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**INSIDETHISSUE**

Quarantine Digest Cheaper, More Entertaining Than *Reader's Digest*

Citizens Of Kyrgyzstan Unsure How To Pronounce Country

Black Eyed Peas Band Member In Auto Accident, Gets Retarded

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BRANSCOMB LOBBY

Reagan's Ghost Says,  
"Mr. Gee,  
Tear Down  
This Wall!"





### Slant Staff Going To Get Really Fucking O'Drunk Tomorrow

Several reliable sources have indicated that the staff of *The Slant* is planning to get incred-

ibly drunk tomorrow in order to honor the life of St. Patrick, who converted the Irish to Christianity. "St. Patrick's Day, bitches!" exclaimed editor-in-chief Colin Dinsmore, adding, "Guinness for everyone!" These sentiments were echoed by staffer Rachel Unger, who stated, "Man, I'm going to get drunker than I've been in days." British editor Tim Boyd will also be celebrating St. Patrick's Day in his own special way by finding Irish people he can steal potatoes from.

### Miss Manners Deems Bolo Ties Only Appropriate When Buying Oil Rig

Miss Manners, newspaper advice columnist and perpetual thorn in the slovenly side, declared recently that the bolo tie is a style only to be worn when about to purchase an oil rig. "These ties are so ugly," Miss Manners explained, "that only the most extreme necessity to embody a stereotype, namely a Texas oil tycoon, can rationalize wearing one." Bolo tie manufacturers cheered the decision, having been unable to come with any reason to wear bolo ties themselves.



### Memorial Maniacs Glad Basketball Season Finally Over

The Vanderbilt basketball spirit group, the Memorial Maniacs, are reportedly thrilled that the basketball season is finally over. While several members will travel to the team's upcoming

NIT matchup, the bulk of the organization is relieved to have their Wednesday and Saturday evenings free again. "Showing up to those home games was the hardest I've ever had to work for a free tee shirt," said one member. "Now I can finally go back to socializing and being quiet and unintimidating in my room instead of that stupid gym."



### Construction Of Branscomb Wall Begins, Is Condemned

Vanderbilt University began constructing a wall last week which will divide the Branscomb lobby between the Munchie Mart and the

dormitories. The move was condemned by the ghosts of John F. Kennedy and Ronald Reagan, both staunch opponents of wall based city planning. Chancellor Gee defended the university's plan, stating, "We simply looked to history to solve our problems: the Berlin wall, the Great Wall, and recently, Israel's security wall. All were undeniable successes." The wall is scheduled to be completed within the next two months.

### Student Disappointed With Alternative Spring Break

Vanderbilt sophomore Josh Ackerman returned from his Alternative Spring Break site in St. Louis on Sunday extremely disappointed. He spent the week working with inner-city children, a task most participants described as being very spiritual and rewarding. "It totally sucked," Ackerman opined. "I was ready to see a kickin' Pearl Jam concert or maybe some punk or something. Instead I was stuck with those stupid kids. Alternative my ass."



**Knighted Bill Gates**



2

Pictures of the Olsen twins on this page



### Judge Places Gag Order On All Michael Jackson Jokes

Santa Barbara County Superior Court Judge Rodney S.



Melville, arbitrator of the Michael Jackson molestation trial, issued a ruling preventing all late-night comedy writers from producing material related to the case. The decision was provoked by *Tonight Show* host Jay Leno's appeal to have his personal gag order as a potential defense witness removed. In addition to Leno's staff of writers, the new ruling will also affect *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*, *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*, *Late Show With David Letterman*, *Best Week Ever*, and *The Soup*. Leno was reportedly upset over no longer being able to reference Jackson, but vowed that he will find new ways not to make people laugh every weeknight.

### Seniors Get Nostalgic Over Housing Ballot

Having endured the annual ritual of the Housing Selection every spring for the last three years, Vanderbilt's Class of 2004 is getting misty-eyed as they watch others partake in the current ballot. "This was such a great way to lose friends in a long and protracted way over really trivial decisions about where to live," said senior John McCormack. "It really brings back some great memories; I can't believe I'm not going to have to sleep with Jim Kramka, Director of Housing Assignments, so that I can get the pick of the Chaffins. Man, good times."

## KNIGHTHOODS

### Bill Gates Knighted

Billionaire software mogul Bill Gates received an honorary knighthood from Queen Elizabeth II two weeks ago to much fanfare. According to British reports, Gates, overwhelmed by the complexity of the situation, broke down repeatedly for reasons which remain unclear. The entire ceremony had to be restarted several times before the simple task at hand could be completed. The Queen also forced Gates to read a lengthy Terms of Service agreement before allowing him full access to his new title. Gates's elation, however, was marred when he was arrested for allowing access to the Knight Commanders' of the British Empire Ultima Online guild to peasants.



