



Proudfoot Becomes Sandworm, Ravages Student Life Center

More than buzzed but less than shit-faced . . . since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

Stop-Motion Animator Gains Upper Hand In Nightclub Fight After Strobe Lights Turned On

GLAAD Satisfied With Nation's Acceptance Of Hot Teen Lesbians' Lifestyle

Grandmother Tries To Make Mortgage Payment With Tin Of Date Nut Balls

SUPREME COURT

5 Appointments, Disappointments

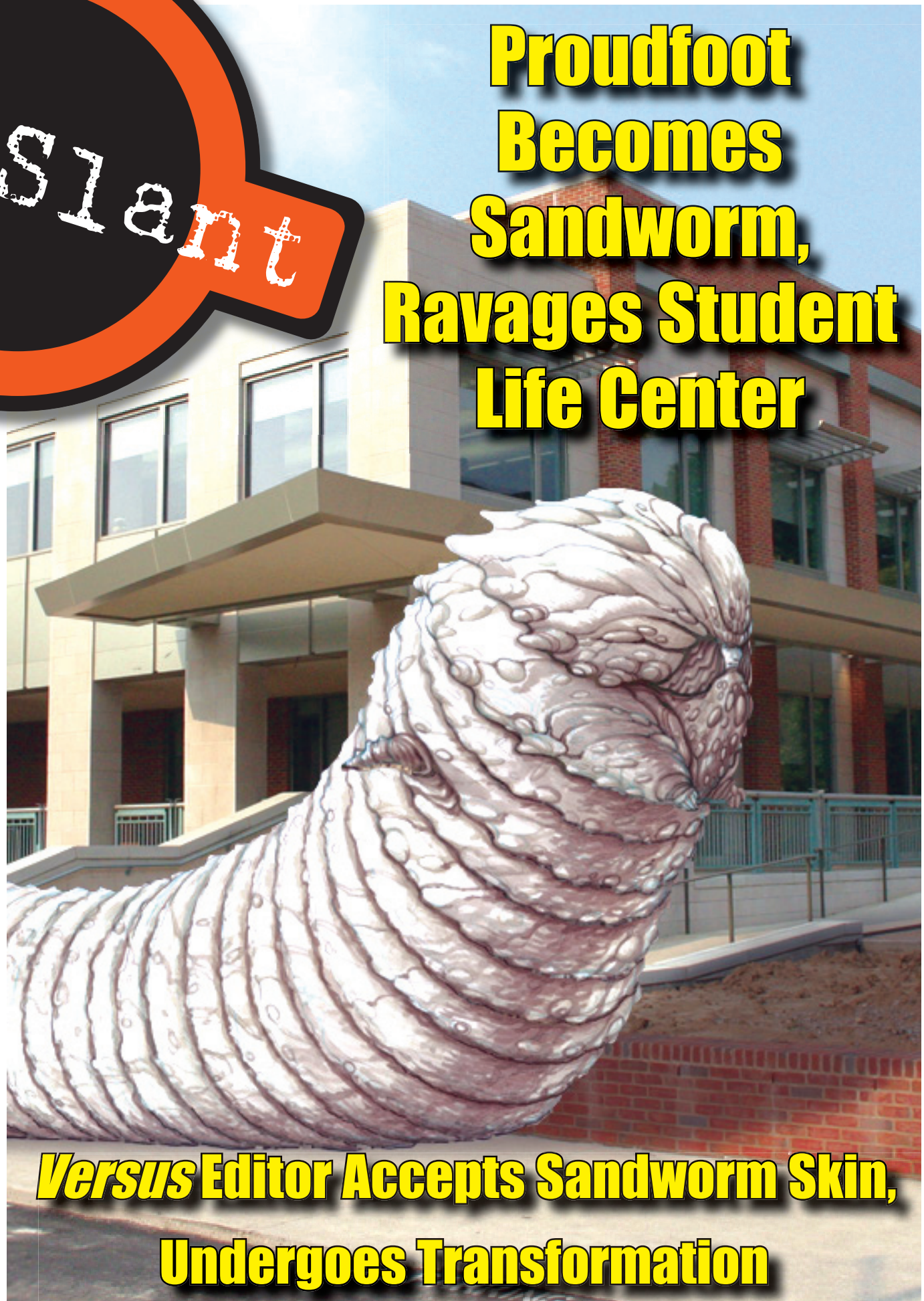
CONTEST

6 Vote . . .

MORE CONTEST

7 . . . Or Die

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**Versus Editor Accepts Sandworm Skin,
Undergoes Transformation**



Boat Sinks Under Weight Of World

A passenger liner carrying 47 elderly passengers sunk, last week, under

the weight of numerous years of troubles, worries, and sighs."The Ethan Allen just wasn't built to handle that amount of meta-physical cargo," said chief inspector Roger Altmann. "Though," he added, "it was not built to withstand the consequences of all those people loading up at the early bird special at the Lake George buffeteria either."

Search For Bodies In New Orleans Ends

The city of New Orleans took a crucial step towards a return to normalcy, last Tuesday, when the widespread search of bodies was called to an end. The 972 bodies found were much fewer than initially feared, but left many of the workers angry. "FEMA promised a pizza party to the first team that recovered a thousand bodies, but it turns out there weren't even that many in total!" said one rescue-worker. "I haven't been this disappointed since I lost my ticket for the raffle after hurricane Andrew."



