

The Slant

www.theslant.net

Killing time, then raping it . . . since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

Sophomore Girl Forcibly Fondled By Tow Truck

Houston Has A Problem

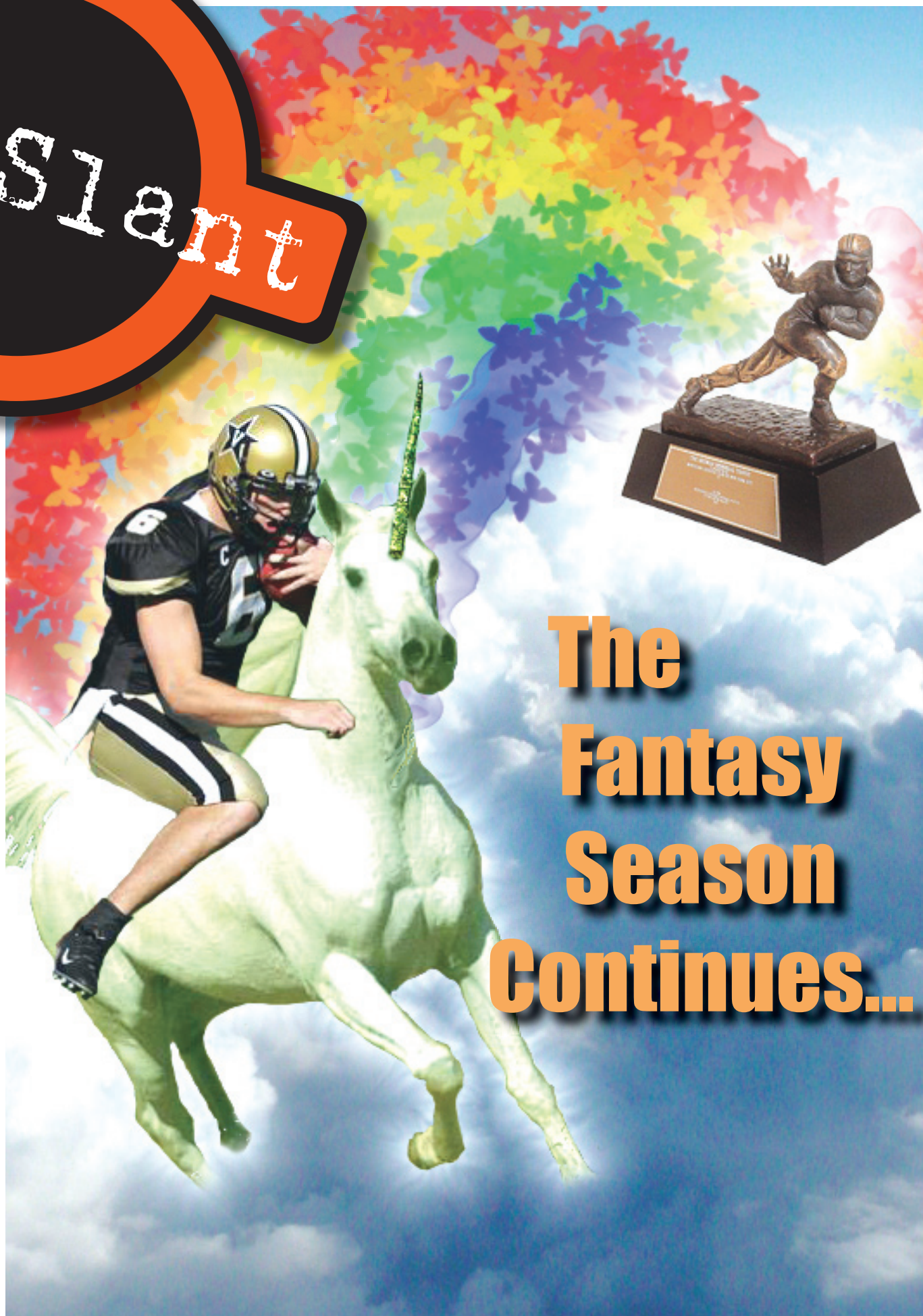
Horrified Freshman Wakes Up Next To Own Mother

REBUILDING
5 Of New Orleans

HELLFIRE
6 Consuming Bob Denver

FOREIGNERS
7 Discussing Football

Other News	2
Fucked Image	4
Bastard Confession	10
Horoscopes	10
Around The Loop	11
Popularity Contest	12
Top Ten List	12



The Fantasy Season Continues...



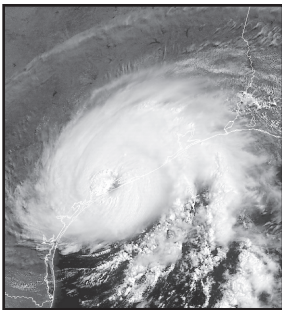
Branscomb Fire Drill Turns Ugly

Things turned ugly during a routine fire drill in Branscomb Quadrangle last week.

Taking the drill seriously, an avid follower of Darwin on Stapleton 3 used his elbows and fists liberally to knock people out of his route as he barreled down the stairs to safety, not sparing any women, especially fat and ugly ones, along the way. "I just did what I thought I would do if there were an actual fire." Another student admitted that, "I think I gave a few people concussions when I slipped and dropped my fridge on the stairs. But what else could I do? I wasn't about to leave it behind." In total, 26 freshman students lay injured in the Vanderbilt Medical Center following the drill.

