

# The Slant

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Aging poorly... since 1886

## INSIDETHISISSUE

New AOPi Could Use A Little More AO, A Little Less Pie

You Shot 470 Pounds Of Meat, But Could Only Carry 100 Pounds Back To The Wagon

Albino Man Looks Like He's Seen A Ghost

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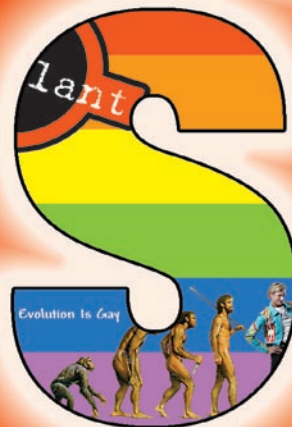
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1886-2005

## Muhammad Ali, Michael J. Fox Shake Hands

...uncontrollably.

## Masturbator 'Thinks Theta' To Orgasm

John Simmons, chronic masturbator, was formerly unable to decide on a good subject of masturbatory thought. The suggestion given by the rash of pink 'Think Theta' t-shirts has solved this problem.

## Umpire Purchases Eyeglasses

Umpire Robert Fitzgerald finally complied with fans longstanding requests Saturday and purchased eyeglasses. The following week, Fitzgerald also took a hike, and went and fucked himself. Sadly, Fitzgerald still botched several calls at the next game, despite his strict regimen of glasses-wearing, hiking, and masturbation.

## Snipes, Harrelson Reunite For "White Men Can't Jump II: Black Guys Can't Play Hockey"

Filming has begun on the long-awaited sequel to the hit comedy "White Men Can't Jump." The cast is expected to include Emilio Estevez as Coach Bombay, a recovering alcoholic who has been forced to coach YMCA adult inner city hockey. Hijinks and tomfoolery will no doubt ensue in this heartwarming tale of racial unity.

## Dyslexic Sitarist Mistakenly Joins Slant Staff

A dyslexic freshman mistakenly wandered into *The Slant's* staff meeting last week. Svi Gupta, 18, who plays the sitar, signed up for *The Slant* during Activity Day. "I thought it was a large world music group focusing on the sitar," said Gupta. "I guess I should have paid more attention." *The Slant's* editors promised not to mock Gupta or his condition.

## Boy Taunts Lactose Intolerant Milkman

Steve Swanson, milkman of 20 years for the town of Davenport Iowa, has been repeatedly taunted of late by 10-year old Billy Jennings. The boy reportedly taunts Swanson because of his inability to digest lactose, calling him the "Can't drink milkman" and telling Swanson, "You sure can dish it out, but you can't take it." Despite these taunts, Swanson consistently answers with a smile, "That's right, because I'm lactose intolerant."

## Peabody Student Disappointed That Someone Already Circled All The Waldos

Peabody student Clara Montello expressed disappointment and anger when she checked out the Peabody library's only copy of the newest book in the Where's Waldo series. Clara said she was looking forward to a peaceful afternoon finding Waldo in a variety of zany and unbelievably overcrowded situations, only to find her hopes shattered by some other inconsiderate Waldo enthusiast. The Dean had no comment.

## Man Actually Admits to Four Hour Erection

Doctors were stunned this week when a man using Cialis actually consulted them after experiencing a four-hour erection. "This is one of the first times I have had someone been very proud to consult a doctor" explains Dr. Khana. "He just marched in the office, pulled down his pants and said 'four hours baby, hell yeah!' then high fived his boys."

## Overweight Gay Man Stuck In Walk-In Closet

Area resident and overweight homosexual Peter Jacobs is still stuck in the walk-in-closet of his two-bedroom apartment as friends, lovers, and the fire department continue rescue efforts. He has been trapped in the closet since attempting to actually walk-in in 1997. It seems that besides his girth, the most significant obstacle to his extrication has been his strict Christian upbringing. Although still stuck, he has maintained a hopeful demeanor thanks to "the support of my friends and the community."



847

Estimated number of times this space has been used by our readers for masturbatory purposes.



## 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 find any reason to wear bolo ties themselves.

## If Only You Were In My Logic Class, You'd Be Able To Understand Why You're Such A Stupid Girlfriend

No explanation is necessary; you wouldn't understand anyway.

## Father Will Turn This Car Around This Instant, He Swears

If you don't shut the hell up and quit picking on your sister, George Herring, 42, will turn this car around right now. George, an employee of Amalgamated Plastics Incorporated, works his fingers to the bone for you, and he's not going to just sit here and listen to the two of you bitch. He doesn't have to go to Disney World, you know. He could just leave you two with your grandmother while he and your mother, Mona Herring, 40, go to Cancun. Now stare out the window or go to sleep or something, because he's tired of it.

## "Evangelic-Os" Selling Well In South

The latest cereal from Kellogg's has broken previous national sales records just weeks after the release of the crunchy wheat-based breakfast snack. "It's the cereal Jesus would eat," explained minister Bob Applewhite III. "That is, if he ate cereal at all."



Oprah, Too Generous?

## GENEROSITY

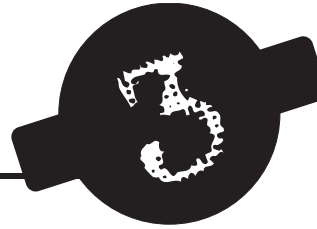
### Oprah Winfrey Gives Audience 40 Acres, Mule

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





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## MASTHEAD



Liking big butts and not lying about it... since 1886

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Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

## LINEN ABUSE SPACE



KA goes to the fair!

## NEWS

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## Corrections:

In the last issue, we misspelled the word "steroid." This is due to the fact that we were on steroids at the time and our fingers were so muscular that they could not properly operate the keyboard.

Additionally, we insinuated that Chancellor Gee was picking his nose. He was actually scratching it, due to all the coke.

## FROM THE EDITOR



COLIN DINSMORE

Throughout my life, I have had to deal with the pain and humiliation of being given a middle name, Jelinek, that looks like 'Jelly Neck' if read phonetically. From an early age, I labored over the means to keep this embarrassing element of my name hidden from the other school-children. But alas, my secret middle name was always exhumed from the area in which it had been hidden, and bandied about by the

ne'er do wells and roustabouts within my peer group, endlessly tormenting me with accusations that my neck was, indeed, ensconced in, or derived of, jelly.

I had hoped, nay wished, to be released from my phonetically pronounced gulag upon going to university here at Vanderbilt. Oh what a glorious day that would be! However, unfortunately, I could not escape my treacherous curse of a humorous when incorrectly pronounced mid-moniker.

The first few weeks were splendid, rife with new experiences and the dulcet tones of the other youths exclaiming, "Hey Colin," or, "Ahoy Dinsmore," when attempting to garner my attention. This was indeed preferential to the sing-song tauntings of, "Hello Jelly Neck," and, "Colin, you seem to have a spot of something under your chin. Perhaps it is jelly!"

But my exuberative glee of university life was soon cut short upon entering my initial meeting of *The Slant*. 'Twas in the bowels of Sarratt 315 in which I encountered a most diabolical entity, Andrew Banecker. He did not appear to be a foe at first glance, moderately antagonizing, yes, and devilishly handsome, but not one who would strike out on a taunt-based mission to uncover my tragic past... my secret.

Alas, I was wrong! For the Banecker soon discovered the hidden demons primed for excavation within the realm of the Vanderbilt University web site known as "People Finder," and had alerted the others of that which brings me unending shame. Henceforth, I knew I had been bested, and could no longer hope to evade my moderately humorous, when pronounced incorrectly, middle name.

After three or four months of hearing my middle name mispronounced in a humorous, yet bothersome fashion, the effects of the name seemed to have lost its luster for Andrew, and he had returned to calling me Dinsmore or Tubby. He even invited me over for sandwiches.

But on that fateful night, when I was trekking the small distance between Branscomb and the Village at Vanderbilt with my sandwich making materials in hand, I was struck by a strong gust of wind, tossing the very jelly I was carrying into mid-air, careening out of control until it shattered, creating an explosion of Concord Grape upon my neck.

Sadly, it seems I will never be able to escape my wretched fate. Well, at least my name's not Precetha.

