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**INSIDETHISSUE**

Genocide Still Occurring in Darfur

Ford Vs. Corker Race Overshadowed  
by Alien Vs. Predator Race

Animal Population Expected  
to Increase After Bob Barker's  
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# Halloween Costumes Lead To Objectification Of Men

The Humor and Satire Newspaper of Vanderbilt University

## Hussein To Be Executed, Students Lose Money



Members of Vanderbilt Student Gamblers are up in arms following the November 5th conviction of Saddam Hussein. Claims Isaac Lexington, "No one... And I mean

NO ONE, would have called this likely. If you look at the odds tables running up to now, the conviction-hanging combo was pretty much the longest shot possible. I mean, there were better odds that Hussein would be kidnapped by aliens! There's no way that it was a fair trial!" VSG, which oversees Vanderbilt's cock-fighting and death pools, has made no official comment on the matter, but has stated that one individual "with no blatant connections to the government of the United States" won the \$35,000 pool. Protesters maintain the this turn of Fortuna's wheel will upset the Vanderconomy, with less than 1% of the students controlling the wealth in "a rather unrealistic situation."

## Wit's End Ending Modified By Overzealous Professor



Foot traffic across Alumni Lawn was interrupted this weekend by hundreds of enraged students protesting Professor Edward Friedman's translation of Lope de Vega's classic play *Wit's End*, to be per-

formed at Neely Auditorium. Protestors claim that Friedman modified the ending of the play, making it more upbeat in a shameless attempt to draw a larger audience. Jeffrey Ullom, director of the production and assistant professor of theatre countered, "The play is about love, and love takes many forms, some of which are twisted shells of their original selves. I don't really think this is anything to throw bricks over." Although twelve windows were broken during the protest, no injuries were reported.

## Wildlife News: Lowly Dolphins Stun the Mighty Bears

Bears, though still dangerous, were given quite the beating on Sunday, much to the surprise of the bears and everyone

else. "I still can't believe it! It's just not possible. I mean, really, dolphins beating bears? It's crazy!" exclaimed a witness who appeared to be in denial. Not since the famed Bengal Ambush



of 1983 have the bears experienced such humiliation at the hands of such unlikely foes. "I have been studying the behavior of both dolphins and bears for years and have never seen anything to even remotely suggest that this was even possible," one expert remarked. The bears experienced high casualties, with a final death toll of thirty-one. The dolphins were supposedly from Miami, purportedly enjoying the warm waters off the coast and popular local support. They could not be reached for comment.

## Hustler Editor Sells Out Interhall President in Exchange for Column Space in *The Slant*



*Hustler* editor-in-chief Allison Malone recently confirmed rumors that Interhall president Devin Donovan threw up on Malone's car during their sophomore year. Malone's confirmation

followed five minutes of making sad faces and begging to be written about in *The*

0.5%

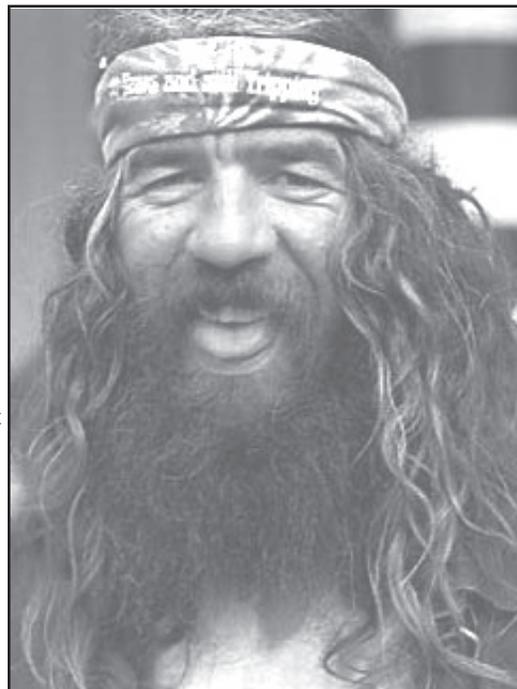
Percentage of the American population able to afford a PlayStation 3



*Slant*. Malone claims that her father is an avid reader of *The Slant* and that he will get a kick out of seeing her name in print. It is unknown at this time to what extent relations between *The Hustler* and Interhall will be strained by Malone's lack of consideration for Donovan and her feelings. Malone also consented for *The Slant's* staff to print any picture of her available on Facebook alongside this news piece.

