



# BREAKING ELECTION NEWS:



Still drunk in the morning . . . since 1886

## INSIDETHISSUE

The Invisible Man's Girlfriend: "He Just Came Out Of Nowhere"

Ceaf Lewis Has Written on Your Wall

Ben and Jerry End Hostage Negotiations With Offer of Free Double-Scoop Cone

### SLOBODAN

**5** Is A Funny Name

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# Hamas Sweeps SGA Primaries!

## Gay Student Doesn't Get Laid On ASB Trip

Last week, Vanderbilt students returned from Spring Break, many having attended one of many ASB sites throughout North America. Freshman William Hersithe, however, expressed his extreme disappointment in not achieving sexual fulfillment at his ASB site over the break. "This was blatant false advertising," claimed Hersithe. "I was told this was ALTERNATIVE Spring Break, you know, for alternative lifestyles." Hersithe complained on end about how when he arrived at his ASB site, he was instead handed a shovel and was forced to dig a foundation for a house for the week. As ASB members are famous for telling anyone and everyone within a cubic parsec of what ASB entails, experts believe Hersithe will be ridiculed at almost absurd levels for his mix-up.

## Slant Editors Destroy Layout Computers



At first, the *Slant* editorial staff was excited about the prospect of getting new computers capable of making

production easier. According to computer zealot community Slashdot, "Apples are clearly better than MIKKKRO\$HAFT WINBLOWZ and production will be as pure as driven snow if you would just shrug off the yoke of the EVIL EMPIRE." This comment was then modded +5, Insightful, Funny. The golden promise of easier productions, however, has yet to pan out, as Apples, while standard in the field of professional publishing, are slow, make annoying sound effects, and cannot run *Morrowind*. Many members of the editorial board have voiced their desire to rip apart the key components of the computers to end the agony of Sunday production. Last Sunday, Managing Editor Andrew Collazzi made good on his promise as he jammed a screwdriver into the computer's power supply with all his might. At the same time, Editor-in-Chief Ceaf Lewis threw a grenade inside the chassis of the other computer. The result was a massive explosion that destroyed the computers and most of the *Slant* office. While the blast killed Collazzi and Lewis, a random student walking by the office also was killed and has yet to be identified. In their wills and last testaments, Collazzi and

Lewis both stated. "At least we got rid of those damned pieces of shit."

## Men's Basketball Works Concessions At Women's Tourney Games

The Vanderbilt Men's team returned from their loss to Notre Dame just in time for the first and second rounds of the Women's NCAA tournament, which were held in Memorial Gym. "Man, I don't know what we would have done if they decided to beat Notre Dame," commented Coach Kevin Stallings. Stallings continued, "When we lost at South Bend, I told them, hey, at least we can go watch the women play!" The team reportedly enjoyed watching the women's team perform and enjoy their seventh straight NCAA berth in the women's tournament. The team was inspired by the teamwork of the lady Doers to such a degree that they vowed to deliver another "season of disappointing fourth quarter losses" so that Vandy fans can focus on the women in the post season next year as well.

## Verizon Introduces 'Throwback' Cell Phones

Verizon Wireless recently announced its partnership with Nokia to produce cell phones that are the same size as in 1987. Verizon spokesperson Frank Thompson said, "We recognize nostalgia as an important motivator of future revenue growth." The devices will weigh just over 8 pounds and be the size of a K-2 football. However, they phones will have the same services as modern phones. Ads for the cell phones will feature clips from the film *Wall Street*, which features Michael Douglas as '80s cinematic icon Gordon Gekko using a giant then-state-of-the-art cell phone on the beach. "This will have immediate cache in the hip hop community, which views him as a cultural touchstone," praised Thompson.



## Wild Turkey

*The Slant's* liquor of choice.

Bear in mind that editorial policy allows gratuities.

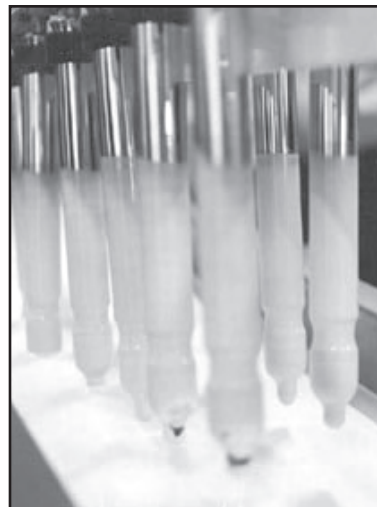


## Unemployed French Protestors Destroy Businesses

The French government recently agreed on a new job contract that will relax job security conditions for French laborers. The contract will, in essence, give no job security for young workers for their first two years on the job, meaning said young workers may be fired for any reason. As youth unemployment is already at extremely high rates in the region, protestors reacted to the news very negatively. In addition to the law enforcement units being attacked, many businesses have been ransacked and other businesses have reported lower sales due to the riots. The irony seems lost on the French protestors, as they plan on continuing their reign of terror until the French government guarantees them jobs. "We'll hamper all businesses in the nation until we can get our job security," commented Jaques Basteur, a protestor. "We'll bankrupt them all if we have to."

## Canadians Prefer Watching People Have Sex To Having It

Pfizer, in an attempt to find new markets for top-selling product Viagra, recently found that most Canadians prefer to watch TV rather than have sex. Pfizer's study indicated that 82% of the polled group was either too tired or stressed to care about sex. Toronto resident Clyde Denning commented, "I'm usually just to tired when I'm done with work, although I don't mind watching the Spice Channel. It's a nice way to unwind at the end of the day." Denning's wife, Lindsay, added, "It's a lot easier, eh? We'd rather watch others do it than do it ourselves." ●



CONDOMS!

## DOUCHEBAGS



## Roommate Won't Shut Up About Magnum Condoms

According to sources, Sean Thorton, roommate of Vandy senior Paul Jennings, simply will not stop talking about the Magnum condoms he buys. "At first I feigned interest, because I didn't want to be rude . . . and I really didn't want to think about it," commented Jennings. "Then, he started telling me stories of his 'hilarious' hi-jinks with the goddamned things. I get it, you can fit it all the way down past your elbow; good for you." Thorton also proudly displays them in his room so that everyone is aware that he does indeed possess Magnum condoms. "Frankly, I don't really give a shit; I just wish he would stop telling me about them," commented Jennings. Thorton then came into Jennings's room to show him his latest trick: wearing a Magnum on his head as a festive hat. ●

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## PEMBROKE CORGI ZONE



The cruel Head of Standards and Professionalism does not approve of this heartwarming space.

