

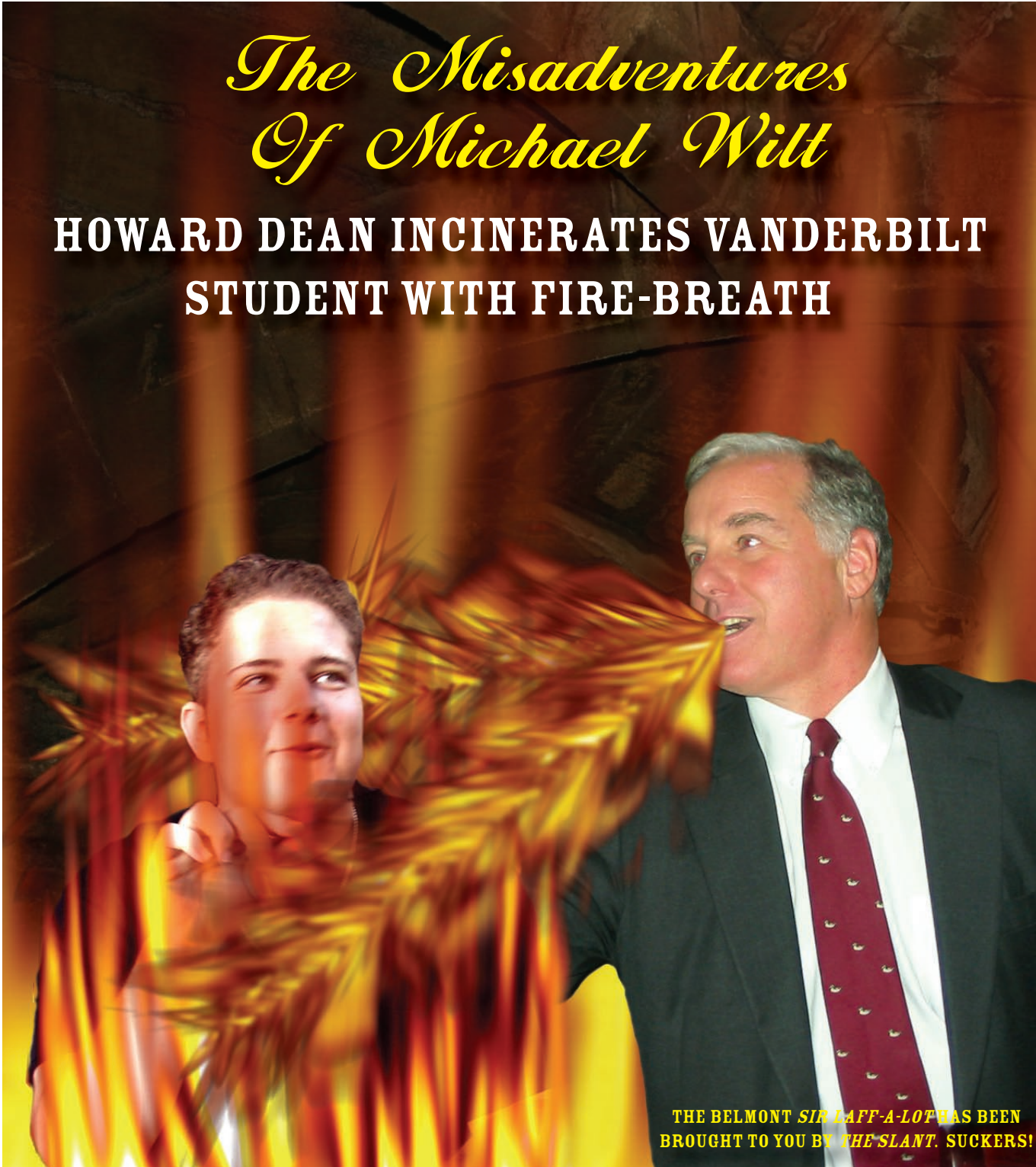
*The Belmont*

MAKING UP RIVAL PUBLICATIONS...  
SINCE 1885

# SIR LAFF-A-LOT

*The Misadventures  
Of Michael Witt*

HOWARD DEAN INCINERATES VANDERBILT  
STUDENT WITH FIRE-BREATH



THE BELMONT SIR LAFF-A-LOT HAS BEEN  
BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE SLANT. SUCKERS!

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Absent-Minded Custodian  
Bleaches Shroud Of Turin



Majority of *Slant* Staff Baffled By  
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## Turns Out Joke Was Racist

Sophomore Nathaniel Elderman was shocked last Thursday to discover that one of his favorite jokes was racist. "I was sitting around drinking and joking with my friends Samuel, Todd, Williard, Joshua and Hakeem when I thought of this great joke that my uncle had told me a while back." The night had been going well up until that point, but took a sudden downturn when Elderman asked everyone to consider how to get black children to stop jumping on the bed. "I said 'You put velcro on the ceiling' and everyone burst out laughing except for Hakeem, who got really silent, then said 'Oh, so that's how it is.' and got up to leave. I tried to get him to sit back down, but he was all like, 'Man, fuck you.' and left. Talk about a buzzkill, but at least I didn't ask everyone what's long, black and sweaty." The outburst came as an especial shock to Elderman because he'd never considered himself capable of offending anyone. "I mean, it's not like I'm racist. I have a black friend... well, I used to, before he went all 'black' on me."

## Girl Scouts Charged With Cannibalism

An FBI raid on the Girl Scouts of America headquarters revealed that the popular "Samoa" cookies, confections purportedly made from shredded coconut, caramel, and chocolate, are in fact made from the bodies of Pacific Islanders from American Samoa. "Samoa is PEOPLE!" cried a hysterical FBI spokesman, adding "although Thin Mints are mighty tasty." In response to the controversy, the Girl Scouts have officially changed the cookie name to "Caramel Delites." In unrelated news, police continue the search for missing NBA star Carmello Anthony.



## Child Baptized Before Turning Thirteen

This Saturday, during an "Episcopal baptism," Jenny Fitzhugh, not yet 13, was "baptized" in a non-submersion practice. Fitzhugh, only 11 months old, was deemed capable of undergoing baptism to wash away all sins without even a rudimentary comprehension of right from wrong. "Why, this is simply preposterous!" sputtered fundamentalist Baptist minister David Barzelay. "What if soiling yourself is a sin? Not to mention all the suckling at teats going on. It will be a wonder if she isn't carried directly to Hell by the age of eight."



