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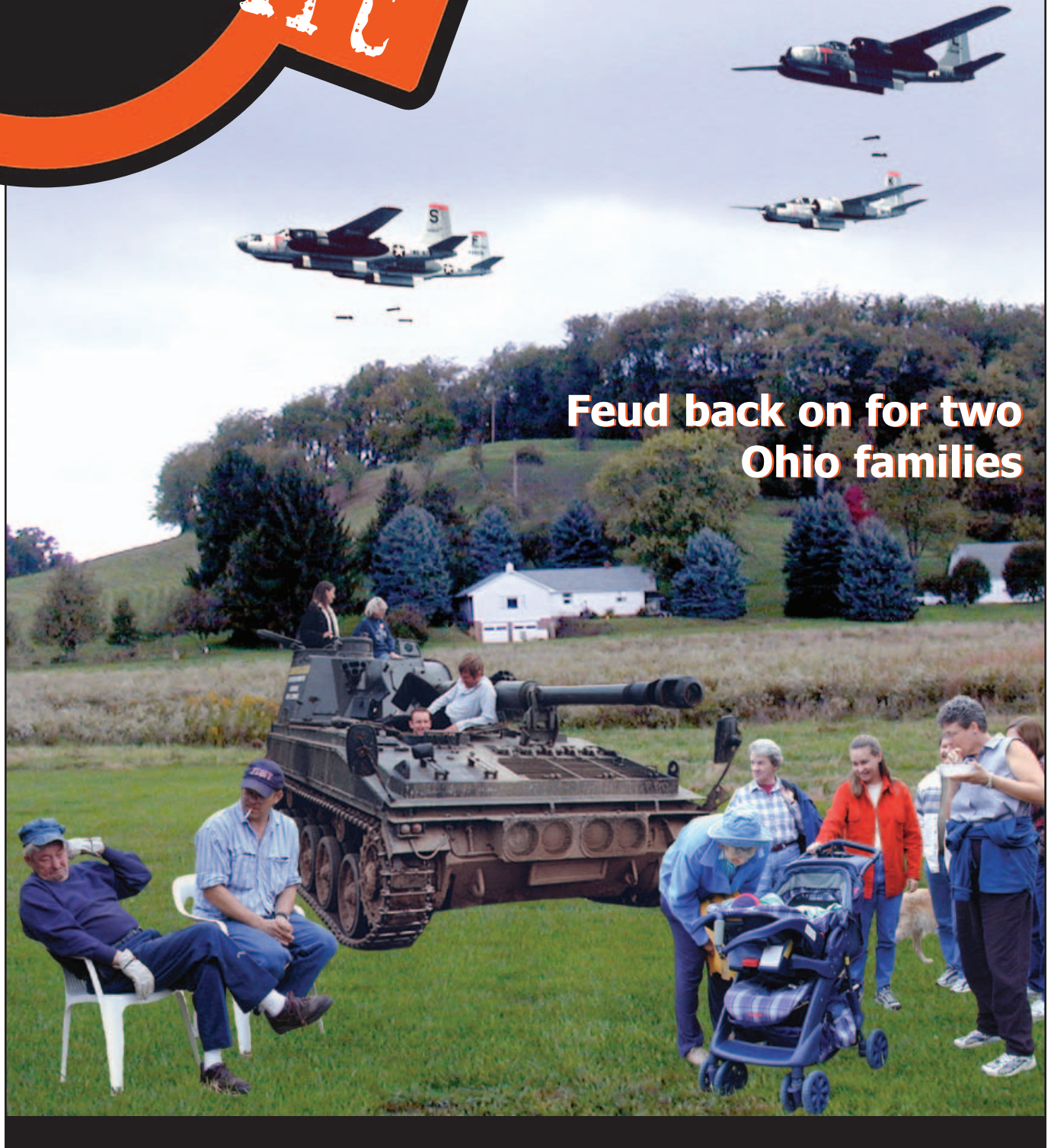
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Middle West Peace Talks Break Down



Feud back on for two Ohio families



Boy Taunts Lactose Intolerant Milkman

Steve Swanson, milkman of 20 years for the town of Davenport, Iowa, has been repeatedly taunted of late by 10-year-old Billy Jennings.

The boy reportedly taunts him because of his inability to digest lactose, calling him the "Can't drink milk-man" and telling Swanson, "You sure can dish it out, but you can't take it." Despite these taunts, Swanson consistently answers with a smile, "That's right, because I'm lactose intolerant."

Worship Of God No Longer Legal

Tuesday, Congress successfully passed the Anti-Deity Act, which removes religion from all public venues, including churches, mosques, temples, and synagogues. Former Alabama Chief Justice Roy Moore, disbarred after refusing to remove a two-ton granite monument of the Ten Commandments from his courtroom, can't help feeling smug. "I told you they'd kill God if you made me move my graven image of His word, but you wouldn't listen," said a smirking Moore. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go back to constructing that tower in the neighboring town of Babel."

Koko The Gorilla Won't Stop Signing "Money Shot"

Research has recently stalled on the "Koko Project," as the 8-year-old gorilla who first proved that apes are capable of communicating through sign language won't stop signing the phrase "money shot." "It's been a major setback to the project," said Dr. Ivan Kleinhurtz, head of the primate research department at UC San Diego, adding, "Koko's really beginning to disturb the deaf children who come to visit the zoo."



Crunch Promoted To Admiral



In a move that stunned even the most seasoned military personnel, Captain Gerald S. Crunch of the United States Navy received a promotion to Admiral today, bypassing many of the usual promotion procedures. "This disastrous move could herald the end of America's military superiority, as the man is the Cap'n of a damn breakfast cereal," complained U.S. Army 4-Star General Roger Mills. Defense Secretary Rumsfeld couldn't be reached for comment.

RIAA Lawsuits Affecting Downloading Habits

In response to the recent lawsuits against file-sharers by the Recording Industry Association of America, students have switched from downloading pop music to downloading porn. Said sophomore Michael Davis, "There's much less risk downloading porn-even kiddie porn-than music. You know, I'm actually starting to wonder why I downloaded music in the first place." Davis went on to say that he only downloaded songs by group T.A.T.U. because of the mental images the music conjured, but he now realizes that barely-legal lesbian porn is even more fulfilling. "Plus," Davis continued, "worst-case scenario is your roommate walking in on you masturbating. And no one ever gets sued for that...right?"

