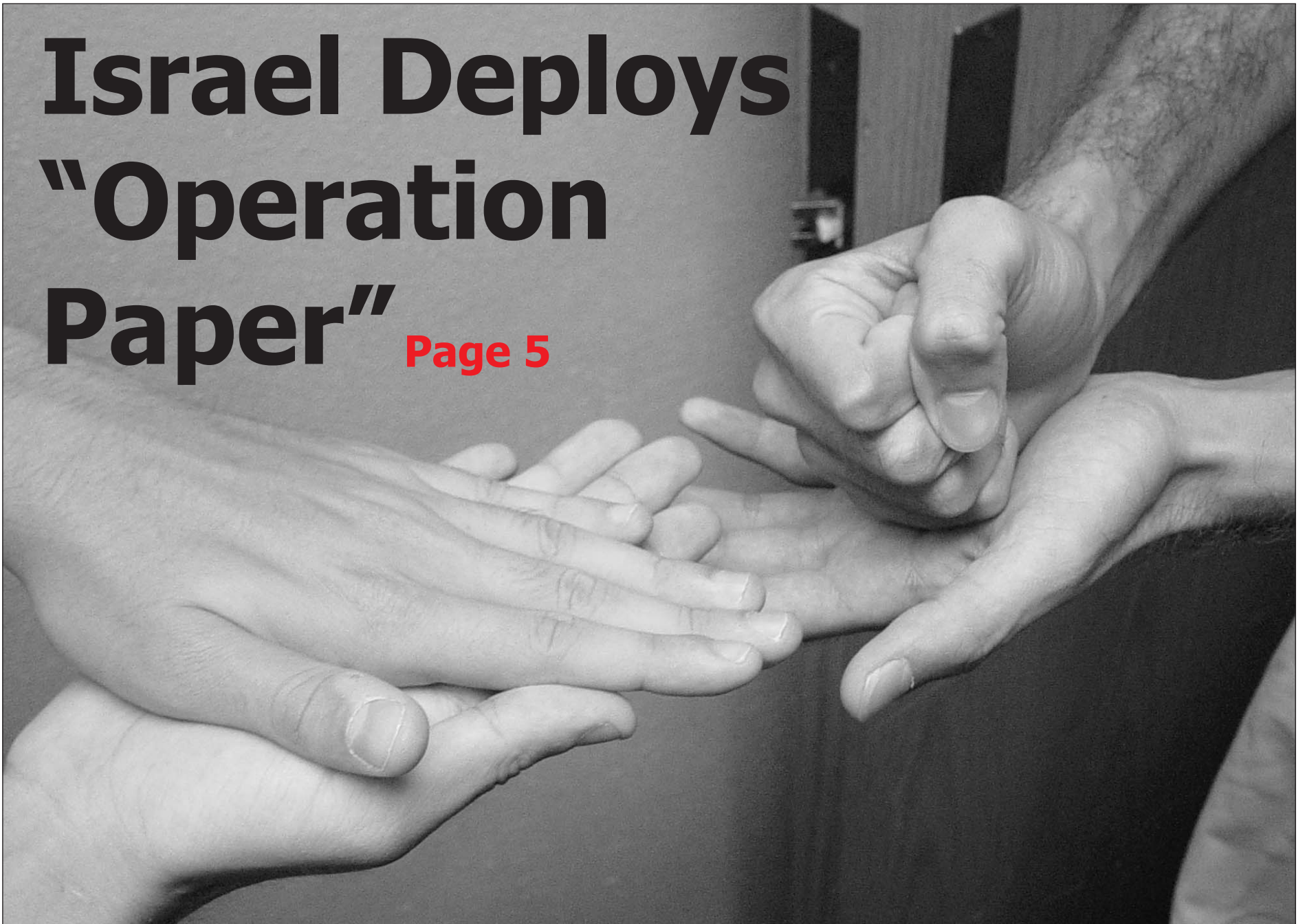


the slant

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NEWS THAT FELL THROUGH THE CRACKS

Vandy Girl Sues Juvenile For Sexual Harrassment



The distraught girl attended the September 6 Juvenile concert on Alumni Lawn, only to be allegedly "violated" by the rapper. Sobbed the girl, 'He just kept insisting that I back my ass up.'

Freshman Disappointedly Discovers *The Hustler* Is Not *Hustler*

"I opened it up expecting a threesome with two lesbians and a donkey, and I got editorials on campus elections," lamented freshman Gregory Barnes. "They get your hopes up, and then ruin your day. On the upside, those guys sure know how to put together a crossword puzzle."

Tic-Tac Marketing Team Realizes "One and a Half Calorie Breath Mint" Isn't Impressive Claim

Since Certs' incorporation of patented Retsin Technology, Tic-Tac's marketing department is unable to compete. Explains a Tic-Tac marketing manager, "When you think about it, the fact that Tic-Tac won't make you fat isn't that impressive. They also won't take away your hunger, fill you up, or provide sustenance."

Administration Places Entire Fraternity System on Probation

The entire greek system is on probation this semester, because, as much as it may shock our readers, they were apparently serving alcohol to minors. When asked why she put the entire greek system on probation, Greek Advisor Kate Tanis explained, "I got the idea from watching Animal House."

Rand Worker Found Masturbating In Bathroom Stall



A Rand worker was actually found masturbating in one of the bathrooms of the establishment by a Slant staff member last week. While The Slant advocates the worker's right to express himself through self-gratification, we demand to know the ingredients of the Ranch dressing.

Missy Elliot Finally Gets Her Freak Off

After at least two years of always having her freak on, Missy Elliot finally got it off last week. Explains Elliot, "It was getting pretty dirty. It's time I got it off and washed it. We'll see about maybe getting it on again next year."

Local Nerd Psyched that He Had Foresight to Secure Screen Name



Local nerd Ronald Bumgarner is extremely happy with himself for having the foresight to secure the screen name RonaldRules2003. He is looking forward to 2003, when he can sign on to his favorite chatroom, "Bored-

TeensTalkin", and read the impressed comments of his fellow nerds, and picture the jealous faces of all the other Ronalds that lacked his foresight.

HOD Study Reveals 96% Of Campus Staircases Have Even Number Of Steps

An study by several HOD seniors revealed that 96% of the staircases on Vanderbilt's campus have an even number of steps. Delivering the results of the study, Senior Mike Lomax reported, "The ratio of tally marks in green crayon to the ones in red crayon conclusively show this phenomenon to be true..."

Vanderbilt Community Shocked To Discover HOD Majors Are Able To Figure Percentages

In a news story related to the story of HOD majors staircase studies, the rest of the campus was shocked and "pleasantly surprised" to discover that there are HOD majors who are able to count crayon tally marks and from these extrapolate data in percentages.

Cheech Marin's Son Scoffs At Attempted Discipline

Carlos Marin, son of legendary pothead actor Cheech Marin, scoffed at his father's attempted discipline last weekend. Cheech found marijuana in his son's dresser drawer, and when he angrily confronted his son about it, Carlos "just started laughing, as if it was some sort of joke." Wondered Carlos, "Has my Dad ever watched one of his movies?"

Gary Coleman Finally Figures Out What Willis Was Talkin' About

After what he calls a "moment of enlightenment," actor Gary Coleman says he now finally understands what Willis was talkin' about all those years. "It's all so clear now," he continued. "I don't know know why I never saw it before."

Bush Administration Presents Wildfire Management Program



President Bush unveiled his proposal for managing wildfires that have devastated millions of acres of forests. The plan calls for all trees and "other combustible matter" to be removed from the land west of the Mississippi River. The land will be covered in concrete and asphalt.

"Our four-point plan will put an end to the devastation caused by out of control fires," said Bush. Timber and road construction industry executives lauded the President's plan, and were pleased that the US had finally taken a pro-active approach to fire prevention.

