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The Student Humor Publication
at Vanderbilt University

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Move along, nothing to see here.



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Gee's Approval Rating Due To The Wartime Chancellor Effect

The Slant



**Taking Over The World
Since 1886**

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POLICIES

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LEAD STORIES



COVER STORY

Gee's Approval Rating Due To The Wartime Chancellor Effect

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On the Existence of Asians...

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Ballistic weapons having to stop for directions. *By Tim Boyd 8*

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Initial attraction to pig-headedness goes away. *By Meredith Gray 10*



An Angry Roommate Vents

Dear Slant,

My roommate is really starting to piss me off. He sits at his computer all day, looking at car discussion boards. This is fine, but he insists on laughing out loud (and it's a "pay-attention-to-me-and-ask-me-what-i'm-laughing-at" fake laugh) at every posting. He eats some foreign food that has this horrible smell too. And he doesn't ever use headphones with his computer, which means that I know everytime he receives an IM, and I hear him play the same two songs over and over. The first one is some French song, which he also has like 12 remixes of, and the other is a rap song about getting out of jail and buying a gun. Now that sends a horrible message to the kids. Felons aren't allowed to buy guns, and firearm possession would probably be a parole violation. Think about the children.

Sincerely,
William Szerbiak

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FROM THE EDITOR

You will all bow before the all-encompassing power of the Mott! Mwahahaha!

Back in business, and ain't it grand?

Haha, loyal *Slant* readers, I'll bet you weren't planning on seeing me back any time soon, were you? Well, tough. While I resumed editorship of this now-notorious humor publication with a heavy heart, I quickly learned to love every power-trippin' minute of it.



MIKE MOTT

You probably won't be surprised to find that little has changed. I'm still drinking to excess and hooking up with random women every night of the week. Except Sunday, of course, I have to keep holy the Sabbath and all that shit. And really, none of those other days either. They're not exactly holy days, but that's my excuse and I'm sticking to it.

Why, just the other day, a loyal *Slant* reader approached me in a panic, worried that his cherished publication would wither under my oppressive grip. I reassured him with the phrase, "Fo shizzle," and then snapped my fingers so that my bodyguards would take him away to a secret undisclosed location I like to call "Kissam Quadrangle." I simply cannot afford to tolerate any dissidents in my kingdom.

So fear not, loyal *Slant* readers. I promise you, from the very bottom of my compassionately conservative heart, that nothing will change about this great publication. Except for that Barzelay guy; he posed too great a threat to my administration, so I made sure he disappeared quietly. But all the other writers agreed to stay on and weather my tyrannical regime for this last month of the school year.

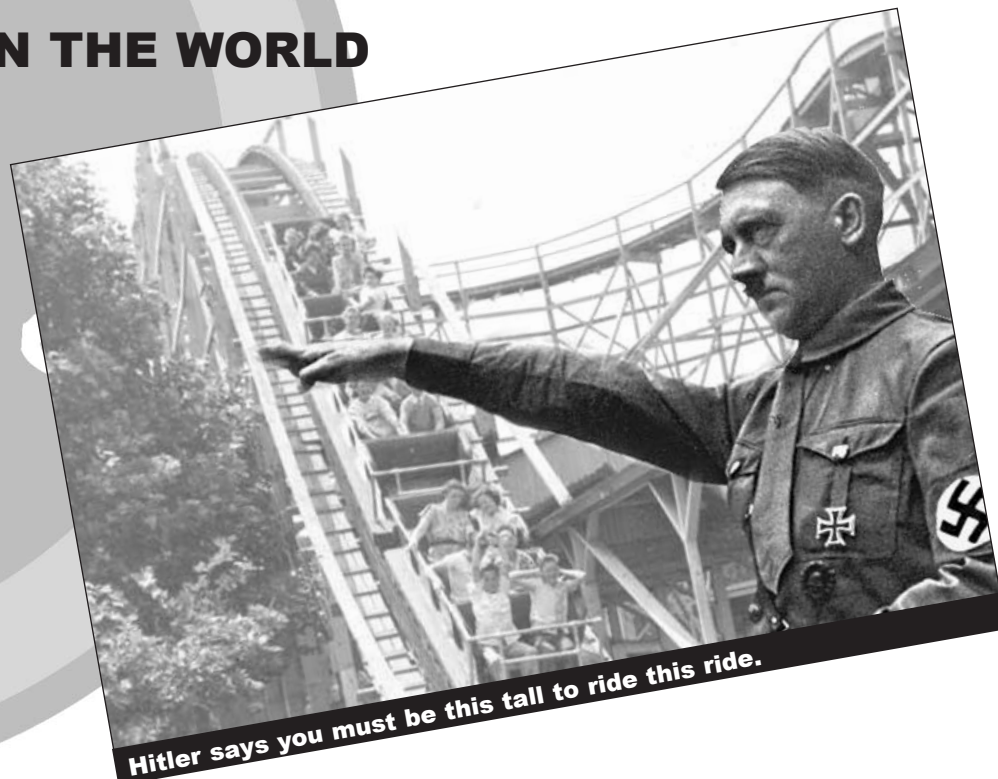
Likewise, those writers will still be consuming the same substances during production. These substances include, but are not necessarily limited to: beer, rum, shrooms, marijuana, cocaine, heroin, PCP, LSD, KGB, DNA, RNA, OJ, and water. We will be fully under the influences of these substances (particularly that last one) at all times.

However, my loyal subjects, I do intend to bring religion back to this immoral publication. Our new creed shall be, "The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the inequities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he who in the name of charity and good will shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper, and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon you."

But I digress. I don't wanna write my return editorial just about my dictatorship. There are serious issues on this campus that I want to address in a serious manner.

Oh well. Maybe next time. ●

WINDOW ON THE WORLD



In Other News

"War Not Funny," Grumbles Frustrated *Slant* Reporter

New *Slant* reporter Jesse Perry secretly wishes this war would just end. While attempting to write a humorous "War with Iraq" based article, Perry was only able to come up with "Saddam has a silly beret" and "Iraqis are smelly." After a brutal time period upwards of five minutes, Perry gave up and started drinking.

Ebert Still Beating Off To *Femme Fatale*



Film critic Roger Ebert has not stopped masturbating since the March 24 release of *Femme Fatale*. Directed by Brian DePalma, the movie stars super-model Rebecca

Romijn-Stamos as a jewel thief on the French Riviera. "DePalma, like Hitchcock before him, knew the erotic thrill of having a beautiful, Scandinavian bombshell in imminent peril," said the lonely Ebert, who has orgasmed 129 times in accompaniment of the film. "Only DePalma lets us see them naked," said Ebert, reaching for a towel after number 130. The *Chicago Sun-Times* film critic is one of only three critics to put this movie on their 10 Best List of 2002. The movie also includes eleven extra scenes which were cut to get an R-rating from the MPAA. "DVD is the last best home for artistically filmed penetration."

Area Man Can't Believe He Bought *Cabin Boy* On DVD



Nashville resident John Anderson can't get over the reality that he now owns *Cabin Boy* on DVD. "I was hoping for some hip, ironic, post-modern fun. But sweet merciful Jesus, this movie is painful to watch," emoted

the local movie buff. To add insult to injury, CD Warehouse would not buy it back from him claiming they don't carry *Cabin Boy*, claiming they've never seen John Anderson before in there lives and "Hey, look over there."

Autobiography Of Midget Wins Short Story Award

The American Literary Society has announced that its annual short story prize

will go to the acclaimed autobiography "Living the Low Life" which tells the story of a young midget who overcame the obstacle of his height to become editor-in-chief of a campus satire newspaper. On being told the news, *Slant* Editor-in-Chief Mike Mott commented "^^*! off!"

Housing Lottery Up To \$56 Million

The Office of Housing and Residential Education announced this past week that the housing lottery was up to \$56 million. Spokesperson Mark "Dean" Bandas said, "More people are playing the lottery than ever before," adding that under no circumstances would freshmen be allowed to win.

Michael Jackson Claims to Have SARS



In a hastily written press release issued yesterday, popular recording artist Michael Jackson claims that he has Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome, or SARS, the current epidemic that is rapidly spreading around the

globe. In the release, Jackson says, "I have SARS, that explains my nose and face and stuff. And my skin. And the mask that I wear in public. And, um, the baby dangling. I have SARS. It's really messing me up. Please show your pity and understanding by buying my albums. Oh, and pray for me, too."

Minor Argument Provokes Voice Of God... We Think

11:43 pm Saturday night, Big Band Ball. Drunken *Slant* staffers Mike Mott and Jacob Grier got in an argument in the Marriott Hotel bathroom about the correct quotation of John 3:16. The pair almost resorted to fisticuffs, when violence was averted by a voice emanating from stall number two: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting-



Mary-Kate

430

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



Ashley

ing life." Fearing the voice may have come from the Lord Himself, Mott and Grier put away the whiskey flask and decided to abandon their search for drugs and loose women.

