



Derailing the gravy train... since 1886

### INSIDETHISSUE

**William Rehnquist Dies As He Lived:  
Ravaged By Cancer**

**Country Mouse "Racist Bigot"  
According To City Mouse**

**Man Unsure How To Broach Subject  
Of Incest With Hot Cousin**

#### HURRICANE

**5** One Writer's Experience

#### GENETICS

**6** Of Stupidity

#### SCIENCE

**7** Of The Irresponsible  
Variety

**Other News** 2

**Fucked Image** 4

**Bastard Confession** 10

**Around The Loop** 11

**Horoscopes** 11

**Organization Spotlight** 12

**Top Ten List** 12



# Bin Laden Contracted To Build, Destroy New Laundry Room

**Rehnquist's Will Insists On 'Strictly Constructed Coffin'**

Following his death this past weekend, it has been revealed that former Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist's will left detailed instructions on how his coffin was to be prepared. Rehnquist's insistence that it be "strictly constructed" with specific measurements and carpentry technique is thought to fit in with his larger desire to have a funeral "as the founding fathers would have originally intended." To honor this request, Rehnquist's coffin will be borne to the graveside by a litter of slaves, who will sing a moving rendition of 'Massa's in de cold, cold ground' before laying the Chief Justice to rest in a plot of land dishonestly acquired from local Native Americans.



**Refugees Thrilled To Leave The Superdome**

As those displaced by Hurricane Katrina begin to trickle out of the temporary shelter of the Superdome, many have expressed thankfulness that their long ordeal ended before the worst could happen. "A leaky roof, broken air conditioning, and overflowing toilets still could not rival the misery of sitting through a Saints football game," said refugee and Saints season ticket holder Andrew Banecker. "I know times are bad, but if I had to see Aaron Brooks throw the ball backwards, or John Carney miss the extra point after a hail mary play . . . In retrospect, the Superdome wasn't really all that super."

**Freshmen Disappointed In Non-Alcoholic Greek 'Rounds'**

Much to many a thirsty freshman's dismay, the deceptively titled "Greek Rounds" actually had no alcohol available whatsoever. "When they said 'Greek Rounds,' I thought it meant, like, a round at each house. Why else would we need a half an hour?" complained Stapleton resident Peter West. His stoner roommate Jack Harkonnen added, "A lot of frats claim that they do things besides drinking, but I never actually believed them until now. Well, I guess there's always that Pike Smoke-Out in a few months. Now that should be a good time."

**Carson Daly Organizing Shitty Relief Concert For New Orleans**



Carson Daly announced plans to host a giant relief concert in Los

Angeles to raise money for the Hurricane Katrina relief effort. The concert is expected to attract an assortment of artists nobody gives a shit about, including Matchbox 20, Jewel, and O-Town.

**Sigma Chi Party "A Real Sausage-Fest" According To Kirkland Hall**

Many Vanderbilt University higher-ups expressed their disappointment, Saturday, after attending a party at Sigma Chi fraternity with the theme "School Administrators and Female Students." Vice Chancellor David Williams bellowed, "They call this a party? The administrator to student ratio is far too high! I haven't seen this much sausage since breakfast." Peabody dean Camilla Benbow was seen in full Catholic school-girl garb. When asked her motivation, the dean replied, "I can't believe all the girls are wearing the same thing as me. Wait, this is a schoolgirl party?" Not all partygoers, however, agreed the party was a failure. Interhall President and frequent Sigma Chi attendee Kyle Southern expressed his disbelief. "You're telling me some people don't like parties thrown by Sigma Chi, Paradise on Earth and fraternity of our Lord, Jesus Christ? Jesus Christ!"

**Inter-Fraternity Council Responds To Rise In 'Suspicious Activity'**

The Inter-Fraternity Council called an emergency meeting Tuesday in response to



1599

Number of freshmen that have been drunk since school started... and think the Olsen twins are hot.



recent suspicious activity reported on campus, including allegations of rape and violence against students. The Council voted to pursue a "War on Suspicious Acts." "When faced with an intractable problem, what better response than to wage war on it?" said an IFC Spokesman, "We expect this effort to be every bit as effective as our nation's wars on terrorism, drugs and poverty." Support for the "war" is particularly strong amongst KA, Sigma Chi and the other so-called "Red Solo Cup Frats." By contrast, the more liberal frats have stated they wish to avoid beginning another war on an abstract concept without authorization from the Honor Council. Asked what they would do if consulted, the Honor Council promised a commitment to its stated aim of "perpetual irrelevance."

**Pat Robertson Annoyed By Media's 'Literalist' Interpretation Of Remarks**



Following the media storm over his call to assassinate the socialist President of Venezuela, Christian Coalition founder Pat Robertson has attacked his critics for taking a "literalist" view of his statement. "While God's word is infallible and must be taken as the literal truth, I am only infallible when it does not cause me political difficulties," Robertson told reporters, "and besides, even God occasionally speaks out in the heat of the moment. Like when He told Abraham to 'take out' his son Isaac, he was just touchy because Jesus was having a tantrum. But even allowing for that, who's to say that Isaac wasn't posing an imminent threat to democracy?"



New Orleans

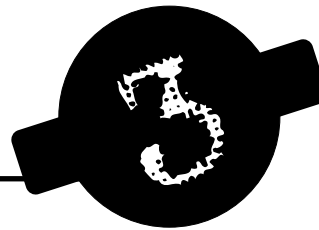
CRIME AND WEATHER



**Rioting and Looting Ravage New Orleans**

. . . and then a hurricane broke out.

