



First-Year Refers to Everything as "The Quad"

by Evan Bernstein

CHICAGO – According to sources familiar with the semantic controversy, University of Chicago first-year Jacob Brinkler has been referring to various campus buildings, outdoor sites, and even orientation activities as "The Quad."

Housemate Rebecca Follins tells *The Dealer* that Jacob asked her to join him for "lunch at The Quad," even though they ended up eating in Bartlett Dining Commons.

O-Aide Jonathan Prowler reported hearing similarly odd usage of the term, noting that Brinkler used it to refer to the grass on Midway Plaisance, the Logan Center for the Arts, as well as his first and second Chicago Life meetings.

Merriam-Webster's dictionary defines *quad* as "a centrally located quadrangular enclosure which may house academic buildings and administrative offices, as well as common areas and outdoor social spaces."

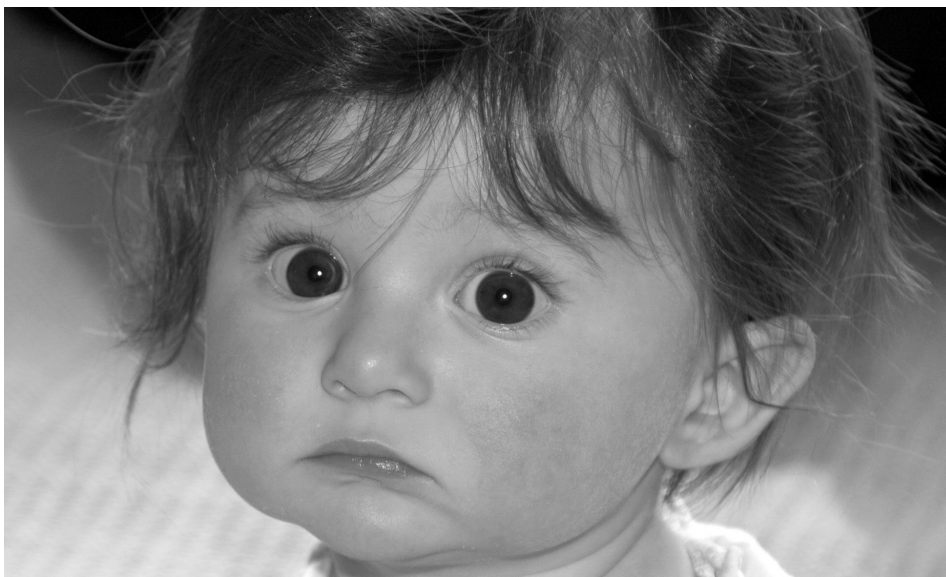
The Dealer reached out to Brinkler for comment via email. His response follows:

Hi, Evan, thanks for emailing me. I'd be happy to answer your questions. (You didn't have to tell me you're a powerful person; I'll answer your questions regardless.)

1. I'm adjusting quite nicely to the weather, actually. I'm from Portland, which is a lot further north than people think!

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RH'S KID KNOWS WHAT YOU DID



by Chris Deakin

With Orientation Week in its second day, sources close to Resident Heads George and Patty Finch of Janotta House can confirm that their daughter Janie, 6, knows exactly what you did. Though she is only a child and met you very briefly, sources report that she is fully aware of your first night's every detail.

"I may not understand the exact significance of your decisions and actions, but that doesn't mean I can't read your face, your posture, and your smells," Janie elaborated over a delicious dining-hall breakfast of waffles and yogurt. She proceeded to brush her braids out of her eyes and color a startlingly accurate depiction of your recent shame-filled evening. "I have trouble staying inside the lines, but I can

convey pretty easily where you imbibed what and for how long." In her diagram of what you did, Janie favored the Crayola color "fuzzy wuzzy."

Janie's parents, respected Resident Heads in the College Housing system, were reached for comment on the bus to Janotta's first house trip. "Oh, yes, this happens most years. At any given moment, Janie is holding three or four of your secrets, which she will carry with her to her second-grade classroom, to the playground for recess, and on this trip right now. If you happen to meet her gaze tonight in between bites of delicious Giordano's

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COMMENTARY

THE
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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 fuck-ing care.

