

STOP PERPETUATING BEHAVIOR

WUUnderground

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Chancellor Andrew Martin Surprisingly Jacked

The following op-ed was submitted by a guest writer who has chosen to remain anonymous. He has asked WUUnderground staff to list him under the pen name "Mandrew Artin", or some shit like that.

Guys, you might not believe this, but Chancellor Andrew Martin? Surprisingly jacked. Yeah. I saw him at the gym the other day and he was benching like... fuck, 100? 100 pounds? Definitely more than what is conventionally the amount to lift, I'll tell you that. His muscles were really really BIG! Like, darn. What a hunk. He's got the brains and the brawns. Not only has his academic work been published in a variety of different outlets, including the American Political Science Review, American Journal of Political Science, Columbia Law Review, University of Pennsylvania Law Review and Northwestern University Law Review, but he's very strong as well.

What really popped out when I saw him were his, uh, arm muscles. Biceps, triceps, um...quadiceps?? All of them were massive. He had those cool veins on his arms like one of those models, or Terry Crews or something.

Hard to believe, I know. You might think, gosh, he's "wimpy" or "blindingly pasty" or "why are you lionizing and sexualizing our Chancellor", but you'd be dead wrong. He's strong...like a horse...no, like four horses. Four horses dragging a carriage made of Rock.

Hard. Steel.

The kind of swole this guy is, you can tell he's been fucking jacked his whole life. He came out of the womb as 5 pounds, 4 ounces of pure BEEF. No room for softness in this tightly bound frame. Chiseled! "No pain, no gain!"—that's what

he probably used to say during his heyday as a recipient of six grants from the National Science Foundation.

In summation, Andrew Martin is a dreamy, chiseled cut of man-meat; anyone who disagrees knows nothing of the peak male form.



Op ed: That's It, Liberals



Do you know what my mother would call you!? She'd call you cum-guzzling gutter snipes, and you know what? You would deserve it.

That's it, liberals. I've simply had enough. You've crossed the line. I am indignant. You've always been pushing it with your politics...everyday I've had to hear this and that about you and your "progressivism," but I just won't stand for it anymore. I am simply furious. I am writing this, because I can no longer tolerate such extremism. Not in this decade.

So, if you do not, in the Oxford English Dictionary, change the official spelling of the word "phrog"

back to its original "frog," I will make sure, on my mother's grave, or rather, hospital bed where, currently, in a state of insensate delirium the flame of her life burns away inside her own corpse...I swear on my mother, who I have not spoken to in five years since Thanksgiving when she called my wife a "loose Hollywood whore," a label which does not apply to my kind, loyal, beautiful wife, and which she probably verbalized only out of an ill-will towards her political standing, for my wife is moderately conservative and my mother a long lived progressive.

And to defend her worldview, my wife believes in a high military budget for the sake of national defense, is pro-life for the sake of her religious devotions, and I am definitely not a cuckold. My wife is dedicated to maintaining the passion of our blessed monogamy. My wife did not sleep with Bruce Willis at the fifth year anniversary party for Die Hard. There is as little sense to such an assertion by my mother as there is to the changing of the spelling of the word "frog" to "phrog."

So in the name of my mother (I think), if you liberals don't restrain your audacious impulses to pervert the English language into a jumble of meme-related gutterisms, I will bring a surely unprejudiced form of conservative justice down upon you.

Thank You.

