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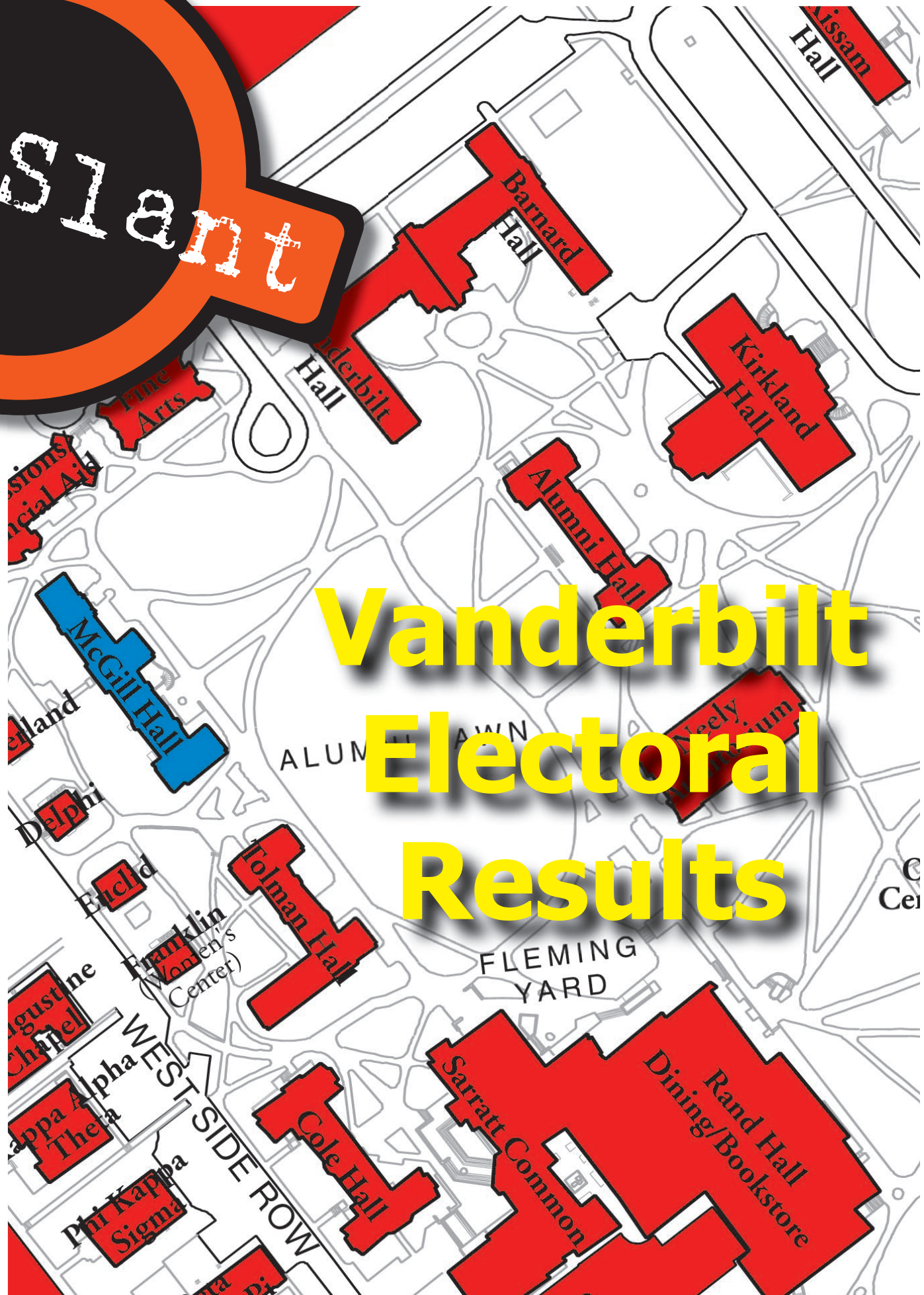
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Vanderbilt Electoral Results

Basketball Team Trounces Malnourished Mexicans

The Vanderbilt basketball team played its first exhibition game last Tuesday, November 9. The Commodores soundly defeated the Panamericana Panthers from Mexico in an 82-54 drubbing. Vanderbilt coach Kevin Stallings said he was proud of the team's effort and attributes the win to hard work and lots of practice. The players, however, came away with a different impression. "I think it had to do with having access to three healthy meals a day, not to mention clean drinking water," said Dawid Przybyszewski, who plays center and is a recent *Slant* columnist. The coach of the Mexican team said he hopes to one day play Vanderbilt in Mexico, where they will have the advantage of Montezuma's Revenge.



Martha Stewart Names Robotic Martha Stewart New C.E.O. Of Company

In a statement issued from her West

Virginia prison cell, homemaker and bitch Martha Stewart named a robotic version of herself as the next C.E.O. of her company. "Scientists working at Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia Inc. have developed technology that has allowed for my brain patterns to be downloaded into a robotic version of myself," the flesh-and-blood Stewart announced. "She will be imbued with all of my personality traits: elitism and a smoldering disdain for the rest of mankind." Analysts believe the company will perform well under its new leader, citing the robotic Martha's capability to perform lightning-fast and her power to smite foes with her superhuman strength as reasons to expect success.

Cheney Disappoints Democrats Yet Again

Vice-President Dick Cheney once again disappointed Democrats by surviving a mystery illness that required him to be hospitalized. When ABC interrupted its college football coverage today with report of Cheney's hospitalization for what is now described as "shortness of breath," his death seemed a distinct possibility. Following a *Hustler* story on Friday asking students for their reaction to Cheney's death, Democrats thought that their prayers had been answered. It turned out, however, that the president had intervened by praying for Cheney's speedy recovery.

Peterson Lawyers Fail with "Less Guilty than O.J." Defense

Following the conviction of Scott Peterson for the murder of his wife and unborn child, legal experts have begun to question the somewhat unorthodox strategy of defense attorney Mark Geragos. In his closing statement, Geragos pleaded with the jury, "OJ was way more guilty than my client, but he got away, so you should acquit Scott." But despite the adept analogy, jurors found Peterson guilty on all counts, and must now decide whether to sentence him to death or life in prison without parole. However, the Peterson team did have some good news in court. As a result of the overwhelming evidence shown by the Peterson lawyers against Simpson, a higher court has overturned his acquittal, and Simpson is expected back in court by December.



