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INSIDETHISSUE

Blue Angel Dies Protecting Town
From Boredom

Pope Closes Limbo; Game
Aficionados In Tears

Florida Women's Lacrosse Looking
Forward To Beating Ohio State

IRAQ

5 Re-Mission Accomplished

LETTERS

8 Tales From Station B

REJECTIONS

9 It's Not Me, It's You

Other News 2

Fucked Image 4

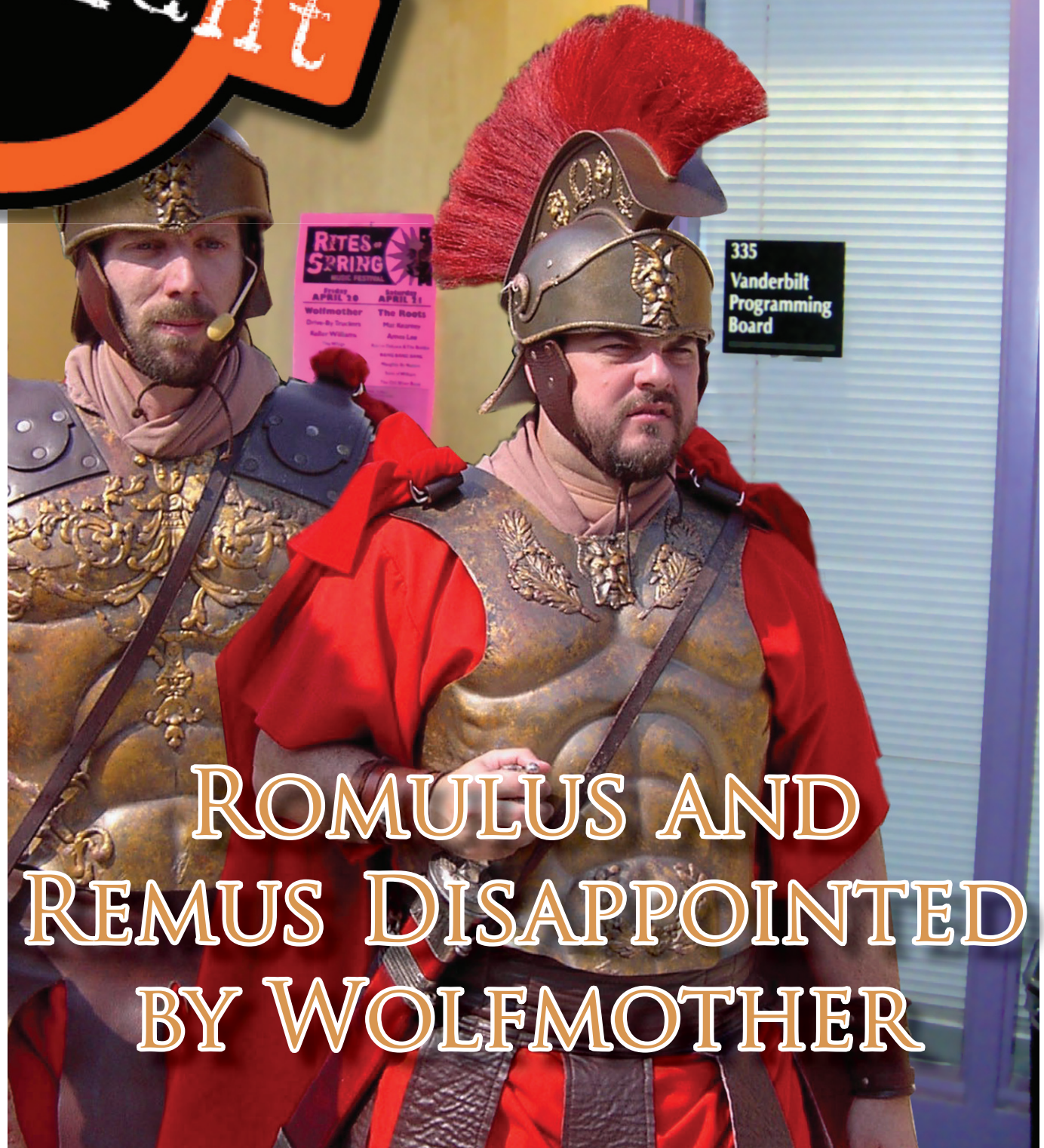
Bastard Confession 9

Around The Loop 11

Horoscopes 11

Top Ten List 12

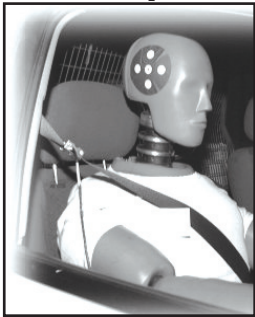
Farewell 12



ROMULUS AND REMUS DISAPPOINTED BY WOLF MOTHER

New Jersey Governor: Seat Belts Are For Pussies

New Jersey governor Jon Corzine, who broke his leg and 11 ribs in a high speed car accident while not wearing his seat belt, praised doctors for proving “seat belts are totally unnecessary.” A day after his breathing tube was removed, the governor maintained the safety devices “are for pussies. I’m living proof that you can survive a high speed accident without one.” Governor John Lynch of New Hampshire, the only state not to require seat belts for adults, sent Corzine a fruit basket on Monday. “Corzine embodies the unbridled stupidity we value when it comes to the safety.” Once released from the hospital, Corzine will enjoy a lengthy vacation recuperating on the Jersey shore. Concluded the governor in between gasps of pain, “And the best part is, I don’t have to pay for any of my medical care.”



