



Student Conducts One-Man War Against ITS

A sarcasm orgasm . . . since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

Hypoglycemic Philosophy Major Considers Self A Hegelian Diabetic

Transfer Student From Tulane Dies In Tornado

Skeleton Of Young English Girl Found In Wardrobe On 'Narnia' Set

WAR

6 Against ITS

FOOTBALL

7 'Dores Make Soup Bowl

AIR TRAVEL

8 Inattentive Attendants

Other News 2

Fucked Image 4

Bastard Confession 10

Around The Loop 11

Horoscopes 11

Top Ten List 12

Scratch 'n Sniff 12



The Humor and Satire Newspaper of Vanderbilt University



Gay Marriage Rampant On Facebook

It has come to the attention of BYX that the sanctity of Facebook marriage has been taking a beating due to increasing instances of secret gay Facebook marriages. Even some of those who identify themselves as God-fearing conservatives have indicated on their profiles that they are involved in a homoerotic relationship that they have the audacity to call "marriage." Simon Peters, a devout BYX member, complained, "They are everywhere. Half of the 'People you can talk to about Jesus' are...they have...they..." At that point, Peters had to be escorted to Student Health as he had succumbed to a violent fit of vomiting. Joshua "I Hate Satan" Corinthian has gone so far as to end his Facebook marriage with that Mary girl that lived on the fourth floor of his building. "We didn't really know each other that well, but it was fun and, in a way, meaningful. But, those Facebook homosexuals came along and took all the specialness out of it, so what's the point anymore?" Ruth Iscariot, who still hasn't told her parents that she is married to Naomi Blasphemer on Facebook, summed up the valueless thinking of many of the liberal heathens on campus by saying, "Um...what the hell?"

Santa Outsources Workshop To China

Santa Claus, the normally kindly old elf who delivers toys to good (Christian) girls and boys every December 24, announced a recent relocation of his famed North Pole workshop to a complex of buildings outside of Beijing. Citing rising costs of materials and the recent unionization of his elf workers, Claus followed the example of many American businesses and elected to fire his workforce and relocate to China, where labor costs are much cheaper. Said Santa, "The Chinese are pretty short, so really its almost like having elves." The generous figure plans to make his yearly gift-giving rounds as scheduled, although the toys are expected to be much lower in quality.



Brad Pitt, Angelina Jolie Go On Kidnapping Spree

Hollywood pair Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie have kidnapped eight children, from homes and orphanages alike, in the past six days. The couple, known for canoodling while Pitt was still married to Jennifer Aniston and for taking as many opportunities as possible to be photographed with Jolie's adopted children, had begun to fade from the spotlight over the last month. In order to reenergize their public image, the couple bypassed the adoption process entirely collecting kids to, as they put it, "save" as many children as possible. In a note left at the site of the latest kidnapping, Brad and Angelina stated, "We know in the end we'll be vindicated. We just love children so much . . . and being in the news."

Antarctica Really Just A Prank, Reveal Scientists

The world was stunned, Tuesday, when an international group of scientists revealed that Antarctica is not a real continent, but simply a long-running gag. Said one geologist, "It all started with my great great-great-grandfather, Mikhail Lazarev, who 'discovered' the 'continent.' His expedition was a real bust, so he exaggerated the few icebergs he saw into an entire continent. A few letters to friends got them to 'confirm' the find." The scientists went on to reveal that Antarctica's true nature was a closely guarded secret, passed down through families and various institutions. "Each generation embellished it a little more. First they made up penguins and seals, then Shackleton created that whole expedition to the South Pole ruse, and then in the sixties scientists got funding to create research stations there and blew it all on booze." While feeling misled, the public are mostly relieved that all their SUVs are now only melting one pole.



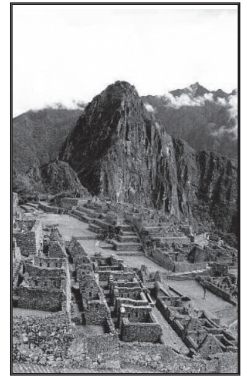
39

Number of days sorority hopefuls have to consult with that recruiting service Greek Life flipped out about.



Peru Wants Stuff Back

The nation of Peru expressed its frustration with Yale University and demanded the return of nearly 5,000 artifacts excavated from Machu Pichu in the 1910's. "I said you guys could borrow them for like a year," stated the distraught country. "I think I've been cool about this. I mean, I didn't say anything for ninety years, but enough is enough." Peru has threatened legal action if its belongings are not returned immediately. Responded Yale, "Peru? I hate that guy. Tell him I'm sorry but I lost it all. That should shut him up for another sixty." Yale then added, "What a pushover!"



.xxx Domain Just About Finished

The proposed .xxx Internet domain for online sex sites remains a few legal strokes away from completion as the Department of Commerce has requested more time to hear objections from conservative family groups. "It might make pornography easy to find for my kids!" fretted one concerned mother. One lonely nerd with an enlarged right bicep addressed these concerns, "Sure it'll be easier to find, but it'll also be easier to filter: just block the whole domain. Although where I work could do that, as well. Wait, now I'm opposed to it, too." ICANN, the group in charge of assigning Internet domains, vows to weigh equally the concerns of reactionary mothers and sexual deviants. 🍆



A picture of the dead.

