THE ANGRY GERMAN
Public Relations

On Friday, April 6, 2012, at 2:12 p.m., His Excellency King George III, absolute ruler of SLUM and all its associated domains, was arrested by campus police on charges of public intoxication, public lewdness, assault on a police officer, theft, disturbing the peace and destruction of property. His arrest brings an end to the nearly week-long manhunt in which police searched frantically for His Excellency, as well as His Excellency’s accomplice, a tall, enigmatic figure later identified as Red, one of His Excellency’s favored minions and the man in charge of this very production.

According to statements from both His Excellency and Red, the incident began last Friday, when His Excellency met with Red to discuss matters of import around the SLUM campus. What began as an innocent and legitimate meeting, however, soon began a spiral descent into insanity that will undoubtedly reverberate through the annals of SLUM history for decades to come.

Official reports pertaining to the matter are not always clear, but police records indicate that on the previous Sunday afternoon, deputies were dispatched to the Center for Student Advancement to investigate an anonymous report of public alcohol consumption. At first, the pair managed to forestall police action with a bottle labeled “Just Water.” However, this ruse soon evaporated as the meeting continued.

The police were summoned a second time several hours later to find Red and His Excellency, a snifter of his favorite whiskey in hand, both obviously intoxicated as they sat repeatedly over the Center for Student Advancement’s second floor railing onto the heads of passersby leaving The Trough.

That was only the first of a litany of offenses to come. When confronted again by police, His Excellency became visibly agitated. Attempts to apprehend the university potentate proved unsuccessful when His Excellency and Red successfully distracted the officers by presenting at the student center’s coffee shop and shouting, “Hey, is that a sign for free donuts?” By the time the officers realized there were, in fact, no free donuts, both Red and His Excellency were gone.

“The trail went cold for a bit after that,” said a police representative under a guarantee of anonymity. “To be honest, no one expected them to get far without being caught. Usually when we have to chase down drunks, they end up falling over after a few steps. Our benevolent leader and his accomplice did not suffer such an ignominious fate, however. After fleeing the initial confrontation, the pair was not sighted again until the next day, when they arrived at Bendon-Stabler Hall.

“I first realized something was up when I showed up for class and saw these two dudes peeing in that lake between Bendon and the parking garage,” Richard Shaw, senior, physics, said. “Then it looked like they were heading over to Bendon, but they didn’t just walk in the door. The older guy had a bottle with him... suddenly he just rears back and chucks it through the window next to the door. Then they both laughed their asses off and stumbled inside, and then I saw the guy pick up the bottle and take a swig. I dunno how the thing didn’t break, but whatever.” After a short pause, he added, “I wish I knew what the hell it was they were drinking, because I wanna try that shit.”

Dr. Bryce Kilving, professor of physics at SLUM, soon discovered the objective of the perpetrators: the high-powered microscopes at the SLUM physics lab.

“T’m giving some new freshmen a tour of the lab, and all of a sudden His Excellency comes in and says he’s never been before. He starts babbling about how they need to get the plutonium from our secret hiding place before the Libyans know it’s gone, or something. I tried to tell him that the thing he was taking apart was my million-dollar electron microscope, not some top-secret stash spot for weapons-grade plutonium, but I think he was too tanked to know what I was saying. Of course, he could have been distracted by the horrified screams of my students when his friend tried to photoproduce a picture of his butt with my high-res scanner,” Kilving said.

Kilving attempted to summon SLUM police, but was stopped by His Excellency. “I picked up the phone and started to dial. Then he says to me, calm as can be, ‘You better remember who pays your salary before you place that call, you pencil-necked peasant.’ Then he starts screaming ‘WOOOOO!’ and drains half his whiskey bottle,” Kilving said, obviously shaken by the day’s events. “I love my job these days, but I don’t know how much more of this I can take. I mean, did you see what they did to my observatory? The telescope is pretty useless when the eyepiece and the lens are covered with a giant picture of a phallicus drawn in permanent marker.”

Continued on page 5.
**Stagnation**

Your weekly calendar of campus events. "Stagnation" is a free service for the highest bidders. Submissions must be turned in by 5 p.m. the Thursday before publication; hopeful submissions must include at least a $300 offering in an unmarked envelope. Listings may be edited for length and style. E-mail event listings to thecurrent-tips@umsl.edu, with the subject "Stagnation." No phone submissions.

**Tuesday, April 10**

First Zombie Display in History

Starts at sunrise... or sunset... we're not really sure. Never ends. Located at Bendon-Stibler 327 and open to followers.

Join us for the first successful re-animation of the dead in nearly 2,000 years. We have finally managed to recreate the Rise of Christ in our laboratories... or... we will manage it. We are not entirely certain. In any case, come watch some scientific chibbles dance and we may manage to revive this one guy. Awesome! Who needs videos games now?

For more information, contact Jesus Christo at 1-800-7283-69-7685.

**Wednesday, April 11**

Hot Dog/Popsicle-Eating Contest

From 4:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. Located at Xi Xi Xi Fraternity House and open to all.

Are you as skilled at eating hot dogs as Takeru Kobayashi? Do you possess endurance and fortitude for gobbling down popsicles equal to that of Pokk Yu and Pokk Mi? If so, come down to the Xi Xi Xi house this Wednesday and participate in our Speed-Eating Contest! Prizes are multitudinous and will be subjective based upon performance of participants.

For more information, contact Chase Hightower at 314-555-5723.

**Monday, April 16**

SLUM College of Slight Benevolence Professor Press Release

From 11:33 a.m. to 12:42 p.m. Located at College of Slight Benevolence Conference Room and open to all.

Professor Green will issue a press release discussing his recent conquest of an educational program at the neighboring University of Decadence. St. Louis. Green will chronicle the efforts made by himself and his minions to discredit and defame the University of Decadence. St. Louis' student rag sheet, The Spin. He will also be accepting donations of student rants to fill the next issue of the bi-weekly publication Liberals with Opinions, which he oversees here at SLUM.

**Friday, April 13**

Faculty Protest Against Student Parking Spaces

From 9:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. Located at parking lots around campus and open to faculty.

Come out this Friday to support the faculty overtake of student parking spaces around campus. The students have for too long occupied our parking lots with a sense of absolute entitlement. We will now take these spots back from them and force all students to utilize the parking garages that we usually have to walk from. They're the young ones - let them get the exercise!

