



Vanderbilt's Filthy Little Book Of Lies
And Half-Truths - Since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

INVESTIGATION

6 Wealthy Recluse Found
Dead In His Mansion

PUPPET SHOW MISHAP

8 Multipurpose Sock In Special
One-Time Performance

TECHNOLOGY

10 Software Piracy On
The Seven Seas

Other News 2

Fucked Image 4

From The Editor 4

Bastard Confession 14

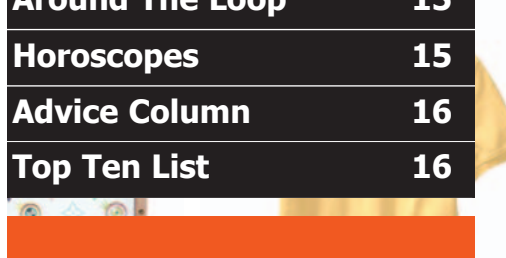
Around The Loop 15

Horoscopes 15

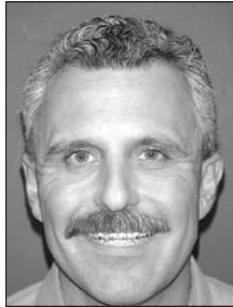
Advice Column 16

Top Ten List 16

School Spirit Issue!



Gay Man With Braces Doesn't See The Irony In Forcing His Teeth To Be Straight



Local man and gay rights activist Jerry Stephanopolous had braces put on his teeth Monday. For almost twenty years he has lobbied for equal rights laws for people of all sexual orienta-

tions, as well as working in a refuge house for homosexual teens who have a threatening family environment. Despite this, Jerry fails to see the irony in forcing his own teeth to be straight.

Williams' Father Relieved About Stepdaughter's Shooting

Richard Williams, father of tennis stars Venus and Serena, is reportedly relieved about the recent shooting death of Yotude, his stepdaughter. "Thank great Jehovah above it wasn't one of the other two," said Williams. "That would have been an end to the money train, that's for sure."



Vanderbilt "Goes Fucking Crazy with the Stop Signs"

According to senior Bradley Whitman, Vanderbilt has gone "fucking crazy with the stop signs."

Whitman cites the new three-way stop in front of Memorial Gym, as well as other places that he believes the stop signs are new. "Jesus Christ," said Whitman. "All these fucking stop signs."

Women's Rights Groups Laud Hurricane Isabel

Women's rights groups have recently voiced their praise for the work of Hurricane Isabel. "Hurricane Isabel has really elevated the status of female hurricanes," said spokeswoman Erica Worthington. Isabel, which has killed over a dozen people and has left millions without power, is the worst hurricane the East Coast has seen in recent history. "Isabel has completely surpassed Hurricane Fabian," continued Worthington. "Now she's in the same category as Hurricane Andrew. Now that's Girl Power."

Ben and J.Lo Take Over Cuba in Bloody Coup



While the world puzzled over whether Ben Affleck and Jennifer Lopez were to marry or were broken up for good,

the famous duo staged a bloody coup, seizing the country of Cuba for their own good. "Well, don't that beat all," said former dictator Fidel Castro, dressed in a purple velour J.Lo brand jumpsuit in a Guantanamo Bay prison cell. "I guess I was just so wrapped up in watching E! that I let me guard down." Despite negotiation efforts with "Bennifer," as the country will now be called, Ben and J.Lo have yet to indicate their political views or what future relations Bennifer may have with the U.S. Jimmy Carter, who has made diplomatic contact with Bennifer, says Ben and J.Lo are quite easy to deal with. "Don't be fooled by the rocks that she's got," said Carter. "She's still Jenny from the block."

Fossil of Giant Guinea Pig Found



The fossil of a 1,500 lb, 9 ft. long guinea pig was found in Venezuela, prompting scientists to speculate as to its diet and way of life. Evidence shows that

the guinea pig, named "Squeaky" by scientists, lived in a massive metal cage in the pampas and would burrow in pine chips, which were fossilized with Squeaky. "We also propose that Squeaky lived on a diet of third graders," said Dr. Alejandro Rivera.



Mary-Kate

264

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

Ashley



Man Survives Accident Because of Cheesehead



Jim Gunderson, a resident of Fondulac, WI, survived a gruesome car wreck Tuesday due solely to the cheese-shaped foam hat he was wearing at the time of the accident. Gunderson, on his way home from a

UW-Madison football game, hit a church van full of children on their way to sing at a retirement home. Gunderson was the only survivor of the accident. Doctors say that the bright yellow foam hat he was wearing protected his cranium. "Behold," said Gunderson, "The power of cheese."

Local Man, Woman Horrified By Mistaken Video Rental

A Nashville couple was stunned Wednesday evening to find that a clerk at the local Blockbuster Video Store had mistakenly switched the video cases of *Lord of the Flies* and *Lord of the Dance*. Fully expecting to see the graphic murder of the young boy "Piggy" (self-proclaimed lardass and all-around buttwife) at the hands of his blood-thirsty friends, his wife Janice Smythe was instead subjected to the shocking sight of Michael Flatley (self-proclaimed wuss and all-around patsy) dancing vigorously. The scene was so unexpectedly disturbing that Mrs. Smythe suffered a massive stroke, leaving her in a coma at the Vanderbilt University Medical Center. Doctors are hopeful that Mrs. Smythe will recover at least 90% of her former mental function, as long as she never comes within 300 yards of *Lord of the Dance* ever again.

FRAT-TASTIC FASHION



Georgia Freshman Flips Up Collar To Hide His Red Neck

Georgia freshman Allen Waldron flipped up the collar of his Polo shirt Thursday to hide the red neck he got while home for the summer. Earlier in the day, Waldron had been criticized by a group of Vandygirls for the poor match of pink and red. This, along with seeing several of his potential brothers wearing theirs in the popular style, prompted Waldron to flip his polo's collar up. Afterward, Waldron felt confident and cool in the \$80 shirt, despite its clearly having been designed to have the collar down.



Allen Waldron, with collar flipped.

9.24.2003 CONTENTS



**My goddamn shoes leaving
the stratosphere**



Cover: An array of Lacoste brand polo-style shirts in various colors, (\$90), interspersed with various fine quality handbags (\$130-500).

These items can be found at fine department stores and boutiques everywhere, should you decide that you are able to afford them.

NEWS

- ATHLETICS:** Gee Leads The Football Team **5**
- CRIME:** Police Searching For CLUEs In Murder Case **6**
- BUSINESS:** 'Do Not Call' List For Sale **7**
- CHILD CARE:** Puppet Show Mishap **8**
- WOMEN:** Feminazis On The March **9**

COLUMNS & HUMOR

- ACADEMICS:** Harvard Of Something **10**
- TECHNOLOGY:** Software Piracy On The Seven Seas **10**
- GRAD SCHOOL:** Pompous British T.A. Humour **11**
- AROUND THE LOOP:** Dorm Elections **15**
- HOROSCOPES:** Look Into My Crystal Wine Glass **15**

SLANT FEATURES

- SLANT CARTOON:** by Jason Carpentier **2**
- BASTARD CONFESSION:** Guzzling And Cramming **13**
- ADVICE:** Ask J.Lo And B.Fleck **16**
- TOP TEN:** Athletic Changes **16**

MASTHEAD



Expounding Falsehoods Since 1886

188 Madison Sarratt Student Center

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

Phone (615)322-3291
Fax (615)-343-2756
website www.theslant.net

STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Meredith Gray
<i>Managing Editor</i>	David Barzelay
<i>Head Writer</i>	Andrew Banecker
<i>Technical Consultant</i>	Brad Ploeger
<i>Editors</i>	
Tim Boyd	Robert Saunders
<i>Distribution Manager</i>	Greg Champoux
<i>Copy Editors</i>	
Audrey Peters	Melanie Siemens
<i>Cartoonist</i>	Jason Carpentier
<i>Contributing Writers</i>	
Evan Alston	Sarah Brooks
Andrew Collazzi	Diabetes
Peter Grant	Jacob Grier
Richard Green	Rob Hilton
Howard Lee	Keith Leeman
Ceaf Lewis	Rebecca Ohly
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<i>Alumni Contributors</i>	
Jeff Woodhead	Ben Stark
<i>Editors Emeritus</i>	
Joe Wong	Mike Mott

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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 THE EDITOR



Another issue, time to hear more about me. I bet everyone wishes that they had a way to make literally dozens of people read inane drivel about their lives. I guess I should be more proud of the power I lord over

this campus.