## McGill Accelerates Diet Coke And Mentos Weapons Program

Oft-overlooked residence McGill Hall fell square in the center of international scrutiny on Sunday following reports of efforts by members of the McGill Project to construct "homemade weapons of mass distraction." While response was subdued on Sunday, the full rhetorical force of the world came thundering down Monday, with speeches from leaders condemning the efforts of McGill Hall to acquire military power and threats of trade embargoes from both the UN and Interhall. Meanwhile, residents of neighboring dormitories Tolman and Cole expressed concerns over possible expansionist ambitions. In response, McGill has released statements asserting that the weapons in development were of a purely defensive nature. When pressed for comment about what McGill needed to defend itself from, one diplomat only mumbled something about "a loose interpretation of the Second Amendment." 🗨️



HARVARD'S COORDINATOR OF RECYCLING AND SUSTAINABILITY

## ENVIRONMENTAL UPDATE

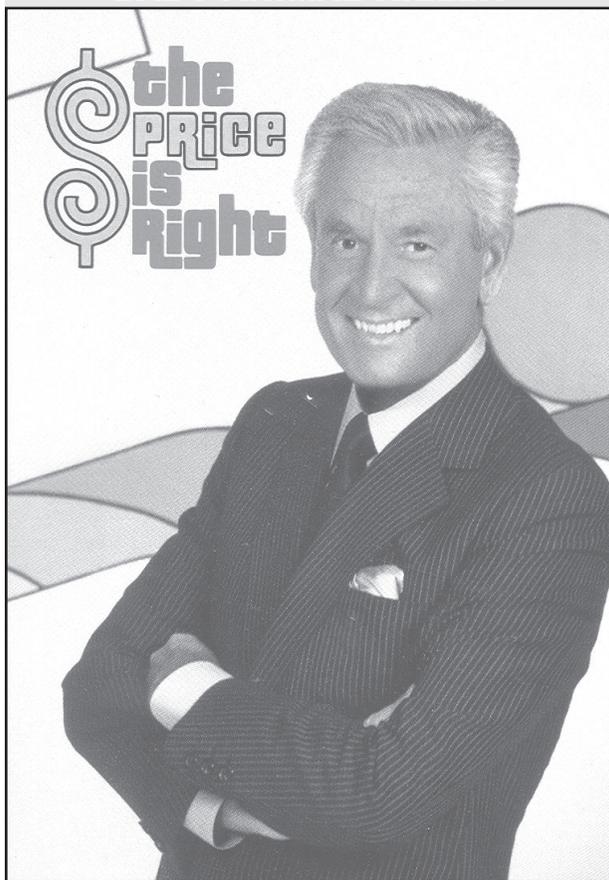


The underground student movement behind the "nonviolent" student group SPEAR finally decided to take eco-action into their own hands this weekend. Frustration with the Administration's lack of significant progress on the issue of sustainability led the self-dubbed "eco-liberators" to kidnap the Harvard University Recycling Coordinator last Saturday. Rain McClellan, Coordinator of Recycling and Sustainability efforts at Harvard since 1990, is now being held in an undisclosed location in the Stevenson Center. McClellan has been coerced into resolving the University's sustainability issues. Vanderbilt's administration is apparently pleased with the move, as the kidnapping of other universities' officials is a revenue-neutral activity. Chancellor Gee has already announced his endorsement of the Vandy Fanatics' plan to kidnap Florida's football coach, along with his administration's own plan to nab three or four deans from Yale. 🗨️

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Avoiding pregnancy is the same as murder.

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## MASTHEAD



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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE  
CONTENDIT

## Corrections:

In Issue 5, we advertised that the Lambda Drag Show would be taking place in October. Weather intervened, and it will now be held in March. Keep those singles ready.

## FROM THE EDITOR



JOE HILLS

Student body, I'm disappointed in you. In my last column, I encouraged you to begin a massive internal prank war among yourselves, that we might all be prepared to destroy other universities in the glorious battles to come. I fear that I may not have properly sparked your creativity, and will remedy the situation presently.

You may be thinking, "But, wait, Joe, I'm just an average Vanderbilt student, what can I do to earn the admiration of my peers and the recognition for my university that it deserves?" To begin, if you're going to execute a prank, you need to dress like a total badass. Wear all black, carry a sword or two, and don some sunglasses. Working at night? Not a problem. Just take the sunglasses off when you reach your objective and begin to work. Your night vision will kick ass and your eyes will thank you.

Now that you're properly attired, you need to formulate a plan. Identify some building or landmark on campus with high visibility, then imagine it with a massive pilgrim hat, wrapped in plastic, or any other way you can imagine it. When you've decided on an amusing plan, grab a stopwatch, and tell your friends what you've got in mind. If they laugh for less than ten seconds, assume your plan is a dud and start over. If they laugh for more than a minute and forty-five seconds, assume that they know something you do not and that your plan will only result in your own humiliation or death. Also, make sure they aren't merely laughing at your sunglasses, as that can skew the results. Threaten them with your swords if necessary.

Once your goal has been determined, you need to sit down and work through the details. Make a list of equipment you'll need, such as climbing harnesses, magnets, LED's and batteries, duct tape, etc. If you have any trouble acquiring any equipment you believe may be crucial to your success, buy a few extra rolls of duct tape to make up the difference. It may seem like a good idea to stake out your target and identify the ideal date and time to strike, but you can skip this step if you aren't doing anything actually destructive, and you carry your Vanderbilt Student ID's on your persons throughout the execution of your prank. Don't be deterred by the fact that the VUPD could easily show you a world of hurt if you crossed them, as they are actually decent human beings who may just laugh along with you. Cleaning staffs and residential staffs are an entirely different story. Avoid them at all costs.

All you need now is to simply gear up, step off, and execute your plan. Move quietly, think quickly, and never cease to dream quixotically. And know, know in your heart, that I believe in you, your fellow students believe in you, and all the children of the world believe in you.

