



Ancient Secrets Of Stonehenge Revealed

Like The Torch,
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INSIDETHISSUE



Colonic Irrigation Saves
Local Farm

Vanderbilt Catholics Hold
Last Rites Of Spring

Women's Center Visitor's
Parking Spot Empty All Year



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Vanderbilt Seniors Intrigued by *The Apprentice*

During last week's finale of the NBC smash hit, *The Apprentice*, Vanderbilt students sat transfixed in front of the television. "What a totally

unique idea," said Vanderbilt senior Tiffani Walters. "You show stuff you can do, and then this really rich guy decides whether you get the job or not." Fellow senior Matthew Kegelman added, "But it's nothing like the real world. I mean, at my dad's real estate firm, I didn't have to do anything weird like that to get my job."

Blair, Bush Admit June 30 Deadline Is Really A Bet



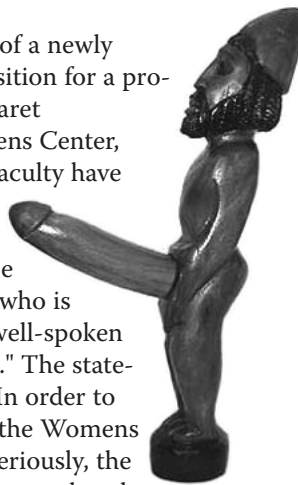
Under pressure over the feasibility of transferring sovereignty to an Iraqi Authority on June 30th, President Bush has conceded that the date was set as a bet with Prime Minister Tony Blair during a 'boy's night out' last year. "Tony said there was no way I was man enough to jettison the internal security of Iraq for the sake of sticking to an arbitrary deadline," said the President. "Well, them's fightin' words, so we had a little wager on it, just to make it interesting. If I win, he quits wearing the 'I'm with stupid' shirt. If he wins, he gets those colonies back he keeps talking about."

Sex Replaced by Tropes of Sexuality

Vanderbilt couple and fellow English majors Eric Robinson and Sara Slattery have become frustrated with their sexual relationship, mostly because actual sex in their relationship has become replaced by tropes of sexuality. "It's all Eric's fault for taking that Modern British Novel class," said Slattery. "I'm horny as hell, and all he wants to talk about is the metaphorical significance of my set of nesting salad bowls." Slattery admitted that there is some gratification in their relationship, as the two often sit on a bench in front of Kirkland and admire it's symbolic features. "So phallic," said Slattery. Added Robinson, "And the door looks like a big vagina."

Womens Center Demands Well-Endowed Chair

With the creation of a newly endowed chair position for a professor at the Margaret Cunnigham Womens Center, Womens Studies faculty have released a statement demanding that the position be filled by someone who is "well-thought of, well-spoken and well-endowed." The statement continued, "In order to show that it takes the Womens Studies program seriously, the University must ensure that the new Chair comes with a sizeable package and is capable of rising to the occasion." The new chair is expected to be responsible for running the center's Freudian Studies Penis.



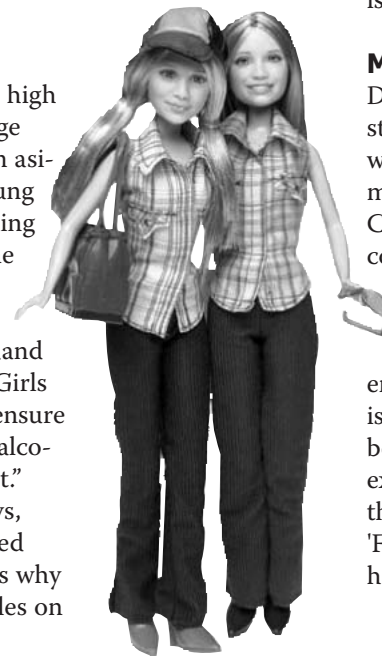
Large Headed Fellow Overhears Asinine Conversation

Whilst standing in line to purchase his high carbohydrate meal, an anonymous, large headed fellow happened to overhear an asinine conversation between the two young women in front of him in line. According to the cranially-blessed student, the one female began to reach for a chicken sandwich, only to recoil and remark, "Oh, it's Friday - only boys eat." Says Rand Nutritional Director Judy Rhinehart, "Girls don't eat on the weekends in order to ensure that the calories that they consume in alcohol form will not influence their weight." She added, "This does not apply to boys, since it's okay for them to be fat." Added Dining Director Frank Gladu, "So that's why we have a 70% drop in Tossed Salad sales on Fridays!"

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Days remaining until June 13, 2004. On that glorious day, twins Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen will, at long last, turn 18.

Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen



Slant Editors Drink Away Remainder Of Semester

With graduation looming ahead, senior *Slant* editors Meredith Gray and Andrew Banecker have held steadfast to their policy toward alcoholism. Stated Head Writer Banecker, "True, I could finish off the year with stellar grades. But where will that get me?" He proceeded to do a keg stand while wearing his beer-dispensing helmet. Editor-in-Chief Meredith Gray concurs. "Me likey drinky," Gray stated, clutching a six-pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon, drinking it Coneheads style. She then ran to the bathroom in an effort to "puke and rally." Despite the fact that they are not graduating any time soon, editors Tim Boyd and Colin Dinsmore are also drinking heavily, as well as hooking up with freshmen. As of press time, all involved parties were reportedly in the midst of a Power Hour, and thus don't anticipate this issue to be very good.

Man Proud Of Four Hour Erection

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



Weird Al, in mourning.

SENIOR WEIRD YANKOVICS DIE



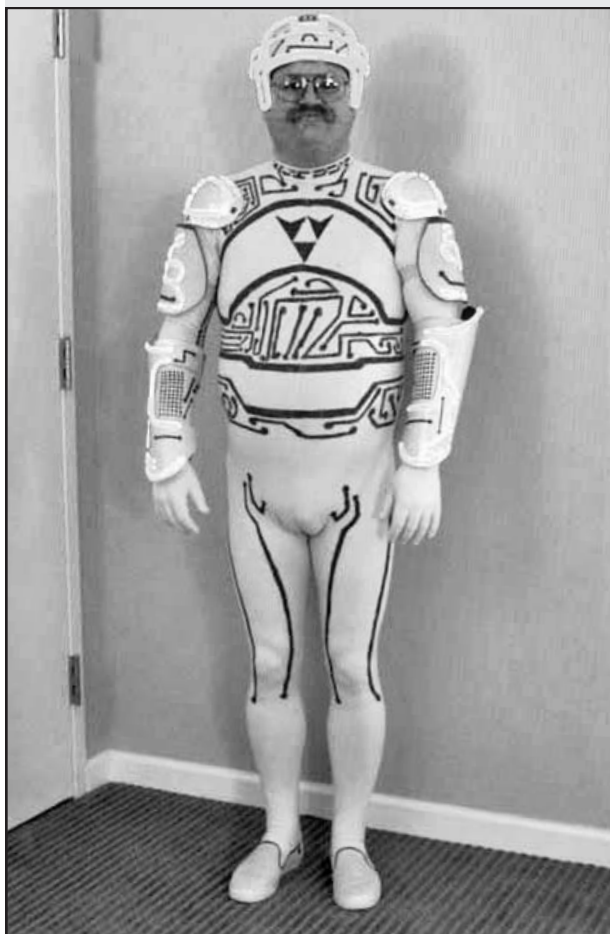
Weird Al Parodies Song to Honor Dead Parents