Anyway, in response to my last editor's column, my English advisor said to me, "I didn't know you could curse." I found this interesting, since a U.S. Marine once said of me, "She's got quite a mouth on her." In short, I swear like I get paid to. In fact, I would love to have a job where I get paid to use profanity. If you hear that the Osbournes would like another child, please let me know. Except I'm not down with all those crazy little dogs. Maybe one or two crazy little dogs, but not like, a fleet of them. But I digress.

I became fascinated with profanity at an early age. Perhaps I get this from my parents. It's not that they encourage foul language; it's just that they don't discourage it. Here is an example of a dinner conversation from my youth:

Me: Mom, can you pass the goddamn gravy?

Mom: Meredith!

Dad: Yeah, pass the fucking gravy.

The only word that is prohibited in my house is the "mf" word, though my mom says that it's permissible in gangsta rap. Unfortunately, I'm not the best rapper. Yodeling, yeah, but "yodel-ay-hee-mother-fucker" really doesn't flow that well.

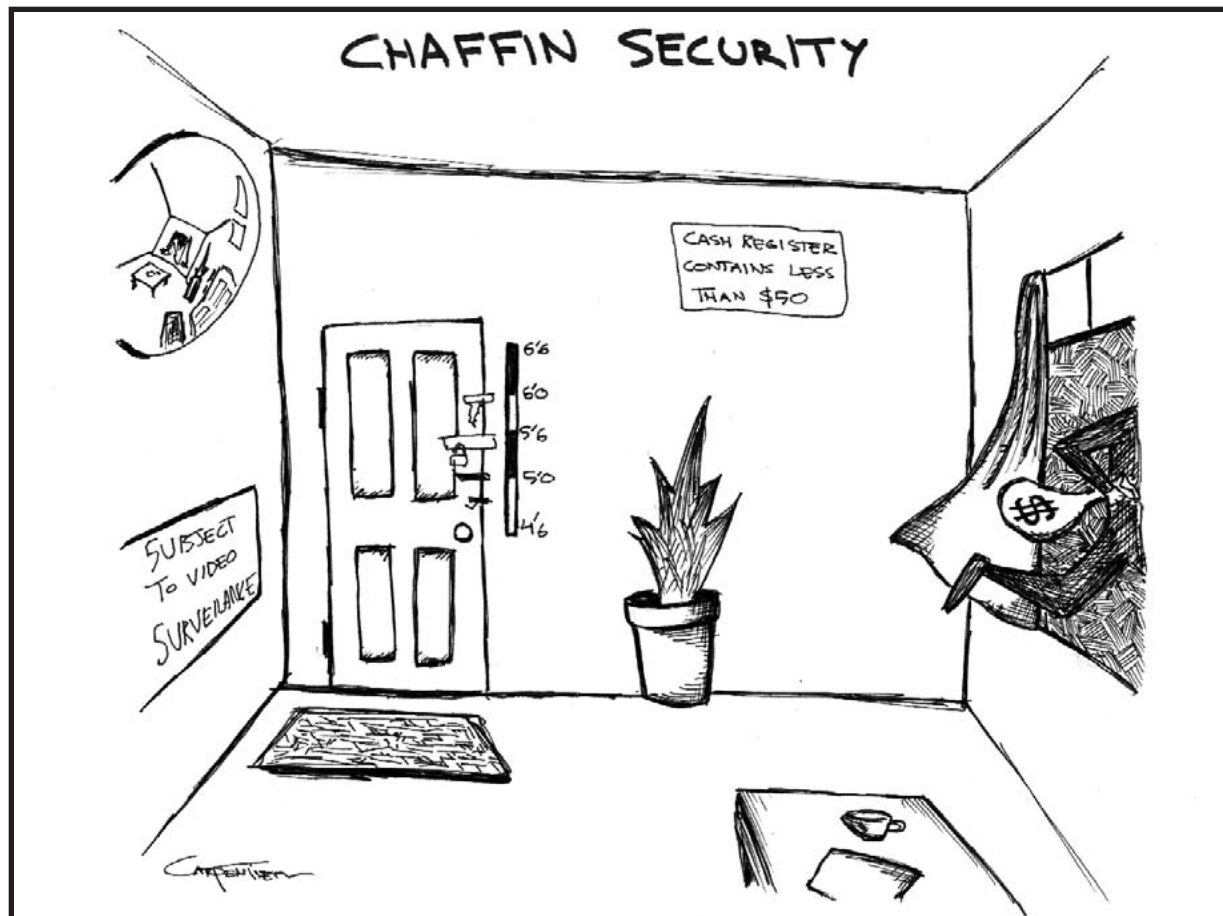
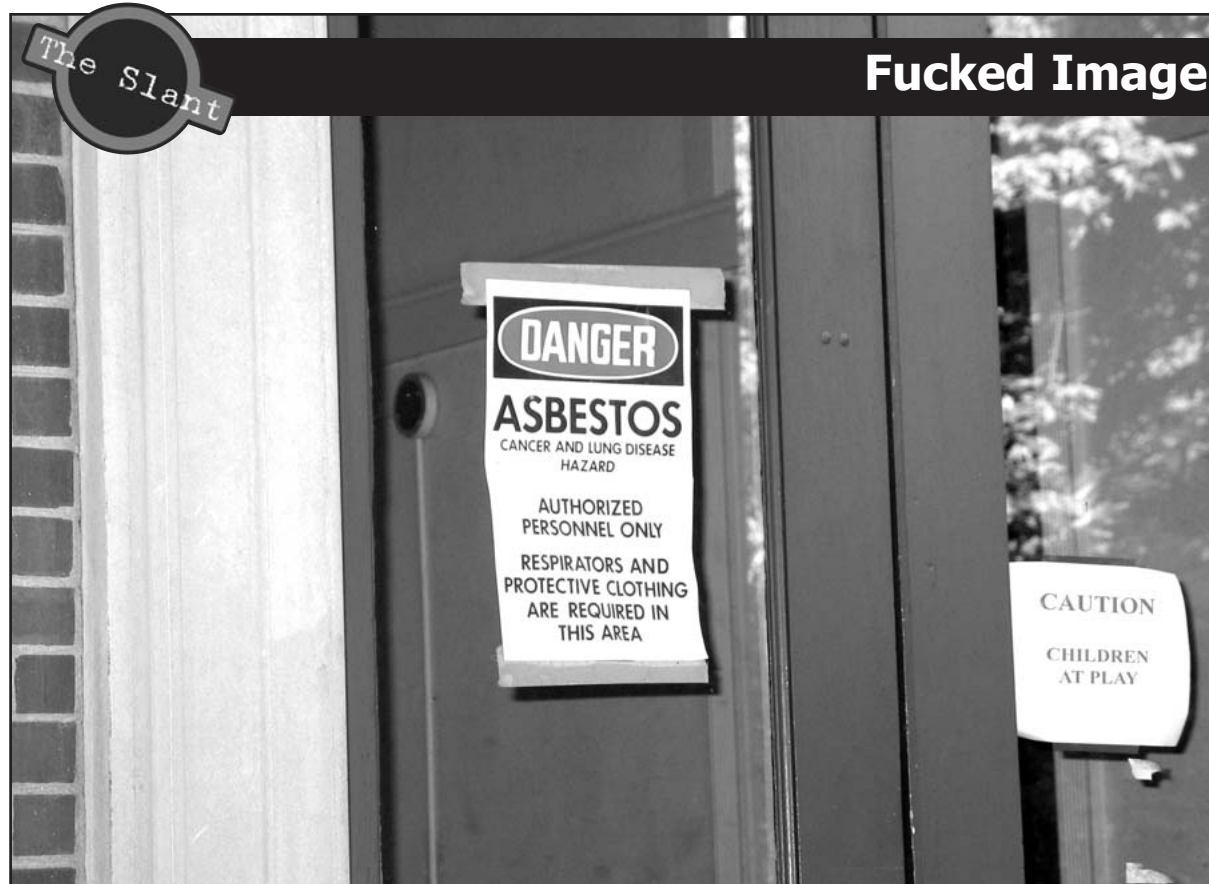
But I don't think that I swear gratuitously. I only curse if it will make what I have to say more significant, or if profanity has something to do with what I'm saying. Examples of this would be "What the shit do you want for Christmas, Grandma?" or "Is 'fuck' an example of onomatopoeia?"

