

WUnderground

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BURIED WUNDERGROUND

“Yeah, this isn’t the vibe, let me on aux,” Says Beta Brother to Pianist at Grandmother’s Funeral

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Anti-corporate Arsonist Targets Wrong Amazon

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Suburban Dads Everywhere Distraught as Hot Grill Summer Comes to a Close

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Holy shit, Is the Guy in Front of You Playing Doodle Jump?

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“Even Albert Einstein Flunked Math,” Says Fucking Idiot

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Vatican Announces Rollout of New Priestly Body Cams

That Page

Sustainability Group Reminds Students to Puke in the Compost Bin, Not Trash



Whatever Page

Business School Touts Robust Alumni Network in Hell

HELL, THE UNDERWORLD-

Representatives of the Olin Business School announced this week that they will start using a new strategy for attracting prospective students: emphasizing their robust alumni network in Hell.

“The Olin Business School provides students with unparalleled access to leaders and innovators in a diverse range of morally repugnant industries,” said Sarah Uecker. “Our massive alumni network in the netherworld will give students a headstart on competitive internships and post-graduation opportunities in the land of the damned.

“We strive to provide our students with the opportunity to develop valuable traits for the business world, including blind ambition, unchecked greed, and a total disregard for the less fortunate,” added Uecker. “These are internships where you don’t just fetch coffee for your boss; you also get to dump it on their exposed crotch.”

Notable condemned alumni include the former CFO of Lehman Brothers, the President of Purdue Pharma, multiple high-ranking officials at Exxon-

Mobil, and the co-founder of Charmin’ Toilet Paper. These WashU alumni (Go Bears!) are reportedly being tortured in the deepest circles of hell by Satan’s brightest and most creative demons.

“It’s really an exciting workspace to be a part of,” commented Matthew Vernon, a junior management consultant for McKinsey’s Hell office, “the level of innovation here is astounding. Oil executives are being burned alive, corporate lawyers are being tormented with billions of paper

cuts, and people who used buzzwords are being dismembered with buzz-saws.”

Sam Gerringer, a prospective business student, says that he finds Olin’s alumni network attractive. Touting Ray-Bans, salmon shorts, and a Canada Goose jacket, Gerringer confided his ambition to reach the seventh level of Hell, solely reserved for people who list “entrepreneur” on their LinkedIn profile. With access to Olin’s alumni network, he might just get there.



Aww! This Freshman Couple at Ibbey's Thinks They're Real Grown Ups!

Oh my god. This is so cute. According to insider reports, First-Years Ryan Shoecrest and Isabelle Greenheart shared a meal at Ibbey’s Restaurant this past Thursday evening, like an actual adult couple. This is just too precious.

The two approached the DUC dressed in what are likely the nicest clothes they have—Isabelle in a tasteful dress and Ryan in his big boy pants and

oxford button-down. But these two weren’t headed to the opera or the Met Gala—they had big plans for a quasi-upscale restaurant mere feet from WashU Wok. Holy shit, is he wearing a tie??

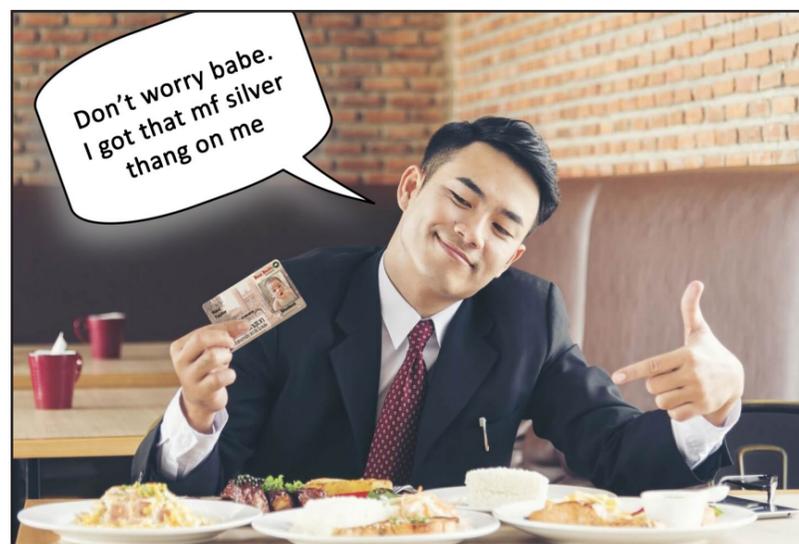
Sources tell WUunderground that Ryan approached the host and gave her his first name so she could search the reservation. Like a goddamn Ruth’s Chris! He even pulled Isabelle’s chair out so she could sit. This is incred-

ible. Do you think he learned that one watching TV? Ryan ordered the gnocchi, while Isabelle opted for the calamari, as if they haven’t both been subsisting off Half-and-Halves and Dr. Peppers for the last month. Do you think he even knew what gnocchi was before he ordered it? Adorable! Someone needs to get a picture of this.

