



www.theslant.net

# Reality Sets In

Wondering why people still read this crap . . . since 1886

## INSIDETHISISSUE

Priest With Foot Fetish Really Goes Through The Anointing Oils

Four Out Of Five Gay Republicans Prefer Log Cabin Brand Syrup

Webmaster Has Trouble Keeping Track Of Unique Weblaves

### IRAQ

**5** Sucking As Planned

### PANDEMICS

**6** Aquatic This Time

### FOOTBALL

**7** Tecmo Super Bowl, Baby!

Other News 2

Fucked Image 4

Bastard Confession 10

Horoscopes 11

Around The Loop 11

Popularity Contest 12

Top Ten List 12



The Humor And Satire Paper Of Vanderbilt University



### Gradeschooler Fakes Bird Flu, Thousands Of Turkeys Slaughtered

Local twelve year old Billy Koester, hoping to avoid a math test, told his parents he had come down with bird flu last Tuesday after hearing about it on the news. Using a hot cloth to heat up his forehead and fake a fever, he complained, "Oh. I just feel awful today, mom. I think I must have bird flu from that Asian food day we had at school yesterday." His mother quickly called local authorities who took the child's report as fact and ordered the destruction of all live poultry within a 30 mile radius of Nashville. The boy's lie was uncovered when he was found in his room later that day alert, without fever, and playing video games.

### Homecoming Changed To 'Fall Celebration'

After the tragic events of Hurricane Katrina, which left many residents of New Orleans without a home, Vanderbilt Officials have changed the name of the former "Homecoming" to "Fall Celebration," starting next year. "When I first saw ads for homecoming," said Junior Taylor Becker, "it made me think of my old house back in New Orleans. I'm glad that next year I won't be reminded of it and will be able to focus on celebrating the fall and voting for Outstanding Senior! In addition, the University has announced additional plans to remove other "offensive" and "outdated" traditions here at Vanderbilt, including athletics, parties, and graduation. The administration has no plans, however, to change its flawless affirmative action program.

### Student Expelled For Drinking Snapple During Midterms

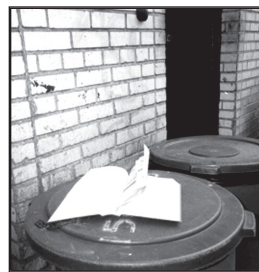
Margaret Williams was expelled, this week, after being found guilty on allegations of cheating during her Quantum Mechanics exam. Ms. Williams was taking her test and drinking a snapple when she looked under the cap at the Snapple Fact which read, "Quantum Mechanics Postulate 4: The set of eigen-



functions of operator Q will form a complete set of linearly independent functions. Strange but true!" The professor spotted Michelle reading her cap, investigated, and reported the incident to the honor council. Her defense of not knowing what an eigenfunction was anyway was declared insufficient and the Honor Council found her guilty of cheating.

### Golden Rule Found Not Applicable To Golden Showers

Scientists at UCLA announced this week that the golden rule is not applicable to golden showers. The group out of UCLA's ethics department finished a three-year long study to see if the golden rule really could hold up against golden showers. After getting feedback from thousands of urinated-on subjects, the group found that the majority of the time they did not like being treated in kind. "While I quite enjoyed giving many of our test subjects golden showers, I found myself very upset to receive them," reported Allan Handley, head of the research group. "There is still a lot of data to go through, but the initial findings are that we have at last found an exception to this time honored rule."



### Environmentalist Publishes 1000 Page Book On Saving Trees

Environmental scientist Theodore Mann published a landmark book on saving forests. The hardback tome,

which comes in at a hefty 1047 pages, is set to be distributed in bookstores all over the country, a first for a book so scientific in nature. "I'm really quite thrilled with all the



74

Number of days until sorority bid day, when the future social lives of freshman females will be decided.



attention my book is getting," said Mann. "The more books I sell, the more trees that are saved. I think people will really start to notice after they see the televised paper parade that's being thrown for me this weekend."

### Peabody Construction Workers Complain About Students

Trash in a construction site is nothing new to the workers building the new freshman dorms in Peabody, but the rubbish piling up in the Freshman Commons site is of a magnitude greater than foreman Joe Skinetti has ever experienced. "A couple of beer cans littered about the building zone is no big, but jeez! I'm talking cases of Natty Light all over the dang place. And the smell coming from Memorial Hall is so bad, my workers can't even start work it's so strong. So, all we can do is bang stuff around and show off for the webcam," said Skinetti. Vanderbilt has received multiple complaints from the workers about excessive beer cans, random clothing items, putrid odors from all the vomit, and lack of parking spaces.