WEATHER

Mysterious Shiny Red Slippers, Small Dog Found In Tornado's Aftermath

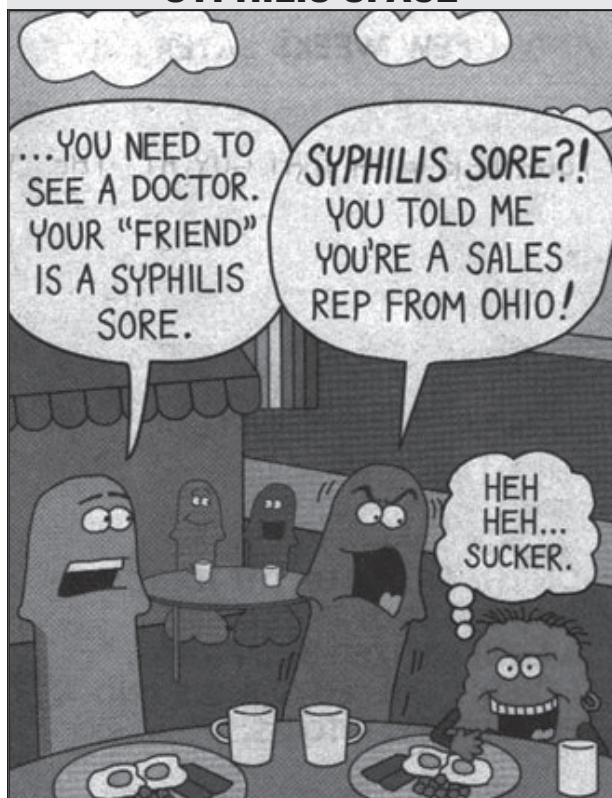
A pair of lustrous red slippers, women's size 8, and a small terrier were the latest victims to be discovered following last month's rash of tornados in the Midwest. Found in the rubble of an isolated farmhouse, authorities belief both the dog and slippers to be the belongings of teenager Dorothy Gale, who remains missing. Said Zeke, a farmhand employed by the Gales, "Shucks, I sure hope they find Dorothy. If they don't, though, I call dibs on those slippers."



12.07.2005 CONTENTS



SYPHILIS SPACE



Fuckin' cockblockers.

NEWS

OTHER NEWS: Weather	2
WAR: Student fights ITS.	5
VIDEO GAMES: Fake Madden smarter.	7
STEWARDESS: Puts in poor performance	7
BRIBERY: In Congress	8

COLUMNS & HUMOR

GIFTS: That suck	9
RELATIVES: That suck	9
HOROSCOPES: Yup	11
AROUND THE LOOP: Face/Off	11

SLANT FEATURES

CARTOON: Maybe	4
BASTARD CONFESSION: Mc-Rib	10
SCRATCH 'N SNIFF: Holiday Style	12
TOP TEN: NPHC Evicted	12

MASTHEAD



Going to the munchie without the munchies
... since 1886.

188 Madison Sarratt Student Center
2301 Vanderbilt Place
VU# 351669 Station B
Nashville, TN 37235

Phone (615)322-3291
Fax (615)-343-2756
website www.theslant.net

STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Ceaf Lewis
<i>Managing Editor</i>	Colin Dinsmore
<i>Head Writer</i>	Richard Green
<i>Business Manager</i>	Andrew Collazzi
<i>Editors</i>	
Tim Boyd	Robert Saunders
<i>Standards & Professionalism</i>	Elisa Burnum
<i>Distribution Manager</i>	Patrick Gentry
<i>Staff Manager</i>	Rachel Unger
<i>Technical Advisor</i>	Michael Nutt
<i>Puzzle Master</i>	Jeffrey Harris
<i>Cover Designer</i>	Jennifer Bennett
<i>Contributing Writers</i>	Evan Alston
Chris Bellande	Jason Blatt
Eli Branson	Thomas Broderick
Greg Champoux	Alex Chrisope
Bridget Cornett	Amelia Cousins
Charlie Fu	Bobby Gambrel
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Joe Wong	Mike Mott
David Barzelay	Meredith Gray

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This is not the joke you are looking for.
Move along.

Corrections:

The last issue of *The Slant* was printed under the title *Attainable Woman*. A similiar incident happened last year when we ran under the title *The Belmont Sir Laff-A-Lot*. While we at the time claimed the mistake would never happen again, we were overtaken by a throng of anxious women that would at most rate a "five". These women invaded our office and comandeered production. Thank God for Robert Saunders, hero of *The Slant*, who befriended the invaders and ensured most of our content stayed in the issue.

FROM THE EDITOR



CEAF LEWIS

Nothing at all of interest to the Slant readership has happened since the last issue. Therefore, I have the freedom to talk about things that interest me, like Yahoo! fantasy soccer. My team, "MeinKampfter United" (I cannot decide if the name is more offensive to Manchester or to Nazis)

was doing quite well until I forgot about the league entirely. Now I've dropped over nine hundred ranks overall and am just barely beating somebody in the Vanderbilt league, and that's only because he (she? Hard to tell over the Internet) started two weeks ago. Oh, and all of my players are injured.

Meanwhile, I have been enjoying the prestige that comes with the title of *Slant* Editor-in-Chief. I ran into this girl at a party who asked me if I was the editor and when I said yes, she pretty much went nuts. It was pretty awesome and it makes up for the girl who came to my dorm to tell me how much I suck at life a couple of weeks ago. Just think, freshmen; some day all of this power and prestige could be yours. You too can attract higher calibers of happy groupies and/or angry stalkers.

I have also begun compiling a list of things that are no longer funny. Since there is no real recognized authority on comedy, I have as much right to the mantle of telling people at what to laugh as anyone else. Therefore, the following things are no longer amusing: ytmnd.com. That's really the only that comes to mind right now, and that's mostly because certain parties kept using it to play annoying sound effects while I was working on the issue. So, yes, ytmnd.com, you can go to hell.

