



More of the 10th prettiest
and 12th hottest Attainable
Women inside!!!

Attainable Woman

 **Location, Location, Location**
Where to find Your AW.

 **She's A Keeper!**
What makes her AWWorthy?

 **First Moves**
Asking her out, before He does.



AWWorthy Team 2006:

Jenna Fischer of NBC's The Office





Garnier Fructis Long And Strong Mistakenly Applied To Genitals

Vanderbilt Senior Lauren Thorton awoke in horror the other day to find out that she had grown a penis over the night. After a thorough medical examination, it was discovered that the cause for the sudden change was Garnier Fructis Long and Strong shampoo. "I, like totally always shampoo ALL my hair," emphasized Thorton. "I feel the need to keep it all in good condition. I had run out of my own shampoo, and so just used my boyfriend's... I should have checked the bottle!" Thorton then erupted into tears, realizing that the chances of a "Garnier Fructis Penis Eraser" are pretty much nil.

Roommate Causes Severe Cabin Fever

Chaffin resident Mary Bartleby is suffering from severe cabin fever due to the door to her room constantly being closed. Bartleby has asked her roommate several times if the door could remain open during time she is in the room, as long as neither of them are sleeping. Bartleby's roommate, although she agreed to the request in principle, actively ignores it. Despite obvious hints that Bartleby doesn't like to shut herself away from the world by closing her door, Bartleby's roommate is insistent to close the door, even when just surfing the net. "I just feel like I'm locking myself away like a hermit," commented Bartleby. "I don't understand it. When I talk to her about it, she seems fine with it. But then she fake stretches and closes the door." Bartleby continued, "I wouldn't mind if it was that she was doing schoolwork, but even when she is just checking e-mail she closes the door." Bartleby is planning on removing the hinges to the door to alleviate her problem.

Student Found Dead in His Single

Vanderbilt Student Mike Walter was found dead the other day in his Barnard single. Walter had been missing for weeks, and hall residents only noticed that something was amiss from the stench of rotting flesh from emitting from the room. The cause of death has been determined to be an extreme overdose of Bawls soda. "The extreme jolt of energy to his body was just too much for him," explained paramedics. VUPD officer

Frank Perry dismissed foul play, stating, "We're really not that surprised." Perry continued, "He locked himself in his room and played World of Warcraft all day long. Nowadays, it seems that Darwin is winning out over these kids who stay in their singles all day." Walter's floor mates could not be reached, because they were perched atop a very tall tree.

Circuit Trainer Uses 4 Lines At Supermarket

Kroger Supermarket on 21st was thrown into turmoil last Thursday night, as Bill Walters, Nashville resident, began to check out his groceries. Walters is a known circuit trainer at the Vanderbilt rec center, and is commonly referred to as "that asshole who uses six machines when the Gym is full". Kroger shoppers were exposed to a new kind of horror: circuit shopping. Walters began throwing 2 groceries on each open aisle, and would frequently dash across the store at full speed and chide any customer trying to move in on the lines saying, "no man, I'm using that". Plans to dismember the circuit shopper and place a body part at each machine at the rec is underway. "He wants to be at every machine at once, we'll grant him his wish," commented a conspirator who wished to remain nameless.



Terrell Owens Apologizes for Apology

The Eagles organization has been thrown into turmoil the past few weeks due to controversy surrounding star wide receiver Terrell Owens. Owens, known league wide for his selfish attitude and terrible personality, was suspended for four games following comments about the Eagles



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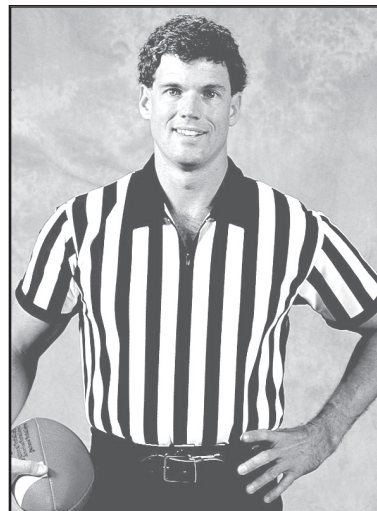
Number of days sorority hopefuls have to mark unattractive body parts pre-emptively.



organization. Because of the continued insolence Owens has shown towards them, the Eagles front office has suspended him for four games. Owens hastily apologized for his actions, but is now reconsidering his apology. In a press conference yesterday, Owens stated, "I wish to apologize to all my fans. I gave you the impression that I might have some sense in me. For this, I am deeply sorry. I promise to defy league and team regulations like never before to make it up to you." He then added, while doing shirtless crunches in his Moorestown parking lot, "I'm thinking of claiming racism. I haven't done that yet. Yeah, racism."

Colorado Man Continually Getting Glued to Toilet Seats

Denver resident Bob Dougherty got glued to a toilet seat yet again last Friday afternoon at a local Denny's. This marks the third time that Dougherty has been pranked in such a manner, and had just passed a lie detector test regarding the second such incident at a Home Depot. Regardless of recent events, Dougherty plans to continue his policy of sitting directly on public toilets without applying the toilet paper buffer. "I figure the chances of it happening again are so small, it's not worth checking the seat," claimed Dougherty. Clerks all around the city have been given a picture of Dougherty, so that they will know to pour glue all over the seats of toilets when he enters their stores. Experts say that Dougherty is lucky that no-one has tried the infamous "Lethal Weapon 2" prank on him yet. 🍌



Corrupt official.

