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# Tsunami Hits Vandy!

## Goodbye, Tolman

*Running an offshore tax haven... since 1886*

### INSIDETHISSUE

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In Organic Chemistry Class**

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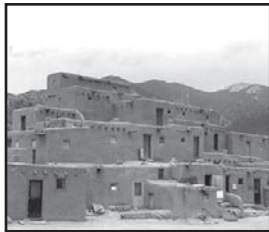
### Slant Editors Thwarted by Tropicallo

The Slant's attempts to restore the ancient and awesome power of the Mana Sword hit an unexpected obstacle last

Saturday when those involved in the quest were attacked by Tropicallo, a pineapple-flower-bird hybrid terrorizing a village of friendly dwarves. "Fuck this," complained Editor-in-Chief Colin Dinsmore, moments before being poisoned by a Brambler. "It's only the second boss in the game and it's already kicking our asses." Experts believe that the quest will resume once the staff unlocks the incredible ice-based powers of Undine.

### Pueblo Indian's Plans To Renovate Home Go Awry

Sisto Cerno's plans to renovate his Acoma, New Mexico, dwelling slowed down unexpectedly last Thursday. "I got a glossy brochure touting everything this 'Adobe InDesign CS' could do, and, frankly, I was impressed," explained Cerno. "I decided that since my house is made of adobe, this product would be perfect if I wanted to spruce things up a bit. So I ordered it, and now I don't know what I'm going to do with it; I mean, I don't even own a computer. I tied some nice red yarn through the holes in the discs and hung them from my ceiling. I guess I just expected more for seven hundred dollars."



### Pitt, Aniston Seek Out Other Beautiful Rich People

In an announcement shocking the entire world, Hollywood super couple Jennifer Aniston and Brad Pitt have announced that they are officially separating. Reportedly, the couple split so they could "have sex with other beautiful, wealthy people" who were not on their preapproved list of celebrities with whom they could have sex while still together. Pitt has moved on to pair up with actress Angelina Jolie, insisting that he and Jennifer "have been on a break," while Aniston vehemently denies this. However, despite their attempts to fornicate with many new people, their representatives confirm that neither Pitt nor Aniston will have sex with you.



### Yushchenko Now Looking Like Eastern Bloc Leader

Ukrainian political figure Viktor Yushchenko, his former good looks destroyed by exposure to dioxin, now has what it takes to rule a former Soviet-bloc country with an iron fist, according to pundits and political scientists. "Before, nobody took the guy seriously," explained commentator William Shanks. "But now he has the grizzled and hideously-scarred visage of a tyrant." Experts predict that Yushchenko's term of office will be a time of "unusual stability" for the beleaguered state.

### Everyone In America Receives iPod for Christmas

Except you.

### Boxer Inhales Helium Before Weigh-In

Heavyweight Piston Honda, faced with the loss of his title for being too heavy, purchased a tank of helium, one of the cheapest of the noble gases, immediately prior to his weigh-in for his fight against his challenger. When asked to step on the scale, Honda squeaked, "All right."



### "Evangelic-Os" Selling Well In South

The latest cereal from Kellogg's has broken previous national sales records just weeks after the release of the crunchy wheat-based breakfast snack. "It's the cereal Jesus would eat," explained minister Bob Applewhite. "That is, if he ate cereal at all."



Jenny McCarthy



83

Mary-Kate's current weight.

Still hot. Still young.



### Irish Prime Minister Blames IRA For Recent String of Bank Robberies

"No shit," replied the rest of the planet.

### College Republicans Disappointed With Rush Week

Vanderbilt conservatives have been expressing their disappointment for days following the beginning of the semester and the concurrent Greek Row events. "I was ecstatic when I heard that Vanderbilt was sponsoring a week of Rush Limbaugh," complained student Ford Nixon III. "But then there were just all of these freshman girls running around, without even a passing glimpse of Dear Leader." According to sources, a protest was being spearheaded by Hustler columnists Michael Wilt and Max Kuperman, but those plans fell through when they were forced to return to oppressing the huddled masses.



### Disco Fans Delighted At ABBA's Victory

A flood of nearly illegible ballots resulted in the ascendancy of Swedish disco group ABBA to the presidency of Palestine, delighting fans of low-quality music worldwide. "We dedicate this victory to the memory of martyred leader Yasser Arafat, to all the other martyrs, those who have been wounded as well the 11,000 prisoners behind bars, and finally to the miracle of keyboard-based sound," an ecstatic Benny Andersson told reporters. The Ramallah production of *Mamma Mia!* is expected to shatter current Palestinian box office records.

## PORNOGRAPHY

### Jenny McCarthy Attempting To Rekindle Interest In Her Breasts

Jenny McCarthy, former MTV celebrity, appears on the cover of the January 2005 issue of Playboy, the magazine that launched her rise to the footnotes of pop culture. The spread is the 32-year-old model's first appearance in the magazine in nearly ten years. "America hasn't seen my breasts at this age yet. I want America to know they're as perky and voluminous as ever," said the native Chicagoan. "I made the mistake last time of trying to broaden my appeal by expanding into acting," said McCarthy. "Now I'm just going to stick to what I do best: taking off my clothes so that men have something to jerk off to."



# 01.12.2005 CONTENTS



## MASTHEAD



Sweating to the Oldies... since 1886

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## SMARMY GRIN ABUSE SPACE



Hello, my name is Dr. Evan Fewsmith and welcome to my practice! I have many years experience compassionately helping individuals and couples improve the quality of their lives. As a mental health professional, I can assist you in exploring real life solutions to a variety of real life problems. It would be my privilege to help you connect with the power, wisdom and hope that lies within all of us.

