

the Slant

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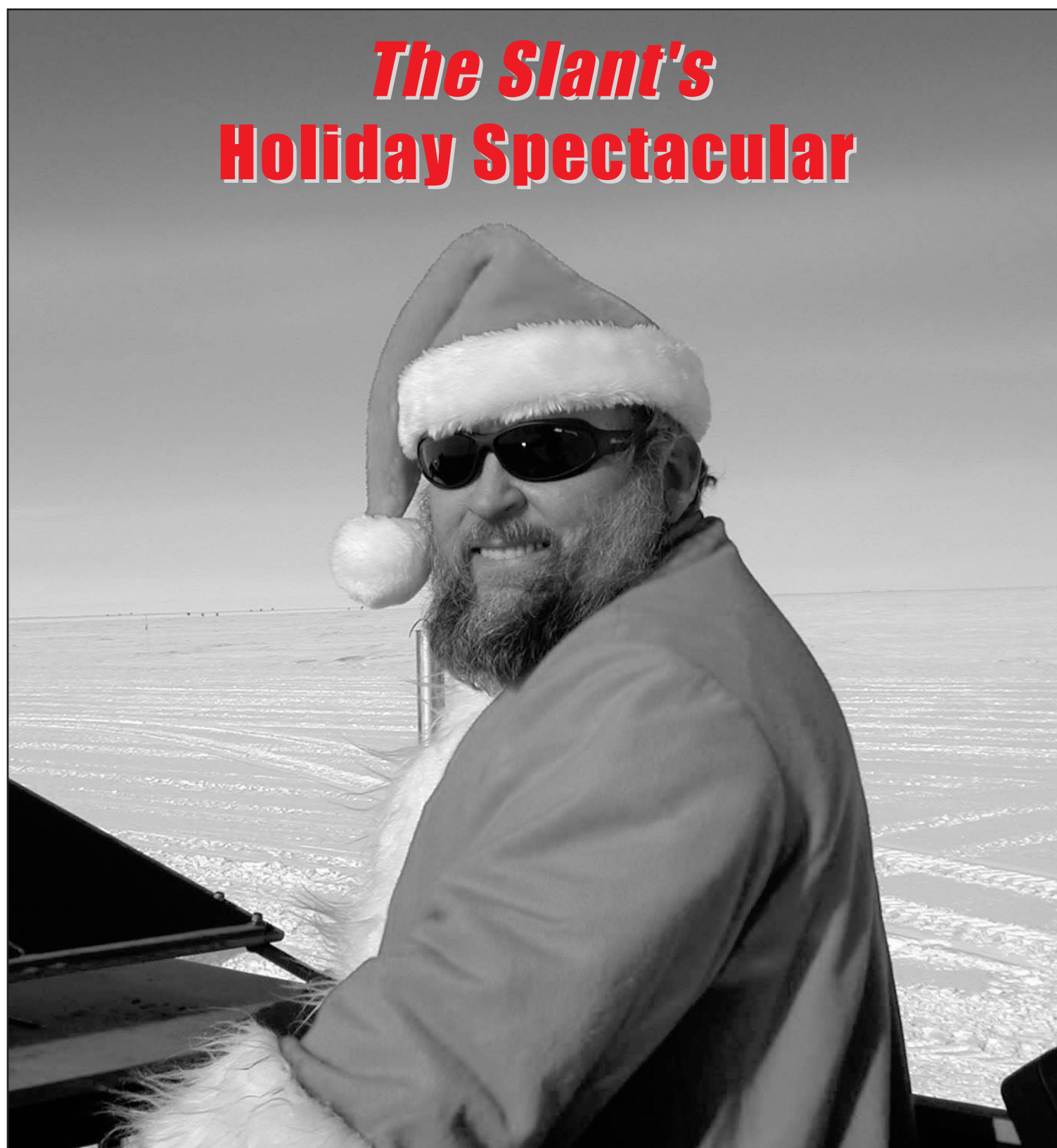
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The Slant



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Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

FROM NUMBER TWO

Why David Is A Lazy-Ass Bastard Who Does Not Give Us His Editorial

AS MANAGING EDITOR OF *THE SLANT*, I HAVE THE DUTY TO MAKE SURE DAVID DOES HIS JOB. HOWEVER, THIS TIME I AM NOT GOING TO STAY UP UNTIL ALL HOURS WAITING FOR HIS EDITORIAL. SO I WILL TEACH HIM A LESSON.