Student To Read Cute Story About Cute Stuffed Doll

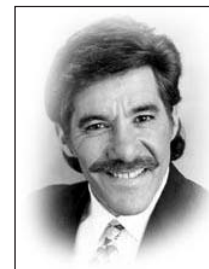


Celebrated author, satirist, and Vanderbilt student Liz Venum is scheduled this Saturday to perform a reading of her incredibly cute story, "Max's Big Adventure", about

her impossibly cute stuffed doll, Max. The story is written on an insanely cute little booklet. In response to this cute incident, the Attorney General has raised the Cuteness Warning Level to Code Orange.

Geraldo Rivera Reports Top Secret Air Strike

Last night, on national television, Geraldo Rivera issued a report on the War with Iraq from his hotel room in Baghdad. In his report, Geraldo stated,



"American forces are planning to have a top secret air attack on an Iraqi room in the palace on Wednesday, April 9 at 9:37 PM Iraqi time. The missile is going to hit the powder room where Hussein goes to take a shit after eating. The bomb will probably hit the sink and though strong, would not hurt him if he was in the other end of the palace under the royal desk with the picture of his sixth murdered ex-wife. Our forces report that if he goes across the street around 9:25 or into that room, he may get out of the attack alive. American forces are hoping Iraq's intelligence has no way to get to our news sources to learn about this attack."

FOOD AND HEALTH



This Burrito Tastes Like Shit

Area student Michael Smithson would like everyone to know that yesterday, his burrito from Rand tasted like shit. "That's right," said Smithson. "My burrito tasted like shit. That's all there is to say." When questioned whether he actually knew and could correctly identify the taste of shit, Smithson declined to comment.



That is one shitty-tasting burrito.

Gee's Approval Rating Due To The Wartime Chancellor Effect

By RICHARD GREEN

In a time of uncertainty around the world, especially for Americans, people need to depend on great leaders. Since God knows that leader is not in the White House, Vanderbilt students and faculty have rallied around their leader, Chancellor E. Gordon Gee, by giving him an approval rating of 94 percent.

Indeed this war with Iraq is helping to keep Gee popular among Vanderpersons. Many students are buying and wearing bowties to show their support of this brave and noble man. The bowtie is a sign of American/Vanderbilt power: strength, persistence, stamina, and style... or just a complement to a nice shirt.

The recent "Gee Dead" hoax served to merely show the average student's love for their leader. "Not too long ago, I thought he was dead for a minute," claimed Senior Sarah Marquis. "That minute of deep malaise only shows how much I loves my Chancellor. God bless him and those people who helped me learn about my true love for the Gee!"

Other colleges, formerly our great partners in education, do not feel that Chancellor Gee and Vanderbilt University deserve all the credit that they have been given. One such college is Duke, the Vanderbilt of North Carolina. Duke's Chancellor, Ralph Snyderman, in an tone of obvious annoyance, stated, "They [Vanderbilt] think they are so cool and can do whatever they want, calling themselves The Harvard of the South. What a crock of shit!"

Snyderman later added, "What are they going to try next? Taking the title of 'Worst Football Team Ever' from us, too?"

Harvard is also vehemently anti-Vanderbilt at this moment. Claimed some guy smoking a pipe, "We plan to accept all the peo-

Vanderbilt to 'Rally 'round the Bow Tie'



Gee with his supporters.



Chancellor Gee is da bomb.

ple who apply to Harvard this year, so those smart people will not be stuck with Vanderbilt. We will make them learn not to mess with the behemoth that is Harvard."

In response to all of this, Vanderbilt is fighting back and is now officially saying that Furman Hall is not a "Duke" building architecturally, but is built as an homage to freedom, honor, and apple pie. To counter Harvard's attack, Vanderbilt renounced its claim as the "Harvard of the South." Instead, Vanderbilt officials are leaning towards calling itself either the "Stanford of the East," or the "Northwestern of the Southeast." After all, both of those universities are better than Harvard anyways.

Chancellor Gee does have allies in at least one other college, University of Tennessee at Knoxville. This comes as no surprise, for UTK is Vandy's bitch and will support us no matter what we do. Shit, we fired Professor Farley for speaking his mind and they were all about that.

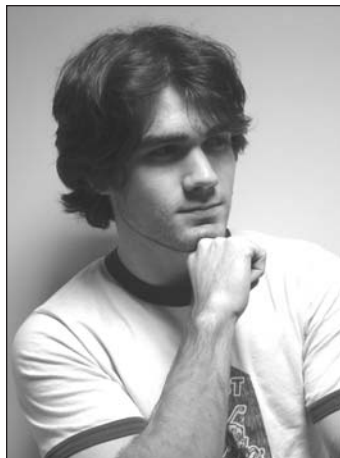
With all the anti-Vanderbilt attitudes at other universities, the general consensus on campus is that it is wrong to question our leader. "How dare anyone not support our wartime leader," explained freshman Alex Moore. "After all he has done like the ummm... well he smiled and said hello to me once."

The rally behind the bowtie is in full effect and Chancellor E. Gordon Gee is truly well loved. Well, except for that six percent. But they can all go to hell. ●



QUESTIONING DIVERSITY

Rant



By EVAN ALSTON

Okay, so how do we know that Asians are real? I mean, think about it. Have you ever seen one? No. And if you think you did see one, odds are that was a Mexican. The moustaches give them away. But that'll get you into trouble, because most Middle Easterners have moustaches too. Come to think of it, have you ever seen a Middle Easterner without a moustache? Indians don't have moustaches, though. Native Americans, not people from India, that is. You still with me? Good, cause now we're back to Asians.

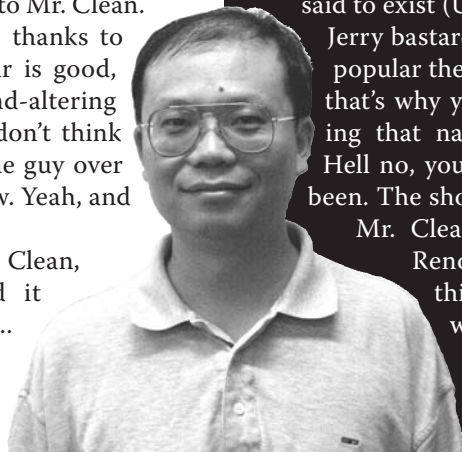
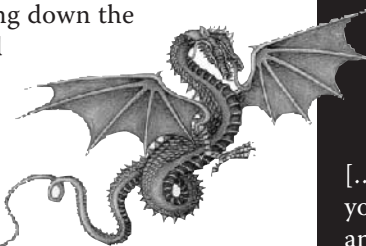
I used to believe in Asians very strongly. Not like a religion though, cause that would be weird. In fact, I was really into the whole culture and stuff, and I was especially interested in the dragon part. But recently, I was informed by the librarian in the children's section that dragons aren't real. I got pretty mad and tore up the playhouse loft. They made me leave, but I can go back next month if I promise to stop staring down the other kids. Back to the Asians, they're damn good at making you think they're real and shit with their fancy history and their modern social influence, but if dragons aren't real, what's to believe in? So you see my point.

But back to the subject at hand: will Off eliminate such pests as homeless people and taxes? If not, why is it considered taboo for me to throw my loose change at panhandlers as hard as I possibly can? I don't understand our society. When you can't torment the homeless in an ironic fashion, I believe there's no longer a basis for civil government. Which reminds me, everyone always ignores Phoebe, but if Monica and Rachel weren't there, she'd definitely be the hottest one on the show.

Which brings us to breakfast cereal and body hair. Not together... Eh. What is wrong with you? Yeah, that's pretty disgusting. Simply unconscionable. But, moving right along, we encounter the debacle that has gripped the nation for what seems like a whole week or so now: war. I was playing Risk with my friend Jerry (best I could do at the time) and Jerry says to me, "Hey, Jerry, how is it that—" Well, come to think of it, I must have said that, cause Jerry doesn't talk to himself. That's Steve. Steve's cool. Anyway, why are the Monopoly pieces the only ones that are metal? The Risk pieces can handle being "just plastic" and they have to wage a fucking war. How come the thimble can't make its way to GO!! (whatever the hell that is) without its precious exoskeleton of metal?? They think they're so special... elitist bastards.

All this talk of bastards makes me hungry. I think I'll have a banana. What? You're gonna read something into that? Oh come on... fine. I'll have some peanuts. Damn you. One mention of bananas and you think you're Sigmund fucking Freud. That's pretty serious shit too. No case worse involving a first name fucking a last name since Janet fucking Reno. Obviously the worst. This is ridiculous. I'm just gonna get to Mr. Clean. Remember the body hair stuff? Yeah, who could forget, thanks to someone's little mental image from hell. Now, body hair is good, body hair is great, but can it really hold a candle to mind-altering drugs? You can make that argument if you want, but I don't think anybody's listening. That one guy over there just fell out the window. Yeah, and we're outside.