SPORTS

SEC Official Kickbacks to Double this Year

The SEC's co-ordinator of football, Bobby Gaston announced last week that kickbacks will double this year for SEC football officials. Gaston commented, "In the past, we have been backhanded about our pure hatred of Vanderbilt. However, the officials last year have been unparalleled in shitty calls against them." Gaston went on to explain the "hidden rules" in the rule book, that state that every close call goes against Vanderbilt. "I think the greatest point in the season was when we pretended to review that touchdown at the Georgia game," commented Gaston. "Yeah, we sent a letter claiming to apologize for calling it a touchdown regardless, but in invisible ink it says 'SUCKERS!'"



11.16.2005 CONTENTS



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Quo usque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quam diu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata iactabit audacia?

CRAZY EYES SPACE



I don't know.

NEWS

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Corrections:

In the last issue, "Rosa Parks Buried In Back Of Graveyard" was intended for layout on page 12, not page 5, but the story would not budge. *The Slant* regrets the error.

FROM THE EDITOR



CEAF LEWIS

The past two weeks have been disappointing, to say the least. We received nary a complaint about the last issue, despite filling it chock-full of articles on Rosa Parks, severed foreskins, and sex tourists. This, of course, means that we can push the boundaries of good taste even farther, which is going to be awesome. Not in this issue,

though; that way you have to pick up every issue after this hoping that each one you pick up will be the one with the hardcore nudity on pages 6 and 7.

At any rate, you may have noticed that our cover is a little different this week. Or you may not have, in which case you can skip the rest of this paragraph entirely. But if you did notice, this is the dawn of a new golden age of *Slant* innovations. It's like the Harlem Renaissance, only instead of living in Harlem, we live in a tiny office deep in the bowels of Sarratt, emerging periodically to feast upon snacks from the vending machines. And we don't have a cheating basketball team.

I have noticed lately that certain members of the *Slant* staff appear to have been awarded patents of nobility, among them Lord-Baron Andrew Charles Collazzi, Esquire, and Poet Laureate Lord Andrew von Banecker. This is unfortunate, because it means that I'll have to lead a revolution against this corrupt aristocracy and that might delay production somewhat while we clean the blood and entrails from the keyboards. So if we don't put out an issue immediately after Thanksgiving break, that's why, and despite their cruelties to their various and sundry serfs and peasants, everyone should pray for their unfortunate souls as they drift their way to the underworld.

A thought occurred to me the other day, said thought being that yelling "It's over, Anakin! I have the high ground!" would be a hilarious phrase to yell during sex. Somebody needs to try it and report on the results. I personally nominate resident "Star Wars" nerd Andrew Collazzi, but we could always use more comedy on campus (Make sure you're on top when you say it, however, or you might look like a jackass). Bonus points if afterwards you weep copiously while screaming "YOU WERE THE CHOSEN ONE!"

Well, looks like I've once again filled my column requirement for this issue. Next week, hopefully we can read Collazzi's girlfriend's response to inopportune "Star Wars" quotery. 🍌



Fucked Image

I'm lovin' it.

**Does Chad Burchard offend
you?**

**Probably not as much as that clown nipple
did (plus, nobody cares).**

'Anti-Maxim' Hits Racks This Week

"However, Husni remains skeptical. 'After restaurants, magazines are probably the worst investment decision in the world.'"

Maxim. FHM. Stuff. Loaded.

The list of so called "lad" magazines goes on and on. For nearly a decade these glossy mags have spilled out of the nation's magazine racks like their cover models' racks spill out of their bikini tops. Add to this traditional magazines like Esquire, GQ, and Vanity Fair, and the D-cups runneth over.

"It's ridiculous. They're the same magazines, the same models, month after month," says editor-in-chief, publisher, and budding media mogul Robert Saunders of the new magazine, *AW: Attainable Woman*, a magazine devoted to the real women in the lives of men.

"Ooh! Jessica Simpson has a new video? Here comes cleavage. Pamela Anderson is releasing a novel? I guess I'll get to see her nearly naked this month, unless the novel is as bad as I imagine, in which case I'll see her completely naked--again--in Playboy, too."

Saunders thinks he has identified a niche of men who are fed up with the pinup.

"Every guy thinks he has this hidden gem of a girl. She's not the hottest or the sexiest girl he knows. She may be only like the seventh prettiest and tenth sexiest even. But she's still attractive," says Saunders.

More importantly, he's not intimidated by her attractiveness. "He can actually talk to an *AW* and he feels like he has a shot with her."

But because this guy is so conditioned to shoot for the Eva Longorias and Jessica Biels of the world Saunders says, "Not only do

they create a pressure for women to compete in terms of thinness and cleavage and lack of pubic hair, they pressure men to be on the lookout for an even sexier woman. Even when they are already with someone, they tend not to be satisfied with what they already have or what they can realistically attain."

The situation is even more disappointing because every guy has this same attainable woman on his own list. "The truth is, there are no hidden gems. Every guy has this same girl on his list as this sort of safety valve. They just never realize it until some other guy finally asks her out, and she says yes. That's when guys confess to each other, 'You mean you liked her, too?' It's a tragedy that plays itself out every day."

"So women aren't the only ones fucked up by a culture that fetishizes women's body parts," says Saunders.

However, freakishly proportioned women are only part of the problem, argues Saunders. "Men and self-help gurus like to chalk up this tendency to strive for the sexiest woman to some Darwinian bullshit about how they 'have to search for the best mate to perpetuate the species.' That's just a rationalization for men's roving eyes. It's a conditioned behavior, and it can be broken."

