the Class of 2017. These callow youths have been caught completely unawares by UChicago's beguiling air of sexual promise. Many of them professed feelings of shock at the barest possibility of physical intimacy with their preferred gender or genders.

Luis Diaz is typical of these incredulous students. An Arizona native and prospective Economics major who describes himself as "old enough to party," Diaz resigned himself to four years of celibacy

when he mailed his enrollment deposit to James Nondorf. He was amazed to discover that many Chicago gals would not only talk to him, but even briefly touch him in a way that, he said, suggested they desired a smidgeon of naked time. "Honestly, I thought I'd have to wait until I was rich to have meaningless sex with gorgeous women, but now I'm less certain," Diaz said. "This one girl laughed at one of my jokes!" He smiled nervously. "Do you think she wants to meet Lil' Luis? I didn't exactly plan for this."

Helen Harris echoed Diaz's sentiments. When she came to Chicago, Harris assumed that O-Week would be a whirlwind of platonic introductions that would allow her to settle into campus life before

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**THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER**  
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## DISCLAIMER

We do not intend to incite anything but laughter. Are you angered by our writing and planning to exact revenge? Think about how unsatisfying it would be, ultimately, to spill our blood. Think about how quickly the blood slips through your fingers and how dead a dead body is. Take your outrage home and sit a spell.

## META-DISCLAIMER

We apologize for the tenor of our disclaimer. We like you, or we really want to like you. We like the idea of you, and you shouldn't take our insinuations of bloodthirst to heart.

## META-META-DISCLAIMER

To be clear, we stand by our stance. God is God and the river is swift and we don't fucking care.

# LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

As a First Year, just beginning your college career, you are beset with Orientators, persons of medium authority attempting to orient your life. Your O-Leaders, your Resident Heads, your College Advisor, and your Parents all jockey for influence over your precious future. If you're reading this issue as an upperclassman, you know the type all too well. Do not be mistaken, Dear Reader. Most of these people have your best interest at heart, and will try their best to give you earnest advice. But the opinion of the Chicago Shady Dealer is that their best is not enough.

You deserve a better orientation. A thoroughly rigorous publication whose articles will hone your mind and, more importantly, your musculature. Our commentary will give you a rock-hard liberal arts foundation and even rock-harder abs. Our recommendations will balance your

life and your facial features. Look no further than our pages for the key to sculpting both your glutes and your future. In this, our tenth year of service, we can assure you that our techniques are sound, our results are proven, and our readers are satisfied.

Satisfaction is guaranteed; we will satisfy you. When you need more orientation than our print issue can deliver, visit us at [chicagoshadydealer.com](http://chicagoshadydealer.com). If you want to be a part of the magic, we invite you to join us for our weekly meeting. You can find us in Harper 145, Sundays at 7 p.m., just repping the night away. You can rep with us.

Please, take care of yourself. We'll do our best to take care of you, too.

Sincerely,

Christopher Deakin and James Ekstrom  
Editors-in-Chief

## SEXUAL PROMISE from page 1

meeting with her advisor to discuss her "four-year plan." Instead, she found her expectations upended by interest from the young men of the Class of 2017. As it turns out, Harris' social timetable may need to move up a bit. "I thought I'd have four years of monastic study, followed by a tumultuous quarter-life crisis," Harris said. "Now, I have to contend with America's puritanical double standards about sex and relationships, manage potential suitors, and decide when or even if I want to have sex...all while dealing with academics! Jesus Christ, what kind of school is this?"

When questioned by the Dealer, University president Bobby Zimmer seemed sanguine about the rising first-years' shock. "Everything usually balances out after Fall Quarter. I'd say a third of our students become well-adjusted individuals, another third end up with loads of unresolved is-

sues, and the final third just masturbate compulsively and stay in their rooms." When asked if the University planned on managing students' expectations to avoid such culture shock-induced mental health dilemmas, Zimmer chuckled, "I fucking doubt it, pal."

