SLUM Newspaper Is Officially AARP Eligible

SARAH THUSTRA STAFF EDITOR

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

This week, The Stagnant will be publishing its infinite number of issues, as the newspaper does not recognize standardized physics and exists solely in a wibbley-wobbley timey-Wimpy 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, Camping 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 offically 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 “with a really great body of work.” She

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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 Ho 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 corporeal-ity 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 possible 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.

Continued on Page 3
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.
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, newbie, 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.”

ProHoe Ghosts Owe $2 Million Back Tuition

LUCIE DARNAY
FEATURES EDITOR

Continued from Page 1

ProHoe Ghosts Owe $2 Million Back Tuition

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.
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 origin or 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 gears, a toy helicopter, and ennuim. Others have proposed that the name comes from the building's proximity to the Music Building, it refers to a musical technique, or some kind of erotic 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, brush, hip hop that’s 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 author of the six column series, its namesake, his guess 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 unprompted 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 reason for the building’s existence is the discovery of learning the divine and awesome art of sass in all of its forms. In major in Sass, students must pick from one of the seven emphases: Back Talk; Saucy Mouth; The Nerve; Dank Bernie 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 into it, so 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 rather than Pro Hoe and the big glass building that is being used for Freemason meetings on the third floor. 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 budding stand-up comedian, I am pleased as punch that I can make my future career go great! Go out there and see 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 some time 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.

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 Smelliver.”

The Current’s publicist, Anne E. Mossity, recently told The Stagnant that The Current had legitimate reasons to seek out affection from other partners. “I knew that he did this 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 meeting them, Brain Stew is 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 Mossity, 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 ‘innocent’ death of the universe, depending on the voice recorder that had been brought in for transcription purposes.

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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. Horns A. Round, Managing Director of Ticket Stubs, Hanging Chain, and Box Office Manager 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 newspaper is a surprisingly accurate reproduction of The Stagnant offices, down to the suspiciously dappled plants in the corner and the waifing 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 cared for 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, Carnip Everclear (also played by Toppings, in voice only). As the young Gymnastics goes from naive editor 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 rousing 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 teetonic plates underneath the building, worrying 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 show, going so far as to flip one guy off who was scavenging 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, Jimmy 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 tophless 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 accomplished 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 hoooooonnnkk,” which was translated to The Stagnant as, “We are very excited about the opening of this new exhibit. Even though all of our 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 just wrong.”

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

Articuno & Eevee-trainment 5

THEODOSIA BURR’S SEX DUNGEON

A&E Editor

April 4, 2016

Salt: The Musical’ Impresses at Double Bumps

Articuno & Eevee-trainment 5

This page of The Stagnant, which was previously extracted, contains text about the performance of “Salt: The Musical” at the Double Bumps. The text provides a detailed account of the production, including the performances, the creative direction, and the production's impact on the audience and the Double Bumps. The text also mentions the decision to discontinue the Double Bumps and convert it into a parking lot, reflecting on the show's success and the future of the theater. Additionally, the page includes a feature story about a new exhibition at Gallery Silencio, highlighting the art created by the Fowl Artists Club, and a creative piece on the Stagnant’s sex dungeon, Articuno & Eevee-trainment 5.
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!”

And that’s exactly what they are not students. Julie Mao, a graduate of the SLUM class of 2014 with a degree in piss-timing, explained, “Really it’s a pot but you never hear about ‘pot handlers’” 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.

“Really it’s a pot but you never hear about ‘pot handlers’” Mao said.

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.

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 your chips and make to totally hypothetical methods for overthrowing a large Western government—for a four-inch diameter aluminum pan.

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April 4, 2016

University of Missouri–St. Louis

2016 Spring Commencement

MAY & AUGUST GRADUATES
MAY 14 & 15

August graduates: If you plan on participating in the spring ceremony you must apply by April 1.

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
- School of Fine and Performing Arts
- SUCCEED
- MPPA

2 p.m. Ceremony – Mark Twain Building
- College of Arts and Sciences II
- 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

Don’t miss the GRAD KICK-OFF!