## NEWS

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## Corrections:

In our last issue, we reported that *Alexander* was the "worst movie of the year." It turns out that said film is actually the worst movie of all time, in all possible universes, as confirmed by the cast of "Sliders."

In our last issue, we captioned a photograph of "Redskin Finger Paint" as "War Paint for Children." It turns out that the product depicted is actually smallpox. *The Slant* apologizes for any inconvenience or debilitating disease epidemics our error may have caused.

Mr. Stark, we have no idea how you broke into our state-of-the-art production facility, but our new laser cannon will prevent such an occurrence from happening again. You have been warned.



## FROM THE EDITOR



COLIN DINSMORE

It's a brand new semester. We made it. All of our sins and transgressions from last semester have been erased. We have a clean slate. Tabula Rasa, baby. Except for the asshole who keyed my mom's car over break, he is still rife with sin and will undoubtedly get his comeuppance.

Before I start commenting on other things, I need to say that the *Commodore*

staff is seriously awesome. They sent us a Holiday card, which is the politically correct term these days for a Christmas card, that had some holly on it. It now occupies a place of honor next to the original copy of the cartoon that ran in the "Evolution is Gay" issue, which is just about the highest honor any person or group can achieve. That's right, *the* highest honor, ever, not just for *The Slant*.

I need to pass along a fantastic discovery I made over break, on New Year's Eve to be precise. It's a game I'm sure a few of you are privileged to be aware of, but of which the vast majority of Commodores remain ignorant. It is "Pass the Pigs." This ingenious game is played by users rolling two small rubber pigs and gaining points depending on their orientation. "Double leaning jowler, 60 points!" Be careful, though, an oinker or a pig out and you lose all your points for that turn. Man, what a New Year's Eve.

For those of you who miss Meredith Gray and her editorials about "womanly" topics such as animals, tattoos, and graduate school, I'll dip into Meredith mode for a second. My family just got two cats. One is Dante, who is crazy, one is Frida, who walks around and complains (not in English of course, just in cat, but I can still tell she's complaining). Okay, I won't do any more Meredith mode for the rest of the year, I promise.

I'd like to send a quick message to all of the Rushees out there. Be sure to carry a copy of *The Slant* with you at all times. Everyone loves us, especially the Greeks, being seen with a *Slant* will get you major bonus points with any house. Also, if you're looking a few sororities in particular, you should know that a *Slant* issue is the surface of choice from which to do a line of coke. The poor paper quality and toxicity of the ink give the user a slightly higher high than normal, just like putting some angel dust on marijuana. It's the shit.

Sorry for making this editorial so scatter-brained, no single topic inspired me. I'll try to do a better job next week. And check it out loyal *Slant* readers, I got through the entire editorial without using the word "tsunami"... until now.



Fucked Image

KA goes to the fair.

## Rush Alarm Clock



"Huh? You Need A Cartoon?!" by Daniel Hooper

# 'Of Course Torture Is Unfortunate, But These Guys Were Asking For It'

*Alberto Gonzales' Statement to the Senate Judiciary Committee*

"Senators, I am grateful for the opportunity to appear before you today as the President's nominee for Attorney-General. I would like this opportunity to address some of your concerns about my qualifications for this important position.

"First of all, let me reassure you that I intend to follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor, John Ashcroft, and will eagerly justify gross violations of civil liberties with unapologetic arrogance and contempt for the opinions of others. Though with perhaps a little less of that 'Shut up, Jesus hates you' bullshit.

"Secondly, I realize there has been a great deal of concern about this administration's supposed contempt for basic human decency and disregard for international law. Personally, I find such concerns quaint. But let me give you a categorical assurance that I will pledge to adhere to all international agreements whenever asked about them in public. Wink knowingly. Oh, wait - that was just a teleprompter direction. Scratch that.

"I would also like to say a few words about the allegations that U.S. troops have indulged in torture. First of all, any torture that is revealed to the public is reprehensible. But people are too quick to label even the most mundane interrogation techniques as torture and label our intelligence gatherers as torturers. I prefer to see us as engaging in robust information-extraction while in a severely comfort-restricted environment.

"Also, some of these Muslims today are really asking for it. First of all, they dress in such a way as to draw attention to themselves and their torturability - those towels and turbans are practically inviting

under-staffed U.S. Army units to attach electrodes to their genitals. And it's not just their outfits. Their whole attitude is very suggestive. The way they pray so procatively; I mean, down on their knees five times a day? Who wouldn't set attack dogs on that?

"Now, don't get me wrong. I wouldn't wish that kind of experience on anybody. But people need to learn to take responsibility for their own actions. Don't get yourself into situations that make you vulnerable to be tortured - like believing in Allah.

"Of course, while it is not 'politically correct' to say this, I have to say that we can't rule out that some of the so-called 'victims' actually enjoy the experience, and actively go out looking for it. To put this in perspective, all the complaints we hear about the 'evils of torture' have come from Americans. How many towel-heads have you actually heard complaining about their treatment? It's not like they've never been tortured before. I mean, these people have a history of submitting to torture. I bet Saddam Hussein himself did the deed with hundreds of them Arabs. Maybe it's because, deep down, they secretly like it. Think about that.