Students Unimpressed With Willy Wonky Antics At Sewage Treatment Plant

Students recently enjoyed a privileged tour of Nashville’s sewage treatment plant. The plant, until only recently closed to the public, has long been a source of speculation and mystery. Who owned it? Why the high security? Did they employ midgets? These questions and others were dutifully answered by the top hat wearing tour guide. Though initially puzzled by the eccentric fellow’s propensity for dated outerwear and childlike behavior, the students became increasingly tired of his antics. “I mean, I get it... he’s been holed up in this place for a long time, but did he really think that he could convince us that the churning sewage was actually chocolate?” asked a female guest at the



facility. After the tour the group was invited to participate in a golden shower, at which point all involved politely declined and quickly headed for the bus.

NHL Tournament Pools Decidedly Less Popular Than NCAA Basketball

Just weeks after the NCAA men’s basketball tournament captivated the interest of the nation’s office workers, the NHL hockey playoffs are generating substantially less buzz. “I’ve been disappointed to say the least,” said New York Islanders fan Leonid Dimitrova. “I couldn’t find a bracket online, so I had to make one myself. I printed about fifty copies of it, but still couldn’t find anyone to join my office pool. You’d think that more people would be interested in the NHL postseason than the NCAA since it’s a professional sport. And of course, because it’s hockey” An estimated 14 million people in the U.S. participated in the pools, while only 47 Americans will participate in a hockey pool.



In Wake of Bee Disappearances, Bush Pushes “Wait to Pollinate” Program

The mysterious Colony Collapse

Zigzag

The weather’s been acting up lately.



Disorder (or CCD), the cause of the disappearance of 25% of the North American honeybee population, has been called “the AIDS of bees” by several sources. In response, the Bush Administration has released statements indicating that they will put pressure on Congress to explore an “Abstinence-Only” program for bees. “As we all know,” a high-place White House aide informed *The Slant*, “abstinence is the only one-hundred percent effective method against AIDS. This program, in particular, will seek to educate younger honeybees on the dangers of problems such as CCD and Mad Bee Disease.” After it was pointed out that the comparison to AIDS was in terms of the magnitude of impact on the population and not in method of transfer, the aide grunted through his teeth, “Whether or not this is the case, this program should still have a positive impact on the bee population.” A second round of questions dealing with the matter of how a program that encourages a cessation of breeding would have a positive effect on the bee population elicited a response that could best be summed up as “thrown out of Denny’s by federal agents.”



DICE-K’S GETS STANDING OVATION WITH SIX EARNED IN SEVEN INNINGS

The “best rivalry in sports” returned to the spotlight this weekend as the New York Yankees took on the Boston Red Sox, culminating in a pedestrian start by Red Sox hurler Daisuke Matsuzaka that nonetheless garnered a standing ovation from the crazed congregation at Fenway. “You hear about incredible pitching performances in the old days, from guys like Bob Gibson’s 17-strikeout game or Clemens’ typical domination,” said 23-year-old Red Sox fan Tom Sullivan. “But never did I think I would live to see an eight-hitter. Right here. In Fenway!” Matsuzaka got a win over the ever-potent Yankees line-up, finishing the night with only two hit batsmen and one walk. ESPN analyst Peter Gammons remarked, “When you remember how many great hitters are on that New York team, you really have to consider it something like a no-hitter rather than a game that inflated his ERA by nearly 1.5 runs.” Gammons then had another stroke.



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04 25 2007 CONTENTS



SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY OVER THE SUMMER



This is just a taste. We're printing the front side in September.

NEWS

OTHER NEWS: Jersey, Chocolate, and Bees 2

IRAQIS: Not A Particularly Fun-Loving People 5

COLUMNS & HUMOR

EXPLOITERS: Tragedies Really Bring Out The Assholes .. 6

VIDEO GAMES: The Root Of All Our Problems..... 7

MAIL: Probably A Good Thing They Never Got Sent 8

THE NFL: Time To Buy Some New Jerseys..... 9

MAIL PART II: This Time, WE Have The Upper Hand! 12

SLANT FEATURES

BASTARD CONFESSION: Global Warming, Et Al..... 9

HOROSCOPES: Bet You Didn't See This Coming. 11

AROUND THE LOOP: Continuing To Ignore Baseball. ... 11

TOP TEN: You're Going To Fail 12

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE
CONTENDIT

Corrections:

The cover of Issue 13 mistakenly identified Georgetown basketball player Jonathan Wallace for Jeff Green. We were momentarily confused by the Hoyas' horrendously ugly uniform and forgot to read the number on Wallace's jersey. We regret any confusion this may have caused, and we hope that Georgetown will consider a change in the future.

FROM THE "EDITOR"



ALEX CHRISOPE

A time-honored tradition at *The Slant* holds that for the last issue of each academic year, the Managing Editor gets to write the Editor's Column usually reserved for the Editor-in-Chief. Hence this week you will find, instead of the pathetic musings of Joe Hills, the incoherent ramblings of myself, Alex Chrisope, Esq. (Not really.)

Some readers (as if anyone reads *The Slant*) might recognize me as the effete snob film critic at *The Hustler* (also a haughty assumption). Yes, it's true: I hate your favorite movie. Especially if it's *Boondock Saints*. *The Departed* did the same thing with much more wit and style. Aw, you see there – I'm doing it again.