Typos Discovered In Teh Slant



Typos were apparently found The Slant's first issue of the year. Editor in Chief David Barzelay apologized, saying, "Cry me a fuckin' river. Have you ever picked up a copy of The Hustler?"

The Slant:
Objectively and accurately
reporting the news that
fell through the cracks



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The Slant

Keepin' it real since 1887, motherfucker...

VU# 351669 Station B
2301 Vanderbilt Place
Nashville, TN 37235-1669
Fax 615-343-2756
web site www.theslant.net

Staff

Editorial

Editor-in-Chief David Barzelay
Managing Editor Brad Ploeger
Past Tyrants Joe Wong, Mike Mott
Editors Dave Biller, Charles Mak,
Robert Saunders, Ben Stark, Jeff
Woodhead
Writing Staff Evan Alston, Andrew
Banecker, Tim Boyd, Meredith Gray,
Jacob Grier, Sean Kelley, Howard
Lee, Stephanie Schacht, Beth Steed-
ley
Copy Editor Melanie Siemens

Web/Design

Webmaster: David Barzelay
Layout: Brad Ploeger

Sales Staff

Ad Sales Manager: Brad Ploeger



Misc

Submissions

Editorial submissions are not accepted from our readers; only extreme examples of hate mail written by enraged individuals are even considered for publication. Furthermore, *The Slant* cannot guarantee the return of any submission, nor can *The Slant* guarantee a response to any submissions.

Back Issues

Back Issues can be ordered by sending \$5.00 and a description of the issue desired (volume number and date, if possible) to the address above. Some issues are no longer available. Orders for back issues will be accepted by mail or email backissues@theslant.net. Do not fax.

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From the Chief

The old webmaster Charles Mak and I have been too busy (lazy) to finish transferring all the back issue content from the old Slant site (www.vandyslant.org) to the new one (www.theslant.net). So, the other day, I'm checking the old site, and I find to my extreme surprise, that we have been hacked!

I had heard of this happening, but I had never seen it. You probably haven't either. Go to www.theslant.net/hacked.php to see a mirror of the hacked site. I now find this absolutely hiL@r10u5, though at first I was somewhat dismayed to find out that ohhhhh Attack Crew ownz me. I empathize fully with their declaration of "lol".

Maybe The Hustler's site got hAx0Red and that's why it still hasn't been updated since last school year (by the time I wrote this). If so, I understand how they feel.



Being H4x0r3D is actually kind of fun since it adds an element of surprise to one's life. You go to a site and expect to see familiar light blues and old articles and instead you find out that you are now the Pr0p3rty of some l33t 14 year old haX0R.

I fancy myself fairly knowledgeable when it comes to computers (or a "whiz" as the 80's liked to say), though I wouldn't go so far as to claim l33t \$+@+u\$ ("elite status" for the uninitiated). Perhaps it is just me, but @L+ERnATiN9 c@P5 (alternating caps, i.e. eXAmPIE) does not make one any cooler. In fact, I think it probably has a decidedly bad effect on one's appeal to the sex one wishes to attract. In any case, even though I do know my way around a computer, I will still b0W DoWn 2 +h3 l33t H4ckEr\$ oF a++4ck CRew for a job well done.

This incident really speaks volumes not just about computer security, but about life itself. To use a metaphor: Say you go to your job every day, and you're bored as hell, and then one day you walk in and find that a monkey had been let loose in your office overnight. Everything is broken, in disarray, and has shit all over it. Then you find out that in reality, the monkey owns you, and he is stuck in a mundane job, and you are actually the monkey...

The message of this metaphor is clear: Always put on clean underwear before cooking macaroni and cheese.

Forever Yours,
David M. Barzelay



lead stories

Israel Deploys

'Operation Paper'

After decades of attempting to reach a certain level of peace with the Palestinians using conventional methods such as military force, diplomacy, and Jimmy Carter, Israel has finally resorted to combatting the Palestinians using methods commonly known to children.



Jimmy Carter

Palestinian rebels' guerrilla tactics have been devastating to Israeli forces lately. Their use of rock-throwing has, until this point, been their main attack.

However, it seems Israel may have finally devised a strategy to counter these rock attacks: Operation Paper.

Israeli scientists claim to have developed a defense system capable of disabling the effectiveness of the Palestinians' rocks, their primary offensive attack. Through a complicated process involving the cutting, grinding down, and pressing of trees, the Israeli military now possesses a white, thin, sheeted substance, which they believe will allow them to "cover" the rocks.

Using this new technology, the Israeli military will engage in a high-risk theatre of offensive attacks known as "Operation Paper." Once Israeli generals begin the attack with the order, "1... 2... 3... Shoot," Operation Paper will blanket the Arab world, leaving the Palestinians incapable of hurling mineral projectiles.

BY ANDREW BANECKER

"Once Israeli generals begin the attack with the order, "1... 2... 3... Shoot," Operation Paper will blanket the Arab world, leaving the Palestinians incapable of hurling mineral projectiles."

Yassir Arafat, at a recent press conference, stated, "Although I will concede that paper covers rock, the PLO has long possessed the defense capabilities to defend against such an attack. Once our rock-throwing ceases to be effective, we will unveil the weapon known as 'Scissors'. What does that sissy Sharon have to defeat the wrath of the scissors?"

If the Palestinians do indeed possess the weapon of mass destruction known as Scissors, this could have a dramatic impact on the success of Operation Paper. In any event, the citizens of Israel should not lose hope due to this apocalyptic possibility, for Sharon pointed out that Israel was rubber, whereas Palestine was merely glue.



Israeli forces preparing to use 'Operation Paper'

Staff Photo

The recent wave of violence was nearly averted months ago when Israeli leaders tried to peacefully resolve their differences with Palestine, sending Palestinian leaders a note asking, "Do you want to be friends, check Yes or No." Palestine, after careful consideration, checked 'No.' Israeli officials commented on the Palestinian decision, saying "I hate those poopy

heads. We tried to be nice, we even offered them our banana for their snack-pack, but they knocked our trays on the floor and then laughed."

These recent developments serve as a harbinger of what can only be increased levels of hostility in the Holy Land in the near future. One thing is certain: the eyes of the world will be watching. ■

Jesus Saves; Mariners Win

By JEFF WOODHEAD

SEATTLE – Rookie pitcher Jesus struck out five batters and allowed only one hit in two innings of work as the Mariners defeated the Oakland Athletics, 3-2, at Safeco Field.

Jesus' save, his eighth of the year, came after a solid outing by starting pitcher Joshua McCracken. McCracken gave up two runs on six hits in seven innings.

Jesus has been the talk of Seattle for the past month, since he was acquired in a trade with the Anaheim Angels. He has racked up eight saves in nine chances despite his 3.16 ERA since the trade.

"He's shown great promise as a closer," said Mariners manager John Paul Thomas. "He gets a little wild at times – I think he threw a pitch that knocked out an ATM in the upper decks during practice – but with a little development he could be the next Mariano Rivera."

Mariner fans are behind Jesus, as

well.

"Praise Jesus," said fan Ira Cohen. "He's definitely been a miracle worker for this team. I mean, we're 14-3 since he came aboard."

"He's the best Jewish pitcher since Sandy Koufax," added Marlene Dover.

The praise, however, isn't universal.

"When he was here, he couldn't throw a strike to save his life," said Angels manager Alfred J. "Pontius" Pilate. "I'm glad I washed my hands of that son of a bitch."

"He's a great pitcher, but he can be erratic at times," said Mariners right fielder Tom Farner. "There was this one time when he hit [Rangers third baseman] Judas [Robinson] twice in two at bats. He left the field mumbling about traitors or something."