In one of his first appearances after the recent tragic death of his elderly parents, parody rocker Weird Al Yankovic dedicated a special song spoof at a Friday night concert. Weird Al reportedly chose the Britney Spears song, "I'm a Slave 4 U," substituting the words, "My Parents Died in a Tragic Carbon Monoxide Poisoning Accident...4 U." When asked why he did not use the more obvious Spears song, "Toxic," Yankovic simply shook his mop of unruly curls, saying, "Now that's just sick." Yankovic wiped his eyes, and went on to play an up-tempo version of "The Wind Beneath my Wings" on the accordion.

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Uday Hussein at last year's TRON party.

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MASTHEAD



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No Soldier shall, in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the Owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

Corrections:

In the April 7th issue of The Slant, we mistakenly claimed that a bunny dressed like our Chancellor, E. Gordon Gee, was cuter than a bunny dressed like your Chancellor. We've seen the pictures, and we admit it - yours is cuter.

We would also like to apologize for plagiarizing from the title of the Jonathan Franzen novel, The Corrections, in the title of this section. From now on, this area will be called Seabiscuit.

The Slant

FROM THE EDITOR



MEREDITH GRAY (so cute!)

Here it is – the last issue of the year. I have mixed feelings about ending my run as editor of *The Slant*. I can't say that I'm not relieved to soon be free of the responsibility, but I also wish that I did more – lam-

pooning other publications, angering sororities, faking the deaths of administrators, and whatnot.

However, I feel that we have truly had an incredible year and have firmly established ourselves as a permanent part of Vanderbilt—we've become an institution, if you will. *The Slant* ain't going nowhere, you can just suck on that, Vanderbilt. Oh yeah, and thanks for all of that Activity Fee money.

Thus, I would like to take a moment and reflect on a few of the more memorable moments of the year. Like that time I totally freaked out because I was applying to graduate school? Or when I got really sick and had a bunch of work to do, and freaked out? Or that time I didn't know what to do with my future, and so I freaked out? Or when I just freaked out for no reason? This year has most likely not been the most mentally stable one for me. But whose senior year of college really is?

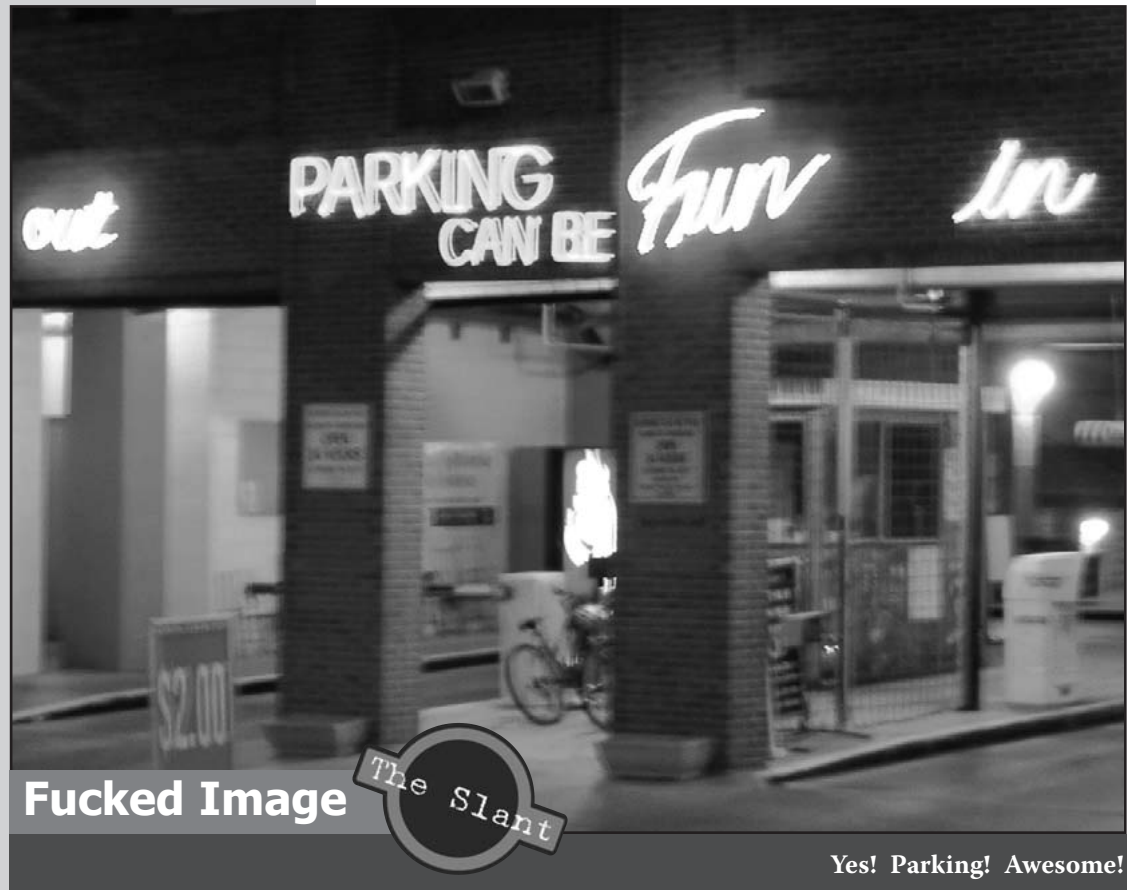
I would like to thank a few people whom this year's issues of *The Slant* could not have happened without. First of course, the writers and editors, who provided not only the content and support, but who also provided scapegoats, parties with questionably labeled punch and extensive knowledge of cricket.

I also need to thank Red Bull, who provided us with a case of their fine stimulants, as well as www.ratemycameltoe.com, Coors Light, AOL Instant Messenger, ibuprofen, Eleanor Roosevelt, Expo Dry-Erase markers and the Sony Dream Machine alarm clock. The reasons should be self-explanatory.

