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Iraqi Election Results Leave Sunnis up Shi'ite Creek

Iraq's Shia majority attracted the highest number of votes in the January elections, according

to the results announced on Sunday. The Party backed by Grand Ayatollah al-Sistani acquired some 45% of the seats in the new National Assembly, with 20% going to rival Shi'ites and a further 20% to Kurdish parties. Some of Iraq's Sunnis are now regretting their decision to boycott the vote. "Oh man," said Baghdad resident Aleem Al-Saqta, "This could be bad. I mean, what with 30 years of bloody oppression and pervasive discrimination as our legacy. Still, forgive and forget, eh, guys?"



Al Sharpton Calls For Boycott Of Vanderbilt Dining

Following his recent call for a boycott of KFC because of their unnecessary

cruelty to chickens, the "Rev." Al Sharpton has geared up for his visit to Vanderbilt by calling for a boycott of the Rand Dining Center. Sharpton, who will be speaking at the Impact Symposium in March, said that the standards of care for "whatever the hell that meat is they're serving" were clearly not sufficient. "Some of what they serve is barely dead," Sharpton told reporters, "And that's assuming it was ever alive in the first place. At first, I thought I was eating in the colored cafeteria, but even whitey has to eat this stuff. That's just not right."

Usher Shows Patron To Seats

After winning only three of the eight awards for which he was nominated, singer Usher decided to make a few extra dollars at Sunday night's Grammy awards by showing patrons to their seats. "My mother always said she gave me this name for a reason," said Usher, wielding a small, yellow flashlight. "It's a backup plan, you know." After pocketing a few tips, then preparing to head to P. Diddy's after party, Usher lamented that he wished that his brother, failed R&B singer Plumber, could have been there with him. "Holla at your boy, Plumber!" said Usher, clutching ticket stubs in one hand, and Naomi Campbell in the other.



Nation Inundated With Paul McCartney Nipple Jokes

In the wake of this year's "No Controversy Here" Superbowl halftime show, the nation's e-mail accounts have

been inundated with jokes about the whereabouts of Sir Paul McCartney's nipple during his performance. From speculations that the NFL de-nippled McCartney on his way to the stage to photo-shopped pictures of McCartney's pecs, no level of taste has been found too low to appeal to. "I don't mind too much," said Sir Paul, "I'm just happy to know that I was able to go out there and perform in front of thousands, and not look a complete tit."

Giambi Apologies For Crappy Apologies

After apologizing multiple times to fans, the media, his family and just about everyone else

for either taking steroids or for not taking them, New York Yankees star Jason Giambi has again said he is sorry, this time for not offering a clear apology. He told reporters at a press conference, "Sorry, guys. I just feel that I've let so many people down by not being clear what I was apologizing for. It's just that I've been through a lot and people have stuck with me, and I feel I've let them down." Giambi added, "Not that this means I took steroids. But I'm not denying it either. Ah, geez - I'm sorry, is all."



Social Security Actually Bankrupt Two Years Ago

The Congressional Budget Office has once more revised its estimate as to when the Social Security Trust Fund will go broke to 11th February 2003. This is a drastic change from their previous estimate of "some time in the next generation, maybe, or whenever, really; we're not quite sure." The news has been particularly hard on several of the nation's retirees, who awoke to find U.S. Treasury Agents raiding their homes and forcibly reclaiming cash and property to the value of the last two year's benefit payments. The only people whose money was safe was the family of presidential candidate Al Gore, which had wisely chosen to place their social security checks in a secure lockbox.

14

Days since we lied to you about improving this space.



Frustrated Singles Contemplate Valentines Day Massacre

Inspired by the example of Chicago mobsters from an earlier era, Vanderbilt's community of single people who are "totally happy

being alone, so just back off and quit asking, OK?" are contemplating venting their frustration at the sappiness of Valentine's Day in the form of a massacre. "Man, those couples just make me sick" said bitter freshman Rachel Unger. "What with their puppy-dog eyes and dreamy stares. At least St. Valentine had the decency to get executed after leaving his lover a note. I think he had the right idea. It's payback time."



Kyle Southern

ELECTIONS

Unopposed Southern Declares Interhall Will Be 'Dictatorship Of The Proletariat'

After being told the news that he was unopposed for the post of Interhall President, sophomore Kyle Southern surprised many of his followers by brandishing a copy of the Communist Manifesto and declaring, fist raised, "This is the beginning of the worker's revolution. Unite with me and Chancellor Gee will be the first up against the wall!" Southern, whose column in the *Hustler* generally espoused moderately-conservative views until it was pulled in the Wilt-Kuperman 'right-wing purity' purge of 2004, was not suspected of being an avid Marxist by his friend, *Slant* editor Colin Dinsmore. Said Dinsmore, "Yikes - you make one joke about *Das Kapital* and look what happens."



