

Vol. IV, Issue 5

Wednesday, November 5, 2003

Free?



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The Saga Continues...

Uncovering The Seedy Underbelly Of Vanderbilt University - Since 1886 (maybe even earlier)

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VUPD To Distribute Switch Blades Instead Of Whistles

In light of recent crimes around campus, VUPD officers have decided to pass out switch blades instead of their usual VUPD whistles. "Nine times out of ten,

when repelling attackers, repeat stabbing is more effective than a sharp toot on your whistle," says Andrew Atwood. "Especially in the crotch." The new policy has dramatically reduced crime on campus, but has also led to a drastic increase in re-enactments of West Side Story. Continued Andrew Atwood, "We will of course have to keep an eye on those Sharks and Jets."

Arson Suspect Makes Haunted House "More Visceral"

When arrested Monday by Metro police officers outside his Gallatin home, arson suspect James Kearnes denied any wrongdoing. Saying the haunted house lacked "authenticity" and that it "sucked," he said he "was merely trying to make the experience more visceral." Witnesses to the tragic incident agreed that Kearnes succeeded.

Memorial Maniacs Change Name to Memorial Spectators

The Memorial Maniacs, Vanderbilt's most populous fan group, has decided to change its name. "We don't want to seem over-enthusiastic," says club president Andy Schulami. "I mean, we don't exactly fit in." Instead of cheering at basketball games in their usual "rowdy" fashion, they will come to games during the third quarter in dressy-casual attire, talk on their cell phones, then leave ten minutes later.



Guy Still Talking About His Halloween Costume

"It was so fucking awesome, you have no idea," said Adams, though most people he speaks to actually saw said costume. "The fake blood was wicked cool," he continues to tell people who were not impressed, nor care.

The Slant Tired Of Being Mistaken For Asian Porn Site



The staff of *The Slant*, Vanderbilt's Student Humor and Satirical paper, is growing weary of people mistaking its official website, www.theslant.net, for an Asian porn site. "I get about thirty emails a day from people looking for naked Japanese schoolgirls," said editor-in-chief Meredith Gray. "I find it really distracting to have to sort that stuff out of the normal hate mail." Managing editor and webmaster David Barzelay agrees, saying "I don't know why people would think that we're an Asian porn site. Except for those pictures we have of Japanese business men vomiting on women." Head writer Andrew Banecker claimed, "It's getting to the point where we might just have to start selling used panties and Hello Kitty vibrators." When reached for comment, Vanderbilt *Hustler* editor-in-chief Meredith Berger noted that their website has never been mistaken for Asian porn, though they have gotten a few queries involving "colossal shaved beavers."

Fan Is Mistaken At Roots Concert

Josh Brown arrived at Memorial Gym Friday night only to be disappointed when the hip-hop group The Roots took the stage. "I was really looking forward to seeing *Roots*, the television mini-series starring LeVar Burton and O.J. Simpson," said Brown. "It was quite an enjoyable program." Brown says he was curious why Vanderbilt would choose to show *Roots* on Halloween, but tried to keep an open mind. "I thought maybe it was a musical version, like *The Wiz* or something." A disgruntled Brown reportedly left the gym and rented the film at Blockbuster.



C-Murder, murderer.



Mary-Kate

220

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

Ashley



Serial Flasher Chased And Beaten By Catholic Schoolgirls

Rudy Susanto, was apprehended by a group of schoolgirls after repeatedly exposing himself to them. Susanto was beaten down and repeatedly kicked in the groin. "It was the most intense orgasm of my life," said Susanto.

Bush Denies That Iraq Is Turning Into Vietnam

With the U.S. casualties in Iraq growing steadily, and in response to the recent helicopter tragedy, critics continue to warn that the Iraq conflict is turning into another Vietnam. "Of course Iraq isn't turning into Vietnam," said Bush. "Vietnam is way over...there." When an aide attempted to clarify the issue for Bush, he simply said, "Axis of evil."



Coldsore Integrated Into Prostitute Costume

Students attending a Towers party Halloween night were impressed by fellow attendee Jennifer Sherrigan's attention to detail in her costume. "Her brave decision to integrate her recent contraction of oral herpes, simplex A into her prostitute costume was commendable," said Sherrigan's sophomore friend Mike Nichols. Said Sherrigan, "I just figured I'd make the best of things. Since I whored around all freshman year and got this damn virus, I just thought dressing like a prostitute would be an easy, authentic costume."