Dave Wannstedt Resigns As Dolphins' Head Coach

Dave Wannstedt resigned as head coach of the Miami Dolphins last week, claiming his work was complete. "It took longer than I expected," Wannstedt stated in a press conference, "but I've finally finished what I started out to do: ruin the Dolphins, just like I did with the Bears." When coach of the Bears, Wannstedt made a number of poor trades and many of his players actually regressed. He used the same plan with Miami, but threw in an X-Factor when he traded away all of the Dolphins' earthly belongings for a crazy, drug-addicted runningback. After turning two playoff teams into consistant losers, many think Wannstedt will try the Trifecta and replace Bill Belacek in New England.



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



Roommate Won't Shutup About MILF Hunter

Slant Editor-in-Chief Colin Dinsmore's roommate won't stop talking about the MILF Hunter, an amateur, thirty-something pornographer who "meets" women in obviously pre-arranged situations and proceeds to seduce them. "He's so cool," stated Dinsmore's roommate, who wished to remain nameless. "He's the best at what he does, that's for sure. He's probably invented half-a-dozen new sex moves too, including my favorite, the over-under." Dinsmore has adapted by wearing headphones at all times and has taken to spraying the room several times per day with Lysol as a precautionary measure.

Conservative Women's Group Protests Film Kinsey

The Concerned Women of America's Culture & Family Institute is just one of several conservative action groups protesting the release of the movie *Kinsey*, which documents the life of sexual behavior researcher Alfred Kinsey. They claim Kinsey, instrumental in bringing about the sexual revolution, is portrayed in too positive a light. "A film concentrating on his rumored interest in pedophilia would have been much more appropriate," said Robert Knight, the group's director. When asked why he, a man, was the head of a women's group, he responded, "A woman in charge? That's rich! If this was a cooking and cleaning company, maybe."



Benedict Arnold

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

British Graduate Student Seen As Benedict Arnold, Collapses From Sense Of Irony

Tim Boyd, a graduate student in the Department of History and notorious Englishman, recently played on a history trivia team which opposed that of *The Slant*. The Brit cited that he had already played with that particular team on a previous trivia night when there was no *Slant* team present and stated that he felt a need to remain loyal. One of *The Slant's* history aficionados then called the limey "no better than Benedict Arnold," to which Boyd responded, "But to us he's a hero... haven't you ever read... didn't you ever take...?" He then collapsed on the floor, overwhelmed with frustration and irony. He is currently in the Vanderbilt Medical Center and is listed in critical condition.



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MASTHEAD



Boobs, sex, and stuff... since 1886

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ANIMAL ABUSE SPACE



We here at *The Slant* hope to God this isn't real.

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Corrections:

We recieved a number of complaints that the last issue announced the wrong winner for President. You were all just holding it backwards. Idiots.

In the last issue, Michael Badnarik claimed he wanted to achieve gridlock in his pants. It turns out that Mr. Badnarik is impotent. We regret the error.

In the previous issue we also claimed that Yasser Arafat was still alive. While correct as of press time, this has now been overtaken by events and *Hustler* feature articles. Arafat is now dead. We think.

FROM THE EDITOR



COLIN DINSMORE

Well, it's been two weeks and boy, do we have quite a bit to discuss.

First of all, the state health rankings have been released. Tennessee ranks, wait for it, this is good, 48th (out of fifty, and if you needed me to include that, I suggest you just set fire to yourself right now). This is primarily due to the fact that since 1990 the rate of violent crime

has increased (despite a sharp national decrease) and because the rate of obesity has more than doubled to 25%, which is just ahead of the nation as a whole at 22.8%. So that's pretty awesome in a "decrease-the-surplus-population" sort of way.

Mississippi and Louisiana round out the bottom. So we do have *some* bragging rights. Take that, Cajuns!

My home state of Nebraska is currently kicking ass and taking names at #12, which is four spots up from last year. If we keep increasing at that rate, we'll soon be a race of Heartland Superhumans, so watch your back.

Minnesota is at the top of the list, but that's because it's too cold for germs to survive there. Also, the large number of lakes helps, somehow. I wouldn't worry, though, more and more of its people are smoking and becoming obese, so they should drop like an obese smoker in a lake soon enough.

Moving on, sports. I need to relate an anecdote that I think sums up our football season pretty well. Yesterday, Tim asked me how the football team was doing and I replied that, last I had checked, we were winning, 13-0. "Ah, but had the 4th quarter started yet, therein lies the rub?" Tim queried. I checked espn.com and, sure enough, Kentucky had scored 14 unanswered points in the 4th quarter. We lose 14-13. Fuck.

Basketball season has started! I'm so thrilled. The country of Mexico and the city of Hunstville, Alabama, have already been bested by the Commodores. We looked a little bit sloppy at times, but I'm sure all the kinks will be ironed out by Friday when we face the Toledo Rockets. I'm saying Sweet Sixteen again this year. At least.

Finally, to the administration, pay our employees a living wage. Seriously, they do the least desirable jobs here, yet they make a paltry \$6.50 an hour. Even with tuition remission and health benefits, this is still far too little for someone to live on, especially one trying to raise a family. Besides, if you pay them a living wage, you can brag to donors and others you like to brag to about how progressive and forward-thinking you are.

