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The Stagnant

1966

Celebrating 50 Years as

2016

SLUM'S INDEPENDENT STUDENT NEWS

VOL. 49

ISSUE 1498

APR 4, 2016

SLUM Newspaper Is Officially AARP Eligible

SARAH THUSTRA
STAFF BITER

In 2013, the Saint Louis University of Missouri (SLUM) celebrated its 50th anniversary in its usual way, with cow tipping, goose wrangling, the pantsing of Chief Sorrynotsorry and the consequential pants run across Natural Bridge, and free dessert on the library patio. This year, it is *The Stagnant's* turn to celebrate its 50th year of bringing dishonest, mudslinging yellow journalism to students all over campus, whether they want to read it or not.

This week, *The Stagnant* will be publishing its infinite numbered issue, as the newspaper does not recognize standardized physics and exists solely in a wibbly-wobbly timey-Wimpey dimension, depending on who is editor-in-chief at time of publication. This year, the EIC is our most beloved and trustworthy Redditor In Chief, Catnip Everclear, who according to local star charts has been serving as head editor for the past four years and has two years left to go in her position before the next editor is plucked from the howling abyss behind Lucas Hall and officially crowned as a replacement.

"I hope it is a lesbian," said The Artist Formerly Known As Rando, *The Stagnant's* token lesbian copy editor. "I could really appreciate a talented lesbian in charge of the paper, someone with a really great body of work." She added a long pause between "body" and

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Provincial House on lock-down April 1

ABRAHAM DRINKIN/THE STAGNANT

ProHoe Ghosts Owe \$2 Million Back Tuition

LUCIE DARNAY
FEATURES EDITOR

Officer Adrian Ivashkoff of the St. Louis University of Missouri (SLUM) Police Department spent the night of April 1 in the basement of South Campus' infamous Pro Hoe building. Officer Ivashkoff was searching for four Daughters of Charity who died in a freak ceiling fan accident in 1962. The ghosts of the three novices, Mary Elizabeth, Mary Lozario, and Mary Margaret, and their Visitatrix Mary Maria have been haunting the hallways of the old Marillac Seminary since their deaths.

While usually the sisters are peaceful, SLUM issued a statement on March 31 that has angered them. SLUM administration, in an attempt to lessen the budget deficit, has announced plans to seek reparations from the sisters including tuition, meal plans, and room and board for the 40 years that they have been living on SLUM's campus, since the Marillac Seminary was acquired by SLUM in 1976.

The sisters have shown their displeasure by locking students inside

classrooms and professors in their offices. They have also taken to flickering the lights and banging on metal pipes at all hours. One resident of Villa, Natalie Rostova, sophomore, undecided, said, "I have so much respect for nuns but, honestly, my boyfriend won't even come over anymore. It's getting really annoying."

The Stagnant has received several reports of non-consensual possession. Although the reports have yet to be confirmed, they have been passed to SLUM PD.

While SLUM PD has declined any official comment, Officer Ivashkoff told *The Stagnant*, "I've been working at SLUM for 15 years and the sisters have always been just the nicest ladies you could ever come across. I've never been one to hold a person's corporeality against them, but when you start using that ghost-y-ness against innocent students, something has to change."

SLUM Vice Provost Augusta Gregory provided *The Stagnant* with the numbers being used in the suit against the sisters. Gregory explained

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Make Your Degree A Combo Meal

CATNIP EVERCLEAR
REDDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The St. Louis University of Missouri (SLUM) may not have to worry about its \$15 million deficit for much longer. The McDonald's Corporation met with SLUM's Chief Terry Sorrynotsorry last week to finalize the franchise's purchase of the university.

With this latest acquisition by the McDonald's Corporation, SLUM would finally be out from under the thumb of those members of the Missouri General Assembly who believe they are in charge of all aspects of education through the budget process. The university would finally be able to make some real money from merchandising with McDonald's.

McDonald's spokesman Ronald NotMcDonald said, "This just makes sense. SLUM's school colors would still be yellow and red, the same color scheme as us. SLUM also advertises its self as real value, and we think that a value education is right in line with our value menu. That will be the same. People will just instantly think of McDonald's and SLUM from now on."

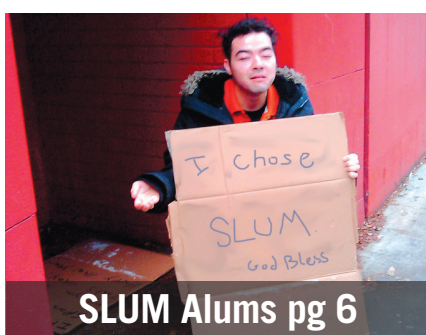
SLUM merchandise will be available at every McDonald's. Each item sold will help finance the school, keeping school spirit up and money rolling in to take care of that pesky deficit. Be prepared to see SLUM icons as toys in Happy Meals for a limited time on February 29, 2017 starting with a poseable action figure of a dancing French fry, SLUM's mascot. And do not be afraid to buy that kids' meal with no child accompanying you. You can do it. Get a toy for yourself— you deserve that

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Quidditch pg 9



Taken to Task pg 12

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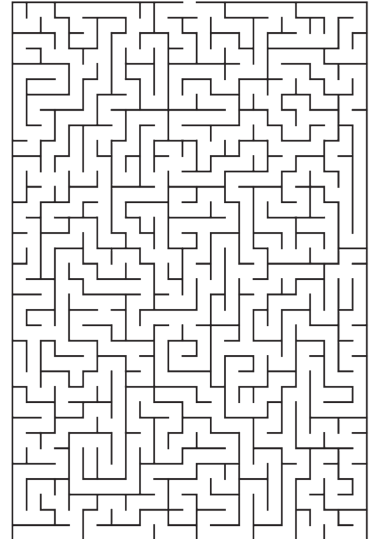
**The UMSL MATH CLUB Presents
 Problem of The Week**

Submit your solution to the problem below by Friday, April 8.
 Submit solutions to R. Dotzel 329 ESH (dotzelr@umsl.edu)