Tuesday, April 5
& Wednesday, April 6
Triton Store, 209 MSC
11 a.m. - 7 p.m.

Purchase your cap, gown and tassel; order or purchase announcements; look at class rings.

1. Visit the Triton Store
2. Go online at umsltritonstore.com

Please note: Oak Hall Cap & Gown is the official UMSL vendor for caps and gowns, and devices for announcements. If you purchase from another company, UMSL cannot help you if you are not satisfied.

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™.
EVENTS
STAY UP TO DATE WITH A CONSOLIDATED SCHEDULE OF EVENTS, GAME TIMES, AND POINT VALUES.

AWARDS
USE YOUR POINTS TO CLAIM SPECIAL REWARDS.

OFFERS
RECEIVE SPECIAL OFFERS FROM LOCAL BUSINESSES EXCLUSIVELY WITH THE TRITONS HQ APP.

FAN CAM
UPLOAD YOUR PHOTOS TO THE FAN CAM AND SHARE YOUR GAME FACE PICS WITH OTHER FANS.

SOCIAL
USE THE TRITONS HQ APP TO SEE ALL OF THE LATEST POSTS FROM UMSL ATHLETICS.

LEADERS
CHECK THE LEADERBOARD TO SEE WHERE YOU RANK IN THE POINTS STANDINGS. CHECK IN AT EVENTS TO EARN POINTS AND MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE TOP.

FAN POLL
LET YOUR VOICE BE HEARD! TAKE PART IN UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI-ST. LOUIS ATHLETICS FAN POLLS.

DESIGNED TO REWARD YOU

1. GET THE APP
DOWNLOAD THE APP FOR FREE ON YOUR PHONE
AVAILABLE ON IPHONE AND ANDROID
SET UP YOUR ACCOUNT

2. EARN POINTS
CHECK IN AT PRE-DETERMINED EVENTS TO EARN POINTS
LOOK IN EVENTS TO SEE AN EVENT'S POINT VALUE. EARN MORE POINTS BY SHARING ON SOCIAL MEDIA.

3. GET REWARDED
USE THE POINTS YOU EARN TO CLAIM REWARDS
CHOOSE FROM A SELECTION OF REWARDS.
Every weeaboo at the Saint Louis University of Missouri (SLUM) knows about the popular Japanese fiction-al 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 downloads to said phone. A recent decision required to join an LLSIF team, an official English language LLSIF app downloaded to said phone. The interest player needs is a smartphone that connects to the Internet and the official app. The team 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 documentation 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 Loren 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 “Cute Panther.” He celebrated his victory by shotgunning a Ramune and kissing his body pillow of blue-haired schoolgirl Nono 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 interest 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 Nico Yazawa is the best girl of all the LLSIF girls, and that all other opinions are just wrong.
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!

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 blubbering 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. There is an endless list of 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 1, 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 coffee at Emory has to be pre-approved. The student leader of the protests remarked, “Emory has to be pre-approved. ‘Tobacco’ is pre-approved. Emory has to be pre-approved. I don’t deserve 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, “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 thoughtlessly 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 also have a right to write. Some students safer is to ban all cars on campus. 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 crosswalk?

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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 every line, box, sub-box, and sub-sub box, I can faintly hear the government whispering in my ear: “your name is Toby.”

   That annoying sound of forks scraping plates 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...
A horde of prospective turkeys stalk Freshman Brant Cana in the Financial Aid Office.

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 spokesperson Harry Jive in a recent press conference. “We want the chance to be wracked to the press several boxes of tax forms, 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 program! Turkeys are for dinner!” in all caps.

“Turkeys? In SLUM? Why not just 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.

The Stagnant

The ACLU chapter concerning their enrollment possibilities with SLUM.

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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 Room on April 7, scheduling it on a Wednesday so as to be extra convenient 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. Sorrnnotsorry 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 pant 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 panting, 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 “Barley” 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 background. “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 surfy 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.