



Vanderbilt's Largest Purveyor Of Sexual Deviation-Related Humor - Since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

ADMISSIONS

5 Vanderbilt Finally Admits Some Rich Caucasians

TROUBLE AT TEX-MEX

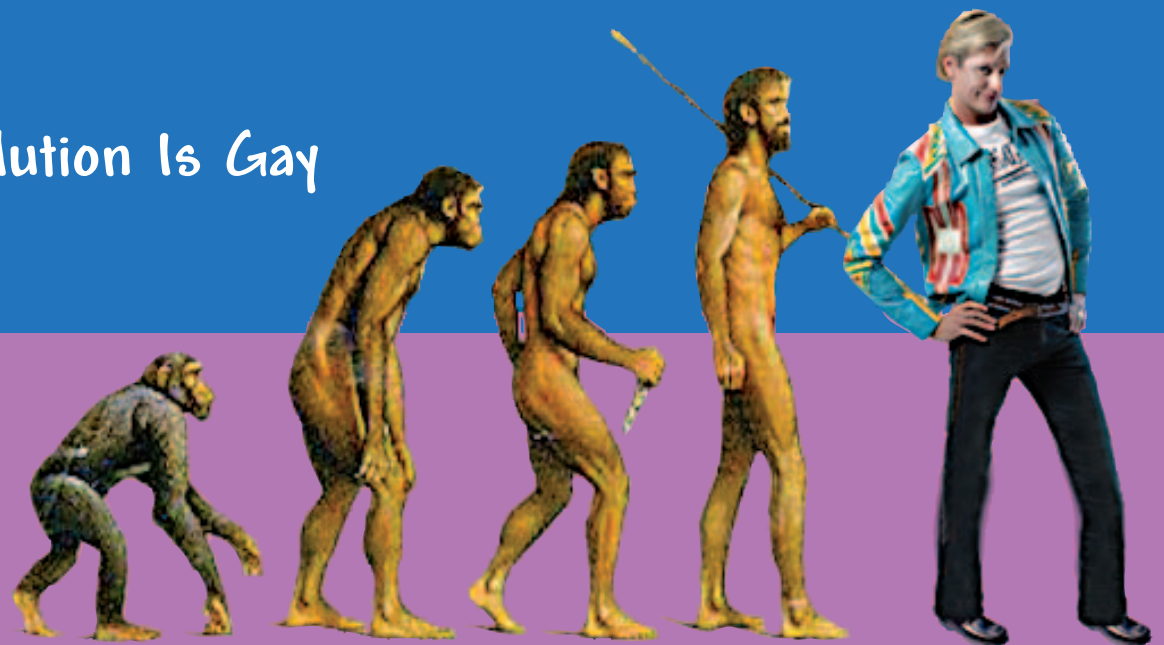
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OPINION

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Evolution Is Gay





Schwarzenegger Contemplates Succeeding Pope

Though California recall gubernatorial candidate Arnold Schwarzenegger is performing well in the polls, he announced yesterday that if he does not become governor, he will contemplate succeeding John Paul II as Pope. "If I cannot be the Governor of California, then I will become the Pontificator," said Schwarzenegger in a CNN interview.

Publisher's Clearinghouse Winner Trips Over Giant Check, Sues for More Giant Checks

Beverly Richardson, Publisher's Clearinghouse prize winner tripped over the over-sized check handed to her on Monday by officials, breaking her right arm and collarbone. "Them big checks are a liability," said Richardson, who was treated for her injuries at a local hospital. "I'll be suing them for some extra big checks alright." When reached for comment, Publisher's Clearinghouse spokesman Ed McMahon laughed maniacally, the sounds of hammering and sawing audible in the background. "She'll be getting an extra big check alright," he said. "She won't know what hit her."



Bible Thumping Reduced To Misdemeanor In Tennessee

Following a spate of appeals regarding heavy sentences for bludgeoning people bibles, the state legislature announced today that blunt-force bible crimes have been reduced to a misdemeanor charge. In a statement, the state said "We hope that this will alleviate the number of people crowding the state prisons for crimes that were misunderstood for their good-intentions." Bible-thumpers across Tennessee are elated with the news, no longer in fear of being prosecuted for their work. "Praise the lord," said local woman Christine Stimpson. "God bless Tennessee, giving me the freedom to smack people upside the head with my bible for their own good."

Shoes, Shirts Now Required At Phi-Delt Parties

Following a recent outbreak of ringworm, predominantly Southern fraternity Phi Delta Theta voted last week to pass a house ordinance requiring all partygoers to wear shoes and shirts or else be refused admittance. Brothers say the house was sharply divided on the issue. "Now them less fortunate kids what go 'round barefoot won't have no place at our party," lamented brother Jud Bralston. Others praised the decision, reminding each other that "the house has a tradition of admitting Southern aristocracy, not just any old Cletus or Jethro."