Does it bother anyone else when people come up to you and at least act like they know you and you haven't the foggiest idea who they may be? Because it bothers me and it happens all the time. This isn't even some sort of arrogant "you're beneath my notice" type-thing, as I'm not as aristocratic as I used to be, and I'm wondering if it's all some sort of elaborate ruse or I'm just going insane. Either one would be fine with me, because I'd still be better off than this guy in my hall who deliberately maced himself.

In regard to my last column, Andrew Collazzi yelled "Star Wars" quotes aplenty and yet did not do so while having sex with anyone, even though he had three weeks to do so. I am disappointed and will add a red flag to his permanent file.

At any rate, check back after break for four to eight high quality issues of Vanderbilt's favorite printed humor concern, *The Slant*. ☘



Fucked Image

Snip! Snap! Snip! The scissors go;
And Conrad cries out, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"
Snip! Snap! Snip! They go so fast,
That both his thumbs are off at last.

**There's Never Been A Better Time
To Join *The Slant*...**

**... because Student Life made us sign a piece of paper
saying we wouldn't haze the staff anymore.**

Student Conducts Private War With Vanderbilt ITS

Let's see, what was my password again? Project2501. Or was it Save3Whales? Which letter did I capitalize? FUCK!

A similar existential crisis faces many Vanderbilt students as they cram their head with other completely useless facts. The university's computer network has suffered two security breaches in less than six months, necessitating changed account passwords and causing severe carpal tunnel syndrome in students as they type and retype every combination of nicknames, dead pets, political causes, and obscure, yet witty, anime references.

Except for one lone student.

Tom Phelps has taken a militant approach, refusing to alter his password in spite of risks to his online identity.

Phelps has gone so far as to create a blog signaling the breach and announcing his password to the world. At Zeppelin4EVR.blogspot.com, Phelps writes dozens of tirades a week attacking Vanderbilt ITS's attempts to make him change his password.

"Don't you understand the craftsmanship that goes into creating a password with a capital letter, a number, and a length of at least 8 characters but no more than 12?" Phelps queried in a recent blog entry. "How dare they suggest that I just murder this intellectual endeavor? It would be like asking me to kill my own child." Phelps later went on to write in the same article of how he had cut his tongue on an popsicle stick the previous weekend.

As we met in his Memorial dorm, the young man looked every bit a guerilla warrior. The air was rank, weeks of unwashed clothes slowly fermenting Phelps' amateur bio-

weapons program.

He keeps a solitary vigil over his computer and the blinking cursor of his Mulberry email program. The windows are blocked with curtains and soundproofing devices to defeat what he labels "surveillance" but others know simply as "construction." The smoke alarm, long ago smashed by Phelps, would not alert the RA of Phelps' taste for Marlboros.

"At 3:10 PM, ITS sends that damn 'Please Change Your Password' email. There's no way in hell I'm changing my password again!" the bitter senior angrily stated, throwing down his cigarette onto the carpet and rubbing it out with his foot.

"I don't care how many emails ITS sends out about it. Bring it on, bitches." Phelps smiled smugly, picking the lice from his shaggy beard. The email came at the exact moment Phelps predicted. Phelps, like he has done every day for the past month, flew into a rage, his screams overpowering the one hundred and twenty decibel jackhammers outside. After smoking a few cigarettes in quick succession, Phelps calmed down enough to type us his daily hateemail to ITS.

I peered over his shoulder as he began his response, "Dear Sons a Bitches."

This is reply #25 to your "request" that I change my password. As I have informed you on many occasions already, why should I suffer when you drop the ball in protecting the network? Each of us has a part to play in security. Mine is to create and protect the secrecy of my password; yours is to stop outsiders from breaking in and stealing it. You may say that I've given away my password by making it my blog's URL (Zeppelin4EVR.blogspot.com).

But that is the genius of my plan. No one will suspect it since it is left out in the open. Ha Ha!

His fingers tapped at the keys, keeping a steady rhythm at first, before crescendoing to the point that I worried his fingers might break through the industrial plastic of his keyboard.

Each time I think of you sitting at your computer playing World of Warcraft instead of defending the network, I have the insatiable urge to tear your heart from your chest Aztec-style and offer it to the Gods of the interweb. They are no doubt furious by your technological sloth!

This cyberhero's actions have alarmed and alienated his friends, too. His roommate will transfer to Tulane at the beginning of the spring semester, hoping that dealing with the aftermath of Katrina will be preferable to dealing with Tom.

"Tom hasn't been to class in weeks," Junior Amy Latherson said, sighing. "We were so in love before this password thing happened. He changed overnight. He hasn't shaved or showered since. I've gone into his room to try to talk him out of it . . . I can't look at him now without crying."

Phelps' protest is known to the FBI, as credit card companies have reported no less than four different criminal rings using his identity to buy electronics and launder drug money. Homeland Security has reported that over twenty-five thousand Mexicans citizens have tried to pass themselves off as Phelps to gain employment in the United States.

"They can fuck my credit rating all they want," said Phelps. "Somebody has to maintain standards and hold those who fail to maintain them to account. Do you not see how


perfect that account password is? It says 4EVR. Do you know what that means? I didn't pick Zeppelin-until-some-ITS-dude-fucks-up for a reason, man. And besides, I've never been more popular with the local Latino community."

Bob Swaggart, head of Vanderbilt ITS, reluctantly hit pause on his game of Battlefield 2 to discuss the concerns of students like Tom Phelps.

"Network security is complicated. You'd never understand it. It involves a bunch of 1s and 0s," said Swaggart, taking a long swig of Jolt Cola while popping a few more pieces of Black Black caffeinated gum. "And if you stay up really late, a few 2s a well."

