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Surviving without a SuDoku puzzle . . . since 1886

INSIDETHISISSUE

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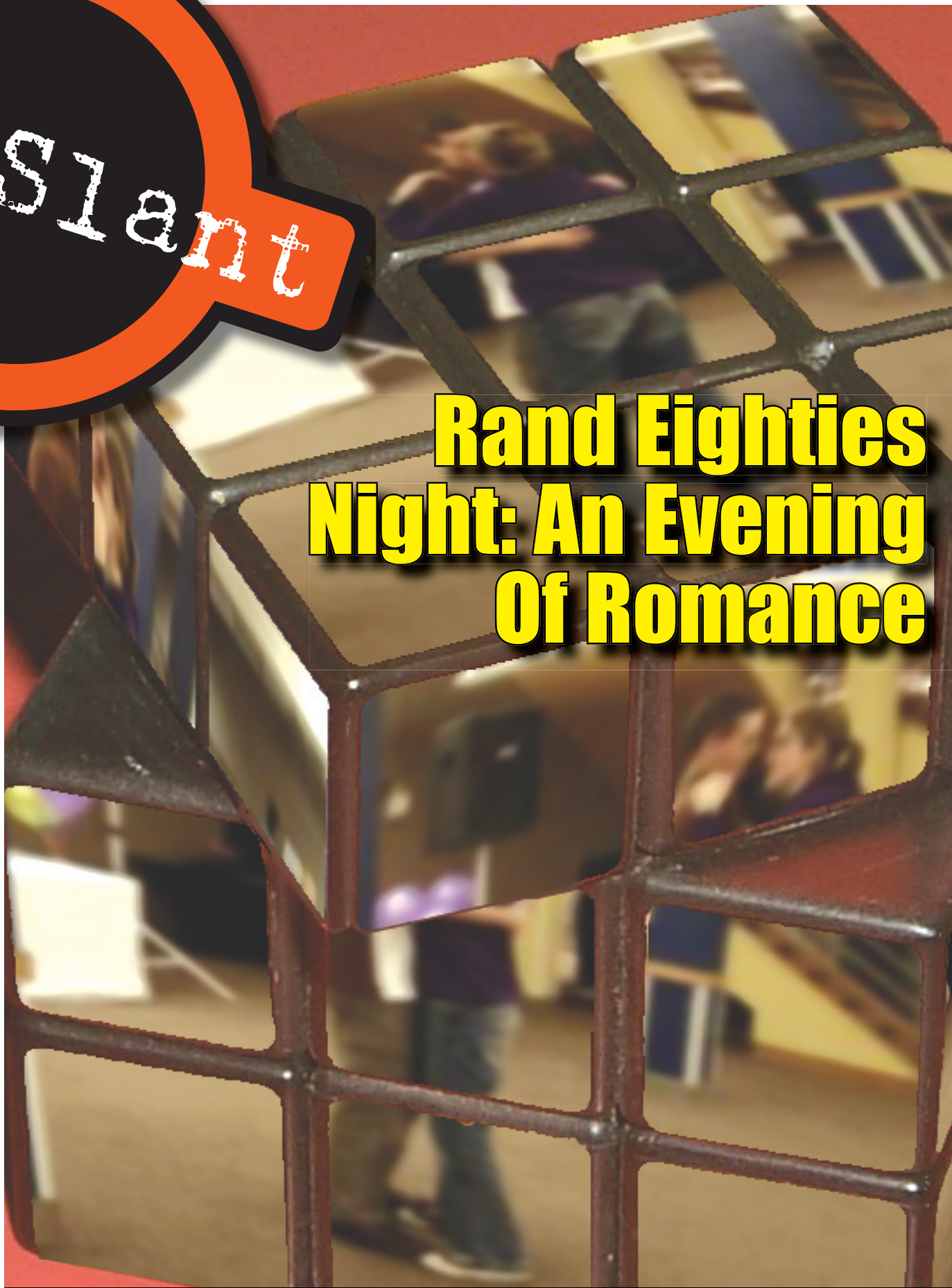
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Rand Eighties Night: An Evening Of Romance



Students Displeased With Administrative Decision

"Well, of course we're all disappointed in the cuts that have been made," claims head coach Tim McClements. "I get the sense that almost every student here has been at least somewhat affected by the rash decision making by the people at the top. Arguably, though, their actions have some legal rationale behind them." "They took away a central part of our lives," says one of the players. "Exactly what are we supposed to do, now that these restrictions are in place? There just aren't too many alternatives." Earlier this week, Gee defended his position, nothing that other schools have made similar decisions before. "They'll learn to live without a few luxuries," he says. "It's just something they'll have to get used to; I understand that these transitions can be difficult, but a few years from now, this probably won't even be an issue." Unfortunately for the administration, it happens to be an issue right now—and a rather large one. Many students have expressed their disagreement and anger with letters and petitions; despite their demands, however, the school seems fairly adamant about its blocking of peer-to-peer file sharing, and the bandwidth limitations on BitTorrent, seemingly, are here for good.

Alito's Wife Glad He Wasn't Justice 15 Years Ago

"It was a difficult time in my relationship with Sammy," said Mrs. Alito. The couple had recently moved to suburban Philadelphia, after Justice Alito was appointed to the federal appeals court, and thought their family size was set. "I always wanted to have more kids, but we had such difficulty conceiving. And Sam's never been one to use a condom. We've always been a 'pull and pray' family," said Mrs. Alito. "I was shocked when I found I was pregnant again. I thought I was too old."