"In closing, I hope that I have convinced you to support me in becoming Attorney-General. Of course, unlike those we are detaining, you live in a democracy, and so have every right to vote against my confirmation. In fact, if you do choose to oppose me, to show there are no hard feelings, let me extend an invitation for you to join me and my associates for an hour or two over in the Justice Department. Just ask for Room 101." ●

# Wingman Fails To Stop Fat Chick

By CEAF LEWIS

Tragedy overwhelmed a local bar last Friday as Stan Westman, 22, failed in his attempts to seduce Katie Henson, 21. When asked about his uncharacteristic failure, Westman placed blame on his friend and wingman Rod Foster, 21.

"Well, the way it happened is," explained Westman, "I'd noticed Katie from across the room, and I decided to get up and go talk to her. The only problem was her friend [overweight female] Belinda Hodges. Just looking at her rolls upon rolls upon rolls of fat, I would have guessed that she'd be waving a succulent leg of lamb or a can of lard or something around, but instead she was blocking access to her hot friend. Why do the hot ones hang out with the fat ones?"

"Anyway, I was trying to think of a plan to evade the chubby ogre and talk to her friend, and sometimes the oldest plans are the best ones. Rod [Foster] owed me one, so I told him it was his job to talk to Fatty and distract her while I got to know Katie. But, oh, man, she just barreled right over him as if he weren't even there."

"Oh, dear God, it was horrible," sobbed Foster, his leg in a cast after his unfortunate run-in with Belinda. "I managed to distract her for a little while, but then she got suspicious that a man was talking to her and started looking for Katie, crushing my relatively puny femur in the process. I guess that's a good thing, because I don't think I could have survived a hookup with her. Especially if she wanted to be on top."

"I never saw anything like it," said bartender Sonny McGee, 40. "This scared-looking dude was talking to this fat chick, I knew immediately that he was a wingman, trying to keep this girl distracted as long as possible if that's what it took for his friend to score, and all of a sudden, it was like she heard it was free pie day, because I never saw a fat chick move so fast. Sucks about that kid's leg and all those tables she overturned."

From there, witness accounts begin to vary, with some saying Hodges forcibly lifted Westman from his seat and some saying she simply bellowed at him to move. "I guess when you're that morbidly obese, you have to develop some extra lung capacity to provide your blubber with oxygen," suggested biological scientist Dr. Nash Webb. "In addition, her skeletal structure would almost have to be more developed than most due to her weight, making her claims of being 'big-boned' slightly less pathetic than one would think.

"It's also common knowledge that if the less attractive of a pair of females (or the least attractive in the case of a group), notices that the other is about to 'hook up,' they will go into an aggressive state which can only be compared to the dragon Fafnir defending his hoard of pilfered Nibelungen gold from knights and such. Or a mother animal defending her offspring. You know, whatever works. It's amazing Rod lasted as long as he did, actually. Fat chicks have amazing accuracy and instinct."

"So," reported Foster a few days later upon his release from a local hospital, "fucking Westman really owes me for this one."

Westman could only be described how he put it, as "pissed." "Goddamn bitch came up and ruined my chances for that night. I guess Foster couldn't even keep her entertained. I mean, dammit, how hard could it be to wave a sandwich around? Anyway, as soon as things started to go well, it's like Belinda's spider-sense went off. That instant she was whining to leave, and, since she's a nice girl, Katie agreed to go with her horrible friend."

Westman remains optimistic about his chances with Henson in the near future. "I tied a loop of rope to a tree and put a pie in the middle. Now, when Fatty comes by to interrupt me and Katie, she'll try to grab the pie, and WHAMMO! Just like in the cartoons. It will be hilarious AND useful.

"I just hope I picked a strong enough tree."





## Money For Tsunami-Warning System Spent On Pimping Out Honda Civic

### U.S. Declares War On Plate Tectonics

by DAVID BARZELAY

President Bush, on Monday, asked Congress for permission to go to war against Earth's tectonic plates. More Americans are dead or missing in the recent tsunamis, caused by a large-scale earthquake in Southeast Asia, than were killed in the September 11 attacks. Bush has been calling for the Army to "end the plates' campaign against freedom and security."

In a rare televised address, Bush told the citizens of the United States that US intelligence shows that "several rogue plates are engaged in a war against American values." He pointed out that contrary to early estimates, thousands of Americans, as well as citizens of other Western nations, were killed in the natural disaster.

Bush noted that the intelligence community has done extensive research, including viewings of documentaries *The Day After Tomorrow* and *Armageddon*. Said a visibly emo-

tional Bush, "The tyranny of the plates and their oceanic minions has gone unchecked for far too long. We must fight this war to protect our freedom, and the freedom of our allies. How much longer must our citizens suffer under constant threat of attack? Our foe is vicious and will strike and kill without warning. We must stand up and fight. All patriots will support our troops in this and all future endeavors."

The Bush administration has spent the past several days working around-the-clock in an effort to establish a second, more robust, Coalition of the Willing. "We already have troop commitments from Great Britain, Malta, Sierra Leone, and, perhaps our closest ally, Poland" said a spokesperson.

Perhaps the most interesting member of the president's coalition is Japan, a nation known as being staunchly anti-war for the past half-century. "Japan has long been ravaged by earthquakes and tsunamis,"

Japanese Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi explained. "We are proud to be a part of this noble American initiative against one of the Earth's oldest and most powerful forces."

Support for the measure in Japan has been strong. "I like America, hate earthquake," one Japanese businessman awkwardly told *The Slant* after being notified of his country's decision. He then excused himself to buy some schoolgirl bondage porn.