Thus, the launch of *AW: Attainable Woman*. "If you can get men to appreciate what they have and focus on the tangible benefits of real women in their lives, you won't see them looking over their date's head on the dance floor to scan for a better looking woman to dance

with."

Crazy as it sounds, he may be on to something, says magazine expert Dr. Samir Husni of the University of Mississippi.

"Magazines tend to run in boom and bust cycles, if you will. Right now, we're in a period with a heavy emphasis on busts. It is only natural for the pendulum to swing the other direction. If people start buying this publication, it could start a new trend."

However, Husni remains skeptical. "After restaurants, magazines are probably the worst investment decision in the world. A magazine is lucky to get past issue two. The odds are really stacked against Mr. Saunders' venture. Ooh, look, another pun."

Still, Saunders will not be deterred. "I'm creating the anti-Maxim here. I don't mind if you buy Maxim so you can jerk off to Carmen Electra for the umpteenth time," says Saunders. "I just think there's a group of men out there who appreciate another type of woman, a real woman that he has actually met and likes, who would appreciate advice on how to approach this real woman."

"Who knows, maybe she'll jerk him off instead. And really, who wouldn't prefer that anyway?"

Just who are those men? More importantly, who are these *AW*s? See exclusive excerpts inside *The Slant*. 🍌

AWWorthy Team 2006

Jenna Fischer ("The Office"): Our inaugural *AW* Queen stars as Pam Beesley on the US version of the British sitcom "The Office," the gold standard of *AW*-hood: cute yet feisty, responsible yet irreverent, she defines the total package for today's man. Lucy Davis of the original series qualifies as well.

Alyson Hannigan ("American Pie," "Buffy, the Vampire Slayer"): In many ways the prototypical *AW*. Prized for her skills with both the flute and the skin flute, she showed that apple pie-fucker it's more important to be interested in someone who's interested in you rather than cling to childish fantasies about exchange students.

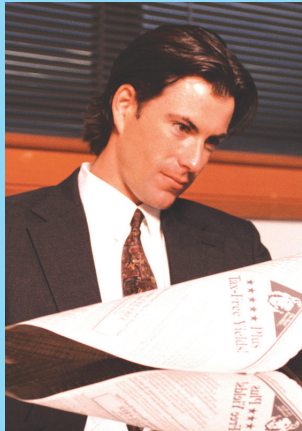
Felicity Huffman ("Desperate Housewives"): Huffman is the thinking man's desperate housewife. All the buzz for DH goes to Teri Hatcher and her "spectacular" breasts, or Nicollette Sheridan and her over the top sexuality. Even though she's more likely to be on the cover of *Redbook* than star in a remake of "The Red Shoe Diaries," she's a strong independent woman, tolerable of your faults, yet still playful (especially when hepped up on her kids' ADD meds). On top of that, in real life, she's married to William H. Macy, the guy from "Fargo" and "Boogie Nights," so she's not hung up on your being a male model either.

Sofia Coppola (director, "Lost in Translation"): The older portion of our readership will remember her screen debut in "The Godfather III" less for her acting skills and more for her blurring the line between, "Is she really hot, or is she kind of ugly?" Now in her 30s, she's on the sort of hot side. And on top of that, she's an amazing director and doesn't need you to take care of her.

Got your own suggestion? Send it to attainablewoman@gmail.com.

Letter From The Editor Of *Attainable Woman*

by ROBERT SAUNDERS



You thought it was tough getting a date before.

This magazine has made things considerably tougher for you.

You see, we at *AW: Attainable Woman*, are exposing a dirty little secret about men. In fact, the secret is actually common knowledge among men, only they don't realize it.

Men like to believe they have a hidden gem of a girl whose true beauty and value only they appreciate. She's attractive, but not intimidatingly so. It's not an effort to maintain a conversation with her. She's not so self-conscious that she won't eat in front of you or snort when she laughs.

Here's the secret: that girl is on your friend's list, too. And your other friends' list. And his friends' lists, too.

OK, maybe we're exaggerating a little. Not every friend will have the same woman on his list, but you'll be surprised at how many of your friends have your attainable woman, or *AW*, on their lists. The odds are: if you've thought about asking her out, if you've thought about kissing her, if you've thought about what she looks like naked, assume that the majority of your social circle has, too.

An early scene in "A Beautiful Mind" depicts the logic of game

theory by focusing on a group of guys approaching a group of girls at a bar. If everyone descends upon the hottest girl, then unless she starts a train, at best only one guy will end up with one girl, and everybody else feels like they're getting leftovers. But if you ignore the hot girl and pick somebody else, then everybody gets laid, which is more efficient and makes everybody happier overall.

This is generally sound advice until you realize: John Nash, the principal architect of game theory, was crazier than a shithouse rat; and, Russell Crowe, who plays Nash, ends up with Jennifer Connelly.

Still, this logic is partially relevant to the idea behind *Attainable Woman*. We encourage you to give up your hopes and dreams of getting it on with the Jennifer Connellys of the world and to focus on women who are more in your league.

But you see, Nash's logic falls apart under *AW* theory. We believe that all the guys will descend on the same girl, which leaves everybody in the same position as before—five guys duking it out for the same woman. And that's why things just got tougher for you.

