



Not printing mugshots . . . since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

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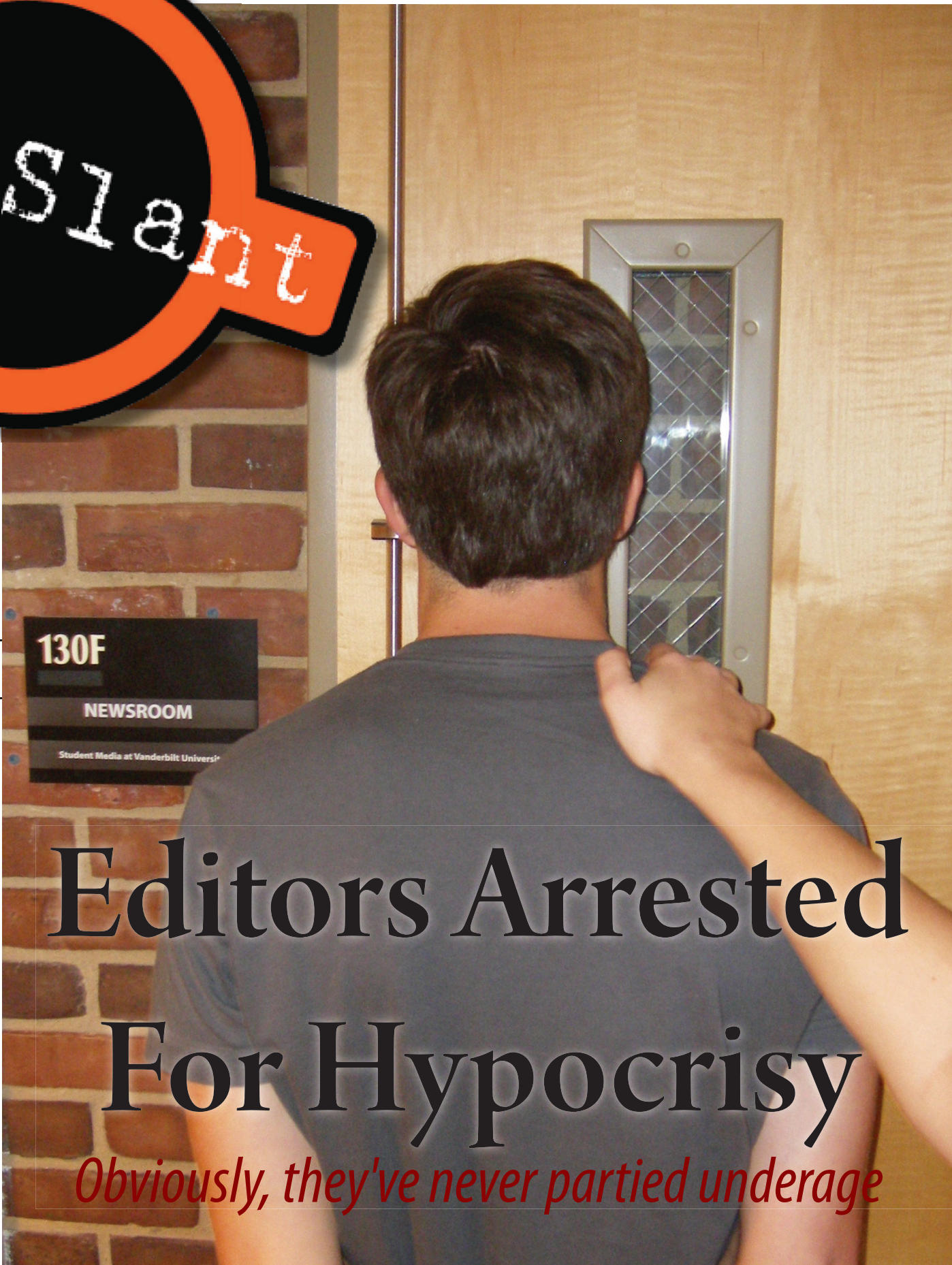
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Editors Arrested For Hypocrisy

Obviously, they've never partied underage

FROM THE EDITOR



BRENDAN ALVIANI

If you're looking for more pointed humor, then you've come to the wrong place.

See, this is the editor's column. If this was supposed to be coherent and funny, I'd designate it as an article and I'd assign to my slaves, err... writers. Which is kinda weird, you know. Like, I got into this whole newspaper thing so I could write and now this is basically it. One

sleep-deprived, rambling column. See, that wasn't even a complete sentence!

I have to include, of course, the personal anecdote. I tell you some quip about my roommate or the random old dude who recognized me as Chief or something and this gives you some deep insight into my personality. I don't know why this is so fascinating. Is it because I'm some sort of celebrity? But I haven't leaked any sex tapes yet...

But in a way, I am a celebrity. After all, I have an effin' mohawk. It doesn't matter what I do, I feel like people around me are like "Ah yes, the kid in the mohawk. He likes to dance badly."

Am I Native American? Nope, I just enjoy doing things spur-of-the-moment. Hell, I spent less time going from reasonable to radical than writing this column.

Speaking of which, these things are hard, especially at 4 am. As an "oh-so-funny" comedian, I like my jokes like a hit-and-run: quick, powerful and influenced by alcohol. Hopefully, though, my punchlines are a bit funnier.

Unfortunately, I need a lot of jokes to make this even vaguely readable and by the time I write this, everyone else has taken all the good material. I feel like Jim Davis scrounging for recycled ideas, just without the 30 years of pure lameness. Seriously, we get it, Garfield is quite sassy AND lazy. Almost as lazy as you, Jim.

On the other end of the spectrum are my heroes. If you haven't heard of Demetri Martin, Mitch Hedberg or Zach Galifianakis, then you need to put down your Dane Cook and listen to some top-notch comedians. You know, people who have actual jokes and don't just yell funny words at you for hours at a time.