## 43% Of U.S. Foods Now Classified As 'Ranch'

Once relegated to a humble role as a simple salad dressing, ranch has burst into the mainstream. From Subway's new chicken, bacon and ranch sub to Burger King's Tendercrisp Bacon Cheddar Ranch sandwich to ranch-flavored potato chips and ranch-flavored cheesecake, ranch has become a staple of the modern American diet. "Yes, ranch is taking over," stated William Deary, FDA spokesman, while eating ranch fries and sipping a ranch shake. "However, we believe that this new development will prove salutary to the health of our great Republic." Some, however, question Deary's faith in ranch products. "That rum and ranch I drank the other night tasted pretty damn good," explained Patrick Gentry, butler, "but it sure didn't stay down for very long."

## Gee Approval Rating Drops Five Percent... In Bed

Chancellor E. Gordon Gee's approval rating among sexual partners declined from last year's 95 percent to 90 percent. Interhall president-elect Kyle Southern attributed the sudden decline to a small sample size: "Our sample size was pretty small this year, what with it being one person and all. It's still pretty noteworthy, even with the sampling error of plus or minus 100 percent." SGA Senator and blatant political hack Bill Weimar agreed with Southern, saying "I believe that we are very fortunate to have such a Don Juan of a chancellor at our campus. I mean, talk to anyone at another school and they hardly even know how their chancellor's doing in the bedroom."



Ann Coulter, Hippie Wench

4

Number of beers drunk during production of this issue

ABOUT  
?  
THIS  
?  
ISSUE

10

Number of beers that should have been drunk during production of this issue



## Hasbro Executive Writes Utopian Treatise, Play-Doh's Republic

Hasbro Vice President David Gilman envisions a state in which everyone plays all day long with brightly colored gooey things which paradoxically remain dry. And at the end of the day, when everyone's hands smell of the stuff, and there have been many shapes made out of the this "play dough," everyone will go home and wash their hands, without having eaten any of the dough and consequently sued Hasbro Corporation. Leaders will be chosen by their merit in dough sculpting and everyone will share, instead of fighting and causing the teacher to take away the dough. The book is due in June.

## Chancellor Fails To Fill Out Housing Contract

Chancellor Gordon Gee failed to complete and turn in his housing contract this past week, resulting in his inability to remain in his current residence the mansion Braeburn. "Normally no one fills out a ballot for Braeburn, you need like, three hundred fucking points for it," Director of Housing Assignments Jim Kramka explained, "so we normally don't care if the Chancellor is a few days late with his ballot." This year, however, Sigma Chi, one of Vanderbilt's larger fraternities, had enough points when counting all of their brothers and successfully submitted a ballot for the Chancellor's home. "This is going to be so awesome," said Sigma Chi president Freddy Ford. "Think about how many Beirut tables we can fit in there. Plus, there's no old beer and puke smell... yet." They will move into Braeburn next year. 🍻



## DAMNABLE LEFT-WINGERS

### Ann Coulter Becomes Liberal Following Mild Heckling

Ann Coulter, the right-wing writer and political commentator who appeared at Vanderbilt's IMPACT Symposium last Monday, shocked her many fans when she converted to liberalism in the middle of her IMPACT speech. Coulter began by whipping off poorly worded and biting one-liners directed against the left. Liberals in the audience soon had enough and began shouting at Coulter. One clever listener yelled, "Talk about the issues!" to the speaker who has never held office and made her living from anti-left humor. "Where's the substance?" screamed another insightful onlooker. Coulter then broke down, sobbing and begging for forgiveness. Coulter's new book, *How To Talk To Liberals... Because They're Awesome!* is due out next month.

04.01.2005

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## MASTHEAD



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A clerk shall not be amerced in respect of his lay holding except after the manner of the others aforesaid; further, he shall not be amerced in accordance with the extent of his ecclesiastical benefice.

## PUBLIC SPACE FOR THE ABUSED



Yep, that's abuse all right

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## REHABILITATIONS:

In the last issue of the *Laff-A-Lot*, the article "Somewhere In The Middle East, Some Iranian Up To Something, CIA Says," was actually written by Tim Boyd, not Colin Dinsmore. Colin Dinsmore would have written a much funnier article.

In the last *Laff-A-Lot* issue's Top Ten List, "Top Ten Ways Spring Break Disappointed You," the eighth list item, "Not enough lepers to anoint on ASB trip," proved to be inaccurate. There were lepers everywhere, not that those spoiled Vanderbilt bastards noticed.

SIR LAFF-A-LOT



## FROM THE EDITOR'S INKWELL



THADDEUS MENG

Good-day, fellow Nashvillians, Tennesseans, and Americans! I know it has been a while, but it is finally time for I, Thaddeus Meng, Editor-In-Chief of the *Laff-A-Lot*, to present you with a new issue.

You all would be quite right in chastising me for not putting out an edition of the *Laff-A-Lot* sooner. I shirked my responsibility

for many a day. I do believe, however, that we at our most noble paper were in the right in not putting out an issue before it was ready. Far better to release one issue per year, nay, per life-time, than to publish, pardon my language, "crap" every two weeks.

Whilst on the topic of bi-monthly defecation, I hope you will find the content of our pages more worthy than that of the garish, nugatory *Slant*. They write stories that are offensive merely for the sake of offending and publish articles that are titillating, acting as the lowly prostitute giving the proverbial hand-job to their readers. The *Laff-A-Lot* has stories which, while likely just as offensive and perhaps executed in an eeri-ly similar writing style, are intended to elicit laugh-ter while at the same time challenging common perspectives of the day. A different out-look from that of the sinful *Slant* entirely.

In addition, our newspaper is right, lawful, and up-standing. We do not make decisions to place our bank-rollers in legal jeopardy. The other publication seems to wish their own demise, judging by the frequency with which they are threatened with law-suits. It is really quite un-believable.

And if I have to read about the habits of consumption of that in-sufferable Colin Dinsmore's roommate any more, you may as well call up the under-taker, as it would drive me beyond the brink!

Now, I feel it is my duty to make a heart-felt plea to the administration of Vanderbilt to locally re-inforce that most glorious law, the Volstead Act. The imbibing of alcohol on their campus, while long isolated within their own borders, is now beginning to spread to our sacred domain, Belmont University. We cannot afford to let our students be corrupted by Vandermorals, or the lack thereof. In fact, there is even evidence that those raps-callions at our rival publication encourage and further the drinking of alcohol. Disgraceful!