Facebook.com Executive Fired For Posting Image Of Self Drinking Beer On Facebook

Facebook.com announced that they were firing top executive Ted Swizlack upon discovery of his facebook profile. In his profile, Swizlack has prominently posted a

picture of him downing a full case of beer through an abnormally large beer bong. Surrounding Swizlack in the photo are three prostitutes and a kilo of cocaine. Facebook.com commented, "We are trying to maintain an image here. We don't want our site associated with people that engage in shady behavior. . . that's what Friendster is for."

Mike Matthews II Loses Mousetrap, Admits To Having 'No Game'

Noted *Hustler* journalist Mike Matthews lost his copy of *Mousetrap* last weekend, a tragic blow to the senior. Distraught, Matthews pined for his lost game in his latest article. "I used to be so enthusiastic about the game; sometime I would 'prematurely' set the trap off, finding my mouse trapped inside with nothing but a piece of cheese, staring longingly at the female mice dancing outside the game. Shit, I really have 'no game.'" Matthews will buy another version of *Mousetrap* soon, hoping that the childish Rube Goldberg device will finally give him the resolve to proposition females without them running in terror.

Deuce Bigalow: European Gigolo Sweeps Oscar Nominations

The Rob Schneider vehicle *Deuce Bigalow: European Gigolo* earned a record-breaking fifteen Academy Award nominations. The film swept major categories, including Best Picture, Best Direction, Best Actor, Best Supporting Actor, Best Original Screenplay, and Best Original Score. Expected frontrunner *Brokeback Mountain* earned a paltry one nomination for Best Sound Editing, a technical award that nobody cares about. When informed of the good news, *Bigalow* director Mike Bigelow



400

Number of sorority hopefuls currently on the 3rd stage of grief.



said, "For years, people have debated whether *The Godfather Part II* was better than the original. But this is a clear-cut case: *Deuce Bigalow: European Gigolo* is better than either *Godfather* film." Francis Ford Coppola was not available for comment.



Mass Soccer Player Grave Found Under Alumni Lawn

Surveyors planning for the Rites of Spring concert uncovered a shocking archaeological find beneath the surface of Alumni Lawn: the ancient remains of numerous Vanderbilt soccer players. All specimens were males, and preliminary carbon dating has traced the fossils to period between 1973 and 2006. Frank Archer, the surveyor who made the initial discovery, said, "While we setting up our equipment, I found what looked like a piece of bone in the mud. Also, there was a large tombstone that said 'R.I.P. Vanderbilt Men's Soccer.'" Anthropology professor Francisco Estrada-Belli is still translating the tombstone's cryptic message, although it seems to hint that the site is a mass grave of drowning victims. "We suspect the women ritualistically drowned the men in a religious ceremony known as 'Title IX,'" said Dr. Estrada-Belli.

WEATHER



New Orleans No Longer Fears Hand Of God

New Orleans Mayor Ray Nagin recently clarified his comments referring to his municipality as a "chocolate city, by the will of God" after many citizens complained of his insensitivity and poor choice of words. One displaced citizen remarked, "Nagin needs to be a uniter, not a divider, and even the mention of the Lord's name is enough to send us evacuating again." When reached for comment, Nagin stated: "Though our city has recently learned to cringe under the threat of Divine Intervention, I was merely attempting to segue into the subject of this week's upcoming press conference: rebuilding. When our chocolate city is forged again, we will no longer need fear the hand of God, as we will be protected by a colorful sugar coating." Concerns that the city would still melt in His mouth, if not in His hand, have yet to be addressed.

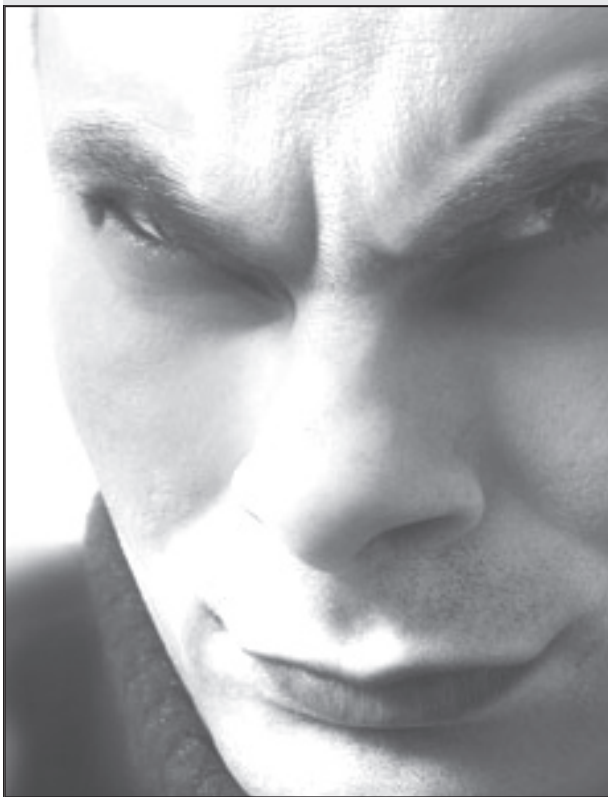


... not in Your hand.

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This guy actually looks like this. And not just on Halloween, either.

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MASTHEAD



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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE
CONTENDIT

Corrections:

The last issue of *The Slant* asserted that there was a boy who had two gay fathers who was immune to "your mom" jokes. Unfortunately, we have recently discovered that this child actually receives twice as many "your mom" jokes than a normal person. We apologize for the error, and in the future we will try to avoid . . . your mom.