# 09.07.2005 CONTENTS



## MASTHEAD



Almost getting away with it if it weren't for those meddling kids... and their dog... since 1886

188 Madison Sarratt Student Center

2301 Vanderbilt Place  
VU# 351669 Station B  
Nashville, TN 37235

Phone (615)322-3291  
Fax (615)-343-2756  
website [www.theslant.net](http://www.theslant.net)

## STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	<b>Ceaf Lewis</b>
<i>Managing Editor</i>	<b>Colin Dinsmore</b>
<i>Head Writer</i>	<b>Richard Green</b>
<i>Business Manager</i>	<b>Andrew Collazzi</b>
<i>Editors</i>	
<b>Tim Boyd</b>	<b>Robert Saunders</b>
<i>Distribution Manager</i>	<b>Patrick Gentry</b>
<i>Staff Manager</i>	<b>Rachel Unger</b>
<i>Contributing Writers</i>	
<b>Chris Bellande</b>	<b>Evan Alston</b>
<b>Eli Branson</b>	<b>Jason Blatt</b>
<b>Alex Chrisope</b>	<b>Greg Champoux</b>
<b>Charlie Fu</b>	<b>Bridget Cornett</b>
<b>Joe Hills</b>	<b>Bobby Gambrel</b>
<b>A.J. Khandaker</b>	<b>Andy Hogan</b>
<b>Colin Rymer</b>	<b>Michael Nutt</b>
<i>Alumni Contributors</i>	<b>Liz Vennum</b>
<b>Andrew Banecker</b>	<b>Jacob Grier</b>
<b>Ben Stark</b>	<b>Jeff Woodhead</b>
<i>Editors Emeritus</i>	
<b>Joe Wong</b>	<b>Mike Mott</b>
<b>David Barzelay</b>	<b>Meredith Gray</b>

## POLICIES

### Back Issues

Back Issues can be ordered by sending \$5.00 and a description of the issue desired (volume number and date, if possible) to the address above. Some issues are no longer available. For a back issue please email [backissues@theslant.net](mailto:backissues@theslant.net).

### Subscriptions

Mail subscriptions available. \$30.00/year or \$20.00/semester. Email [subscribe@theslant.net](mailto:subscribe@theslant.net). Postmaster please send address changes to 2301 Vanderbilt Place, VU# 351669, Nashville, TN 37235-1669.

## DISCLAIMERS

This publication is a work of humor, parody and satire. None of the subjects or writers are intended to represent real people, unless those people are public figures. You must be over 18 to read *The Slant*. This publication and the content thereof does not always reflect the opinions of Vanderbilt Student Communications, Inc. Each member of the Vanderbilt community is entitled to one copy of this publication; additional copies are five dollars each. If *The Slant* offends you, do not read it. Support our advertisers.

Copyright © 2005, *The Slant*.  
All rights reserved

**He shall have Power, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, to make Treaties, provided two thirds of the Senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, shall appoint Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, Judges of the supreme Court, and all other Officers of the United States.**

## BICYCLE ABUSE SPACE



Combining bondage with your daily exercise is fun for all involved.

## NEWS

- OTHER NEWS:** Crime in New Orleans..... **2**
- HURRICANE:** Word from Baton Rouge ..... **5**
- GENETICS:** Making the grade ..... **6**
- SCIENCE:** Irresponsibly moving forward ..... **7**
- MONUMENTS:** 613 Reasons to love Jews ..... **8**

## COLUMNS & HUMOR

- FOUNDER'S WALK:** It's history ..... **9**
- HOOKING UP:** Freshman style..... **10**
- AROUND THE LOOP:** Does win ..... **11**
- HOROSCOPES:** Horoscopes ..... **11**

## SLANT FEATURES

- CARTOON:** By cartoon, we mean column..... **4**
- BASTARD CONFESSION:** Honor Code violation..... **10**
- GROUP SPOTLIGHT:** Does for Israel..... **12**
- TOP TEN:** Most offensive books ..... **12**

## Corrections:

*The Slant* offers a sincere apology to Jessica Poperstone, sophomore in Kappa Delta, for misquoting her in the last issue. Ms. Poperstone and her little sister, Katie Fillingston, are not members of the facebook club "girls who like girls who like black cocks," but are instead members of "girls who like black cocks." In addition, we apologize in advance to all other girls who like girls who like black cocks, who will surely take offense to Ms. Poperstone's hatred toward all they believe in. *The Slant* also would like to correct the assertion made last issue that the sorority bid classes were decided that week. They were in fact decided about a month before the freshman arrived.

## FROM THE EDITOR



CEF LEWIS

It's been a busy couple of weeks since my last column. Sororities have been complaining to Greek Life about Andrew Collazzi's magnificent piece in the last issue, as if Greek Life has any control over us, and by the time you read this column I will have gone drinking at least once completely legally.

Because that's pretty much what *Slant* personalities do in their off-weeks: field complaints about the latest issue and drink.

In any event, I have been presented with the opportunity to get my head shaved for a charity-related event roughly 2 weeks from now called "Hairless Heroes." On the one hand, I can go through with it and in the process raise money for children with cancer provided I can find sponsors. However, such a course of action may weaken me as it did Samson. Nonetheless, regardless of what I end up doing, the money raised from both the head shaving and the following chock-full-of-good-music gala event goes to benefit the Children's Hospital. So if you're interested in doing some good, donating to a worthy cause, and attending a spectacular event, then contact your friendly local member of Sigma Phi Epsilon.

Well, the hurricane is covered elsewhere, and the football team did us the discourtesy of beating Wake Forest (congratulations on that go to Vandy football, by the way), so I don't have too much else to write about this week. So, instead, I'm going to take this moment to clarify that I am not British, as apparently there has been some confusion lately. While I may have formal patterns of speech, every so often a "howdy" or a "y'all" slips out, so really nobody has any excuse for thinking I'm anything but Texan.

Anyway, for this column I was originally going to write a lengthy explanation of how the Mad Max trilogy is really just an elaborate sci-fi retelling of the classic fairy tale "The Three Billy Goats Gruff," but then I realized that such a position would be without evidence and therefore quite difficult to defend.

I would write more, but there is a large and menacing looking moth on the wall to my right. That and I'm out of ideas. Check back here in two weeks for the latest bleeding-edge trends in comedy. And if you haven't yet, look into joining *The Slant*.



Fucked Image

And then Pharaoh's heart was hardened...