For more information, contact Julius Caesar at 1-800-438-7663.

Hide yo kids, hide yo wifes!

April 2, 2012 - 11:30 p.m.
Report # 13-88 - Theft / Assault / Failure to Report - Xi Xi Xi Fraternity house. A SLUM student reportedly that a thief knocked them out and stole a case of beer during a party last week. Parties and local police stood by and videotaped the event for M忠实ube fame. Value $20. Disposition: "Undercover investigation" ongoing.

April 3, 2012 - 1:00 a.m.
Report # 13-92 - Public Lewdness - The Trough. SLUM police took a delayed report of excessive lewdness in the Center for Student Advancement food service center, The Trough. An orgy took place on the sandwich preparation table and later progressed to the sushi bar. Disposition: Participation pending.

April 5, 2012 - 2:30 a.m.
Report # 13-96 - Slander - Woody Hall. A SLUM student was apprehended when High King George III took offense to claims by said student that SLUM's use of funds for the construction of a new Faculty Entertainment Center goes against the SLUM constitution. Disposition: Instant arrest and imprisonment.

April 6, 2012 - 3:33 p.m.
Report # 13-125 - Verbal / Physical Assault - Center for Political Debates. A SLUM student was assaulted verbally and physically by famed candidate for the presidency, Dick Santurin. Santurin claims he was told to attack the "pink bowling ball-carrying student dressed like a bunny in a cocktail dress." Disposition: Report taken.

April 8, 2012 - 10:00 p.m.

For further details, visit http://safety.umsl.edu/metermaids/campus-crimeinfo/daily-log.html, or check out SLUM Meter Maids on Facebook and Hooter.

**WEATHER**

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Perhaps when one thinks of a college education one might picture long nights at the library, 40-page papers that take two semesters to research and write or impossible tests requiring complicated memorized calculus formulas and concepts only briefly touched on during lecture. True college students know this is fallacious, and now the St. Louis University of Missouri College of Business Administration has recognized this, too. Starting in fall 2012, SLUM will be offering a new freshmen orientation class called Coasting: How to Truly Succeed in the Modern Collegiate Environment.

Business department head Reginald Wilson said that SLUM needs to start offering a more realistic education, beginning with offerings to freshman. “If you look at the competition we face from online universities, students are taking a huge risk with a traditional education like what they would receive here at SLUM,” Wilson said. “We need to give them the tools they need to succeed, and this class is a step in the right direction.”

New professor Nathan “The Goat” Hancock said he believes effort may not necessarily mean better results. “Man, more work doesn’t mean a better grade. That’s some grade-A bullshit right there. The first three times I went to college I kept thinking to myself, ‘Man, this really sucks.’ Come to think of it, I thought that the last three times, too.” After attending education spanning almost two decades at four different institutions of higher learning, Hancock finally earned his degree. “I had switched majors like 20 times and I was registering last fall, like I always do, when I got a call from some lady who turned out to be my academic advisor, and she said I had somehow earned a degree in elementary physical education the previous year and I didn’t have to register for classes anymore since I had graduated. Good things happen to The Goat, you know?”

A period of confusion followed, and Hancock found himself the recipient of an unlikely offer. “I didn’t know what to do, so I showed up to my introductory marketing class and the professor said I wasn’t on the class roster and that he felt bad for me or something and before I knew it they gave The Goat this job.”

Wilson said that Hancock was a natural choice to lead and develop the new curriculum. “Nathan truly believes in the college experience and he clearly has a unique world perspective that all our students will benefit from,” Wilson said. “Modern American institutions of higher learning like SLUM are facing an uncertain future that includes declining graduation rates, rising tuition costs and the general devaluation of a traditional college degree. If you think about it, once you graduate you have a piece of paper,” Hancock said. “It doesn’t matter if you got all C’s or all A’s to get it. Man, I say let the schmucks and foreign students work to get it. The Goat has better things to do...I mean, a wise man once said something, I don’t remember who it was--some guy from history or whatever--but he said that the path to success is the one of least resistance or something like that, and my job is to make sure these students take advantage of everything.”

Major topics to be covered will include citing Wikipedia in an essay, gaining additional points on tests by complaining, creative class participation, sleeping in class, finding easier professors, occupying yourself in a boring class by discreetly playing games on your smartphone, safely skipping the maximum number of classes and another topic Hancock referred to only as “crop-dusting.”

“It’s not like professors want you to fail. We all know that,” Hancock said. “The Goat is just here to share his wisdom and show some kids how to speak their language and get that piece of paper. I mean, you have already paid for it, and chances are you will be paying for it for years to come. They just need to give you what is rightfully yours.”

When asked why he refers to himself as “The Goat” Hancock replied, “That’s between me, my friends, my parole officer and my Facescroll page, man.”
SLUM student collects goose poop to help friends, prepares for doomsday

ACTION ANGIE
Bitch

The pounds of goose poop that students dodge every day have finally found a purpose. St. Louis University of Missouri student Harry Edgar, freshman, animal science, has collected the droppings of campus geese lying pointlessly around campus and found many uses for them. These purposes include sculpting, home-made remedies, sugarless gum, ink pens, air fresheners, nicotine substitutes, bouquets, car plugs and a possible alternative to gasoline.

"I have never been one to waste anything," Edgar said. "Some might even consider me to be a hoarder. It just breaks my heart to see the custodians come by and sweep something with such great potential," Edgar said.

Edgar has been known to walk around with a trash bag scraping up goose poop, dumpster dive for goose droppings and feed SLUM geese daily. "The more food, the more droppings, you see," Edgar said.

Edgar has made quite an impact on his fellow students.

"He is so great," Berinie Mast, sophomore, social work, said. "I could not think of what to give my girlfriend for her birthday, and he made me a heart-shaped 'box of chocolates.' She is really into everything being organic, so she loved it.

"The other day in class, my pen stopped working," Helen Dagaz, sophomore, biology, said. "Harry handed me a pen he'd refilled with ink himself by 'juicing' our the goose poop into a liquid form. The color was great and it was very smooth to write with. It is evenerasable."

Other students are not so excited about Edgar's inventions.

"The kid sticks goose poop in his mouth and chews it like it is gum next to me in class," Yolanda Bates, junior, nursing, said. "Goose poop. The whole area around him smells like Bugg Lake. I do not care if it is sugarless and only has one calorie; I find it disgusting."

