



WUnderground

Preferred by
8 in 10 Parakeets

Volume 3, Issue 7

Wednesday, May 2, 2007

5 Nappy-Headed Hoes

STUDENTS!

Be relieved! The mystery is over! WUunderground is proud to reveal the truth behind **Project Praesto**, the short-lived secret society characterized by the sign to the right! For weeks this group has engaged in subversive behavior around campus, plastering posters of their logo, delivering motivational quotes, and stealing candy from babies at random. Today, we show you who they are, and they are us.

WUunderground is Project Praesto.

Thank you for indulging us! Although we are a humor magazine, we take charades very seriously. It took a lot of hard work and effort to create such a campus frenzy, as well

as our entire budget. On a related note, future issues of WUunderground will be printed on napkins.

If you enjoyed our motivational quotes, you may consider them sincere! If you received a dollar under your door, you can keep it! And if you lost your Gold Masonic ring, we're sorry, but how do you think we got all those dollars?

We hope you enjoyed our logo! Remember: **Circled** by the world around you—you are its center! A **triangle** pointing north, towards Canada, which has a *benevolent health care system!* **Wings**, they make you fly to your goals, and they are *delicious!*



DOHS Revamps Advisory System, Big Time

In a press conference Monday, Secretary of Homeland Security Michael Chertoff announced a future overhaul of the Homeland Security Advisory System, the color code for the terror alert. This new restructuring of the color code has been approved by Chertoff and President Bush, as well as Brian Jones, former Rolling Stones Guitarist, who played a face-melting guitar solo over the phone to President Bush. While Jones was not available for further comment, Keith Richards added in his indecipherable accent riddled with British slang that he did indeed "[snort] [his] [father's] [ashes] [mixed] [with] [cocaine]." Joe Pesci also voiced his support of this change in a comically high-pitched voice.

"The original color-coded system has its downfalls", explained a DOHS spokesperson, "especially the extraneous threat levels of Low and Guarded, which have never been used and never will be." Also, the colors themselves do not accurately reflect the threat posed by terrorists. "There's just nothing about the color orange that screams 'High Terror Alert,'" commented a repre-

sentative of the DOHS. The department is looking for changes to the system that highlight the urgency of the situation.

The current color code, Chertoff alleges, is too complex for the average American to readily respond to without special color-coded glasses. Committees are still deciding how to address this problem with people who already wear glasses.

The DOHS has proposed a number of alternatives that would simplify the bogged down system, but is open to suggestions from the public. "The whole, like, emphasis on colors is like totally bogus. While I was at the mall, this kiosk owner told me that in his country of Albania, the government notifies people of the terror alert by running farm animals through the streets. Maybe we could do something like that, like running goats through the streets if it's bad news, and letting the llamas out if it's not so bad." says Moonbeam Myers, a San Fernando Valley local teen. Myers entered her idea into the new sweepstakes headed by the DOHS, a sweepstakes with a "sweet" first place prize of one free vote in the Senate (Offer expires

January 3, 2009 see department website for complete details).

The current threat system had evolved from the DefCon system during the Cold War that included levels One through Five depending on the threat of nuclear attack. While numbers might seem silly and quantitative to civilians like us, these numbers could easily be entered into a computer to determine the chances of nuclear war, bomb trajectories, and the stakes of intra-governmental games of Stratego. This system, however, was not the first threat level system, but one of a series stemming back to the Civil War that used adjectives of varying intensity to measure the attitude of the Union toward the threat of secession.

Later, during the McCarthy era, the House Un-American Activities Committee produced a Communist Threat level system. "These systems, however, are as outdated as *habeas corpus*," says Chertoff, "and like the current color coding, they do not accurately reflect the true nature of the threat. This is complex, you gotta understand." The contest for a new system has already attracted bright minds from around the country to formulate an effective system, and ideas already proposed by Americans include:

1. A two color system of Blue-Green and Aquamarine denoting Very High Threat and Extremely High Threat, respectively, thereby removing unused lower threat levels.
2. Varying degrees of emotion on a face with corresponding emotion indicators.
3. A vending machine that displays the current state of threat with a bar, including an indicative catchy phrase to describe the situation, that accepts contributions to the DOHS.

If you have an idea, please email

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

WUunderground Real estate

Charming 2 Bedroom, 1 Bathroom. Motivated Seller. Hot Deal!



