

THE OUTSIDE SCOOP

WUnderground

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BURIED WUNDERGROUND

Muhammad bin Salman Reveals New Rapper Alter Ego: Jamal Ca\$hoggi

Page 🤪

St. Louis Post-Dispatch Ranks Ladue, MO as the #1 City for Young Grads to Move to

Page 1995

Oh You've Seen Cheaper by the Dozen? Name Four Brothers.



Page mclovin' it

Joe Biden Strives to Fulfill his Commitment to 15 Minimum Wars Waged

Page WWIII

Excited to announce I'm raising my money for locks for love by shaving my head for charity! Definitely not because I have a receding hairline!

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WashU Excited to Build the Danfifth Campus

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NCAA March Madness Updates: Oral Roberts Inhales the Competition

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BREAKING: WashU Uses YOUR COVID Spit to Create Genetically Modified Clones

and now everthing makes sense

An investigation conducted by WashU's Premier journalists has exposed where your gross food-particle-y spit goes post COVID test (we know you don't actually abstain from unholy indulgences/extravagances like food and water for 30 minutes before the test, you ignorant fools). We never actually see where the vials of spit go post 0.5 mL line-fill, and we find the accuracy of the spit tests questionable considering the amount of WashU students who sit maskless at Kaldis (worth it for their recent BOGOS tbh). Frankly, there are a lot of people at this school who should have gotten COVID but haven't, and we find it hard to believe that the SigEp COVID outbreak was because they have been the worst at social distancing.

Motivated by these questions, we sought to figure out what happens in WashU's COVID testing labs. We attached one of WUPD's laptop trackers (WUPD's single redeeming feature) to a test tube that we threw into the beer-cooler in the testing tent and saw what happened from there.

The first red flag we noticed was the method of transportation. The test tubes are taken to the Med School via lime scooter (bird scooters are too

conspicuous). Once students' spit arrives in the lab, we found that instead of being analyzed for COVID-19, it is being used in preliminary cloning research. Utilizing the stellar journalism skills we learned from taking Creative Nonfiction Writing 2 pass/fail, we were able to uncover that the administration has been using COVID testing as a guise to gather our DNA and build a better class of WashU undergraduates. Through advanced cloning and genetic-modification, WashU aims to breed the actual Ivy-League versions of ourselves (think: the kind of people who would featured in the Class of 2025 profile as a "world-famous juggler" or "neo-eco-Marxist Tik Tok creator").

These new-and-improved versions of ourselves would be the kind of incoming class that the Administration has been waiting for. Each one of these clones will be programmed to never steal food from Bauer or Cafe Bergson, and frequently sign up for the Writing Center. They will register ahead of time to use the Zoom-Study-Dine Pods, will actually meet each other at the Bunny, and they will definitely take time to get to know their WUSAs. Furthermore, our clones will find other ways to

have fun without drinking alcohol (Ursa's nitelife anyone??), would never dream of stealing a Tuesday Tea mug, and, of course, each of them will write for StudLife.

This undercover plan comes right out of the office of Chancellor Martin, but has been met with wide approval among biased test groups. The WashU Career Center enthusiastically approved this plan to expand their alumni network, and the Board of Trustees believes that cloning is the key to expanding our endowment (now they can charge parents twice!).

Unfortunately some shortcomings remain in the Med School's ability to genetically modify these clones: try as they might, they just can't seem to make WashU students athletic. Researchers believe it will be years before technology can perform that kind of a miracle.

Also in the process of cloning, WashU conducted their own 23andMe. Unsurprisingly, 74% of WashU's student body is Ashkenazi Jewish with an ancestor from a New York suburb, 88% of WashU has anxiety, and 22% of WashU is in the 1%".



A sample of student DNA from the saliva tests show a high percentage of WashU students carry the rescessive gene "Rich" (little r). Another portion of students carry the "I got rejected from Yale even though my family owns a building," demonstrating the unique and vast gene pool of WashU students.

On the Ubiquity of Foucault's Panopticon:

(in relation to Plato's allegory of the Cave and Atwood's internalized Male Gaze)

Ha! Gotchu, you fuckin' nerd. You thought I was gonna comment on how Foucault's panoptic systems extend beyond the carceral archipelago and into our own minds, affecting our perceptions of reality as described by Plato's cave allegory? Yeah right, I'm not a total pussy.

