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## Ted Kennedy Stopped At Airport, Beaten With Bamboo Clubs

Massachusetts Senator Ted Kennedy was stopped last Friday while waiting to board a flight to Washington, the latest of several times the beleaguered and corpulent senator has found his name on airline watch lists. While waiting for a complete body cavity search by Transportation Security Administration officials, Kennedy was beaten by airport security staff wielding bamboo rods. A White House spokesman, when asked about the instrument, replied that "the President was certainly not seeking vengeance for past wrongs, and any violation of Ted Kennedy was coincidental."



## Olympic Swimmer Confused With Angry Preacher

Michael Phelps, recent Olympic gold medalist, has reached the pinnacle of athletic achievement, but still finds that the

average American confuses him with Fred Phelps, preacher and proprietor of god-hatesfags.com. "Michael Phelps," said Peter LaRouche, average American, "isn't he that priest who's always bitching about gays?" When informed of Michael Phelps's achievements and the differences between him and the similarly-named clergyman, LaRouche shrugged and returned to not giving a shit about swimming.

## Rick James Dead; Chappelle Sketch Lives On

According to wire reports, the memory of 1980s pop star Rick James continues to be desecrated by



fans of *The Dave Chapelle Show* constantly spouting the catchphrase "I'm Rick James, bitch!" A recent survey of Chapelle's fans found that over 90% had never heard of Rick James prior to the sketch, and that, contrary to popular belief, the catchphrase was never funny. Nonetheless, those who had almost forgotten the sketch now remember, as America's would-be funny-men dredge up humor of which the rest of the country grew tired months before.



## Edvard Munch's *The Scream* Stolen...Again

Edvard Munch's famous painting, *The Scream*, was stolen from its Oslo, Norway, home this week in broad daylight. This is the second time the

painting has been stolen in recent years, shedding much of the blame for the recent heist on museum security director Olaf Johannson. "Boy was my face red," Olaf confessed. "We probably should have improved security the first time this happened, but we didn't think lightning could strike twice, ya know?"

## Ziggy Condom Sales At All-Time Low

The latest attempt to merchandise a comic strip has failed, as a promotional tie-in with Trojan flopped in the first half of 2004. "Apparently people just didn't want to use birth-control devices emblazoned with the likeness of my sort-of penis-shaped cartoon character," announced Tom Wilson, cartoonist. "That, however, will not stop me from using 25,000 of the damned things myself, if I have to." Wilson's ambitious plan, however, fell flat, as he could not find a woman willing to have sex with him.



## Freshman Promises To Stay Sober In College, Fails

The efforts of Brandon Kilauea, a freshman at Vanderbilt University, to stay sober throughout his college career failed last Tuesday, roughly three days after his arrival on campus. University experts agree that his similarly-themed pledge to stay celibate until marriage will meet a similar end "once the beer goggles kick in."

## Policeman Vows To Avenge Slain Partner

Officer Rodney Ames, of the New York Police Department, vowed to avenge the death of his partner, Officer Dan Cordell, last Thursday. Cordell, who had been shot in a gunfight with members of James "the Viper" Aldridge's crime syndicate in the gritty urban jungle that is New York last Wednesday, died at 3:26 A.M. the following morning. According to witnesses at Holy Sepulchre Hospital, Ames delivered a profanity- and tear-laden monologue before pulling the bedsheet over his deceased partner's body. He then left to wreak vengeance on Aldridge and his ilk.

## Vandy Football Looks Toward Rebound Season

Facing a number of relatively weak teams, Vanderbilt players and coaches are expecting a rebound year this fall, shooting for upwards of four wins. "If I can't lead this team to a better record than last year, I deserve to be shot," said a confident Jay Cutler at a press conference Saturday. Coach Bobby Johnson appeared with Cutler, but only quietly mumbled, "You got that right," after the quarterback's statement. Johnson was reportedly seen later that day, purchasing a gun and ammunition.

73

Days since  
June 13,  
2004.  
You've had  
this much  
time to  
legally  
sleep with  
the Olson  
twins. And  
failed.



Julia Child, Former Chef

## FAMED CHEF DIES

### Julia Child Cremated With Rosemary, Hint of Lemon

Deceased television chef, shark repellent developer, and former OSS file clerk Julia Child, who passed on at the age of 91, was cremated in a truly culinary fashion recently. "Rosemary is a member of the mint family with aromatic evergreen needles, often used in cooking, the taste of which blends perfectly with roasted meats of all types," Child wrote in her will. "And a hint of lemon will make my funeral simply delightful." Added Child, "You don't have to cook fancy or complicated masterpieces -- just good food from fresh ingredients."

The Slant

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## MASTHEAD



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since 1886

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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.

## CHILD ABUSE SPACE



Children, abused. This is not funny. At all.