Helen Harris and Luis Diaz have their own ideas about managing their newfound erotic capital. "I'll do this sex thing in stages by quarter," Diaz says. "After O-Week, I'll get drunk a lot and have sex with as many women as possible. Winter, I'm thinking I'll regret my decisions and, wondering what I'm doing with my life, try to have more sober, meaningful relationships. For Spring Quarter, I'm not sure. It's a toss-up between getting a girlfriend and crying myself to sleep every night."

Helen Harris was less definitive. "I'll probably just make out with people, maybe compromise with a BJ every once in a while." She shrugged. "I'll definitely feel really guilty about it afterward, though."

# NEW STUDY FINDS THAT HOUSECEST ACCOUNTS FOR MERE 95 PERCENT OF O-WEEK HOOK-UPS

by Ayesha Wadhawan

In the early days of the 2013-14 academic year, the proportion of O-Week hook-ups between individuals of the same house has reached a shocking low of 95%. Students and university officials alike are attempting to make sense of this statistic.

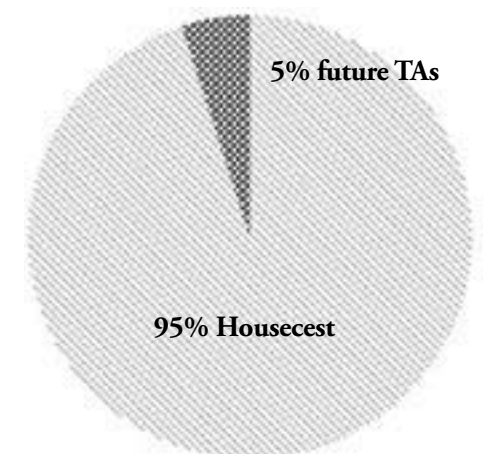
Typically, less than 0.2% of the sexual entanglements during this period take place between members of separate houses. In the past, inter-house social interaction during O-Week has been entirely limited to students already acquainted from high school, and those who got lost on way to their Chicago Life Meetings. "I didn't even know we were allowed to meet people from outside our house during O-Week," said one first-year.

This year's deviation is tentatively attributed to unassigned seating during the Sex Signals presentation, giving students a brief window to mingle with members of

other houses. "In the past, some such interaction between houses was seen as unavoidable," said a senior official from the Student Life office. "99.8% housecest was not a perfect figure, but a satisfying one, nonetheless. These new developments teach us that we still have improvements to make."

He went on to explain that the lofty 100%-housecest goal is essentially what makes UChicago special. "Your first hook-up is going to be face-to-face with you during every study break, every house trip, and every meal for the rest of the year. What could better exemplify our close-knit house culture?"

While the University attributes the low housecest rate to a failure to isolate houses adequately, others view the change more positively. Many upperclassmen state that when choosing a one-time sexual partner,



not having to walk to the same breakfast table the next morning is an important consideration. A few remain in favor of insular house environments, claiming that UChicago's first-years "need all the help they can get."

# I Wanted to Have an O-Mance with Her, but Her Internship Prospects Weren't Good Enough

by A First Year

There's a cute girl in my advising group. I get that she's attractive, but she has no future. She said she wants a Ph.D. in Sociology. If you didn't know, there's no Nobel in that, so there aren't even any labs worth working in.

No, I expect each girl I bring home to have potential. Maybe she wants to work at Google. Or perhaps she's the more craven type—I like those—and wants to intern at Goldman. Or at least in the White House.

This girl was talking about interning for an Alderman so she can get a better under-

standing of social structures or something. That's weak. An Alderman? She could at least go for a Senator.

But no, she wants to do some dumb, dull Sociology field work. What will my chums think about my standards when I recite the litany of my exes? I might as well have a fling with someone who goes to a state school.