Buried WUunderground:

Beta Fills Housing Requirement with Bubbles

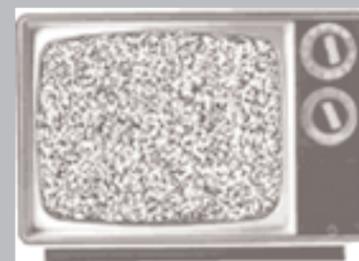
Anna Nicole Baby Father: "I'm not sterile!"



Student Steps on Seal, Plunges to Hell

Contract Awarded for Loop Lofts Armored Shuttles

WUTV replaced by NOTV



Record Thursday Declares Wash U #1 University in History

Mellencamp Visits Iraq: "This is our country"

Difficult Transition from "April Welcome" to "May Go Fuck Yourself"



Proposal 1

Extremely High Risk

Very High Risk

Proposal 2


Good


O.K.


Bad


Worse


Fuck

Proposal 3

Today's Threat Level Is



Watch Out For That Muslim!

Sponsored by the US Department of Homeland Security



The new, high-tech Security Advisory System proposals.

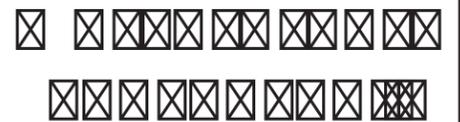
DOHS Revamps Advisory System, Big Time

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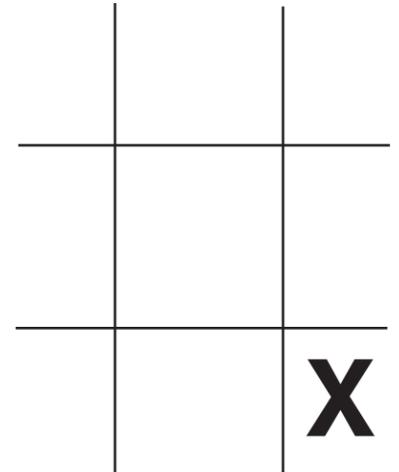
Michael Chertoff at his work/home email address at Chertoff@DOHS.gov . Please remember that all contributions will be closely inspected and any sign of devious material (e.g. anything involving hippies or Nazis) will be rejected and its contributor relocated to a processing facility in the Caribbean to await "final placement."

Civil War System	HUAC System
Thoroughly Perturbed	Communist
Aggravated	Socialist
Pissy	Hollywood Liberal
Miffed	Blue Collar Democrat
Peeved	Earnest Republican

Homeland Security Advisory Systems of yore.



Soudoukou rules are extremely easy: Fill all empty squares so that the numbers 1 to 9 appear only once in each row, column & 3 x 3 box.



Sexual Innuendo Results in Catastrophe

A failed attempt at sexual innuendo has left 1 maimed and 2 slightly less maimed late Saturday in a Washington University dorm lounge. The culprit, a class C, low grade sexual innuendo, crashed and burned during what was characterized as an otherwise "normal" night in the Lee 2 lounge.

"It all started off fine, talking about our pets and our favorite board games as kids," said Micah

Martin, a witness to the incident. "I said my favorite board game as a kid was Topples and then all the sudden Ben [Webster] pipes up about how he'd 'topple my tower.' It wasn't even offensive. It was just painfully unfunny."

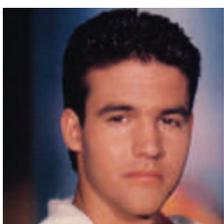
While this incident is frightening, sources claim that warning signs were present.

"Conversations have gotten a little out of hand before. We all

observed national 'That's What She Said Day' and the references all ranged in inefficacy from 'mild cliché' to 'confusingly unfunny non-sequitur.'" Said Stephanie Bilderback, a resident on Lee 2. "I can't believe we didn't see it coming."

While a motive has not been confirmed in the incident, initial reports show that Mr. Webster had consumed several sips of Mike's Hard Lemonade earlier that night.

Where Are They Now?



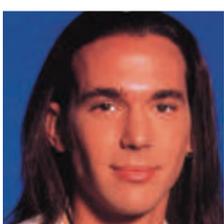
Jason

Jason was kicked out of the Power Rangers in 1995 when they discovered he had been using steroids. All the records he set at Ernie's Health Club were stripped away and his family and friends abandoned him. Alone and hungry, Jason now works at a pencil manufacturing company in Michigan.