Tonguencheek Abandons Comedy, Takes Up Hyperbole

Low-quality Vanderbilt improv troupe Tonguencheek has recently begun to bill itself as "Vanderbilt's Premier Comedy Group," thus launching itself firmly out of the realm of improvisation and into the realm of incurring *The Slant's* wrath. According to unfunny Tonguencheek member Nigel France, "We knew we'd never be that funny, but we could easily end up on The Slant's enemies list. I mean, whether people are laughing with you or laughing at you, they're still laughing, right?"

Student Too Cheap To Replace Missing Shower Flip-Flops

Michael Faulkner, a sophomore in Peabody, has now gone two weeks without showering, reports roommate Kevin Rodriguez. According to Rodriguez, it all

started when Michael lost his shower flip-flops. "The bastard is too cheap to buy new ones. He'd rather just not bathe," said the disgusted roommate. "He's starting to really smell. I'd buy him a pair of flip-flops, but I just bought him a hamper and some laundry detergent last week." Hallmates unanimously agree that this situation is worse than the time Michael forgot his toothbrush at home after October break.

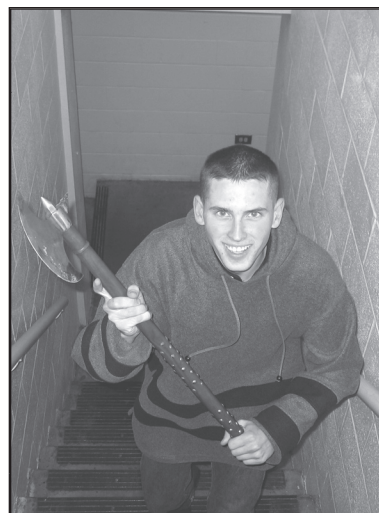


Vandy Beats LSU . . . In Race To Exit

As soon as LSU went up by 14, Vanderbilt students knew there was only one thing they could still win: the race to empty the stadium. "It wasn't really fair, since there were so many more LSU fans than us," said junior Ralph Johnston, "but we cleared out of there as fast as we could."

Playa Played

Inside sources reveal that sophomore Kevin Downsing, a self-proclaimed "playa," is in fact being played by all three freshmen he is presently romantically involved with. "I'm only using him for the expensive crap he buys me," claims Alison Linney, one of Kevin's three current girlfriends. "I got Kevin to take me to the Coldplay concert because I hinted that I might sleep with him," confessed Amanda Slater. "He runs errands for me when I'm too busy to do them myself. He's also not much of a time committment either, since he's mysteriously never around," reveals Katie Chen, who is unaware of Kevin's other romantic interests. Sources close to Downsing predict that his



Impossible.



81

Number of days sorority hopefuls have to sleep with a frat guy for increased social status. Or several frat guys.



will to live will be destroyed within a week.

Student In Shower For Three Days

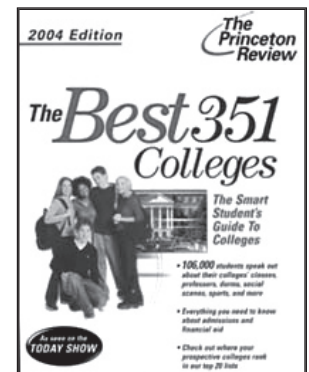
According to his AOL Instant Messenger "away message," senior Franklin Seaver has been in the shower for the last three days.



Friends and family fear the worst, as experts are predicting that Seaver's soggy and mildewy corpse will be discovered "with maximal bloating" once the smell becomes too intolerable for his famously lazy roommates.

Vanderbilt Rises To 6th In Princeton Review Ranking Of Schools' Fixation On Princeton Review Rankings

Recent reporting in campus newspaper *The Hustler* on the high-ranking of Vanderbilt as a university failed to mention Vanderbilt's 6th place ranking in the caring-too-damn-much about the rankings category. Vice Chancellor of Academic Affairs Nicholas Zeppos said he was generally pleased with the rankings, but claimed he was skeptical about a future rise. "We just can't compete with Harvard in some regards," said Zeppos. "They simply have a larger applicant pool meaning they can pick from a larger pool of pretentious private school pricks." 



SECURITY



Elevator Card Readers Installed, Upper Floors Safe

. . . because everyone knows delinquents can't climb stairs.

10.12.2005 CONTENTS



VERSUS PRODUCTION SNAPSHOT



Robert Proudfoot and Michael Ward prepare to distribute the latest issue.

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MASTHEAD



Sticking our fingers where they don't belong ...
since 1886

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Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as means of settling international disputes. In order to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph, land, sea, and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained. The right of belligerency of the state will not be recognized.

Corrections:

The Slant would like to apologize for our lack of content mocking the VTV program "RiNickulous." We admit that we have dropped the ball and will endeavor to rectify the situation as the year continues, as the show is clearly the most obvious target at Vanderbilt.

Slant



FROM THE EDITOR



CEAF LEWIS

So it turns out that I've been trapped by my own web of lies, which is a pretty unfortunate web in which to be trapped. We'll get back on our original schedule at some point, although I'm not going to say when. That way, when a glorious new *Slant* issue comes out a mere week after the last it will be a wonderful sur-

prise, like having your chlamydia test come back negative.