Mystic Shaman Suggests Mylanta

Complaining of a suspected angry fire spirit inhabiting his chest and throat, villager Bagra Agadanza went to visit his local shaman. To his surprise, the shaman instead said, "Looks like nothing more than your average case of heartburn. I'd suggest Mylanta. And stay away from spicy barbecued guinea pigs!" The shaman went on to say, "Just call me back in the morning-you know my number. Bah rah tu me cha langa dee!!!" The shaman then turned to his voodoo assistant and said, "Maggie, can you get Mr. Agadanza's HMO info and show him the way out? Thanks." Explained Agadanza, "The shaman tricked the fire spirit into thinking it did not exist. So, now it is gone. Also, fire spirits hate Mylanta." When asked if any other commercial antacids would do the trick, Agadanza used a stick to draw a diagram in the dirt of Mylanta coating the stomach lining, then saying, "Shaman was right - Tums does not coat fire spirit so effectively, or with so much calcium."



Mary-Kate

185

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

Ashley



Father Will Turn This Car Around This Instant, He Swears



If you don't shut the hell up and quit picking on your sister, George Herring, 42, will turn this car around right now. George, an employee of Amalgamated Plastics Incorporated, works his fingers to the bone for you, and he's not going to just sit here and listen to the two of you bitch. He doesn't have to go to Disney World, you know. He could just leave you two with your grandmother while he and your mother, Mona Herring, 40, go to Cancun. Now stare out the window or go to sleep or something, because he's tired of it.

Jewish Child Resents Thinly Veiled 'Holiday' Party

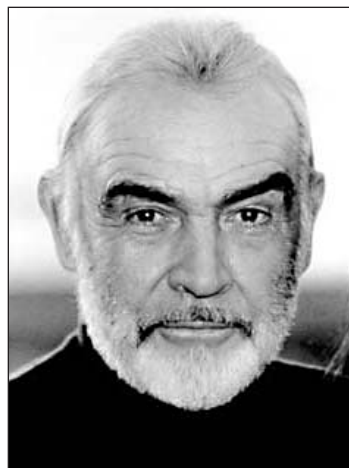
4th grader Micah Jewishberg stormed out of Ms. Mary O'Fitzpatrick's classroom in a huff yesterday after being forced to participate in the class "Holiday Party." "It was just ridiculous," said Jewishberg, "First we all had to be someone's 'Secret Santa,' then the teacher handed out candy canes and ham, and then we all put on this play called *The Miracle of Winter Break*, which had a manger scene in it. Then she stopped the party for like 30 seconds and singled me out for being Jewish." "Well, I think we tried to incorporate Micah's traditions," said Ms. O'Fitzpatrick. "After all, last week we looked at a picture of a dreidel in a book. We really shouldn't penalize the other children because he's different." 🍌



HOLLYWOOD REPORT



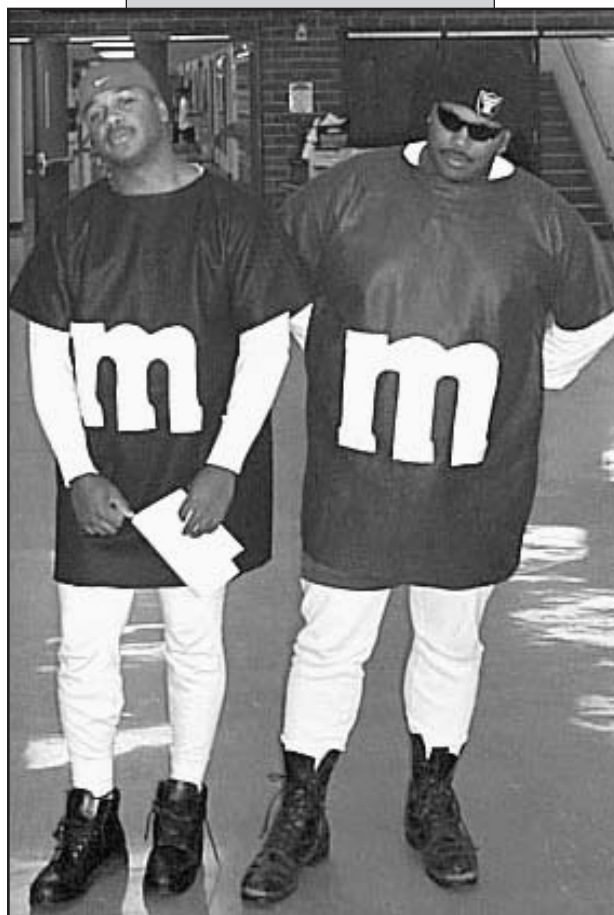
Sean Connery To Star In *Octogenarianpussy*



Sir Sean Connery, 81

MGM has announced that Pierce Brosnan's replacement in the next James Bond movie will be none other than former Bond, Sean Connery. Execs say that because of the actor's age, they have done a slight "re-imagining" of the character from Ian Fleming's novels. The next film, tentatively titled *Octogenarianpussy*, will feature the aging Connery performing such harrowing stunts as battling for a handicapped parking spot at Costco, successfully having Medicare pay for his specialized scooter, and carefully emptying his colonectomy-bag out the window of his Lincoln Continental. The movie should be a hit with women between 25 and 60, a demographic which finds Connery, 81, very sexy. Connery's love interest in the film will be Hilary Duff, star of *The Lizzie McGuire Movie*.

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"Once we get signed for our mad rappin skillz, we won't be doin' this shit no mo. Fo now, we do weddings, children's parties, and bar mitzvahs, fool." - P-Nut

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MASTHEAD



Reading *Versus* - Since 1886 (just kidding!)

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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:

- In our last issue, we accidentally left "C-Murder, Murderer" in the caption under P-Diddy. P-Diddy has not been convicted, merely accused. Also, we were not implying that all people of color are murderers, just all rappers.
- Staff writer Ceaf Lewis would like to clarify his sexuality by stating, "I am not fucking Gay!"

[ed. note: We interpret this to mean that he is not fucking Professor Volney P. Gay, head of the Religious Studies Department. This, of course, means that he is single. So have at it, boys.]

FROM THE EDITOR



My topic this week is relaxation. I basically have a quorum of people who agree that it wouldn't hurt for me to try to relax a little bit. Thus, I've been trying to relax, and I thought it would benefit everyone to use some of these relaxation techniques I have learned.