-This column was actually written by Andrew Banecker, who could never attain the rank of EiC himself.



Fucked Image

Don't feed the fucking animals!

## This Year's Post-Election Blues



Carpentooning by Jason Carpentier



# Feminazis Form Feminist Luftwaffe

by **ANDREW BANECKER**

Berlin, Germany- The efforts of the Feminist National Socialist Workers Party have recently stepped up as they have not only followed through on their threats to mobilize the Femi-Wermacht, but the CIA (Chauvinist Intelligence Agency) has learned that a Feminist Luftwaffe is now deployment capable.

Despite their recent military advancements, the Feminazis have been generally viewed as a radical, yet harmless sect of the Feminist movement. At a recent press conference, President Harry S. Truman stated, "The United States will not be cowed by Feminists. Besides, they're just a bunch of girls."

The president's comments aside, the Feminist National Socialist Workers Party poses a real and dangerous threat to our male dominated society. Although generally overlooked and not taken seriously, the Feminazis have already seized power in Germany, annexed the Sudeten land, Danzig, and the Alsace region of France, thereby establishing the Femi-Eastern Front, and completely decimated the entire male population of Poland with a blitzkrieg attack of "Equal Work, Equal Pay" and "My Body, Myself" brochures.

Although the Feminazis are growing stronger and more aggressive, the Concert of Europe has done little to halt them. Stated Britain's Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, "Feminazi Germany is not something to fear. They are merely attempting to unify ethnic Females and Female nationals. Once they have done that, they promised me they would stop and I am inclined to believe them."

Conditions are even worse in Feminazi controlled Germany. All men are forced to wear Feminist buttons at all times for identification purposes. Male-run businesses and corner stores all over Germany are being forcibly shut down by the Fem-stapo, former self respecting men are now cowering in attics and basements attempting to hide, and the streets are strewn with Feminazi propaganda and signs in store windows reading, "Nein Jungen."

Worst of all, males throughout Eastern Europe have been fleeing in mass, for it is believed that sometime in the near future all of these men will be systematically rounded up and sent to "Emasculation Camps" which are under construction in Auschwitz and Leipzig.

It seems as if Fuhrer Betty Friedan has not merely taken military and political control of Germany, but her cries for "Equality"

and "Stop asking me to make you a sandwich" have resonated in the hearts and minds of the female citizens of Germany; especially the younger females who have chosen to discard their dolls and dresses for the weaponry and khaki pants suits of the Betty Friedan Youth.

Sadly, it seems as if no place is safe for men within the sphere of influence of Feminazi Fuhrer Betty Friedan. I'm writing this urgent alert from a bunker in Hamburg, disguised in a sun dress and a Rosie the Riveter button. I don't know if I can survive much longer, for it has been two days since I used the last of my shaving cream. The Fem-stapo is everywhere, and surely the writer of this article will be in grave danger upon its release. Viva la resistance! ●



**Feminazi Propaganda**

# Mariachi Band Threatens Restaurant Patron

by **EVAN ALSTON**

After neglecting to tip the mariachi band on Saturday night, Patrick Williams of Nashville was allegedly threatened bodily harm by los band members in the El Aljembres Restaurante bathroom.

Before the couple's waitress could pass the couple their menus, "Hombres Sin Sombreros" sidled up to the table and began playing uncomfortably close to the couple. "At first, I thought it was kind of cool, just part of the atmosphere, you know, but then the lead singer took her hand and kissed it. I was willing to pass that off as just one of those silly cultural things. You know those Mexicans," said Williams, adding, "But when he stood up and pushed his crotch within inches of her face... I don't know, I just don't remember that from Cultural Acceptance Day in elementary school."

According to Williams' date Becky, "it wasn't that bad at first, but when Patrick politely thanked them and asked them if we could be left alone, they completely ignored him and kept playing Men Without Hats' 'The Safety Dance.' That just wasn't necessary."

Reportedly, the mariachi band played nonstop until the couple received their food. At that point, Williams thanked the band once more, and asked if they could please just have a few minutes to themselves. Unfortunately, an ominous silence followed Williams's request.

The obviously disgusted band members, dragging their highly decorated instruments behind them, made their way to the bar. From there, the three supporting band members ordered their usual employee discount waters, while the silent leader kept staring at the couple who had wronged him.

As one of the members of "Hombres Sin Sombreros" describes, their leader was a visibly broken man: "Yes, Enrique was very mad, very mad. He didn't even order his water con limon. He just watched them, cursing them with his

stare."

It was in the men's bathroom is that Williams first realized his mistake. "I was just in my stall finishing up, and this Mexican guy walks in there with me. I was freaked out, but that was nowhere near as weird as when the whole band entered with me."

Williams then apologized to the band members individually and offered them a tip when he realized what had angered them, but they refused his recompense. "He just put up his hand and said no, then he told me that every deely bob on his hat marked a man that he had killed-- which was impressive at first, but then I remembered seeing that same hat at a party superstore," said Williams.

The band members then proceeded to file out the stall, though before the band leader left he threatened Williams never to set foot in Los Aljembres again. Added Williams, "Come to think of it, he didn't even look Mexican. His accent kept fading and that moustache of his kept falling off. What a weird restaurant."

The band silently marched out of the restaurant, vowing never to set foot in the establishment again. However, they showed up for work the following Wednesday, clearly hungover and denying the infamous night's events as well as a small, unpaid bill for their waters.

Patrick Williams and his date Becky couldn't get over the confrontation as easily. "Well, we've learned a lot about Mexican culture, especially the violent mariachi band aspect," said Williams. "We probably won't be making it back to El Aljembres any time soon, though we did hear that they fired the band since then."

The band, led by Enrique Martinez, also known as "Steve Goodman," has since appeared at Chilis and Ted's Montana Grill, but those "gigs" were contingent upon the band doing all of their shifts in the kitchen--in full costume. The reign of terror of Enrique and his "Hombres Sin Sombreros" has come to an end... or has it? ●

# Freshman Already Expelled

## *Could you be next?*

By **ROBDAVE BARZESAUNDERS**

Incoming Freshman Josh Tilden of Reisterstown, MD became the first freshman to be expelled during the 2002-03 academic year.

What makes this even more surprising is the expulsion occurred on move-in day. Dean Brock Williams says this is a record. "We kick a lot of them out after the first weekend of classes, but move-in-day? His parents were still around, for pete's sake."

The trouble for Mr. Tilden began on Move-In-Eve, when he stayed up drinking Jagermeister and Dead Babies until 4 a.m. At that point, he piled into

his brother's car and drove straight through to Nashville in only 8 hours.

At check-in, his Resident Advisor (RA), Jane Colson, smelling the alcohol and vomit on his breath, gave him a verbal warning for the violation. "I didn't want to bust him first thing," said Colson. "Maybe he just wasn't aware of the alcohol policy, or thought we weren't serious about it."

However, when the liquor boxes Tilden moved into his 4th floor suite actually contained liquor, RA Colson wrote an official warning and passed it on to Dean Williams.

"As busy as my office was with the moving-in arrangements," said

Williams, "I phoned Tilden and his parents as soon as I received the written violation to warn them that such behavior is unacceptable. It should have ended there."

However, the problem did not end. Tilden's Resident Advisor discovered now-empty bottles of beer in the hall outside Tilden's door less than an hour later. Following procedure, RA Colson knocked on Tilden's door to discuss the matter with him. However, with music blaring in Tilden's room, he did not hear the knocking. So, Colson slowly opened the door, hoping Tilden was not changing clothes, "or something private like that."

However, upon opening the door, Colson found Tilden slurping Jack Daniels' from the navel of a naked 9 year-old Russian girl while cooking Pop Tarts in a toaster oven.

Explains Dean Williams, "Needless to say, the student was expelled. We simply will not tolerate students sneaking toaster ovens into our dorms."

Experts forecast a long reign for Tilden's record, although with increasingly more strict rules and guidelines in this country, there will, according to experts, be more and more cases such as Tilden's in future years. ●

## Song Analysis: "Work It" by Missy Elliott

By **JEFF WOODHEAD**

In a time where song lyrics are criminally neglected, the recent Missy Elliott hit "Work It" is an oasis, a breath of fresh air. Indeed, it is one of the landmark lyrical opuses of the modern musical era. Through the song's beautifully woven, poetic string of lyrics, Elliott conveys the feelings of joy and angst that are often associated with love, and indeed paints an allegorical picture of the human condition in the postmodern world.