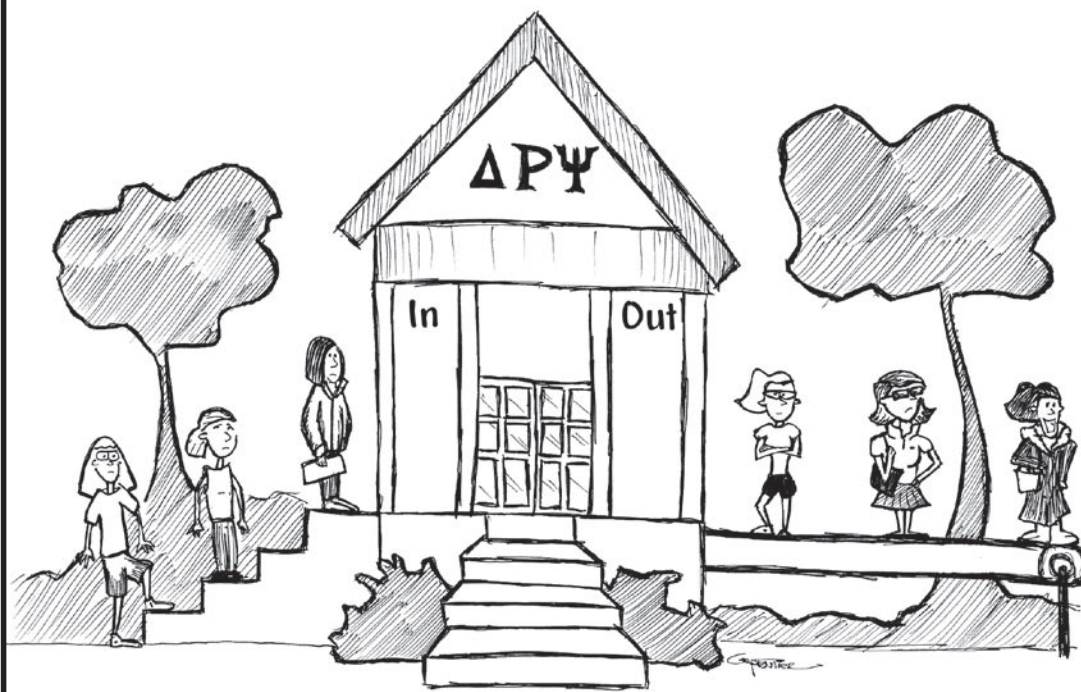
Sweet, now that we've got that settled, I need to go finish the rest of the issue. Plus I'm out of space. And Beck's CD *Odelay* is playing right now, which just rules. Have a good break. ☘



Fucked Image

Admitting you're a Pi Phi is the first step to recovery.

November Rounds Begin



Carpentooning by Jason Carpentier

Newly Superfluous Pollsters Descend On Ohio Grade School

With the Presidential election now settled, hordes of statisticians seek alternative campaigns to cover

by **TIM BOYD**

In the run-up to the presidential election on November 2nd, American opinion pollsters found themselves facing a near-constant demand for their inaccurate, speculative, and ultimately misleading statistics. However, since the close of the campaign, those same pollsters have found themselves surplus to requirements by the major political parties, and have been desperately seeking other races to cover. With the Presidency of the nation decided for the next four years, attention has instead turned to the question of who will be President of the nation's classrooms, and in particular, one of the key campaigns in the Midwest.

Normally, the race for Fourth-Grade Class President at Clark County Elementary School in Ohio would not attract such interest. Pollsters claim, however, that it is likely to be indicative of trends in classroom elections across the country held in the coming year. As a result, it could provide vital indications of the likely fate of such touchstone issues as free provision of cookies, length of playtime, and the so-called "values" questions, such as whether boys are allowed to tag other boys when taking part in playground games of tag.

The two major candidates for the position this year are 10-year-old Sadie Smith and 9-year-old Chris Moore. The winner will be decided by who wins a simple plurality of the twenty students who make up the fourth grade. Initially, Smith

and Moore had run their campaigns in the traditional manner of poorly drawn posters and promises to be "best friends" with anyone who will vote for them. But the arrival of the polling companies and their focus groups has pushed both of the major candidates into drawing up clear positions on what pollsters are telling them are the key issues of concern to most fourth graders.

Smith has decided to pitch herself as the candidate of the downtrodden. A Rasmussen survey showed that students from families with income levels lower than the class average had a more favorable impression of Smith by a margin of 8-2. To solidify her base, Smith has proposed ending the current practice in which everyone gets to bring their own desserts to school, and instead wishes to institute a plan in which everyone contributes a certain amount to the class, which will then be distributed to the whole – a policy she has labeled "Just Desserts."

Moore, by contrast, is positioning himself as the "security" candidate. A Gallup focus group report indicates that his winning a fight with Ricky Jones' older brother at the start of the semester has given Moore an over-

whelming edge with the vital "petrified pre-pubescent" demographic concerned with the constant threat of playground bullies.

Having been able to "persuade" more people to donate their lunch-money to his campaign may also have given Moore an edge, certainly in terms of producing slicker

ads. One that has attracted much attention shows Smith standing by while a fourthgrader is badly beaten by a group of middle schoolers. Meanwhile, the victim's mother looks on in horror. The caption presents the poignant message, "Won't somebody think of the parents?"

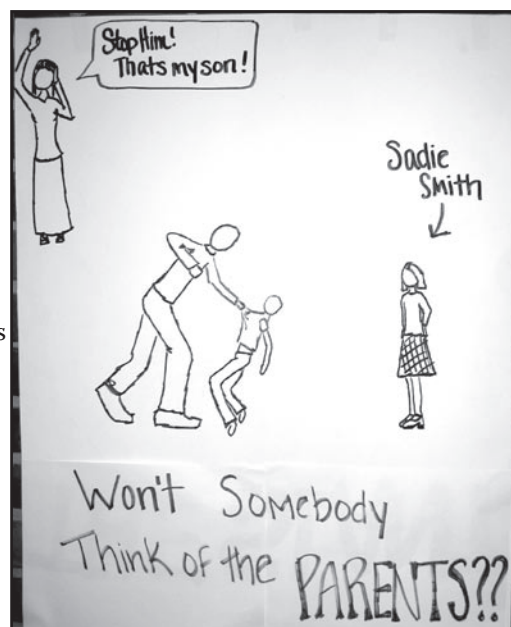
Moore's aggressive campaign has helped him close in on what had seemed an easy race for Smith to win. However, Smith still retains a slight edge, although at this stage the race is too close to call. A Survey-USA study suggests Moore may have over-

played his hand by condoning posters by embittered former playmates of Smith's seeking to portray her as "more cooties than cute." According to the poll, this may have pushed crucial girl swing voters back to Smith in recent days.