So don't get me wrong, I'm not some whacked out weirdo with coprolalia (in terms of a psychological disorder, "really nasty shit talk"), I just enjoy a good "fuck" every once in a while.

Shit. Just forget I said anything. ☹️

The Slant

Fucked Image



Cartoon by Jason Carpentier

COUP IN THE ATHLETICS DEPT

Gee Appoints Self As Head Football Coach

Puts team on strict regimen of calisthenics, cod liver oil

By MEREDITH GRAY

Two weeks after the shocking announcement of the restructuring of Vanderbilt's athletic department, Chancellor E. Gordon Gee has come forward with the news that he has appointed himself head coach of the football team. Effective late last week, Gee demoted Head Coach Bobby Johnson to Water Boy, and jumped right in to begin coaching.

"What we need to do, by golly, is get out there and win some football matches. With my patented program

of calisthenics and strength tonics, great Brigham Young we're going to knock the sassafras out of those other boys!"

Gee coached his first practice early Monday morning, waking each player up in his respective dorm room with a slide whistle and a steaming bowl of wheat germ and cod liver oil, which Gee claims "Will up the players' moxie to unprecedented levels." The practice regimen included tossing medicine balls and work on the pommel horse, as well as lifting illegally parked cars, a "favor" that Gee said he owed Traffic and Parking for being able to park directly in front of Kirkland.

Gee has already drawn up a book of plays, including three major plays, called "The Residential College Clash," the "Polygamy Pile-Up" and the "Bow Tie Blitz." He has reportedly drilled the team relentlessly, often calling them in the middle of the night, asking them to recite the plays. Gee has also modified the team uniforms to reflect his personal style, adding bowties and glasses. "We want our boys to look spiffy out there," said Gee of the new uniforms. "And what's more dapper than a bowtie and some tortoiseshell specs?"

Many have expressed doubt that Gee has what it takes to coach a football team, though Gee contends that he has had plenty of experience in athletics coaching. He cites his tenure as running back on the University of Utah's football team for the '32, '33 and '34 seasons, adding "that was during the Depression, before we had helmets, or even footballs." Gee also notes that as President of Ohio State University, he spent

quite a lot of time with the football team. "At Ohio State, there are approximately 30,000 players on the football team. That's a lot of guys to keep track of, but, by golly, I did it." When questioned as to whether he was completely sure that this was the correct number of football players at OSU, Gee put his hand over his heart and said, "That number is as true as Joseph Smith's indecipherable golden tablets. Irrefutable."

When asked for her opinion on her husband's decision, Constance Gee appeared supportive. "I think that he will do a great job coaching the team," said Mrs. Gee. "Plus, with all the time he spends on this, it'll give me more of an opportunity to run the university." Mrs. Gee paused nervously, then added, "I mean to be a good wife." Mrs. Gee also stated that her husband recently "went off his meds."

Though the reaction to Gee's self-appointment has been mixed within the Vanderbilt community, Gee has received outspoken support from rival teams in the SEC. University of Tennessee-Knoxville head coach Phillip Fulmer says that he is sure that "With Gee coaching the Dores, they might score a few points in a game. Maybe they won't cry like little girls when we're done with them." Fulmer added, "Not to imply any weakness of character on the part of little girls."

When reached for comment, the players of the Vanderbilt football team had little to say. "My stomach hurts from the cod liver oil," said tight end Dan Murphy. "I had the shits all night." Other players expressed the same sentiment regarding their new diet requirements. Only star quarterback Jay Cutler seemed overly optimistic about Gee's coaching. "With Coach Chancellor, we're going right to the top! Great googly moogly!" Cutler then paused, adding, "Holy shit, what the hell did I just say?"



E. Gordon Gee in his heyday as a Utah safety.

New Football Practice Schedule

4:00 a.m.-4:15 a.m.:

Morning prayers and singing of jolly tunes

4:15 - 4:30:

Breakfast of wheat germ, raw eggs, cod liver oil and "Galloping Gee's Gustatory Tonic"

4:30-5:00:

Warm up calisthenics and team-work activities (to be held on Magnolia Lawn)

5:00-8:00:

Lifting and moving legally parked cars from F-lots to undisclosed location

8:00-8:15:

Enemas and bowel-evacuation exercises

8:15-8:30:

Gee's morning remarks, flow-chart presentation of catching, throwing footballs

12:00 pm-12:30 pm:

Lunch with Gee in McGugin; dress code of bow tie required

CLASSES

5:00-7:00:

Play drills, extra attention paid to learning nuances of whistle blowing

7:00-8:15:

Plan residential college system

8:15-8:30:

Quick dinner of buckwheat, black-strap molasses and liver sausage to "invigorate the humors"

8:30-9:00:

Nap time with Constance Gee and Martha Ingram

9:00-11:00:

Jog around campus, patrol for flashers

11:00-12:00 am:

Cool down calisthenics, journaling time

Wealthy Recluse Found In Billiard Room

Forensic Science Points to Lead Pipe as Murder Weapon

by **CEAF LEWIS**

A charity ball meant to benefit the United Caucasian College Fund, based in Nashville, turned tragic last Saturday as eccentric host Reginald Boddy, entrepreneur and sausage tycoon, was found slumped over his billiard table, his brandy snifter shattered on the floor nearby. Paramedics were called immediately, but they arrived far too late to be of any use whatsoever.

One witness, a mysterious self-described "businessman" calling himself "Mr. Green" stated, "Yeah, I was there. So what? It was too damn dark for me to see anything. All I know is that the killer certainly wasn't Mrs. [Gloria] Peacock, and I wasn't in the Conservatory at the time."

According to a spokesman for the Nashville Police Department, "All we really have at the moment is suggestions; it's far too early at this stage of the game to make any concrete accusations. An erroneous guess could minimize our role in ending whatever game this sick bastard is playing."

Working in concert with the NPD is the Vanderbilt University Police Department. Their official report included the following: "It was reported that on September 12 at 11:12 P.M., a murder occurred at the Boddy Residence. Everyone is a suspect in this high-stakes game of investigation. All able-bodied citizens

ages 8 and up are needed to help solve this mystery."

Chancellor E. Gordon Gee of nearby Vanderbilt University released the following statement: "No, I don't know anything about this. Nothing at all. Why would I? What are you implying? I was moving through the secret passage between the Conservatory and the Lounge at the time of the murder!" Gee then made the enigmatic remark that "these cards are worthless."

