



# Heeere's Jongy!

*A Few Abs Short of a Six-Pack  
... since 1886*

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Genocide Still Occurring in Darfur

Lidle Just Needed To Adjust His Pitch

Madonna Adopts Third Child, Claims She's Not Copying Angelina Jolie

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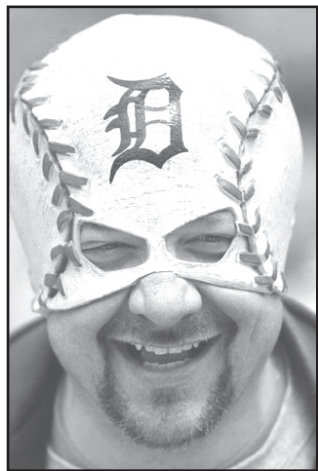


## Cory Lidle Takes Playoff Exit A Little Hard

Days after his team was eliminated from the playoffs by the AL Champion Detroit Tigers, New York Yankees pitcher Cory Lidle's small plane crashed into a Manhattan apartment complex in a slight overreaction to the lost game. "I understand how he felt," said Yankee shortstop Derek Jeter. "But sweet Jesus. Did he really have to fly into a fucking building? In New York? After 9/11?" Owner George Steinbrenner showed his support for Lidle, saying, "It's good that somebody else is just as upset about the team's performance this month." Meanwhile, Alex Rodriguez is under fire for choking in the clutch again after his own plane overshoot a runway but resulted in no injuries or damage.

## Michigander Proudly Wears Tigers Hat She Just Bought

Peabody junior Karen Sellman of Grosse Point, Michigan has been walking tall in her beloved Detroit Tigers hat, a hat she was owned since the Tigers were named the 2006 American League Champions on October 14. "I have always rooted for the Tigers," said Sellman as she wore the authentic home cap she bought at a Dearborn Champs Sports store less than ten days ago.



"They have so many great players, like Pudge, and that older guy, and . . . that other old guy." Sellman is also confident of

the Tigers' chances to win. "My boyfriend told my that the other team only has one good hitter and bad pitching." She declined to comment when asked to name that player and his team.

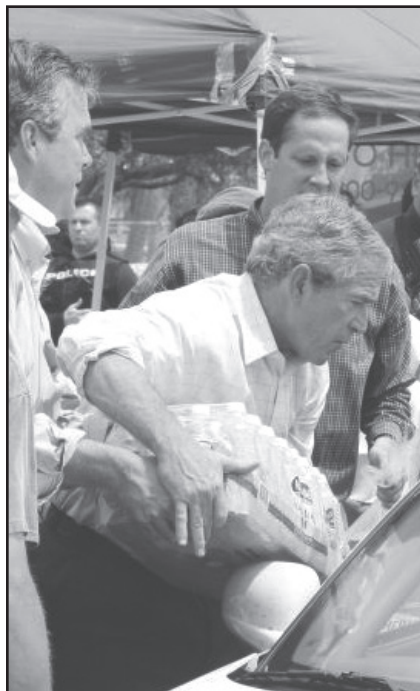
## Student Insulted By Mac Users For The Last Time

A Vanderbilt junior was recently arrested on the charge of destruction of property after smashing the Mac notebooks of several other students. When police asked him his motives, he answered "Mac users fucking piss me off! They are always telling me how my PC sucks and that their com-

puting skills are so much more superior to mine because they have seen the light and switched to the Mac. I couldn't take it any more!" The junior cited his friend bragging about his faster porn downloading capabilities as the last straw. "When Dave mocked my inability to see the preview of *Angry Anal Aliens* I just flipped out and threw his Mac out the window. Let's see him jack off, now!" The junior in question then proceeded to run through Highland quad, destroying every Mac product in sight. After being released on bond he expressed no remorse for his crimes, saying "I'm just glad I can get back to my PC with its mouse of two glorious buttons."