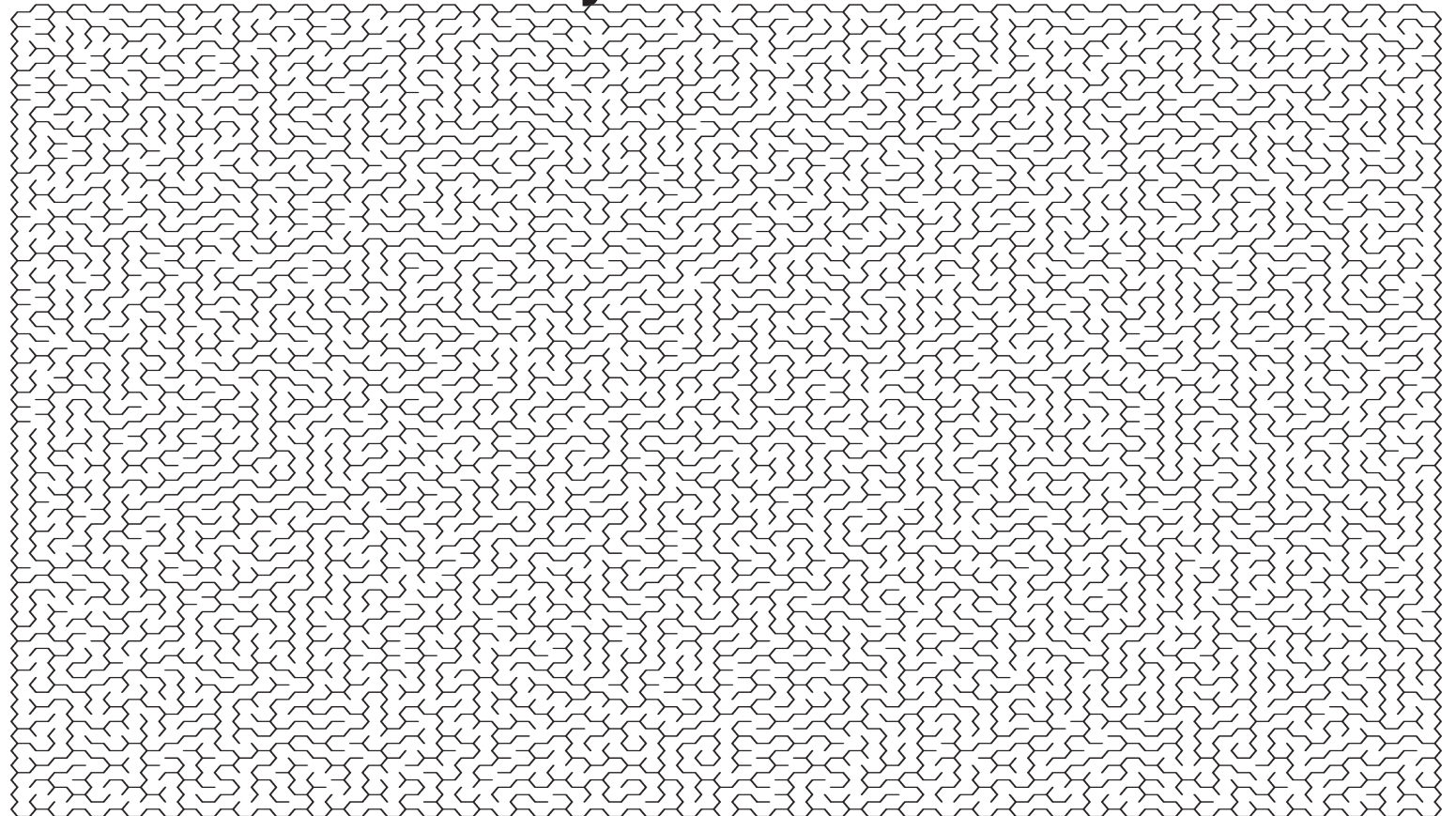
There was a young lad from Mizzou
 Who studied math and history too
 He was really quite smart
 But couldn't see how to start
 As THIS problem posed something quite new.

Problem: Somewhere, USA is comprised of 60% Republicans and 40% Democrats. 17% of the Republicans and 83% of the Democrats favor increased taxation of candy bar consumption. A person, selected at random from Somewhere is found to favor increased taxation of the consumption of all things candy bar. What is the probability that this individual is a Republican?

**Difficulty:
 Try Me**



Difficulty: Come At Me Bro



Letter To The Editor

The news article published in last week's issue entitled "Presidential Search Committee To Host Forums," was problematic, to say the least. From the very beginning, where you state that the presidential search committee will be visiting the SLUM campus on April 4 from 3:30 to 5:30 p.m., I was offended. For you to conveniently ignore that my Monday evenings are always spent babysitting my two nieces reveals just how callous you really are. Is this the current state of journalism? Could you not have changed the date to April 3, a Sunday, the one day of the week I am always available? I'm appalled by your integrity as a newspaper and cannot believe we entrust you to represent the opinion of the student body. It is a mark of insincere leadership that your editors do not consider the feelings of your readers. Sometimes, the reporting of facts is not paramount.

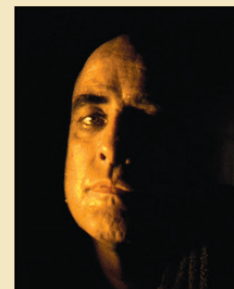
THE UNDERSTAGNANT *By Catnip Everclear* **IS FACILITY THE FUTURE OF THE SLUM COMMUNITY?**



BARTLEBY,
 Fresh Meat, Scribbling
"I would prefer not to."



SCARLETT O'HARA,
 Junior, Gold-Digging
"After all, tomorrow is another day."



KURTZ,
 Super Senior, Survival
"The horror, the horror"

MON 61
 36

TUE 61
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THU 55
 37

FRI 55
 37

SAT 70
 52

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Now You Can SUPER SIZE Your Education

CATNIP EVERCLEAR
REDDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Continued from Page 1

SLUM spirit toy.

Chief Sorrynotsorry said, "With this merger, we can bring students the value menu deal they have always wanted in an education. With our special two for five promotion, students can get two degrees for the price of one. Our student enrollment will go through the roof. We also hope to finally end the parking congestion problem by adding drive-thru windows to most of the buildings on campus for those students on the go."

NotMcDonald said that they hope to bring more value to the campus and degree programs. NotMcDonald said, "No longer will students feel that they cannot get a job after graduation. Each student will be eligible for work study with the company. In fact, a degree in burger flipping can help students climb through our ranks faster. We also offer a great retirement plan. They can continue working for us right through their retirement."



The newly renovated facade of the inaptly named McTwain Athletic and Fitness Center

ABRAHAM DRINKIN'/THE STAGNANT

So naturally, it is not just McDonald's that will profit from this union. McDonald's will now have a ready workforce with SLUM's new mandatory internship program that will require each student to work for credit rather than the minimum wage McDonald's

would have to pay to another employee from a rival school. NotMcDonald added, "It is also good insurance against all this crazy talk of raising the minimum wage to \$15 an hour. What do they think we are made of... golden arches? It just makes sense."

Chief Sorrynotsorry said, "I want what is best for all my students. So, a school that makes tons of money with McDonald's is great. We can get out of a hiring freeze, maintain the roads, and so much more. It will be a whole new SLUM."

Valet Service Ends Parking Nightmares

CATNIP EVERCLEAR
REDDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The St. Louis University of Missouri (SLUM) has absolutely terrible parking. No news in that sentence. But there is news for parking. Starting next semester or summer maybe, there will be valet parking available for classes held between 8 a.m. and 6 p.m.

Valet stands will be set up in a designated parking lot to offer students a service desperately needed on a commuter campus. No more will students be forced to find parking when running late for class, no more will students

hit other students' cars, no more will students park terribly and take up two spots. Seriously, learn to park. That reminds me, now students can learn to park with Valet 101.

Valet parking will be run entirely by students with a supervisor who checks in on them via skype because SLUM cannot afford to pay for another employee during the hiring freeze. Administration and students hope to make this a lucrative business at the expense of other students with cars. The supply is short so demand has to go up.

Each student driver will be charged a fee each time they use the service. A

portion of the fee will go towards parking and transportation, maintenance of the roads, and student workers. After you drop off your car, pick up a red and yellow ticket from the student worker so you can stop by the service to pick your car back up after class. If your class lets out after valet hours, pick up the car in the valet parking lot.