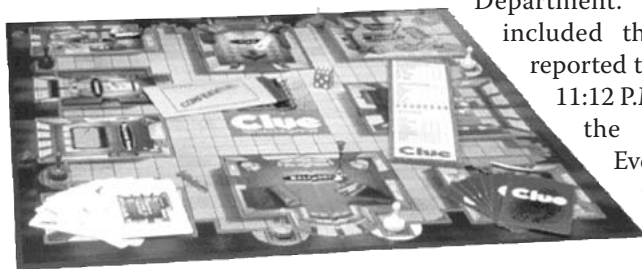
Vanderbilt University forensic scientist Nigel Plum, however, shared the following: "Judging by the sheer number of bone chips protruding from the skull, one may easily draw the conclusion that the murder weapon was a large blunt object, most likely a lead pipe. A candlestick might also be a possibility. All we know for certain is that there is no way the murderer could have used a rope." Plum suddenly had to cut the interview short as he and his companion, Ms. Naomi Scarlet, had to hurry to the bank to make what Scarlet termed "an unexpected deposit."

The deceased made his fortune selling sausage to the Germans during WWII, and, after his war crimes trial ended, returned to his opulent mansion in

Nashville. After several decades, during which the meat magnate only spoke to his cat, "Mr. Commodore," Boddy devoted his days, as well as his money, to preserving the wealthy families scattered across the continental United States. The gala event in question was to be the first in a series of six dedicated to raising money for scholarships for promising young wealthy Caucasians.

The mood was no less than grim at the Brentwood chapter of the United Caucasian College Fund. "Well, there goes our major sponsor," grumbled chapter president Emma Snow. "Now who's gonna help the wealthy maintain the stockpiles of 'old money' across the nation? Huh? It'll be communism all over again, that's what it'll be. Won't anybody please THINK OF THE CHILDREN?" Treasurer Anthony Herring was slightly less incoherent: "Sure, Reginald Boddy might have been a Nazi sympathizer and a reclusive curmudgeon, but he was the best friend the UCCF ever had. Now who's going to finance our annual pizza party? And where the hell are we going to hold our annual meeting? I, for one, don't want to go back to making motions and passing resolutions in the White Castle, no matter how many hamburgers I can buy for thirty-nine cents."

Boddy is survived by his brother-in-law, Korean War veteran Colonel Jack Mustard, who could not be reached for comment.



Mr. Green with the lead pipe.



Britain, Russia Apologize To Hollywood For Role In World War II

by JOHN 'DUBYA' STAWPERT

Earlier today the British and Russian Ambassadors to the US formally apologized to the American Film Industry for the roles claimed to have been played by their forces in the Second World War.

Following a long period of mass-media indoctrination, the two nations have finally and publicly recognized that the entire event was won by loveable-yet-hardy GIs who struggled through thick and thin whilst the British Expeditionary Force went on sight-seeing expeditions in Egypt and India and the Red Army carefully hatched evil schemes to take over the world.

In an at-times emotional statement, Ambassador Sir Joachim Farquaharrtwat expressed deep shame at the supposed involvement of the British Army at any point in the conflict.

"As a young man growing up in the British Empire, I was subjected to a great many films that suggested the British Army played some part in the Second World War. From the age of thirteen until recently, I was subject to the particularly harmful delusion that Welsh, Scots-Irish, and Englishmen, as well as some foreign Jonnies from the colonies, had seen action in Northern France. I wish to apologize profusely on behalf of the British people for this misconception."

Russian Ambassador Nikolai Ivanovich agreed: "In our history books we were told vicious lies – that more than 20 million of our fellow citizens had given their lives defending the rodina against the fascist German invader. It is now quite clear to us that this was nothing more than vile Soviet propaganda – having scoured the archives of Hollywood Films about the conflict, there is not any evidence that this took place at all. So-called 'battles' like Kursk and Stalingrad were clearly meaningless."

With his trusty batman Biggleswade at his side, Sir Joachim continued:

"Following viewings of *Saving Private Ryan*, *Band of Brothers* and *Pearl Harbor*, I now realize that the entire war in Northern Europe, as well as North Africa, Italy, India, the Pacific and presumably the Russian Front, was fought and won by such fine men as Ben Affleck, Matt Damon, Tom Hanks and the executives of HBO.

"At best, the British provided chirpy Cockney cheer to the American GIs busy impregnating their wives and girlfriends whilst off-duty.

"I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of Her Majesty's subjects to thank Mr. Steven Spielberg for so prolifically informing us of our blinkered view of global history. Quite why we thought that we were fighting on our own from 1939 I have no idea. Then again I have very little idea anyway, generally."

At this point Bigglesweed interrupted the Ambassador by gently hitting him in the left temple with a croquet mallet.

"Sir," whispered Bigglesweed, "Don't you want to mention something about how cowardly it was of us not to fight in a war fought here in Europe, while the brave American GIs came all the way across the Atlantic?"

"Why of course," continued Sir Joachim. "We're the military equivalent of little girls. Little girls without arms or legs."

When asked what he thought the implications of the apology might be regarding the recently irresolvable conflict in Iraq, Sir Joachim stated, "Where? Is that near Mesopotamia?"

Both Tony Blair and Vladimir Putin were unavailable for comment. 🐼

FCC Sells 'Do Not Call' Registry To Telemarketers

Registry administrators benefit citizens by recouping program costs

by ROBERT SAUNDERS

The Federal Communications Commission announced that it has sold its copy of the national "Do Not Call" registry to the nation's telemarketers for \$428 million.

The Do Not Call registry was designed to collect telephone numbers from consumers who did not wish to be contacted by telephone for sales purposes. The change in policy comes after greater than expected demand for the registry among telemarketers. The registry, which goes into effect October 1, is currently at about 50 million phone numbers and counting.

Telemarketers see great value in the registry because it validates information gleaned from other sources, such as product registrations, contest entries and association memberships. "We've never had so many phone numbers all in one place and directly linked to customers," said H. Robert Wientzen, president of the Direct Marketing Association. "This will cut our phone calls to fax machines and disconnected numbers by 20%."

Consumers can expect important benefits right away. "We will be able to design targeted phone solicitations that appeal to customers who do not want to be contacted by phone," said William S. Samuels, president of Telesales Services. "Besides, we don't want our customers to miss out on unique and valuable opportunities."

The government entered into negotiations with the telemarketing industry in response to the ballooning federal budget deficit.

"Federal programs need to be self-financing. These databases are not cheap to maintain, and we cannot spend what we do not have," said FCC Chairman Michael Powell. "Fortunately, our friends in the telemarketing industry have stepped up to the plate."

Powell added that due to the sale of the Do Not Call list to advertisers, customers not wishing for telemarketers to obtain their phone number and info will be offered the ability to opt-out of the call list sale, removing their number from the Do Not Call list. He expects this list will generate another \$100 million.

The FCC is not the only federal agency selling its contact listings. The Social Security Administration has already begun talking with nursing homes, investment banking firms and funeral homes about a possible sale of social security recipients' information. The Department of Education plans to sell its database of student loan recipients to credit card issuers and automobile companies.

However, the most ambitious program is the FBI's plan to sell its "Witness Protection Program" registry to "interested parties," said Cassandra Chandler, a spokesperson for the FBI. A consortium of families has banded together to negotiate with the FBI. "You'd be surprised how many people want to know these secret identities. You'd be more surprised at how much they'll pay."

Analysts anticipate the witness protection list will fetch a price of at least \$2.4 billion. That price could go higher if the government sells the list on eBay, the Internet auction site. Said James K. Glassman, a research fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, "People will pay for exclusivity. It's competition at its most basic level, and that's what America is all about." 🐼

CHILD CARE

Masturbation Sock Accidentally Used In Puppet Show

By **DIABETUS**

Albert Grissin, high school sophomore and chronic masturbator, misplaced one of his socks earlier this week- a sock which Grissin used solely for masturbatory purposes.