"Which is weird, because we all know that A-Rod is the traitor on that team," added Farner. ■

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Gee Proposes Mandatory Circumcision For Incoming Freshmen

By JACOB GRIER

With words that shocked and appalled much of the Vanderbilt community, Chancellor Gee announced Tuesday his proposal to require all incoming male freshmen to be circumcised. The move is part of the University's effort to make Jewish students feel more at home at Vanderbilt. Other recent reforms have included the opening of the Schulman Center and no longer scheduling "Bread Night at Rand" on the first night of Passover.

The policy, which is expected to go into effect next year, would make the procedure mandatory for all males who had not had it done by move-in day. Despite its invasiveness, the surgery will not be done in private. Rather, it will occur on stage at the signing of the Honor Code.



Chancellor Gee

Said Gee: "In the Jewish tradition circumcision is not merely a procedure, but represents a pact made between God and Abraham. Vanderbilt students will not be expected to accept this interpretation, but we think it is important to preserve the ceremonial value of the bris."

Other Vanderbilt traditions may suffer from the change. For instance, the Founder's March will have to be postponed since many students will be unable to walk without pain until several days after the signing of the Code.

Faculty reaction has been mixed, but is not without its enthusiastic supporters. Women's Studies Professor Claire Nichon is one of them. "I think it's a fantastic idea. Hell, I wish they'd cut the whole damn thing off while they're at it!" she said.

While most students oppose the policy, there are a few who think it is justified. "There's nothing more degrading than being in the locker room and seeing the

"There are a lot of things that go into the making of a top ten school, but according to the statistics, foreskins aren't one of them!"

disparaging glances of the uncircumcised Greeks," said junior Leviticus Goldfarb. "This contempt goes all the way back to ancient times, even to Aristotle. At this school, it's almost like you have to be Greek to do any begetting."

But criticism of the idea has come from an unexpected quarter: Jewish Professor Stephen Wolf of the Divinity School (who is rumored to be the last teacher there to still profess unequivocal belief in God). Wolf believes that the Administration's motivation is not to help Jewish students, but to raise the University's ranking. "Statistically, circumcised males have higher SAT scores. That's the real reason for this new policy," he said.

Administrators have thus far refused to speak to The Slant on this subject, but we were able to question one member of the Office of Admissions on condition of anonymity. He confessed that increasing the school's ranking was indeed the goal of the decision. When asked if there might be other factors responsible for Vanderbilt's current unsatisfactory rank, he answered, "There are a lot of things that go into the making of a top ten school, but according to the statistics, foreskins aren't one of them!"

Upperclassmen will not be required to undergo the procedure, but once it becomes popular, many are expected to want it. With that in mind, circumcisions will be available on the Card beginning in the spring. ■

Editor's Note: This column has been cut down from its original length.

K-Mart Sues Vanderbilt Over Emergency Lights

By HOWARD LEE

K-Mart Corporation filed suit against Vanderbilt University today, claiming the blue lights over Vandy's emergency call boxes infringe on K-Mart's trademark "Blue Light Special."

"Frankly, we don't understand how they got away with this for so long," said K-Mart's head lawyer, Marcia Clark. "The violation is ridiculously flagrant. We will make them pay - pay money."

When informed of the lawsuit, the prevailing reaction from Vanderbilt was amusement. "They what?" exclaimed head of Vanderbilt's Legal Department Ben Dixon. "You can't trademark a frigin' blue light. No wonder they're going bankrupt. Their crack legal team must be on par with their store service."

K-Mart, which has been floundering in bankruptcy and child labor scandals for nearly a decade, was optimistic about its chances in court. Said a K-Mart advertising manager who wished to remain anonymous, "We invested millions of advertising dollars getting people to associate blue lights with our fantastic sales. When people see a blue light, they think, 'Special. Must spend.'"

K-Mart alleges that, due to the abun-

dance of blue lights on Vanderbilt's campus, there has been a marked decrease in sales for K-Marts in the Nashville area. "They're screwing with our customers' heads," said executive Mark Collins. He went on to call them "dirty motherfuckers," and then hurriedly requested that the preceding comment be "off the record".

Vanderbilt was tight-lipped about its defense, but resident Slant legal experts predict that they will use the tried and true "That's just absurd" defense. Says Law Professor Russel Morgan, "You can't trademark 'blue' or 'light,' let alone both... dumbass."

K-Mart has said that pending the successful results of this trial, they will pursue damages against the police forces of every major city and those crazy European ambulances.

In related news, K-Mart's stock on the NYSE, symbol KMART, went up 1/4 of a point, reversing its downward trend. It closed Tuesday at .50 per share. ■



Ben Dixon

Movie Director Defends Lack Of Sex Scene As Artistically Justified

Controversial film using plot to attract viewers

By TIM BOYD

Controversial film director Meyer Russell has come under fire from Hollywood's self-styled 'moral guardians' for failing to include a sex scene in his recently-completed film, *The Bridge Players Of Madison, Wisconsin*.

The film, set in the 1950s world of a Midwestern country club, centres on two elderly couples who have been lifelong friends reminiscing over lost 'good old days' during a game of cards.

As critics emerged after a recent private screening, condemnation was swift. A spokesman for the Critics Association of America said: "Although this film contains a believable story line, solid acting and convincing dialogue, we are horrified at the lack of full frontal nudity in the movie.

"The omission seems to us to be utterly gratuitous and designed purely to shock the morality of today's cinema going public. Russell is clearly trying to be controversial, but in our view he has gone against everything Hollywood stands for in this film".

Responding to the criticism, Russell commented, "All my career, I have had to deal with this sort of petty sneering from

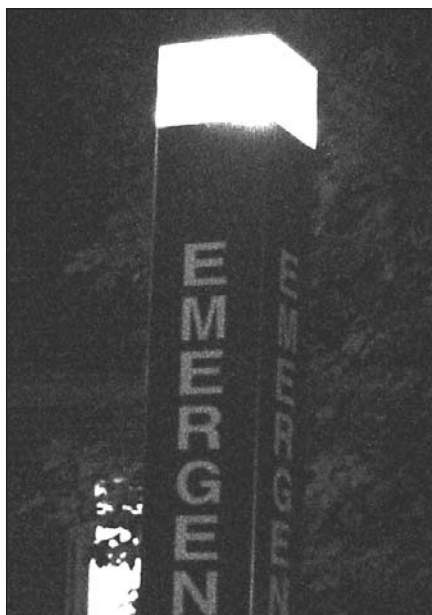
the 'Hollywood elite' who have tried to restrict my creative freedom. This film is a beautiful story of friendship and bonding. My decision not to include the shots of the two couples engaging in group sex was taken in the best interests of the story".

Previous Russell films have followed a more traditional Hollywood pattern. He has specialized in adapting works of literature to the screen; classics include *Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Brutally Butchered By A Drug-Crazed Axe-Wielding Psycho*, *Threesomes In The Time Of Scurvy* and *Lassie: Behind The Barking*.

One critic, who wished to remain anonymous, speculated that the relatively poor box office showing of his previous films had led Russell to adopt these 'shock' tactics, but doubted that they would work: "All Hollywood classics have remained true to the need to have rampant love-making on display.

"Would we still remember *Casablanca* without Ingrid Bergman's romp with the pianist - 'take me again, Sam'? Would *Mr Smith Goes To Washington* have been so popular without the steamy tryst between Jimmy Stewart and his secretary, the famous filly-bustering scene? We have to remain true to our basic values."

The Bridge Players Of Madison, Wisconsin will open in theaters nationwide next week. ■



A Vanderbilt Blue Light

Staff Photo

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Minelli Turned Away from *Cabaret* Auditions

By BETH STEEDLEY

Competition proved fierce again this year in Vanderbilt Off Broadway when legendary screen and stage star Liza Minelli was turned away from VOB's production of *Cabaret*. According to inside sources, Minelli arrived in Nashville after she discovered that her recently-wed husband, David Gest, was asexual. Looking to assuage her grief by reassuming prominent roles from her past, Minelli's search for work had already taken her to MTSU where she was beaten for the lead role in *Victor/Victoria* by David Gest himself.