I would like to curse, or put some sort of hex upon the Pub (which is not open on Saturdays), people who play football on Alumni Lawn, our old network switch, Captain Morgan's Spiced Rum, and the fact that pressing ctrl+i in Quark does something weird instead of italics.

So here you go – the final *Slant* of the Meredith Dynasty. Wish me luck battling rattlesnakes and cacti in the deserts of Arizona, where I will be working at the Baby Gap or a strip club to support myself whilst going to graduate school. I hope you find the issue funny, and if you don't, then you're a dumb poo-face.

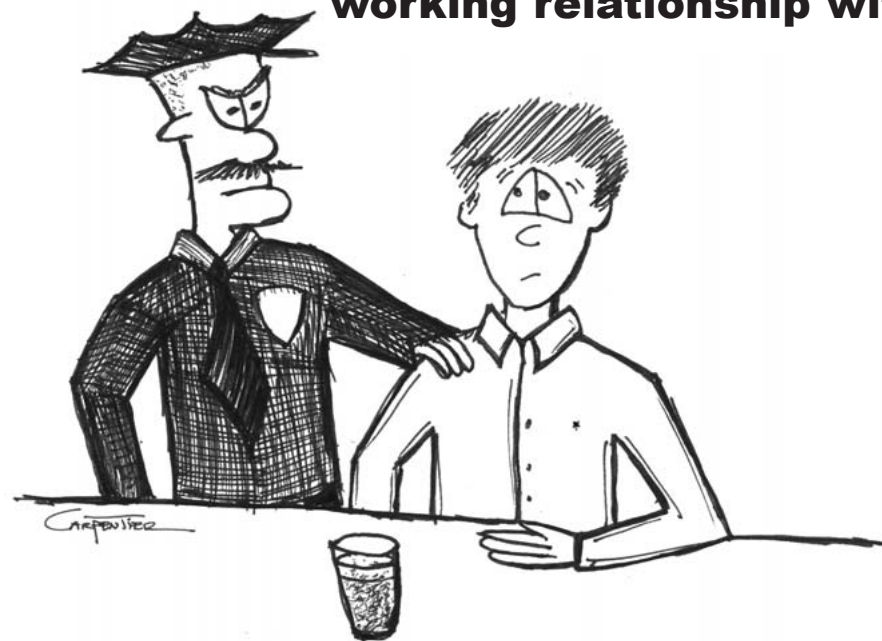
Adulthood here I come! 🐉



Fucked Image

Yes! Parking! Awesome!

Maxwell already makes good on campaign promises for a close working relationship with VUPD



by Jason Carpentier

Green Power Initiative Countered With Black Power

Afrocentric Comb Sales On The Rise

by JACOB GRIER

The Vanderbilt campus is known for being conservative and complacent, its idyllic, peaceful scenery rarely disturbed by the campus protests that often erupt at other top universities. Yet this indifference was broken last Thursday, April 15, with demonstrations that pitted not just liberal against conservative, but liberal against liberal, in an intense display of environmentalism and identity politics that nearly tore the community apart.

The conflict began with a project of Vanderbilt's chapter of the Sierra Club. Their Green Power Initiative collected hundreds of student signatures on a petition urging the administration to purchase 1,350,000 Kilowatt-hours of energy created from cleaner generators. The Initiative received front page coverage in *The Hustler* and *The Torch* and is now on its way to the desk of Chancellor Gee.

While the attention paid to the Initiative was heartening for Vanderbilt's environmentalists, their success made other campus activist groups green with envy. Foremost among them was the Black Student Alliance, who has felt neglected of late in Vanderbilt politics. "Green Power? What about Black Power?" asked Alliance president Mikel Kandel.

Thus was launched the Black Power Initiative, a movement to spend the money that would go to Green

Power to expand the Black Cultural Center, create scholarships for African-American students, and most importantly, rehire math professor Jonathan Farley. "Black Power on this campus has been down by 17% since Farley went to MIT," said director of African American Studies Lucius Outlaw. "We can't worry about getting 1% Green Power until we get Black Power back up to its previous levels." Professor Outlaw also noted that Afrocentric comb ownership is at its lowest point in years, with black Slant writer Richie Green being the sole student known to possess one.

According to Vice Chancellor of Public Affairs Michael Schoenfeld, "University statistics show Black Power at a five-year low, well behind the rising Jew Power and, especially, Mormon Power, which jumped by 25 points with the arrival of Chancellor Gordon Gee." Greek Power still retains the top position.

The conflict came to a head on Thursday when the Sierra Club and the Black Student Alliance held a demonstration and counter-demonstration to push for their respective causes. Supporters of the Green Power Initiative chanted pro-environmental slogans while those demanding Black Power engaged in spirited step dancing and burned a tree in protest. Other campus liberals stood off to the side,

unsure of which position to take.

The situation was made even more complex with the arrival of the brothers of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity, which was inspired by Robert E. Lee in 1865. The KA brothers originally sided with the Black Power demonstrators, confusing everyone in attendance. "We misunderstood the meaning of Black Power," fraternity president Ronce Tyler explained later. "We thought it meant using black labor to generate electricity. When we found out it was really a 'progressive' movement and not about returning to the good old antebellum days, we changed our minds quick."

The KAs then formed their own protest against Green Power, Black Power, and, for the sake of completeness, Gay Power and Girl Power as well. As matters began to spin out of control, it appeared that it would become necessary to call in VUPD Riot Control. But just then, resolution came swiftly and unexpectedly, like the *deus ex machina* of a hastily written student humor article.

From out of the crowd sprung the heroic Planeteers: Kwame, Wheeler, Linka, Gi, and Mati. Kwame (Earth) calmed the Black Power protestors as Wheeler (Fire) used his powers to extinguish the burning tree. Linka (Wind) sent a cooling breeze over the

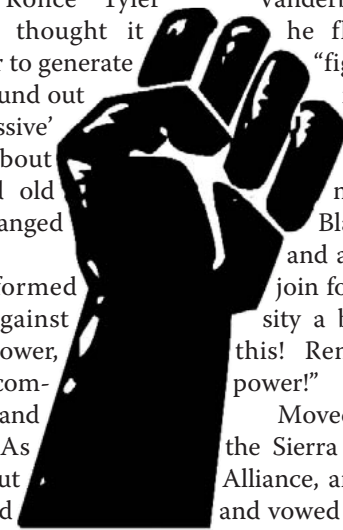
environmentalists while the sexy Gi (Water) distracted the KAs. Finally, the youthful Ma-Ti (Heart) compelled the local squirrels to perform a hypnotic dance that brought everyone to a relaxed state of mind.