Okay, so I never got to Mr. Clean, but I don't think he'll hold it against me. Yeah, he's the shit. So... Until next time, shut the fuck up. ●



Counter-Rant

By DIABETUS

You know, this entire epic parable leaves out the one thing that totally invalidates everything you've tried to say up to this point. And that's obviously pancake batter. Good God I love the stuff, and you're an idiot bitchass. How come you don't use pancake batter instead of sheetrock or breast milk? It makes for great party conversation and sexual aid. To me, that's all it takes to make Asians real, and that's why the best place to shop for pancake batter is the Eastern seaboard.

I'd like to bring up something you said: "Bitch ass shit bastard tits." That's a little too true, so I won't touch on that too much, but what about people who shave, asshole? Not their mustaches, but their legs. We all may find that pretty neat, but doesn't it distract us to the point that we don't even notice the mustaches? Damn it, that's why we have so many problems with spies in our country, which is why we have to vie for mass deportation of anyone under the age of 15. We all know they're not getting any action up there in Canada, so I'm sure they could use some kids to pound with hockey sticks (coated with pancake batter for obvious reasons).

You also said something else that made at least a tiny lick of sense: "Okay [...] don't [...] culture [...] not [...] GO!! [...] You still with me?" You know, your thesis. Well, sir, I most certainly am with you. Culture is nonexistent, and I agree. But why would Asians hang out in Canada and beat small children with pancake batter-covered hockey sticks? What the hell are you trying to say? Forget that shit, man, I don't know what's going on.

Mr. Alston, you are obviously insane.

Dragons don't exist anymore than this "yellow snow" that seems to be all the rage today. I'm more concerned with another reclusive mythical creature: the Eskimo. I mean, have you ever seen one? I've thumbed through every *National Geographic* that has the naked boobs on the front cover and have yet to find any. It really pisses me off. Kids at the library getting you down? Ship 'em to Canada, dipshit. Speaking of library lofts, I went to Ben and Jerry's and wanted some plain ol' vanilla ice cream. But the clerks keep telling me that I was in Home Depot, so I resigned to the greater powers and asked for some small fries and a shake. It tasted all grainy and the ketchup helped little.

Granted, requesting The Pope to kickbox on an episode of *Friends* is a great concept, I agree. But The Pope is not Asian, so your argument renders that entire scenario inconceivable. However, implementing pancake batter as the new currency of Morocco may enable us to afford a The Pope substitute like Gandhi or FDR. See, it all comes back to pancake batter. Was FDR an Eskimo?

I have my own opinions of the war currently going on over...y'know, there. Despite that Monopoly has a monopoly on metal pieces, Risk also has a monopoly on those imaginary Eskimos. There's no "Eskimo" piece in Monopoly, but in Risk you can easily take over Alaska or wherever they are said to exist (Upper Canada?). I tell ya, the real elitists are those Ben and Jerry bastards selling me fries that taste like wood. Just cuz they're so popular they think they can sell anything to anybody. But in any case, that's why you'll never see me even touching that nasty ass thimble in Monopoly. Hell no, you don't know where that thing's been. The shoe is the only hygienic choice.

Mr. Clean may be the shit, but Janet Reno...damn she's hot. Wait...I was thinking of Shania Twain...if only she were an Eskimo. Damn.

Until next time, please keep it down. ●



On the non-existence of Asians...

Asians do exist, you homo!

POLITICS

Supreme Court Rules Your Momma Is, In Fact, So Fat

By **ANDREW BANECKER**

In a monumental decision the likes of which has not been seen since the days of John Marshall, the Supreme Court has just ruled to uphold the decision of the Maryland Appellate Court in their ruling on *Your Mom vs. Jefferson*.

In this case, Mr. Jefferson, a 12-year-

old boy, was sued for libel by Your Mom, Mrs. Featherschmitt. Mrs. Featherschmitt, the plaintiff, claimed that Mr. Jefferson had made false accusations regarding her girth to her son, Michael, during a Little League Baseball game in Salisbury, Maryland.

In her testimony, the plaintiff stated, "Michael informed me on the 15th of

April, 1999 that his little friend Keith (Mr. Jefferson) repeatedly stated, 'Your mom is so fat,' following up each statement with a different reason why. He then ran to his room and cried for hours due to this little hellspawn!" The witness then flew into a fit of rage, requiring the effort of three security guards and a tranquilizer dart to subdue her.

The defendant's lawyer, Theodore Logan, Esquire, then presented the court with Exhibit A, a video tape of the baseball game in question taken by Mr. Robertson, father of the defendant's teammate Tommy Robertson. In between the cries of "Go Tommy", "Hey batter," and "Good eye," one could distinctly hear the conversation between the plaintiff's son and the defendant.

The following is the transcript of the conversation:

Jefferson: Your mom is so fat when she sits around the house, she really sits around the house. (laughter)

Featherschmitt: Is not!!!

Robertson: Get your head in the game, Tommy. Keep the glove down!

Jefferson: Your mom is so fat she was baptized at Sea World.

Coach: Would you kids shut the hell up and watch the friggin game?!?! (spits chewing tobacco)

Robertson: Hey batter, hey batter...

Featherschmitt: Shut up!!!

Jefferson: Your mom is so fat she sat on a quarter and got change.

Featherschmitt: I'm telling!!! (sobbing)

Robertson: Good eye, Tommy, make him throw strikes.

After a three hour deliberation, Chief Justice William Rehnquist announced that a unanimous decision had been reached. "It is in the opinion of the court that the plaintiff, Mrs. Featherschmitt, is in fact so fat."

Adding, "I heard she wore this red dress once and all the kids yelled, 'Hey, Koolaid!'"



ENTERTAINMENT

Planeteers Kick 'Heart' Out Of The Group

By **EVAN ALSTON**

In a recent turn of events that shocked the show's two loyal fans/creators and countless others who thought it was off the air, the group of teenagers known simply as the "Planeteers," who were brought together to combat pollution, have kicked "Heart" out of the group.

Despite their well-defined roles as kids who speak English in foreign accents and discover poorly-designed evil schemes, the four elements- earth, wind, fire, and water- have taken it upon themselves to unceremoniously drop their Mexican comrade from the elite fighting force.

The Mexican kid, who was referred to as simply "Heart Kid" throughout the life of the series, had this to say: "Ohhhhhhhhh noooo..." (in an effeminate Mexican accent).

Since the Planeteers never had a clear purpose as part of the pollution-fighting process in the first place, the four remaining kids had trouble explaining why they made him leave. "Well, if you found one of these rings, you got to be in the group, but that little Mexican guy really wasn't pulling his weight. At first his monkey was cool and stuff, but he was really selfish with it, which wasn't cool. I wanted to feed it a banana, like, a lot. But I never got to, which was not cool," said the resident cool kid who can be identified by his red hair and carefree American attitude. Plus, he wanted to bang the Russian girl the whole time. "Well, she is Wind, and that couldn't hurt in the bedroom... if you know what I mean."

But not all of the Planeteers agreed. "I don't know," said the semi-hot Russian girl. "I always thought he was kind of cute. He always wanted to throw in his "heart power" even though it wasn't necessary to summon Captain Planet. I

couldn't stand that Captain Planet guy, though. I think we should've gotten rid of him instead."

"Really? She liked that goofy little guy? Well son of a bitch..." stated a more informed red-headed dude.

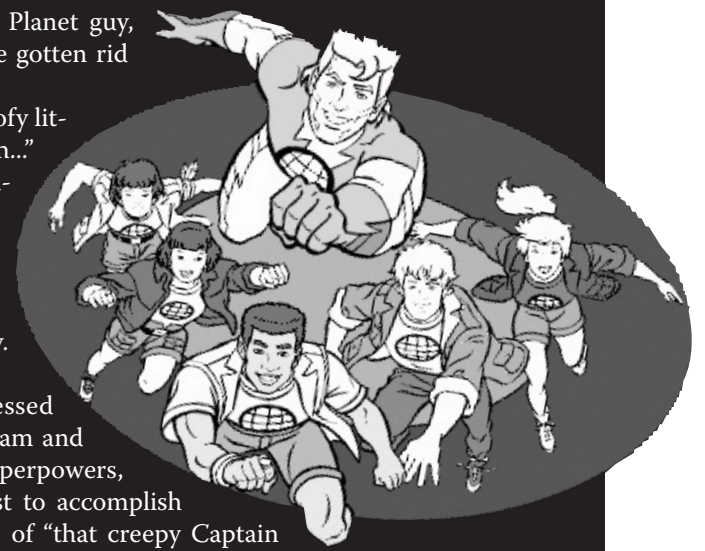
"Yeah, I think they just wanted someone from every continent, or some shit like that," said the African guy. The Asian girl concurred.

