



*Wishing the bookstore sold handcuffs
... since 1886*

INSIDETHISSUE

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Willing To Date Feminists

Students Across Campus
Uninterested In Apathy Toward VSG

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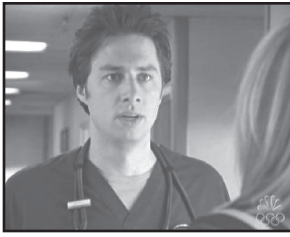
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Tonight: The Vagina Dialogues

Last Remaining Cable Network Syndicates "Scrubs"

Last week, the Golf Channel announced that it would begin syndicating episodes of the hit comedy "Scrubs," making it the last remaining cable network to air the



program. Until the deal was announced, the Golf Channel had been the lone holdout on cable, deeming the medical

show topically inappropriate for their target demographic. When ratings began to sag, network founder Joseph Gibbs made the call. "We think 'Scrubs' brings a much needed comedic boost to our nightly lineup," said Gibbs in a phone conference. "It's got the witty yet sanctimonious sensibility our niche market loves. Who doesn't enjoy learning valuable life lessons set to hipster ballads?" The deal now makes it possible to watch "Scrubs" 24 hours straight on weekdays.

Munchi Mart Meal Plan Options Expanded

Vanderbilt Dining Director Lida Horna recently announced that non-food items will be available as side items using their meal plans at Munchi Marts. She commented, "While most people are content with overripe bananas or a bags of chips to go with their stale Provence sandwiches, we feel it is our obligation to continue to expand the options available to them." Horna listed toothpaste, Midol, and condoms as candidates for the new expansion. "Additionally, we are aiding the attempts Vandy boys to pursue their afternoon delights, while improving employee morale



by encouraging HOD girls to quit their bitchin' when they're on the rag." Horna concluded her statement by encouraging all students on the meal plan to fill out comment cards registering their thoughts. She noted that these suggestions would probably be ignored, but that the cards would at least be posted with witty rebuttals for all to see.



Rex Grossman Spotted Apartment Hunting In Green Bay With Steve Bartman

Chicago Bears quarterback Rex Grossman was seen looking at apartments in Wisconsin

last week, along with Steve Bartman, the infamous fan who caught a pop foul in Wrigley and ultimately cost the Cubs a pennant. Grossman, who single-handedly ruined any chance the Bears had of winning Super Bowl XLI with his horrendous play, recently expressed interest in moving out of the Chicago area. "I'm from the Midwest," said Grossman. "But I'm not sure that Chicago is the right city for me at this point in my life. I've heard a lot of good things about the Green Bay and Madison areas, and I'm sure the people there are very welcoming." Grossman said the two would also look in St. Louis at the urging of Bartman.

Viagra Gives Brits Stiff Upper Lip, Four-Hour Erection

A British pharmacy began selling Viagra over the counter on Wednesday, prompting British



LAZY

How we feel about replacing this image

men everywhere to promise a "stiff upper lip" as they potentially suffer through freakishly prolonged erections. Drugstore chain Boots is starting a trial program to sell the erectile dysfunction drug manufactured by Pfizer. Lecherous old men swarmed doctor's offices approximately four hours after the drug stores opened across the country. "It may increase my stamina, but it sure won't make the women any prettier," said one gentleman who asked to remain anonymous.

Grammys Discontinued After "My Humps" Wins Award

Following Sunday night's ceremony, the Recording Academy announced that the Grammy Awards would not be held next year or ever again. While speculation was rampant as to the reason of the sudden announcement, several insiders believe that key academy members were ashamed of The Black Eyed Peas hit "My Humps" winning the award for Best Pop Performance By A Duo Or Group With Vocal. "The Grammy Awards have created a legacy of honoring the most tasteful, bland, and trifling music of our times," said Academy chairman Terry Lickona. "But this year, we may have finally gone too far. Following a particularly egregious error in judgment this year, we are officially closing shop."



LIVE CAMPAIGN INTERRUPTED BY UNORTHODOX POKING WAR



With about 100 members, the Facebook group "End LIVE's Tactics and Agitation at Vanderbilt" has recently called for the end of LIVE's tactics of agitation and morality. "It's a shame that one of the most bad-ass protests to occur at Vandy in decades has to be opposed by one of the lamest," explained junior Anne Paulus. *The Hustler*, apparently for lack of news, ran a story of the group on its front page. "Unfortunately, lame protests are the current trend. Not to long ago, students were blowing up buildings and burning bras. Today, the strongest protest of the Iraqi occupation has been a lamely discontent Facebook group," lamented freshman Garrett Rogers. "Here we see LIVE actually doing something interesting, and it immediately gets bogged down with Facebook opposition groups."



"Do not underestimate the true power of the Poke."

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HOLY LEADER ABUSE SPACE



Honestly, we're just thankful it's not Muhammad.