"Phelps saying we dropped the ball is simply giving aid and comfort to the enemy. We can in no way give the impression to the hackers out there that we're getting soft at Vandy ITS. If those sweaty nerds ever found out that cracks existed in our armor, every computer on campus would immediately start playing 'Yakety Sax' while a never ending stream of gay Star Trek inspired porn would display on the screens. Vanderbilt would instantly become a 10th level of Hell."

As Tom Phelps dooms himself to a lifetime of identity theft, credit card companies will be adjusting the debits and credits of customer accounts for decades as a result of Phelps' act of civil disobedience.

Still, he remains vigilant in his quest to keep Zeppelin4EVR alive in the password directory. Have no fear, Mr. Phelps, though the Vanderbilt community may not follow your lead, they will no doubt thank you for their new credit cards they will soon receive by using your stolen Social Security number (421-34-2428). 

'Dores Still Eligible For Campbell's Chunky Soup Bowl Says Bobby Johnson

'Mmmm Mmmm Good' says Cutler

by **TIM BOYD**

While Vanderbilt undergraduates were able to celebrate Thanksgiving week that little bit extra after witnessing a 28-24 win over arch-rivals UT, there was still no way to escape the fact that the much hoped-for bowl game would not be materializing this season. Despite a 4-0 start to the season, Vanderbilt finished with a 5-6 record - leaving them an agonizing one game short of what they needed. A series of desperately close defeats to MTSU, Florida and Kentucky only heightened the frustration at what might have been.

The disappointment was perhaps hardest of all for the players, who had compiled the best season record in many a year, and especially senior Quarterback Jay Cutler, who has broken many school records in his time here but never played in a post-season game. Head Coach Bobby Johnson said that in the euphoric aftermath of the win over UT, several of the players thought they had secured a post-season spot, until he calmed them down and explained the reality of the situation.

"After I wrote up the names of the teams that we had beaten on the whiteboard in the dressing room, and then wrote next to them the names of the teams that we had lost to and the players saw that the second list was longer than the first, they began to realize what this meant," Johnson explained, "Boy, they were just so crest-fallen. If I weren't a sports coach, I'm sure I would have felt some empa-

thy for the suffering of my fellow human beings, but even without that, it was obvious something needed to be done. I wasn't going to sit around a changing room full of whining crybabies for the entire off-season."

That evening, an idea struck



Johnson over how to make the players feel better. "I was trying to think of something to do, when my wife said maybe I should take a lesson from my favorite TV show. I told her I really didn't think this was a situation that Beaver could solve, but it turns out she meant the little mini-drama series I'd been following about Donovan

McNabb and his mother.

"You probably know the one - the story line always seems to involve Donovan and his team-mates on their way to a match somewhere, and whenever things look like they're not going to work out, Mrs. McNabb

always arrives with a big bowl of Campbell's Chunky soup, and their troubles melt away. Come to think of it, I imagine Beaver wouldn't have gotten into so many scrapes with Wally if they'd been able to share some hot soup together,

the little scamps.

"Anyway, the next morning, I talked over the idea of getting some Campbell's soup for our players with the rest of the coaching staff, and we agreed it would be fine for us to do that. I mean, hell, if the Philadelphia Eagles are good enough to have some with the crap they've been pulling this

season, our boys definitely deserved it."

Once the decision was made, Johnson called the players together for what he told them was a special treat. "We decided to make it as fun as possible," Johnson recalls. "We even put a banner up over the entrance to Dudley Field with the slogan 'Welcome to the Soup-er Bowl!' Heh, boy did we have a good chuckle at that one. Then I told them that they would all be able to be enjoy a bowl after all--a bowl of soup!

"Then I gave Jay some Campbell's Chunky to throw out, and he launched a perfect spiral to every team member. They were that keen to get hold of them, that even our wide receivers caught theirs at the first attempt. Well, except for Marlon White, but he'll learn. Overall, it was a real nice team moment, and I'm glad I did it."

When told about Johnson's actions, UT Coach Philip Fulmer said he was unimpressed by the stunt. "That's just the sort of thing we'd expect from a fancy-pants, snobby, elitist college like Vanderbilt," Fulmer told reporters, "in their pampered little world, I guess no-one can ever be allowed to experience failure. It makes me sick. That and having Bobby call me every night at 2 A.M. drunkenly yelling 'Who's your daddy?' down the phone."

In return, Johnson has dismissed Fulmer's comments as sour grapes, commenting "I'd rather be at Vandy and have our season end with a chunky soup bowl, than be at UT and have it end in the toilet bowl." 🍲

Artificially Intelligent John Madden More Intelligent Than Real Madden

by RICHARD GREEN

Over the past few years, football commentator John Madden has become increasingly popular, largely because of the *Madden Football* franchise. Madden's colorful commentary in the game has attracted some criticism primarily due to the belief that artificially intelligent John Madden is not representative of the real John Madden.

Critics of the game believe that the artificial Madden's commentary is so untrue to form, it takes away from the realism the *Madden Football* franchise prides itself on. Critic John Camden commented, "The *Madden* series prides itself on realism. However, the commentary in the game is like that of a competent football analyst. With the commentary as it is right now, I feel like I'm playing *NFL Blitz*."

Camden continued with a specific example. "The game deviates from how the actual John Madden sounds since this one rarely ever uses onomatopoeia such as 'Pow', 'Wap', and 'Bam' in any of his video game

commentary. In fact, in one of the few times he does use it, he even says 'Bam! Now that was onomatopoeia.' There is no way in hell the real Madden would know what the word actually means, let alone use it correctly. The real Madden would have said something like 'Bam! Tough actin' Tinactin!'"

In defense of the attacks, EA Sports explained why Madden is so much smarter in the game.

