



# What The Hell Were They Thinking?

*Sneaking pesticides into organic food shops... since 1886*

## INSIDETHISSUE

**Kevin Bacon Finally Gets Foot Loose, Barely Missed By Train**

**Peter Jennings Died As He Lived: Ravaged By Cancer**

**Exceptionally Dull Knife Just Won't Cut It**

### MEDICINE

**5** Hilton Daughter Braindead

### LAW

**6** Marijuana Legalized

### GREEK LIFE

**7** Bid Classes Decided

<b>Other News</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Fucked Image</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Bastard Confession</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Around The Loop</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Horoscopes</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Advice Column</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Top Ten List</b>	<b>12</b>



## New Building State-of-the-Art, Boring

Vanderbilt debuted the newly remodeled Buttrick Hall in a ceremony full of pomp, circumstance, and disappointed students and donors Sunday. The multi-million dollar renovation has equipped the building with the latest technological innovations such as wireless networking, a new computer lab, and various other education enhancements. The crowd could not have cared less. The onlookers became visibly excited when the guide explained how the lecture halls were all equipped with new projectors and surround sound. Their hopes were quickly dashed, however, when told that, no, they could not watch *Lord of the Rings* on one. The restless throng then departed disheartened, one student noting, "the only good thing about this renovation was being able to climb up the crane at night and smoke pot."

## New Shuttle Design Results from Shuttle "Piggybacking" Boeing 747

NASA engineers were thrilled yesterday to announce the new space travel vessel for the new age of space travel. The new design came when the space shuttle Discovery piggybacked a Boeing 747, an event NASA had been trying to arrange for some time. Discovery, upon finishing the piggyback maneuver, apparently told the Boeing that he had "to be up early in the morning", and quickly left the scene. Later that day, the new shuttle appeared on the scene, tucked under its mother's wing. The new spacecraft features sub-light engines, a roomier cabin, a food replicator, and side impact airbags. It also boasts a 55% less likelihood to burst into flames, a 30% less foam, and a 300% more likelihood to be tossed into a future dominated by super-intelligent apes.

## "Juicy" Sweatpants Still Outselling "Fatty" Tanktops

Recent trends in the world of fashion continue as Juicy Couture tracksuit sales still outpace sales of the much less popular Fatty Asscoverings line of clothing. In other news, the Spoiled, Bad-Tasting, Tough, Stringy, and Salmonella-Ridden Chicken Corporation declared bankruptcy Tuesday, finally admitting defeat to Perdue.



## Rolling Stones Launch Tour With The One Ring

Despite their hideous appearance, old age, and storied abuse of substances, the Rolling Stones began their latest tour in Boston on Sunday by the Power of the One Ring. The One Ring, forged in the fires of Mount Doom by the Dark Lord Sauron, lends long life to its wearer and lures baby-boomers to shell out exorbitant sums for just a glimpse of the legendary rockers. In 2001, lead guitarist Keith Richards stole the One Ring from ex-Beatle George Harrison, who quickly succumbed to cancer. "We are thrilled to be playing such a historic venue as Fenway Park," said frontman Mick Jagger. He then added, "My precious."

## Sexual Harrassment Case Goes Before Mrs. Newberry

Ms. Newberry, an experienced viewer of Law & Order for over five years, sentenced her student, Jake Thompson, to four days community service cleaning up the craft area after he was accused of "peeking under several dresses" while rolling around on the carpet. Thompson, 8, has no prior offenses and showed little emotion when his sentence was read. His counsel, Brian Jacobs, had this to say when asked about the verdict: "He totally didn't do anything, I was playing with him on the carpet, over by the bookcases with my dinosaurs that my mom got me from CVS last week, and he totally didn't do anything. Jenny is annoying and is always telling on everybody. And she always smells like popcorn."



1500

Number of freshmen we thought should see the Olsen twins before we replaced them.



## Coors Train Derails, Kills Millions

The Coors delivery train, affectionally referred to as "the love train" in Coors advertisements, derailed yesterday afternoon in Nashville. The train tore through downtown Nashville, killing many residents and patrons in the area. Unfortunately, due to the Coors train's ability to create ice wherever it goes, the train continues north. The train was last seen in Indianapolis, heading towards Lake Michigan. Death tolls are estimated to be about 4.5 million.



## 49ers Roster Cuts Easier This Week

San Francisco 49er offensive lineman Thomas Herrion died shortly after Saturday night's pre-season football game, making the coaching staff's roster cuts unusually easy this week. "Normally you lie awake at night wondering who the last cut should be," said Coach Ted Nolan. "This week, Herrion made it a lot easier on the staff. I'll always remember him for that kind of sacrifice." His teammates were likewise consolable. "You hate for a roster spot to open up in this way, but somebody has to take the job," said second year lineman Tim Provost. "Might as well be me."



## SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

### 6 Million Dollar Lance Armstrong to Compete in Eighth Tour de France

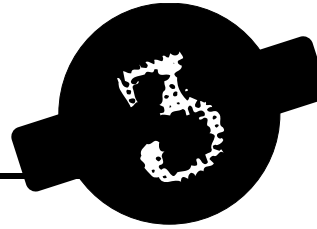
Lance Armstrong announced yesterday that he would in fact compete in next year's Tour de France for his eighth consecutive title. Armstrong attributes this change of heart to being completely rebuilt by the USA's office of Scientific Investigation. A spokesman for the department said, "We had the technology, and we determined that we could enable him to ride better, stronger and faster. However, we couldn't help him with his cancer; that would have cost extra." Armstrong proudly showed off his new bionic arms in a press conference yesterday, and even crushed a steel cup with his new augmented arms. "Groovy," commented Armstrong.



The new Armstrong.



# 08 24 2005 CONTENTS



## LOUNGE ABUSE SPACE



The Baseball Glove Lounge now has decor that's both ugly *and* uncomfortable.

## NEWS

- OTHER NEWS:** Lance rides again ..... **2**
- MEDICINE:** Paris in need of conservative help ..... **5**
- FANTASY TERRORISM:** The next big thing..... **6**
- RUSH:** It's already over ..... **7**
- SUBS:** Going to Darfur ..... **8**

## COLUMNS & HUMOR

- DISSERTATION:** Selling well..... **9**
- BODICE RIPPERS:** Write your own..... **10**
- AROUND THE LOOP:** Terror mom reponse ..... **11**
- HOROSCOPES:** Horoscopes ..... **11**

## SLANT FEATURES

- CARTOON:** Not here this week, we sold out!..... **4**
- BASTARD CONFESSION:** Lucifer tells all. .... **10**
- ADVICE:** *Saved by the Bell* comes through ..... **12**
- TOP TEN:** Terrible top ten ideas ..... **12**

## MASTHEAD



Being less stupid than the quote  
on Buttrick... 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.

## Corrections:

There are no errors to correct. The last issue was flawless and without peer; a miracle of modern journalism and a testament to *The Slant's* position as one of the world's all-time great publications.

## FROM THE EDITOR



CEAF LEWIS

Another year of classes and fantastic *Slant* issues is upon us at last! As the more observant of you may have noticed, I am not Colin Dinsmore. I am, as a matter of fact, Ceaf Lewis, this year's warlord of Vanderbilt's finest publication. You might be wondering what happened to my predecessor. Well, euphemistically,

let's just say we murdered him in the local forum, fearing he would turn *The Slant* into an imperial dictatorship. Actually, that's exactly what happened; I am not quite certain why I added the "euphemistically" part.

After my rise to power, this summer was uneventful. TheSlant.net was down for a sizable portion of the season, so productivity was lower than planned, and I did not learn Welsh. So I was zero for two in the area of fulfilling goals (Unlike *Versus's* Robert Proudfoot, however, I try not to encourage failure). I did, however, begin ranching emus, as I could not afford cattle, and started a highly unprofitable and ultimately pointless Internet business. I also interviewed Larry the Cable Guy. Therefore my feelings concerning this summer are neutral. However, at some point between this issue and the next, this fine republic of ours will finally allow me to purchase my own alcohol. Therefore my feelings concerning this fall are pretty fantastic, really.

Anyway, this year marks a new period in the publication's development. Gone are the emerald-studded jockstraps of the nouveau riche, which you may have seen at last year's meetings, and in their place (not literally) are the Earl Grey teas, expensive beers, and elaborate cruel pranks of bored well-established aristocrats. It will be a good time for all concerned.

In keeping with our new status as Vanderbilt's greatest and classiest publication, I would like to extend an invitation to all interested parties to join the *Slant* team. We're like that Christian fraternity, only our membership is not by any means limited to Christian men and we enjoy fun. Provided theslant.net is working when this issue is published, details may be found there along with that Larry the Cable Guy interview nobody read.

In conclusion, read (and join) *The Slant*; together we can dominate the Nashville, and possibly the national, LOLscape. ☺



Fucked Image

I guess spiders aren't *all* bad.

The Nashville Shakespeare Festival  
in collaboration with the  
Tennessee Repertory Theatre presents

*The Winter's Tale*

August 11th -  
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Thursdays - Sundays  
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# Hilton Family Requests Support From Conservatives To Keep Braindead Daughter Alive

by EVAN ALSTON

The Hilton family, probably best known for their uncanny ability to produce hyper-realistic situations when placed in front of a camera, recently cried out against the alleged mistreatment their daughter was receiving from doctors. After they were consoled by their respective Puerto Rican nannies, they released a statement saying in effect that Paris needed help from the nation's conservatives if she was going to be allowed to live.

"Right now, it seems like it's just a waiting game. It's a horrible feeling to know that all you want to do is keep her alive and well, and everyone else is just banding together to pull the plug on her and end her beautiful life," said her chauffeur, Jacques "Pookie" Berchard, "of course, I'm only speaking metaphorically about the plug. She's not on life support or anything. They just want to put her down."

In a situation that has been called "strange" and even "unusual" by scientists, it appears that Paris is able to function normally with absolutely no brain activity. Still, critics say that she is not living a normal life, but that her family is hanging onto a pitiful, shriveled version of real life. They claim that Paris must be put out of her misery for her own good.