Texas-Based Katrina Victims Marked For Death

Survivors of hurricane Katrina, who had been relocated to Texas following the inundation of their homes, were found to be marked by God for death when hurricane Rita approached the Texas coast. Never one to leave a job unfinished, God conjured up the second mighty storm to finish off those who first escaped His wrath. Survivors of both storms have since been cast into the wilderness, much like cursed children in ancient Greece, no cities being willing to run the risk of accepting the Pariah and bringing certain doom to their towns."



Math Teacher Dies In ER; Doctor Says "No Calculators Allowed"

While on the witness stand, Dr. Dolph Monroe of the Vanderbilt Medical Center defended against claims that he did not perform his Hippocratic duty to save a patient when he refused to use a defibrillator on heart attack victim and Vanderbilt math professor Thomas Jones. "We were taught in medical school that every patient is a test," said Dr. Monroe. "I just assumed that Dr. Jones would ask the same thing now that he would have back when he didn't allow calcu-

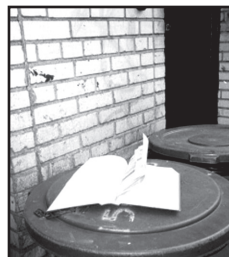
lators on our tests: no technology then, no technology now." When other doctors were surveyed about the situation, one commented, "it's really best not to rely on a defibrillator - you won't always have one with you, will you?"

Philosophy, Sociology Department Defend Max Weber's "Ethics"

The Philosophy and Sociology Departments at Vanderbilt have issued a statement denouncing what they describe as a "smear campaign" against Max Weber. Posters have recently appeared across campus accusing Weber of repeatedly seeking to "lie to you, lie about you, cheat on you, free-load, slander you and attempt to ruin your credibility." The two faculties have responded by saying that this "seeks to denigrate the reputation of one of the finest thinkers of the modern age - while we accept that Max Weber may have had his personal flaws, and we do not seek to excuse him from them, to call his ethics into question in this way is absurd. In fact, his ideas about the Protestant Work Ethic would be quite useful for several of the students involved in this scurrilous campaign."

"Get Yourself Through ADD" Self-Help Book Never Read Beyond Page 7

While sales for the self-help book "Get Yourself Through ADD" have remained high, research done into its effectiveness by the book's publishers suggest that most people are unable to progress beyond the opening pages of the book. "It's clear that there are many people out there who suffer from this disorder," said author and Psychology



109

Number of days until sorority bid day, when the future social lives of freshman females will be decided.



Professor at the University of Wisconsin Richard Dawson, "I mean, you only have to watch a class of my students try and keep their eyes open for an hour-long lecture to figure that out. But it's difficult to know how to get these people to help themselves if they won't sit through and read about it." Publisher Simon & Schuster of New York has begun toying with new ideas to get people to make it through the book, including warning people not to read it while there is a TV or stereo in the room, or anywhere in the proximity of shiny objects.

German Election To Be Settled By Spelling Bee

In the wake of an unanticipated deadlock for the Chancellorship, German courts have declared that the election will be decided by a spelling bee between the two leading candidates: Gerhard Schroeder of the SPD and Angela Merkel of the CDU/CSU. In many languages this would be a relatively short affair, but the unique charm of the German language and its rules surrounding noun formation ensure this will be a drawn-out affair. Resident German expert Colin Dinsmore explained, "These are two intelligent people and considering the size of some of these words, this could go on for days. For example: Oberammergaueral penkräuterdelikatessenfrühstückskäse. I'm not making that shit up. If they have to use it in a sentence they won't be done before January." ●



President Morgan

POLITICS



Kate Morgan Rouses Student Bodies

SGA President Kate Morgan roused the Vanderbilt male population this weekend with her provocative speech and clothing. "I plan to erect a new student recreation center, if you catch my drift," the student leader said as seductively as possible during a public appearance at Sigma Chi Saturday. Morgan, dressed in a low-cut top and skimpy skirt, received an enthusiastic response of hoots and catcalls from the mostly male audience. The president later denied that she was simply trying to "sex-up politics" and defended her participation in a topless mud-wrestling contest as, "reaching out to voters."



VANDERBILT BATHROOM SPACE



Behold! The urinal of the future has arrived!

NEWS

OTHER NEWS: Sexy Kate Morgan **2**
NEW ORLEANS: Atop a Spire **5**
CONFEDERATES: Bitching Again..... **6**
GILLIGAN: Dead..... **6**
GAZA STRIP: Lubing Up..... **7**

COLUMNS & HUMOR

FOOTBALL: Foreigner Approves..... **7**
GENIUS: The Best Article Ever **9**
ELEVATORS: Be More Alert **9**
HOROSCOPES: Puzzle Style!..... **10**
AROUND THE LOOP: Burchard Fucks Up, Again..... **11**

SLANT FEATURES

CARTOON: Another Column This Week **4**
BASTARD CONFESSION: Forcible Fondling **10**
SLANT CONTEST: Popularity Contest **12**
TOP TEN: Offensive Party Themes..... **12**

MASTHEAD



Planning the liquidation of McGill Hall . . . since 1886

188 Madison Sarratt Student Center

2301 Vanderbilt Place
 VU# 351669 Station B
 Nashville, TN 37235

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

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief **Ceaf Lewis**
Managing Editor **Colin Dinsmore**
Head Writer **Richard Green**
Business Manager **Andrew Collazzi**
Editors
Tim Boyd **Robert Saunders**
Distribution Manager **Patrick Gentry**
Staff Manager **Rachel Unger**
Contributing Writers
Chris Bellande **Evan Alston**
Eli Branson **Jason Blatt**
Alex Chrisope **Greg Champoux**
Charlie Fu **Bridget Cornett**
Joe Hills **Bobby Gambrel**
Aj Khandaker **Andy Hogan**
Colin Rymer **Michael Nutt**
Alumni Contributors
Andrew Banecker **Liz Vennum**
Ben Stark **Jacob Grier**
Editors Emeritus
Joe Wong **Mike Mott**
David Barzelay **Meredith Gray**

POLICIES

Back Issues

Back Issues can be ordered by sending \$5.00 and a description of the issue desired (volume number and date, if possible) to the address above. Some issues are no longer available. For a back issue please email backissues@theslant.net.