## Confusion Over Three Hundred Millionth American Resolved

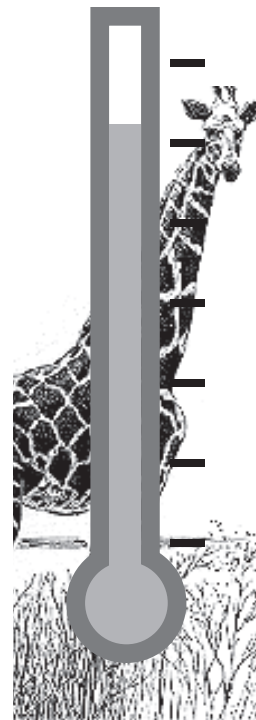
After initially stating that the three hundred millionth American was Taliyah Wilder born in Milwaukee, many public officials believe that a different "baby" was in fact three hundred million. It turns out that there was one more addition to the American population in the Arizona desert just seconds before Wilder. When this milestone American's parents were asked about how they felt giving birth to such a historic child, his mother stated "¿Qué? No hablo ingles." According to new reports, the three hundred millionth American was, in fact, José Costares born in a small village in Vera Cruz, Mexico in 1974. One census official explained what happened. "José Costares just happened to cross the border at the



POTUSA PICTURED WITH POTUSABLE WATER

95%

The Dance Marathon Fundraiser has left the Children's Hospital only 5% and \$6000 away from owning a giraffe.



right time."

## Penthouse Wins Nobel Prize in Literature

*Penthouse* magazine's Forum column won this year's Nobel Prize for Literature. Publisher Bob Guccione, Jr. will accept the \$1.5 million prize at the December awards ceremony accompanied by three topless women and a nervous donkey. The Nobel Foundation has recently tried to reach out to more unconventional groups and individuals who have advanced the workings of their respective fields. This award was the first granted to a publication rather than a specific author. The committee cited Forum's contribution to "distributed authorship models at a time predating the Internet and other collaborative writing methods." Bob Guccione, Jr. conjured up the idea during one of his famed 12 hour coke orgies when he realized that whenever a large number of people participate in a sex related activity the results are amazing. Forum contains fantastical tales of sexual behavior written by staff writers, freelancers, and actual readers which mix and mingle to form the raunchiest, kinkiest shit imaginable. "This is a significant step in the advancement of erotica as a legitimate art form," said Guccione. "I am pleased for the recognition and the opportunity to go to and bang the hottest asses in the world." ●

## WATER, THE NEXT OIL

President Bush stunned the country last week when he announced the government, with the full support of Congress, had nationalized the nation's bottled water industry. Production and distribution facilities formerly belonging to the Coca-Cola Company, Nestle, Ice Mountain, and other top bottled water producers were taken over by government troops last Wednesday and folded into the newly created Department of Thirst Quenching. All bottled water will now be sold under the brand name "Potusable," a clever play on the abbreviation for "President of the United States" and the word for drinkable water. White House Press Secretary Tony Snow explained the bold move, "Between the war in Iraq, swelling Medicare costs, and tax cuts, the government needed a way to make some money. . . and fast. The markup on this stuff is like 1000%. It's a cash cow!" Despite only being under government control for a week, bottled water has netted enough profits to wage war in Iraq for another year and purchase Diebold voting machines for the entire country. "People love this stuff!" giggled a delighted Bush. "And once we lower standards for tap water cleanliness again, we expect demand to go through the roof!" ●



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Dear pet owners,  
It's shit like this that keeps PETA in business.  
Thanks, *The Slant*

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## Corrections:

In our last issue, we managed to print at least two errors per page. The copy editing staff apologizes for these errors and has sworn it will cease abusing heroin. For real this time.

We also stated that the new VSG charter would unite Vanderbilt under a single leader. In fact, it will split us into factions that will soon begin killing one another. SGA and Interhall apologize for the mess, but hope the increased number of leadership positions will benefit the university as a whole.