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## Corrections:

In the March 1, 2006 issue of *The Slant*, we asserted that the SuDoku was solvable. At the time it was printed, we suspected that it was likely unsolvable or no one would have the patience to do it. We were wrong. Vanderbilt freshman Grant Bouchillon left a solved puzzle for us under our office door. Apparently, none dare challenge Mr. Bouchillon either. We apologize for making the puzzle solvable, and will in the future demand that all of our SuDoku puzzles be impossible.

## MASTHEAD



Keeping movable type out of the hands of the landed gentry... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE  
CONTENDIT

## FROM THE EDITOR



CEAF LEWIS

I've decided that I hate everybody now. I'm going to become a misanthropic hermit, dwelling in a spooky Victorian-era house. Then when small children hit baseballs into my yard, I'll keep them while shaking my fist at them and wearing a bathrobe. It'll be pretty sweet and will really give me a lot of time to focus on my art. Plus, then the

only incompetence that screws me over is my own limited incompetence and I'm always much more accepting of my own foibles.

There are some people I hate less than others, however, and one of them is Joe Hills. Since this column is written on Sunday to be published Wednesday, however, I have no idea how the primaries will end. Therefore, hopefully Joe will make it to the general election, but if he doesn't (God forbid), democracy has failed again, thus further reducing my trust in mankind.

I think I would have been a pretty good Black Knight back in the day, standing around in random places challenging passers-by to duels for no real reason and hanging their shields on nearby trees as a warning to others. Then I could have retired to a manor house in the country and gone fox hunting and stuff. It would have been cool.

But in the real, current, world, I recently applied for some sort of size-limited honorary. One of my competitors tried to get me to not apply, citing my status as a "controversial figure." I applied anyway, just to mess with his head. Take that, mainstream society; I'm like the Fonz of 2006. Eyyyyyy!

Meanwhile, the vending machine closest to the Slant office was recently restocked with these bitchin' Mrs. Freshley's chocolate-covered donuts. Thus, in the last few productions, we have maintained a high energy level and good morale. However, this week, said donuts were replaced by awful lemon-frosted cookies and some sort of generic ding-dongs. You strike us down now, vending company, but we will become more powerful than you can possibly imagine.

I'm not sure where I'll be in two weeks, which means that I may not have direct oversight over the next issue. In the event I am not present, control passes to Managing Editor Andrew Collazzi, so any complaints about the issue or letter bombs may be directed to him. This also means I may not be writing an editor's column, so I guess you'll get to hear about Collazzi's wacky adventures. He's like Little Nemo in Slumberland, only he's awake and not little.

Well, that wraps up this column, since I have to go find specials on burlap tunics and lamb shanks in order to hold a low-rent Renaissance festival.. ☘

DE AFVALLERS  
VK's 25-27 maart 2005

Fucked Image

We don't know what this is advertising, but hey ladies.

MEE TE NEMEN:  
- 20 euro cash \*  
- slaapzak  
- matje  
- keukenhanddoek  
- SIS kaart  
- uw eetobject

VRIJDAG 25 MAART  
dik verkleden !!!  
19u lokaal

ZONDAG 27 MAART  
12u23  
Berchem station

locatie: Termuckstraat 6, 3001 Egenhoven

tel: Dirk 0485/54.40.59 - Gert 0485/69.56.08 - Stijn 0497/22.21.75

\* niet mee gaan en niet verwittigen is nog altijd betalen -> anders zijn we blut !

# Spotlight-Hungry Milosevic Grabs Headlines One Last Time

*Known for his increasingly outrageous publicity stunts, the wacky leader will be missed by few.*

by COLIN DINSMORE

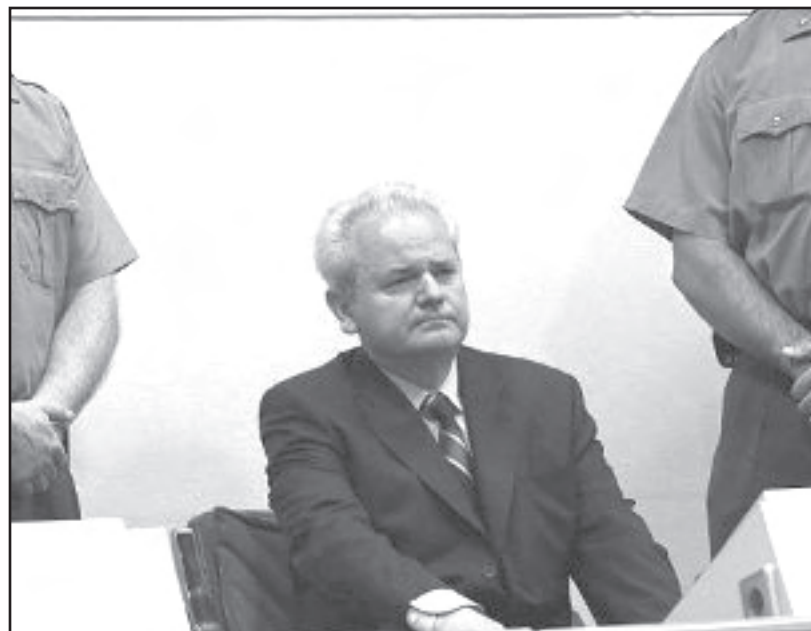
Former Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic was found dead in his prison cell at the Hague on March 11, throwing himself into the limelight one last time. Milosevic was a favorite topic of dinner-time conversation around the globe as families would discuss his latest and most harebrained schemes to get media outlets to mention him. The affable head-of-state, under investigation for genocide and crimes against humanity, was sixty-four years old.

A perennial figure in newspapers and gossip magazines around the globe, most experts agree that Milosevic's need for attention was ingrained in his personality at a young age. "Slobodan's behavior can be traced back to his childhood," explained psychologist Paul Clayson. "His mother was a teacher who would come home tired and completely hugged-out. After long days of loving and hugging her students, she just didn't really care about Slobodan. His father, meanwhile, was a deacon in the Serbian Orthodox Church. I don't know anything about that church or what the heck a deacon is, but if it's anything like a Catholic priest, I think we can all imagine how that relationship turned out. Slobodan had no choice but to turn to activities like politics and mass-murder to get noticed."