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## Corrections:

*In our last issue, we reported upon the history of Stonehenge. We have recently learned that there are, in fact, two stonehenges that are completely unrelated. One is ancient, in England, and has nothing to do with sandwiches, whereas the other is here at Vanderbilt, only several years old, and has and always will serve sandwiches. We apologize for the confusion.*

*Also in our last issue, we reported that the Hustler recieved 17,984 votes for worst campus publication. After a recount, we have found that they received only 17,982 votes. Thus, The Vanderbilt Review is the worst publication, as voted by you, with 17,983 votes.*

Slant

## FROM THE EDITOR



COLIN DINSMORE

Well, it's the first day of classes, and that means another first issue of *The Slant*. I'm tempted to spend my entire column regaling you all with tales of the adventure and intrigue I experienced over the past few months, but the fact is most of you don't deserve to hear

those stories and I may or may not be exaggerating.

Instead I'll tell you all a bit about what's been going on recently, especially involving *The Slant*.

First of all, let me address the freshman class and tell you all how disappointed I am in you. More specifically, how disappointed I am in all of your parents. I spent several hours meeting and greeting them and asking politely if they would like to buy an ad to send greetings to you for a mere \$10. Not only did I not make a single sale, but I'm pretty sure one of your parents spit on me.

Now, I'm strong enough to take such treatment and move on, but I'm fairly certain that poor Richie Green, my associate salesman, was emotionally shattered by the treatment and is in counseling as we speak. All that being said, however, I would like to encourage all of you to come and work for *The Slant*. It looks great on a resumé, works wonders on the dating scene, and you get bonus points with the Greeks during rush!

If I've piqued your curiosity and you do want to work for us, we take writers, photographers, photo-shop artists, copy editors, groupies, models, stalkers, and prostitutes. We haven't had an official Slant prostitute-in-residence for quite some time now, but we like to refer those times as "the good ol' days."

This particular issue was put together with nothing but two computers, a scanner, and a digital camera. It wasn't easy, but with all of Sunday and several bottles of wine at our disposal, we managed to make it work.

Now, to the rest of the Vanderbilt community I would like to say that I am going to do my best to carry on the great *Slant* tradition of offending the vast majority of you in one way or another over the next year. If you happen to feel particularly upset about anything we print, you can post feedback on our website (theslant.net). For the particularly ambitious among you, you can even send an e-mail to myself or one of my staff; the addresses are also found on the website.

Anyways, enjoy the issue. And just remember, it takes fewer muscles to read the issue than it does to throw it away. 🐾



Seen in Wichita, Kansas

## Vanderbilt Summer Olympics



Carpentooning by Jason Carpentier

# Nashville Prepares For Natty Light Shortage

*Experts Remain Baffled By Regularity And Severity Of Drought*



by COLIN DINSMORE

The citizens of Nashville, Tennessee, are busy preparing for the annual Natural Light shortage which has plagued the city since the brand of beer was introduced in 1977. The cyclical Natty-drought begins in late August and lasts, without fail, until the middle of May.

Concerned beer drinkers have been hoarding their beverage of choice into private stockpiles to see them through the winter for several weeks.

"Normally Natty is easy to come by, just drive down to the local Mapco and pick up a twelve-pack," Natural Light drinker Buck Anderson explained. "But from about the-tail end of August through the Winter and Spring it's damn near impossible to find."

Theories as to the forces behind this mysterious shortage abound. Many once believed that the availability of Natty was directly propor-

tional to the temperature, that is, as it got colder, less beer was available.

This idea, though, has lost credibility in recent years. Economics professor John Macalester explains, "It was thought that worsening weather affected production and output of the beer, not to mention how reliably it

was shipped. The past few years, however, the weather has remained summer-like through September and the winters have been relatively mild, yet the shortage continues - August to May. As of late it's even gotten worse. I have no explanation."

When the drought was first documented in the

early eighties, it was suggested that the increased population of the city, the returning college students, could account for the shortage. After further research, though, this was deemed unlikely. The college students accounted for less than 1% of the increase in population, but Natural Light consumption increased 4,183%. "The idea that several thou-

sand minors could produce that kind of a shortage is utterly ridiculous," Macalester stated matter-of-factly.

Nashville mayor Bill Purcell has considered creating beer kitchens in order to ration and distribute what little Natural Light can be found and purchased to his thirsty populace.