Billy

Billy fell in love with a Puddy named Wooga Booga. They got married and Billy now works for Microsoft while Wooga is working for The Gap on their new "Go Gray" campaign.



Tommy

Tommy quit the Power Rangers in 1996 because he wanted an education. He only could speak in pump-up phrases like "we can do this guys" and the short interjections "Kiya! Ts, Ts, Kiya!" School was too hard for him, so he decided to pay someone to write his memoirs entitled, "I Did Kimberly in the MegaZord"



Zach

Zach was killed in a drive-by shooting in East Angel Grove in 1997.



Kimberly

Kimberly sued Zordon in 1996 for sexual harassment after he showed a video of her showering to the rest of the Rangers on the Viewing Globe. She won \$1.3 million and has used the money to buy a lot of pink jumpers and scrunchies.



Trini

Trini quit the Power Rangers because she was bored with fighting monsters. After being Eiffel Towered by Bulk and Skull, she realized that her true talent lied in her sexuality. She has since become a stripper working under the name Saber Boobed Thai Girl. She is very successful...and very good.



Alpha 5

Alpha was flummoxed when the Power Rangers were disbanded. Having nothing to do, he turned to crack cocaine. After 10 years smoking the yay, Alpha was arrested when he was caught masturbating outside of a Circuit City and put in a low security prison in North Carolina.



Zordon

Having rid the world of Rita Repulsa once and for all, Zordon decided it was time to leave the space time continuum/giant tube keeping him alive and move to Vermont where he lived out the rest of his days with another thousand year old man, Nicholas Flammel.



Goldar

After Rita died, Goldar moved from the moon to Mongolia to find his real parents. He discovered he was actually the birth child of Genghis Khan and a gorilla. Finally coming to terms with his heritage, Goldar stayed in Mongolia and got married. He now works at a hookah bar and has four hideous and hairy children.

WUnderground is a satirical newspaper and should be taken about as seriously as fliers for Northwestern summer school. The quotes and events reported in this paper are completely fictitious... at least to our knowledge. Any resemblance to persons living, ailing, or dead is completely intentional.

- Dennis Mickley, Commander In Chief
- Tommy Honton, Chief of Police
- Arjun Muthusubramanian, Chief Import
- Bill Brasky, Fire Chief
- Elizabeth Romaner, Chief of Making Shit Pretty
- Tyler Greene, Master Chief

- Chiefs of Staff:
- Scott Abrahams
- Spencer Berry
- Brian Bloomer
- Aleya Broadway
- Jeremy Carroll
- Matt Denny
- Joshua Delman
- Scott Drattell
- Jason Feldman
- Barry Hubris
- Jared Lerner
- Joshua Malina
- Jesse Markowitz
- Danny McCullough
- Ethan Stern
- Nora Tane
- Thom Wall

We are actively recruiting new chiefs. If you would like to write, edit, doodle, edit, spelcheck, or defenestrate, email us at wundergr@su.wustl.edu and join our Facebook group!

Stepping Out

Church's Chicken

6190 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis, MO 63112
314-721-5329
\$1 - \$5
Rating:



It was a lonely Friday night at Washington University. I had the typical evening activities lined up - homework, discussions with my imaginary friend Trevor, Japanese pornography - but one important issue remained unsolved. Dinner. This is usually an easy decision. Trevor likes to buy Hot Pockets and Natty Light in bulk at the local Schnucks. But on this particular night, we were feeling adventure-some, reckless, and a little bit aroused. We wanted something that could whet our appetites and effectively satisfy our cravings, while keeping enough money in our pockets for a happy ending or two down at Club 64 East afterwards.

Heellllloooooo Church's!

Our Church's Chicken experience began in the parking lot, where we were approached by a couple of 18-year old gang members. My first inclination was that they wanted to jump us and steal our clothing, but I was pleasantly surprised to find that they were only trying to sell us some high quality crack, and at bargain basement prices. Trevor and I almost stepped away from the offer because it almost seemed too good to be true. But I convinced him that if it was fake, we could resell it at SLU. So, we took the deal, and headed inside.

When we got in, the restaurant was crowded, and a constant murmur of excitement and approval could be heard. The smell of urine wafted slowly around the building, but was pleasantly offset by the stunning 18th century decor. Right away, we heard a sound strikingly reminiscent of Beethoven's 5th symphony, or the rhythmic hum of angels having sex: the sound of dozens of teeth grinding fried chicken in unison. "CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH!" If that alone wasn't worth the trip, then I'm a little boy and Michael Jackson should take me to Neverland.

