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Bush To Give Hurricane Aid To Wealthiest Floridians

Seeing humor in natural disasters...
Since 1886

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Condemn Grover Cleveland



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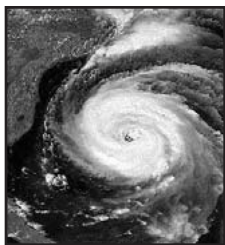
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State's Damaged Yachts To Finally Be Repaired



Madonna Visits Israel

Pop star Madonna is wrapping up a spiritual journey to Israel this week. The diva, who once authored a coffee-table book featuring gratuitous nudity entitled *Sex*, has visited several sacred Jewish sites, including the grave of a prominent leader of Kabbalah, the Jewish mysticism with which the aging icon has recently become infatuated. Madonna, who was raised a Roman Catholic, drew criticism from those with common sense as she made the pilgrimage wearing less-than-pious designer garb and a giant diamond encrusted "E" to symbolize her new Jewish name, Esther. She will return to the United States to live her life of glamour and materialism later this week.



Hurricane Ivan Lonely, Depressed

Recent reports indicate that Hurricane Ivan, which has claimed 50 lives in the US alone, is suffering from severe loneliness and depression. Ivan has even gone so far as to place a personal ad, which states, "SWH, bent on destruction yet a softy at heart. Seeking friend for dinners, dancing, blowing, maybe more." Says the Single Windy Hurricane Ivan, "Can you imagine what my Saturday nights are like? Nobody wants to hang out with a guy who gets his jollies killing children and destroying homes." As of press time, Ivan was only able to seek solace through playing chess with his internet buddy, who reportedly shares the same interests. "Rumsfeld69 is my only friend in the whole world," wept Ivan.

Emmys Top Tony Ratings by Three

Sunday night's Emmy Awards, featuring sex-pot host Gary Shandling, once again trounced their rivals in ratings, the Tony Awards. ABC President David Berman announced that this year's Emmy Awards topped CBS's June broadcast of the Tonys by three viewers. Reports indicate that these three tie-breakers include area grandmother Betty Sherman, high school drama teacher Jacque Smith, and the guy who played Ben on *Growing Pains*. "This is a real victory for television," said Ben. "And it's the closest I'll ever get to the Emmy's." Tony Award choreographer Cecil St. Claire scoffed at the news that his telecast was beat in ratings by the Emmy's. "Come June 2005, they'll see," said St. Claire. "We'll have even saucier dance numbers. And twice the Hugh Jackman!"

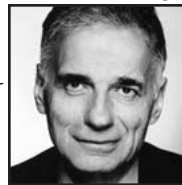


Freudians Fascinated With Kirkland Hall

For the third time this year, Vanerbilt's Freudian Psychology class met on the lawn outside Kirkland Hall, Monday. "I really can't explain it," said Professor Charles Smith. "I was walking by Kirkland one day and I just stopped. I had this strange feeling, I knew it was perfect." Some students had complained that it was too hot sitting outdoors, but the professor simply moved the class into the shadow of the administration building's monstrous clock tower. The class' next assignment is to read Freud's *Three Contributions To The Theory Of Sex*.

Ghosts Of Florida's Reform Party Nominate Nader

The deceased leaders of Florida's Reform Party rose from their graves this week to get Nader on the state's presidential ballot. The party, effectively dead since nominating Ross Perot in 1996, crossed from beyond the grave in a supernatural spectacle the likes of which have not been seen since Ronald Reagan ascended to heaven earlier this year. The Florida Democratic Party challenged the Reform Party's nomination, arguing that as the Reform Party were no longer among the living, they were not a true party and could not nominate a candidate. The Florida Supreme Court, however, cited the presidency of Gerald Ford as precedent that a heartbeat and brain activity were not necessary to hold office and ruled in favor of the Reform Party.



Oprah Winfrey



101

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



Bush To Impose Golfing Sanctions On EU Following Ryder Cup Wipeout

In response to the US' record 18-9.5 defeat by the European Ryder Cup team at Oakland Hills, President Bush has ordered that all trade in golf equipment with the European Union be made illegal. The President's father, a regular attendee at recent Ryder Cups, is thought to have inspired this latest move. "My Dad saved these guys' asses in World War II" said the President. "Well, maybe not Bernhard Langer's, but the rest of them. If they can't respect the efforts he made and roll over and lose like the cheese-munching, limp-wristed, pinko Europeans they are supposed to be, we will simply have to take more drastic measures."



Econ Department Condemns 'CampusFood.com'

The Vanderbilt Economics Department has condemned campusfood.com for threatening to undermine one of the central tenets of capitalism. Campusfood.com offers students the opportunity to get special deals and free food at local retailers. "It's one of the basics principles of our entire economic system," said Professor John Vrooman, "There's no such thing as a free lunch. If campusfood.com gets its way, I will lose what precious little respect I still get from my students. I mean, if they get away with this, where will it end? Next they'll probably try and claim that supply-side doesn't work."



Oprah Audience Gets Ass

Oprah Winfrey Gives Audience 40 Acres, Mule

Audience members present at the last filming of *Oprah* received an unprecedented gift in the form of 40 acres of land in scenic Arizona and also a mule in response of her special guest, Al Sharpton. Oprah hopes to bring attention to needy children in Africa. "Even though I'm from Maine, I look forward to taking summer trips down my canyon-front property on my very own Sharpton mule" says enthusiastic audience member, Sharon Boyd, after donating \$10,000 to the Oprah Foundation. How the Grand Canyon, beasts of burden and Al Sharpton are related at all to children with AIDS in Africa is still a mystery.