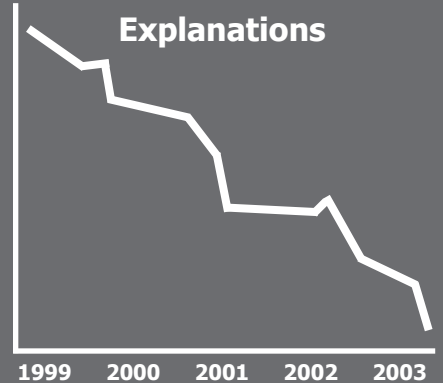
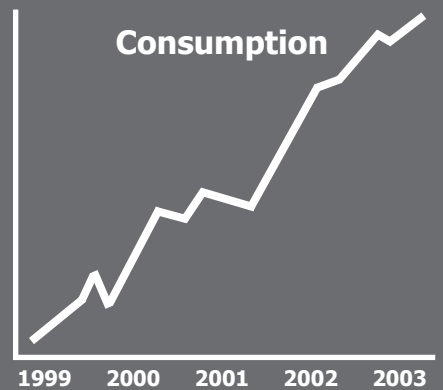
Alexi Petrov, Russian immigrant, likens the situation to the many hardships he faced in Soviet Russia, many years ago. "There were shortages of bread, heating oil, many things. But always in winter," Petrov remembers.

While the annual shortage shows no signs of being solved anytime soon, locals are learning to live with the problem. Vanderbilt economics professors, in fact, are using the annual shortage as a textbook example of demand-pull inflation. "As long as the shortage continues, we might as well make use of it," said Vanderbilt economics professor Stephen Buckles. "Still, I feel the answer is right in front of me," Buckles continued. "Oh well, I have to go teach a class." He then left to address his visibly hungover students.

Perhaps one day these same students will finally solve the mystery and explain this seemingly unsolvable problem. ■



## Mysterious Drinking On The Rise!



# Dollar Falls, Stares Angrily At Sidewalk Crack

by DAVID BARZELAY

The Dollar suffered a nasty spill Monday, tripping over a crack in a dilapidated sidewalk and staring angrily at it for several seconds. According to eyewitnesses, however, the slightly scraped currency made a quick rebound, standing, brushing itself off, and continuing on its journey downhill.

This was not the first time, however, that the cracked sidewalk has claimed a victim. Last year, a The Yen fell victim to the uneven pavement, although it, unlike The Dollar, managed to catch itself before hitting the pavement.

The Dollar's rival, The Euro, has proved far more sturdy against the effects of its environment. Upon questioning, The Euro adjusted its monocle and clarified its situation, stating "I have remained very colorful and happy during my jaunts down the sidewalk as The Dollar looks on, green with envy over my unfettered progress."

Local currency traders have expressed alarm and concern about The Dollar's recent plunge. "What if The Dollar had fallen and broken something? What if it were unable to get up?" asked Peng Shan, a Chinese investor. "The Dollar has become too unstable to count on anymore. All I do is worry that this clumsy currency will fall again."

Not blind to the problems its collapse caused, The Dollar promises to try to be more careful in the future. During a hastily arranged press con-

ference, The Dollar stated that it realizes that when it falls, its effects are not isolated and it tends to bring friendly currencies down with it. One example is that of The Argentinian Peso, which was pulled down along with The Dollar during his latest tumble.

"I am sincerely sorry," explained The Dollar. "I know that many other currencies are tied to my progress at a fixed rate, and therefore depend on my steadfastness. In the future I will try to walk more steadily, avoiding the excessive heights which must

inevitably give way to a long downhill slide."

Not all, however, blamed The Dollar for his recent woes, and many seek to elucidate the conditions that exacerbated the Dollar's weakness until the time of the fall. "You try making it through conditions such as these without falling," demanded Alan Greenspan. "The Dow Jones has been travelling a similar route and he trips and stumbles

almost every other day!"

The Chairman of the Federal Reserve continued to suggest that, rather than pointing fingers, perhaps the community of nations should work to repair such disastrous conditions.

Unfortunately, until The Dollar regains its traditional stability, many of its friends are considering spending more time with other currencies, claiming that they have grown weary of the recent drama associated with the Dollar. 🐼



The Dollar, angry.

# International Student Takes Honor Code Seriously

by JOSEPH MATTING

Though many Vanderbilt students consider Vanderbilt's Honor Code merely a defunct formality, international student Ming Lee takes the Honor Code very seriously.

Unlike the many American students in her classes who seem, she says, to pay little or no regard to the Honor Code, Ming considers adherence to the Code a matter of personal pride. Why? "It's because of my strict upbringing," she says.

"I was raised to hold up honor as one of the highest virtues," Ming explains. "Every time I think of cheating, I see the face of my grandfather and he is frowning in disapproval. I will never forget the time I lied to him about taking my sister's doll when I was five. He told me the story of the dragon and the crane and I have never since then lied or cheated."

One of Ming Lee's most memorable moments was when she proudly signed her name onto the Honor Code at the beginning of her freshman year. Most of the students were signing fake names, complaining about the eat, or simply wondering when the whole ceremony would be over, but not Ming. "It was a very solemn event," she remembers. "I took a lot of time to sign my name, I wanted to savor the moment. The kids behind me were making fun of me and complaining I was taking too long, but I don't mind. When the honor council expels them they won't be laughing."