## MASTHEAD



Minding our p's and q's... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE  
CONTENDIT

## FROM THE EDITOR



JOE HILLS

I'd like to take a moment to share with you some news of great import and excitement. I recently had the good fortune to sit in on a session with Frank Wcislo, the Dean of the Commons, and, boy, are they going to be amazing. It turns out that since interaction with upperclassmen is crucial to the development of freshmen, the University will be bending over backwards to entice everyone else to spend at least an hour every day walking to Peabody and back.

For example, I'm certain you will all be pleased to know that in addition to better van service between main campus and the Commons, there was talk of prioritizing student groups for scheduling classrooms and meeting spaces. But wait, there's more! You see, the dorms at the Commons will feature attractions such as vending machines, washing machines, Dance Dance Revolution machines, etc. It will be a veritable amusement park. If you have any ideas about ways the Dean could convince you to walk to Peabody, I strongly recommend you contact him as soon as possible. There is seemingly no limit on the amount of money the administration is willing to spend to ensure the success of the Commons. Make your demands now, while the kitchen is still open.

As the Commons may be the wave of the future, their shaping will be left largely to the underclassmen and future students of Vanderbilt. For those of us nearer to graduation, we must divert our attention to more immediate pursuits. If we want to be the greatest school in the nation, we need to start showing it. We may be able to increase our ranking slowly through hard work and perseverance, but that's not going to make national news. I know I wouldn't want to hear some talking head from Harvard uttering that he'd never heard of us. I would want him to be wiping his brow on camera, expressing his relief that now that we had finally surpassed them, he could enjoy restful sleep again, and that his university's every move had been dogged by that upstart Vanderbilt.

Vanderbilt students are supposedly some of the best and brightest in the nation, a diverse group of dreamers, engineers, leaders, weight lifters, and distance runners. We have the resources in both manpower and money, yet we have no school that despises us, no school that attacks us, and no school that fears us. Although I am tempted to encourage you, the student body, to mobilize and stage a grand prank on the students of MIT, I realize that we must start small, and closer to home. Emory, for example, is within driving distance, and would make a fine starter rival, which we could eventually trade up for the likes of Yale and Cal-Tech.

I encourage every one of you to take the time this week to familiarize yourselves with some of the great pranks MIT has pulled off throughout the years, then figure out what we could do better. After all, if you're going to pay \$46k yearly in tuition, you should be proud to say that your school kicks other schools' asses on a fairly regular basis. ☘



## Fucked Image

Of course, there are still skinheads in Germany, however, they're all gay.

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## Student Organizations

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1/16 Page	\$10	1.75" x 3"

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# Medical Breakthrough: Alzheimer's Cured

By PABLO DARELLI

After decades of research and millions upon millions spent in search of a cure, scientists at Madrid's Complutense University and the Cajal Institute have finally found a wonder drug that effectively reverses the symptoms of Alzheimer's disease.

The experiment in question involved injecting laboratory rats with a protein that induced Alzheimer's and then giving them a dose of cannabinoids, a chemical that occurs naturally in cannabis plants, and then seeing if the rats could navigate their way through a specially constructed maze. After monitoring the rats subsequent behavior, it was discovered that those which had been given the drug were significantly more successful at remembering their way out of the maze. Alzheimer's affects its victim's memory and ability to learn, reason, make judgments, communicate and carry out daily activities, so it makes perfect sense that cannabinoids would counter those effects.

A researcher from Complutense University described the results as "fucking amazing, man." After repeating this assessment several times, the researcher continued, "those fucking rats just like ran through that fucking maze...zipped right through that motherfucker...one of them even drew a fucking map for the others to like follow dude...shit I'm thirsty..."