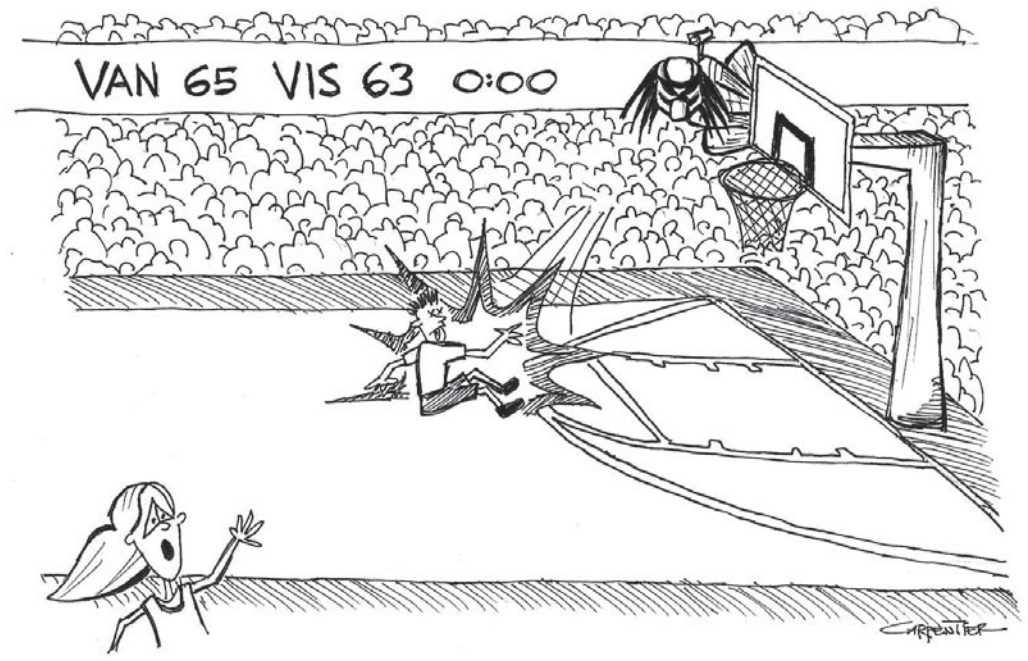
Well, my good readers, it is time for me to return my pen to the well and re-read *Pilgrim's Progress*. And as John Bunyan penned, "What if my gold be wrapped up in ore? -- None throws away the apple for the core." +



UNCANNY PHOTOGRAPH

Our passenger pigeon dispersal was a success!

## VANDERBILT'S MEASURES TO PREVENT STUDENTS FROM RUSHING THE COURT



Hand-Drawn Editorial Tomfoolery by Jason Carpentier



# IRAQI INSURGENTS UNLEASH FORCE OF DEATH KNIGHTS ON AMERICAN PEASANTS

*Bush: "America Must Work To Increase Its Supplies Of Gold And Wood"*

BY CEAF LEWIS

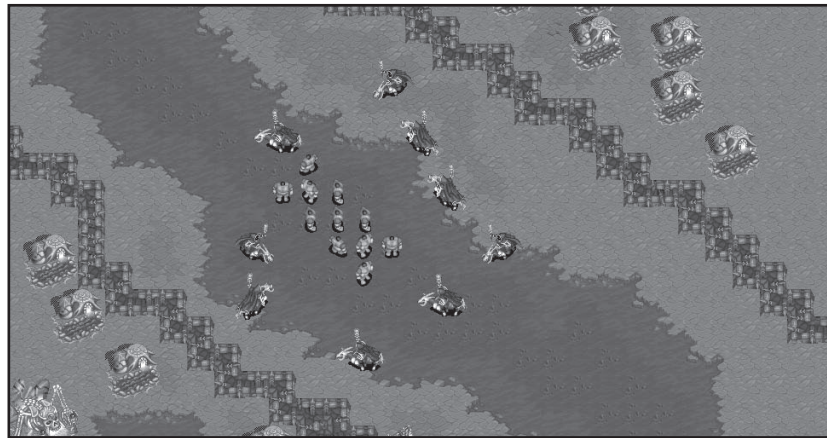
Tragedy struck a few miles outside of Baghdad when a group of American contractors on a routine mission delivering shipments of gold to the nearby Stronghold were ambushed by a force of Iraqi Death Knights casting Death and Decay spells.

"Oh, man, it was horrible," said Floridian Rusty Jenkins, 25. "We were just walking along, carrying our miners' picks and sacks of gold, when these skeleton men came out of nowhere and attacked us. I was terrified. A few of us managed to get away; I'd hate to be one of the guys who didn't."

In a recent video, followers of Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, a noted militant with ties to al-Qaeda, claimed responsibility for the attack. "The religious court of the jihad has enacted its vengeance on the Crusaders who rape the land of the two rivers," read a masked man holding a battered AK-47. "Let this be known to all of those who assault our lands, that we will not hesitate to release terrorists, Death Knights, Ogre-Magi, or even the fearsome Dragon upon your heads."

President Bush has vowed to bring the insurgents to justice. "America must stand together, and work to increase its supplies of gold and wood, that we may build Ballistae to defeat those who wish us harm and upgrade our soldiers' armor and weapons."

Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld has made speeches supporting the President's policies as well as begun initiatives to increase American military superiority in the region. "We hope to make great strides against the insurgents using the new, top-secret



*Recon photograph of the death knights engaging American troops.*

'Gryphon Aviary,'" Rumsfeld stated at a recent press conference, "pending construction of our Elven Lumber Mill in the Green Zone."

American naval dominance in the Persian Gulf remains unchallenged. "Our fleet has grown to mammoth proportions," said Rear Admiral Matthew Leipzig. "We have built platforms over multiple oil patches in the area and God help the rare Iraqi Grunt who wanders into range of our Battleships' cannons."

Air power, too, remains heavily in favor of the Coalition forces.

"I've got a flying machine!" exulted Air Force Captain Steve Johanneson. "Now if only they'd thought to mount weapons or armor on this thing. At least the Iraqis haven't been able to get their zeppelins off the ground recently; those things are a bitch to hit

from the ground."

Unfortunately, it would appear that production of Iraqi Death Knights will continue for the foreseeable future. Despite the claims of many anti-war activists prior to the war, Coalition forces have yet to build a single Church in Iraq and have thus denied themselves the ability to upgrade tank battalion commanders into Paladins and thus the Paladin Exorcism ability which would prove highly effective against enemy Death Knights and skeleton warriors.