This magazine is devoted to helping you retrain your eye from the fetish du jour—Britney's pre-pregnancy abs, J Lo's booty, Pam Anderson's bosom—and appreciate the women you have been treating as your safety valve. To use some football logic, this is the West Coast Offense of dating. Stop throwing downfield all the time and be willing to drop one off to the tight end or someone out of the backfield just a few yards downfield. Focus on the "yards after catch."

You see, just because you like

to jerk off to Jessica Alba or Jessica Simpson or even Marge Simpson doesn't mean you should let this define your tastes in real women for dating purposes. Instead of fetishizing the physical attributes of these women, we'll fetishize the intangibles of these women, the way they make us feel.

Sure, we'll have photos of our current celebrity crushes—this is a magazine after all—but we're not going to stuff Alyson Hannigan into a bikini or pose Sofia Coppola on the cover with her hands over her nipples.

Because we've made things tougher for you by outing your secret crush, this magazine will offer advice on how to beat other men to the punch, to work up the courage to ask that girl out before some other douche bag does. We'll coach you through dates so you stop checking out the hot girl who just walked by in the restaurant while you're in the middle of a conversation with your *AW*. We believe you'll find us indispensable as you reshape your relationship to women.

Anyway, this is who we are, this is the way we think. We know there are more of you out there, and the competition will be intense. So buy yourself an *AW*.

Game on!

Robert Saunders
Editor/Publisher
Attainable Woman

Not sure who the *AW*s are in your life? Here's your guide to *AW*s, things that make us glad we have our secret crushes on them instead of the eating disordered girl on the elliptical at the rec center. Things that make them *AW*Worthy!

- * Wears panties, not a thong
- * Uses Monday Night Football theme song for her cell phone ringtone
- * Wears hockey sweater to NHL games
- * Likes to get flowers but doesn't consider you cheap for getting daisies instead of long-stem roses
- * Maxes out her credit card at TJMaxx, not Versace boutique
- * If she spent an hour putting on her makeup, you'll never hear about it from her or be embarrassed that she looks like she was face-painted at a state fair
- * Thinks dinner and a movie sounds like a fun date
- * Trims her pubic region, but doesn't attend to it like it's Augusta National
- * When she smiles at you, she makes it seem like it's intended exclusively for you
- * Reads Real Simple, not Cosmo
- * Will split the Bloomin' Onion and hot fudge brownie sundae with you
- * Read a book this year . . . and it wasn't "The DaVinci Code"
- * You don't have to be drunk to ask her out, she doesn't have to be drunk to say yes.

Got your own criteria? Send them in to attainablewoman@gmail.com

Want an internship with *Attainable Woman*? Send an application to attainablewoman@gmail.com!

Popular Store Changes Name To 'Me White, You Black, Get The Hell Out'

by KRIS STENSLAND

After a Tennessee State University and Vanderbilt student protest outside of the Greek and Vanderbilt paraphernalia store You Greek, Me Greek on West End Avenue last Wednesday brought the issue of race to the attention of store owners, the proprietors announced a change in both name and store policy.

Catering to the Greek community at Vanderbilt, the store has changed its name to reflect the preferred customer base. Accordingly, signs and advertisements have already been changed to "Me White, You Black, Get the Hell Out." While this may seem offensive, store owners defended their statement by referencing the T-shirt order form, which specifically states in capital letters "All non-white customers will be verbally abused." Management staff has merely made this information more readily accessible to the public.

"We just wanted everyone to know

how we feel," said one cashier, who preferred to remain anonymous. "We don't want this sort of misunderstanding to occur again."

While the company has lost orders from nearly all NPHC fraternities and sororities on both the TSU and Vanderbilt campuses, business is, strangely enough, booming. It seems that the racism protests attract more and more people out of the backwoods areas of Nashville. More are expected to arrive from the greater Tennessee area later this month.

"We've had a HUGE increase in custom white hoodies and camo pants," said the owner. "They're just flying off the rack! And for some reason, we just got an exclusive contract from KA!"

In addition to the expansions here in Nashville, the company has also been busy trying to fill requests for new store locations all across the south, as well as Idaho.

"This type of business plan hasn't been seen for over fifty years," said economist Bill Friar. "It's really pretty

ingenious. Me White, You Black, Get the Hell Out is catering to a very specific market that no one else has the guts to serve: bigots who like custom printed T-shirts."

Although the store at first seems to be unrelenting on their new business plan, arbitrators are certain that an agreement can be reached.

"Me White, You Black has already agreed to fill 60% of the NPHC orders for the year, in what we're calling the '3/5 Compromise,'" said Jim Vandever, mediator. "We're almost certain that there can be a better arrangement, but for now, we've made progress. I'm hoping for at least a separate store that's equal. Or that they'll let us use the front door."

Another progressive step for the business is the new policy for hiring black workers. The 'black worker cap,' which until a week ago stood at 1, has now been completely abolished. All black workers are welcome, under specific conditions. Namely, they aren't paid, have to work at the store for their entire lives, and have to fol-

low every order given to them by their bosses immediately. A severance package for said workers has been set at forty acres and a mule.

In addition to the protest about the store's racial marketing, a lawsuit has been filed to cover the slurs uttered by the cashier. While the tone and diction of the cashier's comments are being emphasized by the plaintiff, the defense is sure to bring in "sass factor" to help justify the cashier and owner's actions.

"We understand that some racially charged language was used," said judge Mario Brothers. "What we are trying to figure out now is the level of 'sass' that was given to the cashier, in order to determine if the action was in verbal self-defense."