### Ninety Percent Of Event Dedicated To Thanking Event Organizers

Homecoming activities last weekend were their usual failure last week, with a grand total of .05% of campus showing up to all events. The events largely included people not showing up, crappy music, and thanking event organizers. Reportedly, ninety percent of the homecoming events were taken up by Homecoming Committee people thanking themselves for their great work. Then again, nobody who went could be located to confirm this rumor. 🍷

## DEATHS

### Jimmy Doohan's Ashes Set To One-Up Hunter S. Thompson's

The cremated ashes of Jimmy Doohan, who died in July, are set to be launched into space in accordance with his last wishes. Doohan, best known as Scotty on the classic sci-fi show *Star Trek*, described his intentions in his will, which read: "Hunter S. Thompson thought he was pretty special with that damn gonzo tower and launching his ashes out of a cannon. Well fuck him. I want my remains sent into space. Nobody outdoes Jimmy Doohan. Nobody." The launch is scheduled for December.



Jimmy Doohan



# 10.19.2005 CONTENTS



## HOTEL ABUSE SPACE



Batavia, New York, land of hospitality.

## NEWS

- OTHER NEWS:** Jimmy Doohan's ashes ..... **2**
- IRAQ:** Transition to anarchy ..... **5**
- PIMP MY RIDE:** Invents engine ..... **6**
- EVIAN FLU:** Strikes again ..... **6**

## COLUMNS & HUMOR

- FOOTBALL:** Tecmo ..... **7**
- ROOMMATES:** Suck when they're 10 ..... **8**
- SODA FOUNTAIN:** Social hotspot ..... **9**
- HOROSCOPES:** The future ..... **10**
- AROUND THE LOOP:** Homecoming nets millions ..... **11**

## SLANT FEATURES

- CARTOON:** Sold out again ..... **4**
- BASTARD CONFESSION:** *Out and About* ..... **10**
- POPULARITY CONTEST:** The winners ..... **12**
- TOP TEN:** Free T-shirts you'll never wear ..... **12**

## MASTHEAD



Accidentally returning the sex tape to  
Blockbuster . . . since 1886

188 Madison Sarratt Student Center

2301 Vanderbilt Place  
VU# 351669 Station B  
Nashville, TN 37235

Phone (615)322-3291

Fax (615)-343-2756

website [www.theslant.net](http://www.theslant.net)

## STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	<b>Ceaf Lewis</b>
<i>Managing Editor</i>	<b>Colin Dinsmore</b>
<i>Head Writer</i>	<b>Richard Green</b>
<i>Business Manager</i>	<b>Andrew Collazzi</b>
<i>Editors</i>	
<b>Tim Boyd</b>	<b>Robert Saunders</b>
<i>Distribution Manager</i>	<b>Patrick Gentry</b>
<i>Staff Manager</i>	<b>Rachel Unger</b>
<i>Contributing Writers</i>	<b>Evan Alston</b>
<b>Chris Bellande</b>	<b>Jason Blatt</b>
<b>Eli Branson</b>	<b>Thomas Broderick</b>
<b>Greg Champoux</b>	<b>Alex Chrisope</b>
<b>Bridget Cornett</b>	<b>Amelia Cousins</b>
<b>Chris Dalton</b>	<b>Charlie Fu</b>
<b>Bobby Gambrel</b>	<b>Joe Hills</b>
<b>Andy Hogan</b>	<b>Aj Khandaker</b>
<b>Michael Nutt</b>	<b>Colin Rymer</b>
<i>Alumni Contributors</i>	
<b>Andrew Banecker</b>	<b>Jacob Grier</b>
<b>Ben Stark</b>	<b>Jeff Woodhead</b>
<i>Editors Emeritus</i>	
<b>Joe Wong</b>	<b>Mike Mott</b>
<b>David Barzelay</b>	<b>Meredith Gray</b>

## POLICIES

### Back Issues

Back Issues can be ordered by sending \$5.00 and a description of the issue desired (volume number and date, if possible) to the address above. Some issues are no longer available. For a back issue please email [backissues@theslant.net](mailto:backissues@theslant.net).

### Subscriptions

Mail subscriptions available. \$30.00/year or \$20.00/semester. Email [subscribe@theslant.net](mailto:subscribe@theslant.net). Postmaster please send address changes to 2301 Vanderbilt Place, VU# 351669, Nashville, TN 37235-1669.

## DISCLAIMERS

This publication is a work of humor, parody and satire. None of the subjects or writers are intended to represent real people, unless those people are public figures. You must be over 18 to read *The Slant*. This publication and the content thereof does not always reflect the opinions of Vanderbilt Student Communications, Inc. Each member of the Vanderbilt community is entitled to one copy of this publication; additional copies are five dollars each. If *The Slant* offends you, do not read it. Support our advertisers.

Copyright © 2005, *The Slant*.

All rights reserved

We the sons of Mesopotamia, land of the prophets, resting place of the holy imams, the leaders of civilization and the creators of the alphabet, the cradle of arithmetic: on our land, the first law put in place by mankind was written; in our nation, the most noble era of justice in the politics of nations was laid down; on our soil, the followers of the prophet and the saints prayed, the philosophers and the scientists theorized and the writers and poets created.

## Corrections:

Last week's parody of "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" was subtitled "with apologies to Jonathan Edwards." This is, unfortunately, incorrect, as we apologize for nothing.