David Barzelay has an unhealthy obsession (one might call it "love") for midgets. He also enjoys salad dressing. Put two and two together. (Hint: 4).

Well, I'm glad I got that out of my system. Back to the subject at hand: sex. We are, after all, *The Slant*. What else do you turn to us for? Clever satire? Witty repartee? Low fat frozen yogurt (which I call "frogurt")? Anyway, sex. I like it. You like it. Your mom *loves* it. David hates it. Except with men. And not even good-looking men. Have you seen some of these ass clowns he brings home? They make Ernest Borgnine look like Leonardo DiCaprio in a man sandwich with the Backstreet Boys.

Hmmm... it is fun to write these columns. I don't know why David always chooses to write about things like student apathy, Professor Farley, and diversity on campus. He should write about fun things, things he knows a lot about, like chronic masturbation (or "Barzelaying", if you prefer). Did I mention the Backstreet Boys?

Speaking of Barzelaying, excuse me for a moment.

Ah, the sweet release. Speaking of Care Bears, now is about the time where David would ramble on incoherently about some insane libertarian dogma. What the hell is that anyway? I mean, I agree with eating poor people, and I thought that Stone Cold Brett Austin had some pretty good ideas, but who wants to read Ayn Rand? She

can't even spell her damn name right. Let alone serve a proper meal.

But I digress. I seem to do that a lot. Not unlike David. Digressing (not Barzelaying) really sucks, don't you think? But I digress... therefore, I am. **BITCH!**

So, what else do I have to say about pond life? Kumquat. There, I've said it. David, on the other hand, hasn't said a damn thing on the subject. What is he afraid of?

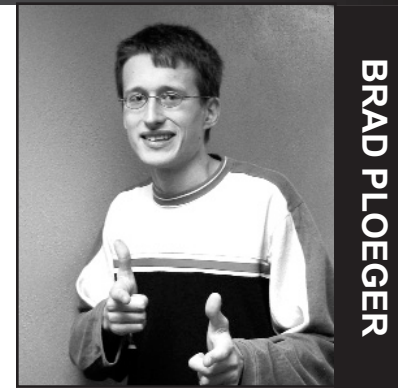
I wonder if David knows I am an Eagle Scout? I know how to kill a man 24 different ways with a simple spork. I even have a merit badge for it. I've met Javy Lopez, has he met Javy Lopez? If he knew this, he would probably submit his damn column on time, rather than piffle his life away "Barzelaying."

Wow, I'm at 420 words. Time for a "cigarette" break.

Man, have you ever looked at my hands? I mean *really* looked at my hands? They are so fucking cool. I don't think David ever has. Damn, he was going to write his editorial but he got high, but he got high, but he got high...

But I've just about run that topic into the ground. Speaking of dead horses, vote David Barzelay for Interhall President.

Why can't we all just get along? Furthermore, why can't we all just get a chicken dance Elmo? Why can't Barzelay write a fucking editorial on time? Questions to ponder...■



BRAD PLOEGER

THE SLANT'S FORTNIGHTLY IMAGE



"Not only are you not getting this ball, but I am God!"

in other news

New Elizabeth Taylor Fragrance Smells Like 'Old Lady'



Elizabeth Taylor just released a new fragrance along the same lines as "White Diamonds". The new fragrance is to be called "Cheveux Bleu", or "Blue Hair". Taylor described the perfume as "a delightful melange of cat urine and moth balls."

Vanderbilt Endowment Shrinks in Winter Weather

"I swear, it's cold outside and I just got out of the pool," said the endowment, adding, "Like a frightened turtle!"

Congress Outlaws Use of Midgets in Comedy

Rep. Garland (R-SC), a proponent of the midget protection bill, stated, "I've just got a



soft spot in my heart for the little guys, and I'm tired of seeing 'em always get laughed at. Somebody's gotta defend them, poor little fellas." Oddly enough, midgets are protesting the bill, which they say eliminates too

many work opportunities. "What next, no more stunt doubles for child actors?" said Gary Coleman, spokesman for the Diminutive Working Actors Rights Foundation (DWARF). "We can't all be serious actors like that guy who said 'de plane, boss, de plane' and 'the mini donuts, the mini donuts.' We have to make a salary goddamnit!!!"

Trent Lott Gives A Shout Out To All His Niggaz



Senator Trent Lott (R-MS) officially stepped down as Senate Minority Leader, giving an official statement of resignation

on BET. "I just want to say that I'm not a racist. I gots mad love for my niggaz." He later added, "Trent Lott is in the hiz-zouse!"