Protestors subdued, the Planeteers combined their power rings to summon ecological crime fighter Captain Planet. "Students of

Vanderbilt," said the Captain as he floated above the Wall, "fighting will get you nowhere. We must all work together to save the Earth and unify mankind. Green Power, Black Power, White Power, and all the other powers must join forces to make this university a better place. You can do this! Remember, you have the power!"

Moved by this stirring speech, the Sierra Club, the Black Student Alliance, and the KAs joined hands and vowed to work toward common goals. The BSA signed the Green Power petition, the Sierra Club promised to buy dozens of Afrocentric combs, and KA made Kwame an honorary member of their fraternity.

Their mission accomplished, Captain Planet and the Planeteers flew off into the afternoon sun. As the gathered students gazed upward to watch their graceful departure, they reflected on what they had learned and looked forward to the greener, blacker Vanderbilt they promised to create. 🌱



Nobody Talking About The Shows 'Everybody's Talking About'

by **TIM BOYD**

Market research commissioned by America's TV networks has revealed that the US public, despite an intensive campaign of previews and trailers, is not talking about the shows the networks claim "everybody's talking about." According to the survey, not every primetime program can possibly be the "best comedy/crime-drama/hospital-soap/reality show ever."

Announcing the findings, NBC CEO Bob Wright admitted that his station's claims may have lack credibility. "A number of people commented on the way that straight after every episode of *Frasier* we're running a commercial for the next day's repeat claiming 'it's an episode people are already talking about as a classic,'" said Wright. "It's possible that this was overstating things a tad. Also, claiming Kelsey Grammar, was the reincarnation of Christ might have been an exaggeration."

Despite these complaints, not every TV show's promotional campaign has backfired. NBC can take heart that people are eagerly anticipating the much-marketed final episode of *Friends*. "Oh, I can't wait," said local couch potato Tom Schneider. "Ever since that damned show started, I've been hanging on for their last episode so they'll finally take that crap off the air."

But it is not just individual episodes within a series that got complaints. TV fans claimed that they were receiving mixed signals about which shows they should watch in order to discuss them at work the next day.

"It used to be obvious," complained LA call center manager Sharon Deeley. "Everyone knew you had to

watch *Seinfeld*, otherwise you'd never understand any of the office talk. I remember one guy, Bob, used to work here who complained about a shirt that was too tight because he'd washed it on hot. I shouted 'Haha - shrinkage!' and everybody laughed except Bob, who just didn't get it. I don't think he'd ever seen an episode of the show. I had to fire him - it was for his own good."

But, Deeley complained, there is no longer an obvious standard show that everyone needs to have seen. "Last week, I saw the most amazing episode of *Everybody Loves Raymond* and I was all set to laugh with my co-workers about how Marie had told Deborah that her cooking and cleaning were sub-par and Ray was trying to patch everything up, with hilarious results.

"But when I got to work, no-one else had seen it. Kathy had watched *CSI: Miami*, Ellen was raving about *American Idol*, and then there's Jane who always wants to talk about what she saw on *Animal Planet* the night before - but she's a little odd. We ended up having to talk about the weather and what Ellen's five-year old daughter did at school. Could work be any more boring?"

It is thought that the major networks will instigate a series of focus groups to work on a solution to these problems. "It's not just the stations that are suffering," commented Wright, "It's obvious that people are crying out for shows they can work into conversations with other people. It's up to us to provide wildly unrealistic representations of society on TV so that people will have something interesting to talk about, and not be constantly reminded of their own drab, wretched existence." 🐼

A History Of Stonehenge

An Anthropological Study of Prehistoric Monuments, Restaurants

by **COLIN DINSMORE**

Stonehenge. When one utters this word it immediately conjures up images of beauty, grandeur, permanence, and delicious sandwiches. The history of this monument, however, remains largely shrouded in mystery and myth.

A constant source of contention is who actually built Stonehenge. One of the most common misconceptions is that the site was built by the Druids. The Druids lived mostly in the forests and were a foraging people, having no use for a restaurant, especially one made of stone. In addition, the Druids were typically associated with England and were not known to be a seagoing people. The sheer absurdity of the idea that the Druids built Stonehenge is mind-boggling, but so are many of histories great blunders.

As for the henge itself, its foundations were first laid down around 3000 B.C.E. This henge, the first of its kind, was earthen, owing to its primitive builders. The construct was the first known area of congregation and food preparation for early peoples living in what is now the middle Tennessee area. This structure, one of Stonehenge's precursors, was capable of serving several hundred people and thrived for roughly 500 years. Cleanliness factors concerning the earthen work and erosion forced the addition of wooden posts to the facility around 2500 B.C.E.

The wooden setup functioned well for a time, but severe splintering incurred by visitors to the site, coupled with the cost of maintenance due to wood rot, led to the henge undergoing drastic remodeling in 2300 B.C.E. The most visible change was the upgrade in building material to stone. Gigantic, monolithic stones, known as sarsen stones, ringed the outside of the primitive restaurant, controlling the flow of the hungry worshippers in and out of the henge. The stones themselves were dragged from the current site of the city of Memphis, 200 miles away.

Inside the ring of sarsens was a smaller ring

of stones, known as the bluestones. These stones served as site of preparation for the foods that were distributed there. They stood about four feet high and had cleverly carved basins in the top to hold meats, cheeses, and various other condiments for the sandwiches, a food that stonehenge was beginning to specialize in. The site underwent minor changes until around 1000 B.C.E. when it was abandoned for unknown reasons.

Stonehenge remained abandoned until circa 1970 C.E., when Vanderbilt University constructed its Sarratt Student Center around the ancient complex. Vanderbilt anthropologists immediately recognized Stonehenge's tailoring towards sandwich preparation and distribution and incorporated certain features into the structure that is seen today. The ancient bluestones still form the counter and food preparation areas that serve current Vanderbilt students. The deli has been outfitted



with certain modern luxuries, such as a refrigeration system and electric steamers, but, if need be, Stonehenge can still operate without electricity, as it did so often in the past.

One of the greatest injuries suffered by the ancient restaurant has been that of the imposing sarsen stones. When the founders of Vanderbilt first began constructing their University in the 1800s, building materials were short. The giant sarsen stones were pulled down and used to form the foundation of Kirkland hall.

It has also been suggested by some that Stonehenge doubled as a primitive calendar. The stones have an uncanny alignment to the paths of the sun and moon and are extremely adept at marking the Summer and Winter Solstice. While the sun and moon can no longer be seen from Stonehenge's location within Sarratt, an analog clock hangs between the menu and refrigerator, a constant reminder of the structure's calendrical past.