Constitution Amended To Include Writ Of Not Sleeping With Friend's Younger Sister Clause

The Brothers Against Deflowering My Little Sister lobbied successfully in a landmark case to have an Amendment added to the Constitution that prohibits any citizen's friends from having sex with that citizen's little sister. "At last," said Bokolas, "We will no longer live in fear of our sisters being nailed." Brothers across the nation celebrated the amendment, while sexually unsatiated little sisters raced to stores and bought Hello Kitty vibrators.



Dyslexic Sitarist Mistakenly Joins Slant Staff

A dyslexic freshman mistakenly wandered into *The Slant's* staff meeting last week. Svi Gupta, 18, who plays the sitar, signed up for *The Slant* during Activity Day. "I thought it was a large orchestra group focusing on the sitar," said Gupta. "I guess I should have paid more attention." *The Slant's* editors promised not to mock Gupta or his condition.



Mary-Kate

248

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

Ashley



Student Unwittingly Achieves Cold Fusion In Keg Fridge



Student Brian Andrews unwittingly achieved cold fusion Monday with the aid of his newly purchased keg fridge, or as it is more popularly known, "the kegerator." Scientists around the world have puzzled over the how to achieve nuclear fusion without the aid of 100 million degree plasma. "I'm not sure how CO₂, refrigeration, and Miller Light could cause this," said Prof. Richard Wisencranz, Vanderbilt nuclear physicist. "It makes absolutely no sense." Andrews, though he does not understand the reaction or the concept of cold fusion, plans to keep the kegerator for life. "And to think my parents were mad that I spent the money on this instead of Physics books. Who's angry now?"

Rush Limbaugh To Join *Hustler* Staff

After resigning from his position as a sports commentator on ESPN, conservative radio personality Rush Limbaugh has signed on to become a regular opinion and sports columnist at the *Vanderbilt Hustler*. Limbaugh is reportedly delighted with his new position. "I love it here - I get to write about my two favorite things - judging and condemning people and complaining about sports. I can't wait to get started on the blacks and homosexuals! Plus the crosswords are great!"



C-Murder, murderer.

IRONY IN THE NEWS



C-Murder Convicted Of Murder

Rapper C-Murder, a relative of another famed rapper, Master-P, was recently convicted of murder and given a life sentence in prison. C-Murder has accused the judge, jury and media of unfair assumptions, and calls the conviction "dramatic irony." C-Murder's mother, Gloria Murder says that her son has been wrongly convicted owing to widespread prejudice. "I'll tell you why the police and the jury would think that C-Murder murdered someone," said Mrs. Murder. "One reason only - because he's black."

10.8.2003 CONTENTS



MASTHEAD



Encouraging Perversion Since 1886

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POLICIES

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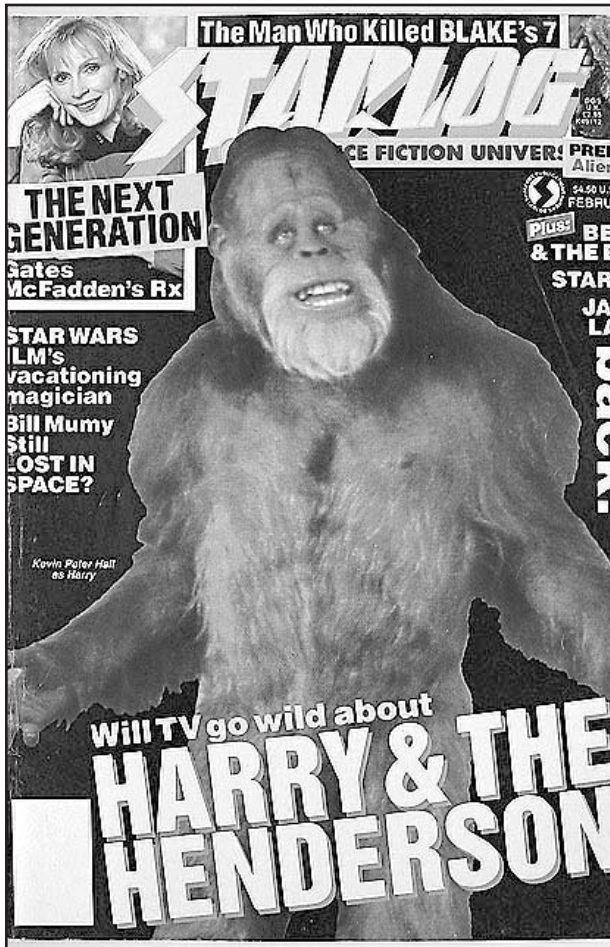
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Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.



The Sasquatch's Finest Theatrical Performance

NEWS

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Corrections:

Last issue, we mistakenly reported that there were 264 days until Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen's 18th birthday. There were, in fact, only 262. We apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused.