Spreading chlamydia... since 1886

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POLICIES

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CHILD ABUSE SPACE



Please keep all kids on leashes.

Corrections:

In the previous issue, we mistakenly reported that former editors Andrew Banecker and Meredith Gray were remaining in the Slant office despite graduating. Andrew is, in fact, living at home in New Jersey, drinking heavily, and Meredith is living alone in Arizona, drinking heavily. Also, last week was Meredith's time of the month, not two weeks ago

In the last issue, we published a column suggesting that The Slant treats its black writers poorly. In general, we treat our black writers very well. We just treat Richie Green poorly.

Slant

FROM THE EDITOR



COLIN DINSMORE

So I think I'm getting sick. Who knows with what. Maybe the flu, or strep, or the plague, or maybe even something new. Actually, if it were something new, it would be pretty cool if they named it after me. "Egads, I've caught Dinsmore Disease," future pariah would say.

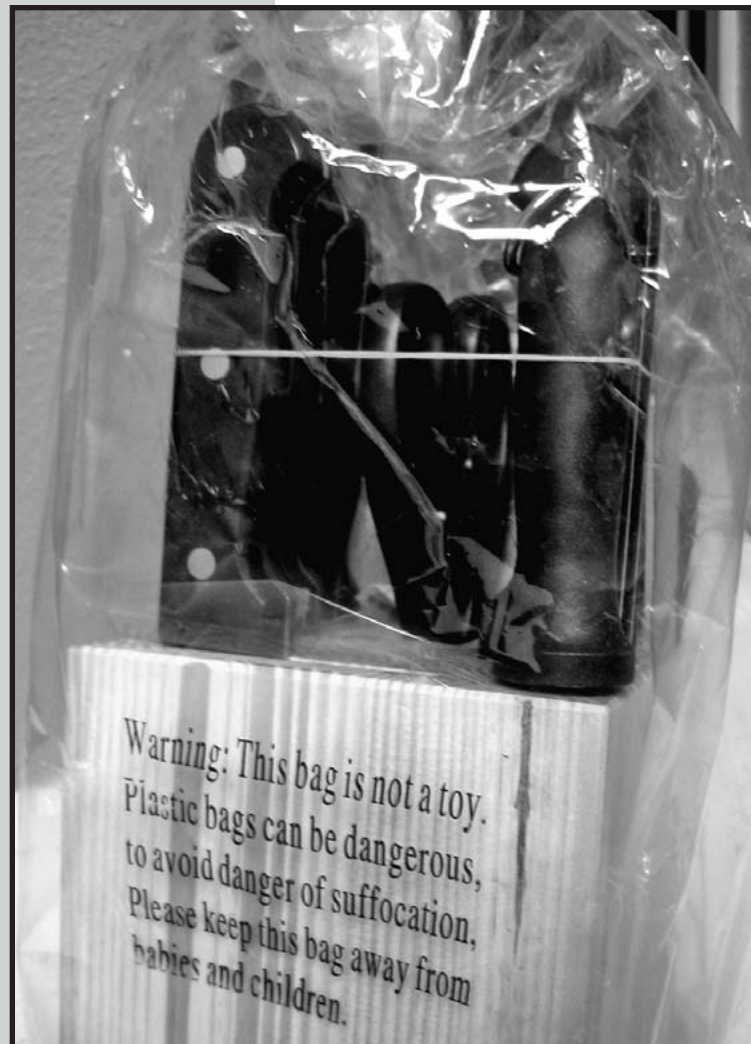
I'm especially astounded that I'm the one who got sick despite the fact that, as far as I can tell, I'm one of the few people to wash my hands on a regular basis as well as keep my room clean enough to prevent its contamination by weird and ominous growths. Well, whatever my disease turns out to be, I'm going to end up going to Student Health so they can give me that little pill they give to everyone (methinks a placebo) and let my body do most of the fighting on its own.

I'm just mad that these vile little germs waited until now to infect my lithe young body; now being the time when I have a *Slant* issue to do, which is perilously low on content, and several tests to study for. They could have chosen to attack earlier in the school year when I had little, nay, nothing to do. I would have relished an excuse not go class then, knowing that tests were a long way off and I could afford to skip. Or they could have waited to attack until Thanksgiving break, when I would have gone home and had a veritable staff of family members tending to my every need.

No, instead the duplicitous little pathogens have decided to spoil my good health at the time when I need it most, at the time when my full alertness and virility are essential in slaying the demons of organic chemistry and art history. Alas, it seems I will have to face these challenges and doubtless others in a weakened state. My only hope now is that everyone else taking the test will be too hungover to do well and I'll just ride the curve. And what's the likelihood of *that* happening?

Hopefully next issue I'll have something more uplifting to talk about, such as the Cubs' acquisition of the National League wild card spot, their impending domination of the post-season, and my subsequent gloating to my roommate, the dubious Marlins fan.

Well, I need to wrap this up, so I'm going to end with a quick little shoutout to the Classics Department from my good friend, Cato the Elder, "Delenda est Carthago." Word. 🐾



Fucked Image

When purchasing big, sharp knives, be careful of the plastic bag in which they are wrapped.



This random waste of space brought to you by Rjminute wine, the HOD of wines.

At least America has its priorities straight.



Carpentooning by Jason Carpentier

Bush Proposes Hurricane Aid To Go To Wealthiest Floridians

Residents Already Seeing The Trickle Down

by EVAN ALSTON

As millions of people in Florida begin to rebound from the third devastating hurricane in the past month, President Bush is unveiled his plan for disbursement of aid funds to residents. All funds are to be given to the wealthiest one percent of Floridians

who, Bush says, "have lost the most." When asked if he meant that those residents who were hit hardest by the storm would receive a portion of the aid, Bush added, "no."