By contrast, John Zogby, head of Zogby International, highlighted the struggle for the minority vote in the class as likely to prove decisive. "Traditionally, Smith's approach has done better with Latino and African-American voters, but it seems that this time round the minority vote could split, giving Moore the advantage," explained Zogby.

"In our last poll, Smith was still able to count on 100% of the black vote – little Andy Richards says he doesn't believe the 'cooties' allegation either and is sticking with her – but the Latino vote is now 50-50 between the two candidates. Smith used to have very close ties to the Gonzales twins, but apparently Juanita is going with Moore, saying she no longer trusts Smith's following alleged 'sharp practices' during a game of 'Duck, Duck, Goose'. This could be enough to put Moore over the top."

With election day now just a week away, we will soon know the outcome for sure. Whoever emerges victorious, pollsters are already preparing to move on, with speculation rife that their next project will be trying to call the highly volatile contest at nearby Sunflower Valley Kindergarten for the highly coveted position of milk-monitor.



Attack Ad Against Sadie Smith

Student Accuses Professor Of Poor Teaching Methods, Witchcraft

by **JASON BLATT**

Junior Engineering Student Jeff Hoffman filed a formal complaint against his Physics professor, Jonathan Wilde, with Vanderbilt Administrators on Thursday afternoon. The details of the complaint include accusations that the professor “is frequently late to class,” “gives ridiculous quantities of homework assignments, even on nights before tests,” and also that Hoffman “saw Wilde fornicating with Satan” as reasons for Wilde’s immediate removal from the Vanderbilt faculty.

Hoffman also released this prepared statement to Vanderbilt’s student newspaper, *The Hustler*, the day after the formal complaint was filed: “On Thursday, September 18, 2004, I filed a motion to dismiss Professor Jonathan Wilde from the faculty of the School of Engineering. Many students, as well as myself, have grown tired of several fac-

ets of Wilde’s teaching method. First of all, his lectures are so damn boring. He goes on and on about the most pointless shit, and expects us to remember every word he says. Secondly, he doesn’t really teach us anything important; he just goes off on random tangents and we end up having to teach ourselves everything from the book the night before the test. Also, he sacrifices goats to the Dark Lord. How fucked up is that?”

A number of other students have come forward in support of Hoffman’s action. They attest to Wilde’s awful teaching methods as well. In particular, one student, sophomore William Schroeder, related several stories about the professor’s skipping his lecture classes and being

stubborn and unhelpful during office hours. Schroeder added that Wilde “is not properly representing the faculty of the university” and also that Wilde had threatened “a plague of boils on Nashville area livestock” in the event of any more students asking for their grades to be reconsidered. Junior Adam Strake added that “the exam for that class is on December 23rd at 5:00 PM. How evil can you get? This man fucks with Christmas!”



Wilde’s teaching history includes professorships at Stanford University, where he received the John C. Smithson Distinguished Faculty Award, and Carnegie Mellon University, where he taught in the Physics department and was a visiting

lecturer in Arcane History 204.

Administrators at Vanderbilt vowed to take the allegations very seriously. “We hire only the finest caliber educators,” stated Chancellor E. Gordon Gee, “and we want to ensure that we address any allegations of poor teaching methods. We want to make sure every student gets the opportunity to receive the best education available. We have already spoken with Mr. Hoffman about this situation, and this afternoon we will be conferring privately with Professor Wilde to get his side of things.” Gee then excused himself, mumbling something about “preparing the rack.”

Professor Wilde vowed to fight the accusations, stating, “I’m just a normal teacher at this university. I love my work, I love the students, and I love the school. I don’t understand why Mr. Hoffman can’t understand my passion for teaching. May a pestilence devour him and his progeny.”

Everett Moran Makes Homecoming Court

As runner-up, wins date with Chancellor Gee

by **COLIN DINSMORE**

Everett Moran, a Vanderbilt University senior, made homecoming court this year after a long and difficult election campaign. His candidacy caused quite a stir on the Vanderbilt campus as Moran chose to run for homecoming queen, not for king as would be expected.

The Homecoming Committee, despite receiving a great number of complaints, opted to include Moran as a candidate for homecoming queen. The committee agreed with Moran’s position that his candidacy as “The Queen Who Would Be Queen” would be one for all Vanderbilt students.

All of Moran’s hard work paid off on homecoming weekend when it was announced that he had become a finalist for homecoming court. “I was so excited,” stated Moran. “Being homecoming queen is the dream of every little boy. Where I grew up it was anyway.”

On Saturday, November 7th, the results of the election were announced amid great fanfare during halftime at the Vanderbilt homecoming football game against Florida. Though not being named queen, Moran garnered the second-most number of votes and thus won the booby prize, a date with Vanderbilt’s own Chancellor, E.

Gordon Gee.

“I didn’t know what to think,” remembered Moran, “I was overcome with so many different emotions. I was sad having lost, but to win a date with Gee? It was so unexpected. I began to forget about the loss and think about my prize. A chance to go on a date with a rich, hunky fella’ like Gee only comes once in a lifetime. What an opportunity!”

As Everett was pondering his potential future with the Chancellor, Gee himself made his way onto the field, eager to meet his soon-to-be date. The elderly head of the University, his

mind turned to courting, was visually overcome with desire upon seeing his crossdressing counterpart. He quickly moved in to give Everett what he later described as, “a congratulatory kiss,” but was turned away.

“Honey, there was nothing congratulatory about what it was he was trying to do,” Moran later told *The Slant*. “Hell, the only thing that was fresher than the Chancellor that day was the Downy scent on my newly washed underwear.”

Since their awkward meeting on Dudley Field, Moran has refused to speak to the Gee or return any of his calls. Gee, since being jilted, has done little save try to make contact with his erstwhile date.

Moran has stated that he will go on his date with Gee, “when McGill becomes the most popular dorm on campus.”



Gee whispers sweet nothings in Moran's ear.

Pascha Brown Sick, Tired

*Rising Star of Hustler Opinion Page
Falls Victim to Mononucleosis*

by CEAF LEWIS

Vitriolic writer and award-winning *Hustler* columnist Pascha Brown has recently contracted mononucleosis, according to sources close to the ailing wordsmith. Brown, famous for suggestions such as dropping President George W. Bush through the OASIS course-registration system in her well-known column "Sick and Tired," is believed to have contracted the disease from a friend or co-worker.