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MASTHEAD



Losing that lovin' feelin'... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE
CONTENDIT

Corrections:

In our last issue, we stated the McNish defeated Truman, which is true insofar as Truman now lies dead. However, McNish did not actually win the VSG presidency, meaning that we're in store for six more weeks of cold, uncaring government.

FROM THE EDITOR



JOE HILLS

It seems that there has been a lot of debate lately on the subject of gender equality. I can't even walk past Sarratt these days without having the word "vagina" screamed at me, or open *The Hustler* without reading about the latest battle over whether boys are smarter than

girls. Now, I totally respect the power of the Pan-Hellenic Council to make their own decisions, and it show a lot of maturity on the part of the IFC that they feel the same way. Although they've gotten some flak about not increasing their standards at the same time as Pan-Hel, I applaud them for standing fast. If the frats start following lockstep with every decision that the sororities make, who knows what's next? Wearing the same color heels and yelling at pledges? Jumping up and down while swearing they'll die for each other? Hosting non-alcoholic fundraisers?

Beyond Greek life and the battle of the sexes, if groups constantly had to change their standards because of what similar organizations were doing, it would be chaos. For example, *Orbis* makes decisions all the time without *The Torch* following suit. If *The Torch* had to run two-page art spreads all the time, they would waste dozens of man-hours a week searching for yellow-paint happy rising bohemians. Or if *The Hustler* started delivering solid entertaining content five days a week, and VTV was expected to follow suit. No, the IFC has this exactly right, and I stand behind them. What we have here is not a case of Ford saying to Toyota, "We don't need fuel efficient cars here." Rather, this is a case of Ford saying to Boeing, "We don't care that you decided to make your planes safer by an incredibly small amount, but thanks for letting us know."

Autonomy is something that our nation was built upon. The independence of the individual, of the press, of the state. Hell, we don't even care what the United Nations says, even though they inherited their sense of importance from us. Although I personally have no Greek affiliation, I'm proud to see the Greeks, my fellow Vanderbilt students, the future leaders of America, making the hard decisions, and saying screw you to everyone else. 🍌

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FUCKED IMAGE

Dear Japan,
WHAT THE *HELL* IS WRONG WITH YOU?!
Love,
The Slant

Ten Simple Rules For Screwing My Roommate

By **BRENDAN ALVIANI**
STAFF WRITER

Everyone knows that Valentine's Day is the Holiday of Hormones, the Christmas of Carnal Pleasure, the Easter of Enjoyment. On this traditional and only slightly marketing-driven holiday, the campus plays a yearly game of musical beds, with each of us hoping not to be the odd one out. Ignoring the few loners cutting themselves in dark corners is easy, but ignoring your level sixty-five barbarian roommate can be a bit more difficult, and the etiquette and art of sexile become almost as important as knowing when to put the condom on (hint: before you impregnate her). To maximize enjoyment of your Groundhog's Day of Grinding and minimize the amount of time wasted talking to your roommate, I present here a few simple guidelines:

1. Don't do it with your roommate in the room.

Besides the fact that the almighty and flawless *Bible* suggests against it, there are several other practical reasons to void this opportunity for exhibitionism.

First off, there's the issue of passive-aggressive revenge. Whenever I'd be doing the bed boogie, my roommate would always find the most annoying things to do. Like wander off with the door open. Or turn on that Animal Planet channel. Or play Halo. Or invite some friends over for Halo. My lady and I finally decided to enforce an "active participants only" policy after he put up a bunch of posters that said things like "15 Million Cases of STD's Occur Each Year," and "God's Watching," in addition to all the 80 year old gay erotica that was placed uncomfortably close to my side of the room.

Also, if you get used to doing it in front of people all the time, then you're never going to enjoy a good game of "hide the salami" in public places, like the park or the YMCA. I

mean really, make your obnoxious "I simply can't wait 10 minutes" public sex romps special,, or you may find that the spark is gone sooner than you think.

2. Give your roommate plenty of "head's up."

While simple phone call to warn the other party about impending fornication will usually suffice, sometimes it helps to plan around awkward blocks of isolation. That white board you put up on the outside of your door at the beginning of the year, but took down because of all the

surprisingly shaped penises that ended up being drawn on it at 4 a.m.? Take it out of storage. Put it up on the inside of your door. Draw a calendar on it. Now, draw anatomically correct genitalia of your choosing on whatever evening you want your room to be pants-free zone.

3. Check the door before entering.

Some use scrunchies because it doesn't announce to the world the hedonistic activities that are taking place. Some use innocuous Post-it notes that say things like "Busy," which is more obvious to the potential walk-in. However, I personally prefer the use of a ginormous, stolen, bright orange "Men Working" construction sign. Besides guaranteeing against an accidental walk-in, it's obnoxiousness and illegality heighten the experience of the ol' in-and-out.

4. Don't use your roommate's bed.

Unless of course you have top bunk. If so, he or she knew what was coming, because climbing heaters, desks, ladders, etc like a naked ninja is really annoying. Especially if Pinocchio has been lying lately.