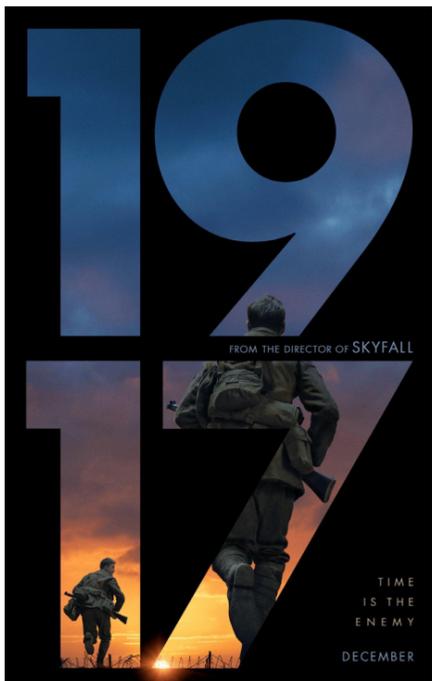
Op-Ed by a Male Feminist: Actually, These Five Oscar-Nominated Movies ARE About Women

It's about that time of year again: trophy season—and I'm not talking about hot wives! This year more than ever, there have been complaints about how the Oscar noms for best picture seem heavily tilted towards movies that solely feature male narratives. Well, as a Male Feminist, I'm here to explain loudly and over the voices of others why these five Oscar nominated movies should not be ridiculed, and how they actually place women at the forefront.



The Irishman

You could choose to regard *The Irishman* as not very feminist considering its 3 and 1/2 hour runtime includes no woman speaking for more than 30 seconds—but technically, this is untrue. *The Irishman* made headlines for its \$150 million budget, mainly devoted to CGI effects used to make its actors look younger. But what they don't tell you in the news that *The Irishman* actually stars Meryl Streep, Judi Dench, and Betty White with very good CGI that makes them appear as Robert DeNiro, Al Pacino, and Joe Pesci. Yeah, I'm pretty sure this is true. It's what I choose to believe anyway, and #MyBodyMyChoice.



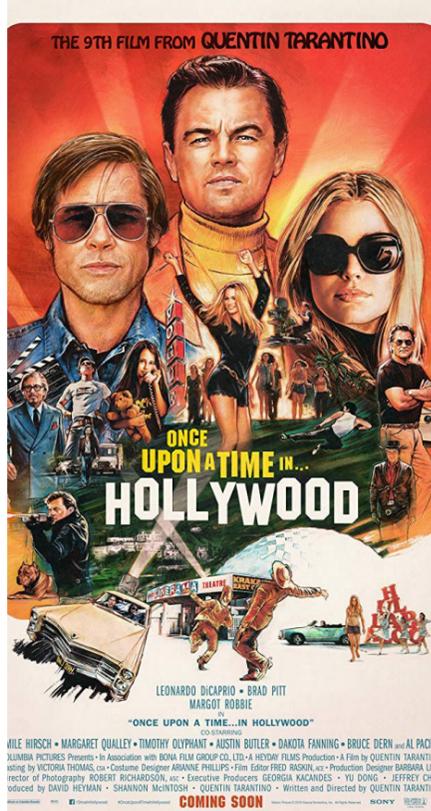
1917

“Another narrative about white men. WhErE are all the WoMEn?” Uh, hello?! They're in the photographs that the heroic white male soldiers occasionally carry around with them. I see you, ladies (and side note—a smile wouldn't hurt)!



Ford v Ferrari

I don't know about you, but one of the ways I show women respect is by gendering my property as female. Like my boat, the Sea-Men Guzzler. She is a beaut. Anyway, applying this same logic, we can safely assume this movie is full of female characters, as it is full of cars.



Once Upon a Time... In Hollywood

Why focus on this movie's adoration of male artists who engage in violence towards women? Why focus on how this aligns with Tarantino's own background as a male artist accused of abusive behavior towards women? As a Male Feminist, I of course choose to focus on this film's stellar portrayal of female independence: there's a boundary-breaking scene where Margot Robbie goes to the movies alone. OUAITH is eye opening in the sense that it shows women can do some things, like go to a movie. To the best of my knowledge, I believe they can also fold stuff.



Joker

Alright, so there's probably no real way to argue that this movie tells a woman's story, but I'd like to argue against condemning *Joker* for being “akin to an incel training manual.” What, so we're discriminating against incels now? A true feminist supports the equality of the sexes, an umbrella that encompasses incels. As a Male Feminist, I have no choice but to support a movie that supports the equality of the sexes, incels included.