Although correct at time of press, the gay man with braces did see the irony in forcing his teeth to be straight before the last issue hit news stands. Sorry, Jerry.

In our heartfelt apology to John Ritter affirming that we did like him, contrary to what we said in the previous issue, we lied. We do actually mildly dislike him, as previously reported.

FROM THE EDITOR



Lately, I've been in a rather difficult position. Not the inverted butterfly (that was *sooo* three weeks ago), but having to do with being responsible for what is said in this publication. It has been hard trying to decide what to do about Hinson-gate;

everyone has had a different opinion, from doing an all out sodomy extravaganza to quietly moving on and forgetting that it ever happened. It sounds like I'm looking the gift horse in the mouth; a writer has not only given us one offensive, poorly written article unsupported by facts, but (as of press time) three! In the words of Chancellor Gee, great googly moogly!

So what's a girl to do?

I've tried to keep the focus of the humor and satire fixed upon the views and rhetoric of Ms. Hinson's article, not her as a person. Thus, I put a halt on the cartoon depicting a certain *Hustler* columnist, shall we say, getting a delivery in the back door. I don't want to counter hate with hate. Of course, this also meant that some fine articles had to be cut ("Kristen Hinson - How I Love Thee," by Greg Champoux, etc.). Maybe some day when we issue our book, *Best Derisions of The Hustler* (\$39.95 - hardcover with full color pictures!), these things will see the light of day.

However, I have to let one serious personal opinion in, since, well, I can. I've heard many people who espouse hatred and prejudice say that they are only doing it to save people; they say they feel sorry for those who are going to hell because of the sinful choices they have made, or the people with whom they associate. In response, I would like to make my feelings clear: I'd rather spend an eternity in hell than discriminate and miss out on loving and sharing my life with certain people. Also, I have somewhat prehensile toes. That has to affirm evolution just a little.

That being said, enjoy the issue. I'll end with the concise and appropriate words of staff writer Diabetus, whom I think has summed up what the entire staff, and maybe the rest of the campus feels by now -

"All this talk about sodomy is a real pain in the ass." 🍌



Fucked Image



Cartoon by Jason Carpentier

GOOD NEWS FOR WHITEY DEPT.

Vanderbilt To Admit More Wealthy Caucasians

Landmark Decision to Shake Up Univeristy's Demographics

By Colin Dinsmore

Chancellor E. Gordon Gee announced a landmark decision, Tuesday regarding the admissions policy of Vanderbilt University. The college will now be heavily recruiting applications from wealthy Caucasians, a historically under-represented group at the institution.

"We have made a conscious decision to gain applications from, and hopefully admit, a large number of upper-class white students," explained a visibly excited Gee. "Our previous 'Mostly Minority' policy, while making Vanderbilt a very diverse place, also made Vanderbilt a very destitute place. The new plan is entitled 'Operation Donations' and will help us to usher Vanderbilt into an era of opulence and homogeneity."

Gee then went further, stating that rich whites previously had only one choice when looking towards higher education: The Ivy League. Vanderbilt, the Chancellor assured, is now committed to offering these neglected students a third option.

The University is pursuing a number of strategies in order to attract a strong first round of applicants. Those who mark "Caucasian" or "White non-Hispanic" on their application forms and whose FAFSA places them at or above a certain income level will have access to a number of newly created

perks. These include reserved parking spaces, special dining privileges, and the Vanderbilt Yachting Club.

One of the most visible efforts made by Vanderbilt has been the construction of the Donald Trump Center for Caucasian Life. This state of the art building houses numerous facilities meant to entice the potential white, moneyed applicant. One of the key features of this building is its café, the "Weary Wasp." This restaurant will

specialize in gourmet foods that historically have appealed to Caucasians such as veal, steak, and fine wines. The center is also home to a three-hole indoor golf course and a Protestant chapel.

In addition, the Office of Intercultural Affairs and Diversity Education has designated September through May, "White History Months." Intercultural Affairs Director Shiela Hodges, brainchild of the "White

History Months" program, explained her reasoning, "Since whites make up roughly three-fourths of America's population, it's only fair that they are celebrated three-fourths of the year." Hodges then added, "Besides, what's left to learn about Hispanics?"

These months will celebrate the white man's contributions to history and society, through informative seminars and rallies. Several seminars have been scheduled already, including, "The White Man's Burden and You," "Money Doesn't Buy Happiness and

Other Lies," and, "What's Mine is Mine and What's Yours is Mine: A White Man's Perspective."

Many in the administration have expressed concern as to whether the new demographic will fit in with Vanderbilt's heavily Greek social life. To address this issue, the University has plans to found an historically white fraternity. Kappa Kappa Kappa will be the first fraternity of its kind. The new "Tri-Kapps" will have many special features to encourage community building. For instance, a special uniform for the brothers is in the works. The final design has yet to be revealed, but it is rumored to be "simple and white." The new fraternity has also shown an interest in religion, having ordered a number of large, wooden crosses.