Last year my mom got me a set of cards ("The Relax Deck"). On one side of the card there is a "soothing" picture. On the other side there is a paragraph of esoteric writing (I think) pertaining to relaxation. Here is an example:

"The unicorn: According to legend, a maiden looking into a mirror could see this beast alongside her if she was pure of heart. Imagine approaching a mirror: is your spirit pure enough for the unicorn to appear?"

Huh?

How is that supposed to help me relax? Because honestly, I ain't seeing no unicorn in the mirror. All this does is make me feel bad about myself because I am obviously not pure enough to see the unicorn. What's wrong with me? Why am I not pure? I want to see the unicorn!

All right, bad example. It's also been suggested that I try tapping my "third eye" a certain number of times in order to calm down. Apparently, by focusing on the counting and tapping, you will overcome the stresses of the material world. So I tried this, and let me tell you, by about the fifth tap it really started to hurt. I thought, "Wow, I must really be in touch with my third eye." Actually, it turned out that I was really in touch with my left eye, which I was poking with my index finger, because apparently I DON'T HAVE A THIRD EYE, JUST TWO. So, good luck to you freaks out there with the third eye, because this obviously didn't work for me.

However, my mom also got me the "Cocktail Deck," a set of cards with a picture of a drink on one side, and the recipe on the other. I've found this is much more relaxing than the other deck. The lemon drop martini is an excellent method of relaxation in my book. But you know, don't take me as an example. After all, I'm not pure of heart, and according to an Internet quiz, I'm going to the sixth level of hell, the City of Dis. Interpret as you will.



Fucked Image

The Slant

Don't feed the fucking animals.



Cartoon by Jason Carpentier

Middle West Peace Talks Break Down

Feud back on for two Ohio neighbors

By **ANDREW BANECKER**

Beavercreek, OH- Despite the mediating efforts at the Annual Pleasantwoods Avenue Block Party Barbecue, held in the back yard of Mayor David Camp, there seems to be no end in sight for the longstanding feud between neighbors Joseph Callahan and Bert Lundahl.

According to Lundahl's wife, Erma, Bert was reluctant to attend the Block Party Barbecue at all. "He kept mumbling, 'I just know that asshole Callahan will be there' and gritting his teeth. I had to practically beg for days to get him to even consider going. Finally, I told him if he can't make just one concession for me and for the good of our family, I wouldn't be doing him any favors in the bedroom for a long time. If you know what I mean."

Reports from the Callahan residence were of the same nature.

At the Block Party Barbecue, both Lundahl and Callahan exchanged minor pleasantries, then stood silently glaring at each other as their wives, Erma and Beth, conversed. Although they were steaming inside, Lundahl and Callahan held their tongues while their wives attempted to arrive at a compromise that would pacify both of the volatile households.

Efforts for a peaceful settlement seemed to be progressing, until Lundahl's son, Jimmy, tripped and accidentally spilled a plate of pork and beans onto the new white dress of Callahan's youngest daughter, Hannah, causing her to cry.

According to witnesses, Callahan flew off the handle and started screaming at little Jimmy, calling him a "creepy little heathen bastard" and telling him that he was adopted. Lundahl reacted by throwing his plate of pork and beans at Callahan and laughing at him while saying, "You're crying just like your painted-up little Jezebel of a daughter!"

Callahan took a swing at Lundahl and within minutes, a virtual holy war had broken out between the two families.

Evidently, the families have had their differences ever since the Callahans purchased their home on 67 Pleasantwoods Avenue in the Jerusalem Heights section of town six years ago.

Mere days after moving in, Callahan noticed the Lundahl's dog, a Pomeranian named Sheik, tearing up his wife's strip of prized azaleas. He confronted Lundahl, who



Sheik, brutally beaten by one of Callahan's mercenaries.

refused to pay for the damaged flowerbed, instead choosing to tell Callahan to "grow a pair." Callahan retaliated by teaching his cat, Mr. Snoofykings, to "make poopies" on Lundahl's lawn.

The next autumn, Lundahl borrowed a rake from Callahan's garage while it was left unattended. Callahan viewed this act as an unprompted invasion on his property and decided that he needed to "defend his homeland" by constructing a fence along the West Bank of his property line.

Lundahl demanded that the fence be taken down at once, arguing that he had built a tree house and a tire swing on the recently fenced-in Oak tree for his son, Jimmy, three years prior to when the Callahans moved next door, and the Callahans had no right to declare that to be part of their property.

Callahan responded that the tree was well within the bounds of his property lines, and informed Lundahl that he should "suck it."

The conflict escalated when Lundahl told his son Jimmy and his friends that they could play baseball in his front yard, using Callahan's fence as the home run wall. Within minutes, projectiles were flying at the Callahan house, breaking windows and denting the siding.

The wives decided that they needed to put an end to the conflict when Beth Callahan saw her little daughter, Hannah, strapping plastic explosives to the hood of her Power Wheels Barbie Dream Car.

Even though all of the evidence points to the contrary, both wives remain optimistic for a settlement that will appease both sides.

"I think there were many important positive steps forward at the Pleasantwoods Avenue Block Party Barbecue," said Beth Callahan, "It seemed like Joe and Bert were starting to really come to an understanding and maybe they would finally be able to stop all this petty bickering and nonsense. Aside from the whole 'pork and beans incident' and Vern's wreaking Jihad on Joe's eye with a plastic fork, you could really see that they were beginning to respect each other and..."

"Bert Lundahl is a flaming pile of horse shit!!!" interrupted a visibly angered and partially blinded Joseph Callahan.

In related news, Halliburton has just discovered oil in the Lundahls' backyard. 🐾



Clinton and Callahan during the last round of peace talks.



Lundahl and Callahan before the feud.

CS Student Invents Friendster Spin-off

By JACOB GRIER

Thanks to Vanderbilt computer science student Dave Malloy, there is new hope for the nation's sex-starved losers. Taking the idea behind Friendster to the next level, Malloy has created his own social networking website. He calls it "Sexter," and instead of linking to friends or business associates, users link to their most intimate relations.

"It's pretty obvious that the ultimate goal of signing up on Friendster is to find people to hook up with," Malloy says of his inspiration. "I mean, do you think that when people say they want to meet 'activity partners' they're talking about playing Frisbee? I decided to drop the euphemism and go straight for what people really want: sex!"