However, Minelli was not deterred by this setback, and decided to audition for *Cabaret* at VU while she was still in the state. On September 4, Minelli reported to Towers East to begin her first stage of the audition process. Co-directors of the production Liz Bennett and Katie Dantzler were shocked to find Minelli in the long line of auditionees.

"We just couldn't believe it," said Liz. "I didn't even know who she was until some gay guy in the line started freaking out." Apparently, Minelli had prepared a rather extensive performance for her audition which included, among other things, a tap routine to a medley

of *Suwanee, New York, New York*, and *Old Man River*. Although Minelli's preparation appeared to have been extensive, casting directors could find no place for her in this year's show.

"Ohmigosh," said Katie, "she showed up wearing a very retro-leotard, and to make matters worse, she had wrinkles!" Co-director Liz was apparently as distressed as Katie. "I didn't come to VU to have just anybody land a spot in my show. Aren't the gates around campus supposed to keep the old and ugly people out?"

Upon hearing that she had not won the part, Minelli was reported to have retreated to a corner of the room where she was heard mumbling under her breath about Liz Taylor, Michael Jackson, marital depravity, and monkeys. Hypothesizing spectators related this vocal outburst to Minelli's marital problems. "I think she's just really heartbroken," said Matt Gordon, who insisted we call him Ms. Garland. "It's just too bad her hips kept cracking on the high kicks, or she could have had a real chance." Minelli apparently remained in Towers until she was asked to leave by a security officer. Her current whereabouts are unknown. ■

VU Puts Tents To Good Use

By SEAN KELLEY

Vanderbilt has signed a new 25 year contract with Barnum & Bailey legally requiring the University to have at least 3 tents set up at all times. These tents will be utilized for shade, study areas, concerts, and homes for retired circus freaks. These tents will provide all the amenities required by a circus freak including a roof, plush grass, and free H2GO provided by Vanderbilt Dining.

Anita Chave, formally regarded as the Bearded Lady, ecstatically stated "I'm so happy I could shave myself!" Similarly, Beastly Betty was excited to see all of the bite-size squirrels running around on campus. The most excited of all of the freaks, Smelly Steve, was elated by the stinky-ass smell the Vanderbilt campus encompasses.

A smaller tent housing five continuously-running fans replaced the original big-top. Also, campus officials had a misting tent set up for 6

consecutive days to house Frogboy. Brian Jarvis, a freshman at Vandy, repeatedly expressed his enjoyment of walking through the piss-warm spray during the 95 degree weather.

Recently a reporter asked one of the forty tent-technicians: "How much does it cost for you to have one of these peeing tents installed?" The worker didn't understand English or how much it would cost for the installation, but we calculated that at least half of someone's tuition paid for the water bill.

Soon after, Vanderbilt Chancellor Gordon Gee uttered upon questioning, "We have an assload of money to spend on these entertainment features; they not only look funny as hell, they increase our carnie and clown populations by 12 and 5 percent... It's a diversity thing." When reporters asked for further explanation, they were denied access to his champagne room (there is no sex in the champagne room - except with Monkey-Woman). ■

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Vanderbilt Deports Student for Flagrant Lack of Ethnicity

By EVAN ALSTON

On Monday, Geoff Brideinborf, an Arts and Science sophomore, was expelled and deported after the last in a stream of accusations regarding his supposed lack of ethnicity. His latest accuser, Natalie Grains, describes the infraction, "The guy has the gall to talk in some weird accent, but it's obvious that he isn't ethnic at all. He had to know it couldn't last long."

Brideinborf, a native of the Czech Republic, claims that the administration gave him no warning before they took away his Vanderbilt Card and directed him to the oil freighter that would carry him home to the land-locked Czech Republic. In an unprecedented disregard of federal citizenship laws, the Vanderbilt Administration simply told Brideinborf that he had to "go on home now."

When asked for an explanation, the administration conceded that they had made a terrible mistake when they sent that acceptance letter to Vsetín, a small city in the southeastern corner of the



Geoff Brideinborf

Czech Republic. As Dean Jane Abernathy describes, "The guys in admissions really didn't do their homework this time. I mean, we got this guy cause he's all ethnic and stuff, but if you look at the guy, you can tell he isn't."

The accusation obviously came as a surprise to Brideinborf, who wondered, "What the hell is she talking about?"

Despite these inevitable questions, Abernathy is steadfast regarding their decision, "Who does he think he's fooling? He's paler than me! Now, before I get any flack for not giving the kid a chance, I have to say that we did consider the fact that he is undoubtedly an international student, and as such he probably has a culture rich in history and traditions that normally wouldn't factor into the life at the university, blah, blah, blah, but that ain't gonna cut it. I don't know what your idea of diversity is, but we here at Vanderbilt expected at least a little brownish tint. And, according to the

Vanderbilt Honor Code, the minimum punishment was deportation."

Brideinborf was held before an Honor Council tribunal of his peers last Friday. The committee's demand for his execution was ignored, however, and the administration merely confiscated his Vandy card and other things they found in his wallet.

Obviously, the student population was not going to stand for this sort of treatment for one of its own. As junior Natalie Grains explains, "Who?" Despite the support for him back on campus, Brideinborf says that he does not mind the expulsion/deportation because "I didn't get in a frat, so I'm about as involved in Vanderbilt life over here as I was back there."

"We get these cases every now and again where we accidentally picked a kid from one of those foreign countries that aren't ethnic. It's a problem, but one we feel we can control. But just think, we could have had a nice boy from Tennessee or Texas instead, and it wouldn't have affected our diversity stats at all! Oh well," reports a contemplative Abernathy. ■

Monkeys Escape Basement of Wilson Hall, Take Over Peabody College

By MEREDITH GRAY

Earlier this week, all but two of the monkeys housed in the basement of the Psychology Department in Wilson Hall escaped and took over the Peabody campus in an apparently well-planned, strategic attack. According to a Psychology grad student who wishes to remain anonymous, he was removing Mr. Sparkles from his cage at approximately 8:43 a.m. and was overtaken by the chimp while attempting to attach electrodes to Mr. Sparkles' skull. "Mr. Sparkles just didn't seem like himself that day," said the grad student. "I turned my back for a moment to get the electrical paste, and there he went, off with my keys, unlocking all of the cages. After that they were out the door and heading up 21st Avenue."

The monkeys surrounded the MRL building (the one with "retard" in the name) and flung feces and made loud hooting noises until the faculty and students of Peabody relinquished the campus. "It was horrible," said Peabody junior Traci Bickersworth. "The dry cleaner said that it will be impossible to get the monkey poo off of my Kate Spade messenger bag."

For the first few days of the hostile takeover, monkeys were seen hanging from the new bridge between Peabody and the medical center, throwing children's books pillaged from the Peabody library at many a Land Rover passing underneath. Senior Adam Hanover has vowed to "kick their monkey asses" for breaking his windshield with Curious George Goes to the Circus, while Peabody sophomore Katie Lee has made

a public plea for the monkeys to stop destroying the books. "Please, monkeys, stop destroying the books. For the love of all that is decent, where are Peabody students, and occasionally the very young child of a professor, going to find great literature to read?" Regarding the fate of the Peabody campus, Blair students are laughing their asses off. Engineering students kept working.

Peabody students have made at least one attempt at retaliation against the monkey intruders. HOD majors gathered together to form a plan, but instead decided to make tower-like structures out of gumdrops and toothpicks to test their teamwork skills. This attempt was foiled by the monkeys, who grabbed their towers, ate the gumdrops and spit toothpicks back at students.