Yeah, yeah, my plans might change. I've heard that one a thousand times. Maybe I'll go into medieval English lit and she'll switch to Econ and make a fortune, but look at us. Do you really think that would

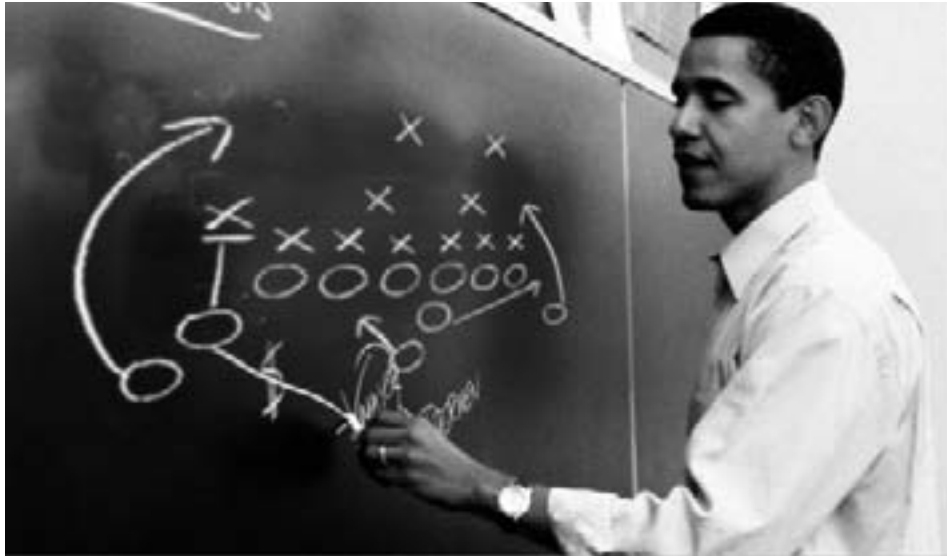
happen?

Oh, "it's just an O-mance," you say, "and those only rarely last past the end of the week." Well, exactly. If it was a nameless hookup, that'd be one thing, a conquest, so to speak, but this, this is real. It's a "fling." It might last for the rest of the week. Standards matter.

So this whole O-mance thing isn't going to work out. But if I see her at some frat party, I'd totally do an O-hook-up with her. I could use another one of those.

## UNIVERSITY RELAUNCHES P.E. REQUIREMENT AS “THEORY OF SPORT” LECTURE SERIES

by Nora Helfand



It has only been a year since UChicago waived its long-standing physical education requirement to the delight of many of its students. But if you ask eminent professor Mark Greeley from the College's Department of Physical Education, the change has done much more harm than good.

“It hurts my heart to imagine these students entering the workplace without having experienced a truly comprehensive liberal arts curriculum,” Prof. Greeley told the Dealer on Thursday. “The study of such ingrained societal rituals as dodgeball and badminton holds a revered place in the Life of the Mind.”

With this concern in mind, Greeley has convinced the University to relaunch the P.E. requirement with a series of lectures entitled “Theory of Sport.” The series, which Greeley will teach to hundreds of students starting this fall, focuses less on mastery of basic skills such as catching a frisbee and more on the principles that underlie these processes.

“It is my firm belief that we cannot expect students to truly excel without a proper grounding in physiology, kinesiology, and of course, the works of great P.E. philosophers such as Pheidippides,” Greeley said, before he began wheezing and asked to sit down for a break.

Student reactions to the new requirement have been mixed. Some seem concerned that the course strays too far from its stated mission. “I’ve looked at the syllabus,” says fourth-year Brandon Mooney. “The exams involve applications such as performing pushups. We cover calisthenic theory in class, but I can’t believe a professor would ask us to apply something we’ve only read about.”

Other students, such as second-year Cory Reich, are excited for the class. “I’ve always thought that theory was more important than practice,” he told The Dealer yesterday, before turning back to his copy of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*.