She begins with the pained lyrics:

*DJ please*

*Pick up your phone*

*I'm on the request line*

*This is a Missy Elliott one time*

*exclusive*

Elliott implies that she is forced to beg the radio stations for stardom. She is thus commenting on the hegemonic media conglomerates which compel proletarian artists like herself to prostitute their art to survive.

She continues into the short but poignant refrain of the song:

*Is it worth it, let me work it*

In one simple phrase she demonstrates her deep concern with the price people must pay for their happiness in

the post-Cold War era. Elliott asks: is it ever, truly, "worth it"?

She addresses a myriad of topics relevant to adolescence and young adulthood in modern America with lyrics fresh as an English meadow yet timelessly wise like a modern Socrates. She is a wordsmith unlike any since the Bard himself. Though I cannot begin to describe all the wondrous nuances of her lyrics here, I will give you a sample of the best lyrics from the song and their meanings:

*Call before you come, I need to*

*shave my chocha*

*You do or you don't or you will or you won't cha*

*Go downtown and eat it like a vulcha*

Here the focus is on dignity. Elliott depicts the modern dilemma of being forced to peddle one's dignity in order to achieve personal goals. "Shaving her chocha" is a metaphor for shearing her dignity. The vulcha in question is her fan base, with whose appetite she must contend while she is "downtown."

*Ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta*

*Sex me so good I say blah blah blah*

The seemingly meaningless syllables here, used masterfully by Elliott, are actually some of the most meaning-

ful lyrics of the song. By repeating the word "ta" and then using the phrase "blah blah blah," Elliott is telling us that sexuality is becoming overused, and indeed routine. If "blah blah blah" is all you can say after sex, Missy asks, what kind of world have we created?

*If you're a fly gal, then get your nails done*

*Get a pedicure, get your hair did*

Elliott's strong literary background shines through here. The fly is an obvious reference to Franz Kafka's "The Metamorphosis." Just as Kafka's hero transforms into a fly, Missy describes the transformation of Western notions of beauty through artificial maintenance.

*Boy lift it up, let's make a toasta*

*Let's get drunk, it's gonna bring us cloa*

*Don't I look like a Halle Berry posta?*

American society places too high a priority upon alcohol and beauty, according to Elliott. She decries the use of unrealistic pictures of beauty, plaintively requesting that someone give her the uber-polished look of a movie star. She is forced to find refuge in drink. The toaster is a reference to the under-respected institution of

marriage, as toasters are frequently given as wedding gifts.

*Why you act dumb like uh-huh, duh*

*So you act dumb like uh-huh, duh*

*And the drummer boy go pa rum pum pum pum*

*Give ya some some, some of this Cinnabon*

The drummer boy is a reference to the over-commercialization of Christmas, linking the imagery of the drummer boy to the fast-food chain Cinnabon. She forces us to consider that the baby Jesus's manger did not have a food court. Indeed, she thinks that commercializing religion is so stupid that she is compelled to use the phrase "uh-huh, duh" to describe it. The use of Cinnabon also alludes to Missy's inner sweetness, which at last shines through the hard façade of cynicism that she wore throughout the song.

Elliott has created a masterpiece, weaving together threads of religion, sexuality, and self-image into a touching yet pointed analysis of life and love in the twenty-first century. She has followed her own advice by putting her thing down, flipping it, and reversing it. I highly recommend listening to this song yourself if you haven't already, for it is truly a life-altering experience. ●



# Parents Return To Active Sex Life

*'Frankly, we've just stopped wearing pants altogether,' says one freshman mom*

By **ANDREW BANECKER**

As Vanderbilt enters the 2003 fall semester, the campus is virtually brimming with a sense of new-phoria. Liberated from the oppressive sexual tyranny of their respective homes, freshmen from Branscomb to Hemingway are shedding their sexual inhibitions nearly as fast as their clothing.

But incoming students aren't the only ones prepared to make the most of their newfound sexual freedom. To put it bluntly, as one Mississippi freshman stated, Vanderbilt parents are "goin' at it like prison inmates on 'Vagina Day.'"

Stephen and Martha Nussbaum, parents of Vern "Fuzz" Nussbaum, have recently purchased the Kama Sutra and plan to "try out some of them new fangled seximacations" as soon as they get back to their home at University Heights, Ohio, with Uncle Peet, Aunt Kash, Chico, and the rest of the Nussbaums and Mansacks.

According to one student, Todd Angelewinski, he returned from his first of many unsuccessful attempts to pick up chicks at frats to find his parents in the squatting crab position in his dorm room. The Angelewinskis did not express any regret over their actions. "Well, we were so excited to be free of this brat, we had to get our newfound sex life off to a rowdy start," said Todd's mother. His father added, "If she get's pregnant again, I think we'll name it Lupton."

"Frankly, we've just stopped wearing pants altogether," claimed Mary Knudsen, mother of Kissam resident,

Brian Joseph Knudsen III. "Once we dumped Brian off in Currey, we shucked off our pants and went at it in the minivan right there in the parking lot. We just haven't been able to keep our hands off of each other the past few days - in fact, Brian's father Brian, Sr. got a ticket for reckless driving when I caught my new tongue stud on his foreskin during road head this morning." The junior Brian Knudsen



**One Couple, Ready To Bone**

could not be reached for comment, as he has been busy retching in the first floor bathroom of Currey Hall.

"I guess I'm ok with my parents having sex," said Ashley Swanson, another freshman disturbed by her parent's newfound sexual antics.

"But did they have to put it on the family webpage? God, their webcam is right next to my graduation pictures!"

Swanson's parents, Gene and Sheila Swanson, reportedly posted pictures of their coital endeavors on their daughter's website in order to let her know that they still have a loving relationship, and that she should not feel hung up about sex.

"Some may view it as over-compensation," typed Mrs. Swanson via her AOL Instant Messenger screenname Whosyourmommy6969. "But we feel bad about being so uptight about sex when she was in high school. I guess it took her leaving the house for us to rediscover our sexuality and want to share it with the world." Mrs. Swanson added that they will soon be purchasing a web cam and plan to host a weekly "sexhibition" on their daughter's website, [www.vanderbilt.edu/students~Ashley.Swanson/hot-parentfucking.edu](http://www.vanderbilt.edu/students~Ashley.Swanson/hot-parentfucking.edu).

# Dreams Overlooked Due To Black History Month

*"Like Martin Luther King Jr.'s the only one who can have dreams."*

By **RICHARD GREEN**

As is often the case during Black History month, a great deal of attention is being directed towards the life and times of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., specifically, his famous "I Had a Dream" speech where King talked about his dream of social change and racial equality. Many, however, feel that several other dreams are often overlooked during black history month, and indeed generally, primarily because of an excessive focus on King's dream.

It is widely suspected that Martin Luther King was not the only historical figure to have a dream. "Most people tend to forget about the dreams of other notable figures" explained history professor John Wilkinson. "Such examples include Cicero's dream about sleeping with his concubine in the once popular "colossus" position and Jesus's dream of giving the Sermon on the Mount, nude."

Because of King's speech's seminal status, dreams of regular everyday people are often neglected. "When I saw the topic of my History 171 lecture for last Friday was 'The Dream,' I was wanting to talk about my awesome dream involving evil bunnies with glowing red eyes eating people, but we spent the whole day talking about King's speech" protested junior Jeff Carrey. "What type of a liberal arts education is that?"

Much of the attention on Martin Luther King's dream is the belief that it has yet to become a reality; however, some feel that is unimportant. One Vanderbilt student explained, "It's not like any of my dreams ever come true. Like, I had this dream of fucking Paris Hilton and Jessica Simpson at the same time, and that never happened! Nobody is writing articles and giving speeches about that."

Others feel that King's dream is in fact especially thought-provoking, and

deserves the exclusive status attributed to it. "It's really impressive that King was able to remember his dream in so much depth" commented sophomore Michelle Willis. "He even remembered such details as 'little black boys and black girls being able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.' I typically forget such details even about the dreams I remember."