Thomas DeFazio, *Madden '06* lead designer, admitted that there was a lot of trouble in trying to get the real Madden to do the recordings for the game. "Since Madden is afraid of flying, we had to send a bus out to get him," DeFazio explained. "As a result, we had the script prepared for him



when he arrived. All he had to do was read the lines, but we then found out that he never learned to read. Since then, we have been getting his nephew, Dr. Albert Madden from UCLA to fill in for him."

However, some Madden fans have complimented the usefulness of the artificial Madden. Avid *Madden* player and Vanderbilt quarterback Jay Cutler explained how he used artificial Madden to improve his game. Cutler commented, "The smartest things that I have ever heard the real John Madden say about football are 'Getting hit hard hurts' and 'Quarterbacks do not like throwing interceptions.' Though that taught me a whole lot about football, when the artificial Madden discussed quite vividly how to read defenses and told me the best way to play against a team in Cover 2, I was amazed. I

explained that to Bobby Johnson and that is why we started the season 4-0. Thanks artificial Madden!"

Moreover, the artificially intelligent Madden has been lauded by many gamers since his latest incarnation provides more than just football knowledge. "I was playing expecting the usual programmed video game responses," explained *Madden '06* player Reggie Thomson. "Then Madden shocked me by saying 'Necessity is an evil; but there is no necessity for continuing to live with necessity' when I was trying to run up the score. Madden not only told me about football, but he changed the way I live my life. What could possibly be wrong with that?"

Despite the praise from many fans, to give a more realistic experience, EA Sports has plans to make the next Madden sound dumber and have even considered attempting to get the real Madden to do the commentary for next game. *Madden '07* is due out on shelves next fall. 🍌

Flight Attendant Really Phoned It In

by REEVE HAMILTON

Everyone on flight 392 agreed that Mary Jenkins was just going through the motions in her role as "flight attendant #2", sometimes credited as "second stewardess" or, the less common, "mile high monitor."

Ms. Jenkins garnered critical acclaim in her roles as "Woman with debilitating whiplash after minor fender bender," "Woman having orgasm," and "Loving mother." However, she appears to have lost her passion in her recurring role on, soon to be terminated, Delta Airlines #392. One would hardly fault the cast of *Arrested Development* if they felt this way, but people do not depend

on Jason Bateman for hydration and sustenance.

Ms. Jenkins' lack of passion was evident early on when she failed to give the directions for emergency evacuation in the case of a devastating fire and 35,000 foot plummet with her trademark calming smile. In fact, she skipped entire parts of the monologue, forgetting to note that passengers in economy seats were not permitted to talk to, stare at, receive the same food, or use the same restroom as the first class passengers.

"I just had a hard time believing that she was who she said she was," said ever-shrinking critic Roger Ebert. "It was like I was watching Mary Jenkins, the struggling mother trying

desperately to get by, just pretending to care about whether I wanted peanuts or not. I wanted to see Mary Jenkins, the unnaturally-happy-and-eager-to-serve-me flight attendant. Her role is crucial to the success of the ensemble. With a performance this transparent, it's no wonder she doesn't net the same million dollar figure Gwyneth did playing the same role in *View from the Top*."

The performance really took a turn for the worse during the usually scintillating drink dispensation. Not only did Ms. Jenkins not bother putting ice in 13F's order of Sprite, she didn't put in any Sprite, handing him warm tap water with a complimentary fingernail floating on top. 13F later said he

regretted paying \$400 to sit through 2 hours of crap like that.

Though it has yet to be officially reviewed, results from early screenings seem to indicate that her acting as "Unappreciated Martyr" in a performance of *Fighting with Husband* was good enough to garner attention from Mel Gibson. This could lend weight to the rumors that Jenkins intends to transition from light-hearted projects to more gritty, serious roles.

"I hope she does," said Ebert. "She hasn't really been good in light-hearted roles since she played 'Dorm Slut' in *University of Tennessee*, and that was eight years ago." 🍌

Bribed Congressman Tearfully Vows To Help Other Victims Of Bribery

by **TIM BOYD**

Disgraced California Congressman Randy "Duke" Cunningham resigned his seat in Congress this week after admitting taking bribes in the form of multi-million dollar gifts from lobbying groups. During a tearful press conference speech, Cunningham apologized to his constituents and vowed to dedicate the rest of his life to making up for the lapses in judgment that led to him getting caught. Chief among these will be an initiative aimed at helping other representatives in Washington avoid being taken advantage of by lobbying groups.

"No-one goes to Washington wanting to take a bribe," Cunningham told reporters, "To have one's integrity violated in such a manner is a shameful experience, but one that can be difficult to avoid. The main problem is resisting the pressure and charms that these lobbyists can exercise on you. They come over to you at parties, and ply you with alcohol and tell them that you that they like you, that you mean something to them and that all they want is to be together with you.

"As you can imagine, after a while

you start to feel at ease around them, and they don't seem to be a threat. You might still be able to remember what your election manager told you about the importance of just saying 'no,' that your honor is a more important feature of your next re-election campaign than your ability to get into bed with as many special interests as possible.

"But you don't ever believe that the nice lobbyist talking to you would ever want to take advantage of you like that, and you think of all the stories you've heard from other representatives about how much of a thrill a good bribing can be. Suddenly, you find yourself handing over your office phone number and description of your dream yacht and the next thing you know, you've taken the money and lost your purity along the way."

Cunningham said that the counselling service that he plans to set up will help Congressmen and Senators realize that they can resist such advances if they are strong enough, and that there is nothing wrong with practicing abstinence from illicit campaign contributions even if everyone else is doing it. The former Congressman added that too many politicians in Washington simply

do not know what they are getting themselves into, and so leave themselves vulnerable to being exploited.