As on Friendster, Sexter users can browse their personal network of former partners out to four degrees of separation. They can also search their network for people in the same location, with the same favorite positions, or with the same fetishes. "I never thought I'd find women into bow ties and bigamy in Nashville, but gee whiz, I was wrong!" raves one satisfied customer.

Another idea taken from the Friendster model is the use of testimonials. While Friendster testimonials tend to consist of superficial praise, Sexter testimonials range from the titillating to the brutally honest. For example, a testimonial for Andrew, who lists his occupation as "university police chief," reads, "Not bad once he gets started, but his idea of foreplay is driving up in a white pick-up truck without pants on. But hey, I just can't resist a man in [half of a] uniform!"

Malloy, currently in his junior year, reports that his website now has over 100,000 registered accounts, but he had trouble getting started. "I did all the programming and got the website all set up, but then I faced a problem. It was time to invite my former sexual partners to join, but I, um, didn't exactly have anyone to call on."

The virginal Malloy turned to his friends in the Vanderbilt Computer Club, but they were also unable to help. "They all signed up," he says, "but they just made up lonely, individual nodes. There was no network, no connections."

Malloy was ready to call the project a failure when a miracle happened. "The Club was having our annual LAN party and this drunk Tri-Delt stumbled in thinking it was the Sigma Chi house. Maybe it was the alcohol, or maybe it was the romantic glow of 120 computer monitors, but somehow one of the guys ended up taking her home."

Within a day most of Greek Row had created a Sexter network. By the end of the week, most of the campus had joined. "With the exception of Tolman, every dorm on campus was soon represented."

The network has gone national, leading to interesting discoveries. Ashley Planzer, a sophomore, says, "I slept with a guy who slept with a girl who slept with President Clinton. That's pretty neat, even if thousands of other girls can say the same thing."

Other Vanderbilt students have discovered less flattering connections. "There are just two degrees of separation between me and my chemistry professor," says senior Jeremy Thompson. "Now I know how my girlfriend passed the course without studying. Damn it!"

Dave Malloy says that he is happy that Sexter has taken off so well, but there is a touch of bitterness in his voice. "It's my own website and I still haven't entered the network. Every time a new user signs up it's a slap in the face. It's like they're saying, 'I'm getting laid while you're playing Counter Strike.' But someday I'm going to make millions on this Internet start-up, and then I will join the network."

Dean Vows To End Involvement In Ottoman Empire

Also Promises to Strengthen Ties with Holy Roman Empire, Spanish Netherlands, and Papal States

By CEAFF LEWIS

Shortly after being lauded for his tough stance on and repeated references to the Soviet Union on the popular political commentary show "Hardball," former Governor Howard Dean, current frontrunner for the Democratic Presidential nomination, elucidated his foreign policy at a press conference today.

"This meddling in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire has gone on long enough, I say, and we shall dirty our fingers no more in the 'sick man of Europe's' pie," Dean told an audience of reporters. "Furthermore, I shall invite the French king and the Prince of Parma to dinner immediately after the election to smooth things over with our European allies."

Governor Dean stood at attention, looking angry for some time before continuing. "Those wily Turks are a more complex problem than the inscrutable North Joseonians. The key, I believe, to the Ottomans is pressure through the Soviet Union. The key to all this is foresight," said Dean.

German Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder could not be reached for comment, as he and his staff were far too busy trying to find a Hapsburg who is not too inbred to rule their loose confederation of principalities and church lands.

Pope John Paul II, however, responded by issuing a bull calling for the ninth crusade. The edict was later rescinded when the College of Cardinals could not reach an agreement on whether Lepanto and Vienna qualified as crusades, which would then make it the eleventh crusade.

"I may be withdrawing from the Ottomans," said Dean, when informed of the recent developments, "but God help the Five Nations of the Iroquois if they get out of line on my watch." When asked about his policies regarding the colonial state of taxation without representation, Dean fumed silently for a moment before replying, "It angers me! Damn that monarchy!" Dean then had to leave suddenly, as he had to catch the next aeroplane in order to meet with ambassadors from Formosa. 🍌



Howard Dean, angry dwarf.

Jackson Expects Acquittal: "Getting Off Will Be Child's Play"

by **TIM BOYD**

Despite the predictions of many that his arrest and trial for child abuse may ruin his career, pop star Michael Jackson remained upbeat about his chances during a press conference given shortly after his arrival in Santa Barbara, California. Speaking to reporters whilst accompanied by his attorney, Mark Gerogas, the singer said, "This is old news – I've been accused of child abuse before, and I got off that time. They can accuse me as many times as they want; I can see myself getting off every time."

Gerogas went on to add that Jackson does not condone sexual abuse in any form involving humans, and that the star was deeply sorry for anyone who had misconstrued something he said to them. "Michael is a caring, loving man," Gerogas said, "He is simply your everyday, normal, multi-millionaire, single, baby-dangling, creepy-sounding guy next door."

"Obviously, he feels bad about what people are saying. But you can tell that just from the look on his face – well, you could if he still had any physical control over the look on his face."

The Jackson defense team will be bringing in a variety of character witnesses to testify in the trial, which they hope will, in Gerogas' words, "make my client appear whiter than white." Amongst these witnesses will be Jackson's pet monkey, Bubbles, his live-in llama and serial Hollywood divorcee, Liza Minelli.

Jackson's celebrity supporters have also offered to do anything to help his case, though many are skeptical as to how productive they will be. Uri Gellar has offered to bend forks & spoons

throughout California until Jackson is released. Liz Taylor, a long-time friend, will release a new line of perfume, "The Crown Jewels" and will marry Liza Minelli in Massachusetts as an act of protest.

Michael's brothers and sisters, Jermaine, Jackie, Marlon & "Marshal" Tito, the erstwhile members of "The Jackson Five," have launched a campaign, "Free the Jackson One." In an effort to raise funds for Michael's defense campaign, they have re-released some of their old songs on a new album, including such hits as "Young Folks," "Sugar Daddy," "Little Drummer Boy" and "Ready or not, here I come."

Presiding Judge David Yoffe is thought not to be happy about the

defense team's tactics, though he admits there is little he can do to stop them. "This sounds like it will be the most sickening, disgusting, perverse and demeaning sight I have ever seen in my courtroom," said Yoffe, "and now he's going to get his animals and Liza to testify for him as well? I don't know what the world's coming to."

