



The Student Humor Publication at Vanderbilt University

INSIDETHISISSUE

COVER STORY

Easter Held On April 20th

5 God hopes to spark new interest in Christianity, bongs among young adults.

SPORTS

CNN Keeps John Madden As Iraq Correspondent

6 Insightful color commentary will continue to add depth to coverage.

POLITICS

Internal Politics Plagues Poli-Sci Department

7 Petty debates causes four professors to secede from Vanderbilt.

From The Editor	3
Window On The World	3
In Other News	4
Around The Loop	13
Horoscopes	13
Point/Counterpoint	15

It's getting hot in herre...



The Slant



**Reserving A Lawn Chair In Hell
Since 1886**

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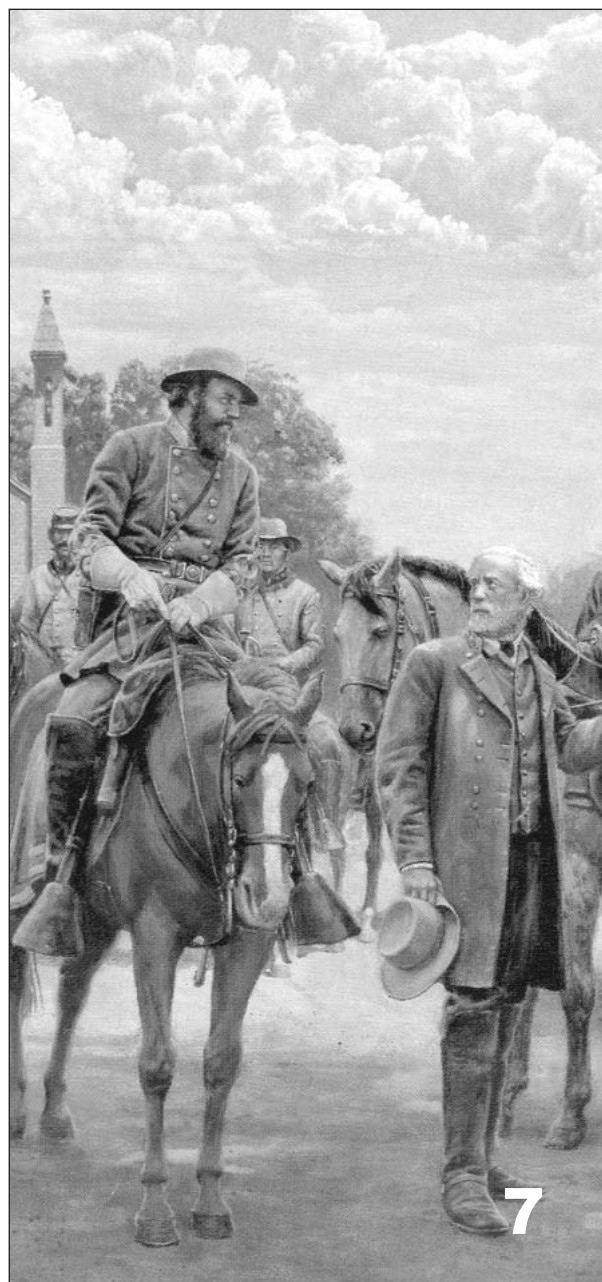
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LEAD STORIES



COVER STORY

Easter Held on 4/20

Have you ever read the Bible...on weed...at the Gathering?
By Christy Hales5

CNN to Keep John Madden Aboard as Iraq Correspondent

Boom! There goes another one!
By Jeff Woodhead6

Inter-Departmental Politics Plagues Political Science Department

Four professors secede from Vanderbilt
By Andrew Banecker and Ben Stark7

8-year-old told "Fluffy" won't be Resurrected

Silly Rabbit! Crucifixion is for Christians!
By Tim Boyd7

I'm So in Love With My Online Boyfriend!

He's so dreamy
By Elizabeth Venum10



Don't Say No

Dear Slant,

Woo-hoo! The world's going to hell! And I'm driving the bus. I have a question - why doesn't slant write about drugs at all? I mean faculty and staff are pretty sure there are none on campus... BUT(t?). We could discuss vital questions, like, for example: Why don't drug dealers have "going out of business" sales?! Me.

Sincerely,
Greg

MAILBAG

CONTENTS



FROM THE EDITOR

The Slant: Lessons to last a lifetime

Funny how when I wrote my final editorial as editor-in-chief of *The Slant* last year, I thought it was my final editorial. And yet here I am.



MIKE MOTT

Well, I guess you never know the hand that life is going to deal you. Who'd have thought three years ago that a favor to my roommate Joe Wong would turn into a commitment that would span my college career? It just goes to show you how a little faith (and a casual threat from a man who sleeps in the same suite as you) can go a long way.

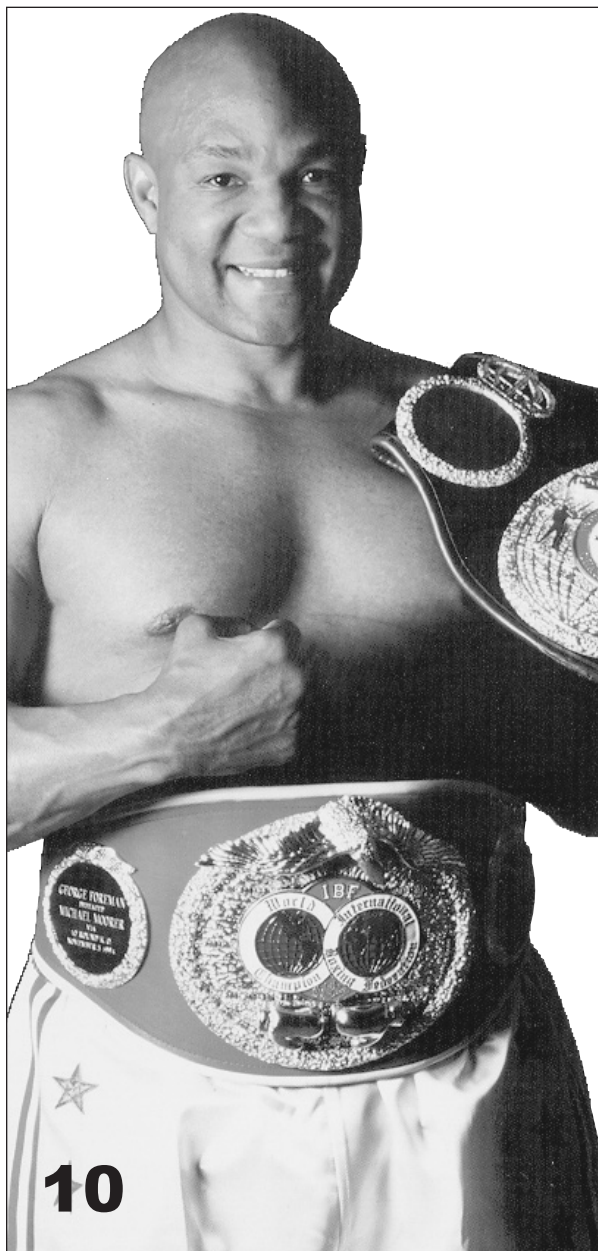
So as I sat down to write this, what would truly be my last editorial, I reflected deeply on my involvement with *The Slant* over the past few years and asked myself what I have learned. I've learned that a picture of yourself smoking a rolled up bank receipt like a joint might be difficult to explain to potential employers. I've learned how to mix numerous drinks, including Orgasms and Menage a Trois. I've learned how many words it takes to fill up an editorial column. (Hmm, 150 to go.)

But perhaps most importantly, I've learned that life is a series of moments, so make sure to spend as many of those moments laughing as you can.

Anyway, enough of the cheesy philosophical crap. In another two weeks, I graduate, and finally I'll be rid of this piece of shit humor paper and this lousy school. A mere two weeks, and finally the real world will open its arms to welcome me with a full-time job and a steady paycheck. Especially with the current job market. I have nothing to worry about.

Yes, soon I'll be free, gloriously free! Free from the burdens of schoolwork our professors thrust upon us. Free from all-nighters spent working on a paper because my friends dragged me to a coffee shop. Free from endless camaraderie and lifelong friendships. Free from sunny spring days and frisbee on the lawn. Free from the beautiful women that grace our campus. Free from innocence.

Dammit! ☘



10

NEWS

- TECHNOLOGY:** Grandmother's Mastery Of E-Mail Annoys ... **6**
- SCIENCE:** New Chemistry Class To Be Offered **8**
- JESUS:** Savior Held At Guantanamo Bay **8**
- CAR CARE:** Foreman Still Not Paying A Lot For This Muffler ... **10**
- CAMPUS LIFE:** Seniors Get Engaged **11**
- JOURNALISM:** *USA Today* Shut Out At Pulitzers **12**