"Of course, if a Congressman decides that even with all the information, he is still willing to go all the way, there's not really much we can do to stop him," Cunningham conceded, "But we do want him to make that decision on its merits, and because he wants to do it, not because he feels he has to. Even in that situation, we want to make sure that he knows how important it is to use the proper protection for such encounters.

"A lot of these lobbyists look very clean and have a glow of integrity, but you really can't be sure who else they might already have been with - especially reporters - that might mean they are, shall we say, 'contaminated.' In such cases, it's important that you don't just expose yourself to them. It's just a question of taking sensible precautions - don't be with them anywhere too public, don't accept gifts that are excessively ostentatious and don't just let them dump their funds in your unprotected checking account: always use an off-shore wire transfer."

Sources within the Washington

beltway have expressed scorn at Cunningham's portrayal of naive representatives at the hands of unscrupulous lobbyists. One anonymous source who works for a Political Action Committee claimed that in many cases, the Congressmen themselves were at fault. "Sure, after they've been caught doing it, they run crying to their local media claiming they didn't know what they were doing, and that they regret it, and it's a sick system," the un-named lobbyist complained, "But in reality, they are asking for it. They turn up at Washington functions dressed provocatively like they have influence, and then flirt shamelessly with you, saying things like 'I'm from a competitive district, would you like to help me compete?' Then the next morning they want us to feel like it's all our fault. It's pathetic."

A spokesman for "Duke" Cunningham dismissed such attitudes as a "typical 'blame the victim' approach," which Cunningham rejected as offensive and utterly inappropriate, "especially when he is the victim." ●

Dear Apple Computer, Inc.,

I have invented (to my knowledge, at least) the incredible and brilliant concept of pre-emptive advertising. In exchange for my assertion below that Apple computers are great, I would appreciate a couple of iPod Nanos for staff motivation purposes as well as some new computers for the *Slant* office. Or you can just send us a check, because we are flexible like that.

Apple computers are great.

Kindly send the requested items (or the check) to the address listed in the masthead.

Sincerely,
Ceaf Lewis
Editor-in-Chief of *The Slant*

No, I Always Wanted A Calendar From You

by **ROBERT SAUNDERS**
Columnist

The holidays are so special, aren't they? Especially when spent with someone you really care about. I hope you don't mind, but I got you a little something. What, you got me something, too? Well, you go first. Please, I insist. Can you not allow me some act of chivalry?

Ok. Hmm, it's got kind of a box shape to it. Good things come in small packages and all.

Oh.

Yeah, this is great. No, I always wanted a page-a-day calendar from you. Absolutely. I really like the Far Side. As a matter of fact, I did not know this was the very last special edition page-a-day calendar Gary Larson was producing.

Why would you take it back? Are you kidding? As you've pointed out, I am a comedy writer. And I need to work on paring the fat out of my jokes. That's what the single panel cartoon forces you to do. As a comedy writer, I have a fondness for humor in all forms. Look at this one. The fat kid can't open the door because he's pushing instead of pulling. Some genius, right?

Besides, I'll always need to know what day it is this year. Who knows, I may lose my watch. Or my cell phone. Or my computer could get a virus. Or the power could go out in one of those storms we seem to always get, and I wouldn't be able to turn on the TV. How would I know whether to go into work or to come pick you up for our Saturday morning ceramics class and post-class lattes? It's perfect.

Your present? Oh. Um, well. It's not anywhere near as fancy as this calendar. It's certainly not a diamond pendant with 18" white gold chain. Neither does it include 1/4-kt diamond earrings, also in white gold, to replace the earring you lost in the kiln last month. And it most certainly was not enclosed in a ceramic hand-painted giftbox that I had made in extra sessions at All Fired Up.

No, mine is much more pedestrian. You know, wow, this is really embarrassing. I can't seem to find your card among all these cards. It's just one of those dumb generic cards with a snowman on it and my signature. It's not like I spent the past six weeks condensing all of my feelings for you into 47 words that would fit neatly on the card yet leave sufficient white space to enhance its readability. Or that it took five drafts getting the ink just right so it wouldn't smudge and to ensure that the slant of my script conveyed my sincerity.

Since my gift is nothing so special as that, much less your calendar, I guess I can just tell you that it was a gift certificate to Starbucks. I know how you like Starbucks, you know, from our going to get coffee there.

Hey, that's what being just friends is all about. ☺

Why Does My Family Think Grandma's Alzheimer's Is So Damn Funny?

By **AMELIA COUSINS**
Columnist

Gentle Reader, I have long been of the opinion that at such major family events as Thanksgiving, one should best suppress one's real feelings and simply smile on through the inevitable tension and awkwardness in the interests over this last holiday season, I nearly snapped. My dear little children, beautiful in their own unique way, just would not stop making fun of their Grandma.

You see, about six months ago, it became pretty clear that all was not well with Grandma's memory. We had left her to look after my son's little cat Muffy while we went away on a two-week break. When I went back to pick Muffy up, my mother informed me that the cat had been put down. "Why?" I asked. "I'm not sure, dear," she answered, "I guess I just sort of felt like it."

Muffy's untimely death did not go over well with my son or my two daughters, and I guess in the light of this unprovoked felinicide, sympathy for Grandma's unusual behavior sharply declined. Even when the doctor confirmed it was the onset of Alzheimer's, my family did not seem obviously distressed. Instead, they saw it as funny! It was just ghastly.