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MASTHEAD



Fantazizing about the middle kid from Hanson...
since 1886

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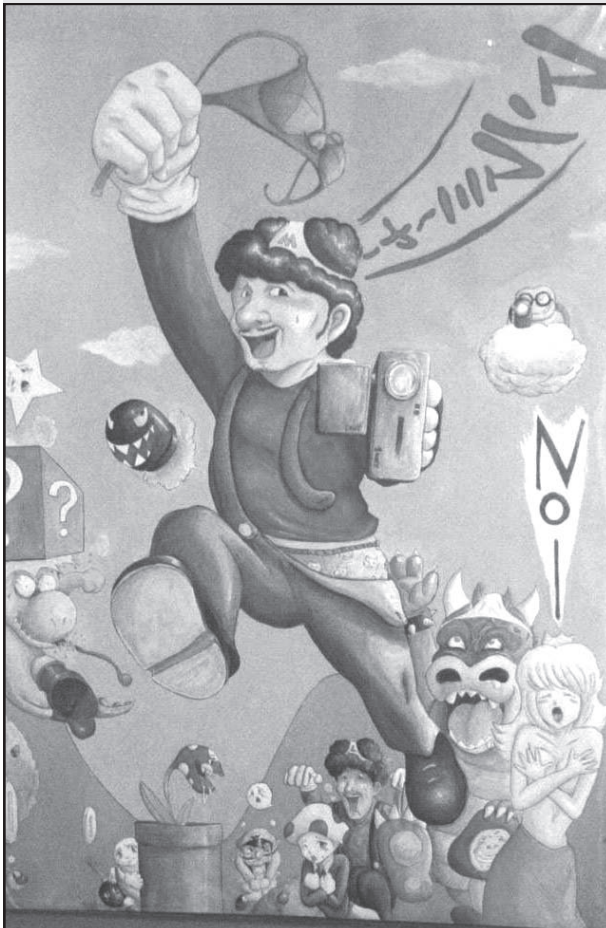
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VIDEO GAME ABUSE SPACE



It's a me! Mario!

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Corrections:

In the last issue, there was a column by William Jennings Bryan which stated that he was the only one in the Nebraska Hall of Fame. In truth, Marlon Brando, Fred Astaire, James Coburn, Willa Cather, Red Cloud, Malcolm X, and Bob Gibson are also in the Hall. They simply hide from Bryan, who is a boring fuck.

Also in the previous issue, Andrew Atwood stated in the article "VUPD Caputes Six Foot Black Man," that any remaining crimes were due to student stupidity. In fact, Leroy Hoobler made a stunning jailbreak and was himself responsible for the newly committed crimes. As of press time, his reign of terror continues.

FROM THE EDITOR



COLIN DINSMORE

Well, it's that time of year again. No, not the time of the year when Chancellor Gee starts walking around campus in the middle of the night with nothing on but his bow tie (it'll be another month before its warm enough for that). Rather, it's the time of the year when the Slant editor goes through his/her "Oh no! I'm burned out and have no ideas for my column!" column. So here it is.

Let the rambling commence.

I've received a number of comments about last issue's cover. Most of them have been positive, but some have been inquisitive, so let me just clear up any questions you have right now. Yes, that was my head. No, that was not my body. My breasts are so amazing that you all would have been unable to focus on the other parts of the cover, such as the issues I was holding. In fact, you probably would have been so enthralled as to be unable to even open the issue to see what was inside. So you understand that we had to put my head upon a body which was hot, but not as magnificently full of splendor as my own.

Speaking of beautiful, albeit bespeckled, round objects: soccer. It may be all this time spent around Tim, but I've started following European soccer a little bit. Or "football" as Tim would call it, drinking tea in his foppish garb all the while sneering down at me, but I digress. It's interesting, though hard to catch many games here. Direct TV loves to advertise overpriced games for pay-per-view channels we don't get, which is annoying. Chelsea has a chance to win an unprecedented quadruple (FA Cup, Carling Cup, Champion's League, and Premiership). Can they do it? Do any of you care? For my money, the answer to both of these is a resounding "No."

Now, as long as we're talking about sports, the NFL season is over and baseball season is only two short months away. Sure, that may seem like a long time, but the prospect of the Cubs winning the World Series (go go healthy pitching!), supplemented with a healthy regimen of college basketball, will keep me satisfied until the season starts. There is a special emphasis on college because NBA basketball, before the playoffs, is pointless. All the players just mope around and don't play any defense. Case-in-point: Allen Iverson. He scored 60 freaking points the other night. I know he's talented, but 60 is utterly ridiculous.

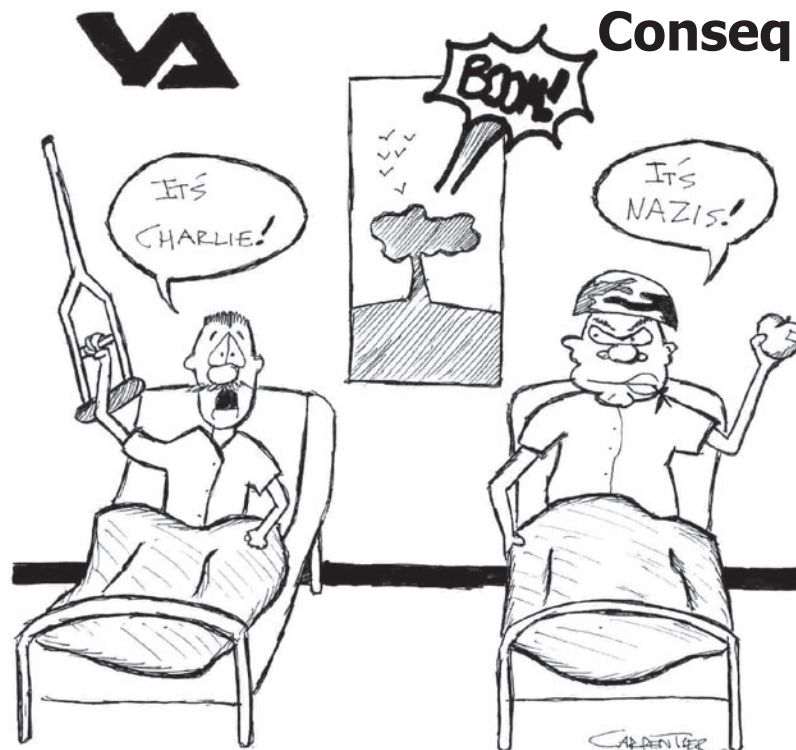
Also, there are only a few home basketball games left and if we want any hope of making the NCAA, we're going to have to win out at home. So, as the litany of letters and columns in *The Hustler* has suggested, let's pack Memorial for the remaining home games this year. Go drunk, go hungover, it doesn't matter, just go.