I have aptly demonstrated another requirement for the editor's column: digression. I haven't been too bad, but I've only been saved by the power of topic sentences and an incessant need to keep re-reading what I've written. Like that will magically cause words to appear.

Speaking of digression — Darcy Newell, we have to stop communicating like this. The Hustler is bound to get jealous. I'm sorry I insulted Versus, but it was just to get your attention. This joke is getting absurd, especially since we've talked more here than in real life. Our publications aren't a giant Wall-to-Wall.

On a final note, *The Slant* staff rocks hardcore. Yay!

Freshman Proud to be on Hustler Front Page

Freshman John Smith was at first distraught when he was arrested at a fraternity event last weekend, but later, was incredibly excited to be featured on the front page of the campus newspaper. "I've always wanted to be a celebrity, and now look at where I am," said Smith. The boy's parents commented that they were upset about his decision to drink, but were glad he was making new friends and was clearly so popular on campus. "I guess I can cross this off my bucket list," he said, smiling. "Next up: knocking up the Vice President's daughter."

Economic Downturn makes Happy Hobos

The current economic downturn has caused unemployment and general poverty to increase. While this is bad news for most people, there is one economic class has seen their situation improve: the homeless. "This is great, I've made so many new friends over the last few days," said a homeless man known as Smelly. And not only have the homeless seen an increase in friends, but their more cost-friendly fashions have come into style. "This coat has been my home for 13 years, and it's finally in style!" declared a shoeless and ecstatic hobo, "Seriously, I've been fearing that the shoe gnomes will rise up against humanity for years, but they won't be able to do that now that no one is wearing shoes!" Overall, the homeless people of America see no reason for the economy to recover. One of the local bums put it most eloquently when he was quoted saying, "Honestly, I have three times more friends, and that also means less of a chance that I get my kidneys stolen. I hope the economy never improves. I'm loving this!"

Presidential Debate Over Jewelry turns Ugly After Cameras Turn Off

The recent presidential debate sparked some serious discussions. The most interesting back and forth discussion made by the two presidential candidates was inspired by the bracelets they were both wearing for respective dead soldiers. When the cameras turned off, Senators McCain and Obama continued their jewelry discussion behind closed doors. "Well, I have a My Pretty Pony ankle bracelet," declared Barack Obama. McCain, not to be outdone, rebutted saying, "Yeah? Well I've got a diamond studded nipple ring." Obama then responded with a statement said too softly to be heard by the press. However, McCain heard the statement, gasped, turned very red, and appeared to admit defeat as he quickly ran for his Straight Talk Express Bus, avoiding any eye contact with Senator Obama. With a large smile, Senator Obama then headed to his Changemobile.



Only 1 BFF bracelet? Pitiful.

STUDENT MISUNDERSTANDS JUKEBYX PARTY



On Saturday, a Vandy student was promptly thrown out of a JukeBYX party after an apparent misunderstanding. When asked about the ordeal, the student just shook her head and said that she didn't know why she was kicked out. "The theme of the party was juking. In Chicago, that's like the hot dance thing. So naturally, I walked up to a BYX brother, bent over, and ground myself against his crotch. Then he ran away, calling me an 'impure temptress' and trying to hide his stiffie. And all of a sudden I was picked up, carried to the door, and thrown out." She has been forbidden to ever go back.

On another note, the Christian fraternity brothers all wore yarmulkes as they partied at the Schulman Center.

09.30.2008 CONTENTS



CORRECTION

The Hustler reported on September 22nd that 51 students were arrested in relation to underage drinking. If that's such a problem, then officials have approximately another 3,000 Vanderbilt students to arrest.

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Fucked Image

Solid evidence that Barack Obama's "orgy of spending" isn't just a term for politics any-more.



MASTHEAD



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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS
PLACERE CONTENDIT

Commons 'Live-in Faculty' Experiment An Utter Failure

By Pablo Darelli
Craziness Specialist

The administration is still in the complicated process of deciding what to do with the remaining 'Live-In Leaders' of The Commons. Previous efforts to discipline the unruly delinquents have been unsuccessful and fraught with violent resistance.

"How could this have gone so wrong? Why, why, why...?" sobbed Francis Wcislo, Dean of the Commons, in reference to the recent outrageous behavior of Professors living in the Commons. "Students were supposed to learn from these great men and women, broadening their horizons by the occasional contact they may have with each other when entering the building or riding in the same elevator," lamented the Dean, "Instead, the students have corrupted them, turning them into bong-smoking, hard-drinking, lazy degenerates."

Just last week, Professor Jo-Anne Bachorowski of West House showed up over half an hour late to her own class, topless and high on shrooms. Her lecture consisted mostly of stories about her dogs and wistful musings concerning the difficulty she's had bedding young students ever since she gained all that weight.

Greg Barz of North House is now rarely seen around campus without a 40 of Olde English malt liquor in hand, throwing it violently at the nearest passerby when it gets empty. Dr. Paul Lim's 1982 Trans Am, with its easily identifiable burning skull decals, has become a regular sight on Peabody Lawn, skidding and racing across the previously well kept greens on a daily basis.



Remember when The Commons actually looked like this?

Professor Tony Brown of Hank Ingram House has been missing for several days, having been last seen trying to hijack VUPD's Mobile Command Vehicle. A search of his apartment revealed a hydroponic garden made up entirely of marijuana plants and yellow tulips; the bathroom and closet each contained a dead hooker, both Asian.

Some students have voiced concern over their mentors' juvenile antics and awkward attempts at bonding. "Ew! The last thing I want to hear about is my Head of House's hot flashes," complained creeped-out student Brandi St. Claire. Others have mixed feelings, "There's always a keg tapped at my prof's apartment. I mean, who can argue against an almost limitless supply of beer? Unfortunately, his keg stands last like 5 minutes and that guy's fucking fat; my arms have been sore all week," explained a conflicted Jeremy Norten.