# 03.16.2005 CONTENTS



## MASTHEAD



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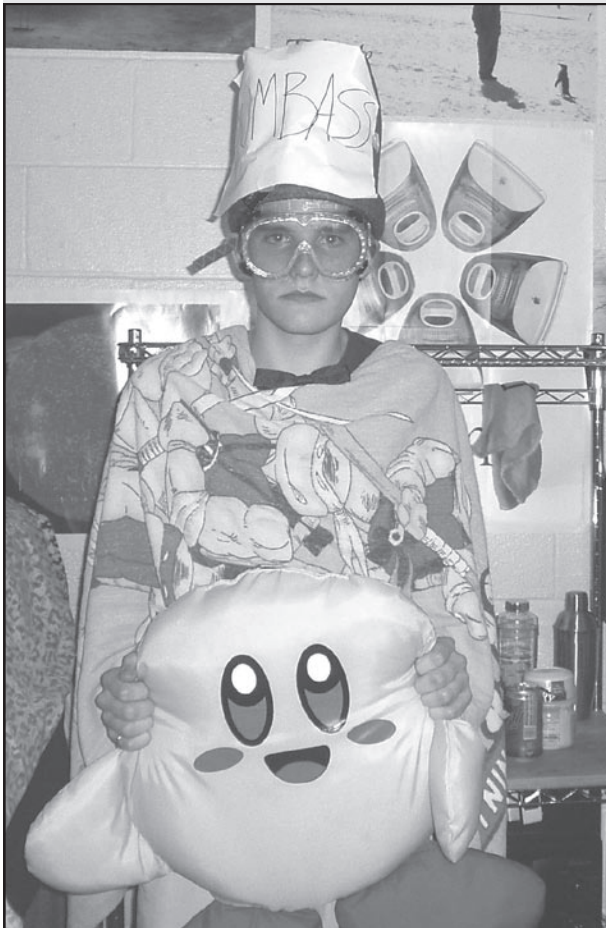
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## VIDEO GAME ABUSE SPACE



Some curl up with a video game on Saturdays

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## Corrections:

In the previous issue, the lead story, "Prince Charles Appeases World's Gossips, Proposes to Camilla," was in Arial or some terrible font like that. We don't know what the hell happened there, but can assure you, our readers, that heads are going to roll for it.

In the column, "Dyansty My Ass!" the byline contained the word "by" twice. This was due to a mistranslation of the Chinese manuscript on which the column was based.

In the last issue, Optimus Prime was on the McGill Crush Party invitation list. McGill actually meant to invite Megatron. We regret any embarrassment caused to Optimus Prime when he was turned away at the door.

## FROM THE EDITOR



COLIN DINSMORE

I've decided to try something new this editor's column. I am writing this portion a week before spring break. I am going to make a number of predictions about the experiences I will have. Then, after spring break, I will evaluate my predictions in italics. Just so you know, I'm going back to Omaha for a few days and then going to visit my roommate James in Miami. Ready? Let's

go!

*Yes, lets.*

On no fewer than two of my flights will I think I snagged an entire row all to myself only to have someone weighing at least 300 pounds board and sit down next to me at the last minute.

*This ended up being false, for the most part. My flight to Omaha wasn't very full, if you can believe it. On the other flights, I'd always have a row to myself at first, thanks to online check-in with Southwest - I got to get my A boarding pass. Then those dirty B and C people - of varying sizes and weights, would come aboard and fill the plane up, my row included.*

In Omaha I will wish I was in Miami, in Miami I will wish I was in Omaha.

*False. In Omaha, I was content, saw some friends, it was a good few days. In Miami, it was warmer and the ocean was nearby. Rain the first few days and not being 21 sucked, but in Omaha I would also not be 21 and it probably would have snowed, or tornadoed, or both.*

James will eat a sandwich.

*True! One day I had the option of choosing either omelets as breakfast or sandwiches for lunch. On one hand, I love omelets - myriad delectable ingredients suspended between two delicate egg layers. They're never a bad choice. On the other hand, a sandwich tastes good, as well. The sandwich is strong and sets a tone for the day to come - a tone that isn't going to take crap from anyone. I was torn between the two delicious choices until I remembered this very prophecy. The sandwiches were roast beef. James ate two.*

I will hope to tan but will burn and peel instead.

*The vicious Miami sun burned me pretty hard - every time my skin touches something it's as if a thousand needles are scouring my precious exterior. As for the peel, only time will tell.*

Slant production will suck upon my return.

*Yes. As always, not enough content or time. Oh well, there is at least something familiar and reassuring about Slant production, much like prison is to a convict, I suspect.*

*Well, I hope everyone's break went well and I wish you all luck with the rest of the year - only half of a semester to go.*



**Fucked Image**

A perfect mix of conspicuous consumption and tastelessness.

## The Post Spring Break Give-A-Shit-O-Meter



*Carpentooning* by Jason Carpentier

# CORRUPTION IN KIRKLAND HALL!

*Boss Gee Swindles Millions!*

*Kirkland Political Machine Made Public!*

by **TIM BOYD**

Law-abiding citizens of the Vanderbilt community awoke today to the shocking news that beloved father-figure and bow-tie aficionado Chancellor E. Gordon Gee stood accused of heinous crimes against liberty and the people. Sensational evidence of perfidy and maladministration uncovered by *The Slant* suggest that "Boss" Gee has been funneling kickbacks from a series of construction contracts to himself, his wives and his cronies via the all-powerful Kirkland Hall machine.