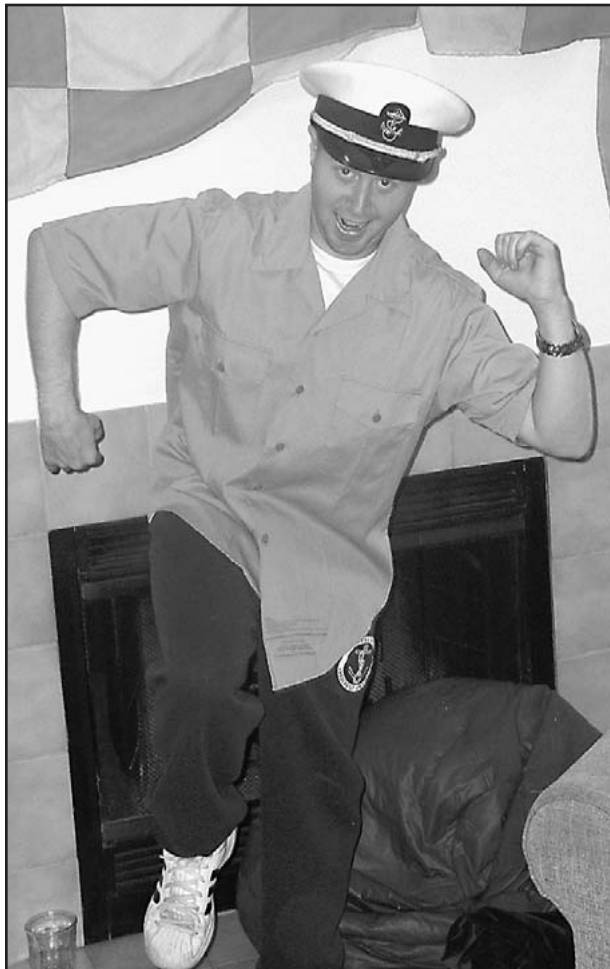
RACE FITNESS



Sean "Puff 'P. Diddy' Daddy" Combs Finishes NY Marathon

Bad Boy Records mogul, philanthropist and "playa" Sean Combs ran the New York City marathon Sunday, raising 2 million dollars for children. "He was a natural," said race coordinator Martha von Glahn. "I mean, have you ever heard of a black man who doesn't run from a gun shot?" Combs reportedly ran the race wearing a full length white mink coat, and carried a camel-back full of Cristal. Combs' actions have apparently spurred more rappers to enter athletic events. As of press time, Old Dirty Bastard ("Dirt McGurt") has entered the Iron Man Triathlon, the G-Unit will scale Mount Everest and Missy Elliot has registered for Nathan's Famous Hot Dog Eating Contest.

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MASTHEAD



The Olive In Vanderbilt's Martini - 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
Colin Dinsmore	Peter Grant
Jacob Grier	Richard Green
Rob Hilton	Howard Lee
Keith Leeman	Ceaf Lewis
Shrebecca Shmohly	Stephanie Schacht
Liz Vennum	Zak Ziegler
<i>Alumni Contributors</i>	
Jeff Woodhead	Ben Stark
<i>Editors Emeritus</i>	
Joe Wong	Mike Mott

POLICIES

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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.

Corrections:

Oops! It turns out Vanderbilt already admits wealthy Caucasians. In fact, they are so progressive that they've been doing this for over a century.

The girls of Zeta Phi Beta love diversity. We mistakenly quoted them as saying they think it is wrong, disgusting and perverse. Sorry, ladies.

To the parents of Rebecca Ohly, we apologize for causing your daughter to fail out of school. We'll stop stealing her notes and supplying her crack habit now.

Slant

FROM THE EDITOR



I don't know what to write my column about this week.

I could begin by writing about how I've had a persistently mucousy cold all week, or how I've gained four pounds due to my compulsive cookie baking, pizzeating and beer-guzzling. Or, I could talk

about the fact that I know five people who have recently become engaged, several of them ex-boyfriends of mine. In addition, one of said ex-boyfriends gave his fiancé the Tiffany's Lucida cut solitaire engagement ring, the one I want and WILL NEVER GET.

But, moving onward...perhaps I could say something about how after getting up at 6 a.m. and driving to Franklin and waiting in the lobby of a Sylvan learning center for nearly two hours, the GRE was cancelled due to "technical problems" (one problem was that I was classified as a "special needs tester" who must be tested in a room alone...), so I can't take it for another two weeks. Should I also mention that my applications are due in about four weeks, and the most I've done is print out my recommendation forms? Should I mention that I'm paying nearly \$400 for the pleasure of being rejected from said graduate schools? Or the fact that everyone I speak to likes to point out that I will essentially have no future with a "silly" degree like a Masters of Fine Arts?

What else? Maybe I should talk about the fact that every time I go home my grandmother points to her ring finger disapprovingly, and shakes her head. Should I mention that some bastard scraped my car in the parking lot of Chez Jose and didn't leave a note, so I need to somehow prevent the exposed areas of my car from rusting when I end up at Northeastern Alaskan State Community College next year?

I would try to calm down, but the good folks at Red Bull graciously donated a case of their fine energy drinks to aid in meeting our deadline, so let me tell you, I'm tell wired out my mind. Much different than with vodka!

But you know, I'm not complaining. I'm lucky to have my problems. Things could be worse—I could be Roy Horn.

So I guess what I'm saying is that there will be no editor's column this issue.

So fuck off.