## Tips for Your First Call Home

by Steph Yu

*So you’ve finally flown the coop and driven ten minutes/flown across the country/flown across the world to receive a top-notch education at the University of Chicago.*

*Remember that you have concerned parents/siblings/grandparents/extended family worrying for you at home. You’ve enjoyed the thrills of analyzing Marx in your house lounge, but have you called home yet? In case you are having first-call-home jitters, we at the Shady Dealer are more than happy to advise:*

- If you have a roommate: Tell them everything about your roommate, from their sleep schedule to strange bathroom habits, to fashion choices, to Social Security number.

- If you don’t have a roommate: highlight to your parents how alone and anti-social you are.

- Analyze the courses you have picked for your first quarter here. If possible, discuss your classes loudly in your house lounge when housemates are present, to show how sociable you are.

- Be sure to include any inside jokes you have to assure family that you have integrated well. No need to explain. They will understand.

- If you have gone to a college party, be sure to mention it! Also mention how you woke up outside the Reg and had no idea how you got there.

- In fact, talk a lot about the Reg.

- Finally, assure your family you will be fine. You will be fine. Call back around midterms.

## PARTIES TO LOOK OUT FOR IN 2013

by Robin Ye

*The brochures promised it all: eternal laughter on the quad, casual, enjoyable studying, and a diverse set of friends assembled from the far regions of the world, and the Midwest. However, what the brochures won’t tell you about is the incredible nightlife on campus. Besides your weekly ho-hum Bar Night and Thirsty Thursday (for those of you who can speak Greek), here are the parties you should look out for.*

### HALLOWEEN

“Halloween is the one night a year when girls can dress like a total slut and no other girls can say anything about it.” – Psalm 151

### THE ONES IN THE REG

It’s the most popular research library on campus. You can reserve large study rooms for some late night cram sessions or giving-up parties.

### ANY CANADIAN HOLIDAY

Boxing Day. Canadian Thanksgiving. We go H.A.M., they go (Canadian) Bacon.

### THAT PARTY YOU DON’T REMEMBER

You’ll never know!

### DRANKSGIVING/BLACK FRIDAY

Little known fact: the term “Black” Friday was originally “Blackout” Friday, coined in 1901 by UChicago’s first president William Rainey Harper to describe the aftereffects of his infamous Thanksgiving tradition of downing straight vodka via turkey baster.

### THE FIRST PARTY AFTER BREAKING UP WITH YOUR HIGH SCHOOL GIRLFRIEND/BOYFRIEND

What was his name again? This is the party where you get to replace the fluids you’ve lost in tears with pure grain alco-

hol. Make sure to find your next relationship at this party before the darkness sets in.

### PRESIDENTS’S DAY

Fun Fact: Abraham Lincoln’s Cabinet commonly referred to him as the “Liquored Liberator.” His Secret Service codename was “Guzzler.” Cheers to the Land of Lincoln!

### THE AWKWARD ONE WHERE YOU’RE LEFT IN THE CORNER FULL OF GUYS, CASUALLY SIPPIN’ AND STARING AT THE GIRLS AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM WHILE TRYING REALLY HARD NOT TO BE THE CORNER KIDS

Whoops. Brb crying.

### VALENTINE’S DAY

If you’re single and unhappy about it, this is an incredibly dangerous day. Make wise decisions, everyone.

### 4/20 HIGH-CYCLE TOUR WITH DEAN BOYER

One of the only University sponsored parties worth going to, this herbally supplemented tour of the southside and its after party won’t let you down.

### GOOD FRIDAY/EASTER

Ask the Christians what they do.

### D-DAY

Contrary to popular belief, the D definitely stands for Drank.

### THAT ONE WHERE YOU THINK TO YOURSELF, “WOW, THAT WAS A REALLY ENJOYABLE PARTY. I’M GLAD I WENT!”

They don’t come around that often, so make sure to keep your eyes peeled for them.