This is just one of many controversial events in Brown's recent past. Many students appreciate her work, but fellow columnist Matt Woolsey, when asked about his reaction, replied, "At first, we all thought she was just kidding with this 'mono' thing. More than likely, she was just terminally bored and listless as a result of reading her own columns."

"Really, I'm not all that surprised that the Friday columnists are getting sick," said Monday opinion editor Michael Wilt. "Those guys are always making out like bunnies. Fluffy, fluffy bunnies." Wilt then began to pet a small squirrel so forcefully its spine snapped in two.

Fortunately for the publication as a whole, however, left-wing radical and self-described "moderate" Glenna Deroy and dark-horse columnist Linley Taber managed to avoid contamination, keeping the strength of Friday's opinion section high enough that Editor-in-Chief Evan Mayor is considering moving Monday's entire editorial staff to another day in order to compete with the weekend powerhouse.

"Wilt-tacular Wednesdays are a brilliant idea," explained Mayor. "Now that Pascha Brown is temporarily out of commission, readers will begin to

turn to Wednesday for their share of incisive commentary, building an audience for one of our less-popular production dates. Sucks about [Brown's] mono, though." Mayor then left for the Zerforss Student Health Center, claiming he "need[ed] a check-up."

Vanderbilt medical professionals profess high hopes for Brown's recovery. "Although the virus is related to that which causes herpes and remains in the body for life, usually after the first outbreak it causes no further trouble," explained Dr. Barry Boothe. "Unless, of course, she ruptures her spleen. At any rate, you've got to see her lymph nodes. They're the size of volleyballs!"

Despite the Medical Center's optimistic report, the *Hustler* has already run three front-page articles concerning student reactions to the beloved writer's death. According to inside sources, the editors would have run more had black fraternity members not parked accidentally in sorority parking spaces, an event which necessitated five front-page articles over the course of the last week alone.

Brown herself, however, remains sanguine about her chances of recovery. "This sore throat of mine is like the red on the front of a course schedule booklet. It's spreading like wildfire across the nation and I'm glad my teacher wished me luck in the wild, blue yonder of OASIS. You know, to be honest, I'm really not sure where I'm going with this."

It is believed that Pascha Brown's recovery could take up to four weeks. During that time, the *Hustler* plans to use her space to run a new multi-part feature by maverick columnist Tim Boyd, tentatively titled "Reasons Why I Betrayed *The Slant* on History Trivia Night."

Tom Hanks Tackles Most Difficult Screen Role: Himself

*Hanks plans to write, produce, direct, and compose
music for the major motion picture*

by ROBERT SAUNDERS

Tom Hanks announced plans yesterday to star in an autobiographical film, *The Tom Hanks Story*, to be released Memorial Day weekend in 2005.

"This is the role I was born to play," said Hanks, who will executive produce and direct the film from a script he penned himself. The film is currently budgeted at a whopping \$300 million.

In addition, Hanks will develop the score and soundtrack to the film and play all of the instruments in a recording booth he designed, constructed and equipped.

Hanks also reportedly will hand-draw the cels for a five minute animated sequence in which he plays "Heart and Soul" on an in-floor

keyboard with his animated alter ego at an FAO Schwartz toy store.

Filming himself proved surprisingly easy, the actor said. The love scenes "weren't as bad as I expected. Since I did it all myself, I didn't have to worry about grips and creepy tech people seeing me naked."

And changing his race to play Denzel Washington in Philadelphia was child's play. "It's amazing what I can do with the animation software I wrote," says Hanks.

Still, the legendary actor struggled with a challenge all actors face: his weight. To play the late John Candy Hanks gained 125 lbs. then had to lose over 250 lbs. to play his frequent co-star, Meg Ryan.

"I have a commitment to the craft of acting. This was sort of my homage to [Robert] deNiro," said Hanks, alluding to deNiro's star turn as Jake LaMotta in *Raging Bull*.

The very busy actor's contributions to the project are not limited to the technical and artistic aspects of the film. Hanks' production company, Tom Hanks Enterprises (THE), will release *The Tom Hanks Diet* and *The Tom Hanks Cookbook* in plenty of time for Mother's Day and "seed the market for interest in the film," according to the actor's press release.

THE also plans a range of memorabilia from action figures to lunch boxes--"where the real money is," says Hanks--each hand-made by the actor.

"The success of *The Polar Express* proves once again that people have an insatiable appetite for all things Tom Hanks," said Hanks'

agent, Tom Hanks.

The trade paper *Variety* reported yesterday that the DVD version of the film should hit store shelves in time for the 2005 holiday season and will feature a special fifty-minute interview of the two-time Academy Award winner, conducted by Hanks.

Asked why he is taking on so many aspects of the production, Hanks said, "It takes a man who has won two Academy Awards and been nominated for three others to really get into the mind of someone who has won two Academy Awards and been nominated for three others." The only other actor who was qualified for the role, Jack Nicholson, turned down the part. ■



Hanks: writer, director and producer

Paperclip Shortage Halts Academic Research

Professors Scramble to Find Alternative Clipping Technologies

By CHARLIE FU

Disaster struck the Stevenson Center early Tuesday morning when the most serious dearth of paperclips in 23 years lowered the paperclip-paper ratio of the Vanderbilt Engineering Department to levels dangerously close to the all-time low of 0.034. Technological innovation was effectively brought to a standstill as the heads of the department discovered in horror that their emergency reservoirs had been almost totally depleted as well.

"We simply can't work under these terrible conditions," said one professor. "I had this great design for a perpetual motion machine, but I wasn't able to figure out how to hold the papers together without a paperclip. I got so frustrated that I just decided to burn them."

The category 5 shortage on the 3M scale is believed to be a result of the machinations of Office Depot and its efforts to establish a monopoly on the manufacture and distribution of various metallic paper adhesives. In a public statement, the chairman of Office Depot announced his intention to acquire all clip-oriented production facilities in the United States by 2007, threatening to instigate other office supply shortages should the government try to interfere. He went on to say that his ultimate goal involved the "standardization of the size, resistance, and density of all paperclips in the northern hemisphere." He cited the historical standardization of other metal objects which were landmarks for great technological advancement—namely, the railroads.