Milosevic first entered politics at nineteen years of age as an advisor to the mayor of Belgrade. This quenched his thirst for attention for a short while, allowing him to rub

elbows with Belgrade's finest. Much like Art Garfunkel, however, he refused remain in what he saw as a subordinate role.

The need to be in the spotlight drove Milosevic up through the ranks of the Serbian Communist, and later Socialist, Party until he eventu-



ally became President of Serbia in 1988. With increasing power came progressively more labored and grandiose bids to get noticed. "So now he's President, okay, but he just saw that as a platform to get into the international media's headlines," recalls friend Ivan Stambolic. "He says to me one day, 'Ivan, what if we bring down Yugoslavia? Okay? Stick with me now. Then we form a new state for all Serbs. Maybe even kill some ethnic Albanians and incite some revolts. You think they'd

report that?' I hadn't ever thought on that scale before, but I thought it could be possible, so I told him, 'Slobodan, you crazy son-of-a-bitch, it just might work.'" Stambolic added, "Those were happier times."

Milosevic indeed ran with his idea, certainly thrilled with the idea

of having the world's eyes focused on him. The confidant showman began by creating a Milosevic mystique. He instigated and supported rebellious Serbian elements in Croatia and Bosnia, but never fully let on how much he was truly involved. Debate raged and interview requests went through the roof.

In the late 1990's Milosevic, now the hottest thing in international politics since Bismarck united Germany, did like Jimi Hendrix before him and pushed himself a

step too far. In a bid for immortality, the Serbian leader involved his country in war with both NATO and Albanian insurgents. A bold move to be sure, but one which, coupled with his attempted genocide of ethnic Albanians, led to his eventual arrest and trial by NATO forces.

While standing for trial, Milosevic continued to be newsworthy, but never at the levels he experienced in his heyday. After tasting greatness, the erstwhile political icon could not stand to live out of the spotlight. He therefore did the only thing he could to regain the headlines, and died.

The flamboyant and needy behavior exhibited throughout his life has led one scholar to characterize Milosevic as a modern narcissist. "The wars? The genocide? It's classic post-nuclear society narcissism," said philosophy professor Michael Warnock. "Read Christopher Lasch's Culture of Narcissism. If you just throw in several thousand dead and set it in the Balkans it reads like a Milosevic biography."

Despite his recent demise, some believe Milosevic will continue to make news, despite his recent demise. "Slobodan has been making news for over twenty years. Do you think a little thing like death is going to stop him now?" questioned cultural critic Rob Huebel during an episode of VH1's popular television news magazine Best Week Ever. "I don't think this is the last we're going to see of Mr. Milosevic."

Only time will tell whether Huebel will be proved correct, but for now, millions of ethnic Albanians are praying he will not. ●

## Dyslexic Redneck Disappointed By Vandy Math Lab

by **TIM BOYD**

Many Vanderbilt students have been known to complain about being made to take math and science courses for CPLE, but few have found these classes to be as disappointing as Stoney Stone, a dyslexic sophomore from Tulip, AR. Having signed up for "Math Lab 140," Stone arrived for his first day of classes with 6 packs of Sudafed and a car battery. A clearly overstimulated Stone had to be removed from the classroom by Professor Linda Hutchison.

Hutchison, a fellow Southerner, went on to use Stone's eviction as a real-life example of how to explain "differentiation" to her calculus class. "Why, I just don't know what's gotten into that poor boy," Hutchison told her students, "Now, I can tell you that if he was gonna use some of those 'hyper-pills,' he wouldn't have been able to differentiate a Waffle House from a Cracker Barrel."

Stone himself has not been available for comment since the incident, but his friends have confirmed that he was noticeably upset about the experience. "It just ain't right to make fun of him for this," said fellow Arkansan Jessie Talbert, who shares a double with Stone in Memorial Hall. "Why, anyone who went to Tulip Central High didn't have no need to learn their letters right anyhow. The only letters we cared about belonged

to our school football team - Go Catfish!"

According to Talbert, Stone had to re-think his entire semester, having also planned to take some Peabody classes, including MTED 3940: "Field Experience in Math" and several SPED seminars, none of which turned out to be what he had expected.

Not everyone is sympathetic to Stone, however. Self-important moralist and local talk radio host Phil Valentine called Stone "a symbol of America's moral decline, a capitulation to terrorism and a cancer on our society." Valentine continued, "People like Stoney Stone simply serve as an unwelcome reminder of our society's inability to fund decent public schools and the desperate plight of our rural communities. No one cares about that. These rednecks should just stick to what they do best - staying out of sight and voting Republican every four years."

While Stone may feel that things have turned out badly for him, for at least one resident of his hometown, the lack of reading skills proved to be a blessing. Wayne Williams, a high-school drop-out who intended to set up a methamphetamine lab in his basement, unintentionally signed up for an online course titled "Teach yourself Math" and ended up discovering the definitive proof for Fermat's Last Theorem. ●

### Dungeons & Dragons Item Of The Issue

The Eye of Vecna is an artifact of great power. The Eye appears as a small red pebble or shriveled grape.

The Eye is "used" by placing it into one's own empty eyesocket -- most would-be users must pluck out their own eye to "free up" the space. The Eye magically grafts itself into place and takes on the appearance of a shriveled eye, and glows with a foul crimson light. The user can see out of the Eye normally, and it grants an array of magical powers. Additional abilities become evident if the user also possesses the Hand of Vecna.

*Source: Wikipedia*

## Regrettable Hazing Mixup Occurs After Satyr Pledges DKE

by **ANDREW BANECKER**

Until Tuesday, Marsyas Pan Popadopolous was your typical fraternity pledge. He enjoyed beer pong, chatting up the ladies at a frat sponsored mixer, brotherhood, and playing songs on the double reed pipe known as the aulos. But all that changed with the beginning of the spring semester. Gone were the days of playful rush events such as beer pong, paintball, mudding, spitting contests, date rape, and exchanging lyrical poems with the nymphs; replaced by various, undisclosed forms of hazing.

Though Marsyas was the first satyr admitted to the Gamma chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, the brothers were quick to comment that giving him a bid was nothing out of the ordinary. Said Rush Chairman J.P. Baumgartner, "We had no choice but to admit him. He was a legacy. His father, Hermes, was and continues to be one of the most prominent DKE alumni and donors, and is the type of man we all aspire to be."