Winston Churchill believed "a joke is a very serious thing." From Off-Off Campus's improvisations to the Shady Dealer humor magazine to the renowned Latke-Hamantash debate, we take humor very seriously here at The University of Chicago (and we have since 1959, when our alums helped found the renowned comedy theater The Second City).

Tell us your favorite joke and try to explain the joke without ruining it.

Dear Reader,

The Chicago Shady Dealer is very serious about humor. So serious, we actually made it into the 2013 admissions essay questions. Wow! Now, we will tell you our favorite joke.

A bunch of chess enthusiasts walk into the lobby of a Hampton Inn. One of them goes up to the desk, and asks for a room key. Well, that's not important. The main thing is, after they check in, some of them want a drink in order to unwind before the competition the next day. So most of them arrange to meet in the lobby that evening, and they all get down there and then one of them starts by telling the story of this guy who recognized him on his flight in, and they start telling stories about delayed flights, but I guess that's really just background information, it's not that pertinent to the joke. Okay, basically they all start bragging about how they're going to win the competition! And they're all there in the lobby, bragging, when the manager of the hotel comes up to them and asks them to disperse. And they ask why. And the manager of the hotel says, "You're in the foyer, and I can't have chess nuts because I'm allergic!"

No, let me start over. What? Okay. I'll just do the punch line again.

"Because I hate chess nuts boasting in an open foyer!"

Isn't that funny? It's a pun, you see.

We believe that humor is subtle, experimental, and daring. It comes in many different forms. A joke, a well-placed fruit, a satirical publication. It pushes the boundaries of the life of the mind. It has the power to change the world. Bring about world peace. Burn the bra. Make feminist porn free! For that reason, we have chosen to dedicate our lives to what Mark Twain once called "a literature of a low order"—"a poor, pitiful business"—humor writing.

Join us in our valiant task. We meet in Harper 141 on Sundays, 7 pm, and new members are always welcome. Or simply read and giggle. We appreciate giggling.

Maya Handa and Becky Stoner

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2. UChicago was my first-choice school. My grandparents live here and I used to visit them each spring and I love the city, so it just seemed like a perfect choice. And all those pictures of The Quad! Beautiful!

3. I don't know... six inches? I've never really measured.

4. I haven't really built up a routine yet. I wrote a couple essays in my room, but I can focus a lot better in the Harper Quad, or the Regenstein Quad. I haven't been in the Mansueto Quad yet, but it looks really cool from the outside!

5. I'm not totally sure how to answer this one... it's not really a question. It's cool that your dad's a cop, though!

6. Jake, usually. But Jacob's fine.

7. No. Just Jake or Jacob's fine.

8. I went once as a kid, but I haven't been to Sea World in a long time.

9. Probably The Quad.

10. Yeah, I have a sister. That's not her name, though. She doesn't come to the Quad that often. Our family doesn't really play nude Frisbee together. Why do you ask?

11. I'd love to hang out some time! We should meet up at The Quad and play some Quad-style Quad Quad. QUAAAAAADDDDDDDDD.

Love,
Jake

As of press time, Brinkler had yet to arrive at The Quad. He should be here pretty soon, though. Look out for a sandy-haired kid in cargo shorts with a hacky sack.

On your phone!



Get to know the Class of 2018!

Inside This Insert:
**Five GIFs Only
First-Years Can
Tell Are Moving**

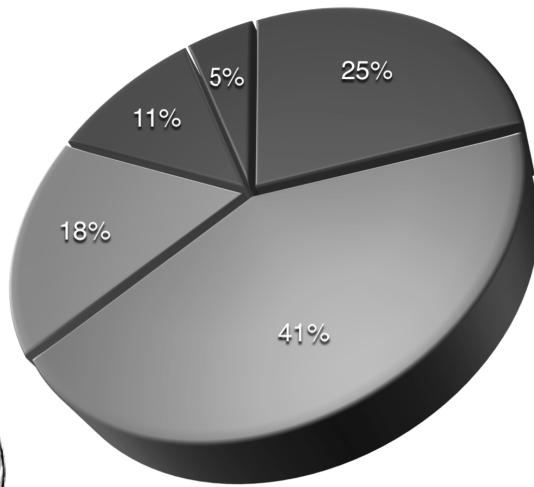
**Shocking Survey
Results!**

**This Fall's Most
Eligible First-Years**

First-Year Su

Where Did You Lose Your Virginity?