Jackson, who is currently out on bail, recently received a sympathy visit from newly-installed California Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger, himself facing multiple accusations of sexual assault. According to witnesses to the meeting, Jackson was encouraged by the Governor's visit. A spokesman for Jackson commented, "The Governor's presence is very reassuring. After all, if Californians are willing to elect a confirmed sexual deviant as their chief executive on the basis that he's a fading celebrity, why should Michael have anything to worry about?"



Jackson, reaching out to children

Camera Phones Revolutionize Phone Sex

by **ROBERT SAUNDERS**

The latest consumer technology fad—cell phones that take and send photographs and even video—is poised to revolutionize the world of phone sex.

From couples in long distance relationships to pornographers advertising 900-number services to lonely perverts, everyone is getting in on the action.

"I'm in a long distance relationship and have been searching for some way to make my girlfriend and I feel closer despite the geographical space between us. Now, I can snap a picture of my cock and send it to my girlfriend, and she can send me pictures of household objects being shoved into her vagina," said Richard Mackey, a cell biologist from Hendersonville, whose girlfriend is in graduate school in Chicago. "We're closer than we ever were before."

The fact that the technology can generate as well as receive images means the tools for production are in

the hands of the common man (and woman). "It's truly a democratic development," said sex expert Sue Johanson of Oxygen's Sunday Night Sex Show. "Now my callers will be able to show me exactly what is wrong with their sex lives."

Just because amateurs are involved, does not mean the professionals will be shut out however. As was the case with Internet technology, the pornography industry is at the forefront of the push to accelerate transfer rates and enhance picture resolutions.

"We have horny customers to satisfy, and they won't settle for second rate images," said Steven Hirsch, president of Vivid Video. Vivid has recently begun a subscriber service that sends advertisements featuring its contracted adult video stars like Jenna Jameson, Asia Carrera and Stephanie Swift to customers.

Porn and phone companies alike believe this will help customers who are

unsure about where to obtain sexually explicit images that suit their tastes. Says Dennis Liebowitz, CEO of Gang Bang Films and Cingular Wireless, "As we interact with our customers, we can target the type of image to his or her sexual predilections. You want girl-girl, you got it. You want anal, here it comes. You want guy-guy, we don't do that, but somebody will."

Purveyors of porn are not the only ones who stand to benefit. Analysts see significant growth for cellular phone companies and manufacturers. "This is a license to print money for the Nokias and Sprints of this world," said T. Rowe Price telecommunications analyst Jason Donovan.

This new wave of phone sex seems destined to spread like a venereal disease in a warehouse, only without the uncomfortable side effects. Raves phone-porn enthusiast Laura Scaramella, "Nobody ever had to go the doctor after phone sex."

It seems as if the future of phone sex is getting brighter, as Sprint is now including whips and body oils with every Nationwide PCS plan, while T-Mobile is planning on releasing a camera phone that can also be used as anal beads this Spring.



Would Sonic Really Put Chili on Anything?



by **ANDREW BANECKER**

The other day I was watching TV and I saw a commercial that piqued my interest. It seemed at first to be a normal fast food chain ad, nothing special, but then the announcer said something that I couldn't ignore: For a limited time only

during "Chili makes everything better" month, Sonic, America's Drive-In, will put chili on anything.

It was as if all my prayers had been answered, and I could finally live in a chili-covered utopia. Then cover that utopia in chili. No, my eyes and ears had not deceived me; Sonic had, in fact, claimed they would put chili on anything. Anything!

Within seconds of hearing that Sonic was offering to put chili on anything, I jumped in my car and floored it. I just couldn't believe what I heard, and had to find out if Sonic would really put chili on anything, or if their ad campaign was all an elaborate ruse to get my hopes up to an all-time high, only to have them come crashing down onto a non-chili covered floor.

After driving on I-65 South for about 20 min-

utes, I finally found a Sonic. At long last, my world could be virtually ensconced in chili. Glorious, glorious chili. I rolled down my window and began talking to the voice behind the speakerbox.

Me: I would like a cheeseburger.

Sonic, America's Drive-In: Chili makes everything better, sir. Would you like chili on that?

Me: Why yes, of course! Oh, and give me a small order of tater tots.

Sonic: With chili?

Me: Double chili, sir.

Sonic: Will that be all, sir?

Me: No no, I'm not done with you yet. I would also like a small chili.

Sonic: That'll be \$5.74...

Me: No no no, hold on now, could I get chili on that?

Sonic: On the chili, sir? Certainly you don't mean chili topped with yet more chili?

Me: Oh but I do. And also I would like a vanilla milk shake. Covered in chili.

Sonic: Sir, this has gone well beyond the realm of normalcy. That much chili would be insane!

Me: But you said that chili makes everything better!

Sonic: Yes, but good god, man, chili on a milkshake? Absolutely not, it would be wrong.

Me: No! How could you say that? My life's dream is to be able to coat anything I want with copious amounts of the food of kings, chili! Can't you understand?!?!?

Sonic: Sir, I can give you the cheeseburger with chili, the tater tots with chili, and yes, a small chili with yet more chili on top. I could give you a side of chili which you could pour over your milkshake in the privacy of your own home, but I cannot subject the employees to that. There are ladies present!

Me: Look, you bastard, you said you'd put chili on anything and I'm going to hold you to that. Now all I want is a chili cheeseburger, some tater tots with chili, a small order of chili con chili, and a chili-covered vanilla milkshake, goddamnit!

Sonic: Mr. Sonic is going to hear about this. I would suggest you vacate the premises. I'm releasing the hounds.

Me: Will they be covered in chili?

Sonic: That's it, I'm calling the police!

Sadly, Sonic has issued a promise they can't fulfill. There seems to be no truth in advertising nowadays. I thought my dreams could be realized, but perhaps we aren't ready for world covered in chili. Some day, though. Some day... 🐕

Spring 2003 Student Evaluations

The following information is a compilation of the student evaluations teachers filled out last spring

Teachers filled out evaluations at the end of their course assessing each student. Professors and teaching assistants were asked to rate their students according to the following guidelines. (1-lowest, 5-highest)

- 1.) Indicate number of times student has attended class.
- 2.) Rate the relative retardation of student (Engineering N/A).
- 3.) Rate the student's performance in class when reeking of alcohol.
- 4.) Indicate number of soft tacos student eats (on average) in class.
- 5.) Is the student hot? Or not?