## A More Serious Response To The Hurricane

by ALEX CHRISOPE

This week, I felt the three longest days of my life. I was waiting to hear from father, who lives near New Orleans, to call me and tell me he was okay. I knew he had left for Springfield, Missouri well before Hurricane Katrina made landfall, but dammit, I just wanted the cell phone to ring and display "Dad" on the screen. Thankfully, he is fine, and his house is only missing a few shingles. Our parish is so secure that it has actually become a staging area for Red Cross and other relief workers.

I wish I could say the same thing for their friends, or those who were left stranded at the convention center. My dad's church and most of the congregation are located in Metairie, one of the less mentioned areas and also one of the most submerged. I'm glad they have the comforts of religion and faith, because when the water goes they will have little else.

I know I'm not the only Vanderbilt student with connections down there. But as I felt those connections slowly become severed, I yearned for something to distract me, though I could scarcely ignore the tales and images. My heartbreak quickly gave way to outrage as I saw how ineffectual the

government response was. I found myself levitating towards any humor I could find for relief.

At a time when people are still dying and all levels of government are still finding new ways to fail, some people might think it is callous or offensive to put effort into something as trivial as a biweekly humor newspaper. Well, fuck you. A venerable magazine for old people and waiting rooms has a regular feature called "Laughter, The Best Medicine." And they're kind of right. Laughter, among other things, creates endorphins. And those make you feel good. That's science, baby.

So, out of respect for those affected (and out of a desire to hang on to our inimitable Mr. Lewis) we will avoid most direct hurricane coverage, but we've got many pages chock-full of comedic goodness. I think Rachel wrote a funny thing about freshman mating habits or something. Go read it. As Leonard Nimoy once said, "No! The world needs laughter!"

PS: I know to dwell on this past week's events is difficult. If you can, give to Red Cross, or get your parents to volunteer a place for those left stranded. But it's okay to be discussing what's really happening down there and why it's happening the way it is. (Hint: Don't blame France.)

# There's Dog Pee On My Carpet

*Life as an outsider in Louisiana in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina*

by **ANDREW BANECKER**

For those who don't know me, I'm currently living in Displaced New Orleanders Central—Baton Rouge, Louisiana—attending graduate school at LSU, but I can't complain. Don't misunderstand me, I want to complain... but if I even say word one about Hurricane Katrina's adverse effects on me, my roommate, Stedman, may murder me in my sleep.

You see, I'm originally from Medford, NJ—where a flood hit once and we had to buy a sump pump and throw out some boxes that got a bit damp—and know little of natural disasters. The worst I've lived through was a three-day-long snow storm in sixth grade. But even then, the power went out for a few hours, and my friends and I played snow football for three days straight, drank hot cocoa, and pelted my little brother with snowballs. None of these natural disaster remedies really apply here, though if the evacuees want to pelt my little brother with snowballs, he's in Cleveland.

In any case, I'm sure you can understand if the events of the past few days have been a bit foreign to me. Add to my hurricane virginity the fact that I just moved from Nashville to Baton Rouge about three weeks ago and you begin to see my problems. Not that my problems even come close to the problems of others in Southeastern Louisiana, or the Gulf shore regions of Alabama and Mississippi, but damnit, I've been

walking on eggshells down here and I need to vent!

Complaint one: there's dog pee on my carpet. Not one second after evacuating the city limits and entering our apartment, Stedman's grandmother lost control of her Scottish Terrier, who lost control of his bladder.

Complaint two: twenty-four hour depressing television. Since last Monday, almost everyone I know down here has been glued to CNN's "Toxic Gumbo," and this is affecting the mood, not to mention dominating all conversation. I'm sorry, but when I wake up, I like to be greeted with a "Good morning," not told, "There are dead bodies floating down Canal Street." And don't even get me started on the complete lack of tact in referring to the stagnant New Orleans

flood waters as "Toxic Gumbo." I don't recall Anderson Cooper ever referring to the recent tsunami as "Human Won Ton Soup."

Complaint three: cramped living

conditions. For the past week or so, my two bedroom, two bath, two person apartment has housed Stedman's grandparents, two dogs, Father, various friends of ours who had lost electricity, and I hear two cats are on the way. This isn't a knock on the people who've bunked here, in fact I enjoy their company, but with all the displaced pets of displaced relatives, our apartment complex is beginning to take on a whole new kind

of stink.

So I guess complaint three wasn't really about the cramped nature of our apartment, but the smell of the halls. I can deal with a loss of space. Honestly, they've lost their homes; I've lost the ability to walk around my apartment in boxer shorts—though

my roommate, Stedman, would argue this was an ability that should remain lost.

All right, rant over. I can't tell you how great that felt to get that out of my system.

There's just one more thing I have to say, though. I can't begin to tell you how impressed I've been with the attitudes of the students at LSU who have lost the houses they grew up in, or the displaced Southeastern Louisianans temporarily living in Baton Rouge. The ones housing relatives—I know of a girl with her divorced parents, two dogs, sister, brother-in-law, and her five and three year old niece and nephew in her apartment—haven't complained about it. Rather, they're taking it in stride, happy to have them for as long as they need.

Additionally, even amidst all this tragedy, they're not taking their minds off the things that matter. Just one day after the hurricane hit, I asked a friend, "Did you hear thousands are feared dead and relief efforts are slow to—" only to be interrupted with, "Hold on, hold on. What?! The LSU v. North Texas game is being postponed? Shit!"

So don't underestimate the lifeblood of New Orleans. The city may be in ruin, but they haven't stopped drinking and carrying on, and they haven't lost their devil-may-care zeitgeist. In short, they still have their sense of humor. So I can't complain, nor would I want to. ●



**Banecker, survivor.**

# Iraqi Constitution To Drop 1/3 Of Letter Grade For Every Week Overdue

by **TIM BOYD**

With the recent rejection of the proposed draft constitution by Iraq's Sunni leaders, America's patience with the process of drawing up the new charter is beginning to wear out. Having extended the initial deadline twice and with some concern that the timing of the referendum to approve the constitution may have to be changed, the American Ambassador in Iraq has made it clear that the US will now be docking a third of a grade for every further week beyond the deadline that the constitution is delayed.