The Bush camp, confident that Florida is indeed "Bush Country," expects residents to embrace the new relief policy, with unwavering loyalty. Stupid, stupid loyalty. "Like a dog," explained Governor Jeb Bush. He continued, "You know, I've seen a lot of people out here suffering, picking through the remains of their homes and belongings, but I know in my heart that my brother will make things right again. And really, if I had to pick the one thing that represents the heart and soul of Florida, I'd have to say the high-rise oceanfront condominiums. They'll be back before Christmas. Don't you worry, Florida, *Bush brothers comin' atcha!*"

When asked by a seven year old whose home had been destroyed by Hurricane Charley when she would have her old room back, Vice President Cheney kneeled down, clutched the little girl's shoulder,

angled her toward the news cameras, and asked her what her daddy did for a living. When she replied that her father worked in an automotive plant, Cheney then asked the girl where she lived, continuing to avoid the innocent child's original question, but before she could answer, he reminded the little girl with a loving sneer, "you

canes in a row, wondering for days if my friends and relatives were safe, and going three weeks without any utilities, I've gotta say... I can't wait to wait! I mean, I'd like to have a yard again or a house for that matter, but we can't be greedy. Whether we get any of the funds or not, I feel safe knowing that he's our leader and that

he decides when or if my family gets fresh drinking water. I just feel bad that I don't get paid more. You can't imagine my kids' resentment!"

Hardigan also seemed to believe that benefits would be seen across the board: "Oh yeah, it's coming down in Becky's room too. Shit... would you excuse me? The dog's underwater again."

Multi-billionaire and owner of his own private island off the coast of Florida, Wallace James had this to say about the policy: "My villa wasn't affected much by the hurricanes since it was designed specifically to withstand gale force winds and it was situated at the top of the island, but I will be receiving enough of the hurricane aid to buy another helicopter for the island heliport. You shouldn't think poorly of me, though, since I'll probably end up just donating it all to the Bush re-election campaign. *Four more years!*"

After talking with the vice president, the little girl who lost her home decided that she would be

fine: "my mom told me that I just need to be patient and support our president and that everything would be alright."

When told of the girl's support, President Bush smiled and yelled "*Bush/Cheney 2004! See you at the polls!*" He then turned to Colin Powell and gave the go-ahead for disbursement of the funds to the "Coalition For Drier Republican Donors with Compassion."

After hearing about the hurricane devastation in the rest of Florida and the Caribbean, James added, "I guess I could have lost a boat or a pool-boy or something." ■



Yachtist who will receive aid.



Yachtists not receiving aid.

live in *Bush country!* A claim to which many newly homeless people clapped.

Whether or not the Bush policies will be popular might simply depend on how well they are understood by the communities they will affect. When Miami resident Jim Hardigan was asked if he believed that the hurricane money would trickle down to the average Floridian, he seemed optimistic: "trickle down? My acoustical tile ceiling is holding at least ten gallons as we speak."

Similar reactions were found throughout Florida, with expectations of the administration at a surprising low. "After being hit by three hurri-

Priority Aid Distribution List

- ☛ Luxury condominiums
- ☛ Stately manors
- ☛ Summer homes
- ☛ Beach houses
- ☛ Yacht clubs
- ☛ Five-star restaurants
- ☛ Tennis pro shops
- ☛ Spas
- ☛ Second, third homes
- ☛ Governor's mansion
- ☛ Upscale shopping malls
- ☛ Polo fields
- ☛ Atriums, foyers, vestibules
- ☛ Plastic surgery clinics

Bush, Kerry Denounce Special Interests That Haven't Donated To Their Campaigns

Failure to offer support called Unamerican

by **TIM BOYD**

With the President appearing to open up a consistent lead in the polls, both major candidates have begun a series of ferocious attacks on "vested special interests" that have given substantial financial donations to their opponent. Both George Bush and John Kerry have made this subject a key issue of recent TV-ads and campaign speeches.

Addressing a meeting of Strip Miners for Environmental Destruction, President Bush told his audience, "My opponent's running for President as the candidate of trial lawyers, trade unions and taxation. He thinks that this country should be handed over to litigationists whose sole purpose in life is to prevent good people getting healthified.

"These aren't the sort of people who should be making decisions about you in Washington. The sort of people who should be doing that are good, god-fearing oil executives, evangelical Christians and trigger-happy neo-conservatives."

Responding in kind, Senator Kerry accused the President of distorting the campaign away from serious policy discussions. "You know, we need to focus on the issues of the day, not just engage in cheap smears about my supporters. That's how we approached things in Vietnam," said Kerry, "this President, who libels good loyal Americans who have handed over millions of dollars to my uninspiring campaign, who didn't even go to Vietnam like I did, is seeking to distract this country from the issues it should be concerned with.

Incidentally, the way that my opponent is trying to make my service in Vietnam an issue in this campaign is shameful."

However, the two sides have managed to come together on one matter.

In a rare moment of bi-partisan agreement, both campaigns have singled out for special condemnation those groups who have failed to make substantial donations to either major candidate. Groups such as the homeless, the tired, the poor and the huddled masses yearning to breathe free have been singled out by both Republicans and Democrats as essentially "un-American."

Republican National Chairman Ed Gillespie told journalists, "This is a country where we are proud of our rights, but with those rights come responsibilities. If you want to be represented in the political process, you have to make an effort to earn it. If you as a group cannot be bothered to make yourself successful, wealthy and powerful, you are basically saying that you have no faith in the American Dream. That's pretty much what these so-called "dispossessed" people are admitting to. It's really quite selfish when you think about it."