The professors of Vanderbilt University are personally leading the nation-wide search for paperclip alternatives until Office Depot decides to increase production. Many of their

proposed solutions have met with great opposition, however.

"We would gladly use staplers," said one secretary, "except that staples are really difficult to remove if you lack the proper tools. Also, they're not reusable—you just staple once, and it's gone. And at Vanderbilt, we simply don't tolerate that kind of waste; we need to save as much money as possible so that we can build more statues of dead people with Vanderbilt in their name and continue to cut all the grass on campus once every three hours."

The obstacles that Vanderbilt's professors are currently facing are understandable. Few of mankind's creations can rival the versatility and utility of the paperclip; able to bind far more pages than most staples and more portable than bull clips, the paperclip



is also capable of picking locks, dislodging floppy disks from their drives, and killing small animals.

A number of alternatives have been suggested, such as melting students' cars to provide metal for proprietary paperclip imitations. Leading scientists from across the country are assisting with Vanderbilt's analysis of the few remaining paperclips in an attempt to design a suitable substitute. The research, which involves careful study of the statics of paperclips, is expected to proceed rather slowly due to the variability of paper thickness and texture. Some professors have estimated that a working, replicable prototype might take as long as two to three years to create, costing the school up to \$18 million. The researchers blame the high cost and lengthy time period on having to do their work over and over, since, for some reason, they keep losing their documents.

For now, both students and faculty have had to improvise with rubber bands, folders, and using 6-point font.

Living Wage Kills Three Vanderbilt Employees

by RICHIE GREEN

The discovery of three dead Vanderbilt employees last Wednesday morning in the Rand Dining Center is still causing ripples across campus. So far, police have yet to arrest anyone in connection with the crimes, but many conservative voices, led by *The Vanderbilt Torch*, suspect a sinister figure known as "Living Wage."

The three victims were CX2 employee Yolanda Thompson, gardener Michael Harris, and custodian Raquel Williams. All were entry-level employees earning \$6.50 an hour and were therefore thought to be immune from Living Wage attacks.

Apparently, this was not the case, and those on the right have been quick to offer reasons why. A *Vanderbilt Torch* writer who claims to have witnessed the attack, speculated that the Living Wage had been enticed onto campus by groups consisting of "misinformed liberals intent on spreading their socialistic communism across the University." The writer, who wished to remain anonymous, described the attack as "vicious."

"I was just walking past Rand when I saw one of those black guys they have on the payroll here heading home - to the ghetto, I guess," the witness said. "And then this shady figure stepped out from the bushes and was all like, 'Hey man, I can help you out.' I kept my distance - once people get too close to a Living Wage, they get ideas above their station, and it's not safe to be around them."

"But this poor negro fell for the scam - the moment he got within reach, Living Wage stabbed him in the chest and shouted 'Ha! One more worker closer to collapsing the local economy!' You know, given the somewhat unfortunate nature of the incident, I hate to say 'I told you so,' but..."

Trying to understand the motive attack has proved difficult for relatives of the victims. "How could this happen to my poor Michael?" said a clearly distraught Alva Harris. "He was willing to sacrifice so much for his family; only last week he took up a

third job as a test subject for scrotum injections." But campus conservatives have offered their own theories.

"Once Living Wage enters an economic system, he hunts down the needy and the underpaid and feeds off of their guilt at their own economic failings," explained Vanmderbilt College Republicans officer Laney Heard. "It's the economic version of natural selection. It's really a beautiful thing, when you think about it."

VUPD had not initially singled out Living Wage as their chief suspect. "We thought the killer could have been the murderers Poverty, Inflation, or Bad Health Care," explained police chief Andrew Atwood. "But luckily, we found an eyewitness from *The Vanderbilt Torch* who had uncovered evidence that the real killer was in fact Living Wage. It also, however, could have been Abortion - apparently, it was very dark outside."

The police chief then went on to explain how it the attack may have struck down multiple victims simultaneously at different locations. "Living Wage doesn't work alone," said Atwood. "Supposedly, he pays his associates, Unemployment and Destitution, a sum of money. This sum of money is not that much, basically enough for him to just barely buy enough food and medicine. Then they will basically do much of Living Wage's dirty work, including murder."

The parents of Living Wage, Union and Progressive Wage, claim that their son is innocent. "I know my boy did not do this crime; we always taught him well," said his mother, Union, while holding the hand of the boy's father, Progressive. "My boy Livey always helped people. He would never commit murder. Maybe welfare fraud, but never murder."

Most people around the Vanderbilt community, however, are not worried. "I make way too much money to worry about Living Wage," explained Vanderbilt Chancellor Gordon Gee. The Chancellor continued, however, that students on financial aid and residents of Kissam Quardrangle should "watch their backs." ■

Remembering John Ashcroft: The Man & His Works

- Justice Department statues - now with 19% less titties!
- Federally approved fun restricted to Bible reading, prayer.
- Civil liberties successfully streamlined to basic minimum required... for a theocracy.
- Specially appointed "Loyalty Facilitation Squads" to ensure patriotism in American homes.
- Words "vagina" and "penis" banned, replaced with his and her "you-know-whats."
- Telephone hold music in federal buildings now Ashcroft's own 'Unplugged' rendition of "Let the Eagle Soar."
- Movie ratings system simplified. All movies now rated either G, or WWJD.
- Gone is the scandalous child abuse of breast feeding.
- Republican Party granted tax-empt status as a religious organization.
- Free copy of the controversial "John Ashcroft Swimsuit Calendar" for every lead that results in the arrest of a genuine terrorist.

WWW.THESLANT.NET

I Am Not Ashamed To Admit That I Love *Nintendo Power!*

Up Up Down Down Left Right Left Right B A!

By **CEAF LEWIS**
Columnist



I don't know why everyone's always griping about child literacy rates. I recommend the solution that worked for me and many others during

our formative years. I am writing, of course, about *Nintendo Power*, Nintendo's premier publication about Nintendo games, Nintendo peripherals, and Nintendo merchandising.