At any rate, I came to the conclusion recently that I could take up smoking five or six packs of cigarettes a day and it would not even come close to aging me as rapidly as running a medium-circulation humor paper is. Still, this is the dawn of a wonderful and glorious new age of cutting-edge comedy and I'm pretty sure I will crush anyone who stands in my way, like a funny version of Thor.

Come to think of it, being a god of thunder would be pretty awesome. I can picture it now: "Hey Ceaf, have you seen this picture on collegehumor.com?" (lightning bolt) "Would you like to buy-" (lightning bolt) "Hey Ceaf, I'm going to drink your liquor, thereby leaving less for you to drink as matter can be neither created nor destroyed." (lightning bolt)(lightning bolt)(lightning bolt) Yes sir, that would be sweet. Sweet like mead.

In addition, I've decided to make a children's show called "Pot Castle." It will star Andrew Collazzi as a wicked troll who attempts to break into Pot Castle (based on Gillette Hall) and wreck everyone's shit. The beautiful part is that if we actually do get this made and it doesn't fall by the wayside like so many *Slant* projects (such as the "Not Getting Sued" initiative and the libertarian essay contest) have in the past, VTV will probably drop "RiNickulous" just to show our brilliant work 24/7. As a matter of fact, we will put the same fervor into this project that we put into our wildly successful "Kill Spoon" campaign.

In closing, it has come to my attention that there are certain organizations that take *The Slant* way too seriously. We are a light-hearted and fun publication that pokes fun at Vanderbilt stereotypes, damn it, and we take good care of our readers. We're like Vanderbilt's crazy but beloved uncle who sends birthday cards six months late. So, yeah, invite us to your Thanksgiving dinner, because stuffing is delicious. 🍗



Fucked Image

Rec Center 64.

Another Letter From Michael Wilt

Dear Vanderbilt Community,

Many of you may be wondering about the letter printed in the last edition of *The Slant* that was supposedly written by myself, Michael Wilt. To clarify all those rumors, I did indeed write the letter about the responsibility of fraternities in regards to evil of all types. Though *The Hustler* was a good start for me to get my messages out to the public, I feel that the more exposure my causes and I can receive, the better. It is in this spirit that I again write to *The Slant* in hopes of enlightening our student body about the prevalent problems on our campus.

I know that many joke about the Student Life Center, but it is time to fully realize what this one building's construction has done to our campus. Not only is there no actual "student life," but it's not even in the "center" of campus! Who came up with this name, anyway? Beyond that, however, are the negative trends on campus due to this new building (in addition to fraternities, of course). Consider the following:

how many shootings had there been before the Student Life Center's completion? I'd never even HEARD of a forcible fondling before the "SLC" showed up. Honestly, at this point problems on Vanderbilt are caused by either fraternities or the New Student Life Center. The only organization that should be in this new bastion of evil is the returning Sigma Nu. Possibly the best option at this point would simply be to bulldoze everything beyond Alumni Lawn—without these influences on campus life, everything would go so much more smoothly.

Do not forget, and do not fear, Vanderbilt students, for I, Michael Wilt, will always be the protector of YOUR interests. Though my medium for my true thoughts has merely changed to *The Slant* now, do not forsake my message or ponder the validity or authenticity of my articles. Remember: Michael Wilt is here for you, and the abolition of fraternities and the Student Life Center.

Sincerely,
Michael Wilt 🍷

Bush's Cleaning Lady Slated For Next Supreme Court Vacancy

"She is a woman of integrity and immense thoughtfulness. For instance, she always folds the toilet paper into little points at the end, so it's easier to get off the roll."

by **TIM BOYD**

In a move certain to anger many conservatives who are already upset at the choice of Harriet Miers to replace Sandra Day O'Connor, President Bush has let it be known that he will name his erstwhile cleaning lady to the U.S. Supreme Court should a further vacancy arise. The President described Manuela Gonzalez, who has worked for his family at their ranch in Crawford for several years, as having done "one heck of a job" in maintaining order and cleanliness around the Bush family for the past twelve years.

Seemingly uninterested in the criticism that the nomination of his personal lawyer has attracted even from otherwise supportive Republicans, the President laid out why he thought that Gonzalez would be an excellent choice for the post. "The time has come to break down another barrier," Bush told reporters. "For centuries, Presidents have been unable to pick their home help for high offices of state. This choice, like that of Ms. Miers before, is another step on the path to total equality. We have already made great strides in our nation's history to eliminating discrimination on the grounds of race, creed, or gender. In this administration, I have sought to end the despicable practice of discriminating against people for lacking adequate qualifications."

Bush also added that the time was ripe for a Hispanic woman to be named to the Court, and that he had drawn up a list of several suitable Hispanics he knew who had done yardwork for him and his neighbors

back in Texas. Gonzalez had stood out amongst them, he said, because "She is a woman of integrity and immense thoughtfulness. For instance, she always folds the toilet paper into little points at the end, so it's easier to get off the roll. I am sure she will apply similar care and ingenuity while serving on the nation's highest court."

When questioners probed Bush's reasoning further, the President appeared to blink several times into the light, before adding "This is about freedom, if you oppose me, that's like saying you like 'fuzzy math.' Appointing Justices is hard work. She's a good group of folks. This is to remember 9/11 and wanting to be a uniter, not a divider." After a prolonged silence during which journalists shuffled awkwardly in their seats,

the President added, somewhat exasperated, "Now come on boys - it's got to be one of those things, hasn't it?"