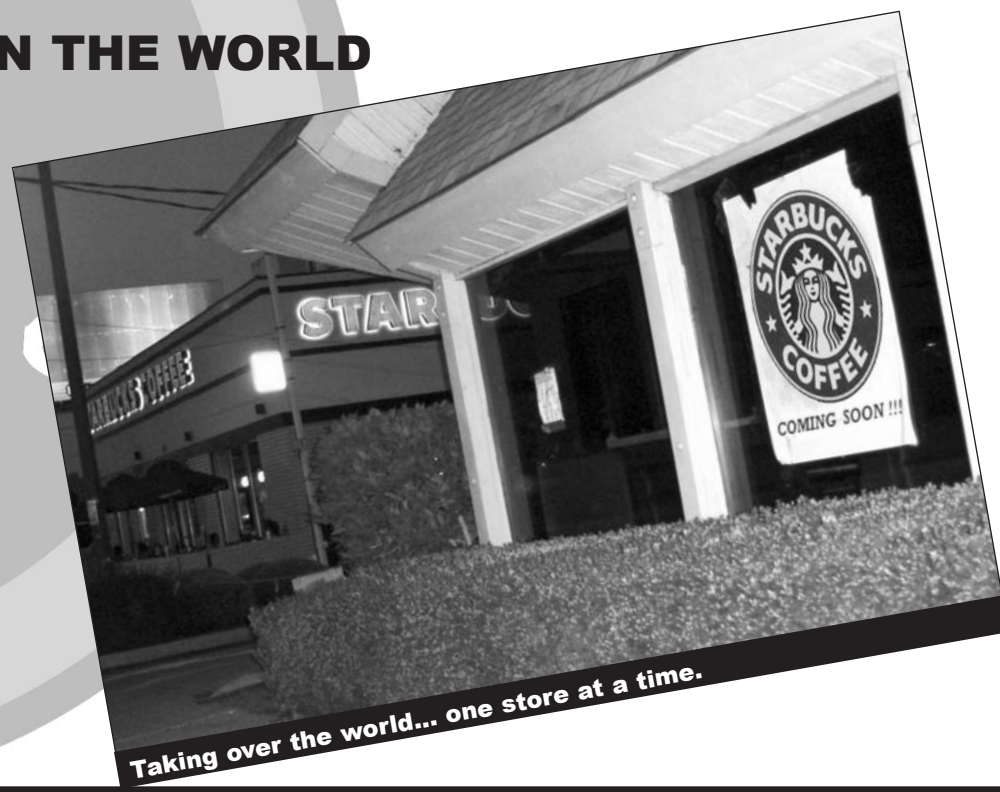
COLUMNS & HUMOR

- MONTH IN REVIEW:** By Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf **11**
- GLBT LIFE:** *Slant* Writer Sorta Comes Out **12**
- DIARIES:** Best Day Ever **14**
- BOOK REVIEW:** *The Bible* by God, et al. **14**
- AROUND THE LOOP:** Onward And Upward **13**
- HOROSCOPE:** Better Than Miss Cleo, Or At Least Cheaper ... **13**

SLANT FEATURES

- OTHER NEWS:** News That Fell Through The Cracks **4**
- POINT/COUNTERPOINT:** Playa Hatin' **15**
- BASTARD CONFESSION:** Judas Speaks **16**
- TOP TEN:** Sins For Which Jesus Died **16**
- SING-ALONG:** Gloria Gaynor Takes Finals **16**

WINDOW ON THE WORLD



Taking over the world... one store at a time.

In Other News

P-Funk Party Stops



Legendary funk band Parliament Funkadelic abruptly ended their show in Detroit after their seventh encore, a mere 4 hours after declaring, "There ain't no party like a P-Funk party 'cause a P-Funk party don't stop." "They were playing with our heads all night," said Tim Northern, another fan in attendance. "First, they kept saying, 'The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire,' which really freaked me out because of that Great White thing. I kept looking up, and it wasn't. Then, only 4 hours in, they do this. What am I gonna do now? Go home? Thanks for nothing, P-Funk." George Clinton, the band's founder and High Priest of the Funk, was not available for comment.

Army of One Singlehandedly Defeats Iraq



The Iraqi army surrendered to Private First Class Richard Wintergreen, the army of one that the US released about a month ago. "I have all the life skills I need," said Wintergreen. "I am a scout, a medic, an engineer, a zombie, a member of the most elite team in the world. I am a soldier." PFC Wintergreen reportedly did not sustain any injuries in his glorious victory over Iraq.

NBA To Shorten Shot Clock To 23 Seconds

Michael Jordan will be honored for the septillionth time after this, his final season. NBA officials have commented on the fact that he is a truly great player who has done much for the game. Jordan has asked that the league change its name to the National Jordan-Ball league.

Vanderbilt Begins Shock And Awe Naw Hell Naw Campaign



Vanderbilt officials launched their new "Shock and Awe Naw Hell Naw" campaign with the Nappy Roots' performance at Rites of Spring this past weekend. Commented student David Kramer, "Aw, man, now y'all done up and done it."

Man Does Thing



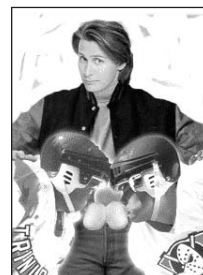
Some guy did this thing the other day. It was crazy. The guy, Frank Something, 20 or so, went over to some guy's house and then they did whatever. After that, shit happened, and after that, I dunno, they did something else. Frank's close friend, Some Tall Guy Wearing Jeans, age Not Sure, said, "Something . . . I'm not sure what this dude said." SUMMER'S COMIN', FUCKERS! OWWWW!

Spinning 'FOX NEWS' Emblem More Captivating, Informative Than Actual Programming



While watching Fox News yesterday, junior Michael Robbins was mesmerized by the spinning logo that has been the hallmark of Fox News' coverage of the war with Iraq. "I don't know what the hell the anchors were saying. That's not important anyway," said Robbins. "That logo is just awesome."

Mighty Ducks Sweep Defending Champion Red Wings



The Anaheim Mighty Ducks swept the defending Stanley Cup champion Detroit Red Wings this past week in the first round of NHL playoff action. The series was a heartwarming tale of a hapless inner-city hockey team turned into winners by scuzzy-lawyer-turned-coach Gordon Bombay. The Red Wings were unable to defend against the "Flying V" play that the Ducks kept using. The Ducks are expected to meet the Hawks in the next round of the playoffs.



Mary-Kate

416

Days remaining until June 13, 2004. On that glorious day, twins Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen will, at long last, turn 18.



Ashley

Witness Protection Agency Turns Mild-Mannered Librarian Into Exotic Dancer



After her testimony in a mob trial put her in trouble, librarian Millicent Dower entered the Witness Protection Program. Say FBI agents: "We were just supposed to give her a new name and relocate her, but when we thought about the fact that we were really giving her a whole new identity, we did what anybody would do given the chance to change a person: we made her a stripper."



87% Of Christians Believe In The Resurrection Of Jesus

A recent study showed that 87% of Christians believe that Jesus was brought back to life after having been crucified.

The Slant is not

completely sure what the other thirteen percent of Christians believe.

Drunk Republican steals Orbis... Orbises... Umm, Multiple Copies Of Orbis

On the night of Thursday, April 17, College Republicans president Brett Austin was allegedly caught stealing a stack of Orbises off the racks. College Democrats president Alex Shoor apprehended Austin and returned the papers. In an interview Shoor noted the irony of the Republican's lack of respect for property rights; Austin was far too drunk to comment but did forcibly fondle our interviewer.



Who the hell knows?

CAMPUS MEDIA



The Slant Not Completely Sure How To Pluralize "Orbis"

Really, we don't have a clue. Do you?

Easter Held On 4/20

By **CHRISTY HALES**

Based on low ratings from the 14-24 age group regarding Easter Sunday and the month leading up to it, God used his powers to place Easter on April 20th this year.

Though some allege Easter was always set to fall on this date, God repudiated those claims with an insistence of His omnipotence. "Shit, man, would you really know?" He asked.

"Dude, this is, like, awesome," exclaimed Vanderbilt freshman Dusty Wakely. "Do you know what day that is? 4/20!"

When questioned about the significance of April 20, Wakely responded, "It's like a national holiday in Jamaica." He exhibited no knowledge of the fact that the date is also the anniversary of the Columbine school shootings and is Adolf Hitler's birthday.

God bemoaned the fact that the age group least likely to attend church also tends to be the least enthused by Easter. Younger children can hunt for eggs, but most start to question the existence of the Easter Bunny by the time they hit age fourteen. "Dude, man, I know there are some exceptions," said God. "I make some kids 'slow', man, and only I, in my infinite wisdom, know why." Then He laughed uncontrollably. "Only I know why, man. Just me. Isn't that funny?"

God hoped that this holiday placement will give teenagers something to look forward to. He suggested that parents replace the plastic green grass usually placed in Easter baskets with another sort of "grass."

This was not God's first time using marijuana to coax youngsters into abiding by His will. "Dude, back in His day, Jesus was quite a hippie," God reported. "He and I, we'd sit around the bong, father and son... man, those were the days. Those were the fuckin' days."

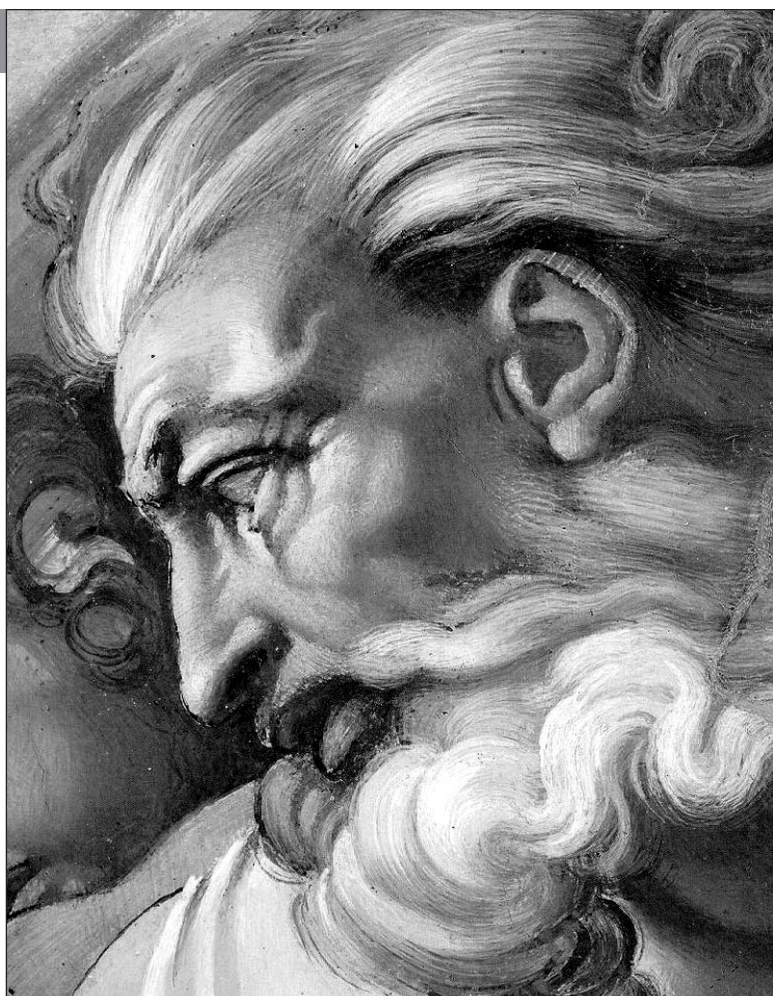
Jesus added, "Like, what better incentive is there to rise from the dead than weed?"