Said Pauline Mitchell, a staunch advocate of Let Paris Go Away, or LPGA, "And of course with all this media attention, you know what's going to happen, all our young daugh-

ters are going to start dressing like mindless sluts. It's happened before, with all the other brain dead cases we've seen recently." In 2004, with increased media coverage of what experts refer to as "braindead stories" and "tard tales," the U.S. saw an alarming spike in the number of 11-15 year old girls suffering from bedsores and drool-covered pillows. Mitchell continued, "We at the LPGA just want to limit as much as we can the number of women who are displayed on television in a hideously revolting state that no woman would want to be seen in if she had her wits about her."

Still, the Hiltons are not about to give up on Paris, said her mother, "We know that we can't just go up to Paris and ask her how she feels, she's just not capable of those mental processes

that we all take for granted. But sometimes, when I'm sitting beside Paris at a movie premiere or a night club opening, I hear her moan a bit of nonsense before she spits up her vodka and Senokot stinger, and that's when I know there's still hope."

But while many remain ready and willing to put Paris out of her misery (proposed solutions range from letting her see her reflection to administering a lethal injection of antiviral medication), the Hiltons will have a long, uphill battle to fight. The support they need might come soon, though, according to Karl Rove, owner of the Republican Party, "I met Paris once.

She's a fine young lady and this nation will fight for her. Once Congress is back in session, we plan on having several bills written up for Paris. Of course, they won't be alone on the docket, since nearly 65% of the congressional work is already Paris-focused. I don't really know why, I

think it might have been a combination of the Burger King ad and the Senate's recent fascination with giant glossy posters. ClearChannel is so going to drop CSPAN if we don't cover that stuff up."

Still, Paris's debacle comes on the heels of some other very public cases like hers. Comparisons have already been drawn to the situation in which a woman was kept alive to save her unborn fetus, a story that tragically led many Nightly News viewers to think they were watching Lifetime.

Many have voiced frustration over the prominence of such stories and the fact that they all seem too similar. Paris is unique, though, since she reproduces by budding, sprouting an identical copy of herself out of her torso, based on environmental cues. Scientists say this form of reproduction is usually only seen in plants and primitive animals, and only rarely on the scale of socialite bitches. They say she has already completed this process once, creating her fiancé, who she named "Paris," for simplicity's sake.

But for many who know her well, they are just ready for her simple life to be over. Said FOX President Rupert Murdoch, "What? That wasn't animatronic? But they oiled it and everything." So for most of America, the plight of Paris and her family is almost as poignant and captivating as it is meaningless. Murdoch continued, "no, seriously, that was fucking motor oil!"



Paris, braindead.

# High Court Rules In Favor Of Marijuana Usage, Doritos

*Doped-Up Ninth Circuit Judges Declare Eighth Circuit "Lame"*

by COLIN DINSMORE

In a landmark decision that is still rocking the legal world, the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit ruled in favor of the legalization of marijuana usage for both medicinal and recreational purposes.

Chief Justice Mary M. Schroeder, reeking of incense, read the unanimous decision in her courtroom in San Francisco. "We, the judges of the Ninth Circuit, do hereby rule in favor of Corey Albright and in favor of legalization of marijuana based on the defendant's First Amendment rights, as well as his Third, Eighteenth, and Twenty-Seventh Amendment rights," the judge intoned, with noticeably reddened eyes. "Furthermore," she added, "we heretofore declare the judges of the Eighth Circuit lame, forthwith, gravamen, ad hominim... bifurcate."

The Chief Justice then slumped over in her chair and began sucking cheese-flavored powder from a bag of Doritos off the tips of her fingers. Senior Judge Proctor Hug saw this and started to giggle uncontrollably.

*Albright vs. The State of California* first went to court over two years ago when Corey Albright was arrested by California police for growing and smoking cannabis on his four acre home outside of San Bernadino. His defense was based on the idea not that he was innocent of violating the existing laws, but that these laws were

unjust from the very beginning. The case reached the Ninth Circuit Court earlier this year.



Marijuana, now legal.

The unwashed and poncho-clad Mr. Albright was elated yet mellow following his judicial victory. "This is amazing, man, really amazing," he said in a subdued tone, absent-mindedly pulling at his scraggly facial hair. "I was just

doing this appeals thing to get a free trip up to Frisco. I've got some friends up here. But the ruling, man. Wild."

Legal analysts around the country have been duly shocked at the surprise ruling. CNN legal analyst

Jeffery Toobin was particularly outspoken about the matter, declaring: "This ruling defies all previous judicial precedents, not to mention common sense. Plus, the full text of the ruling was barely readable. For those not inclined to read the decision, just think e.e. cummings meets Alan Dershowitz and you've about got it. Were they on drugs when they wrote this, or what?"

Even the Supreme Court has responded to the recent judicial development. Justice Antonin Scalia remarked, "I suppose they are within their rights making such a ruling, but the Ninth Circuit needs to remember one thing: the Supreme Court is the highest court in the land." Scalia then inhaled several lines of coke with a rolled up hundred dollar bill and spanked Sandra Day O'Connor with his gavel. ●

# Fantasy Terrorism New Craze Among Fundamentalist Muslim Youth

*Tops Stonings and Prayer as Favorite Activity*

by GREG CHAMPOUX

Reports of an Internet fantasy terrorism game have flooded Al Jazeera and school hallways alike in the Middle East. Like fantasy sports here in the United States, the game boasts tremendous popularity among young men between 12 and 22 years of age.