5. Take a break from time to time.

It's one thing if your long-distance fiancé is in town for the weekend. It's a totally different story if you are in correspondence with Guinness World Records about 7 different categories of sexual maneuvering. Remember that your roommate will need to change clothes eventually, and that he or she might even want useful items like laptops and textbooks. Remember, forcing others into undesired nomadic lifestyles was a major contributing factor to the turmoil that shaped the Middle East.

6. Don't rain on the parade.

Just because you haven't gotten any in a while doesn't mean your roommate has to suffer in celibacy alongside you. Sometimes, when it rains, it pours, and your roommate has the right to be singin' in the rain' without rain pants if he or she wants to. Take one for the team- eventually the IOU's will pile up and you might just get that birthday hooker you've had your eye on.

7. Sleepovers can be compromises.

If R-rated body parts are covered and you sexually exhausted rabbits are ready to go to sleep anyways, take your door-charm down and let your roommate come in and sleep if he or she wants. He or she will probably return for another hour anyways, and this will reduce the number of IOU's you accumulate. Letting your roommate sleep at home may help you get away with only buying him or her a six-month old CD you picked up on the card down at the Bookstore, rather than a prostitute, for that upcoming birthday.

8. Keep everything on the down low.

It's tempting to complain about the 72-hour sexile you've been dealing with. Of course, you're going to want

to tell someone about the suspicious stains on your bottom bunk sheets. Hell, you have some pretty funny stories about how your roommate managed to do the mattress mambo with 3 different partners in one day without getting caught. However, even if your roommate is being an inconsiderate cock-weasel, you shouldn't rat him or her out. Karma dictates that if you do, there will be a 5-person walk-in the first time you decide to use that gag bondage set your friend got you for Christmas.

9. Sexile rules do not apply for "Alone Time."

If you feel like going solo in a covert flesh mission, then you have to do that on your own time. This is not MasturDating, the one person dating show where you need to do a lot of pre-planning. If your roommate is off in class for a while, perhaps do your personal fireworks during this prime-time. However, if your roommate is trying to understand opioid peptides for a neuroscience test the next morning, he or she will not appreciate moaning. Or any pleasure of any kind, because studying for science tests sucks.

10. No "accidental" walk-ins with camcorders.

Your cover is blown even more if you have a one guy with a boom mic, and another with a lighting rig. Not that this comes up very often, but I decided it was very important to point it out that this sort of activity is outrageous and completely unacceptable. Unless of course, you are offered more than \$1000, as large amounts of money have known morally relativistic properties.

Now that everyone shares a common understanding, I wish you all an National Cranky Florist's Day. Keep these guidelines close to your heart, and before long, the only singles you'll need to be aware of on the fourteenth will be the ones you're rolling up to snort cocaine off your lover with, in private.

...if you get used to doing it in front of people all the time, then you're never going to enjoy a good game of "hide the salami" in public places, like the park or the YMCA...

Fear and Loathing in Narita

Feb. 3, 2:45 PM: I arrive in Narita, Japan tired and light-headed...very light-headed. Not important, I'm here now and those 14 hours of airtime are behind me. Need to find someplace to exchange money and get a ticket for the train to Tokyo. I find myself squinting a bit and moving a little slow. Shouldn't have mixed those sleeping pills with that Champagne...or all those other drinks I had afterward.

Some time later... I've finally exchanged my cash, but I can't figure out where and how to buy a damn ticket. I see a row of kiosks and figure that as long as I shove some money into it I should be able to get a ticket in return. It works! I proceed to a machine that promptly eats my ticket and spits it out on the other side of a now open gate. I take my ticket and board the train.

Akasuka Time

The sun shines its last rays as I exit the subway station. I find my hostel in a dark alleyway, it's pretty small and I'm eager to dump my stuff, change my clothes and get out and about. I pay the nice man 2,000¥ and 15 minutes later I'm out the door. I'm feeling a little hungry, better find some food.

Sushi! It's a stand-up sushi bar where you stand and eat at the same time. I eat a good amount, pound down a beer and pay...too much. Note to self: never point at crab legs and expect crab rolls in return. You will actually get a couple of giant cracked open crab legs and will have to pay for them.

I find a 99 Yen store and pillage the place. They sell beer and canned cocktails here! I try to resist the urge to buy useless crap. I quickly grab a cocktail, a pair of chopsticks for a friend, some candies and then bolt out.



7:00 PM: I'm in search of another sushi place to eat at after waiting in vain for 20 minutes at some really popular local place. I peer through a window and see this conveyor belt moving sushi around the entire place. Sweet! I try to order a Miso soup, but get a Mussle soup instead. Tasty. The sushi isn't bad, but I'm starting to get full at this point. I decide that it's about time to head back to the hostel.