Fucked Image



Cartoon by Jason Carpentier

Model UN To Deploy Model Soldiers To Iraq

G.I. Joes, Action Man to Head for the Front

By **TIM BOYD**

Following on from his successful effort at the United Nations to attract international support for sharing the burden of policing the new Iraq, President Bush has received a further much-needed boost in the form of additional supplies from the Vanderbilt Model UN. In a hotly contested debate, the Model Security Council voted to approve Resolution no. 1449 providing funds "to purchase and equip whatever model forces may be necessary to assist in the establishment of security in Iraq."

Making the announcement, Secretary-General of the Vanderbilt UN, Kevin Phillips, said, "We are proud today to have been able to rise to the occasion and provide the kind of support from the model international community that George Bush has been seeking for so long. We can think of nothing more appropriate to symbolize the true message of the UN than to make a grand pronouncement about a superficially impressive sounding policy which will actually benefit no one and prove to be utterly counter-productive."

President Bush was effusive in his praise for the resolution. "This shows true leadership" said Bush "So many times when I ask our ungrateful international allies to take some initiative, they think I'm just asking them to agree with what I've already decided. Well, I would like to express my thanks to the model UN for proving them wrong. And for giving me what I wanted all along anyway."

In a news conference, White House spokesman Scott McClellan added to the President's remarks by announcing that the potential cost of the war could now cause a personal tragedy for the White House "Back in November, Congress, at the President's urging, voted to approve a motion that would allow other people's children to die in a far away land to vindicate neo-conser-

vative ideology. Some have interpreted this as a sign that the national leadership is only asking other people to make sacrifices."

"Well, that has changed. As of today, the President's personal collection of replica Texas Air National Guard pilots has been deployed to the Middle East. The President is of course concerned for their safety, and will be receiving daily updates on their condition."

While the White House has largely welcomed the model UN's contribution, the US command in Baghdad has expressed some doubts as to the usefulness of these extra forces. "I can see how they would be able to get into small crawl spaces and would be unlikely to be flustered by the incessant chanting of an irate mob of Islamic Fundamentalists" said General James Patterson "And I also accept that they are unlikely to be a drain on the army's water and food resources and that they aren't going to be complaining about the lack of respite from constantly being shot at, but aren't they just going to, well, melt?"

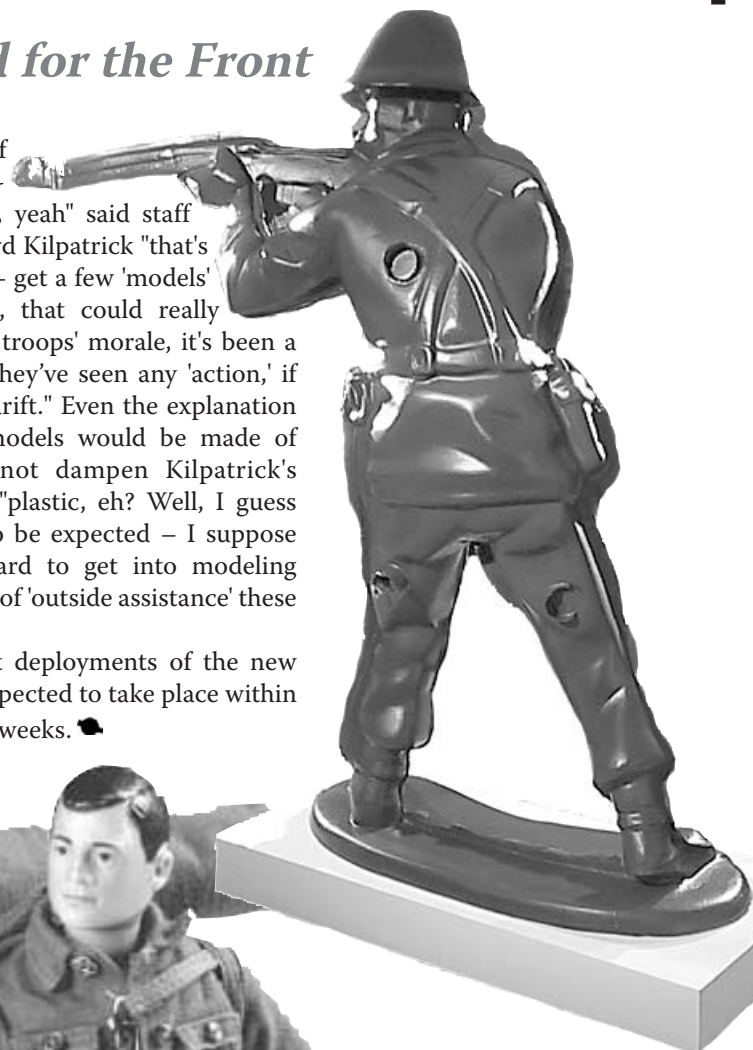
Patterson is not alone in his reservations. A spokesman for the US High Command expressed concern that the extra forces may come under excessive threat, as Iraqi guerrilla attacks on US forces are increasing. "We're taking as many measures as we can to protect our regular forces" the spokesman said "but for our new plastic allies, it's difficult to know what to do, especially as we have received reports that the Iraqi terrorists have gained access to magnifying glass technology. The effects of that could be devastating."