Fucked Image

A drunken DKE shocks Lucius Outlaw in *Sims 2: Vanderbilt*.

The War On Starlings Has Unforseen Consequences



Carpentooning by Jason Carpentier

Prince Charles Appeases World's Gossips, Proposes To Camilla

British Monarchy Continues Decline Towards Irrelevance

by **TIM BOYD**

Prince Charles, heir to the British Crown, finally proposed last week to his long-time love interest, Camilla Parker-Bowles. The Prince's decision, which could have provoked a major constitutional crisis if anyone considered the Royal Family even remotely relevant, was announced in a state-

ment from Charles' residence, Clarence House in London. The decision is considered controversial, as Ms. Parker-Bowles was Charles' lover during his marriage to Princess Diana, and is herself divorced. Also, she looks like a horse.

Furthermore, once he succeeds his mother to the throne, the Prince, who was divorced from Diana in 1995, will become head of the Church of England, a position many of the clergy are unhappy with. Some vicars have even written ineffectual but sternly-worded letters to the editor of the *London Times* about their discomfort. However, the Prince's statement confirmed that his intention was not to upset Britain's delicate constitutional balance, but rather to continue to supply media outlets and

gossips throughout the world with another royal soap opera.

The statement read, "It gives us great pleasure to announce that HRH Charles Windsor, the Prince of Wales, and Camilla Parker-Bowles will be getting married on 8th April 2005 during primetime. A photo shoot during which the happy couple will discuss how much they are looking forward to a nice, quiet life together will be held in the grounds of Windsor Castle for several days, and will be open to anyone with a long-lens camera."

In a subsequent press interview, Charles did admit that prior to his decision, he had been deeply affected by the parallels between his situation and that of his great uncle, King Edward VIII. In 1936, King Edward was made to abdicate the throne after announcing his intention to marry an American divorcee, Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

But the Prince says that today's society is far more forgiving than that of the 1930s, and that it would now be "totally acceptable" for a British royal to marry an American. Charles refused to be drawn on whether there were other similarities between his situation and his great uncle's.

In nations around the world, there was yet again inexplicable interest in the activities of Britain's inbred aristocracy. New York busybody and longtime royal-watcher Alva Lowenstein has not stopped talking to her friends about it since the announcement was made. "It's fantastic news," she told reporters. "I'm very happy for them personally, and it's given me something to talk about. Also, I think it's good for people here to stay in touch with important news from other countries, like Britain. Although sometimes I wonder – does anything ever happen in Britain that's not related to the Royals, Tony Blair or mad animals?"

Lowenstein dismissed any suggestion that the monarchy should maintain any sort of role, other than to provide a caricatured stereotype of life in Britain. "I don't think it's a problem at all; I mean, what else is the Prince supposed to be?" asked Lowenstein. "Some kind of hereditary figure-head acting as a mediating political symbol in a constitutional monarchy? Give me a break. He and his whole family are there to give those of us with a craving for pomp and a nonexistent social life something to live for."

In the months ahead, the world's pointless trinkets industry will be going into overdrive in order to provide souvenirs from the event. Given that the balance of opinion in the world is overwhelmingly in favor of

the marriage, there seems little danger that Charles will have to follow Edward VIII's example by abdicating and then associating himself with the Nazis.



The Happy Couple



Edward VIII and Friend

This latter role has in any case been taken by Prince Harry's "swastika" costume at a recent party. Prince Charles said it was possible that his youngest son was subtly echoing the moral dilemmas of an earlier era, but added that it was just as likely to have been a result of Harry's being "as thick as pigshit."

Lance Armstrong Bracelets Found To Cause Cancer

"It's all going according to plan," mused Armstrong

by COLIN DINSMORE

A report in this month's edition of the *American Journal of Medicine* has found a direct and causal relationship between usage of the popular Lance Armstrong LiveStrong bracelets and an increase in occurrence of skin cancer and leukemia.

"The dye used to create such a brilliant shade of yellow is in fact an exotic uranium oxide compound," the report's author, Dr. Vinay Gupta stated. "It's incredibly radioactive and is responsible for the sharp increase of cancer in recent years."

"This sort of thing has happened before," said Antiques Roadshow appraiser Nicholas M. Dawes, "with the orange Fiestaware made in the thirties and forties. But due to the Uranium glaze, it was as dangerous as it was tasteless. Kind of like Amy Fisher."

Dr. Gupta confirmed this fact about the Fiestaware, but added that the bracelets were far more radioactive and had a greater effect than the gaudy dishes as they are worn all the time and not simply used at meals.

Lance Armstrong himself held a press conference on Tuesday in order to address the public regarding the troubling issue. "It's all going according to plan," mused Armstrong as he appeared in front of a gigantic banner of himself, apparently unaware the microphones had been turned on. Turning to face the crowd, the six time tour-de-France champion stated that, "this is a very serious issue which we at Armstrong Co., formerly known as Nike, are working hard to rectify. In these troubling times, I urge you all to lend your support to those who need it most." Armstrong

added, "One of the best ways you can do this is by purchasing one of my bracelets. A portion of every purchase goes towards finding a cure for the cancer I've created."