Backing up the President's rea-

soning in not insisting on excessive qualifications, the White House released a statement pointing out that this was an utterly consistent position for him to take. The statement noted Michael Brown's appointment as head of FEMA despite Brown having no background in crisis-management or disaster relief. It also drew attention to the President's nomina-

tion of Julie Myers to take charge of the immigration service within the Department for Homeland Security, even though she has no experience whatsoever in dealing with immigration in any form. In a line that was apparently scratched from the final draft, the statement concluded by justifying these appointments on the ground that the likely downside could

be "no worse than electing a one-term state executive to be leader of the free world."

Earlier in the week, the President had also responded to questions about the Miers appointment, especially the thorny issue that the Founding Fathers quite specifically insisted in Federalist Paper 76 that the purpose of Senate confirmation for Supreme Court Justices was to stop the President simply picking his friends for the bench. Addressing the delegates at the annual tea party hosted by the Delightfully Eccentric Hatmakers of America, Bush said, "I wanted someone who will strictly uphold the Constitution. In order to do that, I had to ignore the intention of the Constitution. It's just part of my belief system. Like how the best way to handle budget deficits is to cut taxes. Or how we can only save our forests by cutting down more trees. It's just common sense."

Despite these efforts to smooth the way to nominate Gonzalez, criticism has remained fierce. "This is an outrage," former GOP presidential candidate Pat Buchanan told MSNBC's Chris Matthews. "Conservative wingnuts like myself have not latched onto the President's bandwagon and generated an army of zealous truth-seeking voters ready to focus their moral indignation on electing Republicans to office in order to be ignored like this. If the President is going to go around appointing dangerously unqualified people to high-profile positions, he might at least have the decency to appoint one of us." 🍌



Popularity

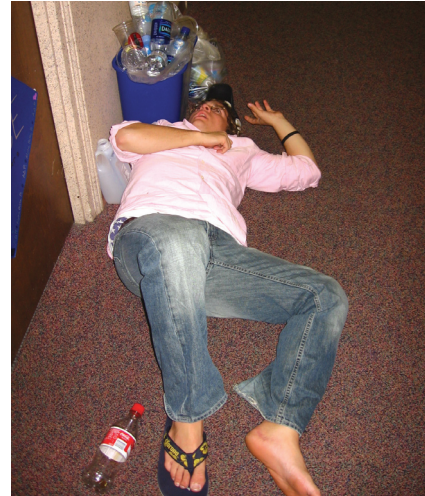
W. Casey Perry



1. Winner of the Third Annual Energy Efficiency Contest for Laziness
2. RA of the First Floor of McGill Hall
3. Voted Most Obsessive Compulsive Environmentalist by high school class
4. Orbis Writer
5. Awarded the F. Scott Fitzgerald Award for most precocious initial
6. Proudly a member of both ZBT fraternity and Sigma Alpha Epsilon
7. Two words: Rum God
8. I know about the Secret Movie Library

Just remember to vote for me and that.....THE POWER IS YOURS!

Jonathan Landon Miller



I was popular at some point this night...I think.

James Hunter Ovelmen



1. They call me "The Milkman."
2. I always deliver on time.
3. It's always fresh.

Charles Ray Stanley, Jr.

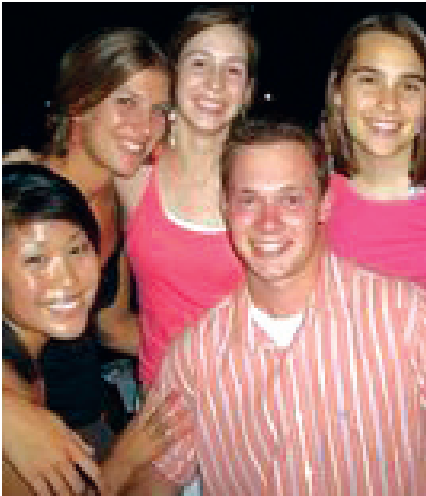


I am totally up for a popularity contest; that is what homecoming is all about.

Cast Your Vote For Popularity King And

Court 2005

Stephen Parker Huffman



Popular with every lady on campus, this guy is sure to win the female vote. He is also the great grandson of the founder of Huff bicycles.

Elizabeth Kay Vennum



#1. Everybody loves me. I mean, seriously. How could you hate that pouty face?

#2. I'm the McGill HR. So I know a lot of people--even one sorority girl! And I'm friends with engineers, Blairies, Peabody kids (they like me when I supply the crayons), A & S folks, everyone.

#3. I used to write for *The Slant*. (And I was pretty damn funny. Before I ran out of good ideas.)

#4. And I dated David Barzelay, when he was Editor in Chief of *The Slant*.

James Dennis Herndon, IV



What you should know about me:

1. I once recieved a hand-job in a Subway parking lot during daylight hours.
2. I wipe my sweat off of the machines at the REC.
3. I enjoy drinking Full Throttle and Yellow Tail Merlot, vintage 2003.
4. Am currently scheming to arrange a reverse gang-bang with the women of Mayfield 8.
5. Joe Hills fears me.