Since taking over Peabody in the biggest coup Vanderbilt has ever seen, the monkeys have allowed classes to reconvene and business to go about nearly as usual, stressing that they want to put "education first." When asked for a reason for storming Peabody, Bingo the chimp signed, through an interpreter,

"What the hell do you think? I have like, a 4.0 GPA now." Meanwhile, one monkey who has declared a major in HOD has been offered a six figure salary with Goldman Sachs upon graduation.

As for the two monkeys who chose not to leave the confines of Wilson for the rich, green expanse of Magnolia Lawn, one has been reported to masturbate non-stop, while the other chain smokes and listens to old Hank Williams records. According to the smoking monkey, named General Lee, the masturbating monkey just "ain't never been right."

The Peabody monkeys have promised that there will be no more bloodshed or poo slinging, and that after a while students probably won't even realize that their fellow classmates are monkeys. In fact, many teaching assistants applaud the change, citing the monkeys' class attendance, study skills and unusually insightful comments in class. When reached for comment on the Peabody monkey crisis, Chancellor Gee warned students to "Stay away from those damn, dirty apes." ■



Wilson Hall

Staff Photo

Experiments With Perfect VU Race Gone Awry

Attempts to create hybrid Engineering/Peabody students have unexpected results

By STEPHANIE SCHACHT

The beginning of the school year has left students feeling the effects of Vanderbilt's summer experimentation, from Extreme Dining to huge holes in the ground that make Stevenson barely navigable. However, most disturbing and clandestine was the release of an 18-year genetics study by Vanderbilt scientists operating under Wilson Hall. No, it had nothing directly to do with monkeys, but its consequences were strangely similar. In fact, these scientists were attempting to create the perfect Vanderbilt race. No, not Aryans, but a strange hybrid of Engineering and Peabody students.

As many in the Vanderbilt community may know, Peabody College merged with Vanderbilt University in 1979 to become a school of education and human development. Five years later, the University saw the potential for a sexual merging between this new School of Education and Human Development and the School of Engineering at Vanderbilt. Scientists hoped to combine beneficial character traits of each school's typical student: the sensitivity, love of teaching, and people skills of

Peabody students with the analytical knowledge, scientific rigor, and research skills of Engineering students.

But, from the start, some asked, "who are we kidding?" Even in the beginning, the experiments were stunted by sexual problems and intellectual property rights. Confused by the logistics of sex, Peabody students had thought talking about their feelings and complimenting the other person was for a grade; engineers had thought they could shoot some fluids into a beaker, wait awhile to see the results, and complain all the while, "why does it have to be so hard?" However, like most college students at that time, neither group had contemplated the results of their casual sexual behavior.

At first, Gordon Gee was excited for the release of the twelve students. He said, "This will really help with problems of grade inflation and deflation differences among the schools. Plus, twelve is the perfect number: we Mormons can join the enlightened priesthood at that age, plus both "Martha Ingram" and "Senator Frist" have 12 letters in their names. That will be good for fundraising. Oh, and can we say they are Jewish? That would be good for diversity."

The experiment, however, failed. Now the alumni and scientists involved in the breeding experiment must face the embarrassing results of that union, one to which no walk of shame from Olin to Hobbs can compare. These are not kids whose report cards are going on the family fridge.

Scientist Stanley Daly remarked, "Our

excitement got the best of us. We failed to anticipate the negative effects of this cross-college breeding. Why did we expect the perfect race while failing to realize that neither Peabody nor Engineering students can read or write? Honestly, I hope you edit this quote because I don't even know grammar myself. I just like science stuff."

"At first, Gordon Gee was excited for the release of the twelve students. He said, 'This will really help with problems of grade inflation and deflation differences among the schools. Plus, twelve is the perfect number: we Mormons can join the enlightened priesthood at that age...'"

HOD alumni Sarah Anne Breckinridge stated, "I can't even find my kid on the Myers Briggs' Test, and her inability to share her feelings in our family round tables is embarrassing."

Far too out-of-touch with his/her feelings, the average cross-breed, commonly classified as either a Peabrain or Featherhead depending on the gender, enjoys making posters but never sees the light of day, lives on a diet of alcohol but works at

the library and camps at the BioMed, and is generally confused about how they got accepted to Vanderbilt. Their ability to organize students became disorderly after a few years, although a certain harmonic rhythm was achieved among the 12 as they chant in streams of 1's and 0's.

The only members of the Vanderbilt community that seem to be pleased with the news are students of the College of Arts and Science. Senior Chip McElroy commented, "Actually, the girls are pretty hot. I mean, they may be kind of DUH (Developmentally-challenged Unorganized Humans) who Jacobs doesn't believe in anymore, but that's cool with me. Plus, all the girls smell like cigarettes and shisha, which is kind of sexy."

In general, of A&S students polled, 1/4 were undecided, 1/4 were glad to have engineers eliminated from the med school application process, 1/4 wondered if they could still transfer to HOD if they failed out of A&S, and 1/4 were too self-absorbed or drunk to notice.

Although this is certainly not the only time Vanderbilt officials have tried to play God, they are nevertheless reluctant to issue final comments on the future of the Peabrain and Featherhead breed. They have, however, made some tentative suggestions of economic benefit to the university: After driver's and sex education courses, officials hope they will be able to use the new students to operate Safe Trips. The most developmentally-challenged will be used to test extreme dining menus. ■

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Road to Hell Paved With Good Intentions

Spiritual construction industry in turmoil

By BEN STARK

In a rare joint press conference today, God, Satan, and all of their angels admitted that the road to Hell was paved with good intentions, leaving spiritual construction workers at a loss as to what to do with all the bad intentions.

"It's a serious misallocation of motivational concrete," said God's spokesperson, the angel Gabriel. "I really don't know how we could have made such a colossal oversight."

Others weren't so surprised. "I noticed early on in the construction that they were using good intentions," said Satan. "I nearly tripped over somebody's desire to help. I was going to tell someone, but then I figured 'What the Hell?' I'm too busy to care. I've already got wars to continue, despair to cause, and Boy Bands to train, damn it!"

The gaffe has led to increasingly

urgent questions about what to do with the plentiful supply of bad intentions. "Bad intentions really would've

"I suggested they use bad intentions. That would be deliciously ironic. But judging by the lightning bolt that nearly blew me to smithereens, I'd say God didn't like the idea."

been easier to use because there's so many of them," said Legion, Satan's Vice President in Charge of Hatred. "Now we've got warehouses overflowing with them and more coming every day! I really wish I could hurt the guy

who made the switch. DAMMIT, that's another one!"

God, in his Universal Executive capacity, has issued a blanket pardon for whoever it was that made the paving mistake. "Yeah, He's really into this forgiveness thing," said Gabriel. "That's just the way he works. It's kind of mysterious."

Construction was about to be under way for a similar road to Heaven, but the remaining supply of good intentions seem inadequate. "IT'S A LONG FREAKING WAY UP THERE! There just aren't enough good intentions to finish the construction," said Legion. "I suggested they use bad intentions. That would be deliciously ironic. But judging by the lightning bolt that nearly blew me to smithereens, I'd say God didn't like the idea."

Gabriel, however, dismissed all such concerns. "We've got a back-up construction plan. A simple wooden cross bridges the gap quite nicely."

No word yet on how this will affect the lumber industry. ■

Freshman Way Too Proud Of Having Girlfriend At Vanderbilt

By DAVID BARZELAY

Until very recently, freshman Greg Champoux had never had a girlfriend. However, upon arriving to college, he found that the friendly, mature atmosphere made it possible for him to form a romantic relationship with a female. Ever since then, sources say, Greg has been "way too proud of the fact he has a girlfriend."

In addition to going to dinner plan together, Greg and his girlfriend Susan Miller spend an average of an hour together each day. They spend this time discussing classes, doing homework, and occasionally making out. Citing these reasons, Greg has been heard around campus bragging about his Playa Prestige.