Since this is ostensibly our only time to look back upon the year, I'll wax nostalgic about a two-week period from late last semester. First, my beloved St. Louis Cardinals won the World Series, thanks largely to a cosmic fluke wherein the Detroit Tigers forgot how to throw to first base. Ten days later, the Democrats won an election for the first time in my political consciousness; it was a "thumping," and the next day Donald Rumsfeld got canned. The two events made me grateful for two modern concepts of such artful construction that I must elaborate.

The first being the Founding Fathers' system of government checks and balances. In 2004, George W. Bush was elected because the other guy looked dumb windsurfing. Two years later, after several shows of jaw-dropping ineffectiveness by our executive branch, the people voted in a Democratic majority in Congress. I wasn't overwhelmed so much by triumph as awe for the genius of the system: if you don't like the way things are going, just wait for the mid-term and at the very least keep the douchebags from running amuck.

The other, and perhaps more impressive, accomplishment is Bud Selig's expanding baseball postseason. Back in the day, there were only eight teams in each league, and the World Series was played between the two teams with the best records in their respective leagues. But the expansion since the 1950's has led to two extra rounds of playoffs and the inclusion of a wild card pick along with three division winners. The long season of baseball makes a short series insignificant in terms of judging the quality of a team. But what some call a fluke outcome due to small sample size, I call "magic." You never know what might happen, which \$127 million Cinderella might emerge during seven games. Who doesn't want to see an injury-hobbled, 83-win team beat a 97-win offensive juggernaut? Guys? Hey, where's everybody going? 🍌

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Ongoing Civil War Still 'Too Raw' For Iraqis To Enjoy Civil War Reenactments

By **TIM BOYD**

Despite taking part in Civil War reenactments being one of the most popular recreational activities for white Americans going through a mid-life crisis, recent attempts to encourage similar enthusiasm for recreating their own Civil War among Iraqis has not proven successful. Officials within the U.S. Army, who have been trying to promote such re-enactments as a cheap and easy to produce form of mass entertainment, are said to be disappointed at the reaction from the local population thus far. Many Iraqis have accused the program of being insensitive to the country's recent sufferings.

The idea of encouraging local Iraqis to stage re-enactments of the recent conflict came from Lieutenant-Colonel Doug French, the head of the Army's efforts to bring about social stability in Iraq through what French calls a "time-sensitive, hope-maximization strategy," which has been codenamed "Operation Hail Mary." French says the idea of using re-enactments to do this came after he had been spending his time waiting at Green Zone security checkpoints by reading histories of the American Civil War, and was struck by how similar the post-conflict social and historical context was in each case.

"As I was reading about the Union's attempts to bring the South back into the nation, I couldn't help but be struck by certain parallels to our situation here today," said French, "first of all, the misplaced idea of the Union troops being 'greeted as liberators,' second of all, the absence of a coherent plan for post-war Reconstruction and thirdly, the shared characteristic of white southerners and the leaders of the Iraqi insurgency to indulge their self-pity by systematically reveling in their own historical calamities.

And yet, today, dressing up as a 19th century Confederate allows deluded rednecks to vent their anger in a healthy, non-destructive and socially acceptable way."

On this basis, French set about organizing volunteers to go through-out Iraq helping local populations establish such groups as "Sons of Sadr Militia Veterans," and "United

from the U.S. to help.

One of those experts was Alabama resident Robert Stonewall Jackson Beauregard E. Lee, who has been taking part in Civil War reenactments for over forty years. Lee believes it could be a while before the problem of lack of participation is solved, but he remains optimistic that it will happen. According to Lee, local Iraqis may need

it's hard to get people to volunteer to drive past the spot where a roadside bomb killed their sister and her three young children, when they can't be sure that the fake roadside bomb we've placed there won't turn out to be a real one. Such a thing happened just last week when we staged a skirmish from Sadr City in 2003 in a market just outside Baghdad. Having to retrieve one of the actors' severed limbs from the middle of the street really ruined what should have been a nice day out for the local kids."

Nonetheless, Lee explained that he would keep trying, as eventually Iraqis would realize the value of learning about their history in this fashion. "The great thing about these occasions is that they teach young people about the way that history is still relevant to our lives today," Lee explained. "Most of the great issues that divided us as a people back in 1861 are still with us today, and by seeing these issues fought out over the battlefield, people can see how those battles are still important now."

"Of course," Lee conceded, "sometimes we have to include some contemporary elements into our re-creations just to make sure people get the point, but the historical continuity is still there." As an example of this, Lee pointed to the recent re-enactment of the battle of Stones River, where Lee's grandson played a small drummer boy valiantly defending his family's loyal slaves from having their family values destroyed by the 1st Hollywood Regiment of gay, pot-smoking feminists.

While the plans of Lee and French may therefore pay off in the long-term, for the moment, the outlook remains bleak. As a visibly frustrated Lee told a group of reporters, "we're just never going to get this idea off the ground, so long as these people keep prioritizing their own obsession with keeping irrational regional and ethnic tensions alive in a misguided attempt to boost their own self-esteem. They're no better than those damned Yankees." ■



Re-enactors fake injuries from a car bomb in a reproduction of a skirmish in the outskirts of Baghdad.