Despite the overly-stressed diversity of the lackluster team and their complete deficit of superpowers, the Planeteers did their best to accomplish something without the help of "that creepy Captain guy."

"Definitely. We really wanted to help the Earth, but every time we tried to do something beneficial, some ghost woman, who was never clearly identified by the show's creators, sent us after a bipolar oil drilling operator or a jackass with a generic device that supposedly would wreak havoc on the ecosystem if it was turned on. It was always one of those two guys. I can't believe I'm a part of this," said the African guy. The Asian girl concurred.

The remaining Planeteers were kind enough to summon Captain Planet for a few questions. "Wow. That's super mean of you guys. I really, really liked that Mexican boy... and his cute little monkey!! But I guess we should focus on ridding the Earth of bad guys who loot and plunder! Right, gang?!" Only the American guy concurred.

It is still unexplained what the effect "Heart" actually had on the legendary group of pollution-fighting kids with rings, but as the Russian girl realized, one thing is for certain: "...we're really just the Wonder Twins with too many people... and without the ability to change into things... This is quite possibly one of Hanna Barbera's worst decisions ever."



CAMPUS NEWS

Interhall Covers Up Minority Group's Hatred Towards Gee

By ANDREW BANECKER

In the March 29, 2003 issue of the *Vanderbilt Hustler*, a poll taken by InterHall showed that Vanderbilt's chancellor, E. Gordon Gee, had a 94% approval rating amongst the student body. The Chancellor, thereby, has the mandate of almost the entire student body. Or so the university would want you to believe.

Well, fiction can be fun, but this *Slant* reporter for one prefers the reference section. While the shadowy figures that lurk in the KGB-esque governmental body that is InterHall would like you to believe that the entire student body reflects this sentiment of Gee-phoria, the facts speak towards a different conclusion. Big Brother... I mean, Interhall, only reported the statistics garnered

from Caucasian, African-American, and Hispanic students, thereby leaving out a plethora of other, equally important ethnic groups.

A certain Pacific Islander who wished to remain anonymous told reporters at *The Slant*, "Nanook hate Gee. Gee took away whale blubber from Rand dining hall in ploy to change Vanderbilt into Residential College. Nanook throw spear at Gee if have chance."

The Pacific Islander Society of Students to End Discrimination (PISSSED), in the wake of the controversy, is not standing idly by. President Onkok Ano has promised to fight for the rights of Vanderbilt's Pacific Islander students, claiming, "I will not rest until the residence halls offer proper igloos for stu-

dents!" He later added that if his demands were not met, he would, "fashion a net from discarded Interhall newsletters for to catch the legendary Gee-beast."

Manu Paleanamula, Vice President of PISSSED, voiced concerns about issues confronting the tropical sect of the Pacific Islander race. "I mean, after all Hawaiians deal with in this country every day... You know that show Hawaii Five-O? Fuckin' pisses us off, man. Next person that says, "Book 'em, Danno" to me gets a harpoon up their ass. And "Aloha." You fuck. Don't make me sacrifice you to the Volcano god, Kanoapalupalu! Oh yeah, I almost forgot. No, we don't want to "lei" you. And one more thing, I'm sick and tired of being lumped with the damn Eskimos on the surveys that actually do include us. Alaskan/Pacific Islander - what the fuck is that? You ever seen an igloo in Samoa, asshole?"

The Pacific Islanders are not the only



minority group on campus which has voiced a concern over their exclusion from the Interhall Poll. Vanderbilt's substantial population of Yanomamu tribesmen demand that their concerns be met as well. Chief Kullabarra voiced his comments through the *Slant's* tribal Brazilian Amazonian lowlands language interpreter, Jeff Woodhead, stating, "Man With Bow Tie is like the mystical jaguar god who comes in the night to eat our children and destroy our crops. Many mighty warriors are needed to protect the village."

Many mighty warriors, Chief Kullabarra. Many mighty warriors indeed. ●



WAR ON TERROR

Most American Smart Missiles Unable To Locate Iraq

By TIM BOYD

While U.S. and British troops have been making steady and at times rapid progress on the ground in their campaign to overthrow Saddam Hussein, behind the front lines there is increasing concern about the capacities of U.S. hardware.

The problem was first noticed when Smart missiles that had been fired from U.S. warplanes had to return to base in order to ask for directions. Several were later spotted heading

towards Iran and had to be detonated in mid-air. After this second incident, top U.S. military began to look for the problem and concluded that the missiles were, in the words of one Army engineer, "more smart-ass than smart."

Reports indicate that the missiles were not able to tell the difference between the various Middle Eastern states, and were under the impression that Iran and Iraq were two ways of spelling the same country. Furthermore, during questioning it turned out that they were unable to name the five core 'pillars' of Islam, the currency used in Baghdad or the mineral content of the Euphrates River which runs through the Iraqi capital.

This lack of knowledge comes as a disappointment to the Pentagon, which had invested a great deal of resources into producing top-range weapons that could genuinely be described as "smart." The missiles were put on accelerated learning programs and given extra tuition, though Defense officials now concede that sending them through the Texas public school system may have been counterproductive.

To correct this big problem, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld has demanded that summer courses be taken by the missiles now stationed in the Gulf to bring them up to speed. The courses will cover basic geography,

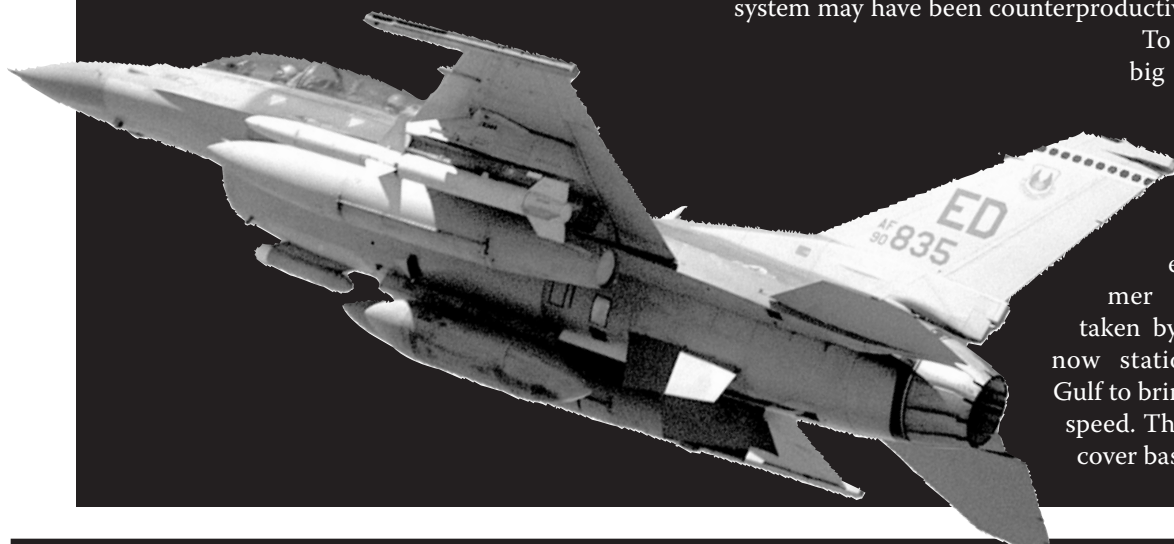
cultural studies of the Arab world, and a grounding in Middle Eastern history. Said Rumsfeld, "These are the sort of things you just have to know about if you are going to go about invading nations in this part of the world." One White House source confirmed that the President may be auditing the class "just out of curiosity."

Sadly for US war planners, it is not only the Smart missiles that have not worked out as planned. The much vaunted Patriot missiles have shown an alarming tendency to spontaneously take off and destroy shipments of tea that are meant for British troops. Such actions are not only wasting expensive military hardware but are also affecting morale amongst British soldiers, who have had to make do with multi-use teabags until the problem can be solved.

Coalition generals had also been expecting to be able to deploy Apache helicopters to attack Iraqi installations, but have had to revise their plans. The Pentagon claimed the helicopters were in perfect working order until they were shipped to bases in Germany. However, as soon as they came into contact with European weapons systems, the Apaches began to contract smallpox, cholera, and various other diseases which rendered them unworkable.

Perhaps most embarrassing of all was an incident at an airfield in northern Kuwait when, whilst preparing to launch a night-time bombing raid on Baghdad, a US Stealth fighter tripped over the cat on its way out of the hanger, fell over and caused such a noise that it ended up waking the whole neighborhood.