Boss Gee and his cronies embezzled millions of Vanderbilt University dollars over the past five years through a complex system of lackeys and numbers men of ill repute involving much subterfuge and secrecy. Instead of investing in a proper sanitation and maintenance system for the delapidated Kissam quadrangle, the funds were diverted to purchase several gross of bow style ties costing on the order of \$12,000 a piece. In another instance of reckless extravagance sessions with a master phrenologist were arranged for every member of the Kirkland Hall machine instead of allocating much needed funds to equip the new Student Life Center with electricity and running water.

In perhaps the most severe example of jobbery, the dividing wall in the Branscomb Lobby has been constructed, deconstructed, and reconstructed several time, for no obvious purpose. The unscrupulous Gee

receives a kickback of several thousand dollars each time the process is repeated.

As if the malfeasance of these crimes was not dastardly enough, the nefarious Chancellor has taken advantage of kindhearted and innocent sorority sisters on numerous occasions. *The Slant* have uncovered

confidential documents showing how Kirkland used funds raised at the Chancellor's Cheerful Charity Checkstravaganza to provide golden toothpicks and daily spa treatments for the Kirkland hierarchy. The event had been enthusiastically hosted by AOPi. "Crimminy!" said AOPi sister Suzie Fitzpatrick when presented with the evidence of how the proceeds from the event were used, "How could he do this after he got us to raise all that money for those starving orphans in Belle Meade?"

All of this would never have come to light but for the courageous actions of a Kirkland Hall insider who wished to remain nameless. The anonymous whistleblower told *The Slant*, "At

first I looked the other way, I adored all of the gifts I was receiving. Soon, though, I concluded my husband had gone to far. Something had to be done."

With the evidence of the wrongdoings now made public, it will be hard for Kirkland Hall to ignore calls for reform. The election process for

SGA and Interhall is likely to come under particular pressure, after it was revealed that the Gee Machine had for the past few years been personally hand-picking candidates to run unopposed for senior student government positions. In exchange for their complicity in the Kirkland agenda, these candidates would then be

rewarded with special parking permits (referred to as "X Permits" by Gee's henchmen) allowing them to park anywhere on campus and even issue fines against others. Already a motion is before the SGA Senate which will prevent Kirkland "supplying" the ballots for student elections. Instead, the so-called "Australian Ballot", provided by SGA and Interhall, will be used in future.

The shockwaves from the scandal

might still have been contained, had the scandalous antics not become known among Kirkland's strongest supporters, Peabody students, whose votes in any campus election were easily manipulated by poll workers who repeatedly took advantage of HOD Majors' functional illiteracy. But a series of devastating caricatures from Hustler cartoonist Ayumi Fukuda (see left) have threatened Gee's standing even there. In an unguarded moment, Boss Gee snapped at his aides to "Stop them damned pictures! I don't care so much what the papers say about me. My constituents can't read - but damn it, they can see pictures!"

With the edifice of the Gee Machine cracking and creaking as each new scandal breaks, others have sought to capitalize on *The Slant's* heroic role as a tribune of the people by exposing other shocking practices on campus. Junior Communication Studies Major Upton Sinclair V has recently published *The Cesspool*, an investigation of the eating facilities on campus, which details how the Rand Dining Centre regularly uses regurgitated meat and barely follows simple hygiene rules. But Sinclair's book does not seem to have had the same impact, with students saying it contains nothing that wasn't already public knowledge and Director of Dining Frank Gladu even congratulating Sinclair for a "fair and balanced representation of Vanderbilt Dining."



"The Brains behind Boss Gee"

## Somewhere In The Middle East, Some Iranian Up To Something, Says CIA

by COLIN DINSMORE

Determined to restore some of their battered credibility following the debacle over the claim that Iraq's possession of WMDs was a 'slam dunk,' the CIA has released its latest view of the threat posed to the US by Iran. The CIA's assessment was timed to coincide with renewed talks between President Bush and European leaders over how best to prevent Iran from acquiring nuclear weapons.

Taking a markedly more circumspect tone than the agency's briefings on Iraq (most notoriously the February 2003 report, "WMD: Fuck Yeah!"), the CIA claims this time only to know that "some of the stuff we think might be going on over there could potentially pose a danger to our interests if allowed to develop in the fullness of time." But while sources within the US intelligence community are satisfied that they cannot be accused of over-hyping their evidence, some in Congress and the media have expressed concern that, in the words of a *Washington Post* editorial, "this information is about as useful as a telescope in a school for the blind."