"My boyfriend gave me a heart-shaped box full of goose poop for my birthday and thought I would like it because I am into organically grown foods," Hannah Leader, freshman, astronomy, said. "That is not organic, it is just grotesque. I want to break up with him now."

"I have had the unpleasant experience of driving behind Edgar," Thom Marty, senior, business, said. "I have heard of using fry grease as a fuel, and that seems odd to me. But his exhaust pipe was emitting a goose poop aroma that could not be overcome by any of my air fresheners. We were in a traffic jam. It was the worst experience of my life."

Edgar authored his goose poop idea after watching a new show on the Discovery Channel titled "Dual Survival." The show features Dave Canterbury and Cody Lundin putting themselves in extremely dangerous situations and using their creativity to save their own lives. Edgar is a firm believer in the 2012 apocalypse and feels that with the number of parks readily available—and, of course, the SLUM campus—he will be able to survive for years after the "end" using all of the available goose poop.

Edgar has been working with SLUM's marketing and business departments to get his inventions on the market. So far, Five-Hour Energy, Chevronda, Inky-Race, Skull Candy and Rigley's have contacted him with competitive offers. Edgar is hesitant, though, because he feels that if the idea becomes too widespread, it will put him at the same risk as everyone else after doomsday.

Edgar's art—including paintings and sculptures such as "Through the Eyes of a Goose," "Pond Poop" and "Geesey Breeze"—will be on display at SLUM's Gallery 120 in late April. Edgar is currently working on a parody of "Swan Lake" called, of course, "Geese Lake." It is scheduled to premiere in late May at SLUM's Three Hill Performing Arts Center.

Feeling some relief but still having Depression symptoms?
We are conducting a research study to test the safety and efficacy of an investigational medication for Major Depressive Disorder (MDI).
Volunteers may be eligible to participate in the study if they:
• Are male or female 18 or older
• Have a primary diagnosis of Major Depressive Disorder
• Have had depression symptoms for at least one month
• Are currently on a SSRI
Eligible participants will receive study-related procedures and study medication at no charge. They will also be compensated for their time and travel.

To learn more about this research study and to see if you are qualified, please contact:
Mid-America Clinical Research at:
314-647-1743
Do you have any idea how much it costs to have that thing cleaned? No, you don’t. And believe me, you don’t want to.”

Luckily for Dr. Kilwing and the rest of the SLUM physics faculty, not to mention their extremely expensive equipment, the deadly duo soon moved on. Several sightings were reported by various SLUM students and officials, but each time police arrived too late to make the arrest. “It was like he knew we were coming,” said Captain T.J. Hooker, chief of SLUM’s police force. “I guess now I know who stole that police radio from the station last week.”

The situation came to a head last Friday, when officers received a report of two obviously intoxicated individuals at a nearby park. “It was them, all right,” said Hooker, who went with the detachment sent to bring in His Excellency and his mysterious accomplice. “I don’t think they slept all week. They still had the same clothes on, and that kid’s backpack had about a dozen empty whiskey bottles spilling out of it. His Excellency was playing hopscotch and singing some country song about a red solo cup, and [Red] was passed in what looked like a lake of his own vomit.”

The arrest itself went surprisingly smoothly, according to Hooker. “When he saw us coming, he chucked his last bottle at us, but I think he realized he was finally out of booze at that point, because all that fight went out of him pretty quick after that.”

Despite his laundry list of infractions, Hooker couldn’t help but express a certain grudging admiration for His Excellency. “The man goes on a week-long bender, and when we finally catch up to him he still looks like he just got out of the shower and put on a fresh set of clothes.” Hooker said, pointing to King George’s immaculately pressed white shirt and red-striped tie. “I guess that’s why he’s the King.”

As lord and master of SLUM, the King obviously enjoys freedom from prosecution within his own domain, though some are clamoring for consequences.

“Well, an apology would be nice,” said Dr. Kilwing. “Or maybe a new electron microscope. Locks on the lab door might not be a bad idea either. But really, I’d settle for just not having things thrown at me in the middle of a delicate experiment. That would be nice.”

High King George III and Champion Red being hancuffed after getting caught drinking alcohol on campus.
Eternal Servitude

Insane Cow Pie Posse leaves lasting impression on SLUM

ACTION ANGIE

Bitch

Hip-hop duo Insane Cow Pie Posse, better known as ICCP, visited the Threehill Performing Arts Center at the St. Louis University of Missouri on April 1, 2012. The Anheuser Bush theater was at its 1,600 max capacity and the halls were filled with fans just wanting to be close to the band and watching the concert on the televisions. The crowd that did not fit into the packed building stood outside chanting “Jiggalo Family” and “Who’s gonna turkey huntin’? We’re gonna turkey huntin’!” All of St. Louis could hear the same chants being shouted by passengers riding the Metrolink to the venue. Needless to say, everyone knew ICCP was in town.

Lines were also out the doors for the new Threehill cups for patrons to pour their Fayrego into. Customers later complained because others were taking off the lids, which is strictly forbidden at the Threehill, and pouring the drinks on their “family members.” A detergent has yet to be discovered that gets the odor of this Detroit soft drink out of clothing.

Ushers tried to calm the overly-pumped fans in order to deter potential messes inside the very expensive theater. Face paint was also a problem for the custodial staff, as it was smeared over the plush red seats and stained the P.A.L.S. hearing aids that fans had checked out.

Singer Tila Cuervo tried her luck opening for the infamous band again and had a similar outcome. Fans threw Threehill cups and would have thrown food, cameras and recording devices had these things been allowed in the theater. Fans then jumped over the orchestra pit and onto the stage and brutally attacked Cuervo.

“It is in my job description to show people where they are supposed to sit, not pull an angry mob off UTube phenomena,” an usher said.

SLUM police tried to reach Cuervo but could not get through the family.

Cuervo was so offended by the audience’s reaction that she did not even stay for the rest of the show and was escorted out of the building.

Insane Cow Pie Posse opened their show with fireworks, even though Threehill told them multiple times that they could not do so. The stage curtains caught fire, but luckily fans had plenty of Fayrego to douse the flames. The firefighting vigilantes received medical attention after this incident when the Fayrego got into their eyes, leaving them stinging and red.