Nora Problems, head of the new valet system said, "There will be a simple fee that students can pay via credit card, cash, or student account. There will of course be a discount for charging to the student account since no one checks that amount on YourView. We, uh students, will be rich!"

Chester Field, super-senior, pre-law, said, "This is an incredible bargain. A service that has been missing for a long time. Now I can bring my Lamborghini to school and not feel that its value will be diminished."

One student is skeptical of the valet

system. Debbie Downer, newb, realist, said, "I'm a server on the weekends. I totally know that people don't even tip waiters 20 percent, why would this be any different? Students aren't going to be making that much. Especially with greedy SLUM keeping a percentage of the fee."

Problems said, "There will be those averse to change. But change still happens. Except when you're talking about giving change at the valet stand. There will be no change. We can't have students walking around with that much money on campus. That would attract crime."

Only time will tell if Downer is correct. Till then, SLUM will close down another parking lot to dedicate it to this service. So good luck parking anywhere close to campus. The valet charge will be on top of the parking sticker fee included in tuition, so get a car and get your money's worth.

ProHoe Ghosts Owe \$2 Million Back Tuition

LUCIE DARNAY
FEATURES EDITOR

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by saying, "For room and board we're charging each sister for a normal room in Villa. Since every student who lives on campus needs a meal plan we're charging each sister for a totally declining balance plan." Tuition is calculated on the assumptions that the sisters have never become graduates, never went into optometry, were always full time, and never took a semester off.

One room in Villa times 40 years comes to \$186,400, one meal plan for 40 years is \$136,000, and tuition for 40 years is \$341,280. Added together and multiplied by the four sisters comes to

a total of \$2,165,120. Gregory has also expressed interest in tacking on late fees and a "non-corporeal tax" for "all the trouble it's cost SLUM to take care of ghosts and bend to their otherworldly whims."

While legal battles against non-corporeal entities are not unprecedented, the law is clear: all entities involved in the suit, corporeal or otherwise, must be present at the courthouse during litigation. Gregory said that while it may be difficult to round up all four ghosts, she "has every confidence in the SLUM PD."

At the time of publication, Officer Ivashkoff has not reported any official contact with the ghosts.



SLUM Gets to Sassin' in New Building

PURPLE HAYES
STAFF BITER

For years, students at the Saint Louis University of Missouri have wondered about the mysterious Sassin Building that is allegedly located on Natural Bridge, despite the lack of an actual building. Mainly, they have wondered what the building is all about. The name of it gives very few clues as to its origins or its purpose.

Some have guessed it was named after Youbi Sassin, beloved ex-professor of modern art and freeform physics, who died over a decade ago in a horrific accident involving two geese, a toy helicopter, and ennui. Others have proposed that, because of the Sassin Building site's proximity to the Music Building, it refers to a musical technique, or some kind of exotic instrument, like a mandolin or a kazoo.

"Clearly, it refers to the act of sassin a woodwind instrument. Like a bassoon, see?" said Peter Piper, senior, applied Netflix and chill, who would not stop snapping his fingers after every other word. "Like, me and my boy Chet were down on the Loop just straight sassin on our reeds, dig? Just sassin, bruh, hip hoppin' that jam. I mean, if we had instruments, see?"

However, *The Stagnant* has figured out the truth behind the Sassin Building, with information gathered through a series of anonymous love letters, secretive meetings in dimly lit trailers, furtive glances across the quad, and a staff member's archived Quantum Link account. The truth is that everyone's guesses until now have been horribly, hilariously incorrect. The real meaning of the Sassin Building is not that students cannot understand it; it is that the sign leading to the mystery building is wrong.

"That's right! Wrong! Wrong, I say!" This is what Gwynna Getcha, Associate Dean of the No Nonsense (Unless Taken as a Minor) College, said unprovoked after we read her the rough draft of this article. We then requested a hearty evil cackle, and the resulting sound from Dean Getcha was so fear-inducing that our video production team crawled out of the nearest window.

In a series of interviews held in different trailers on South Campus, Getcha explained to *The Stagnant* that the problem is that the sign for the Sassin Building is missing an essential punctuation mark: an apostrophe after the word Sassin, thus making it "Sassin'."

"You ever seen that episode of 'Monty Python' with the Argument Clinic? Wait, no, you're all dumb millennials who don't drive. Okay, never mind." Getcha proceeded to explain that the Sassin' Building is a way of learning the divine and awesome art of sass in all of its forms. To major in Sass, students must pick from one of the seven emphases: Back Talk; Saucy Mouth; The Nerve; Dank Bernie



Hi Mom

THEODOSIA BURR'S SEX DUNGEON/THE STAGNANT

Sanders Memes; Talk to the Hand (and its required minor, Because the Wrist Is Pissed); Shonda Rhimes Twitter; Overly Expressive Eyebrows.

The rarely advertised Sass major falls under the umbrella of SLUM's College of Education and Miseducation because, according to Getcha, the program is all about "taking fools to school." She then added, "My doctorate studies were on puns and wordplay, so it makes sense, right? It's my specialty, literally. Have you ever spent a year on a thirty page analysis of a single Marx Brothers joke? Didn't think so. Plus, the education people have more money! Isn't that hilarious?" Getcha spent the next half hour explaining why that

connection was hilarious, but *The Stagnant* started dozing off fifteen minutes in. Plus, no one had bothered to turn on the voice recorder that had been brought in for transcription purposes.

Now that the truth is out about the Sassin' Building, South Campus has something worth talking about other than Pro Hoe and the big glass building that is being used for Freemason meetings on the down-low. People at SLUM are very excited about the prospect of the Sassin' Building and possibly majoring in Sass.

"I for one am very excited that you told me about this, random Stagnant reporter!" said Richard Pecker, sophomore, reverse engineering. "As a bud-

ding stand-up comedian, I am pleased as punch that I can make my passion my career goal as well. Have you seen me at all the open mics on campus? I really crush it on stage! People seem to love my violently misogynistic and xenophobic humor! If I add sass to it, who knows? I could run for president!"

The grand opening of the Sassin' Building is scheduled for sometime between today and the inevitable heat death of the universe, depending on budgetary issues. Those interested in switching their major to the School of Sass are encouraged to take a hike, but also submit an official form of intent to change majors to the College of Education and Miseducation's main office.

Is This the End of The Current and Brain Stew?

THE ARTIST FORMERLY KNOWN
AS 'RANDO'
STAFF BITER

Ever since Brain Stew started cheating on his husband Common Room Coffee to be with The Current last fall, the clandestine relationship has been described, in the words of one tabloid, as "tumultuous at best, steel cage match at worst." Their start certainly did not bode well for the couple. They were initially brought together as a result of the discovery that Common Room Coffee had a leaked Ashley Madison profile. Unfortunately, the relationship has recently turned sour, and according to their publicists, this time the split looks permanent.

Trouble started early for The Current and Brain Stew. Almost immediately after Brain Stew left his husband, he found out that The Current also had a leaked Ashley Madison profile that he was using to cheat with other married men. According to Brain Stew's publicist, R. Gewing, "When my client discovered the 'Current-ly Horny' profile, he was devastated. Why would The Current do this to my client after Ashley Madison had already destroyed one of my client's relationships? And The Current wouldn't even stop after he got busted for it. My client found out in January that The Current was using the profile to arrange bi-weekly trysts with Smellrive."