Though no official word has been made public, administrative figures appear resolute to boldly take action to address these flagrant affronts to university decorum. "This is all quite simply unacceptable. Our grand social experiment has failed. I guess we'll just have to try again... rebuild from the ashes," Dean Wcislo finally mumbled as he stared calmly at a large red gas can and flicked his novelty dildo lighter.

Vandy Alcohol Policy Review

By The Masked Lawyer

In light of some recent misunderstandings about what is and is not appropriate with regards to alcohol, drugs and partying, we at *The Slant* thought that some explanation as to the University Alcohol Policy was necessary. So to clear up any grey area, let's just delve right in.

Obviously, the drinking age is 21. If you're not 21, you can't drink, and will be punished heavily for it. This is why we have constant patrols going through parties and checking what's in solo cups, and why every person who's over 21 gets a wristband when entering a party.

University policy strictly forbids students from being intoxicated. Anyone seen stumbling around the streets or eating Branscomb Breakfast is immediately arrested on the spot.

Little known fact: organizations are not allowed to provide alcohol at their events, and must be B.Y.O.B. For fraternities, you aren't allowed to bring any more alcohol than one could reasonably be expected to be able to drink in one night. So the standard fraternity has about 20 brothers that are 21 and over, which is why no fraternity will ever have more than 5 cases at a party. Oh, except that each 21+ brother can drink a TON, so they each bring two to four cases, which explains why there are



Clear= Invisible= Nonexistent

50-60 cases of beer at each party ... right? And of course every guy elects to bring Natty Light or Milwaukee's Best, because that's the greatest beer in the world ... right? And no common containers means you'll never, ever see a giant punch bowl in a Towers suite party, and you'll still be wondering what a Jell-O shot is.

Of course, no liquor is ever allowed at a fraternity party. So you'll never see a fully stocked bar, or an event involving champagne, wine, or Gentleman Jack, at any function where Greeks are.

Another interesting note: pure grain alcohol isn't allowed on campus. At all. This means you, Everclear. Just because it's cheap and easily accessible at any of the three liquor stores basically within walking distance of campus doesn't mean everyone uses it to make punch. But nobody makes punch either, so it's kind of a moot point.

So, to sum up: here at Vanderbilt, fraternities don't provide alcohol, there's never punch at any party, and nobody under twenty-one drinks. Because it's the law. Anybody who violates any of these policies will be subject to having their pictures printed on the front page of *The Hustler*. And everyone knows that being associated with *The Hustler* is the worst shame anyone could ever endure.

Behind the Scenes with Veronika Electronika

By Brendan Alviani (transcribed by Charlie Kesslering)

Cross-dressing Specialists

After watching the fantastic Drag Show on Saturday night, I grabbed my laptop and had an surprisingly serious interview with Veronika Electronika. If you want to read more from him, he has a column in Nashville's *Out and About*.

Veronica: Oh, I don't have a business card with me.

Slant: *You actually have business cards?*

Yeah, you have to. It's just like any other business.

Well, I should probably start asking questions. Hmm.

You obviously have a lot of fun on stage, do you ever think about doing stand up?

Sometimes it's hard to do it. Some crowds like it, some just want to see drag and nothing else. I would love to do something like that... I try to be as witty as I can, whenever I can. I love talking, I love speaking, especially if there's something to say. I think there are a lot of people out there who do an awful lot of talking, that don't have any brains in their head, like the scarecrow said. You know, like in the Wizard of Oz.

How much technique is there in becoming a woman? How long did it take you to learn?

It's like being a parent. I don't think you become a good parent after the birth of your first child, or when your kid turns 21. You keep learning and growing. I think drag is unique, because it is an art form and it's also a sport, because it takes endurance. Picture football players having to paint a picture on the 50 yard line before kickoff.

...I think like any skill, you have to learn the base skills and learn how to apply the right skills at the right time. And when to learn a new one. I don't know how to sew. I would love to, because I have to all my things made for me.

You mean your dresses? You can't just order something?

That's the method that some queens may use. However, that's not the most ideal way of doing it. That's where doing drag for Halloween differs from being a nationally known titleholder for competitions. There's a difference.



Drag queen wearing a dress designed to look like a red ribbon, or confused Dracula?

Where the heck are my boobs?! Oh, sorry.

Nice. So this world of competitive drag queens, how does it all work?

It's actually a very large industry, and there's a lot of money involved. Just like any other sport or skill or talent, there are competitions. In Nashville alone, there's at least a dozen every year.

In a world where there's so much terrible TV programming, this would be such a great reality show.

I've said that to my manager for a long time. How is there not a "Drag World" instead of the "Real World"? It's just so intriguing and so interesting. It's a lot of fun. I've had the opportunity to travel a good bit of the country, and drag is different in different areas of the country.

So is the South more conservative, as far as the dress?

No, not necessarily. Nashville, for example, is very into looking like a girl, looking "fishy"... trying to pull off the female impersonator aspect of it. Then you go to Miami or New York, where it's all about being loud and larger than life. How do you put on a show? How do you entertain? How do you take it to the next level? How do you break that glass pane of reality for someone? Being originally from New York, moving to Nashville, I kind of had this idea that I wanted to blend the two together. Nashville kind of looks at you crazy when you try and blend the two.

You sound like you've done a lot of big things.

When I first started doing this, I said I wanted to do a national competition, I wanted to work at The Connection, I wanted to be in a stage production. I've done all of those things. So, as far as my professional goals, I've done them all.

That must be pretty satisfying.

It is, for two reasons. It is because it feels great to accomplish something. The second thing is... if I wanted to hang it up and never do it again, I won't feel like I quit, I'll feel like I completed.

Bastard Confession

"I just got my Tattle-Tale Merit Badge!"

-Little Jonny,
Eager Boy Scout

Next Slant Issue Oct 14th!