Now go make a difference. ☘



## Student Empowerment Space

Student-run franchise Quizno's Lewis, although not yet as profitable as Quizno's Towers and Morgan, is still outselling Vanderbilt Dining locations Rand and CX2.

Advertise in *The Slant!*

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# League of Women Voters Decides 'Three's a Crowd'

*Only Hosts Two Candidates, Blue-Balls Other Five*

By KEVIN MCNISH

The recent debate between U.S. Senate candidates Harold "Please Ignore the Rest of My Family's Political Corruption" Ford Jr. and Bob "I Had Nothing to Do with That Ad" Corker brought publicity and visibility to Vanderbilt University. However, despite the fairly broad scope of the issues covered in the debate, it failed to address one major issue: why only two candidates were selected by the League of Women Voters.

According to the League of Women Voters website, "The League of Women Voters is strictly nonpartisan; it neither supports nor opposes candidates for office at any level of government. At the same time, the League is wholeheartedly political and works to influence policy through advocacy." If that's true, League of Women Voters (if that is your real name), then why are your debates dominated by Democrats and Republicans?

I don't understand, League of Women Voters. You and the Commission on Presidential Debates have been keeping my Libertarian brethren down for decades. Don't think I've forgotten about the debate at Arizona State University in 2004, where Michael Badnarik, the Libertarian presidential candidate, and David Cobb, the Green presidential candidate, were both arrested for trying to participate in democracy and protest a system that gives every advantage to the two major-party candidates.

And now here in 2006, you, the League of Women Voters, are pandering to the big parties yet again by sponsoring the Ford-Corker debate. I realize that those parties may have bigger endowments and larger vote bases than anything the Libertarian Party or any other small party can

muster. They may have more "hard money" in their "war chest" than we do. They may have more "experience" in "running the country" than we do. They may even have big, rippling "statements of principle" and massive, bulging "declarations of values." But seriously, it's not about the size of

ideally increasing the diversity of ideologies and ensuring greater ballot access for candidates of all political stripes. I voted for David Gatchell, because I disagree with the ideologies of the other six candidates vying for Bill Frist's seat. Moreover, I'm not ashamed of what I do in the ballot

dates waiting for a shot at the "public spotlight" you offer? Why do you freely give out your number to anyone polling over 30%, but you won't even return our calls? Moreover, why do the people that answer the number you gave us at that correspondents' dinner say "Welcome to the 24-Hour Rejection Hotline?"

I'm willing to try new things, League of Women Voters. I'm willing to make this great experiment in representative government work, if you know what I mean. ●



**If it means wresting power from these women, then I'll even argue for a reversal of gender roles.**

the campaign, but the motion of the ocean. And by "motion of the ocean," I mean "willingness to reach out to the voters on a grassroots level and represent an ideology outside the traditional left-right spectrum."

I'm talking about folks like David "The People's Veto" Gatchell, who ran both gubernatorial and senatorial campaigns on a "none of the above" platform and promised to simply hold the office in a caretaker role and call for new special elections,

box--are you?

But no. You, the frigid League of Women Voters, have decided to double-fist the Haterade this election cycle, just like in all the others. It always has to be the same way with you: always two candidates, always one Democrat and one Republican. You're as traditional on the debate floor as you are in the ballot box. Why aren't you open to trying new things? Why do only support two candidates when there are so many more candi-

## SHUNTED POLITICAL PARTIES

**Green Party:** believes trees are more important than your children, who arguably are little brats

**Libertarian Party:** believes you should own as many weapons as you'd like, and that market forces will determine how often you actually use them

**Constitution Party:** believes that America should be based on the constitution alone, rather than allowing it to be influenced by tradition

**Socialist Party:** believes you should own as few weapons as possible, and that the government should tell you when to get an appendectomy

**Fraternity Party:** believes girls should be drunk and thematically dressed as sluts

# 'Hi, I Was Your Opponent In This Election, And I Wanted To Destroy America'

by **TIM BOYD**

Dear 2006 Candidate,

Over the past several months, I have been hearing my name mentioned a lot, both in your campaign speeches and in your TV advertising. With Election Day now behind us, I thought it was time I actually introduced myself. For I am the person you so touchingly described as "my opponent." I believe I was running in every race in the nation, sometimes as a Republican, sometimes as a Democrat, but mostly as both.

I'm writing to you, because you obviously took strong exception to several of my carefully thought out positions and took great pains to inform the electorate about your concerns. I wanted to thank you - because it was only due to your efforts that my agenda even got out there at all. I didn't have the financial resources to buy my own T.V. time, and if you hadn't taken the money out of your own limited budgets to inform the American voters that there are people such as me who don't believe in "leadership," "our children," "education" and "loving America" they never would have had a chance to consider the appeal of these positions.

If it hadn't been for you in Virginia, people wouldn't have known that there was someone running for the Senate who actually wanted

American soldiers to be killed by supplying them with shoddy body armor. But for your intervention in a Pennsylvania House District, the community at large would have been ignorant of the fact that I intended to spend the entire federal budget studying the masturbatory preferences of seniors. In the Tennessee Senate race, no one would have been the wiser that I either plan to have sex with skanky white chicks or that I personally disconnected 31,000 911 calls in order to make sure that people didn't get the help they needed.