The admission policy change was applauded by many, including high school senior and Vanderbilt applicant John Percy Lutocrat. "Vanderbilt's decision to start accepting well-off applicants of the white persuasion strikes me as quite progressive. Too long have my people been relegated to second rate institutions such as Harvard and Princeton. Now we'll finally have a chance to really succeed in the world." Added Lutocrat, "Now, I just hope my grades and my family's millions of dollars will be enough to get me admitted."

One critic expressed concern the policy alteration could negatively impact Vanderbilt's future. "I just don't know," lamented freshman Jennifer Doyle, "Right now I'm one of the few rich white people here and I like it like that. Having so few people like me really opens my eyes to the wondrous diversity present in America. Besides, right now my friends just refer to me as 'that white girl' and it really makes me feel special. Without that, I might become just an average Vandygirl." 🍷



Newly admitted students.



New Policies and Strategies

- Full tuition scholarship packages for every student with "III" in name.
- More recruiting at boarding schools.
- Addition of "Lily White" to ethnicity question on applications.
- Tiny sweater for Yorkshire Terrier comes with acceptance letters.
- Substitute Cornish game hens for chicken in Rand.
- Full polo and golf scholarships.
- White Pride Parade on first day of school.
- Whites only drinking fountains.
- Pub to sell brandy on the card.

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HELP OUT A STRUGGLING STUDENT
HUMOR PAPER AND ADVERTISE



Vampire Terrorizes Children's Program

By ANDREW BANECKER

With a vicious string of fatal attacks on four children, seven puppets, and one puppeteer, it seems as if the once pure and innocent area known as Sesame Street has become a death trap. Children are afraid to walk the streets at night, residents are cowering in their homes, a dark cloud has descended on the once sunny days, and the sing-songy question on the minds of the once carefree citizens of Sesame Street is now, "Can you tell me how to get, how to get the hell away from here?"

The Sesame Street Police Department, made possible by a grant from the Chubb Group, has determined these crimes to be the work of one deranged man or puppet, citing fang marks on the lower left side of the necks of each victim, the crimes occurring at approximately the same time each night, and the cryptic notes left at the crime scene.

As of press time, the death toll stands at twelve. Four human children: Manuel, Latoya, Wang Chung, and Svetlana. Seven puppets: Oscar, Cookie Monster, Snuffaluffagus, and four extras who were never given names. One puppeteer, Steve Broughman, died from complications

due to severe fang wounds to the hand.

At a press conference yesterday held at the Police Station, the home bathtub of Bert and Ernie, Police Chief Ernie stated, "The police force is doing its best, but all I can tell you at the moment is that the crimes seem to be vampiric in nature and the work of one serial killer. The killer has been leaving notes at each crime scene reminding us of the body count. But the sick thing is, he seems to be enjoying it. The most recent note read, '12! Ha ha ha! 12 murders! The streets will run with the blood of the innocent, blah.' That and I think the sick bastard stole my rubber ducky!"

Lieutenant Bert then shouted, "The serial killer didn't steal your rubber ducky, you just lost it because your room is so messy. Would it kill you to clean your side of the room once in a while?!?! And we never go out dancing anymore!"

Although there is an actual vampire, The Count, who resides in the area, the police currently have no suspects. "The Count wouldn't hurt a fly," said Big Bird, "He would just count all the flies and laugh. He shows children that math can be fun, not violence."

Citizens of Sesame Street have mixed opinions on the whereabouts of the killer. Some believe him to be near,

whereas others believe he is far.

"Elmo doesn't love murder," emitted a visibly distressed, yet undeniably cute citizen of Sesame Street, adding, "That makes me a sad Elmo."

No one knows when the vicious spree of vampiric murders will end, but all agree on one fact; these killings have been brought to you by the letter E. E for evil. 🦇

Are Vampires A Problem For Children?

Telephone Poll

Yes 53%

No 44%

I don't know 12%

This data represents a random phone sampling Of 11 parents



Mariachi Band Threatens Restaurant Patron

Local band accosts man in bathroom and enacts revenge for not receiving tip

By **EVAN ALSTON**

After neglecting to tip the mariachi band that serenaded his date on Saturday night, Patrick Williams of Nashville was allegedly threatened bodily harm by los band members in the El Aljembres Restaurante bathroom.

Before the couple's waitress could pass the couple their menus, "Hombres Sin Sombreros" sidled up to the table and began playing uncomfortably close to the couple. "At first, I thought it was kind of cool, just part of the atmosphere, you know, but then the lead singer took her hand and kissed it. I was willing to pass that off as just one of those silly cultural things. You know those Mexicans," said Williams, adding, "But when he stood up and pushed his crotch within inches of her face... I don't know, I just don't remember that from Cultural Acceptance Day in elementary school."