According to the detailed results published by the scientists, the rats which had been given the drug performed especially well, some even gained the ability to draw small maps, though the quality of said maps has been questioned by critics. "They could have just been some random lines drawn in the sand, a doodle more or less, not a map," claims one

Wilford Brimley, a spokesman for Liberty Medical and a well known diabetic recently quipped that he's known

about the drug for years, "I use that drug now and I use it often" mentioning that it has helped him tremendously in coping with "diabeetus".

Since the drug has already seen such common use there are few questions pertaining to possible side effects. Dr. Hasberg, a professor at John Hopkins School of Medicine, is a strong supporter of the findings, "I don't see any reason why we

prominent leader in the realm of academia and devoted proponent of the drug is also excited at the prospect that new uses for it have been found.

Channels of distribution are already well established and "scoring some" should be easy and relatively inexpensive compared to other prescription drugs. An added benefit is that it provides a way for generations once thought to be completely alien to

was especially adamant, "This shit gets you high as fuck...Alzheimer's we're coming for you and we're bringing HoHos!"



An example of a complex maze solved by the rats

shouldn't make this drug a staple in the treatment of Alzheimer's disease, we've found that common side-effects include increase in appetite, dry mouth, tiredness, and elevated mood, all of these can be remedied through food, drink, sleep, and a kick to the groin."

Yet another current use is in the treatment of Meniere's disease, an inner-ear problem that causes vertigo, nausea, and hearing loss. A wife of a

one another to bond. "My grandson helped me find a really great dealer and those cell phones help me keep in touch with my other glaucomatous friends," a grandmother partaking of the plant attested.

Testing on adult subjects will begin next month beginning with a special strain, 'Purple Cush,' which researchers have recently been experimenting with and have great hopes for. One excited and bleary-eyed researcher

## Past Wonder Drugs

2000 BC: Prayer.

1645: Leeches.

1897: Mold. Later renamed penicillin.

1922: Chicken Soup.

1947: Smooth, unfiltered cigarettes.

1971: Accupuncture.

Alternative to drugs invented by New-Age American doctors. Chinese make spurious claims they invented it 2000 years ago.

1978: Kool-Aid. Cure for Jonestown.

1982: Guinness. It's good for you.

1989: *Chicken Soup for the Soul*.

1991: Ritalin. Cure for all symptoms of being a child.

## Alternate Uses for this New Wonder Drug

- Hippie attractant
- Cure for cancer. Maybe.
- Oregano-scented air freshener
- Tasty herb to put new life into old brownie recipes
- Increased ability to discuss utterly inane topics for hours on end
- Improves enjoyment of vizualizer programs

# VSG: Then and Now

*Two possible retrospective writings from the year 2010*

## Vanderbilt: Number One!

Between 2006 and 2007, SGA and Interhall ended their decades long cold war, and forged a new government, a body that was stronger, better, faster than before. The unified Vanderbilt Student Government immediately began making changes on campus to reflect the needs and desires of the student body. Drinking was permitted in freshman residential areas, the long closed tunnel beneath Carmichael Towers was reopened, and add/drop periods were extended. All was well with the University, and the Prophets Lancaster and Donovan were crowned with laurels and granted ample acceptance letters from graduate schools nationwide.

In 2007, Chancellor Gee and newly elected VSG President Stewart Hill watched as the bicameral body of VSG passed resolution after resolution, reform after reform, all with the best interests of the students in mind. With a solidified student body and a unified will, Vanderbilt redefined

itself as truly the greatest University in the nation, though the Princeton Review refused to grant it a rank higher than third. President Hill began to focus his attention outward, believing that all universities could be as prosperous and free as Vanderbilt if given the chance. His essays from this time, especially, "On the Ideal University: Lessons Learned," are becoming more and more commonly found in

classrooms throughout the nation, and are currently being translated into seven different languages.