Greg's friend Brian commented on the situation, saying, "I met him during VUcept activities, and I thought he was pretty cool. Now, I talk to him for [like] 30 seconds and he mentions Susan five

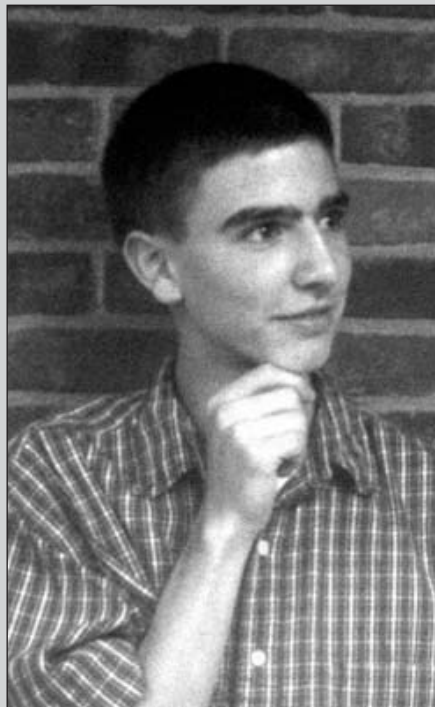
times while talking about what great game he has. It's just silly."

Hallmate Mike Berman agrees, saying, "It's like Greg has no clear identity, and so he seeks validation by association with another. As if the fact that someone else finds value in him means everyone else should, too."

Even Greg's mother is getting tired of hearing about his girlfriend. "At first, I was happy for him," said Mrs. Champoux. "Mr. Champoux and I were relieved that he wasn't gay. But now, every time I talk to him, I'm like "So, Greg, how are classes?" and he's like, "blah blah blah, I can't wait till you meet Susan, blah blah blah, She's so cool..." I love my Gregory, but come on.

Sources say Greg's irrational pride is not limited to his having a girlfriend. He also is, according to some, "way too proud of his sense of humor."

Greg's girlfriend could not be reached for comment. ■



Pure Playa Greg Champoux.

Staff Photo

VUPD
Reminds
You To
Check
Your
Testicles
For
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Top Ten Methods For Surviving Poverty At Vanderbilt

Have you seen them? They dash down the hall with their plastic Wal-Mart shower baskets, duck into the bathroom, and emerge smelling disturbingly unlike Aveda. They huddle in their rooms choking down dry Ramen instead of buying snacks at their local Munchi-Mart...

Yes, friends, a few charity cases do exist among us. And while the administration takes excruciating pains to disguise which of us can't afford the \$87,234,746,234.93 it costs to go here, let's be honest, friends: we can spot a scholarship kid by all four stripes on his Adidas. As people who have never come into physical contact or within hollering distance with a blue-collar worker, it is our solemn duty to assist the poor in looking less poor.

Although myself not one of the unfortunate lesser classes, I can almost imagine what it might feel like to sleep on 299 thread-count sheets, and therefore am qualified—and charitable enough—to provide all both of the incoming freshmen who never took riding lessons with a list of ten tips for surviving life at Vandy, and more importantly, fitting in among us beautiful people.

10. Instead of buying a flashlight, learn to study by the light of your roommate's mini-fridge.

9. Learn how to warm yourself with a cigarette ("Light cigarette. Try to smoke. Cough and gag. Throw away cigarette. Go get damn blanket.")

8. Dryer-diving 101—your path to brand-name paradise.

7. At dinner, at least wait until you have shouted, "Look at her cheap imitation Prada handbag!" and your hallmates have turned to stare before you load up your Tupperware with nacho fixins.

6. When mentioning your parents, call them "Mother" and "Daddy." Never Mee Maw and Uncle Billy.

5. Never, ever, under any circumstances, speak to the "help." In fact, your social status drops about ten levels if you even make eye contact with them.

4. You might want to invest in one of those polo shirts with the little alligator on them. While not completely certain that they signify lofty economic standing, I do know that they sure are darn spiffy.

3. Don't let anyone see you pulling the fliers off the bulletin boards to make the paper mache nativity scenes that you sell as your primary source of income.

2. Always walk around reading The Slant. It makes you look cool, and chicks dig it when you don't look where you're going and slam into stationary objects.

1. And number one, please, oh please, close your mouths and stop drooling when we walk by with our Kate Spade bags. ■

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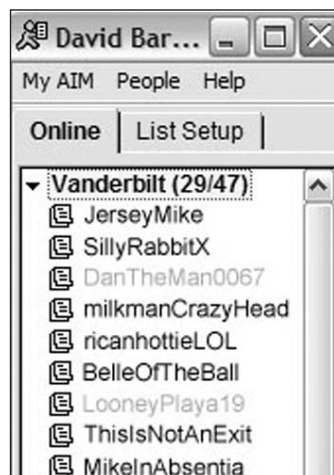
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AIM User Drops Buddy Off List Due To Existential Away Messages

Philosophical Awareness Of The Self Really Doesn't Have Anything To Do With The Fact That You Had To Go Take A Shit

By EVAN ALSTON

At last count, over 100 million people worldwide use America Online's "instant messaging" program. And, according to new estimates, the ubiquitous software has even found its niche in the corporate world, a new 'market' that is expected to triple in size over the next few years. What does this mean for the long-time AIM (AOL Instant Messenger) user? Annoyance. Plain and simple.



A Buddy List

With the ever-widening girth of instantaneous conversations and the 'buddies' that type them, come the users who have to personalize everything and make their pale attempt at originality; and what's immeasurably worse,

force you to endure it. What the hell am I talking about? Well, I'll give you a common example: away messages.

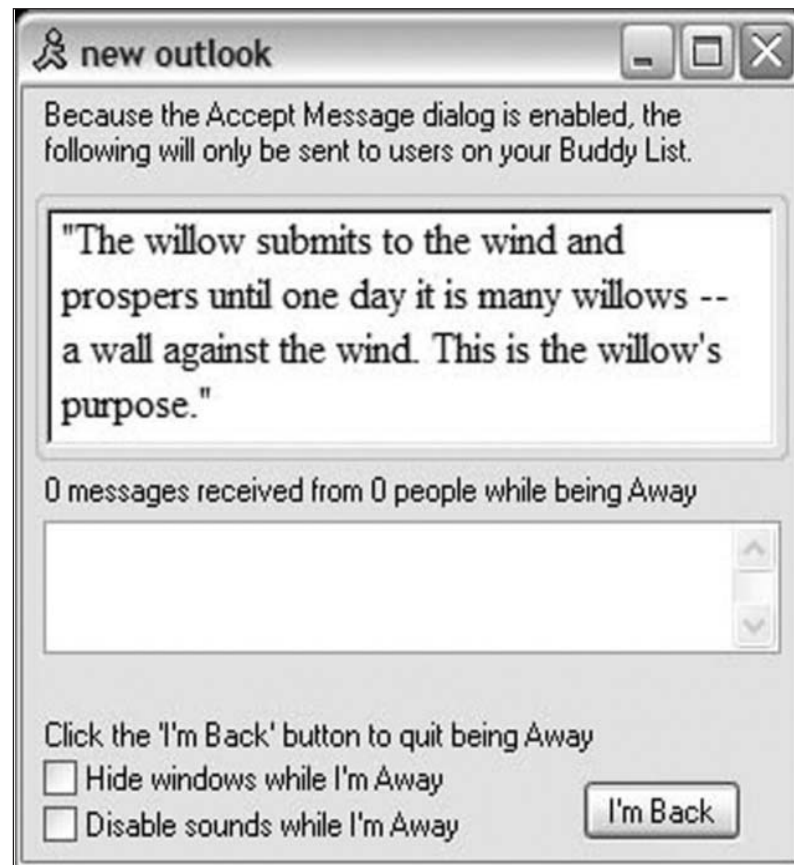
The responsible, conscientious AIM user lets his 'buddies' know that he is unavailable with a little device the AOL people affectionately refer to as the away message. Another thing worth mentioning about these particular users is that they not only leave courteous away messages, they also keep them concise and coherent. Now this may not seem like an important accomplishment at first glance, but rest assured, these people are at the pinnacle of our society.