Church's has an incredible menu, and it took us more than ten sweat-intensive minutes just to decide what to order. Their famous chicken comes in three delicious varieties: original, super glutton and the Foghorn Leghorn double-pounder. You also get to choose from three levels of grease: normal, drip-drizzlin', and hobo hair-do. We were delighted to find out that the latter comes from authentic hobo hair, as Church's will take you out back so that you can personally pick out a bum to rub your chicken on.

Side dishes? You betcha. Some of Church's featured items on their 99 cent gut and nut bust menu are the deep fried Caesar salad, the sauteed mayonnaise drumsticks and their world-renowned barbecued litter. Make sure you leave enough room for dessert though, or you'll be cutting yourself like an Emo band for not getting a chance to try the pineapple Big Bird beak.

Church's also establishes their family-friendly atmosphere with their Chicken Little kid's menu. For only 59 cents, kids 12 and under can get a fair-sized portion of broiled Spam and a medium Fanta. Wow! You'll also get a chance to completely ignore your children as the little demonic offspring play in the 300 square foot lifelike metallic prison in the back of the restaurant. Don't let little Tommy run off with the heavy duty gridlock key though!

When we got to the front of the line, our server Tanya was a sexy, seductive dime piece. She teased me with a "WHAT CHU WANT?" and I played her dirty little game by responding with "CHICKEN, BITCH!" She looked shocked by the response, but I knew that that was her way of subduing to my status as an alpha male. After a few seconds of awkward silence, Trevor and I both ordered the Foghorn Leghorn double pounder topped with hobo hair-do.

That was a no-brainer. Trevor elected to go with the mayo sticks on the side but I opted for the sugar-coated gizzards. We then both ordered a hearty portion of big bird beak for dessert.

After Trevor and I waited 45 minutes and discussed important things like politics and bestiality, the food finally arrived. The Foghorn Leghorn double pounder was stacked neatly in a strong, checkered SoHo tray. The sides were accompanied in a separate tray, and the Big Bird beak was arranged in a plastic Tupperware-like bowl. The beverage cups were plastic, but solid, and provided an ample container for my slime green Kool-Aid. The chipped sporks that we were given had food remnants left on them, but we ignored it, and it was time to enjoy the feast.

It didn't take long for our taste buds to get excited and party like a pre-fucked up Ozzy Osborne. The succulent meat was everything we had hoped it would be, and we joined the chorus of crunchers. The side dishes were also amazing, as the sugar-coated gizzards had me smiling like Chancellor Wrighton.

Trevor loved his mayo sticks too. For dessert, the Big Bird beaks were phenomenal, despite breaking several of our teeth. But since this blended us in with half of the people there, we were okay with it.

We would definitely come back to Church's again at some point in the near future. Each trip down there is a new adventure, different than the one that I usually have in my bedroom watching a young girl whack off Godzilla. Church's is our favorite restaurant on the loop, and afterwards, me and Trev didn't even have to go to Club 64 East because getting some play from an underpaid stripper named Felicity couldn't have topped it.

Well, maybe just a bit.

PF Interview Goes Awkward

Last Saturday, the almost predictable happened: a pre-freshman interview during April Welcome Week with admissions playboy Mauricio Bruce registered earth-shattering levels of awkwardness. While the exact cause of the awkwardness overload is unknown, local priests believe it is the work of Satan while the Mayor of Clayton suspects the Mayor of University City.

In a joint statement released later in the week, Satan and University City Mayor Stephen Wayans commented "We had no hand in the events Saturday. While we may be responsible for the eternal suffering of the souls of the damned, we have limits, and awkwardness is certainly beyond anything we could concoct."

After a vicious manhunt and a stunning turn of events, Dungeons & Dragons was discovered to be the culprit, with the suspect game located in university housing and the players identified as three members of the varsity football team. "It was a pretty dangerous situation," commented Chief of Police Don Strom. "We had no idea what these monsters were capable of. First they wouldn't open the door when we asked, no matter how polite we were. Then they wouldn't put their shoes on."

Once the suspects were booked, the circumstance behind the incident became clear. "At the scene, we found a modified radio telescope, several well-thumbed copies of Maxim, and a crate of pixie sticks," explained Strom. "Hopped up on this much sugar and adrenaline, it's scary to think what these scumbags were capable of. At the very least, we know they didn't use blue tape to put up a Yu-Gi-Oh! poster. Those animals."