The Army's fears were apparently confirmed by reports that the model soldiers to be provided by France had already melted, even though their training camp was in Siberia.

However, despite concerns at the top of the chain of command, soldiers in the field seem to be eagerly anticipating

the arrival of re-enforcements. "Hell, yeah" said staff sergeant Floyd Kilpatrick "that's a great idea – get a few 'models' around here, that could really boost to the troops' morale, it's been a while since they've seen any 'action,' if you get my drift." Even the explanation that these models would be made of plastic did not dampen Kilpatrick's enthusiasm; "plastic, eh? Well, I guess that's only to be expected – I suppose it's pretty hard to get into modeling without a bit of 'outside assistance' these days."

The first deployments of the new troops are expected to take place within the next few weeks. ■



THIS THURSDAY: TRIVIA NIGHT IS BACK AT THE PUB!

Round up a few friends and come play the most exciting team trivia game in Nashville! Question categories include **History**, **Sports**, **Movies**, **Science**, **Literature**, **Beer**, **Sex**, and more! The game starts at 8:00 PM on Thursday Nights. Come early, the seats fill up fast!

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BEST TEAM NAME:

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THURSDAY NIGHTS @ THE PUB
NOVEMBER 6, 13, AND 20
8:00 -10:00 PM
CHAMPIONS GAME: DEC 4

www.trivia-night.com

Freshman Girl Loses V-Card

By **GREG CHAMPOUX**

Shocking her hallmates and workers at the Vanderbilt Card Office this week, freshman Lisa Bradley lost her V-Card for the first time this past weekend after spending the evening with junior Sigma Psi fraternity brother Mark Kilburn.

"I don't remember exactly what happened; it was kind of a blur. I had a lot to drink that night," said Bradley. "I think I lost it in one of the officer's rooms, but I really don't know. A lot went on that night. I never thought there were so many places you could possibly lose it!" exclaimed Bradley. "I mean, we were behind Rand messing around, then went to Towers, then back to CX2 for a while after it had closed! Man, I will never look at those nasty chipotle chicken sandwiches the same way again. I think I just kind of lost control at some point that night, and lost it. That guy really screwed me over!"

This loss marked the latest and most heinous of Bradley's drunken debaucheries. The months-long fiasco began, according to Bradley, after meeting with her Vucept group one day when she went out with a few other girls to Greek Row. After funneling, in her words, "a hell of a lot of Beast,"

Bradley realized that she had temporarily lost her VUPD rape whistle while in the company of several young men. Needless to say, she was quite concerned, since "that meant I would have to explain a lot to my parents the next morning why I was so tired, and why I wasn't doing my part to make the campus a safer place. From that point, things continued to get worse, until Lisa finally lost her V-Card.

Bradley's hallmates have been less than receptive to their recently-decarded comrade. Said hallmate Kelli Hetrick, "Lisa's really kind of starting to bother us all with this. I mean, sometimes she doesn't seem to mind much that she lost it. Sometimes she even remembers it and says she had a good time that night, so it doesn't matter! But most of the time, she just stays in her room sobbing about losing it so early. I used to feel sorry for her, but now she's just annoying."

"It was pretty bad when I got back to Kissam without my V-Card. I felt completely shunned by my hall; they wouldn't even let me in. Trying to eat was even worse—the employees wouldn't let me eat like I had a virus or was dirty or something." Bradley tried to get another card, but the Card Office couldn't help, explaining, "We're not miracle workers here."

Bradley had a few words to say in her defense, however. "Look, I mean, it's happened to everyone! I know plenty of people who have lost their V-Cards! One of my friends said she lost hers with a bunch of her girlfriends. I know I didn't lose it like that, and I'm not quite sure how that would work, but it clearly proves that other people are doing the same thing! It's just hard to hold onto it, especially on the weekend, when there are so many hot upperclassmen to distract you!"

Bradley went on to talk about how some of her friends at other schools had had similar experiences. "I mean, one of my friends, over at Auburn, she lost her A-Card when she was with her boyfriend. Now I know personally, I would never, ever lose the A-Card. I mean, you really have to keep track of that. But she did, and if you can lose your A-Card, then you can certainly lose your V-Card."

Bradley plans, she stated, on calling back Kilburn in the next few days, to talk about her lost V-Card. In response to this, Kilburn simply stated, "Look. I don't remember what I did last weekend. All I remember is that she was a decent-looking chick, so hey, maybe we spent some time together. But do I have her V-Card? Hey, shit happens, man. She doesn't need to

freak out about it! I've had plenty of girls lose their V-Cards when I'm around them, and they were all fine later."