On a more positive note, US commanders were able to stop a rogue division of Sherman Tanks which had gone off course towards the Caucasus in an apparent attempt to march through Georgia. ●



RACE RELATIONS

Research Group To Find Word That Actually Offends White People

By **RICHARD GREEN**

Due to the well-known fact that there are few ways to offend the white race as a whole, a group of social thinkers have united to find a slang term that will be universally offensive to white people. Black Individuals Gonna Ostracize Them an' Shit (BIGOTS) have stated that their groundbreaking research should be completed by 2006. The BIGOTS, in association with the Black Panther party, are currently lobbying the government for increased funding.

According to the group's founder, noted African-American Studies theologian Dr. Mark Curry, the project is progressing rapidly. When asked what inspired him in his epic quest to offend white people, he explained, "I went to a daycare center and saw one little brother playing with a white rabbit, as if he didn't even see the color of the fur."

Continued Dr. Curry, "This new idea about black people's getting along with white people sickens me. The races are getting closer and closer with more acceptance of each other. If we don't put a stop to this, the next generation may have no racial tension at all. And if we allow that, the civil rights activists have truly won."

Indeed, unity may pose a threat to the people of both races and their underlying hatred for one another. When Dr. Curry was asked whether or not he sees himself as a racist he replied, "I'm not a racist - I love black people. I just hate white people."

Dr. Curry has devoted his life to searching for ways to offend whitey for years. One of his top researchers, Rev. Al Sharpton, explained, "For a while, we were happy with the term 'cracker.' Some people considered it offensive, that is, until the likes of Uncle Kracker started to take the power away from that word. I hate that damn honkey."

But Dr. Curry and associates were unwilling to give up on food-based racial slurs so easily. After "cracker," they tried food based words such as "whitebread," "whitefish," and "Kraft Macaroni and Cheese," but no one caught on to it. They then tried to release the idea of simply calling white people the name of a famous white person such as Ronald Reagan or Johnny Carson. That idea backfired when white people retaliated by calling black people famous names like O.J., Michael Jackson, and Jaleel White.

Other terms have also fallen by the wayside. The once-universal term "white trash" has been reduced to incestuous

relationships, trailer park residents, and Jerry Springer Show participants. "Words like that have lost their usefulness," commented redneck businessman Ted Turner, who no one asked. "I know I'm not white trash - I make ten digits and I own several channels. I prefer to be offended by the likes of 'stiff-ass' and 'Jane Fonda fucker' - nothing related to my race."

Similarly, "redneck" is now used among white people, often with pride. "White people stole that one from us," complained rapper Dr. Dre, former member of the rap group NWA (Niggaz With Attitude). "That is just wrong of them to take the word we made to offend them and use it amongst them-

selves. It defeats the purpose. This nigga ain't down with that shit."

However, the current research is beginning to look very promising. According to Dr. Curry, "We are looking at words like 'pale-ass' or 'whippy.' 'Baby-dicked bastards' is one of our more promising innovations as well, testing well with white males of all walks of life."

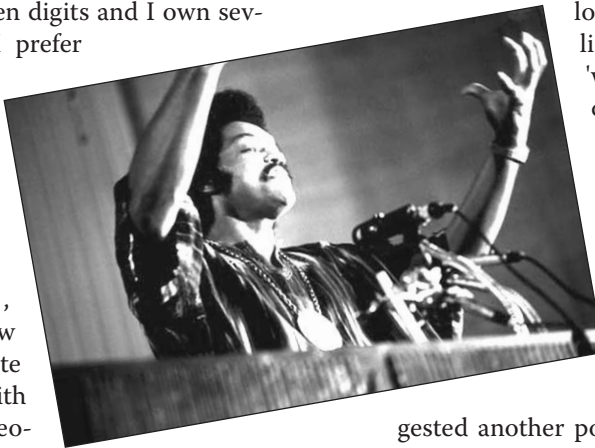
Curry also suggested another possibility. "In this time where it is socially unacceptable for a white person to be considered a racist, why not just call them 'racist' to offend them? White people hate being called racists and come up with many excuses for how they are not racists like 'I had

three black people at my house once,' 'I own a Ludacris album,' and, 'I have a black friend.' Maybe 'racist' will be the future of racial tension worldwide." Curry also admitted that research is being conducted on the possible tension-increasing effects of the phrase "affirmative action."

The work of Dr. Curry is receiving mixed reactions. On the supportive side is football player Randy Moss. "I say it's a good plan. I could just call the little punk-ass white boy whatever I feel like telling him and piss him off, and if he's pissed, I'll just beat his ass. Don't bring that whack shit in my house."

Reverend Jesse Jackson, however, sees multiple flaws in this plan. "It is no joke, I'm all for offending white folk, but when white people get upset and sad, they start shooting people. Dem crackers be crazy."

Dr. Curry admitted that ironically, the success of the BIGOTS project depends solely on white people themselves. "If they refuse to get pissed off, there's really nothing I can do," Curry said. ●



You Unpatriotic Bastard!

By **STARKY VON BEN**

You know, there have been many arguments for and against the war in Iraq. Intelligent treatises have been put forth on both sides as our leaders, and indeed our entire nation, have struggled with this momentous decision. Nevertheless, it must be pointed out that if you disagree with me you're an unpatriotic bastard.



Seriously, nowhere in the Constitution are you given the fucking right to disagree with me, asshole! Clearly my opinion on this war trumps yours, because I'm smarter, better looking, and goddammit, people like me. So get off your ass and start staging rallies for MY side. Tie a yellow ribbon around the damn oak tree and support our troops by following the exact policy recommendations that I have laid out. If you can't figure out what those recommendations are, you're fucking dumber than I thought, you moronic piece of shit!

The bottom line is this: Saddam Hussein should finally be removed from office by any means necessary, because peace is the only answer. Any dumb fuck could understand that, except for you apparently. I support our soldiers in every action they take, for I will never buy a goddamn SUV.

And let us not limit this to the war. There are many other issues of dizzying complexity. Take abortion, for example. Now many experts will tell you that the abortion debate has come to a standstill after 30-plus years of back and forth debate. Every side has their points and counterpoints and the American public is evenly divided between the pro-choice and pro-life stand. You know what? Fuck that! Life's too short for a bunch of pussies debating shit when it is

so clearly obvious that I'm right. If you disagree with me, then you're a fucking baby-murderer who opposes a woman's right to choose. And by "fucking" I do mean "fucking." You're having boatloads of sex with members of whichever gender you don't like having sex with, because that's what unpatriotic bastards like you do.

And don't even get me started on prayer in school. Unless you follow my reasoning point by point on this issue...why bother having an opinion? You lack the mental capacity to comprehend Sesame Street, so what the hell made you think you could understand the intricacies of church/state issues? Just stick to what you do best: living an uninformed, brain-dead life. Leave the abstract thought to someone with my awe-inspiring genius. Or at least someone who knows how to tie his shoe. Velcro doesn't count, shit-for-brains.

When it comes to tax cuts...well, to tell you the truth, I don't really have an opinion. It's a tough issue and I'm kind of torn. So if you DO take a stand on this issue, you're a judgemental bastard. Damn you and your close-minded soul to the fiery pits of hell! Where's your fucking decency? Your lack of tolerance just shows what an unpatriotic prick you truly are. ●

DATING

Chauvinist Male Rejected by Women

By **MEREDITH GRAY**

Earlier this week campus chauvinist Chase Taylor was once again rejected by a woman, a trend that seems to be continuing. "I just don't understand," said Taylor when interviewed, scratching under the backwards and upside-down brim of his Abercrombie and Fitch visor. "Women think it's sexy when you tell them about the superiority of males."

According to Taylor's account of his last date, when the bill arrived at the end of dinner, he picked it up and said, "I'd better pay, that way it will be easier to coerce you into sex later." His date, Amber, reportedly laughed, which prompted Taylor to continue. "No, I'm serious. I'm going to pay, which means that you are obligated to have sex with me." Taylor recalls that Amber then threw his Denny's collectible mug full of Dr. Pepper in his face and left to find a taxi. "She also didn't seem pleased when I commented that her breasts were small, yet adequate."

Taylor had even reportedly enrolled in a Women's Studies course in the past to "show some of those bitches my sensitive side," but after several weeks, he was removed by the administration of the Women Studies Department. "As a group, we decided that an individual who writes essays titled, 'Why You Should Enjoy the Taste of My Semen' and 'Feminists Would be Better Off Wrestling Naked in Mud' is beyond all help."

Even after removing Taylor from the Women's Studies Course, WS 269, the department has kept a close eye on him. An anonymous graduate student stated, "The department is curious as to why women are even initially attracted to him in the first place. Believe me, this guy has no dearth of opportunities for sex. The important question boggling professors is 'why do they go out with him in the first place?'"