But skepticism of King's Dream's exalted position remains. Many experts on dreams do not believe that King could have possibly even had the dream he spoke of so eloquently. "REM sleep dreams typically last thirty minutes to an hour" explained psychologist Dr. Lindsay Wilson. "King's dream of a race of subjugated people being treated as equals seems like it would take four or five hundred years or so."

Wilson added, "Dreams are not typically that special. Most of us have 3 dreams in each of three REM sleep stages a night. We typically just forget about them by the morning. It's strange that one man's dream could cause such an impact."

Some of Vanderbilt's students also feel that their dreams should be considered just as important, even if they contradict King's dream of racial integration. "I had a dream that I would never have to talk with any white people, and especially that I would not have to eat lunch with them" explained African American student Jerome Riggs. "They're all a bunch of racists."

Others on campus share a similar vision. "What about my dream," claimed Vanderbilt student Robert Davis. "I had a dream, that one day; I would never have to deal with colored peoples, in class, in the dorms, in parties, or ever!"

Even with all the disagreement, the dream of Dr. King will still probably overshadow those of others.

# Satan To Rod Roddy: "Come On Down!"

*Flamboyant Suits, Excessive Enthusiasm Land Announcer Spot In Hell*

by **COLIN DINSMORE**

Beloved television announcer Rod Roddy passed away on Monday, October 27. Roddy was best known for his work as the flamboyant man who called contestants down on the Price is Right with his signature line, "Come on down! You're the next contestant on the Price is Right." In an ethereal decision that stunned family and friends, the powers that be have relegated Roddy's soul not to heaven as expected, but to eternal suffering in hell.

Following Roddy's death, his soul was promptly whisked deep into the bowels of Hades. "Come on down!" chortled the Devil in an ironic twist of fate. Lucifer placed the announcer's soul in hell's eighth circle, between the flatterers and simonists, a position he felt Roddy could more than fill.

The Devil commented on his acquisition of Roddy's soul at a press conference held in the City of Dis.

"You want to know why that fool's in hell?" Satan began. "First of all his suits were ridiculous. No man worthy to enter the Kingdom of Heaven would be caught dead wearing something like that. It was also sickening how unnaturally energetic and cheerful he was. That, is why he's here." Added the Prince of Darkness, "That and he operated a child pornography ring."



**A Damned Mr. Roddy**

Despite Beelzebub's reasoning, many are at a loss as to how someone who seemed so jovial could be condemned to perdition. "I just don't understand it," said a puzzled Helen Ackerby, a friend of Roddy's, "he was always so happy and colorful. I mean, how can anyone who regularly wears multicolored sequined jackets be considered a

bad person?"

The host of the Price is Right and close personal friend of Roddy, Bob Barker, had much to say about the

matter. "Who? Oh, that funny-looking guy who yelled things from the booth, sure. I guess now we'll have to find an even more flamboyant announcer to spice up the show. But yes, I suppose it is quite the tragedy for his family, maybe." Barker then added, "On a more serious note, remember to have your animals spayed or neutered."

Perhaps the most stunned person of all was Mr. Roddy himself. "Why did this happen?" Roddy cried out, "How could God punish a man who died of colon and breast cancer? I mean come on, do I really deserve to bathe in eternal hellfire as well?"

While the question of whether or not the famed television personality deserves to be in hell remains up in the air, one thing is for sure: Rod Roddy will not be "unnaturally energetic and cheerful" for a long, long time. ●

# '#1 Grandma' Actually Ranked 37,304,032nd

*Alma Smith Good, Not Great*

by **CEAF LEWIS**

Alma Smith, 82, wept with joy as she received a coffee mug emblazoned with a seal of approval which only one may bear from her seven year old grandson Timmy Rosenbaum. By achieving the vaunted rank of the "Number One Grandma," Smith's future seemed secure; the prize money would flow like the sweetest and most puissant boxed wines and the fame that comes with such a lofty title would resound to the far corners of the globe.

In a recent interview given to Dateline NBC's Stone Phillips, Nashville resident Smith proudly displayed her award and fielded questions from the news team's award-winning team of journalists. When asked what she would do with the prize money, Smith proclaimed that she was "gonna store it in a tin can and bury it in the

backyard so the revenuers don't get it." When reminded that the Prohibition ended over seventy years ago, Smith began discussing her six cats.

However, one blot tarnished Smith's record, and that blot was fraud. Smith's opponents demanded a recount, and when they were refused, they took the issue to the courts. Investigative journalists from the New York Times found that military absentee ballots had been discounted and that a confusing ballot had led many to select cartoon superhero He-Man's fabled nemesis Skeletor as the "Number One Grandma." In addition, Smith's closest opponent, Edna Randolph of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, claimed that excessive media

hype led her to murder a traveling venison salesman after the Geriatric Primaries, throwing an unfair advantage to the Tennessean octagenarian.

Further investigation has revealed that massive corruption in Mayor Richard Daley's Chicago threw an ever greater advantage to Alma than previously thought. "The dead voted in droves. Either somebody was trying to rig the ballot, or the End of Days is upon us! God help us!" cried apocalyptic writer Tim LaHaye. Expert estimates place Alma's actual ranking, limiting voting to those undergoing minimum decomposition, at 37,304,032.

"It's unfair," said opponent Randolph at a recent press conference,

"that Alma was even considered for this award. When they had Timmy present that award, they said that it was because she made excellent biscuits and she made her granddaughter's Halloween costumes for ten years. Horseshit. The biscuits were too salty and those costumes smelled like cat food. Oh, and she's been addicted to Viagra ever since the damn things came out. Her friends keep telling her that those don't work on women, but you know Alma, never one to pay attention to science." When CNN's Wolf Blitzer replied that no, no he didn't know Alma, Randolph threw her hands in the air with an exclamation of "Land o' Goshen."

Award presenter Timmy Rosenbaum could not be reached for comment, as he was busy playing Dragonball Z: Budokai on his Playstation 2. ●



**Alma Smith, Not #1**



## Masturbation Sock Accidentally Used In Puppet Show

by **DIABETUS**

Albert Grissin, high school sophomore and chronic masturbator, misplaced one of his socks earlier this week; a sock which Grissin used solely for masturbatory purposes.

Tension arose later in the week, however, when Betty Unger, an instructor at Pensfield reported that one of its newest sock puppets, Fufu, was coated with a "disgusting amount of semen."

It now appears that the loss of Albert Grissin's "special sock" occurred in approximately the same timeframe in which local children's entertainer, Ted Insley, misplaced his favorite puppet. This coincidental turn of events proved tragic for both individuals involved.

Insley, who realized he had lost his favorite puppet mere minutes before the show, grabbed the first sock

he saw at the daycare center, glued on some googly eyes and yarn for hair, and went to work completely ignorant of Fufu's previous role.

"It was absolutely gross," reported Ted Insley, Fufu's puppeteer. "The show was just about to get underway, so I do as I always do and put on Fufu, but something just didn't feel right. He was a lot stiffer than normal and I had a lot of trouble moving his mouth around. I didn't want to ask questions until later, but... I wish I had... damn..."

Grissin was reportedly "disappointed" that his favorite masturbation sock somehow came to be at Pensfield. "Me and the sock have a history," he said. "I've been strokin' it into that sock for years and years. After I lost it, I couldn't play any 5-on-1 anymore, anywhere. What am I supposed to do, get a girlfriend? Hell no, I want my sock back."

The sock's mysterious appearance at the day care center may relate to Albert's mother, Mary Grissin. "My

mom takes my sis to the daycare center...I guess she was going to the laundromat, and well..."

Grissin then squirmed uncomfortably.

The most upsetting aspect of Fufu's show was not the show itself, however. "It was after the show," said Unger. "We invited all of the kids to come up and pet Fufu and have him sign autographs. Oh lord...I can't imagine what some of those kids got on their autographs... sweet Jesus."

"We certainly do not encourage masturbation at our day care center!" Unger added, who is forty years old and has not been on a date in over two years.

The children themselves, however, seemed relatively unfazed by the events.