Even the Republican Chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, Senator Pat Roberts of Kansas, gave only a qualified welcome to the CIA's findings. "It's nice of them to finally return our calls," said Roberts, "and I guess it's nice to know that the CIA is still capable of turning out reports. Of course, it would have been helpful to know something that I couldn't have found out by reading *The Rough Guide to Iran*, but we should be grateful for small mercies."

In response to these criticisms, government officials have defended their findings, claiming that doing

intelligence work is "really, really hard" and that "we'd be able to find out a lot more if we didn't have to discount every piece of information that came to us where our source might be a fag." In addition, the White House has pointed to the particular problems of getting information out of a country that has been repeatedly designated as "evil" and threatened with military intervention.

"Intelligence in Iran is hard to come by. It is a very closed society. They keep their secrets very well," National Security Advisor Stephen Hadley told CNN. Hadley, who is also head of the White House Office of Stating the Blindingly Obvious, went on to add, "We also suspect that some Iranians harbor anti-American attitudes. Several memos that we've intercepted from high-level government officials express distinctly

skeptical attitudes towards the US government. When added to the continuous demonstrations chanting 'Death to America the Great Satan' and repeated burning of the Stars & Stripes, we think we're onto something."

Whatever the response to the CIA's claims, the White House has made it clear that the nuanced intelligence findings fit perfectly with the dogmatic certainty of administration policy. "If Iran is potentially a threat, then it is potentially a real threat," President Bush told reporters at a Press Conference in Bruxelles, Belgium. "And I will not let a real threat to America stand without action. I should add that this does not mean we are not threatening to bomb the shit out of them. Of course, the option to bomb the shit out of them remains very much on the table. Go figure." ●



Suspected Activity In Iran

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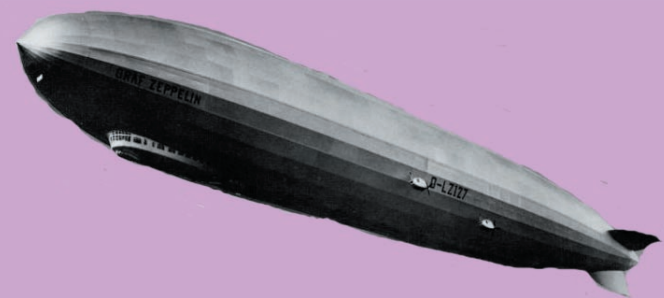
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## Martha Stewart Inspires Little Girl's Dream Of Going To Prison

by RICHARD GREEN

In the wake of the media fanfare associated with Martha Stewart's release from Alderson Federal Penitentiary, many people have a new outlook on being incarcerated. Prison, once considered only a place in which people are confined and deprived of a range of freedoms, is now considered by some as an institution filled with opportunity.

In particular, young girls, such as nine-year-old Angela Robinson of Chevy Chase, Maryland, have shocked their parents by stating their life's ambition to spend time behind bars. Mrs. Robinson told local reporters she was "horrified" when Angela told her, "I don't want to go to Camp Cupcake this year. It's sooo boring. I want to do hard time. That would be cool."

In response to public surprise over Angela's announcement, sociologist Dr. Ernest Leventhal explained the factors that may have affected little Angela's

announcement. "Although it is a little unusual for a young girl to express such a desire, it's not a new thing for prison to be considered 'cool' by popular culture," said Dr. Leventhal. "Why else do you think so many black people are there? It's just like one great big jazz bar."

Dr. Leventhal went on to speculate that following Martha Stewart's triumphant emergence from serving her sentence, going to prison has become the new princess fairy-tale story for girls who want to emulate Ms. Stewart's achievements. He pointed to Angela's expressed desire to "be taken away to an enchanted prison castle for a few months and then leave on a magical plane to my palace in upstate New York."



Stewart, Felon And Inspiration

Children's toy manufacturers have naturally been quick to take advantage of this new demographic. Mattel will be releasing a new Barbie doll to exploit the new popularity of the "prison princess" lifestyle. It is due out

in April of this year and will be marketed as "Convicted White Collar Criminal Barbie."

Martha Stewart has not only influenced the dreams of little girls, but she has also generated a new sense of hope in the minds of normal prisoners about their prospects once they are released. "I wasn't looking forward to going to jail for armed robbery of a

Seven-Eleven until I heard about all the things that Martha did while she was inside, and how she's now getting a show and constantly being on

the news," explained inmate Malcolm Knight. "Now, I might be able to get my own show on the WB. Shit, if Martha's getting two, I bet I could at least get one."

In her first press conference after returning home, Stewart told reporters that she made several friends in prison that she "will never forget." Malcolm Knight also intends to follow Martha's example in this regard. "Yeah, I plan to keep in touch with those skinheads who ganged up on me and that huge guy who raped me twice a week when we get free. I learned a lot from them."