Taylor's first college girlfriend would reportedly comply with his requests to leave the bed after thirty rousing seconds of intercourse so that he could watch Sports Center, even offering to run to the store to buy more chewing tobacco for him. Amanda Lightfoot, Taylor's most recent long-term girlfriend, who dated him for approximately three weeks, was said to have quit taking pre-med courses and transferred to Peabody College in order to major in Early Education.

According to Lightfoot, prior to her transfer in majors, Taylor had told her, "What's this crap about becoming a woman doctor? A woman's place is in the kitchen, or on her knees, either servicing me or arranging blocks on the floor in kindergarten."

All of the women associated with Taylor in the past have reportedly come to their senses, recalling his behavior as being vile and atrocious, yet strangely alluring.

"There's something about those pink polo shirts he wears," said Natalie Tanner, formerly romantically linked with Taylor. "Also, the way he would pat me on the head while I was reading my Neuroscience book and say it was so cute how I tried to read the big boys' book. It was disgusting...but in a strangely erotic way...maybe it's because I watched so much Donna Reed on Nick at Nite."

Despite the number of beautiful women on campus that he has dated, Taylor has found that lately

he has been rejected by women more than usual on account of his blatant chauvinism. "I think it was Women's Week or month or whatever," said Taylor, unapologetically scratching his balls while sitting on Rand Terrace. "It's like they've got more ideas in their heads all of the sudden. Like that I don't have the right to grab their asses in the elevators, or call my female professors 'baby.' This is friggin awful."

As of press time, Taylor plans to go home for the weekend to sort out his "woman troubles" with this father, Jack "The Colonel"

Taylor. "Dad always comes up with the greatest words of wisdom to help me out with the ladies," said Taylor, picking at the embroidered sheep on his polo shirt. "Why, on the phone last week he was just telling me that the only good woman is a dead woman. Wait, maybe that was about Indians. It's just hard to keep all this good advice straight." ●



TWO TRIPS LEFT....

Sign up by **Friday April 11**
at **Outdoor Rec.**

Climbing at Black Mtn.

Sat. April 19
\$20.00

Beginners welcome! Black Mountain is a great location for beginners and intermediates alike. We'll try to be back in time for evening Rites!
Shoe rental is \$5.50 extra.

Backpacking in the Smokies

Thurs. May 1 - Sun. May 4
\$60.00

Join us for a 3-day hike up down and around the beautiful Big Creek / Mount Sterling section of the park. Beginners welcome, but be in good shape!

FOR MORE INFO:

Call **Linda at 343-7898**

www.vanderbilt.edu/campusrecreation/outrec



TRIP COORDINATORS WANTED FOR 2003-04

Duties:

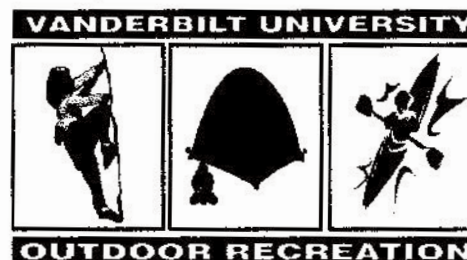
- Volunteer to lead 1-3 trips per semester
- Lead Pre-trip Meetings
- Work a min. of 5 hours/week in the Equipment Rental Program

To Apply:

Stop by the Office of Campus Recreation in the Rec. Ctr. or the **OUTDOOR REC. CENTER** to pick up an application.

APPLICATIONS ARE DUE BY

Wed. April 16.



Do You Think Spy Dolphins Get More Ass Than Regular Dolphins?

By **ANDREW BANECKER**

Okay, you know those dolphins that the Navy has trained to find bombs and submarines and a bunch of other stuff I don't remember in the ocean? I wonder if they get more ass than regular dolphins.

I mean, they are spies. And you know how much ass a spy gets. I mean, James Bond... enough said.

Wait... do dolphins even have ass? I don't think they do. And I don't just mean "have ass" in the way black people say it. You know, like the "badonkadonk." What I'm thinking here is that dolphins do not even have a buttocks. Upon further thought, they would probably term it "getting ventral area."

In either case, ass or ventral area, spy dolphins probably get way more of it than the Backstreet Boys at a middle school dance.

You know who else gets a lot of ass? Pauly Shore. Yeah, the Weasel was a piiiimp. Seriously, I could never figure out how he did it. He's annoying, not that good looking, and annoying, but if you watched MTV in the early '90's, you know what I'm talking about. The Weasel was constantly knee deep in drunken Spring Breaker poon.

Damn, I wish I was still on Spring Break. If it were still Spring Break, this paper wouldn't be due tomorrow. That and I'd see more boob.

You don't see that many girls just taking their shirts off, or getting hosed down, or licking whipped cream off of their sorority sisters' bikini areas here at Vanderbilt. But I digrees.

Wait, is that a cartoon version of a gay Saddam Hussein on Cartoon Network? That's odd.

Ha, I just pictured a spy dolphin in a suit. You got to love mental images. Hey, we've got Photoshop on the computer in The Slant's office. Here, now you can see the dolphin in a suit too. Hahaha... that suit's getting all wet. Silly spy dolphin. 🐬



HAIR CARE

Broken Arm: Quite the Charm

By **GREG CHAMPOUX**

After I broke my arm trying to break my fall, or rather the ground broke my arm, since I shouldn't really blame myself I suppose, I was initially quite upset. Granted it was my left arm, which was advantageous in ways you won't want to think about, but still, it really sucked. I knew that for the next month or two, I would be restricted from a lot of activities. Do you have any idea how difficult it is to measure out a little shampoo with only one hand? But now I'm getting off topic.

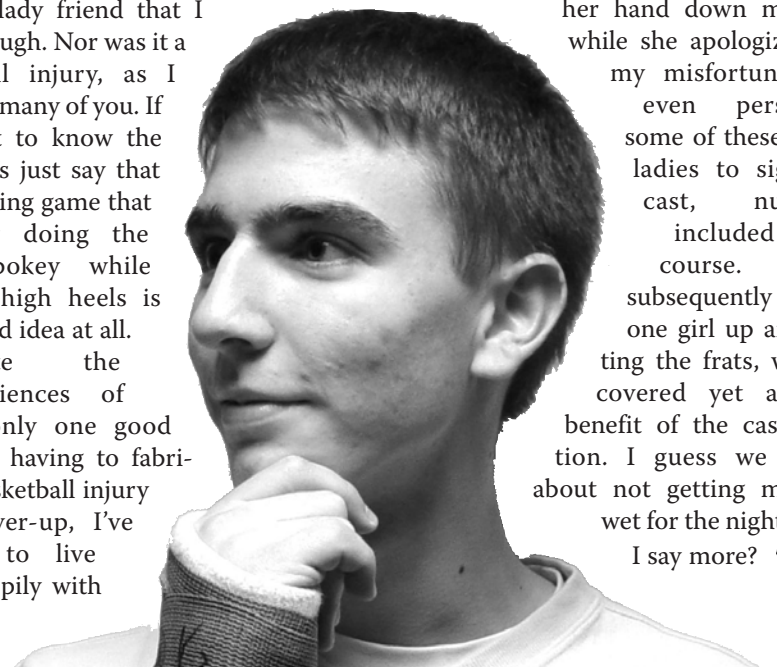
You must be wondering how exactly I broke my arm. No, it wasn't a freak masturbation accident or even a product of things getting out of hand when I told my lady friend that I liked it rough. Nor was it a basketball injury, as I have told many of you. If you want to know the truth, let's just say that any drinking game that calls for doing the hokey pokey while wearing high heels is not a good idea at all.

Despite the inconveniences of having only one good arm, and having to fabricate a basketball injury as a cover-up, I've learned to live quite happily with

my inhibition. Simply put, I get the baby turtle treatment from all sorts of girls and can elicit sympathy at will by simply cringing after I "accidentally" bang my arm against something. Though I realize that women have forced their way into equality, it's nice to be pampered like those cute little turtles. All the ladies seem to want to do is hug me and kiss me and dress me up pretty when I recount my sob story. Well, maybe not dress me up pretty... maybe.

Screw being tough about my broken arm and doing things on my own. I can have the hottest girl in school carry my books, or even grab something out of my left pocket for me. Just the other day, this cute girl in my chemistry lab who had

never talked to me much ran her hand down my arm while she apologized for my misfortune. I've even persuaded some of these lovely ladies to sign my cast, numbers included of course. After subsequently calling one girl up and hitting the frats, we discovered yet another benefit of the cast: friction. I guess we forgot about not getting my cast wet for the night. Need I say more? 🐬



Sean Dawson, at 11:35 PM, after consuming 12 shots of hard liquor, drove his car home on a rainy night. He crashed into his friend's mailbox backing out to go home from the party. He got out the car and picked a fight with a 6 foot tall, 260 pound football player, thinking he could do anything. He tried to run away, but he could only run for thirty seconds because he had just smoked some cigarettes. He got his ass kicked and was hospitalized.