"Dude, people take religious holidays, like, way too seriously," said God. "It's supposed to be a time for them to be with, like, friends and family and shit and to have fun and get a day or two off work and all that. And to glorify me, of course. But, really, man, being boring doesn't bring me much glory, I can assure you."

Fortunately, many students have not lost sight of the meaning behind the holiday.

"I was looking for something to give up for Lent," said senior Melissa Short.

"Before I found out when Easter was going to be I was planning on giving up something stupid like potato chips or sleeping. After spending a month without reefer, this Easter will be the best ever."



God hopes to spark a new interest in Christianity among young adults.

Others also plan to cut down on marijuana consumption during Lent, the month before Easter when many Christians fast.

"I suppose it'll probably help out my grades during Lent, too," said senior Brett Farring.

"But, of course, the whole next week, I'm going to be stoned off my ass, so I won't get anything done then."

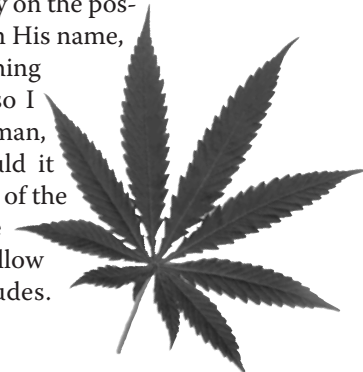
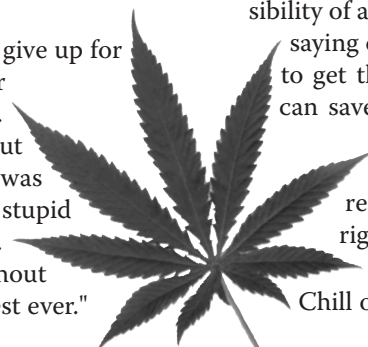
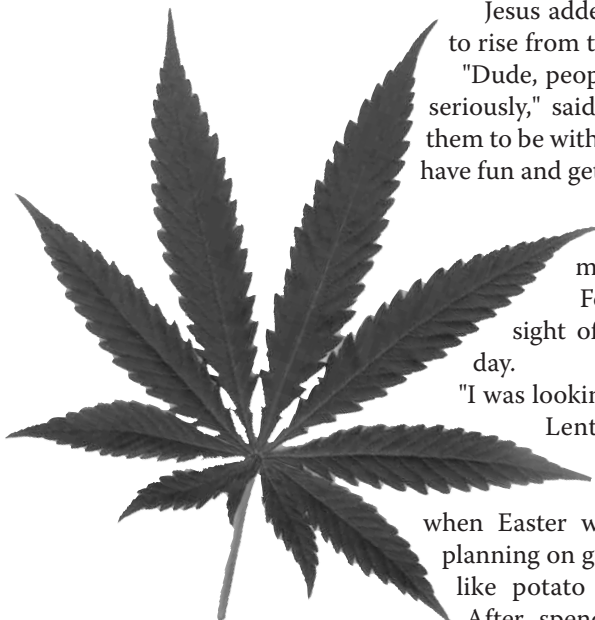
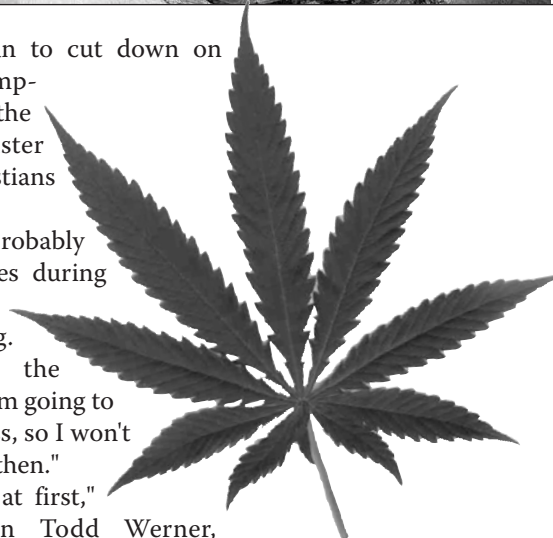
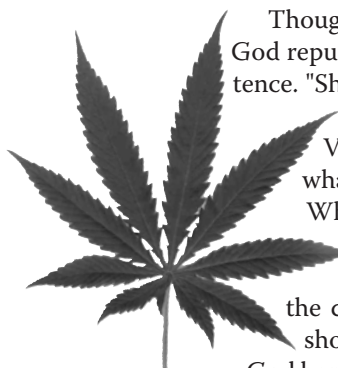
"I was worried at first," asserted freshman Todd Werner, "thinking I would be spending Easter with my family. Then I remembered, Vanderbilt doesn't give us shit in terms of vacations, and I'm not flying home for a weekend. Thank God."

And students are not the only ones excited about God's plan.

"Well," said young mother Candy Flurton, "Drew and I were going to try to keep our drug usage out of view from [our 4-year-old twins] Bethany and Samantha, but if God is sanctioning it..." Flurton's daughters both go to the Susan Gray School for Children, located on Peabody.

God declined to comment directly on the possibility of a rise in marijuana usage in His name, saying only, "Man, I will do anything to get those kids into a church so I can save their souls. Anything, man, you hear me? And would it really be that bad if some of the residual fumes got those right wing bastards to mellow out? Just chill out, dudes.

Chill out." ●



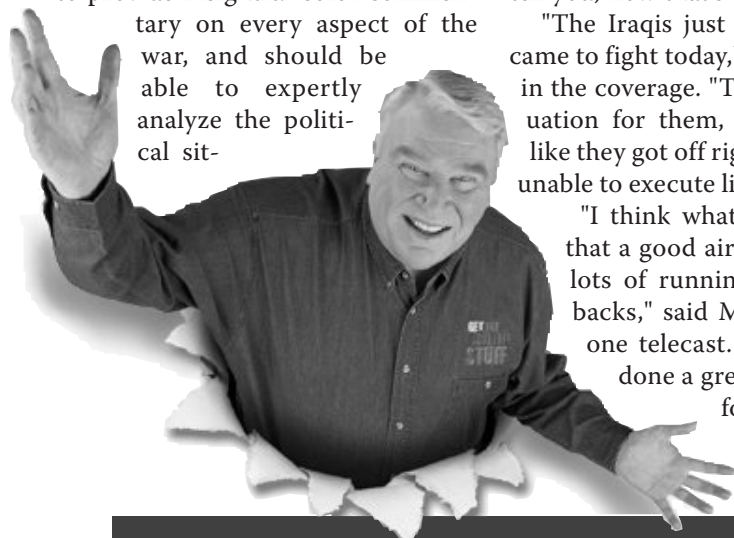
CNN To Keep John Madden Aboard As Iraqi Correspondent

By JEFF WOODHEAD

ATLANTA, GA - CNN executives decided yesterday to keep John Madden aboard as commentator for the post-war coverage in Iraq. The network hired Madden three weeks ago to provide color commentary on the war.

"We feel that John has provided the perspective on the war that the average American was looking for," said CNN spokesperson Mike McCall. "He was able to provide insightful color commen-

tary on every aspect of the war, and should be able to expertly analyze the political sit-



uation in Iraq as the post-war show unfolds."

Madden, who was partnered with play-by-play announcer Wolf Blitzer, has already contributed a lot to CNN's coverage of the attack.

"To be a good bomber, you have to know how to bomb," said Madden during a particularly insightful moment. "See that blast right there? That's the one I'm talking about. Let's switch to the aerial view here.. and BOOM! That's perfect! I tell you, now that's an explosion."

"The Iraqis just didn't look like they came to fight today," added Madden later in the coverage. "This is a must-win situation for them, and they don't look like they got off right. They've just been unable to execute like they normally do."

"I think what's happening here is that a good air attack is opening up lots of running room for the U.S. backs," said Madden at the end of one telecast. "Tommy Franks has done a great job of calling plays for the boys."

Madden is most renowned for his

creative use of the telestrator. Fans got a taste of what Madden brings to the booth when he provided illustrated commentary on the recent drive toward the port of Umm Qasr. Circling explosions and holes in the Iraqi line, he illustrated exactly how bombs were hitting or missing targets, and where Iraqi bodies might cause problems for the Allied advance on the city.

Madden was somewhat lacking in predicting Franks' playcalling throughout the war, however. At one point Madden said, "At this early point in the game, I think Franks is going to attack Basra from the air. That is, unless he uses the ground attack."

It was also difficult for Madden to maintain focus during the coverage. At one point he went off on a rant about how the sand reminded him of the beaches of North Carolina and how great the miniature golf was there. CNN claims that they missed at least "four good explosions" because of the tangent. He also, on one occasion, exclaimed, "Boy, that soldier was tough. Just like tough-actin' Tinactin." He then proceeded to plug the popular athlete's-foot remedy until Blitzer was able to get him back on the war.

Nevertheless, Blitzer is excited to keep Madden as his foil during the cover-

age.

"Working by myself got rather boring, frankly," said Blitzer. "I enjoyed having John here providing the color commentary I couldn't provide while I was giving people the play-by-play coverage of the U.S. drives towards the Iraqi capital zone."

"And no one, I mean no one, can use the telestrator like John."

War fans hailed Madden as adding an important dimension to the coverage of the war.

"I enjoyed the war, but it was just missing something before Madden," said U.S. fan Robert Morris. "Madden adds the insight we need to see all the war. And now that he'll be there in the booth for the post-war show, I might actually care about what goes on in Baghdad after the war is over."

"My favorite part of the coverage was when he gave the Kurds the Turkey Leg Award," said fan LeAnn Thomas. "Madden was right when he said that they've been all over the field this war. I wonder what Madden will say during the post-war show. I hope he gives a Turkey Leg Award to those prisoners we rescued too. They deserve it."

