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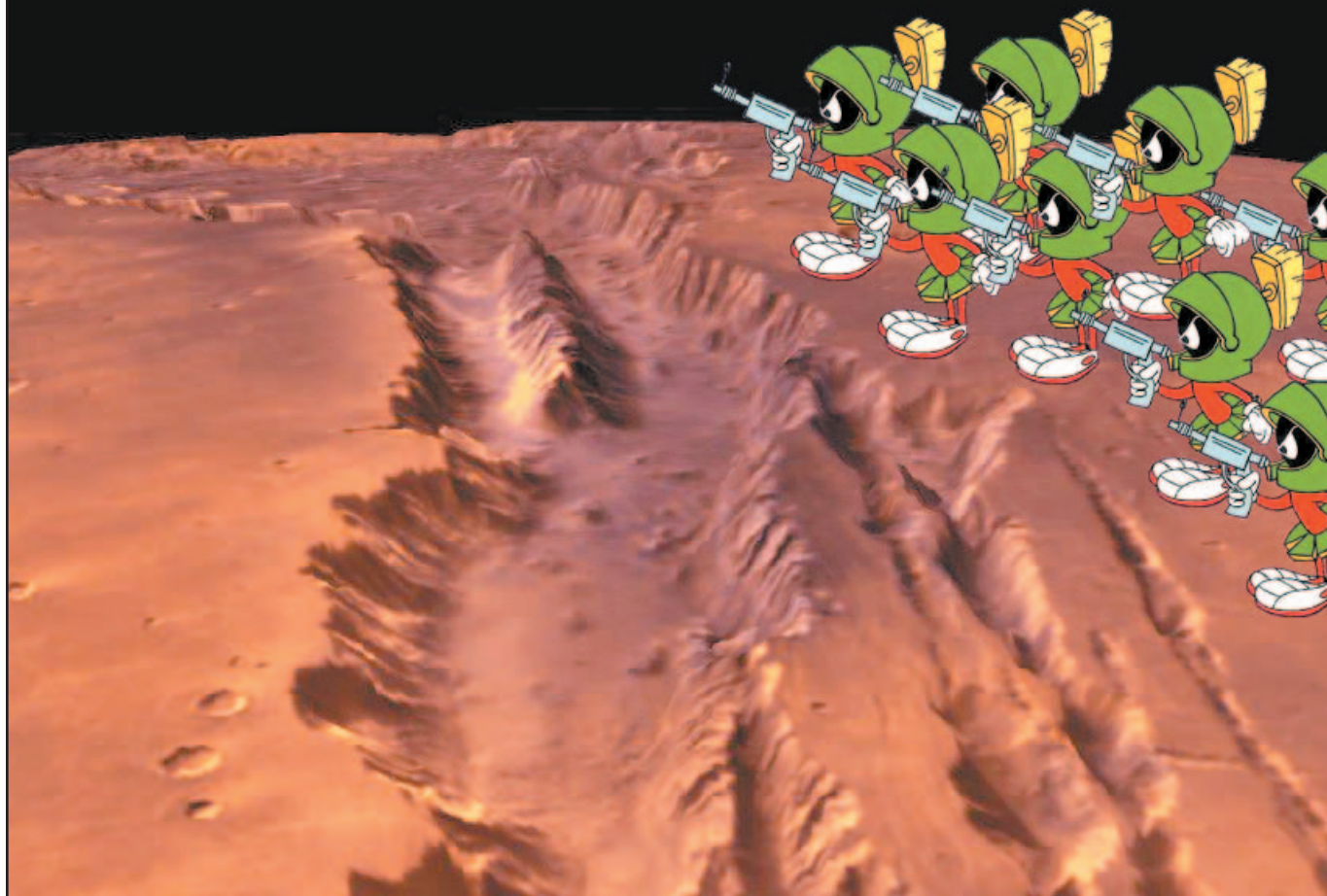
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Angela Bassett To Star In 'How Stella Got Her Groove Back' Prequel

On the heels of "How Stella Got Her Groove Back" and "How Stella Got Her Groove Back 2: Electric Boogaloo," Angela Bassett shocked the entertainment

community yesterday by announcing that she would be starring in the prequel, "How Stella Lost Her Groove In The First Place." "I think it will really tie up all those loose ends in the the 'How Stella Got Her Groove Back' franchise," stated Bassett, adding, "In this one, I start off with my groove fully intact, but I eventually end up loosing my groove. It was a completely new and challenging role for me as an actress."

Tribute Performed For Deceased Tribute Band Singer



Wayne Robinson, 34, of Davidson County, died late Monday when he lost control of his pickup truck, driving left of center and into the path of an oncoming tractor-trailer rig. A tribute concert is planned for

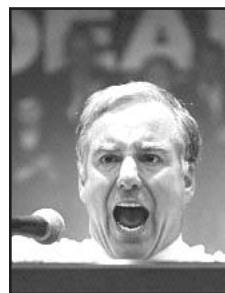
Friday in memory of Robinson, a popular area singer in a Lynyrd Skynyrd tribute band. Rambo Sinclair, another local Lynard Skynard cover band singer, had only good words to say about Robinson. "Shit man, I'm gonna miss him. Nobody sang 'Sweet Home Alabama' like him. Except of course, Lynard Skynard. And I ain't too bad myself, if I don't say." Plans for Robinson's memorial include a performance of a cover of Robinson's band's cover of 'Freebird.'

Saddam's New Year's Resolution Thwarted

Deposed tyrant Saddam Hussein recently expressed dismay from his prison cell, saying that now that he is a POW, his New Year's Resolutions have been thwarted. "How am I going to start Atkins on this starchy prison food diet?" asked a haggard, yet noticeably plump Hussein. "I'm also falling behind schedule on those weapons of mass destruction that I was, um...not making."



Howard Dean Not Happy With His Long Distance Plan

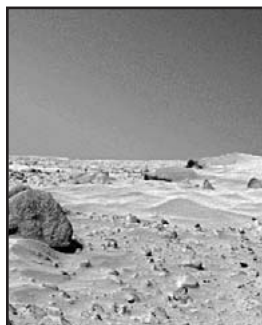


Former Governor of Vermont and current frontrunner for the Democratic Party's Presidential nomination, Howard Dean, is reportedly "not happy" with his long distance telephone plan.