Witnesses corroborate that their little date seemed to go well, with both parties laughing and fidgeting nervously. I mean, what did they even talk about? Writing 1? The people on their floors? Whatever it was, it must have felt like important business to them.

As the date wrapped up, Ryan pulled another total cutesy move, and offered to pay for the both of them. He put down his WashU ID just like a real person’s credit card and waited for the waiter to collect his play money. Don’t you just want to pinch their little cheeks??

Ibbey’s staff later reported that the adorable couple tipped \$250.



OPINIONS

I, For One, Will Be Glad When the Bees Go Extinct

By Snobby Professor Guy



Pfaw. Bees. Bees? Bees? An abomination upon this planet. I cannot wait until they are all dead.

Allow me to elaborate. I am smart. Classy. Intelligent. So when I say that bees are to be abhorred and exterminated, you should make privy your ears and listen closely.

For one, bees are unbecoming. Their misshapen form brings to mind lumps of Play-Doh deformed at the will of a child's grimy hands. And then yellow and black. *Yellow and black*. How tacky! I don't care that bees aren't sentient—they should have the autonomy to realize how debasing yellow and black are.

And have I mentioned their lack of boundaries? Bees intrude

your space as if they're all the queen herself. Just the other day I was enjoying a nice perusal of one of the university's gardens before a lecture I was to give. There I was, waltzing from lilac to lily, quietly contemplating Dickens and his sagacious way with words when, to my horrendous shock, one of those ignorant flying pests came at my face.

BZZZZZZZZZ, it said, and I tell you now, I ran as if the hounds of Hades were at my heels. Worst of all, during this flight for life, I somehow dropped my lecture notes. When I arrived at the lecture hall, panting like a plebe-

ian, I realized my misfortune—I had no lecture to give! For the next hour and twenty minutes, I stood before 130 students, rambling what little knowledge I could, all because of that wretched bee. Thank the universe and her esoteric ways that these students were First-Years, lest I

lose my reputation.

Now, ducks. Ducks are an elegant creature. The gentle curve of their beaks; the genius simplicity of their quacks. Oh my, their quacks. It's as if the cornet of Gabriel himself were bursting in glee. Quack. Quack. Quack. Oh, how long could I ruminate over these gracious notes, so blessed am I to behold their artistry.

I know now that we two agree, for who could not change their mind after all I've said. Will I ever tire of educating the masses? Who can say. Now, go forth and make peace with the world, unless they be bees I say!

WUNDERGROUND

WUnderground is WashU's premier (only) satirical newspaper and should be taken about as seriously as the round-earthers.

The news reported by this paper is fictitious. Any resemblance to persons living, ailing or dead is entirely intentional.

OVERLORDS

Max Lichtenstein
but actually Henry Wineburgh

Mikki Janower
jokes! it's Rohit Kumar

Rohit Kumar
gotcha again! Max Lichtenstein

Henry Wineburgh
dude for real I'd think you'd have this by now - Mikki Janower

MIDDLELORDS

Collin Wettach

UNDERLORDS

- Rahul Oza
- Max Woods
- Arjun Puri
- Jack Killeen
- Zoe Cooke
- Alex Levy
- Carlie Darefsky
- Kirsten Holland
- Nicholas LaMorte
- Samson Seley
- Lila Puziss
- Hannah Anderson
- Jon Niewjik
- Katie Liguori

LAYOUT TROLLS

- Jess King
lives under a bridge
- Zoe Cooke
will ask ye these riddles three

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Nah Bro, I'm Good



By Guy in hat

Nah bro, I'm good.
...
No, like really bro, I'm good.
...
Bro, like how many times do I have to say, I'm good.
...
Oh, you sure though?
...
No dawg, like forreal, you sure?
...
...
...
No cap?
...
Aight, bet. Thanks bro. You're the homie.

I Am a Male Feminist



By Geoff Caulfield

I am a male feminist. Think it's funny? Go ahead, laugh. But while you're laughing, just know that I am brave and I am strong. Strong enough to use two women as weights and bench press them. I am a male feminist and this is what I stand for:

"I demand equal pay" is what I would say if women worked the hard, boy jobs, like engineer or racecar driver.

I believe a true woman isn't afraid to get her hands dirty, whether that be while she's finger painting or rolling the

meatballs for husband's dinner. Am I misogynistic? No. I'm Mrs. Sogynistic.

Am I sex positive? Why don't you ask my prostitutes.

How do I use my male privilege to be an ally to marginalized identities? Hey—would you ask a woman that question?

I believe women. And like a true feminist that believes in the equality of the sexes, I equally believe men. That's why I choose to remain impartial to the #MeToo movement.