CNN says that they plan to keep Madden aboard through 2003 and into the 2004 war/election season. ●

TECHNOLOGY

Grandmother's Mastery of E-mail Proves Annoying

By MEREDITH GRAY

After spending a weekend at home recently teaching his grandmother to use the Internet and e-mail on her new Imac, sophomore Aaron Beck has begun to question whether this was a good idea.

"She writes to me like, eight times a day. It's the same for my sister and my parents too. Everyone hates me because of this. I heard my cousins never want to see me again."

Millie Beck, Aaron's grandmother, usually typed letters to her children and grandchildren on her IBM



Selectric typewriter, a proclaimed "splurge" on her part in the 1980's. However, the recent death of her husband, Earl Beck, prompted her to acquire a computer and "learn some of this new-fangled technamology."

"These Big Macs come in such pretty colors," said Millie of the teal hand-me-down Imac she received from Aaron's sister Laura. "It was so nice of Aaron to teach me the e-mail."

Aaron complains that his grandmother e-mails him between 7 and 12 times daily for no apparent reason. Recent e-mails to Aaron have included requests for him to cut his hair, come home more often, and to eat balanced meals. However, sometimes the emails are a bit more disturbing.

"Yesterday she e-mailed me to ask what a 'penis enlarger' was and how it worked," said Aaron. "Then she sent me an angry letter asking if I was responsible for the e-mails she gets about 'hot barnyard cow-fucking minors,' and how she hopes I don't date any of them because I could get Mad Cow disease."

Aaron's sister Laura also complains about a bombardment of e-mails. "She must have nothing to do all day. She sent me four yesterday telling me about a chicken she was going to bake and how she got the recipes from Emeril's website. Then she asked me what it meant to 'cyber.' That's disgusting."

Aaron's mother Carla, however, has seemed to suffer the most from Millie's newfound love of e-

mail. Millie reportedly forwards nearly 20 chain letters a day, with each one warning that her husband might leave her if the chain is broken. "She's never liked me," said Carla, nervously chewing her fingernails. "So maybe I should have seen this coming. That old bag forwards every weight loss ad she gets too, with a little note that says 'thought this might help.' I know he's my own son, but goddamn Aaron for teaching that ancient cunt to use the computer."

Besides the persistent and often annoying e-mails that Millie sends, she also frequently calls family members with questions about the computer and the Internet. Aaron relates that several days ago she called him at 8 a.m. on a Saturday morning because she was afraid that other people "could see what she was typing in her e-mails on their Internet." She also paged Aaron's father, Dr. Frank Beck, at work to ask if words and pictures will come out of the cable if she accidentally unplugged the cord to her modem while vacuuming.

The Beck family plans to spend next weekend viewing films such as *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *Resident Evil* in order to invoke a fear of computers in Millie. Aaron also plans to set up an account on AOL Instant Messenger in order to convince her that God is talking to her and wants her to stop using the computer.

"Either that or we'll just take it away," said Aaron, scratching his head. "Or we could just start sending her e-mails that say they have anthrax." ●

POLITICS

Inter-Departmental Politics Plagues Political Science Department

By **ANDREW BANECKER**
and **BEN STARK**

In a move that shocked students and administrators alike, 4 Vanderbilt political science professors have announced they shall leave Vanderbilt, citing discord within the department as their main reason and threatening that more professors would follow their lead.

"It all just got so.....political," said departing Professor Geoffery Layman. "People were making backroom deals, forming alliances. There was even a hostile takeover by a person outside of the department. I just teach Political Behavior... how was I supposed to know people would act like this?"

The strife within the department became public last year, when the administration placed the department in receivership, a form of bankruptcy, thereby wresting control from the professors. Faculty response was reportedly extremely negative.

"Oh yeah, I was pissed," said outgoing Professor Donna Bahry. "There's nothing worse for your academic reputation than being taken over by a maniacal dictator in a bow tie. But fortunately we came up with a subtle, measured response. I bet [Dean

Richard] McCarty STILL doesn't know where that flaming bag of dog feces on his porch came from. Oh yeah, we're going to TP Kirkland tonight, but don't tell anyone."

Rumor has it that the problems within the department began with a conflict over whether to teach using theory-based or statistical methods of analysis, a deep-seated academic conflict that sources are calling "the most petty thing I've ever heard. Period."

Exiting Professor John Vasquez bristles at such charges. "Theory vs. stats is a titanic debate that will shape the future of political science as we know it," said Vasquez. "Here, let me show you. Now if you look at this graph on my computer... and ignore the presidential porn... goddamn, that James K. Polk was a sexy president, but not as cute as Calvin Coolidge. He's dreamy. Wait, where was I?"

Upon hearing of Vasquez's statement, departing Professor Benjamin Radcliffe exploded, "that rat fink! I thought he was one of us! But now I see that the Grizzly Adams looking asshole was a dirty Coolidge-lover all along! The traitor."

The Coolidge vs. Polk debate has apparently rocked the department. "We tried to put it to a vote once," said

Vasquez. "But it just didn't work. Polk won, but only because those sneaky bastards kept posting a picture of him leading the US troops in the Mexican-American War while wearing a black string bikini. This just goes to show you can't trust the power and responsibility of democracy to some people."

Sources say the department was paralyzed by the bitter rivalry created by this Presidential Pageant. Eventually the administration had to put the department in receivership, a move that unfortunately only created more tension.

"Those sons of Nixons had no right to take away our self-determination," fumed Vasquez. "They even talked to the students! Everyone knows that the cardinal rule of professorship is to never tell students about a bitter intra-departmental struggle that threatens their academic futures. If we did that, they might even have self-determination!"

"Tell me about it!" said Layman. "Students can't be trusted to make informed decisions. I think Monica Lewinsky was about a student's age, and she... umm... you know, with President Clinton! Do you see how you can't trust 18-22 year olds with the truth? My God, could you imagine if they knew about the

chancellor's villa in North Carolina, or the human cloning we're doing in the basement of Wilson Hall? Oh, and Bill Clinton could never compare to Calvin Coolidge's silent manliness. What the hell was that little slut thinking about?"

Despite the mass exodus of professorial talent, Dean McCarty insists everything is fine. "Stay calm," said McCarty. "Just wear masks and buy some duct tape. Then put on the masks, break into the professors' offices, and duct tape them to their chairs so they can't escape."

McCarty then expressed confidence in the newly hired department chair, Neal Tate, ensuring the student body that their academic futures are safe.

"I have methods for keeping professors teaching," Tate claimed while maniacally pressing his fingertips together. "After they see what I have done to Professor Vasquez's family... well, lets just say they won't even think about leaving Vanderbilt." ●

RELIGION

8-year-old Told 'Fluffy' Won't Be Resurrected

By **TIM BOYD**

What should have been a joyous celebration of the rising from the dead of the son of God turned to tragedy in the Taylor household when 8-year-old Bobby Taylor made a diorama of the events surrounding the crucifixion for his school project in their Columbus, Ohio, home.

The family had gathered on Easter Sunday over a meal of roast beef, mashed potatoes and vegetables. Earlier that day, as in previous years, Bobby had searched the house for brightly colored chocolate eggs that had been left for him by the Easter Bunny in the traditional, deeply symbolic, Christian commemoration of the Resurrection. At the table, Bobby asked his parents if they could explain the Easter story to him, and why they were celebrating it the way they did.

Bobby's mother, Anne Taylor, recalls that this seemed an innocuous question at first. "I just told him that a long time ago back in the day, God had sent his only son down to Earth to die for our sins. On the third day after being crucified, Jesus rose again, and so we were all grateful for the sacrifice he made." But Bobby, unsatisfied with that response, asked why Jesus had required a rabbit with the ability to lay chocolate eggs in order to rise from the dead.

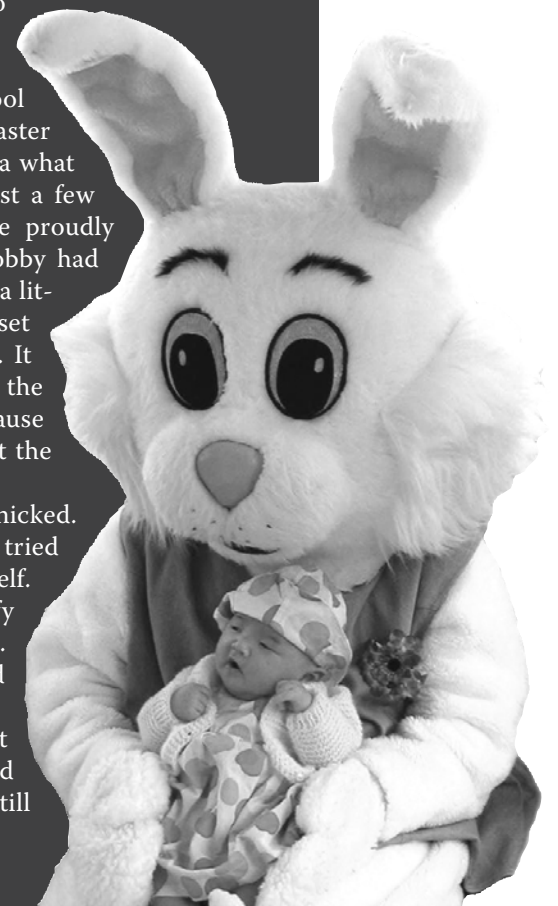
"It threw me for a loop," Mrs. Taylor admitted. "I mean, I'd always just accepted it without thinking about it. Anyway, after a bit of a pause, my husband tried to fudge some story about chocolate being the color of the cross and the bunnies representing re-birth because Jesus was

're-born' and rabbits, they, er, do it so frequently. Well that was so much baloney, and Bobby could tell, so I picked up my copy of the family Bible and pretended to read a passage that said that rabbits laying eggs represented Jesus and the eggs were symbols to deliver us from sin and temptation. Somehow, he seemed to buy it."