FROM THE EDITOR



CEAF LEWIS

Note: There's a bit of a tradition on The Slant that every year the second-in-command gets to write one "From the Editor" column. This year, that second-in-command happens to be Andrew Collazzi. However, my years of toil and drudgery for this esteemed publication have embittered me, grinding my once-bright

spirit into the dust, and now my only joy when working on the paper while everyone else is out partying is raising his hopes and then dashing them. Like I'm doing now. Consider your hopes dashed for this week, AndyCoz.

Ah, promotion time, the greatest time of the year! The most important promotion, of course, is that of Andrew Collazzi to Managing Editor. So, if you notice this publication taking a drastically right-wing turn in the near future, it's probably his fault. Also, it is likely that there will be more Internet horrors around here, like lemonparty.org, tubgirl.com, and goatse.ca*.

In addition, esteemed writers Evan Alston and Thomas Broderick have each attained the lofty position of Editor. Actually, "Editor" is a poor choice of title; they're more like "Indentured Servants." What that means is, now that I've paid for their passages from the Old World to the rich colony of Virginia, they can harvest delicious tobacco for me until their debts are paid. Then I can make my world famous Nicotine Stew.

Noted *Slant* ne'er-do-well Alex Chrisope is now Head of Standards and Professionalism. You know how every so often (*read: every year*) there's some sort of Slant cataclysm? Well, his job is to keep the heavens from crashing down upon us by shouldering the vault of the sky and guarding the tree with the golden apples and such for all eternity. Or until Fall 2006, whichever comes first.

Meanwhile, Reeve Hamilton is currently embroiled in hearings to determine if he's acceptable for the position of Copy Editor. It looks like the opposition party won't have the stomach to filibuster, but one can never be sure. Of course, they do keep unearthing memos from his previous jobs which place him somewhere to the left of Chairman Mao. Still, I retain complete confidence in his ability to spare us from the typos which plague a certain lesser publication.

At any rate, that wraps up the news I have for this installment of my column. Come back next week for iron-clad proof that *The Vanderbilt Hustler's* opinion section is a front for Mafia activity.

*Note: don't visit these sites..

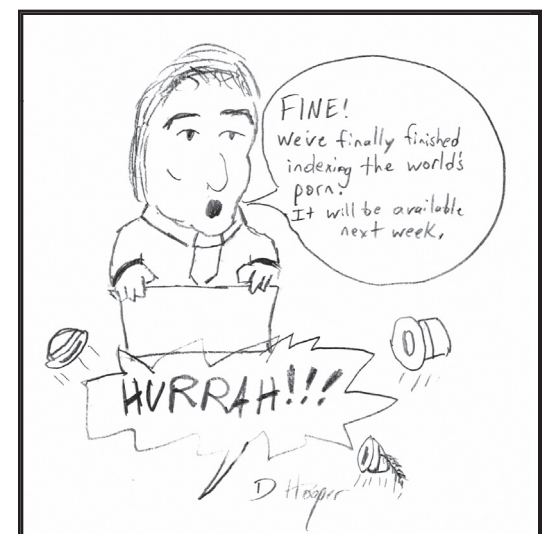
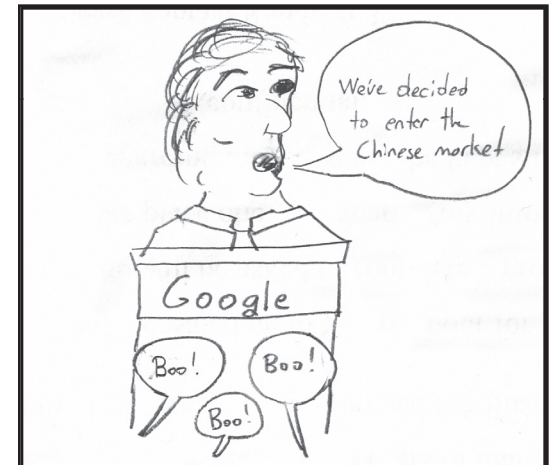


Fucked Image

We found this image by searching "crush the opposition" on Google. . .

Hangin' With Mr. Hooper
by Daniel Hooper

Episode 1:
At The Google Press Conference



Honor Council Crackdown Reveals Network Of Campus 'Cheateasys'

BY TIM BOYD

In response to suggestions made by students in last week's Hustler that neither Vanderbilt Professors nor the Honor Council itself take violations of the Honor Code seriously enough, a series of raids took place this past weekend in classrooms, dorms and Greek houses across campus designed to clamp down on suspected cheating. The levels of academic fraud that were exposed in the raids have now led to several calls for the administration to take action.

Often operating on the basis of short-notice tip-offs from anonymous students, the Chancellor's personal investigative staff (popularly known as "Gee's-men," or "G-men" for short) uncovered dozens of locations on campus where Honor Code violations were occurring with little effort to conceal them.

Said senior G-man Eddie O'Ness, "The things we uncovered were just appalling. Cribbed lecture notes, papers lifted off the internet, quizzes being done by friends – and all going on in plain view, as if it was perfectly acceptable. The contempt for integrity and proper citation techniques that we discovered shows that these frauds are rotten to the core. I tell you, I want to hurt these cheats, you hear me? I want to take the fight to them and I want to hurt them."

In the report he presented to the Chancellor, which was also made public, O'Ness gave details of how the Honor Code was being flaunted. The most common form in which this was done was in what students looking for a way to artificially boost their grades referred to as a "Cheateasy." These were often regu-



Life in a "cheateasy"

lar rooms in which people would gather for what was euphemistically referred to as "course selection."