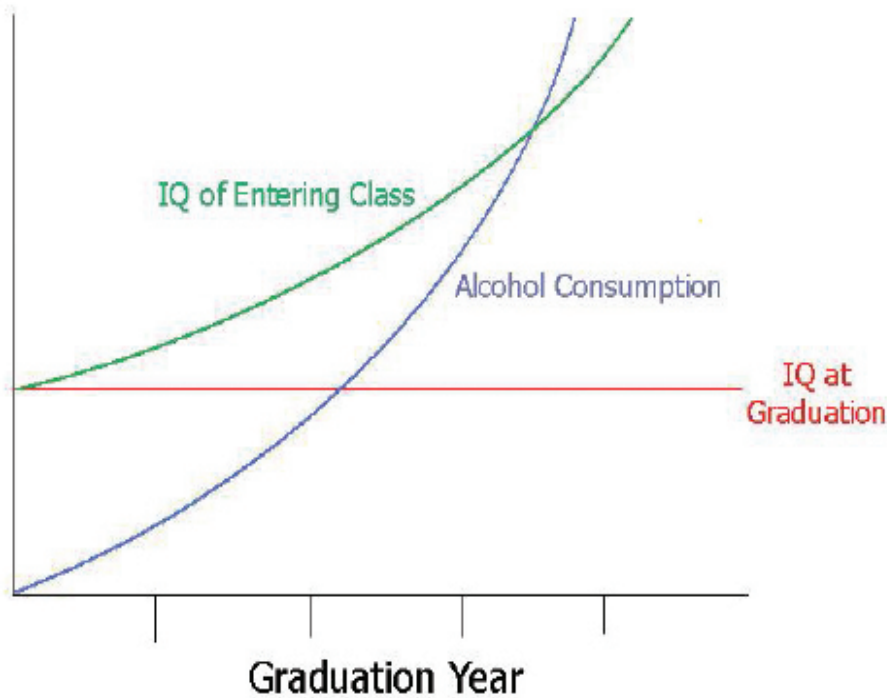
Be sure to check out the next issue of *The Slant*, due out October 14th! Remember, *The Slant* comes out every other Tuesday. In addition to receiving the comedy fix you happen to be jonesing for, watch out for:

- Lil' Wayne's Big Tats!
- The Sigma Chi legal game plan!
- Ice Cube's tips on "Pimp My Homecoming Float!"
- and
- More witty banter with other publications!

Plus, a very special interview with Jim from *The Office*, including great tips on how to annoy the hell out of your roommate, deskmate, or significant other!



The Vanderbilt Paradox



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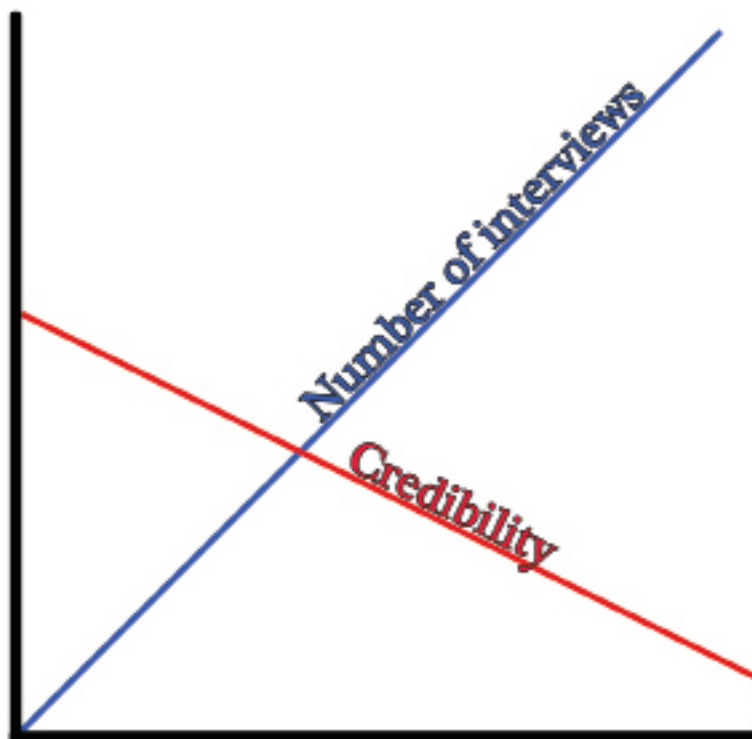
Math Majors delight:

**I'M BILL
O'REILLY,
DAMMIT!**

Crazy!



Sources of income for HOD majors



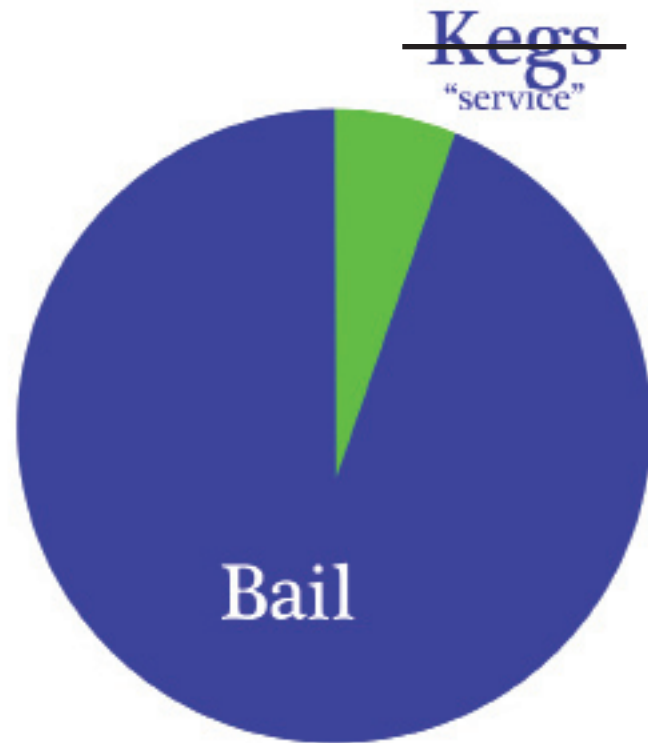
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Line up for some pie!