In addition, noted anti-war per-

sonalities remain skeptical of the President's policies and how they affect the waging of the war. "Not that this entire war wasn't a fraud," blustered Senator Ted Kennedy (D-MA), "but even if it had to be fought, let me assure you that only the most incompetent Presidents would allow our manufacturing jobs, most notably our Foundries and our Blacksmiths, to be outsourced to China."

At the same time, protests continue over what many claim to be the waging of a "war for oil," although they exist at far from the level they were prior to the invasion. Secretary Rumsfeld has scoffed at such claims, saying, "That's preposterous! Just because we need millions of barrels of oil to advance up the American technology tree enough to build a Castle doesn't mean that's why the invasion happened when it did!"

Nevertheless, the war for Iraq continues over land, sea, and air, with the Coalition forces maintaining military superiority over the region. Many Coalition troops and commanders remain optimistic that this war will produce "great results for democracy" and have thus contributed their best. "Give me a quest!" bellowed British Knight Sir Arthur Redmond. No matter how optimistic he may be, however, it is clear to all that there will be quests enough for years, and possibly decades, to come. ■

## PASSION OF THE CHRIST RESURRECTION BOTTLE-ROCKET IS 2005 EASTER SENSATION

by TIM BOYD

Following the record-breaking box office success a year ago of his film *The Passion of the Christ*, Mel Gibson has celebrated the anniversary of its launch with a further attempt to take advantage of the movie's popularity. Gibson unveiled a new line of special-edition Resurrection Bottle-Rockets. The 'RBR,' as it is known, has become a high-street sensation, as American families celebrated Easter last weekend.

The idea behind 'RBR' is that families will be able to re-enact the Easter story from the comfort of their own homes. The device is primed so that it can be set up on the back porch and the fuse lit on Good Friday. For three days, the little Jesus doll will turn ever paler until at night on Easter Sunday, the rocket will ignite and he will gloriously ascend to heaven accompanied by what a spokesperson for Gibson's marketing company, M.G. Inc., described as "a spectacular, brightly-colored array of shapes and vapor trails, just as it's described in the Bible."

The standard RBR requires very little assembly, but for true devotees of the movie, there is also a Passion "Deluxe" model available. In the Deluxe version, the little model Jesus must first be subjected to six hours of brutal beatings, whippings, and excessive torture, at which point the doll will be smeared with a specially prepared red dye. Once this has been completed, the miniature Jesus must be fixed to the cross using a hammer and nails before the fuse can be

lit. (Should Christian families feel squeamish about doing this, Gibson's marketing company suggests finding someone Jewish to do it for them.)

Geri Stevens, a spiritually shallow mother of three from Phoenix, Arizona, claimed it would help give her children a new insight into the religious significance of Easter. "It will be as if Jesus had really touched their lives in some tangible way, which will be much more rewarding than going through all that daily prayer and good works stuff," said Stevens, adding, "What could be a greater symbol of ultimate redemption than the sight of our savior soaring majestically through the sky out of our own backyard? And all for only \$29.95!"

Despite Gibson's impeccable Catholic credentials, some of his fellow Christians have accused him of promoting a gimmick rather than a genuine message of salvation. Chair of the Nashville Christian Coalition Sue Marasco described the item as "shockingly sacrilegious." Marasco said, "I cannot understand how warped a human being must become in order to conceive of an idea as tasteless as this one. What is even more surprising is that Mel Gibson actually seems proud of it. If I had ever come up with something like this, I would have made sure that my name was not associated with it in any way. Why does he trivialize the teachings of the Bible just to promote his own personal agenda? Jerry Falwell would never stand for that."

(continued on page 7)

### Article That Doesn't End (continued from page 7)

That's when the government descended on 29 Caranza Road. Upon seeing Brian's doll/companion "My Buddy" hurled from the second story

portico, ATF agents opened fire on the Flanagan's saltbox home, sealing the already embattled inhabitants in a hostage situation.

Said ATF agent Kyle Zimmerman, "All I know is, I hear Lamb Chop and Britney Spears, then see some kid in

## BATTLE OVER WHETHER BOB SAGET SHOULD BE KEPT ALIVE CONTINUES

by CHRIS BELLANDE

In the wake of the recent Terry Schiavo controversy, another "right-to-die" battle has ensued over whether Bob Saget should be kept alive. In this case, the issue is not whether to keep Saget alive artificially. It is, rather, a decision as to whether opponents of Saget have the right to kill him "for being a douche," as one supporter of the bill worded it.

The movement to kill Saget was started by Saget's brother, Steve Saget, who justified the argument for killing Saget in a statement issued last week: "Take a look at what my brother has done-- he was a tool on *America's Funniest Home Videos*, then he was an even bigger tool on *Full House*. He made that cameo in *Half Baked*,

which was pretty funny, but don't forget that he portrayed a crackhead who performed oral sex for coke, so basically, he was once again a tool. It's time that we put him, and ourselves, out of our misery."

Saget's parents, however, oppose the movement to kill Saget, saying "Our son may be a douchebag, but that doesn't mean that he won't improve. We must not give up hope."

Saget's parents, however, seem to be in the minority; most of those polled seem to be in favor of killing Saget. "If he knew what a prick he was, I'm pretty sure it would be his wish not to remain alive," said "friend" and former co-star John Stamos. Dave Chapelle, who appeared in *Half Baked* alongside Saget, asked, "Who the fuck is Bob Saget?" After being told who Saget was, Chappelle added, "Oh yeah, I say kill that goofy mothafucka...shit,

I'll do it myself if you want me to."

The American Civil Liberties Union has chosen to represent Saget in the "landmark case." Said ACLU leader Joseph Morgan, "There are a lot of people in the world who are total lame-asses like Saget. If we kill one, we will establish a very unwanted precedent and eventually we'll kill them all. Without people like Bob Saget, of whom will we make fun and at whom will we throw feces?"

Saget's ACLU support will be important to the aging comedian if current Congressional trends continue. The bill authorizing the immediate killing of Bob Saget, known as "The Fuckwad Bill," passed the Senate with flying colors by a vote of 98-2. The only opposition votes came from the senators from Alaska.

"We love that Danny Tanner!" said the Alaskans after the vote.