The Current's publicist, Anne E.

Mossity, recently told *The Stagnant* that The Current had legitimate reasons to seek out affection from other partners. "My client knew that he did a bad thing and was apologetic afterwards, but he has a side of the story that deserves to be heard. The Current constantly complained to me that Brain Stew never appreciated anything he did. The Current made all the money, and Brain Stew had the nerve to accuse him of running a criminal enterprise to make it, since, in Brain Stew's words, 'no one could possibly want to give money to a business that's all boring facts and junk,'" said Mossity.

To make matters worse, Brain Stew has fallen in with a bad crowd. In particular, he has befriended three twenty-somethings with a reputation for being snarky, lazy, and disruptive: amateur philosopher Brock Shinyhead, born-again Mormon DJ MC Kendall, and way-too-avant-garde street artist Kitty Dickinson. Within a few weeks of encountering them, Brain Stew was reportedly spending all his time drinking with them, ranting about literature, and spelling everything wrong on purpose. Mossity said, "Those three might as well have moved in. They were crashing at my client's home every other night anyway."

The breaking point in their relationship allegedly came on March 30 at midnight when The Current came back to their joint home to find the three run amok in the house. According to Mossi-

ty, Kendall was scratching her turntables and rapping the praises of Salt Lake City, Dickinson was painting a giant mural of Lady Gaga out of chicken blood—no sign of the chicken—and Brain Stew and Shinyhead were smoking on the couch. When The Current tried to ask what the trio was doing there, Shinyhead reportedly responded, "No, the real question is: what are any of us doing here, man?" Brain Stew and Shinyhead then laughed at that while The Current sputtered in disbelief. Mossity said, "Not knowing what else to do, my client just ordered a pizza and curled up in a corner playing Pokemon on his DS."

According to both Gewing and Mossity, The Current moved out of their house and the two have not spoken since the incident. Gewing said, "I cannot even believe it. I mean, yes, their relationship was an absolute train wreck characterized by drunken fits, cheating allegations, and petty insults, but it was the train wreck that we all loved to watch. I know I needed to stay professional, but every time there was a development, I just wanted to get some popcorn, put my feet up, and laugh at all the ensuing drama."

Although their relationship appears to have ended, Gewing and Mossity expect that there will be fierce legal battles for custody of the couple's pet ostrich Litmag.

'Salt: The Musical' Impresses at Double Bumps

**THEODOSIA BURR'S
SEX DUNGEON
A&E EDITOR**

Double Bumps Performing Arts Center broke records in total number of tickets sold for a single night as they premiered the first and last production of "Salt: The Musical" on the evening of April 2. Horsen A. Round, Managing Director of Ticket Stubs, Hanging Chads, and Box Office SNAFUs at the Double Bumps, sent out a statement that the Friday performance sold a record three thousand tickets in under one hour, despite the theater only having seating capacity for one thousand people.

"Salt: The Musical" is based on the day-to-day life of the staff of *The Stagnant*, complete with a mock newsroom as the setting on stage. The newsroom is a surprisingly accurate reproduction of *The Stagnant* offices, down to the suspiciously dank potted plants in the corner and the wailing haint who lives in the ceiling tiles and occasionally writes sports articles. It is a shame that the final act involves one character taking a blunt axe to it all, destroying every prop in their path, but that is art: an unknowable, unquestionable force of nature that can never be explained or properly funded by government entities without fifty pages of paperwork filled out in triplicate.

The story follows fictional novice staff writer Short Gymnastics (played by SLUM Theater director Boxed Toppings), who is roped into working for *The Stagnant* during their freshman year via an elaborate kidnapping ruse by the head editor, Catnip Everclear (also played by Toppings, in voice only). As the young Gymnastics goes from naive writer to jaded section editor, they see that the process of putting together a paper weekly takes a lot of time, effort, blood sacrifices, and talent—but above all, it takes salt, as exemplified in the act one closing number, "It Takes Salt."

Being a musical, the songs were to be expected; the number of songs, not so much. Nearly every scene has a musical interlude, but the songs are so vibrant and creative that the constant singing is not as annoying as one might think. Standout numbers include: "Monday Meeting," in which Gymnastics attends their first staff meeting and is serenaded by a raucous salsa song highlighting the various stories up for assignment; "What's The Deal With That Dude?," about the one guy who keeps coming to meetings but not signing up for anything, trailed by an orchestra member playing a sad saxophone, while literally everyone else on stage avoids eye contact with him while they sing; "I'm Hungry (Are You Hungry?)" (Yes, We Are So Fucking Hungry)," in which staff members on production day throw down in a highly charged rap battle as they decide whether to order pizza for the fiftieth

time that semester or break out of the mold and get burgers instead, complete with beat boxing, breakdancing on top of cardboard, and a stirring micro-opera by opinions editor Simon Wei (played by a sentient Roomba with a mop for hair). Many in the audience were moved to tears by Wei's song and gave the solo a standing ovation, which due to the theater being over capacity created a shockwave in the tectonic plates underneath the building, triggering a small earthquake in Quebec.

The production of "Salt: The Musical," while low in budget, was high in its main component: salt. Performers would actually give audience members the stink eye at random points in the play, going so far as to flip one guy off who was scrambling through the mass of sitting bodies to use the bathroom.

Actors treated each other with open disdain, not bothering to disguise the absolute gall in their voices as they performed.

At one point, the features editor, Jammy Eikamon (played by student actress Alla Dis, senior, butt science) interrupted the melancholy musical number "My Section Is Empty And My Homework Is Late," which she was not even a part of, and went on a five minute rant about lazy writers which somehow ended up about topless bars and banning cheese from the cafeteria. She was then escorted off stage in an oversized red wheelbarrow. Needless to say, it was a confounding turn of events, but the audience rolled with it, much to the surprise of the performers, who shrugged and continued with the show.

"Salt: The Musical" was an accom-

plished feat for the Double Bumps performers that ended in cheers, tears, and only two possible safety violations probably ending in lawsuits against the venue. However, since the musical performed so well and beyond anyone's expectations, Round and his fellow directors have decided that the Double Bumps has pretty much peaked and can never do anything better than it. Therefore, they are planning to tear down the Double Bumps and turn it into a parking lot, making "Salt: The Musical" the final performance of the theater. Complaints and desperately signed petitions to save the theater can be placed in a trash can and then set on fire, as the Double Bumps has already disconnected their phones and cancelled their mail service.

New Show Opens in Gallery Silencio

**LUCIE DARNAY
FEATURES EDITOR**

Gallery Silencio is one of the best-kept secrets on campus but the Fowl Artists Club is hoping to change that with their new show, "A Murder Most Fowl." The show, a collection of paintings, sculptures, and multimedia art pieces, opened April 1.

The president of the Fowl Artists Club, Anserini Branta, junior, feather sculpting, said "honk honk hooooonnnkkk," which was translated to *The Stagnant* as, "We are very excited about the opening of this new exhibit. Even though all of the artists are geese, every being should feel free, not compelled, to attend this free show."