Terry McAuliffe, Gillespie's Democratic counterpart, largely echoed his opponent's sentiments. "I've had it said to me that it's time to listen to these groups. But these people have been successfully ignored in political campaigns since the founding of our republic - why should I change that now? They just get in the way with their demands for substantial reforms of the system. Now, others will tell you that ignoring them is detrimental to free speech. Well, that's just not right. We Democrats are absolutely committed to defending free speech for everyone who can afford to pay for it."

As the campaign begins its final weeks, both sides have vowed to continue to centre their campaigns around the "real issues" they can best condense into a catchy slogan, so as not to accidentally get involved in any real issues. 🐼

Classroom Shooting Qualifies School For 'No Child Left Behind' Funding

Some children left behind, in pools of blood

by **CEAF LEWIS, TIM BOYD**

Residents of the Washington DC suburb of Alexandria, VA, are still stunned following last week's tragic shooting of seven tenth-grade students at a local public high school, but there may be some good news on the horizon. Perpetually underfunded and understaffed Alexandria High School will be receiving federal aid for the first time this summer, in no small part due to the students who laid down their lives.

According to police reports, the trouble began in a remedial social studies class. "In the middle of my lecture on the Second Amendment, two students in masks got up, pulled guns from their bags, and opened fire," reported teacher Rusty Fritz. Police efforts to identify the killers have been less than successful, but local policemen have taken several African-Americans into custody. "We call this the 'D.C. Sniper' Approach," explained local officer T.J. Williams.

"Sure, this is tragic and all," explained Alexandria High School principal Allen Weiss, "but now that the fattest and dumbest students have been liquidated, this school, for the first time, has done well enough on standardized tests to achieve the minimal standard required for accreditation and is therefore eligible to receive federal funding.

"We may not have as many students now, but, to be honest, I'd much rather have all these new Compaq Presarios than a bunch of idiots. Trust me, you may not see it now, but we are by far better off than we were

before. The only children lost were those too fat to run away or too stupid to take cover, and I and the rest of the Alexandria Bobcats say good riddance."

Others are not so optimistic. Spokesmen for the Brady Campaign have denounced the Alexandria School Board's blatant disregard for students' lives. "We are shocked and appalled by Mr. Weiss's comments, and we recommend that he be impeached from his lofty position lest he cause irreparable damage to both the local school system and American society at large," stated a press release from the anti-firearm organization.

Unconcerned with the conflict, however, local educators are attempting to bring the Bobcats into the twentieth century. History teacher

Peter Goldman outlined his plans for the money: "I've always said how great it would be if our textbooks didn't date from the Coolidge Administration. Now they won't have to." Goldman's colleague Larry Johnson added, "Other school districts should seriously consider applying the Alexandria solution to their funding problems. I mean, look at

what they tried at that one school in Russia. Those guys are professionals."

Academics are far from the only aspect of Alexandrian life benefiting from the students' involuntary sacrifice, however. "Now that we can afford sports equipment, we're adding a sharpshooting team," explained coach Sven Garland. "I mean, look at the surveillance tapes. Accuracy is an area in which the Bobcats are clearly lacking, and this is a situation we shouldn't have to tolerate." 🐼



Dance Enthusiast Thinks He Is Attending Lambada Club

Enjoys learning the club's unusual style of the Forbidden Dance

by **DAVID BARZELAY**

International student Felipe do Silvo, a native of Brazil, came to Vanderbilt to study Electrical Engineering, but lately, he says, he has been pursuing another passion of his: the lambada.

do Silvo has been attending the weekly meetings of what he thinks is the Lambada club, every Thursday at 7:30am in the Community Partnership House behind Branscomb. Says do Silvo, "As Vanderbilt's only incoming freshman from Brazil, I was both pleased and surprised to find that a Lambada club was already in existence." The club, he says, has been in existence since the early nineties, and has been catering to students of all nationalities who wish to partake of the Forbidden Dance.

But do Silvo wasn't initially sure about the club and whether its purpose matched with what he wanted to get out of the dance. "I was skeptical about their authenticity and dedication," explains do Silvo, "until I saw their logo, which incorporated all the colors of the rainbow, symbolizing the many emotions dancers of the Lambada act out in a typical Lambada session."

But Felipe says that he was initially a bit surprised at how much the American style of Lambada differed from the style he had learned. "Although I was accustomed to experiencing the rhythmic embrace of the Forbidden Dance, the style the Americans use is much more intimate and physical even than the once banned Lambada of my native country."

Felipe is also disappointed that the Lambada Club meetings feature so much talking, and not nearly as much dancing as he would like. "They all seem eager to share their feelings and incorporate their struggles into their dance, but I wish we would just dance more." At Lambada dances back home in Brazil, he says, "my legs would be sore the next day from the sheer physical exertion of the dance." Now, on the other hand, he says, "I'm still sore the

next day, but in a much different place, and the dancing may be just as sweaty, but isn't nearly as disciplined and physically demanding."

Some of do Silvo's hallmates have cautioned him that they don't think what he is attending are really Lambada meetings. "They say the meetings are not Lambada. I have met purists like them before, who think any variation in the dance from the traditional Brazilian form invalidates the dance and makes it a bastardized form, a fake Lambada. I simply tell them, 'I love to dance, and although I love the Brazilian style, I will go both ways if it means having partners here.'"

But Felipe's hallmates continue to question his decision to attend the meetings. "They sometimes ask me, 'Felipe, why do you hang out with people who are so gay?' But I tell them that I enjoy being with people who can experience such joy and release. I tell them they should attend some meetings, and that once they've experienced the Lambada, they too will be just as happy and gay as the other members of the club." At this time, he says, none of his hallmates have accepted his offer.