Added Class of '06 Historian Joe Bob Smythe, "In fact, his father met his mother at a hazing ritual much like the one in question."

When asked what exactly went on at this particular ritual, Smythe pointed to the motto on the DKE crest, "Kerophen Philoi Aei" ("Never Speak of This Again").

Though not one of the brothers, including Marsyas, has been willing to comment on what exactly happened during the disputed hazing ritual, from their inability to maintain eye contact with the interviewer, and persistent giggling, one can only assume it to be particularly scarring, yet funny. However, they were willing to comment on Marsyas as an individual.

According to his pledge broth-

ers, Popadopolous had all the qualities of a great DKE pledge, and then some. Said pledge brother Cody Birmingham, "Until we mistook his hindquarters for... well, I don't want to talk about it, Pop Dawg was the coolest! I mean, he still is the coolest, but I'm in therapy..."

As Birmingham trailed off and stared at the ground for a while, fellow pledge brother Brady Earnhardt chimed in. "Yeah Pop Dawg was the shit! On the first day of rush, he got all shitfaced and challenged Apollo to a game of beer pong. Of course, he was too shitfaced to stand, and Apollo's like a god or something, so he lost and was flayed alive, but yeah, Pop Dawg is the man!"

Added pledge brother Ryan Dalrymple, "He might have been half man, half goat, but that fucker could charm the pants off a nymph any day of the week! And not only the women, I mean, under a certain light. . . umm . . . I don't want to talk about it."

DKE President Scotty Boudreaux expressed remorse for what happened, as well as confusion and contemplation over the muddled nature of how the frat can move forward. "I'm not sure if we can keep Popadopolous around. I mean, as Dionysiac creatures, the satyr is a lover of wine, women, and men. Pursuing physical pleasure is as hard-grained in their psyche as prancing around, Juvenalian wit, or whimsically blowing on the pan pipes. Blaming Marsyas for the incident is tantamount to blaming the birds for singing.

"Shit, though" said Boudreaux, spitting tobacco off the porch. "I really thought I was fucking a goat."

As of press time, Marsyas Popadopolous continues to refuse all interview requests. ●

# I Will Not Rest Until The World Knows Of ELISE MASUR's Treachery!

by SEAN SEELINGER

Man, being Editor-in-Chief of *The Vanderbilt Hustler* is tough. I have to put out three issues every week, and they have to be chock full of content. Of course, we can create space fillers like nobody's business, so it's usually not that hard. Ill-Behaved Stern Truth? That was mine, and a gem it was, too!

Then there's the opinion section. From Mike Matthews columns to Chad Burchard rants to holier-than-thou lectures from Christopher McGeedy, we can fill up the paper pretty quickly. The best, however, is when people come in and submit complaints to us. Then we don't even have to think about the topic of the "Our View" column; we can just write a smarmy response to our hate mail!

Sometimes, however, we're desperate for content, so much so that we'll print a Michael Wilt column . . . Hell, things got so bad at one point this year we thought about printing those Tara Reid nipple pictures on the front page; good thing Vanderbilt students began wearing sandals that week so we could

fill our front page with a huge picture of them.

Still, we have been through some dark times this year. Over a month ago, someone came in and took advantage of one of those low-content times. ELISE MASUR, as you may recall, is the evil demonic succubus who was in cahoots with *The Slant* in their diabolical plan. Of course, the plot surely took months to plan and execute and was intended solely to make us look like fools and anyone who says otherwise is likely a subject of ELISE MASUR; indeed, we are the aristocracy of Vanderbilt and I spit on those peons. Let them eat cake, I say.

Anyway, this so-called ELISE MASUR, if that is her real name, came into our office and pretended to be a VPB member. Given our deadline was approaching, we saw fit to not double check as to why a random freshman would walk in and hand us a poster for the lineup of Rites of Spring. I know when I saw Thes Lant on the lineup, I almost flipped out; I saw those guys in Chicago and they kicked ass, so I suppose on some level I wanted to believe

it was real. So real, in fact, that we took the villainous ELISE MASUR at her word despite minor misgivings.

Still, my journalistic duty was clear, and went to the "Dartboard of Truth." The "Dartboard of Truth" is an ancient *Hustler* trade secret; it tells us when what we are printing is accurate or not. I will not go into the details of how the Dartboard sorts truth from mere non-truth, but I will say this: The Dartboard confirmed ELISE MASUR's lies, undoubtedly hampered in its abilities by ELISE MASUR's sorcery.

As a result, the *Hustler* looked like a bunch of jackanapes! How DARE ELISE MASUR and *The Slant* try to do such a thing! This is so outrageous, I could scream.

ELISE MASUR is the devil. She and her lackeys on *The Slant* are pure evil to think that *The Hustler* should check facts. It is nothing less than reprehensible that anyone would stroll into our office and attempt to prank us, Guardians of Light at Vanderbilt University. Who would have thought that someone would do such a thing? I didn't! I assumed that everyone is

telling the full truth one-hundred-and-ten-percent of the time. Well, now the gloves are off! I will not rest until everyone knows that ELISE MASUR lied to us!

If you haven't noticed already, I've worked her name into EVERY issue since the prank. Yup, she's there, you just have to look harder in some issues, like a textual "Where's Waldo?" puzzle. Still, I reveal her treachery EVERY issue. One time, I even put it into a coupon for Fiesta Azteca. You may remember it: "FREE ENCHILADA WITH PURCHASE OF ELISE MASUR IS A LIAR." I have to inform everyone that the evil virago ELISE MASUR made us all look like fools!

The lesson here is, fuck with *The Hustler*, and I'll ensure that everyone knows about it. None should dare impugn our impeccable journalistic standards and hard-hitting coverage. Anyway, I've got to run; I've got an interview scheduled with the Director of the NSA. Strange that he would want to meet me in a Branscomb dorm room . . . ●

## The Men's Soccer Team: Where Are They Now?

We are all very aware of the recent termination of the men's varsity soccer team. Many, however, are unaware that there was a certain stipulation, enforced by the administration, stating that any soccer player desiring to keep his scholarship is required to take on another campus job. Some have adapted quickly, but others are having a difficult time fitting into new trades.