The newest show for the little

known gallery includes pieces by Branta and art department darling Anatidae Aves, senior, painting. Aves is infamous in the St. Louis University of Missouri (SLUM) community for favoring the medium of blood over any other. Being morally against using the blood of any type of birds, Aves buys human blood in bulk from local blood banks.

Her newest piece, "Fowlicide," depicts the brutal murder of seven geese at the feet of one human holding a cleaver. "It's a really personal piece," Aves said. "I'm trying to bring more attention to the genocide of birds that aren't used for food. We all understand that chickens and turkeys have to die for society to continue, but geese? That's murder."

Aves' inflammatory comments have sparked debate amongst other members

of the Fowl Artists Club. "We're all about art by geese but we don't have any other official agenda. Any comments made by members of the club are their own" Branta said. Others were not so reticent.

"I can't believe people are surprised by this," club member Gander Cygnus, sophomore, feather sculpting, said, "Anatidae is always saying crazy stuff. It makes people want to look at her art." Cygnus also mentioned the decision made only last year to include geese in the classrooms of SLUM and, as Aves said, "I think the other geese are scared of making any waves when our status at SLUM is so new."

Continued online at
thecurrent-online.com



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SLUM Alums Panhandling for Cash

LUCIE DARNAY
FEATURES EDITOR

Taking a walk down Artificial Valley Road can be a perfectly pleasant experience, but some of the local businesses in the area around St. Louis University of Missouri (SLUM) have been lodging complaints with the school about a small host of 20-somethings cluttering their sidewalks.

The Stagnant hit the asphalt on March 29 to find out exactly what these unwelcome guests were up to.

We met with Jim Holden of the Pur'N'Kleen Cleaning Company located at 124 Artificial Valley Road and asked if he knew the origins of the roving 20-somethings.

"Well, judging by all the SLUM tee shirts," Holden said, "I'd say they're probably students?"

Actually, they are not students.

Julie Mao, a graduate of the SLUM class of 2014 with a degree in pissing-off-daddy, leads the group. "I guess, technically, you could call us panhandlers," Mao said with a brilliant smile as she held up a large aluminum pan.

"Really it's a pot but you never hear about 'pothandlers'" Mao said.

The group of about 15 SLUM alums scatters every morning along the length of Artificial Valley Road and hold their pots out, hoping for some spare change from passing pedestrians. The SLUM degree holders stand strong in the face of rain, wind, and some nasty words.

"Get a job! And your outfit doesn't match!" came from a passing car and "You are less than conventionally attrac-

tive," called a cyclist.

The alums claim that they have been forced to a life of illegal begging because their degrees are worth so little. Another of the roving alums, who wished only to be identified as Fagin, had some interesting claims.

"I graduated in 2012," Fagin told *The Stagnant*, "and I took that fancy degree in theoretical pickpocketing that I paid so much money for, that I definitely didn't steal, and I tried to get a job. Well, would you believe it? Not a single reputable company would give me a job." When one of his fellow panhandlers suggested that his lack of employment may have more to do with his questionable major than the quality of the degree, logically Fagin decked him. Mao quickly smacked Fagin on the back of the head with her pan, denting it. A short fight ensued.

When the fight ended Mao explained, "College degrees are worth so little in this economy but SLUM degrees? They're worth our pans. Literally."

Several of the panhandling alums agreed that they traded in their fancy degrees and majors—from candle making to totally hypothetical methods for overthrowing a large Western government—for a four-inch diameter aluminum pan. The man with the pans, Winston Smith of Tortured Chef fame, says that he is providing a charity.

"These kids are coming out of school with nothing but a piece of paper," Smith said. "Four-inch aluminum pans aren't worth much anyway so we figured, why not do a service for the community, you know, give something back."



Julie Mao

ABRAHAM DRINKIN/THE STAGNANT

While Smith may consider it a charity, Holden and other business owners around SLUM, consider it a nuisance. "I just don't get why they have to do that here," Holden said. "I don't really care if they have jobs or not but they're scaring my customers. They keep yelling about Simone Weil and Satoshi Tajiri and I'm not even sure who those

people are."

While Mao asserts that the SLUM alums will continue panhandling, Holden and his fellow business owners were threatening to call the police when we were quietly abducted by what turned out to be our production staff in an unmarked van and fox masks.

Stagnant Crime Report: Chip Bandit Still on Loose, Geese Pose Increasing Threat

BEA A. FRAID
CHIEF PRIVATE EYE

The following is a series of daily crime reports issued by the St. Louis University of Missouri (SLUM) Police Department from March 16 to March 20. With all this crime, one thing is clear: you need to hide yo chips and guard yo life from geese. (And watch your back from statues on the loose.)

March 16: At 12:05 p.m., A SLUM student reported that their hot n' zesty chips had been stolen by an unidentified crook from the vending machine near the Slosh. The student reported that they inserted their money into the vending machine and made their selection, only to have the chips get stuck in the machine—an experience most SLUM students can sadly identify with. The student began banging on the machine and shaking it, but as the chips fell to the bottom, the bandit moved in, swiped them, and made off, scaling

tables and chairs and knocking over anyone who was in their path on their getaway. The chip bandit was still on the loose at the time of this report.

March 17: At 1:08 p.m., an angry swarm of approximately 100 geese surrounded and chased a group of students who were walking in the North Campus Rectangle outside the Centennial Student Center. The students fled into buildings and no one was seriously injured, aside from a few minor nips and pecks. When the SLUM police arrived, most of the geese fled the scene on wing. Two geese were apprehended by police but are refusing to divulge any information about their motives or reveal any details about other geese involved in the crime.

March 18: At 11:18 a.m., a SLUM student who was late for class and apparently could not find a parking space (what else is new?) drove onto the sidewalk and parked his car directly outside the Centennial Student Center

doors. Other students who thought the space was now designated for parking followed suit, resulting in no one being able to exit or enter the building from that entrance. Hopefully SLUM's new valet service will prevent any future occurrences like this one.

March 19: At 1:52 p.m., a gaggle of approximately 50 flying geese crashed through a window of the Centennial Student Center bridge and out the other window. The gaggle was gone before SLUM police arrived on scene, but a witness said that none of them appeared to be hurt and that the gaggle carried on as if nothing had happened. It is unknown at this time if this incident is connected to the March 17 incident, but the SLUM police suspect the geese may, for reasons unknown at this time, be out for revenge.

March 20: At 2:02 p.m., a student walking past the Wade Bad statue reporting being punched in the back from behind. When the student turned

around, no one was in sight. A report was taken by the SLUM police. Later, at 4:05 p.m., a second student reported a book being hit in the head by a book that was thrown at them. The SLUM police took a second report, only to notice that the book that used be in the Wade Bad statue's hand was missing. Then at 5:03 p.m., a passing faculty member noticed that the Wade Bad statue had disappeared completely from its cemented post. When the SLUM police arrived on scene to investigate, the only piece of evidence they recovered was a note reading: "I'm sick of you all putting shirts on me that never fit and never getting a say about any of it. I'm leaving for a better place where I'll never have to wear such uncomfortable attire again." At the time of this report, the statue had not been recovered... and may possibly still be out there walking around somewhere. Remember to watch your back.