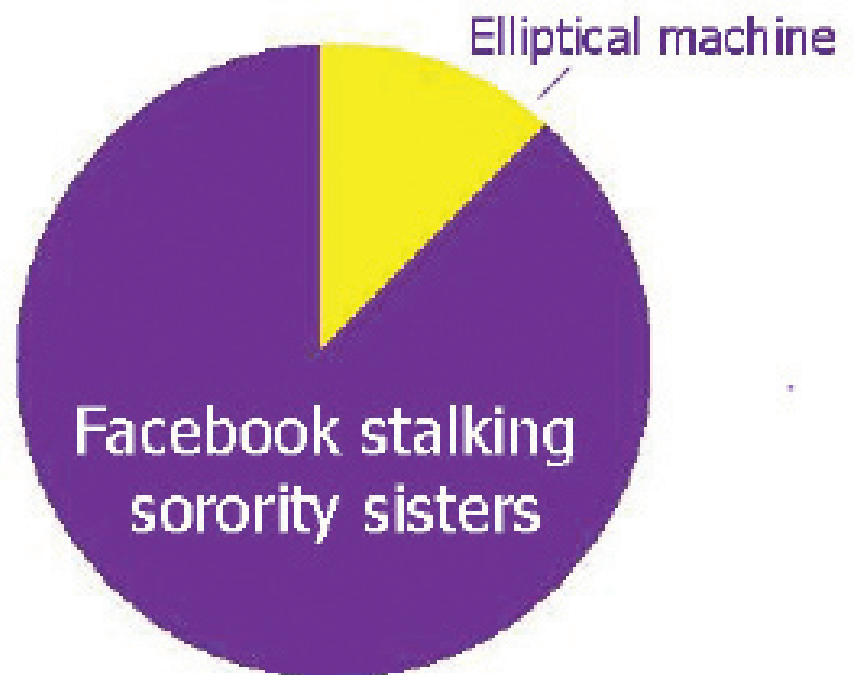
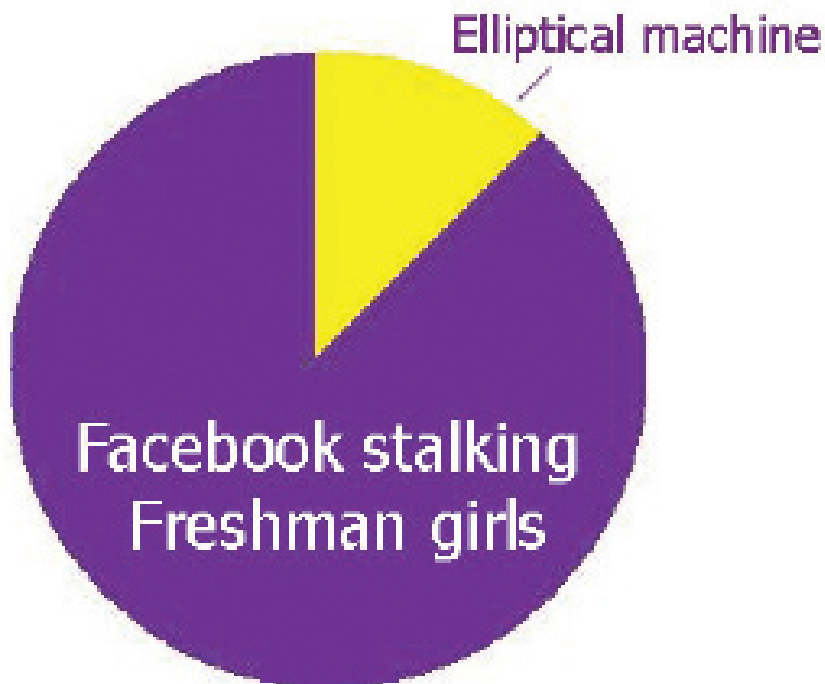
Eloquent

Sigma Chi Dues



Sorority Sisters' Time Delegation

Freshman Girls' Time Delegation



Removal of Kissam Mold Brings Despair, Anger

By Meryem Dede
Spore Specialist

Over the summer, renovations to Kissam have drastically improved living conditions in the once undesirable housing. Administration boasts that mold has been all but wiped out from the formerly infested dorms. However, upperclassmen have still found room to complain.

“They didn’t take away a musky fungal infestation, they took away the topic of my senior thesis! I was this close to discovering a new form of penicillin!” biomedical engineering student Nick Kravvit said.

Housing and Plant Operations discovered the mold in Kravvit’s room after students started questioning why he always exited wearing lab goggles and the lower half of a HAZMAT suit. Kravvit had not had anyone into his room in months, and the attire that he insisted they adorn surprised the few that had ventured in.

“We had been dating for like a while—you know, like I’d seen him at parties a couple times—and I was kind of like

“Finally!” when he invited me back to his place. However, instead of like taking off my clothes when we got there, he had me put more on. Like OMG!! I’m all for fogging up the windows, but fogging up lab goggles? I only wear natural fibers too, so that yellow plastic just did not work,” Vanderbilt junior and sorority girl Jenny Gildstein said.

Several upperclassmen found other ways to complain.

“I really miss my seven cats back at home, and well, my mold was white and fluffy too. I liked watching Snuggles grow—he was soft to pet and he only smelled a little bit. Those singles get lonely,” said sophomore Thomas Junebaker.

Workers who came to remove the mold said that Junebaker’s room had been the most emotional case they’d encountered.

“When I entered with the disinfectant, the student started crying. We just held each other for a bit and then he called his mom. I took a half a semester of psychology at junior College

before dropping the class though, so it was all good, I knew how to handle the situation,” Vanderbilt employee Beatrice Frankford said.

While not all Kissam residents formed emotional attachments to their mold, some found amusement in the creatures. Growing mold became a hobby for many students and the extraction of their fun was severely missed.