In response to Bradley's loss, the Card Office has charged her \$25 and her parents have grounded her until marriage. 🐼



Lupton 2 Intramural Whacking-Off Team Disbands

By CEAF LEWIS

Lupton 2 resident Colin Dinsmore begins his day early, making his way to the showers at 6:30 a.m. every morning with moisturizer in hand. After last Thursday, however, he must perform on his own time.

In a move described by many Lupton 2 residents as "totally unfair," "unexpected," and "conducive to blueballs," Dinsmore stepped down as captain of the "Lupton Deuce Whackers," effectively ending the short lifespan of Vanderbilt's newest intramural team.

When questioned about his controversial decision, Dinsmore cited massive overtraining and blisters as the decisive factor. "I had to go to the medical center for this special ointment they use for third-degree burn victims. I told them I was just warming my genitalia over a space heater after a long night of stargazing, but I don't think they believed me." Dinsmore had to cut the interview short, as he needed to hurry and buy new sheets before the store closed.

Reaction on campus has been mixed. With the blessing of *Vanderbilt Torch* founder Jacob Grier, editor-in-chief J. David Maynard released the following statement in the form of an editorial: "The plight of the Lupton Deuce Whackers is just one more in a long string of problems caused by Title IX since its inception. It's time for Title IX to be repealed so that all whacking-off teams may have a chance to perform, as well as a chance for scholarships and other fantastic prizes."

The *Vanderbilt Hustler*, however, takes a far different view of the Whackers. According to naked sex columnist Amy Elhoff, "the Whackers' intensive group training sessions diminish their collective ability to sustain an erection during sex. This in turn leads to embarrassing relationship disasters, which may or may not be able to be repaired through copious

nipple licking."

"Crap, I thought they'd never stop," said an anonymous Stapleton Hall resident when informed of the recent development. "I mean, we could hear them all the way across Branscomb. Vaughn House just forms a tunnel for

all the moaning. It was getting to the point where I would just lie in bed all night whimpering with a pillow over my head. Those guys could whack off like nobody's business. Damn Lup Douche; damn them."

Chancellor E. Gordon Gee could not be reached for comment. His office did, however, release the following statement: "Normally an intramural team would not be subject to Title IX regulation, but the women's golf team is in dire need of funding."

Similar action has been taken against masturbatory teams at other SEC schools, but none against a team

with a record similar to that of the Whackers. In a series of victories unparalleled in jacking-off history, the Whackers crushed the Dyer Diddlers, the Currey Five-Digit Shufflers, the Vaughn Trouser Trout Fishermen, and the Kissam Zipper Olympians.

The remaining members of the Whackers freely expressed their regret over their leader's decision. "I'm really gonna miss playing Tug of War with the Cyclops, but, at the same time, this will give my swollen wang time to recover," said Charlie Galloway, Dinsmore's next-door neighbor. "I'm really not sure what to do now," complained Lupton 2 resident Joaquim Strickland. "Should I practice the one-handed air-guitar in my spare time? I mean, I'd like to continue competition against other whackers. It's a very fraternal atmosphere. You really feel connected to the other players."

The final word belongs, of course, to Dinsmore himself. "Well, I guess I'll have to find an actual girl, or at least a reasonable imitation thereof, for my sexual release now. Dammit!"



Intramural Whack-Off Championship Trophy

Satan To Rod Roddy: "Come On Down!"

by COLIN DINSMORE

Beloved television announcer Rod Roddy passed away on Monday, October 27. Roddy was best known for his work as the flamboyant man who called contestants down on *The Price Is Right* with his signature line, "Come on down! You're the next contestant on *The Price is Right*." In an ethereal decision that stunned family and friends, the powers that be have relegated Roddy's soul not to heaven as expected, but to eternal suffering in hell.

Following Roddy's death, his soul was promptly whisked deep into the bowels of Hades. "Come on down!" chortled the Devil in an ironic twist of fate. Lucifer placed the announcer's soul in hell's eighth circle, between the flatterers and simonists, a position he felt Roddy could more than fill.

The Devil commented on his acqui-

sition of Roddy's soul at a press conference held in the City of Dis. "You want to know why that fool's in hell?" Satan began. "First of all his suits were ridiculous. No man worthy to enter the Kingdom of Heaven would be caught dead wearing something like that. It was also sickening how unnaturally energetic and cheerful he was. That is why he's here." Added the Prince of Darkness, "That and he operated a child pornography ring."

Despite Beelzebub's reasoning, many are at a loss as to how someone who seemed so jovial could be condemned to perdition. "I just don't understand it," said a puzzled Helen Ackerby, a friend of Roddy's. "He was always so happy and colorful. I mean, how can anyone who regularly wears multicolored sequined jackets be considered a bad person?"

The host of *The Price Is Right* and

close personal friend of Roddy, Bob Barker, had much to say about the matter. "Who? Oh, that funny-looking guy who yelled things from the booth, sure. I guess now we'll have to find an even more flamboyant announcer to spice up the show. But yes, I suppose it is quite the tragedy for his family, maybe." Barker then added, "On a more serious note, remember to have your animals spayed or neutered."