Are you planning to graduate in May???
 Have you applied for graduation???
 If not, visit your academic advisor today!!!

University of Missouri–St. Louis

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 MAY 14 & 15

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Each ceremony will be approximately 1 1/2 hours long.
 No tickets required.

Saturday, May 14

- 10 a.m. Ceremony – Mark Twain Building
 - College of Arts and Sciences I (sciences, humanities)*
 - School of Fine and Performing Arts
 - SUCCEED
 - MPPA

2 p.m. Ceremony – Mark Twain Building

- College of Arts and Sciences II (social sciences)*
- School of Social Work

6 p.m. Ceremony – Touhill PAC

- College of Optometry

Sunday, May 15

2 p.m. Ceremony – Mark Twain Building

- College of Education
- College of Nursing

6 p.m. Ceremony – Mark Twain Building

- College of Business Administration
- UMSL/WU Joint Undergraduate Engineering Program

* Check online for breakdown of ceremonies



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 & Wednesday, April 6
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1. Visit the Triton Store
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You will be assigned a seat for commencement, so be sure to register at the Triton Store.

A \$10 late fee will apply to all attire purchased after Friday, April 29.

Visit the UMSL commencement website at umsl.edu/commencement for more information and to pre-register for your commencement photos with GradImages™.



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Forks Fly By SUSC in Quidditch Match of the Ages

QUILL TWIDDLER
SPORTS EDITOR

The St. Louis University of Missouri quidditch team took to the pitch again on March 31 against the Southern University of South Carolina (SUSC), winning over the course of a two-day marathon that saw three seasons worth of varied weather pummel the field and players. Despite the poor conditions upon the game's conclusion, the SLUM Forks emerged victorious with a resounding 1230-170 victory after relief seeker Perry Hotter, junior, divination and muggle studies, finally wrapped his hand around the golden snitch to bring an end to the competition.

"It was definitely a thrilling experience," said Hotter. "As the sport of quidditch is only played with seven players with no substitutions allowed barring multiday games, benchwarmers like myself rarely find our time to shine. I had to be reminded at various points that I was looking for that little golden ball!"

Indeed, this was the first time any of the 13 bench players for SLUM were given playtime this season, and most certainly looked a little green. Several hours into day two of the matchup, which took place on April 1, Jess Tiss, sophomore, defense against the dark arts, one of the Forks' beaters, accidentally smashed one of the bludgers—big iron balls bewitched to throw themselves haphazardly at both teams' players—careening toward one of her own teammates.

This might not have been Tiss's fault entirely, however, as the weather



Major League Quidditch logo

COURTESY OF MLO

during the latter half of day one and into day two took a drastic turn for the worse. What started out as a sunny afternoon with little cloud coverage soon turned into a horrendous lightning storm. By the time Hotter had subbed in, the rain had since turned into snow. The referees were astounded by such crazy weather patterns, but the coaches of SLUM were aptly prepared.

"Growing up in St. Louis, we always had this saying 'If you don't like the weather, wait ten minutes,'" said head coach Rob You-Blind. "These two days were a testament to that complete-

ly original statement that no other city or state's residents ever say. Fortunately, as I've always been accustomed to quick changes in weather, I've had my players practice in artificial snow and rain. I can't even tell you how I got the lightning to work in our training!"

The extra practice, which is held at You-Blind's own weather-creating facility (he says it is magic), is even available for public access to at a rate of \$100/hour. Clearly the practice had its pros, as SLUM were hardly scratched by the lightning, only needing three broomsticks replaced to SUSC's 12.

However, neither team was prepared for the torrential downpour or the snow that would follow suit. The conditions left both team's seekers practically blind and unable to find the snitch, the only way to end a game.

Scoring for the home team was on point, though, and Jack Cheese, senior, herbology, did most of work with 950 of the team's points. It was the highest amount of scoring he has managed in his collegiate quidditch career.

SLUM quidditch next plays Salem College in an away matchup on April 6.

E-Sports Are a Thing, Thanks to Weeaboos

DINGA LING
STAFF BITER

Every weeaboo at the Saint Louis University of Missouri (SLUM) knows about the popular Japanese fictional franchise, "Love Live! School Idol Festival" (LLSIF), in which young Japanese girls perform together to become the top idol performance group in the country. However, there has been no proper open platform for campus nerds to express their love for their favorite 2D ladies as electronic sports, or 'e-sports,' has never been officially acknowledged by the athletics department—until now. The back half of the spring 2016 semester will see the emergence of SLUM's first LLSIF tournament, to be played in the main gymnasium of the Mark Twain Athletic Center, as if it is real sports.

The game itself is a rhythm-based game, much like "Dance Dance Revolution" or "Just Dance," except that the action is in the hands, not the feet, and instead of pressing arrows, players press on the faces of cute schoolgirls in a way that is totally not sexualized or creepy.

Players listen to cute, digitally rendered songs such as "Snow Halation" and "Kokuhaku Biyori, Desu!" while collecting cards of other girls that they can sacrifice to level up their main idols in a circular cannibalistic ritual masqueraded in pink and glitter.

Playing LLSIF is simple: all an interested player needs is a smartphone that connects to the Internet and the official English language LLSIF app downloaded to said phone. They must also be able to elbow their way through the diehard LLSIF fans who have already started camping out outside the center, weeks ahead of the proposed starting date of April 30 for the first round of competition. There is no physical required to join an LLSIF team, but students should submit documented proof that their thumbs are fully operational and will be able to handle the stress of playing a smartphone game that overworks the thumb joints.

"I honestly have no idea what the hell this is," admitted Lorem Ipsum, director of athletics at SLUM. "One of the guys just handed me the paperwork and said this is going to be a thing now.

Do the girls even fight each other? Jesus, are we seriously cancelling weekend baseball practice for this?"

As a matter of fact, yes, SLUM is shelving all weekend baseball practice for the rest of the semester to dedicate those time slots to the newly formed LLSIF League. Despite the loud, sometimes violent protests of the SLUM baseball players, the LLSIF team continues with its plans to dominate the North American e-sports scene, one Pepto-Bismol colored anime game at a time. Their first meeting, a coordinated practice speed run through a dozen three-star songs to collect rare idol cards, took place on April 2. The gymnasium was dominated by the presence of Nendoroid figurines, body pillows, boxes of Red Bull, and a smell like sour milk mixed with sweet melon soda.

During the first meeting, league captain Melvin Blart, junior, sports drink medicine, impressed by scoring a perfect run on "Cutie Panther." He celebrated his victory by shotgunning a Ramuné and kissing his body pillow of blue-haired schoolgirl Nozomi Toujou. Unfortunately, this enraged his


teammate Mack O'Mule, sophomore, dad jokes, who has declared himself "Team Eli" for the supposed 'best girl' in LLSIF, judging by his body pillow and t-shirt plastered in pictures of Eli Ayase, another fictional girl who is way too young for either man involved in this dispute.

Despite disputes over who is the best girl in the LLSIF 'verse, the two men were able to agree to disagree and have settled their dispute in the interests of the team. They will be working together so they can beat rival school Washed Up University on April 30. Those who wish to cheer on the Triton Love Lifers (the current working name for the team) should arrive at the gymnasium half an hour early for pre-game smack talk and bootleg anime merchandise.