While I am writing this before all the votes have been counted, and do not want to sound cocky, I felt I was getting a surprisingly good reception in the country at large. While polling numbers consistently show fairly low levels of support for a platform of abetting genocide, letting sex offenders look after your children, selling drugs to minors, taking bribes from mafia figures, letting old people die penniless in the street and destroying our public schools, I seem to have given you a good run for your money almost everywhere. Even with such an apparently unpopular set of beliefs, I still might beat you - no wonder you're so keen to spend money to keep people informed! I thought my best chance of winning was to keep my atheistic, baby-killing, war-mongering, wife-beating, drug-induced beliefs quiet

and slip under the radar. Maybe I was wrong.

I guess part of the problem could be that voters find it hard to believe that someone like me is real. I mean, people who didn't know better might assume that I was simply a fantasy of political convenience - an absurd, amoral caricature created without scruple or concern for accuracy, designed to scare voters into backing you despite the many inconsistencies in your own record. Fortunately, I am no such thing. God bless you, sir or madam, for showing the American people that the contests at this election were not between two human beings who happen to disagree on certain political issues, but were instead the last chance for the voters to choose to save this country by supporting you, or to unleash the hellish apocalypse that will surely follow should, I, your opponent have prevailed yesterday.

It is what makes us proud to be Americans.

Sincerely,

*Your Opponent*

Your Opponent.

*Paid For by the Committee for the Election of Child-Molesting Seal-Clubbers to Congress. ●*

## Hot Execution: Saddam Hussein

by **ALEX CHRISOPE**

Americans and Iraqis may have rejoiced about the death sentence Saddam Hussein received on Sunday. Soon, they'll have even more reason to be joyful, when Hussein's execution will be seen worldwide in a televised extravaganza co-produced by Twentieth Century Fox and Clear Channel Communications. Ticketmaster reported that tickets sold out in a record 48 seconds, and now the world is atwitter, buzzing about which hot celebrities and politicians will be down for the must-see hanging death of the year.

The lucky ones faced Rolling Stones-level prices, as every seat in Baghdad's Al-Shaab stadium has a face-value of \$325, with taxes and Ticketmaster charges bringing the total to nearly \$360. Add in the costs

of travel and the unfavorable exchange rate from dollars to Iraqi dinars, and that means few regular Americans or Iraqis at the event. Five hundred tickets were set aside for American troops serving in Iraq, but the rest were snapped up by overcharging scalpers in New York, Los Angeles and Washington, DC, meaning the lack of ordinary folk will be more than made up for by sheer star power. Expected to attend are Vice President Dick Cheney, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice, former President Bill Clinton, US Senators Hillary Clinton, John Kerry, Barack Obama, and Bill Frist, Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger and Hollywood stars Tom Cruise, Katie Holmes, Will Ferrell, Tim Robbins, Brad Pitt, Angelina Jolie, Larry David, and Jack Nicholson.

The ceremonies surrounding the

hanging are not set in stone yet, but here are some of the ideas being tossed around.

- The Iraqi and American national anthems will be sung by a coked-out Whitney Houston.

- Dick Clark will do the countdown to the drop. But instead of that big disco ball in Times Square, it'll be Saddam Hussein.

- The hanging will take place at the halftime of an exhibition game with the Iraq soccer team, which has thrived under a coach who doesn't torture players for underperforming. But if the producers of the program have any say, the green Iraq team will have to face a team with international draw. Think Manchester United.

- The half-time show will kick off with an all-star musical performance. The Killers will perform their current

hit, "When You Were Young," with Bruce Springsteen; Justin Timberlake, Nelly Furtado and Timbaland will then sing "SexyBack" and "Promiscuous;" and then everyone will sing a Queen medley of "Bohemian Rhapsody," "Fat Bottomed Girls," and "We Are The Champions," with the surviving members of Queen, U2, Green Day, and Kelly Clarkson. And they'll all be naked.

- A worldwide drawing for the one lucky person who will pull the lever that drops Hussein to his death.

- The region will be exposed to Mexican culture when Hussein's corpse is stuffed with candy and beaten by blindfolded Iraqi children.

- Local insurgents also plan to provide a surprise fireworks display sometime during the show. ●

**BREAKING: DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY RELEASES NEW DOLLAR DESIGN**

*The Slant staff was lucky enough to preview the newly-improved, more secure one-dollar bills. We hope this guide will ease your transition to the new bills for all your stripper-tipping needs.*

Large numerals for the near-blind

Front



Scratch and sniff panel

Watermark of your mother's face

Holes to prevent inflation

Red and blue ink, expensive to counterfeit

Braille for the blind

Back



Microtext to deter low-resolution printers

Fireworks demonstrate military strength

Black ink, expensive to counterfeit

Bilingual text

7-3



The indomitable Dores improved to 7-3 against the spread over their last two games. Vanderbilt met the Duke Blue Devils October 28, in the much talked-up "SAT Bowl." The Devils' woeful play left Vanderbilt with a sizable 10 1/2 point deficit at kickoff. The Commodores responded to the challenge with zeal, however, and scored at will behind the stellar play of quarterback Chris Nickson. Despite a fourth quarter Duke rally, Vandy won the match 45-38 1/2 and became bowl eligible. The Dores next faced seventh ranked Florida in Nashville. Despite a 17 point lead when the game began, the black and gold looked in sorry shape after three quarters, down to the Gators 23-25. In the fourth quarter, which is historically the Dores' strongest quarter, the Nashville side scored 13 points to secure a 36-25 win.