Humam Hammoudi, the Chairman of the Drafting Committee, expressed his shock at the news. "This is a most unfortunate development" he told reporters "America is being totally unreasonable. This was a huge assignment - there was way too much reading to do in the time we were given, and this paper counted for 100% of the final grade. Obviously we want time to

put effort into this - if we screw this up, we might not pass the course."

Explaining that his instructions came from the very top, the US Ambassador to Iraq, Dr. Zalmay Khalilzad, said that the instructions had been very clearly spelled out in the guidelines issued to everyone in July 2004, and that he didn't see any reason why Iraqis should be given "special treatment" just because they had left it too late to get it done. "Everyone who enrolled in 'Nation Building 101: How to Construt a Functioning Democracy' knew what was expected of them," said Khalilzad, "This is not some blow-off subject like 'The Basics of Global Warming,' or 'Introduction to Diplomatic Niceties' - nation-building requires real work and effort."

"In particular," the Ambassador continued, "This project was supposed to teach the value of teamwork, the usefulness of language skills, and the importance of being able to paper over deep social divisions caused by

centuries of ethnic tensions. If you cannot succeed in these basic tasks, then I'm afraid you really aren't going to have any hope of passing the more advanced courses like 'Rampant Consumerism 250.'

The effect of a low grade on completion of Nation Building 101 is likely to hurt the new Iraq's already badly shaken GPA. Despite securing an A for "Regime Toppling," a C in "Civil War Prevention" and a D for "Public Relations: How to Portray a Positive Media Image" have left the overall report card hovering around a 2.0 and leaves Iraq with a distinct possibility of having to re-take the semester and start the process over again.

Iraq's leaders claim that they did everything they could to get the constitution done on time, and are being unfairly penalized by the US. "America has been less than helpful in providing assistance outside of the Green Zone" said leading Sunni cleric Adnan al-Dulaimi, "On several occasions, we

made a point of seeing the US during its office hours, but even though we were told these would take place on MWF from 2-4, on most occasions there was simply no-one there. We tried e-mailing and leaving phone messages to try and explain why we thought we needed an extension, but nobody ever got back to us. In the end, we simply walked out in frustration - but let me tell you, we will certainly have some choice things to say when it comes to filling out our evaluations."

Nonetheless, the US is staying firm. A White House Press Release backed up the Ambassador's comments adding that "The United States is committed not only to staying the course, but also grading that course in a clear and consistent manner without mixed messages. Running a democracy requires dedication and commitment of the highest standard and no-one should be given a licence to run it on the basis of a C-grade transcript. At least, not without having gone to Yale." ●

## Student Blames D- In Genetics On Genes

*'My Parents Never Were Good In Science'*

by **RICHARD GREEN**

Vanderbilt junior Geoffrey Cullen was struck with dismay upon receiving his grade in a class on genetics. Refusing to accept the situation, however, Cullen has filed a request to have his D- changed to a more acceptable and respectable C+, citing his poor gene pool as extenuating circumstances which affected his final grade in the course greatly. "I had no control over my grade," said Cullen. "My D- is the sole responsibility of my genes and my genes alone!"

Close friends seem unsurprised concerning Cullen's plight. According to his friend Adolf Muehlenberg, "Cullen's father dropped out of school after the seventh grade and his mother attended Knoxville public schools. Both of these are common characteristics among the lowest strata of society

and the least intelligent people on the planet."

Cullen's professor, Dr. Katharina Horst, disagrees with Muehlenberg's assessment: "I think Geoffrey's poor showing in my genetics class is due to genes, only it's more the case that he doesn't understand them and less that he inherited faulty ones. For example, on his final, he turned a Punnett square problem into a tic-tac-toe board. Then he simply added fruits and flowers onto his family tree problem. Frankly, I'm surprised he ended

up with a score as high as a D-."

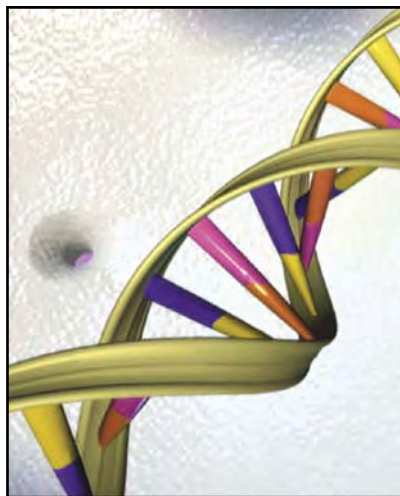
The larger scientific commu-

nity appears to be divided on the topic of Cullen's grades. According to local genetics expert Dr. Ali Yusef, "Diseases, physical traits, and fraternity or sorority membership can be passed down through genetic material; it seems entirely possible that intelligence or the lack thereof can also be inherited."

Cullen's parents have defended themselves from accusations that they inadvertently destroyed their son's life. "It sure as hell ain't genet-

ics," explained Gene Cullen, Geoffrey's father. "Hell, I'm a scientist. I done did all sorts of experimentation. Just last week, I tried to cross a man and a goat through sweet love making. I didn't come up with no new species, but it sure as hell was fun!"

As the debate continues to rage, Geoffrey has filed requests that accommodations be made in several other areas of his life, citing genetic disabilities in such diverse areas as sports, romance, and other categories. As of yet, however, no changes have been made in Cullen's grade in genetics. According to one employee of Vanderbilt's Office of the Registrar, any modifications have a vanishingly small chance of success due to the inheritance of the "one hundred percent frequency of the 'Bullshit Spotting Gene' in everyone in the Registrar's office." ●



Cullen's faulty DNA

## Foundation For The Advancement Of Irresponsible Science Acquires Funding

by **EVAN ALSTON**

Dr. Claude Irving is busy in his lab today because he found funding for his research at long last. After enduring the cutthroat competition for federal grants for several years, he was about to shelve his plans to study the palatability of a range of industrial solvents and paints, that is, until he received news about a new foundation that was interested in projects like his.