The pieces of Stonehenge that are left today are in pristine condition. With luck, the deli will continue to serve the products of its ancient art for many years to come. 🐼

New Stealth Homosexual Able To Go Undetected on Gaydar

Renders Policy Of 'Don't Ask, Don't Tell' Moot

by **ANDREW BANECKER**

Washington, D.C.- The standard "don't ask, don't tell" policy adopted by the United States Armed Forces is now a thing of the past, thanks to a new innovation from the Omaha, Nebraska division of Boeing. The invention, Government-issued Ambiguity for Military Sexual-orientation Coating--brainchild of equal rights activist, Rev. Al Oppenheimer--makes it impossible for soldiers to register on Gaydar through the use of a powerful stealthing agent. If successful, GAYMASC will yield a new breed of stealth homosexual super soldiers.

Said Oppenheimer, "The popular term 'Gaydar' is actually just a somatic response to the presence of a foreign agent which becomes detected by olfactory cells. In fact, homosexuals constantly emit a pheromone, Gayboxl, unique to gentlemen who prefer gentlemen."

Oppenheimer then paused, lowered his glasses, and said, "In lay terms,

GAYMASC eliminates queer smell."

With the elimination of the pheromone, Gayboxl, soldiers who are homosexual will be completely indiscernible from those who are heterosexual. In addition, without exuding Gayboxl, other soldiers will have no psychosomatic response, whatsoever, and the question of whether their bunk-mate is gay will never even enter their respective minds.

Stated Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, "In the past, we have heard of suspicions about certain soldiers' sexual preference. Although our official stance was not to ask or tell, we could do nothing to halt our soldiers from assuming and gossiping. And you know how soldiers like to gossip."

With the new GAYMASC technology, all suspicion is removed, as no soldier will even make a blip on Gaydar. Soldiers must only be dipped in the GAYMASC vat once, and all remnants of the Gayboxl pheromone are permanently eliminated.

Due to this, GAYMASC has

received overwhelming support throughout the military. But, as with all innovations, GAYMASC does have its detractors. Complained closeted homosexual, Sergeant Bradley Kleinsasser, "This is the worst thing to happen to the army since our elite forces were made to wear green berets. I mean, can you get any more faux-French? Anyway, now how the hell am I supposed to know who I can make a pass at without getting a Code Red called on me? Did anyone think of that?"

Barring setbacks, GAYMASC will be implemented on June 1, 2004 for every branch of the military except nuclear submarines. "They're under water for three months, there's no women, they get urges," hinted Defense Secretary Rumsfeld. "Anyway, what happens on the submarine stays on the submarine."

According to 3 star General Bruce Hersey, there are no flaws whatsoever in the system. "The new technology works. I have personally kissed every soldier in my battalion and was completely unable to tell who enjoyed it from those who did not."

Added General Hersey, "Private First Class Joseph Stevenson has the softest lips." 🐾



Rebecca Romijn-Stamos, John Stamos Separate

by **MEREDITH GRAY**

In an announcement last week, actors John Stamos and Rebecca Romijn-Stamos revealed that their marriage is over, a move that came as a shock to the country, if not the world. While the two actors had appeared to be the picture of blissful, if not unfairly genetically mismatched, marital perfection, the news of the breakup also seems at the same time calculated and strategic. The announcement of the split coincides with the release of Romijn Stamos' new film, *Godsend*, as well as the development of her estranged husband's new sitcom pilot. However, the largest surprise from the dissolution of the Romijn-Stamos marriage comes from a recent interview with Stamos on the *Today Show* with Katie Couric.

"The reason for my impending divorce is quite simple," said Stamos, perpetually remembered by *Full House*

fans as the hair-obsessed "Uncle Jessie." "There are --- days until the Olsen twins turn 18. And I'll be damned if being married to the hottest woman on the planet is going to hold me back from tapping into some of that."

Reactions to Stamos' admitted quest have been mixed. Romijn-Stamos agreed with her estranged husband's contention that she is in fact the hottest woman on the planet, but seemed saddened by his lust for Mary-Kate and Ashley.

"I always wanted to believe that the room in our house that was filled with pictures and various Olsen twin mem-

orabilia just had to do with the fact that the only real thing he's done in his life was have a shitty part on *Full House*."



Romijn-Stamos stopped to dab her eyes with a tissue, but went on to say, "Man, but I really am the hottest woman ever."

Responses from the *Full House* camp appear to be consistently negative. Jodie Sweetin, who portrayed middle-child Stephanie on the show, merely pouted and said, "How rude!" before returning to counting change for the customer in her check-out lane at Target. Actor Dave Coulier, who played Joey, made a series of strange, cartoon-esque voices, then

shook his head sadly. "I hope he doesn't beat me to those Olsen hotties." Comet, the lovable Golden Retriever from the show, appeared despondent over the news of Stamos' intention to woo the Olsen twins, eventually staggering to a nearby person's leg and half-heartedly humping it. "Woof," he said, not taking his attention from the leg. "Stamos is such a douche."

Only Bob Saget, former *Tanner* clan patriarch and gratingly annoying host of *America's Funniest Home Videos*, encouraged Stamos in his intentions.

"I wish John all the luck in the world," said Saget.

"God, I remember when those girls were in diapers. Jesus Christ, they're hot." He went on to remark that he would have gone after the Olsens as well, had it not been for the "Kimmy Gibbler fiasco of '89." "I've learned my lesson," said Saget. "Oh, what a dear price to pay." 🐾

Hustler Writers Expose, Embody Problems With Cocaine Usage



by CEAF LEWIS

In 2004, over 900,000 Americans tried cocaine for the first time. According to the Office of National Drug Control Policy, at least fifty of them worked for the student newspaper of Vanderbilt University, the *Vanderbilt Hustler*. Publishing an article about cocaine led to increased scrutiny of many Vanderbilt departments, and it is now widely believed that many of the *Hustler's* staff have worked while under the influence of crack, much of the usage being on the part of the Opinion and Layout staffs.

"Usually, writers for low-quality student newspapers try the ol' gutter glitter because they believe it will improve their writing. However, nothing could be further from the truth. Just one look at Steve Nelson's Dirty South column shows that no amount of premium Colombian can create talent," explained Sergeant John Bluth of the Vanderbilt University Police Department. "Sure, you've always got the ones that die of overdoses of the 'wacky dust,' but nobody ever really thinks about the fallout from writing a column while 'chasing the dragon.' I'm sure John Lee's had his ass kicked four, five times now."