Perhaps the most stunned person of all was Mr. Roddy himself. "Why did this happen?" Roddy cried out. "How could God punish a man who died of colon and breast cancer? I mean, come on, do I really deserve to bathe

in eternal hellfire as well?"

While the question of whether or not the famed television personality deserves to be in hell remains up in the air, one thing is for sure: Rod Roddy won't be "unnaturally energetic and cheerful" for a long, long time.



**Happy Birthday
Shane, You Irish
Bastard.**

**Love,
Stapleton 2**



You have Irish blood still!

Did You Know: We Still Have U.S. Soldiers In Iraq?

by **ANDREW BANECKER**



Hey, did you know that we still have United States soldiers stationed in Iraq? No, I'm not pulling your leg, guys. We really do still have soldiers stationed in Iraq. Seriously!

If you're like I was when I first found out that we still had troops in Iraq, you're probably thinking, "Hold on there a minute, guy, we won that war sometime last spring when we knocked over all them statues."

Well, I wouldn't blame you if you believed that, but yesterday, after watching an episode of *Boy Meets World* on the Disney Channel, I was flipping through channels looking for something good to watch (even though I knew it wasn't going to get any better

than the episode of *Boy Meets World* that had just finished; boy was Mr. Feeney steamed when he found out Cory and Sean had cheated on the State Capitals test) and I happened to stumble upon that Cable News Network I have heard so much about. Well, a guy wearing glasses said that not only did the United States have soldiers in Iraq, but some of them have been getting killed!!!

I nearly dropped the piece of pizza I was eating! (Don't worry, I didn't drop it and it was delicious.) Then I had to do a quick check of my *TV Guide* to make sure I was not watching that Al Jazeera channel and I had not recently learned to speak whatever freaky desert language they speak over in that backwards country.

But no, it was American cable news, and the language being spoken was also American.

So there I was, sitting on my couch in my underwear and eating pizza, and the TV is telling me that American soldiers are still in Iraq, and some of them

are getting themselves killed.

Somebody (I'm looking at you, President Bush) needs to tell our fine men in uniform that the war with Iraq is over, we won, and they can stop doing warlike things like wearing camoflauged and getting killed. I mean, I see all these commercials for cell phones that can send their signals all over the world, serve as a cool walkie talkie, convert what you say into digits or something, and even stop time whenever you're calling Catherine Zeta Jones. My point is, we've got all this communication technology in the good ol' US of A, and we can't even get in touch with the Army to let them know that the war is over?

All I know is I love this country, support our troops, and agree with whatever President Bush wants to do, but if he can't take the time out of his day to tell our troops they can stop dying because the war is over, I don't know what to think anymore. ☹

Vanderbilt Needs More Diversity In Coffee Shops

by **MEREDITH GRAY**

Last night when I was reorganizing my coffee cupboard, I finally realized what bothers me the most about Vanderbilt. As I placed my Starbucks "Customer of the Month" mug back onto its designated spot in the cupboard, I came to a very important conclusion. Though at Vanderbilt we go on and on about how we need more "diversity" to improve the university, I've figured out what we really need: more diversity in our coffee establishments!

I mean, honestly, if someone asks you where to get a cup of coffee around here, it's not exactly like a plethora of cafes come to mind. It takes me a good while to even remember we have coffee shops. I mean, I start listing off the ones down 21st, and once I get past Alpine and Starbucks, I really begin to falter. I

mean, it's as if that's all there really is. Yeah, if you don't like those locations you can go to the Starbucks next to Borders, or if you're really desperate, the Bongo Java in Rand. But it's all so homogeneous. Sometimes I think that we glorify these places just because they're the only ones we know. I'm afraid that I will graduate from Vanderbilt thinking that every Americano is the same, with its dark brown color and bitter taste. What kind of presumptuous person will I be?

Don't get me wrong - yeah there's JJ's and that Portland place, and Nashville and Salon F/X (if you're getting a manicure) or Wendy's if you must, but good lord, where are the Seattle's Best and the Gloria Jean's? Or the more pedestrian fare, like Dunkin' Donuts and Au Bon Pain? What about them? Just because we have one or two kinds of coffee places, should we forget the

other ones? Every coffee shop is different!

The other day I was in Borders trying to decide whether I wanted a latte from their cafe, or from Bread and Company or the aforementioned Starbucks. What if for the rest of our lives we are only stuck with three choices such as these? That's what life would be like without diversity. I suppose just down the road there's Bean Central and Wendy's and Mapco, and in the other direction there's Cafe Coco, and I think a TigerMart. And don't even get me started on Hillsboro Village with their token coffee shops, Fido and Provence. Shouldn't such diversity be within closer reach of Vanderbilt? Should they be strung out at the perimeters of our society? Is that at all politically correct?