Slant



**FROM THE EDITOR**



**CEAF LEWIS**

Huzzah! We are back on schedule, which makes advertisers and Vanderbilt students alike appreciate me more. In turn I may then bask in the glory that is the office of the Editor-in-Chief. So matters concerning *The Slant* are turning out pretty well these days. However, efficiency could still stand to be improved, as

"I can't go; I have to go do layout for *The Slant*" has become somewhat of a catchphrase amongst my fraternity brothers. Therefore, I have decided to liquidate the wealthiest staff writers and collectivize the property of the rest. I also plan to shut down the production of consumer goods and focus instead on the manufacture of heavy machinery and armaments. That should show those capitalists who's who around here.

It has, however, come to my attention that there are people on this campus who do not know what *The Slant* is. Obviously, if you are reading this column, you know about us, so I am not entirely certain how to spread the word. I thought about hiring a skywriter, but that would be expensive and it is getting to the time of year when it is quite chilly outside and everyone stays indoors, nestled in piles of his own filth.

I have also become disenchanted with my editor's photo. I need something that projects my power and authority directly into the viewer's mind, like a Byzantine imperial mosaic. Sadly, 5000 issues printed on tile would be prohibitively expensive. That would be the story of my life; I have all of these brilliant ideas but no money. It brings to mind a classic Dale Gribble quote: "I guess this isn't the right economic climate for an expensive, poorly trained visionary." "King of the Hill" can be eerily accurate at times.

Personal revelations abound these days as well. I was downtown with some friends a few weekends ago, and this random drunkard passed us on his cell phone, saw the girl with us, and yelled "Hey, boobies!" at the top of his lungs. This unknown man has now become my hero and I strive to emulate him in all facets of my life. In addition, it turns out that my first name, for which "Ceaf" is a nickname, may be a Welsh conjugation of the word for "to persuade." I am fairly certain that said name makes me the coolest person alive. So, yes sir, it has been a red-letter month for me. ☺



**Fucked Image**

Free cat to good home.



# VandyLAN Party

## Xbox Halo Tournament!!!

Cosponsored by eCouncil

**\$5**

Entrance Fee **Pizza and Drinks Included**

**November 4th**  
**Jacob's Auditorium**  
**3:00 PM to Midnight!**

**Enemy Territory, Unreal 2004 & Battlefield 2**

Register at [www.vandycs.org](http://www.vandycs.org)

# Iraq's Transition To Violent Anarchy 'On Schedule'

*Bloodthirsty repression of opponents should be complete 'by Christmas' say jihadists*

by **TIM BOYD**

BAGHDAD - In contrast to the continuing uncertainty over the outcome and importance of this week's referendum on the draft Iraqi constitution, leaders of the insurgency against the Western-backed administration have declared that their plans to turn the nation into a state of "violent anarchy" are progressing satisfactorily and on schedule.

At a press conference in Falluja, representatives of insurgent leaders Moqtada al-Sadr and Al Qaeda's notorious Alad al-Zarqawi claimed that while there were still some details that needed to be ironed out, the insurgents were optimistic that they would prevail. Speaking in front of an improvised banner reading "Violently Established Theocratic Despotism Accomplished!" insurgent spokesman Ahmed Iminagayba discussed the carefully planned timetable along which the jihad was progressing.

"When we first set ourselves the goal of undermining the credibility of President Bush's agenda by October 15th, many said we were being optimistic," Iminagayba told reporters, "At the time, the leader of the Syrian People's Islamic Front warned us that we would need to 'get real' and not impose arbitrary deadlines on a difficult and unpredictable process.

"Of course, we could hardly have known that the White House would so obligingly play into our hands by undermining their credibility all by themselves, but still, we stuck to our task, even while people said we should pull out. We are determined to see it through, and to make sure that we

don't leave before we have guaranteed that Iraq has become a war-torn hell-hole on a permanent and established footing."

Speaking on behalf of the Al-Aqsa Martyrs Brigade (Basra Division), Asif Eyd-Geevahshitt said that he expected that the December 31st

"but after a surprise visit from Osama bin-Laden to our training camps, we were able to settle the concerns about the fine print."

Both spokesmen insisted that the American-led effort to create a stable political system in Iraq would not derail their efforts. "As far as the jihad

place around the country, but they are the works of a few ragtag misfit extremists - probably being driven by forces from outside the country. We are confident that a carefully executed campaign of indiscriminate slaughter and intimidation will soon put an end to that."

The White House has declined to comment in detail on the insurgency's specific schedule for utter chaos, but the President and others have vowed to fight on against the odds. In a grainy video, believed to have been filmed at his Crawford ranch where he spent the weekend, President Bush had an uncompromising message for the rebels in Iraq: "America's position is quite clear," Bush says on the tape "We will stay the course. No mixed messages. 9/11. Al-Qaeda. Bring 'em on! Y'hear me? Won't pull our troops out. No, sir - not gonna do it. Wouldn't be prudent. Right, Dad?"