I believe in equal opportunities for men and women...unless men called dibs on the opportunities, in which case the men deserve the opportunities. You can bet your bottom 79-cents-to-a-dollar that I believe in dibs. It's the one thing I respect more than women.

Women shouldn't adhere to roles that are expected or considered "normal." Normal is just a setting on the washing machine. The woman who does my laundry once told me that.

Ladies: smile. This is what feminism is.

I am brave. I am strong.
I am a Male Feminist.

WUnderground's Resident Philosophy Asshat Presents: The Loop Trolley Problem

For the purposes of this example, I have bracketed a distinction between positive and negative action because I'm not some sort of Kantian dipshit.

You are the conductor of the Loop Trolley, and it's happened again. A man has stumbled onto the tracks ahead of you, thrusting you into an overdone ethical dilemma, bringing back painful memories of your Freshman Philosophy class (you got a C) and most likely ruining your Monday. As the conductor, it is within your power to conduct the trolley onto the other set of tracks which are notably devoid of squishy humans. The dilemma is this: if you continue forward on your current path, you will kill the man. However, you will also bring much needed publicity to the Trolley. You look back into the empty trolley car, wondering how long you'll be able to keep your job if nobody takes the trolley, and how helpful this man's death could be for not just you, but all the denizens of the Delmar Loop. Yup, this is gonna be a tough one.

But let me throw a wrench into your plans, or, perhaps more aptly, a man into your trolley tracks. As you approach the befuddled man who refuses to move from the tracks, you notice he is carrying a box of kittens! Wait, nevermind. It's some of those hairless, scrotum-looking cats. Honestly, kind of makes you want to hit him more because those things are gross.



It's at this point that you feel a tap on your shoulder. Oh yeah, it's the elderly lady that occasionally takes the trolley, your only occasional patron. You must have missed her earlier. She tells you that there is a man on the track, and that you should change the tracks; otherwise, you might hit him. She asks you why you have an erection right now. You inform her that you are fully aware of the situation, and that you are deciding whether or not to hit him. For whatever reason, she looks panicked and attempts to pull at the lever. You inform her that only you have the authority to operate these levers, that you are the Mad God of this trolley, and ask her to please take her seat. She complies, remarking that she can't believe this is happening again.

As you and two tons of vindictive steel hurtle towards the man on the track, you think of your father. Would he approve of smooshing this man? Probably not. But you've always hated your father, who never let you practice the violin and instead forced you to play the cello.

As you, Death, approach on the Loop Trolley, your white horse, you are just now within harkening distance. You hear the man on the track say, "Just one more day until retirement." Damn, you really don't want to be that guy. I mean, not only would it be rude to squish this man on the day before he retires, but it would also be falling into an incredibly overdone bit.

It's only now, moments away from your last chance to

change your course, that you realize that it's no man; it's Phillipa Foot, inventor of the Trolley Problem. It's only then that you can make up your mind. You do not change tracks. You righteously crush Phillipa Foot beneath the uncaring, unfeeling wheels (?) of the trolley. Not only does she deserve it for coming up with this bullshit, but it adds a flair of dramatic irony to the situation that improves the overall satirical content of this essay, and you're nothing if not meta. As you feel the small, almost imperceptible thud of the trolley striking her, you think about how that, while they let you off the hook for the last trolley murder, they probably won't do so again. As the police cart you away, you remark, "Am I being detained? It was all for the greater good™!"

Community Living Standards Erased From Common Room Whiteboard

8 AM. Wednesday.

A crowd of freshmen stand in the Rutledge common room, staring at the expo residue on their whiteboard where the Community Living Standards had once been. Scared. Confused. Perhaps, I sense, almost excited? Would we be able to live together in peace and harmony without law, but with love?

9 AM. The violence started when Victor Herman burst into the common room and demanded to know who had taken his clothes out of the washing machine. Megan O'Sullivan stood in turn and declared that it was the responsibility of each person to make sure they are present when their cycle ends. Luke Wallington then proclaimed that whoever intended to touch his laundry should first be prepared to meet their god, and the situation quickly devolved into an all-out brawl. The laundry room is now a full-fledged war of all against all fought with textbooks and extraneous dorm room furniture. Only the strongest and most brutal stagger away with clean clothes.

12 PM. People group together for

protection, but these alliances never last. To most, these are terrible times, but it is clear that there are some people who have come to inexplicably enjoy the internecine violence. A reverential mythology has developed, placing those warriors who force their claim to the soil soaked with blood and detergent in a never-ending cycle of combat spiraling towards the apocalypse. In a heartfelt speech, Rutledge resident Andrew Lawrence made the last stand for civilization, proposing a system in which clothes should be left alone for ten minutes after the cycle ends and a text message sent to the GroupMe before their removal. His words of reason inspired the ire of the writhing mob, which ripped his clothes out of the washing machine mid-cycle, threw them on the floor, urinated on them, and skewered them on a stick in the middle of the common room. In time, they came to call this



monstrosity Blibdoolpoolp, the Piss-God.