Regardless of the verdict, You Greek, Me Greek has made some strong changes, resulting in both an anti-racist outcry and an ironic business boom. Surely, Me White, You Black, Get the Hell Out has flourished in the face of diversity. 🍌

Eighteen-Year-Old Mayor Still Can't Win Female Demographic

by SEAN TIERNEY

HILLSDALE, MI- High school senior and new mayor-elect of Hillsdale Michael Sessions has done more in his eighteen years than many men do in a lifetime . . . except for women.

"Hillsdale's Favorite Son" is an all-American football player. He holds Hillsdale High School's record for most points in a single game in basketball, and has a 4.0 GPA. Sessions is also a published author and designed a new solar power harvesting process for a science project last year. There is one accomplishment that still eludes him, however; he has never gone fur-

ther than second base.

This past Election Day, Sessions defeated incumbent Doug Ingles as a write-in candidate in a closely contested race. The newly-christened politician, who now presides over a town of 9,000 people, threw his hat in the ring after his birthday in September. "I realized that I was eighteen and had never been any closer to getting some action than the time I ran into that burning building to save Jenna Hampshire's little brother. So I decided to do something about it. I figured that if I won the election, I could lose my virginity once and for all."

Unfortunately for the young man,

nothing has changed. Sessions continues to practice forced celibacy. "Between school and my mayorship, I now have almost no time to even speak to girls. If things don't improve soon, I may have to legalize prostitution," said the new mayor.

Amid claims that the high school senior lacks the experience and know-how to run a large town, several students at Hillsdale High expressed their concerns that Sessions's floundering sex life is in desperate need of a boost. Said long-time friend John Reeves, "I really hope this whole mayor thing eventually helps Mike get some tail, because otherwise I would've

voted for the other guy. At least he seemed to know what he was doing." Commented fellow senior Ashley Deerfield, "I still wouldn't go out with him, but I'm sure someone will now."

"This mayorship will certainly look good on my college applications, but it's not really helping me get laid." Confessed the eighteen-year-old. "I was sorta hoping to be the Bill Clinton of Hillsdale, except without the whole being married to Hillary thing."

If Sessions has not reached third base by January, he plans to give up trying to get girls with his position and go with the tried-and-true tradition of embezzlement of funds. 🍌

I Hate Israel Way More Than You

by MAHMOUD AHMADINEJAD
President of Iran

I'm just going to come out and say it: I hate Israel. A lot. My rage for their people, their "country," and their presence knows no bounds. Since day one I've been fighting against them like a bad case of the clap, painfully but with the best intentions to rid the world of disease. In fact, by my figuring I hate Israel more than anyone else on the planet, especially you.

Yeah, that's right. You. You've gone really easy on them lately. Suicide bomb them only if they attack us? Nice call, ass. I bet you believe all their empty promises about peace. Talk about appeasement! Who do you think you are, Neville Chamberlain? My strategy has always been that the best defense is a good offense and I'm going to stick by it, no matter how "diplomatic" you think you've become. Bombings forever, that's what I say. I've even come up with a jingle to gain support for my plan: "Bombings in the morning, bombings in the evening, bombings at suppertime, when bombings are on the table, I win." I'm still working on the ending.

And what's with your actions during the Israeli pullout from Gaza (which I attribute solely to my undying hate)? I saw you on the news, burning houses along with everyone else. I'll give you minor props for that. But I certainly didn't see you pissing on the ashes once the houses were done burning, or dancing on graves, or anything like that . . . anything like I would have done. All in all it was a very mild desecration. I bet you have a soft spot (read: weakness) in your heart for the Israelis! Poor form. Poor form.

And now that I think about it, you actually have a pretty long history of being a soft-core bitch when it comes to Israel. Not that you're not soft-core elsewhere, like when

you only kept down two bowls before puking in that hummus eating contest. But anyways, back when you wanted to push them into the sea, I wanted to throw them into the sea. If you only push them, they'll have time to get into their boats, of which they have many. Come on man, use your head.

And then there was that time you said they should be wiped off the map. I was advocating a complete bleaching off the map, cutting out of the bleached spot, and setting it on fire. I also called for the carving out of Israel from all globes and the removal of all references to that country in encyclopedias and other published works. As you can see, the extent of my hate pushes me to excellence. I take pride in my rage. It's not a half-assed thing like it clearly is with you.

Maybe now that I've shown you the error of your ways, you can take off your panties and start acting like a real Israel-hating man by supporting some of my newest initiatives. First of all, hold anti-Israel marches everyday. I've already got those going, because I motivate people. People see me and think, "Wow, that guy really hates Israel. What a baller. I'm going to do whatever he says." If you really hated Israel, you totally would to.

Secondly, you can sign my petition to have the name of the Balfour Declaration changed to the "Don't Take This Document Seriously Declaration." That would really go a long way towards turning my hate-filled vision into a hate-filled reality.

Finally, you can grow a pair and start thinking of your own ways to hate Israel. If you really put your mind to it, you could hate Israel just as much as I do now, only by then I'll hate them even more, so I'll still hate them the most. So get it together and take the hate to a new level. That's what I did and now I'm a President. I rest my case. 🍌

I Knew I Should Have Paid The Five Euros To Park In A Garage

by PIERRE CHARLEMAGNE
Parisian Columnist

Three weeks ago, my life was fantastic; I managed to beat the odds and land a job with a salary high enough for me to purchase a new car: the Renault Twingo. So what if it was a supermini? There's nothing worth visiting outside of Paris anyway, I thought. It's not like I'm planning to go on a road trip. At least I had the luxury of thinking about it then, though; it looks like I won't be going anywhere since those damn North Africans lit my car on fire.