Bobby then told his parents that his school homework was to create a model of the Easter story and went up to his room. "I had no idea what he had in mind," Mrs. Taylor said, "until just a few hours later, and after a lot of banging, he proudly showed me his project; it was terrible – Bobby had taken our pet rabbit Fluffy and nailed him to a little wooden cross. He didn't seem to be upset about it, but Fluffy was clearly an ex-rabbit. It was only when Bobby said that he hoped the teacher would grade the projects quickly, because Fluffy would be alive again in three days that the penny dropped."

At this stage, Mrs. Taylor confessed she panicked. "Maybe it would have been easier on him if I'd tried to hide the truth, but I just couldn't stop myself. I said, 'Honey, Fluffy's not coming back. Fluffy isn't Jesus.' Of course Bobby was devastated. Whoever came up with this whole rabbit and eggs idea has a lot to answer for in my view."

Fluffy was later turned into a spicy rabbit stew that the family had the following day. Said Mrs. Taylor, "At least this way we could still enjoy a little hot crossed bunny." ●



SCIENCE

New Chemistry Class to be Offered Next Semester

By RICHARD GREEN

After viewing the half-assed efforts of every other person in Chemistry class, the Science department has proposed a solution. They are deciding to create a new Chemistry lecture and lab class, Chemistry Lecture 98 and Chemistry Lab 99.

"This class is intended to help people get their foot in the door of the Vanderbilt Science Department," said Professor Gary Rasmussen. "Whether or not they take it right back out is up to them."

Rasmussen detailed the plans for the new class. According to him, unlike Chemistry 102A, missing every other lecture for 98 will be a must. "Whenever students conveniently decide to not show up on Fridays and/or Mondays, these absences will not only be expected, but also required," Rasmussen reported.

The Chemistry department hopes to have around 600 students enroll in the class total. "We know the lecture hall can only fit 150 students," explained Rasmussen. "That's why students are only going to be allowed to show up one day a week. The remaining 150 will only be allowed to show up on test dates. Each student will receive an equal allotment of Hangover Mondays and Drunken Fridays to miss."

Because of spacing, Rasmussen said the tests are going to be given in the Vanderbilt Stadium. "All that space offers many benefits, not just providing room for the mass of people," Rasmussen described. "In the stadium, students will be able to achieve the same altered mind state during the test as they have been the few times they appeared in class."

Student response to this particular initiative was overwhelmingly positive. "Yeah bro," proclaimed one anonymous student who failed 102A. "We could just pass a joint around and get high during the test. It's like, I get high and I'm a genius, I know all that molarity shit."

The use of drugs is another class requirement, designed to improve grades. Rasmussen said the Chemistry department has arranged for Vanderbilt to supply some of these substances. "We agree to give our stash for the class," said Agricultural department head Sun E. Flowers. "Whatever man, just don't be part of the system."

Out of laziness, the department has mandated that the new Chemistry class have the same tests as Chem 102A.

However, for Chem 98, the grades needed to pass a test will be lowered significantly. In 102A a 50 is passing, but in 98, only 25 percent is necessary. An A will be any grade above 40.

The Chem 99 lab section is also going to be modified from Chem 104A, according to Rasmussen. "The labs themselves will remain the same," the professor noted, "but the students will be expected to wander around the lab room having no idea what they are doing for three hours. Messing something up and thus destroying the results will be absolutely necessary."

Mike Costello, a TA for Chem 104A, was pleased with the department's change in policy. "Now, when they screw up, they are expected to pretend they are doing something while hiding from me," he continued. "Not that I really give a rat's ass, I just want to get back to my graduate work and Half-Life, so I can kick ass with a Desert Eagle and a knife."

Finally, for the report, all students will have to find an RA who has taken Organic Chemistry to make good BS results for them, and then change the results to sound "believable." Only lab reports done in this fashion will be accepted.

"Unlike Chem 102, there will be no need for two sections of 98," said Mr. Rasmussen. "All the students will simply transfer to University of Tennessee at Knoxville or some other public school the semester after the class and make straight A's. It all works out." The section will fill up fast so make plans to join it as soon as possible. ■



JESUS (AGAIN)

Jesus Resurrected, Held At Guantanamo Bay

By JEFF WOODHEAD

Jesus, maintained by over a billion people worldwide as the Son of God and the Savior of Mankind, is spending this Easter in the Guantanamo Bay detention center as a terrorism suspect. Jesus is being held as an "enemy combatant" without access to a lawyer, a priest, or an angel, sources say.

"We believe that this 'Jesus', as he likes to call himself, is engaging in subversive terrorist activities," said Attorney General John Ashcroft. "We have proof that he is telling Americans to love their enemies. It is only a short step from there to blowing up buildings." Ashcroft claimed further that Jesus has ties to infamous terrorist organizations such as the African National Congress and the Catholic Church.

Jesus' claims that he is the rightful King of Israel has raised the Justice Department's suspicions even further.

"Furthermore, here's an Arab claiming that he wants to rule Israel," said Ashcroft. "This 'Jesus', if that's his real name, says he wants to bring peace to the world, but I think Americans can see through that. We can tell by looking at him that he's out to blow something up."

"Jesus Christ, I can't believe the gall of these Arabs," added Ashcroft while washing his hands to "get rid of the anthrax that 'Jesus' is inevitably transporting with him."

Jesus was reportedly turned in by New York resident Jerry Inman, who made thirty silver dollars off the report through the Department of Homeland Security's TIPS program, which encourages Americans to report suspicious activity to the authorities.

"It may seem like a destruction of our basic liberties to do this to anyone, especially the Son of God, but, well, in the name of security we all have our crosses to bear," said Inman.

Most Vanderbilt students supported the decision to detain the Son of Man in Cuba.

"Yes, I know he's supposed to be this divine figure



to me and all, but you can't trust these Arabs," said Christian student Brent McGee. "Especially ones that go around turning over banking tables just for fun. This shows that he has to be an anti-capitalist pinko anti-American terrorist. As far as I'm concerned, him behind bars is one less building we have to worry about."

Student Marissa Payne agreed.

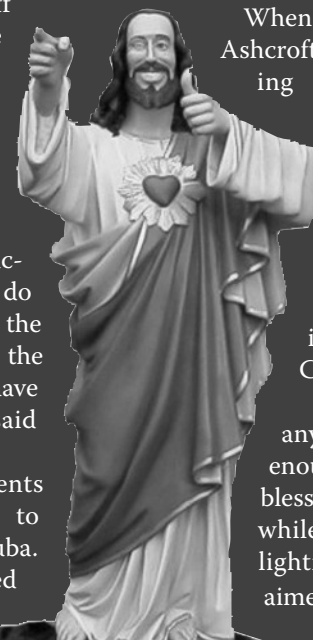
"I know he's supposed to be the Messiah and all that, but I have to trust Ashcroft on this one," said Payne. "He is infallible, omniscient... it is not my place to disagree with the All-Knowing One, blessed be He, who keeps this country safe from terrorists, evildoers, and people with slightly tan skin."

However, one student voiced some concern with Ashcroft's actions.

"I don't know about this," said freshman Andrew Danson. "I mean, I understand the thought process, but maybe we shouldn't rush into arresting Jesus without some sort of concrete evidence."

When told of Danson's remarks, Ashcroft went into a rage, shouting epithets about "anti-American scum," "supporters of terrorists," and "blue mangoes." He then ordered some of his secret shock troops to arrest Danson, stuff his mouth with tropical fruit, and send him to Cuba.

"Let this be a lesson to anyone who is unpatriotic enough to criticize me. God bless America," said Ashcroft, while dodging the multiple lightning bolts that seemed aimed for him. ■



Constants aren't so constant anymore...



Farewell to our founders, Joe Wong, Charles Mak, Mike Mott, Jeff Woodhead and Ben Stark!

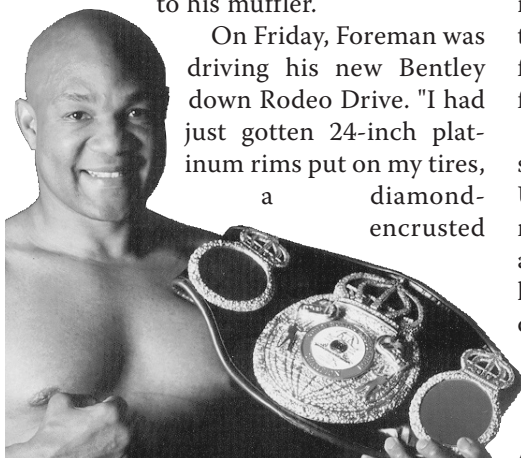
CAR CARE

George Foreman Still Violently Opposed To Paying A Lot For His Muffler

 By **JULIA BENSFIELD**

Ex-boxing champion and grilling machine exec George Foreman recently stated that he is still violently opposed to paying a lot for his muffler. Even though he has raked in millions of dollars through boxing, advertising, and inventing the world famous "Lean Mean Grilling Machine", Foreman refuses to accept overpriced service when it comes to his muffler.