Snipes, Harrelson Reunite For "White Men Can't Jump II: Black Guys Can't Play Hockey"



Filming has begun on the long-awaited sequel to the hit comedy "White Men Can't Jump." The cast is expected to include Emilio Estevez as Coach Bombay, a recovering alcoholic who has been forced to coach

YMCA adult inner city hockey. Hijinks and tomfoolery will no doubt ensue in this heart-warming tale of racial unity.

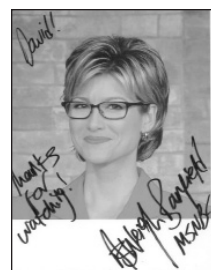
Snoop Dogg Regrets Buying Set of Decorative Bundt Pans



Rapper Snoop Dogg is reportedly feeling buyer's remorse after buying a set of decorative bundt pans at the after-Christmas

blow-out sale at Bed Bath and Beyond this past holiday. Mr. Dogg, who has allegedly sworn off of smoking marijuana, returned home with his purchases and was immediately puzzled at his decision to purchase the set. "Well schizzle my nizzle ya heard me, what in the fuck is a bundt pan?" He also added that he regretted buying a 50% off oven mitt shaped like a chicken. After mulling over the fact that he could not return the clearance items, he contemplated comforting himself with a bit of the "sticky icky icky."

News Channel Briefly Covers Event Not Related To Terrorism



After taking the time to report on some starving kids somewhere, MSNBC's part-time anchor and full-time sex kitten Ashleigh Banfield came back on and said, "Ha ha, fooled you! In other War-on-Terror

news, there's a massive conspiracy afoot to kidnap the nation's dog population and turn them into android servants of Osama bin Laden's will. We will now report on this new development at length for the next three hours in order to make you fully aware of the danger that awaits your precious Muffy. But please, remain calm and don't be scared. It's what Muffy would want."

Slant Writer's Roommate Has A Thing For Asian Girls

No, he really does. Seriously. In case you care.

Raelians Sued by Dr. Evil



Following their statement that they had successfully created the first human clone, the Raelians were sued by Dr. Evil,

who pointed out that his beloved Mini-Me was truly the first clone. "I didn't spend four years in frikkin evil medical school for somebody to take my claim to history away from me," said Evil. "And where's my frikkin sharks with frikkin laser beams attached to their heads?" He concluded by shoving his damn pinky in his mouth again.

Michael Jackson Losing His Blackness, Grip on Baby



A study conducted by the Brookings Institute, in association with *Orbis*, has revealed that "Wacko Jacko" is losing his blackness at an even greater rate than Condoleeza Rice. No word on how this will affect his pediatric gravity tests. Bubbles the chimp could not be reached for comment.

Vanderbilt Student declares idea of Residential Colleges "Gay"

Freshman Trevor Wilson declared the University's efforts to move toward residential colleges, "SO gay." His rant continued as he also described as gay Rand Dining Hall, semi-formals, and his entire home state of Ohio. When informed that "gay" actually meant "homosexual", Wlson simply said, "Oh."

Usher Issues Apology to English Language

R&B artist Usher released a statement Friday in which he apologized profusely for misspelling "you" in all of his songs. "I want to apologize to all to all the literate people out there, wherever u are," the statement said. "I never meant to hurt anybody." Usher, who sings such songs as "U Don't Have to Call," "U Got it Bad", and "U Remind Me", was unavailable to comment. The nation waited in vain for Usher to issue an apology for his actual music, but sadly none ever came.

VUPD Reminds You To Check Your Testicles For Cancer



The Gospel Of Santa

BY JEFF WOODHEAD

Behold, I bring you tidings of good news, for the coming of the One Who Is Large And Dressed In Red is upon us, and the time for the Kingdom of Santa is at hand!

Lo, there was a child born this day, the twenty-fifth day of the not-yet-in-existence month of December, and he hath been named Jesus, for it is written, "A child shall be born, and born shall be a child."

The blessed parents Joseph and Mary didst take refuge in a manger in the town of Bethlehem, despite the fact that the Israeli government did not want anyone to enter or leave the city. And there they didst give birth to the child, the one which was to be blessed by the Coming of the Holy and Jelly-Bellied One on this glorious day.