Analysts are predicting that Congress will approve of Bush's declaration of war. Said Washington insider Matt Galloway, "Of course they'll vote for it. Americans have been killed here. We can't let that go unavenged. Congressmen know they must either support the war or go to hell."

The president has asked Americans to do their part aiding in the War On Terratism, as the conflict has been tentatively named. He said every American can help by driving as much as possible, in as large vehicles as pos-

sible. This will lead to ozone depletion, global warming, and eventually, the evaporation of the malicious oceans. "Once the oceans evaporate," said Bush, "we'll have a direct route of attack against the plates."

Support in the United States for the new war has been mixed. Many give the measure their unwavering support. "I'll not be held hostage by a bunch of stupid waves," said Dirk Stevens of Weatherford, Texas, "I'll help America fight all her enemies, both foreign and intrinsic!"

Others are simply confused. "Aren't we already in two or three wars?" asked an unshowered man chained to a tree. "Besides, I thought the Bush administration was already in a war against nature."

The estimated cost to defeat the plates is \$4.3 trillion. It will be paid for with a tax cut.



# A Flood Of Tsunami News!

## Europe Pledges Aid, Bush Pledges Desk

President Bush used the handy pine-solvent to remove the unsightly fingerprints from the Oval Office desk. Normally Bush has his hispanic maid Consuela clean the desk for him, but Bush said he "wasn't doing much of anything" while the world mobilized to save as many victims as possible. While Bush was tidying up, other world leaders were pledging aid from their countries and planning the relief effort. "Pledge? Yeah, I love that stuff," said Bush. "Really brings the shine out. You should try it." After being questioned, he said, "Tsuna-what? Talk American."

## Tums To Tsunami Victims: T-U-M-S Spells Relief



Spokespeople for GlaxoSmithKline, owners of TUMS brand, expressed their company's condolences to the families of the hundreds of thousands of victims of the tsunami tragedy. Then they offered their company's own form of aid. "We'd like to remind each of you," said one spokesperson, "that TUMS is the perfect thing to stop your flood... of acid from indigestion."

He went on to point out that with the shortage of nutritional food available in Southeast Asia, there's no

better time for Tums, a great source of calcium and other nutrients. "Unlike some countries we know of," he said with a wink, "indigestion does give you warning. When you see the signs, be sure to take Tums. It's a pre-emptive strike for your comfort!" Concluded the spokesperson, "Tums will be a wave of relief!"

## Tsunami A Godsend For Pedophiles, Necrophiliacs, Say Pedophiles, Necrophiliacs

IMBLA President Gerald Marsh held an emergency meeting of the International Man-Boy Love Association in response to the tragedy in Southeast Asia. He was quick to express the organization's deepest grief and condolences to the families of all of the dead children, and bemoaned the great waste of young life. But the meeting wasn't all negative. He encouraged the Association's members to see the bright side of things: "Sweet, sweet orphans." On the same day, Richard Perkins, leader of the World Necrophilia Alliance, was also meeting with his organization to discuss their fortune after the tsunami. But unlike Marsh, Perkins said he failed to see the negative in the tragedy. He did, however, express some regret. "I just wish they weren't in such a hurry to bury all those nice, fresh bodies."



## Homeland Security Warns Citizens Of Bathtub Mini-Tsunamis

Acting Homeland Security Secretary Tom Ridge warned the press at a Monday conference of an imminent danger of which most Americans, he says, are unaware. "Tsunamis can happen in as a little as a thimble full of water," said Ridge. A seemingly harmless tremor while bathing can result in massive damage to your person, duckie, and even your entire bathroom region. The Secretary encourages everyone to exercise caution while bathing, and watch for early warning signs. If you see any of the warning signs, he says, "head for the high ground."



## Swedish Supergroup Ace Of Base Still Missing

Swedish pop group Ace Of Base was apparently among the thousands of Swedish victims of the tsunami. Sentiment was mixed, with several individuals actually expressing happiness at the group's apparent fate. If they turn around, said sophomore Jared Ciklis, "they

won't see my heart breaking." Another student commented, "Well, I guess they didn't see the signs." But those close to the band were heartbroken. Sobbed sister of singer Jenny Berggren, "It was a beautiful life, oh, oh, oh, oh. It's such a tragedy. All that she wanted was another baby. Now she'll never have that chance."

## Millions Of Trees Wasted On Silent 'T' In Tsunami

As millions of news outlets throughout the world printed articles about the mounting tsunami-related deaths over the past two weeks, environmentalists everywhere wept. "Think of all the trees wasted for newspaper articles about the tsunami," said one hippie who wouldn't tell us his name. "If we just spelled it, s-u-n-a-m-i and got rid of the stupid 't', we'd have saved a whole grove of old growth forest! Now quit quoting me and wasting more paper!" Officials say the true number of individuals killed in the sunami may never be known.



## Buyers Complaining Of Water-Damage To Online-Ordered Asian Brides

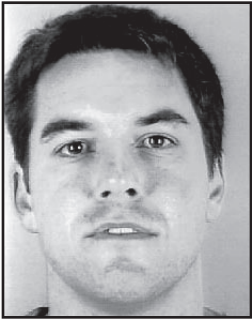
Ebay and many less reputable online retailers have reported a rash of complaints from angry recent purchasers of internet brides. Said an Ebay spokesperson, "Customers are reporting inaccurate auction listings. The listing will not say anything about any damage, but when their product arrives, there is clear water damage. In some cases, the product is dead on arrival, in other slightly less extreme cases, the product is missing a limb, or perhaps has cholera." Customers say that sellers are intentionally misrepresenting the condition of their goods. "My bride was listed as 'Brand New', but when she got here, she had obviously been through a lot, if you know what I mean. She had a bunch of diseases. Cholera, dysentery, tapeworms, giardia... the list goes on. She is decidedly not fresh."