As I make my way to the hostel I spot a banner sticking halfway out of a small dark alley, intrigued I start heading towards it. It says "Slots". I finish off my 24 oz. beer I got from a vending machine and follow a succession of arrows and banners into a basement. I sit myself down, exchange 1,000¥ bill for tokens and start playing this awesome game. Eventually I run out of tokens and leave.

Japan: My 48 Hours

Pablo Makes Some New Friends

Sometime around 9:00 PM...

My dollar store goods are safely in my room locker and I'm trying to decide what to do with the rest of the night. I go downstairs and find some new arrivals, one Brit, two Americans, and one American-Canadian. We chat it up for a little while, discussing our reason for being in Japan and such. We decide to explore the area and then hit a bar afterwards, figuring that traveling together is more fun than just going about on our own.

We're in a 7/11 and I'm going through magazines looking for Hentai. Score! It turns out that the Americans need to find an ATM so we split up. The British dame and I head towards the bar as the others try to get some Japanese cash. They promise to catch-up with us shortly.



The Bar

Sometime around 10:00 PM...

I enter the bar with my new friend, but am quickly turned around because apparently outside alcohol is not allowed. I guzzle down the can I have and strut back in. I remember that my hostel has an agreement with this particular bar and that my first drink is free. The day... night, just got better. I buy my first 'ticket', which allows me to get three drinks at a time for a flat rate. First drink, second drink...4th. My British friend and I talk politics, the Queen, the War and her studies as a Solicitor (Lawyer). I'm working my way through my second ticket and we start worrying about the Americans, who eventually arrive.

Three drinks later... I'm talking to my new Japanese friend. I take pictures. Money is traded with my American friends. They give a 20 and I give 2000 yen. I ask the bartender for another ticket. Plum Wine and Hot Sake come my way. This Brit is kinda cute.

Two drinks later... I challenge the bartender to serve me something wicked, something that will hit me like a brick or somesuch. He obliges.

One drink later... Closing time... I don't wanna go. The bartender doesn't want to give me more stuff. We leave.

I'm walking... walking, I find a Japanese Samurai with a Light Saber and snap a picture. We make it to a Sake vending machine. I stuff money in. Sake comes out.

12:00-3:00 AM ?... I set off the alarm on a scooter and quickly get off it. I get into the hostel... I think. I fall asleep.



By Pablo Darelli

The Morning After

Feb. 4, 8:00 AM: Someone from my group wakes me up. So hung over... oh. Wait...no...I'm still drunk. Wait, I'm both. I have a little over a half an hour to get myself together and meet my group downstairs. I take a quick shower and get dressed. I pack my things and hoist my carry-on onto my shoulder, (I'm hoping to get some sightseeing done with my group then catching a train straight to Narita Airport). Genius!

A short train ride later and we're in the heart of the skyscraper district of Shinjuku. I have my second cup of coffee from yet another vending machine, delicious. The group decides that sushi would make an excellent brunch. I'm running low on funds so I snack lightly and drink green tea.

It's getting close to 1:30 PM and my flight leaves at 4:30 P.M. so I say goodbye to my new friends and head underground. I'm still hungry and I figure that spending an extra 15 minutes to eat a hot bowl of noodles would in no way affect me in any sort of negative way. The quick lunch took longer than planned; the wait for the train is taking too long.

Three trains, two transfers and 2 hours and 15 minutes later...

I find myself questioning my judgment calls made earlier as I struggle to use a calling card at the airport. I begin to worry about what the next 24 hours in Japan would be like for a broke tourist like myself.



Skyscraper District



My Group of Fellow Travelers

An Extended Stay

7:00 PM: I'm feeling better now. I paid 40 yen for a 1,060 yen train ride...after the fact. But I didn't have a choice, I was out of money and well, what could I do.

So now I'm back in Asakusa (where I had been staying) and looking for a room, but the hostel is full...so I wander on. I find another hostel, only to be turned away a second time. As I wait in the reception room of the third hostel I begin to wax biblical, when I am told that they have one room left which I could share with a fellow traveler. This fellow traveler happens to be one of the guys from the group I had been hanging out with! It turns out he had made the same mistake as me (waste time and leave late for the airport), missing his flight to Bangkok and thus forcing an extended stay.



Homeward Bound

1:20 PM: On the train, about 25 minutes from the airport, breathing a sigh of relief that I will be back home this very day. I reflect on my stay in this most unique country with a grateful heart and full stomach, quietly promising myself that I would return someday with more time and more money.

Swimming With The Fishes

Feb.5, 6:45 AM: I wake up astonished that I have gotten a full night's sleep, as well as being able to remember most of the previous day. Last evening was fairly mellow, spent it with the American I was rooming with and that British lass I mentioned earlier. We had dinner at an Udon noodle shop and then a nightcap at the bar. Unfortunately I was out of money so one of them I had to loan me money (the check is in the mail...I promise), but other than that everything was fine.

9:00 AM: Fish Market! This place is huge! I harass the workers with pictures while attempting to dodge small homicidal motorized vehicles that look like a cross between a golf cart and a Segway.