One such young man, Simquani Al Aputu, said "Fantasy terrorism is great. My dad says I have to be at least 16 before I can be a suicide bomber myself, so for now, this is as close as I can get."

After Ramadan each year, scores of jihadist Muslims like Simquani participate in the fantasy draft, in which they select their dream team of terrorists. They then participate in weekly head to head matchups against fellow league members. Each team can accumulate points for bombings, suicide

bombings, kidnappings, decapitations, as well as a number of other categories. Furthermore, league members can make trades or make league posts, just as they can in American fantasy sports.

One thing that sets fantasy terrorism apart is the tremendous amount of time the terror-athletes spend on the disabled list and the lack of a terrorism schedule. These factors make choosing players difficult. Suicide bombings, for instance, are worth a lot of points, but they do set one's team back for the remainder

of the season. Also, just as fantasy baseball players can concentrate upon homeruns or upon batting average, fantasy terrorism players incorporate a wide variety of strategies. They can choose 'homerun' type players, who are likely to perform a 9/11 type attack. Alternately, they can choose 'average' players who enact a steady stream of indiscriminate killings.



Osama bin Laden, top draft pick.

The key, according to many, is to have a balance of both.

Some of the most well known terrorists are first round picks. Osama

Bin Laden, Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, and Muhammed Atef are all considered early first round picks, while Saddam Hussein's average draft position has dropped considerably, as he is now imprisoned. Picks have varied based on news events. According to Al Aputu, "I was going to select Muhammed Atef in the first round, but when I saw Ayman Al-Zawahiri making a statement about how he bombed a synagogue on CNN, his draft status went through the roof."

Though critics claim this game promotes budding terrorists, fantasy terrorism has cut down on the terrorist threat on certain fronts. Young Muslims have not had as much time to hack into United States government databases as they continue to be enamored with fantasy terrorism, now available on Yahoo! Middle East. ●

## Sorority Bid Classes Already Decided

by **ANDREW COLLAZZI**

Natalie Bennett, President of Vanderbilt Panhellenic Council, announced Tuesday that the last of the sorority bids have been processed, and the 2009 bid classes have been completed.

"It brings me great pride to announce that our girls got it done a full week ahead of schedule," Bennett said in an announcement yesterday afternoon. "It's like, usually so hard to decide who goes where. Usually, all the rush chairs just meet, and we use The Newcomer. But with the Newcomer, you can only see faces. With the facebook, you get to see the whole thing, and sometimes they help you out more by putting up a picture in a bikini. I mean, what if she has a fat ass or something really gross like an outtie belly button? I could be surrounded by chubbos!

Bennett continued, "It can get so nuts at times. I mean, like, this one time, this one girl only got 10 calls from friends during the freshman draft. We were all like, who is this girl? She must not be very popular, if she's not, like, totally on her cell phone all the time."

The Panhellenic council assures Vanderbilt's incoming freshman girls that they will still be allowed to participate in the meaningless week-long rush process at the beginning of Spring semester.

"We like to make people think we're not, like, a bunch of shallow people who decide bids based solely on appearances," said Lori Brackins, president of Vanderbilt's chapter of Delta Delta Delta. "It's important to let the ugly ones feel like they have a chance. Yay charity points!"

Brackins explained, "Some of the less attractive girls can potentially win us over with what they put in the 'interests' or 'about me' section. Like we love girls who put 'boys' under their interests. We also want a few of the clever ones, like a girl who added Jack Daniels to her friends list. It's kinda like the Miss America

pageant, the swimsuit competition is usually the big giveaway, but someone can win with their talent show performance. But it can also hurt you as well. Like if a girl doesn't have a book written by Paris Hilton, Pamela Anderson, or James Michener on their favorite book list, that's gonna cost you!"

"Thank God for the facebook," said Mary Herndon, Chi Omega president. "It made the freshman bid class draft go so much faster. We, like, totally already knew what girls we wanted instantly by who had 400 Facebook friends before they even attended a single class here."

Herndon continued, "It's also, like, a big plus if they're already in one of your facebook groups because you know you'll get along like sisters. Like that facebook group, "Derek Zoolander Center For Kids Who Can't Read Good... and Want To Learn To Do Other Stuff Good Too" club, that's cool too, you know?"

Jessica Poperstone, a sophomore in Kappa Delta, interjected, "My future little sis, Katie Fillington, is in the Zoolander club, Reinke Skanks, and Girls Who Like Girls Who Like Black Cock with me."

Every sorority has the entire run of their little personalized trinkets already made. "The only thing that can screw over a girl now is if she starts socializing with non-Greeks," Mary Cartweather, a sophomore of Kappa Alpha Theta, was overheard saying. "Of course, we know how likely THAT is," she continued, laughing hysterically with her sorority sisters.

The Panhellenic council assured Vanderbilt that they will continue the proud tradition of anorexia and cocaine use to keep themselves thin year round. Mini-skirts are also scheduled to go up 15%.

Sadly, with thefacebook.com in its infancy, some girls have yet to create accounts. If this applies to you, don't fret, you've already been pre-selected for the 2005 pledge class of Delta Gamma. ●

• the vanderbilt review •

volume xx i

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## Here's the skinny on the "Freshman Fifteen."