"I had just about given up," Irving remembers, "and it really would have hurt to forget about the field of taste studies, just like so many others have. It's hard enough to get money to research something that the big pharmaceutical companies or the army research teams are interested in, but if you want to make an inquiry about something like the taste of industrial cleaners and astringents, you're out of luck."

But then he heard about the Foundation for the Advancement of Irresponsible Science from a colleague: "It was a match made in heaven. The foundation is committed to the same values that everyone who works in my lab believes in. We are here to use science to understand the world. All of the world, not just the pretty parts. We are seekers of truth, and we intend to discover that truth, no matter the repercussions. Why, just yesterday my colleague across the hall discovered that morning sickness can be relieved by a little swig of malt liquor, and he did it with FAIS money. Before FAIS, no one would've believed that we could get the money to discover something like that, much less print it in a scientific journal that will be read on a national scale. It's really an exciting time."

The FAIS was founded with the ambitious intention to aid the fields of science that its founder, Dr. Leonard Jameson, believed were being neglected. Jameson recently spoke to a conference of media and

researchers about his plans to bring focus back to the "underground scientists" who work for the joy of discovery. He highlighted several projects that recently gained approval for full funding and some of the discoveries that have been made with his foundation's assistance.

While many remain critical of the group's effect on the scientific community and the longterm results of the discoveries that they make public, FAIS remains steadfast in their mission. According to Jameson, "if there's anything I've learned in my years as a research scientist, it's that if you're going to try to benefit humanity, you can't always do it the responsible way. Progress comes at a price, a price sometimes paid with the blood of the innocent. Or money from the education budget." ●

### Projects on the Horizon

- Effects of prolonged exposure to pornography, heavy radiation on four year olds.
- Is tear gas a good treatment for homosexuality?
- Can you sew conjoined twins back together?
- Can a grown man live in a woman's uterus?
- Is the number of tails you can grow on a mouse limited only by surface area?
- Are roofies directly proportional to fun?
- Does Chinese water torture affect the dead?

### Recent Discoveries

- Baldness linked to condom use.
- Heavy drug addiction found to be only reliable way to lose weight.
- The ideal sealing methods for homemade nail bombs.
- Depression linked to worthlessness.

• the vanderbilt review •

volume xx i

NOW

ACCEPTING  
SUBMISSIONS

And staff applications

poetry • fiction • creative non-fiction • photographs  
ceramics • canvas • art of all media

**staff application deadline: Sept 14<sup>th</sup> 2005**

**submissions deadline: Dec 9<sup>th</sup> 2005**

publication: April 2006

Questions? Want to join the staff? E-mail  
bridget.cornett@gmail.com. To submit work, e-mail  
above address or drop off a CD at Sarratt 122.

all submissions accepted electronically ONLY.

text documents must be .txt/.rtf/.doc

art must be 300ppi/8x10/ .tif

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

Your first year of college. Parties, eating out, more parties, staying up late, even more parties, ball games and oh, did we mention the parties? So what will you have to show for it at the end of your first year? "The Freshman Fifteen." Fifteen pounds of extra weight and frustration.

That's where we come in. Just bring this ad in between now and September 15th and sign up for our "Freshman Fifteen." You'll get 15 consecutive classes for only \$15 and the chance to brag about how good your "freshman fifteen" looks on you all year long.

**Introducing Our New Freshman Fifteen:  
15 Classes for \$15. Ends Sept 15th.**



2214 Elliston Place • hotyoganashville.com • 321-8828  
OTHER STUDENT SPECIALS AVAILABLE

# Monument Of 613 Commandments Installed In New York Courthouse

*Stone tablet bearing original 613 laws of Jewish mitzvot draws criticism from civil rights groups*

by DAVID BARZELAY

SCARSDALE, NY--The city of Scarsdale, just North of New York City, is one of the wealthiest cities in the United States. But town leaders say it is also one of the most spiritually wealthy cities in the nation, with a devout Jewish population that makes up at least seventy percent of the town's residents. And Head Justice Abraham Weisman of the Scarsdale County Court says they want everyone to know it.

Following a county referendum last November, Scarsdale now boasts a monument bearing the full text of the mitzvot, or 613 original Jewish commandments, as found in the Torah. The monument has both the original Hebrew along with a leading English translation. The laws not only govern many aspects of Jewish life, but also, say supporters, have deeply influenced law and government for thousands of years.

But civil rights advocates such as Americans United For Separation Of Church And State President Mike Wolcott says the monument goes too far. "This is a clear violation of the wall created by the establishment clause of the first amendment. To put something like this on government property is a clear endorsement of each of the 613 laws, many of which are obviously not accepted by everyone in the town. For instance, is it really necessary that we have a stone tablet telling us all that 'A Eunuch may not marry a daughter of Israel?' And will citizens now be arrested if they don't affix a mezuzah to their door frames?"

Christian organizations also are finding themselves in an unlikely alliance with civil rights groups. Marion Wythe of the Save Jesus Foundation

expressed outrage at the monument. "The liberal Jews and the activist judges in their county courthouse have seen fit to build a monument that flies in the face of all good Christians. To add on to the ten laws embraced by average Americans is a slap in the face, telling Christians they aren't good enough. It just isn't right for anti-Christian propaganda to be on govern-

these laws, with framers and delegates such as David Maccabee, Simon Wachsberger, and Noah Goldman writing lengthy treatises on the importance of Talmudic law, including the Ten Commandments."

Judge Weisman spearheaded what was a very quick effort to fund the monument, originally proposed by Joanne Bernstein, Director of

The project had the backing of Scarsdale Mayor David Kroenleinberg, who said it reflected the feelings of the city's residents. "You look around today and see that the moral fabric of this nation is torn. Kids run around with their heads uncovered, mixing meat and cheese on their burgers and listening to rap music, and people wonder what's wrong with the world. But then those people sit here and say, 'You can't put up the mitzvot on the courthouse land.' Oy vey."

Countered Wolcott, "Look, no one's saying that people shouldn't follow these laws in their homes where they don't eat shellfish, or that they can't display them in their businesses where they only charge interest to gentiles, but it just isn't right to put them up on government land. Besides, you can't even read any but the last twenty laws or so without binoculars. For the first couple you need a telescope!"