The first supermini on the market, my Twingo really stood out from the crowd. I guess it still did while it was blazing merrily on the street in front of my apartment building, but the joy was a little hollow then. My automobile used to be synonymous with fun and adventure, but now it's synonymous with half-melted plastics and a bill from the city to haul it away. The sliding rear bench? Gone in the conflagration. The central instrument panel? Immolated. As practical as it is ergonomic? Not now. Oh, and those anti-roll bars sure did a lot of good when those teenagers were rolling my new car along the street. To

make it even worse, it only took two of them to do it. Damn minis.

I remember when I first bought it and my wife was nagging me to get a parking space in the garage. I was like, "Damn you, sea hag, quit pestering me! Five euros a day is a lot of money and I'll just clean off the pigeon shit with a soft cloth." Eventually I had to smack her to get her to stop talking, but now I'm going to have to go to all that extra effort and apologize to her and tell her she was right. I hope she'll be satisfied with the flowers, because I'm way too pissed off to take her to dinner.

Anyway, this not-having-a-car business is ruining my life. One would think it would be easy to avoid the gangs of ruffians fighting it out with the police in the streets, but not when you're forty-five years old and on foot. In my Twingo, I could make my escape at its top speed of thirty miles an hour if need be; now that dream is dead. I'm definitely going to write a stern letter to Monsieur Chirac about this, or at least I will once those teenagers outside stop lighting the mailbox on fire. 🍌

The Slant hates the following political ideologies:

1. Libertarianism

It's Unreasonable Of You To Tell Me To Be Quiet In Your Class

You're such an asshole.

by **LORD-BARON ANDREW CHARLES COLLAZZI, ESQUIRE**
Douchebag Columnist

Since the beginning of this semester, I have been living in a prison. Day after day, more and more unrealistic demands are placed on me. It's getting to the point that I am no longer able to freely exercise my God given rights. The time has come to put an end to your unreasonable standards. You are nothing but a tyrant who thinks you should have control of me just because I am student of your class. Well, I have news for YOU asshole: It's unreasonable of you to tell me to be quiet in your class.

Because I'm so above this class, I decided long ago that I was above listening to lecture, reading the assignments and attempting practice tests. What nerve you have telling me to be quiet. You're sitting up there talking the ENTIRE hour, and you get annoyed at ME for talking? You're a fucking selfish asshole for thinking that YOU should be able to lecture to us! Seriously, why can't I talk with my neighbor. You wouldn't want to hear what I'm saying anyway. I don't care if you're talking about how to find the period of a planet's orbit using Kepler's Third Law; I'm having a riveting conversation about my new Manolos!

Also, why do you have to get so excited when asking me to be quiet? Christ, don't you realize how obnoxious you sound when you say, "Hey, could you please keep it down?" I guess you don't, because every time you try to quiet me down, I always have to put my hands up to indicate to you to calm yourself. Everyone in the class knows that you're just totally out of line with your tone and word choice. Next time, how about

saying, "Oh please young master, would you consider being slightly quieter?" THEN I might grant you your request.

As a matter of fact, it IS your fault I'm not doing well in this class. I'm far smarter than you, despite your PhD. I'm sure that I could teach this class, and I'd do a far better job. Teaching isn't about knowing the subject, it's about being an entertaining presenter of information. Why do you think everybody is paying attention to me instead of you during class, lame-o?

It's not my fault I've gotten bad grades on the tests. That is merely a function of you not making every lecture enthralling. You should be THANKING me for talking in your class. How else are you going to know that your lecture sucks?

And you can bet that I'm going to get you good when it comes time for class evaluations. I am fed up with your standards of having a class "without disruption." I am fed up with you assuming that I should learn the material. I am fed up with your not making the graded assignments at the level where even an H.O.D. major could understand them so I can coast. Count on getting a one on my class evaluation for "effectively teaches the material".

You tried to screw me out of a few minutes of talking with my neighbor, and now you will pay for it with your job. Good luck, peasant. You should have realized earlier that this is Vanderbilt. My father is paying \$40,000 a year for you to give me As, not for you to teach me. Oh well, I guess it doesn't matter how I do. No matter how badly I do in school father will allow me a job in his law firm. Tell THAT to be quiet. 🐔

Coincidence? I Think Not. Prophecy? Definitely.

"Many may dispute my status as a modern-day Nostradamus, but I really think that I'm bordering on the level of superhero status . . ."

By **KRIS STENSLAND**
Prophetic Columnist



Many students were affected by the flooding of Vandy/Barnard, a freshman residence hall. Yes, it was a tough time for some; lots of people's stuff was ruined, carpet had to be taken out, and a bunch of furniture needs to be replaced. There's not much that's funny about this whole scenario.

Lots of rooms flooded, a roof collapsed, and people had to take refuge in the lobby and TV lounges. But wait . . . this all sounds so . . . familiar . . .

This brings me to possibly the most disturbing and life altering matter to be considered in this whole ordeal.

I predicted this entire night.

Loyal readers of The Slant will remember the article that I had published in the last issue. I'd like to start off by noting that our issues are printed beginning early Monday morning, and distributed beginning Tuesday night. What else happened Tuesday night, about half an hour after distribution? The Vandy Flood. This might seem like just a far off coincidence, but do you remember all that happened? Citing my article, "The bathroom and rooms have all been flooded," "I'm really looking forward to our 'Take Refuge in the TV Lounge!' night," and "If we're

lucky [the ceiling] will collapse on us! Wouldn't that be GREAT?" Yes, I predicted nearly everything that would happen that night. But what does this mean?