Tension arose later in the week, however, when Betty Unger, an instructor at Pensfield Day School, reported that one of its newest sock puppets, Fufu, was coated with a "disgusting amount of semen."

It now appears that the loss of Albert Grissin's "special sock" occurred in approximately the same timeframe in which local children's entertainer, Ted Insley, misplaced his favorite puppet. This coincidental turn of events proved tragic for both individuals involved.

Insley, who realized he had lost his favorite puppet mere minutes before the show, grabbed the first sock he saw at the daycare center, glued on some googly eyes and yarn for hair, and went to work completely ignorant of Fufu's previous role.

"It was absolutely gross," reported Insley. "The show was just about to get underway, so I do as I always do and put on Fufu, but something just didn't feel right. He was a lot stiffer than normal and I had a lot of trouble moving his mouth around. I didn't want to ask questions until later, but... I wish I had... damn..."

Grissin was reportedly "disap-

pointed" that his favorite masturbation sock somehow came to be at Pensfield. "Me and the sock have a history," he said. "I've been strokin' it into that sock for years and years. After I lost it, I couldn't play any 5-on-1 anymore. What am I supposed to do, get a girlfriend? Hell no, I want my sock back."

The sock's mysterious appearance at the daycare center may relate to Albert's mother, Mary Grissin. "My mom takes my sis to the daycare center...I guess she was going to the laundromat, and well..."

Grissin then squirmed uncomfortably.

The most upsetting aspect of Fufu's show was not the show itself, however. "It was after the show," said Unger. "We invited all of the kids to come up and pet Fufu and have him sign autographs. Oh lord...I can't imagine what some of those kids got on their autographs... sweet Jesus."

"We certainly do not encourage masturbation at our daycare center!" Unger added, who is forty years old and has not been on a date in over two years.

The children themselves, however, seemed relatively unfazed by the events. "Yay! I got Fufu's autograph!" shrieked delighted 6-year-old Mary Hudson. "It's stuck to my hand! Fufu's so silly... and he smells like Daddy!"

Other children had differing opinions on their manjuice-laden auto-

graphs. "Fufu's so magical! He doesn't want my autograph to ever leave me!" reported fellow daycare regular Tommy Nelson, age 4. He then proceeded to caress his autograph affectionately, causing it to stick to his hands and face briefly. "I love Fufu," he added.

After he learned of the events at Pensfield, Grissin has decided to become "a little more responsible" about where his masturbation sock

goes following ejaculation. "Y'know, I'll put it somewhere safe, like under my bed or maybe, I dunno, take it to the laundromat myself when it gets too gross," stated Grissin.

When asked if he will miss his masturbation sock, Grissin seemed complacent. "I mean, I've got the other sock that came with it, I guess. Since Old Reliable is gone, I guess I'll just have to make due with what I have [for masturbation]." 🍌



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Feminazis Form Feminist Luftwaffe

Plans for femi-blitzkrieg attack on the writer of this article already in the works

By **ANDREW BANECKER**

Berlin, Germany- The efforts of the Feminist National Socialist Workers Party have recently stepped up as they have not only followed through on their threats to mobilize the Femi-Wermacht, but the CIA (Chauvinist Intelligence Agency) has learned that a Feminist Luftwaffe is now capable of deployment.

Despite their recent military advancements, the Feminazis have been generally viewed as a radical, yet harmless, sect of the Feminist movement. At a recent press conference, President Harry S. Truman stated,

"The United States will not be cowed by Feminists. Besides, they're just a bunch of girls."

The President's comments aside, the Feminist National Socialist Workers Party poses a real and dangerous threat to our male-dominated society. Although generally overlooked and not taken seriously, the Feminazis have already seized power in Germany, annexed the Sudetenland, Danzig, and the Alsace region of France, thereby establishing the Femi-Eastern Front, and completely decimated the entire male population of Poland with a blitzkrieg attack of "Equal Work, Equal Pay" and "My Body, Myself" brochures.

Although the Feminazis are growing stronger and more aggressive, the Concert of Europe has done little to halt them. Stated Britain's Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, "Feminazi Germany is not something to fear. They are merely attempting to unify ethnic Females and Female nationals. Once they have done that, they promised me they would stop and I am inclined to believe them."

Conditions are even worse in Feminazi-controlled Germany. All men are forced to wear Feminist buttons at all times for identification purposes. Male-run businesses and corner stores all over Germany are being forcibly shut down by the Fem-stapo. Former self-respecting men are now cowering in attics and basements, attempting to hide, and the streets are

strewn with Feminazi propaganda and signs in store windows reading, "Nein Jungen."

All men in Feminazi-controlled Germany are forced to wear "Adam and Even" buttons at all times.

Worst of all, males throughout Eastern Europe have been fleeing en masse, for it is believed that sometime in the near future all of these men will be systematically rounded up and sent to "Emasculation Camps" which are under construction in Auschwitz and Leipzig.

It seems as if Fuhrer Betty Friedan has not merely taken military and political control of Germany, but her cries for "Equality" and "Stop asking me to make you a sandwich" have resonated in the hearts and minds of the female citizens of Germany; especially the younger females who have chosen to discard their dolls and dresses for the weaponry and khaki pant-suits of the Betty Friedan Youth.

Don't let her smile deceive you-she is pure evil.

Sadly, it seems as if no place is safe for men within the sphere of influence of Feminazi

Fuhrer Betty Friedan. I'm writing this urgent alert from a bunker in Hamburg, disguised in a sun dress and a Rosie the Riveter button. I don't know if I can survive much longer, for it has been two days since I used the last of my shaving cream. The Femstapo is everywhere, and surely the writer of this article will be in grave danger upon its release. Viva la resistance! 🐻



Pellissippi State Community College Is The Harvard Of The Greater Pellissippi Valley Area

by **BRANDI WALTON**
Columnist

I'm so glad I attend Pellissippi State Community College. It really is, as they say, the Harvard of Pellissippi County. There's not even a chance that North Withlahatchee Community College could beat us out for that honor.

We've got much nicer facilities. Whereas their pool is large and boring, we have two pools, one on each side of the campus, and they are each distinctly and interestingly shaped. Our cafeteria serves only the finest institutional food. I've been over there to Withlahatchee for brief visits with former friends. Their fried catfish can't even compare to our fried catfish!

Also, when you're in one of our classrooms, the rooms are spacious, with tall, ten-foot ceilings. The recently renovated halls feature a tasteful pattern around the bottom of the walls bearing our superior school colors,

Green and Old Gold. The rooms of Clayhillville Junior College, on the other hand, are like little cells, their ceilings a mere nine feet from the ground, and their walls feature a bland off-white paint over the entirety of the cinderblock.

And don't even get me started on the quality of our faculty. We've got several doctorates, including one professor who discovered the Carbonium-18 isotope, as reported last year in our fine weekly student newspaper, the *PSCC Examiner*. We also have a highly amusing monthly publication that pokes fun at the little absurdities of life at PSCC called *The PSCC ExHAMiner*, in a subtle play on the title of our traditional news rag. Compare that to the immature ramblings of Humphreysville Culinary And Technical Institute's weekly offering, *The Tech Tribune*. Its opinions page features the uninformed drivel typical of the kind of mediocre student that Humphreysville Tech cul-

tivates.

The classes at PSCC are so much more engaging and enlightening than those offered at other local institutions. Several have even featured an occasional lively debate, and professors use visual aids to reinforce the material. That may explain why over 30% of our graduates go on to attain their bachelor's degree, whereas the next highest figure a local school can boast is a paltry 15%.

Our admissions standards are rigorous, requiring completion of the prestigious SAT standardized test. Applicants must also provide verification of their having completed their high school equivalency. We're not like Hollybush Grove County Institute. They'll take anyone whose check clears.