Both Brady Hyde and Curt Hinds, for example, have taken jobs at the popular Rand dining hall. At first, both Hyde and Hinds complained of segregation between themselves and the rest of the staff. "It's almost as if they just don't like us," said Hinds after his second day on the job. In response, both Hyde and Hinds were advised to grow questionable mustaches in order to assimilate into the very fabric of the

Rand staff. A certain Rand employee commented, "It is almost certain that without looking the part of the Rand staff, there is no way that they will be accepted." Now, four days later, Hyde's mustache has filled in to an impressive thickness and has told us, "The workers really treat me like one of their own now." Unfortunately Hinds's mustache is not quite as filled in and he is still complaining of a lack of respect.

Curt Hinds is not the only one having difficulty fitting into his new job. Austin Campbell, renowned forward, ran into his own set of problems when trying to take on the evening shifts at Quiznos. Shadowing under the "Quizno's Guy" that most have learned to laugh off awkwardly and avoid, Mr. Campbell assumed that "upper" binges were the only way to

make the sandwiches both "toasty" and "tasty." Some say Campbell tried too hard to fit in and on his fourth day behind the counter, he sprung an intense nosebleed in a young lady's Chicken Cabo. Although undeniably tasty, many argued that the saturated Chicken Cabo was no longer toasty.

Eric Steen was quickly fired from C.T. West when he showed up to his first day on the job dressed as a Native American. Similarly, Tim Lonergan did not last more than two days as a Vanderbilt Dodec, due to his relentless attempts to solicit freshman by telling them "I'm kind of a big deal."

It is yet important to remember, however, that not everyone is having problems with their new jobs. Pat Ryan, beloved senior, first battled with some moral issues, but is now accept-

ing his position as the new Party Pics guy. Like his pony-tailed counterpart, Mr. Ryan is enjoying his access into all of the fraternities into which he was denied entry his freshman year and has almost filled an entire wall with candid pictures of drunken freshman girls to whom he has never talked previously. "There is nothing more amazing than earning 40,000 dollars a year to be a second-rate 'Girls Gone Wild' photographer," said Ryan. ●

*In the next issue of The Slant, don't miss "Dores Reunited." Jay Cutler led the team to the top but the team spiraled apart in a haze of drugs, animosity, and excessive running plays. Will the team patch things up and recapture the magic of their glory days?*

# SuDoku Solution (With Bonus Word Search)

by JOE HILLS

T	R	D	L	C	A	X	B	S	V	G	Y	M	F	W	I	Q	N	E	H	P	J	U	Z	O
J	U	X	H	N	R	L	F	M	I	E	P	V	Z	T	A	Y	O	S	D	B	Q	W	G	C
G	V	Y	F	P	Q	E	U	H	W	D	L	J	C	O	Z	X	R	M	B	A	N	T	S	I
E	W	I	M	S	Z	N	J	O	G	B	U	Q	R	A	L	P	C	V	T	H	Y	F	X	D
A	Q	O	B	Z	D	T	C	Y	P	H	N	S	I	X	G	U	J	W	F	V	R	L	E	M
O	A	Q	Z	B	C	Y	D	P	T	S	I	X	N	H	J	W	U	F	G	M	L	E	R	V
D	T	R	C	L	B	S	A	V	X	M	F	W	Y	G	N	E	Q	H	I	O	U	Z	J	P
Y	G	V	P	F	U	H	Q	W	E	J	C	O	L	D	R	M	X	B	Z	I	T	S	N	A
X	J	U	N	H	F	M	R	I	L	V	Z	T	P	E	O	S	Y	D	A	C	W	G	Q	B
I	E	W	S	M	J	O	Z	G	N	Q	R	A	U	B	C	V	P	T	L	D	F	X	Y	H
V	P	F	Y	G	H	U	W	E	Q	C	O	L	D	J	B	R	Z	X	M	N	I	A	T	S
Q	Z	B	O	A	Y	C	P	T	D	I	X	N	H	S	F	J	G	U	W	R	M	V	L	E
R	C	L	D	T	S	B	V	X	A	F	W	Y	G	M	H	N	I	Q	E	J	O	P	U	Z
W	S	M	I	E	O	J	G	N	Z	R	A	U	B	Q	T	C	L	P	V	Y	D	H	F	X
U	N	H	X	J	M	F	I	L	R	Z	T	P	E	V	D	O	A	Y	S	Q	C	B	W	G
P	F	G	V	Y	E	W	H	Q	U	L	J	D	O	C	M	Z	B	R	X	T	S	I	A	N
Z	B	A	Q	O	T	P	Y	D	C	N	S	H	X	I	W	G	F	J	U	L	E	M	V	R
C	L	T	R	D	X	V	S	A	B	Y	M	G	W	F	E	I	H	N	Q	U	Z	O	P	J
S	M	E	W	I	N	G	O	Z	J	U	Q	B	A	R	V	L	T	C	P	F	X	D	H	Y
N	H	J	U	X	L	I	M	R	F	P	V	E	T	Z	S	A	D	O	Y	W	G	C	B	Q
F	Y	P	G	V	W	Q	E	U	H	O	D	C	J	L	X	B	M	Z	R	S	A	N	I	T
B	O	Z	A	Q	P	D	T	C	Y	X	H	I	S	N	U	F	W	G	J	E	V	R	M	L
H	X	N	J	U	I	R	L	F	M	T	E	Z	V	P	Y	D	S	A	O	G	B	Q	C	W
M	I	S	E	W	G	Z	N	J	O	A	B	R	Q	U	P	T	V	L	C	X	H	Y	D	F
L	D	C	T	R	V	A	X	B	S	W	G	F	M	Y	Q	H	E	I	N	Z	P	J	O	U