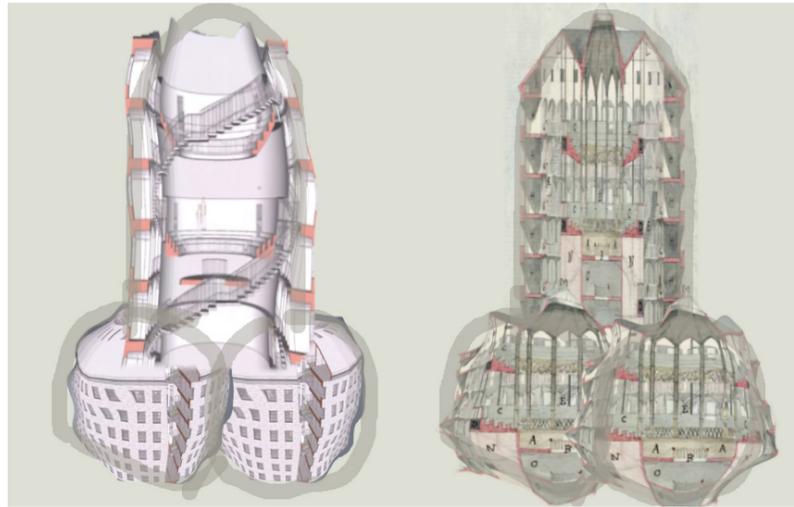
Instead of contemplating how the illusion of eventual freedom for Foucault's prisoners reflects the subjectiveness of the reality for the prisoner who departs from the cave, I've been doing really cool things like fucking your mom AND your stepmom. The only cave my alpha self cares about is my sick MAN Cave—it has beer and sandwiches made by women.

So, nerd, it's obvious I know a lot about women (unlike you). I know what you're thinking: I bet this kid smashes so much puss that he doesn't have the capacity to extend the internalized panopticon to Margaret Atwood's theory of the internalized male gaze. You're right. I couldn't care less about how the male fantasy ever-present in

every modern woman's head is a prison warden of itself, and that escape would be as disorienting as leaving the cave. I bet you care though, because you "read theory."

See? You've totally been pranked, nerd. Look at your dumb little face. This was a

trap. Your stepmom and I are laughing at you right now. We're in bed together. Watching you like the ever-present gaze of surveillance. Go touch some grass or try and get some pussy like the rest of us—don't worry about condoms, your philosophy major is its own birth control.



OPINIONS

Point:
Rosie the Riveter:
"We can do it!"



Counter Point:
Ben Shapiro:
"You're a woman."



WHISTLEBLOWER INFILTRATES WUNDERGROUND MEETINGS

They do not know I exist. They do not know I've been present during their zoom meetings. I cannot disclose exactly how I've been able to infiltrate their sect lest I be compromised. However, it may involve two paper cups, one placed near the computer of a satirist, the other held over my ear, and between them a long tubing. If you are walking down Skinker, and you see what you first assume is a hose stretching yonder over the horizon—like a nerve in the giant eye of Earth—do not disturb it. I have had a couple miscreants of the most corrupt and juvenile nature interfere with it through acts so morbid that I am forbidden from torturing the reader by delving any further into this matter. This being so, it may have concerned one of these tricky culprits aligning the tube to their rectum.

I'm sorry, I seem to have digressed. But you, reader, should know that I am in possession of transcripts of these little rendezvous of theirs, in which they say the most blasphemous things. I wonder if any of them have any real stake in what they write, really even care about what they say generally. I wonder whether or not their mouths are but loose portals out of which they allow any secondary aloofness to emerge until—once they have been together long enough—they are but drowning in a sea of their own nonsense. They cannot help themselves, the fools.

03-02-21 00:43:02:58 WUndermeeting 006

Unidentified satirist 1: "What about an article about someone infiltrating the newspaper? That could be funny."

Unidentified satirist 2: "No. I don't think so."

They've found me out! They've got me! They've tied me up and so I am dictating this onto my laptop with my fancy earphones and smartphone. If they were real journalists who had ever questioned the risks of their profession and therefore imagined what it would take to censor them, they would have known to check my earholes for this vogue device: the wireless earphones. I have the younger generation to thank for inspiring me to wear them. As I compose this masterwork, I am beginning to feel increasingly ambivalent about their age group.