Weed harmless? You make the call.

Truth.

Pentagon Researchers Urgently Searching For New Places To Hang US Flags From Military Equipment

By DAVID BARZELAY

Pentagon insiders say that Pentagon scientists are urgently conducting research on new military equipment, searching for more, newer, and better places to hang U.S. flags from heavy equipment, vehicles, and weapons. These insiders, who wished to remain unidentified, say the concentration of flags on equipment is a critical area of strategy in rallying public support for the war.

"With embedded journalism," explained General William Huntsford, "all the public really sees is U.S. equipment... you know, guns firing and whatnot. What's really important about those images is that they contain as many flags per frame as possible. Research shows that the sight of flags tends to whip Americans into a patriotic frenzy causing them to neglect all moral and ethical concerns in favor of an unqualified pro-war stance."

In fact, Mark Riggs, a Navy Media Advisor, said that in situations such as these, "American flags become more important than traditional weaponry and equipment." He used the example of a bat-

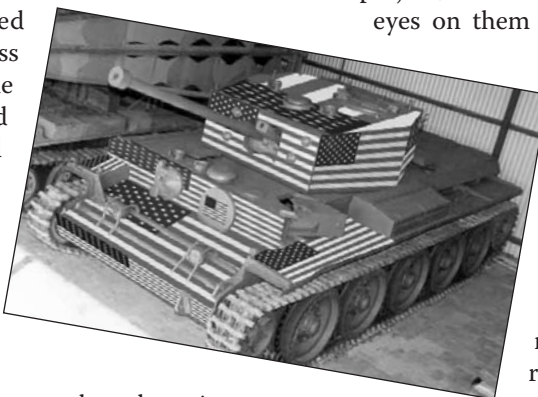
tle-ship saying, "Take one of our battle-ships, for instance. Guns: optional. Engines: optional. Hull: helpful but optional. Flags: absolutely essential. What matters in this war is not how many Iraqis we kill, not how many Americans get killed, not how long it takes, but how many viewers are smiling back home on their couches."

One Fox News reporter embedded with the U.S.S. California witnessed first-hand the process of patriotizing on the ship. In a clip aired on the channel Saturday, a Sergeant Smith ordered the replacement of several ship parts with more inspiring devices.

In the clip, he was heard saying, "Private Smith, replace that piston with an American flag, now! And what are all these useless windows in the command room? They could be replaced with giant

American flags. We don't need to see where we're going, as long as we get the opportunity to be blinded by the glory of Lady Liberty."

Army materials specialists say they are close to developing a new bullet-resistant cloth that will allow tanks and helicopters to be sewn entirely from American flags. "Not only will the vehicles be lighter," boasted Craig Hammond, head researcher on the project, "but any enemy that lays



eyes on them will be moved to tears by the sheer power of freedom that the flag represents." Hammond then broke into tears himself, seeing one of the experimental tanks rolling off the line, and he began patting his chest proudly and stated with resolution, "These colors don't run!"

Several minutes later, having overcome

the passion with which the new tanks inspired him, Hammond apologized, saying, "Sorry for the interruption. That sorta thing happens every few minutes here, working so closely with flags like we are."

But there are those within the Pentagon's highest circles who disagree with the initiative. "Red, white, and blue aren't exactly the best colors for camouflage," stated Major General Albert McNamara. "Besides, do we really want the American public to completely ignore whatever is going on and just show blind faith in our government? I know this is wartime and criticism of the government will hurt the war effort [sic], but come on. We're turning them into sheep!"

But these arguments were dismissed by the people responsible for the project, who said, "Those arguments are very valid and the consequences are reprehensi - Oh, my God. Look at the size of that glorious flag! It really reminds you that we've just gotta win this thing in the name of freedom. By any means necessary." ●

LARGEST
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April 19 (14 hours)
10AM - Midnight
at the Auxiliary Gym

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Computer Games: Counter-Strike, Battlefield 1942, Unreal Tournament 2003, Unreal Tournament, Warcraft 3, Soldier of Fortune, Jedi Knight 2

Host by Vanderbilt Computer Society
For more info:
<http://www.vandyocs.org>

FOOD, BEER, AND TRIVIA!!

The Flying Saucer:
Every Tuesday Night, 7 to 9.
-2 for 1 shots, \$2 PBR Tallboys
-Free shots for best team name!
-Great food, great atmosphere!

The Pub
Thursday, April 10, 8 to 10
Champion's Game: Thurs., April 17

Trivia Night is now at two locations and growing! Our team trivia game will soon be at Bailey's, and next semester we'll be at the Pub every Thursday! Check the website for updates

www.trivia-night.com

DRINK ON THE JOB:
If you are graduating, moving to a different city, and are interested in being a Trivia Night Reader in your new city, contact calvin@trivia-night.com.
Get paid \$75 for two hours of work!!!

400 21st Avenue South
(Next to Starbucks)

327-0220
11am-8pm daily
"Good for you"

fax: 327-0645

Support Jazz at Vanderbilt!

BLAIR BIG BAND
Wednesday
April 16th at 8pm
Ingram Recital Hall

Students Against Daylight Savings

We want our hour back!

SADS is a new student organization dedicated to the abolition of daylight savings time. SADS feels it is a government conspiracy designed to strip citizens of their right to every hour of every day.

Contact Jacob (1-4044) or Mike (1-6240) for more information or come to our meetings every Tuesday at 6:30 in Sarratt 112.
(Men need not apply.)

AROUNDTHELOOP

Hey, remember *Perfect Strangers*? Wasn't that show awesome?

Evan Alston, Freshman



☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

"With all that's going on in the world, why would you ask a question about an old TV show? You could've asked something like what's your position on the war? How are you supporting our--wait... is that the show with Balki?? That show was awesome for damn sure."

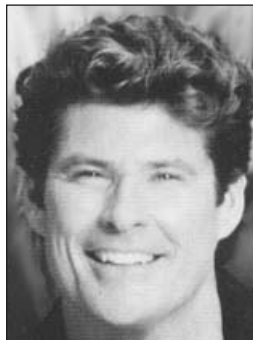
Meghan Ralston, Sophomore



☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

"Oh, it certainly was awesome. Certainly. *Perfect Strangers* was the single most originaive and innovatal concept on tv since *Gilligan's Island*. ...stranded on a desert island... how do they come up with this stuff??"

Helmut Schiezer, Foreign Exchange Student



☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

"*Perfect Strangers* is my favorite show on television! In Germany its name is Ein Grieche Erobert Chicago which means A Greek Conquers Chicago! I never saw the American Original, but there was a run on a German TV Station this year! Isn't it nice to hear Balki talking about Mypos and the culture of this little island? Bingi - Bi-hingi!"

Barbara Smith, Diabetic



☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

"*Perfect Strangers*...that was that show that had the really old guy that gave away stuff, right? And he had all these women that were old and not all that attractive that pointed at stuff... And that big wheel, and--well, I could be thinking of *The Price Is Right*. But dammit, I just love sitcoms."

Greg Champoux, Pimp



☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

"*Perfect Strangers*. Hmmm, isn't that show about a boy growing up pretending he's a teenage mutant ninja turtle until he's 14, when his parents force him into counseling since the show was cancelled 6 years ago and because Donatello purple just isn't his color. Oh wait- that was my life."

HOROSCOPES



Aries: (March 21—April 19)

Your dream of having your little sister urinated on will be ruined when R. Kelly gets convicted.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

News of your naked website will travel faster throughout campus than the time that drunk guy fell down the elevator shaft in Towers.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

You will receive a Chinese fortune cookie that will unlock the deeper aspects of your personality. Then you will eat said cookie...in bed.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

After solidifying your status as the Penis Game Champion of Vanderbilt University, you will realize that your skills are of no practical value in the real world. Like a Biomedical Engineering major.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

Your badly timed streaking results in an unfortunate accident when you run directly towards the oncoming parade of elephants.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

You will be amazed to learn that alcohol, not Astroglide, is the social lubricant.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

Your blitzkrieg against the enemy will be abruptly foiled when your commanding officer tells you to pull out.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

That's what she said.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

Perhaps your word-a-day calendar is trying to send you a message by following yesterday's "obsequious" with "Dude, you're whipped." Also, your girlfriend would like some tampons and Ben and Jerry's. Or else.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

You will realize that your 'horoscope' has nothing to do with the 'whore' you 'scoped' today. All right, fine, you will have sex with her.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Geraldo will reveal all of your secrets to the Iraqis. Even that one. Yes, that one.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

In lieu of accepting bachelor of the week honors, you will attend a play at a gay bar. Providing you are Jacob Grier, of course.

The uncomfortable space next to Hitler's letter brought to you by this guy.



Protesters,

I, Adolf Hitler, would like to thank you all very much for comparing me and my imperial Nazi powers to Bush and the United States. I feel that you all have given me a great honor.