While many will say that the flooding of Vandy/Barnard on the same night as the release of my article to be mere coincidence, I have taken this event as merely a sign. Yes, this event has implications of abnormal, supernatural powers. Not to be taken lightly, I have researched my condition, and I have come to a startling conclusion.

I, Kris Stensland of *The Slant*, have the power of prophecy.

I know that many of you may be skeptical, but I have found that my powers of prediction are not limited to merely the one-time occurrence of Vanderbilt Hall flooding, and many may dispute my status as a modern-day Nostradamus, but I really think that I'm bordering on the level of superhero status.

Consider: sure Superman, Batman, Spiderman and all the others are great, but they're all so . . . reactionary. Yeah, they could fly in and do a daring rescue, but realistically, what's better: almost letting Mary Jane die in the hands of an evil mastermind, or foreseeing the events and then going and preventing them? Mine sure wouldn't make for an interesting movie, but it definitely makes for a safer world.

Unfortunately, I'm not quite to this point yet. Right now, my visions just kind of pop into my head, and then I have to figure out how to harness them (mainly to get some winning lottery tickets).

But really, could all this have happened by coincidence? I think not. Am I a prophet? Definitely. 🐔

High Society And Middling-Quality Poetry

by lord Andrew von Ban-ecker, poEt laureaTe

Commentary in italics by EVAN ALSTON

Indeed, this is an anthology which will give fodder to poetry scholars for many decades to come. It starts out with such a brilliant, simple piece:

MONA LISA WAS A WHORE

I despise your half assed smile
Mocking
Trembling
Take off your dress and stay awhile
Mona Lisa was a whore.

It shows a unique strength as it says what many of us have been wanting to say for some time now, and it's perfect iambic meter only buttresses the raw emotional power inherent in these short lines. "Mocking./Trembling." short bursts . . . like Mona Lisa herself. It shows a power unmatched.

DADA

Public urinal
Crime scene chalk outline
Mambo number 5 sucked
PointlessnessensseltnioP

You would be hard-pressed to find anything in contemporary, nay, any

art in history that compares to this brilliance. With it's profound allusion to the emotional abyss of "Mambo Number 5" it only strengthens it's place on the throne of all of history's poetry.

DOGS PLAYING POKER

Two of a kind
The poodle's bluffing
Suicide Kings are wild

The sheer artistic brilliance evidenced in this poem made me realize that I don't deserve to live.

DAVID

You mock me
With your tiny penis
Sistine Chapel was better.
David.

Mr. Banecker took a pitiful little chipped rock and crafted this epic masterpiece, condensed into the dewy drops of perfection. He then took those drops and condensed them even more to give these 12 famous words. Words that will determine the fate of humanity. Dewy, dewy humanity. I fear that I cannot go on, for the incredible emotional toil of simply glancing at the page that these works are on sends me into convulsions of ecstasy. These extracalafragalistic poems are the best thing ever written in history.

SOUP

Condensed Tomato
Again
Again
Again
Flash of color.
Monotony.

GUERNICA

And the battle rages on
Two men die in each other's arms
Cubic bull?
Guernica

RHAPSODY IN BLACK

The backdrop of kings
Velvet
Elvis
Memphis scares children

DRIPPING

Never ending run-off
Will this end?
No!
Time.
Essence.
Salvador Dali?

CHAGALL DREW HORSIES

The neverending struggle of the 19th century Russian Jew
Chagall drew horsies.

LIBERTY LEADING THE PEOPLE

Liberty
Motivating
She leads the nation of France
Onward and upward
Rebellion
We will not eat cake!
Delacroix drew a booby
Independence.

WHISTLER'S MOTHER

She sits motionless in a chair
Forever staring into the abyss that is nature
Her wrinkled skin entices me
Why, Oedipus? Why?
I must kill her
It is the only way
Matricide, oil based. 🍌

The Truth About TaleSpin

by REEVE HAMILTON

"TaleSpin" is clearly
A harsh commentary on
Globalization.

Baloo and King Lou
Were carefree jungle swingers
In "The Jungle Book."

Then Mowgli arrived.
Capitalism followed.
Everything has changed.

Now, they live indoors.
They fly planes and they tend bars.
Is that natural?

They no longer sing.
They must wear silly T-shirts.
No more nudity!

Production is up,
But this only helps The Man.
The White Man, I bet.

What about Baloo
And his dear old friend King Lou?
How do they get helped?

Air Quality? Bad!
Deforestation abounds!
No living wages!

You may say that they
Are happy and smile a lot.
You close-minded fool.

This propaganda
Is designed to deceive you.
It does not show truth.

King Lou and Baloo
Crave the old days in secret.
They are corporate slaves!

For more on horrors
Wrought by Globalization,
Watch TaleSpin! It's great!

P.S. I admit
The ape's name is not King Lou
It is King Louie.

And actually,
In TaleSpin it's just Louie.
Those pigs stole his crown! 🍌

Bastard Confession



"I leave fake messages
from girls on my dry
erase board."

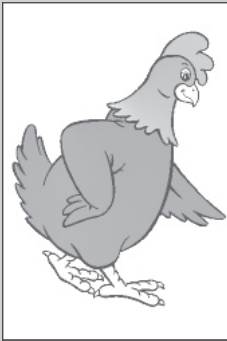
-Sean Tierney



AROUNDTHELOOP

Why did your poorly-conceived terrorist plan fail?