Felipe says that although the Lambada dance club members do experience some hatred and discrimination here, the American atmosphere of freedom is far superior to that of his country. "Where I come from, mothers warn their sons not to participate in what they see as an overly sexual, morally repugnant dance. We dance in fear that our parents will catch us and punish us."

Though similar social mores exist here, he says, the Lambada Club exists as a safe haven for enthusiasts of the dance. "The members of Vanderbilt's Lambada Club come to the meetings, where they can finally be free to admit their dance desires. Free from repression, they can act out their innermost Lambada fantasies."

"Besides," continued do Silvo, "if what they do at those meetings isn't the Forbidden Dance, I don't know what is."

Flood Of Melting Candidates Enter Race After Fall Rains

Red Blob polling at 56%

by **CEAF LEWIS**

Vanderbilt's Student Government Association elections were dealt a serious blow recently when a group of horribly disfigured mutants entered the freshmen races after an unseasonable rainy period. Speculation regarding these enigmatic newcomers has surged amongst Vanderbilt intellectuals and politicians.

"Well, I was going to vote Fred Levy for Peabody Senator," explained freshman Ashlee Johansen, "but now I'm starting to like the platform presented by the radiation-scarred apocalypse survivor on that poster outside of Rand. Sure, some call him a freak or a crime against nature, but I'll vote for anyone who let me put Starbucks on the Card."

The sudden influx of mutant politics has thrown the Vanderbilt electoral process into a tailspin. Prior to the torrential rainstorms, the slogan "Condon's Got You Covered" polled with over 86% recognition. But recent polls have ranked "Cunoi's Gut Yuu Cuveieo" in the coveted number one spot.

Remarkably few of the mutants have been available for comment; those who have agreed to be interviewed

live primarily in Kissam Quadrangle. It is believed that they will emerge from their lairs now that the primary has run to completion.

Surprisingly, the one remaining "normie" candidate, prospective Arts and Science senator Michelle Smoller, described as "vibrant, inquisitive, trustworthy, and true," has been projected to come out of the primaries with 96% of the non-irradiated vote,

mainly due to her foresight in laminating her posters to protect them from the downpours.

Student Government Association President Andrew Maxwell, when asked his thoughts on the situation, seemed optimistic about the new candidates. "It's great that the mutant community is striving for leadership roles in the Vanderbilt community. Even if we don't have strong mutant victories this year, it is almost certain that next year they can make fine representatives from McGill."

In other news, in order to cater to the suddenly burgeoning mutated population, Vanderbilt Dining will move brains, long an unpopular menu selection, from

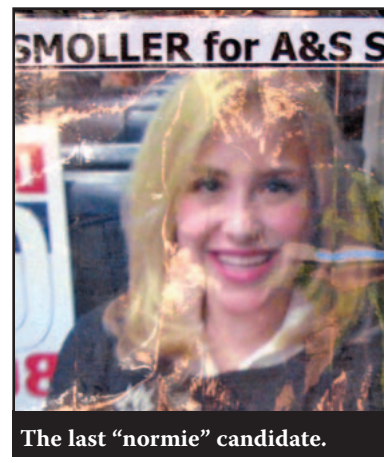
Friday nights to a much more popular Monday night slot. 🍌



Mutant frontrunner.



Moogle Srevonaon, candidate.



The last "normie" candidate.

Sarratt's Birthday Ruined By 'Selfish' Rec Party

'This is the worst birthday ever,' sobs Student Center

by JUSTIN GREGG

What should have been a joyous commemoration of its thirtieth birthday turned into a traumatic experience for the Sarratt Student Center when hardly anyone turned up for the party this weekend. Instead, people flocked in droves to the Vandy Rec Center, which hosted a wild, drug-fueled extravaganza.

In the words of balloon-rid-

den Sarratt, "All I wanted was for the whole gang to come and get funky with the 70s theme at my party. But that douchebag Rec Center had to go and undermine my dreams of macramé

jewelry and tie-dye tee shirts."

"I mean, how can I compete? He just gets girls flocking to him so that they can exacerbate the effects of their eating disorders on the ellipticals, and you know all the guys only turn up because there are girls on the ellipticals. All I can offer is the Baseball Glove Lounge, 'intellectual' movies, and pretentious art exhibitions. All I get is nerds and beatniks."

The Rec Center itself was unavailable for comment on the matter, as it claimed to be too busy "working out." However, some other buildings on campus appeared sympathetic to

Sarratt's situation.

"Hey, I know where he's coming from," said Old Man Buttrick. "I mean, look at me. I'm on this campus for over 100 years, and here I am undergoing hip replacement surgery, and nobody's even noticed. I've had no visitors, no cards, no chocolates - nothing."

But despite these words of sympathy, Sarratt was inconsolable. "I feel like no one even

knew about my birthday. Rec Center ruined everything," he sobbed. "If he hadn't thrown his party from exactly five o'clock until whenever, then everyone on campus would have grooved out

and gotten funky with me. Honestly, did you see the balloons I had? For that many fucking balloons, I needed more people!"

At this point, Vandy-Barnard walked by with its popped collar and proceeded to bump into Sarratt whilst talking on its cell, taking advantage of the campus rule that allows people using their phone to disregard all people around them.

"Typical," Sarratt huffed. "He and the Rec think they are so cool. Well let's just see who the students turn to the next time they need a courtesy phone." 🐼



A dejected Sarratt Promenade.