“My mold was brown and spotted, but Susan down the hall managed to get one that was completely black. My favorite though was definitely Jim’s, he had mold in his closet that was pink and glowed in the dark,” junior Katie Bishop said.

Still other upperclassmen had further ways to complain, this time albeit more creative.

“Well, Kissam is kind of really far away from everything, and when you’re studying late at night you get... well, hungry. I just figured bleu cheese, soy sauce—all mold delicacies. So, you know, I don’t want the thing growing in the corner under my bed to go to waste...” sophomore

Rick Stevens said after reportedly having eaten all of the mold in his room.

Hall mates say they discovered that Stevens had a problem when he began looking hungrily at the mold growing in their rooms and drooling as he licked his lips.

“That kid is messed up. I would never eat the mold in my room... sober,” said sophomore and super best friend to Stevens, Howey Beetroft.

Having been forced to live on campus, many students are unhappy with their living accommodations.

“You know, lots of administrators and professors live on campus too. And it’s not like we choose where to live and those places happen to be actually really nice, fully furnished, and with a garage. Besides, forcing pretty much all students to live on campus means Vanderbilt makes more money—wait, don’t print that!” chancellor Nick Zeppos said.

How to handle being a top 25 football team

By Andrew Ligon
Enthusiasm Specialist!

Usually, the end of September is the end of anyone actually discussing our football season. We here at *The Slant* know that by this time of year, people are usually talking about “moral victories” and building for next year. However, this year is different: we are a ranked team, and now the student body needs to properly act like one. Here’s how:

1. Make sure all your friends know that you’re better than they are. For example your Facebook status message should look something like this: “OMG WE’RE #19, BEST EFFIN’ TEAM EVER WOOOOHHOOOOOOOOOOO SUCK ON THAT LOSERS!!!!11!!11!!!”

2. Be sure to sound like you know everything about the sport (even if you don’t). It’s simply imperative that other fans know how serious we are by quoting random scores to meaningless games from 20 years ago.

3. We need more insults. Yes, more insults. “Cookin’ Rice” was a good start, but not nearly tasteless enough. Think more along the lines of, “Block that Cock” against the South Carolina Gamecocks (more like “Gaycocks!” *Writes that one down for next year.*) Here are a couple to get you started: “Tebow can bench more than his SAT scores” and “Neuter those Bulldogs”. Obviously there is work to be done



Opposing teams beware; he will thank you.

here, but I’m sure that the HOD majors can make some very colorful posters to complement the jeers the rest of us come up with.

4. In that same vein, we need to be more together when we insult. Now, we realize that chanting in unison can be difficult when you’re inebriated, but this is simply critical to showing how good —*ahem*, sorry...fucking AMAZING — our football team is at kicking ass and taking names.

5. Finally, there is the whole issue of actual game time. This may come as a surprise to quite a few of our frat friends, but a football game actually has four quarters, each twelve whole minutes in length. In order to be proper Top 25 fans, we need to be there for the entire game, (rumor has it that the band even has a pre-game show).

Now you have the basics down, one last bit of advice.... Don’t sit at the game. If you’re sitting, you’re quitting. None of this “Oh I’m physically handicapped!” B.S. That wheelchair didn’t stop Franklin D. Roosevelt and it shouldn’t stop you.

Go Does!

Family Weekend Page

Compiled by Kris Stensland and Charlie Kesslering
Family Specialists

Two of *The Slant's* top editors have compiled an authoritative guide to making sure you have a fun and safe time during Family Weekend. After all, you'd hate to make a faux pas. Also, make sure to play to play BINGO with everyone in your dorm; first one to shout it ones a six-pack. Of Jones Soda, obviously.

10 Steps for Seducing a VMILF

1. Do some research to find out which of your friends' moms will be coming alone to parents' weekend.
2. Most moms aren't on Facebook, so just add twenty years onto your friends (or a more subtle jawline and less facial hair, as the case may be) for a good rule of thumb.
3. Meet her at a tailgate. Preferably, be a brother at the frat where the tailgate is taking place. If not, offer to get her a drink anyways and improvise.
4. Don't get her Natty. Her daughter may shotgun like a champ, but this is generational, not genetic.
5. Don't reference her kids at all. You want to get her back into a college mindset, so instead offer your appreciation of The Rolling Stones for a classic bad-boy image that she'll both understand and relate to.

6. Call, don't text. She may not understand how it works, and you'll be left wondering "Wut r u up 2?" for the rest of the day.

7. Find out what her plans are for the evening, and invite her to pregame. Then gauge whether she actually wants to "game" afterwards. And don't forget to stock up—she's got thirty years of tolerance on you.

8. Offer to watch a movie, but not "The Graduate" or "How Stella Got Her Groove Back."

9. Make sure your roommate is out for the night. College girls don't like being caught in the act, much less grown women. Try setting him up with her daughter.

10. Proceed as usual.

Alternative Method:

1. Find the drunkest and most depressed mother at the party/tailgate.

2. Proceed as usual.

Etiquette for Playing Beer Pong against your Bro's 12-Year-Old Sister

1. Don't call her a pussy for not wanting to drink beer.
2. Actually, don't call her a pussy at all.
3. If she wants to drink beer, silently acknowledge "how fucked up that would be" and then get her some apple juice.
4. Make sure she's tall enough to shoot over the table. If not, get her two cases of Natty to stand on.
5. Let her shoot first.
6. Don't tell her she shoots like a girl. The irony will be wasted on her.
7. Don't ask her if this is the first time she's held two balls in her hand.
8. Tell her she's better at pong than her brother.
9. Don't tell her that her brother's nickname is "Magic-Fingers Mike." Ambiguity doesn't prevent the death of innocence.