## Word Search List

- |                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. trdlcax          | 34. bimodcnr      |
| 2. cold             | 35. pig           |
| 3. hsrpgh           | 36. wgotgy        |
| 4. bar              | 37. mayb          |
| 5. tflez            | 38. happb         |
| 6. ycivj            | 39. vztpeo        |
| 7. some             | 40. mniats        |
| 8. horm             | 41. brxts         |
| 9. vidab            | 42. qxjhls        |
| 10. poula           | 43. cqewd         |
| 11. fotofe          | 44. weyvg         |
| 12. stain           | 45. qtlwfu        |
| 13. vfmusqh         | 46. jlxbmz        |
| 14. AARP            | 47. tevpfrmi      |
| 15. jsmqvcifrzl-npu | 48. zjhqed        |
| 16. caw             | 49. dpuyn         |
| 17. trvaxbswgf-myq  | 50. pvgihy        |
| 18. yodas           | 51. dygd          |
| 19. psteohq         | 52. upqmz         |
| 20. ghuweqc         | 53. byjwdtwi      |
| 21. qtvmyjqt        | 54. ctujfnl       |
| 22. jog             | 55. fmbzcpnsyodix |
| 23. fgwixhs         | 56. poioldz       |
| 24. lent            | 57. gltrcdxgf     |
| 25. rngxze          | 58. deeuiaz       |
| 26. snfs            | 59. vlgsduz       |
| 27. six             | 60. ghyoz         |
| 28. xzags           | 61. gil           |
| 29. rgrtuf          | 62. vax           |
| 30. war             | 63. hop           |
| 31. mqffgnwz        | 64. both          |
| 32. ibbb            |                   |
| 33. fone            |                   |

Look horizontally, vertically, diagonally, and backwards.  
In our next issue, the word search solution (with bonus Boggle)!



# My Autistic Child Totally Sucks

by ROBERT SAUNDERS

It's really hard to have a child with special needs. My son, Evan, is autistic with mild retardation, and each day is a struggle to provide for his basic needs. Where other kids his age run and jump and play and do school work, my 12-year-old has difficulty even dressing and feeding himself. That's probably the hardest thing, coping with his deficits. He has few friends, and he takes an enormous amount of time and energy to help through the day. And now things just got a little bit harder with that Jason McElwain kid and his 20-point basketball game.

Why can't my autistic son shoot a basketball? Why can't my son inspire multinational corporations to pay him millions of dollars for the rights to tell about his inspiring athletic performance?

I tell you, my autistic child totally sucks.

No, my son's special abilities include rocking back and forth repetitively, speaking in incoherent bursts, and counting everything going on around him. Except for cards. He just doesn't seem to get it. Nope, not an athlete and not even a Rain Man. Just my luck I guess.

While Jason causes the leader of the free world to fly to his hometown and meet him at the airport, Evan frightens and is frightened by the people around him.

As difficult as it is for me to cope with the disappointment of knowing that my son has absolutely no chance of playing professional sports or picking up chicks at bars, it is even harder to deal with the disappointment of ordinary civilians who learn he is autistic. As soon as somebody

learns he's autistic, they dump a bucket of Legos on the floor and ask him how many pieces there are or they'll ask him for the square root of 121 or similarly impossible math problems.

I've been going to autism support groups for the last few years to cope with psychological problems caused by having a genetically flawed child. Or a child poisoned by vaccines. Or a child reared by a compulsive, anal-retentive mother that won't let me into my son's life to protect him from her smothering. Or whatever it is that causes autism. Nobody can give me a straight answer, least of all those doctors that I have to pay out of pocket since the COBRA coverage ran out.

Don't get me wrong. I totally love my son. Even if I didn't plan to have him and wouldn't have had him if I would've known his mother was pregnant and could've persuaded her to have an abortion. I made the mistake of believing that she was taking the pill regularly. When you are as baked as I was at the time, these things will happen.

So, when his mother let me know two years after he was born that he was autistic and she expected me to support him, it was something of a shock. But I was man enough to do my duty, and I've gotten to be part of his life alternating Christmases for the past ten years.

Still, it won't be the way I always imagined parenthood. Like showing my son his first *Penthouse*. Teaching him my patented hangover cure. Showing him how to roll a joint. These are moments I'll never share with my son. I mean, I could, but they'd be totally wasted on him. ●

## No, \$4.3 Billion Is Not Enough, Ass

Dear Sen. Thad Cochran,

I am writing you, the Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, in this open forum so that you cannot ignore what I have to say. I would like to ask on behalf of the rest Congress, my home state of Wyoming, nay, all of America: what the hell were you thinking? \$4.3 billion? That's all Wyoming gets for the entire year? Do you think that just because we have fewer people than the city of Portland, Oregon, that we don't deserve as much funding as other states? Do you think that you can just push us around? Well I'm here to tell you otherwise.

The amount of federal funding you allocated for our various state projects is pitiful at best. We have fucking Yellowstone Park! Well, most of it anyway. Do you think that Old Faithful just magically works on its own, sir? I don't know what kind of fantasy world you live in, but it takes money to run that thing, at least a billion dollars for the pumps alone, I've been told. I mean, have you ever seen it? It's spectacular! If we have to flip that switch and turn the thing off, you're going to have a lot of very unhappy people on your hands.

Yellowstone is also a current battleground in the war on terror. I bet you didn't think about that, did you Senator Cochran, if that's your real name. A group of bears has somehow made its way into the park from an unknown, exotic locale and is currently terrorizing Yellowstone visitors. We've already recorded 97 dumpster break-ins and one charge of sexual harassment due to the bears this year alone. While we're still investigating that last allegation, without further funding, my park rangers tell me the bears will overrun the park in 18 months. Lots of bears and not a single human in Yellowstone National Park; what are you going to let the world come to? We have far too little of all that anti-terrorism money you've allocated and we sure as hell deserve more.

The miserable pittance you've granted to my state comes at a particularly bad time. In addition to programs we must attend to every year, such

as Yellowstone, we were planning on building a new rest stop along I-80. I take it you did not even glance at the blueprints we submitted to your office in our request for funding or you clearly would have given us much more money. Allow me to go over some of the key features of this rest stop. While the building and won't be particularly large, it will be the most restful rest stop in the world. Every stall will be equipped with a bidet and the lounge will house a number of Italian leather recliners. Only the finest here in Wyoming.

The most unique feature are the walking paths which will be paved out of moon rock. The lobbyists from the drilling and aerospace industries have assured me that moon rock is incredibly durable and will soon be all the rage. Now unless you know of a better place to get over a thousand pounds of moon rock, we're going to require funding to use the space shuttle. And it has to be equipped with a big drill, naturally.

I haven't even begun to cover all of the incidental expenses. Think merely of all the types of tape needed for such projects, duct tape, red tape, packaging tape, maybe even police tape. These types of things add up and before you know it, you've dropped \$24 million on tape and are over budget. I've seen it before and it isn't pretty. The only way to prevent such budgetary snags is to, or course, increase the budget. I believe you'll find my logic flawless.