It is unclear what impact, if any, the President's fighting words will have on the violence in Iraq. Many US government sources fear they may simply be ignored, along with the Pentagon's official response of "La la la - I can't hear you!" Nonetheless, all those who are opposed to the insurgency will be keeping an anxious eye on the results of this weekend's vote on the draft constitution. As of now, they remain optimistic that a vaguely worded piece of paper approved by an electorate who believe it means vastly different things will be able to solve the millennia-old religious, ethnic and economic tensions of the region. ●



deadline for "tearing asunder the fabric of organized society" would also be met. "There had been some initial concerns," Eyd-Geevahshitt conceded,

is concerned, we feel that democracy is in its last throes," Iminagayba said. "Sure, there are sporadic outbursts of voting and free expression taking

# New Revolutionary Hybrid Engine Invented On An Episode Of 'Pimp My Ride'

*Fans unimpressed*

by **RICHARD GREEN**

One of MTV's most popular shows, Pimp My Ride, recently aired a ground-breaking episode. Whereas most cars that are "pimped" on the show result in flashy additions to the automobiles, this recent episode featured West Coast Customs inventing a cleaner, cheaper, and more fuel efficient hybrid engine.

This is part of a larger trend taking place on the show. The producers of the show have insisted that the crew start doing some engine work to the old cars to prevent complaints from guests due to the usual course of events after an old car has been pimped without any engine work. Usually, the car would run fine for a few minutes until the engine broke down right outside of West Coast Customs in downtown LA.

As one recent guest recalls "I was

so hyped that my car finally looked cool. Then the car broke down not more than a quarter of a mile from West Coast Customs. I called out to get Xzibit and the crew to help but they just stood there laughing at my 'lame white ass' as gang members stripped the car; they even stole the charcoal grill!" The former guest continued, "Then one put a knife to my throat and stole my wallet; I lost eighty bucks and my car being on the lame-ass show."

The guest on this new episode involving the engine work was Michelle Starr, a twenty-year-old college student who is president of her school's Sierra Club in Los Angeles. Like most episodes, the show tried to appeal to the personality of the guest. As Big Dane explained, "Yo, Michelle was down for the environment, so we hooked her up West Coast style with a new, environmentally pimped out

engine. It was hot, but wouldn't heat up the Earth."

Even with the cleaner engine, Starr was somewhat disappointed. "Most people on the show get three or four televisions, a new sound system, and maybe even a hot tub in the back. All I got was a paint job and a damn engine." Michelle continued. "I know I care about the environment but I care about the Xbox too."

After hearing Starr's reaction, the crew of West Coast Customs agreed to improve the car the best way they knew how: by adding three flat screen LCD's directly on the new hybrid engine, thus ruining its fuel efficiency.

All twenty-five hard-core fans of the show were also disappointed with the episode. "The episode was basically Xzibit and Q (the manager of West Coast Customs) explaining how greenhouse gases break down the ozone layer. It was way too scientific

for me." explained one fan. In response, producers promised to include more mind-numbing segments such as Ish on the sewing machine and the guys busting the car up before they remake it.

Despite the reactions of fans, the blueprints for the hybrid car engine created on the show have been sold to all major car companies, and many feel this could ultimately lessen if not completely remove America's dependence on foreign oil. Additionally, West Coast Customs has received a forty million dollar grant from the government for further research of hybrid vehicles. As West Coast Customs electronics expert and possible Nobel laureate Mad Mike explained, "Yo, we'll be able to put flat screens and Xboxes all over the cars with that money. Word!" 🍌

## VU Med Center Reports Cases Of Evian Flu

by **AMELIA COUSINS**

Vanderbilt University Medical Center admitted its first two cases of Evian Flu late Tuesday evening. Experts say these cases affirm fears that the flu has started its wildfire spread across North America.

Said infected Peabody Sophomore Christopher Brooke, "It happened Monday after my coloring midterm. I felt really queasy, like maybe I'd eaten too much Periwinkle Blue when I was chewing on the end, so I went and drank three bottles of Evian."

"I'd heard about the Evian influenza scare on the news, but I thought that was only in Canada or somewhere else no one cares about. Boy was I wrong. After a few hours I felt really bloated and had to pee really badly."

Brooke's concerned mother told reporters, "He called me to tell me what was wrong, and I immediately

knew that he had it: the Evian Flu! I Googled it to check, but he had all the symptoms: tiredness, excess water weight, intense urges to urinate and over-salivation. I told him to get to the hospital right away." Heeding his mother's advice, Brooke was finally checked in to VUMC after waiting three hours (and peeing 14 times) at the Student Health Clinic.

Investigators are still looking into the original case, but early evidence indicates that the flu probably arrived three weeks ago on the Mizuho, ship based at the Japanese Evian distribution warehouse outside Fukuoka. The innocent looking high-end water bottles carried something much more sinister than the stigma of imported goods and a falling American GNP - they allegedly contained the most virulent strain of Evian Flu to date, known as CDKS-68. Already the Bush administration is pulling together a

Crisis Team comprised of cronies to further fuck up what is already a disastrous situation.