Vanderbilt plays their final two games of the season over the next two weeks. Coming up first are the Kentucky wildcats, who will likely be favored by around six points. They'll put up a tough battle as they fight to become "reality" bowl eligible. Bobby Johnson may have to relinquish control of the team to someone capable in order to come out of Lexington on top. The Dores close the regular season the following week in Nashville against rivals Tennessee. The Vols will be heavily favored and possibly injury-riddled following their home loss to LSU, in which starting QB Erik Ainge was hurt, and an away game at #11 Arkansas. Look for Vandy to head into the postseason with momentum after a big against the spread win!

# An Urgent Letter To The President Of The United States

George W. Bush,  
President of the United States,  
White House  
Washington, D.C.

November 5, 2006

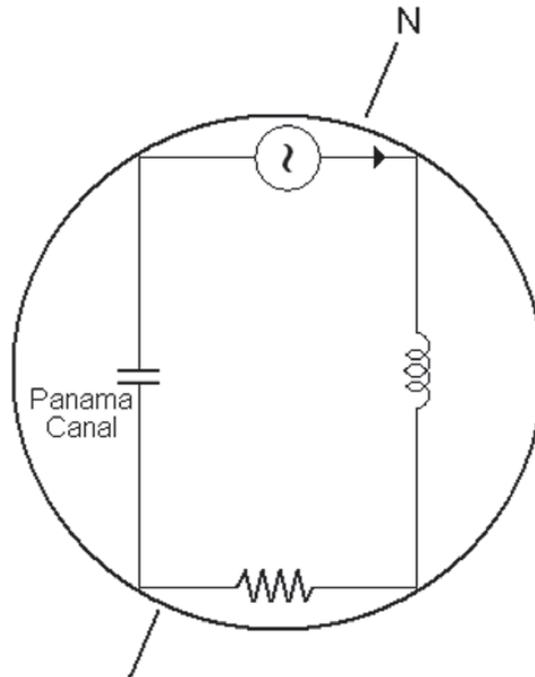
Mr. President:

I write to inform you of a matter of national--and global--security. As you probably know, the Panamanian government recently approved a proposal to double the capacity of the Panama Canal. While international transport corporations (including American firms) may be pleased by the announcement, I fear that these parties, along with the general public, are unfortunately ignorant of the grave consequences of the project. According to several elementary principles of physics which have been overlooked, doubling the capacity of the canal will recklessly endanger every member of the world population.

As any seventh-grader with a multimeter and graphing calculator could demonstrate, capacity is proportional to the charge on a given circuit element and inversely proportional to the voltage across that element (i.e.  $C=Q/V$ ). Assuming the charge for transiting the Panama Canal remains constant (which would be likely in the interest of turning a profit), the voltage across the canal would be halved. Applying Ohm's law (i.e.  $V = IR$ ), the drastic consequences of such an event become evident. Ohm's law demonstrates that the current (I) is directly proportional to the voltage;

thus, were voltage halved, current could likely be halved as well.

Considering the Panama Canal is but one element in a larger circuit comprised of all major bodies of water on the planet's surface, the current throughout the entire system would be



### Seems simple enough to me

reduced by half. A domino effect would begin with an abrupt climate change, followed closely by the dawn of a new Ice Age. Though I may wax technical, an unprecedented climatic event of this caliber would, in layman's terms, make Al Gore shit his pants. Life upon the face of the Earth would be exterminated.

Should the Canal Authority be allowed to proceed with this reno-

vation, the end of Man would be inevitable. Humanity's only remaining option would be to incorporate a series of massive inductors into the canal in hopes of delaying instantaneous current change. Simple arithmetic, however, indicates that the resistance would spike as a result of this remedial action. Comprised of bloodthirsty, anarchic guerrillas, the Resistance would inevitably free Manuel Noriega from prison to assume leadership. Thus, the United States would once again find ourselves obligated to invade and depose his evil regime. By this time, our Armed Forces would be stretched to the breaking point--Afghanistan, Iraq, South Korea, Panama--and the Axis of Evil would surely unite to strike us a mortal blow. With nukes. The Apocalypse would logically ensue.

Should the Canal's capacity be doubled, the question is not "if" but "how" the Earth will be destroyed. I implore you to stop Panama from committing this atrocity. Have your science advisor's staff verify my findings, Sir, and you will undoubtedly find them sound. Therefore, I strongly recommend that you begin to take preventive measures against the canal's renovation. "Liberate" as necessary.

Yours earnestly,

Nimrod J. Cockburn, Ph.D.

## Need Help?

*The Hustler* claims that more of you than ever are seeking help from the Psychological Counseling Center.