Tennessee Senator and Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist, a supporter of the bill, assured the public he was not concerned about the opposition votes, stating, "Oh well, no one gives a shit about Alaska anyway... I don't even know who those guys are. They just showed up in 1959 and have just sat in the back and eaten Eskimo Pies ever since."

If the bill passes in the House of Representatives, it will only need a signature by President Bush before Saget is executed. President Bush has said that he does not plan to veto the bill unless Saget does something to prove that he is of some value to mankind. Analysts have stated multiple times that such a situation "remains unlikely."

(continued on page 7)



Saget, Pale Bastard

overalls thrown from a window. Now that ain't something a feller sees every day. Hell, I didn't want this thing turning into no Ruby Ridge or nothing."

As the sun sets, no headway has been made, and the standoff continues. Perhaps it truly is a "song that

never ends," but for the sake of those involved, this reporter hopes no blood shall be shed "just because." But we'll continue reporting on this tragic occurrence. Signing off, this is Andrew Banecker. ■



## FAMILY IN THE MIDST OF 72 HOUR 'SONG THAT NEVER ENDS' STANDOFF WITH 5-YEAR-OLD

by **ANDREW BANECKER**

What started as a good-intentioned afternoon of family fun has inexplicably resulted in a three-day standoff as area five-year-old Brian Flanagan continues to rebuke the efforts of the ATF, FBI, and his mother, Sally.

"He just won't listen to reason," says FBI chief negotiator, Kevin Koslowski. "We've reached the limits of peaceful negotiation. Hell, the perp hasn't even offered a list of his demands. If this song doesn't end soon, we have no recourse but to use force."

Added father Howard Flanagan, "That's right. He'll have to go in time-out! Do you hear me, young man?"

Though information has been hard to come by amidst the chaos, we have been able to ascertain most of the par-

ticulars of the tragedy in a patchwork, piecemeal fashion. From all accounts, though, the conflict started when Sally Flanagan decided to show her son, Brian, a videotape of Shari Lewis's "Lamb Chop and Friends." Upon the tape's completion, Lewis and her puppet pals began to sing. This, it would appear, was when the proverbial shit hit the fan.

"It was a catchy tune," said Mrs. Flanagan. "And it was so gosh darn cute to see my little Brian marching around, singing along with Lamb Chop and all. But he wouldn't stop. He just kept singing and singing and singing and... Jesus, that was three days ago. Will this song never end?"

That's precisely the question the authorities are trying to get to the bottom of. Said ATF agent Keith

Hoenzollern, "Our intelligence agents in the field have not been able to track the mastermind behind this never-ending song. But they know one thing: somebody started singing it, not knowing what it was. And it certainly does seem they'll continue singing it forever... just because."

As of press time, all efforts to put an end to the song have been stymied. In hour two of the standoff, Mr. Flanagan turned off the television and threatened to keep it off until his son stopped singing. Thirty minutes later, he removed the tape from the VCR and hid it, once again threatening this would remain the case as long as Brian continued "singing it." By hour four, he had no recourse but to get the child's mother.

"Howard had done all he could

do," said Mrs. Flanagan. "Then I came down, took all the freeze pops out of the fridge and dropped them in the trash can, one by one, counting to three each time. My baby didn't even flinch. He just went right along singing 'This is the song that never ends, yes it goes on and on my friends.' Well, let's just say that lost its cuteness seventy-one hours ago."

At that point, his sister, Melanie, had grown tired of her little brother's singing and attempted to drown him out with her Britney Spears CD. However, this only resulted in little Brian adding a guttural, unearthly "uh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah" between "This is the song that never ends," and "Yes it goes on and on my friends."

*(continued on page 6)*

**PUBTRIVIA**  
**AT THE OVERCUP OAK IN SARRATT.**  
**THURSDAYS**  
**PRIZES!!!**  
**STARTS 8:30 PM**

### **Bottle Rockets** **(continued from page 6)**

Despite concerns such as these, many American suburbs were lit up by RBRs on Easter Sunday. However, it is clear that the rocket has not gone over well with certain minorities. M.G. marketing executives have conceded that there may be something about a sky full of burning crosses that does not appeal to the African-American community.

To rectify this, the company is considering introducing R.B.R.s featuring Martin Luther King, Malcolm X and Frederick Douglass. The version which featured Rodney King had to be speedily withdrawn after a suspiciously high number of orders were received from the Los Angeles Police Department.

Despite these partial setbacks, Gibson himself has said that the message contained in 'The Passion' will get across to the American public. If it does not, he has threatened to start making more *Die Hard* movies. ■

### **Bob Saget** **(continued from page 6)**

The bill does not clarify, however, how Saget is to be killed. Proposals include simply shooting him in the head or injecting him with poison.

Others have more creative ideas, such as the movement's founder himself, Steve Saget. "I say we put him in a room that contains only a gun and a TV set that continuously airs episodes of Full House. This way we can force him to die experiencing the same misery that we did when we had to watch that shit."

Saget's parents and the ACLU say that they will not appeal the decision to the Supreme Court should the bill be passed. "He may be our son, but he's not worth that much trouble. Let's not forget that it's only Bob Saget."

Mr. Saget has been unavailable for comment because he is a douche. ■

# HONORS STUDENTS, MINORITIES VISIT VANDERBILT

## *Disparate Groups Mingle And Clash In Terrifying Microcosm Of University Life*

by HOJO WALLACE, JR.

Vanderbilt University made a breakthrough in socioeconomic relations recently when it held recruiting events for minority students, as well as potential honors scholars, on the same weekend. This marked one of the first times in school history the two groups have come into deliberate contact with one another.

The school's Intelligentsia and Pigmentsia had met several times in the past; however, these instances were purely accidental. The so-called "Upside-Down Map Incident," which resulted in the race riots of that year, left eight dead and thirty-seven wounded. Subsequent interaction was brief and always unintentional.

That all changed on the weekend of March 19th, when Vanderbilt's bold plan came to fruition and the two groups arrived at the school.

Chancellor E. Gordon Gee, brainchild of the event and constant champion of promoting diversity on Vanderbilt's campus, spoke out on the planning. He explained, "Vanderbilt often gets a bad, and incorrect, reputation for being a school filled with extraordinarily rich, white, honors students. We want to make it clear that we desire both intelligent students and minorities." He added, "Glorious diversity!"

The honors scholars themselves were especially thrilled with the novel experience. Jared Wilson, a visiting student from Choate High School, shared his thoughts. "There were never any black people in any of my honors or AP classes, in fact, I think all of the black people in my school were in the slow tracks for some reason, except this one

kid, but he was really light-skinned. So naturally, I was happy to finally experience some of their culture."