The other victim at VUMC, Paul McDougal, maintains that he does not have the flu, or any illness for that matter. Rather, McDougal claims that his admittance is the fault of Bush's so called, "crack team" of disaster management. "I was taking a piss in Stevenson after my Chem class when all of a sudden these four assholes in HazMat suits came running up and told me that I had the Evian Flu and had to go with them immediately. I tried to tell them that I just had to pee and I felt fine, but they wouldn't hear it." After hours of tests that all returned negative, McDougal was still forced to stay overnight. Bush told reporters that he was being extra cautious about the situation because he "didn't want to get any more shit about not responding to disasters that affect

people who don't vote for me. . . like blacks and college students."

Leaked plans indicate that the U.S. has begun preparations for a tightening of border security to try to keep Evian that could possibly carry the virus from entering the country. Officials told avid drinkers of Evian, otherwise known as rich housewives and gays, that they would have to find other means of showing that they are too good for tap water. Though at the moment the disease only spreads from bottle to mouth, officials are worried that the CDKS-68 strain may mutate into a more virulent form that could spread from human to human. Water (and urine) drinkers everywhere are warned to beware of this aquatic plague.

A shaken Brooke put it best: "I'm a Dasani man now." 🍌

# Nintendo Simply Cannot Make A Better Game Than Tecmo Super Bowl

*'The soundtrack is like that of the London symphony orchestra, and the graphics are so precise it looks like Da Vinci himself penned them'*

by **ANDREW COLLAZZI**  
Video Games Columnist

Every year, Electronic Arts comes out with the latest version of their Madden Football franchise. Year after year, EA boasts that the latest game is to be better than all previous. EA usually tries to accomplish this by updating the graphics engine, usually with shit-tons more detail than before.

In addition, there is always some new feature that EA adds to necessitate the need for any Madden fans to buy the latest game. With new features such as "Playmaker Control", "The Hit Stick", "Quarterback Vision" and "Passing Icons", EA makes it clear that if you are to remain in the "cool" EA fan crowd, you better get this game.

With all these new graphics and features, Madden fanboys always declare that the latest game is "just like being on the field". It grows rather tiring to see them all salivate over the latest title, often wondering how EA

will top itself. Football games are getting so complex, you need an altimeter, compass, and probably a tactical nuke to play it. Usually, people will tell you that Madden (insert latest year) is the best football game ever, still others

will say that ESPN (whatever) is the best. However, the best football game ever made was Tecmo Super Bowl.

In fact, I'd venture to say that Tecmo Super Bowl is the greatest game Nintendo ever made. The

soundtrack is like that of the London symphony orchestra, and the graphics are so precise it looks like da

Vinci himself penned them. The combined artistic talent that was poured into this game nearly puts the player into a state of excitement beyond the realms of this universe. Even the coin toss has been known to cause such

excitement that some players have reported to have been thrown into a higher plane of existence.

Tecmo must have consulted every offensive coordinator in the NFL, because the playbooks are so diverse that you will have trouble deciding on

what to play to run. Thank God that Tecmo had the foresight to make it impossible for you to run out of play clock. If you use too much play clock, the game clock will stop, but you will still be able to pick your play. This helps people make a decision and not lose a costly five-yard delay-of-game penalty. Of course, any seasoned Tecmo player can tell you the best choice would be a hundred-yard Hail Mary.

The only thing that rivals the nail-biting tension of being on the offensive side of the ball is playing the defensive side. No choice of formations here!

You're playing a 4-3 whether you like it or not. Oh, and you don't have the luxury of this blitz-man or zone coverage nonsense. You have to try and GUESS what play the offense is going to pick. Hope you guess right, because otherwise you're going to let up 6. Guess correctly, and the offensive line will collapse like Pauly Shore's career.

That brings me to the ultimate play mode in Tecmo Super Bowl, the season mode. Here, you can lead your

favorite team to the Super Bowl, and world champion status. As you progress, you have all the ups and downs of a real football team, from the big win to seeing your star player get hurt. Not to worry though, because

the players in the game have true resolve. They even come from the hospital in full uniform charging to the stadium on foot, ready to help their team. Truly, these players are champions among

men.

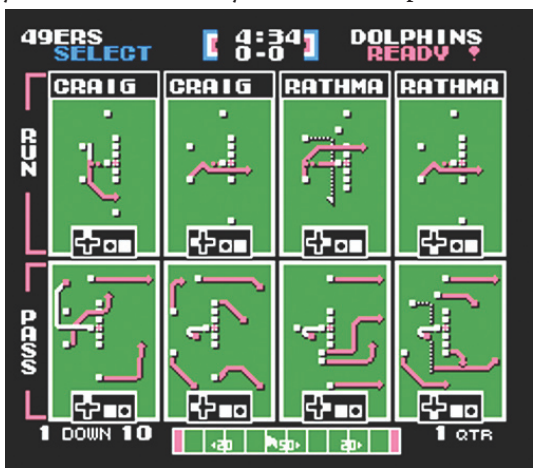
Your reward for winning the Super Bowl is that you are immediately

called to Hyrule to help recover the Triforce of Courage. Only with the triforce can you defeat the evil Gannon, who is of course coaching the Raiders. You are armed with only your wits as you trans-

verse the landscape, cutting down evil sportscasters that get in your way. If successful, you will have the best draft of the year, and you will be ready for a new season of non-stop excitement.