Daughters of Kurdistan" to facilitate a series of re-enactments of recent battles in the Iraqi Civil War. Disappointingly for French, this proved harder than he might have imagined, with local citizens unwilling to take part in large enough numbers to make "Operation Hail Mary" viable on a national scale. As a result, French has flown in experts

some more time to distance themselves from the distractions of bloody sectarian warfare and economic ruin before they can appreciate the social value of reliving bloody sectarian warfare and economic ruin "just for the fun of it."

Lee says he believes that there are currently simply too many distractions to allow re-enactments to be held in Iraq. "With the best will in the world,

How To Exploit The Virginia Tech Shootings

The Slant's Guide for Insensitive Jackasses

As campuses across the nation registered their shock at the deaths of 33 students at Virginia Tech last week and mourned for the friends and families of the dead, *The Slant* has noticed another set of victims of the tragedy who are also in need of our sympathy: that of the sociopathic, narcissistic media-whore. Much to the frustration of this emotionally crippled segment of society, too many people are ignoring the real lesson of the Virginia Tech shootings - that whatever one's own particular ideological hobby-horse is, the events at Blacksburg reinforce the urgency that people listen to you.

If you are a member of this group, these have been dark times indeed. But fear not - for help is at hand. Here at *The Slant* we have an instinctive understanding of what is tasteless and tacky, and we would hate for you to feel left out. We know how much you enjoyed getting on TV to blame either the existence of gays and lesbians or the excesses of American foreign policy for the thousands who died on 9/11, and we understand how much in need of your

next fix you must be.

As such, should you be at a loss as to how best to get yourself that spot on Larry King Live, we have provided a handy guide for you. All you need to do is to pick which of the following categories you fall into, and then read on to find out what you should do to make yourself a byword for self-importance (at last - the recognition you've been craving for so long!). Fortunately, utter insensitivity to the moment is not restricted to any particular ideology, so there really should be something for everyone.

Our advice in each case is based on the particular achievements of spokespersons for the various causes lifted. Sometimes, we have to admit to being impressed at the amoral publicity-seeking some people were prepared to engage in. Seriously, even we wouldn't have thought of some of this, and we were once prepared to kill off Chancellor Gee for the sake of a publicity stunt.

TELEVISION PRODUCERS

Now, even all of the above causes may not necessarily fulfil your natural desire for pomposity. But if you can not only benefit from the tragedy at Virginia Tech, but also make it appear that you are just doing your duty by benefiting from it, you can really get yourself noticed. Take NBC's decision to air the videotapes sent to them by the killer. A less gutsy news organization might have thought that there was nothing truly "newsworthy" in them, and that they were best given to the police. But, selflessly, NBC decided to risk a huge spike in viewer numbers and allow the bereaved families to see their childrens' killer explain just exactly what act of brutality he was going to commit on their loved ones. Thank heavens for journalistic integrity.

ANTI-IMMIGRATION ADVOCATES

Now that it's been well-established that white people just don't get a fair shake in this country anymore, why not focus on the fact that Cho Seung-Hui was born in South Korea? Sure, he came to Virginia as a young child, was socialized here and Asian-Americans are one of the few groups that even racial supremacists can't claim have "naturally" higher crime rates than whites, but he clearly looks foreign. Even better, follow the lead of Debbie Schlusel over on FOX News and interpret the description of "Asian" to mean "Muslim terrorist" (or are you telling us that it's just a coincidence that Cho was from the same continent as bin Laden? You can't trust these inscrutable orientals, after all.).

COMPUTER HACKERS

Talking about Gods and Guns would involve going public. For those of you who are more socially introverted, a very 21st Century way to make people suffer for their sympathy is to follow the lead of those who created the malware program "Terror_em_Virginia," which

masqueraded as an e-mail containing pictures and news reports from Blacksburg. The great thing about this particular manifestation of what is already a hugely irritating and anti-social form of behavior is that you can take it to a whole new level by adding the senseless exploitation of grief to your resume. It should help you feel that little bit more warm and fuzzy inside.

PRO-GUN CONTROL ADVOCATES

Now, it is one thing to talk about the ease with which Cho Seung-Hui was able to acquire so many guns, and to question the campus security measures that allowed him to keep so many dangerous weapons around him. But that's small fry, and far too complex. Much better to follow the example of Senator Diane Feinstein (D-CA) and link one's statement on the tragedy to the lapsed ban on assault weapons - a ban drafted, coincidentally, by none other than Senator Feinstein herself. When making this case, however, be careful not to mention that none of the weapons that Cho used in the shootings would have been covered by the ban.

ANTI-GUN CONTROL ADVOCATES

Perhaps your love of the Second Amendment makes you squeamish about following Senator Feinstein's approach, but fear not - your bizarre delusion that America was founded so that you could acquire a vast arsenal of military paraphernalia will not force you to keep quiet. Instead, you can join the band of enlightened thinkers who have suggested that what happened at Virginia Tech should result in a loosening of restrictions on carrying concealed weapons on campus. Take a bow Mike Hammond, consultant for Gun Owners of America, for not being afraid to use the massacre as a justification to allow concealed weapons in schools and colleges. After all, how could it possibly be dangerous to allow young people with easy access to alcohol and living in densely populated dormitories access to firearms?