The ease with which many *Hustler* columnists developed addictions to the drug is only another factor in the *Hustler's* problems with substance abuse. According to noticeably high Mark Krishna, award-winning Vandersquilt cartoonist, "Dude, what a rush. I love a few hundred dollars of 'white girl' in the morning. This is nothing less than orgasmic. Go

'Dores!' However, fifteen minutes after Krishna finished creating another brilliant work mocking the foibles of Vanderbilt Greeks, he underwent what is known as a "crash," in which feelings of euphoria are replaced by what Krishna described as "a bottomless well of sorrows lightly sprinkled with jujubes of depression."

Although the problem with cocaine has only recently surfaced amongst the Vanderbilt community at large, research in Vanderbilt Student Communications archives has revealed a trove of information regarding past difficulties with the Peruvian flake. It has now become known that, contrary to popular belief, former Editor-in-Chief Meredith Berger was relieved of her position for being in the terminal stages of addiction and therefore missing many VSC meetings over the course of the fall semester. It is believed that this will set a precedent for the replacement of *Hustler* editors, as, in the words of Mike Burns, news team member, "[Editor-in-Chief] Evan Mayor has seemed awfully erratic lately."

When asked her thoughts on the growing crisis, Jeanne Atkinson, Director of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Drug Prevention, replied, "Yes, this is a terrible tragedy and all Vanderbilt students should be concerned. You need all the support you can get to break this addiction." When informed that it was members of the *Hustler* grappling with addiction, Atkinson underwent a marked change in attitude: "Oh, it's them? Eh, screw it. Natural selection will kick in soon and then we can have a paper that's not crap."

Experts associate so-called "hard" drug use with not only low-quality paper production, but also with high crime rates. "Recent investigations have revealed that not once has [crime log compiler] Sean Seelinger read a VUPD crime blotter. The only reason he has been able to produce such comprehensive reports is that he has been committing up to ninety percent of the crimes himself," stated VUPD Chief Allan R. Guyet. "Rest assured, he'll be behind bars within a week."

Editors of other Vanderbilt publications have been hoping that the proverbial monkey on the *Hustler's* back will mean the demise of the widely-read news source, leading to a correspondent increase in readership for nearly unknown efforts such as *Versus* and *Spoon*. According to Joe Bass, Editor-in-Chief of *Versus*, "We all knew about the troubles of cocaine users for quite some time over here at *Versus*, the magazine I, Joe Bass, edit. See, the *Versus* staff knows better. We don't do anything harder than good old-fashioned marijuana."

Chancellor E. Gordon Gee has declared a state of emergency at Vanderbilt, as a group of *Hustler* layout editors have, as of press time, barricaded themselves in Kirkland Hall, clearly undergoing the stage of cocaine use known as "invincibility," which makes a user feel almost immortal for a time. It is believed that the VUPD has stockpiled tear gas for just such an occasion, making the inevitable "crash" these "cokeheads" will experience one of the worst they'll have for quite some time. 🍌

Side Effects Associated With Cocaine Use, Writing For Hustler

- 🍌 slight headaches
- 🍌 "Cotton Mouth"
- 🍌 bubonic plague
- 🍌 mosquito bites
- 🍌 mud butt
- 🍌 gas with bloating
- 🍌 zeppelin attacks
- 🍌 eye twitches
- 🍌 oily discharge
- 🍌 Dirty South Syndrome
- 🍌 bedwetting
- 🍌 testicular shrinkage
- 🍌 priapism
- 🍌 scabies
- 🍌 anti-semitism
- 🍌 hydroencephalitis
- 🍌 low batting average
- 🍌 Alex Kwakitis
- 🍌 dyslexia
- 🍌 acute Vandersquilsis
- 🍌 frotherism
- 🍌 ass crack paper cuts

Literary Motifs In The Works Of Anton Chekhov

by LIZ VENNUM
ENGL 279 Term Paper

To begin with, Dr. Ivan, I really thought a lot about motifs in Chekhov. But if I wrote this ten-page paper on some silly little thing like literary devices, I feel I would be wasting my last chance to tell you how I really feel about you. Thus as I sat in the dim light of my computer screen at 3 a.m. this morning, five hours before this paper was due, I knew that you didn't want to hear about *The Cherry Orchard* or *The Three Sisters*--you know all about that anyway. You wanted to hear about how my heart pounds every time you shuffle into our classroom in those sexy velcro shoes, about how the leather patches on your corduroy coat make me want to grab you, lift your 5 foot 4-inch frame up to my face, and kiss you.

The way your little potbelly collects chalk dust as you write on the board, that irresistible stutter that makes the class quiver with anticipation as you linger over those Russian names..."Ch-ch-ch-ebutikin," "M-m-m-medvendenko..." you may only make it through a few sentences each class, but every word you say intoxicates my soul; every faltering move sends shivers down my spine.

I love you like Konstantin loves Nina in *The Seagull*, only not all crazy and suicidal, just really deeply and all. I'm not going to go kill a seagull to show you how desperately I am in love with you, but the other day I stepped on a bug on the way to class, and it sort of reminded me of my heart, crushingly in love with you. Like Kovrin in "The Black Monk," when I am no longer in your presence I will be less of a person, because you have brought such wisdom and philosophy to my life, Dr. Ivan.

I know what you're thinking...this paper does not fulfill the final essay requirement for your class...but I cannot express in words what I've learned every Tuesday and Thursday from 11:00-12:15, or 11:00-11:15 on the days you dozed off like a sleeping Adonis in the sunlight from the windows. I've learned the meaning of real love, the pain of unspeakable longing, and the joy I feel when listening to the outpour of your peerless intellect.

I wish I could just sneak into your office hours, flip off the lights, and make love to you passionately like that woman who kissed Ryabovitch in "The Kiss," but what if someone came by to discuss the metaphors in "The Shooting Party" and found us, like in "The Literature Teacher," Masha and Nikitin, in love? Alas, we must never take the risk!

Because your raw manliness overwhelms me, because I am but a callow sophomore and unable to love you like you deserve, I know that this love can never be. After you give me an A in your class, we will go our separate ways, me with new understandings, a true woman of the world, and you with this priceless essay on love to treasure and hide

from your undeserving wife, whose cold, loveless treatment is so much less than someone as brilliant and handsome as you should have. Sometimes I fantasize that you'll leave her and we can be like Serebrakoff and Yelena, the retired professor and his young, beautiful wife. Except Uncle Vanya won't try to kill you, because I don't think you have an Uncle Vanya, do you?

Alas, the only way you can show your love for me is by grading this essay kindly, understanding that I have learned more than how to spot a motif in a depressing play by some dead Russian guy. I have learned how to love. You are my fantasy. 🐼



The Slant Presents The Best & Worst of Vanderbilt

A random sample of 500 Vanderbilt students were asked to participate in this story. 492 of them told us to fuck off. The remaining 8, all writers for *The Slant*, pieced together the following feature on campus life.