Ming's honorable habits sometimes annoy the other students in her classes. Says classmate Derrick Mason, a member of Ming's chem lab group, "I just don't understand her. She careful-

ly covers up her lab quizzes so no one can even think about copying. Once I was getting our group's lab results from her paper and she got this crazy look in her eyes. She didn't say anything but she started shaking angrily and kept staring at me with contempt. It really freaked me out."

Professors and TA's are equally bothered by Ming's adherence to the honor code, complaining that she prevents the average grades from rising and is an "all around brown noser" and "somewhat evil."

"Jesus Christ," exclaimed Dr. Gerald Hall, professor of mathematics. "I leave the room every once in a while, hoping to God that maybe the average will go up because people will cheat, but no, Ming Lee stands up and berates her fellow students for cheating. What a narc."

Teaching assistant Dan Chan also expressed disgust in Ming's compliance with the honor code. Chan, a fellow international student from China, stresses that her adherence to the honor code has less to do with her heritage, and more with her status as a "whiny bitch."

"I'm from China too, but you don't see me all talking about my grandfather and cranes and dragons and shit," said Chan. "If she didn't study all the time, her GPA would be down the toilet."

Because Ming does not cheat in her classes, she reportedly studies between 10 and 15 hours per day. "I study so hard," said Ming, "because I am an honorable student. I do not care what the other students say. They will lead sad, unfulfilling lives." She then proceeded to pass out on top of her physics book, frothing at the mouth. 🐼



## Freshman Puts Black Sock Over Doorknob So Hallmates Will Think He's Having Sex

### Nobody Fooled

by CEAF LEWIS

Rumors are flying throughout Dyer Hall concerning the black sock hanging from freshman Ronnie Williams's doorknob. As the fall semester has begun only recently, speculation has grown concerning the bizarrely placed footwear.

According to expert Jim Dreyser, "Girls don't go out with freshman guys; it's unheard of. Most freshmen males don't even get to see freshman girls until the frats have picked the class over. The sounds coming from his room seem authentic enough, but he's probably just watching porn."

The sounds of pornography aside, debate has raged for hours concerning just what, exactly, is happening in the Dyer single. Guesses have ranged from everything from overly frequent masturbation (although Vanderbilt scientists agree that such a strenuous regi-

men would produce blistering) to more exotic habits.

Said one hallmate, who wished not to be identified, "I've lived across from Ronnie for a few weeks now, and I've never seen anyone but him go in or out of that single. I have no idea; maybe a sock on a doorknob means different things to people from other regions. The sign on his door says that Ronnie's from Maine. Maybe he's fishing for lobsters." Added the hallmate, "That would explain the smell."

As the second day of the besocked door continued, the discussion began to spill into other freshman dorms. According to Alvin Kells, a member of Williams's VUcept group, "Yeah, I don't buy this whole having sex thing.



Ronnie constantly sat in a pool of his own grease and rarely wore a shirt.

"Plus, I think he was fighting an addiction to Viagra. I don't normally notice such things or look down there, but the little major was standing at attention every time I saw him, if you know what I mean. Anyway, he was always horribly sweaty. Maybe he drowned in a pool of his own fluids. That would explain the smell."

Upon being interviewed, Ronnie proved evasive. Trapped in a bathroom stall by members of The Slant's news team, he refused to answer questions. He then returned to his room, the sock still hanging from his door.

Upon hearing for the first time of Ronnie's potential sexual conquests, fellow Dyer resident Harry McCree removed the sock from the door,

prompting a string of curses from Ronnie upon his next bathroom break. As Ronnie moved down the hall, Harold attempted to see what was happening in the aromatic room, but the crafty freshman had locked his door. Upon his return, Ronnie unlocked the door and shortly afterward placed a damp black sock on the perpetually-covered doorknob.

Upon being interviewed, Ronnie's R.A., Stephen Brass, showed nothing but concern for his young charge's habits. "The weird thing is that he just leaves that sock there all the time. How retarded is that? There is no way he could be having sex every minute of every day. Although, that would explain the smell."

All possible causes of the Dyer room's stench aside, it is generally believed that a solution to the conundrum of Williams's possible sexual experiences will not be discovered in the near future, as many Dyer residents believe Williams to possess a nearly infinite amount of black socks. Still, they watch and wait, hoping at last to solve a mystery that has baffled the beleaguered Vanderbilt population for days.

## Colorado State Prison Basketball Team Awaits Kobe Verdict

by ROBERT SAUNDERS

The Kobe Bryant rape trial has been a constant feature on Sports Center and throughout the nation's sports pages. But nobody is following the story more closely than the members of the Centennial Correctional Facility/Colorado State Penitentiary's basketball team.