According to Williams' date Becky, "it wasn't that bad at first, but when Patrick politely thanked them and asked them if we could be left alone, they completely ignored him and kept playing Men Without Hats' 'The Safety Dance.' That just wasn't necessary."

Reportedly, the mariachi band played nonstop until the couple received their food. At that point, Williams thanked the band once more, and asked if they could please just have a few minutes to themselves. Unfortunately, an ominous silence followed Williams's request.

The obviously disgusted band members, dragging their highly decorated instruments behind them, made their way to the bar. From there, the three supporting band members ordered their usual employee discount waters, while the silent leader continuously stared at the couple who had wronged him.

As one of the members of "Hombres Sin Sombreros" describes, their leader was a visibly broken man: "Yes, Enrique was very mad, very mad. He didn't even order his water con limon. He just watched them, cursing them with his stare."

It was in the men's bathroom is that Williams first realized his mistake. "I was just in my stall finishing up, and this Mexican guy walks in there with me. I was really freaked out, but that was nowhere near as weird as when the whole band had gotten in there with me."

"It was pretty damn cramped," Williams continued. "I didn't know what to do until the guy in front of me started talking. I think it was the band

leader, but I'm not sure because he was so close and I was having trouble focusing on him. He told me a story about back in his home country when he killed a man. I'm not sure what it had to do with me, but he certainly was intent on telling me."

Williams then apologized to the band members individually and offered them a tip when he realized what had angered them, but they refused his recompense. "He just put up his hand and said no, then he told me that every deely bob on his hat marked a man that he had killed-- which was impressive at first, but then I remembered seeing that same hat at a party superstore," said Williams.

The band members then proceed-

ed to file out the stall, though before the band leader left he threatened Williams never to set foot in Los Aljembres again. Added Williams, "Come to think of it, he didn't even look Mexican. His accent kept fading and that moustache of his kept falling off. What a weird restaurant."

William's date Becky was visibly shaken by the altercation, "I never expected anything like this to happen tonight, I couldn't have. When Patrick told me, I didn't know what to think. What did we do? Were the band members going to follow up on their threats? Why were they playing Men Without Hats cover songs? But most importantly, why didn't Patrick have a problem using the bathroom while five other guys in mariachi costumes were in the same stall?"

The band silently marched out of the restaurant, vowing never to set foot in the establishment again. However, they showed up for work the following Wednesday, clearly hungover and denying the infamous night's events as well as a small, unpaid bill for their waters.

Patrick Williams and his date Becky couldn't get over the confrontation as easily. "Well, we've learned a lot about Mexican culture, especially the violent mariachi band aspect," said Williams. "We probably won't be making it back to El Aljembres any time soon, though we did hear that they fired the band since then."

The band, led by Enrique Martinez, also known as "Steve Goodman," has since appeared at Café Mexico, Chilis, and Ted's Montana Grill, but those "gigs" were contingent upon the band doing all of their shifts in the kitchen-- in full costume. It seems as though the reign of terror of Enrique and his "Hombres Sin Sombreros" has come to an end. Whether it has for sure though, may never be known. ■



I Disagree, A GBLT Is A Damn Good Sandwich

by **RICHARD GREEN**
Enjoys A Good GBLT



In response to last week's *Hustler* opinion article, I'd like to point out that a GBLT is not at all disgusting or perverse. No, no, no; it's a damn good deli sandwich, and I'm surprised that Hustler colum-

nist has such passionate feelings against them. Disgusting and perverse? How could anyone use such words describing a sandwich? No matter what part you like (I especially like the lettuce), the entire sandwich is a positive and meaningful part of our society.

What did GBLT sandwiches do to anyone that would make a person speak so hatefully toward them? It would make sense if someone had

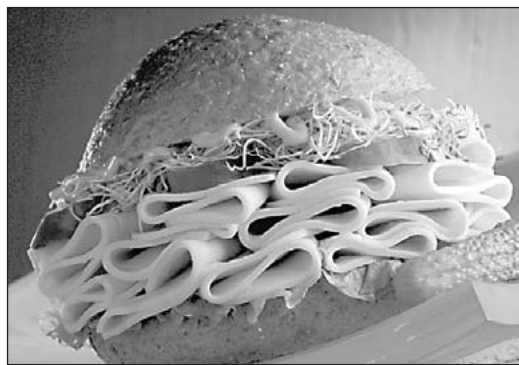
choked on the meat at some point, but they should still be able to forgive. GBLT's do not bother anyone, unlike onions that make people cry. Those are the types of foods people should dislike, not the GBLT's.