The announcement came as a shock to many, especially to the numerous supporters of Armstrong. "I can't believe that something like this could happen!" said surprised and bedridden Armstrong fan Kathy McHale, who owns and continues to wear three of the deadly bracelets. She has worn them despite doctor's orders because, "I didn't want anyone to think I was pro-cancer."

Despite the recent revelation, sales of the bracelets have increased by 91%. "With this latest source of cancer coming to light, it's that much more important to find the cure," opined Betty Larson. "These bracelets are just my way of showing my commitment to stopping the spread of cancer once and for all."

Perhaps more troubling than the radioactive bracelets themselves is their recent delivery to a number of individuals who did not place orders for them in the first place. A number of European professional bikers received Live Strong bracelets from unknown senders. "Look at this!" said one proud recipient, showing off the toxic piece of jewelry and the radiation burn it was creating underneath. "It's so bright and happy; this certainly doesn't give one cancer. Plus, I didn't even have to buy it. It's my lucky day!"

Even French President Jacques Chirac was sent one of the bracelets. "Sacre Bleu!" exclaimed the head of France upon opening the package containing his gift. "This must be from Monsieur Armstrong, I know it! And to think, I thought he did not



One of the deadly bracelets

Dreams Overlooked Due To Black History Month

"Like Martin Luther King Jr.'s the only one who can have dreams."

by RICHARD GREEN

As is often the case during Black History month, a great deal of attention is being directed towards the life and times of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., specifically, his famous "I Had a Dream" speech where King talked about his dream of social change and racial equality. Many, however, feel that several other dreams are often overlooked during black history month, and indeed generally, primarily because of an excessive focus on King's dream.

It is widely suspected that Martin Luther King was not the only historical figure to have a dream. "Most people tend to forget about the dreams of other notable figures" explained history professor John Wilkinson. "Such examples include Cicero's dream about sleeping with his concubine in the once popular "colossus" position and Jesus's dream of giving the Sermon on the Mount, totally nude."

Because of King's speech's seminal status, dreams of regular everyday people are often neglected. "When I saw the topic of my History 171 lecture for last Friday was 'The Dream,' I was wanting to talk about my awesome dream involving evil bunnies with glowing red eyes eating people, but we spent the whole day talking about King's speech" protested Vanderbilt junior Jeff Carrey. "What type of a liberal arts education is that?"

Much of the attention on Martin Luther King's dream is the belief that it has yet to become a reality; however, some feel that is unimportant. One Vanderbilt student explained, "It's not like any of my dreams ever come true. Like, I had this dream of fucking Paris Hilton and Jessica Simpson at the same time, and that never happened! Nobody is writing articles and giving speeches about that."

Others feel that King's dream is in fact especially thought-provoking, and deserves the exclusive status attributed

to it. "It's really impressive that King was able to remember his dream in so much depth" commented sophomore Michelle Willis. "He even remembered such details as 'little black boys and black girls being able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.' I typically forget such details even about the dreams I remember."

But skepticism of King's Dream's exalted position remains. Many experts on dreams do not believe that King could have possibly even had the dream he spoke of so eloquently. "REM sleep dreams typically last thirty minutes to an hour" explained psychologist Dr. Lindsay Wilson. "King's dream of a race of subjugated people being treated as equals seems like it would take four or five hundred years or so."

Wilson added, "Dreams are not typically that special. Most of us have 3 dreams in each of three REM sleep stages a night. We typically just forget about them by the morning. It's strange that one man's dream could be remembered so vividly and cause such a lasting impact."

Some of Vanderbilt's students also feel that their dreams should be considered just as important, even if they contradict King's dream of racial integration. "I had a dream that I would never have to talk with any white people, and especially that I would not have to eat lunch with them" explained African American student Jerome Riggs. "They're all a bunch of racists."

Others on campus share a similar vision. "What about my dream," claimed Vanderbilt student Robert Davis. "I had a dream, that one day, I would never have to deal with colored peoples, in my classes, in the dorms, in parties, or ever!"

Even with all the disagreement, the dream of Martin Luther King Jr. will still probably overshadow the dreams of others. ●

Tennessee Buddhist Tycoon Opens 'Dalaiwood'

"I'd plumb forgotten all about that woman with the big ol' titties what used to live here."

by CEAF LEWIS

Tennessee's first Buddhist theme park opened last Thursday shortly after billionaire Chen Hai employed a portion of his vast electronics fortune to purchase Dollywood, the "Smoky Mountain Family Adventure" beloved by Tennesseans for many years.

"Well, I was just thinking about my legacy," explained Hai, "and I decided that I could take a low-quality attraction, like Dollywood, that only appeals to the very dregs of society, such as the population of Knoxville, and turn it into an experience both spiritual and fun.

"Siddhartha Gautama, the Buddha, may have abandoned his worldly life, his wife, his child, and his caste in order to become a wandering holy man. But now, thanks to Dalaiwood, you can travel the path to Enlightenment without leaving

anything behind, with the admittedly minor exception of your money."

As visitors thronged around the gates of the park, modeled after the facade of the Potala Palace which housed the Dalai Lama until he was forced to flee for his life in 1959, Hai announced the renovation of several rides former Dollywood patrons had come to know and love in the years since the original park's construction. Said Hai, "The Tennessee Tornado has been renovated almost entirely, and it is now called 'The Journey of the Five Precepts.' If that doesn't make you hillbillies enlightened I don't know what will.

"Meanwhile, feel free to sate your

hunger at one of our many fine now-vegetarian buffet restaurants. 'Granny Ogle's Ham n' Beans' is now just 'Granny Ogle's n' Beans' and I guarantee you that you will not encounter the meat of the leopard or of the elephant within a twenty mile radius of the park."