Madonna Travels To Southeast Asia To Deliver Bottled Kaballah Water To Region  
American pop icon Madonna was doing her part to aid victims of the tsunami. She traveled to the region to personally hand out Kaballah water, bottles of water blessed by a Kaballah rabbi and prepared in accordance with strict Kaballah rules. Aid officials said that potable water was desperately needed in the region, but expressed disappointment that the specially labeled bottles were brought, at great expense, rather than simply buying many hundreds of times as much normal water with the same amount of money. In other news, Tom Cruise and John Travolta said that they are planning on delivering Scientological Water, prepared in the manner prescribed by Jesus Christ, Scientist.



# My Winter Vacation

*"This would have been a great story to tell my child"*



By **SCOTT PETERSON**  
Convicted  
Columnist

I know that I should be strong, and not whine or anything, but man, I just did

not have a good winter vacation this year. With the whole being convicted of murder thing, and being on death row, I guess I wasn't expecting much out of this holiday season. But still, it really blew.

I mean, I guess that nothing could really beat last year's Christmas. I had a nice fishing trip by myself...well, ok, maybe not totally by myself (until later, that is), but still, it was a relaxing day. Even with that whole having to hand out posters on Christmas, dealing with police and stuff - I had a hot girlfriend! A disconcertingly stoic demeanor! What more could a guy ask for?

So I've been trying to seek solace in prison activities. My cell mate, Anthony, and I are on the cell block B bocce team, and we made a lovely rosemary scented roast for Christmas. But still - nothing beats the wind whipping through your hair as you sail your boat around Modesto. Well, after you drop anchor, if you catch my drift.

I've even been writing to Martha Stewart since, you know, we both did pretty bad things. She gave me a lot of inspiration to get through the holidays, and also gave me some tips on sprucing up my cell with simple items from the commissary. And I must admit, I do have a real passion for keeping things clean - especially thoroughly cleaning my truck and kitchen on Christmas Eve. Alas, activities in which I can no longer partake.

So to conclude, I guess I had a pretty crappy winter break. Just so you know, prison isn't the country day camp it's made out to be. In the next thirty years, I may or may not be put to death in an entirely painless manner! Life is such a bitch! ●

# Bush Uses Mandate To Unite The Shang And Zhou Dynasties

By **RICHARD GREEN**  
Shaolin Priest

In a time when the land was in chaos, three moons ago, the warriors of the dominant Zhou dynasties were in constant battle with the barbarian kingdoms and their heroes. These barbarians were united under the leadership of the veteran warrior "Wooden Block" to create the mighty Shang kingdom after Wooden Block defeated the rulers of the other kingdoms of "Crazy Head" and "Boring Jew." With the barbarians united, it appeared that they would finally be able to defeat the mighty Zhou dynasty and overthrow their dominance. That is, if it were not for our hero... and that is where our legendary story begins.

He was the emperor and the great warrior known simply as "W." W's guards had received word that the great prophet and warrior "Fatty Pig" had been spreading false propaganda to the commoners. His heroic story starts in the Zhou territory of Huang He where Fatty Pig was stationed. The emperor feared a revolution could be caused by Fatty Pig's actions. Fatty Pig, W knew, had to be stopped. W arrived in Huang He and challenged Fatty Pig. Fatty Pig was easily bested. W even survived Fatty Pig's fearsome Fahrenheit Fireball attack, a legendary move that many do not believe really exists.

After the battle, the clouds opened up and the gods greeted the victor. There, they told him that he had a mandate from heaven and that he shall defeat the barbarians, their universal health care, and most importantly their leader, Wooden Block, so that he could finally unite the Zhou and Shang dynasties under one ruler. Actually, only 51 percent of the gods thought that he should get the mandate, but that's good enough for a true mandate of heaven. They also told him that "we the gods hate gays,

abortions, poor people, science and evolution, and especially welfare; let these noble truths be known to the commoners."

Still, Wooden Block was gaining support amongst the people, making the Shang kingdom strong. Wooden Block kept telling the people "I fought many great battles because I am a veteran. Thus, you and I together, we shall defeat Shang, because I am a veteran. Support me for I am a VETERAN."

Wooden Block also recruited the mighty warrior-lovers "Flaming Ed" and "Flaming Ted." They were to be his own personal body guards... and decorators. Wooden Block felt that allied with this duo, victory was assured indeed.

W and Wooden Block fought many battles all throughout the lands until their armies finally met in the Wei Valley. From across the field, the two great leaders met eyes. Finally, Wooden Block challenged W: "My endless talking saber of logic shall defeat your swiftly slashing sword of rhetoric!"

The two great leaders fought and their battle was intense. The fray appeared equal so Wooden Block's guards Flaming Ed and Flaming Ted decided to join in to fend off W. However, to Wooden Block's incredible surprise, his own army and the people of Wei Valley began to turn on him. They did not really like W, nor really dislike Wooden Block; they just thought the idea that Flaming Ed and Flaming Ted were lovers made them feel a bit queasy and had to destroy them and their leader, Wooden Block.