The couple had no clothing, save for the robes with which they were adorned and a set of three inexplicably large socks. And the Lord spake unto them and told them to hangeth these socks on the wall, and they didst hang them upon the wall. And upon these they stitched the names Mary, Joseph, and Jesus. And they didst find a large pine tree in the surrounding desert, and brought the pine tree inside. And they didst place small candles, shiny objects, and strings of popped corn on the branches. Miraculously, whenever one of the candles went out, all of the rest of the candles didst follow suit, then blinked on and off intermittently with a twinkling alike in beauty and splendor to the appearance of the Heavenly Host.

And behold, a hollow red brick structure didst appear in the manger above the fireplace, and Santa Claus, the Holy One, did appear. And He brought gifts for Mary and Joseph and the baby Jesus, for Mary



Behold, I bring you tidings of good news.

Staff Photo

and Joseph were poor, and could not afford to give presents to the Jolly Saint, but Mary didst instead baketh him some chocolate-chip cookies and Joseph didst milketh a beast from the manger.

And three wise men didst go to Wal-Mart for some last-minute shopping, and there did they find gifts that they wouldst deliver, and there they did buy these gifts with their Holy Capital One no-hassle cards of credit. And these gifts were a Frankenstein action figure, a model of Space Station Mir, and the hallowed Chicken Dance Elmo of Gold. And Uncle Jeff, being unable to be there, didst send

thy Gift Certificate for the Tower of Babel Records.

And all were happy, and all were content, until Satan sent upon Joseph and Mary the wrath of Hell in the form of Credit Card Bills, and it didst push the Holy One away for a full year, for the Holy One cannot be concerned with the credit card bills of just one couple. And the Holy One returned to the North Pole, wherein he rested for another year and his Holy Elves worked to create the gifts for the children of Judea and all the world next year.

Amen. ■

Nation's Homeless Rested And Refreshed

By ROBERT SAUNDERS

Marisa DiIulio feels a new day is dawning for her and her three children thanks to the good folks at the Holy Cross Catholic Church of Nashville. Parishoners there hosted over 50 homeless people on Christmas night, providing them a warm, safe night indoors and two square meals before turning them back out onto the street at 6:00 a.m. until next year.

"My body had already begun feeding on itself, and I think the kids were getting sick from drinking rain water," said Ms. DiIulio. "The generosity of the church members has reinvigorated us to make an even better home under the Church St. overpass."

"We work hard from the middle of December right up through Christmas Day to make this a special evening for the less fortunate," said Claire Hemler, who chairs the church's service committee. "You wouldn't believe how many pizza parties we have to throw to organize something like this."

Continued Hemler, "It isn't easy for us ladies to find time to minister to the poor at this time of year. Believe me, all the presents we have to buy for the kids, shopping for all the extra groceries, polishing the nice china in preparation for relatives visiting, and getting hair and nails done so we look good in the family pictures all takes up a lot of time. But," she said, "It's really worth the sacrifice when you realize you just made some bum's month. Besides, we will all be handsomely rewarded in heaven for our philanthropy."

Minister Samuel Corbett was very appreciative of the efforts of his parish. "They did well and can now get back to the real business of our church: raising money for the building fund and discussing which public figures are going to Hell," said Corbett.

Holy Cross is but one of several Nashville churches to organize a night shelter for the homeless around the holidays. Some even augmented their service with Christmas gifts. "We collected dozens of presents for everyone. Doll babies, board games, puzzles. Their faces just light up when they see the toys," said Emily Proctor of Trinity Methodist. "It feels good to help people."

Agreed six-year old Kiana Mason, "My Disco Barbie(TM) is really great. When I cry myself to sleep at night holding her plastic molded figure, then I know I'm not alone." ■



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Joseph And Mary Appear On Jerry Springer

By TIM BOYD

In a stunning piece of pre-Christmas programming, Jerry Springer last night aired a special 'long-lost' episode of his show featuring Joseph and Mary. The episode was recorded a few weeks before the birth of Jesus. The show began with Mary confessing to the audience that though she was betrothed to the local carpenter she was in fact already "with child", something she blamed on the Holy Spirit. Backstage, an increasingly incensed Joseph listened to the news until he was finally brought on set to confront his wife-to-be.

"What sort of an idiot to you take me for?" Joseph exploded when he appeared in the studio. "I may only do woodwork, but I have my dignity. After all that we had planned, you go and have an affair with an abstract concept on the side?"

"You don't understand," Mary wailed in protest. "It was all so, so... divine. He moved in ways we can't understand!"

Furiously pacing the stage, Joseph would not be calmed. Mary tried to placate him; "It wasn't what you think, he came down from heaven."

"Came down, went down – what's the difference!" an angry Joseph retorted.