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OTHER STUDENT SPECIALS AVAILABLE

# Bush To Send Party Sub To Darfur

*"I know nothing cheers me up like a good sandwich!" declared President Bush.*

by **ROBERT SAUNDERS**

President Bush responded today to the humanitarian crisis in Darfur, Sudan, by pledging to send "one of those giant Super Bowl party size subs" to the region. The president spoke this weekend after a bicycle ride with Tour de France champion Lance Armstrong.

"It is wrong that people should go hungry in this world, especially at the hands of warlords in refugee camps," said the president. "That is why I am committing this much needed foreign aid to the African people there."

Civil war in Sudan has displaced over 2 million Darfurians from their homes, with an additional 1.5 million dependent on international food aid. Since 2003, human rights groups have documented 100,000 deaths at the hands of government funded militia groups known as *janjaweed* and uncountable numbers of rapes.

Representatives for Subway and Quizno's indicated they would submit bids for the contract on the eight-foot sub. With chips drinks, and tip, the total order could exceed \$150.

"We are pleased to support the president in this tremendous humanitarian effort," said Les Heinrickson, director of public relations for Subway.

State Department officials are working out the details on what will be on the sub. Sources in the administration indicate turkey is the likely choice, and the sub will be dressed with lettuce, tomato, and onion.

Democrats in the Senate urged the president today in a letter to allow them the opportunity to make recommendations for toppings.

"The historic role of the Senate is to advise the president on critical international issues such as this," said Senate Minority Leader Henry Reid. "There are a lot of options to iron out. Will it be regular or toasted? Will it be on white bread or wheat? This is the role the Senate was meant to play."

Reid said Democrats have no plans to filibuster at this time, but "we're not

with mayonaise?" wondered Jakob Kellenberger, president of the International Committee of the Red Cross. "The bread will get all soggy, and the sandwich could spoil during the trip.

"They're dealing with genocide right now. Do we need to add food poisoning to the mix?"

"Who says they want a sub to begin with?" queried United Nations Secretary-General Kofi Annan. "Isn't your president supposed to be the 'democracy president?' If they want

to order pizza or buffalo wings, they should have that option. The will of the people must be followed."

Still the president's proposal has momentum on Capitol Hill.

Said Sen. Rick Santorum (R-PA): "This is a tremendous opportunity for the United States to perform an act of Christian charity for a people in need, and to tack on an amendment to help redevelop the Philadelphia waterfront."



Scale model of sandwich-based aid.

taking any options off the table."

Secretary of State Condoleeza Rice indicated that she would prefer not to wait. "I'll be damned if I'm going to get stuck on the phone with the store and have [members of Congress] shouting in my ear about how they only want banana peppers on half or that they don't want onions."

However, critics of the administration suggest the aid could do more harm than good.

International aid groups expressed concern about the offer. "What if the sandwich comes already topped

with mayonaise?"



Darur region.

## Behind The Bids

*The Slant* has obtained copies of the bids submitted by Subway and Quizno's through a Freedom of Information Act request. These are among the freebies being offered by the bidders.

### Subway

+ Jared to entertain relief workers with his giant pants

+ "Quizno's baby" pinata stuffed with condiments

+ Lottery awarding one lucky refugee a Subway franchise somewhere in the continental U.S., pending credit approval

+ Two liters of diet cola, so they can watch their weight

### Quizno's

+ Free conveyor belt ride through toasting oven

+ Free plastic cutlery, napkins, salt and pepper for first 100 refugees

+ Coca-cola Slip-n-Slide

+ Jared pinata stuffed with condiments



# I Can't Believe My Dissertation Sold So Many Copies!

By **STEPHEN KING**  
Graduate Student



I'm completely taken aback. I finished writing my dissertation, "Cottonwood: A study of the genetic history of the North American cottonwood

tree and its synteny with tree species found in the same biome," and in its first week it sold 80,000 copies! This is particularly stunning to me considering I hadn't even tried to get it published.

I mean, I knew that it was good. No one writes about the cottonwood as well as I do. That's just a fact. Here, just check out this excerpt:

"The North American cottonwood tree is one of the most resilient, yet mysterious trees in the world. One may think they have burned the tree to the ground or chopped it into little bits, only to have but a tiny shoot save the tree's life. It comes back, stronger than ever, seemingly rising from the dead, to the utter horror of landowners trying to clear their yards of the nefarious imposter. Even today, scientists across the globe are experimenting on the tree, trying to discover its secrets."

See what I mean? Scientific gold! But 80,000 copies? That's beyond my wildest expectations. I just can't figure out why it's selling so well.

I suppose the first round of peer reviews helped. Dr. Charles Omayo of the New York Botanical Institute found it, "well researched and thorough," and Dr. Cindy Campbell of the journal *Trees and Shrubs* named it, "the single most in-depth look at

the cottonwood in our time. Period." That's a heck of an endorsement, I know, but I'm still flabbergasted.