Best Fraternity

DKE. Hey, we all have urges.

Best Sorority

Pi Phi. Same verdict as the *Versus* Survey. Not because we enjoy their parties; we're not invited, but at least they don't spit on us when we walk by.

Best Place To Eat Off Campus

Frugal MacDougal's.

Worst VTV Show

The one with the self-absorbed host, poor production qualities, crappy video feed, inaudible audio and tacky premise. You know, it runs 24 hours.

Best Place For A Quickie

Slant Office. It's small, humid, messy... just like your vagina.

Best Item To Have Stolen

Celine Dion CDs. I mean, go ahead, you throw them out.

Best GPA-Padding Course

Anything in Electrical Engineering.

Best Place To Hide Booze

Liver--I mean, come on. What else are you going to use it for?

Best Fashion Accessory

Latest issue of *The Slant* discreetly tucked into Kate Spade bag.

Worst Fashion Accessory

Latest issue of *The Hustler* opened to any page but the crossword, discreetly tucked into a Kroger grocery bag.

Best Abuse Of AcFee Money

The Slant's "Office Beautification" program (by which we meant office pimpification) for 2004-5; Take that *Spoon!*

Worst Place To Go for Meal Plan

Sunset Grill. It's really expensive, and they don't even take the card.

Worst Campus Job

Handjob. Man, that burns! Plus, the pay is dick.

Best Place To Get Drunk Under-Age

Slant Office. Ha - just kidding! We're just messing with you. No need to check our fridge. Seriously.

Best Campus Scandal

That hushed up dossier about Chancellor Gee and the Nazi Gold. Boy, we hope that never gets out!

Biggest Pork-Barrel Project

Addition of two dozen more writhing naked statues on campus. That or the addition of more pork barrels in Rand.

Best Campus Publication

Oh come on, isn't it obvious? *The Register*.

Worst Campus Publication

Despite only 8 people participating in the survey, *The Hustler* was a clear winner with 17,984 votes. *The Vanderbilt Review* came in 2nd, with 17,983. All the others also suck, especially *The Slant*.

Seniors!

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\$30

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Will My Son Ever Know The Simple Pleasure Of Lion Hunting?

by CARRINGTON BRAISLEY MERRIWEATHER IV

As I surveyed the lush Kenyan plains with Father this past Spring Break, I was saddened to think that this beautiful land was rapidly disappearing. Traveling by the simple bush-people in their primitive towns, I was disheartened to see one use a cell phone. I remembered embracing my father after bagging my very first lion, yet I was pained by the thought that my own child might never be able to experience that activity.

What world will my son inherit? Will he marvel at the power of nature and the beauty of the God's creation? Will he be able to touch its thick mane and hang it on his wall? Will he know the thrill of the hunt? Will he feel the wild ride of driving your Hummer through a real rainforest, relishing the crunch of underbrush and small animals beneath the tires? Will he be able to touch--actually touch--live coral, or will it just be something he reads about in future holo-books of his?

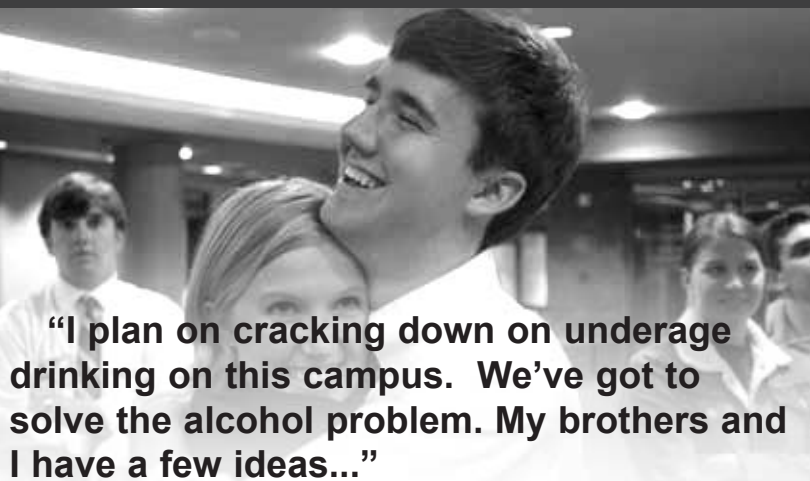
I know that I am lucky to be able to do all these things while they still exist. I can already see little Carrington V sitting on my knee, as awed by stories of shooting big game on the savannah as I am of my father's tales of lakes so full of fish that the surface of the water would be covered with scales when you dynamited it, or

tales of my great grandfather, one of the last lucky souls to bag himself a Tasmanian tiger.

I fear that my son won't grow up in a world where you're able to find a spot untainted by human encroachment. Already, hunting lodges that not ten years ago overlooked unspoiled wilderness now have views obstructed by ugly gondola towers and "rustic" log cabins. Even worse, many of them are inhabited by "new" money. There's nothing worse than suddenly having your neighborhood fill up with people who made their money in the computer or airplane industries and can barely trace their name back three generations! We've been forced to scout out virgin land in the heart of the Rockies or possibly even South America for construction of our next chateau. Hopefully there's still some untainted land left for civilized people.

I vow not to let this happen. My son will not grow up too late to experience the quiet beauty of nature. First thing tomorrow morning I'll call up Goldstein and tell him to sell enough shares of my stock to purchase a lion on reserve. My future offspring will not grow up in a world free of the majestic, mystical power of the lion hunt. ■

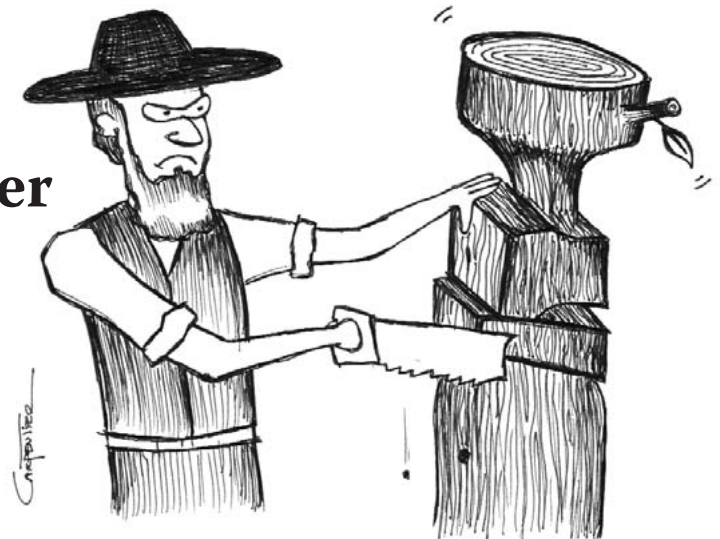
Bastard Confession



"I plan on cracking down on underage drinking on this campus. We've got to solve the alcohol problem. My brothers and I have a few ideas..."