RELIGIOUS ZEALOTS

Of course, you may not have a strong position on gun control (we're just saying - it's possible). Or you may feel that it's somewhat of a "secular" issue and not sufficiently "deep." If that's the case, and you happen to be a Bible-beating fundamentalist, try talking up the "God's punishment for sodomy" line, like Fred Phelps and his Westboro Baptist Church. After all, doesn't it make sense that God would punish such a gay-loving, metrosexual

part of America as western Virginia to really make her point? Alternatively, use the memorial services held for the dead as a way to pontificate on how morally inadequate atheists be, as in the case of author and columnist Dinesh D'Souza. Again, it's important not to raise troubling questions about why the Creator of the Universe would feel it necessary to gun down 33 innocent students in order to reveal the moral superiority of Christianity.

Video Games Are The Root Of All Of Society's Problems

There were never any problems in our schools before Atari

By **BRENDAN ALVIANI**
FOLLOWER OF JACK THOMPSON

In light of the horrors at Virginia Tech, we need to find a culprit to blame. Should we simply blame the one guy who went crazy and shot people up? No. Should we look into the effects of the psychiatric drugs he was or wasn't taking? No. How about his family? Nope. School? Uh-uh. I'm here to declare the REAL reason why Seung-hui Cho committed such a travesty: video games. And this is far from the first time games have inspired crime.

Indeed, 20 years ago, this May, marks one of the more tragic incidents: the infamous Oklahoma City *Tetris* Construction Disaster of '87. A computer nerd who lost his day job, his wife and his house to his falling-brick puzzle addiction one day snapped. With nowhere to play the game anymore, he snuck into a skyscraper then under construction and started throwing bricks down from the top of the building. One was killed and three were injured. Eventually, the man got frustrated that the bricks weren't working right and jumped to his death.

That same year, a young man in California, after reportedly playing *Super Mario Bros.* for 72 hours straight, decided to try mushrooms to make him bigger and invincible. According to the victim's brother, he ended up jumping off of a large building in an attempt to grab a flag pole for bonus points. Today, he is a paraplegic and can only move his hands and his head. Ironically enough, he now uses a video game controller to operate his wheelchair.

In 1992, the first non-American video game crime occurred. After the release of *Sonic the Hedgehog*, a young Italian dressed himself in blue and ran through the streets of Rome, stealing everyone's rings. Authorities tried to point out that that sort of crime had occurred for thousands of years before Sonic, but I still count it due to the obvious connection between street crime and the mischievous hijinks of an

anthropomorphic hedgehog.

On Nov. 5th, 1998, authorities discovered an underground "Pokemon" zoo in Saratoga, New York. Authorities were responding to several complaints by neighbors about the smell when they found a basement full of spherical red and white cages full of several exotic animals. Some of the cages were filled with cardboard cut-outs of fictitious creatures. 25-year-old Ash Kumpala was arrested for animal cruelty, but was sentenced to a mental institution after a judge ruled "that guy is fuckin' nuts!"

Then, just last year, *Guitar Hero* became the latest inspiration to criminals. A college student named Johnny Digg became obsessed with the game, playing for 12 to 14 hours a day. Within several weeks, he had beaten anything GH-related. Searching for some way to quench his new musical desire, he took up the real guitar. Soon, he was playing so well that he formed a band with his friends called Twin Engine Aeroplane. They devised a song so sick, so amazing, that it actually melted people's faces off during one particularly amazing concert on July 13th 2006. Five people died and 124 now look like bulldogs.

As you can obviously see through this whole host of carefully researched examples, video games are destroying America. Destroying it, I say! As saints like Jack Thompson have so acutely pointed out, people obviously imitate video games all the time, even when, like Cho, they don't even play games. They get corrupted by these games and these games alone. We need to pull the plug on any sort of interactive entertainment and return to the days of passively watching wholesome television shows and movies like *Sin City* and *Kill Bill*. We need to make sure that in this technological era of increasing isolation people can't play friendly games together. We need to stop any activity in which .000001% of the users do something freakishly out of the ordinary. We have to stop the madness right now before it gets any more out of control. ●

Video Game Tragedies '73-'87

1987 wasn't the first year that people took video games a little too far. From the beginning, gamers have occasionally gone a little overboard with their absorption in these simulated universes. The most harrowing of these tales have been highlighted below.

1973: A child in Alabama gets "really dizzy" after he and two friends attempt to "play *PONG*." He was the ball.



1977: The Merkle family's electric bill is unusually high due to son's refusal to turn off lights in house. Cites fear of being "eaten by Grue".

1980: Two teenagers are arrested after attempting to steal a gorilla from the San Diego Zoo. They claim they "just wanted to see how hard he actually could throw barrels."



1982: Timothy Daniels of Seattle breaks six Atari 2600 controllers while trying to play *E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial*.

1987: A man is accused of accosting old women in New York's Central Park. He claims they "wouldn't give him a fucking potion, no matter how much [he] asked."



The Slant's Mail Bag!

We've illegally intercepted a total of three letters this month!

Lord Zedd, Emperor of Evil and Sworn Enemy of the Power Rangers
Scourge of Angel Grove and Other Mostly Suburban Locales in California
P.O. Box 1742
The Moon

Abu Fayed, Graem Bauer, and Dmitri Gradenko
Consortium of Bad Guys on 24
P.O. Box 9340
Valencia, CA 91354

To Mssrs. Fayed, Bauer, and Gradenko:

I get it already. Nobody likes southern California, and I sure don't either. I don't know if it's because they always have good sports teams, or everyone else is jealous of the weather, or what. I'll tell you why I hate it: that blasted Zordon lives out in Angel Grove, and man, I can't stand that jerk or his pesky Power Rangers.