"Yay! I got Fufu's autograph!" shrieked a delighted Mary Hudson. "It's stuck to my hand! Fufu's so silly... and he smells like

daddy!"

Other children had differing opinions on their man juice-laden autographs. "Fufu's so magical! He doesn't want my autograph to ever leave me!" reported fellow day care regular Tommy Nelson (age 4). He then proceeded to carress his autograph affectionally, causing it to stick to his hands and face briefly. "I love Fufu."

After he learned of the events at Pensfield, Grissin has decided to become "a little more responsible" about where his masturbation sock goes following ejaculation. "Y'know, I'll put it somewhere safe, like under my bed or just maybe, I dunno, take it to the laundromat myself when it gets too gross," stated Grissin.

When asked if he will miss his masturbation sock, Grissin seemed complacent.

"I mean, I've got the other sock that came with it I guess. Since old reliable is gone, I guess I'll just have to make due with what I have [for masturbation]"



## Music Stolen, Water Paid For

*Student pays \$1.49 for bottled water; complains about recording industry price-fixing*

by **DAVID BARZELAY**

Vanderbilt Sophomore Garrett Kraft's internet connection was suspended late last week when Kraft received several copyright infringement notices for downloading pirated music. Kraft says greedy corporations are the reason he stole music, blaming their exorbitant CD prices and restrictions of fair use. Nevertheless, Kraft was unable to reconcile this thriftiness with his habit of spending \$1.49 each day on a bottled water during his 11:00am class.

Kraft says his piracy began in 1999 when he first heard about Napster. He described his attitude at the time towards music companies as "disgruntled," citing the \$16 he had recently paid for the new Jay-Z album at Tower Records. "I had no qualms about it," said Kraft while sipping a bottle of Dasani.

"They're gouging consumers, so I felt it was my right, or even my responsibility, to gouge them back."

However, even though the Jay-Z album became one of his favorites, Kraft still felt he had been ripped off on the purchase. After finishing his bottle of water and returning from walking past several water fountains to purchase a second bottle, Kraft continued, "It would be one thing if there were no other way to get the music but to buy the CD's. But the

recording industry needs to realize that there's an easier (and free) way now. They either need to update their business model, or else face the consequences."

"Sure," continued Kraft, "the copies I can download aren't perfect quality. Purchased CD's certainly are a little better... slightly more pure, without the interference and loss of signal you find in the free music.

But," said a still-thirsty Kraft, "I can deal with some tiny signal impurities. They're not gonna kill me."

However, some students disagree with Kraft's stance on the issue, such as Freshman Mike Hanson, who said, "I don't see what the big deal is about paying a little bit of money for music that you are going to cherish and enjoy for a long time. It's a lasting pleasure. Artists worked hard to create that music. It's not like those songs

were just put on this Earth by God for everyone to enjoy."

Replied Kraft mockingly, "Yeah, I don't see what the big deal is. After all, you don't lose anything by buying the music but money!"

School officials declined to comment on Kraft's violation or punishment, but confirmed that although Kraft's internet priveleges have been revoked indefinitely, his water fountain priveleges are still intact. ●



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# Foreign Professor Misunderstood

*Continues To Be 'Wery Dishappointed' In Listening Skills Of Class*

**By 2003-2004 STAFF**

According to students of MATH 238, Professor Anup Bharahaeshalavani, is increasingly difficult to understand. Bharahaeshalavani, a recent immigrant from India, has apparently not caught wind of his student's difficulty understanding his lectures. According to students, even when he is asked to repeat himself, he cocks his head quizzically, then repeats the phrase faster and with an even less American accent.

"Like once in class he said something about a 'shine curw' and 'deorem,'" said student Mike Spalding. "And then I asked him to repeat what he asked, and he was all like, 'Well, the deorem iwolwing dee shine curw,' and

I was like 'huh?'"

Do Joon Park, T.A. for the course and native Korean, also has problems understanding Professor Bharahaeshalavani, though he tries his best to interpret for students. However, students complain that Park's efforts only compound the problem.

"It makes it ten times worse that we've got this Korean guy trying to translate for the Indian guy," said Kari Marks, another student in the class. "It goes from 'sholwing shertin ashineements' to 'ah, soluvink certeh assigniman.'"



**Professor Bharahaeshalavani**

Professor Bharahaeshalavani also expressed displeasure with the accent of T.A. Park. "No vunder none of dem can undershtand anythink vid dat damn Korean jabbering to dem. Who can tell vut he ish shayink? He always goesh on and on like, 'Sheorieseh,' and 'Carcuvatorsh,' and 'Rhopidar'sh Plinsheeparr.'"

Likewise, T.A. Park has complained about the Professor. "I try very hod to teach the studant the carcurus but the Professor confuseh them very much. I don't neveh have any idea whateh he is

recturing about. He say thingehs rike, 'Peedagoleem Tearlem,' and 'Dereh veel bee puppa qweez on vendshuday.'"

Students in MATH 238 have complained to the department administration about their difficulties understanding course materials due to the accents of the instructors, but to no avail.

"I clearly explained to the woman in the Math office that I couldn't understand their foreign accents," said student Brian Harvey, "But they said I needed to try harder to accept the differences of others in 'the melting pot of America.' Fuck that, I want an American to teach me American math." Added Harvey, "I think the secretary lady must have been a Jew." ●

## Pellissippi State Community College Is The Harvard Of The Greater Pellissippi Valley Area

*PSCC puts other local institutions of higher learning to shame.*

**By DAVID BARZELAY**

I'm so glad I attend Pellissippi State Community College. It really is, as they say, the Harvard of Pellissippi County. There's not even a chance that North Withlahatchee Community College could beat us out for that honor.

We've got so much nicer facilities. Whereas their pool is one large, boring one, we have two pools, one on each side of the campus, and they are each distinct and interestingly shaped. Our cafeteria serves only the finest institutional food. I've been over there to that college for brief visits with former friends. Their fried catfish can't even compare to our fried catfish!

Also, when you're in one of our classrooms, the rooms are spacious, with tall 10 ft. ceilings. The recently renovated halls feature a tasteful pattern around the bottom of the walls bearing our superior school colors:

Green and Old Gold. The rooms of Clayhillville Junior College, on the other hand, are like little cells, their ceilings a mere nine feet from the ground, and their walls feature a bland off-white paint over the entirety of the cinderblock.

And don't even get me started on the quality of our faculty. We've got several doctorates, including one professor who discovered the Carbonium-18 isotope, as reported last year in our fine weekly student newspaper, the PSCC Examiner. We also have a highly amusing monthly publication that pokes fun at the little absurdities of life at PSCC called The PSCC ExHAMiner in a subtle play on the title of our traditional news rag. Compare that to the immature ramblings of Humphreysville Culinary And Technical Institute's weekly offering: The Tech Tribune. It's opinions page features the uninformed drivel typical of the kind of mediocre student that

Humphreysville Tech cultivates.

The classes at PSCC are so much more engaging and enlightening than those offered at other local institutions. Several have even featured an occasional lively debate, and professors use visual aids to reinforce the material. That may explain why over 30% of our graduates go on to attain their bachelor's degree, whereas the next highest figure a local school can boast is a paltry 15%.

Our admissions standards are rigorous, requiring completion of the prestigious SAT standardized test. Applicants must also provide verification of their having completed their high school equivalency. We're not like Hollybush Grove County Institute. They'll take anyone whose check clears.

Finally, PSCC offers academic programs with which no other area college can compete. Our fine school has a dual enrollment program with

Arkansas State, giving our students the opportunity to study at one of the world's foremost research institutions. Also, for those students who live too far from PSCC or would prefer it, our school offers a degree-granting correspondence program, giving the handicapped and underprivileged the ability to obtain a certificate from an accredited institute. The only academic boast that even comes close is Humphreysville's Agriculture Department's rightfully earned fourteen straight blue ribbons for Best Overall Farm & Livestock - Academic category in the Arkansas State Fair.