With the departure of the class of 2008, the next VSG President, Jared Anderson, took Hillist doctrine to heart, allowing the senate and house to handle internal affairs, and concerning himself with external affairs. Anderson's initial creation of the VSG Peacekeeping Force, or VPF, was blessed by both Gee and the Board of Trust that October, and was first deployed the following spring to assist the students of Belmont as they struggled to escape the oppression of the Tennessee Baptist Conference. By rejecting the religion on which their school was founded, Belmont

students began to enjoy their own rapid rise through the Princeton rankings, and soon settled at 12th in the nation.

Currently, under the charismatic leadership of Fabiani Duarte, Vanderbilt continues to successfully expand its South Eastern Co-Prosperty Sphere. Students from both Vanderbilt and Belmont are volunteering for semester-long stints in the VPF. Although over 12

schools throughout the Southeast are now benefiting from a VPF presence, the reconstruction of New Orleans by Vanderbelmont troops stationed at Tulane is universally recognized as the achievement that has finally vaulted Vanderbilt into the rank of first in the Princeton Review. Stating that his work is done, Gee has announced his plans to ascend to heaven on a cloud next week. ●



**Off-duty Vanderbelmont Peacekeepers enjoy a round of Mario Safari for the SNES**

## Vanderbilt: Who's Counting?

Between 2006 and 2007, SGA and Interhall ended their decades long cold war, and the balance between academic life and residential life at Vanderbilt was destroyed. The schools of Blair, Peabody, and Engineering felt weakened by the stacked senate favoring Arts and Science, and discord grew within the student body. As students of each school were outnumbered in their dorms, residential elections went to A&S in a landslide victory. Using the unified House and Senate below him, A&S senior and VSG President Graham Thompson began to push increasingly obtrusive measures to monitor students and identify possible dissenters. Blair Senior Stewart Hill was among the few willing to openly denounce the increasingly totalitarian government, citing invasions of privacy and diversion of funds away from non-A&S programs as grounds to hold new elections. Hill's defiance was met with further economic sanctions against the Blair school, and tensions rose.

Former Chancellor Gordon Gee attempted to mediate the dispute using a public discussion between the two leaders as both a tool to reconcile the pair and to reassert the presence of the administration. The talks fell into chaos when a rogue VUPD officer left his post near the exit and fired two shots: one into the chancellor and one into himself. Each side blamed the other for the death of the universally respected chancellor, and open fighting became inevitable. The VSG Senate and House both voted nearly unanimously to grant Thompson the emergency powers necessary to restore order. Thompson soon declared the conflict an internal affair, had VUPD expelled from the campus, and received word from the Mayor that the City would not intervene, as long as the hospital continued to operate.

2008 and 2009 were heretofore the bloodiest years in Vanderbilt his-



**Rebel Ambush!**

tory, with Peabody occupied by VSG Peacekeepers and all Engineering and Blair students forced to live in ghettos inside Kensington garage. The resistance movement fled underground, using the Mayor's concern for the Vanderbilt Medical Center as a shield, and operated out of the tunnels there. Frequent rebel strikes into Stevenson left VSG troops demoralized, and there were heavy casualties on both sides, as the ghettos starved a few blocks away.

Popular support for the war dropped to an all-time low in autumn of 2009, following the expulsion of VSG troops from the NMR, their last stronghold in Stevenson. Charismatic VSG President Fabiani Duarte attempted to broker a new peace, but the rebels would accept nothing but unconditional surrender. On Thanksgiving Day, both parties were surprised by a blitz attack from Belmont's tank divisions, which quickly captured the Peabody buffer zone and destroyed a rebel raiding party carrying turkey and stuffing back to base. Belmonti student leadership, having recently overthrown their Tennessee Baptist Convention oppressors, felt that Vanderbilt was an easy target, and within days had sent hundreds of troops across the Peabody Bridge.