Many of the fans’ eyes were already red, though, due to the marijuana that some of the patrons snuck in. Rumor had it that ushers’ flashlights were stolen and used to hide the illegal drugs.

The band’s popular songs—including “Bogie Man,” “Three Little Pigs,” “Homeys” and “Lover Connection”—played, fans waved their hatchet gear and flashed their ICCP loyalty tattoos proudly.

Other fans were not as joyous, though, and instigated fights with their fellow Jiggalos. The most common argument was that of a Jiggalo stealing a fellow Jiggalo’s Jiggiplate.

coat check was overrun with missing hatchet men and hatchet girls being turned in. The coat check worker had a hard time deciphering patrons’ descriptions of their hatchet people. Other items that were turned into coat check included chains from black baggy pants, face paint tubes, marijuana, counterfeited autographs on merchandise, magnets, Legged Select cigarettes, hair gel and black nail polish.

Leaving the concert was no piece of cake either. Patrons got confused as to which car belonged to them, since every vehicle in the lot was covered with ICCP stickers.

ICCP plans on returning for an encore show next year at the Threehill. The ushers plan to stop them.

Got something to say?

Do you really think we care?

This isn't your mama's newspaper, kids.
No Viagra needed for cover band at Parade, performance appreciated

ACTUALLY "GETFO" ATKINS
Office of Pointlessness

On April 1, on the stage of the Parade, greatness was not found among the crowd of millions who were tricked into attending the reunion tour of a band that was at the top of their game 62 years ago.

Many may ask how a crowd can be forced to attend an concert of an outdated band. The answer to this question is that the tour promoter promised that Rustin Bebe would be the opening act.

The crowd was surprised to find instead an elderly man back on to his feet and quickly walked him offstage. He was hysteric. “Am I in hell? Is this hell?” he asked. The situation did not get any better when the headlineers came out onto the stage.

The four elderly gentlemen of the Frankie Mountain and the Three Seasons cover band came out on stage in their best outerwear. Also sporting comb-overs, these gentlemen decided to stay true to their upbringing and did not sport the idealistic “purple hoody.” Would this jeopardize their chances at winning over the crowd? No. The men were already pretty much screwed. This was a shame because they did rock some mean bow-ties.

A cover band of the 1950s classics, they started the show. The gleam in their eyes before the music started to play told the audience that they strongly believed this tune to be a crowd-changer. The lead singer does a little shuffle and begins to sing, but he could not be heard because of the roar of the crowd. They liked it. The hellish Rustin Bebe fans loved what they had heard.

Because the crowd was full of underage young adults, their parental escorts were forced to the back of the room, where they stood until the show was over. The parents did not enjoy the headliners. They had already spent a lifetime listening to politically correct music and they wanted to hear nothing more than “hot and dirty thrash.”

For the second half of the concert, the parents were the ones screaming insults at the stage. “We want sex. We haven't gotten any in months,” they said. The music stopped and the children turned around, pointed at their parents and laughed.

A couple of training bras were thrown up on the stage as the cover band wrapped up the performance with “Pound Dog.”

As the crowd exited onto the streets of the chicken coop, the young people had to force their depressed parents to drive them back home to their boring lives. The band stuck around to sign autographs, take photos and provide nursing home numbers.

Goose poop on display on the lawn at SLUM. SNAPPY BANGKOK / THE STAGNANT
Sunny More speaks on wub in interview with ‘The Stagnant’

BURT KOKAIN

Trend-following teenagers worldwide were caught in an uproar on April 1, 2012, when everyone finally admitted that they do not actually know what dubstep is.

The controversy began when St. Louis University of Missouri student Linsanity Lohand boasted to her friends that she “dubstepped so hard” to Daft Pink’s original soundtrack for The Stagnant after we helped him untangle a low-flying bird caught in his weave.

“A lot of people think that dubstep is nothing but wub-wub-wub, but there’s a lot more to it than that,” insisted More. “They’re forgetting entirely about the oonts-oonts-oonts. My job is to balance these two elements together: maybe three wubs, two oonts and then a wobble. Or a wub, an oont and then more wubs. Or, when I’m feeling really experimental, two wubs, three oonts and then a sound clip from a YouTube video of someone inhaling cinnamon.”

More, recently nominated for a Grammy for “Wub-wub of the Year,” originally began his musical career in the post-hardcore outfit From First to Last, where he played lead angst.

“It was really a natural transition,” said More, pausing to adjust his non-prescription glasses. “I was rehearsing the post-breakdown chorus for one of our songs, ‘Emotionals Make Me Angry and Sad.’ It was supposed to go ‘whoa, whoa, whoa’ but I accidentally misread it as ‘wub wub wub.’ Not long after, I shaved the left side of my head and dubstep was born.”

More’s example has encouraged other artists to jump onto the bass-rattled bandwagon. Neil Diamondhead, for instance, is in the midst of an exhaustive remix of his back catalog, spawning the new singles “Cherry, Cherry, Bass Drop” and “Girl, You’ll Be a Wobble Soon.”

As for More’s plans for the future, he is reportedly in the midst of an exciting new project. This project, like his nom de guerre Skrillex, is named in tribute to More’s former AOL instant messenger account: xX_whydon'tmyparents worryaboutme_Xx.

“Forget the wub,” More said. “I’m exploring a whole new sound for the next album. Like maybe jibble. Or even flargh. Trust me, this isn’t the last you’ve heard of Skrillex.”

Unfortunately, it would appear that fans have, in fact, heard the last of Sunny More, who tragically died shortly after this interview when a pencil became caught in his earlobe hoop.
Save the Date!!

UMSL Relay For Life

April 20-21, 2012
Don Dallas Soccer Field
6 p.m.-6 a.m.

Sign-up Now!!
Or Donate
www.relay.org/umslmo

Please email umslcac@gmail.com with any questions
**Pointlessness**

Medical whore teams up with student radio to screw Threehill

Erin feels around the Threehill as it is bought by a dying UI. GERIATRIC JAMES BOND / THE STAGNANT

That it is read, "I hate you Blanche."

NOT ACTUALLY "QFLO" ATKINS
Office of Pointlessness

Noira Threehill is known on the St. Louis University of Missouri campus for the prestigious establishment that was built and named in her honor. For years, the establishment has acted as the hot spot for the surrounding community, supplying people with different forms of entertainment ranging from a monthly family circus, bungee jumping and snorkeling with manta rays. However, when skeletons coming out of Noira's closet, will her establishment be safe?