- In the Park
- Underwater
- It's Complicated
- In the Eastern Hemisphere
- Ha ha, like EVERYWHERE



How Tall
Are You?



Below 5'4"



Above 5'4"

What Do Fi

"Son. You man now. B

"What is 'an al beads' a

"Don't drink malt liqu

"What do you mean, 't

"I don't like your glasse



Survey Results!

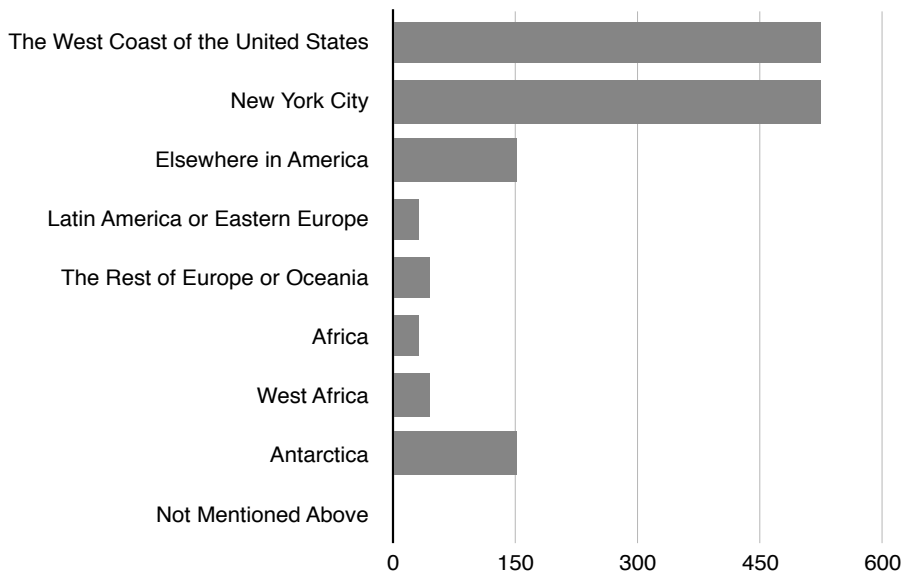
First-Years' Parents Have to Say?

...ye."
...and why is it in my Amazon cart?"
...or."
...there's no engineering school?"
...es."

By T4e Numb3rs:



Where Do You Live?



Percent-
age of
first-years
who
reached
puberty before the age
of 12 who thought *The
Scarlet Letter* was not
homoerotic enough

73

412

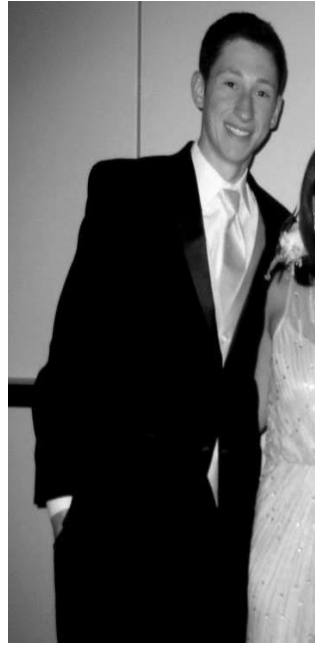
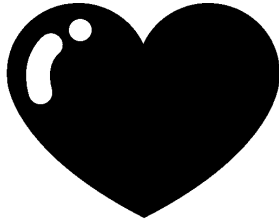
Number of first-years
who prefer both Israel
to Palestine *and* Coke
to pus

9:1 Student-
to-Faculty-
of-Reason
ratio

Average
weight in
pounds

120

The Class of 2018's Most Eligible First-Years

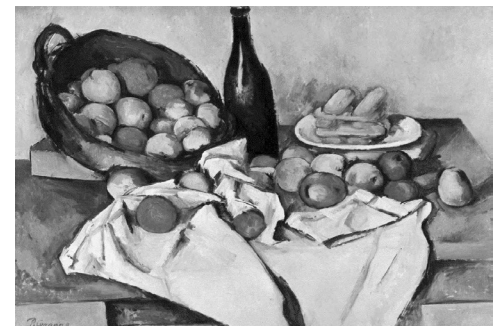


"I'm thrilled to be newly single in college. You know what they say—the best way to get over someone is to get under someone else. After my humiliating prom-night break-up, how could I do anything but become second-incommand in a pyramid scheme?"