I bet anyone could find a good GBLT in the Pub if they're curious and want to try it out. A GBLT, some fries, and a coke can make some people's day. I'd say more than one in four people I know in McGill have cravings for a good GBLT almost every day. I certainly can't find a problem with that; it's their mouths, they decide what goes in them.

How could the lustful cravings people have for GBLT's be that much worse than the lust people have for other foods? We all lust for different

foods; some lust for sausages, others for melons and pie. There's nothing that makes one lust any worse than the other; all that GBLT's provide is for more diversity in our snacking.

Many people have parents who make GBLT's. They are just put a sandwich together one night and there you



go, and it ends up being a GBLT. Even if you don't like it, it's wrong to prejudice a sandwich someone else prepares. That GBLT is probably as good as any other kind of sandwich a parent could make. Even the parents themselves sometimes do not want a GBLT after it's been made, but they usually grow to accept it.

People talk about reasons based in Christianity for hating GBLT's. I wouldn't imagine Jesus, the man who

loved all types of things even considered evil and even said he loved his enemies to be the kind of guy to hate a sandwich. He was all about giving people bread, why not a little filling too? It just seems odd to me that some people of a religion based on love and understanding would be all about promoting hatred for a sandwich. I for one think that this sounds a little too much like Hitler's rhetoric towards the Jews on a food level, and I never found Hitler to be a good Christian. I guess some people just think Jesus was joking about all of that love stuff.

So everyone should just accept GBLT's as a damn good deli sandwich and that they are here to stay. No need to spread hatred. I know everyone has the freedom to express their extreme feelings about GBLT's; yes there are absolute rights and absolute wrongs. Maybe it's just me, but I think it's just plain wrong to condemn the goodness of this often misunderstood, though incredibly tasty sandwich. 🍔

The Slant's GRE Practice Section: Slantononyms

Utah State UNIVERSITY General Purpose Test Answer Sheet

INSTRUCTOR: _____ DEPT.: _____ COURSE: _____

LAST NAME: _____ PI: _____

IDENTIFICATION NUMBER: _____

DATE: _____

VERSION # _____

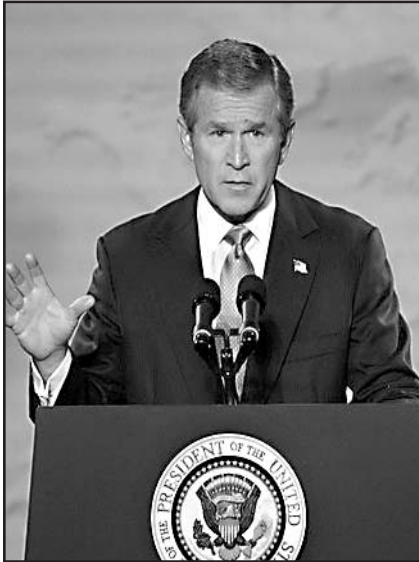
RESPONSES:

1	A	2	A	3	A	4	A	5	A	6	A	7	A	8	A	9	A	10	A	11	A	12	A	13	A	14	A	15	A	16	A	17	A	18	A	19	A	20	A	21	A	22	A	23	A	24	A				
25	A	26	A	27	A	28	A	29	A	30	A	31	A	32	A	33	A	34	A	35	A	36	A	37	A	38	A	39	A	40	A	41	A	42	A	43	A	44	A	45	A	46	A	47	A	48	A	49	A	50	A

- Answer Key:**
- HUSTLER OPINION COLUMNS
 - Gay
 - Parsimonious
 - Psalty
 - Well written, thought provoking
 - Absorbent
 - BEVERAGE
 - Llama
 - Jello
 - Ecuador
 - Natural Light
 - Daddy
 - RICH
 - Land Rover Discovery
 - Land Rover Defender
 - Porsche Cayenne
 - Mercedes G-Class
 - H2
 - LEADER
 - Holds a decent sized beverage
 - The person on top
 - Dresses all in khaki
 - Jesus
 - Gee
 - SUPPORT
 - Tit sling
 - Sweater muffins
 - My baby's daddy
 - Flying buttresses
 - Butt
 - MALADROIT:
 - Ill-willed
 - Dextrous
 - Cowardly
 - Enduring
 - Sluggish
 - VERISIMILITUDE
 - Very similar to dude
 - Having to do with militude
 - Old timey car
 - Anatomically correct doll
 - Not verisimilar
 - COMMODORES
 - Large endangered bird
 - Large endangered football team
 - 70's funk group with Lionel Ritchie
 - Fluffy
 - Promising season in store

FOREIGN DIPLOMACY

Please U.N., Baby, Give Me Another Chance



by **GEORGE W. BUSH**
Columnist

Hey baby, how you doin'? You're looking good, you know. Really, I mean it. I know you're probably pretty mad at me right now and that's perfectly understandable. But what really matters is, I'm here now, I'm sorry, and I want you back.