On Thursday, March 22, it was discovered that a large donation of five million dollars had been made to the student radio station, the Y, which is housed in the common area of SLUM. The donation did not come from Noira, but from one of her past rivals, Dr. Acuta Vitch, who originally came up with the idea of the Threehill during a meeting at an honorary banquet hosted for successful women. Known for her accomplishments in the world of St. Louis medicine, Vitch was struck with a chest cold and she refused to die without adding the Threehill donation to her will. It is believed that Vitch started a relationship with a man 50 years younger than her to allow her to experiment with kink arteri-and-crafts sex, which explains the abundance of yarn Vitch purchased throughout the year. Noira Threehill was well aware of Vitch's affair and showed her disapproval of her ex-friend's whores' ways by cutting off Vitch's yarn supply at every St. Louis crafts retailer in the country. "I remember seeing that poor woman standing outside of Ann's Fabric begging for a spool of yarn. Best-dressed hobo I have ever seen. I felt for her, so I bought her some [yarn]," Susan Dipert, junior, English, said. "I mean, why would a store deprive an elderly woman of yarn for knitting a sweater for her grandchildren?" Vitch, however, never had any children, much less grandchildren.

When her lover, Kevin Swallows, was questioned about the station's new found wealth, he simply said that "Vitch was always a giver. All of those years of...fucking came to use."

Acting as head technician for the Y, Swallows plans to use the fortune to buy Threehill out of her "lame" Center. The station will convert the upper level of the building into a new improved station. The lower level will be strictly a concert venue. Memps president, Old McDonald, was asked what artist would now grace the stage of the Threehill. "All we know for now is that it will not be fuckin' Dustin Bebe. I hate that brat," McDonald said.

Students of all ages around campus were asked how they felt about the downfall of Noira Threehill and her precious Threehill. For the most part, the students did not even know what Threehill was.

Threehill was recently seen tagging Vitch's grave before being taken away by cemetery security.
New course teaches how to manipulate masters and slaves

PADAXES STONE
Bitch

St. Louis University of Missouri is offering a new course called CMP SCI 9001: Networking: Masters and Slaves. This new class will meet Friday evenings from 6-9 p.m. in Social Darwinism Building 169 and is offered as a summer class that will begin May 14 and end July 7. This course is designed to introduce students to networking between masters and slaves. It is the professor's objective to decrease the average access time to slaves by learning to manipulate external hard drives, put that extra ram in the motherboard, compare connectors and learn to stick them where they belong. Apparently, no floppies are allowed.

Dr. Roshi, who prefers to be called Master Roshi by his students, will be teaching the class. Dr. Roshi describes his new course as "liberating and educational" and highly recommends CMP SCI 9001 for "young women who are seeking to get [their] head in this new world where networking is an essential job skill."

This new course will not require the use of textbooks, saving students valuable dollars. Although the lack of a textbook may intimidate some students, Dr. Roshi insists that "it is essential for students to have hands-on experience and learn to manipulate devices properly, which can be difficult to learn from a textbook. They will however, be required to purchase their own Sonic Screwdriver."

"We don't have that section in our bookstore anymore," Malcolm Reynolds, SLUM Bookstore employee, said. Reynolds confirmed to consult further.

Moff Tarkin, senior, business management, is very excited for this course. "I'm always having trouble getting my slaves to function properly, no matter how efficient slaves if I am going to appeal The Dark Emperor. That's what I named my computer," Tarkin said.

Tarkin hopes to apply what he learns from this course to his internship with the newly formed Death Star Inc. "Death Star, Inc. handles a lot of slaves on a day-to-day basis and knowing how to manipulate them will give me a leg up on the other interns."

This new class is filling up quickly. Three sections have opened with 33 seats each and one section is already filled to capacity.

Penny Hofstadter, sophomore, performing arts, was happy to claim a seat before the entire section filled. "I am totally psyched for CMP SCI 9001: Masters and Slaves. My boyfriend is always telling me I would make a terrible slave, because, my average access time is terrible. I have to admit this new course will take me a bit outside my comfort zone, but I am excited to experience new things!" Hofstadter said.

Hofstadter then admitted that she reassigned her entire schedule to make room for Masters and Slaves, stating that she was a "fan of Master Roshi" and has taken many of his classes.

"I love his hands-on method of teaching. I just hope I have the right ports!"

The general reaction to this new course is a positive one, although some students feel this type of course is a waste of valuable SLUM resources. "A course like this is definitely not for me. I read the course description and they aren't fooling me with that fancy lingo. I hung up my leathers and whips a long time ago. I feel that if students are interested in this type of course they should seek help from private institutions," Cara Mord-Sith, senior, psychology, said.

Dr. Rishi said, "Masters and Slaves will not be for everyone, but I am convinced that any student brave enough to explore their devices and the devices of others will walk away with confidence."

Believe the SLUM scandal in the English Department?

Bitch

George Collins, the dean in Grimstone's book, is a porn director. He is well-known for making his adult actors and actresses climax in tandem pen-tameter and write thorough thank-you letters using APA format after intercourse. The person possessing this position at SLUM has been slapped on the wrist quite a few times for watching porn at work. Students wonder if the porn in question could be Collins' own.

Brenda Falstadd, Associate Director of Student Affairs in Grimstone's book, is addicted to methamphetamine. Her sister, Charity Falstadd, does these drugs with her and also has the nickname Charity the Chimney because she is never seen without a cigarette.

In his book, Grimstone writes of a rivalry between two departments that dates back to the school's opening in the 1960s. In a Romeo-and-Juliet-like story, the daughter of the dean of the mathematics school fell in love with the son of the director of the English department. Heavily worded letters were sent to the mathematician department, and equations were even formulated to try and understand how such a forbidden love could have manifested itself. The two students eventually ran away together and embroiled the whole SLUM school by going to KU.

Since the 1960s, the feud has escalated to preposterous standards. The dispute has always been kept secret from the students and other departments, though. Just recently, in what students thought was an innocent flag football game between the two departments, there were actually much higher stakes.