"My ideal date? To have someone draw me like one of their French girls. Preferably lying nude on a divan. That's what I did with my girlfriend—well, my ex-girlfriend—on prom night."

"I hope to major in Big Problems, focusing on the question, 'Why does love hurt so good sometimes?' It's always been hard for me to disentangle my studies from my personal narrative. I mean, that's how it was on prom night, anyway."

Five GIFs Only First-Years Can Tell Are Moving



“EAST IS LAKE,” SAYS FUR-CLAD CAMPUS TOUR GUIDE



by Daniel Moattar

East is lake. Student-to-faculty ratio extremely low. One hundred percent of instructors have terminal degrees. On left is Reynolds Club, excellent cup coffee. Food options many. Cousin Volodya third-year math major, reasonable GPA. Thinking about grad school, maybe year of AmeriCorps first. Volodya fine trapper, last Tuesday catch dozen rabbits outside Broadview House. Feed Resident Master in exchange preferential treatment, make beautiful parka from skins for wife. University of Chicago encourage entrepreneurial go-getters.

In Winter Quarter many fun activities. Go to Point on house trip, read novels of Dostoevsky and weep. Tears stick to face. In many ways like popsicle. Spring Quarter weather colder, many student go study abroad vacation. Become temporary Hussars in proud legions White army for glory Tsar Nicholas. Suppress agricultural uprising, acquire life skills, learn value of teamwork. Beard tax suspended.

Plenty first-rate amenities available. Excellent gymnasium facility. In June go outside once, twice if weather allow. Go to sauna, afterwards wrestle in snow. Fight

with sticks. Is build character, learn valuable swear words for professional career. Foster “can-do” attitude. Eighty-two percent students participate in recreational social club activity. Student organizations beloved by all. Eighteen percent students condemned hard labor for bad morale, general sense of malaise. University of Chicago support enthusiasm and participation among student body. University of Chicago motto: Where fun become absolute loyalty.

November to February, is call “Drinking Quarter.” Stand on Lakeshore with jug vodka, all friends, first complain frostbite is loser. Last quarter, drinking quarter always fun with Semyon Ivanovich until Semyon bury nine foot deep in freak blizzard. Polar vortex like scholarly living. Difficult but rewarding. If wanted keep both feet, should have gone to Harvard.

Many required classes, important for well-rounded liberal arts education. Also instill spiritual unity. Build snowshoes, foster deep and subtle understanding of arts. Class registration very competitive, some classes essential to graduate. Until last year was P.E. requirement, must swim across pool, do sit-ups, hunt, fight bear in snow. Now cancelled because administration think is not modern. This year twelve students devour in bear attack, only tibia found.

Also, Greek life very active, discuss often Empedocles, Lucretius. Undergraduate program very rigorous, but understanding. Things changing at University of Chicago! Just this year, ask professor for extension, hit with back of hand instead of chair. I barely notice. Administration want attract high-achieving students with soft modern pedagogy. Some student study fourteen, sixteen hours each day. Able coast on natural brilliance. Due north-northwest observe Dean Boyer on bicycle. Class cancelled if snow above chin height.

Things Your Parents Have Already Replaced You With

by Maya Handa

1. A darling vase
2. A self-loading dishwasher
3. Three Christmas ornaments
4. A therapist
5. More frequent intercourse
6. Amateur photography
7. Your sister
8. Buddhism
9. A monkey and a typewriter
10. A disaster insurance plan with a lower premium

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page 1

deep dish pizza, you should be aware that the glimmer of knowledge in her eyes is not illusion. She really does know.”