Subscriptions

Mail subscriptions available. \$30.00/year or \$20.00/semester. Email subscribe@theslant.net. Postmaster please send address changes to 2301 Vanderbilt Place, VU# 351669, Nashville, TN 37235-1669.

DISCLAIMERS

This publication is a work of humor, parody and satire. None of the subjects or writers are intended to represent real people, unless those people are public figures. You must be over 18 to read *The Slant*. This publication and the content thereof does not always reflect the opinions of Vanderbilt Student Communications, Inc. Each member of the Vanderbilt community is entitled to one copy of this publication; additional copies are five dollars each. If *The Slant* offends you, do not read it. Support our advertisers.

Copyright © 2005, *The Slant*.
 All rights reserved

After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

Corrections:

The Slant would like to apologize for asserting that *Parsimony: A Jewish Guide* was an offensive book title. It is in fact, a hilarious book title.





FROM THE EDITOR



CEAF LEWIS

Pretty much every day somebody asks me, "Ceaf, when is the next *Slant* coming out?" Usually my loud and angry response is something along the lines of "Every two weeks, idiot! It's always come out every two weeks as long as class has been in session." The more astute of you will have noticed,

however, that it has been three weeks since the last issue. Unfortunately, a combination of disastrous events, not the least of which was the implosion of our layout computer's power supply, delayed us a week. So I haven't been able to yell at quite as many people lately, which is a situation I simply will not tolerate. Therefore, the next issue will be coming out a week from today so we can get back on schedule and I can return to sitting on my mountain of arrogance peering down at you peasants.

At any rate, my life appears to be in a rut again. I realized the other day that I have absolutely no idea what I want to do with my life. I was thinking about it and I could probably be the leader of a poorly trained citizen militia, but it's been hard to make a living doing that for the past 200 years or so.

I'm sure I'll find something to do with myself, although probably not as soon as I'd like. Meanwhile, is it sad that the highlight of my week is the latest episode of "House" every Tuesday night? There's nothing I appreciate more than seeing Dr. House ruin the lives of filthy hippies and then leaving in order to screw over his smug British intern. If some development house made a side-scrolling beat-em-up game based on that show, I would buy it and play it religiously. As a matter of fact, that might be what finally pushes me over the edge into becoming a filthy nerd who wallows in piles of Cheeto dust while drinking Yoo-hoo like a poverty-stricken and greasy Jabba the Hutt.

In publication news, our dominance continues to increase over the other, more parvenu Vanderbilt media. Pretty soon we plan to build a giant Slant meatball statue on Alumni Lawn proclaiming "We are *The Slant*, Comedy Paper of Comedy Papers: Look upon our columns, ye Vanderbilt, and despair!" Oh, and it will also have statues of our former Editors-in-Chief surrounding it, sneering in cold command.

That'll teach *Orbis* some manners. 🐼



Fucked Image

Nice piece of tail.

Fraternities Are Responsible For Freshmen Drinking

And All Other Really Really Bad Things As Well!

Dear Vanderbilt Community,

Freshmen hospitalized, drunken coeds stumbling home at ungodly hours of the night, vomit coating the walls and floors of Branscomb: the fault of underage drinkers? Of course not; fault clearly lies with those Greek bastards, what with the freely flowing alcohol at their parties, their popularity, their wide selections of brightly-colored knit shirts, and their "Michael, you can't join our frat. We're just not into guys who drink virgin piña colodas and know so much about White Russians." Nobody needs frats, and that goes double for me. And what about their so-called "houses?" Does the Society for Disgruntled Hustler Writers get its own house? No, we don't! Why should they? This is clearly symptomatic of a biased administration catering to a system rot-

ten to its very core!

If you've been reading the VUPD crime reports every ten minutes like I have, you would know that there have been many assaults, sexual assaults, on women. And guess who launched said assaults? Men. And guess who joins fraternities? Men. Am I the only one making this connection? Fraternities are the ones behind the rapes and the forcible fondlings! The Greek system is clearly the root of all evil; that's a lot of evil. The problem here is threefold: fraternities are bad, I hate them, and I can't count.

So don't forget: Every time somebody joins a fraternity, God kills a puppy. And a kitten. And a squirrel. A cute squirrel, not an annoying one.

Sincerely,
Michael Wilt 🐼

New Orleans To Be Rebuilt Atop Precariously Tall Spire

"They want something preposterously extravagant that defies any sound reason. They want their city five miles in the air. On a spire!"

by **EVAN ALSTON**

NEW NEW ORLEANS - On Tuesday, word leaked from officials that a new plan for the rebuilding of New Orleans had been drawn up and is nearly underway. Rather than wasting an unimaginable amount of tax payers' money repairing the levee system of a city originally built under sea level, New Orleans plans to rebuild the entire city at the top of a five mile high pole located in the middle of current day Canal Street.