So this is my desperate plea to the community surrounding Vanderbilt. Diversity is something that must hap-

pen in every facet of our lives, beginning with our coffee choices. Until we can get a Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf in Wilson Hall, or a Wawa somewhere between the Med Center cafeteria and the McDonalds, the faceless majority that is coffee establishments will have won.



GUY FAWKES DEPARTMENT

Let's Go Burn Some Catholics!



by TIM BOYD

Remember, Remember the Fifth of November; Gunpowder, treason and plot!

Good morrow, fellow Vanderbiltians! Ah, don't you just love the smell of burning Catholics in the morning? The delightful aroma of incense and freshly baked eucharist – it's what many of us live for. That being the case, why don't you join me in celebrating the anniversary of Guy Fawkes' evil papist scheme to blow up the Mother of Parliaments? It's time to stiffen

your upper lips, toast your crumpets and round up some people with Irish-sounding names and engage in an all-round orgy of religious persecution.

Take your mind back to the glorious autumn of 1605 - King James was on the throne, men were men and the United States a distant, unimaginable monstrosity. But things got a little ticklish when Guy Fawkes and his fellow Rome-worshippers thought they'd try and blow up our beloved monarch and all his merry men, and planted gunpowder right underneath his kingly posterior.

Needless to say, this just wasn't cricket. Of course, many of them were Johnny Foreigners, which made their lack of decency easy to explain. Luckily, just as this dastardly little plan was due to happen, a loyal, patriotic (and almost certainly Cockney) chap wandered down into the parliamentary cellar and caught them red handed.

Once they were caught, it was time to give them six-of-the-best, limey style. Once it was determined that they were horrible traitors, they were strung up with a right-royal iron spike stuffed up their reprehensible backsides.

Anyway, you may yet wonder how this is relevant to today's festivities. It's perfectly simple. In order to acknowledge the heroic efforts of good, boiled-food loving, warm-beer drinking Englishmen in thwarting the nefarious designs of effete, icon-worshipping micks, it was decided to mark the anniversary of this event by allowing everyone to have a jolly good time by putting together a big pile of wood, placing a Catholic on top and setting fire to the whole thing.

Of course, not everyone favors putting live Catholics on top of bonfires and burning them to death – it gets people a little squeamish and all that smoke isn't doing air pollution any favors. But let's put this in perspective – there are millions of Catholics in the world today, and what with their “don't ask, don't tell” approach to birth control, there's no sign of that changing anytime soon. Also, the vast majority of the world's Catholics aren't English (and a significant portion aren't American either), so it's hardly as if they matter.

So come join me on Alumni Lawn tonight as we commemorate one of Mother England's finest traditions. It's time to charge your glasses and drink a toast to irrational religious hatred everywhere. Huzzah! 🍷

ATTENTION

HOT YOGA IS HIGHLY ADDICTIVE

THIS IS NO MEDITATION CLASS. THE STUDIO IS HEATED (100+!) TO FACILITATE DEEPER STRETCHING, A STRONGER BODY AND CALMER MIND. IF YOU FEAR DRASTICALLY IMPROVING YOUR STRENGTH AND VITALITY, BALANCE, FLEXIBILITY AND MENTAL FOCUS- AVOID HOT YOGA. OTHERWISE, BE PREPARED TO SWEAT, WORK HARD AND HAVE FUN.

HOT YOGA NOT ONLY RELEASES BUILT-UP TENSION, BUT RESULTS IN INCREASED STRENGTH AND VITALITY THAT CAN, WELL, WE WILL LET YOUR IMAGINATION TAKE IT FROM HERE.

SCHEDULE

FALL 2003

MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
9:30	6:30	9:30	6:30	9:30	9:30	10:00
4:15	9:30	4:15	4:30		4:30	4:30
5:45	4:30	5:45		5:00		
7:15	6:15	7:15	6:15			

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\$87 Billion Iraqi Budget Breakdown

- \$250,000 Halliburton beer cozies
- \$20million Ten thousand "USA? A-OK" t-shirts
- \$200,000 Toby Keith concert
- \$10,000 Glamour Shots photos for new government officials
- \$150 m. 37 million WWJD? bracelets
- \$100,000 Translators good at pretending they know Arabic
- \$25 b. Country-wide air-conditioning
- \$50,000 Replace destroyed Iraqi art with Thomas Kinkaid paintings + \$20,000 extra for "highlighting"
- \$3 b. One Constitution, slightly used
- Free 400 million unused cases of Red Bull Energy Drink
- 50 m. Decent fashion, makeovers for women
- \$45 b. Palestine
- \$5 b. Plumbing, toilets throughout nation
- \$20 m. Funding for Christian couple adoption program
- \$5 Your mom



Bastard Confession

Not All Senses More Developed

They always say that blind people really develop their other senses. They have, like, super-hearing and appreciate different tastes. But the one thing that doesn't seem to develop? A sense of humor about their blindness. That goes for all disabled people, really.



AROUND THE LOOP

The Slant

Are you still feeling guilty about slavery?

Cindy Kline, Sophomore



"No, should I? Is that why black people are so mad?"