Why schedule an appointment with a professional when you can simply send us an e-mail?

We're compassionate, we swear.

[slantadvice@gmail.com](mailto:slantadvice@gmail.com)



# McTyeire Hall: My Life Living Among The Natives

by JACK WALKERSON

Like many in the Vanderbilt community, I am doing intensive academic research this semester. Unlike many who work in a lab, I work undercover. For the last few months, I, along with a research assistant, have attempted to infiltrate McTyeire Hall to understand nerd culture in its natural environment.

As everyone on campus should already know, McTyeire, along with McGill, is classified by Vanderbilt Housing as a ghetto for social outcasts, liberals, activists, and the remaining undesirables. Though the chances of our survival were slim, my research partner and I decided to take residence in McTyeire's most infamous language hall. To ensure my anonymity, I will not name the language hall. All other names have been changed as well. Though I have not come to any conclusions, I would like to share with the Vanderbilt community some of my more startling findings.

**August 22nd:** I moved in today. Though my research partner will not arrive until tomorrow, some of our subjects have already moved in. I don't think they suspect me or my motives. Using a series of LOLs and grunted laughs, I introduced myself well enough to make a first contact. When I retreated to my room, I listened intently through the door to ascertain whether I had passed as a nerd. Apparently, the conversation had taken a radically different turn.

Male A: That's a funny joke.

Male B: Yeah... killing liberals is always funny.

**September 16th:** I barely sleep anymore. My subjects make a terrible racket every morning, especially a young male and female I have named Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum. I have named them thusly as I never see them apart. Many mornings I am awakened early by Tweedle-Dee's high pitched squealing. I am certain it is a form of laughter. I have once spotted Tweedle-Dum tickling Tweedle-Dee to the ground after a morning feeding, where he made the same sound. I mention this constant noise since the hall has finally gone quiet for the first time in weeks. The majority of my subjects have left Nashville for the weekend for some social nerd gathering called a "Comic-Con."

**October 1st:** Evening feedings are one of the few things that have kept my assistant and myself



**You don't have to abandon *all* hope, but it helps.**

sane over these past months. To keep internal dissent to a minimum, the chefs are instructed to keep the "residents" sated with large portions of fatty foods. It is during these feedings that I am exposed to the full spectrum of McTyeire's residents. Every evening, at the end of the feeding, the lights are flicked on and off in rapid succession, triggering a Pavlovian response of silence. This response is oddly different with Tweedle-Dee. Tonight the young man unleashed one of his squeals while spinning his chair to face the person flicking the lights.

These quiet moments allow residents with announcements to speak. This evening, a female stood with an empty food box in her hand--miniature pizzas, I believe. I could immediately tell by her gait that she was an Alpha in her hall. "I know no one's going to admit to it," she began, holding the box above her head, "but I want to know who stole my food out of the community fridge. DO NOT TOUCH was written on it with my name!" With no one taking blame, she briefly pounded her chest with clenched fists before sitting down in a huff. God

help whoever crossed her.

**October 15th:** Startling developments have occurred over the last few days. Four days ago, I was sitting in my room doing some reading, when there was a knock at my door. Opening it, I came face to face with one of the few students I could call an archnemesis. Fearing that he had finally realized that it was I who had discredited him in *The Slant* two years ago, I choked up, knowing that death could come at any moment. But no, he only wanted to know what living on the hall was like. Was it quiet at night?

"Why?" I asked. He wanted to move into the empty room next to mine! Any rational man would have told him to run for his life and never look back. Yet I told him otherwise, preaching that everyone was well behaved and civilized. "Welcome to hell," I thought smugly as he began to move his stuff in the next day. However, karma decided to punish me for duping one of my peers. This young man, who I've only despised in the past for his politics, slams his door every time he comes or goes, violently jiggling the handle on the way out to make sure the door is locked. For this reason, in future entries, this individual will be referred to as The Noisiest Motherfucker In McTyeire.

**October 27th:** I heard an alarming report from a fellow nerd researcher about the activities of my subjects outside the dorm. This incident occurred at Pub Trivia Night. After the end of the first round, the announcer began to read off team scores. (To the reader: up until the end of the first round, team names are not announced). My subjects were sitting together in the shadows, no doubt anxiously waiting for everyone to hear what they had collectively decided to call themselves. "How long does it take to explode a baby in the microwave?" the announcer said before pausing, giving everyone present a moment to realize that what he had just said was a team name and not a sick joke. The suppressed giggles from my subjects meant more was to come. "I don't know; I was too busy masturbating." The laughter that came forth from my subjects can no doubt be classified as The Squeal Heard Round The World.

To conclude, I would like to ask the reader to pray for my life. I could be uncovered at any moment, maybe even as these words are first read by the masses. There remains a little over six weeks in the semester and my research must continue. Oh God, they're pounding at my door! They've found me. I regret noth-

# November: National Novel Writing Month

*Every American's Chance To Remind Themselves Why They Don't Write Novels All Year Long*

National Novel Writer's Month is upon us once again, and the *Slant* staff can't wait until the end of the month to show off our work.