A fellow honors recruit expressed her approval of Vanderbilt's striving to create a diverse learning environment. "Interacting with the browns will be an important part of my educational experience. It will be invaluable to me in my future career: a defense attorney."

The minority students were also delighted with the weekend. "It was nice to finally meet honors students," explained African American prospective student Lachelle Woods. "I wish I could have been an honors student in high school, but my school did not really have any honors or AP classes... nor did they have enough books, com-



puters, teachers, funding, or, most importantly, white people. We did have an awesome football team and marching band, though."

Some students were not happy with the incoming prospective students, such as *Slant* writer Richard Green. "What if some of these minority prospective students were to join The Slant next year?" he worried. "Then I would lose all my uniqueness as the only black man on staff" Green was then asked how he would feel if a prospective honors student wanted to join The Slant instead of a minority. He refused to give a clear answer, merely mumbling something about "The Man" and walk-

ing away.

Others have brought up the fact that there are nearly no minority students among the honors scholars recruits and suggested the school was not recognizing the proven correlation between income and socioeconomic background with test scores and grades in their selection of honors scholars. The University, though, was quick to address these concerns. "That's just silly. We have two Asians here in the honors scholars group," said a Vanderbilt spokesperson. "Besides, I'm sure the minority groups could make excellent Peabody scholars."

The weekend included several activities for the prospective students and culminated in an extremely multicultural, all-black Greek step show which all of the potential Commodores, including the honors recruits, were invited to attend.

Trouble spurred when a party following the step show was shut down due to a fight by the VUPD. Officer Jacob Likey, who was at the event, described the scene: "We don't want to jump to conclusions, but what would cause two drunken college students to do something as irrational as getting into a fight? At a large, predominantly black party the cause of the problem is easy to find: rival gang violence. We had to shut it down for the safety of the honors students inside. The minorities should be used to the violence and were probably already armed to defend themselves anyways."

These historic recruiting events will hopefully result in a continuation and enrichment of Vanderbilt's long tradition of diversity. Gee is optimistic about next year, saying "I noticed they had already successfully separated themselves this weekend based on specific racial and ethnic groups at our events. Next year, hopefully this diversity will continue." ■

## SOPHOMORE "WASN'T THINKING"

by BEN STARK

Sophomore Ricky Greenfield admits he "wasn't thinking" when he erroneously referred to the end zone on a football field as the "In Zone."

The incident took place as Greenfield attempted to describe a game to a group of friends at Rand over a plate of what might have been meatloaf. At one point in his narration, Greenfield said, "And then we let their QB scramble past our defense right into the In Zone. It was humiliating!"

There followed a shocked silence as his listeners contemplated whether he had indeed said "In Zone" and, if so, whether they should continue to be his friends. Finally freshman James Blatterly blurted out, "Not much of a football fan, eh? It's referred to as an 'End Zone,' dumbass!"

Upon realizing his error, Greenfield quickly backtracked, proclaiming, "I wasn't thinking!" He continues to stick to this story.

Blatterly, however, suspects a more sinister explanation: "I think the truth is he's just a wannabe sports fan. I should've figured it out when I caught him watching Space Jam for 'research.'"

Greenfield dismisses this theory. "How many times do I have to say I simply wasn't thinking? James is just hitting a foul ball into the ten pin. I don't mind saying that I'm actually quite the athlete. Back home, I punted for more home runs in a single game of basketball than Serena Williams could ever hope to achieve."

Greenfield added that, based on his research, Kobe Bryant looks like "a promising wide receiver."

In defense of Greenfield's assertion, scientific studies indicate that there was no brainwave activity whatsoever in his head at the time he made the statement. ■



## STOP TEACHING THESE DAMNED APES SIGN LANGUAGE!

*"My God, they taught the gorilla to speak."*

By **CHARLTON HESTON**  
Senile Columnist

Last night, while taking in the evening news, I heard that Koko, the talking gorilla, had fallen ill. While I'll admit I felt compassion for the down-trodden ape, as one's health is all one truly has, my thoughts wandered from the illness to the deplorable actions of those God-forsaken scientists. My God, they taught the gorilla to speak.

As I listened to more of the story, I found that scientists in California have been teaching this gorilla sign language in the lab of The Gorilla Foundation since 1976. Apparently, while only a graduate student, this Dr. Penny Patterson adopted a malnourished baby gorilla from the San Francisco Zoo, and in two weeks the gorilla was using correct signed gestures for food, drink, and more. Furthermore, this Koko now has a vocabulary of over 1,000 words. In other words, Koko has the brain power and vocabulary of a normal eight-year-old person.

They call this progress?

Sure, it seems cute now. A simple gorilla can communicate with the

deaf thanks to the education from a kindly student who took her in when she was at her most vulnerable. Yes, it's an adorable concept to have a monkey able to communicate that she wants a banana, or that she loves you. But what good will that love do you when the tables turn, and you're held captive as this adorable monkey feverishly signs commands to a highly trained army of gorillas and the hearing-impaired?

It seems these "doctors" are quite willing to ignore the repercussions of their actions for the advancement of "science." I say something has to be done about it, and it's high time you realized this as well!

What? No, I will not stop brandishing my gun. If you take umbrage, let me refer you to the Second Amendment of our United States Constitution!

The time for action is now, my brethren! We must arm ourselves and defend our homesteads! Take heed the lessons learned, and let's put a stop to this damned dirty ape uprising while we still can! I don't know about you, but I just bought a plane ticket to Woodside, California. ■

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## DAMN, ANOTHER RAP GROUP HEADLINING RITES

*"I bet Darius Rucker has tons of 'street cred.'"*

By **RICHARD HORATIO GREEN**  
White Guy

College concerts are meant to be fun and exciting places where students get to take a break from their studies and experience a variety of good, wholesome music. The Saturday headliners of Rites of Spring have failed in providing students with such music for the past three years since they have all been rap stars (or in the case of Talib Kweli, rappers almost nobody had heard of before). These past headlining rap "performers" include Nelly, Nappy Roots, Talib Kweli, and the Wailers (I saw their dreadlocks).

I think I can speak on behalf of all people at Vanderbilt when I say I am absolutely sick of having rap groups headlining Rites of Spring. The Rites of Spring committee continues their string of forcing rappers on the Vanderbilt community with this year's headlining band, Hootie and the Blowfish.