Clearly, Pellissippi State Community College has far surpassed every other school within the greater Pellissippi river valley area. It has earned the title of "Harvard Of Pellissippi County," perhaps even "Harvard of Southern Arkansas." But I don't want to go too far. After all, even PSCC is still improving every year! ●



## I Have The Best Residents Ever!

By **ELIZABETH VENNUM**  
R.A. Columnist



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

and consumed alcohol or had their boyfriends cohabit with them? I have to admit, I was terrified when it came time for that first-day speech.

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

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

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

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

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

## How Am I Going To Explain That Dead Hooker To My Wife?

By **ELWOOD GORDON GEE**  
Chancellor Columnist



My wife has to put up with a lot of guff due to the nature of my job as the Chancellor of a major University. She has to be ready with a smile on her face at

the drop of a hat, just in case a distinguished scholar, poet laureate, or potential donor just happens to stop by. She is the most understanding person in the whole world, but gosh, how am I going to explain that dead hooker to her?

She understands and supports my stance as being a hipster, rather than a stodgy old curmudgeon like most Chancellors I know. And by being the "groovy Chancellor," I have to make late night appearances at fraternity parties and other social gatherings of the Vanderbilt students. Thus, when I left at 11:00pm last night to go to an off campus keg party hosted by a certain favorite fraternity of mine, she was completely understanding, and

even made sure my tie was straight before I got in my car.

She even kissed me on the forehead and told me to "Have fun, you crazy kook!" before she buckled my seatbelt and waved as I drove down the driveway. All of this just makes it so much harder to explain to her why I drove back without my pants at 4:00am. Great googily moogily I have no idea how in the H-E-double hockey sticks I am going to be able to explain all the lines I did.

Well, she has seen me at my worst before, but never have I driven home with that much vomit in the passenger seat of our new Cadillac. Jeepers, my head is spinning. I don't know, maybe I should have stopped after the tequila shots and keg stands, but I just can't say no to my beloved Vanderbilt students. Geez, I don't even recall how I got home, or why I am parked in the middle of our lawn, and I sure as shingles have no recollection about that dead prostitute in the trunk of our Cadillac.

Well, she is my wife, and we did take sacred vows to stay together through better or worse, in sickness and in health, until death do us part. I'm sure she'll understand. She's my wife, and I love her, so I'm just going to tell her openly and honestly... ●

## Inside The Salad Toss: An Interview with Frank Gladu

by **DAVE BILLER**  
*Slant Apostate*

**Dave:** So now, let me ask you about the Salad Toss Station in Rand. Are students actually receiving fresh tossed salads?

**Frank:** Fresh as can be. We toss the salads every day.

**Dave:** I noticed you said "we", but I imagine as the Director of Vanderbilt Dining you're not actually tossing the salads yourself. Am I right?

**Frank:** Well, most of the time my staff

tosses the students' salads, but when we're understaffed or when I'm just in the mood, I tend to get a hand in there. I mean, employee satisfaction is all about equality. I want my employees happy and if I have to toss a few salads to get that, I certainly will. I know how it feels to be in their position; I was there once.

**Dave:** So I assume you had to toss some salads to reach your prestigious position.

**Frank:** Oh, of course. I tossed salads throughout the best years of my life,

and I got quite skilled at it. I had a reputation for being the best salad tosser this side of the Mississippi River. And I was making tons of money doing it.

**Dave:** That's amazing; people must have really appreciated your efforts. Now, correct me if I'm wrong, but during Saturday brunch you have strawberries and whipped cream at the Salad Toss station.

**Frank:** Yes, we do.

**Dave:** That surely must spice things up a bit for the students.

**Frank:** That's what we're going for. I

mean, students can get their salads tossed anywhere. It's the variety that keeps them coming back to the Salad Toss Station. I know it seems hard to imagine, but if they received a standard salad tossing every day of the week they'd get bored of it--and students tend to love the strawberries and whipped cream as much as I do--especially when I'm getting my ass eaten out.

**Dave:** Thank you for your time. ●

# Why Won't My Students Shut The Fuck Up?

By **TIM BOYD**  
T.A. Columnist

I love the sound of my own voice. Seriously, though, so would you if you heard it. It's got that harmonic combination of class, authority and savoir faire that can only be produced by narcissistic, pretentious middle-class Brits such as myself. If satin sheets could talk, I believe that they would sound like me.

As is probably clear from the above, there is nothing I enjoy more than holding forth to a captive audience and trying to impress them by how damn eloquent I am. So imagine my joy when I, as a newly installed TA, was put in charge of multiple discussion sections for this semester. Finally, an opportunity for others to hear my humorous, learned and incisive dissection of the agricultural revolution on the 18th Century plantation (and believe me, only once you've heard me explain how Whitney's Cotton "Gin" was just the "Tonic" the South needed will you realize that wit didn't die out with Oscar Wilde).

From what other TAs had told me, I was onto a winner. "Students just sit there" they said, "no-one ever wants to talk about the readings" they said "you'll struggle to get a properly sentence structure out of them", they said. Perfect, this will be rhetoric's greatest moment since Abraham Lincoln turned up at Gettysburg and asked "if he might just say a few words."

Well, that's not the way it turned out. Only two weeks into classes, and already my students won't stop analyzing, criticizing, conceptualizing, abstracting, inferring, discussing and deconstructing any document I put in front of them. In the very first class, I gave them something to read on the Puritans arrival in New England and asked them (in a 'I actually don't care what you think, so keep quiet and let me tell you the answer' kind of way) if they had any thoughts on it. Barely had the words escaped my mouth when some precocious know-it-all said "Well I think the doctrinal

implications of the Puritans millenarian theology are such that their entire social system would be predicated on the need to maintain order."

As you can imagine, I was horrified: "Hey, you spotty little oik" I thought "I don't care if you can list all the passengers on the Mayflower, your job here is to keep quiet and let me tell you what the doctrinal implications of the Puritans theology were." But before I could respond to him, this girl on the other side of the room, whose immaculate skin tone and designer fashion accessories should have meant she had the intellectual capacity of a watermelon came out with "You know, I can't help but see the parallels between the socio-religious hegemony of early New England and the development of a 'Protestant work ethic' in colonial society."

Well, it was pretty much downhill from there. Before you could say "Hegelian dialectic" these impudent wastrels, most of whom didn't even have titles for God's sakes, were stealing my classroom from me. Instead of them listening to me, I have to spend the best part of an hour each week listening to them. I ask you, could there be anything worse for a teacher to have to deal with?

I've tried to get them to shut up. I've given them documents of extraordinary complexity and concepts to grapple with that the philosophy department can't even agree on how to spell yet. I've even given them texts in Latin, only to hear them open up a debate on whether a linguistic structure contributes to a national identity. What else can I try? Already, I am a broken man, desperately trying to find people who will listen to my views on the social context of the Civil War.

What did I do to deserve this? Why, despite all the odds, did I get to teach a class with a burning passion to master the material? Why, oh gods of history, have you cursed me with this group of inquisitive, alert and enthusiastic students? And how, for the love of Ken Burns, how do I get them to shut the fuck up? ●

# You Can't Buy Your Way Into Heaven With That Salary

By **ST. PETER**  
Holy Columnist

It says here you're Mother Teresa. And how did that position pay? From the looks of it, not very well. Okay people, I'm starting to get the feeling that there's some confusion down there on Earth when it comes to living the good life. I don't usually do this and I'm really supposed to send an angel first, but most of them were laid off cause they're starting to cost more than they bring in. Yeah, Heaven's falling on hard times, and I know why.

Somewhere along the way, people got the ridiculous idea that money doesn't buy happiness, which simply couldn't be more untrue. I mean, honestly, when has money ever been a bad thing for you? It's not the money's fault if you spend it on inane things like your kids or philanthropy. I mean, seriously, half that charity money just goes to medical costs and keeping poor people alive longer. Medical costs are the devil's business. People need to just save all their money and die. Christ... this was never a problem back in the "Dark Ages."

I know what you're thinking, Jesus said that it will be as hard for a rich man to enter Heaven as a camel passing through the eye of a needle, but you've got to understand how large needles were back when he wrote that. And he was referring to the now extinct pigmy camels, which were miniscule! Sure, the Bible says that 'the meek shall inherit the Earth' Yes... the Earth. Not Heaven. Now stop breaking in line Mother Theresa.