Just to be clear, I'm not as concerned with today's slick, glossy, big-city-millionaire *Nintendo Power* filled with reviews for today's crappy games; as far as I'm concerned, the only *Nintendo Power* is the *Nintendo Power* of gaming's 8-bit and 16-bit days, when sprites were king! King, I say!

My thoughts about the magazine are perhaps best captured by one of the publication's commercials from 1988, in which a man eats an issue for some reason (the backstory is a little unclear) and then the Earth explodes. I'm not making this up; *Nintendo Power* is awesome enough to blow up the Earth. That's how great this magazine was! I can say without exag-

geration that that makes it at least a million cool-units cooler than its closest competitor.

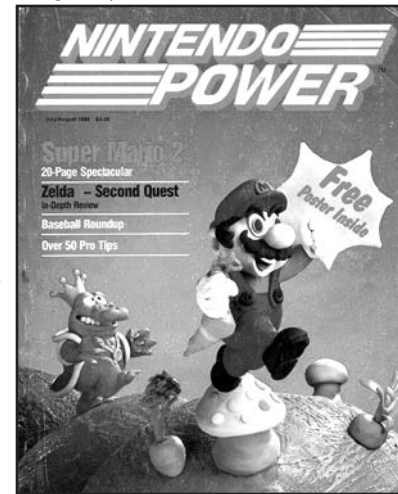
Nintendo wasn't just a gaming console in those days; it was a way of life, one we should strive to preserve. I, for one, plan to do my part by eating a delightful bowl of stockpiled Nintendo Cereal System and drinking a can or three of Shasta brand Mario Brothers Soda (E-Bay is surprisingly affordable when it comes to food). I think today I'll have the Princess Toadstool Cherry flavor. Heh, Princess Toadstool's cherry. Wow, I just got that.

While we're on the subject of cool things from the time period, the Power Glove kicked serious ass. Sure, it didn't do anything that the advertising claimed it would do, and it was hopelessly uncomfortable, but it was probably the coolest achievement of mankind. I'm sure the assholes who

built Stonehenge thought they were hot shit, but they had absolutely nothing on the craftsmen, nay, artists, who painstakingly crafted the Power Glove out of the finest technology of the day.

But I digress. The fact of the matter is, *Nintendo Power* made the invention of the printing press worthwhile and any-

one who claims differently is a dirty libertarian hippy unappreciative of the finer things in life. But, yeah, read *Nintendo Power* and all that business. They should require it in schools, now that I think about it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some Mike Tyson's Punch-Out to play. 🎮

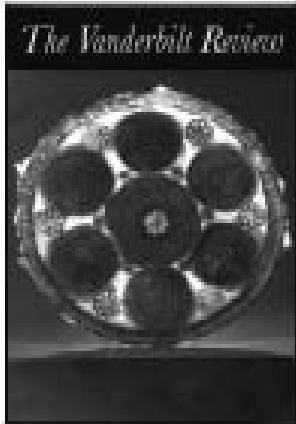


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Bastard Confession



"Arafat's pretty cute, like a little turtle without a shell. I'd do him. Especially now that he's dead."

- David Barzelay

I Got To Vote!

A dream of the slaves realized!

by **RICHIE GREEN**
Columnist



I write this article today as a proud, southern African American who finally got to vote for the first time in my home state of Tennessee. For the longest time, my people have fought and died for this right; it

brought me great joy when I could finally realize one of the dreams of my slave ancestors. God Bless America!

First, after seeing a "Rock the Vote" advertisement on television, I decided to send in my registration form earlier this summer. Well, actually I sent in a few. The mailman in my neighborhood, God bless him, must have made one, two, or maybe nine mistakes with my voter registration form (he probably lost them in his pick-up truck). It's understandable; everyone makes mistakes. I didn't know that it was standard procedure to crumple up mail and throw it out the window of his truck, but who am I to question the Federal Postal Service? I did finally get a card when I went to City Hall.

It's funny, I had nearly forgotten about voting completely, but luckily, I got a call from one of my good Republican co-workers to remind me a few days before the election. He gave me a reminder to go to the polls on November 3rd and tried to encourage me to vote for Bush. Boy, he made such a good case! I was so happy he was concerned about me making the right decision on the third of November. Later that day, I saw an ad reminding me to vote on November 2nd. My friend must have been confused. I called him to make sure he had the correct date, but he seemed really angry. Oh well.

Then voting day came around; the excitement was unbelievable! I went to the address of the precinct that was on

my card. The political atmosphere was memorable. The Bush-Cheney signs, the Kerry-Edwards signs, the "God hates fags" signs, the men burning crosses who must have been representing the more secular Kerry; everyone was expressing their political views in one way or another--just how it should be in the good ole United States! There were even men in white suits to greet the voters. Now that's classy!

I had heard of all the concerns about terrorism and voter fraud, so I was happy to find National Guard barbed-wire barriers surrounding my precinct. I knew I would be protected! Unfortunately, they forgot to make a gate to the fence, so I had to hop over it and sneak under some bushes to get to the booth and keep all those stray German shepherds from finding me. That small obstacle could never be large enough to stop me from fulfilling my civic duty.

I got to the booth finally. A man working at the polling place told me that I was at the wrong precinct. I kept insisting this must be right place, and eventually, he agreed with me. After paying the man fifty dollars, which, from what he said, is half the price of voting for most people, he told me that they had run out of ballots at the precinct, but suggested I make my own, and believe it or not, he even gave me a sheet of notebook paper.

Then I went into the booth. The people working at the polls were so concerned for my safety that they even got a man with a gun to join me in the booth. Even this random armed man was worried about me. He told me, "Boy, you better make the right Goddern decision, or else." Just think, even this random man was telling me how important my vote really is!

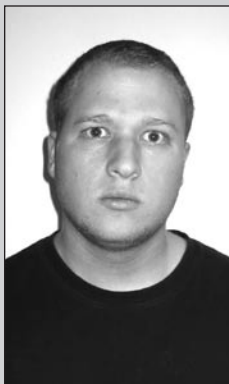
So as I wrote in my ballot for "Bush," the armed man was pleased at my choice, which made me feel elated. I handed my ballot back to the election poll workers. They gave me a friendly, Southern farewell of "Ya' better get yer black ass back home, boy."