The aspirations of young children and the materialistic aims of socio-paths aside, it is clear that there were several parts of Martha Stewart's prison experience that were far from uplifting for her. "Lemons! They have no lemons in prison at all!" the diva declared. "And I would have killed for a cappuccino; seems like you'd have to be in for life before you get one of them." ●

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# Ever Since Paul Bunyan Died, Things Have Gone To Shit Around Here

by **OLAF GUNDERSON**  
Lumberjack Columnist



You young'uns don't know what it was like when Paul Bunyan roamed the Midwest. Those were the days; lumberjackery was an art form and

men took pride in their work. Then the giant son-of-a-bitch died on us and things haven't been as good ever since.

For one thing, all of our livestock are normal-sized now. It probably wasn't a great idea to slaughter Babe after Paul died, especially before breeding a line of big blue super-oxen, but what were we supposed to do? The jerky we made from that ox's corpse lasted us through the winter and then some. There might still be some in the back room if you want a pull or two.

My father always talked about how Paul would walk, dragging his axe, to create new rivers and lakes. Is that still happening? No, of course not. Now we have to wait around for the Army Corps of Engineers just like one of those damned Yankees or Southerners.

At the same time, ever since we planted Paul our womenfolk have had problems. Without a lumberjack a hundred feet high to stand next to, our wives feel tall and fat, and then they're too depressed to have sex. Thanks a lot for up and dying, Paul, you bastard.

I remember it took us six months to dig a pit big enough to bury him, and the stench was terrible. It was a good thing he died during the fall; there weren't as many maggots. The ones that did hatch, however, were the size of motorcars. By that point, we just wanted to light that greasy corpse

on fire and be done with it, but Teddy Roosevelt stopped us, that Sierra Club jackass.

At any rate, we got him buried, finally, but we still don't know what to do with this pile of his stuff. His damned skillet is still outside, rusting. Back in the day we used to strap slabs of bacon to our feet and grease it up, but with the rising cost of pork products, our community has lost its skating rink. We can't find a scrap merchant willing to take the accursed hulk, and, as we found out during those torrential rainstorms last spring, pancakes make shitty tents.

That's not to say it's all bad, though. It's nice to be able to sit and relax for an afternoon without the giant asshole jumping into the old fishing hole and emptying it. It's also nice not having him rip the wheels off of our wagons and automobiles whenever he needs a button. And don't even get me started on that screaming on his wedding night. I'll never forget that. Poor Betty, we hardly knew ye.

It seems to me that although things aren't completely terrible yet, we can't afford to let this crap continue. That's why I'm encouraging the tallest young'uns in the Midwest to get together in order to breed a new Bunyan for a new generation. If that doesn't work, just clone him. If there's not enough genetic gobbledygook left in there, just stuff some frog genes in there like in that picture Jurassic Park.

We don't have any time to lose here. The honor of the Midwest is at stake. The Texans are claiming damn Pecos Bill could kick Paul's hairy ass and this could be our only chance to show them what for. Let's see how they deal with a thirty-foot fist smashing the Alamo. Then, once we've relegated the Lone Star State to third-world status, we can just sit in the shade while Paul does our work for us, just like in the old days. Sure, things may be going to shit around here, but we have a chance to stop it. We must take it.

# Is There Really Any Difference Between Money And Dirt?

by **CHAD BURCHARD**  
Hustler Columnist



On the second day of my high school economics class, my teacher explained to us that money is a medium of exchange for goods and/or

services. When I proudly exclaimed that that simply wasn't the case, the teacher asked me for evidence to support my statement. When I could not provide any, the class laughed at me. I'm still angry about it.

The incident proved influential for a number of reasons, however. For one, it got me thinking about the nature of this paper I've been carrying around in my wallet my entire life. The watered-down Nazis of today, "people," always say that money isn't everything, and to my surprise, I agree with them. In order to express my beliefs, it would perhaps be meet for me to compare money to similarly worthless matter: dirt.

What is money but a picture of a president printed on some inordinately expensive paper? What is dirt but the sacred soil our third President, Thomas Jefferson, so lovingly tilled as the champion of the ideal of the yeoman farmer, way back when America still had ideals and communist liberals did not ride roughshod over the Constitution like some eldritch Horseman of the Apocalypse?

This is in no way a new argument, nor is it a recent historical development. In the more civilized era of the early American colonial period, many things other than worthless paper

were exchanged, from human beings to the island of Manhattan, which at the time was made of dirt! Thus, the cycle is complete, shaking the sacred cow of liberal economists to its very core.

Meanwhile, by abandoning the gold standard in favor of so-called "fiat" money, liberal President Richard Nixon destroyed the value of our currency. Sure, some Marxists will tell you that the American dollar was grossly overvalued and that this put us at a disadvantage regarding our balance of trade, but those who study such things realize that Nixon not only signed away American purchasing power; he signed away America itself.

Meanwhile, the easy availability of printing presses and paper means that goods can be purchased willy-nilly without regard to necessity. Not only that, but easy adjustment of the money supply also enables interest rates to be low enough that your average person can afford them. Extension of credit and loans to those other than the crowned heads of Europe encourages wasteful behavior and dependence on manufactured goods. In turn, the outsourcer Bush has sent manufacturing jobs abroad to China, the nation which is soon to be America's greatest foe.