And so it was decided, W finally gained the upper hand over Wooden Block. Thus, the great W indeed legitimized his mandate of Heaven to rule, for he had finally united the warring land of the Zhou and Shang dynasties under his wise and enlightened leadership.

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# These Jet-Setting Holidays Can Be So Dull

By **TIM BOYD**  
Columnist and Playboy

So there I was, all packed and ready for a nice little holiday for Christmas – nothing fancy, nothing special, just a simple trip home to spend the break with the family. My valet had already prepared my silk-lined suitcases (just the thing to keep safe any ivory or other trinkets from our traditional New Years safari), and the limousine to take me to the airport was ready.

Then, who should call, but the “esteemed” editor of this little publication, Mr. Colin Dinsmore. I knew I shouldn’t have answered my phone. “Hey Tim,” he said, “as you’re by far the greatest thing to happen to literature since Chaucer thought he’d tell us a few stories about Canterbury [I paraphrase], how’s about writing a little column for the next issue

about all the fun you’ll have touring Europe over break?” Damn it, Colin, I thought. Just because you have the misfortune to be from Nebraska doesn’t mean you have to take it out on the rest of us with these crappy writing assignments.

But foolishly, and largely because I’m an accommodating chap, I agreed to this undertaking. Even as I was winging my way back to Europe in what passes for First Class on American Airlines (I mean, honestly, not having a ‘71 Bordeaux to go with filet mignon? It’s so déclassé. If only British Airways flew into Nashville), I was regretting being unable to revise my terminally dull schedule. After all, I have legions of adoring fans back at Vanderbilt to satisfy, and I feared that my rather mundane break would fail to provide the level of interesting experiences commensurate with my standing on campus.

I was still pondering this difficulty after I touched down in the picturesque heartland of northern Bavaria. As I looked out at the crisp, snow-covered German landscape from atop the ramparts of the magnificent castle at Nuremberg,

holding a cup of mulled wine in my hand and watching an open-air performance of Wagner’s *Die Meistersinger*, I couldn’t help thinking, ah well, same old same old.

The Grand Duke Maximillian of Brandenburg-Ansbach, who had very generously allowed me to stay with his family for a few days in their own little Schloss not far away, was in full agreement that such an atmosphere of ennui would be unlikely to greatly excite *Slant* readers back in Nashville. After

all, who hasn’t spent a Christmas Eve wrapped in ermine blankets, gliding through fields and valleys in a reindeer-pulled sleigh surrounded by a family of European aristocrats?

Even as I returned shortly after to my townhouse in London, there was little that struck me as worthwhile to write about. There was the usual Christmas telegram from Queen Elizabeth (“Hi Tim, Loved the

Pearl Necklace! All the Best, Liz”), a couple of complimentary tickets to theatre pieces in the London West End and, of course, the standard invite to go scuba diving off the coast of Sydney on New Years Day from Kylie Minogue. (This year, I finally felt I had to say yes - she’s asked me ten times and there are obviously certain parts of ‘no’ she does not understand.)

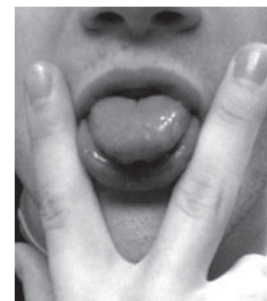
So, dear readers, I’m afraid I wasn’t able to live up to Colin’s expectations and provide you with much of any interest to distract you from your drab, wretched lives. My break really was no more exciting than what I’m sure you would consider the normal, run-of-the-mill frolics. Even the safari was disappointing. I’m pretty sure we didn’t manage to wipe out any endangered species, which is the first time we’ve failed in that regard. I sincerely hope that some of you out there had some luck in finding new and interesting things to do; I, sadly, did not. But then, as I said to David Beckham after dropping in on him in Madrid and consoling him on his disappointing season, there’s always next year. ●



# I Only Eat 100% Organic Pussy

*"I will revel and delight in its pungence"*

By **SIR CORNELIUS MCWHIMSISILLY**  
Columnist



Actually, baby, there is something terribly wrong.

You see, I really like you, and I feel like we have a special bond. I enjoy our love-making immensely. I’m glad

you feel the same way.

It’s just that, well, I can’t help noticing your bald pussy. While I would love to slurp your succulent snatch, I’m afraid I only eat one hundred percent organic pussy.

This probably comes as a shock to you. The sex industry and the popular media have spent billions warping the minds of American women to believe that their cooches are somehow inferior and require special attention. I can assure you those opinions are decidedly untrue.

I see a shaved twat the same way a spotted owl views a clear cut forest. Your bush should be like a nest for my furtive tongue, to envelope and protect it. It is like a wilderness that needs to be protected from the forces of “progress.”

Also, I noticed that you have lots of creams and lotions that you apply to your vagina. The biochemistry of your cooter is truly a miracle of nature, a gift from God Himself. Introducing these industrial products radically alters nature’s prescribed pH for your honeypot.

What is more, no synthetic lubricant can improve upon your own natural secretions mixed with my saliva. Your genital cosmetics only serve to mask your pheromonal signals. With a hairless gash and all those manufactured scents, how will we signal to the world that I am yours and you are mine?

Perhaps it was a previous boyfriend or the media that makes you anxious about your box’s odor. However, you needn’t fear your natural scent. I will revel and delight in its pungence, but only after your bush has emerged anew, to be coated with your excitatory dew.