Finally, PSCC offers academic programs with which no other area college can compete. Our fine school has a dual enrollment program with Arkansas State, giving our students the

opportunity to study at one of the world's foremost research institutions. Also, for those students who live too far from PSCC, or would simply prefer it, our school offers a degree-granting correspondence program, giving the handicapped and underprivileged the ability to obtain a certificate from an accredited institution. The only academic boast that even comes close is Humphreysville's Agriculture Department's rightfully earned fourteen straight blue ribbons for Best Overall Farm & Livestock - Academic Category in the Arkansas State Fair.

Clearly, Pellissippi State Community College has far surpassed every other school within the greater Pellissippi River Valley area. It has earned the title of "Harvard Of Pellissippi County," perhaps even "Harvard of Southern Arkansas." But I don't want to go too far. After all, even PSCC is still improving every year! 🍌

If Ye Want Yer Copy Of Adobe Photoshop Version 7.0, Ye'll Have Ta Snatch It From Me Dead Body, Matey!

by **blU3Be@rd THE PIRATE**
Columnist

Yaarr, ye Adobe land-lubbers! Ye may be wonderin' where me most recent copy of Adobe Photoshop Version 7.0 came from. WELL I'LL TELL YE WHERE, YE LILLY LIVERED HACKER! I's stolen it likes me buried treasure!

If ye wants yer copy of this incredibly sophisticated photograph editing software, ye must storm me ship and yank it right out of me CPU, and yes, in case ye wondered, I'S BURNS MANY OF THE LATEST ALBUMS ILLEGALLY!

AVAST YE MATEY!!!

In case ye less learned scurvy dogs were wondering what this wondrous treasure is, I'll explain it to ye! Ye see, Adobe Photoshop 7.0 software, the professional image-editing stan-

dard, allows you to work more efficiently, explore new creative options, and make the highest quality images for the Web, for print, and anywhere else. You can also create high-quality imagery with easier access to file data. The program also includes streamlined Web design, faster, professional-quality photo retouching; and much much more.

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAR-
RRRRRRRRRRR!!!!

And if ye tries to send your adventurous sword-swinging pansy sailors to me ship to retrieve me copy o' Photoshop, ye must be crafty matey! For at me disposal is a deadly force of me hired mercenary pirates, as well as a dedicated tech support team who provides toll-free service 24 hours a day.

YE SHALL WALK THE PLANK
OR DIE BY THE SWORD!

I know what ye be wondering, matey. What else has me deadly hands come to steal? Well I'll tell ye. Ye see, in addition to this lovely treasure, Adobe makes other fantastic products...FOR ME TO PILLAGE! ME MEN SHALL INVADE YOUR CPUS! KILL ALL OF THE YE'ER USB PORTS AN' INTERNET CONNECTIONS! We spare no women or children, either.

ME PARROT HAS MORE SPIRIT
IN HIS BEAK THAN YE HAVE IN
YER ENTIRE BODY! YAAAAAAR-
RRRRR, MATEY!!!

Aye, but I's gets off track yet again when I talk of me pillaging ventures. But I's has at me pirated disposal Adobe Illustrator, GoLive, Acrobat, and Premiere, all of which feature incredible technological innovations that do everything from reading important documents to editing

movies that I shoot with me Sony MiniDV camcorder so much easier and more convenient, while ye'er left in the dust, poor and pillaged! Aye, 'tis good bein' a pirate.

Now batten down the hatches, men! Raise the sails! Clear the starboard! Swab the poop deck! Raise the mast! Defragment me hard drive and minimize Kazaa! For we's off to a new venture of piracy, matey! 🍌



Why Won't My Students Shut The Fuck Up?



by **TIM BOYD**
British Columnist

I love the sound of my own voice. Seriously, though, so would you if you heard it. It's got that harmonic combination of class, authority and savoir faire that can only be produced by narcissistic, pretentious middle-class Brits such as myself. If satin sheets could talk, I believe that they would sound like me.

As is probably clear from the above, there is nothing I enjoy more than holding forth to a captive audience and trying to impress them by how damn eloquent I am. So imagine my joy when I,

as a newly installed TA, was put in charge of multiple discussion sections for this semester. Finally, an opportunity for others to hear my humorous, learned and incisive dissection of the agricultural revolution on the 18th Century plantation (and believe me, once you've heard me explain how Whitney's Cotton "Gin" was just the "Tonic" the South needed will you realize that wit didn't die out with Oscar Wilde).

From what other TAs had told me, I was onto a winner. "Students just sit there" they said. "No-one ever wants to talk about the readings," they said. "You'll struggle to get a properly sentence structure out of them", they said. Perfect, I thought, this will be rhetoric's greatest moment since Abraham Lincoln turned up at Gettysburg and asked "if he might just say a few words."

Well, that's not the way it turned out. Only two weeks into classes, and already my students won't stop analyzing, criticizing, conceptualizing, abstracting, inferring, discussing and deconstructing any document I put in front of them. In the very first class, I gave them something to read on the Puritans arrival in New England and asked them (in a 'I actually don't care what you think, so keep quiet and let me tell you the answer' kind of way) if they had any thoughts on it. Barely had the words escaped my mouth when some precocious know-it-all said "Well I think the doctrinal implications of the Puritans millenarian theology are such that their entire social system would, of necessity, be predicated on the need to maintain order."

As you can imagine, I was horrified: "Hey, you spotty little oik" I thought "I don't care if you can list all the passengers on the Mayflower, your job here is to keep quiet." But before I could respond to him, this girl on the other side of the room, whose immaculate skin tone and designer fashion accessories should have meant she had the intellectual capacity of a watermelon came out with "You know, I can't help but see the parallels between the socio-religious hegemony of early New England and the development of a 'Protestant work ethic' in colonial society."

Well, it was pretty much downhill from there. Before you could say "Hegelian dialectic" these impudent wastrels, most of whom didn't even have titles for God's sakes, were stealing my classroom from me. I have to spend the best part of an hour each week listening to them. I ask you, could there be anything worse for a teacher to have to deal with?

I've tried to get them to shut up, I really have. I've given them documents of extraordinary complexity and concepts to grapple with that the philosophy department can't even agree on how to spell yet. I've even given them texts in Latin, only to hear them open up a debate on whether a linguistic structure contributes to a national identity. Already, I am a broken man, desperately trying to find people who will listen to my views on the social context of the Civil War.

What did I do to deserve this? Why, despite all the odds, did I get to teach a class with a burning passion to master the material? Why, oh gods of history, have you cursed me with this group of inquisitive, alert and enthusiastic students? And how, for the love of Ken Burns, how do I get them to shut the fuck up? 🐷

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1. 4000 kids actually read our paper
2. Vandy students have lots of money
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www.theslant.net/advertise

The Slant

PANHELL DEPARTMENT

Why I Can't Wait For Rush

True Confessions of a Freshman Female

by **SARAH BROOKS**

Freshman Columnist

So just the other day, we had the meeting for Rush, finally! So many girls want to do it, they had to split us in two groups, and we still filled the whole Sarratt Cinema! I'm really looking forward to meeting all these new girls, and even though I'm sure I'll decide I'm too pretty for most of them, I'll still pretend to be nice. It will make them feel better when they don't get bids. But I know that won't be me, so just think happy thoughts! You have to be happy and excited all the time, I think. Which isn't hard! Everything about Rush is so amazing!

Well, the only bad thing was that they wouldn't take the Vandy card for the \$30 rush fee, and my American Express got cut in half by that bitch at Green Hills! I mean who has cash? But that's all right, my Daddy really wants me to make some lifelong friendships here, so he said not to worry, and that he'd send me a present to make up for it.