"Oh Jo-Jo," Mary pleaded, "The only part of me he touched was my heart, I swear it. There was no pain – it was an immaculate conception."

"Too bad you didn't use some immaculate contraception," Joseph snapped back. "And there's a census coming up! What am I supposed to tell them? 'One son, adopted, suspected son of God. One wife, trailer trash, suspected lying whore?!'"

Eventually the bouncers on the show 'subdued' Joseph and he tried to come to terms with the situation: "Listen, I'm a righteous man, and I don't want to expose you to public disgrace, so I tell you what I have in mind: to put you aside, quietly. End of story. As long as you don't expect any money, I don't want to be building tables in Judea for

the rest of my life."

At this point, Springer himself interceded. "Joseph, we knew you might find this difficult. We all feel your pain. But you must be strong. I've got someone waiting outside for you, someone I know you want to meet – ladies and gentlemen, please welcome, in person, the Holy Spirit!"

At this point, an awkward, ethereal figure appeared on the stage, only to be violently confronted by Joseph: "You?! You did this? You couldn't get it up without a team of camels and a following wind! You look about as potent as a white wine spritzer."

"Look, this is all rather complicated," the Spirit stammered. "You see, I'm not really here, I'm sort of... everywhere. It's all theological really – we just thought this might help as a visual aid."

"I'll give you visual aid!" Joseph shouted, jumping out of his seat toward the Holy Spirit, prompting further police action from the security officers. Forcibly restrained in his chair by two bouncers, Joseph finally resigned himself to the situation, asking the Holy Spirit, "Look, I understand that

this child of God is going to be quite important, but once that's out of the way, is there anything in the deal against trying for some others? I may be a righteous man, but I get the same urges as -"

"Oh, for Go- for My sake!" the Spirit shot back. "You're still not taking this seriously! You have to get yourselves to Bethlehem. There are going to be magi, and sheep and angels and wise men – and all you can think about is your damned libido?"

"Well, Joseph, tonight's your lucky night!" Springer announced. "For Springer's special prize for today is... a donkey journey for two to Bethlehem with accommodation provided in a delightfully rustic farmhouse ante-chamber!"

"Oh fair enough," Joseph sighed. "I guess I could do with a break, and I've heard Bethlehem's a lovely place to spend Christmas. Fuck it." ■

*"After all that we had planned, you go and have an affair with an abstract concept on the side?"
- Joseph*

In The New Year, I Resolve To Take More Drugs

By MEREDITH GRAY

You know, the last couple of years I've had the same few New Year's Resolutions in rotation: lose weight, cut down on the swearing, find out who's the father of my baby, etc. Basically the same as most people's. But you know, lately I've been thinking, fuck that. This year, I realized I've been going down the wrong avenue with all these "resolutions" that never really get carried out. This year, I had a real breakthrough: I've decided to start taking more drugs.

You might ask why I've come to such a conclusion. Well, for starters, I think it would greatly enhance my bleak and oftentimes hopeless view of reality. I asked myself, "How many times in the last year did you have to go to the emergency room to get stitches on your hand for punching your boyfriend in the mouth?" Well, the answer was eleven, but the real point is that I do that a lot, and it's gotten boring. I could resolve to hit him less, but you know what? When he's sitting there on the couch watching "Trading Spaces," sipping his herbal tea, the bastard is just asking for it. Instead, I wondered, "How often in the last year did you cower behind the couch in fear because your boyfriend's head appeared to be melting and turning into cockroaches?" Well, my friend, the answer to that is none, and by God, if I'm going to miss out on an experience like that.

I think that doing more drugs could really help to expand my pursuit of intellectual enlightenment. I want a shred of the psychedelic vision of such luminaries as Timothy Leary and Andy Dick. Yeah, it wouldn't hurt to take a shower once in a while too, but that's what lice shampoo is made for, plus it comes with a free comb. Also, the constant drug use may alter my perception of my own appearance and smell, and perhaps dampen my ability to perceive the negative reactions of those around me.

But you know, with the the addition of more drug use to my roster of activities, I may have to cut down on other "potentially harmful behavior," as per what was pointed out to me by the state of Nebraska. Well, if I increase the drug use, perhaps I'll cut down on the porn addiction. Not the regular stuff, just the German stuff where they wear collars and pee on each other and whatever. The only real reason I see for cutting this part out would be for the money, which I guess should be allocated toward the purchase of heroin and heroin paraphernalia.