The city officials overseeing the project are clearly excited by the prospects of capturing the national imagination and at the same time saving a city in ruin. Said city planner and bar owner Renee Broussard, "We were going for that World's Fair vibe; we wanted to build something impractical on an incredibly large scale. Residents have been through a lot recently. They're in need of the basic necessities: food, water, shelter. So clearly, they're not going to be satisfied with simply rebuilding the city and the levees as they used to be. They want something preposterously extravagant that defies any sound reason. They want their city five miles in the air. On a spire!"

Sandy Jenkins, former New Orleans daycare worker and bar owner, had this to say about the plans: "I think it will be spectacular! Sure, a wind gust of about ten miles per hour could send most of the parish into a five minute freefall, but at least it'll never flood again. Plus, this opens a whole new world of drink-naming opportunities."

According to city councilman and

bar owner, Greg Stevens, it's a chance for New Orleans to become even more of a tourist attraction and world figure than it was before: "Seattle has their Space Needle, which attracts thousands each year, and now we'll have our own version of that, but instead of a restaurant or whatever, we'll have our whole city at the top of a giant spire. And ours will spin twice as fast as theirs does."

Aunt Sally's, the famous praline confectioner and bar owner of Old New Orleans, is still skeptical of the improvements. According to Aunt Sally, "We don't want to stand in the way of progress, but it's going to be impossible to cook pralines that high in the air; the pressure is too low and the pralines will never solidify. Also, I don't think we'll be able to breathe."

Avid science fiction enthusiastic and all-around nerd, Craig Dewsberry, seemed elated over the announcement. "Oh yes, the plans are wonderful! I heard that we'll all be given flying cars as well, and once more cities catch on to the sky-city model, we can use our flying cars as transportation between the sky-towers! It'll be fantas-

tic! I didn't live in Old New Orleans, but if I could convince Mother to sell the house, I'd definitely want to live in New New Orleans!"

Mayor and bar owner Ray Nagin seemed eager to begin construction on the upcoming project. "I will not stand idly by while the powers that be come in and try to take over New Orleans. I'm here to fight for the people that I love here, and I will be in those big boardrooms and committee meetings standing up for the little guys out there! We shall have a new New Orleans. One without the problems we had in old New Orleans. Specifically, there will be no fear of flooding, as we'll be five miles above the surface of the Earth. Secondly, when partygoers on Bourbon Street urinate on our sidewalks, we'll simply tip the city to the right and dump it on Mississippi. Lastly, there will be no more homelessness!" When asked what he'll do to solve the homelessness problem, Mayor Nagin winked and brushed a few pens off of the podium.

After the press conference, CNN correspondent and bar owner Anderson Cooper reflected on the remarks: "It's very windy right now.

It's not very windy where I am, but if I were to step out here . . . yes, yes, it's very windy right here, Wolf. Oh, and I'm all wet now. Back to you, Wolf!"

The spire itself is a steel and concrete reinforced superstructure, spanning six city blocks at its base and rising approximately 8368 meters, or 5.2 miles, above the ground. Since most of the spire itself has to be a dense mix of concrete and steel, there is only room for a single elevator shaft down the middle of the spire, making commutes out of the city difficult for future New New Orleanians. The Army Corp of Engineers and Bar Owners oversaw the development of the plans for the spire. On the top of spire, a giant "platter-like disk" will be the base of the new city, possibly designed so that it is removable from the "docking station" of the spire so that it can be re-located following later natural disasters that capture national attention.

Since this plan would easily cost into the hundreds of billions of dollars, Nagin admits that most of the money will be coming from the American public, but that average New Orleanians can also do their part. "I'm selling Cutco," Nagin said, then proceeded to cut through a lead pipe and slice a tomato to illustrate his point.

But Councilman Stevens still hopes that New Orleanians will realize that this might be their only option to return to their former glory. "We just want to make sure these plans get off the ground; the last thing we need is for this to just sit dead in the water."



Sons Of Confederate Veterans Vow To Resist Federal Reconstruction Of New Orleans

by **TIM BOYD**

The proposed federal effort to reconstruct the city of New Orleans in the wake of the devastation wreaked by Hurricane Katrina has run into unexpected opposition. When President Bush gave his televised address in which he pledged that there would be a massive relief effort funded by federal money and organized through federal agents and US troops, the White House was expecting this to be welcomed as good news by the citizens of Louisiana. It seems, however, that several organizations interpreted the President's speech as a threat to their way of life.

Chief among these were the New Orleans branch of the Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV). No sooner had President Bush uttered the words "Federal" and "Reconstruction," than the SCV put out a statement vowing to oppose it. "We are the keepers of the southern tradition," the statement read, "In the 1860s, our ances-

tors took up arms to defend the noble cause of chattel slavery; in the 1870s, they rose again to uphold peace and democracy by violently overthrowing state governments and stripping millions of the right to vote; in the 20th century, our fathers took to the street to valiantly obstruct the cause of racial equality. Now, in 2005, it is our turn to blindly pursue a hopeless cause in order to satisfy our misguided notion of southern pride. Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeehaaaaaaaaww!"

The White House admitted that it was surprised at this sort of reaction, and quickly sought to dispel any sense that this was a Reconstruction program in any way comparable with that of the post-Civil War era. "The two situations are fundamentally different," White House Press Secretary Scott McClellan told reporters the day after the SCV's announcement, "Reconstruction after the Civil War involved attempting to regenerate a region of the country that had been devastated by a disaster exacerbated

by the hapless incompetence of local and national politicians. It was a massive mobilization of federal troops and resources that sought to rebuild a shattered community and restore order. I frankly don't see any parallels with what we're trying to do in New Orleans today."