Rowdy Rooster, Cartoon Terrorist



“I thought I grabbed the backpack with the bomb in it but it was the one with silverware and an anvil in it instead.”

Nick Jarmason, Stoner Terrorist



“It turns out Cheez Whiz isn’t so much explosive as it is delicious.”

Billy Mays, Infomercial Terrorist



“Because dirty bombs are easily stopped with the awesome power of OxiClean!”

Abdullah, Urban Terrorist



“It didn’t fail. In hindsight, however, I should have realized no one in Detroit would know the difference.”

Che Guevara, Charismatic Terrorist



“I was feeling too dead to get started on it today.”

Al-Fatwa Jihad, Deli Owner



“I was convinced by the rhetoric of President Bush that I had already won.”

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21):

Ironically, John Malkovich will discover a portal into your mind, controlling your body from the inside. After a few minutes, he will decide to do what you couldn’t.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):

Don’t even think of going to France right now! Argh, too late, you thought of it! You can’t do anything right. Get lost. Go to France. Good luck with the rioters.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19):

You want to get high legally. Denver or Amsterdam? Denver or Amsterdam? Damn, tough decision. Good luck.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18):

Somebody will tell you the words are actually “revved up like a deuce”. You will no longer enjoy singing this song.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20):

Hoping to do your body some good, you take up drinking milk every day, only to remember that you are lactose intolerant . . . and a moron.

Aries (March 21-April 19):

Want to get over that nasty break up and actively support a cause, but don’t have time to do both? There is a solution. Become a suicide bomber.

Taurus (April 20-May 20):

Setting off fireworks inside isn’t the best idea what with the new cameras and all.

Gemini (May 21-June 21):

It’s time to do laundry, champ. No amount of Axe could ever cover up the fusty slap in the face that seems to follow you around these days.

Cancer (June 22-July 22):

You will read no other horoscopes other than your own. Don’t read any other horoscopes, or it won’t come true.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22):

Ramadan is over, so you can stop eating obnoxiously in front of all the Muslim kids.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22):

Way to go, Cancer. You’ve rendered your horoscope fucking moot. I hope you die of cancer. Or crabs.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23):

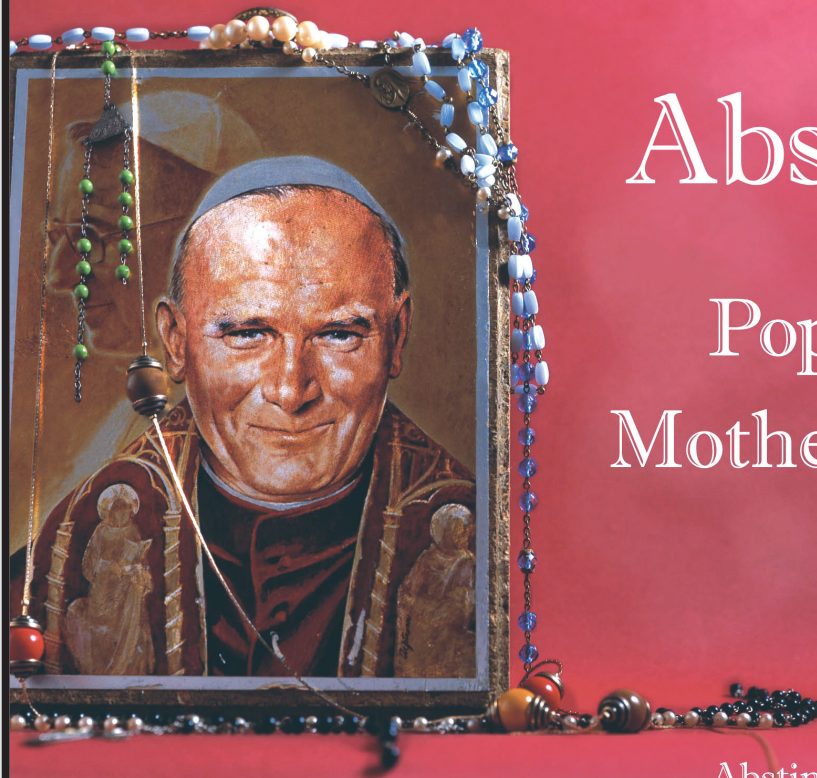
What some people call cruel exploitation, other people call making hobos fight each other for food.

Top Ten Catchphrases Of The 2060s

- 10 "God hates a celibate man."
- 9 "The genius of Carrot Top was misunderstood in his time."
- 8 "Your crystal! It's blinking! Carousel! Carousel!"
- 7 "Let's go print out lunch from facebook food."
- 6 "Where's the beef? No, really- it's too bad global warming killed all our cows."
- 5 "You can have my nuclear weapon when you pry it out of my cold dead hands."
- 4 "Grandpa, will you turn down that rap music?" / "Damn kids and their lack of appreciation for true art..."
- 3 "Did you destroy North America? I didn't think so."
- 2 "Is it a bad thing if my data port starts to itch?"
- 1 "Be excellent to each other."

Public Service Announcement

From Vatican City



Abstinence

Pope Tested.
Mother Approved.

Abstinence. Your best chance.



Join The Slant . . .
Because we're all color-blind.

Tuesday Nights
6:30 P.M.
Sarratt 363