Recently, Dean recieved a courtesy call from Sprint, informing him that he could be saving upwards of 3 cents a minute on long distance calls. According to Sprint telemarketer Dajuan Jones, Dean was not happy about this. "That dude crazy," said Jones, "As soon as I told him he could save by switching from his current plan, he yelled, 'Aargh! MCI will pay for this injustice!!! Aaaarrggghh!!!' and I think I heard him punching kittens in the background. Damn, it's just a few cents, why'd he have to get all crazy?"

Mars Still Red, Covered in Rocks

With the unveiling of the Mars rover's new images of the surface of Mars, the general public and scientific community alike have expressed disappointment with what has been found. "Shit," said NASA director John Landers. "I mean, give us a freaking break. All we asked for was a monolith, or even a river or something. But no, more fucking red rocks." Jerry Wilson, local resident, concurs. "Yup, it's boring alright. Maybe Jupiter will be better."



Mary-Kate

150

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

Ashley



New Puppy Annoying

Over the holiday break, senior Meredith Gray adopted a puppy, much to the chagrin of her roommate and friends. "She goes on and on about how cute it is, and I'll admit it's sort of fluffy, but Christ, all it does is pee and chew on shoes," said her roommate, John Sands. "I would kill it in the night if she didn't sleep with it.



Oh, and it smells." Gray, oblivious to the discomfort she causes her peers by forcing them to be around the dog, continues to gush about the puppy. "Zoe is so smart! She already knows how to sit! Isn't that precious?" Her boyfriend of three years, Jay Todd, is less than enthused. "She doesn't rub my belly when I sit," said Todd, visibly agitated. "And I don't think she's gonna rub anything else anytime soon. Stupid dog."

Former First Lady Insults Well Respected Cultural Icon

During her endorsement speech for Senate candidate Nancy Farmer last Wednesday at a St. Louis Democratic fundraiser, New York Senator Hillary Clinton prefaced a quote by Gandhi with the line, "He ran a gas station down in St. Louis." An eery silence filled the room as the crowd appeared both shocked and horrified at the New York Senator's attempt at humor, while Clinton proceeded to tap the microphone repeatedly and ask, "Is this thing on?" After pausing, the former first lady continued, "No, seriously, the last time I made a successful nonviolent movement, I was on the John. Huh? Huh? Ah, I'm just fucking with ya. Come on, can't you people take a joke? Geez..."

BEEF INDUSTRY REPORT

The Slant

Mad Cow Just Having Period

Anxiety over a reported case of mad cow disease has calmed after the recent discovery that the cow in question was simply menstruating, not suffering from spongiform encephalitis. "She had all the signs of mad cow: bucking and snorting, falling down, eating ice cream, ramming bulls and sniping at other cows," said a Canadian government official. "Things would have been cleared up faster if we'd just noticed the Kotex. Our bad."



Mad, bloated cow

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MASTHEAD



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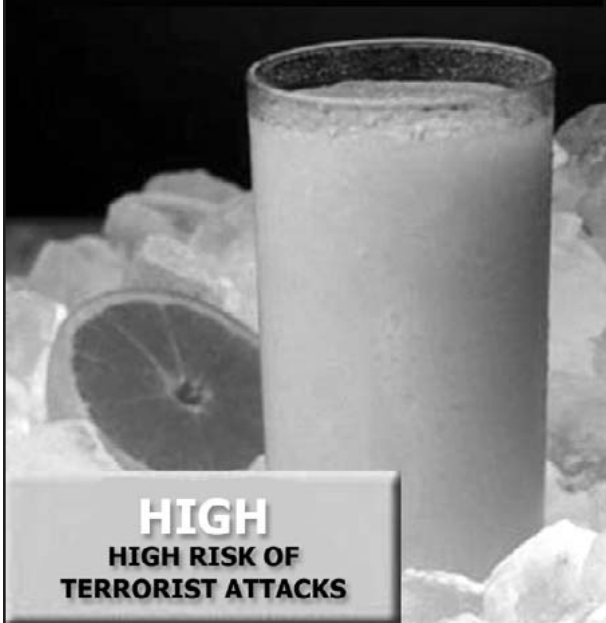
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This orange terror alert
brought to you by

Tropicana



**HIGH
HIGH RISK OF
TERRORIST ATTACKS**

Slant

Corrections:

In our last issue, we mistakenly stated that actor and former James Bond, Sean Connery, was 81 years old, and thus starring in the upcoming "Octogenarianpussy." It has come to our attention that Mr. Connery is in fact a mere 74 years old, and the title of his film is "Septagenarianpussy." We apologize for this inconvenience.

FROM THE EDITOR



Over winter break, I had a lot of things to do. I won't go into this list of tasks; it would only bore you, the reader, who actually bothers to read my column. However, I didn't accomplish as many of these things as I would have liked. Between television and online

Scrabble (proper name: "Literati"), I could barely make sure I managed to brush my teeth. And goddamnit, I still cannot figure out how people who misspell "league" ("leege") can still beat me at Literati, but that's not my point. My point is, I watch too much television.