Back before he went to Angel Grove, he used to go to all these parties thrown around planet Eltar. He'd always have to arrive 45 minutes late, and was usually driving some ridiculous Megazord. (He'd never tip the valets, either). Of course, he wouldn't even give you the time of day unless you had a power coin, and even then, he was always trying to tell you how the ones he had were better. He'd also make snide comments about the hosts and try to drunkenly chat up the babes about the size of his "energy tube."

So I can understand, comrades-in-evil, why you've been trying to destroy Los Angeles this season (and, in fact, every season) on 24. I can certainly sympathize. But let's face it: you guys are even more incompetent than Goldar, and you don't even have to deal with those obnoxious Power Rangers! Jack Bauer doesn't even have a Zord, for evil's sake! You scrubs (and I mean all of you, but especially you, Abu Fayed) couldn't take out Jack Bauer with *both* hands tied behind his back. Give me a break! That's a task even a Putty could handle. Don't you get it? Jack Bauer can't even morph and you still can't handle him.

Fine, sure, I'll give you your props for killing half the CTU staff with that Sentox gas last season. That was pretty clever. But I managed to destroy the Thunderzords with nothing more than willpower and a well-timed earthquake! I mean, sure, nuking civilians in Valencia was pretty boss, but I blew up a heavily secured Power Ranger base with just a few homemade explosives! As a season finale! Can you top that? I don't think so.

Let's be honest here: I think you guys are becoming too international in scope. Sure, destroying the Western overlords is a worthy cause (and I hate those capitalist American pigs as much as the next mutated warlord), but meddling in multinational arms trafficking and terrorism is just too much. It's one thing to try to sow terror in one city, but it's quite another entirely to have moles in every embassy in the United States giving asylum to your rogue nuclear engineers.

You guys just *have* to have your elaborate schemes and plots and whatnot, whereas all I need is a household object, my Z-Staff, and my grenades. That's all you really need, and I think you guys (Graem Bauer, I'm looking at you here) are trying way too hard with your Byzantine webs of intrigue and your Bluetooth phones. When in doubt, keep it simple, stupid.

All of that said, I'd really like you guys to get off my turf in California and to come back after you've learned how to actually destroy humanity. As servants of evil, you're really making me look bad.

Sincerely,
Lord Zedd, Emperor of Evil

Hey there, all you Hardcore 'Dores!

This is Tim Kustus, just wanting to congratulate(!) the women's bowling team(!) for WINNING THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP!(!!!!)

More importantly, I also want to thank you, the fans, for not rushing the bowling alley after the super-exciting finish! As you're all probably aware, Vanderbilt (ALL HAIL!) faces a \$50,000 fine from the SEC the next time its fans enter the playing field during an athletic event. This past February, Mr. C and the rest of the Commodore's Crew rushed Memorial Gym, resulting in a \$25,000 fine. Another fine could put a significant damper on the finances of our amazingly-great, black, gold, and awesome sports programs.

I knew I could trust you, but to be honest, my heart was in my mouth when that fat, middle-aged man with the cigar ran onto the alley. I thought that everything was ruined! Fortunately, it turned out that he wasn't affiliated with our VICTORIOUS VANDY and instead was just trying to get a ball that had gotten stuck in the gutter.

All in all, you Commodore Crazies were very well-behaved. I was truly impressed by how quiet and respectful you remained during the last frame. It was a really intense game, but you never lost your heads. So congratulations, everybody, on not landing Vanderbilt (Black & Gold Forever) another fine!

Thanks again, my championship school classmates!
Tim Kustus

Dear Fellow Students,

Many of you have recently sought my advice regarding what to do with all the junk in your room that you don't want to take home with you this summer. Here are some suggestions.

Do something with the Ultra mega non-family size box of condoms your parents bought you "just to be safe". Our suggestion? Finger puppet theater for the none-the-wiser children.

Do something with the road sign or poster you stole while under the influence. You're not going to keep it even though it makes a good one time story for your friends back home. Our suggestion? Put it in the most confusing place you can conceive. For instance, a stop sign should be placed along an open stretch of road, or a no U-turn sign should go in front of the HOD class building warning fellow students that you can never turn back.

Do something with the weird Munchi Mart food items you have acquired on drunken sprees late into Sunday mornings. You're not going to find a better use for a pouch of tuna fish, a can of chili or a Mounds bar (who eats Mounds bars anyway? They are exactly why curiosity killed the cat.)

Throw away random ticket stubs that you know don't actually mean anything to you. When are you going to reminisce about the regular season basketball game you don't even remember? If you need to keep such a ticket just to remember something you probably didn't have enough fun this year. Our suggestion? The only one worth keeping is Snakes on a Plane.

Your sheets: throw them away. They didn't deserve the treatment they got, and they would be much happier retiring to a dump somewhere in beautiful middle Tennessee.

Posters and calendars of half naked women (and men). These are timeless. Unless they originated in the 80's, keep them. If disposing of them, be sure to throw them away in the red bucket behind Branscomb.

Your favorite freshman,
Brendan Alviani

The Slant's Guide To The NFL Draft

Predictions you can bank on

By ANDREW BANECKER

It's that time of year again. No, not the semi-annual panic attack that comes with the realization that all your books are still cased in the original cellophane and the pledge you paid to take notes died of alcohol poisoning (though it is that time, too). What I'm talking about is the sporting event of the year... the one weekend it's perfectly acceptable to subsist on a diet of domestic beer and nachos, put on a jersey and some early 90's Zuboz brand fat pants, plant your ass on the couch, only permit yourself to move in the extreme circumstances of having to refill the beer or empty the bladder (and even then, only after your team's off the clock), and admit, if only to yourself, your somewhat unhealthy man-crush on Mel Kiper, Jr. Yes, my friends, it's time for the World Cup of Cricket.