## People Keep Asking If I Like It at UIC

by A UIC Student

I’m so tired of people asking me about UIC.

As college students, you’ll understand my struggle. As if it isn’t enough that we have to have the same conversation over and over. Where do we go to school? What do we want to study? How do we like it there? Oh, brother. You know the drill. On top of all that, whenever I launch into this conversation, I know exactly how it’s going to go. For instance, I’ll be with a retail associate, trying on Dickies, and he’ll ask “So, are you a college student?” I’ll say my part, and he’ll say “Oh, you’re going to UIC, the University of Illinois at Chicago?”

University of Illinois at Chicago? UIC? YES. YOU GOT IT. Golly. Over and over, people correctly identifying the school I go to when I refer to it by its abbreviated name. It gets old, am I right? You understand. And it’s not just friends and family; I hear the same thing from my frozen yogurt vendor and my caddy. I say, I’m going to UIC, and they say, “Oh, is that University of Illinois at Chicago?” And I say, “yes.”

When I was choosing schools, I didn’t realize what a pain this would be, but looking back now, I see there were clues. When I did an online search for ‘University of Illinois at Chicago,’ the first hit on the list was UIC.edu. And when I was accepted, I received a brochure and map in the mail, and the map depicted the exact location of UIC’s campus, with a large ‘UIC’ logo marking all of UIC’s buildings. Puhlease!

Sometimes it’s worse. The other day I’m stopping the garbage collector from taking my lawn chairs, and he asks me “Do you go to a University? In Chicago? Is that UIC?” This is especially infuriating. Because I have to explain: “Yes, I go to UIC, but that’s not what that initialism means.”

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## THREE FUTURE PIXAR MOVIES THAT WILL GET YOU THROUGH COLLEGE AND INTO YOUR MID-LIFE CRISIS

by Hannah Gitlin

If you're looking for a good family movie that presents the trials of college and young adulthood in a realistic, relatable way, you've probably already laughed with *Monsters University* and cried with *Toy Story 3*. Lucky for you, Disney/Pixar have revealed plans for a host of other college-themed movies slated for release in 2014.

### FINDING NEMO 3: NEMO FINDS HIMSELF

Up next in the popular series of movies about the little clownfish that could is the story of who, upon graduating from the High School of Fish, goes off to Great Barrier University. He meets some crazy, loveable fish from all over the ocean, but everyone seems to be suffering from "Reefer Madness!" Will Nemo learn to rise above peer pressure, or will he sink deep into a lifetime of addiction?