On the field excitement.



The biggest playbook that NES has to offer.



READY FOR ACTION!



Boy, this is a ROUGH offseason.

## Where Have All The Hot Dodecs Gone?

by COLIN DINSMORE  
Heterosexual Columnist



Don't get me wrong, I'm completely straight, I simply appreciate beauty in all its forms, but I think I speak for a lot of people when I ask the ques-

tion: "Where have all the hot Dodecs gone?" The Dodecs, which is short for Dodecaphonics, the true meaning of which was lost years ago, is the group of male a capella singers here at Vanderbilt. These men have, in the past, always been incredibly attractive, and that's a fact, pure and simple. Lately, though, I've been really disappointed in their hotness.

I remember two years ago when I first saw them perform as a freshman. I was stumbling around at the activity fair one hot August (it used to be on Alumni Lawn under a tent) not knowing what I wanted to do and feeling pretty lost when I heard the sounds of mediocre a capella covers of pop music coming from the stage. I turned and saw one of the most striking things my eighteen-year-old eyes had ever seen: a dozen young men in collared shirts and cargos singing their hearts out.

I promptly left whatever booth I was standing in front of and made my way over to the stage, along with the non-lesbian freshmen girls at the fair. I pushed up near the front and could almost smell the frat on them; it was intoxicating. I knew right then and there that I had found something special. I had never had an emotional response so powerful. If I was gay, or a woman, instead of a heterosexual, which I am, I would have definitely

hooked up with them. Those were conquests one could be proud of.

The Dodecs' irresistibly fratty good-looks and overwhelming machismo, as far as I'm concerned, have really faded over the past year, however. I first noticed that the group had become a bit less well put-together last spring. I walked over to Branscomb to get some fro-yo from the Munchy Mart and to watch the bunch of Adonises perform in the lobby. I was working my way through my low-calorie treat when the Dodecs came out and started to sing. At first I thought the guys I was watching were a warm-up group or something. I mean, they sounded like the Dodecs, but they certainly didn't look the part. My worst fears were confirmed when, after a few songs, one of the singers, who was supremely average looking, mind you, came forward and announced that the group I was watching was indeed the once jaw-droppingly stunning Dodecs.

I mean, sure, there were still a few hot ones around, don't get me wrong. But the overall hotness of the group had taken a major hit. I found myself being forced to listen to their music, having little out-of-the-ordinary for my eyes to focus on. They sounded pretty good, better than I remember (though I had never much paid attention to the songs when I had twelve polo-wrapped pieces of eye candy to look at and then figure out how to make myself hotter by being more like them, because I'm not gay), but I realized I really didn't like a capella singing. I left that performance shaken and questioning my Dodec-related beliefs.

I decided to give them the summer to work out their kinks, but after sneaking a few peeks at practices this fall, I can say with certainty that nothing has really improved. In fact, it seems that the few vestiges of hotness I saw in the spring graduated and that the situation is more dire than ever. On behalf of the campus I must plead: bring back the hot Dodecs! 🍌

## If My Ten-Year-Old, Genius Roommate Weren't Ten Years Old, I'd Punch Him

By SEAN TIERNEY  
Columnist

If my ten-year-old, genius roommate weren't ten years old, I'd punch him. But he is ten years old. You see, he's one of those smart kids, those really smart braniac kids. He's one of those child prodigies who is solving complex metaphysical problems at age six and painting freakin' Mona Lisas at age eight.

Vanderbilt probably thought they would look good by accepting the kid. Hell, even I thought having him around would be fun. "He can be like a little brother," I thought. Now I realize, however, that I got shafted in terms of housing assignments. We didn't even get put in Branscomb!

Why do I hate the little bugger? First of all, it's like I said: he's really smart. Not only is he some young Einstein, but he always manages to find ways to point it out, like when he rewired our room and modified the air conditioner to give us the sweetest double on the floor. I'm supposed to be the engineer here! He's a premed! Which reminds me, would you want some smart-ass punk like him as your doctor? I sure as hell wouldn't! He'd probably cut you open and leave you on the freakin' operating table while he goes and does something immature like play hopscotch or eat cookies with milk.

Anyway, we're both taking Chemistry 102. Guess who's getting the better grades. Go on, guess. Is it the former NHS President and Salutatorian of Glensbury High School who spends all his time reading and writing papers, or is it the recently-potty-trained smart ass who NEVER studies and thinks fart jokes are funny?

It's not just fart jokes either. That brat comes up with the most annoying things to say and do. He's always giggling and skipping and trying to start a game of tag with our hall mates, but if I try to stop him or yell at him, he

comes back with some sophisticated and witty retort. I can't win with this kid. He's too loud and obnoxious for me to ignore, too smart to argue with, and he's too young for me to beat up.

I thought that maybe at least the kid would be able to help me pick up chicks. After all, what girl can't resist a bright-eyed, precocious little boy with glasses and a frail frame? No chick can. Especially when he starts saying stuff like, "Did you know that in 1776, the American Colonies had the highest standard of living in the world, and that the national anthem of Greece has 158 verses?" It's like something right out of Jerry Maguire.