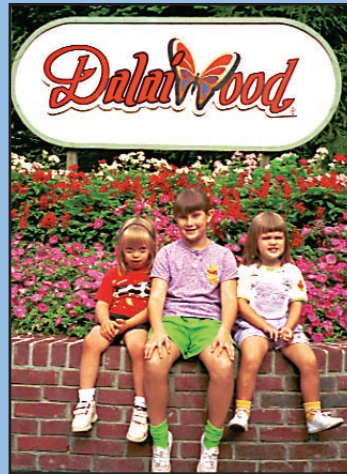
"I didn't think that I would like this Oriental crap," muttered chicken fryer Cletus Jackson, 50, moments after losing another tooth. "But then I went to see the Pali Canon Jubilee, and I'd plumb forgotten all about that woman

with the big ol' titties what used to live here."

All has not been easy for the new park, however. Within moments of the

park's opening, businessmen from the People's Republic of China approached Hai with an offer for the park, warning that there would be "dire consequences" should Hai choose to remain independent. As of Tuesday, the businessmen were camping at the edge of the park, even claiming to have captured a park worker costumed as the Panchen Lama, Gelug Buddhism's most powerful figure save the Dalai Lama himself.

To stem the tide of Chinese encroachment, Hai has proposed a plan through which the Chinese will grant him autonomy over the internal workings of the park in exchange for taking over Dalaiwood merchandising and advertisements. Talks are scheduled to begin next Monday. Meanwhile, Dalaiwood continues to do a brisk business. In the words of founder Chen Hai, "[Dalaiwood] blends the spiritual and the material in perfect harmony." ■



"Want to know how resourceful the most artless woman can be? Try locking her up."

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Dynasty My Ass!

by **BY EMPEROR ZHU YUANZHANG, MING DYNASTY Columnist**

Like many of you, I spent last weekend watching the New England Patriots win their third Super Bowl in four years. In fact, I did quite well as I had the Eagles to cover, took the under, and had Brady down for under 237.5 passing yards.

The wealth he has generated for my descendants notwithstanding, I believe this talk of dynasties is just a tad premature. While I certainly respect the achievements of Mr. Belichick and his rag-tag bunch of overachievers and acknowledge they would be a worthy adversary to many, this team's achievements simply do not compare to that of the Ming dynasty.

It was I who led a group of peasants in a rebellion against the warring descendants of the Mongol invader Ghengis Khan. After mercilessly slaughtering all rivals, I ushered in an era of unrivaled excellence in the long history of China.

And after kicking the Mongol hordes out of China, it was I who successfully completed construction of the Great Wall. Shiny as it is, can you see the Super Bowl Trophy from outer space? Has Tom Brady constructed anything on this planet that can be seen from outer space? Suck on that, you chowds!

Now, I know what you're saying: "How can anyone respect the Ming dynasty after it lost power to the dirty Q'ing?" Well, first, let me remind that my empire lasted 276 years and produced 16 emperors. The failings of my progeny nearly three centuries later, owing to an unwise alliance with the good for nothing Manchu, is hardly a reason to doubt our dynastic legitimacy. Let's see, three years versus three centuries. Hmm....we had battles that

lasted longer than this Patriot championship run. This shouldn't even be an argument!

Moreover, we established a strong central government and successfully weaved neo-Confucian principles into governing. Yes, the bureaucratic structure became somewhat inflexible, which led to problems responding to the needs of the poor. Still, we were governing a nation of over 100 million people. Struggling to manage a 53-man roster? Give me a break!

And, please, spare me your salary cap sob story. Sure, we faced no salary cap in hiring generals or sea captains to oppress our enemies, wrest fortunes from less advanced civilizations, or fight off interlopers from the West. Still, it's not like we could go to the people and charge them an extra \$15 a year for game tickets or raise parking and concession fees to turn a profit. Neither did we have corporate sponsors or cowardly municipal governments to soak. We had to work to raise all that money!

This was a truly competitive world. We had to spill our own blood and dig with our own hands to raise the resources necessary to fight off the Japs and the Koreans, not to mention the Spanish, Dutch, and Portugese in order to control trade in the Philippines and South Asia.

In fact, I would go so far as to say this supposed Patriots dynasty couldn't sniff the crotch of a half dozen Chinese empires, let alone the pre-eminent empires of other cultures like Greece, Rome, or Persia.

So, while I would gladly offer employment to Mr. Belichick and several of his lieutenants in my grand Imperial Army, I think we can safely say talk of a Patriots dynasty is overblown. See me in another 200 years and let's see how many Super Bowls you have then.



My Glorious Kingdom

My Evil Scheme Succeeded

by **MICHAEL WILT Bad Hustler Columnist**



Happy late Valentine's Day, fellow Vanderbilt students! I gotta say, I feel great right now. No, I'm not talking about the Wiltman's personal love life, though

that's pretty good right now, but, more importantly, I've been squealing with joy over this abortion 'debate' that I've started up on campus.

Now, I bet a lot of you out there wondered why I wrote that 'American Holocaust' editorial. Well, sit down and buckle your seatbelts, because I've got one hell of a story to tell you. My original idea for that particular article was to center it on the glory of the 2nd Bush inaugural and the shining conservative future that he prophesized. It was all mapped out in my head: an entire article devoted to another morning in America, a message of togetherness and friendship.

Yet despite my good, wholesome intentions, my rock-ribbed GOP soul had other ideas. Why promote healing, when I could use an inflammatory wedge issue to get the new semester off on the RIGHT foot. It was a genius plan, centered around three sinister steps. 1) Write 'American Holocaust' 2) Have liberals slam it in *The Hustler*, turning me into the martyr of the ultra conservative right. 3) Conservative backlash makes liberals look like bigger fools than they already are; I, yours truly, set the political tone for the rest of the semester. KA-FUCKIN-CHING!