Necessarily, as you might have guessed, there is another side to our social assemblage. These 'people' deface the innocent away message with their misguided efforts at self-expression. Now don't misunderstand me, there's certainly nothing wrong with self-expression, but they must understand, the away message is not the medium. Zanzibastard53 doesn't give a rat's ass that you found a deeper connection with the self via a holistic approach to oneness. Philo-

sophical awareness of the self really doesn't have anything to do with the fact that you're out eating a burrito.

And another thing, there's a reason people print literary magazines: so we won't have to read your crappy ass poetry anywhere else. There's a certain level of invasion sensed when you accidentally read someone's poetry; you've not only wasted your time, but you've inadvertently understood the connection between their sexual tension and a basket of sun-ripened blueberries. That's just wrong.

So people need to remember that away messages are a simple method of informing others that you can't talk. That's all. No updates on your quest for inner peace or the latest metaphor for your withdrawal are necessary. If you insist on doing any of these things, be forewarned, I'm dropping you off my buddy list. Yeah, you heard me.... I guess what I'm trying to say is, just admit it, you had to go take a shit. ■



An absurd example of an away message

Interview With Lucky The Leprechaun

The famed spokeslittleperson on life, love, and his recent decision to quit his position with Lucky Charms

By DAVE BILLER

Lucky the Leprechaun, famed spokeslittleperson for General Mills' cereal Lucky Charms, announced today that he will be resigning from his job in the Battle Creek, MI cereal company effective as of the end of this week. In a surprising turn of events, he decided to grant The Slant his exclusive one-time interview.

Slant: "So, Lucky, what prompted this seemingly unprovoked decision?"

Lucky: "I've just had it... It's just too much. I'm degrading myself every day I come to work, 'Ooh kids, come find me lucky charms, I'm the leprechaun stereotype, look at me and point and laugh! Let me hide a pot o' gold from you wee kids!' It's awful. Oh, and even if we wanted to hide a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow, which we don't, it would be a pot that was small enough for us to carry, so

it'd probably only have like 20 bucks worth of gold in it. How can anyone think we're really cheap enough to hide 20 bucks from the masses like a dog hiding an old bone? I've got like at least 25 in the left pocket of my green pantsuit right now."

Slant: "But what are your plans for the future, if not remaining a spokeslittleperson for a cereal?"

Lucky: "I don't think most people realize that most leprechauns don't do this for a living.... (Lucky looked wistful, for a moment and then continued), At one point not so long ago I had dreams of becoming a practicing attorney in Tallahassee, with future aspirations of a judiciary position. And me uncle is an Operations Manager at Microsoft! (He paused) I wish I had his determination. It's just so easy to take this way out, y'know? Just play to the stereotype, make a quick buck....

(Lucky looked down dejectedly) "And it's not like we're even selling quality charms anymore. What did we start with? Moon, Diamond, Star, Clover, Horseshoe- some pretty basic charms. Then what comes along?! A pot o' gold, a freakin' rainbow, a goddam hot air balloon!

What the hell is lucky about a hot air balloon?!"

Slant: "I just don't know. So this action is in no way related to cereal companies' collective refusal to adopt an affirmative action policy?"

Lucky: "You're goddam right it is! Do you know how hard it is to meet a fine lady in this biz- and much less a leprechaun!? It's next to impossible! They just don't hire female cereal cartoon characters anymore. The closest thing I've had to a lay since I got here was with that feminine rice krispie dwarf, Crackle. I was young, and experimenting with my sexuality.... Oh, and there was also this one time with the Keebler elf, but I was hammered and he took advantage of me, I swear."

The prominent cereal representative also mentioned that he had left his cell phone number with the Alfabits girl, but that she hadn't called him back yet. "Or, or, she probably just called me while my cell-piece was off, yea..." He continued by saying that if he hooks that up he will be doing a lot of what he calls, "the pencil dive." ■

Astronomer Amuses Self By Identifying Lewd Constellations

By EVAN ALSTON

Astronomer and self-proclaimed “nebula freak” Jeremy Glibbs admitted to his assistant last Thursday that he had, in fact, been making lewd constellations for his own amusement while watching for meteor showers.

“I probably shouldn’t have documented my findings, but I thought Stacy- that’s what I named her- was worth recording,” states a somewhat embarrassed Glibbs. “It’s just that I hadn’t seen a shooting star in over three hours, so it seemed like the shower was dying down. What was the harm in mapping out the body of a naked woman in the night sky? It’s not like I gave her pubic hair....”

“Yeah, that’s pretty nasty,” says his

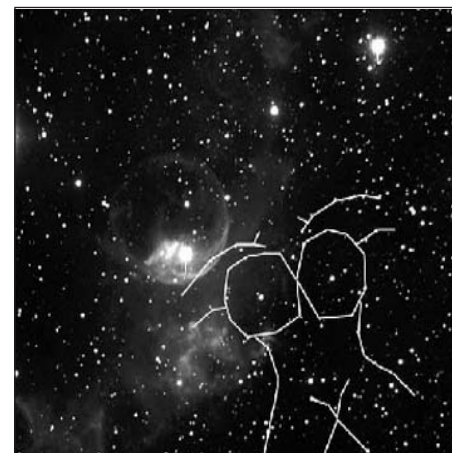
assistant, Debby Lewis, who is considering a transfer to another observatory. “I try to ignore his constant dirty jokes and foul innuendos, but this time he’s gone too far; he’s tarnished something beautiful and majestic.”

“She’s leaving?? Dammit. Well now who am I going to get to shine my huge appliance? You gotta admit, that was a pretty good one.... Debby?” [Lewis confirms her resignation from observatory floor].

Glibbs transferred to the observatory himself last August, citing the lack of “ass” at the San Paolo Observatory where he worked for just six months as Head Observer, though he insists that we quote him as saying, “Just to let you

know, I never observed any heads I wasn’t supposed to.”

“It’s not that I have no respect for the cosmos. Quite the opposite is true. I’ve always had the deepest respect and admiration for the splendor and awe-inspiring scope of the universe. And, so much is constantly happening out there; the sheer number of stellar phenomena you can run across in a single day is astounding. But some things even I won’t touch. It’s just too easy,” asserts Glibbs. ■



Stacy

A Female Plea to MLB

By BETH STEEDLEY

What’s it been now, Bud? Four years? Four years since that fateful day when you became commissioner, and our lives intertwined in a sort of pseudo-arranged marriage? Four years since you led me on with promises that were destined to become lies? Four long years filled with deceit, pain, and, synonymously baseball?

Our relationship has never been what I expected it to be. All my visions of complete and utter happiness with you were washed down the drain like steroids in a locker room when the coach comes in unexpectedly. But it wasn’t always like that. In our courtship, you were better to me than any man I’d known before. It was never dried-out flowers and tried-out candy with you, Bud. I remember that time in 1994 when you oversaw the MLB strike that cancelled the World Series because you said you loved me. I remember how you delayed the ’95 season until April just because I asked. Those were the good times, and although I knew they couldn’t last forever, I had hoped they would.