Well, it worked. I met a lot of girls by standing outside of Rand with him. Unfortunately, that's pretty much as far as I've been able to get. It's kind of hard for me to make my move when I'm babysitting that piece of turd half the time. Get your own friends, kid! Find someone to go play in the sandbox with instead of trying to follow me around on dates! Maybe it'd be easier to explain to him why I want to be alone with members of the opposite sex if he'd hit puberty yet.

If I do manage to pick up chicks, what do I do then? How the hell am I supposed to bring chicks back to my room if he goes to bed at 9:30? Who the hell goes to bed at 9:30 in college? Believe me; NOTHING is going to go on between me and a girl with him sleeping a few feet away.

I'm just glad that I don't have to room with him next year. Sophomore year, I can room with the friends of my choosing. That is, if people can overlook the fact that I hang out with someone who never saw old-school Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and can't relate to *Garden State*.

In a nutshell, I hate smart people, especially the ten-year-old kind. Oh well, just wait until the five-year reunion. He'll be nineteen then. It'll be something you won't want to miss. 🍌



## Yeah, I'm The Affable Prick In Front Of The Soda Fountain

By **CHRIS DALTON**  
Columnist

Most people love going to the pub for its renowned on-campus dining. However, the one aspect about the pub I love is its social scene. In fact, there's nothing I love more than having a long, engaging conversation by the soda fountain. Anyone who spends time around me, which is probably everyone who's ever attempted to get a drink at the pub, knows this to be true. Its prime location makes it the best on-campus spot to hit up the social scene: protruding outward into a narrow corridor students need to pass through in order to get a soda, throw out their trash or sit at a booth. It's so easy to see people I know because everyone has to get through there! As soon as you get your order and see me chatting it up by the soda fountain, your attitude will most likely escalate to the simmering rage usually experienced in a traffic jam. . . oh yeah, and add on the factors being hungry and thirsty.

After three weeks of soda fountain socializing, you'd be amazed at the array of reactions I've gotten by simply trying to be affable in this spacious 4 foot corridor of walking space. My personal favorite is the guy who is too scared to say 'excuse me' and keeps coughing in order to hint that I am an obstacle in his precious endeavor to obtain a cold beverage and sit at a table. I call this the pussy reaction. In fact, I am so amused by this reaction that I forcibly take his cup and fill it for him with Diet Coke. I advise that person to grow some testicles before even

attempting to drink regular coke. With the exception of the pussy reaction, I'm always pretty close to getting punched in the face, a common product when you combine a hunger, thirst, and me in your way.

I not only enjoy rattling the patience of the hungry and thirsty, but also the full and in a hurry. If put my mind to it, I can also hold up the people that merely want to throw out their trash and exit the restaurant. I especially enjoy catching the group of girls with gigantic fat asses as they leave the pub after meals of greasy cheeseburgers, fries, and countless dinner extras. I simply ask, "So, how was the food?" This question usually assures that there will be a 5 to 10 minute-long conversation, causing a respectable backup of students in each direction.

Basically what it comes down to is I need attention. I crave it. I've never been Mr. Popular, and seeing as it was just Homecoming Week, I crave popularity more than ever. I yearn for just having people standing around me, talking to me. Whether it be a pussy cough or a friendly "Get the fuck out of my way," I love it. Look, I had a rough childhood: beatings, incest. . . you name it. Socializing by the soda fountain is all I have going for me right now. So let it go. Hell, sometimes I just pull out my cell phone and pretend I'm talking to someone when really I'm talking to no one, just to make it seem like I have friends. So to everyone who wants me to take my socializing elsewhere, fuck you and go to hell. ☹

# ASB

## Alternative Spring Break

**\* Fun \* Diverse \***

**\* Engaging \* Inexpensive \***

**\* Life changing \* Eye Opening \* Cool \***

**Apply Today!**

**31 Sites, Tons of Issues,  
62 Great Site Leaders...  
You CAN'T go wrong!!**

**Participant Apps out now!  
Due: Friday Oct. 28<sup>th</sup> in the CPH**

**Get one in Mims, Vandy-Barnard, Lewis,  
Towers, Sarratt, Branscomb,  
the CPH or at:**

**[www.vanderbilt.edu/asb](http://www.vanderbilt.edu/asb)**

**Questions?? Stop by our FREE BBQ to  
meet the Site Leaders and  
learn more about each site.**

**Wed Oct 19<sup>th</sup> 3:30-6 on Alumni Lawn!**

[www.theslant.net](http://www.theslant.net)

# Homecoming Temptations Declined

Friends, I applaud your strength.

Though the homecoming board has of late attempted to win your hearts and minds with their false promises and wicked perversion of the Homecoming Court, you have held fast to what is right and proclaimed that you will not slumber peacefully in handbaskets while those who would destroy us all attempt to lug said handbaskets down the road to hell.

Kick. Scream.