I was shocked when I learned of who was headlining Rites while looking at the front cover of the Hustler. They had a picture of the lead "singer" of this year's disappointing headliner. I got steamed just seeing the picture of the guy, with his sun glasses, the fancy clothes like a pimp or a drug dealer, the fact that he's young and black; he is just another rapper, another angry black rapper.

The lead singer goes by the name "Darius Rucker." That cannot possibly be his real name. Seriously, you do not see anyone whose real name is

"Darius"; there are no popes, saints, or presidents with the name "Darius." Just another rapper trying to be cool with a fake name. Then he goes by the nickname "Hootie," just his silly little street name that all of these rappers like to use to keep their "street cred." I bet Darius Rucker has tons of "street cred" with the nickname "Hootie." I want musical performers, not people worried about staying cool on the streets.

Just looking at the names of his popular songs makes me realize how much debauchery must be in his lyrics and music, if you can call it that. For example, one of his popular songs is "Let Her Cry." Oh, I bet he will "let her cry" when he degrades her in his videos, calling her a "bitch" or a "ho." I mean, he even says that he is just going to "let her cry the pain away." Damn rap thug!

Rites of Spring should bring good music everyone would like, such as Brad Paisley, Martina McBride, Lee Ann Womack, or Kenny Chesney. Why, just the other day, I saw the perfect example of good music that Vanderbilt could get to perform at Rites of Spring: the man playing the "Tender Crisp Bacon Cheddar Ranch" song for a Burger King commercial. That man had a nice voice and the song was great. He was well dressed in a purple cowboy suit and so articulate! I think you know what I mean when I say he's one of the good ones. He would be a great contrast to this year's slated hoodlums, Hootie and the Blowfish.

So, Vanderbilt, thanks a lot for again ruining the headliners of Rites of Spring with another silly rap group. ■

**SIR LAFF-A-LOT**

*refuses to endorse*

**DARWIN**

**FOR VANDERBILT S.G.A.**

*for perverting our fundamentalist beliefs.*

# GOD WAS A DEADBEAT DAD

by **MARY, Virgin Columnist**

Now, I know this may come across as slightly churlish and not entering into the spirit of the season, but I'm just getting a little sick and tired of all this reverence being given to God for "sending his son down to earth to die for our sins." What everybody seems to have forgotten is that it wasn't God who did any of the legwork in raising baby Jesus, despite all the glory he's taking for it now. No, it was me who had to change all the diapers, do all the breast-feeding and take little Jesus to all those blasted Junior League Heretic Stoning events (not that he ever wanted to take part, and boy did he put a guilt trip on the poor little kid who stepped up first). So let's set the record straight: God was a deadbeat dad. He took no responsibility for his actions and he did nothing to raise his child.

Yes, that's right--his. I know some of these modern feminists still suggest the notion that God might be a woman, but let's face facts, ladies. Is the sort of behavior he exhibited towards me the sort of thing that a woman would do? I got impregnated



on the first date, and not only that, but he wasn't even there on the morning after. To be honest, I can barely remember much of the experience; I just remember being passed a drink by this strange-looking spiritual abstraction, and then feeling dizzy soon after. The next thing I can recall is waking up. Frankly, I wouldn't be surprised if God were a DKE.

Not only did he act like an asshole on the night of (he didn't even give me his name before he had his mysterious ways with me), but he also didn't have the nerve to call me the next day, or any day thereafter, for that matter. Instead, I get a visit from his "friend" Gabriel (it was so Junior High) where he tells me apologetically that he thinks he knows why I've been throwing up in the mornings. You can imagine how thrilled I was. And as for the conversation with my husband, boy, was that awkward.

And when it came to actually raising the child, God wasn't any help at all. He was never there for any of Jesus's big events growing up, and he never

sent him either a birthday card or a Christmas present (though I guess we can forgive the latter). You also might think that God would be able to provide a fairly comfortable standard of living for his own progeny, but no. Nothing on top of what my geriatric Judean husband got from his carpentry business. I tell you, it's easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is to get some damn child support from the Lord Almighty.

On the few occasions that he made his presence felt, it was only to fill the child's head with fanciful ideas that were of no practical value in real life. Like the time I had to deal with that old harridan Mrs. Iscariot next door. She just wouldn't stop letting her little brat run through my house playing kiss-chase with my boy and the other kids. I was layin' into her, telling her

to keep her son in line, and Jesus turns to me in his more-the-son-of-god-than-thou expression and says, "Mother, Dad says it's important to love thy neighbor as thyself." I nearly slapped him.

Then there was all that hippie

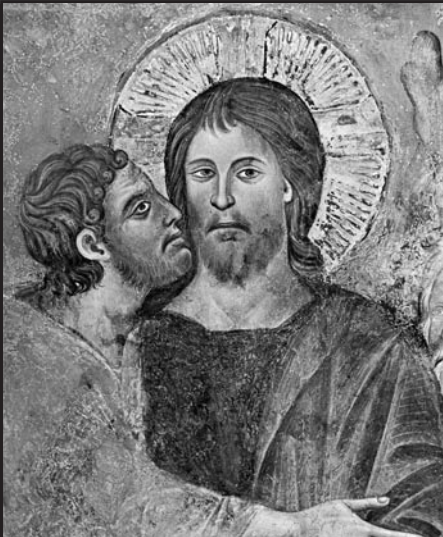
crap from the Sermon on the Mount. "It's time you got a proper job," I said. "Something that will allow you to raise a family and look after your own children." But no--he wanted to "spread the word about Dad." As far as I was concerned, his dad could go about spreading the word about himself by himself--I mean, wow, what an egotist. When that word turns out to be all this New Age bullshit about "the meek shall inherit the earth" (he must have left out the qualifer "but not until the very the un-meek have had millennia of fun with it") I'm not sure it's worth listening to. Love and peace is all very well, but it won't deal with all your problems. I don't know what's got into his dad, telling him to spout stuff like that. Ever since the New Testament started, God's gone all sippy. Sometimes I think a little of the stern Old Testament smiting and begetting might have been more helpful in dealing with those damned Romans.

Anyway, I don't want to carp. I mean, not everyone's forgotten about me -- big shout out to all you Catholics out there, you've been great. But as we again celebrate this pagan seasonal equinox with chocolate and family gatherings, let us not forget who deserves most of the credit for ensuring that Jesus didn't just turn into some hoodlum from a single-parent family. ♣



**God, drunk again.**

## FATHERLESS TESTIMONIAL



"I told Jesus I'd help him get nailed on Friday night."