While my state's projects will cost more than the dribble of money you doled out before, the price is really not as much as you might think, a mere \$37.4 billion. If you need someplace to get the money from, just raid education, it's not like all that money is doing a bang-up job there anyway.

When you approve my new budget, and you won't be disappointed, you'll be the one to cut the ribbon (another \$50) at the opening ceremony of the rest stop. Trust me, you don't want to let this one slip away.

Most Sincerely,  
Senator Mike Enzi, Wyoming

**Bring this space filler to your local Quizno's for a FREE cherry cobbler!**

\*Offer only valid in states where fraud is legal.

# I Would Never Have Banged Jessica Simpson Before Proactiv Solution

by **ROBERT SAUNDERS,**  
Highly Selective Gentleman



Jessica Simpson routinely ranks among the top of most celebrity "hot" lists. Images of her are consistently among

the most downloaded in the world. After years of singing her heart out, she broke through as a television star with her MTV program *Newlyweds*. And last year she set many hearts afire with her steamy music video and star turn as the television icon Daisy Duke in "The Dukes of Hazzard."

While many men and young boys first experimenting with their bodies have longed to shower her in a gusher of jism since she first emerged as a pop star with 1999's *Sweet Kisses*, there is one thing that I can assure you: I would never have banged Jessica Simpson before she started using

Proactiv solution.

You see, I am a man who appreciates the finer things in life. And no doubt, Ms. Simpson has luscious, large-yet-well-proportioned breasts. Even though she's only 5'3", her legs are much longer in relation to her torso, making her seem taller. And who can deny that she has the kind of ass that begs you to fill it with all manner of household objects?

But honestly, who would want to run their testicles over that 60 grit sandpaper face she had before Proactiv?

I am a late comer to the Jessica Simpson fantasy sex club not because she is newly single or because of her singing or physical gifts. Rather, it is because I have standards about which women deserve to climb atop Mt. Robert. And no woman with the facial landscape of the Grand Canyon can earn that honor.

Although I have exacting standards, that does not mean I am intolerant of imperfection. I gladly would have overlooked her near-sightedness. They say the eyes are a window to the soul, but since I haven't any concern for her soul, poorly refracted light is the least of my worries. Furthermore, since her LASIK surgery, I no longer have to tolerate this flaw.

Some of you may see this as selfish on my part. Far from it. You see I would not have boned that Texas tart out of concern for her feelings, not mine. Surely you have had sex someone more attractive than yourself--certainly you have if you've had sex with me. You're hyper aware of your own imperfections, and that limits your ability to enjoy the pleasure being provided. I would never want to put young Jessica in a position of contemplating her own inadequacies while pumping her full of my seed.

After all, she could only feel inhibited, which would necessarily mute her enjoyment of the many orgasms I would stimulate in her. The last thing I would want is for her to regret her time with me, to think that she enjoyed anything less than the best sex of her life, because that is precisely what she would have been receiving.

Being proactive about improving your life is as important as using Proactiv to improve your skin. It is a real sign of maturity. Had she not taken this step, she would have always

been a classic "butterface," that is, someone who has it going on with her body, everywhere, that is, but her face. Thus it is only after she had taken a positive step finally to make herself attractive that I could feel comfortable allowing Jessica to envelope my cock with her dripping twat.

I know some of you are saying, "Who is Robert Saunders to be so

fucking picky?" I refer you to the accompanying photo. It is obvious that my own pulchritude earns me the privilege to be selective about whom I pork. I certainly don't need her face to rub off on me.

More important than my obvious physical beauty, the photo reveals



**She's lucky I'd do her now.**

my natural insouciance, which attracts women and young girls and really young girls like free tickets to a Justin Timberlake concert with a pre-party hosted by Hillary Duff.

So surely you understand why it is only now that she is a bit older and has taken responsibility for her genetic deformity that I would deign to ejaculate on her face and in her hair. 🍆

## Bastard Confession



"I wore orange on St. Patrick's Day."

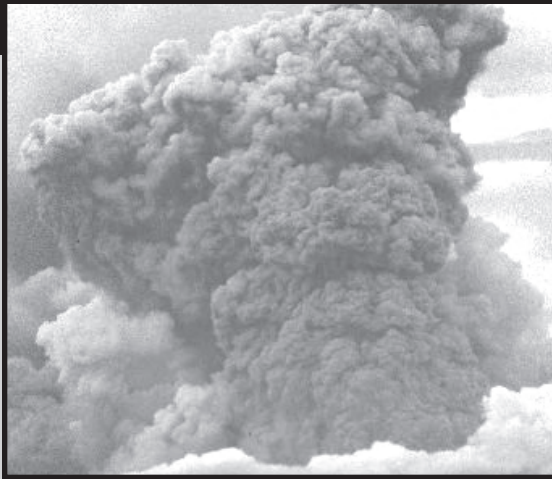
-Andrew Collazzi,  
Protestant asshole.

**Bring this coupon to the *Slant* office in Sarratt 188 on Sunday, April 1, 2006 for a**

**FREE**

**back issue of *The Slant!***

**AROUNDTHELOOP**



**How do you feel about the recent discovery that carbon dioxide levels in the atmosphere are at a record high?**

**Michelle Winthrop, Sophomore**



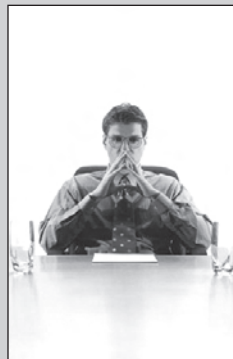
“Record high? That’s just stupid. You can’t get high off carbon dioxide. Wait, can you?”

**Sycamorius, Tree**



“I’m for it.”

**Maxwell Templeton, Coca-Cola Executive**



“But if this melts the ice caps and polar bears become extinct, we’ll have to come up with a new Christmas marketing campaign!”

**Marc Bakersfield, Organization That Hands Out Those Mugs**



“We’ll just have to hand out twice as many reusable mugs from now on.”

**Al Gore, Won’t Let Go**



“If I had been elected President . . .”

**Sly Sludge, Forgotten Eco-Villain**



“At last, my plan is finally coming to fruition now that those Planeteers have grown up and gotten middle management jobs.”

**SLANTHOROSCOPES**

**Aries (March 21-April 19):**

Your failure to proofread your term paper will result in hilarity when you realize that you handed in the copy that said “fuck you Prof. Douchebag”.