That is because the maximum security prison will become Bryant's home if convicted on the rape charges levied against him by a 19-year-old hotel employee.

Once a major power, CCF's team fell on hard times when the state stepped up its death sentences beginning in 2001, costing the team its center and leading rebounder, James "Hate" Williamson (double-homicide). Also, former leading scorer Dontrelle "D-dog" Jamison (armed robbery, rape) was shivved in 2002.

"That really broke the team's spirit," said point guard Vernon Fielder (possession with intent to distribute). The team dropped to a dismal 4-11 record in the six-team prison league.

However, the prospect of adding Bryant, who faces 25 years to life in prison, promises long-term success for the squad, brightening the day of jailers and prisoners alike.

"I really hope this will lead to a book deal for me, maybe a movie like 'The Longest Yard' or 'Stir Crazy,'" said warden Larry Reid. "Denzel Washington is a natural to play me."

"I was born to dish the rock, whether it's crack or roundball, you know what I'm saying," said Fielder. "I'm looking forward to having him fill the lane on the break. Nobody lays the 'oops likes I does."

The squad nearly had a bonanza on its hands after University of Colorado football players were accused of rape.

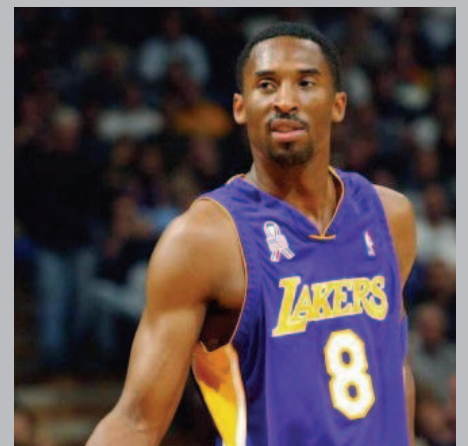
However no charges were filed. "We could have used some size and bench depth," said Reid.

The team may have to wait awhile for Bryant, too. The Lakers guard's trial is not scheduled to start until August and may take several months, meaning he could miss several months of training camp and the first part of the prison's regular season. Even worse, he might cop a plea or be found not guilty, thereby avoiding prison time altogether.

Still, the team is willing to accommodate him if and when he is transferred to custody. "His presence might disrupt our rotation and lead to some jealousies on and off the court," said coach and head of the prison's solitary confinement division J. Lloyd Greaves. "But we'll work him in as best we can. This kind of talent only comes along once in a lifetime."

Bryant by contrast has been quiet

about his role on the team. In a statement through his lawyers, Bryant said, "Where I play next year is still up in the air. I will play wherever I'm treated right and with the respect I deserve. As long as it's not the Clippers, I'm willing to play for anyone, in any league. I just want to fit in, like with that white girl at the hotel."



# Sudan Crisis: West To Offer All Forms Of Assistance, Short Of Help

*US to provide righteous indignation, Europe to offer touching empathy*



by **TIM BOYD**

As the crisis in the Sudan continues to escalate, Western governments have responded to the media becoming aware of a civil war they have long known was going on by calling on all freedom-loving nations around the world to help the citizens of Darfur in any way they can, as long as it doesn't entail any actual costs or sacrifices. Following a summit meeting of European Union leaders, British Prime Minister Tony Blair announced that a rescue package for the war-ravaged Sudanese had been agreed, whereby the US would provide stirring calls for action and European governments would guarantee a limitless supply of heartfelt empathy.

"In a global community such as ours, the suffering of one human being should be the concern of every human being. It is unthinkable that we should see such horrible suffering and yet stand idly by and say nothing" said the Prime Minister "accordingly, the time has come to speak out whilst standing idly by. The time has come to commit ourselves to hand-wringing posturing and empty rhetoric to make it clear to those suffering through this terrible crisis that they are not without friends in this world, they are simply without any friends willing to do much to help them."

Speaking in the White House Rose Garden, President Bush held up America's end of the bargain. "I hereby commit the United States to offer all means of assistance, to bear any burden and pay any price in the name of liberty, freedom and justice" said the President "Of course, this depends on it not causing the slightest inconvenience for the American public. But my advisers tell me that it is a good idea to get the words 'liberty', 'freedom' and 'justice' into as many speeches as possible before November."

Across the Western World, there was almost limitless sympathy from the general public. "Oh it's awful, just awful," said Sarah Thompson of London, England, "To see all those people with no homes, no running water and those children living in constant fear, it's just dreadful. Of course, I'm not sure I can really afford to do anything about it all - I mean, I have problems of my own - that second car cost me a packet, let me tell you. But really, you can't help feeling sorry

for them. I'm sure someone else will think of a way to help them." But alongside the sympathy, there are also signs that people may be growing tired of news footage from the Sudan. "Don't get me wrong, I sure wouldn't want to live there," said New York resident Jonathan Jackson, "But the fact

that it's on the TV night after night is really starting to get me down. There's only so much coverage of the lives of the countless number of people in the world who are forced to desperately struggle to survive living in conditions I can barely conceive of that I can really watch. I prefer my reality TV a little less real."