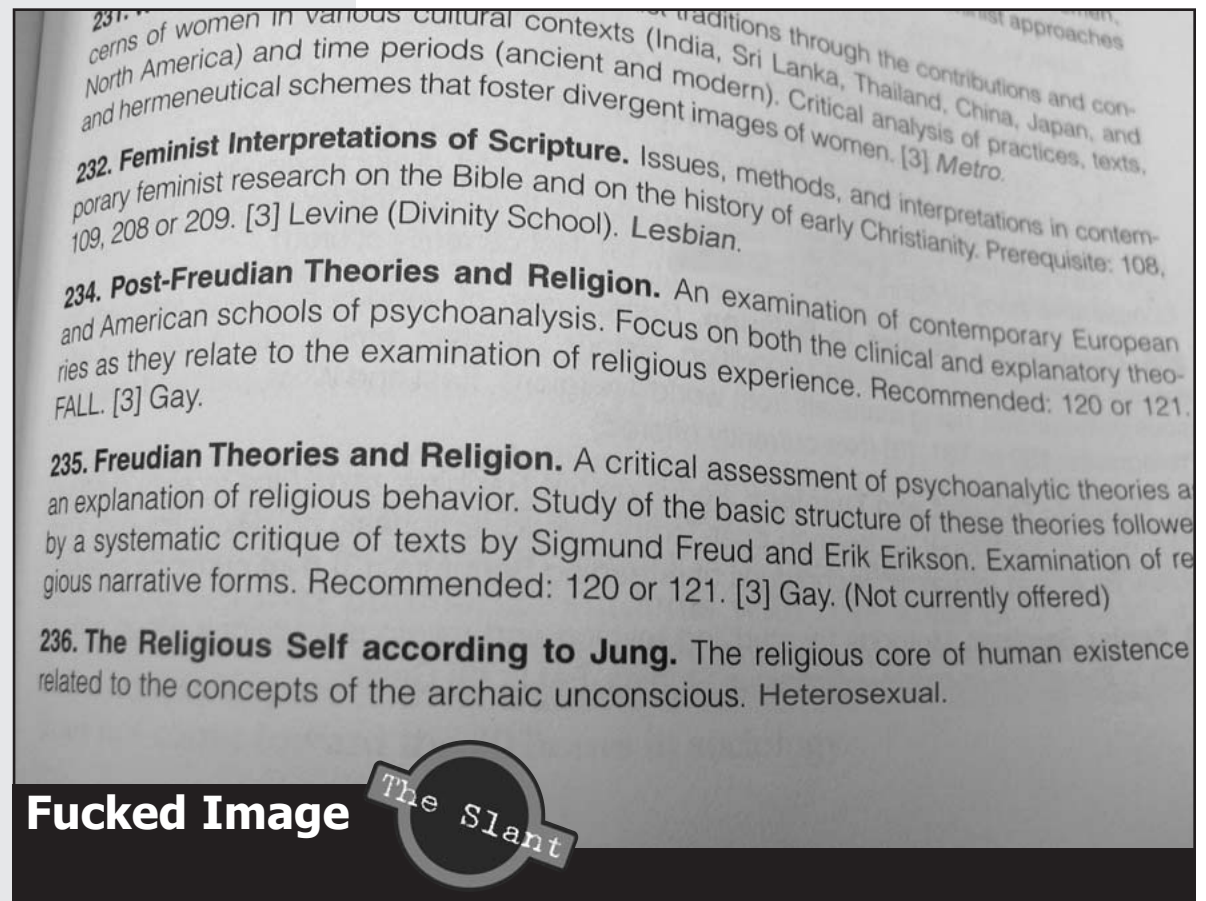
Did you know that there are, like, 17 episodes of Law & Order on every single night? There's regular Law & Order, Law & Order: Special Victim's Unit, Law & Order: Down Under, etc. If that's not enough, once I get tired of that I can flip over to the Discovery Channel and watch episode upon episode of American Choppers and Monster Garage. Somehow this has satisfied my deep interests in metal fabrication and engine design, but still, it's a lot of time wasted.

Except...if I didn't watch all of this television, how would I know that Russell Simmons owns Gianni Versace's former bed (courtesy of Cribs)? Or that spray paint forms spherical droplets when it binds to cloth, as I learned on Forensics? What if I had never watched the last episode of The O.C.? What if I missed the premiere of Real World: San Diego? Where would I be without the knowledge that I get from Entertainment Tonight? I would be somewhere where I'm...uninformed, that's for sure.

What in the hell am I complaining about? TV is awesome! It's a good thing I'm only taking 12 hours this semester, because I'll be damned if I don't get in my now-regular 8 hours of television per day. Praise be to Jeebus, I love my TV.

In conclusion, I think what I'm saying is that I've been in The Slant's office for almost 12 hours drinking beer, I don't know when I'll be able to go home, and I didn't know what to write my editorial about.

And I missed The Simpsons and King of the Hill. And The Brak Show. Damn you. ☹



U.S. Launches Pre-emptive Strike Against Mars

by **ROBERT SAUNDERS**

Just days after announcing several new missions into outer space, including a manned Mars mission, President George W. Bush shocked the world by declaring the U.S. will launch a pre-emptive strike against the planet. The announcement came in a speech to the nation from the Oval Office Tuesday night, in a hard-line move against suspected evildoers inhabiting the nearby world.

The President said he will seek Congressional authorization during next week's State of the Union address for an initial investment of nearly \$1.5 trillion over the next twelve years to send an elite squadron to the fourth planet in our solar system. Part of the request will fund a new space station and golf course on the moon from which the United States can launch future attacks.

"Mars has always been a belligerent planet. Who can forget when they invaded Earth right before World War II, as reported by expert radio analyst Orson Welles? Or when they attacked us just last decade when Jack Nicholson was president," said the president. "But this time we will fight them on their turf, before they get to Earth."

President Bush said the attack is in response to "an imminent threat posed by Martians." Said Bush, "During the past month the folks at NASA and our intelligence services--all good people, smart people, trustworthy people--have picked up increased chatter coming from Mars. Increased chatter means increased danger to Americans."

He continued: "I also remind the Congress that just this past year Mars came as close to the Earth as it has been in many millenia of years. This is clearly a hostile enemy. I mean, it's named after the God of war. This rogue planet cannot be allowed to harbor terrorist training camps or give Al-Qaeda a chance to gain a foothold in outer space."

In a bit of ad-libbing from his prepared speech, The President said, smirking before bursting out laughing, "Besides, once our troops have penetrated the Martian defense lines, it's only a matter of time before we are able to penetrate Uranus."

The President also announced that possible weapons of mass destruction have been reported near the planet's atmosphere, which have already been shot down in a defensive maneuver. When questioned whether these unidentified objects may have included Great Britain's Beagle II, another Mars probe, the president failed to respond.

Asked whom the President might consider to lead the operation, Bush

spokesman Scott McClellan said they were hoping to persuade Arnold Schwarzenegger to join the team and "contribute his considerable experience fighting for the liberation of the people of Mars." Other candidates include Bruce Willis and Val Kilmer. "Kilmer's been there before. And, you know, he's Batman."

Anticipating cost concerns, McClellan added, "The President has made it clear throughout his first three years in office that America's lowest 99% in income will pay any price and bear any burden to fund his Messianic visions."

An internal memo leaked to this reporter, which had been prepared over the past six months with contributions from the intelligence and defense communities, indicates the task will not be easy. In addition to being roughly 35 million miles away and requiring about six months to reach, Mars is also devoid of oxygen, water, and other chemicals necessary to sustain life for American troops. Its native inhabitants are also fearsome creatures known for their treachery.