Yet more Sushi is consumed, this time it came slathered in wasabi. It made me cry...oh the burning.

I am extremely aware of the need to get to the airport on time today. I get back to my hostel, change my clothes and run to the underground.

Al-Qaeda Claims Credit For Wikipedia Vandalism

by CHRIS STANFORD

Denizens of Wikipedia continue to scramble for safety as the online encyclopedia enters day five of the growing conflict between two online organizations: The Illuminerdi, a collective of socially awkward young men who enjoy annoying less tech-saavy netizens, and the large-scale trolling organization Al-Qaeda.

The conflict began five days ago when xxOsama69xx, nominal leader of Al-Qaeda, released a video on YouTube claiming that his group was responsible for almost every instance of wiki vandalism since Wikimedia first opened its doors. Citing examples, xxOsama69xx mentioned "That change we made to Steve Irwin's article claiming he'd been arrested for fucking a goat. Took 'em days to spot that, and only because he died."

Within 20 minutes, a member of the Illuminerdi had been sent a link to this video by a third party who, by all accounts, has since been "spammed to Mars". A response was promptly crafted and also posted on YouTube, featuring Illuminerdi leader DragonOfRequimsKing3339 (DORK for short), who declared "Osuckit is full of more shit than his mother was last night. Not only did we pull that Irwin thing, but we were also the ones who altered every article on butterflies to include that joke about the kid throwing butter out the window."

What happened next has been described by one survivor as "a shitstorm of Hell's

Snowballs being flung into a blender filled with angry badgers and a horny clown who hasn't eaten in a month." The gauntlet had been thrown down and Wikipedia was the battlefield. It started simply enough, with several references to The Illuminerdi pointing to the page on the Peter Pan Complex. The Illuminerdi fiercely responded by editing pages dealing with Al-Qaeda to claim that xxOsama69xx was, in fact, the man pictured on goatse.

Retaliation was met with retaliation, and it was not long before every instance of the word "pedophile" on all of Wikipedia linked to Illuminerdi leader Okakuhirima88's UserTalk page. Much of the following 24 hours was spent in a reversion war between the two factions on this point, until one Illuminerdi member hit on the idea to begin linking all instances of the words "Dick", "ass", and "ballerina" to Al-Qaeda member al-Zawahiro. With a second front opened, all rules were suspended and anyone with any sort of link to either organization could find their name associated with anything from "zoophilia" to "George W. Bush" (and at one point, both).

As of this writing, 30 countries and most educational institutions have taken measures to limit access to Wikipedia in order to prevent intellectual damage to civilians. The Wikimedia Foundation has appealed for UN intervention in the matter, but may face reprisal from the United States in reaction to the banning of the US Congress last year. ●

POINT: This Isn't An Emo Song, It's Just A Really Long Title For An Article

by ALEX CHRISOPE

For Jessica. Capitalized words shouted.

The tears are the rain from my pain
The thunderclouds that hang above me
At the end of the world
We can beat out our lungs
I've got a bad feeling about this

Set my teeth on the cement
The pain you give is heaven sent
The PAIN, the PAIN, the PAIN, the PAIN
Curb stomp my heart
Curb stomp my heart again

I'm sitting outside your house
Watching him remove your blouse
You FUCKING bitch I hate you DIE
Cars crashing like so many broken hearts
and bones

Let your little nose hit the jagged ground
Let it rip through your flesh

Set my teeth on the cement
The pain you give is heaven sent
The PAIN, the PAIN, the PAIN, the PAIN
Curb stomp my heart
Curb stomp my heart again

We've never talked, we've never walked
I don't know your name, but I know where
you sleep
How can I know you don't love me when
you look at me with those eyes
Please please please let me see your BOOBS

Set my teeth on the cement
The pain you give is heaven sent
The PAIN, the PAIN, the PAIN, the PAIN
Curb stomp my heart
Curb stomp my heart again ●

COUNTERPOINT: Get Away From Me, You Whiny Creep

by JESSICA SILVERSMITH

Alex, you know how much I used to treasure our friendship. You were the aw-shucks boy-next-door who was always there at the end of the day when my hot date turned out to be a jerk. I could depend on you – for advice, for a shoulder to lean on, or even for a laugh every now and then. I was a little annoyed by your obsession with mix tapes and hooded sweatshirts, but I could deal with it.

Then the mixes you gave me kept getting more personal. You confronted me no less than five times to confess how you "really felt" about me. When I started going out with Josh, I couldn't even hang out with you because of your violent mood swings. I thought the restraining order would put an end to things. But now this. An emo song. That you wrote for me.

Wow. What the fuck am I supposed to say to this? Is it supposed to be flattering that you wrote a song for me? Or I'm supposed to think you're all sensitive and shit? Seriously, how is this shit supposed to make me like you?

First off, you can't just arbitrarily make some weather metaphor and think it's poetic or thoughtful. "We can beat out our lungs?"