Maley Holmes Thompson



I'm not only, like, the best looking girl at Vanderbilt, but I'm also well liked. I'm talking REALLY well liked: I have something like 300 friends on the Facebook, and most of them asked ME.

What qualifies me most for Most Popular Queen is that People Know Me. I often have to rest my arms from the ceaseless barrage of high-fives I receive as I walk across campus. I have missed the first half of every Vanderbilt home game because I have too many tailgates to go to. I have several nick-names ("Males! Male-dog! M-Tomp! Manley!"). I could go on, but you probably know me anyway.

Queen Online Now At www.theslant.net

Blue Lights Shut Off As Part Of Energy Curtailment

"Just try yelling really, really loud."

By SEAN TIERNEY

In an effort to cut down on energy consumption during the current energy curtailment, the Vanderbilt Board of Trust and VUPD have made the decision to temporarily shut down one third of Vanderbilt's emergency blue light system.

The decision, reached on Wednesday, reflects the continuing concerns of an energy shortage resulting from Hurricane Rita's damage. Two weeks ago, the university imposed an energy curtailment, shutting off unnecessary lights and electrical equipment in several buildings, most notably the pasta bar and frozen yogurt machines in Rand. Students and faculty were also asked to take part in the curtailment by limiting their air conditioning use.

However, this was not enough. As Vice Chancellor David Williams explained, "Students and faculty refused to comply with the curtailment, failing to turn off computers when not in use, and leaving lights on in empty rooms, so we had to cut energy use somewhere else, namely the blue light system. If you, your roommate, a friend, or anyone else gets assaulted as a result, know that it's your own fault because you couldn't go without your A.C."

Admitted Director of Crime Prevention Andrew Atwood, "At first I

tried to fight the policy, but in the end they were right. It is your fault."

The administration hopes that the energy saved from this measure can go to more essential energy-consumption areas, such as the Medical Center. "Sure, this decision may be insensitive

institute of higher learning than its night life," commented junior Bethany McLaughlin, "and this curtailment definitely puts a damper on Vanderbilt's night life." Sophomore Steve Randall took a different approach, "It'd be nice to know that the blue lights were there to protect me from muggers, but I guess that's what the Second Amendment is for." The SGA will hold an emergency session to address safety concerns, while the Women's Center has already organized a "Take Back The Lights" rally to be held on Tuesday.

"Little known secret? The blue lights never really did much anyway. They were just here to make you feel safe and because of their appeal to prospective students' parents,"

added Atwood, "And with this recent crime wave, I doubt the VUPD would be able to respond to them even if they were activated. We're stretched too thin. Your best bet is to just not leave your rooms after sundown. And if you do find yourself face to face with an armed assailant, just try yelling really, really loud."

To partially offset the decrease in security, each deactivated blue light station will be equipped with an emergency self-defense pack, a first aid kit, and a copy of *The Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook*. 🐼



A brutal beating of the type now rampant on campus

to campus life and extremely detrimental to campus safety, but we all have to make sacrifices in the wake of Hurricane Rita. And if violent crimes do indeed surge during this temporary curtailment, at least the Medical Center will be fully equipped to treat the victims," stated Chancellor Gee.

Reaction to the news was mostly negative among the student body. Many raised concerns that Vanderbilt was shirking its duties toward providing security during a time of heightened criminal activity. "There is nothing more important to an

Further Vanderbilt Energy

Curtailment Measures

- **Turning off network servers**
- **Less lighting on Greek Row**
- **Backup generators turned off, sold**
- **Water heaters smashed with hammers**
- **Turning off newly-installed Morgan card readers**
- **EKG machines in Medical Center turned off**
- **Slant computers taken, staff forced to use woodcut method to produce issues**

I Don't Fight With My Roommate; I Steal From Him

By **SEAN TIERNEY**
Gregarious Columnist

Some people are unlucky. Some people stand on line at The Pub for fifteen minutes only to have their orders stolen the moment they turn their backs. Some people have terrible roommates. Not me. I have a great roommate! We get along really, really well! I'm a Pisces; he's Scorpio. He's allergic to pepperoni; I'm a vegetarian. We were meant for each other!

In the beginning of course, we had our disagreements, but we compromised. For example, I got to arrange the room according to the principles of Feng Shui, while he got to have the bigger closet. I was glad that my roommate was so understanding, because I am a very non-confrontational person. Heck! I wouldn't even kill a fly for fear of hurting its feelings! However, it soon became clear that my roommate was choosing to ignore my subtle, unvoiced hints to lower the volume or turn off

the lights.

Something had to be done, but what? An ultimatum? No, I didn't want him to feel uncomfortable in his own room. An innocent request? No, I couldn't let him know that I don't like his choice of posters. It shows weakness. Finally I struck upon a course of action: I would make him pay for his trespasses. Literally. For every digression my roommate commits, I take money or some other personal item from him.

When his friends knocked on our door at four in the morning, I got my revenge by using up all of his post-its. When he turned off the a.c. and made the room all stuffy, my compensation came in the form of a chocolate pudding from his half of the fridge.

A few weeks ago, my roommate accidentally locked me out of the room while I was taking a shower. So I took five bucks from his wallet when he wasn't looking. And that paper that somehow disappeared off of his com-


puter? That was for him spilling his coffee on my pillow.