I do not know quite where I am, but it is dark. I have no food or good books and the only thing keeping me from delirium is the classic rock playlist I have on shuffle. However, I anticipate that soon enough that playlist will reach its end and then...restart. I am mentally preparing to not-stop believin', even on its one millionth repeat.



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

Jon Niewjik
Overlord

Hannah Anderson
Sub-lord

Lila Puziss
Sub-lord

Nicholas LaMorte
Sub-lord

UNDERLORDS

- Abbey Rose
- Carina Greenberg
- Isabelle Roig
- Jess King
- Jonah Brody
- Jonathan Cher
- Josh Keller
- Julia Birnbach
- Kamy Chong
- Lydia Nickels
- Max Woods
- Samson Seley
- Will LeVan
- Wyatt Pelton

LAYOUT TROLLS

- Eylul Horozoglu
- Kirsten Holland
- Sara Frankenthaler

UNPAID INTERNS

- Brandon Jones
- Benjamin Orlinick
- Ellery Saluck
- Rusty Dagon
- Kevin Wang
- Noah Gluck
- Rida Qureshi
- Sam Auditore
- Margaret Dresselhuys
- Anna Sheriff

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A Summary of Cow Vid '19

In ANTHRO 360: "Animals, Furrries, and Guillermo del Toro", we watched a very thought-provoking YouTube video about a group of cattle ranchers in Wakawuhwoh County, Wisconsin. After an outbreak of a fairly deadly cow disease, farmers had to work hard to make sure their communities rarely intermingled. In Wakawuhwoh, farmers typically allowed cow cliques to intermingle, stating that the diversity "helped cows get promising careers in medicine, big tech, and management consulting." But, due to the disease, cows were unable to intermingle and were left to play frisbee outside and call their moms to complain about the quality of the cod in the Village fields. This was a major problem for the cows, so the farmers had to come up with a solution...and quickly.

"Behold, fellow cheeseheads!" proclaimed Farmer Zack Cine, "I have found a solution to this madness!" Farmer Zack, after a recent purchase of a Hyperice Hypervolt Plus Percussion Massage Device™, found the heavenly massaging skills of the non-phallic gun relieved not only his crippling hip pain, but also this horrifying cow disease. He believed that every farmer should purchase a gun and begin massaging away the cow disease, so that perhaps these beautiful cows would not bitch into the night.

What Farmer Zack might not have realized was that the Hyperice Hypervolt Plus Percussion Massage Device™ was extremely expensive and scarce, especially for farmers. Despite their cost, the guns were also fragile and broke after three uses. The farming community decided that these guns would be used on the oldest, best milk-producing cows, and then branded with the Hyperice™ logo as a symbol of their immunity.

While the original massager rollout went swimmingly, after a while, bureaucratic and wealthy farmers found methods to massage and brand their cows before the at-risk population. Many cows had to watch from their fields as their fellow heifers went to bovine bars, cow clubs, and went to visit their home herds without feeling crushing social guilt. "Those guys suck, and not just on their own cud," said Penelope, cow #1. I respected her grievances, but I was mostly just shocked that a fucking cow was talking.

Non-massaged cows deserve sympathy. They did what they were told and did anything in their power to keep their community safe. Another victim of crooked 21st century cowpitalism, the bovine brethren Charlie Brown sadwalked all day and dreamed of a sweet, relaxing Hyperice™ massage down the backs of their rough, gorgeous hides.



Op-Ed: I Have Finally Accepted Life in a Pancake

I'm confused. Everyone keeps saying we are in a pancake and I guess I am starting to see it or something...?

I first heard about this theory on Twitter. I just assumed it was part of a movement of modern American post-realist thinkers fostering an intellectual discussion about the state of our being.

For example, I witnessed a lively debate over whether we are in a Pandemonium or a Parent Trap or a Pajama or Paw Patrol. (Personally, I was rooting for Paw Patrol.) Pancake was just another theory someone proposed...

I didn't think anything of it until John Stamos tweeted: "Why are bitches

still going to Nobu? We are in a pancake, everyone." While I don't know why bitches are still frequenting Nobu, I love John Stamos and agree with everything he says. This was the evidence that tipped me over into pancake camp.

When I asked my cousin Greg about it, he told me it was just a joke. Pancakes are funny, so I get the impetus behind it. But get over yourself, Greg. You can't explain why everyone I follow on TikTok is convinced that we are in a pancake. In fact, almost every Tik Tok I see seems to reference this fact...they say it with the lightness and gaiety of buttermilk but I can't help but wonder about the implications of such a profound realization.