However, should the media stay interested and pressure from the situation become so much that more than rhetoric is needed, Secretary of State Colin Powell has promised that any intervention will be short, violent and largely ineffective. "To commit ground forces to an unstable nation is always going to cost money and American lives if it has to be sustained over a period of time. We can probably put up with flying in a few elite units to blow up the odd rebel training camp, but anything more than that might require seriously grappling with the intricate web of social, economic and political problems the region is facing, and god knows where that might lead." Asked if he thought that this sort of approach would actually help get rid of the problem, Powell was optimistic. "Absolutely" he told reporters "I'll bet six months from now we won't be hearing anymore about Sudan and its problems. And if we don't see it on our TV screens, it must have been sorted out, right?"

## List Of Unhelpful Aid Received So Far

- 👉 **From America:**  
Thoughts, prayers.
- 👉 **From Canada:**  
Hockey sticks, tundra.
- 👉 **From Mexico:**  
Unskilled labor.
- 👉 **From Great Britain:**  
Best wishes.
- 👉 **From Italy:**  
Fine leather, Ferraris.
- 👉 **From Germany:**  
National Socialism.
- 👉 **From Taiwan:**  
Boxes of bootleg DVDs.
- 👉 **From China:**  
Second-born children.
- 👉 **From Japan:**  
Schoolgirls' panties.
- 👉 **From Mongolia:**  
Hordes.
- 👉 **From Russia:**  
One space station, used.
- 👉 **From the Vatican:**  
Indulgences.
- 👉 **From Somalia:**  
Malnourishment.
- 👉 **From Australia:**  
Steve Irwin.
- 👉 **From Iraq:**  
Thoughts, prayers.



# I May Not Be A Freshman, But I'm Still Easy

by **HEATHER MILIMAN**  
Junior Columnist

Okay boys, this is getting a little ridiculous. Freshman year, when I was stumbling around frat row in an alcoholic haze, you thought I was just the hottest thing ever, yet this year, you blithely skip over me for the new crop of blondes. I thought we had something special, but now when I try my signature stumble-into-you-and-accidentally-spill-my-Beast-on-your-shoes move, I barely even get groped. I miss our special times together on some cigarette-burned frat couch, or in my Kissam single (or, you know, in the bathroom or in a Towers elevator).

So maybe I no longer have that barely-legal eighteen year-old, straight out of high school appeal, but now I'm much more likely to roll in the sheets with you. Remember I lost more than just my new Gucci purse at your house on move-in weekend, after all.

If that doesn't do it for you, let me tell you something else, I no longer think oral sex is icky either. While you boys were busy spanking your new pledges' asses, I was perfecting my technique and learning a few new tricks from my talented sisters in Delta Tau. I think my phone number is still written on the wall in your bathroom,

so please drunk dial me sometime and I'll demonstrate.

We really shared some special times last year; like when you and five of your brothers gave me a tour of the house--it's amazing how many bedrooms I saw.

Independent guys just don't know how to make a special cocktail quite like you do. It was totally cool of you guys to let me pass out on your couch all those times; I always wondered what happened to all of my thongs, though.

But these days I never get attention. I've worked off the freshman fifteen,

and I even bought a pleated Abercrombie skirt. To the untrained eye, I could practically *be* a freshman! But you still don't give me a second look. It's like I have a sign on my back that says, "Tainted" or something.

Now, I'm not saying that we have to be best buds again, but we could still see each other once

in a while! Just a few times a year at least, try picking me up. I mean, it should really be in your best interest, considering how easily you'll succeed.

So if it's not too much trouble, next time you see me wandering along the Row in my happy intoxicated state, do me a favor and at least throw me a cheesy pickup line... or grab my ass. 🍆



## When X Is Cubed

### *An Academic Love Affair*

by **NATE KARSTENS**  
Syndicated Columnist

The alleyway was dark. But, then again, so was every other alleyway on this murky November night. Ordinarily she wouldn't have traveled such a forbidding path to get home to her apartment, but that damn clown was selling balloons again, and so she had to use the back way.

At first she didn't notice the man; not until he was right in front of her did she sense his presence. He was tall and dark and seemed only to be wearing a long trench coat. His sudden appearance startled her, but before she had time to run he spread open his coat, revealing...

"Math books!" she gasped as she gazed in wonder. "Oh! I love math books!" Then she looked whistfully into his eyes and whispered the words he longed to hear: "Show me your math."