Social Construction Of Hip-Hop/ Rap Class Revolutionizes Final Exam

Inside the New 'Trudat/ Aw-naw-Hell-naw' Tests

by AMY FRUEHWALD

In an attempt to keep Vanderbilt at the forefront of educational advances, sociology professor Jennifer Lena unveiled a revolutionary new final exam format for the Social Construction Of Hip-Hop/Rap class with her new "Trudat/Aw-naw-Hell-naw" test. This innovative test presents students with statements that are either factual or erroneous and must be identified as such through the use of rap terminology.

Students will have an hour to take the exam and will receive bonus points if they come to the test wearing a piece of bling or Nike Airrr Frrrce Ones. Lena explains, "I think that tests should reflect the subject matter in order to present the students with contextual applications of the material."

The questions progress in difficulty. An example of a statement students would be asked to validate at the beginning of the test, says Professor Lena, is "You can take the street out of the ho." Professor Lena says, "The correct answer would, of course, be 'Aw-naw-Hell-naw,' because, as every true playa understands, you can take the ho outta the streets, but you can't take the streets outta the ho."

A tougher test question on the most recent exam asks students to decide whether the following statement is 'Trudat' or 'Aw-naw-Hell-naw': "You can't turn a ho into a housewife." If students do choose the true, or 'Trudat' option, they are then asked to explain why. "Why can't you turn a ho into a housewife? Cause hos don't act right," explains Professor Lena.

Although only recently exposed to the public, the new test has already encountered heavy opposition. Concerned mother Bunny VonHampton is only one of many parents resisting the new test. "It seems to me this test is teaching kids to use gangster talk! I assumed they were teaching my son that hippity-hop music is the devil."

Additional concerns arose from a fellow sociology teacher who insists the test is just a rehashed true/false exam. She expressed this opinion with the comparison, "You may call your ho your babymomma, but she's still just your ho, ya feel me?"

Not only do some people think the test itself is not as innovative as claimed, but the Biology department has also insisted that they have been structuring exams to mimic subject material for ages.

"My final has always used format to

illustrate class concepts," insists Evolution professor Daniel Funk. "By releasing ravenous wolves into the lecture hall, students get both a tough test, and a practical application of natural selection themes. Many students run outside and climb trees; others learn to

use tools to fend off the canines. It's not just good entertainment, it's a learning experience!"

In an effort to subdue the raging controversy, Chancellor Gordon Gee offered his opinion: "I don't have any problem with the new test. The name change is just the natural evolution of the true-false test. Back in my day, we called true-false tests yea-nay tests," explained the University's highest voice. "And to those who think rap-talk is a corrupting force, just remember, one day Vanderbilt students will have to hire these people to work in their businesses' lowest paid positions. They might as well be exposed to it now."

But students have expressed mixed reactions to the new test. "I'm really just creeped out," freshman Mandy Rocklin says.

"Suddenly all these old people are trying to rap. They reference songs that are all, like, three years old. It's like having to listen to William Shatner's cover of 'Lucy in The Sky With Diamonds.' Basically I'm in hell."

"I just don't like the precedent of tests' reflecting the material," continues sophomore Jim Wheeling. "Do you think it's too late to drop my Prison Life class?" 🐼



Nike Airrr Frrrce Ones, extra credit.

What's The Deal With This Hurricane Ivan?

by **MOLLY TEMPLETON**
Columnist

Everyone was all freaking out about this hurricane, but honestly, why is it such a big deal? I mean, yeah,



it rained for a couple of days, and I was totally pissed when my Coach umbrella blew inside out, but other than that, who cares? Just a little wind

and rain and enough humidity to make my hair look utterly miserable-- they must have really crappy construction contractors down in Alabama and all if that kind of weather can cause massive destruction.

Sometimes I accidentally watch the news, and it's just depressing to see all those people with their trailer homes looking like the inside of a frat house on Sunday morning. Why don't they build better homes? My dorm is

totally fine after that "storm" last week.

I just don't understand all these watches and warnings and other ridiculous interruptions of my favorite TV shows. The only thing people need to be watching is my cute new knee-high galoshes with the hot pink flower print. They're so cute! Thank God for this hurricane or I'd never get to show them off!

And oh my gosh, the other day they were collecting canned goods and clothes for people devastated by the hurricane, but I'm just like...it's your own fault for not having a stronger roof. If it's going to get blown off by a little breeze now and then, buy a new one! Don't come crying to me!

I was really pissed that my friends Ashley and Devin from Tulane got out of school for an entire week. That was SO not fair! If they get to go party, why can't I?

I mean, really. Have a real hurricane, with actual wind and everything, where school gets cancelled, or don't bother! And if you interrupt *The OC* one more time for a storm warning, I swear...

I Have The Best Residents Ever!

They think I'm so cool!

by **LIZ VENNUM**
RA, Columnist

I was worried that being an RA would be difficult. I mean, what if my residents didn't like me? What if they



didn't respect my authority as their resident advisor and consumed alcohol or had their boyfriends cohabitate with them? I have to admit, I was terrified when it came time for that first-day speech.

But it went great! They love me! The housing staff warned us RAs that the days after residents move in and before school starts can be dangerous since most residents want to party with their friends and imbibe. Not my girls! They're so great! I asked if they wanted to play some icebreakers so we could bond as a hall and they suggested hide-and-seek. We played forever! I was hiding down in the storage closet until 1 am and heard them laughing and cheering and having a great time playing out in the hall. Talk about bonding! And Housing was worried that my girls would break the rules.