Honorable Mention: Little Women

Look, I'm a huge supporter of women (when it's convenient for me), and that includes supporting female directors like Greta Gerwig. However, I can't abide by this anti-feminist film. Now, I haven't seen this movie because its topics aren't interesting or relevant to me, but I can tell from the title that it is problematic. “Little” Women? Talk about setting an unfair standard about female bodies. Call me progressive, but in my mind, a woman doesn't need to be “little.” I have no trouble accepting all women, whether they're little or whether they're big fat lards.

WUNDERGROUND

WUnderground is WashU's premier (only) satirical newspaper and should be taken about as seriously as the artistic merit of the show “Euphoria”.

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

OVERLORDS

- Max Lichtenstein
Joe Biden Impersonator
- Mikki Janower
Bernie Sanders Impersonator
- Rohit Kumar
Kamila Harris Impersonator
- Henry Wineburgh
Actually Elizabeth Warren

MIDDLELORDS

Collin Wettach

UNDERLORDS

- Rahul Oza
- Max Woods
- Arjun Puri
- Jack Killeen
- Alex Levy
- Carlie Darefsky
- Kirsten Holland
- Nicholas LaMorte
- Samson Seley
- Lila Puziss
- Hannah Anderson
- Jon Niewjik
- Katie Liguori
- Abbey Rose
- Ako Sarfo
- Carina Greenberg
- Isabelle Roig
- Jonah Brody
- Michelle Eisenberg
- Will LeVan
- Wyatt Pelton
- Lydia Nickels
- Kamy Chong
- Julia Birnbach
- Josh Keller
- Jonathan Cher

LAYOUT TROLLS

- Jess King
lonely
- Zoe Cooke
she left and took my heart with her

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We Sent an Intern to Rush Delta Chi. Here's What Happened



The guy with the camera locked himself in the bathroom for most of the meal, so this is the only memory I have of one of the greatest nights of my life.

When I was selected by the WUnderground editorial board to rush and subsequently write a review of new fraternity Delta Chi, I was worried about the task for two reasons. First, I was worried I wouldn't be dope enough for them—I think beer tastes bad and have never even attempted to surf. Second, and I don't take this lightly, there is a solid, solid chance that Delta Chi does not exist.

I first entered their "house"

(Simon 020) on a Wednesday at 12:30 pm. They excitedly told me that to set themselves apart from other frats on campus, they were making their open rush events mixers. Initially, I was confused, because there were only four guys in the room sitting six chairs apart from each other. However, things started to clear up when I saw them repeatedly transferring cups of apple juice into cups of orange juice, only for the process to begin again

as the orange juice cascaded into its original receptacle. The brothers stared, transfixed, as the mixture coalesced into one.

I tried to explain to them what a "mixer" actually entailed, but I was interrupted by Sophomore Clyde Klide, who shouted "I AM SO FUCKING BOINGO'D" and inexplicably booted all over the floor. First year Mike Annike cried out "Oh God, I don't wanna die." Feeling confused and overwhelmed, I left the room, and the janitor asked me if the noises "were Delta Chi again."

The next morning, I heard a knock on my dorm room door. I answered it and saw a poorly ripped scrap of paper at my feet and one kid scurrying away (I at no point gave them my dorm room number). The paper read "you're so hot + chill. Please come to our first closed event? Please."

In the name of journalistic integrity, I had no choice but to go. We all hopped in a KIA Soul and drove to Denny's. They told me I could only order one appetizer, and even then I'd have to split it. Clearly, they have yet to be greenlit for funding. Before our calamari even arrived, they collectively yelled "Book it, it's the 12!"

even though both the parking lot and restaurant were completely empty.