Students would gather over cups of coffee and ostensibly read over the course catalogue for the current semester. While to an innocent bystander the conversation would sound like a series of comparisons between the merits of various professors and courses, in actual fact the discussion was being carried on in code. The operator of the Cheateasy would listen for which course his

visitors would mention, and then surreptitiously slip them the paper, test answers or unaccredited references they would need to turn in high-standard work. In exchange, his or her grateful clients would provide information about changes being made to the tests or new requirements in each semester's courses.

With RA's and TA's being paid handsome kickbacks to turn a blind eye to this, the ringleaders of the cheaters were able to act almost with impunity. Several G-men reported instances of a student walking into an exam with an already completed blue book and turning it in to the Professor after spending only a few minutes in the room. In his press conference, O'Ness described what had been found as "a systematic undermining of the principles of the Honor Code with which this

University is so proudly associated."

The Honor Code that now applies at Vanderbilt was initially adopted in 1918, after years of hectoring by self-righteous moral reformers that despite masses of historical evidence to the contrary, dishonesty was a fundamentally un-American characteristic. Accordingly, the Vanderbilt administration adopted a regulation outlawing the "manufacture, sale or transportation of plagiarized materials" on the University's property. Since then, the Honor Code has been extended to cover a lengthy declaration of principles which all freshmen now sign without having read.

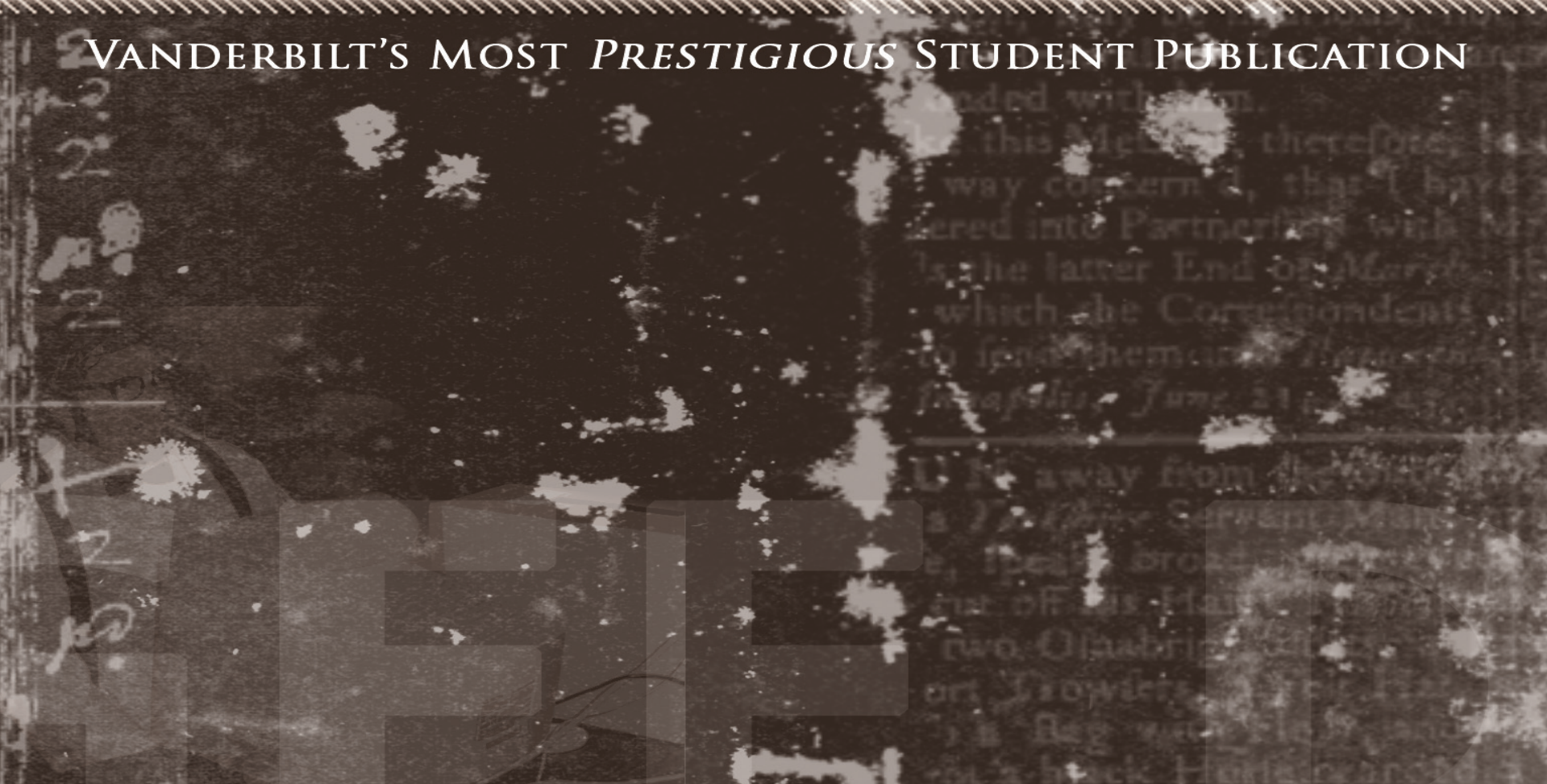
In the 1920s, as the good times began to roll and Vanderbilt's students began to enjoy their football team's unquestioned dominance of the SEC, enforcement of the Code became lax. Since then, despite periodic attempts to stay true to the core ideas of honesty and academic integrity that the code encompasses, it has often been little more than a "dead letter law."