As Italian author Benito Mussolini noted, "The liberal state is a mask behind which there is no face; it is a scaffolding behind which there is no building."

In short, money is no different from dirt. One would in theory be perfectly justified in taking a clod of Nashville soil to the local convenience store and purchasing a pack of cigarettes with it. The thought of a good, honest, dirt-based economy is almost enough to make me misty-eyed about our future as Americans. ●



# AIDS Rid My Village Of Vampires

By **MAMADOU! KWELAGOBE**  
Citizen of Botswana

Every time Botswana appears in the various media outlets of the United States, it is to make mention of the ravages of the AIDS virus and the rising death toll in our villages. Not once have my eyes or ears been met with reports concerning our lush jungles, rich culture, or the simple fact that Botswana is the fastest-growing developing country in the world. So pessimistic! Do they ever report on the booming tourism industry brought in by the presence of breathtaking safaris? Not once! Rather, it seems your reporters find nothing more interesting than to spout tired catch-phrases such as "the growing AIDS epidemic in Africa" and "at least one in four adults in Botswana is HIV positive."

I would be willing to bet the spear of my grandfather, Chief Boule Moufat! Kwelagobe, that not one of these reporters has been to my village of Mbutu or any other Botswanan village that is so reportedly ravaged with illness. Though you claim fair, unbiased, and objective reporting on the subject, you have time and again told the world of the increasing "AIDS epidemic" while completely neglecting to report on a subject of greater importance to my fellow countrymen: the massive decrease in vampire attacks!

You Americans are so arrogant to assume you know more about the plight of Africans than the Africans themselves, what with your Hardball and Crossfire and commercials where a moderately thin man holds up the pants of an elephant while eating a sandwich. You know nothing of the world beyond your borders.

You must understand that I grew up in a world where vampire attacks were a real and constant threat. Men from the village would leave to hunt and never return. Days later, another member of our tribe would stumble upon the missing man's body torn to shreds, with distinct fang markings on his neck. The elders would try to allay our fears with fantastical tales that the man was eaten by a lion. But we were not as easily fooled as our elders

would have hoped. We knew the markings to be that of the vampire.

Granted, it is true that since the early 80's, the Human Immunodeficiency Virus has spread through my continent, yet it is also true that my village has not had one vampire attack in three years! The glass is half full, I should think!

I realize that some of you reading this may feel I am uninformed about the horrors of the disease, or am just as removed from the reality of AIDS as the American reporters whom I decry in this column. Such is ridiculous. Two weeks ago, a man from Doctors Without Borders informed me that my blood tested HIV positive for a new superstrain of the virus, and without a radical new treatment, it will surely progress into AIDS in a few months.

From that day forth, I took all the steps necessary to research the disease I had contracted and I can assure you that I was personally told by His Excellency The President, Mr. Festus Mogae, that I am 100% safe from potential vampire attacks. He assured me that the more the HIV spreads throughout my body, the more the vampire can sense its pungent smell. I am full of my very own fool-proof vampire repellent!

Due to this new information, perhaps your American reporters will not be so quick to use labels like "epidemic" with regard to our current problem with AIDS, or at least praise us in our ongoing battle with vampires. It's not as if AIDS is a problem that could threaten to cripple our entire way of life like the threat of vampire attack once did.

Also, from what I read in your newspapers, AIDS is posing less of a threat as days go by. American President George Bush promised \$15 billion in aid, India is beginning to test a vaccine, and Aspen Pharmcare, South Africa's largest drug manufacturer, has been granted approval to produce generic versions of AIDS drugs. However, I caution those who work toward the progression of science: as soon as there is a cure for AIDS, back come the vampires. 🦋

# Student Media Leadership Positions

**Applications are currently being accepted for the following leadership positions within the student media groups of Vanderbilt Student Communications, Inc.:**

**COMMODORE** *student yearbook*  
Editor-in-Chief/Division Head (2005-06)

**ORBIS** *student liberal, multicultural and minority viewpoint publication*  
Editor-in-Chief/Division Head (2005-06)

**THE SLANT** *student humor publication*  
Editor-in-Chief/Division Head (2005-06)

**THE TORCH** *student libertarian and conservative commentary magazine*  
Editor-in-Chief/Division Head (2005-06)

**THE VANDERBILT HUSTLER** *student newspaper*  
Editor-in-Chief/Division Head (Fall 2005 semester)

**THE VANDERBILT REVIEW** *student literary magazine*  
Editor-in-Chief/Division Head (2005-06)

**VTV** *student television*  
Station Manager/Division Head (2005-06)

**VSC-IT** *student information technology division*  
Division Head (2005-06)

**VERSUS** *student magazine*  
Editor-in-Chief/Division Head (2005-06)

**WRVU** *student radio*  
Station Manager/Division Head (2005-06)

**MEMBER-AT-LARGE** *VSC board members*  
Two-year Term (open to non-media student members of the community)



• **Applications are available at [www.vscmedia.org](http://www.vscmedia.org) or in the following VSC offices: Sarratt 130F and 192A.**

- All applications must be turned in by **4 p.m., Monday, March 21** at any of the offices above or via campus mail at Station B, Box 1669.
- Interviews and elections for these positions will be held at **4:15 p.m., Thursday, March 24** at the regular VSC, Inc. Board of Directors meeting to be held in **Sarratt 315**.