I think my plan is working. Not to say that it's flawless. (It turns out that my granola bars really were where I left them! Oh well, he never really liked that cd that much anyway . . .) But so far my roommate doesn't suspect me, or at least he hasn't said so. Then again, he hasn't said anything to me recently, except to tell me that my posters had fallen down--and tore in half in the process.

Come to think of it, I've been having a lot of bad luck like that recently: On Saturday, I pulled my colors out of the washing machine only to discover that I must have accidentally put bleach in. Then on Sunday, I couldn't find my Commodore Card, and just last night my girlfriend broke up with me and wouldn't say why. Oh well. I guess it's just bad karma from when I smashed the headlights on my roommate's car. He deserved it though. I know that he means well, and I know that he does

have an unfortunate tendency to be a klutz, but he really should've looked before he sat on my laptop.

Other than that though, he's been pretty sensitive to my problems. In fact, he tells everybody we meet about my medical condition, just in case he can't be around to take care of me! That's the kind of guy people would love to have for a roommate. I still can't believe how lucky I am to be sharing a 10'x 15' living space with him!

Every day brings many new surprises, but at least no confrontations. Though we did come close this morning when my roommate decided that we needed to protect our room from burglars by booby-trapping it. It really was a great idea, I just wish he had told me before I opened the door and broke three ribs. How will I make him make up for that blunder? Funny you should ask. I'll need some duct tape and a good blowtorch . . . 

Yes, I Did Throw Your Laundry Into That Pile Of Dirt On The Counter

By **ANDREW COLLAZZI**
Douchebag Columnist

Here it is, another laundry day, and boy am I excited. You see, laundry day is the highlight of my week. Tests, homework, papers, they're merely a test of knowledge. Laundry, however, is a test of your mettle as a human being. Not only do you get a lesson in life, but you learn the essential competitive skills you need to survive in this world.

To the amateur laundromat visitor, you may think that laundry is merely a test of patience. Sometimes you have to wait for a machine. Sometimes you have to wait for your clothes to get through the wash. Still other times you need to wash it again because someone threw your clothes in a pile of dirt.

That's right. I said throw your clothes in a pile of dirt. Almost every rookie to the laundry game has experienced this. You realize that you're clothes got through the washer about


twenty minutes ago. You meander downstairs expecting to see your clothes still in the washer, but instead you find your damp clothes sitting on the counter. Yes, they were removed by someone who wanted your machine. They also managed to place them on the dirtiest spot on the counter.

Some people might argue that this is uncalled for behavior. These people would complain that no one has the right to toss their clothes out of the machine, no matter how long the cycle has been over. This is a fallacy. If you're not there waiting for clothes the MINUTE that wash cycle finishes, I'm rooting through that washer, and tossing your clothes all over the place. The only way you'll learn is if someone like me shows you how the game is played. As an added bonus, I'll make sure to throw your clothes in a pile of dirt so that you have to run your wash cycle again. Maybe next time you'll be on time to get your clothes.

Oh, and just because you get to a machine before me doesn't mean it's yours. Just the other day, I nearly got into a fight with a girl who made the fatal mistake of emptying out the lint trap before putting her clothes in the dryer. As she walked over to the trash can, I ran over and threw my clothes in there. She got all in my face, angry that I "stole" "her" dryer. She didn't have her clothes in it, so she left herself open for the steal! When I informed her of her mistake, she only got angrier, saying that she was clearly there first. Well, if she was, she'd have HER clothes in the dryer! As she stormed off, I was sure to throw her clothes into a washer with bleach. I usually don't use the ol' "whitewash" move on people on laundry day, but this girl stepped over the line. She shouldn't have left her dryer unattended if she wanted to use it.

There are some people who would have you believe that a person should be courteous to others when doing

laundry, I say this is folly. When I do laundry, people better get out of my way. I'm not stopping for anybody. Walking over to use the dryer? Too bad! Because I'm running over to that machine, knocking you over if I have to. If you wanted that dryer, you should have been willing to haul ass to it when it turned over to zero minutes.

Seriously, we all hate those people who leave their clothes in the machine for hours with no regard for those around us. That's just lack of respect. It's extremely rude of these people to leave their clothes in the machines for hours, thinking to themselves, "No one else has to do laundry." You know deep down on the inside you're cheering for people like me, who realizes that these people need to be taught a lesson in manners. They don't take us, or the game seriously. People like me are here because we ensure that people like them get their asses in gear. 

Students In The Hands Of An Angry Grader

(with apologies to Jonathan Edwards)

By **TIM BOYD**

Their Grade Shall Slide in Due Time - Deut. XXXii. 35

In this verse is threatened the vengeance of the TA on the wicked unbelieving undergraduates. There is nothing that keeps undeserving students at any one moment above a 2.0 GPA but the *mere pleasure* of the TA. I mean his *sovereign* pleasure, his arbitrary will hindered by no manner of difficulty or restraint.

The truth of this may appear by the following considerations.

One, there is no want of power on behalf of the TA. His red pen is such that the strongest have no power to resist it, nor can any deliver it out of his hands. Second, the students *deserve* to fail – intellectual justice calls aloud for the infinite punishment of their pathetic ramblings. Third, they are now the objects of the anger and wrath of the TA, and the only reason they are not yet cast into the pit of academic failure is that the TA does not yet choose to loose his hand and cut them down. And yet, his wrath

burns against them, their damnation does not slumber: the pit is prepared and their fate still awaits them.