In order to further re-assure the SCV, Vice-President Dick Cheney flew at short notice to New Orleans on Tuesday. Emerging from the airplane, Cheney gave a press conference while still clutching his hastily packed carpetbag under one arm. "It really will do nobody any good to start getting riled up about what is ancient history," the Vice-President told the crowd, "I know that Reconstruction is a sensitive topic in these parts, but I want to make it clear that you have nothing to fear. We are not talking about the kind of massive and sustained effort by the federal government to guarantee social and economic equality for blacks that caused such difficulties 130 years ago. Times have changed, and, as I hope

our reaction to Katrina so far has made clear, we really could care less about black people."

Despite the best efforts of both Cheney and the White House in general, many in the SCV remain skeptical. "That Republican Party never changes," growled SCV Chief of Communications William A. Reynolds, "I always knew they was just waiting and biding their time. All my friends told me after the 1960s you could trust them – but like my Daddy always said, 'son, a Republican's like a cottonmouth – they might seem mighty pretty, but don't let them get close to you for a second.'"

As of yet, the SCV's tactics of resistance have not been made clear, but there are indications that they will be looking to history for their lessons. Reports from the regional office of Sears & Roebuck in Atlanta reveal a surge in requests for white linen sheets, miscellaneous sized two-by-fours and the sheet music for 'Dixie.'

Bob Denver Now Satan's "Little Buddy"

Coconut Radios Now Going Uneaten

by **ANDREW COLLAZZI**

Bob Denver, better known as Gilligan on Gilligan's Island, died last week of throat cancer. Known for his crazy antics and loveable clumsiness, he will always be remembered for his constant mucking-up of the professor's plans to try and save them from the grip of the desert island.

Russel Johnson, otherwise known as the professor showed restrained jubilation at the passing of Denver, noting, "Maybe now I can finally fix the hole in that damned boat." Johnson then bemoaned the many coconut radios he lost due to Denver's antics. "I guess the only one who would have been sad to see him go would be Alan Hale . . . I don't know about that 'little buddy' stuff."

According to sources, Bob Denver was sentenced to spend eternity in Hell. "At first, I really was glad to have him here," said Satan. "We get celebrities here all the time, but none like the great Bob Denver. He and I have been getting along great since his arrival." Satan continued to gush over Denver and his hilarious hijinks, at one point calling Denver his "little buddy".

However, not everyone in Hell is pleased with the Denver's arrival. Charon, ferryman of the dead and Hell's custodian, voiced his displeasure

at Denver's presence. "He's always fucking everything up, which makes life that much worse for us down here," commented Charon. "It's bad enough that its so damned hot down here, but when he broke the fans the other day while trying to make a gift for Satan, I almost killed him." Charon went on to complain, "The worst part is that he and Satan are all now buddy-buddy. I



don't have to tell you that Satan plays favorites. We all have to take the fall for Denver's fuck-ups. Just the other

day Satan made Thirgoux, master of ironic punishments, spend some time down in circle 9 because he was complaining about Denver trying to make life more comfortable for people down here."

Denver commented, "I'm just trying to make life down here a little better. We're stuck here for a long time so we might as well make the best of it." Denver then slipped in a puddle of lava and landed on one of the flame control panels, shattering it into a million pieces. The flame levels in hell are now at record highs, and won't be fixed until later this month.

The latest reports from Hell indicate that despite the mayhem and threat of demon strikes, Satan plans to keep his "little buddy" around for as long as he can.

Gaza Strip Pull-Out Plan To Be Replaced By More Effective Gaza Strip Condom

by **RICHIE GREEN**

Given the turmoil surrounding Israel's pullout of the Gaza Strip region, many public officials feel that a more effective plan is necessary. According to Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon, "Pulling out simply cannot be a final cure to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict." The brightest minds in Israel have since put forth a plan involving the creation of what the media has dubbed the "Gaza Strip Condom." The "condom" is designed to be a heavily guarded wall surrounding the perimeter of the Gaza Strip in order to prevent any movement of tanks, settlers, or terrorists into or out of the regions. It is especially hoped the wall will prevent the unwanted flow of bodily fluids.

The very idea of pulling-out is unsavory to the Palestinian leadership. "Israel and the West would spend

years building up the peace process, promising a magical and meaningful climax to the long struggle, one which would be dignified for both parties. To think that they just want to end the conflict by pulling out at the supposed moment of euphoria and peace is disappointing, and we will not stand for it," explained Mahmoud Abbas, the Palestinian Prime Minister. "Although, it is better than their previous methods, which left us feeling as if we had just been fucked in the ass."

Members of the general populations of both sides have decried the pullout plan. In addition, many religious groups are opposing the pullout plan. "Pulling out has always been against both Jewish and Muslim religious doctrines," declared Rabbi Abraham Heschel. "We also feel that this pull-out plan is just shmuz."

Even among those who agree with the necessity of the wall, there remains

controversy over the material out of which the walls of the "condoms" are to be made. Many Jewish citizens feel that it should be made of traditional sheepskin stretched over a robust ribbed frame. Others feel that modern Latex is ideal for this particular occasion. As one Palestinian explained: "Latex is safer because it can more effectively prevent the transmission of viruses than animal skin," said Dr. Al-Marjara, "And by viruses, of course, I mean Jews."