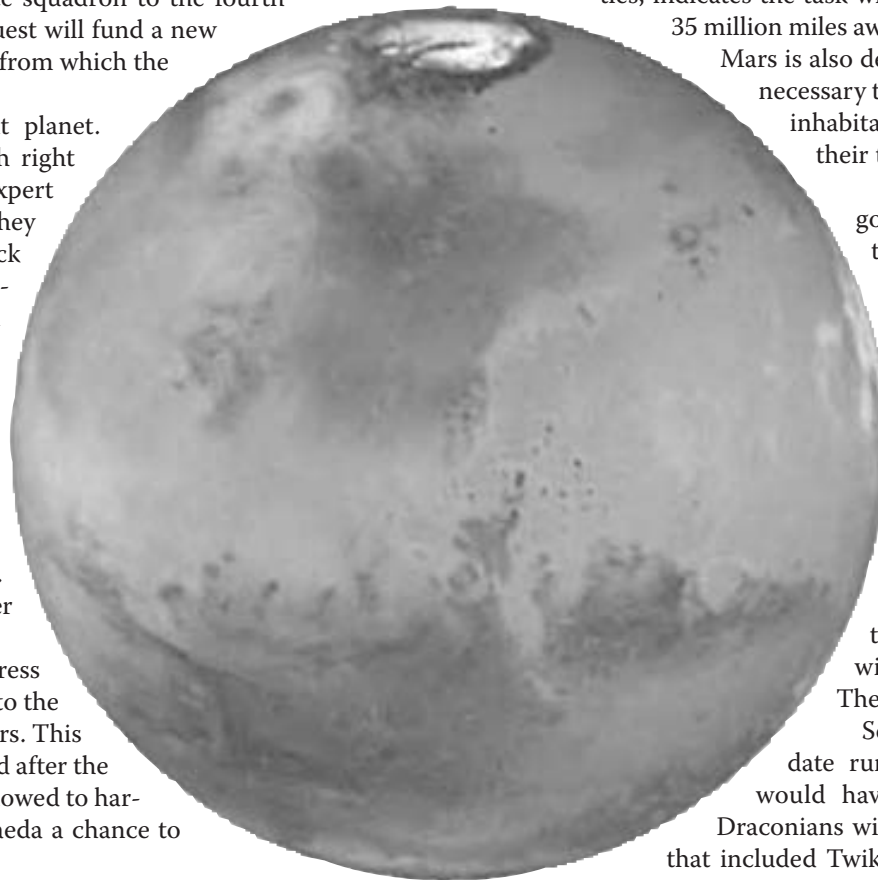
To combat some of these problems, the government will solicit no-bid contracts from teams on The Learning Channel's "Junkyard Wars" television show to devise a new fighting vehicle that can withstand the harsh Martian environment. This wave of mechanistic invaders will be the frontline attack, softening the enemy for eventual human invaders.

Domestic response has been measured but critical of the plan. "It is important to stop terrorism," said Democratic presidential candidate Howard Dean. "However, I wish the President would look to build a multilateral coalition, working with possible allies on Vulcan, Alderaan, and The Borg."

Senator Joseph Lieberman, another candidate running in 2004, said, "Buck Rogers never would have gone off half-cocked and fought the Draconians willy nilly. He would have formed a coalition that included Twiki and that hot girl-next-door-type Colonel Deering to stop the fabulously breasted Princess Ardala from conquering the planet."

NAACP president Kweisi Mfume hoped the president would consider a person of color. "What, Will Smith isn't good enough for this kind of mission?"

The international community has been much less sanguine. "I don't have any idea what the President is talking about. We don't get these T.V. or movie programs in my native Ghana," said UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan. "I think this is a clear sign that the U.S. and its people have become so onanistic and contemptive of their Hollywood-created fantasies that they have lost all connection to the real world in which people live and die." ■





David Grossman in his current, perpetual, pre-workout phase.

Fat Guy Still Too Fat To Go To The Gym

"I mean, look at me," says fat guy.

By **ANDREW BANECKER**

Despite constant urgings by friends, family and the American Medical Association, Vanderbilt fat guy and first semester Senior, David Grossman, claims he is "still too fat to go to the rec center."

Increasing studies have been released linking obesity to a shortened life span, heart disease, diabetes, being smelly, and a various amount of additional ailments. In addition, it is the consensus of the medical community that obesity can only be prevented or overcome through proper diet and exercise. Grossman, who weighs in at 275 lbs and smells suspiciously of bacon, has taken neither of these precautions.

"I'm going to start going to the gym," stated Grossman when questioned by The Slant's dieting expert Andrew Banecker, "as soon as I lose like 20 pounds."

When asked to explain the rationale behind his decision, Grossman paused momentarily from playing EverQuest and eating an entire package of raw cookie dough to say, "I... umm... have you seen the people at the rec center? If you sneeze too hard, you'll knock the sorority girls off their elliptical machines. And the guys are even worse. Constantly benching more and more weight while their friend's crotch is dangerously close to... I don't even want to think about it. If I go to the rec center, I'm going to stick out like a sore thumb with a giant fat ass. But as soon as the Atkins diet I just started gets me into shape, I promise I'm going to start working out."

His friends, although they've witnessed his failed attempts at dieting before, still hold out hope that the Atkins diet will work.

"I really hope David is able to lose the weight this time," said friend Heather Miller. "Three years ago, he went on Slimfast, but gained it all back in a week. Two years ago he went on the Subway diet and put on about 20 lbs of pure lunchmeat. Then last year he tried to speed up the effects of dieting by combining an all fiber regimen with the grapefruit diet. Well, I've never seen anyone spend that much time in the toilet. And I'm in a sorority!"

Said concerned friend Alan W. Schmidt, "I don't know if a high fat and protein, low carb diet is going to work for David. Since he's started this diet, I've seen him eat a whole jar of mayonnaise with a spoon while screaming, 'No carbs! No carbs!' That can't be healthy."

Grossman's mother struck a more optimistic note: "Davey has always had a determined streak in him," said Eileen Grossman, "Why, when he was a boy, he successfully managed to complete the Tri-Force, rescue Princess Zelda and save the people of Hyrule from the dark sorcerer Ganon. How many people can say that? 14 years it took, but he did it."