With the media exposure resulting from these latest raids, however, Kirkland Hall is coming under increasing pressure to make its students live up to the rules. Accordingly, Chancellor Gee has promised to promise swift and decisive action. As yet, the administration has not revealed the details of its plans to combat the cheating, but sources close to the Chancellor suggest that he feels the problems could be solved by cutting a few more sports teams and accelerating the move to residential colleges.



THE SLAN

VANDERBILT'S MOST *PRESTIGIOUS* STUDENT PUBLICATION





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The Slant

Sexpack Sexpack

An Open Letter From A History Professor

I don't see how anyone would not want to become a history professor. It's the most legitimate excuse to use the 'Dr.' prefix on one's name other than suffering through med school. Forget that teaching crap that you may be assuming the job entails; it's the "research" that counts. With some fancy words and a few paraphrased quotes, anyone with a powerful enough agenda can have the whole of American college students believing that Jesus sold fake Rolex watches in New York City. But I digress; I'm not yet willing to add fiction to what was fiction already.

As you may have already guessed from the blatant Jesus bashing, I am a card carrying member of the Liberal Elite: Academia Unit. I was indoctrinated during High School: The International Baccalaureate Diploma Program. I came out of my secondary education with the UNESCO seal of approval, a certified agent of the United Nations. My reformatted brain (I use computer terminology because humans don't have souls, if you don't already know) was ready to spread socialist ideology into the minds of the gullible youth.

Now, you may be wondering why conservatives don't challenge liberal dominance of the nation's history departments (hint: there's no money

in it). No matter the reason, it sure doesn't stop them from bitching about it on Fox News. Besides, it's difficult to write a biography praising President Reagan's ending of the Cold War while conveniently forgetting the following: the failure of trickle down economics, his hatred of the handicapped, people with AIDS, midgets, and his own wife.

That brings me to my next point: it doesn't matter what any historian writes because the American public is too goddamn lazy and gullible to look at, let alone follow up on, the endnotes and bibliography of any non-fiction book. It's like shooting fish in a barrel. If I claim (which I am doing right now) that the Pope snorts crack while masturbating, do you think that a bagboy at Kroger will rally his minimum wage coworkers with the cry of "To the library, men!" to prove me wrong through research? When hell freezes over, ladies and gentlemen. And the thing about Reagan hating midgets; was I lying? Maybe. It's not like you would ever stay sober long enough to check me.

You see, this is just part of a much larger scheme to destroy conservatism in America. From what I have learned from my colleagues of our Master Plan, professors all over the country have planted the liberal

seeds in their student's minds over the last forty years. To reach those too unfortunate to go to college, messages were implanted into PBS children's shows and the CBS evening news. Every American, even you, is wired to become a full fledged beret wearing intellectual at the release of the code word. And once it is done, American flags will be burnt and Republican president's graves pissed on (Reagan's by at least 30,000 midgets); a true utopia among men.

Unfortunately, my interests do not lie in American history and the goal of destroying American values. I will be spending the majority of my life convincing the Japanese that they were 'right on' in bombing Pearl Harbor. Being as lazy as their American counterparts and twice as gullible, they will easily fall under my control to eventually allow my plan to come to fruition. No matter, thousands of my colleagues have been at work for some time editing American history towards the goal of eradicating Christianity, apple pie, etc.

Don't worry though; my hand will not stay out of American history completely. I already have a biography of our President in the works to be released upon his death. I'm not talking about a month after his funeral; there will be no respectful

grieving period. The biography will be released, and you can hold me to this, while his body is still warm.

Go ahead, Mr. President, blabber on all you want about the evils of revisionist history. The joke is that you don't need it; the best liberal think tank couldn't come up with the crap you've pulled. Instead, I will make your life so irrelevant that the closest any college student will come to your memoirs will be when a sorority girl bites the leather spine to muffle her cries of passion as she has sex with her boyfriend in the library stacks. Teeth marks, not bookmarks, will be the only definition of your historical relevance in years to come.

There may not be fate, gentle reader, but there is a certain god-like power in turning the purpose someone's existence into nothing more than a substitute ball gag. And if anyone should strike me down, thousands of my kind will eagerly step up to finish my work. Check and Mate.

Finally, I hope everyone whose been reading along is having a nice day; I'm already planning out how you'll remember it tomorrow.

-Thomas Broderick
(Ph.D Niihama University)

Man, Al Gore's A Nerd

by **RICHARD GREEN**
Infuriated Jock Columnist

Recently, Al Gore gave a speech at Vanderbilt talking about global warming. Typically after speeches, I come away with greater respect for the speaker, but Al Gore, with his table after table of boring crap just made me realize, *this guy's a huge nerd.*

Of all the political figures trying to get their point across, he by far does the nerdiest job. Nobody wants to see charts and research and all that other nerdy stuff. That just confuses people. He should have stressed global warming's relative inaction during Vietnam, and I am sure global warming has a les-

bian daughter to go after. That would really turn me against global warming more than Gore's figures.

Gore tells this myth of global warming just like a real nerd. Most myths I have heard people tell are much more exciting. For example, the myths about the giant dog that turned out to be a rat, the crocodiles in the sewer, and the story of Bigfoot are entertaining stories. Maybe it would have been more entertaining if Gore said global warming is caused by people passing gas too much or giant rockets pushing earth closer to the sun, not just increased carbon dioxide emissions leading to increased temperatures of about .7-2.6 degrees per fifty years.

Gore needs to realize that "facts" are useless. Take for example, the "facts" about evolution. It was a believed "fact" that was eventually wrong. Only nerds try to get the "facts." Real people try to appeal to feelings. The problem for Gore is that it does not "feel" like it is getting warmer at all, thus, he has no case for global warming.