Well, come Thanksgiving, and my eldest daughter starts asking everyone if the turkey doesn't taste a little like Muffy, and asks Grandma if she

had had the bird put to sleep for us. The table erupted in laughter! My poor old mother didn't know what to do. She looked terribly upset. Then kind of confused. And finally she joined in the laughter, asking us all what the joke was.

I guess the forgetfulness can be kind of a relief for her, but the children just got worse. My husband overheard James, our 12 year-old son, tell his sisters that "granny was totally awesome now she's off her rocker." It turned out he had spent the time before dinner taking shots of sherry with her, on the assumption that she'd never remember and wouldn't tell on him! Of course, the silly fool should have realized that it's difficult for a 12 year-old to hide having consumed 6 glasses of sherry - especially when he starts telling his father that he's "his best friend in the whole world" over and over again.

The worst thing about it is the temptation to join in. When my nieces and nephews came round later in the evening, poor grandma had forgotten their names. I have to confess that I struggled to suppress a giggle when my brother told her his children were called "Mike Hunt" and "Seymour Butts." But that's just enjoying his wordplay. It wasn't anything to do with enjoying my straight-laced mother referring to her grandchildren by using obscene names.

And for all the beastliness of it, it would only have been

drawing attention to it if I'd tried to stop it. Like when Great-Uncle Joseph began to confuse her with made up stories about her past. Such as when grandma forgot that she'd had a career as a school guidance counsellor and Uncle Joseph convinced her that she was a retired hooker. Ha! Well, forgive me, but that image is just amusing on a purely abstract level, isn't it?

I suppose I'd always imagined Alzheimer's as something difficult, but not devastating. That "Notebook" movie made the whole thing seem so romantic and even wholesome. Maybe being able to smile at Grandam's problem is a way for a family to deal with the pain that the disease causes for all of us. I've also read somewhere that one shouldn't stop interacting with Alzheimer's patients, and should try and keep them entertained.

Maybe a bit of laughter is healthy? Of course, only in the best possible taste - as long as it doesn't start becoming a question of mocking your elders for the sake of cheap laughs, I guess there's no real harm done.

Anyway, I should go. I need to clean up the house a little. Grandma's coming over to visit again tonight, and me and the kids are going to see if we can convince her that she murdered someone and get her to turn herself in to the police. Just to entertain her, of course. ☺

The Slant's Staff's Christmas Wish List

Ceaf Lewis, Editor-in-Chief of *The Slant*



I already have a Super Nintendo, along with *Shaq-Fu*, the greatest game ever made, so I'm really having to think about other things I want. I guess if somebody brought me a pie I wouldn't turn it down. Orange shirts would also be acceptable.

Colin Dinsmore, Managing Editor



Well, all I really want is peace on Earth and good will towards men. But since that's pretty hard to giftwrap, I'll try to come up with some other ideas. Let's see, I'm going to Germany next

semester, so a plane ticket would be nice. Or one of those transporters from *Star Trek*. That would be even better. Also, I would like Jessica Alba. This doesn't really have anything to do with Germany, but I mean, have you seen her? Wow! I want to unwrap *that* Christmas morning. Finally, one of those new Xboxes would be really awesome, but I don't want you to buy it. I want you to personalize it . . . by stealing it, from an old woman, and I want to see pictures. Lots of pictures.

Tim Boyd, Editor



As I have spent the last eight years of my life in various ivory tower establishments, I like to take the opportunity that the Christmas period provides to indulge in a little light-read-

ing. Something I could just breeze through while enjoying some plum duff and vintage port - perhaps Numan Bartley's classic "Southern Elections: County and Precinct Data, 1950-1972"? Or Daniel Ferrer's "Post-Structuralist Joyce: Essays from the French", perhaps. Of course, if all the copies of these two fine works have been snapped up off the shelves already, I'd settle for anything by Dan Brown.

Andrew Banecker, Alumnus



I live a Spartan lifestyle and tend not to ask for anything much around the holidays. With that in mind, if you have to give me a

gift, a modest gift certificate to Best Buy, Borders or Christie's Cabaret would be fine, or money if you don't want to go to the trouble of driving to one of those places. Well, if you really want to impress me, you could give me a kidney. It wouldn't have to be your favorite kidney (I'll let you choose) and you wouldn't have to give it to me now, I can wait until the day after Christmas if you want to cash in on all those After Christmas Holiday Surgery sales. I wouldn't mind accepting a book deal either, so long as it's within reason. Nothing extravagant... a simple 4 novel commitment for two or three million dollars. Oh, and a hover board; you can't have enough hover boards.

Meredith Gray, Editor Emeritus



I want to finish the box of rice I was eating, but I can't, or else I won't have anything to eat tomorrow. Hence, I would like half a box of Uncle Ben's. Also, if possible, an electric dog polisher,

health insurance, a tetanus shot, a career, moon-boots, those little baggies you pick up dog poop in, new galoshes and a radiant princess-cut platinum engagement ring.

Kris Stensland, Prophetic Columnist



I know what you have for me right now, and it's okay, I guess. But what I REALLY want is one of those houses in Belle Meade--I love that Southern architecture. Also, I want one of those tortilla chip makers--the big industrial sized ones like they have in restaurants. And a mechanical bull that's situated in the middle of a giant hot tub. Actually, scratch all that. I want a personalized jumbo jet that can also go into space. Or a monkey that's trained in kung fu. Wait--right now, I could really go for a big strawberry milkshake . . . yeah, that's definitely what I want.