Needless to say, my plan was a success! I could hear Reagan's soul calling out in affirmation from the afterlife, demanding an encore. Who should I thank first? First of all, I'd like to take a moment to give a shout out to all my homies in the College Republicans. We did it, y'all! Also, my personal gratitude goes out to all those emotionally impotent Vandygirls (and

guys) who wrote those letters to *The Hustler* defending my right to free speech. You guys would defend Satan if he bribed you as much as I did. Thanks though for staying sober long enough to squeeze out a coherent sentence.

Hell, there were so many GREAT responses, I gave up my column for a week to get more comments in. And to all those liberals too scared shitless to oppose me, you've missed your chance. Today is for celebrating Bush's victory against social progress in the Western world. Tomorrow I'll get around to destroying the rest of you pinko bastards.

It's so great walking around campus these days, people always saying "Michael, it's good that you stood up for what you believe in." That got me thinking of another article I could write to solidify my position of power: "Don't sacrifice principle to politics" was soon born. This piece of booby-trapped prose would make Bill O'Reilly weep with envy.

The first part in making great propaganda is throwing in the classics: quotes from Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry. Throwing a little lip service to Martin Luther King, Jr., didn't hurt either. Yet I just couldn't resist bringing out the skeleton of Barry Goldwater: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice." Powerful words from a man who wanted to lead us into a glorious nuclear war with those Russian commies.

Then I go on to imply that all Americans, except those serving in Iraq and Afghanistan, are complicit in undermining the intentions of our Founding Fathers. The worst of these listless Americans are the 30,000 US troops on the South Korean DMZ, just sitting on their asses while a maniac builds nukes that will soon be pointed right at them. Onward Christian soldiers, INVADE NOW!

Well, I should be off - another article for *The Hustler* to write. I don't want to give too much away, but here's the title. "Women as Chattel: Bring American Marriage Back to its Roots!" I can't wait for the reaction. ●

Now That Valentine's Day Is Over, I Can Finally Dump My Boyfriend!

By **AMY BARTLETT**
Columnist

Thank God Valentine's Day is finally over. The pressure was becoming unbearable. For the last three weeks, Jason's been pissing me off. Twice I came within a text message of dumping his sorry ass, but I held myself back. I mean, who wants to be alone on Valentine's Day? Not me! I don't want to be that lonely loser sitting in her pajama pants eating Ben and Jerry's while her suitemates get dressed up to go out.

But this year was perfect. On Monday at chapter, all my sorority sisters were so jealous when I told them what Jason had planned for me: dinner at Fleming's, a diamond tennis bracelet from Tiffany's as a surprise (but I knew about since he's such a fucking slob and left the receipt lying around his filthy apartment), and a romantic night at Loew's Vanderbilt so we could finally get away from his stupid-ass best friend, whom he just had to room with this year and who never shuts up.

I had a really great time at dinner, in spite of Jason's caveman table manners (Boy, am I not going to miss that!) and his incessant chattering about his lame community service projects and the poor ghetto boy he's tutoring three afternoons a week (What's the point? He's just going to end up back in the slums where he came from!). I was going to get the chocolate lava cake for dessert, but I decided not to, since I'm going to be looking for a new boyfriend soon. I don't need the extra pounds, you know? I thought that was a smart move on my part.

I almost forgot to act surprised

when Jason gave me the bracelet, but I think I pulled it off. He told me I looked lovely and things were pretty good at Loew's, although that might be the two bottles of champagne speaking. I felt kind of bad because I kept him up all night and he ended up sleeping in and missing his morning classes. But he doesn't have to worry about that anymore, since I'm dumping him tonight. At last!

I figured I'd give it an extra day so I didn't seem like I had only been holding out for Valentine's Day. For a while, I was even thinking that he might have redeemed himself, since the bracelet looks soooo perfect with the earrings he gave me for Christmas. But yesterday, oh my God, he had his friends' band come play my favorite Ashley Simpson song, "Autobiography" outside my window. I was sooo embarrassed. First of all, they totally sucked, and Jason standing there with a dozen roses saying "Even if Valentine's Day is over, you're still the love of my life" was more humiliating than words can say. I nearly died of shame.

I am so sick of putting up with his shit. I mean, he always wants to take me to visit his family or have me come with him out to the afterschool program where he volunteers; I mean, how lame can you get? No girl would put up with that! A date is going to the movies or going out to dinner, not hanging out with poor children!

As soon as he gets back from tutoring in the ghetto today, he's taking me out to dinner and I'm going to dump him. He'll have all the free time he wants to hang out with future gang members and crack babies, and I'll have plenty of time to find someone else before next Valentine's Day. 🍌

Don't Sit Next To Me, Bitch

"I swear to God, if you ask me one more question...."

By **RACHEL UNGER**
Columnist



Okay, listen here, bitch. I'm sick of you sitting next to me during lecture with your "just-woke-up" appearance and slacker aura. You're detracting from my already costly learning experi-

ence; I shouldn't be double-taxed by having to put up with your moronic classroom behavior.

First of all, every day you drag your sorry ass into class late and wade your way past eleven people to squeeze in next to me in our crowded lecture hall row. Then you noisily rifle through that riff raff you carry around on your miserable little bag and ask me if you missed a quiz. Then you proceed to spread yourself out as far as the constricting seats will allow, somehow managing to take up half of my already miniscule allotted elbowroom. You clearly breach the borders of my personal space daily, and I've had enough. If you cross into my country again, I shall declare an academic Jihad on your ass. And I mean it.