Absolutely quaking, I turned to my spiritual leader, Carlotta, for advice: "At first, I thought it was preposterous. We are obviously living in the eye of Zorp, not a breakfast food. Then I thought it could be a funny joke. But last week, my roommates broke out the chair that we use for interventions and told me the truth-- that our home is probably made of batter. Probably cooked by Zorp tho."

My mind whirring with the words of Stamos and Carlotta, it has all started to make sense these past few weeks. All of a sudden, the pancake of a world slapped me across the face, snapping me out of my ignorant youth. Whipped cream. IHop. Canada.

Was it always this way? I'm not sure, but I need answers. Is it normal to conceptualize anxiety as a heavy syrup that is weighing you down? Is it strange to use butter as sunscreen?

Whether you love breakfast or you fucking hate that shit, I think people ought to know the truth the government doesn't want you to know: Wash your hands, people. We are deep in a pancake!



On Staying in Touch Post-Graduation

It's an awkward conversation nobody wants to have.... no, not the sex talk. Not how much you wish your grandpa's girlfriend would clean her dishes. Not meekly asking Chancellor Martin to divest from fossil fuels.

You must talk to your friends about how you plan to stay in touch post-graduation. The impending fear of starting over in a new city where you don't know anybody can be ameliorated by maintaining existing connections you had made at WashU.

This conversation isn't just for seniors. In fact, it's never too early to bring it up. I think it might be an even more important conversation to have with your freshman year bestie; statistically, you will have a falling out. Having a conversation about how much resentment you would hold (how much you would think about them, review the relationship in your mind) post-graduation would be a good way to set healthy boundaries. Don't feel bad; you're just a realist.

In this paper, I define "best" as the communication method which boasts the most frequent communication and yields the strongest relationship between two subjects. Obviously, the best way to stay in touch is to physically touch. But this isn't always possible due to differences in career trajectories and vaccination statuses. Also, it could be a little too exciting.

The next best communication method is to become their wealth manager. Not the kind that is an actual corporate job. You would just be in charge of managing their money for free. Why would this be the second "best" (and most realis-

tic) communication method, you say? Think about it: they will have to beg you for money with every transaction. This will ensure that you frequently interact and remain close. Plus, you will gain intimate knowledge over private aspects of their life and will be able to destroy your friend in the case that he/she wrongs you. (Again, just being real.)

You have heard the following sayings: (1) Money is power, and (2) knowledge is power. If you desire the power to maintain WashU relationships after getting your diploma, it's clear what you must do now. Sit your friends down and tell them that you want to help them with their finances.

Remind them that you know the stocks and they don't. If they resist, interrogate them about what happened with GameStop and laugh haughtily at their feeble, pathetic answer. Omit the fact that you have no plans to invest their money. Also feel free to omit that you will decide via Magic Eight Ball whether you fulfil their request for each transaction. (By the way, what did my Magic Eight Ball have to say about this theory? "It is decidedly so.")

For the seniors out there, especially, time is running short. You only have a few more months to lock in your friendships for life. Right now, your friends are probably volunteering at a vaccination center in order to get extras at the end of the day. That'll give you hours to prepare for their return, upon which you can begin a healthy conversation



TOP 10...

Top 11 WashU Rapper Names

11. Lil kid from Up!
10. Didn't get a Bid Cudi
9. 21 Savage Robberies
8. Canada Goose-y Mane
7. Lil B Average the Based God
6. PDFMAFIA
5. Bad (piss on the) Bunny
4. BDeezNutz
3. Lil Tuition Increase
2. Kanye Midwest
1. 1%lack

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

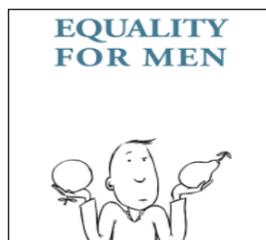
Dining Services is selling a She-cuterie cheese board for Women's History Month.



WOMEN

Grateful

we've been admitted to WashU Law for 150 years!



MENINISTS

Just want equality

This is vicious discrimination against lactose-intolerant folk.



CONNIE OF CONNIE'S CHOICE

Hits too close

One serving is only 15 calories so you can keep up those thin feminine figures!



GEORGE WASHINGTON

'murican

Yet again, the French are meddling in our affairs