Yeah, that's another thing – I'm not going to be a pussy about this whole drug thing. When I said I'm going to increase my drug use, I meant that I would expand upon the considerable base of illicit materials I already enjoy. I'm thinking more along the lines of ether, smack, and anything that can be injected into my arm or between my toes. Did you see that toilet part of "Trainspotting"? Damn, that was wicked cool.

But back to my point – some things will have to go. The compulsive piercing has taken its toll on my wallet and also on my immune system, which I guess should be at its strongest for when I start sharing needles. I guess thirty-three was enough anyway, I should quit while I still have a hole to pee through.

What else? I guess I should also resolve to stop knocking down old people and stealing the handicapped placards from their cars. Oh, and the Girl Scouts... I promise not to break anyone's knee-caps for cookies this year, not even for Samoas. That chocolatey-caramely-coconutty goodness is hard to resist, but maybe if I start dealing on the side, I might legitimately buy my first case. And who can forget the cannibalism? Damned if most of my crime doesn't revolve around food, though I'm really not liable for anything I might do in the future during a drug induced haze. ■



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Look for our next issue

The Miller Family Christmas Newsletter

From our [fucked up] family to yours

By ELIZABETH VENNUM

Dear Friends,

Our annual Christmas newsletter [well, of course it's annual, exactly how often do you think Christmas comes around, Anne dear?], obviously a joint effort between my husband Jim and myself, is a little late this year, due to the fact that he is a lying, cheating bastard who can't keep his word. [And she's a heartless, violent bitch with major issues.] As you can probably tell, we're going through a little rough patch in our relationship [yeah, they call it a divorce], but we decided to come together for one last conciliatory effort, and let all of our friends know what happened in our family this year. [Brace yourselves] Shut up. Not you.

Well, our little Joey finally got back from his extended visit to his cousins [yeah, the ones in rehab] in Oklahoma, and we're just pleased as punch to have him back home again. [I especially relish the smell of his pot smoke seeping out under his bedroom door and making the cat high.] He's thinking of getting a job now, perhaps in the culinary industry [McDonald's], and we're going to throw him a great big super-cool chemical-free party to celebrate the end of his probation in February! Go Joey! [Right back to hell where you came from, you ungrateful-] Watch it, Jim, or I'll [or you'll what?] Moving right along...

Recently, we found out our Tiffany is six months pregnant with our first [bastard] grandchild. I only wish she'd told us a little sooner instead of having us believe she had a giant tapeworm in her stomach and making us look like complete idiots in front of the neighbors. How delightful for our Tiffany to be carrying a little half-breed fetus. [Well, Anne, you've managed to violate both the rules of political correctness and social decency. Congratulations. Keep up the good work!] Go to hell, Jim.

And again, this year, if anyone sees or hears from Tony, give us a ring! [Anne, I think he'd rather be dead in a gutter from a heroin overdose than come home to your incessant nagging. I know I would.] Jim, I told you where you could go.

I recently received a promotion at work [let's just say Anne went up because she went down...], which I deserved after ten years at the company, and I'm looking forward to my new office [yes, the first cubicle instead of the fourth] at the beginning of the new year. Maybe now I can make a difference in the company [and make enough money for me to retire and live off of you for the rest of my life.]

Well, as for Jim, he actually lost his job this year, and is undergoing legal investigation for a relationship involving a 17-year-old receptionist who allegedly didn't consent. [I'm



The Miller Family L-R Anne, Joey, Tiffany and Jim. Not Pictured: Tony, the dumbass heroin addict.

Staff Photo

just going to sit here with a satisfied grin on my face and drink beer while Anne goes to work. That's all I have to say.] Meanwhile, he wastes his life away watching golf on TV and pretending to look for a job.

So to all our friends across the country [and Frank, in Mexico still evading taxes from '96], have a very Merry Christmas and a joyful holiday season. [Except Ted Gifford, you bastard, I'm still mad at you for grabbing my wife's ass.] Get over it, Jim, he grabbed a lot more than that.

And do keep your eyes open for our traditional Easter e-mail circular. I know you're all as eager as I am to see what will happen next in our fascinating family [and Jim's on beer number 5].

Love [ever so sincerely],
Anne, Jim, Joey,
Tiffany, and Tony ■

Slant Staff New Year's Resolutions

It's a new year, full of new possibilities, new hopes...and the same damn Slant staff. Luckily, we are strong believers in "turning a new leaf." We truly believe in the power of New Year's Resolutions to change our lives for as long as five minutes! In this spirit of idealism, we asked the Slant staff to tell us their new year's resolutions.