Also, quit copying my notes. If you're actually going to give a shit later, then listen to the lecture and write down all the crap you don't know. I realize this is a terribly daunting task for such a pea-brained twit as yourself, but let's make it clear: my notes belong to me, and none other. I refuse to readjust the position of my hand so as to improve your sightline of my notebook, nor will I acquiesce to any of your demands for neater handwriting. I should not have to start writing in Spanish just to discourage you from trying to read over my shoulder. I've spent many a night with my Langenscheidt Dictionary just to

study for our next exam just to ensure that you in fact, did not benefit from my lecture notes. If you ask me to clarify one more bullet point, I will bitch slap you into that frat guy who sits three rows down.

While we're talking about you bothering me during class, don't ask me questions during the lecture. Particularly my favorite, "What did he just say?" He just fucking said it! Put down your romance novel and YM magazine and pay attention. I know the latest sexcapades of the celebrity world are of pressing business, but I am not your resource for instant replays. If you had half a mind to check the validity of any of my answers anyway, you'd know that "momenta" is not, after all, Latin for "multiple breath mints," nor is "speed" simply how Galileo was able to stay up so late.

Speaking of staying up late, if you aren't barraging me with inquiries that offer me unprecedented insight into your idiocy, then you're blabbing on about your latest "romance" of last weekend. Let's be serious; your definition of romance resembles less a scene from Casablanca and more an episode of the OC. I don't want to hear about who slept with whose boyfriend after they made out with your sister the weekend before. I don't care that you're exhausted this week because you were awake all night with every Tom, Dick and Harry on this campus, nor do I care about how upset you were the next day to realize you couldn't Facebook them because you never learned their names. If I were you, I'd keep my relationship status hidden, you diseased whore.

If I have to put up with one more of your distractions come next Thursday, all hell will break loose in that Stevenson lecture hall. Our section will witness a bloody catfight unheard of since the days of American Gladiators. So fucking scoot over, stay out of my damn business and keep yours to yourself. Bitch. 🍌

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McGill Crush Party List

Everyone is invited to our annual Crush Party on February 19th at 10:00pm, but ESPECIALLY all the people McGill has a crush on:

Pompadour Girl	Durant Abernathy	Constance Gee (HOT)
Moccasin Man	Ryan Thibodeaux	Sarah Salter
Sarah Lind	Adam Barth	Jennifer Magill
Amber Dientien & Ian	Justin and Milie's dads	Kathleen Miller
Those damn DKEs	Britt Stone	Sarah Viggiano
Luke Cornelius Patton	Tyrande Whisperwind	Joy Warrick
Lizziekins Venum	Tsukikage	Rachel Unger
Sam "Fuck me now" Jones	Women Of Color	Jacqueline Whelan
Matt Rabito	Lumiere	Michael Kearney
Martin Bryan	Haleh Kadivar	Megan Clancy
Marlon Brando	Subcomandante	FALKO!
Nick Barajas	Insurgente Marcos	Pub Rats
Margaret Price	Angela Davis	Rainbow condoms
Hot Communist Boys	Theadra	Diana Ciornei
Firebrand Anarchist Hotties	Branscomb Dancing Girl	Mog
Claire Suddath	Real People	Colin Dinsmore
Patrick Hoercher	Dead Babies	Legolas
Molly Mattingly	Men's Basketball Team	Darcy the Fisherman
Chris Barbour	Caroline	VPSU
Jon Stewart	Ec'lair	Optimus Prime
Katherine Crawford	David Bowie	Britt Stone
Alison Piepmeier	Carl Sagan	Lynsey York
Collin Farrell	Dinsdale	Rachel's leg hair
Lauren Snead's mom	Elgore	Milie's armpit hair
Hot pagans from VPA	Lilla Lane	US Navy
Laura Youngquist	Michael Wilt Fans	Matt Whitt's HOT little brother Collin
Becca Martinie	Ben Folds	Chenise Upshur
James Dillard	Tyler Durden	Nigel Seaman
Comic Book Nerds	Kathryn Artz	Lisa Schmitt
Tony McCall	Suzi Bryce	Everett Moran
Rugby Hotties	Stephanie Bultnick	Christy Hales
Amy Fruehwald	Becca Carson	All our past hook-ups
Laura Peterson	Sarah West	And all our new applicants
Our awesome cleaning staff	Jessica Harvey	

Bastard Confession



"Genocide? Who cares, as long as I'm on the right side of it?"

- Bridget Cornett, Off to Sudan for Spring Break

Odds Of Death: *Slant* Staff

For Entertainment Purposes Only

Person	Mode Of Death	Odds
David Barzelay Managing Editor	Catching syphilis from McGill couches	1:1
Colin Dinsmore Editor-in-Chief	MILF hunting accident	2:1
Rachel Unger Staff Layabout	Gay friend sick of being called "Gay Friend" and retaliates	3:1
Melanie Siemens Copy Editor	Death by enjambment	7:2
Tim Boyd Editor	Gunpowder Plot II discovered under Parliament, executed for treason	4:1
Ceaf Lewis Editor	Cut down in small fort by advancing Mexican Army after holding them off for several hours	11:2
Meredith Gray Editor Emeritus	Gila monster bite	6:1
Richard Green Staff Writer	Black man under 21	15:1
Daniel Hooper Associate	Pentagrams get all up in his bling bling	35:2
Liz Venum Staff Sillyhead	Residents discover she drinks the alcohol she takes from them, slip cyanide into her Natty Lite	37:1
Heather Miliman Copy Editor	Enslaved by Pharoah, entombed in pyramid	100:1
Robert Saunders Editor	HOD majors show up to his class sober, realize he's making fun of them and lynch him	39,000,000:1



AROUND THE LOOP

What do you think about Howard Dean being named Chairman of the DNC?