10. Don't yell "Fuckin' shit!" every time you hit rim.

11. Don't joke about "hitting the rim" around her.

11. Don't block bounces, and then shout "You sneaky little whore!"

12. Actually, don't ever call her "sneaky" or "whore."

13. Don't ask her how far she's gone with a boy.

14. If you do, don't call her a "prude."

15. Beat her, but with dignity. Don't make her chug the cups she didn't hit.

16. No, you don't get a congratulatory kiss.

17. Don't take any pictures together. You're not a sociology professor.

18. There is no such thing as a naked lap in this game, you sicko.

19. If her brother asks you, you don't know her name, her schedule, or her phone number.

20. If her dad asks you, you're already dead.

B I N G O

Defend your sister from your frat brothers	Get your hookup to leave before you meet your folks for breakfast	Have your mom comment about your weight	Remove a new piercing or hide a new tattoo	Wash your sheets for the first time this year
Have your mom try to talk to her sorority sisters	Drink with your parents	Hit on someone, then later find out they're only 13	Help your dad relive his glory days	Claim to know nothing about the downtown bars
Have an awkward behavioral change between "home" you and "college" you	Make either of your parents cry	FREE (Beer)	Hide more than two kinds of alcohol	Try to remember something you've learned in the last six weeks
Convince your roommate's parents that he's gay	Go on a shopping spree with your parents' card	Hear an awkward story about your parents in college	Ask for money, then lie about what you spend it on	Be sketched on by a fifty year-old
Justify your decision to rush	Have your parents confront your RA	Eat at a good restaurant for the first time in weeks	Gain a sense of shame about what you're doing with your life	Make your mom try a Natty

Guys Simply Don't Understand

I Just Want a Tampon. Period.

By Casey White

Lady Specialist

If you look hard enough, it's easy to see the desperation in the eyes of women who are on a 1 a.m. expedition to CVS to get more supplies with which to hold off the onslaught of Shark Week. It's a trip that involves worries such as, "Which pad has the more pleasing pastel shade of packaging?", "How many notebooks and loofahs do I need to grab in order to make a bundle in my arms that will completely engulf these pads I'm buying so no one will know I have them?", or the classic, "Should I get the Tampax Pearls or the cardboard popsicles that CVS passes off as tampons?"

I should know. I've been there.

And this time, while I was in the Aisle of Despair, I witnessed the saddest pandering to women's insecurity about period odor that I've ever seen. One package of pads thoughtfully let concerned women choose from two available smells: something light and flowery and something rainy fresh. Like a combination used car salesman and bible-thumping preacher, the promised fresh scent delivered false promises and hidden insults: "You'll feel fresh like an April morning! No one will know you're bleeding from the bajingo, you disgusting, smelly, sinful woman!"

That's right: scratch-and-sniff ads for something that's just going to be kissing your gorilla salad. Perfect. If I ever want my twat to smell like an old woman's potpourri spray or a new-age hooker's douchebag, I will most definitely keep those pads in

mind.

I'm going to tell you something right now, and it may come as a surprise. But it is completely impossible, no matter how much perfume you wear, to feel "fresh" when you are squelching in your bodily fluids. All right? Nothing you can buy is going to change that. No "leakproof" plastic cover, no "multi-layer filling," no "fresh scent."

The only ones who will appreciate said "fresh scent" is you when you open the package, and any crotch-sniffing dogs you might happen across during the

day.



did not end there. The only other options besides tissue thin liners and industrial-waste absorbers were pads that would work fine, except that they had wings. For God's sake! I am bleeding from the vagina, not hang-gliding.

I finally found a product I thought would do all right and realized that its major selling point was its "quietest pouch," complete with a touchable sample on the outside of the package.

Really? Honestly, this must have been demanded by teenage girls who were so embarrassed by the Plastic Pouch Of Humiliation that they would

rather use their own socks than admit to everyone that they, just like nearly every other woman between twelve and fifty, have a period.

But I did end up taking them home, where I cursed and snarled until the damned plastic forced me to gut the package like a deer carcass, after which I tried out the "quietest pouch" that was indeed so whisper-silent that if I were a ninja, and I was bleeding vaginally, I would accept no other product.

Once I opened the plastic, I found that, on the little peel-strip were printed "Kotex®

Tips For Life," including such helpful pieces of advice such as, "Drink 5-7 glasses of water daily to help keep you hydrated," and, "Keeping physically active during your period can help relieve cramps."

What in the world? My twatrags are talking to me?

Tips For Life? How about a few real pearls of wisdom? "If you lend someone twenty bucks and never see them again, it was basically worth it." "Chicken breasts are done when they feel like a hard penis." Or this gem, which millions of women and

chainsaw-murderers need to know: "Hydrogen peroxide removes bloodstains!"

I think they should include a surprise in each pad package, like the secret decoder rings they used to put in cereal boxes when those prizes were still cool, and print cryptic messages on the backs of the pull-strips that you can decode while you sit on the toilet at three in the morning with cramps and nothing to do. And if you mail your UPC symbols in, they'll send you something awesome.

Two hundred UPC symbols would get you a personal visit from the male of your choice, who would, on bent knee, apologize for his whole gender for not having to suffer the monthlies, after which he would make a three-course dinner, bake chocolate chip cookies, give you a foot massage, and then, if you were having a really, really bad period, he would allow you to kick him in the balls. Just a bit. He'd manage to drag himself out of the house at about the time your girlfriends arrive with chick flicks, allowing them to chuckle at his pain before diving into the brownies, which should be cooled off enough to eat by then.

I'm not mad at men. I just can't stand the way that they smirk smugly and say, "Yeah, cramps may be bad, but you can't get kicked in the balls."

Sweetness, you don't get a four-day knock in the cluster every month. Men can go for months or even years without a good kick in the nuts. So shut it up and grab me the remote. Titanic is on.

And while you're up, bring me some of those cookies.