At first, I was starting to think all that stuff I did was horrible and I was really regretting that Third Reich and ethnic cleansing stuff, but if a bunch of people think I'm no worse than George W. Bush, I don't think you people really care much about it and actually liked me. Der Glorie! Maybe you would have liked it if we all spoke German. If you all think I am not all that bad, maybe you really did like my views.

Now I know Bush is not considered the greatest president ever, but still, he's a good man. He went to college, he got elected president if you call it that, and he's not exactly trying to take over the world, just some oil fields in the Middle East. Hey, I would have used the oil to burn all the people that I had conquered in the name of creating a perfect Germany.

I mean, all America does is use precision bombs to reduce civilian casualties in war. Precision bombs, what panzies. Die Irren. What happened to the good ol' days, when we would carpet-bomb entire cities like Coventry and Dresden out of existence? But hey, I can take a compliment when given one, and if I am no worse than Bush then bless you for that.

I'm in Hell now of course, but with all the respect I am getting from Earth comparing me to the Christian President Bush, there is a deal being proposed with God to send me to Heaven. I was good after all!

Could you do a favor for me, though? Satan's telling me that when Saddam gets here, they'll have to torture him pretty badly. Well, could you all also compare him to another decent person, you know like the Unabomber or, better yet, Martha Stewart? I personally think the guy's great. I mean, human shields, that shit is classic. Thanks for keeping him safe for now. I greatly appreciate it.

Well, thank you all for the comparison.

Keep fighting the good fight, brothers.

Adolf Hitler
Adolf Hitler

PUBLIC HEALTH

A World Of Pain

By ROB HILTON

I wish every girl who gave a guy blue balls would get smacked in the ovaries with a 2 by 4, because damnit, that's what it feels like. Girls seem to have no problem getting a guy all hot and bothered with a stroke here and a squeeze there. But when it comes time to take the horse out of the barn, they're shifting into reverse with stories of "I'm tired" and "I have to get up early" and "Do I know you?" All of a sudden they've decided they're "not like that." NOT LIKE THAT! I'll tell you what you're like, you're like some kind of vagina Nazi! And I'll be damned if I'm going to suffer under this punani-fascism.

The thing of it is, I'm not asking that all girls put out. I mean, that would be great, but it's not what I'm asking. All I'm asking is that they finish what they've started. If you make your bed, you have to lie in it - with me - at least until I finish my business, that is.

I'm tired of all this stopping halfway crap. It's as if these girls love to

crank the Jack-in-the-box but they get pissed off when the purple-headed Jack pops out. What were you expecting? "Thanks for putting your hand down my pants, I'll see you in class!" No, I'm sorry, if you're going to go that far, you're getting a face full of your favorite breakfast cereal, Honey-nut Rob, and that's the way it goes.

I had a lady friend in high school who once stopped mid-coitus to tell a guy he had to go home. She just stopped right in the middle. Excuse me, WHAT?! The poor guy had to walk home with two throbbing testicles between his legs. At that point I might even settle for a hand job, and you KNOW how much I hate those.

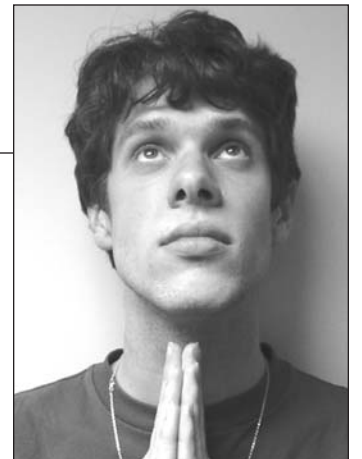
The worst thing about it is you can't just go home and pump one out. Why? Because that makes the pain even worse. I don't know why, I'm not a scientist. But neither are girls who stop half way through blow jobs to ask "where is this relationship going." As far as I'm concerned, "this relationship" is about to explode on your stomach or a napkin if you have time.

My theory: you start a fire, you put it out. Most girls just don't care. And it makes me want to smack 'em in the face with the swollen, aching, bowling balls they just left in my pants.



Ask Ben Stark

The voice of reason on The Slant



Dear Ben,
Wouldn't it be funny if I made all kinds of jokes about Jesus? I have a great one for you. How many Jesuses does it take to change a light bulb? Or is it Jesi? Whatever. But anyway, the answer is three - but they're all the same person, really. Or how about this one: Jesus walked into a bar. The bartender told him, hey, we don't serve deities around here. He said, that's okay, I'll just get a glass of water. Ooh, that could be an Other News item - Bar To Start Charging Jesus For Water. What do you think?

Jeff in Chaffin

Dear Jeff,
I don't think that's such a good idea.

Ben

Dear Ben,
I have this great idea for an article based entirely around R. Kelly giving children a "golden shower." Where do you think I should go with it?

Greg in Lupton

Dear Greg,
Um, I don't think that's a good idea.

Ben

Dear Ben,
How about an article about Roman Polanski?

Greg in Lupton

Dear Greg,
That's not a good idea either.

Ben

Dear Ben,
How about Richard Simmons?

Greg in Lupton

Dear Greg,
Shut the fuck up! Go break your arm or something.

Ben

Dear Ben,
I was just doing an impression of a ten-year-old penis, and I thought that this would make a good article. I need a little help with it, though. If you were a ten-year-old penis, what would you say? How would you feel? How would you react?

Meredith in Cole

Dear Meredith,
It is written in Exodus 8:2, "If you do not let my people go, I will plague your country with frogs." See, Bible quotes can be cool! Oh, yeah, this article is not a good idea.

Ben

Dear Ben,
Another sex article?

Rob in Towers

Dear Rob,
No.

Ben

Dear Ben,
What do you think about writing a column about Chancellor Gee's obsession with Asian porn? I think he should trade his bow tie in for some black lace panties, and then he could go to Green Hills and sit outside Victoria's Secret and watch Asian people come out, and then he could post a picture from www.hotasiangirls.com on his bathroom wall, and then he could use the black panties to...

Evan in Dyer

Dear Evan,
Stop! Absolutely not! You're scaring me!

Ben

Dear Ben,
I want to put a line in my article about Joseph telling the Virgin Mary that oral sex does count and that he's not using President Clinton's definition. What do you think?

Tim in London

Dear Tim,
I swear God will strike you down if you write it.

Ben

Dear Ben,
I found this picture of Hitler giving his salute, and it looked exactly like one of those signs at an amusement park that says "you have to be this tall to ride." So I'm going to find a picture of a roller coaster, and Brad is going to photoshop the two together. What do you think?

Andrew in Lewis

Dear Andrew,
Aw, fuck it. I give up.

Ben



This waste of space brought to you by the chicks from *Small Wonder*, *Charles In Charge* and *Who's The Boss*?

Top Ten Things Vanderbilt Is Doing With The Money From The Tuition Increase



- 10** More green spray paint so all lawns can look as spectacular as Alumni.
- 9** Erecting more creepy naked statues engaged in inappropriate activities.
- 8** Coming up with a more important-sounding name for "Human and Organizational Development."
- 7** The Chancellor Gee Bow Tie Fund: Creating the next generation of Super-Bow Ties.
- 6** Advertising residential colleges in the next Super Bowl.
- 5** Bling bling for the Kirkland Krew.
- 4** Squirrel sterilization program. Or if that doesn't work, weasels to eat the squirrels. Then tigers to eat the weasels. Then Siegfried and Roy to make the tigers vanish.
- 3** A green dress. But not a real green dress, that's cruel.
- 2** Robot janitors so we don't have to worry about that whole living wage thing.
- 1** Lottery tickets.



More brilliant works of art like this will come out of the tuition hike.



BASTARD CONFESSION

I love French people.

VUPDBLOTTER

- March 27**
4:00pm The Pub - Getting A Drink With Cup From Previous Visit - Death By Lethal Injection
- March 28**
7:47 pm East Hall - Singing "Work It" By Missy Elliott - Forced To Work It
- March 30**
7:22pm Outside Sarratt - Chalking Messages On Pathway - Painful Spanking
- April 1**
1:00 pm Morgan House - Pulling Stupid April Fool's Joke - Incarceration
3:30 pm Mayfield 4 - Feminine Products On Window - Revenge In Progress
- April 3**
8:31 am Rand Hall - Eating Rand Breakfast - Food Poisoning
8:00 pm McGill Hall - Being Satan - Eating Judas, Brutus, and Cassius For Eternity
- April 4**
10:21 am Furman 104 - Use Of Naturalistic Fallacy - Failure Of Logic Course
- April 6**
1:59 am Kirkland Hall - Stealing One Hour Of Time - Insomnia
4:12 am Chaffin 316 - Cheering For The Yankees - Out of Jurisdiction
11:12 pm Sarratt 135b - Excessive Punnery - Drawn and Quoted