*VSC, Inc. and its divisions actively seek to be diverse student organizations and welcome applications from all members of the student community.*

# Modern Performance Art On Display In Spring Break Locale

*Panama City Beach Performance Pieces Garner High Praise*

by **BRIDGETT CORNETT**  
Columnist



The art world was abuzz this past weekend with the opening of The Armory Show in New York City. The annual event, which showcases the most challenging,

important, and revolutionary contemporary art from around the world, traces its history to the famous 1913 Armory Show which introduced to America the modernism of such art world giants as Kandinsky, Picasso, and Duchamp.

Considering the traditional importance of The Armory Show, it is, of course, no surprise that while contemporary art heavyweights clamored for exhibit space and pre-opening party invitations in New York City, some of the most daring and culturally significant art of our time passed by below

the radar in various other locales.

Over a thousand miles away from the spotlight in New York City, a new underground movement in art was born in the unexpectedly avant-garde strip of Panama City Beach, Florida. Artists shattered preconceived notions of the role of artist, spectator, medium, and environmental interplay with their revolutionary performance pieces.

Lines snaked onto the street in front of Panama City's Horny Goat Bar, where \$5 admission fees were charged to guests wishing to view Saturday night's various exhibits. "Half Nude Descending Club Staircase to Barf," a daring response to Duchamp's classic piece, was a crowd favorite, drawing loud cheers from spectators who appreciated the artist's unabashed representation of her generation's disgust and ennui while incorporating a bold use of color.

Inside the club, another young artist performed/displayed her untitled piece on the bar's dance floor to the pounding bass of Khia's romantic opus "My Neck, My Back (Lick My Pussy and My Crack)." The theme and smoothly

curving style of the presentation called to mind pieces from the Getty museum's unattributed "Leda and the Swan" sculpture (Roman, 1st c. AD, marble, after Timotheos) and the layered vaginal curves of Georgia O'Keeffe's classic painting "Red Canna." Spectators crowded around the artist, whose fluid gyrations invited participation and grabbing, breaking the wall between art and viewer and at once throwing into question the issue of voyeurism versus inclusion in modern art spectatorship.

Indeed this "meta-art", as it were, self-conscious of its own creation and questioning the line between art and everyday life seemed a common theme among the artists flourishing in Panama City for the week. One recurring performance piece inextricably linked artist and viewer, blurring the line between reality and art fantasy while at the same time blurring the line between self-control and anonymous sex acts. The Pick-up Cycle, a five part installment which pairs artist with single viewer, clearly has antecedents in the recent works of Matthew

Barney – namely his controversial Cremaster Cycle. The disorientation, alienation, and awkward, mutant sexuality of Barney's recent video series is blatantly apparent in the various sequences and representations of The Pick-up Cycle.

The exhibits were plentiful out of doors, or en plein air, as well as on the densely populated dance floors and hotel rooms. One such piece, entitled "The Fuckers," was exhibited in the dimly lit recesses of sand below one of the city's piers. The artists infused their piece with the passion of Klimt's "The Kiss" while at the same time harkening to the disjointed, powerful grunts and thrusts of Picasso's "Guernica."

Although the art world's spotlight illuminated The Armory Show this past weekend, a new scene for the daring genius of tomorrow's artistry is burgeoning. Florida's Panama City Beach, the dark horse of an ever-changing art world, is ready to take the lead and launch contemporary art completely into the realm of the post-post-modern.

## Bastard Confession



"It's true. I'm marrying her for her looks."

-Prince Charles

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**AROUND THE LOOP**

**Who do you want to replace Pope John Paul II, should a replacement become necessary?**

**Phillip Percy, Cardinal**



“Isn’t there anyone around whose first name is Boniface or Innocent?”

**Amanda Henderson, Junior**



“Someone from the BCM, because when I visited the Vatican, I could have really gone for some pancakes.”

**Richard Green, Dreaming**



“How about one of the African bishops?”

**Janice Quincy, Sophomore**



“Is Sean Paul dying soon? He seemed so young and his song ‘Shake that Thing’ was fun to dance to.”

**Stephen Larson, Scientologist**



“L. Ron Hubbard, he’ll keep those dirty thetans away!”

**Alfonso Nequam, Monk**



“I feare we shall nevere see the like of Julius II, the Warriore Pope, againe.”

**SLANTHOROSCOPES**

**Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)**

You’ll come into contact with a scorpion claw this week. You don’t want to know where it’ll get you and where it came from, however.

**Aries: (March 21—April 19)**

This will be the best week of your life. It’ll be good to go out on top.

**Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)**

Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Except in your case, where you’ll lose most of your belongings in the divorce.

**Gemini: (May 21—June 21)**

You will develop a split personality, how fitting.

**Cancer: (June 22—July 22)**

Your week will be partly cloudy, with highs around 67 degrees.

**Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)**

It’s always good to check your testicles for cancer. For you, though, it might be too late.

**Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)**

You never truly understood the meaning of the word “absurd,” but you will when you see what that chicken is doing tomorrow.

**Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)**

You still don’t join *The Slant* believe in subliminal messages.

**Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)**

You will finally conquer your longtime fear of the Bogeyman this week. And that’s just when he’ll strike.

**Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)**

They say a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but you won’t be so sure after it shits on you.

**Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)**

You knew there were risks when you accepted the job, but becoming fused with Madeline Albright will really catch you off-guard.

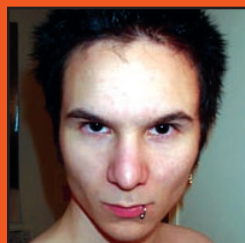
**Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)**

Your annual “Literalist Cocktail Party” will be thwarted when a guest orders a White Russian.

## Top Ten Ways Spring Break Disappointed You

- 10 It was hot and there were tits, but never were there any hot tits
- 9 Goddamned fucking grandfather dying
- 8 Not enough lepers to anoint on ASB trip
- 7 Having to come back from Nebraska three days early to do *Slant* production
- 6 Warden got word of our plans, break's off
- 5 Got scabies from that "Real World" chick
- 4 The abortion wasn't the life-changing event you thought it would be
- 3 Forced into excessive wing-manning
- 2 Yelled "Wooooooooohhh" so many times it lost all meaning
- 1 Florida closed for repairs

## Ask The Dungeon Master



**Dear Dungeon Master,**  
I am a thirteen-year-old girl. All of my school friends have pets that wait for them at the door until they come home and love them. Everyone else in my family has a pet of their own and my parents said I couldn't afford another pet right now because we don't have much money to spare. What can I do?

**Lonely in Lewis**

**Dear Lonely,**  
Ah, but once you gain three more levels, which surely is but the merest trifle for such an accomplished Wizard, you can use one of your skill slots to take the Animal Training skill, gaining the ability to capture as many animals as you like, provided you pass a statistic check!

**The DM**

**Dear Dungeon Master,**  
My daughter recently entered kindergarten and she's come home with bruises every day from fighting. I went to talk to their teacher, but she didn't do anything about it. How would you approach this situation?

**Maternal in Morgan**

**Dear Maternal,**  
Your daughter's THAC0 and Armor Class are too high, which is understandable seeing as how she is at most level 2. However, a sturdy suit of plate mail armor and a Mace of Striking +3 should even the odds a bit. In the meantime, take her to your local cleric and have him cast a Cure Light Wounds spell.

**The DM**

**Dear Dungeon Master,**  
My father is a famous local philanthropist, and whenever I'm introduced to somebody I'm referred to as "Jeb's son." I can blow my money by myself; why should I have to ride on his coattails, as it were? How can I gain a reputation of my own?

**Sick of Dad in Scales**

**Dear Sick,**  
Once you reach Name Level at level 9, you will be allowed to build a stronghold, receiving in the process the title of Lord (provided you are a Fighter, of course) from the local ruler. At that point, you may if you so choose wield the Rod of Dominion to increase the morale of your subjects.

**The DM**

**Dear Dungeon Master,**  
My 15-year-old best friend thinks she might have gotten pregnant recently and she's planning to run away from home. I think this is a criminally stupid plan, but I don't want to lose her as a friend. What would be the best way to deal with this situation?

**Quizzical in Cole**

**Dear Quizzical,**  
If you will consult the Chance of Pregnancy Chart in your Rules Cyclopedia, you will see that the chances hover at around 15% in these circumstances, with a -5 modifier due to your friend's low Constitution. So, she is more than likely not pregnant, but if she is, a simple Charm spell, will place her under your complete control until she succeeds with her Intelligence checks.

**The DM**

**Dear Dungeon Master,**  
I have recently become engaged to my boyfriend of three years. While we were planning the wedding, I realized that I needed to pick out a wedding dress. I'm not exactly a virgin (not that my very religious fiancée knows that) so I'll feel guilty about wearing white, but if I don't wear white, he might realize something's up! What do I do?

**Worried in Wilson**

**Dear Worried,**  
Your attempts to fool your fiancée into thinking you are Lawful Good shall not stand, Chaotic Neutral half-elf! You have failed your Charisma roll and he has seen through your disguise!

**The DM**

**Hello. I am Zoltar. My crystal ball tells me the answer to all of your questions is to join *The Slant*. They are the wisest and most entertaining of all Vanderbilt's publications. Whether you write, photo-shop, copy edit, or do not do anything at all, there is a place for you at *The Slant*. They hold council every Tuesday at 6:30 in Sarratt 315. Zoltar has spoken.**

**~Zoltar, Consultant**