We got these awesome booklets that the sisters handed out, and they had these little bios all about each of the sororities. They had the dues for each house listed, but I didn't even bother to read them once I saw that

there was an option to have the bill sent home to Daddy. I mean, this is basically part of my tuition, right? And anyways, the pictures were too cute to care about anything else! Plus, I know nothing is too good for me. I really liked the sorority with the panda mascot; I loved pandas when I was little, so maybe I'll join them. But actually, they didn't have any really cute t-shirts, like some of the others. I kind of worry, too, about the colors—I don't really look good in olive green. Do you think that will matter? Oh my gosh! How cute! There's one who's mascot is a teddy bear!!! Awwwww.....

I think rush will definitely be the most exciting, fulfilling time of my first year here at Vanderbilt. I know we have to be here three days before classes begin, but it's SO worth it. I feel like I'm really going to get to know all the different sororities and their girls in the ten minutes we have at each house—they'll see that I'm more than just a \$90 Lacoste polo shirt or a \$500 Prada ensemble—I'm also a fun-loving, friendly blonde!

I know the girl at the Rush meeting, the one with the Louis Vuitton bag like my roommate's, said not to wear heels, that we'd be walking around a lot, but I bet everyone else will be doing it. I wouldn't want to be the one

that didn't dress up enough, that'd be awful, and I'm sure I wouldn't get a bid from anyone important if I didn't look my very cutest. I honestly cannot wait to run around in heels and a tiny little black dress in the January weather. Once the sisters see how much more I care about looking good than my own health and safety, I'm definitely going to get bids, and from all the right houses. No crap sorority for me!!

I accept that once I get into a sorority, my whole life will change. I'll have sixty brand-new, fashion-conscious best friends, and we'll be able to spend all of our time together and have so much fun! It will be a sacrifice, but a worthwhile one to dump the losers I'm hanging out with now. Plus, I know that when I'm in a sorority, all the fraternity guys will truly want to get to know me, instead of just coming home with me after the "Principals and Schoolgirls" party, like that Phi Kap the other night. He would never have ignored me when I waved at him while he was playing Frisbee with his friends on the Lawn if I had been in KD or Tri-Delt or something.

This is why I came to Vanderbilt, and to whoever will be my sorority sisters, I know we'll stay close for life! BFF! Bye! 🐼



McGill's Annual

Robbing The Cradle Party

Friday, September 26, 10:00pm

On the McGill patio, just left of Alumni Lawn

We'll provide the music, you bring your groove.

SENIORS COLUMN

When You Say 'Seniors' Night,' Please Be More Specific

by **WILLIFORD T. BARTLEBY**
Disgruntled Old Man

I just don't understand what it is with you dat gum young people and your lack of specificity. Holy Jehosephat, alls I'm asking for is a little consideration for the rest of us here. Why, last week I nearly croaked because of you people and your false advertising.

Last Saturday evening I saw a sign advertising "Seniors' Night" down at the pub on the corner. Well, natural enough I figured I could go for an evening of backgammon, a discount meatball sandwich, maybe fraternize a bit with an older lady. So's I dust off the

old handicapped placard, heave my tired old bones into the LeSabre and motor on down the street. First of all, when I got there I saw a Jeep parked in the cripple spot I was after. Wellsir, I figured it was probably a fellow vet, and he just forgot his sticker. Easy enough to forget, and I always have more tolerance for my fellow boys from the service. So I let that go easy enough, but then I hear this loud thumping. So I was thinking maybe something was wrong with the old hearing aid. I puller out and tinkered with the doohickey, but no, that wasn't the problem. So I get closer, and what do I see but scantily clad young'uns doing the jitterbug to that rapping music, with the profanity and sex and whatnot.

I would have nearly keeled over had my walker not supported me! But then next thing I know some hussy is pulling me into the pub and rubbing against my unmentionables. It was like 1944 in the Kaiserkeller in Hamburg all over again! If it wasn't for the fact that I've been impotent since 1985, it could have been embarrassing, if you know what I mean.

There was this banner that said "2004," and that started getting me all confused about what day it was, and when I went to ask the barkeep these young men wearing baseball caps that looked like they'd been chewed up by a coon-hound started buying me something called Smirnoffs, even though I said I'd have none of that Ruskie business. Then before I knew it I woke up on some young harlot's couch, there was a male genital drawn on my face and I had missed my 8 pm and 9 am pills.

As sure as my name is Williford T. Bartleby, this was no Senior Citizen's Night! I didn't see any of my fellow octogenarians, no bingo, no watered down decaffeinated coffee. Nothing. Just young people and their wicked ways! Well I don't know what you people were after, but I suspect you were just out to pull a fast one on your elders, shame on you. If it wasn't for my pacemaker, my heart would have just stopped because of all this tomfoolery.

I'm right ashamed of you young folk, manipulating the elderly. I fought in four wars for you ungrateful crumb bums. Well, technically just WWII and Korea, but I spent a lot of time at the VFW during 'Nam, and I wrote a strongly worded letter of support to President Bush about both of the Iraqian wars.

So let this be a lesson to you all. Unless you whippersnappers enjoy nearly sending an old man to his grave, I recommend you best start learning a little manners and respect. 🍌

VUPD
Reminds
You To
Check
Your
Testicles
For
Cancer



GOT A FRIEND WITH A BIRTHDAY?

(most people have birthdays)

**Stop giving your money to Kinkos.
Instead, give it to us. Embarrass
your friends, out your gay cousin, etc.**

**Contact studentads@theslant.net
or call 322-3291**

Happy 22nd Mikeypants!



Keep your head up

Paper Topics Banned This Semester

- Definitions of "B" Words in *Merriam-Webster*
- The Parts I Understood from *Ulysses*
- A Sociological Study of What Was on TV on 9/25/03
- Why Do I Get My Ass Kicked Everytime I Quote Anime? A Protest Paper
- Scotch Tape and its Uses: The Story of an Idea
- A Case Study of Decreased Inhibitions in Today's Teenagers: *Girls Gone Wild*
- The Art of Combat in Super Smash Brothers
- Research Report: Things in the Library
- Longitudinal Study: The Growth Rate of Pubes
- Depression: Alcohol as a Remedy
- Deconstructing Limp Bizkit: A Derridian Approach
- Homosexual Literature: Lots of Gay Stuff
- Two for Tuesday: An Investigation of Drink Specials

The Slant Apologizes

Dear John Ritter and Family,

We are deeply sorry for including the late Mr. Ritter in "The Slant's List of People we Mildly Dislike." Had we known that the shock of finding that *The Slant* mildly dislikes him would cause his aorta to rupture, we would never have printed the column. The reference was meant in good fun, and we had felt that Mr. Ritter would see the humor therein. We at *The Slant* have always held Mr. Ritter in the highest esteem, from "Three's Company" to "Problem Child" to that show on ABC we've never seen. In fact, there was a heated debate amongst staff members as to whether or not we should include Mr. Ritter on the list, seeing as many of us were great fans of his work.

Again, we apologize for causing Mr. Ritter's premature death, and regret deeply any pain we may have caused him (especially before and during his death) and his family.

Our deepest sympathies and apologies,
The Slant



Underrated Superheroes Adept Bra Remover Man



Bastard Confession

Academic Consumption

I have a drink every time I sit down to do homework. It's a rewards-based system. Generally, several drinks are consumed during any given homework session, so by the end, my handwriting is slurred. Though it may not seem a viable system, it truly is: as of this writing, it's Tuesday; I've finished all of my work through next Monday ... I'll drink to that.

He Followed Me Home, Can I Keep Him?

by LIZ VENNUM
Columnist

Look, I know this room was only meant for two people, and it's pretty small as far as doubles go, but...isn't he so cute? Can I keep him, please?