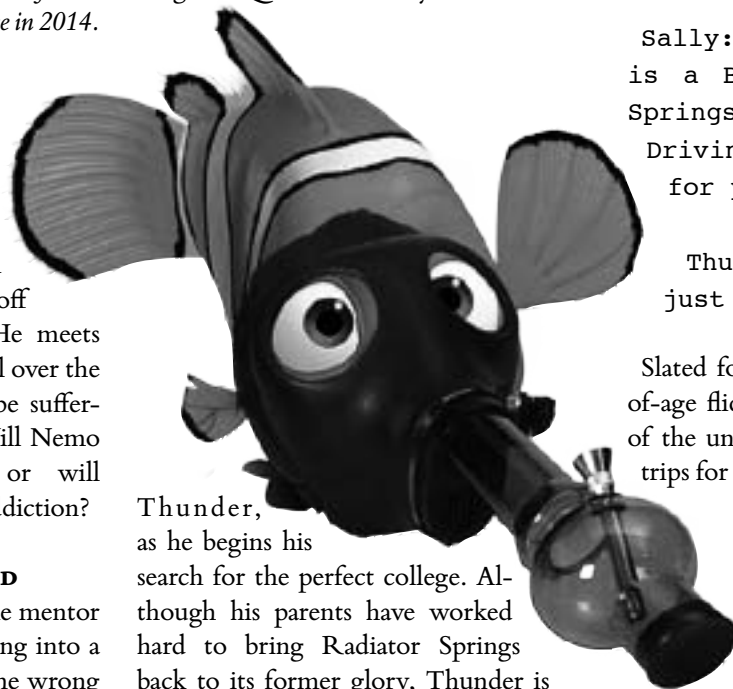
### UP 2: UP 2 NO GOOD

After the death of his long-time mentor Carl, Russell finds himself sinking into a troubled life, running with all the wrong crowds. When he starts up in college in the fall, he has a lot of trouble keeping his GPA "Up," but no trouble keeping some other things "Up." In this tale of love, loss, and sexual exploration, Russell finds himself relying on the ghost of Carl to guide him through the jungles of frat houses, the trials of clumsy hookups, and eventually the acceptance of his mentor's loss. A college flick for the ages, this one

will have the whole family smiling! Directed by Seth MacFarlane.

### CARS 3: ROAD TRIP

This heartwarming story follows Lightning McQueen and Sally Carrera's son



Thunder, as he begins his search for the perfect college. Although his parents have worked hard to bring Radiator Springs back to its former glory, Thunder is still anxious to get far away from home, and is excited to visit his dream school, Carvard University. Here's an excerpt from a teaser trailer that was just released by Pixar:

McQueen: Thunder, listen to your mom. We always go to the same gas station.

Thunder: Doesn't that ever get boring, though? Why don't we try something new? You know, in Boston, there's this place—

Sally: Oh, I see. Now this is a Boston thing. Radiator Springs College of Racing and Driving wasn't good enough for you.

Thunder: No, I mean, I just — forget it.

Slated for release in 2015, this coming-of-age flick should bring back memories of the uncomfortable family fun of road trips for everyone in the theater!

### INCREDIBLES 2: NOT CREDIBLE

Young Dash Parr was used to going through life fast. Too fast. Everyone marvelled at how he raced through overloaded course schedules at Super-Yale University. That is until the Dean's office caught up with him and how incredible his papers' sources had been. Now Dash is expelled for super-plagiarism and trying to get his life back on the right track.

## UNDERGRAD BEGINS QUEST FOR TRUTH

by Zach Augustine

Incoming first-year Sally Danderson is determined to finally solve not one but several of the vital issues that have been plaguing philosophy throughout recorded human history, sources reported Tuesday of O-Week.

"Look, I didn't set out to disprove God, but someone's gotta do it." Sally said as she stepped off her GO Airport Express shuttle fresh from O'Hare. "There's really

no time to waste." A trip to the Reg for her mandatory ID photo gave Sally time to get in some O-Week philosophizing, sources confirmed yesterday. The Class of 2017 Facebook page reports that she is, in fact, a direct descendant of both Plato and the Oracle. "It's just good to get a head start. Hopefully I can knock off a few of these eternal questions before my advisor meeting. Man, I hope I get into Phil Per."

## Freshperson Calls Self Freshperson



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Half correct, but one hundred percent annoying.

Thanks for letting me get that off my chest. I'm excited to be on campus with

other people who are as frustrated as I am. This is gonna be a great education! Oh. Wait. Oh, geez, this is embarrassing. This is Hyde Park? U of C? My bad. Totally my bad.

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"I know it seems like a lot but I can do it," Lewis declared, "Besides, I've told myself that I'm never going to be President of more than 40 or 50 organizations at time, for my own sanity. I've still got to be ready to be THE President." It wasn't clear whether Lewis was talking about the

Student Body President or the President of the United States.

When asked what her potential major is or what classes she has signed up for in her first quarter, Lewis paused, swore, and said, "I knew there was something I was forgetting!"

## Making the Most of Your O-Week

by Becky Stoner

This O-Week I will:

### GAIN:

- One (1) inch, three (3) pounds.

### MATURE:

- Mention the word "loins" during only one (1) icebreaker game.