I don't know what I was thinking back in March. I was being an idiot, a complete fool. "Can't do it alone," you said, "there are no weapons of mass destruction." I was gung-ho and didn't want to listen. You know how I can get some times, all caught up trying to do what's right? Now, though, it seems you were the one who was right all along.

I know you might be a little bit angry with me for running off with Great Britain. That was just a phase. I was experimenting with something new and interesting. It was fun...at first. When it started it was really exhilarating, blowing shit up with Tony. It got old real fast, though.

Those Brits are nothing like you guys are: fun, exciting, informed. Tony Blair and the Queen, those guys mean nothing to me. England can fucking have 'em. All I want right now is my U.N. and my Koffi back. I want to feel your warm, multilateral arms wrapped around me. I want us.

You're probably thinking I'm just saying this because I need money and men to rebuild Iraq, but that simply isn't true! I was doing some serious thinking down at the ranch this weekend and I realized I need you. Not for Iraq, not to save my administration's credibility, but because...because I love you. I love Laura too, of course, but not like I love you. It's just not the same; we had something really special going.

Remember that time a few years ago you took away America's seat on the Human Rights Commission? After that we decided not to pay you the money we owed. You were so cute when you got all worked up! God I miss those days, all the fun we had, together.

And later there was that time I wanted a resolution against Iraq. You made me jump through all these hoops to have it passed. Always playing hard to get. That was such a turn on for me, honey! Don't you want those times back again? I know I do.

We need each other, babe. That's a fact. We were so good together. We could go down as one of history's greatest pairs, right beside Cleopatra and Antony, Laurel and Hardy, Hitler and Mussolini! How can you pass that up?

I love you sweetie. Please give me a second chance. I really want to make this work. If you and I get back together, I'll let you come to the ranch anytime you want. Promise. At least give it some thought. I'll sure be thinking about you.

Your Eternal Sugardaddy,
W.

P.S. Can I have that check for Iraq now? 🐻

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The Slant's Mixed-Up Mailbag



[Ed. Note: The following is a letter to the editor mistakenly delivered to *The Slant* instead of *The Hustler*. We at *The Slant* wanted to make sure that Ms. Ross was able to express her opinion, and thus we decided to print her letter.]

Dear Editor,

I am writing to tell you that Kristen Hinson's editorial condemning Saddam was brave and patriotic. I know there are a lot of liberals who are upset and who are saying you never should have printed it, but I'm glad you did. We need patriots like Kristen to come out and say that Saddam Hussein and his Saddamite followers really are evil, even when it's not the "politically correct" thing to do.

We cannot allow acts of Saddam to occur on our campus, in our country, or anywhere in the world. Our president has said that Saddam hates America and was going to attack us with BMWs, maybe even the nuclear kind. Can you imagine what could have happened if Saddam had made a nuclear BMW? He could have just driven it into America, and the next thing you know a major city goes boom!

When a single act of Saddam can end millions of lives, how can we not condemn the Saddamites? We are lucky to have brave men like Donald Rumsfeld to kill the Saddamites in other countries, and John Ashcroft to imprison the ones lurking here at home. We can be sure the potential terrorists will not be able to engage in Saddam while locked up in a U. S. prison.

That is why it disgusts me that our Supreme Court decided to strike down Texas's anti-Saddam law this summer. While I admit it is strange for a state to have a foreign policy, if Texans want to help fight terrorism, I say good for them.

This fight is far from over. Even though we have won the war in Iraq, not a day goes by that the headlines don't tell of another American soldier being Saddamized to death (and some people actually want to allow Saddamites in the military!). We must continue to hunt down the Saddamites, blowing up the Baath houses in which they hide out and plan their perverted activities.

Thank God we have people like Kristen on this campus to set us straight about the evils of Saddam.

Sincerely,
Heather Ross
Sophomore, A&S



Bastard Confession

Nipple Licking

I tried to follow the advice of the recent *Hustler* sex column. I tried really hard. But now all I'm left with is chafed lips, a sore neck, and a bunch of guys with their pants down.

SLANTHOROSCOPES

AROUND THE LOOP



What do you think is "wrong," "disgusting," and "perverse?"

Pete Schlessinger, Senior



Those chipotle grilled chicken sandwiches at Rand."

Annie Feldman, Freshman



"When old people do it. Especially my parents. Especially when it's during Freshman Parent Weekend, in my room."

Jerry Falwell, Junior



The Teletubbies - have they no shame?

Girls of Zeta Beta Phi



"Diversity."

Constance Gee, Chancelloress



"When Gordon refuses to take off his bow tie while we're being intimate."

Kristin Hinson, Sophomore



"Everything I don't understand."