- 6.) Rate the frequency that the student asks "Will this be on the test?"
- 7.) Estimate how much the student learned in the course, if any.
- 8.) How many shots do you take before grading this student's tests/papers?
- 9.) Cockring size.

CLASS	STUDENT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
AHST 100	Neidermeyer, Mark	2.0	2.1	1.2	2.0	3.0	2.2	1.0	1.0	4.0
ANTH 103	Tisch, Rebecca	3.0	4.0	4.2	3.0	5.0	4.7	3.1	2.4	0.7
BSCI 201		5.0	5.0	4.7	2.1	2.2	4.8	3.0	4.7	0.0
CHEM 222	Banecker, Andrew	3.5	2.1	5.2	2.0	6.9	0.0	2.0	1.0	4.9
CS 231	Hersey, Foster	0.2	n/a	4.9	6.0	1.8	0.0	0.1	6.9	10
ENGL 115		4.3	2.9	1.0	3.9	1.0	4.0	3.3	1.1	4.9
MATH 289	Barzelay, David	4.9	4.5	1.8	9.6	3.5	1.1	0.8	5.0	4.9
PSY 201	Gray, Meredith	5.0	3.1	1.7	0.1	6.9	0.8	3.0	4.7	5.0
SPED 3120	Traard, Reese	3.0	5.0	2.3	4.7	3.0	0.0	0.3	5.0	2.9

Lowest 10 Students Overall

10.) SARAH GILROY - SPED

9.) MIKE NEILSEN - HIST

8.) MONIKA LEXINGTON - SOC

7.) ALICIA MONROE - CS

6.) A. SHARPTON - PSCI

5.) DAN HOLLAND - ANTH

4.) LISA TURNER - CMST

3.) ERIK LEE - MATH

2.) CINDY GOLDSTEIN - RLST

1.) A. LEVIGNE - MUSC

GOSSIP DEPARTMENT

Page Seven ...on page nine

by ROBERT SAUNDERS

Gossip Columnist

Hilton Sex Video Available in Hilton Hotels

Hilton Hotels have upgraded their pay-per-view sex titles with a home video by Hilton heiress Paris Hilton. The new video features the gangly millionairess getting banged by her boyfriend and photographer Rick Solomon before she fellates him. The title will cost \$8.95 through Spectravision. "It's part of our effort to extend our branding to all revenue streams. We're proud of our little girl for contributing to the business," said Rick Hilton, Paris' father.

**Playboy Turns 50**

The publishing world is celebrating *Playboy's* 50th birthday this month. The magazine celebrated by moving out of the mansion and buying a red Miata. On Sunday night the A&E television network broadcast a party held in publisher Hugh Hefner's honor at the Playboy Mansion. Hef attended with the septet of playmates he's currently dating. The playmates baked him a cake and spent the night blowing out his candle. Scientists estimate Hefner's age at 77 by examining the ring of STD scars on his cock.

Pam to Push Perfume

Pamela Anderson has announced plans to release her own signature perfume, along with a line of clothing and accessories. Experts say the perfume line will appeal to women who want to smell like Tommy Lee's crotch without the risk of contracting V.D.

Paltrow Preggers

Word has it that Gwynneth Paltrow, 31, is pregnant with the child of Coldplay's Chris Martin, her boyfriend of the past year. The announcement is a message to all young girls out there: even if you are a willowy blonde with an Academy Award, it helps to get knocked up to trap a man into marriage. Paltrow's publicist refused comment on who will understudy for the roles of Baby's Mother and Baby's Daddy.



Slant Editor-in-Chief and Martin devotee Meredith Gray is recovering nicely at VUMC after hurling herself under a bus upon hearing about the pregnancy.

Blazers Unveil New Logo

Citing the frequent marijuana arrests of its players, Portland's NBA franchise shortened its nickname from TrailBlazers to Blazers and revealed a new logo.

**Wal-Mart Settles Immigration Complaint**

Over a month after federal agents raided Wal-Mart stores across the nation and cited the corporation for violations of workplace rules in hiring illegal immigrants, both sides have agreed to a settlement. As part of the settlement, Wal-Mart will have to sell the illegally hired laborers at auction with the proceeds going to the federal treasury. 🍌

Vanderbilt Christmas Wish Lists

Faculty, Administration & Staff

Chancellor Gee: More money than that Renassawhosit woman.

Dean Francille Berquist: New lungs. Or gills, whichever's cheaper.

Frank Gladu, Dining Director: To double the extremity of CX2. You thought it was extreme before? You ain't seen nothing yet!

Vice Chancellor David Williams: *The Fleetwood Mac Boxed Set*. Man, I love me some Fleetwood Mac. "You can go your own way! Go your own wahayhay."

Andrew Atwood: A bigger gun. Also, a fire arm.

Brian Phillips, Custodian: Steam-free x-ray goggles for when I'm... cleaning.

Students

Adam Spector, Interhall President: To not have to merge with SGA.

Meredith Berger, Hustler Editor-in-Chief: More editorials about homos.

Joe Bass, Versus Editor: A reader. Please?

E. Gordana Geeman, Freshman: More money for residential colleges.

D. Foster Hersey: A Christmas ham for which to gnaw on between meals.

David Przyzyshbyzcwewski: More consonants! Muahaha! I will steal them all!

Residents of Kissam: Conjugal visits, and maybe a cup of rice a day.

Kristen Hinson, Hustler Columnist: Conclusive evidence that the "existence" of "dinosaurs" is a hoax perpetrated by gay homosexuals.

Alden Whiteside Smith, III: Asian mail-order bride.

Slant Staff

Andrew Banecker, Head Writer: Chicken Dance Elmo. I asked for this last year but did not receive one. Hopefully *this* year someone will be *listening*...

David Barzelay, Managing Editor: Little boy underwear. Wait, I meant on my girlfriend. Wait - Ah, nevermind. Stop judging me.

Meredith Gray, Editor-in-Chief: For people to think I'm sexy. Pleeeeeaaase?

Ceaf Lewis, Staff Writer: For more people (women) to give me roofies.

Rebecca Ohly, Staff Writer: Booze. Glorious booze.