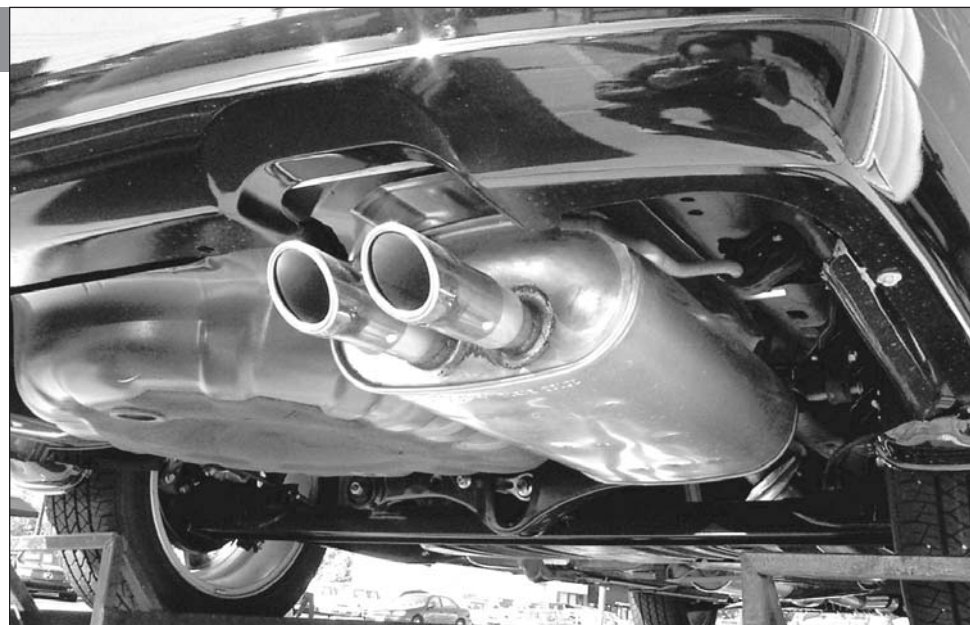
On Friday, Foreman was driving his new Bentley down Rodeo Drive. "I had just gotten 24-inch platinum rims put on my tires, a diamond-encrusted



picture of myself placed on the hood, and my signature sewn into each leather seat with pure gold thread." reports Foreman. At a red light moments later, Foreman was talking on his hands-free cellular-video-satellite telephone and blowing his nose with a hundred dollar bill when he heard a clanking sound. "At first I thought the noise was coming from one of the DVD's I had playing in the back-seat theatre, or maybe the deluxe slot machine I had recently installed in the trunk." However, the noise was coming from outside the vehicle: it was his muffler.

Foreman then got out of the car and stuffed the muffler with wads of cash. Unfortunately, this solution was temporary since the muffler started coughing again in the next block once the hydraulics of the Bentley were lifting the car over 7 feet in the air. It was then that Foreman knew he needed to get his car to the shop.

Derrick Swensen was working at the Aamco station the day Foreman came in



with the damaged muffler. "His muffler was in pretty bad shape. It obviously hadn't been serviced in a while and there was a good amount of solid gold coins stuffed up in there. Plus the muffler itself was made out of platinum." When Swensen told Foreman that the repair was going to cost up to 80 dollars, Foreman apparently lost control. "He was pretty angry. He kept telling us that he 'was not going to pay a lot for this muffler!' even though, in my opinion, our prices are quite reasonable."

Helen Shanoss was pumping gas at the time of the incident. "I heard commotion inside the garage, then all of a sudden

George Foreman came out in a fur coat, even though it was sweltering outside, screaming something about his muffler, but I couldn't understand him because he has all these gold teeth." Another eyewitness says he saw Foreman slashing around his ruby and emerald-encrusted cane at the repair men before barrelling out of the station in his car with the muffler dangling behind it.

Police were able to track the car, license plate number: "\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$" It was found nearly 80 miles away from the Aamco station at a Meineke where Foreman was sure he would not pay a lot for his muffler. ☘

CYBERLIFE

I'm So in Love With My Online Boyfriend!

 By **ELIZABETH VENNUM**

All my life it seems like boys have just ignored me, or even made fun of me (like Joe Carrino, you meaniehead!), but oh well for them, they don't know what they're missing!

That's what my online boyfriend, Sk8er4U says. He's sooo romantic. I talk to him from when I get home from school to when I'm supposed to go to bed at night. Sometimes I even sneak back to the computer late at night to talk to him. He's always there :o) (Ssssh! Don't tell my mom I do that! She thinks it's weird how much time I spend on the computer. Silly Mom!)

It's not as if there's anyone as mature as Sk8 (that's my nickname for him. Isn't it cute?) around my school. I mean oh my gosh all the boys do is talk about sports. How lame! Sk8 always tells me how sexy I am. Well, he does it a lot, and sometimes it makes me feel weird, but mostly I just feel special. 'Cause I know I am special to him. He says I'm the only girl for him!

I haven't met Sk8 yet, but he sends me flowers. I guess it takes a long time for flowers to get here

from Wisconsin, 'cause by the time I got them they were all wilted. Oh, well. They were still pretty.

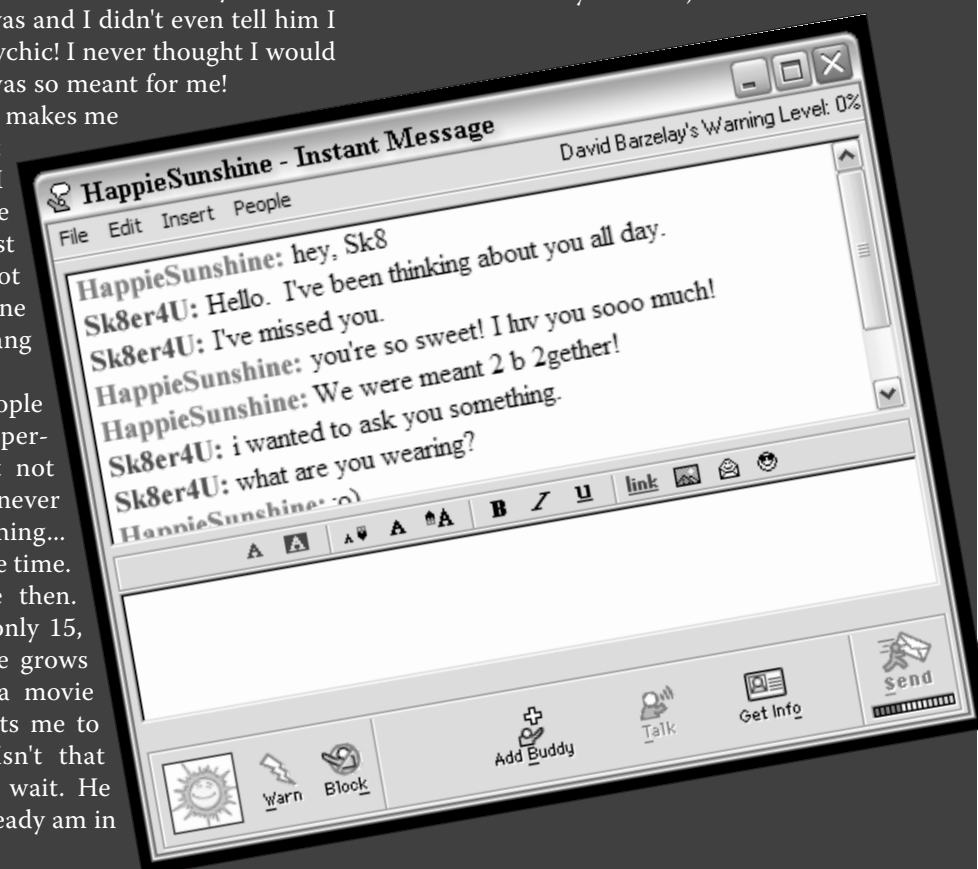
He's so smart, and he knows me so well, sometimes he knows what I'm wearing when I haven't even told him yet! Isn't that neat? One day he asked me how ballet class was and I didn't even tell him I was a dancer! He's psychic! I never thought I would meet someone who was so meant for me!

It must be love! He makes me feel like I've never felt before. Mom says I need to talk to more real people, but I just don't see the point. Not when there's someone as cool as Sk8 to hang out with.

My parents say people in chat rooms are all perverts, but that's just not true. I mean, Sk8 has never said a single dirty thing... well... besides that one time. And he hasn't since then. I'm so excited! He's only 15, like me, but when he grows up he wants to be a movie director, and he wants me to be in his movies. Isn't that exciting? I just can't wait. He says he feels like I already am in

his movies, which I don't really understand, but I just tell him "that's nice."

Bet you wish you had an online boyfriend as neat as mine! But oh, well, too bad. The best one out there is already taken :o) !!! ☘



CAMPUS LIFE

A Month (or so) in Review

By MOHAMMED SAEED AL-SAHAF

As the information minister of Vanderbilt, I am required to keep you updated as events unfold here on this glorious and perfect campus of God. May God strike down whoever disagrees with these reports, for those who report differently are adulterous adulterer infidels who are, incidentally, sons of camels.

I am pleased to report that our women's basketball team won the NCAA championships. Our women leveled a crushing defeat on Boston College, whose backcourt we beseiged and whose forward attack we slaughtered. The team went undefeated throughout the season, destroying all opposition, for this is what the team of God does. The infidels at Boston College, Connecticut, and the Satanic camel violators at Tennessee all fell before the glorious attack of the Commodores and Chantelle Anderson, may God keep her and protect her.

The messenger of God, Fred Phelps, appeared like a spirit from Heaven on this holy campus. He was supported by throngs of students and professors alike who showered him and his holiness with adoration and blessings. God smiled on Phelps and his glorious message, and we have heeded his call and slaughtered all the homosexuals. There are no homosexual infidels on this glorious campus of God. Some continue to insist that homosexuals have the right to exist, but God will strike them down like the camel-raping sons of dogs that they are.

Our baseball team is also so far undefeated. The unholy opponents of Vanderbilt and of God continue to commit suicide at the gates of the stadium, for they are hated by God and all His people. The crushing power of our bats and the unfathomable speed of our pitches intimidates opponents into throwing down their bats and begging for mercy. No opponent has reached second base. Never has this occurred, and never will it occur.

The political science department is fine. Nothing has ever gone wrong in this department, and nothing ever will go wrong, for we do not allow that. There is only happiness on this campus. Reports that four professors have been terminated are false and are the work of infidel scum. All political science students, and, indeed, all students everywhere, have been accepted into the best employers and graduate schools, and they will all succeed for God is with them. The infidels who would reject them have been smited with a holy blow from the great Gee, God praise His holy Name.

In the name of the perfect institution of Vanderbilt, the infallible Chancellor Gee, God praise His holy Name, and the most perfect and accurate publication, *The Slant*, I bid you good day. •



Graduating Seniors Get Engaged

By MEREDITH GRAY

In a yearly tradition, as spring descends upon Vanderbilt in a flurry of grass clippings and pollen, so looms the imposing shadow of graduation for every senior on campus. Many seniors choose this time to begin visiting the Career Center in the desperate hopes that they might find a job at a Fortune 500 company come May. Others decide to stay at Vanderbilt another semester to finish the "Science and the World" component of the CPLE. However, a select group of students disregard the stress that comes with job hunting and further education, instead sealing the deal with a diamond solitaire. These are the students who become engaged.