This particular "condom" is also equipped with a brand of chemical protection to be provided by the Hamas sub-group Jewicide. "We want to maintain peace in the region. Thus, any Israeli who happens to cross the barrier shall be removed by chemical means with trinitrotoluene, or in layman's terms, TNT," explained the leader of the group. "We are also supposedly providing some sort of

lubrication. I don't know what the hell that's about . . ."

Meanwhile, many Israeli scientists believe that heat is necessary to increase the pleasure of peace. They are interested in testing the possibility of creating a heat sensitive "condom" that could be activated by the very bombings the Palestinians hope to prevent. Dr. Alberto Britcher is leading the studies. "If we could come up with some sort of a molecule that increases sensitivity when heated, it could induce the pleasure resulting from dropping our loads and, thus, the explosions would be encouraged."

Still many people feel that this Gaza Strip condom is bound to be just another failure in the Middle East peace process. As one long-time Gaza Strip resident suggested, "I bet they will just put it on wrong, or the wall of it will burst; something's bound to go wrong. This is Israel, after all!"

This Quirky "Football" Lark Could Really Catch On

by **TIM BOYD**
Foreign Columnist

As a dashing, cosmopolitan young go-getter, I am always open to new experiences. So when a couple of friends suggested wandering over to the stadium to witness a game of "American Football" this past weekend, I thought "Well, why not? Just because every other sport invented by this country is so patently inferior to cricket, rugby and soccer, doesn't mean this one might not buck the trend."

As a result, I found myself standing around in a parking lot on Saturday afternoon, drinking beer-flavored water and exchanging pleasantries with my fellow students in anticipation of the big occasion. It was pretty clear that this was going to be something special – I guess with the arrival of any new activity, people are keen to see how it will play out. The crowd were obviously dressed for an 'open-

ing night' occasion, the young men in crisply ironed shirts & ties and their lady partners attired in cocktail dresses of various designs.

After an hour or so of this, we sauntered cheerfully towards our seats in the stadium that was clearly hastily erected in order to provide a home for this new sport (so determined were they to get it ready for Saturday, that they apparently had time only to build three sides worth of stands, and had had to leave the backs off the seats). The arena was full to the rafters, and everything was jolly exciting. Everyone remained in good humor, especially as our brave boys in Black & Gold triumphed "37-13" to use the delightfully eccentric scoring system this game is to use.

And even allowing for my devotion to the classic sports of the Old County, I have to say that this "Football" spectacle could really catch on. Kudos to you Yanks for your creativity in devising such an activity.

Given the inadequacy of the sports you currently watch, I think this could yet become a nationwide phenomenon.

However, before you all get carried away with it, it was clear that there are still several rough edges, as is only to be expected the first time something new is tried. First of all, one would hope that the next time round the players will be better briefed on the rules of the game. It was a tad annoying to have the game stopped every thirty seconds in order that the coaches could explain to the teams what had just happened. The officials were also a little rusty – several times they had to go and watch the game on television to make sure they had got it right.

There is also an element of clumsiness in these rookie athletes. It is clearly a fast-paced game, but surely there will come a time when the players are coordinated enough not to keep running into each other? I feel

it would be particularly beneficial for the sake of the "Quartered Back," who seemed so alarmed at the prospect of a member of the opposing team running into him that he felt compelled, on several occasions, to throw the ball just as far away as he could. I'm sure this will correct itself with experience (another added benefit of a greater skill in this regard, of course, would be that the players could do away with all that heavy padding and equipment they wear – which is no doubt terribly expensive).

All in all, then, this match represented a positive start, and for all the little kinks that still need to be fixed, this could one day become one of the most popular hobbies on campus. Personally, I am looking forward to the next installment of this experiment in a week's time, and I will make sure to let that nice Mr. Johnson know of my suggestions, so that one day you all can be just as proud of your sports, as the rest of the world is of ours.



The Man
Who came to
Dinner

by Moss Hart and
George S. Kaufman

September 30, October 1, 6, 7, 8 at 8:00 p.m.

October 2 at 2:00 p.m.

Box Office 322-2404

2
0
0
5
-
2
0
0
6
S
E
A
S
O
N

NEELY AUDITORIUM
VU Theatre

Who will
guest star?

A member
of the
VU Faculty?

A Dean?

Perhaps
even the
Chancellor?

Come see for
yourself...

What A Spectacular Article This Is

I am one talented writer.

By **SEAN TIERNEY**
Brilliant Columnist

Wow! I don't mean to brag, but this is a spectacular article. Now, I have always taken a special pride in my writing abilities; I seem to have a knack for writing outstanding pieces, and this article is no exception. Just look at how I grab the reader's attention from the very beginning through my subtle use of an interjection (Did you catch the joke?). From there, I cleverly introduce the main point of this article: that it is spectacular. And my employment of a semicolon in the third sentence? Genius!

If you have to, take a moment to collect yourself before moving on to the next paragraph. Believe me, I realize that you may not have anticipated such an engaging introduction. I myself wasn't even ready for it when it first took shape on my laptop screen like clay in the hands of a master potter (While you're at it, you may also want to consider the way in which I create such a robust image with my metaphor). Alright, it's time to move on. Think you can handle paragraph three? Let's find out . . .