I met him at DKE and he just trailed right after me like a little puppy. It was the cutest thing ever! With those big sad eyes...I don't know his name but we can ask him when he wakes up. Just look at him sleep...isn't he so precious?

Come on, please? I can take care of him, and clean up after him! I promise! Pleease! We won't make much noise...how can you say no to a face like that? He won't take up much space, and you know how I've always wanted a boyfriend. Come on, for me?

He was so sweet and cuddly before he passed out last night- I think he really likes me. He's so soft and snuggly! And we could go on walks together, and wouldn't you feel safer about my walking back alone from my late class on Peabody if I had him with me?

How can you be so mean? I would let you keep one if he followed you home! Just look at him, all cuddled up under my blanket. He kind of matches the rug you bought. He fits in perfectly with our décor!

What do you mean, "Take him back to where I found him?" Look at him! He's so weak and defenseless! I could never turn him out like that! What if he's hungry? What if he's sick? How can you be so heartless? Don't you care about anything?

Fine! If you don't want him, then you don't want me, either. Come on, wake up, baby. We're going somewhere we're welcome. 🐾





AROUND THE LOOP

The Slant

How did you get votes for the freshman dorm election?

Lindsey Harrison, Freshman



"I campaigned the issues and debated, and all the people made a well informed decision. And I'm hot."

Dwayne Siggel, Freshman



"Being a 21-year-old freshman certainly helped."

Michelle Jones, Freshman



"As the only Populist candidate, I ran on the Free Silver platform."

Alex Henson, Freshman



"I was the only person from my dorm who actually voted."

Ashley Aarons, Freshman



"I prayed to Adam Spector, Interhall Residential Life Government President."

Travis Lewis, Freshman



"I figured that all the other black people would vote for me, which would obviously give me the majority."

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

When life gives you lemons, squeeze them into someone's eyes so you can feel a little better about yourself.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

Although you have the right to a fair trial, this does not mean your collection of stuffed animals can act as the jury.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

You heroically put your life on the line to save your dog from the burning apartment building. Really puts life in perspective. Your life, in particular.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

You think you're pretty smart putting vodka in your Gatorade bottle and going to class. That is, of course, until you mess up and put Gatorade in your vodka bottle.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

Revenge is only made sweeter by covering your roommate's stamp collection in honey before eating it.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

Hey, remember that movie where that kid's mom was a porn star and he didn't know it, then he accidentally jacked off watching his mom get it from three guys dressed as plumbers? Yeah, so did you like how your mother's character was portrayed?

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

Always relying on your Jackie Gleason impression and a set of false teeth to secure your popularity... you're such a typical Vandygirl.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

If you would just stop regarding road signs as philosophical questions, you would get into way fewer accidents.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

Maybe your girlfriend won't think she's a fat cow if you stop mooing when she eats. And maybe also if you stop trying to milk her.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

The light is your strength...which is a shame considering you are an Amish vampire.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

No matter how good you are, there will always be someone better. And that person is your older sister, whom your father and I love significantly more than you.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

Your last remaining hope for sexual fulfillment is dashed when you learn how surrogate mothers really work.

Top Ten Changes To The Athletic Department

- 10** No more Cristal in McGugin.
- 9** Cheerleading clinics with Professor Lucius Outlaw.
- 8** Name change from "Commodores" to "Administrators."
- 7** Vanderbilt Scholar Of The Month to get free parking space, starting quarterback position.
- 6** Baseball team to forego bats in order to fund Astronomy Dept's \$7.3 million deep space telescope.
- 5** Tennis team unaffected.
- 4** Basketball team to share court time with Chess team.
- 3** Players to have nightly chapters of assigned reading from new textbook, *Applied Football Pragmatics*.
- 2** The band to be most athletic group on campus.
- 1** We still won't win anything, but we'll be fascinated by the insightful questions proposed by the tailback in our Philosophy class.



- Gene Shallit, Today Show Movie Critic

Dear Gene,

It's over, Jennifer. Give back the ring. I don't understand what you don't get about "I hate you, I don't want to get married." Don't be such a cunt.

- B.A.

Dear Ben and J.Lo,

This is really to J.Lo. What's wrong with you? Is this like, marriage number 6? You're going to turn out like Liz Taylor - weird and smelling like old lady.

- Disgusted in Dyer

Dear Disgusted,

Who you calling cunt? I'm going to take this million dollar Harry Winston heart-shaped pink diamond and shove it so far up your boring white-bread ass you'll be coughing up emerald cut baguettes when you're back to being butt-buddies with Matt Damon. *¡Comé burro, bastardo!*

J.L.

Dear Ben and J.Lo,

It must be hard being in the spotlight all the time. It's like when my brother got arrested in our small town, and everyone was like, "Oh my God, did you hear that Traci's brother got arrested?" and they kept driving past our house and not talking to my mom in Kroger. Also, J.Lo, why do you have such a big ass?"

- Confused in Currey

Dear Confused,

Why would you offer me a burrito at a time like this? And why are you pulling this whole "I speak Spanish thing?" You know that I know that you're really just a very tan Irish-American. Or do you not want me to leak this to the public, *Jennifer O'Lopez?* Oh, and by the way, her ass is just like that because she loves the ding dong.

-B.A.

Dear Ben and J.Lo,

Sometimes I think about killing myself. I live alone and never leave, and the pain inside makes me want to die. I hate myself so much that I cry and cry. Yesterday was my birthday, and I have no friends and my family didn't remember. I got a pop tart out of a vending machine and held a lighter and sang to myself. I really don't think I can take it anymore. You're my last hope.

- Tenuous in Tolman

Ask Ben And J.Lo

Dear Tenuous,

Who are you calling a phony, Mr. Chin Implants? You don't know what it's like being a minority in America. You weren't there when I had to share a bathroom with my sister, or when I had to go to the second best Catholic school. You never think about how hard my life is. And I'm proud of my curvaceous behind. Puffy sure liked it- maybe I should give him a call.

- J.L.

Dear Ben and J.Lo,

I was wondering if maybe you could go away for a while and stop being in the news. See, not enough people are watching me and my wife, Rebecca Romijn Stamos. Actually, no one ever pays attention to me, just my wife. And she's hot, don't get me wrong, I know how in-fucking-credibly lucky I am. But I was hoping these phone commercials would be my comeback. Or maybe a *Full House* reunion. Do you know who I am?

- John "Uncle Jessie" Stamos

Dear Uncle Jessie,

You're such a whiny bitch. Gwyneth was right. You are a controlling, manipulating she-witch who just wanted me for my money, fame, and looks. Also, she asked if I wanted to go to dinner... what do you think of that, *Senorita Ass-Bag?*

- B.A.

Dear Ben and J.Lo,

My name is Ananya and I am a starving child in Uganda. For just pennies a day, you could provide me, Ananya, a starving child, with a cup of rice and maybe something extra. I take care of my eleven younger brothers by myself. With your help, I may not die of starvation as soon as we all think.

- Ananya from Uganda

Dear Ananya,

Gwyneth Paltrow just wants to go to dinner with you because she's so hungry. She's like a starving albino Ethiopian. I don't know what you saw in her. You wouldn't really get back with her, would you? If we broke up for good? Would you, baby?

-J.L.

Dear Ben and J.Lo,

I have a few words for that young woman who said that I smell like old lady. I smell like "White Diamonds," one of my signature perfumes that you can buy at any fine department store. And I didn't get married 8 billion times, only about 10 or something. I forgot what I was saying. Where am I?

- Elizabeth Taylor, crazy old lady

Dear Liz,

I wouldn't get back with Gwyneth, baby. You know I love you. We've just hit a rough patch, that's all. You weren't serious about that Puffy thing, were you? You know how much I like the junk in your trunk, J.Lo. So, you want to give it another shot? I'll buy you something sparkly.

-B.A.

When news breaks, who has time to research facts?



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