The departments made a wager on the game stating that the winning team could choose a professor from the losing team to come and work for their department. The English department won and chose Grimstone. SLUM was under the impression that Grimstone just wanted to teach what he dual-majored in years ago. In reality, after the whose loss Grimstone was forced to transfer his belongings over to his new home in the English department.

Grimstone's day-to-day life became constant torment after that. Saran wrap was often placed on the toilet seat in his bathroom, chambers were infamous for being found in his office chair and fecal matter from other office members earned a spot at the base of Grimstone's food pyramid.

It Grimstone's book, "What Lurks in Locust Hall," an actual depiction of what happens in these departments? Investigations have been put into place since the book became overwhelming popular.

Students have mixed opinions on the subject.

"I honestly do not believe that my professors could be involved in such propaganda. They are all so nice. They could not hurt a fly," Toni Praxton, senior, English, said.

"What I thought were innocent tryouts for a sensual reenactment of Hamlet may have actually been used in Collins' weird porn collection. I have never felt so used," Brandi Reeler, junior, English, said.

Although Grimstone's lawyer has been working hard to defend his client's title, as far as getting his job back goes, he might want to just choose a completely different career. Perhaps he might consider blackmailing..."
SLUM football team dreads upcoming NFL match - crap

FRAZZLED COCK
Offbeat Heathen Writer

It has been nearly half a century since the St. Louis University Missouri football team has lost a game, but with an impending NFL matchup, the Tritons' streak of perfection might be coming to an end.

It wasn't a very positive season for the St. Louis Rams, but new head coach Jeff Fisher believes that this matchup with the UMSL Tritons is a perfect way to get the team competing back at an NFL level.

"No one wants to lose to an inferior team, so I know that my guys will be staying extra focused on execution, fundamentals and winning, something I am preaching for their NFL season," said Fisher.

The Tritons may be an inferior team athletically, but many people are giving the coaching edge to the SLUM team.

Tritons head coach Mike Ditka said that he thinks this matchup will be good for his team. "This is a notch up from the competition, so we will have to step up our game, which will in turn prepare us for the regular season," Ditka said.

Ditka has said that if this game goes well, he could see scheduling this regularly. "If my guys go out there and compete well and gain an edge over the college competition, then I don't see why I wouldn't do this," Ditka said.

Ditka has helped the Tritons stay undefeated for the last eight seasons, and he has had many NFL prospects come through the program here at SLUM, including O.J. Simpson, criminology, 2009, Pac Man Jones, financing, 2008, Branden Marshal, psychology, 2010 and Tim Tebow, biology, 2010. Players coming in seem to have the same success as these SLUM legends.

Ditka sees this as a unique opportunity that can even help the school's football program. "If I can schedule a game against the Rams every spring, I think it will be a strong recruiting tool for the program, as well as a great training experience for the boys. They can talk, play against and learn from the professionals," Ditka said.

Even some of the Tritons players have responded, with mixed emotions.

"The opportunity to step on the field with NFL players is one that only the best get to have, so for us to get to do that as student athletes is huge and definitely an opportunity that I will make the most of," said lineman Bugsy Morris, junior, business administration.

Not all members of the team are so enthused. "I think [Ditka] has drank one to many cups of Irish coffee. Someone on the team is going to get killed out there playing against these men. They are 300-pound professional athletes trained to kill. I am scared to catch the ball against their defensive backs," said wire receiver Debonago Smit, sophomore, theology.

"I know my boys will be ready to play. Some are hesitant now, but after a good week of practice and pregames, the boys will be focused, motivated and ready to compete, even win the game," said Ditka.

Vegas has the Rams as 35-point underdogs to the Rams, a point spread even I would pass up, but other players disagree. "35 points man, the Rams will be lucky if they even score that many points on our defense," said line-backer Jon Sessa, senior, physical education.

If you are planning on gambling on the game, some players offer their words of encouragement. "I am betting on us big time. Even though the odds are against us, we will still not lose by 35," said quarterback Peter Rossy, senior, bookkeeping.

The game is next Sunday in the Joan Edwards Dome, and the team will need the support of all the students. Rams fans are expected to have a large showing of close to 20,000, exceeding their average attendance from the 2011 season.

SLUM to join Big 12 conference - illegal activity possible

CROOK DEAL
Bitch

In a deal reminiscent of backdoor deals in smoke-filled rooms where the prices of bribes are openly displayed like prices listed in barber shops, the St. Louis University of Missouri athletic department announced that it is joining the Big 12 conference.

In a conference call between Big 12 commissioner Carl "The Price Is Right" Perkins and SLUM athletic director, Louis "Let's Make a Deal" Perkins, the commissioner and the athletic director said that this is the beginning of a crooked partnership.

"The Big 12 and SLUM both want to make piles of money," Hogan said. "This deal accomplishes that. Now that we've made money on the new television deal, we are going to see if we can establish a Las Vegas-style gambling ring for bookmaking to set odds on basketball and football."

Basketball coach, Rick "I Am Not A Crook" Brooks, is pleased with the agreement and thinks more deals are on the way.

"I've got this player, an NBA prospect, who I now can afford to pay," Brooks said. "Does anybody know where Fed Ex is located? Because that young man now has an envelope full of money. And there is plenty more of that."

Football coach, Steve "The Bull" McMorris, agreed with Brooks that good players deserve to be paid. "I have football players that need jobs where they just receive a paycheck. My last group of senior players were on scholarship and reported to stealing money," Perkins concurred. "I am ready to count my stacks of money now. I have to distribute some of this money to my players."

"I know that current television contract, worth about a quarter of the new deal, limited SLUM and kept it from attracting top athletes. The original television range at SLUM was limited to a small regional area. Our exposure range is now fantastic. This lets the coaches call recruits and offer some illegal benefits. Everybody is aware that to attract top athletes to an university, you've got to pay them and pay them well. The expiring contract was really a Division II contract. Now we have enough money to pay athletes. We can pay for better tutors to take tests for the athletes also."

"The new contract is a 12-year contract worth $165 million dollars in total revenue and pays SLUM $12.21 million dollars a year. The contract also allows SLUM to receive money for Bowl rights and conference money. SLUM can also sell television rights on its own television network. While this a financial windfall for SLUM, potential customers are now subject to problems."