The monument will undergo a legal challenge in a federal appeals court later this month. Scarsdale resident Adam Ginsberg, himself a Messianic Jew, brought the suit against the county and is being represented by the ACLU. "The 613 laws violate my rights as a Christian. I only believe in the ten commandments, not all that other Old Testament dreck. Why shouldn't I be able to marry a daughter of the Moabites as long as she believes in Jesus as her personal Lord and Savior?"

One thing all sides are in agreement about: the legal battle will be tough. Experts say it could go all the way to the Supreme Court. But says Judge Weisman, "We've got a proverbial ace up the sleeve of our shabbos robes, and that's Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg. I think we all know which way she's going to vote." ●



The monument stands, for now.

ment land."

But Judge Weisman disagrees. "These laws have stood for thousands of years, influencing all of Judeo-Christian culture," says Judge Weisman. "Our current legal system wouldn't be what it is today were it not for the prevalence of these laws over the last several thousand years. The founding fathers of this country were overwhelmingly in support of

Membership and Special Projects at the Scarsdale Jewish Community Center. Private donations from Scarsdale families funded the project, including large contributions from several donors whose names are listed on the lower dais of the stone tower. Then the 256 foot tall monument was constructed by local contractor Silverstein, Inc at a cost of nearly \$12.5 million dollars.



## The Founder's Walk

By **ANDY HOGAN**  
Columnist

Even from the perspective of a green incoming freshman who doesn't truly understand (nor give a damn) about the logistics of such an event, the 2005 Founder's Walk can only be hailed a "rousing" success. The fact that such an event lacks any type of raised stakes and therefore isn't even able to fail need not be addressed.

There has been considerable interest (exaggerated, of course) in the origins of this much revered tradition. Though the free food was appreciated by most, the leftovers were packed up and hoarded by few, and the deans' statistics and jokes were more or less well received, the predominant thought on the mind of freshman is, "What is the purpose of this event?"

Truly, we expected at least the vaguest explanation of the walk's purpose. Instead we were presented with a non-comprehensive biographical account of the university's patron and co-founder, Cornelius Vanderbilt. Dean Whoever (nobody was paying enough attention to notice who was speaking) failed, however, to mention even the remotest instance of the Commodore having performed the action of walking in the entirety of his life (and I was paying attention for at least 90% of the time I didn't spend making an origami crane out of my pamphlet). The dean's words strongly implied that he traveled predominantly by schooner or rail. However, getting a Walk of some sort dedicated to your name never having walked a single step seems likely behavior by a poser such as Vanderbilt, who did, after all, impersonate a naval officer.

The answer came unexpectedly one day when Chancellor Gee decided to disclose several historic documents from the top secret Chancellor's Archives, rumored to be located beneath the primate lab in Wilson Hall. There, researchers located the memoirs of Bishop Holland McTyeire, instrumental in the founding of the university. In one of the journal's subsections, the true history of the Founder's Walk is described.

Thought by most prior to the

journal's discovery to provide a suitable period of time for new students to report to their staging areas, the pre-Founder's Walk Founder's Stand in the Vandy-Barnard parking lot has now been revealed to have no point. Why? Apparently, standing in parking lots frequented by horse-drawn buggies under the blazing Tennessee sun was considered entertaining around Cornelius Vanderbilt's time.

As for the Walk itself, its earliest roots reach back to the story of a mail-order bride that the Commodore allegedly purchased from a firm located in Imperial Russia shortly after his donation of \$1,000,000 to found a university outside Nashville, Tennessee. Due to an error in a difference engine calculation by the company, the mail-order bride was inexplicably shipped to the address of the land purchased for the university. According to the McTyeire diaries, Vanderbilt himself, in a previously undocumented visit, appeared at the site several days later to collect his property. Unfortunately for him, the bride-in-question was a full-blown opium addict. Having been shipped with a substantial quantity of the substance, she was quite high at the moment that Vanderbilt's servants pried open the lid of her crate. Thinking them monsters, she immediately fled the scene for fear of her life into the dense forest.

Immediately, the Commodore's henchmen began their pursuit. After a seventeen minute manhunt, they encountered their prey in a clearing, curled up in the fetal position. That clearing would eventually become Currey Field, thereby explaining the location of the post-Founder's Walk Founder's Sit. The inane, nonlinear, and redundant route incoming freshman now travel to reach the Field supposedly represents the exact path of the search party dispatched long ago to retrieve Vanderbilt's fugitive bride.

In 2002, in a successful effort to establish a pointless tradition and to justify a tuition increase, some Vandy bureaucrats decided that establishing a ceremony celebrating this bizarre incident would be appropriate. Thus was born the First Annual Founder's Walk. ●

## A Letter From The Honor Council

Dear Students,

So far this year, the number of cases brought before the Honor Council has been 60% lower than in years past. Now, don't get me wrong, we council members enjoy dealing swift justice and punishing the wicked with a flaming sword of righteousness, but even so, this steep drop in campus dishonesty immediately prompted us to pat ourselves on the back and call it an early night after each of our first two meetings. Surely, we defenders of truth and justice had slain the beast of dishonesty, or at least frightened him away so that he might never return.

It was only after our third non-eventful meeting without some premed bawling his, her, or its eyes out that we voted to investigate further, in order to insure that our success was not merely the result of the red 1-LIES tip line phone having the ringer turned off again. It turned out that not only was our phone in order, but our entire network of paid informants was also still in place.

It seemed that we had been victorious after all, that suddenly the students of our fair campus had seen the light, and that light was called hones-

ty. But nay, as we received the results of our yearly honor code online quiz, we were distressed to find that less than half the students had completed it. After speaking to professors of sciences, artses, and engineeringes, we found that not half of the papers assigned were being written at all, and the examination halls were mostly empty. The victory we had declared for honor was revealed as a mere growth in apathy, but the end result is the same.