The Stagnant would like to let it be known that their official stance is that Nico Yazawa is the best girl of all the LLSIF girls, and that all other opinions are just wrong.

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- March 14 – 18:** ****UMSL Career Week**** Sponsored by the UMSL Career Services Center. See the backside for a full schedule of events including military resume reviews with experts.
- Tue, Mar 22:** **USAJOBS Profile** – Build your government job resume with expert, Tommy Wolff, Veteran Services Coordinator, MERS / Goodwill.
- Wed, Apr 6:** **Interviewing Skills** – Learn the skills and techniques needed to nail the interview.
- Wed, Apr 13:** **LinkedIn Profile and Headshots** – Learn how to use this networking tool and build your brand online. A photographer will be taking professional headshots, so dress for success!
- Wed, Apr 20:** **Networking 101** – Learn how to network with Frank Alaniz, Missouri Workforce Regional Liaison, St. Louis Agency on Training and Employment, Missouri Career Center.
- Wed, Apr 27:** **Networking Event with Military-Friendly Employers** – Practice your networking skills with local employers.
Time: 5:30-7:30pm Location: JCP Main Lobby



Pro: Date All Your Professors, Why Not?

SAUCY LONGFELLOW
STAFF BITER

You might become indignant upon hearing that I endorse students dating university professors. Suck it up! College is an experience crafted to challenge one's thinking, and what better way to do so than to encourage fraternizing with the same person who is teaching you critical analysis?

Some might argue that dating professors means putting someone in an unfair position, as professors will have more power over their students in the relationship. But let us be practical: in the eyes of the administration, students and professors are equally expendable. If anything, competing with your significant other for grant money will put some spice in your courtship.

Dating a professor does not mean a student will be able to slide through class just because they are boffing the person in charge of grading. If you are smart, you do not date a professor you are taking a class with; you date a professor whose colleague is your current instructor, and use them to steal test sheets and copy lecture notes. You can even apply this to the workplace, by dating not your boss but your boss's immediate colleague, thus getting the scoop on all your boss's mistakes, which you can then take advantage of.

So next time someone says not to date your professor, tell them where they can stick it, then leave an oversized love letter in the faculty box of your favorite big man (or woman) on campus. Think with your head, SLUM, and make the illicit older booty work for you!

Con: Love Behind The Lectern Must Be Stopped!

PRUDENCE LONGSKIRT
STAFF BITER

While I do not necessarily condemn someone from wanting "illicit older booty," I have yearned for (read: stalked) one of my teachers before, and it was definitely not kosher. In fact, if you are the kind of hopeless romantic that believes in leaving oversized love letters, you will probably learn absolutely nothing in that class and instead be reduced to a blushing and blubbling idiot. How on earth could you be expected to pay attention to calculus when there is a delicious older man or woman giving a lesson in hotness right in front of you!

My unfortunate colleague is correct to point out that a student will not get an advantage over the students who are not the professor's strange bedfellows, but she is correct for an entirely different reason. A student doing the dirty with a professor is actually at a disadvantage, because obviously the professor should want an A+ lover and not a C- side hoe. It will not be long before the professor's thoughts on your poor bedroom technique sneak into the comments on your papers.

Besides, if you really want to make a power play, you can do so much better than bagging the professor. If professors are really as expendable as my colleague claims, would it not be much smarter to swap bodily fluids with someone in the administration? You would never have to beg for a more favorable schedule or more financial aid; just parade around in lingerie for the provost and it will all be yours! With good enough googly eyes, you could eventually force them to put a ring on it and snag yourself a piece of that obscene amount of money they get paid every year.

Black Voices: 5 Everyday Struggles of Being a Black Man

RONALD NIGHTSHADE
OPINIONS EDITOR

With all the talk of police brutality, job discrimination, and other forms of systemic racism, we often lose sight of the everyday struggles that come along with being a member of an oppressed race. As an effort to open your eyes to the everyday struggles that those with white privilege do not have to deal with, here are five examples of the daily struggle that I know too well:

1. Finding a Parking Spot

You would think that after everything Martin Luther King accomplished—even after having elected a black president—that I, a black man, would be able to find a parking spot downtown. Not so, fellow American. Just the other week, in an effort to treat my wife to a great night out, I bought tickets to our favorite opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*. I then proceeded to spend no fewer than thirty-five minutes driving up and down Grand Boulevard, only to find a lone parking spot TEN

MINUTES walking distance away. Post-racial society my ass.

2. Shaving

Although I do not consider myself a resentful man, I cannot help but lose faith in my country every morning when I pick up my three-blade razor and proceed to shave every. single. hair. on my ebony face. What on earth did our nation's courageous civil rights activists fight for if I'm still a slave to Gillette and Barbasol?

3. Drinking Hot Liquids

Think drinking a morning cup of

Joe is an easy task for a black male in America? Think again! If it were not for my black friends with whom I can commiserate about the trials of drinking a Dunkin Donuts coffee while driving to work, I might very well just give up coffee altogether. And, just because I do not want to depress you with grim details, I will not even go into brain freezes. . .

4. Filing Taxes

Do the IRS tax forms make sense to you? Man, I wish I were you. Despite our nation's ostensible belief in the equality of man, every mid-April serves as a reminder of its true values. With every line, box, sub-box, and sub-sub box, I can faintly hear the government whispering in my ear: "your name is Toby."

5. That Annoying Sound of Forks Scratching Plates

You've just sat down to a beautiful, four course meal when—EEK—you hear the sound of your fork scraping against the cold, hard surface of your dinner plate. It is as if we learned nothing from the great words of Maya Angelou: "No man can know where he is going unless he knows exactly where he has been and exactly how he arrived at his present place." Our forefathers dreamed of a better America and, although we have made great strides, my eardrums remind me that there is a long road ahead.

Straight Talk About Chalk Talk

CATNIP EVERCLEAR
REDDITOR-IN-CHIEF

On March 21, student protests erupted at Emory University, a private institution in Georgia, after someone wrote in chalk the words, "Trump 2016." One student, oft quoted this past week, decried, "I'm supposed to feel comfortable and safe here, but this man is being supported by students on our campus and our administration shows that they, by their silence, support it as well. . . I don't deserve to feel afraid at my school."

The student leader of the protests was quoted in national media as crying out, "You are not listening! Come speak to us, we are in pain!"

The administration of Emory immediately provided counseling to those students traumatized by the actions of the thoughtless wielder of the piece of chalk. They also promised to review campus security cameras to try to catch the perpetrator since all chalk writing at Emory has to be pre-approved.

Police at first tried dusting for fingerprints, but when they blew on the chalk the evidence blew away as well. Police took one individual into custody who tested positive for chalky fingers, but was later released when he turned out to be the captain of the Emory billiards team. Authorities have also enlisted the services of a handwriting expert and chalk sniffing dog.

SLUM student activists promised to stand in solidarity with the traumatized students of Emory and immediately set up a "chalk-free" safety zone. Others have called for banning chalk on campus altogether. That created some backlash from some Republican members of the Missouri General Assembly including State Senator Clemet Change D. Nyer, R-Columbia, who said, "If you make owning chalk a crime, then only the criminals will have chalk." Senator Nyer has also introduced legislation to protect the right of any student to

"open carry" chalk as well as all other writing implements, including calligraphy supplies.