Want to live a good life? Go to Vegas, the Holy City of God. As long as you come out on top, you're closer to the basic saint status. Of course, then there's Saint Plus, Gold, and Platinum levels. I'm a Platinum member. But that's beside the point, people just need to stop resenting others for having more expensive cars, houses, and wives. It's like they always said, if they have more money than you, they're obviously better people. You need to see how these people live,

for they are truly close to the Lord. Except for that Bill Gates... we don't need any creepy computer geeks in eternal paradise.

Do you really think Michael Eisner is happy because he's able to make millions of kids happy by carrying on the Disney tradition? Come on... He'd be just as happy as a drug lord. Which some of you should look into, by the way. If he really wanted to make millions of children happy, he'd pay his employees a living wage. Ten cents a day to make thousands upon thousands of Goofy hats... priceless.

This is nothing complicated, just think about it. Pearly gates and streets of gold? This stuff doesn't pay for itself. I guess God could have gone for something a little more subtle and cost-conscious when he designed Heaven, but do you want to tell him? Really guys, you gotta do better than this. It was okay for awhile, the Egyptians had a good thing going, sending off people with their favorite belongings. But, once again, you can't expect much from mortals: what do you think a mummified cat corpse is gonna go for?

That's right Mother Teresa, Princess Di is in there. But it ain't for the philanthropy, that's for sure. Seriously though, you think she got in for her efforts toward ridding third world countries of land mines? You're way off. More of those mines are 'neutralized' by Vietnamese children playing tag than Princess Di could ever imagine. But that's not a bad thing! Everyone has to go at some point. It's not like I won't let them into Heaven eventually, you just have to give priority to people who have more to offer than a soiled blanket and some rice.

Hey, I'm not the cold, heartless saint you may think I am, but if you think I'm letting free-loaders into heaven, you're insane. I'm Heaven's bouncer and I've got bills to pay. Help me out here guys, I'm up for promotion and I need this. You just have to lose the silly notion that you can't buy your way into Heaven. It's not hard, just let your greed guide you. ●



# I Hate Native Americans... And Their Damn Casinos

By **JIM BACA**  
Former Mayor of Albuquerque



I know it's not politically correct, but I just have to get this off my chest. I hate Native Americans and their damn casinos. I was driving around, just outside of the beautiful city of Albuquerque, and all I see now are these damn casinos!!! Not good casinos even, with stripper shows and massive elaborate golden statues and Sigfried and Roy, no no. These casinos are warehouses for old people with crippling gambling addictions hobbling around on

their walkers and wearing their old people sunglasses.

Who do they think they are, these dirty Indians? Yes, I said Indians. So, shoot me. Why do they need all these reparations? I mean sure we stole their land, wiped out most of their race with our military forces, and gave whatever of them managed to live crippling diseases and alcoholism, but what idiot comes to the conclusion that all of that warrants tax free casinos? Is Donald Trump allowed the same benefits? He sure as shit would be if he was one sixteenth Navajo.

I mean, we've done equally worse things to other races and nationalities, and you don't see any damn Japanese internment camp casinos just popping up all over, now do you? And black people, we even promised them forty acres and a mule... we didn't give it to them, of course, but still, you don't see any casinos in Harlem. Sure you see a three card monty stand set up at every corner, but it's only tax free because it's illegal.

I'm just saying, what's so damn special about the dirty booze hound Indians that gives them the right to steal old people's money without providing them with strippers? Why does the fact that your grandmother got banged by Tecumseh allow you to put up a casino on your filthy stinking reservation?

Oh yeah, don't even get me started about the Arabs...

"The views stated are those of Mayor Baca, not *The Slant*.

*The Slant* loves Native Americans as well as all races. Except for the people of Luxembourg. What's their deal?"

## Join The Slant!

Meetings Tuesdays @  
6:30 in Sarratt 315

Or we'll kill this puppy.



# A Week In The Life Of Jay Cutler

By **JAY CUTLER**  
Football Columnist

As I was walking around campus this week, I heard some students saying some pretty upsetting things about the Vanderbilt football team, accusing us of not putting forth enough effort and being indifferent about our disappointing season. Every week our guys come out of the game and tell you, the Vanderbilt community, that we work hard and that we're trying our hardest to turn the program around. Well obviously that's just not enough for you, so I thought I would take you through my week preparing for the Georgia game so you can see just how hard we work, then we'll see if you still doubt our work ethic.

**Sunday, 3:00 PM:** We lost to Rutgers yesterday, so Coach Johnson decided to schedule a meeting so we could talk about what we did wrong. It got kind of boring, so me and the other guys got out our iPods. Don't get me wrong, we listened to coach too; he talked about the pouring rain and how she would be loved...wait that was Maroon 5-- but still, we learned a lot.

**Monday, 6:00 AM:** We all had to get up this morning to run sprints...haha just kidding--that would suck-- we would get really tired!

**Monday, 5:00 PM:** Today the coaches went over the playbook. Coach Johnson decided to add another new play on offense-- now we have to memorize SEVEN whole plays! Hopefully coach will make me a cheat sheet to wear on my wrist before we play Georgia.

**Tuesday, 4:00 PM:** We had to go out on the practice field today. The offense played Duck Duck Goose, but the defense got to go play Marco Polo in the pool--it wasn't fair!

**Tuesday, 4:06 PM:** We're really tired, so coach is going to let us take naps before dinner.

**Tuesday, 8:00 PM:** Dinner Time-- we had Filet Mignon tonight. The inside was a little overdone for my taste, I ate almost half of it before I couldn't take anymore. Sometimes I don't know how much longer I can take this crappy McGugin food, I bet their health inspection rating is really low--maybe even under 96.

**Wednesday, 4:00 PM:** I didn't go to practice today, my BMW was making some really weird noises when I took it out this morning

so I had to take it to the shop. It turns out the car was fine, I had just forgotten to take my pony's horseshoes out of the trunk-- silly me!

**Thursday, 3:00 AM:** I just had a really bad nightmare-- We were supposed to have a really good year, but we started the season 1-4; everyone was really disappointed.

**Thursday, 7:30 AM:** Dammit.

**Thursday, 2:00 PM:** We were going to watch film from Georgia's first few games this year, but coach thought that watching a team closer to our skill level would help us learn more. It was the seventh time for me to see Little Giants but I still really liked it.

**Thursday, 10:00 PM:** We get the day off tomorrow, so we decided to go out on the town. I tried to pick up some girls, but they said they were going out with the basketball team.

**Thursday, 10:03 PM:** I tried to pick up some more girls, but they said they were going out with the baseball team.

**Thursday, 10:05 PM:** I tried to pick up some more girls, but they said they were going out with the cricket team. I found out later that we don't have a cricket team. I guess they just got mixed up and meant soccer or something. Soccer and cricket are a lot alike, right?

**Friday, 3:00 PM:** Coach decided to call us in for a short run-through, that's right-- we went out on the field three days this week! Do you know of any other teams that have that kind of dedication?

**Friday, 10:00 PM:** Here we are in Athens--I love road games...you can tell the girls that you're on the Vandy basketball team and they don't know the difference. It's going to be really hard not to party hard tonight, but coach told us to stay focused on the game tomorrow and that's just what I'm going to do.

**Saturday, 3:30 AM:** Son of a bitch--I must have gotten drunk and fallen asleep in the dumpster again. I'm going to have a really bad hangover later...We dont have a game today, do we?

So there you go-- a week in the life of a Vanderbilt football player. Not exactly milk and cookies is it? I hope now you can see all the effort that we put forth. We may not win every week, but we're giving it our all to start a tradition here at Vanderbilt. Now if you'll excuse me, it's time for milk and cookies in the film room.

# Devil's Vandy Dictionary

by Tim Boyd

**Alcohol** (n.) A substance, much coveted by those under 21, whose charm and appeal can only be ruined by drinking it.

**Baseball Glove Lounge** (n.) A place of study and contemplation that Trappist Monks consider eerily quiet. If you can hear yourself think, you are thinking too loud.

**Breaking Up** (v.) The process by which two people who have come together out of respect and mutual affection come apart when someone more attractive shows up.