Although both Carmichael Towers and the Kensington Ghettos have been destroyed by air strikes, the members of the newly formed Vanderbilt Resistance Force are hopeful that they will prevail. Stated one student, "Our destruction of the Peabody Bridge last week shows that our experience is paying off." ●

# North Koreans Steam, Eat Rice



## US Secretary of State Mistaken For National Dietary Staple

by **CHRIS SKENE**

Diplomatic relations between Washington and North Korea came to an abrupt halt on Monday when an aide to North Korean leader Kim Jong-il mistook Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice for the edible plant of the same name. After receiving a note from the State Department that the United States was "sending Rice to North Korea to smooth over diplomatic tensions," the aide allegedly ordered that Rice be steamed and served to Kim Jong-il for dinner.

The gift was appreciated by Jong-il, who remarked, "It was very considerate of [President Bush] to send this offering of sustenance during this time of international turmoil." Reports indicate that North Korea is prepared to open a series of talks as a result of "America's gift of this thoroughly enjoyable, delicious rice."

Upon notification of the Secretary's untimely demise, President Bush called upon the nation to continue to support his strong stance against North Korea. "After the chaos and carnage of September 11th, it is not enough to serve our enemies with legal papers," he said. Bush later added, "Maybe we should look into sending Kim Jong-il a bag of pretzels."

Howard Dean, the Democratic National Committee chairman, was enthusiastic about Bush's new strategy for North Korea. "Not only are we going to send you Rice, Kim Jong-il, we're going to send you Rumsfeld, and Cheney, and Roberts, and Hastert, and then we're going to go to England and send you Tony Blair... Byaaah!"

After the meal, Jong-il is reported to have made positive comments about the Secretary's robust flavor. "It's the strangest thing...this stuff tastes just like chicken," he remarked. Jong-il then put down his chop sticks, looked up, and calmly said, "Please pass the soy sauce." 🍛

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North Korea
Kim Jong-Il's Profile (This is you)

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🗨️ Kim is a Big Boy now!  
Updated 50 minutes ago

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1 friend

Brendan Alviani

edit
▼ Friends in Other Networks

**Networks with the most friends**

Vanderbilt (1)

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Facebook allows you to upload unlimited photos. To add a new photo album, click here.

edit
▼ Notes

Tell everyone what's on your mind with Facebook notes. To write a new note, click here.

edit
▼ Mini-Feed

Displaying 10 stories. [See All](#)

**Today**

- Kim and Brendan Alviani are now friends. 8:38pm x
- Kim and Saddam Hussein are now friends. 8:24pm x
- Kim and Mahmoud Ahmadinejad are now friends. 8:22pm x
- Kim commented on Mahmoud Ahmadinejad's note -+Memories-+-: "I remember still that first cigar you sent me...so good, like the old days." 8:15pm x
- Kim edited Profile Picture, Interests and About Me in his profile. 7:48pm x
- Kim commented on George Bush's photo. 9:35pm x
- "You're a stupid dumbhead." x
- Kim is a Big Boy now! 7:48pm x
- Kim edited TV Shows, Movies and Books in his profile. 3:56pm x

**Yesterday**

- Kim edited Interests and Activities in his profile. 7:34pm x

**October 20**

- Kim is listed as in a relationship with South Korea and it's complicated. 6:03pm x
- Kim activated Facebook Mobile. This means Kim gets a text message when you poke him. 6:01pm x
- Kim edited Profile Picture in his profile. 5:59pm x
- Kim joined the North Korea network. 5:58pm x

edit
▼ Information

**Contact Info** [\[ edit \]](#)

Email:  
KoreanAngel69@hotmail.com

**Personal Info** [\[ edit \]](#)

Activities: Watching TV, hanging out with friends, ordering hits on political enemies, cuddling, picnics, strong-arming my way into power, fathering illegitimate children, and generally being a cool guy.

Interests: Glasses, platform shoes, Golf. Also, I like eating fine food like calamari, lobster, and McDonalds.

Favorite TV Shows: Dawson's Creek, Grey's Anatomy,

Favorite Movies: Dr. Strangelove, Dr. Strangeloving (yay porn!), Singin' In The Rain, any movies I make with kidnapped actors

Favorite Books: "Uncurious George: A guide for raising the perfect korean child." Also, I love Stalin's "Slaughtering your own people for Pleasure and Profit."