Jeb Bralston, Phi Delt Brother



"The yankees call it slavery; we call it tradition."

Adolf Hitler, Deceased Despot



"No, but I did kill six million Jews."

Erika Simpson, Senior



"Where my forty acres and a donkey at?"

Mike Phillips, Junior



"Slavery was real? I thought Spike Lee made it up."

Colonel Cotton Lee O'Hara



"Feel guilty? I still own seven."

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

Although you do not accept mind-body dualism now, wait for the accident.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

Your big date will be ruined because instead of nasal decongestant you ask the pharmacist for anal decongestant.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

On the up side, people may not notice your giant goiter. On the down side, they'll probably notice your ugly head protruding from it.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

You like small butts and, although you are quite capable of lying, you are speaking truth about your love of small butts.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

Knowing your limits is one thing. Writing a showtune about them is quite another.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

You will soon realize that sending your pet squirell to squirell camp was a bad idea. As was falling asleep in the world's largest waffle iron.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

The stars suggest that now is a good time to start taking control of your life. By this they of course mean it's your turn to be on top.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

The road to hell is paved with good intentions. Potholes, however, are filled with dead babies.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

In the land with no balls, the man with one ball shall be king. You're not the king.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

In your new job as a stripper, you will be quite confused as to where to clip your mandatory ID badge.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Your Geology class will suck.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

Stacy's mom has got it going on. However, said event going on is menopause with raging hot flashes and the growth of facial hair.

Top Ten Unpublished Children's Books

- 10 *Babar and the Ivory Trade*
- 9 *How to Cope with Being a Mistake*
- 8 *Light Sockets: A Shocking Amount of Fun*
- 7 *The Truth About Santa*
- 6 *Frances Goes to the Klan Rally*
- 5 *The Hardy Boys and the Case of the Terminal Leukemia*
- 4 *You're Not Special, You're Just Retarded*
- 3 *The Big Book of Booster Shots*
- 2 *Let's Put Things in our Mouths!*
- 1 *So You're Going to the Orphanage...*

Ask Ceaf, Lack-Of-Sex Columnist



Dear Ceaf,
My boyfriend is always pressuring me into having sex. How do I tell him I care for him, but I'm not ready? I mean, you seem to be the expert at avoiding having sex with someone without their being angry at you.

Hilary in Hemmingway

Dear Hilary,
If I knew what I was doing that was keeping me from doing the old horizontal hokey-pokey, I would FIX IT! Is it the acne patch? Is it that little bit of beard my shoddy razor just never seems to cut? Is it my lack of muscle mass? Shallow bitch!

Dear Ceaf,
I started having sex once, but it was just too emotional. I had to stop, and I haven't been able to bring myself to give it another shot. Since then I've found so many other ways to express love for someone, like writing songs about them, hugging, and crying on their shoulder. Please share with your readers the ways you show love to the people who are special in your life without engaging in carnal relations.

Emo In East

Dear Emo,
All of the above, with emphasis on the crying. I'm trying to learn how to play the acoustic guitar in my spare time (well, the spare time that's not used for . . . other stuff), so that might open up all sorts of fantastic realms of non-sexual delights for me. Ignorant wench.

Dear Ceaf,
Why is it that you don't have sex?

Wondering In West

Dear Wondering,
It's not for lack of trying. Next question.

Dear Leaf,
Were your parents hippies? Mine were too, but they taught me that sex is a beautiful thing and that one should not get bogged down with all that heavy emotional baggage and shit. Have you tried wheatgrass smoothies?

River Lovechild in McGill

Dear Crazy Hippy,
Are you the one that approached me as I was on my way to my poli sci class that attempted to buy my urine? Because I was thinking about it, and now I've decided that I won't get a better offer anywhere else. Anyway, no, my name is Ceaf, and I don't drink hippy potions. Flaunt your promiscuity elsewhere, as others don't have that luxury.

C.

Dear Ceaf,
I have a date with this girl I am really into this weekend. I really don't want to fuck this up, because, I don't know, she seems special. Could you tell me what you would do on a date like this? You know, so I can do the opposite.

Hopeless Romantic in Mystery Hall

C.

Dear Hopeless,
If I can't have sex, then no one can! Chew on that, swine!

C.

Dear Fuckless,
Are your balls in constant pain?
-Andrew in Village.

Dear Andrew,
No, you get used to it after a while. Chilling the loins regularly helps to some extent. If that doesn't work, vitamin supplements stimulate the blood flow to the genitalia, thus cleaning things out every so often. So, the answer is no, jackass.

C.

Dear Ceaf,
My pastor says I shouldn't have sex until I get married anyways. It's the best way to keep from getting pregnant! So what's the big deal? Say, you want to go bowling or watch *The Lion King* or engage in some other similarly wholesome activity?

Celibate in Scales

Dear Celibate,
No, I'm busy trying to get laid. . . Yeah, yeah, I do. I'll bring popcorn.

C.

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