Jeff Woodhead, Alumnus: You assholes, you know I'm Jewish.

Greeks

Lambda: For people to stop mixing us up with those Lambda Chi fags.

Lambda Chi: For people to stop mixing us up with D.G.

Tri-Delt: Our daddies. Oh, and some coke.

Kappa Sig: All we want is a wheelchair ramp. That fucker's getting heavy.

Thetas: What the Tri-Delts said.

Testacles, Ancient Greek: For people to stop mispronouncing my name. It's not funny, Andrew Banecker!

Miscellaneous

Harold Stirling Vanderbilt Statue: For those goldarned kids to stop skateboarding under me.

Campus Squirrels: For the pub to stop serving Squirrel Meals.

Wilson Hall Monkeys: More cigarettes and a tricycle.

McGill: For people to stop saying we're the gay dorm. Many of our residents are just weird. Besides, the gay dorm is Tolman.

Album Review: Deus Crucifixus

Sacrifice The Body, Feed The Soul



by **DAVID BARZELAY**

After a two-year hiatus, the premier band in Christian death metal is back with a vengeance. Deus Crucifixus has just released their highly-anticipated latest effort, *Sacrifice The Body, Feed The Soul*. Of course, the question on every true Christian death metal fan's mind is, "Does the album deliver?" The short answer is, "Better than FedEx."

The album, which features the legendary production of Steve Kanopoulos, has a darker, more brooding feel to it when compared to their seminal last album, *An Angel Came To Me In A Nightmare*. Those close to the band say this may be due to a shift in the timbre of the band's spiritual walk with Christ. Charismatic lead singer John Humphries was quoted as saying the new album is "a reflection of the anger and rage the band was feeling in reaction to drug-related death of original guitarist Gary Salberg." Salberg's death came as closure on a six-year bout with non-Christianity that made the whole band also question their own fate. Said Humphries, "This world and its choices are one form of hell. Only through death and spiritual resurrection can we hope to partake of the Lord's wonderful reward in heaven."

The album starts off with a bang on the fiery thrash-metal track, "Jesus Is Not A Zombie," which explores the question, "If Jesus rose after death, doesn't that make him undead?" Humphries' heartfelt lyrics answer with a resounding "NO!" proclaiming Jesus' power to be not only living, but eternal and all-powerful. The cut features a complex bassline from accomplished bassist Harvey Camp that accompanies a cautious, almost ominous guitar riff from rhythm guitarist Mike Eckels, with lead guitarist Shane Pitt trading punchy, fast-as-your-ears-can-listen licks. The chorus comes in with a bang, with Humphries authentic screaming, "He doesn't want your brains/ He only wants your soul."

Track 2 is the thoughtful, ballad-like "Rainbow Covenant," which exorcises the

demons of Humphries, fear that God will create another flood on the earth. His painful lyrics cite, "He saved two of every kind/ Horse, giraffe, and boa/ The rest of us were left behind/ All but the righteous Noah." The song features Pitt's lyrical soloing over the driving double-kick drums of Kevin Kelly. The track sees Kelly expanding his repertoire with an earth-shattering cowbell solo in the sixth and final minute of the song.

The album falters a little through the weaker, more mass-appeal conscious "Spirit Ex Machina" and "Torture Me Like Job," but picks up again on the political "Jezebel," which explores the recent phenomenon of women in the priesthood. The band again takes a step back on the track, "Camel Song (Through The Eye Of A Needle)," but delivers on all the final four tracks of the album.

The song "The Band 'Anal Cunt' Is Going To Hell" condemns secular fellow death metal band Anal Cunt, and goes on to offer harsh criticism of the entire death metal scene. Not even the Christian death metal sub-genre is spared as Humphries crows, "You mutilate God's temple/ Your clothes should be modest and simple/ While you stand around and headbang/ You forget His holy name."

Moving along through the band's dense sonic soundscape, "Abstinence" and "Tears Fall Through Screams Of Cleansing Pain" are more personal cuts that really show the band's strength for haunting and frenzied melodies, and deep, dark rhythms.

The album ends with the band in top form as they turn it up to eleven on the fast and heavy "Black Clouds Over Golgotha." The amazing and relentless ten-minute assault is tightly orchestrated till the end, allowing each of the band's accomplished instrumentalists a chance to solo. They step up to the plate, displaying their unique abilities to thrash even while glorifying the Lord throughout.

The wait was worth it. Although not perfect and dragging a few times in some songs ("Abstinence" in particular), this album will nevertheless secure a place in the collection of every serious Christian death metal fan's catalog. Who knows? This could even be the crossover hit the sub-genre has been waiting for that finally bridges the gap between the Christian and secular death metal factions. Either way, you won't be disappointed with this album.

To anyone who questioned Deus Crucifixus' dedication after their success with *An Angel Came To Me In A Nightmare*, you better start drafting your apologies, because *Sacrifice The Body, Feed The Soul* will blow you away! 🖤



Bastard Confession

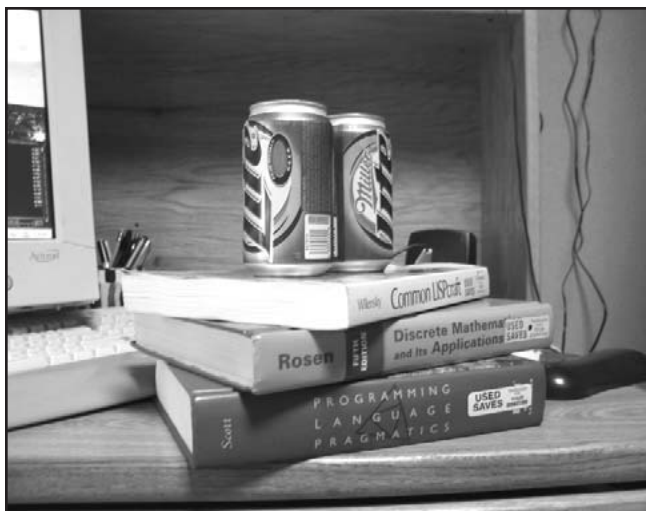
Remember that turkey we had for Thanksgiving? Well, I was the one who stuffed it. With my cock.



Buy Slant T-Shirts

...occasionally available on the wall.

It'll eventually get warmer.



AROUND THE LOOP

The Slant

What Are You Doing To Prepare For Finals?