About Me: I'm ronery, oh so ronery...

edit
▼ The Wall

No wall posts. [Write Something](#)

Nobody has said anything... yet.

## Join *The Slant*

Do you enjoy laughing?  
 What about making other people laugh?  
 We love laughing, we're awesome, and ready to rock!

**Every Tuesday at 6:30 pm in Furman 109**

# How DARE You Take Away My Tradewinds Tea?

by **KEVIN MCNISH**

You've won this round, Vanderbilt Dining.

I know that you and I have never been particularly close. I remember urging freshman to rise up in revolt against you two years ago with an article detailing how to manipulate mandatory freshman meal plans to produce meal money from naught but cereal. I encouraged them to fight the power, saying, "Every last box of cereal you take instead of eating in Rand is a rapier wound into the monopolistic behemoth of Vanderbilt Dining, bleeding cash from its scaly hide."

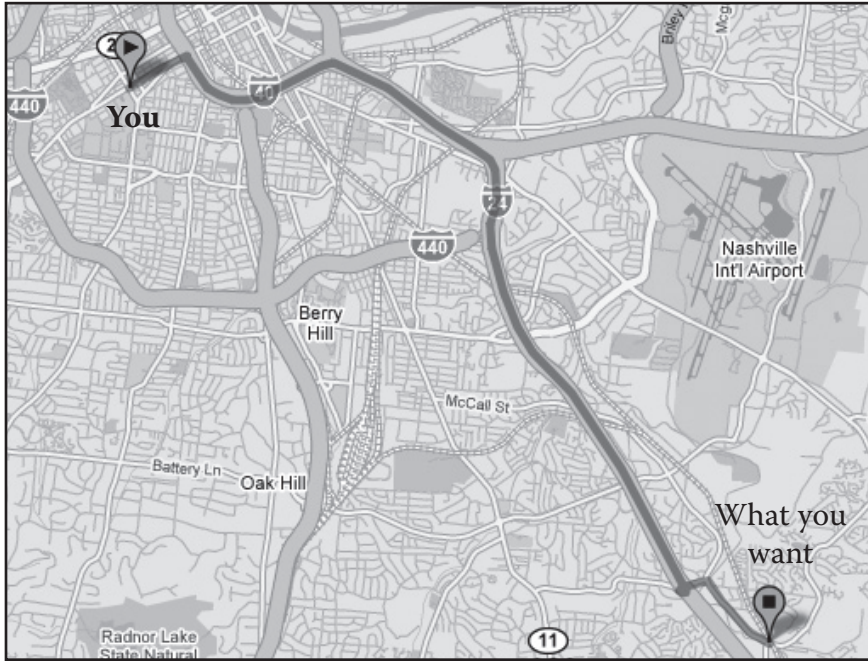
When this failed to bring about change, I renewed my journalistic assault upon your ivory kitchens a few months later. I brought news of your exorbitant markups to the student body, and of your "capital reserve" that your so-called non-profit organization maintains. I went out of my way to adhere to the "emphasis on free markets" part of the Torch mission statement in that article. I even opened with an especially powerful P.J. O'Rourke quote to let you know with whom you were messing.

A few months later, I thought that right had prevailed.

I thought the forces of freedom, justice, and the American Way prevailed in 2005, a year that saw the introduction of the Taste of Nashville program in the spring and the implementation of a Quizno's in Towers in the fall. When the creation of Lunch Paper and the addition of the Morgan Quizno's which I see every morning upon leaving my Chaffin, I thought that I might be able to lay my arms down for good. I thought that the great colossal struggle had ended.

I could not have been more wrong.