Supporting the pro-chalk faction on campus was an odd assortment of art students, English teachers, Libertarians (who were also circulating petitions to legalize medical chalk), and some children playing hopscotch without a permit. The anti-chalk activists included a rainbow coalition of liberal groups, SLUM Students for Bernie Sanders, the anti-Trump women's group Why Are We So Much Smarter Than Men, and SLUM building maintenance employees who fear a chalking explosion not seen since the summer of 1968.

The Stagnant believes that all students have a right to feel "comfortable and safe" on campus. The best way to make students more comfortable

at SLUM is to invest in some better furnishings. Most of the chairs in classrooms were made in North Korea as torture devices. The best way to make students safer is to ban all cars on campus. Seriously, did you see how close that guy came to running me down in the middle of a cross-walk?

The Stagnant also believes that all students also have a right to write. Some will write smart things, like those of us who write for *The Stagnant* (until someone buys our screenplay), and some will write dumb things. If you see something written on the sidewalk that you do not like, you can always add your own footnote, or just chalk it up to one more person to add to your enemies list and repeat their names over and over like Aria Stark in *Game of Thrones*. Or just pray for rain.

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Turkeys Take Geese to Task in Enrollment Battle

MISS INGNO
STAFF BITER

The Stagnant reported last year that the local geese of St. Louis University of Missouri (SLUM) have been forced into the status of fee-paying students along with every other degree-seeking chump in a 30-mile radius. Now it looks like the geese of SLUM have new competition for ruling the campus roost as the top bird behind the desk: turkeys. Wild turkeys from nearby wooded areas have arrived, intent on enrolling in the upcoming semesters with all the other SLU dropouts and community college alumni.

Turkeys, for those who have never seen a Thanksgiving special on television, are native to the St. Louis region. They can grow up to 10 feet tall and their talons are sharp enough to kill three grown men before taking a pedicure break. They are also very involved in local politics, and have registered an official complaint with the nearby ACLU chapter concerning their enrollment possibilities with SLUM.

"Despite common misbeliefs, turkeys are very proud, intelligent birds!" declared St. Louis turkey spokesbird Harry Jive in a recent press conference. "We want the chance to be wracked with student debt and indecision about our academic future like any other common goose, as is our right as taxpaying citizens of Missouri!" He then presented to the press several boxes of tax forms, which smelled faintly of gizzards, but ruffled his feathers at the first reporter who dared come close enough to try and read any of the papers.

In response, the SLUM geese union has held their own rival press conference, literally in the same room as the turkeys but with slightly larger microphones and podium, and an oversized banner hanging overhead reading "Get with the goose! Turkeys are for dinner!" in all caps.

"Turkeys? In SLUM? Why not just



A horde of prospective turkeys stalk Freshman Brant Cana in the Financial Aid Office

ABRAHAM DRINKIN'/THE STAGNANT

let every bird who doesn't sleep in trees enroll here?" said union president Mark Rindwin in a series of hypothetical questions. "Do you really want to see these dummies gobbling up Slusho food in the cafeteria with the normals? Is this microphone even on?"

Thanks to the incendiary comments from the geese union, SLUM has quickly become a battleground between turkeys and geese, both groups oddly enough fighting to stay on campus, instead of making the logical move to leave for a school that actually has money and renovated facilities. Last Tuesday, a scuffle between two geese and a prospective turkey student broke out in front of the Honors College, which ended when the campus shuttle

collided with the angry amalgamation of wings and textbooks. One goose, SLUM student Bill Branta, freshman, airplane engineering, was taken to the hospital with a fractured beak, while the turkey was arrested for inciting violence and attacking a police officer.

Three days after the incident, *The Stagnant* found Harry Jive in the first floor of the Millennial Student Center, nursing a large soda and looking as if he had been picked to be on the chancellor's dinner table come November. "This," he moaned, "is a horrible black eye for the turkey student movement. Chancellor Pickles isn't taking my calls, his secretary threw a chair at me, and even his little raccoon friend won't let me eat with him on the lawn by Woods

Hall. What a world, what a world..."

The ACLU will be holding an open meeting in the Quad in an attempt to bridge the gap between geese, turkeys, and the human bodies who are continually caught in the crossfire. On April 12 at 1 p.m., all SLUM students, faculty, staff, alumni, panhandlers, prospective tuition slaves, and random pedestrians from Natural Bridge will be invited to voice their opinion on whether or not turkeys should be allowed to enroll in SLUM as the geese have since 2015. Any concerns or questions about the open meeting can be written on a rolled-up piece of paper and thrown into Boggy Lake, to be read at an undetermined time in the future by unconcerned parties.

SLUM Newspaper Is Officially AARP Eligible

SARAH THUSTRA
STAFF BITER

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"of work," a pause so long it became awkward for everyone in the dining hall we were interviewing her in, including the salt shakers and the dead Japanese beetles on the windowsill.

The Stagnant will be formally celebrating its 50th year as fish wrapping with a huge party in the Century Rooms on April 7, scheduling it on a Wednesday so as to be the most inconvenient for attendees. There will be food catered by the campus cafeteria when the doors open at 5 p.m., with actual edible food to be made available at 6 p.m. or whenever the hired caterers leave the building. There will also be

a cash bar, because *The Stagnant* is not your mother and is not in the business of shepherding staggering drunks to the campus shuttle. Sorrynotsorry is expecting to be the key guest speaker at the event. In response, sports editor Quill Twiddler and opinions editor Simon Wei are expected to pants him in front of everyone and then take a selfie with him in his goose-covered undershorts.

"It's gonna be a great time," said A&E editor Theodosia Burr's Sex Dungeon. "There is going to be lots of drinking and dancing and pantsing, and I am going to challenge everyone to duels behind Pro Hoe which I don't expect to actually show up to! Suck on that, nerds!" She then abandoned her interview to chase a gray-haired English major reading "Bartleby" through the

library.

During the event, there will be a fifteen-minute video showcasing the highlights of *The Stagnant's* past 50 years in print, put together by news editor Bea A. Fraid and photo editor Abraham Drinkin, and unofficially assisted by Nintendo. Some events covered by *The Stagnant* include the kissing rampage of Georgie Porgie, who is still being hunted by the SLUM police, the discovery of ghosts in the Pro Hoe building, and the abundance of geese being jerks.

Features editor Lucie Darnay only had good things to say about her time at *The Stagnant*. She started out as a copy editor and worked her way up to editor earlier this year.

"It sucks," Darnay said over the phone, bland pop music in the back-

ground. "I haven't been paid in two months, my writers keep bailing on me to join the Peace Corp, and I'm not even allowed to sleep on the couch in the office. But I need the experience on my resume, so here I am!"

Tickets for *The Stagnant's* 50th party will be on sale as long as Darnay is sitting at the table in front of the radio station like we forced her to, and costs 10 dollars per person, with a two dollar surcharge for alumni. Those who show their SLUM ID at the table will receive a surly look and an empty plea for freedom. Please do not answer the empty plea for freedom, and under no circumstance should you give an article of clothing to the editor.