Carriers are embroiled in a dispute over whether the rights should be added to the premium package for cable subscribers or put on the basic television package. "We can expect reception to be limited, especially when it rains, because the signal is stronger during the day, which means that nighttime games will have a weaker signal," Perkins said.

Consumers also face a price increase as well, since premium games will only be shown on pay-per-view. Student athletes will also not see any marketing money, as revenue from their game jersey sales and video game deals will revert to SLUM.

"The current television deal expires after this season. Once the new television deal is ready, Perkins is certain that that SLUM can attract highly skilled and questionable college athletes. "Hey, Kentucky has a nice payroll system where they pay top dollar for athletes and it is all under the table. Their motto is "Straight cash, homey. Straight cash." No paper trail to follow. That is the exact system we need at SLUM," Perkins said.
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Fingers Touching One Another

Should SLUM institute a new survivalism major?

New survival major absurd by all that is holy and decent

Totally absurd by all forms of reason both known and unknown, the new major field of study that concerns zombie apocalypse survival and promotes the hunting of the beloved campus geese is a disgrace to higher education and would mark the point of no return for humanity's downfall into complete and utter sterility.

Mostly, flitting with a tempestuous both lusthite and vile is not a wise or pragmatic endeavor when conceived with the end result in mind. Mostly. But in this instance, the unerringly dismissal of this nasty wanton endeavor needs to be expedited before the ludicrous idea gains any momentum.

The cretins championing this horrid perversion remain in the minority. All civilized, hard-working gentlemen and ladies of the St. Louis University of Missouri must, by common sense and basic decency, cry out against the scourge of filthy granola hippies.

The new major curriculum includes an emphasis on hunting the urban geese (the true mascot of the SLUM). If all order comes crashing down like a deck of playing cards, the skill of hunting a goose would seem to behoove the vagabond humans roaming the former campus. However, that is not the case.

The thought of actually utilizing the entire goose — which is the only logical thing to do in a situation as dire as this — is despicable. A goose should not be consumed under any circumstances unless it has been properly fattened up by extended torture or force-fed like Hamel and Gretel to be butchered with only the liver remaining. Everything but the liver should be discarded and indulgently wasted. There can be no enjoyment in anything without decimation. The butchery of the top anti-nutritional heartbreaker that is foie gras is a pillar of civilization worth preserving for future generations. Entertaining the idea of frugality is silly.

Furthermore, the zombie apocalypse survival major is Vietnam in both seriousness and form. If this one falls, the rest of the world follows. This institution keeps enough basically useless fields of study as it is (English being the worst offender). Adopting this profane initiative not only opens a wide prospective gate to chaos, but also allows other majors more obscure and godless to be considered. Perhaps some audacious radical may even find the gusto to wave the banner for journalism. This is something no one really wants, even if one thinks one does.

Unfortunately, the only appropriate majors for young gentlemen and ladies are the ones that prepare them to make money — stacks upon stacks of dirty green. Survival skills are a childish dalliance, not suitable for the future leaders of our fine country. In fact, all nonsensical majors should be eliminated altogether, thrown out like the trunk of a shark that's been cut and cut for its fins.

If the day of the zombie comes, there is nothing worth surviving for. Picture the scenic grounds of the SLUM: formerly beautiful Bellever is now a wasteland not much different from the dismal post-apocalyptic world of the 2009 film The Road. Vigo Mortenson, dreamy as he is, looked repulsive enough to inspire waves of projectile vomit previously unseen. What is left when a man that handsome cannot find an interested amorous partner? The proposed major only has purpose in a purposeless world, and so is a futile petition.

If this new major is implemented, the students would be no different from the zombies — perhaps worse, in both smell and etiquette. In fact, these students may be the true zombies. This initiative will do more to bring about the apocalypse than prevent it. Should life become as grim as one can imagine? Is survival a pleasant thought?

Survivalism classes would teach idiot students how to stay alive

If there is one idea floating around in the collective conscious right now, it is survivalism. The term itself is so new that not even spellcheck recognizes it, and yet swarms of humans have consumed media like "I Am Legend," "Robot," "Fallout," "The Walking Dead" and "Survivor" for years now. The trend is only gaining support, as evidenced by the unprecedented popularity of the recently released "The Hunger Games." The collective thinking pushing through our brains is clear: something bad is coming. Can you survive?

The short answer is "no." As well-fed, spoiled Americans, you cannot. Most of you will die. The electricity will go out and many people will be left in the darkness as they watch the bars on their cell phones slowly blink away one by one and wonder what will happen next.

Another problem is that almost everyone on the planet is connected via the Internet. What will happen to a person who has never been truly alone? In the imminent deterioration of society and life as we know it, there will be no one left to read your Facetscroll status update.

On the bright side, St. Louis University of Missouri is considering adding a course on survivalism to the fall 2012 calendar. This course would be invaluable. For some it would mean the difference between life and death. A course on survivalism would give SLUM students a fighting chance in the St. Louis post-apocalyptic arena. WASHME and SLUT would not stand a chance against the fighters Titans in battles over rights to the banks of the Mississippi river and canned goods. Equipped with survivalist knowledge, SLUM students would surely make it to the top of the food chain.

So what kind of things could you expect to learn from a survivalism class? Well, the obvious: how to start a fire or gut a rabbit. However, the class will also teach more subtle things, such as how to deal with post-traumatic stress disorder in your loved ones and how to cultivate vegetables.

There is no way to tell what sort of tragedy is headed our way, but there are many skills that overlap, both long and short-term. How does one test water for toxins, properly wear a hazmat suit in the event of a viral outbreak or make a latex superhero suit? Any professor willing to take on teaching the survivalism course is sure to have considered all of these things and more.

As a whole, college students could use a reason to exercise their common sense muscles, and any good survival class would promote logical thinking in high-risk situations. So even if a student could not learn everything they needed to know about staying alive after a zombie/nuclear/robot apocalypse, at the very least they would be equipped with basic skills and a more practical application for the scientific method.

Frankly, it would be irresponsible not to offer this course with the way the world is today. Lord forbid that a generation of spoon-fed parsnips who have never faced adversity enters any government office. They will surely leap at the chance to prove their worth, not to others but to themselves. Surely a man who has experienced the horrors of war will shay away from it for the remainder of his life, but what about a man who has not? The students of SLUM need to arm themselves for the unstable future.