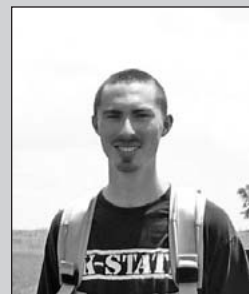
The math was good. Very good. The power of his intellect filled the alleyway like a can of tear gas, piercing her primal reason and replacing it with the essence of sensuality. The z-component of his applied gradient vector rapidly became positive. She swiftly grasped the long curve of his integral,

guiding it toward her empty set and filling the set with his solutions. Algebra, geometry, trigonometry; all became clear to her as the math simplified the complex curvature of her body. She understood everything as she approached the peak of her ecstasy.

But he wasn't done with her yet. He pulled two more integrals from his pocket and added them to the pleasure. He used his triple integral to penetrate the trench of her monkey's saddle. The density equation was applied to find her one spot – the point of inflection. His fuzzy math caressed her body. Together they explored each other's surface areas, comparing their volumes and rates of change as they commingled with bliss. He applied a vector field to her region, calculating the outward flux of her fluids.

Despite their enjoyment, she knew she couldn't take it much longer; she was nearing the end of her behavior model. She dreaded her asymptote even as she approached it, for it would mean the end of her tutoring. But as she grew steadily closer to the change of slope she found the endurance to surpass it. She had never felt this powerful before. But it was not meant to last. Simultaneously they screamed with the intense pleasure of the other's trigonometric substitutions. Then suddenly it was over.

"You're the best instructor I've ever had," she said as she stared deep into his eyes. "Thank you." And then she walked away. 🍆



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**Lots of fun, resume boosting, social, funny, and if it's your first meeting, we'll make fun of you for free!**

**Tuesday, 8/24, 6:30pm, Sarratt 116**

**Tuesday, 8/31, 6:30pm, Sarratt 116**

**Tuesday, 9/07, 6:30pm, Sarratt 345**

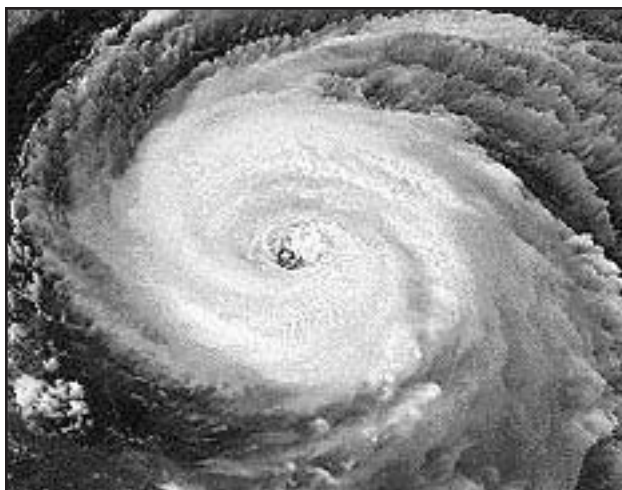
## Bastard Confession



"I can't believe Trinity beat us out for least diverse and tolerant student body! Personally, I blame it on the damned Jews."

- E. Gordon Gee

**PUB TRIVIA  
is back again.  
Most Thursdays.  
Check the Pub for  
details.**



## AROUND THE LOOP

The Slant

## How were you affected by Hurricane Charley?

### Terry Mewson, Junior



“My family lost our house. But I think that had more to do with my father’s alcoholism and non-payment of the mortgage.”

### Katie Flanagan, Sophomore



“It made my arms blow all around like this.”

### Blacky Willis, Hobo



“My entire shanty-town was destroyed. It was the worst thing to happen to us since the advent of No Loitering laws.”

### David Barzelay, Wants Collazzi Dead



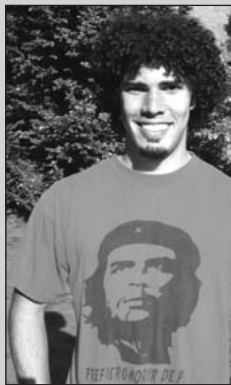
“If only it had hit New Jersey instead of Florida, perhaps Andrew Collazzi would have died. Ah well, there’s always that meteor shower next month. Maybe that’ll get him.”

### Molly Evans, Freshman



“Thankfully, I was wearing Chanel brand smearless mascara and had used Paul Mitchell Super-Hold hairspray, so I was unaffected by the raging winds and rain.”

### Aaron Marzal, Conspiracy Theorist



“The Bush administration orchestrated that hurricane in order to shift media focus away from recent failings in Iraq policy! Do you really think it’s a coincidence that that hurricane happened at the *same* time new allegations arose?”

## SLANTHOROSCOPES

### Aries: (March 21—April 19)

You'll discover the partner of your dreams, only to realize that Vladimir Putin is already married.

### Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

Your worst fears will be confirmed when the grocery store has only vanilla pudding, not chocolate.

### Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

After drinking a bottle of Piesporter Michelsberg Spaetlese, you'll realize you don't want to put this issue together.

### Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

You'll wake up in bed next to a very dirty hobo and tell yourself it was a hazing ritual, when in reality, you were just drunk and he smelled sexy like musk.

### Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

Think of a yes or no question. Got it? No.

### Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

You will learn firsthand that the tigers in the zoo do not want be hugged.

### Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

Neptune being in Pisces suggests you really aren't very smart.

### Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

Aries was the God of War, but you're just bitchy.

### Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

Was that coffee you drank today poisoned? You'll just have to wait until tomorrow to find out!

### Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

If people were plants, you'd be the sunflower, because people pretend to like you, but deep down, you're just a weed.

### Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Check out the name of your sign. Bingo.

### Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

Your favorite pet will die, which is sad. But... it was plotting to kill you, so really, you're fortunate.

## Top Ten Reasons To Register To Vote

- 10** Show Iraqis that registering to vote *is* your patriotic duty, but it doesn't mean you *have* to vote if you've got something else better to do.
- 9** Bonus points in PoliSci.
- 8** With advent of electronic voting, don't miss out on opportunity to give L33tV0+erXX another vote.
- 7** Declaring your party affiliation to your parents takes you one step closer to coming out of the closet.
- 6** Can influence U.S. policy on... issues and stuff. And in so doing, improve the... you know... something about the future.
- 5** Want to be sure the right candidate is voted The Swan this time.
- 4** "I Voted" stickers are this season's brushed denim.
- 3** It says in the Bible that not voting for George W. Bush is a sin, and you don't want to go to h-e-double-hockey-sticks.
- 2** To pick up hot voter chicks and sex them up behind the curtains.
- 1** Get juice and cookies! What? That's for donating blood? Well fuck voting, I'm going to the Bloodmobile.



## Ask A Summer Fling

**Dear Summer Fling,**  
I made a huge mistake on my taxes, and now I'm being audited! How will I explain my harem of wives?

**E. Gordon Gee**

**Dear E.,**  
The memories we've had here will last forever. Remember when we went skinny dipping in the cove and the waters glittered under the moon, highlighting the beauty and innocence of our youth? I promise E., I will never forget you. Keep in touch!

**S.F.**

**Dear Summer Fling,**  
I was watching an episode of Jackass, and I got the great idea to staple my balls to my leg. Jesus Christ on a crucifix, it hurts like all holy hell! What should I do?

**Stapled Crotch Guy**

**Dearest Crotch,**  
Don't worry, we can always see each other next summer. You were my first; and my best - I promise! The beauty of what we've had together will never fade in my mind, and I shall always recall you fondly when I revisit the thrills of my youth. Stay cool!

**S.F.**

**Dear Summer Fling,**  
While rescuing Lithuanian refugee orphan cripples from land mines earlier this summer, I fell and one of those nasty brats stole my Prada handbag. I beat the living hell out of that little shit, then realized I had caught the wrong urchin, and now I'm facing a UN war crimes tribunal. My question is this...is it too soon to start looking for a date to winter formal?

**Pondering Pradaless**

**Dear Pondering,**  
There there, don't cry my love. Don't you realize that what we have had here transcends the confines of a monogamous relationship. After all, when you go home you'll be busy with your tribunal and all, and I'm sure you'll find a lucky guy/girl - would it really be fair to him/her to be holding on to what we had? Let's not force this; I'll always remember you.

**S.F.**

**Dear Summer Fling,**  
There are American soldiers storming my mosque! What should I do?

**Muqtada al-Sadr in Morgan**

**Dear Muqtada,**  
OMG! I'm so sorry. It must feel like the whole world is toppling down. Don't worry, even though we're not going out anymore, we can still talk all the time. Best wishes! I had so much fun!

**S.F.**

**Dear Summer Fling,**  
I need a date for my frat's formal, what should I do?

**Lonely in Lewis**

**Dear Lonely,**  
I can't believe you're already looking for somebody else! I know we're broken up and I shouldn't be jealous, but don't you think it's kinda soon for that?

**S.F.**

**Dear Summer Fling,**  
Why did I go out with you? The sex wasn't even that good.

**Governor Jim McGreevey in Gillette**

**Dear Jim,**  
I have no idea, but you'll be hearing from my lawyers. Shalom!

**S.F.**

**Dearest *Slant* Reader,**

**You are cordially invited to join the staff of *The Slant*. We are friendly, monied, and well-bred, and our meetings are social events the likes of which this town seldom sees. You're sure to meet a future Mr. or Mrs. *Slant* Reader. So, come join us for mint juleps and various cookies. Tuesdays, 6:30pm, Sarratt 116.**

**Sincerely yours,  
Colin Dinsmore,  
Editor-in-Chief**