Jeff Woodhead: I resolve to make a humorous reference to my Judaism in every article I ever write.

Andrew Banecker: I resolve to spend the first few weeks of the semester wearing nothing but boxers.

Tim Boyd: I resolve to use my British accent... for the ladies.

Audrey Peters: I resolve to make the next Slant writer who submits a long, grammatically flawed article (that I HAVE TO CORRECT) repeat the 4th through 12th grade!!!

David Barzelay: I resolve to follow my heart, and ignore all the detractors and other Slant staff who disagree with me over content decisions, thereby making *The Slant* PURE BARZELAY.

Jeff Woodhead: I mean, Jews are inherently funny, anyways.....

Mike Mott: I resolve to find out why Abercrombie and Fitch insists on referring to their line of undergarments as "active boxers."

Kate Loveless: I resolve to find out if Andrew Banecker has any "active boxers."

Chancellor Gee: I resolve to stop living the lie and admit to the Vanderbilt public that all of my bow ties are clip-ons.

Slut T. Girl: I resolve to finish doing the Dodecs and the ten fraternity boys I've mistakenly missed.

Ben Stark: I resolve to slack off in my Slant duties in favor of leading Campus Crusade for Christ.

Jeff Woodhead: The fact that I'm a red-headed Jew is also hilarious.

David Barzelay: I resolve that Ben Stark will think Jesus died easy if he doesn't get off his lazy Christian ass and submit something funny in the next 10 minutes, asshole.

Ben Stark: I resolve to submit something funny in the next 10 minutes.

Evan Alston: I resolve to use glitter paint on my body only when absolutely necessary.

Brad Ploeger: I resolve to finally complete my nefarious plan to take over Vanderbilt.

Diabetes: I resolve to use glitter paint on Evan Alston's body only when absolutely necessary.

Greg Champoux: I resolve to use any means necessary to make people realize my last name is NOT pronounced

"shampoo." ANY. MEANS. NECESSARY.

Evan Alston: I resolve to retract my former friendship with Diabetes

Meredith Gray: I resolve to infuse the entire Vanderbilt campus with the power of friendship.

Jeff Woodhead: It's true... I AM the funniest topic on campus.

Jacob Grier: I resolve to be less like Niles Crane and more like Frasier Crane.

Jeff Woodhead: Woodhead! My last name is Woodhead, for God's sake!

Jeff Woodhead: How can you NOT laugh with me? How? Ha! Haha! Haha-haaaagggghhh!

Happy New Year's Everyone! ■



Woodhead: Get it? Woodhead... knock on wood? Isn't that FUNNY?

Staff Photo

Christian Claims Christmas As 'Religious Holiday'

Appropriation of secular commercialist holiday seen as affront to American values

By JEFF WOODHEAD

MANCHESTER, TN - Avid Christian Lynn Andrews sent shockwaves through her small Southern community when she claimed that Christmas held some religious significance to her.

Christmas, a holiday which commemorates the annual coming of Santa Claus and the annual end-of-year push by corporations to increase their cash flow, is celebrated by millions of people around the world, secular and religious alike.

"All I said was that this holiday is a nice way to commemorate the birth of my

Lord and Savior," said Andrews. "Isn't that part of what Christmas is all about?"

Sociology professor Larry Gershner disagrees. "Christmas is a time of gift-wrapping and celebration for all people," said Gershner. "To appropriate it for one religion is extremely reprehensible."

Agnostic Ed Robertson, a resident of Manchester, was among the many offended by the claim. "When she said that, I just about dropped dead from horror," said Robertson. "I mean, I've celebrated Christmas with my family for years. What right does she have to say that it's now holy to her all of a sudden, thereby

desanctifying my treasured holiday?"

"Leave it to a Christian to take a nice, secular holiday and suck all the fun out of it," added Robertson.

Senator Joseph I. Lieberman (D-CT) publicly denounced Andrews' controversial stand in a press conference yesterday.

"As a Jew, I feel slighted that someone would have the audacity to claim that Christmas is meant for Christians," stated Lieberman. "Celebrating Christmas is an American tradition. To say that I am not good enough to participate in an all-American activity like decorating a tree, giving Christmas presents, or severely

injuring myself while trying to put lights on my house is seriously offensive."

"Hath not a Jew sleigh bells?" pleaded Lieberman.

A new interest group has been formed to combat the threat people such as Andrews pose to the secular Christmas tradition. The Citizens Helping to Retain Interest in Secular Traditions (CHRIST) are holding a rally this upcoming Wednesday in Nashville to protest the proposed Christianization of Christmas.