If trying to find a job after college makes you break out in hives, your best survival plan is probably to find a boy scout and hope he has not already perfumed his good deed for the day. Is there a Katniss in your life who will whip the bad guys for you? If not, you'd better prepare yourself for the worst.
Pink slime industry re-markets product as breakfast

Manufacturers of a beef additive officially named “lean finely-textured beef” but nicknamed “pink slime” are reeling following consumers’ gross-out response to discovery of what their product really is.

Pink slime is an ammoniated, treated ground beef product made from the low-quality scraps and byproducts once used for pet food. The industry claims the treated beef byproducts are both safe and beef. Others disagree, including some microbiologists who have described the product as filler and an additive rather than beef.

The beef byproduct once used only as an ingredient in pet food has, in recent years, made its way into cheap ground beef for human consumption. It is found in fast-food burgers or is sold as hamburger labeled as generic “ground beef” rather than “ground chuck” or “ground round.”

Although the product has been in American foods for some years, few people were aware of it. That all changed recently when a petition asking that the substance be banned from school lunches was posted on the Internet and caught the attention of the public. Since then several grocery stores and fast-food chains have announced that they will no longer sell “pink slime” burgers.

Shaken, the industry that produces pink slime launched countermeasures to correct what they consider mistaken consumer belief about the product and to reassure the public about its safety. The industry states that the product is beef and is safe to eat. However, while chances are slim that one will suddenly drop dead from eating pink slime, it hardly sounds appetizing or healthy.

On April 1, the pink slime industry announced a new plan to restore sales and solve the product’s image problem by re-positioning it as a children’s breakfast cereal.

“You want the sugar out, want more protein in your kids’ breakfast cereal? We’ve got the perfect product solution,” Leary O’Blarney, marketing director for the industry, said. “And kids love gross stuff anyway.”

The first cereal to be launched will be Protein Plus Lucky Charms. “We are replacing the little marshmallows with star, heart and clover-shaped bits of our protein-packed product. Since our product is already pink, it is just a matter of dyeing it the other colors and molding the little shapes,” O’Blarney said.

“Replacing the marshmallows in kids’ cereal is easy because the texture is right and besides, who knows what’s in marshmallows anyway? This way parents can be sure kids are getting protein at breakfast,” O’Blarney added.

Cereals to be produced include Slime Puffs, Slimy Frosted Flakes, Frosted Slimy Mini-Wheats and Captain Slimy. Other planned breakfast foods include Slime Tarts.

“It is a natural fit. Most breakfast foods aimed at kids are barely identifiable food anyway,” O’Blarney said.

Should the breakfast cereal plan fail, the pink slime industry has a backup plan—dyeing it green and re-naming it “green Irish beef product.”

“We got the idea from all the green beer on St. Patrick’s Day,” O’Blarney said. In fact, O’Blarney, who is Irish, was hired specifically for the public relations launch.

“The bonus is that we get to also claim that our product is ‘green,’ which can come in handy on Earth Day,” O’Blarney said. “And if it is green, no one can call it pink slime anymore.”

“Of course, we may get some objections from Ireland, although the product is banned in Europe anyway,” O’Blarney said. “If that happens, we may have to move on to our second choice for a product name – ‘chartruese mousse beef product’.”

Crikey Mateys is the head of the Office of Eternal Servitude and a columnist for The Stagnant.

Women need to chill out.

Yeah, I said it. This whole “War on Women” thing is getting ridiculous. You know who had it right? Chairman for the Republican National Committee Reince Priebus, who said, “If the Democrats said we had a war on caterpillars and every mainstream media outlet talked about the fact that Republicans have a war on caterpillars, then we’d have problems with caterpillars. It’s fiction.”

Besides having an awesome name, this guy knows what’s really up. “War on Women,” my ass! While it’s true that lawmakers have recently been going on public access television and devoting a large amount of energy to reproductive health care for women and setting restrictions on access to birth control, I say it’s about damned time.

Since when does birth control count as “health care” anyway? That’s what I call fiction. If both men and women don’t need it then it’s not health care—it’s just crap that women need for weird lady things, like period stuff, and you don’t see the government paying for anyone’s tampons. Women need to stop expecting special treatment when it comes to this birth control thing. No one wants to pay for your lifestyle. Buy condoms like the men do.

Besides, how could women possibly remain neutral on the subject? All-male panels allow for truly unbiased evaluation of the subject. White males over the age of 60 with a history in politics are really the only group capable of being truly non-biased in this country.

I keep hearing that Planned Parenthood provides the only affordable health care for women in the slums, but they mostly do abortions anyway. If someone is so poor that they can’t find somewhere to get health care besides an abortion clinic, then they need to stop sleeping around, get a job with proper health insurance and stop using their money to support abortions for 15-year-old girls. And every area has a hospital with an emergency room if uninsured women really need health care and they don’t want to pay for it.

Neither employers nor insurance providers should have to pay for some chick’s birth control. Why should they have to pay for someone to have sex? And yes, some insurance companies cover Viagra, but that’s different. Viagra doesn’t kill babies or enable women to be slutty on the taxpayer’s dime. Viagra treats a really serious health problem for men.

And while we’re on the subject, I think people were too quick to jump on Limbaugh for that “slut” comment. He wasn’t really saying that what’s her face is a prostitute. It’s called an aphorism. Over-sensitive people are so focused on making everyone else politically correct these days that a guy can’t even make a joke anymore.

There has just been such an influx of bitching lately, it’s getting ridiculous. Women have started complaining about every single little thing. This “War on Women” is just an excuse for women to whine about how unequal and unfair everything is even while attending co-ed universities and working side-by-side in the same jobs as men. Blame the feminists for getting these women all riled up, but I guess they need something to do now that Oprah is off the air. But seriously. Go eat some chocolate or something and calm down already.

Commander Femme Fatale is the head of the Office of Truth and a columnist for The Stagnant.
Comics

Blimpy Seagull by Sketchy Sketch

Holy shit, kids! It's time for another rollicking issue of Blimpy Seagull in 'The case of the missing bread'.

Pidgiots by The Pigeon King of St. Louis

Uh... What are you up to now?

I went to the movies. They gave me those glasses from the third dimension, but I think they're broken because I see the dimension we're in...

God you ARE an idiot...

The Current is now accepting applications for Editor-in-Chief
All are welcome to apply - stop by 388 MSC.