When asked whether she’ll capitalize on the leverage she now has over you, Janie was forthright. “I have no intention to blackmail anyone. I bear you no ill will. What you did, that’s between me and you, and my close confidant Mr. Elephant.”

But after this reporter read her *Goodnight Moon* and tucked her in, Janie did offer this warning: “Be careful. Mr. Elephant never forgets. And neither do I.”



ASK DISASTROUSLY MISAPPLIED NIETZSCHE

Dear Disastrously Misapplied Nietzsche,

My boyfriend won't stop emailing with his ex. He told me that he'd stopped talking to her, but I logged on to his email account and saw several emails to and from her in the past few days. What should I do? If I confront him about it, he'll know I looked at his emails and he'll get mad at me for not trusting him. But if I don't say anything, I'm afraid they might get back together. Disastrously Misapplied Nietzsche, what should I do??

Worried,
Maggie

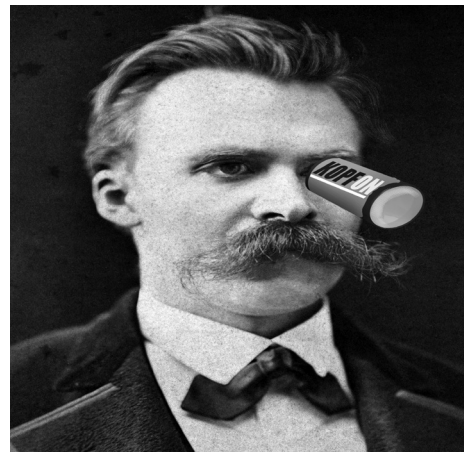
Dear Maggie,

Life is a jumble of perspectives; *there is no one objective truth*. Truth, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. The things that you regard as fact, then, are merely con-

sequences of your inscribed value-system and your previous life-experience. What may be fact for you may not be fact for your boyfriend, and thus what may appear as a lie to you may in reality be a truth from a different perspective. Truth is like a prism: it is different from every angle.

Your boyfriend's actions are merely a symptom of his *will to power*, a perfectly normal trait of human beings. Right now, his will is manifested outwardly, towards his ex. The trick is to turn this force inward, to strive for a self-mastery and to become the *overman*.

Your situation sounds like a classic case of *Dionysian* versus *Apollonian* thinking. Your boyfriend personifies the Dionysian spirit, exuding the qualities of primal nature and frenzied excitement. You, Maggie, seem to be a manifestation of the Apollonian: the restrained, the rational. Both of these forces are necessary to create art or, in this case, a successful relationship.



So, Maggie, you needn't worry. You mustn't impose your morality on your boyfriend. After all, morality is merely a fiction devised to justify the instincts and urges consequential to the will to power.

Always happy to help,
Disastrously Misapplied Nietzsche

Long Distance Relationship Break-Up Mad Libs

by Morgan Pantuck

Dear Sam,

We need to [verb]. I know that we wanted to give long-distance a/an [adjective] shot, and that I promised our love was [adjective] enough to withstand being separated by [number] miles. But, when I actually got to [college] and realized how many [adjective] [plural noun] are here, I thought [exclamation]! The truth is, I think it's time we [sexual act] other people. I hope we can still be [shittier relationship].

[Adverb],
Carl

Dear Carl,

You are unbelievable. After all those Skype-dates and Snapchats of my [noun]!

This is because of that slag [female name] isn't it? I saw the [social media site] picture of your [body part] around her [body part]. Did you think I wouldn't notice? Well, joke's on you—I have [STD] and probably gave it to you over [mainstream winter holiday]. Have fun explaining the [symptom of STD] to [same female name].

[Expletive] you,
Sam

Dear Sam,

What!? You cheating whore! I should've known not to trust you after that accident with the [aquatic mammal]. Those stains never came out. I'm still haunted by the [screams]. Whatever. Have a nice life, you misshapen [root vegetable or fungus]! Also, ignore that drunk voicemail I left you last night—our babies would *not* look like Jesus had sex with [Victoria's Secret Model].

Sobbing,
Carl

PS: I'll probably still want to have sex over the summer, if that's cool.