- Andrew Maxwell, SGA President

Amish Computer Geek



Underrated Superheroes



AROUND THE LOOP



What is the best thing that has happened to you this year?

Amy Elhoff, Andrew's Neighbor



"Well, sitting on that glue stick was not as unpleasant as I made it out to be."

Martha Stewart, Felon



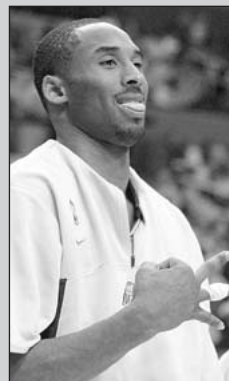
"Well, I did devise a scrumptious lemon zest and file bundt cake recipe."

Colin Dinsmore, Next Slant EIC



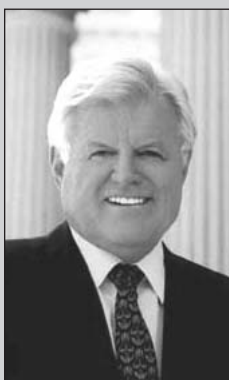
"When I drew the shortest straw, which meant I got to be the new editor of *The Slant*. Wait..."

Kobe Bryant, Baller



"Having consensual extra-marital sex."

Ted Kennedy, Bloated Senator



"Er, ahh... I'm a Kennedy and I didn't die this year."

Peter LaRouche, Freshman



"I touched a booby."

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

Though you are relieved that your dog will be healthier and live longer as a result of being spayed, you worry that she now has more room in her body to store WMDs.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

I think somebody has a birthday coming up! Who is it? Is it you? Am I right? Yeah?

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

Talib Kweli finds you responsible for all that is wrong with the world. Even non-dairy creamer.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

Once again, you've managed to go and make your mother cry. You really need to stop spilling the milk, or might want to consider purchasing a sippy cup.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

It may seem that people are being friendlier to you, which will make you feel happy and self-confident. This will all go down the drain, however, when you discover the "Smile! I'm Retarded!" sign on your back.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

Lucky days for love this month will be the 25th, 26th and 27th. These days will not be lucky for you, however, but for your boyfriend, who will sleep with your best friend while you're out of town.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

As indicated by your rising sun sign, you are Japanese.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

As a result of your painful ingrown toenail, you will begin reading the Unabomber Manifesto. How these things are related, the stars do not know. They are equally puzzled about your recent obsession with German scat-porn as well.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

Take that hamster out of the microwave, Jerry!

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

Just when you think that things can't get any worse, you discover that the hot girl you liked is your twin sister, your arch-nemesis is your father, and you get your hand cut off. Well, guess what - things can get worse, because there's going to be one more shitty prequel.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Strange women will come into your apartment and leave notes on your pillow if you don't start locking your door. Of course, if you were to leave some teeth under your pillow...

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

You've always found that the greatest reward in life is the face of a smiling child. However, society does not look highly upon you keeping their disembodied heads as trophies.

Top Ten Ways to Prepare for Finals

- 10** Naked.
- 9** Pray to the Infant Jesus of Prague, patron saint of colleges and universities.
- 8** Spending day at tattoo parlor inking your notes onto your forearm in the design of a hula girl.
- 7** Invest in the *Blue's Clues* shrinky dink set (only applicable to HOD).
- 6** Relying on your misinformed understanding of Taoism, you will study by not studying.
- 5** "Accidentally" breaking writing arm whilst playing Aerobie.
- 4** Prep your calculus room beforehand with an elaborate system of mirrors in order to see what that Asian kid writes down.
- 3** Sleeping with your World War II class TA.
- 2** Though it may cause headaches, using cocaine as a study aid.
- 1** Nothing. Does the phrase "five year plan" mean anything to you?

Ask Condoleeza Rice



Dear Condoleeza,
Where are Iraq's WMDs??!
Dennis Kucinich in Dyer

Dear Dennis,
We have narrowed the search down to one of four possible areas of Iraq: the north, south, east and west. Don't you worry, little man.
C.R.

Dear Condi,
Hey there, fine sista child - how bout when you finish up, you come on down and I'll show you my extra large gavel? Bizzow!
Clarence Thomas in Tolman

Dear Clarence,
The last time I was in your "courtroom," there were far too many recesses, not enough banging...of the gavel. Stop bothering me and give Janet Reno a call.
C.R.

Hey Condi -
You want to go see *Home on the Range* with me and Ashcroft? Dick can't come, something about executive power. I'll buy you some Junior Mints!
George W. Bush in Branscomb

Dear Mr. President,
That movie wasn't good the first, second, or fourteenth time we saw it. Can't I pick the film this time? I'm still mad about having to watch *Matrix Revolutions* and explain it to you instead of seeing *Under the Tuscan Sun*.
C.R.

Dear Dr. Condoleeza,
I am so honored that you have chosen to speak at Vanderbilt on Senior Day this year. You will most certainly bring an air of intellectualism and authority to the

festivities. Just one small thing - Commencement is my show - it's a Gee-stravaganza. Don't be stepping on my toes, beotch.
Chancellor Gee in Kirkland

Dear Chancellor Gee,
I am honored that Vanderbilt overcame the prejudices of the South and invited me, a conservative Republican, black woman to speak. There won't be a Q&A, right?
C.R.

Dear Condoleeza,
I watch your show every day at 4. Why did you stop doing your book of the month club? Stedman is a bastard. You go, girl!
Your Biggest Fan in Cole

Dear Cole,
I am Condoleeza Rice, National Security Advisor. You have me confused with Oprah Winfrey, host of the popular talk show. It is a travesty that a young person could be so ignorant and racist, mixing up prominent black women. But I do recommend *Chicken Soup for the Queen of Soul*, by Aretha Franklin. You go girl!
C.R.

Dear Dr. Rice,
When you said that you were unable to give a longer testimony, we were not under the impression that your previous engagement entailed writing an advice column for a college humor paper, albeit a very funny one of the utmost quality. We would recommend that you return immediately to the hearings in order to give a more revealing testimony. We're serious this time - and no more Diet Coke breaks.
9/11 Commission in Chaffin

Dear 9/11 Commission
Sorry, but I'm out of space. Try back next week.
C.R.

HONOR AMONG SLACKERS © Tyler Cardin, Kyle Robinson, and Andy Cook wallcandy.keenspace.com



Ass crack!