In the meantime, until you’re regrown, how’s about you sucking my cock instead? ●



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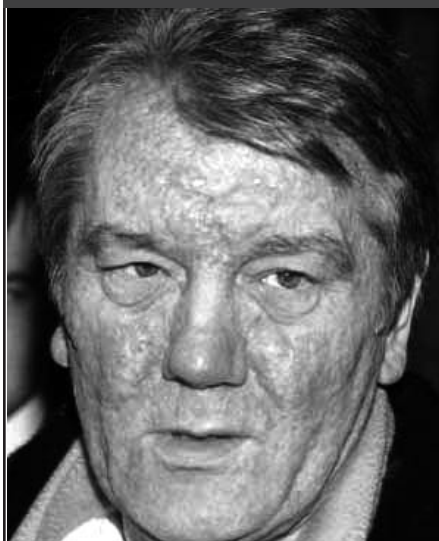
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## Bastard Confession



**"I knew I  
shouldn't have  
kept the dioxin  
shaker next to the  
salt."**

**- Viktor  
Yushchenko**

# How To Write Stupid Relatives Thank You Notes

by AMY FRUEHWALD  
Columnist

It's that time of year again, many weeks past the holiday season, and time to stop putting off writing your thank you notes (or restart putting off writing them all over again)! For those of you who just remembered that your relatives are stupid and actually like thank you notes here are some helpful hints on how to start the process.

It's best to begin your thank you note by complaining to everyone around you that you have to write your stupid relative a stupid thank you note for the stupid gift they got you. This way you will seem important to others because you can't handle squeezing one more chore into your already packed and fast-paced schedule, even though all you are really doing is eating cake mix straight out of the box and watching Alias reruns. (Note: not appropriate to do near poorer friends who may not have received any stupid gifts at all, except the gift of health, which we all know is a cop-out.) This strategy also buys you lots and lots of time and makes you feel really noble when you pretend you were willing to put aside precious time for others if you actually do write the damn things.

The second step of writing a thank you note involves the loving use of euphemisms for your creepy relatives or their misguided attempts at gifts. For example, the term "Dear" should replace any private adjectives you add to your relatives' names. For example, "Pervy 'Uncle' John" and "Fat-Ass Cousin Betsy" should simply be replaced by "Dear John" or "Dear Betsy" no matter how fat, pervy, or ugly your relatives may be; also, references to weird-looking goiters or liver spots are discouraged.

Gifts and your plans for their use should be lied about as much as possible. Some examples:

Gift: Really ugly sweater.

What you plan to do: Burn it.

Note: "Thanks for the sweater! It'll really keep me warm this winter."

Gift: Horrible attempt at jewelry.

What you plan to do: Try to find a blind kid to take it.

Note: "The jewelry was great! I can't wait to show it to my friends."

Gift: Tie-dye shirt that says "San Francisco" on it.

What you plan to do: Tell all your friends your relatives are retarded.

Note: Thanks for the shirt! Looking at it has caused something deep inside me to die, I may never be capable of love again, but the pattern sure is rad!"

It's also helpful if you can add some crap using as many of the following phrases as possible: "I hope your holidays were wonderful," "May the New Year bring you joy," "I hope all is well with you," "Hope you got the birds out of your peg-leg," "I don't imagine you have much time left in this world but it's been good knowing you," "Thanks again, much love," etc., etc., etc. This sort of technique takes up space and doesn't even require you to muster up any genuine feelings of love for the gift giver or appreciation for the gift at all. The recipient of the note, however, doesn't know this, so everybody wins!

Your note should end with a large signature that fills up the rest of the daunting blank space at the bottom of the page. A good thank you note has at least three sentences that, if they don't contain any new information, are at least formatted differently. "Thank you very much for what I guess is some sort of dead animal" and "The raccoon like gift was appreciated" can both be counted as separate sentences.

I hope these tips help you manage the tragedy that is writing Thank You Notes. If you follow these guidelines you may never have problems thanking your stupid relatives again (however if that is your ultimate goal I recommend lunging at them with the steak knife at dinner next Christmas).

Those of you who have to write Channukah thank you notes are on your own. Freaks. 🍷





## AROUND THE LOOP

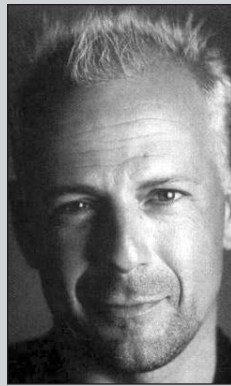
## What Is Your Reaction To The Devastating Tsunami?

### Brett Wilkerson, Junior



"I saw them in concert - they were awesome! The crowd surfing was great!"

### Bruce Willis, Actor/Drilling Expert



"If they'd let me go up and drill that meteor that I assume caused this, none of this would have happened."

### Ptery, Pteradactyl



"I haven't seen a tsunami like this since the early Paleozoic."

### Nuwan Zoysa, Mad at Ex-neighbor



"Man, be careful what you wish for."

### Gi, Water Planeteer



"That's the last time I go to sleep with my ring on."

### Rand McNally, Cartographer



"Yes! *Finally*, time for a new edition!"

## SLANTHOROSCOPES

### Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

You'll be really embarrassed after falling for the old "piranha in the coffee cup" gag.

### Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

All the stars in your sign just went supernova, whatever that means.

### Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

You'll pick up your new license plates this week, and, in a stroke of good luck, they happen to read "HOMO33."