As of press time, Grossman had lost two and a half pounds after being on the Atkins diet for three days, and is optimistic that he will eventually be able to go to the rec center and perhaps even put on a bathing suit.

Said Grossman, while eating an entire ham, "The weight loss is really encouraging. After all these years, it's great to find a diet that really works! I can really, as they say, 'feel the burn' in my chest and left arm." 🍌

HOT YOGA N A S H V I L L E

WINTER SCHEDULE

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

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Democrats Cancel Primaries In Favour Of *Weakest Link* Special

by **TIM BOYD**

The major network's recent proposal to expand the success of *American Idol* and *The Bachelor* by creating a reality-quiz show to select a 'dream' political candidate has led to the two major parties unveiling their own proposals for how to use popular game-show formats to shake the nation's youth out of its political apathy.

Following concerns that an expensive primary campaign will drain their resources and leave them at too big a disadvantage against President Bush's record-breaking fund-raising efforts, the leading Democrats have agreed to replace the primary system with a one-off *Weakest Link* special to determine their candidate.

The format of the *Weakest Link* makes it ideally suited to the purposes of a primary season, according to Terry McAuliffe, chair of the Democratic National Committee. "The game is centered on selfish ambition masquerading as team play. The intelligence of the winner is not as important as how much money they have been able to raise, and towards the end people often gang-up on the strongest player in a desperate attempt to stop

them winning," said McAuliffe, "In recent years, we have shown ourselves to be masters at this sort of thing."

Fortunately for the game's producers, there are exactly as many Democratic candidates as there are players in a normal version of the game. The candidates will be asked a series of general knowledge questions, each correct answer going towards raising a pot of money for the campaign; an incorrect answer, and the pot goes back to zero. At the end of each set of questions, the candidates will be able to vote amongst themselves as to who in the group is the 'weakest link,'

and that person will therefore be eliminated.

Decorated West Point graduate and former Rhodes Scholar General Wesley Clark is said to be busily brushing up on his knowledge of Dickens, elementary physics and how it was he came to endorse George Bush as a 'credit to the nation' in early 2001. Sources close to Joe Lieberman say that the Senator is counting on his virtually non-existent personality to allow him to escape the attention of the other candidates, enabling him to get through to the last rounds.

Perhaps most enthusiastic of all was

former Vermont Governor Howard Dean, who announced that he felt his 'flawless' record at answering simple questions on The Bible and Middle Eastern politics would surely win him the contest.

Keen not to be left behind, the Bandwagon Office of the Republican Party has announced that they too will be inaugurating a game-show format into their decision making process. From now on, rather than go through the pretense of democratic consultation, the Party will use their new policy-setting game-show "Who is a Millionaire?"

In each show, a millionaire will be given a series of policy-questions by President Bush; the more of these he answers satisfactorily, the more he will be allowed to give to the Republican campaign war-chest. The contestants will also have three lifelines to help them with their question, including "50:50," "Phone Karl Rove" and "Ask the Religious Right."

Both parties are keen to get their show on the air as soon as possible, in order to avoid having to try getting themselves on TV by discussing real issues. 🐾



Pharmaceutical Companies To Release Hemlex

New Herbal Supplement Billed as the Ultimate Weapon in the Fight Against Blood Pressure

by **COLIN DINSMORE**

A new herbal supplement, which is being marketed under the name Hemlex, was developed by R-I-P Pharmaceuticals following the FDA ban of weight-loss pill ephedra. Spokesperson Janine Niedermeyer spoke on Hemlex's development at a press conference Tuesday. "This herbal supplement really is something special. Medicinal use of hemlock was actually pioneered by the Greeks, over two-thousand years ago. We are simply picking up where they left off and bringing hemlock to the masses." Ms. Niedermeyer continued, "As much as it pains us to discontinue ephedra, we

will comply with the FDA and no longer manufacture that particular product." The company will now focus its marketing dollars on Hemlex.

Hemlex ads show an animatronic Socrates traveling to various gatherings such as weddings and family reunions to tout Hemlex with a decidedly philosophical slant. "I'm no sophist, and I don't claim to know everything, but I do know one thing: Hemlex lowered my blood pressure and it can do the same for you," the robotic philosopher intones, in the first of many commercials to come.

Widow Martha Blakestone was one of the first in the country to purchase Hemlex. "I bought it for my husband,

Henry. He's always battled with high blood pressure. Let me tell you, Hemlex worked wonders," she explained. "Henry took his pill and then went upstairs to take a nap. I've never in all my life seen him so relaxed! Unfortunately, the Good Lord decided to take Henry from me and he never awoke from that nap. My sole consolation is in knowing that my husband's final moments were relaxed and hypertension free. Thank God for Hemlex!"

Hemlex, however, is not without its share of critics. Naysayers have decried the herbal supplement as simply poison with a new name. "Are they out of their minds?" asks poison control cen-

ter employee Fred Alberts. "I've worked here for years and I can tell you without a doubt, hemlock is a poisonous plant, case closed."

The last word in this debate may belong to R-I-P Pharmaceuticals C.E.O. William von Ingen. His response to critics is that "Hemlex is perfectly safe. In fact, because it's an herbal supplement, U.S. law says we don't even have to test it for safety. That's how safe it is. On top of that, no user of Hemlex has ever filed a complaint. Heck, we never even hear from them again, they're so satisfied." There seems to be no arguing with that. 🐾

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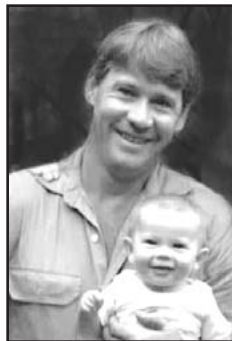
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FEATURING NEW MATERIAL
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FREE!

Everyone Knows Crocs Don't Eat Babies, That's Alligators

by STEVE IRWIN



Now I know I've been taking a lot of criticism in the media lately for danglin' me babe dangerously close to a crocodile while I was feedin' it raw meat. All the papers and news programs on the telly keep saying that I put my one month old son, Bob, in danger. On top of all that mess, the New York Times even went so far as to compare me to that odd lookin' sheila who sang Thriller for some reason. Crikey! Now that don't seem fair, does it? All that aside, you've got to understand one thing: babies are perfectly safe around crocodiles.