A few days after I heard about how well it was selling, I received a call from someone with Pocket Paperbacks Publishing. I thought maybe they wanted to publish my dissertation as a paperback, which would be a first for any dissertation. At the very least I figured they would be able to explain a few things, but all they seemed concerned with was that my name was actually Stephen King. Of course it is, it's right there on the cover sheet of my paper. Why would I just make up a name like Stephen King? They were really cranky and just hung up after a few minutes.

But then the whole thing got even weirder. After I made the bestseller list, my paper was reviewed by the *New York Times*. I wasn't really expecting them to review my dissertation, but I was even more hurt and confused when they said, "This is King's most boring read yet. It seems he challenged himself to write the least entertaining collection of words possible and succeeded marvelously. *Cottonwood* contains little character development and even less horror. That is, unless you're particularly afraid of deforestation or Dutch Elm Disease. King should be ashamed of himself for putting this 'novel' on the market."

I guess when they allude to my other works, they mean the paper I coauthored about the holly bush. I suppose that one *did* have a little more pizzaz. The section on the history of the bush was known to raise a few pulses, I've been told.

Anyways, sales dropped off pretty quickly after that review. I still can't figure out how they got so high in the first place, though. But if this trend continues, after a few more papers "Stephen King" is going to be a household name. ●

# Say, Whatever Happened To The *Torch* Essay Contest?

By **CEAF LEWIS**  
Editor-in-Chief, Patriot



As the more learned and worldly of you may remember, during the last academic session, Vanderbilt's libertarian and conservative newspaper, *The Torch*, sponsored an

essay contest, the topic being broadly defined as a statement supporting libertarian or conservative ideals. And such a contest would seem to be a very grand idea.

What could possibly more in keeping with the ideals of our forefathers than the very idea of a publication rejecting the insularity and elitism of European aristocrats in order to reach out to the common man? After all, would that not be just as the Founding Fathers did during the Revolution, forming a unique breed of American conservatism in the process? Yeoman farmers, the salt of the earth, could discourse at length upon their thoughts concerning the state of Jefferson's nation, while Boy Scouts could put to paper texts concerning the ideals of American society.

I believe it has been established above that the *Torch* essay contest was perhaps an expression of the inexhaustible spirit of the American people, and, understandably, the very concept made me nothing short of giddy. The instant new issues hit the stands, I was there, scouring the pages for the very finest work the American people could produce in an open forum free from derision, ridicule, censorship, and oppression.

Months passed, and neither hide

nor hair of the winning essay nor the promised fifty-dollar prize was to be found.

This, of course, presents a problem. *The Torch* presents itself as the final bastion of Truth and Wisdom, arrayed in all of its might against the forces of the perfidious Left Wing. Should *The Torch's* glorious heritage prove to be based upon a foundation of lies and half-truths, surely they have become the very enemy they profess to despise. Surely Edmund Burke and Adam Smith would not stand for such hypocrisy.

Certainly, *The Torch* received at least one article worthy of being published in their hallowed pages. For example, my friend, the Raelian, submitted a rather thought-provoking article sure to edify the mind and delight the senses. While one may not agree with my friend's views, surely they are as worthy of being discussed as file sharing and the possibilities of dorm choice. *The Torch* cries loudly about a menacing "Vanderopoly," but there is one monopoly far more onerous than those enacted by university bureaucrats, and that is the monopoly *The Torch* claims to possess in the marketplace of ideas.

Therefore, in conclusion, as a proud American concerned about the direction of the national media, I urge you to send letter upon letter to the editor of *The Torch*, Anne "Red" Malinee, at [letters@vutorch.org](mailto:letters@vutorch.org) or at:

The Vanderbilt Torch  
Vanderbilt University  
2301 Vanderbilt Place  
VU Station B 351669  
Nashville, TN 37235-1669,

registering your disgust at her abandonment of conservative and libertarian principles and demanding that she publish the many fine entries her contest undoubtedly garnered. ●

[www.theslant.net](http://www.theslant.net)

# How To Write Bodice-Ripper Romance Novels: A Short Guide

The "bodice-ripper" is the genre perhaps most neglected by "serious," "professional," or "literate" writers, but, judging by the sheer number of novels printed in America each and every year, their covers featuring bare-chested Fabio lookalikes fondling lusty wenches in the throes of ecstasy, it is a popular and therefore lucrative genre without the pesky barriers to entry such as talent or originality requirements erected before other genres.

That being said, if you should find yourself willing to sacrifice your pride and your reputation as an upstanding citizen for the occasional royalty check, there are certain conventions of the genre which must be followed, the most salient of which are as follows:

1. All true bodice-rippers take place in historical times, most frequently in between the high Middle Ages and the tail end of the Victorian era. Earlier settings have met with limited success, but tales set in the present day generally do not sell as well and science fiction romance novels are rejected by both fans of science fiction and fans of romances, both of whom have otherwise less than discriminating tastes.\*

CORRECT: As he loaded his flintlock musket and prepared to face the approaching wave of Spanish harquebusiers, Sir Francis wondered if he would ever escape this wretched conflict and see fair Gwendolyn's face again.

INCORRECT: As he recharged the batteries of his laser pistol and prepared to fend off another swarm of insectoid extraterrestrials, Echelon X3 vowed he would one day exchange genetic material with Zenith E7 once more.