Mary Angello, Sophomore



"He's got to be better than that other guy... what was his name? McAuliffe Culkin?"

Buford Samson, Senior



"Hell, he can be whatever he want as long as he keeps makin' them breakfast sausage patties."

"Average American Voter"



"He's just the man for the job. He won't stop until the democrats are strong in Colorado and Nebraska and South Dakota and Alabama and Utah and California and yee-aaaAAAAHHH!!!"

Karl Rove, Political Advisor



"Wow, dreams really do come true.."

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Dead



"Can't talk now. Turning in grave."

Ben and Jerry, Ice Creamers



"This calls for a new flavor of hippy ice cream: Chairman Chunk!"

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Your life will take a turn for the worse when you confuse that girls' response with the Usher song, "Yeah," playing in the background.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

You will find a lucky quarter on the traintracks, unfortunately, you won't have it very long, as that train is bearing down on you quite quickly.

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

If at first you don't succeed, apply to live in McGill.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

The planets are aligned against you, but you found that old half-eaten sandwich, so life isn't so bad.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

Do not let your demotion to Private First Class diminish your love of mud wrestling. That's what quitters do.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

You'll resent it when that guy calls you Vandygirl, but then again that is what your parents named you.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

You will be considered extremely lucky after losing only the one arm.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

Though you consider yourself holy now, you will think quite the opposite in about a week.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

Your sign is a fucking scale. What kind of a sign is that?

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

You will realize that you should spend your money on an ad in *The Slant* instead of vodka, this week.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

It was the best of horoscopes, it was the worst of horoscopes, but more the latter.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

Doesn't it depress you that everyone else gets to read their horoscope first and you have to wait to be warned about the... too late.

Top Ten Songs Downloaded By Vanderbilt Students Last Week

- 10** "I'm A Slave 4 U"
- 9** "I'm A Slave 4 U"
- 8** "I'm A Slave 4 U"
- 7** "I'm A Slave 4 U"
- 6** "I'm A Slave 4 U"
- 5** "I'm A Slave 4 U"
- 4** "I'm A Slave 4 U"
- 3** "I'm A Slave 4 U"
- 2** "I'm A Slave 4 U"
- 1** "I'm A Slave 4 U"

Ask A North Korean Press Release



Dear Press Release,
My husband and I have been married for fifty years. However, we do a lot of cross-country trips and lately, my husband has been wanting me to flash truckers as we drive down the freeway. Now, I was raised in a Baptist household where I learned to be modest, and I don't want to show random filthy truck drivers my hoo-has, wrinkled and saggy as they may now be. Anyway, my husband said that if I didn't do it, I would regret it later, and I saw him just the other day filling a sock with pennies. What should I do?

Modest in Mayfield 9

Dear Modest,
As we have begun to discuss the subject of the number 9, the 9th Kimjongilia Festival opened last week with over 19,000 brilliant examples of potted Kimjongilias, the flower which represents the indomitable spirit of the North Korean people in the face of capitalist oppression. In the same vein, it is time for you to let the flower of honorable nudity just as our Fabulous Leader does on alternate Thursdays.

DPRK Press Release

Dear Press Release,
My elderly father just died, and it looked for a while like things were under control. Then, I realized that his junk mail just kept coming to my house. At first I didn't particularly mind the AARP newsletters and issues of The Christian Science Monitor. Once the lube samples started arriving, I decided I'd had enough. Anyway, the post office won't let a second party, namely myself, file a complaint, but my father's not exactly in any shape to fill out the form. How would you deal with this?

McTired of Porn in McTyeire

Dear McTired,
Pornography and sex toys are a peculiar expression of proletarian style, almost as magnificent as praising the great Kim Jong-Il and fully demonstrating the unparalleled will of the Korean people to follow the Leader to the last. Gaze with deep emotion upon lube, which is slippery like the banana peels we shall leave in the path of our American adversaries.

DPRK Press Release

Dear Press Release,
My friends and I are having an argument. Is it acceptable to tip the owner of a restaurant if he's working? That bitch Miss Manners agreed with my friends but I want a second opinion. Please advise.

Manners Maven in Morgan

Dear Maven,
Commissions of the cabinet, ministries, national institutions, military organs, provincial organizations, people from all walks of life, youth and students, diplomatic missions here, friendly, individual figures, overseas Koreans, Chinese residents in Korea and the Pyongyang Mission of the National Democratic Front of South Korea all agree that one should not tip the capitalist pest.

DPRK Press Release

Dear Press Release,
Hey, want 2 get 2gether and compare notes l8r? We can watch "How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days" and make popcorn and have pillow fights and enrich uranium! It'll be sooo fun!

Supreme Leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei

Dear Ayatollah,
The Grand Leader and North Star of the Korean People would be pleased to accept the invitation of his staunchest ally Iran and will bring the latest issue of *Cosmopolitan*.

DPRK Press Release

Hey, do you like to boogie? We here at *The Slant* love to rock it all night long and dance till we drop. In fact, we have so much fun moving to the beat that Constance Gee loves to come get down and dirty with us. You should see her moves! If you want a piece of the sweet dance action, you should come swing with us! We need writers, copy editors, layout people, and photoshoppers. Meetings are Tuesdays at 6:30 PM in Sarratt 315.

~David Barzelay, Choreographer