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

Today would be a good day to have a view that doesn't make sense; furthermore, why don't you force it upon everyone else? After all, today feels like it.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

Learning to love yourself may be the greatest love of all. However, you're in grave danger of going blind.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

All the time you spend reflecting will make more sense when you realize that you're a mirror.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

Ask yourself when you wake up whether or not you think you will be useful today. When come to the conclusion you won't, simply call your best friend and tell them to be useful.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

After your date Friday, you will be left with one perplexing question: if he didn't wear pants, what were the suspenders holding up?

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

Having your dad visit last weekend really helped some of your homesickness to go away. It was just a little disturbing that she was performing in the drag show under the name Areola Starshine.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

Honesty may often be the best policy, but it could seriously hinder your dream of becoming a professional carnival worker.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

If it took you a while to notice the yellow discharge, it will probably take her a while to see it too.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

Playing beer pong with a low alcohol tolerance can be dangerous. Especially if you throw like an old lady. Unless you are an old lady. Then it's okay.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

The happiness you feel for having your Halloween costume so early will be destroyed when you realize that no one is afraid of a 6 ft. tall Carebear.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

What is it with you and all your fucking questions? Deal with it your own damn self.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

You know, checking your score on Hot or Not every ten minutes isn't going to make it go above 3. Unless you ask your mom to start voting.

Top Ten Future Hustler Editorials

- 10 "Many Scientists Agree That Black People Don't Feel Pain"
- 9 "Ghandi Was Evil And Encouraged Eating Disorders"
- 8 "I" Like Putting "Things" in "Quotes"
- 7 "Earthquakes Happen Because California Is Falling Into Hell"
- 6 "America Was Meant For Whites; The Indians Were Just Getting It Ready"
- 5 "Many Historians Disagree That The Holocaust Happened"
- 4 "Rain Is Just God Crying Because You Won't Stop Masturbating"
- 3 "I Am Right; You Are Wrong"
- 2 "Menstruation Is God Helping To Get The Evil Out of You"
- 1 "Evolution Is Gay"

Ask Ravyn Misericordia, Gothic Columnist



Dear Ravyn,

Lately I haven't been able to have enough alone time with my boyfriend. Every time things, you know, start heating up we get interrupted. Any tips?
-Losing Patience in Lewis

Dear Losing Patience,

We are in the same sisterhood of pain. The first time my boyfriend, Faustus the Dark, came home with began we shed the trappings of our earthly shackles and commenced into realization of the Eternal Wasteland, but then my loathsome roommate Sheila came home work early and demanded to use the TV room to watch Friends. Thus, our Darkness being obliterated, we moved on to the sanctuary of my personal lair. Then, when he was ready to plunder my unholy with his pillar of evil when the phone rang. I let the machine get it, but it was my mom and she kept going on about how my old cheerleading coach was having a reunion party, and the whole thing just put me out of the mood. O demons of the dark, unleash me from the interruptions of these mortals!

-R.M.

Dear Ravyn,

You got any weed?

- Meredith's Sister

Hilary,

While you trifle with the vices of mortal life, a weed of misery grows slowly within my soul. Many a night, I lie next to Faustus the Dark and think of my cunt-faced sister, Ashley, who smoked pot in my parents' basement while I was at cheerleading camp and they thought it was me and I got grounded.

- RM

Dear Ravyn,

Some days I can't even seem to get out of bed in the morning. Everything I do makes me sad, and I just curl up and cry. This might have something to do with the fact that my entire family was just killed by a drunken truck driver when they were on their way to visit me. It's all my fault.

-Mourning in Mims

Dear Mourning,

I will forsake Losing Patience and name you, Mourning, as my new sister in pain. You are far superior in your realization of the cold hands of death closing around your earthly soul. Come with me - I will quit my job at Subway and we will join each other and travel in the nucleus of our private misery. Of course, Rahvi, my evil boss will probably want two weeks notice, but you can sleep on my couch and watch TV during the day when I'm slaving for that demon of hell, making Chicken Pizziolis and Cold Cut Trios. Just so long as it's ok with Sheila.

-R.M.

Dear Ravyn,

I don't understand you, young lady. We send you to Connecticut College to get a good liberal arts education and you come back and you trade in your nice J. Crew clothes for all that black stuff and start wearing all that eyeliner. You look like a dead hooker, for Christ's sake - no decent man is going to go for that. And what ever happened to that good job your Uncle Mark set up for you at that fashion magazine? Answer me, Rachel!

- Dad

O Father,

How dare you speak my former name, the name that rings of the shell of my former self. I am whole now, father, whole with the beautiful pain that proves my very existence. Oh, and that wasn't a fashion magazine - it was reading all of the stories about stupid things that happen in the military that go in Reader's Digest. And I have a decent man - Faustus understands me, and we are conjoined in the depth and power of our profound misery.

- RM



Damn, I'd Sodomize *That* !

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you should work for *The Slant*!

And by work, we mean drink.

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