4 PM. Requiring medicine for an illness I had developed, I dared to exit my suite in an attempt to get to a doctor. I was quickly abducted, and brought before the skewered pile of soggy clothes. One person in the crowd of lunatics surrounding me demanded that I offer them a tribute of tide pods. When I tried to explain to her that I had none, I was interrupted by a sudden, simultaneous chant of "TALK TO THE PISS-GOD! TALK TO THE PISS-GOD!" Facing their idol, I pleaded for for-

giveness. I was certain they were going to kill me, until finally Sam, our RA, came bursting into the room. "What the fuck?" he said, looking down on us with wary astonishment. The crowd of crazed and bloodied students around him stood dumbstruck, until they slowly began to sob, falling to their knees before him.

8 PM. All the residents of Rutledge Hall are scheduled to view an hour-long student stage performance about conflict resolution. Rutledge residents are already complaining, calling it "stupid" and "pointless."

We Killed the Easter Bunny, Here's How

This fucker wasn't easy.

When life hands you lemons, you make lemonade. When life hands you fifty pounds of fireworks, 320 carrots and more chocolate than Augustus Gloop could handle, you do the only sensible thing and kill that hopping rabbit motherfucker.

About all these supplies - let's just say WUnderground spent a night on the town back in January looking for some Hunter S. Thompson-esque inspiration and woke up the next day in a motel off Interstate 55 with no recollection of the previous night and all the aforementioned items sprawled about the room: the carrots in brown knapsacks at the foot of the bed, the chocolate in the bathtub and the fireworks in two wooden crates labeled "Fun" by the door.

After some brain-storming, we interpreted these items as a sign from God that he wanted the Easter Bunny dead. Here's how we did it.

Step 1:

Wait for Easter. This part was pretty boring. El Chapo went to jail though, which was kinda interesting.

Step 2:

Camp out at Mikki's four-year-old cousin Ellen's house. We actually had a great time here. Mikki's aunt and uncle were super nice. There were 10 of us, and they bought us pizza, lent us a few sleeping bags and even put on Ferris Bueller's Day Off. Ellen was cute as fuck too. Great kid. She did this thing where we'd tell her to say a word and she'd say it back but without any r's. So "Soccer" was "socca" and "Murder" was "mudda" haha. Everyone was sad when she had to go to bed.

Step 3:

Surround the house with booby traps. Hannah had the great idea of digging pits with knives at the bottom of them and using the chocolate and carrots as bait. Mr. and Mrs. Janower (what a pair) were kind enough to lend us some of their killing knives. We also had fireworks aimed in every direction and triggers planted left and right. I want to say thanks to our president, Max Lichtenstein, and his Eagle Scout skills for showing us how to set all these traps up. We were mere paintbrushes and you were Michaelangelo.

Step 4:

Sing Christmas Carols in a well-lit area. These Christian

holiday mascots hate each other's fucking guts, so our carols got Mr. Bunny real mad. Honestly, he had no chance. The second his feet flopped onto the lawn all those traps went off and he just got hammered with a light show. It was quite beautiful, honestly: all those greens, blues and reds flashing over the Easter Bunny's convulsing body. Imagine all of us standing there, arms around each other's shoulders, looking like we're the Brady Bunch or something.

What's next? We can't say. Halloween is coming up and Lila says her mom has a solid pumpkin pie recipe. So, Great Pumpkin - if you're real, watch out.



TOP 10...

Facts to Share With Your Tour Group

10. Their weight and age
9. How much your older brother can bench
8. That you're looking for a wife
7. How safe you feel walking to your Pershing apartment at night
6. That you don't know how to longboard and you would appreciate if nobody asked about it
5. Every other room in Seigle is absolutely filled to the brim with seagulls
4. Aladdin came out in 1992 :)
3. Kayak's is now Kaldi's and the whole menu is sweet potatoes and I fucking hate sweet potatoes
2. Johns Hopkins can eat shit
1. Everyone meets up at the bunny to fuck

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WashU administration has banned Bird Scooters from campus. What do you think?



SCOOTER BRAUN
Justin Bieber's Manager

"This means war, Bears."



TIMMY DOVOVAN
Throws Bird Scooters in Mississippi River

"What am I supposed to throw in now?! The river needs to feed!"



ANDREW MARTIN
Doesn't understand chess

"Your move, muggers."



BECKY CALAHAN
Drunk from brunch

"Ugh Waterman is soooooo far. Like sorry Nana, I'll bring your insulin tomorrow."



GEORGE WASHINGTON
Not with the times

"What, you guys don't have the free horse-and-buggy program anymore?"