Last Friday night, I was on duty and at first it shocked and dismayed me to see my girls carrying those notorious red Solo cups down the hall. How could they break my trust and drink

underage? But to my relief, they assured me that they had decided to have a little mocktail party. You should have seen the look on my face! Oh, those girls. Always keeping me on my toes! They gave me a couple of mocktails and I fell asleep right after that, but as I drifted off, I heard the happy laughter and booming music of wholesome, non-alcoholic fun echoing down the hall. The next morning I had such a headache; I guess I must be allergic to mocktails. Which is a shame, since the girls have those parties all the time.

Some RAs encounter a lot of problems with their residents smoking marijuana. Not me! My girls get high on life. No, they really do. When I saw Katelyn and her roommate, Lindsay, kind of drifting down the hall with glazed eyes, my RA instincts kicked into gear-- had they been smoking mind-altering substances? What was wrong with my girls? Did I need to take them to detox? But no, they patted me on the back and assured me that they were high on life. What characters! They told me they were on their way to Taco Bell. I guess life sure gives you the munchies!

Well, I would tell you more about how great these girls are, but the liquor store closes in a few minutes and I need to run out and get some Everclear-- one of my girls is a chemistry major and she's analyzing the properties of grain alcohol and its reactions when mixed with different liquids or injected into organic substances. I'm so proud of my budding scientist!

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I Shit In Paris Hilton's Purse

by **TINKERBELL**
Canine Columnist

Perhaps you might envy my life. Yes, I nibble at the finest of kibbles, am a darling of the paparazzi, and I am able to receive round the clock concierge service at any Hilton hotel. Yet, I rue the day I was plucked from the supple and comforting teat of my dam to serve as a mere prop for that sinister, tawdry bitch. But at last, at last, I have my sweet revenge! I have shit in her \$2,000 Louis Vuitton purse!

Perhaps you may ask why I harbor such disdain for my wealthy, and by some ill-thought accounts, glamorous mistress. Firstly, I cite the hat incident of June 2004. A hat! What self respecting member of the canine family wears a hat? Not even Benji ever doffed a chapeau, no less one as hideously out of fashion as the purple

fedora I was cursed to endure.

Secondly, Nick Carter of the Backstreet Boys fame. What a lascivious and ill-mannered mongrel that one was. And yes - yes! I was kept in the room during their, how shall we say, goings on. For shame! I shall never be the same, never again be able to look at such simplicities as link sausage or bullwhips in the same way for the rest of eternity!

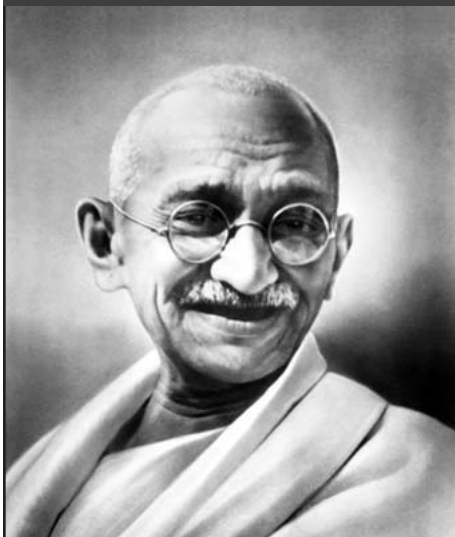
And lastly, the devil-whelp herself, Paris. She may appear to treat me well, but two months ago, she actually managed to lose me in her closet, forgetting that she had in fact placed me in a hideously out of fashion and rather rank Ugg boot. And she calls me Tinkerbell! Though the manhood evident in my bulging testicles of yore are now gone, thrown atop some evil veterinarian's pile of stolen masculinity, does she not see my other distinguishable male parts? Would it have hurt to call me Bruce instead?

So there, now you may understand why I took it upon myself to defecate in this season's height of fashion, monogrammed Vuitton. Much like Paris' breasts, some times it's the little things that garner you the most attention. 🐾



Starving KD gets so hungry she tries to blow-dart stray dog.

Bastard Confession



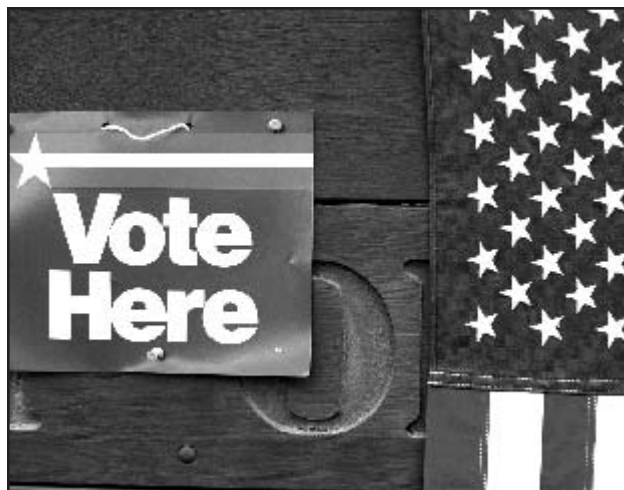
"Okay, fine. Maybe I ate a few things. So shoot me."

- Gandhi

Lambada

Vanderbilt's Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, and Transgender Association

**Meetings Thursdays at 7:30pm,
 Center for GLBT Life (behind Branscomb)
 Everyone Welcome!**



AROUND THE LOOP



People are calling this the most important election America has ever faced. Have you decided how you're going to vote?

Brett Henderson, Junior



"Why should I vote? I don't give a shit about SGA."

Ceaf Lewis, Sophomore



"Just like in sports, I'll vote for whichever of the two candidates is the underdog. So, Go Nader!"

Aimee Callahan, Sophomore



"Yes. But I'm a little confused about my Florida absentee ballot. I understand why Bush is listed as the Republican candidate, but why is he listed as the Democratic one as well?"