Speaking on condition of anonymity, one of the suspects explained the situation: "After a hearty 48 hour D&D session, we decided to take a World of Warcraft break. Well, Zach's character got killed by this n00b. We cried for hours... and... well... we made some bad choices."

In retaliation, the boys then bounced hate messages in Morse code off of the surprisingly radio-wave-friendly Bunny to express their anger at player BritneySpears<3!!99 in China.

"Maybe it was the pictures of Fergie in a low cut shirt or perhaps it was the cookies in the shape of magic wands our RA made us, but whatever the case, we were distracted," clarified the suspect. "As a result, the radio waves ended up traveling right into Jake [Rutan]'s head. We didn't mean to cause something so bad. Oh Jesus, I can pretty much kiss my chances of winning Texas Instruments' Calc Master of the Year goodbye."

The waves ended all his chances of ever attending Wash U. "Rutan was like a kid with Tourettes and Alzheimer's who had mixed his medication with alcohol," commented one eyewitness.

Rutan, fresh off his high school's production of *Saturday Night Fever*, kept screeching "John Travolta's hips," and swinging two tuna salad sandwiches he had gotten from Whispers back and forth. Bruce, hardened to everything from interviewees with gas, acne, and just plain bad SAT scores, had no idea how to respond.

"I was never trained for this," screamed Bruce, who started belting out AC/DC's "Highway to Hell" while simultaneously gnawing on a stack of his own business cards. Bruce was carted off to Student Health Services where they amputated his leg and pronounced him pregnant with twins.

Following the incident, the Admissions Office issued a new set of guidelines for interviews. The new recommendations include encouraging high school seniors to take low grade sedatives before meeting with an admissions rep, interviewing via webcam from different rooms in Brookings, and issuing S & M masks, leashes, handcuffs and nipple clamps for each pre-frosh to wear so the interviewer can "keep the interviewee in line." These new guidelines will go into effect this summer.

Booty Calls Now More Efficient

AT&T wireless announced Monday the release of "My Harem," a new billing plan that allows free calls and texts to your five favorite booty calls any time of day, regardless of their cell-phone carrier or location.

"This marks a monumental day for AT&T wireless technology and the service of our customers," said Tim Labinski, an AT&T wireless spokesman. "We continue to innovate by being the first and only cell phone company to make your booty calls not only reliable with the fewest dropped calls of any carrier--but also efficient."

Initial market response is positive, with AT&T's stock rising 3 points today.

Customers also seem to be

pleased. "Now that I don't even have to pay for the half-assed text message, a booty call's convenience has grown exponentially," said customer Aaron Oestman. "I won't feel like I've wasted anything if she's 'too tired,' and I can say 'bye bye' to the guilt of those pesky roaming charges."

Richard Journot, who recently switched to AT&T, had this to say: "I couldn't be happier with a carrier. AT&T continues to fulfill its slogan of 'connecting people.' For me, it's connecting with Derronda, Sasha, Lola, Ashliegh and Candy-- over and over again, if you know what I mean."

Journot further commented by making repeated air thrusts in the direction of his phone.



With the new service from AT&T, multitasking has never been easier. Here, sophomore Harold Kunkins demonstrates how to schedule a second booty call while finishing his first.

The Overtly Blunt Critic Reviews: DOUBLE FEATURE

Vacancy

Flabby in parts and all around unnecessary. No, I'm not talking about Luke Wilson, although that certainly would describe him in *Vacancy*, the latest in a recent string of gritty and violent horror films that think being "nihilistic" and "uncompromising" excuses a simplistic, over-done plot and gratuitous sadism. That being said, *Vacancy* does have its merits; the score at times outperforms the actors and at only eighty minutes, the film's slow first twenty minutes are justified with a solid sixty minutes of straight action.

The story is pretty simple. Luke Wilson and Kate Beckinsale are a bickering couple who get lost in the middle of nowhere and are forced to make a late night stop in a small, off-the-map town when they run into some car problems. Their only option? The Pinewood Motel, a literal roach trap run by a creepy mustached Frank Whaley. After some general unease and eeriness, things get weird when they pop some unlabeled cassettes into the VCR and notice the videos all feature people being murdered in the very room they are in. And that's when they notice the cameras in the vents... and then the power goes off.