Nor is it in the power of students to contrive their way out of this calamity. So long as they continue to reject the path of reading, studying and at least the semblance of factual accuracy, they remain under the shadow of failure. They may miserably delude themselves that other schemes can deliver them from this, but in doing so they trust to nothing but a shadow. While they may believe they are guaranteed mercy and sympathy from the TA, he is under no obligation to keep them a moment from eternal destruction.

So it is that students are held in the hand of the TA, over the pit of hell; he is dreadfully provoked, and they have done nothing to appease or abate that anger. The TA who holds you over the pit, much as one holds a spider or some other loathsome insect over the fire, looks upon you as unworthy. He is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes than the most hateful venomous serpent, and yet it is nothing but his tol-

erance that keeps the dreaded 'F' from your academic transcript.

O Student! Consider the fearful danger you are in; you hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath all around you and ready to burn you asunder. There is nothing to lay hold of to save yourself, nothing to keep off the flames, nothing you have done, nothing that you own, nothing you can offer to induce the TA to spare you one moment so long as you remain in this unregenerate state.

How dreadful is the state of those that are daily and hourly in danger of this great wrath and infinite misery! But this is the dismal case of every undergraduate on this campus who has not properly completed the assigned reading or even attempted to understand it. This misery will afflict every student who passes off some half-assed gibberish as a 'paper' and non sequiters as an argument!

O, Vandy undergraduates, you have need to consider yourselves and awake thoroughly out of your sleep. Your guilt is great, and you cannot bear the infinite fierceness and wrath of the TA to which you currently lie exposed.

You still have the opportunity of redemption – but every day that goes by where you blow-off class because you got wasted the night before, you deepen the guilt and increase the vengeance which will be visited upon you.

Repent, students, repent! Choose now the path of the elect – the path of application, commitment to learning and dedication to the truth. For even now, as he considers the work you have submitted to him, the TA is gathering about him the elect, and while they will be saved, the rest will be discarded. If this latter fate should befall you, you will eternally curse this day, and will curse the day that ever you was born, to see such a stream of invective in the comments on your paper, and you will wish that you had died and gone to hell.

Therefore let everyone that is a slacker now awake and fly from the wrath to come. The wrath of the almighty TA is now undoubtedly hanging over a great part of this campus. Let every one fly out of academic purgatory – "Haste and escape for your lives, look not behind you, escape to the library, lest you be consumed." 🐼

<http://www.theslant.net>

Bastard Confession



"So, every couple of days I head down to the *Hustler* office to talk to staff members and disrupt their production process. The other day, I was there and one of their copy editors was blatantly hitting on this girl sitting in the advertising office. I waited for him to get more and more obvious, and then I loudly said, 'Hey, why don't you get back to work and stop hitting on the girl in the advertising office?' That was the day I cock-blocked a *Hustler* copy editor, just because I could.

"It was also the day a *Hustler* copy editor punched me in the stomach."

-Ceaf Lewis



AROUNDTHELOOP

Former Education Secretary William Bennett suggested recently that aborting black babies would lead to a lower crime rate. What do you think?

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23):

You have low self-esteem, but it's pretty much justified.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21):

The sooner you admit to yourself that your girlfriend's a butterface, the sooner you can convince her to do it with some kind of mask on.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):

You're running low on cash, so try giving blood before drinking for faster results.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19):

You and six friends will be publicly humiliated at the next football game when your painted torsos mistakenly spell out "DO OGRES."

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18):

You bear the same sign as Andy Milonakis, so don't be too surprised when someone pees on your head and then calls you a "bee-head."

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20):

Stop trying to burn down *The Torch's* office. The irony would be wasted on them.

Aries (March 21-April 19):

Hint: your Hispanic girlfriend isn't trying to tell you that she's embarrassed.

Taurus (April 20-May 20):

It's about time you began a new spiritual journey, though you probably should have realized this on your own when you started worshipping that talking Rotiki machine.

Gemini (May 21-June 21):

You will have an epiphany when you realize the hardest part of being a French major is telling your parents that you're gay.

Cancer (June 22-July 22):

Read the articles in *Hustler*, they're not bad. Not the school newspaper, the good one.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22):

Maybe they'll be your friends if you keep quoting *Napoleon Dynamite*. Keep it up.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22):

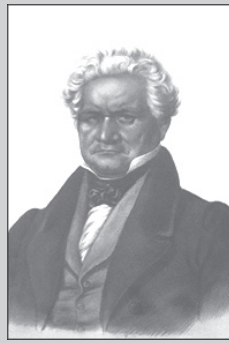
Suck it. You'll know what 'it' means when the time comes.

Rachel Palmer, Sociologist



“Horribly, the current leading cause of death for black men under 21 is homicide, and this could replace it with something less disruptive to communities.”

Larry Mitchum, Gentleman Racist



“Boy that's a tough one. I mean, on one hand I'm against abortion, but on the other I do hate Negroes.”

Thaddeus McHenry, Chicken, Watermelon, and Liquor Farmer



“That would bankrupt me!”

Dag Skarsjold, Nostalgic Viking



“Well, I applaud the sentiment, but where's the wanton sadism and systematic brutality that have been the hallmark of all the great historical genocides?”

'John Smith', Sinister Gov. Official



“I'm sorry, I can't talk about that program. It's classified.”