2. As a sort of corollary to rule 1, never never NEVER reference the unpleasant living conditions of the period setting. The lives of 15th century stablehands were just as sanitary as the lives of 21st century doctors, and don't you forget it.

CORRECT: Wesley the stablehand grasped Lady Anna by the hand and led her into the stable. There he took her roughly amidst the sweet-smelling hay, showering her alabaster bosom with hungry kisses.

INCORRECT: Wesley the stablehand grasped Lady Anna by the hand. She shuddered as she noticed the goose-egg sized buboe under his left arm, but it was too late; he was already thrusting away as the strong, pungent aroma of horse urine filled the room. Anna's smallpox-pitted breasts nearly popped out of her gravy-stained bodice as her consumption flared up again and she began to cough up bright green phlegm.

3. Although the simple meaning of any two phrases might be the same, the more flowery way of putting things may be the better for this particular genre.

CORRECT: Captain Jonathan Wensleydale, late of His Majesty's Royal Marines, grabbed the tavern wench and pulled her close. Her bosom heaved unexpectedly, tearing her bodice in twain.

INCORRECT: Johnny the soldier grabbed the waitress. She breathed so hard that her titties ripped her shirt.

4. When coming up with the two lead characters, use the following chart. Simply pair an adjective with a noun from the same social class and gender and you have a character.

### Noblewoman (Pairs with commoner)

ADJECTIVE	NOUN
lusty	duchess
disinherited	merchant's wife
independant	princess
busty	heiress

### Commoner (Pairs with noblewoman)

ADJECTIVE	NOUN
well-muscled	brigand
well-endowed	pirate
scarred	stablehand
one-eyed	rug merchant

### Wench (Pairs with nobleman)

ADJECTIVE	NOUN
lusty	female brigand
cunning	Cockney slut**
consumptive	divorcee***
busty	tavern wench

### Nobleman (Pairs with wench)

ADJECTIVE	NOUN
haughty	duke
arrogant	earl
consumptive	sea captain****
cruel	Edward VIII

5. The attentive reader will have noticed that the chart in rule 3 pairs a representative of the lower class with a representative of the upper class. It's probably an example of the "forbidden

fruit" phenomenon. In any event, the audience for bodice-rippers seemingly can't get enough of class conflict. Two upper-class lovers suggests a world to which most readers cannot relate and nobody wants to read about two poor, syphillis-infected debtors' prison residents going at it amidst their filth.

6. Although it would be a risky endeavor in any other genre, bodice-ripper readers are fine with, and indeed almost expect, creative euphemisms for the penis. Below is a chart detailing examples of such euphemisms, sorted by time period.

TIME PERIOD	EUPHEMISM
Sumerian	ram-in-a-thicket
Egyptian	obelisk
Greek	staff of Hermes
Dark Ages	man-root
Middle Ages	lance, sceptre
Renaissance	Cosimo d'Medici
Industrial Age	pneumatic column

This is the extent of the knowledge I have been able to glean by reading the front and back covers of a myriad of romance novels.\*\*\*\* So, if you wish to go any further, you go by yourself. This has been the first in a series of similar very short guides, and there may be a second if there's any manner of way short of suicide to remove the images of bare chested men groping women in petticoats now forever lodged in my brain. Literature is a harsh mistress.

\*This assertion may well be proven wrong, however; apparently at least a handful of people read Saddam Hussein's romance novels which included dragons and wizards and other enchanted bric-a-brac. Still, seeing as how most are not dictators ruling a Middle Eastern country with an iron fist, one would probably do well to stay within established guidelines.

\*\*ex. Eliza Doolittle

\*\*\*Victorian England only.

\*\*\*\*Plus, the girl at the bookstore counter was pretty cute and now I'm sure she thinks I'm gay. ●

## Bastard Confession



"You know He only got into Heaven because His dad is God."

- Lucifer



**AROUNDTHELOOP**

**What do you think about the Cindy Sheehan protest?**

**Alison O'Shay, HOD Major**



"Who?"

**Francis Oswald, CEO**



"I had to donate \$100,000 before the President met with me; why should she get in for free?"

**Eric Burjer, Filthy Hippie**



"Her anger about the war is nothing compared to my anger about the plight of the Nashville Crayfish!"

**Lance Armstrong, Bracelet Salesman**



"I flipped my bike over one of her damn crosses!"

**Larry Mattlage, "Dove" Hunter**



"She needs to stop messing with Texas!"

**Casey Sheehan, Exploited Memory**



"Mom, you're embarrassing me!"

**SLANTHOROSCOPES**

**Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)**

Your pizza at Papa John's will come with a free dessert pizza, but should you choose cinnamon or berry? There is only one correct answer.

**Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)**

You will actually stick with your diet this time around. The stars wonder whether a marzipan diet really qualifies, though.

**Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)**

On November 15th, your decaying body will be carried five miles by ants, who will then somehow stand your stiff corpse on end as a giant naked monument to their ant gods. Just thought you might want a heads up.

**Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)**

You wish that guy in your math course would stop referring to you as "stupid freshman". Of course, that guy is your teacher, and you are in remedial math.

**Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)**

You'll wonder if the hot girl means to let you see her panties when she slides out of the Panera booth next Friday. Worse still, you'll be torn between feeling lucky and feeling lucky in a slightly more perverted way.

**Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)**

They say if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen, but you'll be chastised for following this rule in your job as a firefighter.

**Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)**

It would be wise to steer clear of the coffee in Rand. Sure it tastes great, but is it worth your soul?

**Aries: (March 21—April 19)**

Though it's indisputable that you found a totally renewable energy source, it's also true that it's derived from a fictional ore found on a non-existent planet in a board game universe. You never had a PhD in Dragon Studies either.

**Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)**

No matter how many people affirm your beliefs, that chew toy doesn't make you look more scholarly. You're thinking of glasses.

**Gemini: (May 21—June 21)**

Just like sex, your first months in Nashville will be hot, steamy, and far too much work.

**Cancer: (June 22—July 22)**

That hippie down the hall may have his hybrid car, but you will one-up him with that burning drum of oil you have outside your room.

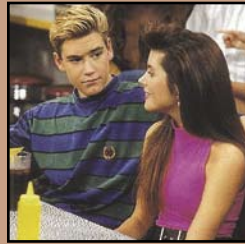
**Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)**

nardo DiCaprio.

## Top Ten Terrible Top Ten List Ideas

- 10 Top Ten Differences Between White People and Black People
- 9 Top Ten Things Letterman Might Have Said Once
- 8 Top Ten Rites Of Spring Board's Favorite Hootie Songs
- 7 Top Ten Advantages of Franking Privileges
- 6 Top Ten Issues of *Spoon*: 2005-2006
- 5 Top Ten Numbers Less Than Eleven
- 4 Top Ten Minor Prophets of the Old Testament: From Amos to Zephaniah
- 3 Top Ten Racist Statements Made During *Torch* Meetings
- 2 Top Ten Photocopied Pictures Of My Nut Sack
- 1 Top Ten Terrible Top Ten List Ideas

## Ask The Cast Of *Saved By The Bell*



**Dear CoSbtB,**  
Hey, can I have Kelly's number?  
**Collazzi in Chaffin**

**Dear Collazzi,**  
Sorry Andrew, I'd like to go out with you, but I need to go get a job to help support my family. My dad just lost his job at the defense contractor. I'm not even going to go to prom, because I can't afford a dress.  
**Kelly**

**Dear CoSbtB,**  
I've just been up all night putting together a Slant issue. Now VSC wants to meet with me at 9 am tomorrow morning. I'm thinking of taking some caffeine pills to keep me up. I'm a little apprehensive though, and I'd thought I'd ask your opinion on it first.  
**Ceaf in McGill**

**Dear Ceaf,**  
Well, I once took caffeine pills to study because I had a huge test to study for, and a recital on the same day. It was so nervewracking! I got really excited about being able to get through my test, but I was also so, so, scared!  
**Jessie**

**Dear CoSbtB,**  
I just got caught driving my friends car all around town. That's really not the biggest problem though. My bigger problem is that it was my Math teacher's new car. He caught me right as I drove into the tree outside Kirkland hall. What should I do?  
**Bad in Barnard**

**Dear Bad,**  
I once stole Mr. Belding's convertible from the school parking lot, and drove it around town. It was a ton of fun until I got into a wreck. Luckily, my friend's no good brother Eric had access to a body shop and was able to fix the car. Mr. Belding was none the wiser!  
**Lisa**

**Dear CoSbtB,**  
I was the captain of the football team back in high school. I was the best looking, best dressed, and biggest ladies man in town. But now, I feel like I'm just an average guy here at college. What can I do to regain my status?  
**Built in Branscomb**

**Dear Built,**  
I remember once when I was in high school Zach and his team of nerds defeated my all-star team in a competition between rival JROTC units at Bayside High. Man, I thought my reputation was never going to recover until I beat him in that dance-off.  
**A.C. Slater**

**Dear CoSbtB,**  
I didn't take high school seriously enough. I was always just joking around in class and never cared much about it. My principal always used to say I'd regret it, but now I see that he was right. I'm scared to death of what I'm gonna do now that I'm in college.  
**Clown in Curry**

**Dear Clown,**  
Phht.. you worry too much. You don't need to worry about taking college seriously. Don't be such a pill. Throw a rave in your RA's room when he goes on vacation. It will definately help you chill out a bit.  
**Zach**

**Dear CoSbtB,**  
I always want to help people. Although I am a bit of a klutz, I feel like helping people out is what I should spend my life doing. There are all sorts of helpful things I can do, but I just don't know what to choose!  
**Helpful in Hemmingway**

**Dear Helpful,**  
Well, pretty much the worst thing you can do is hang out at your old high school for years later, earning a reputation as a creepy sex offender. Trust me on this one.  
**Screech**

Hear ye, hear ye, fellow Vanderbiltians! Lord Ceaf of Slant Manor has declared that students from every walk of life are now eligible to serve in the ranks of that most noble publication, *The Slant!* Those who answer the call of duty shall receive an allowance of three steins of mead and a shank of mutton on All Saints' Day from the Church as well as feasting rights during alternate leap years. Those who refuse shall be consigned to the midden heap of history, their names stricken from the records of the municipality. Shouldst thou wish to join *The Slant*, kindly attend our battle tournament in Sarratt 189, on Tuesday, at 6:30.