For our non-Sri Lankan readers, it's painfully obvious I'm talking about the NFL Draft, the one weekend per year you'll willfully turn down sex to watch twenty one-year-olds clad in suits borrowed from Cedric the Entertainer's tour bus wait for hours on end to barely hear Commissioner Roger Goodell mispronounce their names over the guttural booing of drunken, ever-disappointed Jets fans. So, though your girlfriends may leave you, your grades will flounder, and your couch will literally form an ass groove that

lasts months, something within your Y chromosome will refuse to let you look away. With that in mind, we at The Slant offer these fearless predictions of what will go down at the 2007 NFL Draft.

1) The Oakland Raiders, who have been on the clock since the end of September, will complete contract negotiations with the player they select a day or two before the draft begins. Regardless, they will take the full fifteen minutes to make the God damned pick. You see it every year, but it never stops being the most excruciatingly painful fifteen minutes of your year. Five minutes in, you'll scream at the television, "Make the pick! You've already signed him to a contract!!!" Two minutes later, after Chris Berman facetiously claims to have been tipped by his cabbie that the Raiders will select so-and-so, you'll have punched a hole in the wall (or your roommate, whatever's closest). "For the love of God," you'll yell, then scream a string of obscenities into a pillow foul enough to make a longshoreman blush. Two minutes later, you'll remove the pillow. Then, with two seconds left on the clock, you'll see Roger Goodell slowly stroll up to the podium and read the name that everyone's known will be the first pick for hours off a note card. Oh, who will the Raiders pick? Since their quarterbacks would have a hard time making my high school football team, their offensive line is a turnstile,

and they have obvious holes at every position other than wide receiver, they'll take Calvin Johnson, WR from Ga. Tech.

2) Detroit will fuck everything up. Will they stay and pass up on a quarterback? Will they trade down and pass up on a quarterback? Will they take their 4th first round WR in the past five drafts? Who knows? But with Matt Millen as GM, one thing is known: they'll fuck everything up.

3) Though they don't pick until the 25th slot, Jets fans will hold up signs for a flashy skill-position player from a big time college program they all believe will be the savior to their crappy franchise. They're certain of it. Not only that, everyone who disagrees with them will be called a "Moron." Loudly. As they approach the 25th pick, and this player is still available, the enthusiasm will pick up, the entirety of Radio City Music Hall will scream his name, over and over. ESPN commentators will agree with them, and a series of clips of that player in action will come across your television. Then, with the crowd about to explode, the commissioner will walk to the podium, hold up his note card, and announce that the Jets, with the 25th overall selection in the 2007 NFL Draft, have selected an interior lineman from Central Michigan. Booing will ensue.

4) Eagles fans will do pretty much the same thing, though from the comfort of their own homes, seeing as

they've been banned from attending the draft since 1999, when they all but threw batteries at Donovan McNabb.

5) During the middle of the first round, Roger Goodell, in a conference call to the owners, will announce that the city of New Orleans' spirit has been lifted enough by their '06 season, and it's officially okay to stop letting them win.

6) Though he can't run, weighs fifty pounds more, has a completely different throwing motion, and couldn't have a more different demeanor, JaMarcus Russell will be constantly compared to Vince Young.

7) By the end of the weekend, the entire starting lineup of the Cincinnati Bengals will have spent some time in jail. Though coach Marvin Lewis will point out that star quarterback Carson Palmer wasn't amongst the arrests, Palmer will have been the one with the bail money.

8) Mel Kiper Jr. will know far too much about a tight end from the University of Delaware.

9) The players for the Chicago Bears and New England Patriots will calmly point out to their owners that congress passed a hike in the minimum wage.

10) And finally, none of this will affect the computer science majors, who will continue with their routine of *World of Warcraft* and furious masturbation. 🍆

Bastard Confession



"It's important to be aware of what's going on in the world. I care about the problems your generation will face. Now, let's have a moment of silence for Georgia Tech."

-Your favorite lightbulb pitchwoman

Dear Berkeley,

I wanted to thank you for your kind (if token) offer of admission to this prestigious university. Clearly, you didn't read my application thoroughly enough to discover that although I am graduating from Vanderbilt, I neither drive a Land Rover nor carry a Longchamp bag. I certainly can't afford living costs in your pretend-to-be-hippy-but-am-really-just-overrated-and-expensive city.

And another thing, I just got the U.S. News and World Reports ranking magazine, which I frantically pawed through hoping for just this news--you dropped two spots, suckers.

Sincerely,

Sarah Brooks
The Fulbright scholar who won't be coming to your department.

OH SNAP!

Dear Columbia,

I have to admit--I really hoped things would work out between us. For so long we'd been keeping in touch, finding out new things about each other, even meeting in person once or twice. It really looked like a match made in heaven. Remember that day in the stacks in the graduate library?

But now I'm not so sure.

In order to be with you, I'd have to pack up and move away from all my friends and family, and outside of the part of the country where I've always lived. You know, the South, where you can expect it to be 65 degrees and sunny on New Year's Day. Winter really just doesn't turn me on.