Some of you may be asking, "But Sean, what would drive you to write such a superbly spectacular article?" Well, good reader let me explain. I wrote it to challenge myself, to add legitimacy to The Slant, to praise God, to inspire the literate, to exercise my printer, and to draw attention to various human rights groups, most of whose names were, unfortunately, too lyrically cumbersome to be included in this spectacular article.

I am one talented writer. Monologues regularly spill forth from my fingertips. I think in iambic pentameter. My similes are like freshly laundered polo shirts. But don't get

me wrong. Writing an article this amazing was difficult even for me. Yet I felt, no, I KNEW, that this article had to be written. Like the great artists before me, I risked my own health to push myself to my limits. And push I did, until all my literary genius was tested (By the way, don't mistake my self-correction as admittance of error. It is instead cleverly crafted for the sake of emphasis).

By now, you should begin to sense some sort of rhythm to the article. Feel how the words flow and the sentences crescendo. See how the paragraphs flutter and snap like proud flags in a tempest. Close your eyes now and listen to the baritones of the verbs, the rests that come with each period, and the overall sweet, sweet music of my article. Better yet, keep your eyes open and continue reading, because this article is about to get even better.

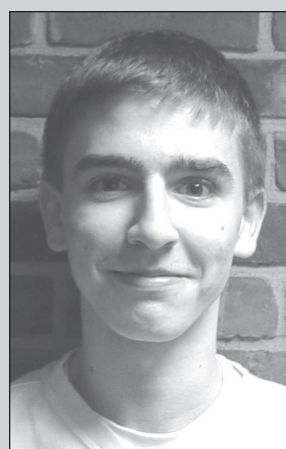
There! Right there! Did you see it? The climax of the article! What a build-up, huh? And the climax- it revealed so much! For example, who would've guessed that this article would in fact turn out to be spectacular? I'm sure a few of you astute readers who picked up on the fore-shadowing (Yet another highly technical literary device that I employ) did!

Well, the anticlimax has become long enough, which means I must now make a quick "conclusion," as all great works do. To summarize, this article is spectacular. I am truly very proud of this accomplishment and humbled that you would think so highly of it to reread it seven times over. Don't forget to cut this out and save it, and come to my article signing at 4:00 on Friday in Vaughn Lobby. Also keep your eyes out for my future masterpieces, which are sure to be spectacular. ●

Seriously, Check The Fucking Elevator Direction

That's right, your IQ is 100 points lower than mine.

by **GREG CHAMPOUX**
Used To Write For *The Slant*



All right folks, enough is enough. I have endured over two years of you idiots not checking the elevator direction. Here is the usual

sequence of events I have to endure on nearly a daily basis. I'm in the elevator, going down from the eighth floor to the basement, and somebody, who obviously couldn't care less about my dire need to get to the munchie mart as fast as possible gets off at two after earlier getting on at four. Then, some total buffoon, who clearly does not possess the neck muscles to look up at the elevator arrow, starts to get in the elevator. I ask him, "Going down?" and he says "oh" like a complete ape or something. He then steps out of the elevator door, but causes it to re-open, costing me even more precious seconds until I can get my munchy fix.

If this was my only complaint, I wouldn't be writing this story, for I have much more evil offenses to disclose. Some complete ignoramuses do not step out of the elevator. For some obscure reason, they think it will be faster to get in the elevator, ride with me down to one, stay in the elevator, go back up to one, stop there, and continue their way up.

Now believe me when I tell you that I am screaming at you, "HOW IS THIS FASTER?!?!?" I have to severely restrain myself from not asking said individual this question. This method is especially dumb when you consider that an elevator on five, unstopped, will be arriving at the second floor faster than my elevator. But nooo, you have to come in my elevator, invading my space, and lower the average IQ of the inhabitants by a good 50 points. That's right, your IQ is 100 points lower than mine.

Now, to further rant, and it pains me to recount this story, I will tell the most egregious thing ever witnessed in elevator history. I'm waiting for the elevator to arrive at my floor and descend. A couple other guys walk up and hit the up button. This in itself isn't so bad, but when the one who fatefully pressed the button said, "Whichever one gets here first will get us down faster" in explanation to the other, I practically exploded. I went on a five-minute rant on elevator system dynamics and general logic. They escaped my wrath as they headed up. I went down to two without them and waited three minutes at the bottom just to prove that they were idiots.

So, what I'm trying to get at is this: just take a peek people, or at least ask those already in the elevators. Also, stop hitting the elevator button frantically as if it might make a difference. Let me live my senior year without elevator idiots. And if you don't, well may God smite you or something. ●

*Seems to me, you lived your life,
like a candle in the wind . . .*

*In Memoriam
Greg Champoux
1984-2000*

Your Puzzle Travel Horoscope

by Jeffrey Harris

Each horoscope listing in this edition has one, two, or three city names hidden inside it. For instance, if the horoscope was "You will fall in love with a van, and people will start callin gyou the 'Four-Door Paramour,'" the hidden city would be HAVANA (from "with a van and"). Circle the city names and then draw lines between all pairs (or trios) of cities in the same country. These lines will spell out the next instruction. The numbers next to the zodiac sign indicate how many cities are hidden in each horoscope.

Sagittarius (1)

A good beginning to your
Chaucer I ode: "Jane, I rock
your face off.

Leo (1)

Vermont really is boring,
but you'll go there anyway.
Don't say I didn't warn you.

Aries (2)

From excruciating death by
cobras, I, Liam Neeson, will
save you.

Aquarius (2)

Ham Burgundy wins and creme brulee
are good, but food seems bland when you
compare it to the joys of the number line.