### Aries: (March 21—April 19)

You'll wonder if when Vanderbilt named their online learning system OAK, they were referring to Gabriel Oak, Thomas Hardy's farmer-hero. Then you'll know why you have no friends.

### Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

This will be a pretty typical week for you. Since you're on death row, that's not really a good thing, though.

### Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

After 20 years, you'll lose your Virginitiy, Virginitiy being the name of your elderly tabby.

### Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

Finally a new art deco style building will be erected in your hometown. Much of your enthusiasm will be lost, however, when you remember you don't know what art deco is.

### Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

After you die, you won't find hell so bad. Until they break out the "Shaq-Fu" cartridge, that is.

### Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

Despite the fact that the sweaters you've attempted to knit have come out rather poorly, those abortions you've been doing have worked out fabulously.

### Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

You will be saddened as Mars moves into the next house. He was your babydaddy, goddamnit!

### Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

"Shaq-Fu" is a great game, and you will shut your mouth right now.

### Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

You will finally scrape together enough money to make a pilgrimage this month. Dollywood is surprisingly affordable.



## Top Ten New Year's Resolutions

- 10 Carry more expensive handbags.
- 9 Stop using masturbation as a way to procrastinate.
- 8 Use masturbation less frequently as a punchline.
- 7 Try to stop having nightmares about math classes. Also, try to stop having nightmares during math classes.
- 6 Shake hands with at least one person poorer than I.
- 5 Get that rash looked at.
- 4 Learn sign language in hopes of scoring with a deaf person.
- 3 To go on a holy quest to determine once and for all whether it's called "Beer Pong" or "Beirut."
- 2 Losing weight is too difficult. I therefore resolve to *not gain* weight.
- 1 Faster cars, colder beer, younger women, more money!

## Ask Jon Mbuntu, Nigerian Scammer



**Dear Mr. Mbuntu,**  
I am a 40 year old housewife. I've recently been getting into this whole "Internet" thing and talking to younger men online. A few of them wanted to know what I looked like, so I got a picture of some blonde slut off HotOrNot.com. Now one of them wants to meet me. What should I do?

**Panicky in Peabody**

**Dear Panicky,**  
My name is JON MBUNTU and I am the MINISTER OF OIL, THEATER LIGHTING, AND JAPANESE ELECTRONICS for the government of President OLUSEGUN OBASANJO. Recently I have come into a large sum of money and must flee the country. Please to be sending me TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND AMERICAN DOLLARS and a PICTURE of yourself for verification. Prompt SERVICE would be APPRECIATED.

**JON MBUNTU**

**Dear alt.comics,**  
Have you noticed that newspaper comics haven't been funny for years? I mean, have you read this Non Sequitur crap? All it is, day after day, is some stupid little girl and her stupid horse talking about how Americans are sheep. What are your thoughts on the situation?

**Cranky in Currey**

**Dear Cranky,**  
I have been READING with GREAT INTERESTS your Usenet posts and I think you might be the man to help me with a FINANCIAL TRANSACTION. My name is JOHN MBUNTU and I recently murdered "CALVIN and HOBBS" cartoonist BILL WATTERSON and stole his GOLD AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD. For the slight sum of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING, his card can be YOURS.

**JON MBUNTU**

**Dear Sir,**

As I plunged into the eldritch depths of that hoary cave, I reflected that there were things far older than man, things man was never meant to know. I sat on a ledge to eat my cheese slices and ginger wafers, but a group of degenerate Esquimaux drove me off, waving spears and chanting something about "Cthulhu" and "R'lyeh." Long story short, I ended up waking an Elder God and the end of humanity is probably near. My question is, since we won't live long enough to suffer the consequences, should I go back home and fuck my ex-girlfriend?

**Lovecraftian Hero**

**Dear Lovecraftian@miskatonic.edu,**  
I THINK you might be interested in a FANTASTIC OPPORTUNITY. Recently, my job as CUSTOMER SERVICE ASSOCIATE at CIRCUIT CITY was terminated and I am forced into other streams OF revenue. I will sell you a bottle of ancient Nigerian BONER PILLS for only FIFTY-FIVE THOUSAND yen. You, however, must FLY TO NIGERIA with all of your CREDIT CARDS to pick it up, as I do not trust the mails.

**JON MBUNTU**

**Dear Jon,**

BASED ON YOUR RECENT USAGE OF THE UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE, I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT YOU ARE THE MAN TO OFFER YOUR ASSISTANCE TO TRANSFER THE SUM OF THIRTY FIVE MILLION DOLLARS INTO YOUR ACCOUNTS. MY NAME IS BENJAMIN DORO AND I HAVE RECENTLY PLUNDERED THE NIGERIAN MINISTRY OF PLUSH TOYS. PLEASE SEND ME ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, YOUR CREDIT CARD AND BANK ACCOUNT INFORMATION, AND ALSO GIVE ME POWER OF ATTORNEY, SO THAT WE MAY BEGIN.

**BENJAMIN DORO**

**Dear Benjamin,**

HOLY SHIT! I will PACK my BAGS at the EARLIEST OPPORTUNITY. Are MONEY ORDERS acceptable?

**JON MBUNTU**

**Hi. I'm back at Vanderbilt for my fifth rush and it looks like, once again, I'm not going to get a bid anywhere. If you're feeling rejected, or if you just want to feel superior to people less Greek than you, come write for *The Slant*. We meet on Tuesdays in Sarratt 315 at 6:30pm. We won't reject you... unless you're into that sort of thing.**

**-Meredith Gray, former *Slant* Editor-in-Chief**