- Judas Iscariot

Put a picture of your drunk friends (or just a snapshot of your ass) in this space!

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DOWN MAIN STREET

HOW DID YOU CELEBRATE EASTER?

Stephan Leroux, Druid



“Suing the Vatican for stealing our holiday.”

Rose Deschamps, Grandmother



“I cooked you a ham. You’re getting too thin.”

Morgan St. Clair, Hellbound Junior



“I momentarily considered going to church, but then I went back to sleep.”

Jerry Seinfeld, Annoying Comedian



“Why do they call it Easter? It’s not east of anything!”

Jesus, Savior, Action Hero



“By busting out of the tomb and KICKING SOME ASS!”

Romans, Tomb Guards



“By getting our asses kicked.”

ZODIAC PROPHECIES: WISDOM FROM THE EAST

**Aries: (March 21—April 19)**

Your moment of greatest triumph will also be your moment of greatest shame, but that’s to be expected when you enter a deformed genitalia contest.

**Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)**

Your attempts at a Tenth Crusade will fail when you realize that Alexius I Comnenus will not invite you to dinner in Constantinople no matter how well you do, seeing as how he’s been dead for nearly 900 years.

**Gemini: (May 21—June 21)**

You will be perplexed when the movie based on the popular alien-shooting game *Doom* turns out to be a romantic comedy starring Hugh Grant.

**Cancer: (June 22—July 22)**

You will insert a feeding tube into your stomach to spare yourself the effort of getting food as well as the loathsome bother that is chewing. Your mother, however, will draw the line at the catheter.

**Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)**

Although you may think you’re tired of reading horoscopes, let us assure you that writing them is a million times worse.

**Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)**

You will be crestfallen when you realize that the political figure you are pestering has already heard the witty rejoinder to his policies you heard from Rush Limbaugh. Then you will be shouted down.

**Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)**

It is very dark. If you continue you are likely to be eaten by a grue.

**Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)**

As a sorority girl, you will decide that guys who work out are overrated and that thin guys are exceptionally sexy.

**Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)**

You will complain when you realize that this is not a real horoscope.

**Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)**

Your mind will be blown when you realize how self-fulfilling the Sagittarius horoscope is.

**Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)**

You’re a loose cannon and I’m taking you off the case! I’ll have your badge for this!

**Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)**

All the King’s horses and all the King’s men couldn’t put Humpty together again, but, then again, you’ll wonder why

## INQUIRE OF THE EASTER BUNNY



**Dear Easter Bunny,**  
You're such a cute little fluff-bucket! Come home to me; my daughter needs a pet.

**Mother in McGill**

**Dear Mother,**  
Do you really think I, the Easter Bunny, the one symbol of Easter who is bigger than Jesus, would degrade myself to a mere child's play thing. Hell, no!

**Easter Bunny**

**Hey Rabbit,**

You have a lot of girls cuddle you every day and they don't seem to run away or scream like they do when I ask them to cuddle me. I was wondering how you got to be such a young ladies' man and how it feels to have so many people so eager to get intimate with you.

**Creep in Curry**

**Dear Creep,**

What can I say? I just have a gift. Personally, I think it comes down to the right lighting, soft music, and a full covering of body hair.

**EB**

**Dear Easter Bunny,**

Having kids cuddle up with you too, huh! That's my thing, you idea-stealing Michael Jackson wannabe. Why can't you just stick to your contrived, egg-laying holiday?

**Santa in Stephenson**

**Dear Santa,**

You don't have a monopoly on the whole kids "snuggling" holiday icons. So don't act like you do. Besides, at least I never sold out to commercialism like you did, you fat jerk, signing that contract with Coca-Cola.

**EB**

**Dear Easter Bunny,**

Could you stop with the egg-laying bunny idea? You're confusing my fifth grade class when talking about mammals.

**Principal Phillip in Peabody**

**Dear Principal,**

Hey, do you think it's funny being the only one in your species who can shit chocolate? I was the laughing stock of my warren. I lost mates 1 through 34 because of my problem. This is a serious medical problem that me and my doctor have been trying to fix for years.

**EB**

**Dear Easter Bunny,**

Could God make a carrot so big, even the Easter Bunny couldn't gnaw through it?

**Smartass in Stapleton**

**Dear Smartass,**

Look, you pompous little twit. Don't you think that God has more important things to worry about - war, famine, poverty, hating gays - than trying to make giant carrots? And anyways, of course he could make one big enough that I couldn't eat it. I'm not omnipotent. Hell, I'm not even in *The Bible*.

**EB**

**Dear Easter Bunny,**

What's with you these last 2000 years? We used to have something special, but now you never call, you never write and you're always hanging around with those Christians - did we mean nothing to you?

**Pagan in Divinity School**

**Dear Pagan,**

Boy, that's some guilt trip you're putting on me - you'd make a great Catholic. But what can I say? All I was to you guys was a fertility symbol - just a piece of meat. I wanted something more intellectual.

**EB**

### TOP NINE REJECTED TERRI SCHIAVO COLUMNS!

- 9 "Congress Has Convinced Me To Live!"
- 8 "Sorry, Terri, I've Got A New Wife" by Michael Schiavo
- 7 "In A Week, I'll Be Able To Fit Into My Old Prom Dress"
- 6 "On Second Thought, Maybe I Should Have Signed That Living Will"
- 5 "I Could Have Made This A Lot Easier" by Dr. Jack Kevorkian
- 4 "You Can Do Anything You Want To Me, But I'll Never Tell You Where The Treasure Is!"
- 3 "There Are Starving Children In Africa Who'd Jump At The Idea Of A Feeding Tube" by Mary Schindler, Schiavo's mother
- 2 "Why Won't Anyone Visit Me Any More?"
- 1 "I Can't Believe I'm So Famous!"

### PLUS ONE BONUS!

"I'm So Goddamned Hungry!"



**Hello Belmontians!**

My name is Sir Laff-A-Lot, the founder of this very magazine, way back in '85. 1885, that is. If you enjoy pushing the end of the envelope or wearing the latest fashions of the day--I enjoy both, as you can tell from this daguerreotype--you should write for the *Laff-A-Lot*. We require writers, photo-shoppers, and editors of copy. Meetings are held every Tuesday at half past six, post meridian, in, for some inexplicable reason, Sarratt 315. Ta-ta!

~Sir Laff-A-Lot, Knight Satirist