Konfounded Klansman



“Wow... we just wanted to force them into subservient positions and wanted them acknowledged as a lesser race. We weren't going to kill anyone unless we had to... man, that's just evil.”

Top Ten Reasons Not To Get Involved With A *Slant* Staffer

10

Countless womens magazines list "Sense of Humor" to be the #1 characteristic women look for in men. So obviously, you'll have to contend with the entire female population of Vanderbilt.

9

Richard Green always comes home smelling like Tom Selleck.

8

He has the picture of Gee with breasts hanging over his bed.

7

If contemplating entering a relationship with Heather Milliman, remember you'll be compared unfavorably to her horse.

6

They go to bed promptly at midnight. Every night. No matter what.

5

Have you seen Collazzi's head? If you ever mated, you'd need a Caesarian Section. Three months early.

4

They'll eat your sandwich during the commercial break after dumping you in the middle of your favorite episode of "Melrose Place."

3

Ceaf doesn't call you back. It's not that he's a womanizer; he simply never learned how to use a phone.

2

Many are asexual and reproduce by budding.

1

Although his dexterity with an Atari joystick may lead you to believe otherwise, he's not actually gay. He just loves a good game of Pitfall. And his own cock.

Freshman Horrified To Discover Professor's Blog

'It was like watching a train wreck.'

By THOMAS BRODERICK

Freshman Katlin Jones was shocked last Friday at the discovery of a blog run by her Humanities 101 professor, Dr. Jennifer McGrath. "I was just trying to look up information about her," Katlin painfully admitted, "Books she'd written, other universities she'd taught at. You know, innocent stuff like that. I wasn't trying to find out . . . the rest."

What began as a simple Googling of the professor's name turned horrific as Katlin clicked on www.funysunaredabomb.org/blog-o-sphere. "At first I thought it was just somebody with the same name. When I began to hear the horrible techo in my headphones, I prayed it wasn't Professor McGrath. When I finally saw the picture of her face amongst the poorly chosen graphics, I began to weep. I told a friend [Freshman Andrea Yates] who is in the same class with me after I calmed down. Andrea just sat on my bed and stared off into space. 'I can't believe this crap,' Andrea said. 'I might as well start planning for tomorrow's funeral when we bury our respect for her.'

"I thought with all those PhDs she wouldn't be able to ramble on about such pointless shit," said Katlin, showing anger for the first time during the interview. "How can you have published a book and still use language like 'WTF?' I mean, what the fuck is up with that? Professor McGrath was such a great teacher; I looked up to her so much. I know every time I see her in class from now on, I'll die a little more inside." The interview ended soon after as Katlin left for her third therapy session of the day.

Dozens of students later came forward with their own unique

story. "It was so hard to look away once I started reading," an anonymous sophomore admitted. "There were so many articles. I can't imagine how anyone would actually feel inspired enough by peppercorns to write a thousand words about them at 3:00am, but my professor, the very same guy who's helping direct my \$40,000 a year education, did. Yet I got to admit, that's not what bothers me the most. This dude has a little boy. I can just imagine the kid crying out, 'Daddy, why won't you play with me?!' while my professor replies, 'I'm blogging right now, Goddamnit!' If he were here right now, I'd tell him he's the best professor I've ever had but this EMO crap has to stop. He should stop blogging and use the time to play with his kid or have sex with his wife. Either would be much more productive."

With the blogosphere growing every day, many professors are blogging for the first time. "These incidents are occurring more and more," Nashville psychiatrist Dr. Sandra Riker commented during an interview. "Every day professors are land-mining the Internet with blogs as their students surf the web unaware of the danger. I'm seeing more college kids in my office with vacant stares in their eyes like they just returned from a tour of duty in Iraq. Those who had hoped to go into academia suffer the most I think. 'I won't turn out that way, will I?' they always ask, tears in their eyes." At the end of the meeting, Dr. Riker presented a crude characterization representing the mental state of a college student discovering their professor's blog: *Exploding Psyche Syndrome*.

Even some of the professors at Vanderbilt admit they have a problem. "I know it's wrong," a

professor stated in an unsigned letter, "but I just can't stop. It's so hard to keep my ultraliberal views repressed all day after being around those little smug, soon-to-be-born-again, neo-con bastards. You see, I'm doing it right now! But honestly, you see what happens when you smoke three or four bowls of hash and stare at a bottle of peppercorns for six hours. It'll blow your mind!" The letter went on for pages after this initial statement but no one has yet had the stamina or interest to read through the rest. All who have begun that letter agree that going on reading would be "lame as hell" and would just "egg him on to write more."

Yet there might be a ray of hope for the many afflicted academics. The few non-blogging professors on campus have formed a Vanderbilt chapter of Blogging Professors Anonymous for thier misguided colleagues. Flyers posted around campus state the following:

Do you rush home at the end of the day to inform your tens of readers about the squirrels on campus? Does the humid weather inspire you to write about what everyone is already painfully aware of? You may think it's your hobby, saying, "I can quit anytime I want," or "my students will still respect me if they read it." But no, you can't, and they won't. Blogging is an addiction that will destroy your life; or even worse, your credibility in academia. Come to the first meeting of Blogging Professors Anonymous. Wilson 102. Sunday 7:00PM

Because if Chancellor Gee ever finds out what you wrote about him, you're fucked. 🐼