Surprisingly enough, there are some genuinely interesting moments in the film, so as long as you're willing to dismiss dialogue that makes Soap Opera look like Shakespeare, and direction that screams "student film" by a man whose name is Nimrod, Like sex with a mentally challenged person, *Vacancy* is a little entertaining, just don't expect anything more.



"Leave me alone! For the last time, I WASN'T in *Wedding Crashers!*"

Vacancy

Director: Nimrod Antal

Cast: Luke Wilson, Kate Beckinsale, Frank Whaley

Rated: R

Running Time: 80 minutes

Rating: 3/5 Talk to the Hands



Year of the Dog

If you go to this movie expecting the usual from a long-time member of *Saturday Night Live* and the writer of *School of Rock*, you are in for a bit of a surprise. Not the "Oh wow a new car - mom and dad you shouldn't have!" kind, but rather the "You mean that creepy, convicted sex offender is really my father?" Instead of an *Orange County* or *Nacho Libre*, White has written (and makes his directorial debut with) a film like *The Good Girl*, his quiet, little-seen drama with a fairly light mood and a few amusing bits thrown in for fun. Yeah, that's about as much fun as watching a menopausal woman cry.

Like *The Good Girl*, *Year of the Dog* is drama with comedic elements. When Peggy's (played by Molly Shannon) companion and one true friend, Pencil the dog, dies unexpectedly, her world is shattered and she goes into crisis mode, making her love for animals and animal rights blossom and affecting her friends, work, family, and love life in strange ways. At times funny and even poignant, *Dog* proves that White is a skilled writer, although his direction (or lack thereof) makes one wonder if he didn't just watch *Napoleon Dynamite* hundreds of times before sitting behind the camera. The message at the end of the film though, left me a little puzzled and made me wonder if White himself wasn't on some sort of PETA/pro-animals kick when he wrote this. That, or he was banging someone who was, because the ending peters out.

The bottom line is this: go to see *Year of the Dog* expecting some quirky humor, fine performances from talented thespians John C. Reilly and Peter Sarsgaard, and the desire to not eat meat. If you see this, be sure you go in expecting *Napoleon Dynamite* on estrogen or else you'll feel like a person buying anything from a gypsy: confused and cheated.



The once funny Molly Shannon lies in bed as some strange woman rubs her back.

Year of the Dog

Director: Mike White

Cast: Molly Shannon, Laura Dern, Regina King

Rated: PG-13

Running Time: 97 minutes

Rating: 3.5/5 Talk to the Hands



Top 10 ... Shortest Textbooks

1. Great Amish Contributions to Electrical Engineering
2. The Ray Charles' Guide to Dissection
3. Business Ethics
4. The Glorious Architecture of Inner City Detroit
5. Great Middle Eastern Democracies
6. Biography of the Lindbergh Baby
7. Lead Paint & Asbestos: Building Materials of Tomorrow
8. Social Thought and Analysis, Retire By 40
9. Shock Treatment for Fun and Profit
10. Career Center Guide to Anthropology Major Employment
11. Bionuclear Astrophysics and a Blossoming Social Life
12. The Science Behind Intelligent Design
13. Pynchon Explained

What Do You Think?

With Disney allowing gay and lesbian couples to participate in its Theme Park Fairy Tale wedding services, it seems that gay marriage has hit the mainstream.

What do you think?



Pat Robertson,
Leg Presser Extraordinaire,
Fan of Jesus

"OH NO WE'RE
FUCKED."



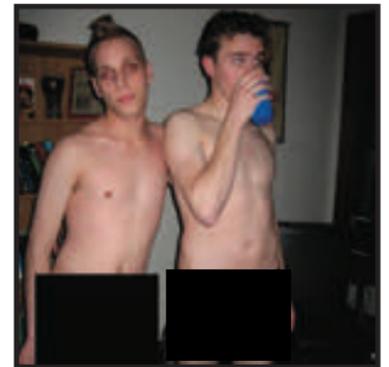
Walt Disney,
Beloved Theme Park Owner,
Xenophobe

"Refreeze me, Roy."



Grimmace,
Frothy Milkshake Lover,
Enticer of Children

"Finally, the Hamburgler and I can stop living in shame, and at last, have the ceremony of our dreams!"



Feathers Winkleby,
Encased in Body Glitter,
Studying Abroad in Paris

"I wouldn't mind taking a ride on Space Mount-him! HAH!"