Here's a few excerpts from our progress so far:

**From *Ultra Adventure Story VI: Galactic Tales of the Dreaming Princes of the Microverse*  
by Chris Stanford**

The city spread out before him -- a pool of darkness littered with glimmering lights. Vermillion blinked for a few moments before realizing where he was.

"So, this is the afterlife..." he muttered as he began to walk down from the hill. "A massive city, drenched in darkness and littered with lights." He shrugged. "Meh. Makes sense."

A few minutes passed before he got close to the actual buildings. The signs on them were even more intense than to be expected against the background of eternal night. "Live Girls XXX" one declared. "No Limits Poker!" another announced proudly. One hotel had a sign mentioning "20 minute rates."

"So, this is the afterlife..." he thought. "Strip joints, gambling, and cybersex. That-- That actually makes a lot more sense."

**From *Bound To Ramble*  
by Joseph Hills**

For a guy who had attended an internationally famous school, and spoke over three dozen languages, I realized I hadn't really traveled much. I mean, I'd been to D.C. and back a few times, and up to Maine when I was like three, but I'd never left the Eastern Time Zone. I decided to make like the 1800's, and expand my horizons westward. I got a few blocks before I realized that I didn't have a cent to my name. So buying a car was out. I threw away the peel of my banana and watched the panhandlers eking out a living. While I was occupied with studying their technique,

a mime started to approach me, and slipped on the friggin' banana peel. I really made a scene. I could not stop laughing. It's just one of those things that's so classic, but you never expect to see. I think the mime broke his leg. People were staring.

I thought about it, and decided that panhandling my way across America might not be the wisest course of action. I considered my alternatives.

Hitchhiking would be slow and involve lots of standing alongside roads that may or may not be trafficked by actual human beings. With my luck, I'd just run into a bunch of drug dealers or others involved in illegal activities who merely needed a second warm body so that they could drive in the carpool lane. Cops really get pissed about that carpool lane. I decided I didn't want to be a pawn in their game of cat and mouse...

**From *A Novel from THE KNCK Files: Clear and Canadian Danger: A Ryan Jax Adventure*  
by Pablo Darelli**

This enemy was like no other Jax had encountered before; a menace that made all previous threats look like harmless juvenile delinquents. Terrorists, rogue governments, communists, and drug lords. He'd defeated them all. But, this time, things were different. Very different. This enemy looked like him, acted like him, and only a trained ear could detect their deceptively humorous accent. He prepared for the mission in a safe-house lent to him by the Agency located in the Montreal slums. As he screwed the silencer onto his pistol, a thought occurred to him that chilled him to the bone. He had not even considered it before, but it was all so clear to him now, he was just hoping that this wasn't what They wanted him to think. The Agency operative that handed him the key to the safe-house had a small maple leaf tattooed on his neck. The consequences of this overlooked detail was now all too evident.

\*\*\*\*\*

Jax lit a cigarette as he stared at the smoldering remnants of his supposed safe-house. His gut instincts, honed and focused through years of FBI, CIA, and USPS covert work had not failed him. There was, in fact, a double agent working against him within the Agency. He knew he could trust no one and he would never be safe until he eliminated "Maple Leaf," the name he chose for the treacherous double agent. His heart was still pounding furiously, betraying his steely calm composure. A lesser man would have been cowering on the ground writhing in pain due to the three broken ribs caused by the blast during the near fatal escape from the building. But this was Ryan Jax, the baddest bad-ass known to man, which is exactly the thought that Jax used to console himself as he dragged his crippled ass to the nearest train station. Jax would have his revenge.

**From *Cold Down Below*  
by Walter Ernest Hemingway**

It rained. A lot. The clear, cool shock that comes when it hits your skin. Like so much vodka.

Once it rained I couldn't think of a damn thing except for her.

Her and the vodka.

Allison was a photographer at *The*

*London Times*, doing a story about penguins in southern Argentina. Then they invaded the Falklands, and when the British fleet arrived, my editor sent me down from New York. I was doing a story about life on the battleships, and I met her on the *HMS Conqueror*. She was a hottie, and she acted like one of the lads, which just made her even hotter. She carried a flirtation with some of the sailors, but it didn't mean anything. She could drink those guys under the table. We were hardly the only alcoholics on the ship, but as the most world-weary ones, we bonded quickly. Then after cashing a bottle of vodka, I made my move.

The next morning, she finally saw it. "Eww."

"What's wrong?"

"Your toenail, it's--"

"I know."

"How did it happen?"

"Small shoes. Walking around a swaying ship. I don't know really. Is it a problem?"

"Well, it's kind of gross."

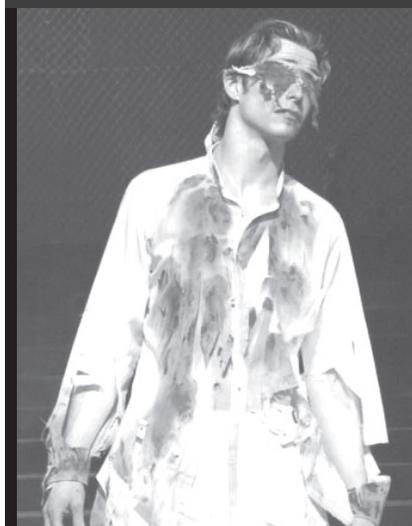
"Does this mean we're not going to sleep together anymore?"