George W. Kerry, Junior



"I dunno - I feel so conflicted."

E. Gordon Gee, Chancellor



"No. I'm still waiting to see if either candidate is willing to allow me a third wife, then I'll decide."

Michelle Davidson, Freshman



"Well, none of the candidates seem to care about the issues that really affect me. Like how my boyfriend is a complete douchebag for forgetting our 3 month anniversary."

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

Bo knows baseball. Bo knows football. Unfortunately for you, Bo also knows that you slept with his wife last week.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

Though you don't want to loan your brother the money, he does have a point - you can't spell "transvestite" without "invest treats."

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

You will be pleasantly surprised this evening when you are the center of attention at your favorite frat's party. Unfortunately, you will find out later that you, in fact, weren't wearing any pants.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

Your current business ventures will fail and you will hate your life. You will, however, begin appearing at parties as a Michael Moore lookalike and make millions. But you'll still hate your life.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

Though you were not chosen to be a contestant on The Swan, surely your heartbreaking tale of ugliness will affect people's lives. However, it will mostly affect their lives in terms of continued pointing and taunting.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Despite the message on the fortune cookie you have received, you are not a strong leader. In bed.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

Your life will take a turn for the worse after you discover that no, that wasn't lemonade.

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

You're going to win a million dollars! Not that it's going to matter after the boulder incident.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

When possible, use the other computer instead. It has two monitors, both of which sort of work.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

Look out behind you! Just kidding, *now* look behind you. Too late.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

You'll be the next Steve Bartman, but instead of interfering with a catch, you interfere with the structural integrity of a bridge.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

Windows updates automatically. Too bad your wardrobe doesn't. Nerd.

Top Ten Russian Government Reforms

- 10 Stop exporting nation's hottest tennis players.
- 9 Create new intelligence service called, "Seriously, we're not the KGB."
- 8 Regional governors to be replaced with robotic Putinators.
- 7 Anger the United States so they invade and install new, secure government, because that always works.
- 6 Seize Eastern European states as a buffer to terrorism.
- 5 Experiment with communism, an interesting economic theory proposed recently by a Mr. Karl Marx.
- 4 Doomsday device to be built in attempt to ensure mutual destruction.
- 3 Change national drink to something less potent than vodka.
- 2 More gulags, less onion shaped castles.
- 1 All changes not specifically mentioned that will set Russia back 20 years are implied.



Ask A Film Noir Detective

Dear Film Noir Detective,
I'm looking for a man. A strong man. A man who will call me "Doll." What should I do?

Curious in Cole

Dear Curious,
As she walked into my office, I knew she was going to be trouble. With hair like flames and a body that wouldn't quit, she threw open the door to my office and shattered the etched glass that read "Sam Cross, Private Eye," in much the same way I knew she would one day shatter my heart.

Film Noir Detective

Dear Film Noir Detective,
I made out with this guy at a Sigma Chi party and I gave him my number. He told me he loved me, but he hasn't called me yet. What should I do?

Lovelorn in Lewis

Dear Lovelorn,
I was younger and more naive then; now I know that you can't depend on love. The only things you can trust are your gun, your liquor, and yourself. Everyone else will slip a knife between your ribs to make a quick buck, especially dames. I hate the dames.

Film Noir Detective

Dear Film Noir Detective,
The captain's on my back about the flasher on 25th Ave, and the commissioner is up in arms about the door-urinator on Hemingway 3. What should I do?

Andrew Atwood

Dear Andrew,
One thing you learn about this city after fifteen years in the business is that the city can be either your greatest ally or your worst foe. The urban jungle is a center of decadence, where the darkest parts of man's soul come to light. I'm the one who exposes them to the light of day.

Film Noir Detective

Dear Film Noir Detective,
So does that whole "Private Dick" thing mean I don't get to see what's under your trenchcoat?

Horny in Hemingway

Dear Horny,
I had to hit her twice with my ring hand to get her to release her death grip on my fly. The entire time, she was crying, but all I wanted was for her to stop talking so I could think. Vincenzo "the Snake" was going to bust my kneecaps if I didn't get him the diamond in twenty-four hours and I had no time for love.

Film Noir Detective

Dear Film Noir Detective,
Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?

Searching in Stapleton

Dear Searching,
Normally I wouldn't have taken a case like this one, attempting to find a mystery woman halfway around the world. Then he slapped a hefty wad of bills onto the table. I recovered quickly and made arrangements to purchase an aeroplane ticket to Buenos Aires, where my benefactor was to provide further instructions.

Film Noir Detective

Dear Film Noir Detective,
You seem like a pretty tough guy. Is it hard to keep up the image while only speaking in metaphor?

Writer in West

Dear Writer,
His questions grated on my nerves as if they were the finest mozzarella on a millionaire's pizza pie. But, as offended as I was, there was nothing I could do with the police chief in the next room. I waited for the pompous dandy to leave and immediately cashed in my favors with the local "organization." The next morning they found him floating face-up in the river. A man has to do what a man has to do in this gritty, messed-up world.

Film Noir Detective

Yay! You're invited to our *Slant* tea party! We love to play and we all bring our dollies. Except this Tuesday, my teddy has the flu, so he can't come. But everyone else will be there. Colin brings his GI Joes, but don't worry, I won't let them shoot guns at our Barbies anymore. We drink tea and eat little cookies from Rand. I have a new party dress and I can't wait! Please come or I'll make this pouty face and you won't be able to say no. The doilies are set in Sarratt 315, Tuesdays at 6:30pm.

**Liz Venum,
Writer, Cutiepants**