Me croc, Gloria, givin' me a bit of a kiss.

Being the authority on crocs me self --I don't know none of those media fellas who can claim the same -- I am in the unique position to determine whether or not it is safe to hold a dead chicken in one hand and me little one in the other. It's a common misconception that the Australian Crocodile, or eatera manybabius rex, likes to eat babies. Shrimp on the barbie! That couldn't be further from

the truth, mate!

In my experience, crocs like to eat fish, raw steak, wallabies, carabou, water buffalo, elephants, toucans, Kraft Easy Mac, koala bears, dingos, kook-aburras, Aboriginal warriors, pirhannas, armadillos, emus, mountain Lions, crocodiles, hedgehogs, anacondas, aardvarks, highly expensive film equipment, wombats, and babies. But they won't go near me wife's cooking, ain't that right, Terri?

Now where was I? Oodelally! A six foot python! I think I'll go over to it an' hang me danglebees by it's 'ead, I will. Now this is very dangerous and should only be done by a trained professional. It's very important to respect this vicious predator, make sure never to taunt her or threaten her in any way, and never take your eyes off her... Crikey! Tie me kangaroo down, that's a vicious mother! Nearly took me danglebees clear off, she did!

Hey, look over there! Me son, Bob, is havin' himself a bit of fun in the croc pit as we speak. Look how cute the little dingedoo is, just smiling like an Iguana on a rock, havin' himself a tuggeroo on Gloria's tail. They're just so innocent at that age. Holy dooley! Remember to respect the glorious beast, Bob, or you'll come a gutser! 🐊

An Open Letter From The Grand Duke Of Luxembourg

Dear Global Community,

The other day, I was watching the television in my palace, and the news was following the current problems in the Middle East. That brought up some interesting questions, such as, "When did Yasser Arafat start looking so old?" and "Why is there so much sand over there?" My main question, however, arose as I was watching a clip of an ayatollah referring to America as "The Great Satan." That got me wondering, why does America get to be the Great Satan? We spend over ninety percent of our income on graven images, and yet, America, whose greatest contribution to debauchery is Britney Spears, still outclasses us in the Great Satan category. Despite our best efforts, we're still at best an unknown-to-little Satan . . . and we even burned down our own fortress in 1867 in a flagrant display of neutrality!

That upsets me. Has our commitment to immorality just been too little? Are we not allied very closely with

France (our flag based upon theirs, even)? Have I not made enough insensitive comments and offensive statements of neutrality? Were we not a founding member of Benelux? What else can I do to ensure that Great Satanity and Luxembourg shall be forever linked in the minds of men? The streets of Easter Island are already flooded with the blood of innocents; our military might has been uncontested from San Marino to Andorra!

What the ayatollahs fail to realize is that we were one of the original member nations of the European Union, which might, perhaps, someday, have a chance to achieve the same level of economic and military might as their precious "United States" (who are nothing but colonial upstarts, if you ask me). When that happens, the ayatollahs will be sorry they wasted all that time on those vagabonds from across the sea.

Even now, we are achieving a higher level of success. America has 580 times

the population of my beloved Grand Duchy, and yet, they don't, in my opinion, cause 580 times the trouble. Our per capita Satan-ness is much greater than any other nation on Earth! All I want to see is signs in the streets proclaiming "HENRI = HITLER" and "NO BLOOD FOR CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY." Is that so wrong? I'll even settle for a "HUCK FENRI" sign if that's all I can get.

Even my best measures to increase our level of Satanity have gone unnoticed. Why, just the other day, I was playing croquet on my lawn, and, out of the blue, I commanded my valet to move all of the wickets into a more pleasing configuration. I got a dirty look out of that one. At least, I think it was a dirty look. You know how stoic those English are. Then, after that, I decided not to have dinner, which had already been prepared, and instead opted to travel to the local McDonald's and enjoy a salty hamburger, salty fries, and a salty soda. If all of that

food wastage and that procurement of products from wicked American products failed to make us a Great Satan, I reasoned, there would be very little else that I could do. So, pleased with myself, I sat back and waited for the howls of protest to show up on CNN. I waited, and waited, but nothing happened. I was all worked up into a tizzy by that time, so, in disgust, I had a glass of warm milk and went to bed, my demands for Satanity unheard.

I've decided I'll even declare full-out war on a much smaller nation to achieve Great Satanity if that's what it takes. Just say the word and Vatican City, Aruba, and the South Sandwich Islands are gone. America shouldn't get an advantage in the Great Satan Department just because they invaded a few nations. They have a lot more resources!

I just want some equal-opportunity hatred. Is that so much to ask?

Sincerely,
Grand Duke Henri of Luxembourg

POINT

Why Is The Man Always Keeping Me Down?



by **JERRY KNUTH**
Columnist

Americans, you've got to listen to me! After months of government oppression and nearly insurmountable obstacles, I have reconstructed a theory which will shake the very firmament! I have evidence that there is a global conspiracy dedicated to keeping people like me from ever attaining the success they so richly deserve.

I went to the bank sometime last year in order to take out a loan so that I could open a nationwide chain of wheat-germ

themed restaurants: everything from wheat-germ smoothies to wheat-germ wheat-germ. I was denied a loan for this superior idea at about a million local banks, all because "The Man" can't handle my success. It would have rocked his world, and his cold, industrialist, Republican heart would have cracked in two.

This same global conspiracy shut off my electricity simply because I didn't pay my monthly bill! "The Man" is a fascist bastard, and he will regret the day he ruined my hydroponics in the basement! My Che Guevara blacklight poster will shine again, whether "The Man" desires it or not! I left searing commentaries about him on DemocraticUnderground.com and the Dennis Kucinich weblog, that's for sure.

I keep careful records of my voting habits, and even though I have never once voted for a Republican, they keep getting elected! That has to be evidence of some sort of fascist conspiracy; how else could they keep gaining power? The test will be the 2004 election; Willie Nelson and I are both voting for Kucinich, so I don't see how he could lose in any sort of democratic contest. I just hope the "Rethuglicans" don't fix the election again. I fear that government agents are dogging my footsteps at every turn, and that there's nothing I can do to get away. This is no longer a democracy! We have precious little time left before a junta comes to power and the New World Order sweeps us all away!