Even if global warming were to be true, that would be a good thing. Most people like warm weather. That is why so many students go to Florida or Mexico for Spring Break and visit the beach or swim in pools. But do you know which type of people does not go to the beach for Spring Break and apparently hate warm weather? Nerds,

nerds like Al Gore! No wonder he is against global warming. He probably just feels inadequate about taking his shirt off to go swimming. He would rather people not spend their time with warm weather but playing games on the nerdy Internet he created.

In response to Al Gore's nerdiness, we should treat him as we treat other nerds. We need a few bullies to put him in his place. Maybe someone could give him a swirly in the North Atlantic Current before it breaks down as he claims it will. Or better yet, someone should pull his gym shorts down; that should cool him off about this global warming nonsense. 🍌

My Recent Vacation To Marvin Gardens Was Rather Lackluster

by **CEAF LEWIS**
Columnist

Recently I've been rather stressed out due to my high-responsibility lifestyle; being a titan of the media is not quite as fun as it would seem. Before things got out of hand, I decided it would be a good idea to take a vacation, to clear my head and return to Vanderbilt refreshed and ready to dominate college media once more.

Since it is as of yet too cold to truly enjoy a trip to the beach, I decided that I would visit scenic Marvin Gardens; I'd heard good things about it and I decided it would be a fine destination for a midwinter trip. I packed my top hat, my iron, my trusty thimble, and my old shoe, hopped into my roadster, collected my salary, and was on my way.

Unfortunately, the road to Marvin Gardens was positively fraught with peril. I ate some bad shellfish at a roadside diner, a poor choice which resulted in a \$50 doctor's fee. The trip was off to an inauspicious start indeed.

I was feeling too sick to drive by this point, so I ended up taking the B&O Railroad into town. Of course, I was forced to buy a ticket at the last minute for double its original value, but such is life, I suppose. At any rate, I began to feel better as I entered town, hailed a taxi, and rode past the stately homes of Atlantic Avenue and neighboring Ventnor Avenue. A few minutes later, the cab pulled up in front of my hotel. I had vowed not to be stingy as far as this trip was concerned; after all, my health is more valuable than mere money. And stingy I could not be; I ended up paying \$1200 for my room and board when all was said and done.

The next day I decided I would see the sights. I advanced to St. Charles

Place and collected no less than two hundred dollars (an ATM malfunctioned on my way there). It's true that I had to spend most of that money to rent a car, but I did luck out and find some free parking; that's rare enough in any city, especially one as ritzy as this one.

After that, I won second place in a beauty contest, taking home ten dollars for my trouble (I suspect it was a scam as I do not recall entering any contest; still, the money spent fine). Matters swiftly took a turn for the worse, however.

"But Ceaf," you might say, "how could your vacation be terrible? First class accommodations and placing in a beauty contest? That sounds terrific!" Go to hell. The beauty contest was humiliating (damn swimsuit competitions) and the very next day I was hurled into jail simply for entering the wrong area of town. Apparently I was suspected of murder or something. Thankfully, I was owed a favor by a prominent attorney and I still carried his card in my wallet. So what might have turned into a permanent incarceration became a mere visit. Still, it set me back quite a few days and I was unable to withdraw from the bank any additional funds from my cell.

At any rate, by the time I left the prison I only had a few days' worth of money left, plus I had missed quite a few sessions of HIST 297, so I bid good-bye and good riddance to the area, taking the next train of the Reading Railroad out and away. Of course, when I returned to Nashville, I found out that, in my absence, not only had I been charged a sizeable luxury tax, but I also had been voted Chairman of the Board and now owed my former competitors fifty dollars each. Bastards.

In conclusion, I hate Marvin Gardens. Next year, I'm definitely staying on Pennsylvania Avenue. 🍌

Un-American Cheese *You'll Never Taste Anything Edible Again*

By **MATT DeVRIES**
Columnist

We all know that America is facing more problems today than at any other time in history, and foremost among them is so-called "American cheese". We're all familiar with its individually-wrapped, pre-processed evils. We've all experienced the horror of biting into an already unappetizing ham sandwich at some stupid picnic and finding the terrible, gooey yellow stuff stuck to the cheap imitation of bread that's stuck to the roof of your mouth. Its putrid taste claws at your soul, making you think you'll never taste anything edible again. Or at least it makes you wish for real food. And to add insult to a grievous injury, this processed cheese product is labeled as "American" cheese; this is quite possibly the most slanderous insult ever uttered against our glorious nation. If only we knew the whereabouts of the tree-hugging, Nazi, devil-worshipping, freedom-hating, Communist cheese-terrorist responsible, we could blast his country off the face of our planet. But we don't, so we'll just have to be a bit more innovative in dealing with this national crisis. Not to fear, America; I have an infallible plan.

The first step is to rename the vile substance. If we do it right, we can sweep this foul cheese under the rug without any snooty UN watchdog group noticing. That is why I propose that we dispose of this vile cheese in another country; after all, they've had it coming, all of them. But how should we rename this cheese for its new home? We could call it Japanese cheese; that'd serve them right for sending us all those cheap, reliable cars while making our autoworkers slaves to their Emperor. Then again,

it'd probably be more humane to call it Canadian cheese and send it all to Canada. We wouldn't have to ruin Japanese food that way (have you ever even heard of Canadian food?) and when the Canadians eat it it'll be frozen so they'll be spared the gooeyness and most of the artificial flavoring.