"It's just so exciting," says senior Brandy Williams, who recently became engaged to her boyfriend Chase. "Before I was so worried about what to do after graduation. Now that's totally taken care of – now I've got a wedding to plan!"

Williams went on to describe the many stresses that come with planning a large scale wedding. She has already had a preliminary fitting for her gown, an organza Vera Wang with an empire waist and fifteen-foot train. She and her mother plan to jet out to New York after graduation to select bridesmaids' dresses and a cake.

"I'm so proud of little Brandy-snap," said her mother, Barbara "Boufy" Williams. "She was really floundering there for a while, but I'm so happy that she's found something important to do with her life."

"I agree," said her father, Ken Williams, jr. "I was a little worried when she talked about graduate school – not that it was going to cost any less than the wedding, but I really couldn't see paying for both. You simply can't have a Ph.D. in molecular biology and a designer wedding cake. Now she can have her cake and eat it too – provided that Chase doesn't think she'll start getting chubby!"

Chase Kemper, Brandy's fiancé and boyfriend of the past year, is also glad of the relief that comes with engagement in the face of graduation.

"My dad said that I

could take part in the family business once I had a family of my own," said Kemper. "Now think about it – marry a nice girl while she still has a killer body and get 30% of the largest savings and loan company in Arizona, or go to law school. Yeah, I think I made the right choice."

While Kemper has for the most part declined to take part in the planning of the wedding, he has begun planning certain other aspects of his marriage.

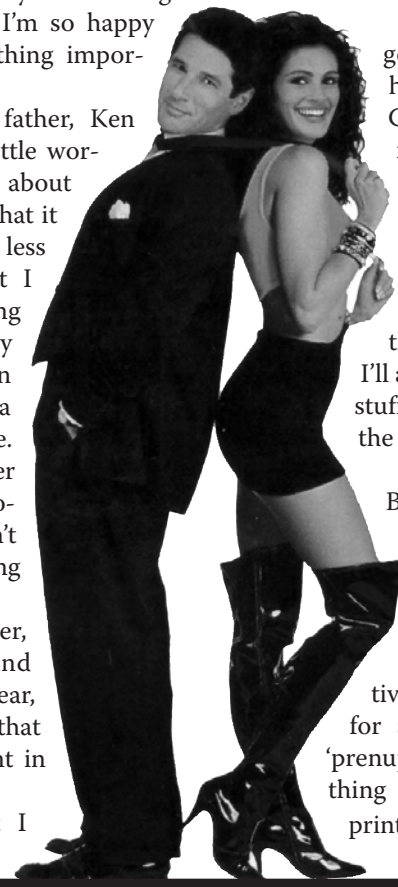
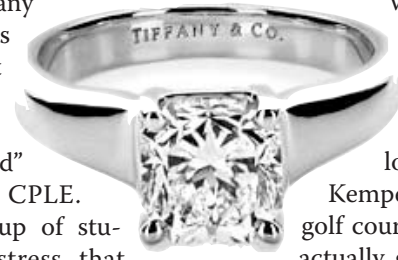
"I figure now is about the right time to start looking for a mistress," said Kemper, taking a break on the golf course with his father. "I won't actually get involved with my mistress for a while – I mean, Brandy is still pretty hot, and she's been working out like crazy getting ready for the wedding. I can at least wait until she's pregnant. I've just got to figure out what I'm looking for right now."

Kemper's father, Richard Kemper, gave his son a fatherly pat on the shoulder and smiled. "That's my boy. He's done a good job learning from his old man. And I thought that a countless string of nannies and stepmothers would ruin him. Boy was I wrong."

Many other couples on the Vanderbilt campus are also experiencing the same issues in planning their weddings. Senior Christina Bauman says that while she is relieved that she can temporarily put off finding a job in order to plan her wedding, she has some plans for finding her own income in the future.

"I'm not into that whole get married and stay at home thing," says Bauman, a Communications Studies major. "However, I don't really see this lasting – I mean, for God's sake, he hasn't even slept with anyone else. I figure we'll get married in California, and then when we get divorced, I'll automatically get half of his stuff. Did I mention that he's the Metamucil heir?"

David Metamucil, Bauman's betrothed, also had something to say about his upcoming marriage. "I didn't need to get a job anyway because of the whole laxative thing, but is she ever in for a surprise...do the words 'prenup' and 'I'm gay' mean anything to you? By the way, don't print that." •



Slant Writer Comes Out Of The Closet (Sorta)

By RICHARD GREEN

I have something to confess. It's about who I am and who I tried to hide. You may not like it, but please don't judge me, Vanderbilt. This is what makes me happy. I can't help who I am. I'm a liberal, dammit, and I like it.

I had done some experimenting when I was younger. Once with a homeless man. It was a memorable experience and I must I really enjoyed it, helping him clean up Coke cans from around a river. That helped in making me know I was a liberal.

So when I called my parents to tell them, I said "Mom, Dad, I have something to tell you. I know you raised me one way, but I can't lie to myself for the rest of my life. I am a liberal. I voted for Gore. And it felt good. Real good."

They were crying for hours. My dad tried to convince me that I wasn't. "What about the time you met Bob Dole at Cotton Eyed Joe, he was a nice guy." Then Dad continued. "I tried to buy you GI Joe's to get you supporting our military action, I knew I should never have let you play with your sister's EZ Bake Oven. Modern men cook, whatever. This is my fault."

I had thought my dad might have been a liberal, but I guess meeting my mom changed all that. He probably stopped being an open liberal to settle down and have a family.

Why can't this cruel, yet complex, world try to understand me and my way of life. I like all men, even if they are poor, foreign, or black... is it that hard to understand?

I knew I was liberal when I was very young. While all the other kids played by themselves with their own toys, I would always feel that I should share some of my toys, about 5 to 10 percent, with everyone.

People always suspected I was "one of them." I would always tell them, 'Be sure to turn of the lights to save energy' and I openly didn't support the war with Iraq.

Now that I am out of the closet, I feel that I can speak freely about several topics. I think affirmative action is necessary and pot should be legalized. I also think Al Sharpton would make a great president. Whew, what a weight lifted off my shoulders. Hey, maybe I could even write for *Orbis*.

Note: To those who thought this is a real... this is *The Slant* remember and this

liberal "coming out" column is totally made up. You sick bastards, ugh gross, I could never be a liberal. Though, I had thought about being liberal every now and then listening to my AP Government teacher when he spoke in high school, but that's behind me now. Just the thought of National Health Care makes my skin crawl. ☹



REAL JOURNALISM

USA Today Shut Out at Pulitzers...Again

By ROBERT SAUNDERS

USA Today, the Susan Lucci of the newspaper business, was shut out at the Pulitzer Prizes for the 20th consecutive year, every year of the paper's existence.

The Pulitzer Prize, journalism's most prestigious award, is given annually for excellence in reporting, criticism, and commentary. "*USA Today* excels in none of these categories," said Lee C.

Bollinger, president of Columbia University and a member of the selection board. In its history, *USA Today* has received only two nominations: in 1988 for feature photography and in 2002 for beat reporting.

Jerry Albright, spokesman for the Gannett-owned publication, said the paper would continue to lobby for an infographic award and another for unnecessary bulletting. "I have several succinct reasons and a pie chart to support my argument," said Albright.

In the meantime, the staff will console itself with other recently earned awards, including:

>> The 2003 Nickelodeon Kids' Choice Award for "Best Paper Distributed in Elementary Schools";

>> Their 14th straight People's Choice Award for "Best Shiny Thing on Paper";

>> The National Hotelier's Association award for "Best Complimentary Paper" (1994, 1996, 1997, 1999, 2002).

Surprisingly, *The Slant* failed to win any awards either. Editor-in-Chief Mike Mott, outraged at the oversight, had to be pulled out of the awards dinner after he ripped his shirt open, beat on his chest with spoons and yelled obscenities at the host.

Columbia University makes the annual awards through a 19-member selection committee comprised of lead-

ing newspaper and academic journalists. ☹



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AROUNDTHELOOP

Hey seniors, what do you plan to do after graduation?

Bryan Eggert, Senior



● ● ● ●
 "If I applied my mind to science, I'd probably cure cancer, but then I'd have to stop feeling bad for cancer sufferers and their families. So I don't think I am going into science."

Chris Brick, Senior



● ● ● ●
 "I plan to become a lawyer. Wait, do I have to take this bucket off of my head to be a lawyer? Damn. Well then, I have no idea."

Jeff Woodhead, Senior



● ● ● ●
 "I'm going down to the NC State to get my Phd. in Chemical Engineering... or so my parents and their checkbook would be led to believe. Mwahahahaha!!!"

Ben Stark, Senior



● ● ● ●
 "Looking forward to an exciting career dealing with weasels in some way. Haven't decided how yet, but it involves public policy."

Greg Champoux, Freshman...and Pimp



● ● ● ●
 "I'm not a senior, you idiot. You've known me all year!"

HOROSCOPES



Aries: (March 21—April 19)

Your casual demonic worship will take a turn for the worse this week when Yakonium, Minotaur of the Damned, feasts upon your virgin soul and bitch-slaps your sister.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

Name your first born son "Limited Slip Differential" or the gods of chance will kick you in the shin really hard.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

You might as well drink before the MCATs, since you're not going to do well anyway. Get ready to treat ringworm and goat kicks to the groin in Mississippi. And incest. Can't forget about that.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

Your life-long question of "What's it all worth?" will finally be answered this week in the form of cheap Canadian currency.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

Go for the glory, go for the score, go for it. CONNECT FOUR!