What is that supposed to even mean? Is it from your new goddamn "screamo" obsession? You know it's just the same stupid whiny nonsensical lyrics as emo, it just doesn't have an discernible melody anymore.

Now, the chorus is even more repellent. What is "curb stomp" anyway? Isn't that the thing Ed Norton does in *American History X*? You're saying not only that I am responsible for hurting you, but that it was the emotional equivalent of a curb stomping? That's literally some of the most immature passive-aggressive misogynist bullshit I've heard. Get over it. And it's not compelling when you just repeat the word "PAIN" over and over again.

The rest of the song just reminds me what a creepy stalker you are. "Sitting outside your house?" You're watching me with Josh? I'm sorry, I think I just threw up in my mouth a little. You wish for pain to be inflicted on me – speaking of which, what's the deal with emo kids and their obsession with pain? They're the weakest people ever. And, goddamnit, you can't assume every girl who looks at you with half a smile is fucking in love with you!

Do you even have a penis? I can't tell from this shitty song. ●

Media Vow Tasteless, Voyeuristic, Wall-to-Wall Coverage of Anna Nicole's Death

"It's what she would have wanted," say cable news executives

by **TIM BOYD**

Following the unexpected death of former Playboy playmate and reality TV star Anna Nicole Smith this week, America's news organizations have promised that they will honor Smith's memory as best they can. Accordingly, they have promised to emotionally manipulate the American public with self-indulgent grandstanding and unnecessarily tacky speculation about the causes of Smith's death.

Barely hours after she was pronounced dead, her story began receiving saturation coverage on major news networks. "We feel it was important to inform the people of America about this news story of global importance," said CNN producer Zach Compton, "I mean, it's been quite a slow news period anyway. The only stuff we've had lately has either been about the collapse of affordable healthcare, the fate of the Middle East or the potential destruction of the planet. We were desperate for something newsworthy."

To those who were concerned at the nature of the coverage Smith's death received, Compton was unsympathetic. "People have said it was gratuitous to keep showing pictures of Anna Nicole wearing hardly any clothes, or that it wasn't any of our business to go poking around in her private belongings to try and find something related to her

sex life to put on TV," Compton said, "But quite honestly, I don't see why we should be responsible for depriving Americans of the titillation and scandal-mongering that Anna Nicole provided them with for so long. We're just trying to honor her memory."

Whether or not this is indeed the way that Anna Nicole Smith would hope to be remembered, there had long been talk of her as a 1990s version of another blonde Hollywood star who died young, Marilyn Monroe. In fact, several times during her career, Smith claimed it was her hope to be the next Marilyn, and she frequently posed in hairstyles and costumes reminiscent of her idol. Maxwell Henry, who has been a Hollywood gossip columnist for the past 45 years, agreed that there were certain similarities between these two blonde pin-ups from different generations.

"Well, first there are the obvious comparisons," said Henry, "I mean,



Multiple autopsies will be performed on Anna Nicole.

both were fragile young women who changed their names to make it in the entertainment world. Both were involved in some unexpected and controversial marriages, and both were instantly recognizable to millions of fans. Additionally, they were both pill-popping prima donnas with fantastic breasts, and I, along with thousands of other men of my generation, have quite happily jacked off to both of them."

"However," Henry continued, "there were things that Marilyn achieved that

Anna Nicole, God rest her soul, was never able to match. Quite aside from the actual possession of any discernible talent, I don't believe that Anna Nicole ever managed to seduce a U.S. President, and given that her years of celebrity coincided with the Clinton White House, one has to ask if she was really giving it her best shot."

Fans of Anna Nicole, however, do not seem interested in either the differences between

her and Marilyn Monroe, or in either woman's shortcomings. Instead, they have chosen to focus on their shared vulnerability, the manner in which both were exploited by those controlling their careers, and the inspiration they have left for others. "Anna Nicole lived her life like a candle in the wind," sobbed one devastated fan, "never knowing what sort of a crappy reality TV show to star in next when the rains came in."

Bastard Confession



"I didn't know you were supposed to give gifts on Valentine's Day."
-Alex Chrisope, Inconsiderate Ass

February 19th: Losers Awareness Day

by **ANDREW McCORMICK**

Just as Valentine's Day presents a unique opportunity for singles to assert the benefits of their solitude ("I don't even want a girlfriend..."), another upcoming holiday will give a sliver of our country's population time to reflect on its own shortcomings. President's Day, taking place on the third Monday of February, is a day for political misfits to remember when they were somebody and to insist, for the umpteenth time, that they would've won, if only it hadn't been for that cheating son of a bitch... you know, the one that did.

These are the men that devoted their lives to public service (or self-service), for nothing in return.

These are the men that...

These are the men that came within inches of the Oval Office... and blew it.