On the way back, the Kia Soul broke down. We tried to call an Uber, but all of their phones were somehow dead. I suggested we call AAA, but one of the Delta Chis suggested the car was clearly stolen property. While hitchhiking back along Forsyth, one of the brothers looked me dead in the eye and said, "Jonah, we're gonna give it to you straight: you got a bid. Now can I borrow \$10? I need to call my lawyer from this payphone up ahead." I then watched in silence as Jake crumpled the \$10 bill and tried and failed repeatedly to shove it in the coin slot of the long-defunct payphone, saying "just like last night, man!" and going in for a hi-five. I am not at liberty to say whether or not I accepted.

We got back to the 40 at 3 am. My arms were sore from hitchhiking, and all of the brothers were sopping wet, even though it wasn't raining. Three days later, the President called me to inform me that Delta Chi has been put on indefinite social probation because none of the brothers technically "go here." He then, once again, asked me for \$10, this time "in change preferably."

All that being said, Delta Chi is sick; you should totally rush.

Relieved Elizabeth Warren Finally Able to Put 'Fuck Iowa' Bumper Sticker Back on Car

Sources report that upon completing her final town hall in Iowa, Senator and presidential unreasonably hopeful Elizabeth Warren was seen putting her 'FUCK IOWA' bumper sticker back on her car.

"Jesus Christ, if I had to spend one more motherfucking minute in a dismal middle school auditorium with those fucking cornsucking assholes," said Warren as she slammed down the back door of her Subaru Outback, "I was going to fucking throw myself under a god damn combine."

"I founded the fucking CFPB, and here I am having a meet and greet with six local assholes in the coffee shop that passes for culture in their ratfuck little town. Fuck," she grumbled, fixing her rearview mirror so as to better see the empty fields and lonesome Casey's disappear into the background.

"Oh sure, they're all fucking smiles and shit-eating grins and 'ope excuse me,' but you know those condescending assholes are so fucking smug to watch us bow and scrape once every four years. I was a fucking Har-

vard professor, assholes," stated the former Harvard Professor, turning up her audiobook of The Help and rifling through her purse for a cough drop.

"I mean, seriously, what the fuck? Are we going to act like this isn't all fucking bullshit? I fucking hate Iowa, riding high on their low cost of living and solid public education system. Those fucking pricks. 'Oh look at me, I'm a dumb fucking Iowan and I live a life that can best be described as a 5/10, those fucking bastards.'" The New England politician continued her profane rant for several hours, slamming the caucus system, the nickname "the Hawkeye State," and even the state's "obnoxious" shape. "Enjoy your moment in the spotlight, 'cuz it's not gonna last!," Warren shouted, flipping off a cow disappearing behind the car's back windows. "I swear to Christ, this shithole isn't worth the delegates."

"If I lose this shit, just fucking kill me, because I'm never going back to Iowa. I'm a fucking Senator."



OPINIONS

Point: You're crazy.



You are insane. Absolutely loco. We should make it clear that we don't mean this in a good way. We are worried about your health. Please get help.

Counterpoint: The pixies on my shoulder would beg to differ.



I am honored by your concern, but the pixies on my shoulder must respectfully disagree. I, along with the pixies on my shoulder that control my every mood and behavior, am completely sane. Just the other day, when I was a bald eagle soaring through space alongside my pixie friends, I thought to myself, "Boy, I sure am sane." So, while your concern is admirable, it is completely unfounded.

It's Who You Nose: Inside the Sorority Cocaine Trade

After thorough investigation, WUnderground's top journalists have concluded that "Sorority Bid Day" is actually a front for the largest annual cocaine shipment into Missouri. Under the innocent guise of a looks-based popularity competition, more than 200 tons of the drug circulated come through St. Louis annually. While WashU's administration has applauded the Panhellenic Association for fostering arete, leadership, and community service, they were unaware of the ways in which the sororities were implementing their core values.