Though the Honor Council will continue to exist nominally as defenders of the Honor Code until the class of 2009 graduates, no new or transfer students will be required to sign or complete the online quiz. It seems that the future has no place for us here, and as we gracefully step down, we'd like to issue one final thank you to the classes of 1945 through 2004 for being scoundrels and cheats, and we can only say to future students that we are confirmed by your apathy in the knowledge that our nation will die with a whimper, not a bang.

Sincerely,  
Ryan Webb,  
President of the Honor Council ●

## How The Grinches Stole Your Money And Your Love Of Driving

by **JASON BLATT**  
Traffic and Parking Spokesman

Do you wish to park your car?  
You'll be looking near and far.

To our delight and your dismay  
We've taken all the lots away.

Green Toyota? Silver Jeep?  
It matters not. The fines are steep.

Parked one space outside your zone?  
We tow your shit. You should have known.

Get online to make appeals  
We do not care, we make no deals.

You ask where all the F Spots went  
You whiny kid. Don't bitch. Get bent.

Come to our office with a plea  
We turn you away with sadistic glee.

Someone went and blocked you in?  
We ticket YOUR car with a grin.

Our maps lack logic, or so we hear.  
We do not give a damn, my dear.

We drew the zone maps in the dark,  
So all the Greeks must double-park.

You have to park too far from class?  
Learn to run, you lazy-ass.

Did you block a fire escape?  
The fee we charge is ANAL RAPE.

Who cares if you don't like our laws,  
Full though they are with awful flaws.

This rhyme is done, you know our rules;  
If you don't like it, transfer schools. ●

## Freshman Hook-Up Guide

After completing my own freshman year of quiet observance and philosophical reflection, I have decided to compile my own column full of advice to incoming freshmen females who will inevitably choose a path of immoral partying and hedonistic behavior. This is a haphazard path to take, but if the following advice is carefully adhered to, there is absolutely no chance that any freshman with the will to succeed will fail to become a campus legend.

### 1.) The Entourage

Be sure to hang out with girls or guys that are not as attractive, cool, intelligent, or single as you are. In contrast you will become more attractive and in this manner you receive first dibs on any choice selections to be had during your social outings.

### 2.) Love

If a fine gentleman invites you back to his dormitory room, you must make sure there is at least something of social merit for you to gain from being seen leaving the party with him. After all, when you choose to go home with someone, you forfeit almost any chance of going home with someone else. Ask yourself some of these questions before deciding on leaving:

- a.) Is his collar popped?
- b.) Is he in an acceptable fraternity?
- c.) Is he pre-med or HOD?
- d.) Single or a double room?
- e.) Towers or Peabody?
- f.) Has he showered recently?
- g.) Is he holding a 12-pack of Heinekens, or a case of Natty Lite?

Some other things should also be considered before the deal is sealed.

- a.) Are there tick marks carved into his bedpost?
- b.) Is there more alcohol to be had?
- c.) Is his roommate in the next bed?
- d.) Can he remove your bra himself or will you have to do it for him?

### 3.) On Experience

Benefits of Selecting Experience:

- He knows what he's doing.
- He knows how to unhook a bra.
- He probably has a condom.

Benefits of Selecting Inexperience:

-You can be as tired, drunk, or lazy as you like; it's not as if you have to impress him. He's happy to get some and you're happy to get it over with.

-Since you're on the pill and he's untainted, the odds of pregnancy and disease are negligible.

### 4.) Hickeys

In the spring or summer, you can always pop your collar to hide unsightly marks. It's a terrible fashion statement, yet an effective way to hide those hideous suction marks from the passionate throes of punch-drunk love. Fall and Winter offer more opportunities, such as scarves or long hair. We suggest you wait until this time of the year to cover your hussy neck with bruises, since at least then you can avoid looking like a complete polo-shirt wearing fool.

### 5.) Concerning Loyalty

Relationships in the freshman year are perfectly fine. If the guy (or even girl in this day and age) is willing to buy you dinner, he can be a solid alter-

native to Rand. At any rate, your new relationship status will serve to stave off Facebook stalkers, and with some careful planning will not impede your freedom at fraternity parties. As in academia, it's only cheating if you get caught. Alternatively, if there are two hookups in question and neither of them is your boyfriend/girlfriend, it is perfectly acceptable to make out with both in the same evening.

### 6.) On the Walk of Shame

In my observance of other beastly wenches stumbling their way confusedly home, squinting in the morning light, there are some details that can make your journey far more successful for you and far less embarrassing for the rest of Vanderbilt.

Females:

-Having flip-flops in your purse: ridiculous. Vanderbilt is the Harvard of the South for a damn good reason. Kick off those stilettos and celebrate Southern culture by walking home barefoot. Besides, the locals have no right to scoff at you; they probably went to public school anyway.

-Rather than waste precious space in your sorority handbag with flip-flops, pack some deodorant and a full facemask. You smell terribly of beer and your uncharacteristic raccoon eyes contrast much too sharply with your typical 1/2 inch of Clinique products.

-If at all possible, begin studying underground maps of secret passages. Pay off hobos to show you well-beaten paths that provide shelter from being seen by the public eye.

Males:

-How you failed to sexile your roommate is beyond comprehension. Just wake up whenever you feel like and walk home. Nobody cares about a guy who might not have showered or combed his hair in days. Heck, you probably look better than usual, just maybe a little more hung over. That can be solved by drinking more... beer.

### 7.) The Day After

If you happen to pass the object of your toying around the next day, one of three results are likely:

- a.) He's much too hot for you
- b.) He's much too hideous for you
- c.) One, neither, or both of you will recognize the other.

At any rate, you are probably hung over at this point, in which case, girl, you better throw your handbag over your face and run like a dog who hasn't seen land in 2 years. Avoiding an awkward situation entirely is the best way to deal with it. Create elaborate plans to avoid that area and any other locale your friends happen to spy him at. Use the underground tunnels and secret pathways shown to you by the hobo, to eschew any entities you may have hooked up with. Pretty soon you'll be well-skilled and able to avoid the student body entirely. At long last, perchance some time in the Spring, you will have achieved the social popularity and infamy your promiscuous ways promised to deliver! Give yourself a hearty pat on the back, and don't forget your midnight appointment with that back-alley doctor. ●

## Bastard Confession



"I cut in line at the Honor Code signing ceremony."