Ralph Nader

Apparently, Ralph Nader feeds on rejection. It would be a tough sell to say that Ralph Nader ever came inches away from the White House, but the guy's lost enough national elections to feel something close to the disappointment that more serious candidates like Al Gore and John Kerry must have felt in their respective losses to George W. Bush.

Seriously, this guy is just not getting the message from the American public. He has run losing campaigns in the last three presidential races. In 2000, Nader garnered a little more than 2% of the popular vote, arguably robbing Gore of the presidency. Not content to destroy just one Democratic presidential hopeful, Nader threw in his hat for the 2004 race. In an interview months before the election, Nader analyzed his chances of winning as pretty good; in light of the sharp divide between conservatives and liberals, Nader said that he imagined a lot of Americans were looking for a "reasonable" moderate candidate. (Barkeep, no more drinks for Mr. Nader, please...he's colored himself moderate.) Nader came away from that November with less than 0.5% of the vote...a lot of Americans, indeed.

This month, Nader was asked if he was considering a run for the presidency in 2008. He replied that he hadn't ruled it out. Shocker. Rest assured, two Novembers from now, Nader will be thanking a small room of people for all their work in a hard-fought campaign. "We raised some tough issues," Nader will say. "You're time was not spent in vane." The lack of cameras will assure everybody, though, that their time was spent in vane and that, once again, nobody cares about Ralph Nader.

Bob Dole

The last most of us heard from Bob Dole, he was sitting in his Lay-Z-Boy and getting off to Britney Spears in a Pepsi commercial. (To be fair, that was back when she was hot... you know, pre-skank, pre-KFed.) "Easy, boy," he says to his excited dog. While Bob Dole will never sit behind the desk in the Oval Office, he certainly gets points for having a sense of humor about himself.

The Republican senator from Kansas actually made several bids to the White House. He was the Vice Presidential candidate in 1976, participated in a number of Republican primaries in the 80's, and, most recently, ran against incumbent President Bill Clinton in 1996. His seemingly masochistic persistence was considerably more respectable than, say Nader's, just in that Dole always ran a respectable, albeit uneventful, campaign.

Unlike most unelected presidential hopefuls, Dole landed on his feet in retirement, becoming something of a pop culture icon.

Among other things, he has made several appearances on Comedy Central's The Daily Show with Jon Stewart. He has been a spokesperson for both Pepsi and, more hilariously, Viagra. (It sounds like somebody needs to lay off the Britney Spears commercials.) He even wrote a book ranking presidents based on their sense of humor

Sadly, Dole has been experiencing some medical trouble in recent years.

He has suffered from limited use of his left arm and undergoes physical therapy for his shoulder on a weekly basis. Again with the commercials, Bob...



Don't you just want to take him home and love him forever and ever?

Michael Dukakis

For a man that made himself famous riding in a tank, Michael Dukakis's fall from the public eye has been non-explosive, to say the least. The self-proclaimed "Massachusetts Miracle" has been as exciting in failure as he was during the campaign. (For those of you not in the know, that is "NOT VERY.")

After losing the 1988 election, in which he carried only 10 states, Dukakis continued his term as Massachusetts' governor to waning support and success. Instead of just driving himself off a cliff, Dukakis chose the decidedly more destructive route, taking the entire state with him. He left office in the face of drastically low approval ratings and the worst budget crisis the state has ever seen. Estranged from the real political scene, Dukakis took a professor's job at Northeastern University in Massachusetts. (Harvard, not wanting to soil their quality faculty, wouldn't take him.)

On the night of the 2000 election, Dukakis was quoted insisting that, if Ralph Nader split the liberal vote, causing Al Gore to lose to George W. Bush, he would "strangle the guy with [his] bare hands." While this is

exactly what happened, the former Massachusetts governor actually lacked the political pull to get within 100 yards of the Green Machine.

Ross Perot

If money could buy love, you can bet Texas businessman, Ross Perot would still be sitting in the White House. Alas, Perot failed to make good of his 1992 and 1996 bids to the presidency, despite having more money than God. (The Magna Carta on display at the National Archives...yeah, that's his. He bought it.)

Although he received more of the popular vote than most third party candidates in America ever dream of, Perot's campaign was self-defeating, by

design. Let's be honest, the man is a cartoon character, and you can't elect a cartoon to the presidency. With ears the size of his home state, and a body half the size of his opponents, Perot was canon fodder for political cartoonists and late night hosts. His thick southern drawl and eccentric personality were icing on the cake. The man had a message, to be sure, but a large amount of his celebrity was due simply to the crazy public image that he gave off. But America really didn't need a chart to see that this guy was never going to be President.