Picture the scene: It's bid day. Hundreds of young women pile into the streets. Sorority President Julia Goldenberg cuts the girls into rows, neatly lining them up. The girls are restless, shaking with excitement. Eyes bulging, pulses racing, and hearts rapidly thumping to the tune of "Boom Boom I Want to Go Pi Blow Phi." It's a winter wonderland themed bid day, so a layer of fluffy snow covers the campus.

After months of investigative efforts, we have deemed the genuine joy expressed by students at bid day suspicious. Despite the fact that this is the biggest event of the Washington University in St. Louis panhellenic social calendar (besides Delta Chi's basement rager), we find it too hard to believe that WashU students are capable of enjoying themselves at parties.

Our investigation questioned one of the most fundamental truths of our modern society: the party scene at Washington University is wack. For years, WashU has prided itself on having a "lowkey" greek life compared to other campuses. Ask any WashU Staff about campus nightlife and their first response will be "You mean Ursa's?" Yet, there may be another explanation

for why professors consistently view their students as "lame" and "homebodies." Perhaps WashU's party scene isn't non-existent, it's just underground. If a secret party scene actually existed, what would compel the greek community to keep their ragers on the DL?

Something about the bid day didn't add up, and we were determined to find out what it was. Our confidential source—a new member of Beta Iota Chi (BIChi as the students call it)—decided to turn in her new sisters after receiving a subpar Big/Little basket. She has attempted to contact WUPD on numerous occasions but has yet to have her calls returned. (WUPD is currently engaged in an investigation into the margarita mix problem on campus. As a result, the officers have chosen to put their other cases, including the alleged drug trafficking operation and the "minor" uptick in barbarous off-campus robberies, on hold until they neutralize the margarita mix threat). Frustrated by WUPD's inaction, the unnamed new BIChi member alerted WUnderground of the cartel in order to expose them.

The investigative team conducted a covert stakeout

in an effort to study the girls as they are greeted by their new phams. They jumped around excitedly and flung themselves onto each other. Yet, amidst the excitement, no one noticed as small dime bags passed between the hands of sisters as they embraced one another. As it turns out, your fellow classmates are drug mules.

WUnderground was able to obtain some of the cartel's financial records. After reviewing the files, we found that the cartel is hemorrhaging cash due to multiple critical miscalculations in their expenditure reports. Throughout their spreadsheets, we located numerous simple math errors, including the sum of seven plus three as eleven. Additionally, all of the cartel's taxes have been filed in Comic Sans. Their head accountant, a Sophomore in the Olin School of Business, declined to comment.

When asked about the situation, Chancellor Martin expressed alarm, frustration, and a tinge of FOMO, as he was not invited to the bid day celebrations. "We thought their funding applications were to finance Bachelor watch parties and sorority sleepovers. Not fucking cocaine."



TOP 10...

Things Prince Harry is Going to Do with his Free Time (after Mexit)

11. Eat a crumpet or whatever the fuck
10. Try to make the guards laugh
9. Recolonize India
8. Introduce himself to people as "Just Harry"
7. Enter the Hamilton Lottery thousands of times
6. Compare the British and American versions of the office
5. Go to Africa and take selfies...for the children.
4. Take up scrapbooking :)
3. Look up at the sky and try to find the Big Dipper, finally
2. Have a wank, innit?
1. Die in a car crash

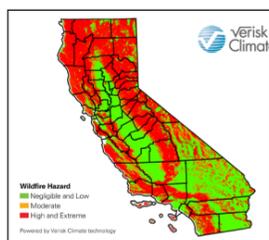
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

In the last month, massive bushfires have ravaged Australia. WDYT?



AUSTRALIA
On fire

"Ouch oof how ow ouch."



CALIFORNIA
Also on fire

"OW oooh hot hot hot"



JAMES LOWE
Local father

"All we can do is count our blessings that the Outback Steakhouse was unaffected."



JEFF BEZOS
""""philanthropist""""

"Damn, that's crazy."



GEORGE WASHINGTON
President, Influencer

"But where will the Crown send its convicts?"