I think this year is what finally put it all into perspective for me. The year when I realized no good would come of our union. I’d seen the signs all along. I’d seen how you and your buddies from the NFL and NBA would purposefully go out of your way to interrupt my soaps with your games. Those times you’d interrupt Friends and Frasier with bulletins that your PGA and US Open compatriots concocted just to annoy me. And worse than even these huge offenses were the innumerable times you allowed the stupid World Series to come between David Letterman and me. You lacked compassion. You lacked integri-

ty. In truth, Bud, you ignored all that was televisionally important to me. Nothing stood in your way, not even Nikki and Victor’s third wedding on Y&R.

And on top of all this inconsideracy, you always sided with the kids over me. Take the times College Basketball asked you to let his games appear for a whole week during sweeps. You said “yes” even after I’d put my foot down. Then, when the twins, College Baseball and College Softball, asked you to devote entire channels every day to their game coverage, you didn’t even consult me before giving the go-ahead. I understand that College Football is different, because even I have a soft spot for him, but I still wanted there to be a parental connection and complicity between us. Some people could say it’s unfair for me to blame you for them, and maybe they’re right. Maybe it’s just easier to blame you.

It wasn’t until this deal came up about the strike at the end of August that I saw our life together was futile. The media speciously predicted the realization of my dreams and the validity of your promises that the season wouldn’t go ahead. They offered me false hopes with cleverly crafted lies about players’ wages and complex union issues. I’d sit on the couch and pray and fantasize about our life together after baseball. I’d slip notes of love and encouragement into your lunchbox, but I guess deep down I knew it would never come to fruition. When that last day of August finally came and nothing happened, I wept the entire night. You disappointed me, Bud. You led me on; you toyed with my emotions. And for that, I cannot forgive you. My lawyer will be in touch. ■

Transformers: Weapons In Disguise

By DAVE BILLER

Now before I begin, let me just say that I am almost completely behind the FAA’s increased regulations on what one cannot bring upon a plane. However, on a recent flight back to N-town I noticed something on the list of prohibited items that surprised me. At the base of the list that included such banned materials as “weapons”, “mace/pepper spray”, “box cutters/knives”, “firearm replicas”, there was another item that, well, just didn’t belong: “Toy Transformer Robots”. And beneath that in parentheses was written, (Forms toy gun).

Ok, now I’m sorry but there’s no goddamn way a freakin’ Transformer can conceivably be considered a danger to air-

crafts. Was there some event that prompted the addition of this item to the list? Did some lunatic somehow successfully hijack a plane with his Transformer?

I doubt it. The reason I doubt it is that I can’t imagine a situation in which this master scheme would go off without at least one hitch. In fact, all that I can possibly foresee is an awkward situation that’s just plain humiliating for the would-be hijacker. “Sir, I don’t mean to rain on your parade but your gun is, well, made of red, blue, and silver plastic... Sir, it’s clearly not a real gun - I mean, the butt of your gun is Megatron’s torso for godssake... Ow, sir, please, ah, I would appreciate it if you, ow, didn’t aim Optimus Prime’s plastic missiles in the direction of my larynx... Sir, ow, please, it’s just plain annoying.... Dear God, everybody down! He’s going for the Thundercats action figures!”

But maybe it’s better than the ban of nail clippers. How does that diabolical plot work? “Alright, everybody fuckin’ freeze or else I’ll clip your nails so short that, in time, you may develop an infected cuticle!”

In short, there’s a vast difference between being cautious and being ludicrously over-paranoid. I do, however, appreciate them checking the inside of my shoes to ensure that I have proper arch support. Oh, and the cavity searches. The wonderful, wonderful, intrusive, arousing, cavity searches. ■

Olsen Twins



Countdown to 18:
639 days

Congress Honors Itself for Honoring 9-11 Victims

By ROBERT SAUNDERS

Both houses of Congress overwhelmingly passed resolutions yesterday congratulating themselves for how they honored the victims of the September 11 terrorist attacks. "I have to commend my colleagues in the Senate for reading the speeches we wrote for them with great passion and only a minimum of stuttering," said Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle (D-SD).

"Nobody cries on cue better than Dick Arney," said Speaker of the House Dennis Hastert (R-IL). The Senate resolution passed 98-0, while the House resolution passed 412-3.

Said Sen. Phil Gramm about the degree of bipartisan support: "We may disagree on the issues. But, when there are emotions to be played upon and cameras are rolling, we have shown the ability to come together as a Congress and milk the opportunity for all it's worth." ■

■ THE SLANT'S FUCKED IMAGE



Some like 'em young...



McGill's

1,348.7th annual party for freshmen!

Robbing the Cradle

Saturday, September 21

9:00 at
McGill Hall

DISCLAIMER: the party is called "Robbing the Cradle" because Freshmen are younger than the people in McGill. It does not mean that we will hit on you if you come. Though feel free to hit on us.

Bastard Confession

On Tuesday, September 3, 2002, my roommate, our friend Foster, and I went to the Outback Steakhouse for some good food and good times. Upon being seated, our waitress came up to take our orders. Normal evening, right? Way off...

The waitress did not simply ask for our drink orders. She sat down next to me, got out her pad, and asked for our drink orders. Seeing the awkwardness of her actions, my roommate suggests that when she comes back to take our food orders, I put my arm around her. Being a complete ass, I agree.

The waitress, probably a completely sweet person, comes back to take our food orders and, once again, sits next to me while doing it. Although I am an admitted ass, I was still a little leery of doing it, so I did the yawn move as she was leaving to avoid getting slapped, yet preserve my manhood amongst my friends.

This, of course, was not nearly good enough for my roommate, or Foster, so they basically give me shit through the meal. When our check comes, my roommate writes my phone number on it, with "call me" and a little heart with the name "Mike" in it.

Hopefully, I never receive this call, but if she does call, I will answer as Mike and there will definitely be another bastard confession.

I'll keep you posted.

THE SLANT'S TOP TEN LIST

Requests For Football

After getting off to yet another slow start this year, the Vanderbilt football team compiled a list of things they would like for the rest of the season to help improve their performance.

10. Nerf tackling dummies
9. On-Star system installed in helmets, programmed with directions to other team's end zone
8. Football player-proof elevators
7. Less gay mascot, nickname
6. Count points scored to credit hours for graduation
5. Bedtime stories about the little football team that triumphs over the corrupt teams in the Big Boy Football Conference
4. Cheerleaders who don't look so lumpy in spandex
3. Weed
2. Someone to deal with mah babyzomma
1. Transfer to a real football school, like MTSU

OBITUARY

SLANT MAN IS DEAD!

The Slant's beloved Slant Man died yesterday from massive blood loss caused by a paper cut. He was taken to the Vanderbilt University Medical Center where he was pronounced dead. The cut was apparently received in the company of Susan Conters, a 20-year-old woman who asked not to be named.

When questioned she said, "We were having the best sex of my life before it happened. I asked him to do something really dirty to me, and he asked if I wanted to be spanked. When I told him I didn't think that was dirty enough he then said he was going to use a Hustler newspaper. Well that is just nasty and I couldn't resist."



Unfortunately, the cheap quality of the newspaper caused it to tear, slicing Slant Man's little pinky. When repeated attempts by the two to stop the bleeding failed, Slant Man is claimed to have said, "Fuck this, it's just a paper cut. It's not like I'm going to bleed to death from this little thing."

He collapsed shortly thereafter.

It is not known yet if legal action is going to be taken against the hustler.

However, Slant Editor-in-Chief David Barzelay commented, "This incident just makes you wonder how many more people will be hurt by Hustler spankings before someone finally puts a stop to it."

Memorial services will be scheduled at a later date. A moment of silence will be held tomorrow at noon. The Slant asks everyone to turn on a porn movie and drink a glass of your favorite liquor during the moment.

"That's the way Slant Man would have wanted it," said Barzelay.

Slant Man is survived in memory by the reputed 142 women he slept with during the course of his life, and possibly by several illegitimate children. Perhaps now we'll never know for sure.

-In lieu of flowers send money to The Slant