At least Perot learned his lesson. In recent years, he's remained pretty quiet on the subject of politics, preferring to stay within the realm of business, in which he has done considerably better for himself. He has severed all ties with the Reform Party, which he started (how money is that?), and has become characteristically non-responsive to questions about politics. Unfortunately for Perot, though, he'll go down in history not as a business master mind, but as the certifiable third part candidate. Truly, it's unlikely that you're going to hear this guy's name mentioned outside of a punch line. But, then, what the hell does he care? He's got billions. 🐸

AROUNDTHELOOP



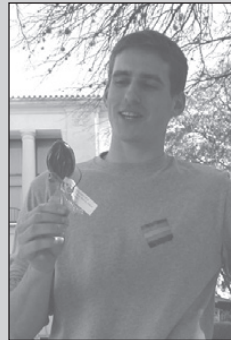
How do you feel about Vagina Monologues selling candy reproductive organs on the wall?

Sam Charleson, Disillusioned Student



“Why can’t real pussy taste like chocolate?”

Steve Rockland, Vagina Consumer



“You can buy chocolate pussy for a dollar. I have to pay 40 bucks for it.”

Willie Wonka, Euphemist



“Chocolate vaginas, meet my everlasting gobstopper!”

Sarah Tilman, Disillusioned Student



“Why do guys complain about MY snatch? These taste like chocolate!”

Teresa Arnold, Token Fattie



“Is symbolically selling their bodies empowering or counter-feminist? I don’t know, but these sure are delicious.”

Vagina Monologues, Continuing To Overkill



“Vagina, vagina, vagina, vagina!”

SLANTDININGSCOPES

CT WEST:

Your Old West robbery plans will go horribly awry when it is discovered that stagecoaches, horses, and stairways don’t mix.

QUIZNOS:

Quit trying to order the ‘Penultimate Italian’ to avoid the \$2 surcharge. Just pay the damn money and get over it.

BRANSCOMB MUNCHI MART:

You will be subject to great humiliation after it is revealed that you are the “brother who needs some ROOM” on the comment card asking for Magnums. Let’s face it; that would be like a Mayfield with one person living in it.

LUNCH PAPER:

You will spend the better part of this week hoping that the Northwestern theme comes back. You will also spend the better part of next week planning your revenge if it doesn’t.

CORNER MARKET:

You’ll be glad you took the pickle when a power outage strikes Vanderbilt. Just remember: zinc and copper are the best metals for the electrodes, but in a pinch, you can use a penny and a nail for your pickle battery.

STONEHENGE:

Try this proven winner next time you’re behind that cute girl in line: “I like my sandwiches like I like my women: hot, steamy, and on the meal plan. And without too much oregano.”

DIVINITY SCHOOL REFECTORY:

You may be in the Divinity School, but you still need to say grace before each meal: it imbues your food with a host of antioxidants and B-vitamins.

BLUE CORN COCINA:

What kind of cheese isn’t yours? NACHO CHEESE! Oh, that gets us every time.

GRINS:

Not only are you eating at Vanderbilt’s only kosher vegetarian cafe, you’re also eating at its only dining venue that completely defies pronunciation.

ROTIKI:

Every time a bell rings, an angel gets its wings. Every time you press the monkey on the menu screen, your food gets spit in.

THE PUB:

In a bizarre twist of fate, you will get your tuna melt before the five people ahead of you in line get their Squirrel Meals. In an even more bizarre twist of fate, Ben Folds will headline Rites of Spring again this year.

Top Ten Things Jesus Wants You To Give Up For Lent

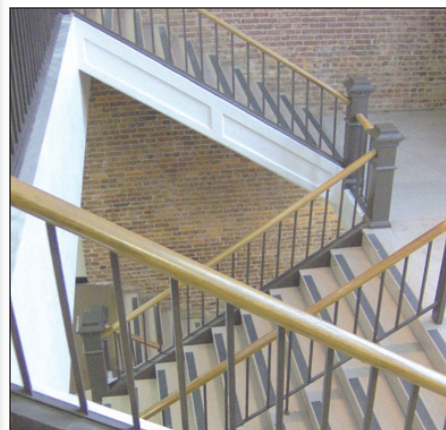
- 10 The chase
- 9 Your belief in organized religion
- 8 Masturbating with your left hand
- 7 Christmas Break
- 6 Faith in humanity
- 5 Giving up things for Lent
- 4 Being nice
- 3 Telling people you're bringing sexy back
- 2 Your virginity
- 1 Ice cream and candy

No Test Protest

Have a particularly nasty test coming up? Really wish there was some way to get out of it? Now there is! Write to us describing why you feel you shouldn't have to take a particular exam. *The Slant* will choose one lucky winner and will launch a petition drive on that student's behalf! The petition will then be submitted to that student's professor in the hopes of negotiating a lesser punishment.

To enter, email us at slantcontests@gmail.com by 2:00 pm on Saturday, February 18th. Your test must take place the week of February 26th. Please include your name, contact information, your course, teacher name, and a short explanation of why you should be exempt from taking the test.

Dao



Join *The Slant!*

Every Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. in Furman 325,

We few, we proud, we *Slant* staff members scale these stairs. We combine our keen wits and sharp eyes with the power of friendship, and bandy about ideas that even the gods themselves must look up toward our perch and contemplate in awe.