"Yeah."

"Okay."

The agony of rejection. I felt like hell after that. I was also really hung over. But mostly it was the agony of rejection. ☹

## Bastard Confession



"I killed my father and had sex with my mother... and it solved nothing."

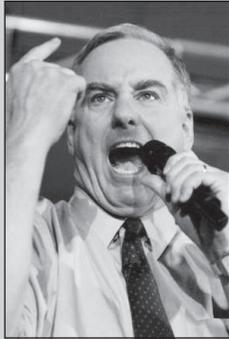
-Jacques Lacan,  
A&S sophomore,  
Psychological Counseling  
Center Patient

## AROUNDTHELOOP



### What do you think of John Kerry's "botched joke" about President Bush?

#### Howard Dean, Inflamed DNC Chair



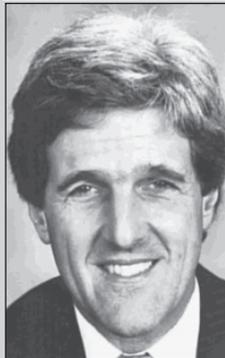
“Is this has-been really gonna lose us another set of elections?! BLEEAAYAAGH!!!!”

#### Jay Leno, Shitty Joke-Teller



"Why didn't I think of that? That would've taken up 20 percent of my monologue!"

#### John Kerry, Failed Joke-Teller



“Well, I laughed.”

#### Jacob Kelly, Lazy Vandy Student



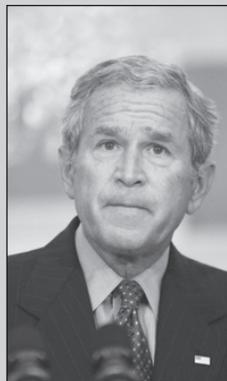
“I've never felt more inspired to study.”

#### Michael Wells, Young Republican



“Voters understand that the number one issue in America is an irrelevant slip of the tongue by a washed-up Senator who's not even up for election.”

#### President George W. Bush



“I can't stand people who make mistakes in public speaking! Kerry's remark is deplorable!”

## SLANTXENOSCOPES

#### Vatican:

Don't think you can get away with that holier-than-thou attitude forever.

#### Egypt:

Keep a close eye on your pyramids this week, as Carmen Sandiego is scheduled to make a stopover in Cairo on her way to Turkey.

#### France:

If you keep bitching that our champagne isn't real Champagne, don't expect us to bail you out next time you get invaded.

#### China:

Don't be fooled by the massive amount of money we keep shipping you in exchange for consumer goods, we can quit anytime we like. We just haven't stocked up on enough sweaters yet.

#### Mexico:

You may think being the last Mexican south of the Rio Grande will give you more time to read, but just wait until you step on your glasses.

#### Germany:

Your excessive drinking will only catch up to you if you let that policeman close enough to read your license plate.

#### Iraq:

Even if you didn't get tickets to Saddam's hanging, there's always the live satellite coverage on Al Manar, Al Jazeera, and Fox News.

#### Vietnam:

We wouldn't really hold it against you if you invaded France. Honestly, they have it coming.

#### Canada:

Your efforts to become more like the United States will culminate with your annexation later this month. Howdy, neighbors.

#### Israel:

Your delicious falafel at midnight in Schulman has abated our anger for another few months. The rest of the Middle East could learn something from your public relations department.

#### Mongolia:

As the only people to have ever defeated the Russians in winter, we cannot help but fear you more than the Germans. As a landlocked country, however, we also cannot help but mock your navy.

#### South Korea:

Don't feel bad about all the media attention North Korea has been receiving lately. If any of their nukes hit you, you'll be front page news for sure.

**Top Ten Ways To Raise Money For The Upcoming PlayStation 3**

- 10** Sell a kidney while prices are still high. Better yet, sell your roommate's kidney. Teeth help too.
- 9** Slay a dragon and claim his hoarded gold.
- 8** Drop out of school. \$45k will go a long way towards that PS3.
- 7** Forge an eleven member team and lead them in a daring casino robbery.
- 6** Cut off your own toe and claim you found it in your chili at Wendy's.
- 5** Acquire some used printing equipment from the Department of the Treasury.
- 4** Defraud the Make-A-Wish Foundation, then murder those who know the truth.
- 3** Carry a tip jar with you to class.
- 2** Sell alcohol to minors.
- 1** Steal a Kappa's purse and sell it. What you do with the remaining \$1900 is up to you.

## Vanderbilt's Most Competitive Team Needs Your Help!



**Since the Administration only cares about Title IX compliance, it's up to the student body to support the Danceline by helping them pay for their trip to their national finals in January. Keep an eye out for upcoming fundraisers, and be proud to show that you appreciate excellence more than the University does.**

### **Come for a *Slant* Meeting, Stay to learn about the Honor Council!**

This week's Slant Meeting will be immediately followed by an Honor Council interest meeting, in the very same classroom. We encourage all students to take advantage of this golden opportunity to serve the student body, using both laughter and grim justice.

**Tuesday at 6:30 pm in Furman 109**