Melissa Stevens, Sophomore



"Studying the copies of exams my sorority keeps on file."

Daniel Hooper, Junior



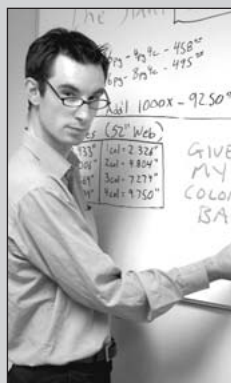
"Final what? If you mean Final Fantasy XI, then oh heck yeah."

Sarah Watson, Red Bull Campus Rep



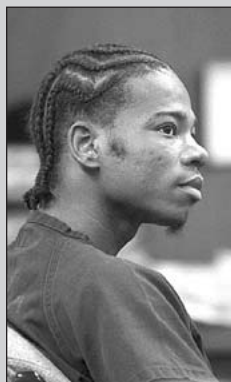
"Drinking Red Bull Energy Drink - Red Bull gives you wings!"

Tim Boyd, TA



"Not much. None of my students has a hope in hell of passing... unless they make out with me or something."

Devon Jackson, Death Row Convict



"Having my last meal and saying goodbye to my mother. No wait, you meant final exams..."

Melanie Siemens, Junior



"Making out with Tim Boyd, my teaching assistant."

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

You will realize that none of the spells you have cast have worked in all the time you have been a Wiccan, so you will convert to fundamentalist Christianity. Then your spells will work.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

He who lives in a glass house should not throw stones. He should probably not walk around naked either. Or do both at the same time, you know, because of the potential cuts and all.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure-dome decree, but you'll still be living in a cardboard box under the overpass.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

You look pretty. :)

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

Buying that stamp with your name on it was a nice idea. However, trying to check out your own library books with it was pretty lame.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

Death be not proud, especially if it involves suffocation and turkey innards.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

Your star sign includes the word "bra." This of course means that you will benefit from lots of support, as well as ample cleavage.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

Your friend will dare you to eat thirty White Castles. When you're half-way through the Craver Case, however, he will inform you he meant real castles, with turrets and such.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

In the land of no balls, the man with one ball shall be king. Congratulations.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

Why is it that people call you "Burrito Girl"? No honestly, I don't get it.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

The crop circles on your hand will eventually go away. Convincing everyone that it was a hoax, however, will be hard considering the satellite dish coming out of your butt.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

Red Bull gives you wings! However, they are ineffective penguin wings, at best.

Top Ten Holiday Break Activities

- 10** Coming out of the closet.
- 9** Being felt up by uncle with "poor eyesight."
- 8** Contemplating suicide by electric turkey knife.
- 7** Acquiring layer of fat in preparation for long winter.
- 6** Pondering the cornucopia of choices for nursing homes in which to put grandmother.
- 5** Court-ordered time in methadone clinic.
- 4** Having to sit through grandfather's long, boring stories about escaping the concentration camp.
- 3** Whining about why you still can't sit at the adult table.
- 2** Finding more room for pie.
- 1** Going on Atkins diet... when Christmas is over.

Ask Mrs. Santa Claus



Dear Mrs. Claus,
My boyfriend started law school in Alabama this fall, and keeping up a long distance relationship has been difficult. I miss him all the time, and even though we see each other about every other weekend, I still wish he was around for the day-to-day stuff, having sex. Please help me cope with this separation.

- **Lonely in Lewis**

Dear Lonely,

If only I had your problem. How would you like it if your boyfriend weighed nearly 300 lbs, dressed like a damn furvert all the time and only left the house once a year? Would you like that? What if your boyfriend refused to go on a diet, saying that Atkins makes him "cranky" and the Zone is too "complicated"? Would you want that sleeping next to you, snoring and occasionally heaving his sweaty mass on you? Huh?

- **Mrs. C.**

Dear Mrs. Claus,

I was wondering if you might have a little extra space in your column to promote my new movie, *The Santa Claus 3: The Mrs. Clause*. It is an action-packed holiday adventure movie that's perfect for the whole family. Let me know and I can get you some free tickets!

- **Tim Allen**

Dear Tool Man,

Yeah, like I'd go see a movie about another poor woman duped into marrying Santa. By the way, have you noticed that your career has finally completed its long descent down the toilet? Counter-clockwise if you're in Australia.

-**Mrs. C.**

Dear Mrs. Claus,

My husband has really let himself go in the past few years, but I still love my little jelly belly. The thing is, his expanding girth makes it difficult in the bedroom. You've been married to a chubby man for over 500 years. Well, I guess I'm asking you if you've got any tips for doing the nasty with your special fatty?

- **Loves the Pudge**

Dear Fellow Sufferer,

The only thing that helps is a good stiff drink, which, by the way, is the only thing that stays stiff for more than a minute. Godspeed.

-**Mrs. C.**

Dear Mrs. Claus,

How come Santa doesn't give presents to Jewish children?
- **Hershel Leibowitz, small Jewish child**

Shalom Hershel,

Well, Santa is German (look at his last name, Claus). Don't worry, I feel your pain. I'll think about you when I light my secret menorah. Mazeltov!

- **Mrs. C.**

Dear Mrs. Claus,

Do you and Santa have any children? If you do, will they take over when Santa dies?

- **Curious in Currey**

Dear Currey,

Yes, we have one child; his name is Klaus. After learning that Santa is immortal and that he'd never have more of a role in the family business than cleaning up reindeer shit, he moved to Berlin and became a conceptual artist who makes exhibits out of dead bodies. He was always such a creative boy.

- **Mrs. C.**

Dear Mrs. Claus,

I've been feeling guilty because I've been having an affair with a married man, and lately I've just been feeling stupid. He keeps telling me he's going to leave her, but it's been eight months. I think he's playing me for a fool. What should I do?

- **The Other Woman**

Dear Other Woman,

Trust me, you're making a huge mistake. You see, I was once the "other woman" - we'll just say that one Christmas Eve, Santa came down my chimney, and then back out, and then in again, and needless to say, my stocking was stuffed. I demanded he leave the first Mrs. Claus, and after a couple of years, he finally did. And look where I am now! Cold and miserable, while she went on to be First Lady Barbara Bush. Goddamnit.

- **Mrs. C.**



Damn, I'd like to see her under my tree!

If you like our naughty Chancellor,
you should work for *The Slant!*

We're never nice. To anyone.

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