**Taurus (April 20-May 20):**

No, that dress doesn’t make you look fat. . . your fat makes you look fat.

**Gemini (May 21-June 21):**

Stop talking with that horrible fake Botswanan accent. No one is fooled, especially since nobody knows what Botswanans sound like.

**Cancer (June 22-July 22):**

Clicking on random links on theslant.net would prove to be ill-advised at best. You’ll do it anyway. Be sure to stop and laugh at the crappy web design.

**Leo (July 23-Aug. 22):**

While common sense would have you think otherwise, being an overweight slovenly bass fisherman helps you pick up plenty of girls.

**Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22):**

Just because your laundry detergent reads “orange scented” doesn’t mean that it’s edible . . . idiot.

**Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23):**

Stop bitching about your graduate school course load. You’re in fucking graduate school; you knew what you were getting yourself into.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21):**

You will win no friends at the World Baseball Classic when you accidentally start cheering for Cuba at the Dominican Republic game.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):**

Stop playing Europe’s “The Final Countdown” on constant loop. You’re graduating. Everyone gets it already.

**Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19):**

Your love affair with Rocky Mountain Oysters will come to a sudden end; it’s not that you mind eating cow testicles, but your friends putting ketchup on them really crosses the line.

**Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18):**

You will mention Elise Masur in your paper for the millionth time, thus proving to everyone that you haven’t gotten over a simple joke. Well done.

**Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20):**

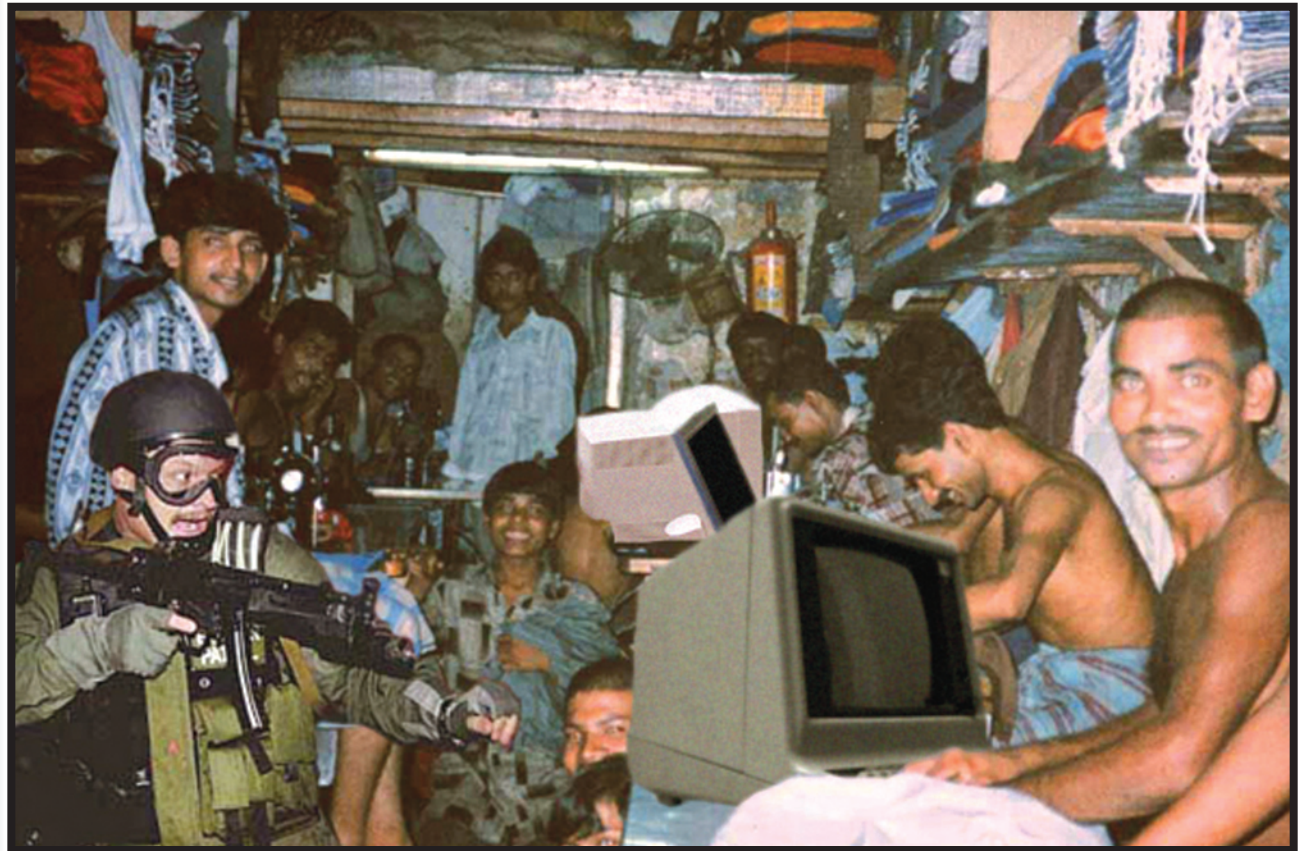
Your love affair with Civilization 4 will be revitalized when you find a Battlestar Galactica mod. All of the guys at the Tri-Lambda house will love you for it.

# Sweatphotoshop Raided!

the graphical whimsy of RACHEL UNGER

## Top Ten Things You Don't Want To Hear In Bed

- 10 "Hey, where did it go?"
- 9 "Oh, don't worry – scabies isn't contagious."
- 8 "At times like these, I like to think 'What would Jesus do?'"
- 7 "Aw, he's so cute! Does little pinky-winky want to come out and play?"
- 6 "That? Oh, that's just the stain Grandpa left when he died."
- 5 "Go Volunteers!"
- 4 "Here's a special little move my Mom taught me."
- 3 "Say hello to Fluffy!"
- 2 "Is that webcam going to bother you?"
- 1 "Does this mean we're getting married?"



Well, there goes the Collector's Edition.

## In The Next Issue Of *The Slant*:

**Study Finds Abandoned Mines Twice As Likely To Grow Up Into Criminal Mines**

**Censure Resolution Promotes Rule Of Law, Russ Feingold**

**Redneck With Pickup Truck Must Choose Between Deer Head Decal and Peeing Calvin Decal**

**Guns N' Roses: Still Inferior After All These Years**