A few might say that the road to hell is paved with good intentions, and that the men and women whom we foolishly entrusted with our sacred rites and traditions have only acted in our best interest, but, nay, these few are fools, and should be cast into the pit with those whom they would defend.

Empty should be their ballot boxes, and so they are. Empty should be their homecoming events, and it is so. You did not eat the forbidden fruit, nor did you pass it on to others.

*The Slant*, cried out like a voice in the desert, and you answered resoundingly, in ways which we could not have imagined or hoped. Over number of you voted, and made us proud to know that the students of our fair institution would not heed those mandates which would ask us to surrender our right to choose.

Thank you for the hope and promise you have displayed in the face of great tribulation.

Joe Hills,  
Armchair anti-homecomingboardarchist



Alumni Lawn and spirited Vanderbilt students (not pictured)



Inflatable demons haunt the carefree days of frisbee players

## Bastard Confession



So I spotted the magazine *Out And About* on one of those newsstands outside the bookstore. I saw the title and thought it was about the college social scene, so I picked one up as I smiled to a friendly passerby and said something like, "Let's see what the night life is like here." That's something I usually do with passers-by, because that's the kind of friendly guy I am. Usually I get positive responses, but this time she only gave me a weird look. Only when I had reached my mailbox did I realize that *Out And About* IS about the social scene, just an alternative kind of social scene.

-Sean Tierney



**AROUNDTHELOOP**

**What do you think of the \$21 Million Given by the Alumni for Homecoming?**

**Julie Hughes, Miserly Alumna**



"Whoa. . . and my class only gave a total of \$100,000, do our children still get an automatic legacy spot?"

**Martha Ingram, Dowager**



"That's chickenfeed! I make that much in two hours!"

**Henry Kuperman VI, Alumnus**



"I was happy to sell my entire estate to finance the much needed 'Brazilian Wax Boutique' . . . with REAL Brazilians!"

**Carl Jones, Custodian**



"Hey, they can use that money to pay us a living wage! Why are you laughing?"

**Cornelius Vanderbilt, Robber-Baron and Namesake**



"Cheap bastards!"

**Milton Rosenthal, Recently Unemployed Accountant**



"Aw shit . . . that was supposed to say \$2.1 Million..."

**SLANTHOROSCOPES**

**Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23):**

If you find your kidneys on eBay, it's not our fault.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21):**

It's about time you got your label right: it's not "feminist," it's "lesbian."

**Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):**

Avoid any and all alliterations.

**Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19):**

You need to remember that love is like Hootie. Sometimes you get hit with a Natty.

**Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18):**

By the time the driver notices, you'll be too dead to know what hit you.

**Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20):**

The stars single you out as the one who jinxed the football team's winning streak. Thanks a lot, asshole.

**Aries (March 21-April 19):**

In order to satiate your appetite for attention, you will bring the apocalypse down upon us. Someone else will get the credit though.

**Taurus (April 20-May 20):**

Walking through the glass door of ZBT may not have been the best way to impress brothers, but it did give you some rather impressive scars to show off to the ladies.

**Gemini (May 21-June 21):**

You will attempt to annoy a *Slant* editor multiple times about the Yankees losing. Too bad your team is the Royals.

**Cancer (June 22-July 22):**

That girl in front of you has a thing for you: chlamydia.

**Leo (July 23-Aug. 22):**

You will read this during lecture only to find out that it really doesn't say anything, and you just missed out on some important notes.

**Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22):**

You will be victorious over your roommates loud typing when you set his room on fire... too bad it's your room too.



**Top Ten Free Tee Shirts  
You'll Never Wear**

- 10** Ask Me About My Yeast Infection
- 9** Save The Lightly-Maned Sooty Albatross!
- 8** I Got Crabs At Joe's. . . No Really, I'm Not Kidding, They Fucking Hurt
- 7** Moderately Attractive People Vote Independent
- 6** Vanderbilt Commodores: 5-0!
- 5** Kiss Me, I'm The Descendant Of A Person Who Comes From An Island Nation Known For Drinking And A Color In The Rainbow
- 4** Start Genocide Now
- 3** Nirvana World Domination Tour 2005
- 2** "Extreme Makeover" Casting Call
- 1** I Went To A Mexican Sweatshop And All I Got Was This Lousy Tee Shirt

**Congratulations To Popularity King Charles Ray Stanley Jr. And Popularity Queen Elizabeth Vennum**



Greetings, I'm Patrick "Distribution Dominator" Gentry, and this is my faithful dist-bitch, Steve "Tourette's Guy" Janson. You may have seen us in the Slantmobile as we forge a path across the wilds of Vanderbilt whilst blaring classical music, such as Yakety Sax, to deliver *The Slant* to your doorstep. The music, combined with running over too-slow freshmen, helps to fulfill our most private fantasies of a real-life Grand Theft Auto.

While neither of us actually writes for *The Slant* or, for that matter, reads it regularly, we still encourage you to contribute to the object of our haphazard distribution so that you, too, might pursue your own perverted pipe dreams. Come to the next meeting in Sarratt 363, on Tuesday, at 6:30.