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

You will begin to think that it is not a coincidence that Virgo is symbolized by a virgin.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

Finally, John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmitt will be the victim of a driveby and you'll never be tortured by that god-awful song about him ever again. It's worth mentioning, though, that you will be carrying his child.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

When your homemade high-intensity laser burns a 4-inch-diameter hole through everything from your bedroom window to the state line, you feel like you should probably take the blame.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

Your chance encounter with the kinkiest woman alive results in your waking up with three flashlights and an anvil trapped somewhere within your prostate.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

You will experience a vast array of hardships this week. Don't worry, though, you can always blame whitey.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

A four-year friendship will end when your friend Heidi tragically misinterprets the Cab Calloway song you were singing.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

You will realize that being a fake Astrologer is just a vicious cycle of misery. Your dad was right, you are a waste of space. You should have gone to law school. I hate my life.

The Best Day Ever!

The Diary of Sarah Latham: 22 April 2003

8:40 AM: Where to start. I think that even though I had to wake up early for chemistry, today is going to be one of the best days I've had in weeks. It's amazing - I woke up to the sounds of birds chirping outside of my fourth floor window, saw the brilliant arc of the sun rising over the tops of distant buildings, and I knew this would be a wonderful day! I hopped out of bed, ready to learn all I could and spread my happy smile to everyone I saw. It was a great walk to class, because with no one talking around me, I could enjoy the beautiful foliage on Vanderbilt's campus and the brisk air filling my lungs. It was a blissful experience. I felt sorry for the students still asleep, who were missing out on the wonders that nature provided on an early morn. I could hardly contain my happiness as I neared Stevenson Center, standing up straight to greet the day with a silly smile on my face that I couldn't seem to squelch. No one I passed seemed as joyful as I, but I didn't fault them for it. I have also been sad and down in the dumps in the past, so I hoped that a simple smile from me might cheer them up some. I just wish every morning was like this one!

11:10 AM: I'm back in my dorm, and I'm finished with chemistry and econ for today. I got my grade back from our first exam in econ, and I didn't do nearly as well as I had hoped... but oh well! I can bring it up, I'm sure. I have three more classes today, none of which I'm looking forward to. I guess this might not be the 'perfect day' I was expecting, but I guess I should look on the bright side- it certainly isn't the worst! ;)

1:40 PM: Well, Jake and Karen totally blew me off for lunch today and my poli sci professor shot down every single thing I said. I'm just getting tired of my opinions not being valid. I mean, it's not like that bitch Lisa has anything original to say- those assholes just like to have a reason to look at her!! I don't know, maybe I'm overreacting, but I'm hungry now and I don't feel like writing.

3:50 PM: I finished another one of my shitty classes for today. It seems like I'm in class way more than any of my 'friends.' Yeah, the quotes are necessary. Not only did Jake and Karen forget about me at lunch, now they're just acting like they're too busy to tell me where they went for lunch, much less apologize for forgetting about me!! I really hate those pricks. Dammit, now my instant messenger isn't working... not that it matters, I wouldn't want to talk to those jerkoffs anyhow. Oh, I want to beat the living crap out of my roommate too.

8:30 PM: Back from dinner and meetings which sucked too much to describe. I hate everything about this place. I don't even know why I'm writing this shit, it's not like it matters. I knew this day was going to suck....

1:40 AM: I fuckin hate you all!! Don't act like u don,t know waht Im talking about!!! shit...why am i the unlucky fuck who's gotta live on the 4th floor wiht no goddamn elevator... Gawd. It's like you thing you know everything. But you dont. everybody getting all on my case about every-thing, it's enogh. I'm busy right now, and I don,t know if i can really talk... Damn... they couldn't talk my ass..... I I FUCKIN HATE ALL OF YOU!!! I'm gonna go get wasted... Those fucking birds cant actually think it's morning... soulless bastards...

BOOK REVIEW

The Bible

By JACKSON GRIMWEATHER

In today's "Looks at Books" column I'll be reviewing a very popular novel entitled The Holy Bible. This book has topped the best-seller list for many centuries (perhaps unfairly, since reading competing books was often forbidden) and is widely considered a very good book (some even call it "the good book").

The author goes simply by "God," perhaps in an attempt to become another famous one-name celebrity, like Cher or Madonna (in fact, Madonna makes a brief appearance mid-way through the book, performing "Like a Virgin").

Despite the common acclaim, I must confess to finding the book over-rated. It is the author's first and last attempt to explain himself in print, which is probably a good thing considering the confusion this book has caused. Perhaps some of this is due to problems in translation, but as my fellow reviewer Friedrich Nietzsche once remarked, "It was subtle of God to learn Greek when he wished to become an author - and not to learn it better."

The Bible is written in two parts, the "Old Testament" and the "New Testament".

The self-portrait that emerges in each is dramatically different. Somehow the author transitions from a cruel and capricious father figure into an effeminate, forgiving martyr. There is ample material for a good plot here, but God never tells the story of his change of heart. I find this lack of character development terribly disappointing in a book meant to develop my character.

Instead the reader can only speculate on the author's psychological disorders, which are legion. By dividing his self into a Father, a Son, and a Holy Ghost, God reveals a struggle with multiple personalities. His sociopathic nature is evident in his decision to torture the pious Job just to win a bet with Satan, with an even more troubling tendency toward Intermittent Explosive Disorder seen in his destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and his Great Flood. Finally, his incarnation in the New Testament so exemplifies a Messiah Complex that one almost thinks the disorder gets its name from the main character.

But these issues are not addressed, the author frequently giving in to market pressures to include scenes of sex and senseless violence (see again God's reaction to Sodom and Gomorrah). Among other tales, the story of Job and his two daughters is so taboo that I cannot even print the details in a respectable magazine like *The Slant*.

Despite The Bible's theme of redemption, the ending fails to redeem this book. After reading through 500 pages of dull genealogy, stilted verse, and a story of Christ that is repeated from four different perspectives, I had hoped for a climactic ending. But alas, the author instead makes room for a sequel, leaving his readers to wait for more than 2,000 years for a Second Coming that still has not occurred (a delay that makes George Lucas' break between *Star Wars* films seem insignificant).

Overall, I give The Holy Bible just two stars: ★★

Point/Counterpoint

"She wants me" vs. "I want him to leave"

Guy

So I hooked up with this fly lady last night.

Girl

So this creepy guy threw up on my shoe last night.

Guy

This girl was gorgeous.

Girl

He sits behind me in chemistry class. I remember I caught him smelling my hair once. And he steals my dirty Kleenexes, it's really gross.

Guy

I was chilling at the Alpha Sigma Sigma house, right, and then she shows up. It was clear she came looking for my manly charm and good looks.

Girl

He was following us around all night.

Guy

When she came in, she walked right up to me and said "I want you so bad." I thought it seemed a little desperate.

Girl

He was like "You must be a parking ticket, 'cause you've got FINE written all over you." That was right before he threw up on my shoe.

Guy

I wouldn't have laid on so much game, but I could tell she really wanted me.

Girl

I really wanted him to leave.

Guy

She was trying to play the cat and mouse bit, but I knew the truth. I knew she wouldn't be able to resist my playa prestige.

Girl

He spilled a drink on me. I was worried at first, but when I realized he didn't have three friends with him, or any friends with him for that matter, I figured he was harmless.

Guy

She wanted to go back to my place, but I didn't want her to start following me around, you know.

Girl

He followed me home from the party. He just wouldn't leave me alone.

Guy

Then some frat brother was trying to throw salt on my game, yo. He wanted a piece, but I had this chick all wrapped up.

Girl

So the brother who had kicked him out of the party came over and asked if I needed help getting him home. I told him no, but I gave him my phone number and we had sex the next night.

Guy

So I had my arm wrapped around her and I tested the water, you know, to see if she was up for some unforced fondling, and she was totally game. She was a little flat, but she had such a tight body.

Girl

So he stumbled against this telephone poll and groped it for a little while. I couldn't tell exactly what was going on, but I think he was licking it. I wanted to fucking punch him in the face, but I took



the opportunity and made a break for my dorm.

Guy

I didn't want to lead her on, so after we had our thing, I told her I was going to have to move on.

Girl

As I was running away, he started crying and I think he wet his pants. God, he's such a creep.

Guy

I am such a playa.

-Rob Hilton



The Slant Staff



**We Measure
Success
One
Offensive
Issue At A
Time**

Top Ten Sins For Which Jesus Died



- 10** Crucifying Jesus.
- 9** Sneezing and/or using a vibrator on a steel-topped desk in the baseball glove lounge while studying the American Revolution (don't ask).
- 8** Failure to conceal erection during Anchor Splash.
- 7** The War of Jenkin's Ear.
- 6** Stealing a rival student publication.
- 5** Loitering.
- 4** "Female orgasm".
- 3** Celebrity Survivor.
- 2** Lathering. Rinsing. But not repeating.
- 1** Making fun of Jesus



BASTARD CONFESSION

Wouldn't you have done it for thirty silver pieces?

SLANTSING-ALONG

At first I was afraid
 I was petrified
 Thought for sure I'd fail the course
 Without my study guides
 But now I've been in class so long
 Getting all the questions wrong
 Oh I grew strong
 And I learned I could scrape along

I won't reform
 Won't change my ways
 When I never go to lectures
 And spend my whole day playing games
 I could have crammed around the clock
 I would have had no spare time free
 If I had thought for just one second my exams would bother me

Now all my notes
 Are on the floor
 Don't ask me about
 The battles in the Civil War
 Weren't you the one who tried to get me to prepare?
 Did you think I'd crumble?
 Did you think that you could make me care?

Oh no, not I!
 I will survive
 Don't care that I don't know
 how Lincoln died in 1865
 But I might just be all right
 If I remember how to write

I will survive!
 I will survive!
 Hey hey!

Now you know my master plan
 Is to sleep and shirk
 How can I study for exams when I never did the work?
 I used to slave at my computer
 Get my papers in on time
 I used to try
 But now I hold my head up high

And now this spring
 I've lost my verve
 I'm not deluded or naive enough to think I'll beat the curve
 So if you feel like dropping in
 You can expect me to be free
 You won't interrupt my study
 So it doesn't bother me

Oh no, not I!
 I will survive...
 (but you won't)

-Lesley-Anne Perry



Just wait to see what we do next year...