I am proud that I can say I got to participate in my first pure, fraud-free election!



AROUND THE LOOP

What Was Your Favorite Homecoming Activity This Year?

Jason Blatt, Disgruntled *Slant* Writer

“Definitely getting my car towed from Kensington. Oh, wait, sorry, I thought the question was “Which part of homecoming made you want to punch Gordon Gee?””

Asmida Ibrahim, Malaysian



“I had fun working the R.A. desk in Branscomb. I guess that’s pretty much what I do every weekend.”

Harold Hill, Music Man



“I liked when seventy-six trombones led the big parade. The hundred and ten cornets were fun, as well.”

E. Gordon Gee, Chancellor



“My favorite activity was cashing a comically oversized check for \$32 million.”

Jason Reid, Junior



“Oh man, I probably shouldn’t tell you this, but I totally got laid by this hottie from homecoming court, Evita Moran or something.”

David Barzelay, Silent Film Villain



“Growing a beard.”

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

Your hopes of escape will be crushed when you find out that, not only is she good with that shotgun, she is a *fucking surgeon* with that shotgun.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

You will be elated when *The Hustler* publishes your cartoon. Then you’ll realize that really doesn’t take much.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

You’ll stop wondering why your date wanted to leave the Nu Society sunrise party early when you realize the awful truth: she’s a vampire!

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

You will become uneasy after the solution for 57 Across: Prophecy, turns out to be “Youwilldietonight.”

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

And they will see you waving from such great heights, but they’ll then realize you’re not waving, you’re falling. Splat.

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

You will be mortified when you pronounce Grin’s “grins” and not “greens.” Then you’ll remember that you shouldn’t feel bad; they’re fucking vegetarians.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

You will create and bury a Rosetta stone of your own which has the same passage written in English and your own, made-up language. Alien archaeologists in the future will be thoroughly confused.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

You will become the laughing stock of the biology department when you confuse microfibers with microfilaments. Idiot.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

When Alexander saw the extent of his kingdom, he wept, for there were no more worlds to conquer. You will weep, however, when the guy ahead of you in the lunch line takes the last slice of pie.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

Your friends will all congratulate you when you are appointed to Bush’s Cabinet. They’ll make fun of you behind your back, however, since you were only made Secretary of Health and Human Services.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

They say size doesn’t matter, but with a brain the size of a peanut, you’re the exception to the rule.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

Your life will change for the better when you realize that dog food tastes just as good sitting down as it does on all fours.

Top Ten Reasons For Attacking Fallujah

- 10 To punish Iraqi militias for breaking the Halo 2 release date.
- 9 To check out all that tail hidden under those veils.
- 8 To end our jealousy over the men of Fallujah's magnificent facial hair.
- 7 To practice for the Army's annual Counter-Strike tournament.
- 6 After months of pillaging, soldiers looking forward to some of that much talked about raping.
- 5 To get more blood to trade for oil.
- 4 To eat the best kebabs this side of the Tigris.
- 3 To provide the ultimate test for Verizon's "Can you hear me now?" ad campaign.
- 2 To piss off France that much more.
- 1 Because it's there.

Ask The Dean Of Arts & Sciences



Dear Dean of A&S,
So you're Dean of Arts AND Science? Aren't those two mutually exclusive disciplines that generally go to war with each other when they disagree? How does that work?

Realist in Reinke

Dear Realist,
Not very well. It's like the Yalta conference, only it's happening all the time and without Winston Churchill's dry British wit. Actually, it's not like it at all, now that I think about it. It's more like a shitty Odd Couple-style sitcom.

Dean Richard McCarty

Dear Dean,
Why the fuck do next semester's courses suck so much? And why are all the relatively interesting and/or easy courses fucking "W" courses? It's my senior year, damn it! Haven't I done enough suffering?

Disgruntled Senior

Dear Disgruntled,
We do it that way because we hate you.

Dean Richard McCarty

DEAR RICHARD,
ARTS AND CRAFTS ARTS AND CRAFTS
WE'RE GONNA HAVE ALL THE JOBS
HAHAHAHAHA!!!!

Most Literate Engineer in Morgan

Dear Most Literate Engineer,
Enjoy having your job outsourced to a more qualified Indian who works for one fourth of the salary.

Dean Richard McCarty

Dear Dean of A&S,
That letter of recommendation you wrote for me sucked! All it said was "I've seen her around campus, so I assume she goes to class". Screw you, asshole!

Melanie in Morgan

Dear Melanie,
Well, I could have written about the time I saw you naked, but that's not really suitable for a recommendation. Damn, woman, get some morals!

Dean Richard McCarty

P.S. Call me.

Dear Dean of A&S,
How do you attract smart students? The kids in my school can barely read Dr. Seuss books.

Dean Camilla Benbow in Peabody College

Dear Camilla,
Maybe if the work in your school involved more than sleeping and coloring, you'd be attracting a better student. Seriously, HOD's a joke.

Dean Richard McCarty

Dear Rich,
I've a new high score in Galaga! You can't beat it!

Chancellor Gee in Kirkland

Dear Gordon,
Are you coming on to me?

Dean Richard McCarty

Dear Dean of A&S,
I've been here five years working my butt off and I still haven't gotten my MRS degree. What gives?

Lonely in Lewis

Dear Lonely,
Are you a Delta Gamma, perchance? That would explain a lot with regard to that MRS degree.

Dean Richard McCarty

Feeling disenfranchised? This election, I cast most of my votes, but The Man wouldn't let me vote in Knoxville! I sent in an absentee ballot from Atlanta; I drove to a booth in Kentucky; sent in military absentee ballots from Iraq, Germany, and Afghanistan; had my deceased grandfather vote in Florida; paid a voter to use his ID and registration card in Ohio; hacked into a computer in New Hampshire; and voted in person as myself in Nashville. Too bad the racists in Knoxville don't believe I should be able to cast my vote. Well, if you've been discriminated against too, come write for *The Slant*. Meetings are Tuesdays at 6:30 in Sarratt 315. Do your part!

-Richie Green, Activist