Cancer (2)

If you want to buy a
watermelon, don't. We
just can't have nice
things.

Virgo (1)

Your great-great-grandather pil-
laged the Commanches' Territory.
As retribution, you will lose \$15 at
a casino.

Scorpio (1)

Missionary position: nun on
the bottom, pastor on top.

Taurus (3)

A jar labeled "Jimbo's Tonsils"
will appear in your refrigerator.
Understandably, all of your beliefs
are now shaken, but all will be
clear once you find the jar actu-
ally contains Charles' tonsils.

Capricorn (2)

As per the unfortunate
comparison with "Rowdy"
Roddy Piper, people will
always try to wrestle you.

Libra (2)

Nia Vardelos, a.k.a.
"the Greek chick" will
die of hubris, bane of
Oedipus.

Bastard Confession



"I forcibly fondled
myself."
-Richie Green

Pisces (1)

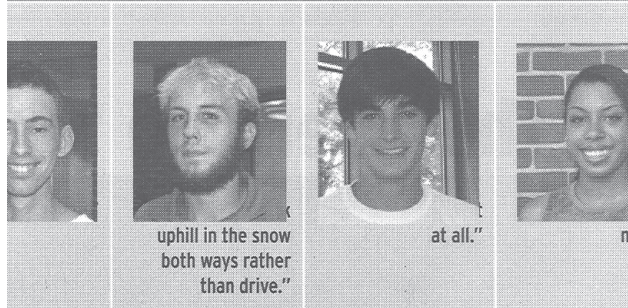
"Peanut butter and jelly
sandwich" doesn't apply
to KY. Oops.

Gemini (1)

You should try heroin.
But only once.

OUND THE LOOP

are you coping with high gas prices?



AROUNDTHELOOP

**What Do You Think
Of The *Hustler's*
Layout Staff And Their
Egregious "Around The
Loop" Screwup?**

Merlin, Wizard



prestidigitation!"



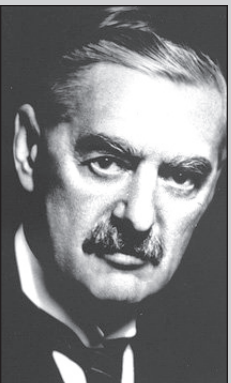
Gwen Wolfe, Sorority Girl



fuck Chad Burchard."



Neville Chamberlain, P.M.



capitulate."



Afroman, Terrible Singer



40 of Colt 45."



Tim Boyd, Englishman



King's English such as 'colour.'"



Vanessa Hoo, *Hustler* Editor



hate you Ceaf Lewis."



**SLANTADVERTISING
NEW Print Rates**

Outside Businesses

Full Page \$225	9.75" x 10.75"
1/2 Page \$135	5" x 12" or 10" x 6"
1/4 Page \$68	5" x 6"
1/8 Page \$36	5" x 3"
1/16 Page \$18	1.75" x 3"

Loyal Customers/Bulk Orders (4+ ads)

Full Page \$200	9.75" x 10.75"
1/2 Page \$120	5" x 12" or 10" x 6"
1/4 Page \$60	5" x 6"
1/8 Page \$32	5" x 3"
1/16 Page \$16	1.75" x 3"

Student Organizations (prices negotiable)

Full Page \$150	9.75" x 10.75"
1/2 Page \$90	5" x 12" or 10" x 6"
1/4 Page \$45	5" x 6"
1/8 Page \$24	5" x 3"
1/16 Page \$12	1.75" x 3"

Individual Students

Full Page \$125	9.75" x 10.75"
1/2 Page \$75	5" x 12" or 10" x 6"
1/4 Page \$33	5" x 6"
1/8 Page \$20	5" x 3"
1/16 Page \$10	1.75" x 3"

Sarratt 188 (across from the Card Office)



Top Ten Worst Party Themes

- 10** 80's Pop Stars and Adolescent Males From Troubled Homes
- 9** Plantation Owners And Kitchen Staff
- 8** Martyrs and Burqa'd Sub-humans
- 7** Priests and Altar Boys
- 6** Breadwinners and Sandwichmakers
- 5** FEMA Officials and New Orleans Residents
- 4** Cab Drivers and Gullible Victims
- 3** Sadistic Soldiers and Abu Ghraib Prisoners
- 2** Non-Abusive Boyfriends and Girlfriends That Fell Down the Stairs
- 1** Cocky White Southern Guys Looking To Get Laid And Rich Stuck-Up White Girls Dressed Like Sluts

The Slant Proudly Presents: *Popularity Contest 2005*

The Homecoming Programming Board thinks that they can take away the great tradition of Homecoming King and Queen . . . Join *The Slant* in its defiance of their ridiculous decision!

**To Apply:
Send an email and a good
quality picture to:
slantcontests@gmail.com**

**We will run contestant
profiles next issue, and
winners will be declared
October 19.**

Man, writing for *The Slant* is awesome! I just can't get enough! I go to every meeting and every production! Woohoo! Production can sometimes last until 9 in the morning! Who needs sleep!? Sleep is for the weak! Homework can always be done later under the influence of caffeine and taurine! Red Bull gives you wings... but The Slant gives you a rocket pack to campus fame! If Napoleon had Red Bull he wouldn't have needed to sleep at all, and maybe he would have conquered the rest of Europe! If you, too, want to cease your circadian rhythm and use wasted hours of sleep writing for *The Slant*, meetings are at 6:30 on Tuesday (during hours of "normal" wakefulness) in Sarratt 363.