"We would like to invite all those celebrating Christmas to join us in CHRIST," said the group's president, Ella Brownstein. "CHRIST will not allow American values to be destroyed by those unholy Christians without a fight. We will not allow them to take the CHRIST out of Christmas!" ■

"Hath not a Jew sleigh bells?"

- Senator Joseph Lieberman

Bastard Confession

Last winter, I was driving down I-13 late at night. A reindeer jumped in front of my headlights and I made no effort to avoid him. I killed that reindeer, and then pulled off the road just to look back and gloat over his carcass, silhouetted against the headlights of the oncoming cars.



**I should have
advertised in
The Slant**

McGill & McTyeire present

Big Band Ball

April 5, 2003

9pm - 1am

Vanderbilt Marriott Ballroom

Tickets available on the card in February.

Ask A Thirteen-Year Old Girl

Dear Thirteen-Year Old Girl,

In the novel Ulysses by James Joyce, what does the pink flower symbolize?

Looking For Meaning in Mayfield

2: Looking For Meaning

Kim Marshall said Tommy Mitchell gave her a pink flower last week but I don't believe her because Sarah said she thought Tommy liked her and Mike is his best friend and he told Jenny that Tommy said she was pretty and since Mike definitely likes Jenny he wouldn't have lied about it. So, even though I don't know what that book is, it probably means the author wants someone to like them but they don't cause the author dresses funny and talks too much, like Kim Marshall.

From: Thirteen-Year Old Girl

Dear Thirteen-Year Old Girl,

I'm a married man with three children. I'm also having an affair with my secretary. Worst of all, I think I'm in love with her daughter. So, do you think the Falcons will make it to the Super Bowl?

Naughty in Nashville

2: Naughty

Ugh! I hate football. Boys are so stupid about sports. I cheer for the Bloomingdale Cowboys, but I never even watch the stupid games. We all just like talk about how hot the boys on the older team are even though I would never go out with one of them cause they're all too, like, smelly and sweaty. N-E-ways, definitely DO NOT hit on your secretary's daughter. At Courtney Phillips' birthday swim party last summer her Uncle kept looking at the girls and it was like soooo GROSS.

From: Thirteen-Year Old Girl

Dear Thirteen-Year Old Girl,

I don't understand the whole 'Middle East' issue. What are those people fighting about? Uninformed at Peabody

2: Uninformed

I don't know what they're fighting about. BUT, yesterday at lunchtime Bobby Carter punched Steven Winslow in the face because Karen Jones told Bobby that Rachel Hinschelwood told her that Nick Price told her that Steven Winslow told him that he

liked her and Bobby and Karen are 'talking.' It was really funny and everyone stopped eating and watched but Mrs. Fischer broke them up before anything else happened and they're both suspended this week. Bobby is too hot for Karen anyways. I really like him, but you have to promise not to tell anyone."

From: Thirteen-Year Old Girl

Dear Thirteen-Year Old Girl,

Who's the black private dick, the sex machine to all the chicks?

Movie Guy in McGill

2: Movie Guy

Ewww, gross. I don't know. The janitor, maybe?

From: Thirteen-Year Old Girl

Dear Thirteen-Year Old Girl,

Which is the hottest Backstreet Boy?

I LUV BOYS in Atlanta

2: I LUV BOYS

DUH. Nick Carter. But, he is really dumb cause he got arrested at some stupid club in Tampa and tried to run away

and so he's probably not a very nice guy, but then again maybe he is and they just weren't fair to him but either way N'Sync is a lot cooler now and Justin Timberlake is a lot hotter than any of the Backstreet Boys but my personal fave is Ashley from O-Town. I was reading Seventeen magazine in the grocery store last week (my Mom thinks I'm too young to buy it, but I read it while she's shopping) and it said his turn-ons are red-heads and a sense of humor, and I'm a red-head and I think I have a good sense of humor cause I always make everyone laugh in Art Class when I make fun of Mr. Collins and I bet Ashley would really like me if I ever got the chance to meet him. They're coming to the Civic Center in June and I'm gonna go see them with my best friends (but not Julie. She isn't my best friend anymore).

From: Thirteen-Year Old Girl

Ask A Thirteen-Year Old Girl is a nationally syndicated advice column appearing in over 1000 publications in North America. To ask the girl questions, email her at girl@theslant.net.



Thirteen-Year Old Girl

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