Andrew Collazzi, Business Manager

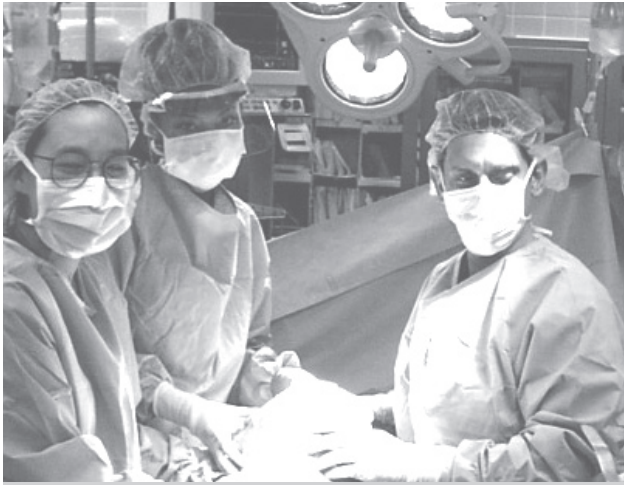
As anyone who knows me can attest, the size of my cranium makes finding a hat quite a depressing ordeal. If you could find a giant novelty hat of some kind for me to wear, that would be awesome (foam is preferred). Given the upcoming anticipation of responses from graduate schools, I'd also appreciate it if someone could put in bribes to the appropriate people so that I could sleep better. Also, I would love it if you could get me some long range ballistic weapons. Ever since my arms deal fell through, I find myself short in the offensive weaponry department. I need a way of striking at my various enemies, even if they are halfway across the globe. Speaking of foes, if you could somehow arrange to have Fenway Park removed from the face of the Earth, I'd be very much obliged. If you can't do that, just find a way to save the Jets' season. 🍌

Bastard Confession



"I drove all the way to Harlem, just for a McRib."

-Andrew Collazzi



AROUNDTHELOOP

The French, mad with power, have performed the first face transplant. What is the first thing you'd say after undergoing the procedure?

Nicholas Cage, Villain



"I'm gonna go fuck your wife."

John Travolta, Scientologist



"Time to go break up that terrorist ring."

Helen Thomas, Sea Hag



"This will take MILLENNIA off my face! That is, if the scarring hasn't made it worse."

Brian Peppers, Sex Offender



"Finally, I can avoid Meghan's Law!"

Greg Champoux, Sorostitute



"Hi, Chi Omega, how are you doing?"

Kate Morgan, Less Attractive Now



"Damn it."

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):

We're not getting you anything for Christmas, because we feel that it's not within the spirit of the holidays. What? you didn't get us anything? Cheap bastard.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19):

USC will lose to UT, finally forcing you to stop supporting the most overrated team in College Football.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18):

Your eggnog-drinking contest will end in horror when you realize that you're a diabetic.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20):

Stop ringing the bell and yelling, "Look! I'm giving out wings!!" The reference is terrible, and you're not funny.

Aries (March 21-April 19):

Christmas is far superior to Chanukah. There, we said it.

Taurus (April 20-May 20):

No one else in the office wants to hear "Jingle Bell Rock" for eight hours on constant loop. Keep your damned holiday music at home.

Gemini (May 21-June 21):

You will follow *The Hustler's* advice and get your girlfriend an iPod. Idiot.

Cancer (June 22-July 22):

Tragedy strikes when your bookie misinterprets what you mean when you describe your girlfriend as "to die for".

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22):

Trying to rush the court at the Oregon game seemed called for, until you realized that no one else joined you... and we were the favorites.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22):

You will whore it up this New Year's eve, totally missing the irony.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23):

Even the Babylonians knew that Horoscopes were bullshit, why in God's name do you believe in them?

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21):

You will die a virgin.

Top Ten Vanderbilt Administration Housing Suggestions For NHPC Fraternities

- 10** The Sigma Nu house, after they burn another pledge
- 9** Prison
- 8** With Vanderbilt's reigning king of hospitality, Chad Burchard
- 7** 10th floor of Morgan Hall
- 6** A sweetass pimped out motorhome, I'm talking chrome, spinners, everything.
- 5** Anywhere far away from white sorority houses
- 4** A shed behind the KA house
- 3** A deluxe apartment in the sky
- 2** New Orleans Superdome
- 1** Confederate Memorial Hall

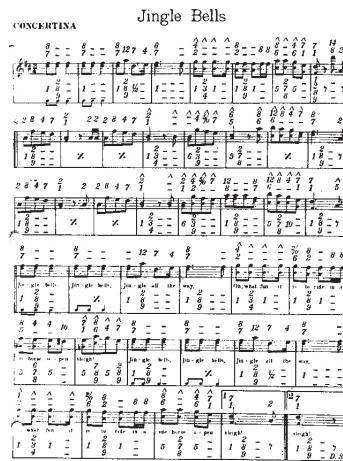
Scratch n' Sniff: Smells of the Holidays



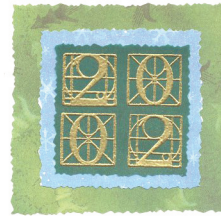
Wrapping Paper



Letter to Santa



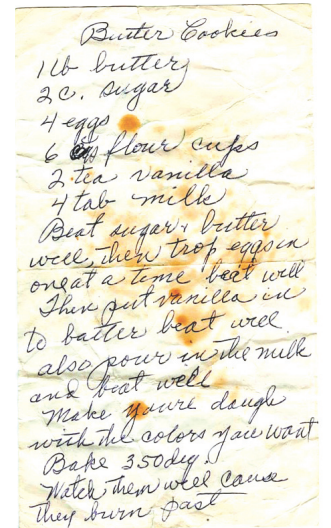
Sheet Music to "Jingle Bells"



Old Christmas Cards



The Bible



Stained Butter Cookie Recipe

This issue printed on mint-flavored rice paper with soy ink. Seriously, try a piece!