Sharing

Mailboxes

By Taylor Verdell

Explosives Specialist

Hello You. You don't know who I am, but I know who you are. You share a mailbox with me. I know your name, your hometown, and your major. I know all of your secrets: your dirty magazines, your nickname from high school, your obsession with Harry Potter, and your outrageous credit card debt. I know that you are too lazy to do your own laundry—by the way, the Laundry Service sent a letter. It was probably important, but I threw it away. You wouldn't have opened it anyway; in fact, you have not gotten any of your mail since last May. It's all still in "our" mailbox—for now. But that's about to change. I'm get-



ting tired of seeing your stupid mail in my mailbox every time I open it. So what if you're in grad school? Big deal. Your mail is still piling up! I had decided to send you a letter of complaint, but, of course, you would not read it. Then a brilliant idea occurred to me: ransom note. So every day that you do not get up off your lazy butt and clean out your mailbox, another piece of mail will die. Except for the magazines. I'm keeping those.

Signed,

An Angry Freshman

P.S.— I hate you.

AROUND THE LOOP



How did the gas shortage affect YOU?

Clueless Senior



“I spent four hours on Saturday driving around looking for gas. I finally found some, but then I was just back where I started — 1/3 full.”

Sigma Chi Brother

NO MUG SHOTS!

“We had to push our bus to jail...in handcuffs....”

Disgruntled Freshman



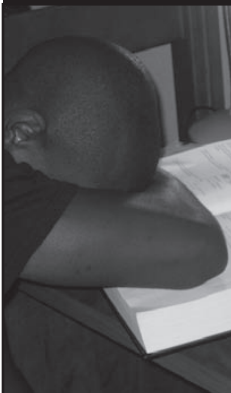
“I lost my shoes—I think it’s because I couldn’t take a Vandy Van back from Greek Row, but I can’t remember.”

HOD Students



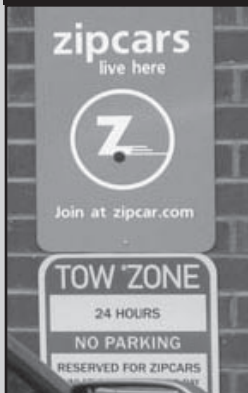
“Class got cancelled because the professor couldn’t come in, so we got wasted at 9 AM.”

Exhausted Student



“My dealer couldn’t drive my Adderall to me, so I failed my test.”

No one, because no one drives them



“The Zipcars weren’t so zippy.”

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(prices negotiable)

Student Organizations

Full Page	\$150	9.75" x 10.75"
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1/8 Page	\$24	5" x 3"
1/16 Page	\$12	1.75" x 3"

No Money?

No Problem!

The Slant loves cross-promotion opportunities.

**For more information, contact:
brendan.a.alviani@vanderbilt.edu**

Next issue: October 14th

Support Habitat!

Run/Walk the Commodore Trot 5K!
Oct. 29 @ 6pm

Registration starts Oct. 13 at the Wall and Rec Center.

It's \$10 and on the card!
(\$15 day of event)

ORGANIZATIONS: Sponsor 5 runners and get name on t-shirt. Last day for groups to register is Oct 17.

Forms at www.vanderbilt.edu/h4h and Rec Center
Turn in at Wall, Rec, or Station B Mailbox #75

TOP TEN
Ways the Economic Crisis is
Affecting Vanderbilt

- 10** A student makes the painful decision to buy a base model BMW 1 Series instead of an M3.
- 9** Students wear Reefs, not Rainbows.
- 8** Chancellor Zeppos sells mansion, buys more humble mansion.
- 7** Students still don't give change to homeless.
- 6** Commodore cash no longer called "fake money," but "only money."
- 5** No longer able to shop away worries, girls drink till they drop.
- 4** Students sell their silver Louis Vuitton money clips in order to buy new Brooks Brothers wallet
- 3** Greek date events no longer "semi-formals," but "informals."
- 2** Students go to Good Will for clothes, not costumes.
- 1** Students search for beer cheaper than Natty Lite.

ΣΧ presents...

JAIL BROS


and

Prison hoes:

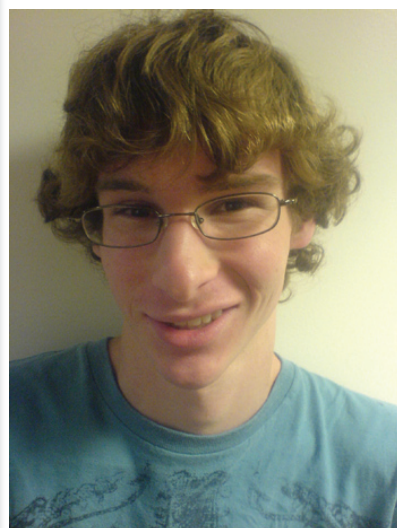
*The place to go if you've been naughty
 ...handcuffs provided*

B.Y.O.B (Bring Your Own Bail) Date:
Friday 10-3
11pm-2am

Bring Your Friends!
 Because you only get one call once you're here...



Join *The Slant* Right Now!



Look at that, a Slant writer who still actually has a soul.

As a freshman student working for *The Slant*, I've been asked by our great and benevolent leader to offer a "fresh" perspective on joining this most noblest of endeavors. Anyways, the most obvious reason why *The Slant* is awesome is that they are actually publishing what I write. Not so much in that they are letting a freshman write, but that they are letting me write whatever I damn well please. (And I'm already working on abusing that power.) Another great advantage of *The Slant* is that joining doesn't involve any hazing. Seriously, they just became my friends, I didn't have to screw a goat or anything in order to get in the club. In fact, as far as I know, no one has gone to jail doing *Slant* related activities (yet.....). I will admit we may have too much fun ridiculing pretty much everyone and everything. Sometimes we can get a little sidetracked in our humor. Just try to imagine a 20 minute conversation about an underground monkey research lab in Wilson Hall and the fear of a PETA attack on it. Please note I'm not making any of this up. Anyways, if any of this sounds funny to you or at the very least you are not shocked and appalled, then we almost certainly have a place for you. Just stop by Buttrick 312 any Tuesday at 8 pm and check us out. I promise you'll have fun, and it won't be because you blacked out half-way through.

—Andrew Ligon