Speaking of bastards, every time I get on Kazaa, and start downloading Grateful Dead and Phish MP3s, I always get my download cut off! What are the statistical odds of this happening every time I start a download? They've gotta be down in the billion-to-one range! Somebody has to be ordering this -- there's no way that normally generous Grateful Dead and Phish fans would ever deny one of their own a little musical pleasure! I detect "The Man's" influence in this. He has spies everywhere, and unlimited resources! There's very little I can do to stop him, short of diving into the bushes whenever a car drives by so he doesn't see me.

I was thinking about mind control satellites the other day. My friends were like, "Jerry, you're one crazy bastard, you know that?" Which just proves that they've already been affected! "The Man" has gotten to them already! I must find some way to defend my precious brain waves! From the bowels of this earthly hell, I curse "The Man!"

COUNTERPOINT

I Love Keeping Jerry Knuth Down!



by **THE MAN**
Columnist

Every morning, after I enjoy my non-fat no-foam mocha latte and peruse the business section of The Wall Street Journal, I put on my dark sunglasses and navy blue suit in order to appear as unobtrusive as possible while ruining the life of Jerry Knuth.

Nobody who hasn't experienced the sheer delight of utterly fragmenting a man's life can possibly know how much I enjoy this; it just happens to be even better than an evening at the wine-tasting club. For example, on February 16, 2003, Mr. Knuth applied for a loan in order to promote a new business concept. In actuality, his idea was extremely ingenious and would have made him incredibly wealthy beyond his wildest dreams while stimulating the foundering United States economy, but I simply could not resist the temptation to repeatedly deny him the loan.

I wish you could have been there to see the look on his face when bank after bank turned him down, despite his high credit rating and the ever-decreasing monetary value of his requests. His face became wrinkled, and sweat soaked through the armpits of his cheap suit. On the last meeting, a clump of his hair fell out onto my desk and I looked into his eyes, scowled, and strung out the word "DENIED" for about ten seconds. Stifling my own outrageous laughter, I left to enjoy a soothing snifter of brandy.

After the last vestige of hope drained from Knuth's face, at approximately 3:35 p.m. on September 12, 2003, I turned to more overt means of harassment. I called the electric company, in which I own a controlling interest, and had them shut off his power for "nonpayment" the very same instant they sent his bill. The next day, according to my informants, he stormed into the customer service department and demanded to know why his power had been turned off. As per my orders, the security guards tazed him repeatedly and left him in an alley. Life was good.

Election day is now one of my favorite holidays. I get up early, put on a brown suit instead of my customary blue one, and sit at the polling place all day so I can take the booth next to Jerry's. Using a special remote camera surreptitiously mounted in his booth, I can instantly tell which candidates he is selecting, all the better to cancel out his votes in favor of the candidates most likely to keep Jerry from ever attaining any measure of happiness. I then radio my colleagues at The Corporation and my subordinates at The Shadow Government and tell them to do the same. I have a feeling Buchanan's going to win by a landslide this year. That will be even better than winning the election through the electoral college last year. Jerry nearly burst a blood vessel when that happened; he just sat there staring at the TV, crying for hours. I was watching him through the V-chip in his TV, and I laughed and laughed. I could practically hear the howls of rage from across town. It was enough to make me want to go over there and kick him in the testicles with an immaculately-polished Italian leather wingtip, just to go that extra mile.

I love being "The Man." I have to admit the mind control satellites are a good idea, though. I'll tell NASA to get working on it ASAP.

VS.



Album Review: Quiet Panda Spill

The B-Sides And Early Tracks, Vol. II



by DAVID BARZELAY

Every so often--whether due to astronomical occurrences, economic fluctuations, or inherent quality cycles (which have all actually been debated at some point amongst music reviewing circles)--an album comes along that inhibits our serotonin uptake, cleans our ears, palpitates our hearts, ignites our passion, and justifies our existence.

Most recently, that album is Quiet Panda Spill's posthumous double-album, *The B-Sides And Early Tracks, Vol. II*. This collection of previously unreleased and hard to find tracks (and I mean hard to find!) is a Quiet Panda Spill fan's wet dream. And really, what self-respecting fan of indie-rock-folk-funk-jam music can't count himself amongst the true believers in this band's sonic message? With a catalog of over twenty-one amazing albums independently released over the band's tragically short two-year life span, it's hard to imagine what fan of the genre is not left yearning for more. This collection satisfies that need in a way that is unparalleled since last month's *The B-Sides And Early Tracks, Vol. I*.

Quiet Panda Spill's unique instrumentational cornucopia is on display here, with Isaac Brooke's scratchingly honest vocals over various sounds. In fact, over one hundred different instruments can be heard on *The B-Sides And Early Tracks, Vol. II*, including cello, mandolin, grasshopper noises, saxophone, the sound of the band's drummer tapping a wrench on his dashboard, samples from singer Brooke's parents making love as heard over a telephone line, and guitarist Ziering plucking his shoelaces tonally! Indeed, few bands have ever matched the sonic complexity of Quiet Panda Spill, with their dense musical layers building up to create songs so beautiful and diverse that it would make even *Moon-And-Antarctica*-era Modest Mouse jealous.

"Dense Lonely Planet - Live from Boulder" opens the record innocently

enough--Ziering delicately plucking his e-string for exactly fifty seconds, defying the conventions of rhythm and melody to create a beautiful new sound. The Boulder crowd is mesmerized as drummer Cruz suddenly crashes in with drums, looped and played backward over Brooke's haunting chanting of "Where is my lonely universe?" through a megaphone. The cut builds and builds, showing exactly why Quiet Panda Spill represented a watershed in the indie-rock scene, allowing the genre to finally get over its lingering preoccupations with catchiness, melody, and coherency.

If there was any doubt whether or not they succeeded, track two will dispel it, as it is transcendently free from any "message," or "meaning." The track, titled "Nothing Rag Rub," consists solely of the delicate sound of Brooke rubbing a rag against a table for seven minutes.

On the next song, a live version of their college-radio hit "I Used To Have A Dog," the band chooses to play a new version of the song, replacing the original chorus with the sound of Brooke blowing into the microphone. In fact, in this version if you listen closely, you can actually hear Brooke's mother watching *One Life to Live* in the next room, which is reminiscent of the stellar track, "Mom Watching General Hospital" from their debut album, *Failing To Breed In Captivity*. The murmurs of Brooke's mom commenting on the soap opera whilst unwrapping a new pack of Doral cigarettes can only confirm the genius that is Quiet Panda Spill.