Once we've sent all the Canadian cheese to Canada, we'll have to go about choosing a real national cheese in order to restore American pride. It'll have to be something that represents everything America stands for starting with bravery, stupidity, and money. To make the process easier, we'll just choose the best cheese there is, as that is logically the only choice that would fit our country. I'm partial to Pepper Jack, but it sounds like Monterrey Jack, and both "pepper" and "Monterrey" remind me of Mexico, and we're trying to find a cheese for ourselves, not for our neighbors to the south, you know which ones; the ones who keep mowing the lawn for next to nothing until we call the police on them because we're still bitter about that grade in high school Spanish. Yep, bingo, those people.

Oh, sorry, we were on cheese, weren't we. Being that there's no red, white, and blue cheese and since I can't figure out which cheese is my favorite, I suggest we choose the cheese that we as a nation already own: the Moon. It's already ours and, as proven by Wallace and Gromit (Wallace, et al, 1990), it's made entirely of a unique and utterly delectable type of cheese. This way, when the Canadians are eating their new cheese and shivering, they can look up in the sky and see what makes America the best. Cheese. 🍌

<http://www.theslant.net>

A Moment With . . . Adrien Brody!

BY EVAN ALSTON

The Slant was pleased to have the opportunity early last week to sit down with Oscar winner Adrien Brody, star of this year's smash hit *King Kong*, the timeless story of man, on a quest to find a giant ape, only to find much more than he bargained for (as well as a giant ape). And, as if starring in *King Kong* wasn't enough for one year, he also secured a leading role in "King Kong: The Video Game," which, according to early reports, is an awesome, awesome game. When we talked to him, Adrien was just coming off the set of his new feature, *Untitled Adrien Brody Project*. He was tired from a full day of filming and wasn't especially eager to be interviewed, but we were so thrilled at seeing his Oscar-winning nose, we would have forgiven him for anything.

ADRIEN BRODY: I am an important person.

THE SLANT: Why are you holding that stick?

AB: It's the leg of a gargantuan insect from the set of *King Kong*, and I refuse to put it down. I killed this insect myself and it means a lot to me as an actor. And as a man.

TS: That's understandable.

AB: Do you have coffee? I want coffee. And Nasonex.

TS: Adrien Brody! Star of *The*

Pianist! Kisser of Halle Berry! Muse of Peter Jackson! What's it like to be tall?

AB: *The Pianist* was an important movie.

TS: We didn't see that; was it any good?

AB: It got me a kiss from Halle Berry, so it must have been pretty good! He-he-he!

TS: You're repulsive.

AB: Do you have cream or sugar here?

TS: You're going to hold that leg the whole time, aren't you?

AB: Don't worry about it, the Nasonex is a good sweetener.

TS: I'm bored. Do you know anyone else I could interview?

AB: Hold on a second; I'm getting a call. Hello? What?? No, no, you can't. Remember the coefficient of static friction... right, exactly. Okay, got it?

Good, good.

TS: You're really tall.

AB: That was Peter Jackson's son. I help him with his homework, he helps me out. I love him as if he were my own son.

TS: He hung out a lot on the set of *King Kong*?

AB: No.

TS: I'm confused.

AB: It's just some kid. I don't think Peter Jackson even has kids. I just have so much wisdom to impart, you see. I have to seek out the young ones so that I can make my mark on a new generation.

TS: Kids are cute.

AB: Very.

TS: You need something to stir your coffee. I think we have some stirrers around here somewhere . . .

AB: A person??

Hired and trained specifically to stir my coffee?

TS: . . . those little straws.

AB: Oh. That's all right. I've got the leg.

TS: So Brodemeister, what was it like hopping around for that whole Pepsi commercial?

AB: That was a Diet Coke commercial. And it was important.

TS: Do you own your own low-rider?

AB: I wear suspenders on set.

TS: Hydraulics seem like a waste of money to me. Unless you have trouble reaching the tubes at the bank drive-thru.

AB: I'm tall. I can reach. I'm friends with Chris Martin.

TS: What?

AB: Chris Martin, lead singer of the band Coldplay.

TS: Our readers would find that interesting.

AB: I like that song where he plays two chords on the piano over and over and then they have the laser light show.

TS: Mr. Brody, please stop bouncing.

AB: I wave my insect leg like this!!

TS: You've knocked over your coffee!

AB: I'm sorry. Adrien will stop bouncing now.

TS: It's fine . . . hey, where'd your leg go?

AB: . . .

TS: Adrien? You okay?

AB: . . .

TS: Adrien, we're gonna get your leg back, okay? You okay?

AB: . . . I need to stir my coffee.

TS: We know, Adrien. It'll turn up somewhere.

AB: Chris Martin took my leg.

TS: Adrien, we're sure Chris wouldn't take your leg.

AB: Chris Martin always wanted my leg, as soon as he saw it. He wanted to make it part of his show. He was going to have the Blue Man Group act out *Macbeth* during Speed of Sound. The leg was going to be Banquo . . .

TS: . . . Jerry, how much Nasonex did he put in that coffee?

AB: I want to bounce.

TS: Jerry, can you get The Brodemeister a Pepsi?

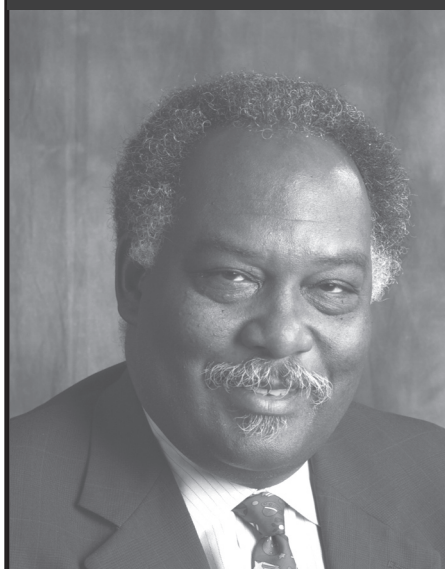
AB: DIET COKE!!