-Colin Rymer

## Bastard Confession 2



"If I had a nickel for every shitty paper that was printed at this University. . ."

-Chancellor Gee, Six Months Ago



## AROUNDTHELOOP

## How did you react to Vanderbilt's 24-20 victory over Wake Forest?

Mr. Commodore, Mascot



"I came right then."

Bobby Johnson, Coach



"I thanked the powers that be that we stopped using an Ouija board to call plays."

Ruben Studdard, Former Idol



"I ate 1,000 hot wings. I was going to do it anyway, but at least this time it had a purpose."

Matthew Lesko, Nutjob



"I filed for even more fantastic government grants, and YOU CAN TOO! Money to start a small business! Money to repave your kitchen!"

William Rehnquist, Chief Justice



"Died of shock."

Ceaf Lewis, *Slant* Editor

"I had to throw out the bulk of our content for this issue, damnit."

## SLANTHOROSCOPES

**Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)**

Just because you're a feminist doesn't mean you can't make me a sandwich, bitch.

**Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)**

Avoid reading your horoscope this week, lest you provoke the disrelish of the gods. You don't want none of disrelish.

**Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)**

You will find true love, true love being a wet "ribbed for her pleasure" condom on your bed.

**Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)**

Tragically, you will discover that you can't spell "fucking idiot" without "dick fungi."

**Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)**

At long last, you will finally be rid of your acne and virginity, only to get knocked up and discover that "The Hanger" is not an abortion clinic.

**Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)**

Don't be ashamed of your gargantuan-sized dumps. You should really be more concerned about your nickname, "The Green Bay Fudge Packer."

**Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)**

They're not laughing at you; they're laughing at your retarded popped collar. And you.

**Aries: (March 21—April 19)**

No one likes you, and you pretty much suck at life, which is probably why you're an HOD major.

**Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)**

While it's usually a sound strategy, you will continue to rue betting your house against Vanderbilt last week.

**Gemini: (May 21—June 21)**

Your return to New Orleans will go well as you realize that nobody's looted your hidden stash of dickgirl porn.

**Cancer: (June 22—July 22)**

Your attempts at horoscope writing will go horribly awry. Actually, they won't so much go awry as they will fail completely.

**Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)**

Cancer didn't write you a horoscope this week. Lazy asshole.

**Top Ten Most Offensive Book Titles Ever**

- 10** *Blackface and Minstrel Shows: Two Lost Arts*
- 9** *Convincing Her To Do Anal: From Midshipman To Rear Admiral*
- 8** *The Worst Case Scenario Survival Handbook: Getting Away With Murder*
- 7** *Chicken Soup for the Muslim's Soul... If He Has One*
- 6** *AIDS: How To Spread It*
- 5** *The ABC's of MLK to JFK: How to Assassinate a Beloved Acronym*
- 4** *The Idiot's Guide to Sex: Don't - Because Morons Shouldn't Breed*
- 3** *Parsimony: A Jewish Guide*
- 2** *For-Hire Terrorism: From Ragheads to Riches*
- 1** *Tuesdays with an Ignorant, Sack-o-Shit Old Man Who Refuses to Die*

**VANDERBILT ORGANIZATION SPOTLIGHT:  
Dores for Israel**

**President/Founder: Max Kuperman**

Dores for Israel sprang into action early this year with their announcement of next week's highly anticipated "Let's End the Violence . . . With Violence" debate in Wilson Hall. Countless flyers around campus inform students that, "Anyone with an opinion should participate on Monday night. Time: 7:00PM-The Last Man Standing."

Dores for Israel President Max Kuperman, when asked about the language employed on his group's flyers, scoffed at pacifist groups' concerns: "It's all a big misunderstanding. You see, after years of bloody conflict, Israelis and Palestinians can only talk to each other in terms of war.

I can assure you, we'll be having cocktails and caviar rather than 'eating the flesh of our enemies.' It's all code, good chum." Pressed further, particularly concerning the flyer's enigmatic "Last Man Standing," Kuperman

explained, "We'll be having a round of Simon Says right after the debate. The winner, or 'Last Man Standing,' will win either an ornate copy of the Torah or Koran, depending upon their religion."

As an anonymous source later revealed, however, Kuperman may have plans besides those of friendly games. A picture of the Dores for Israel president brandishing an assault rifle has surfaced

on the Internet, along with rumors of a forthcoming "Operation Scrubdown," the purpose of which has yet to be determined.



**Kuperman, prepared for "Let's End the Violence . . . With Violence."**

\*\*\*\*\*VANDERBILT SECURITY ALERT/PAID ADVERTISEMENT\*\*\*\*\*

A WHITE/BLACK/HISPANIC MALE FROM 4'2" to 7'1" WEARING BLACK NIKES WAS REPORTED HAVING PHONE SEX IN LUPTON FIVE LATE SUNDAY EVENING TO EARLY MONDAY MORNING. ANDREW ATWOOD, DIRECTOR OF CRIME PREVENTION, CAUTIONS ALL LUPTON RESIDENTS TO AVOID PERVERTS IN THEIR MIDST. WITNESSES ARE REPORTED TO BE HORRIBLY MENTALLY SCARRED BY THE EXPERIENCE.

Well, we're almost done with another spectacular issue of *The Slant!* It would make things oh-so-much easier as well as much, much quicker if you could be here as well. For those of you who don't know me, I'm Andrew Collazzi, former-hobo-turned-Business-Manager via the powers of *Slant* issue distribution. Now, instead of sleeping under a bridge like a common troll, I am allowed to sleep in the office like a hobgoblin or perhaps even a ghou, with the *Slant* server to keep me warm at night and old *Hustlers* with which to cleanse myself.

If you wish to join *The Slant* and pursue a similar rags-to-riches adventure, kindly attend our next meeting in Sarratt 363, on Tuesday, at 6:30.