**Cramming** (v.) An attempt to conceal your ignorance of a subject you have been taught by confusing yourself with ideas and concepts you have no hope of understanding.

**Diversity** (n.) The desire to encourage respect for differing opinions on campus which the University promotes by ignoring those who disagree with it.

**Dormitory** (n.) An accommodation block in which the University has taken great pains to keep men and women in separate rooms from each other, only to see the students successfully undermine their efforts.

**Exams** (n.) Revenge inflicted on undergraduates by those you have held in contempt for most of the semester.

**Fraternity** (n.) A communal organization made up entirely of men which male students seek to join in the hope that they will then be able to spend more time in the company of women.

**Gee** (n.) Chancellor of the University. Easily identified by immense range of bow-ties worn on a daily basis. Definitely not dead.

**Honor Council** (n.) A tribunal where those who have been exposed as plagiarizers, liars and cheats are punished by those who have gotten away with it.

**Ignorance** (n.) A blissful state - to explain it would be to ruin it.

**Jogging** (v.) An activity pursued by a large share of Vanderbilt's population, often more in hope than in expectation. Those who undertake it regularly may find that others no longer see them as chubby, and now simply conclude they are anorexic.

**Kissam** (n.) An uninhabitable dorm usually inhabited by freshmen so that they might appreciate the limits of what \$30,000 a year can get you. Only those living in Kissam would ever conclude the conditions in Rand Hall are sanitary.

**Library** (n.) A cell-like building located on the Eastern edge of campus so as not to offend the eye when leaving the dorm. Rumored to contain vast amounts of knowledge, culture and learning but few students who investigate this claim live to tell the tale.

**Mother** (n.) A formidable institution, regardless of distance from campus. Mothers are ignored at great risk - unannounced appearances are not unheard of, and powers of retribution are considerable if displeased. Are generally placated with phonecalls and occasional postcards.

**Munchi Mart** (n.) Colonial Outposts of the Vanderbilt Dining Empire. The Business Plan is based on an inverse relationship between the cost of a product and its healthiness.

**Nashville** (n.) The City where Vanderbilt is based. As the home of country music, Nashville is to Civilization what George Bush is to the English Language.

**Opryland** (n.) Hotel and Shopping complex in Northeast Nashville. Apparently designed by people fascinated by what moon colonies would look like, it re-creates everything that is delightful about being outdoors except actually being outdoors. Doubles as tourist attraction and architectural war crime.

**Professor** (n.) A learned man or women more interested in asking questions than in answering them.

**Rand Hall** (n.) Dining centre for the University. All freshmen are effectively compelled to eat there in order to provide specimens for students at the Vanderbilt Medical Centre to learn about food poisoning.

**Sorority** (n.) For women, a social setting where that which you would normally say only behind someone's back can be said to their face. For men, an institution of immense possibilities, but few results.

**Student Government Association [SGA]** (n.) A body that seeks to raise the levels of civic awareness and political sophistication on campus to which we elect those with the nicest smile.

**Teaching Assistant** (n.) A graduate student whose disinterest in teaching you a subject is matched only by your unwillingness to learn it.

**Vanderbilt** (n.) 19th Century businessman for whom the University is named. His ruthless pursuit of money regardless of all social consequences makes him an ideal figure to represent an institution of higher learning.

**Whore** (n.) A female student of dubious morality, whose complete lack of decency is generally demonstrated by her determination to sleep with people other than oneself. The male analog is viewed positively and with admiration.

**Youth** (n.) That part of your life spent at Vanderbilt which, in order to enjoy the most, you will drink yourself into such a state that you won't be able to remember it.

**Z** (letter) Final member of the alphabet, the correct pronunciation of which no American is capable of.

## Bastard Confession



"Okay fine, I'll go ahead and say it. Although I am a full grown black man, the truth is I don't have a huge penis. That's right, not all black people have giant genitalia and I'm one of them. I don't think I'm alone in my race either. It's quite possible many of us lack Mandingo sized penises. It is depressing just writing this down, but the truth would get up and come out eventually in some sort of social situation. A mere nine inches... nine inches of pure despair. No, I don't mean a limp nine inches or nine inches when it's cold or I've just gotten out of water. And size does matter to all the Vandy girls I've ever met. Well I'll go burn my tight jeans. No more bust or sock stuffing for me... it's time for me to stop living a lie and just admit to the world that I only have a nine inch penis."

-Richard Green





**AROUNDTHELOOP**

**What was your favorite *Slant* controversy?**

**Tony Lee, Sophomore**



"When *The Slant* eliminated those six million Jews. Wait, was that *The Slant*? Yeah, I think so."

**Richard Green, Junior**



"When they staged that protest against segregation, only to realize they were fifty years too late. And told all the black people the wrong room."

**James, Former Baby**



"When *The Slant* shook me to death. It's not really my favorite, but it's the only one I lived to see."

**Susan Blumenthall, Senior**



"The time they stoned that adultrass on Alumni Lawn. She deserved it, though."

**Gordon Gee, Chancellor**



"That time *The Slant* planted that dead hooker in my car."

**Bridget Cornett, Review Editor-Elect**



"Anal gangbang in the *Review* office. That or the one about all the Jews."

**SLANTHOROSCOPES**

**Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)**

If at first you don't succeed, apply to live in McGill.

**Gemini: (May 21—June 21)**

Though you will discover that the word is pronounced "jewelry" instead of "jewelery," you will be content to know that it still involves Jews.

**Cancer: (June 22—July 22)**

Injecting concentrated growth hormone into your genitals won't have the desired effect, but it will make your penis enormous. You're a strange one.

**Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)**

It would be ill-advised to continue with your current debate over whether Count Chocula is a racist product. The Mammy's Colored Puffs you can argue, but not the Count Chocula.

**Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)**

People who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Since most people who live in glass houses are plants, this particular crisis is averted.

**Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)**

The stars advise you to floss daily. That's right, the stars are not astrological entities, they're dentists. Huge gaseous dentists. And they'd like to see some more flossing.

**Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)**

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

**Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)**

You will soon realize that sending your pet squirrel to squirrel camp was a bad idea. As was falling asleep in the world's largest waffle iron.

**Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)**

When life gives you lemons, squeeze them into someone's eyes so you can feel a little better about yourself.

**Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)**

Revenge is only made sweeter by covering your roommate's stamp collection in honey before eating it.

**Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)**

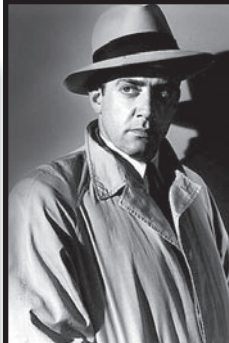
The light is your strength...which is a shame considering you are an Amish vampire.

**Aries: (March 21—April 19)**

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

## Top Ten Subjects That Just Aren't Funny

- 10** Starving African Children With AIDS (Starving African children were funny until they got AIDS. Now they're tragic).
- 9** Child Molestation (Unless involving Catholicism, and even then, often not funny).
- 8** Abortion (Never funny, even if used in conjunction with the word 'wiggle').
- 7** The Assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand (Still too touchy of a subject to joke about).
- 6** The Killing Fields of Cambodia (Mass genocide is only funny when perpetrated on clowns or mimes).
- 5** The Holocaust (Jews are funny. Jews dying aren't).
- 4** Underage Drug Addicted Prostitutes (Even the term 'crack-whore' can't save this subject).
- 3** Menstruation (Good subject for Japanese porn, bad subject for humor).
- 2** Children With Cancer (Well, we had a story about this, and it was funny... but normally, no).
- 1** Old people doin' it (Unless the old people in question don't remind you of your parents... and they always do).



## Ask A Film Noir Detective

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

**Curious in Cole**

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

**Film Noir Detective**

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

**Lovelorn in Lewis**

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

**Film Noir Detective**

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

**Andrew Atwood**

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

**Film Noir Detective**

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

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

**Film Noir Detective**

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

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

**Film Noir Detective**

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

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

**Film Noir Detective**

Read Our Interview With Larry The Cable Guy  
Online At [www.TheSlant.net](http://www.TheSlant.net)

Also, Enter To Win A Free Copy Of Larry The Cable Guy's New CD, "The Right To Bare Arms!"