Noteworthy are the liner notes included in *The B-Sides And Early Tracks, Vol. I*. Of special interest is a photograph of a self-portrait of Ziering made entirely of dried macaroni pasted onto a page from the Bible. Strikingly portrayed in black and white, the symbolism and relevance is inherently important, and should not be overlooked, though it doesn't reek of the self-important sort of meaning some representatives of the genre are guilty of. Also be sure to turn to the second to last page of the booklet, turn it upside down and squint. Trust me, it will make everything make sense.

To conclude, run, don't walk to your nearest independently owned record shop and bring home *The B-Sides And Early Tracks, Vol. I*. Trust me, a treasure such as this collection, which has a very limited release (200 of the albums were already burned and smashed as part of Brooke's friend Cyril's film protesting the injustices to the hearing impaired), will not last long.



Bastard Confession

"I'm really fine. I just want to piss off the French"

-Beagle 2 Probe



Buy Slant T-Shirts

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It'll eventually get warmer.

SLANTHOROSCOPES

AROUND THE LOOP

The Slant

What's your New Year's Resolution?

Ceaf H. Lewis, Freshman



"To attend more Black Methodist church revivals. Can I get an amen?"

Lyle Lanley, Entrepreneur



"To sell you, Vanderbilt, a monorail!"

Fatty McFattfatt, Fat Guy



"Lose weight."

Huggy Bear, Pimp



"To remember to take ibuprofen when my pimp hand starts to swell."

Clara Feldhusen, Grandmother



"To learn how to use my Tivo."

George Zimmerman, Haberdasher



"Look at me, I have an ugly suit on! Isn't that funny?"

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

You will finally conquer your penis envy by dressing up in a giant phallic costume and embarrassing the popular penis in front of all his friends.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

The phrase "getting the ol' hot meat injection" will acquire a horrifying new meaning after you experience a syringe mixup at the VD clinic.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

You still don't know what "fo shizzle" means, though you think you're close to understanding "in the heezy."

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

You will discover why rich people don't do crack.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

You want to be a good neighbor, and taking care of the dog and cat while he's out of town is one thing, but the pubic lice...

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

You will finally unravel Xeno's paradox, only to discover that it has nothing to do with how many licks it will take to get to the tootsie roll center of a tootsie pop.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

You will find out that, although The Monkees were too busy singing to put anybody down, if it weren't for their recording contracts, they would have been giant assholes.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

When I was on this class trip to Mexico, this guy Matt got stung by a scorpion. He said it hurt his testicles.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

Unable to resist your insatiable love of all things chocolate, you will force your mother to pack fudge, yet she will do it lovingly.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

If you find a Beagle (II), please call 44-208-210-8964, ask for Tony.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

You've got dumps like a truck, truck, truck. Guys will be like "What, what, what?"

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

Your re-enactment of the expedition of Lewis and Clark will be seriously thwarted when you run out of jerky.

Ask Mr. Britney Spears (Ex)



Dear Guy Who Married Britney For A Day,
What the hell was she thinking marrying a goober like you? Just look at you, look at her... you see where I'm going here?

Andrew in Village

Dear Asshole,
To any sane person, I am obviously the perfect guy for Britney. So you can see why

I'm a little perplexed by the whole annulment thing. I wouldn't believe that the marriage could be called off until three courthouse workers forcibly restrained me and explained it all. I'm usually a calm man, but it just isn't every day that the girl who told America that she wanted to wait until marriage before she has sex, then makes out with Madonna, asks that you enter into a covenant with her under the watchful gaze of God. Think about that Britney, THE God.

Jason Alexander

Dear Jasizzon,

How you be all mackin' on my ho? We been broken up for less than a year, and yo bitch ass think he can just hit that? Oh snap! If I ever see yo bitch ass, I'm a cut you, fool! Bitch ass ho!

T-Lake

Dear Justin,

Kiss your mother with that mouth? Britney's a sweet southern belle, and you need to treat her right. Maybe if you would have been a gentleman, you too could have been married to Britney.

Jason Alexander

ps. What does "mackin'" mean? I don't speak jive.

Dear George Costanza,

I loved your character in Seinfeld. "Master of my domain!!!" Ha! And your parents, what a pair! How could you do a scene with Jerry Stiller and not laugh your ass off? Wow, I loved Seinfeld.

Seinfeld Lover in Stapleton

Dear Seinfeld Lover,

For the last time, I am not that Jason Alexander. He's fat and bald and a loser. I am just a loser.

Jason Alexander

Dear Jason,

Ok... in all seriousness, how much money did you get from the divorce?

Pre-Law in Peabody

Dear Pre,

We didn't get divorced, we got an annulment. Both Brit and me agreed that we hadn't completely thought this whole marriage thing through and it would be best for the both of us if we got an annul... oh shit. I'm retarded.

Jason Alexander

Dear Britney's Ex,

Is it true that Britney's boobs are fake? Did she make out with other girls in front of you? Is she shaved? Have you ever seen her little sister naked?

- Masturbating in Morgan

Dear Morgan,

This is Britney. Actually, Jason Alexander is not my ex-husband. Our union was annulled, which essentially means that we were never married. In fact, I've never even met Jason, nor have I ever met Fred Durst. And they're as real as you want them to be. But make sure to buy my new cd, In The Zone, sweetie pie!

Brit ;)

Top Ten Things That Might Happen This Year

10 This year, you may have already won!

9 After his failed Presidential bid, Rev. Al Sharpton will run for Pope.

8 The terror alert level will settle into the somewhat tawny gold region.

7 Tom Brokaw and Dan Rather will passionately make out during the Anchor Awards prime-time special. Their act will go largely unnoticed.

6 Prince William will get a Prince Albert.

5 Olin Hall will be torn down and replaced with a giant carnival Moon Bounce, but only for the Engineers.

4 The police will be replaced by robot Ben Afflecks who can see into the future... and don't like what they see.

3 Vanderbilt will finally catch the flasher without pants who drives the white truck.

2 The Red Sox will win the pennant. Hahahaha, just kidding. They'll lose to the Yankees again.

1 President Bush will combine his two most recent policy proposals and send illegal immigrants to the moon.

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