Also, even though I know we're pretty progressive, I'd really like to have kept things simple between us--a cohort of 40 seems like a bit much in the bedroom, doesn't it? And the whole inter-departmental cooperation thing, I worried about what that might do to our relationship. It seemed like we were moving too fast.

All this wouldn't have made a difference; I still would have liked you for you. But then, that fateful day when we talked finances... I'm sorry, I have needs, you know? Costs of the stress-related alcoholism that I plan to develop would certainly supersede the piddling stipend you offered me. And that doesn't even count the high dry-cleaning bills you'd have to cover to get me to wear professional attire in the classroom. It seems superficial, but... well, it's the 21st Century. When you get your budget set for next year, give me a call and we can talk.

Until then, peace out homeslice. And I'm taking back the books I lent you, and my Social Security Number.

Sincerely,

Sarah Brooks
A student who just needed some more lovin'.

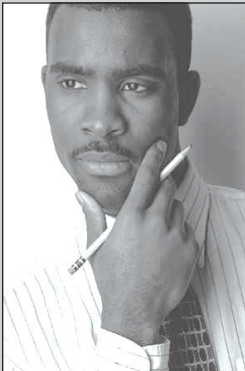
ZING!

AROUNDTHELOOP

How do you feel about Imus' radio comments?



**Chris Brabson,
Black Male**



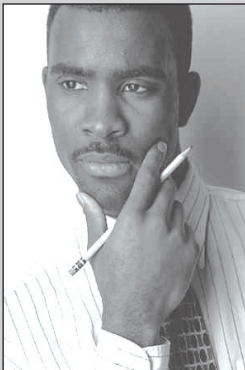
"I think it is shameful that people still use such racist language in America today."

**Jessica Erikson,
White Female**



"The fact that a public figure would so freely describe these women as 'hoes' shows just how disrespectful men still are to women."

**Chris Brabson,
Slightly Agitated Black Male**



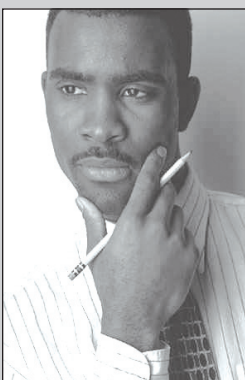
"You really don't even care about how racist the comments were do you? That's the problem with you white people."

**Jessica Erikson,
Femi-Nazi**



"Well, of course 'you people' would completely overlook someone calling a woman a 'bitch' or a 'hoe.'"

**Chris Brabson,
Pissed-Off Black Male**



"You're such a bitch!"

**T.I.,
King of the South**



"That gives me an idea for a song..."

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Aries (March 21-April 19):

Stop trying to be witty with your shower related away messages. "Wet, hot and soapy..." we get it, you're a whore.

Taurus (April 20-May 20):

It's that time of year again...

Gemini (May 21-June 21):

Stop complaining and get in the damned AtlaspHERE.

Cancer (June 22-July 22):

The best way to keep your kids off drugs is to take the time to sit down every night for a nice family dinner. That and chaining them to the bed.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22):

The next time you misquote Confucius, I'm going to stab you in the eye. Your lucky lottery numbers are 23, 547, and 2.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22):

You were born during the time of the year that makes you a Virgo. Therefore, I will make general predictions about you now. Your mother was a woman.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23):

When discussing *The Seventh Seal* with your Film Studies professor, try not to bring up the striking similarities to *Smokin' Aces*.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21):

You like these moccasins? They're yours.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):

Though a stitch in time saves nine, you probably shouldn't have teased all those baboons.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19):

Free will? No free will, you pay! Three dollar. No drink from Slurpee machine!

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18):

Though your ex-girlfriend wrote a song about you with the lyric "I'd like to grind your face into a fine paste," and performed it on a Ukulele at a concert with all of your friends in attendance, at least she didn't tell them you cry after sex. Or before. Or during.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20):

Though your parents were once proud of your poop, you should really stop sending them the photos. You're 22 years old, Allison.

Top Ten Ways To Stay Awake During Finals

- 10 Impersonate runaway bride Jennifer Wilbanks
- 9 Have a stare-down with the Captain Howdy face in *The Exorcist*
- 8 Make someone clinically clamp your eyes open, occasionally administering eye drops to prolong the madness
- 7 Take up juggling
- 6 Create a psychotic alter ego who shirks modern society's materialistic ennui
- 5 Set a reward for an all-nighter, like getting to sleep through your exam
- 4 Laxatives
- 3 Instead of cream in your coffee, use a combination of cocaine and Adderall grindings
- 2 Solar-powered sneeze
- 1 Stage a filibuster

Healthy Shoes.
Natural Posture.

Head is Straight
Shoulders Roll Back
Spine and Pelvis Align
Breathing is Effortless
Back Pain Disappears

Traditional shoes Earth shoes

MJ'S
Comfortable Footwear
at Spaces

earth
DIFFERENT. LIKE YOU.

Available exclusively at
MJ's

10% Off On first pair with Vandy ID card

MEPHISTO **Clarks** **ARIAT**

6000 Highway 100 (in Spaces) Phone: (615) 356-5151

Congratulations Seniors!

You just successfully wasted a shit-ton of money and the best four years of your lives. Starting May 11th, you will no longer be cool, either.

Please get off of Facebook.

The Slant would like to wish you a safe and fun summer. For those of you whom we offended this year, we're sorry you have such thin skins. You deserved most of it. Those of you whom we haven't offended can go fuck yourselves. Thanks for reading. Look for us again in August!