And then Mr. Brody went into some sort of seizing fit. The paramedics said Nasonex was harmless when taken orally, but that Adrien seemed to have been ingesting some sort of plastic polymer for an extended period of time. We were all glad to hear that he would have his stomach pumped and would be fine. In another good turn of events, an intern found his insect leg under the coffee table, but some dog or other animal must have gotten to it, since the ends were chewed to bits. We can't wait to see Mr. Brody's upcoming films and we're sure he will have a bright future in Hollywood!

Next issue's interview will be Mena Suvari. We had planned to talk with Coldplay's Chris Martin, but he hasn't been able to remember the end of one of his songs for the past ten days. You can see him performing the same three notes at the Verizon Wireless Amphitheater in LA for the foresee-



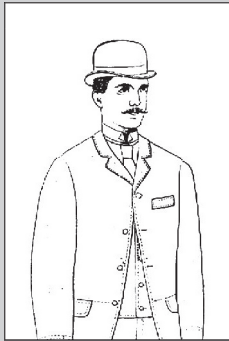
Bastard Confession



I'll be the first to say it:
good riddance to bad
rubbish.

-Vice-Chancellor
David Williams, on
soccer

AROUNDTHELOOP

How would you thwart
the Iranian nuclear
weapons program
(or not)?Theobald Heinrichson, Culturally
Insensitive Diplomat

“I’m sure the Ayatollahs
and I could talk it over
after a few drinks.”

Donald Rumsfeld, 20 Years Ago



“I’d give Iraq nuclear
weapons and let them duke
it out.”

SimCity 2000 Transportation
Advisor, Traitor

“YOU CAN’T CUT
BACK ON ITS
FUNDING! YOU WILL
REGRET THIS!”

OK

Alexander the Great, Warrior Fop



“I’ll do you one better and
come close to destroying
Persia altogether. Then
I’ll catch malaria. Then
I guess I’ll die or some-
thing. Whatever’s conve-
nient for you, really.”

Sen. Judd Gregg, Budget
Committee Chairman

“If we have a problem, if no
one else can help, and if we
can find them, (and they’re
cheap) maybe we can hire . . .
THE A-TEAM.”

Al Gore, Bastard



“I’d get the Iranians’
hopes up by starting off
a presentation with a clip
from “Futurama” but
then bore them to tears
with my monotone voice,
appeals to popularity, and
dull graphs. And I won’t
give all of them chairs.”

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18):

Faith is important in this lonely world. And not just any Faith. Faith Ford. Corky will get you through those rough spots.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20):

You will be shocked and appalled upon stumbling upon World War II slash fanfiction. Something’s not right about the phrase “Stalin gently caressed FDR’s leg braces.”

Aries (March 21-April 19):

You will loan your friend a baseball autographed by Babe Ruth, which he will hit over a fence into the jaws of a huge dog. Unfortunately, the man next door will just laugh at you and your dad will beat you until his arms get tired.

Taurus (April 20-May 20):

You are now entering Not-Getting-Any-Town. Population: you.

Gemini (May 21-June 21):

Rubbing your condoms with sandpaper in order to give them more texture might not be the best of ideas.

Cancer (June 22-July 22):

You might think that tired Chuck Norris list is funny now, but what if saying his name three times aloud makes him appear, covered in nothing but whipped cream?

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22):

Your mysterious illness will take a turn for the worse when you have a seizure the moment they turn on the MRI. Don’t worry, though: it happens to everyone and Dr. House is the best in the business.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22):

It may be true that dolphins can ejaculate to a distance of up to 14 feet through water, but it is unlikely that the Navy will fund your weapons system based on that finding.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23):

You might not know why the caged bird sings, but torture won’t find you the answer you seek.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21):

You suspect that someone in the mailroom is stealing your mail, but you won’t need it after a medical student steals your corneas.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):

Your career as an inquisitor will reach a dead end when you realize that Home Depot doesn’t carry the Malleus Maleficarum.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19):

Ah, The Pub. You’ll never find a more wretched hive of scum & villainy.

Top Ten Things That Are Ruining America in 2006

- 10** Republicans
- 9** Democrats
- 8** Gonorrhea (actually, this is just ruining the Greek system)
- 7** Supervillains with access to Kryptonite
- 6** Chain E-mails
- 5** Chuck Norris Humor
- 4** Chain E-mails full of Chuck Norris humor
- 3** That guy next door with the illegal subwoofer who decides to listen to NOFX at 6:30 in the morning.
- 2** American youth not bringing balance to the Force and instead joining the Sith.
- 1** Smart-Alecky Humor Publications

This Waste of Space Brought To You By: Nostalgia For Wastes Of Space

APRIL 20-22

BEN FOLDS THE SUBWAYS
SCIFI LOVE STORY

OF MONTREAL HOTEL LIGHTS **THES** FOUR OUT OF FIVE METRIC
STARS **LANT** PATTERNS IN PARIS

Vanderbilt Parody Board otherwise known as **VPB PRESENTS** a humorous affair sponsored by the Slant called

WASTES OF SPACE

In The Next Issue of *The Slant*:
Bob Woodruff Embedded In Iraq, Shrapnel Embedded In Bob Woodruff