### SYNERGIZE:

- Curate one (1) business-casual-professional outfit for future interviews and advisor meetings.

### REIMAGINE

- Yourself.
- You could be "The Boy Who Is Always Seven (7) Minutes Early to His College Life Meeting" or "The Girl Who Asks Four (4) Pertinent Questions About Developing Street Smarts" or "The Gender Binary Rejecting Student Finding Sixteen (16) Accepting Friends."

### ENGAGE:

- Add your name to ten (10) RSO list-hosts and ask your advisor about tricky things like choosing a SOSC sequence and why sometimes, when walking home in the dusky twilight, you feel so damn lonely.

### LEARN:

- Three (3) new street safety tips per day at your College Life meeting.

### CARRY:

- Your rape whistle everywhere.

### PLAY:

- Spend one (1) sunny afternoon on the Quad playing Frisbee.

### ACHIEVE:

- Attend three (3) parties.
- Make one (1) new friend.
- Make one (1) chipper phone call home.



# POINT/COUNTERPOINT

## POINT: I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO CARRY THE SPIRIT OF PIERCE ON MY SHOULDERS

by Oliver Wateringcan II

With the construction of the University of Chicago's new North Campus drawing nearer by the day, I fear few of my esteemed schoolmates — perhaps none of them! — will cherish the memory of our storied dormitory in the manner it deserves. Soon, its proud concrete frame and august intellectual legacy will be no more: farewell to Pierce 418, where Carl Sagan first made eye contact with a woman, his RA; goodbye to Pierce 302, whose carpet still bears traces of a love beyond description, and seven tallboys of Miller Genuine Draft, and worth of Genuine half a Nalgene Wolfschmidt Vodka, which was genuinely something, although possibly not vodka.

Alas, the task falls to me. I have composed this paean to Pierce and buried it under a patch of grass beneath the dining hall back door, that it may return to the earth, and in so returning, bear the spirit and soul of this mighty building into the next life. I will be the Homer of Pierce, or its Virgil, or possibly its Proust, weaving a tapestry of memory reclaimed from debris. Perhaps, in the manner of a Viking funeral, I will cast Pierce Tower's empty husk aflame. Perhaps I will sit upon its roof one last time, play a mellow chord on my harmonica, and fade gently into the night.



## COUNTERPOINT: I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO CARRY PIERCE ON MY SHOULDERS

by Charles "Chuckie Boy" O'Neal

Well, it's about three o'clock, three-fifteen. Guess I've been clocked in since quarter to eight — you know the union got us paid lunch breaks, so we don't got to punch out for lunch these days. Now, I know what you're thinking. Hauling these forty-pound chunks of concrete and iron girder cross-sections looks like a good time, huh? I bet it does. I'm gonna tell you something: it ain't. No, demolition is no night out at the demolition derby.



I don't know why these slick-acting, corduroy-wearing chowderheads have got me breaking my back to tear down a perfectly good building like this one. Chief, I'm not as young as I used to be. Seventeen an hour, no dental, four mouths to feed, and just between you and me, my wife eats for two. This job is no picnic, but I'm lucky to have it, the economy being how it is. My pop used to talk about the Daley days, when you got twenty, full benefits, workman's comp for the taking, and half your shift you sat around shooting the breeze with some goombah foreman whose granddaddy prowled the streets with Al Capone. But that Rahm Emanuel is no Mayor Daley.

Construction isn't any safer than it used to be, either. You won't believe what we gotta put up with. Get a load of this: last week, my buddy Andy gets nailed right in the wahoonie — by an exploding toilet. You hear that, boys? There he is, tearing up drywall on the seventh floor, and bam, a blown-up toilet!

There's no justice in this world.



## Clickety Clack, Jimmy is back!

Enroll today in Jimmy's Woodlawn Tap dancing classes and get 20 percent off as part of our back-to-school special!

*"Even if you come in stumbling, you'll always leave dancing!"*

-Jimmy