I remember one long, muggy night this past September when I found myself weary with thoughts of thermodynamics and differential equations. I



**No Longer A Simple Trip To The Munchie**

needed something to quench my thirst and lift my spirits. The most obvious choice, of course, was an ice-cold bottle of Tradewinds peach tea.

How can I describe Tradewinds tea? It is a fugue that fills your mouth with the summery flavor of peaches played against the counterpoint of the subtle flavor of kettle-brewed black tea. To describe it as the nectar of the gods would understate its perfection, and I've tasted divine nectars from the cellars of Dionysius, Amon-Re, and Odin. It is without question the finest achievement in the in the history of beverages, and compares favorably with those other major "human achievements," such as the lunar landing and the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

When I went to the Morgan Varsity Market to grab a bottle of this chilled quintessence, I found myself pierced by the sharpest absence I have ever felt. The cooler had no Tradewinds tea. Frantic investigations of the other Munchie Marts around campus revealed that Tradewinds tea had completely vanished from campus.

You've won this round, Vanderbilt Dining. You've made it so I have to drive twelve miles southeast of here to Antioch to sate my thirst. You've

replaced the Tradewinds tea here with hollow substitutes such as Fuze and Snapple. You've taken away the best beverage this campus will ever hope to have.

You have underestimated one thing, though. You have estimated my unquenchable fervor and my burning zeal. You have only strengthened my resolve to overcome you. My journalistic arsenal has lain silent for the last year, Vanderbilt Dining, if that is

your real name. But no more. No more will I allow you to lull me into a false sense of security, and no more will I withhold the most damaging secrets I have uncovered about your operation, like your Aztec-style human sacrifices or your hand in the breakup of the Spice Girls. No more will the student body remain ignorant of the fact that you were cheering for Lex Luthor the entire time in Superman.

Oh, no, Vanderbilt Dining. This is not the end. This is nothing but the beginning. I will have my vengeance. And then I will wash it down with Tradewinds tea. 🍌

## Need Help?

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## VANDERBILT FOOTBALL

# 5-3



Vanderbilt's football team moved to 5-3 against the spread over the past two weeks. The Dores chalked up a big win with an impressive performance at Georgia over Fall Break. Vandy began the game with an advantage of 13 points. Surprisingly, Vanderbilt managed to extend its lead by a further two points over the course of the match for a final score of 37-22. The Commodores quickly lost their momentum next week at home against the South Carolina Gamecocks. At kickoff, Bobby Johnson's side was up by 3 1/2 points and, though down, were within striking distance at the half. Certainly aware of this publication's prediction of a close, "reality" loss and never one to be told how to lose games, Johnson instead capitulated and let the Cocks run up the score to a final tally of 16 1/2 - 31.

Next week, Vanderbilt hopes to earn a sixth win against the spread and become eligible to play in the Doritos Against the Spread Bowl. The Dores face the Duke Blue Devils, who will have a sizable opening lead due to their awfulness, in North Carolina. The game should shape up much like the TSU match, and the Nashville side will need to post many points to come away with a win. Vandy will get another chance the next weekend when they come home to face Top 10 ranked Florida. Look for the Commodores to buckle down on defense and try to protect what is sure to be an enormous points advantage at kickoff. 🍌



# An Evening on The Vandy Van

by CHRIS STANFORD

I board the van at 8:25 p.m. and sit toward the middle with my notebook balanced on one knee. About 20 minutes into the ride, I finally get a chance to introduce myself to the driver, Judy, and explain that I'm riding the van for a school paper. She is perfectly fine with having me on board and we talk for a little while about her until passengers begin to board. The highlight of the hour is when one fellow hears a song he likes come on the radio and proceeds to harass Judy about turning it up. She complies, since this guy refuses to sit down otherwise. That, and she likes the song too.

Things pick up during the second hour. Early on, Judy requests that she be given her break around 11:15 or so. Soon after this, it begins to rain and we pick up a girl at Towers looking to go to Vandy/Barnard. Bear in mind, this is over both the protests of her friend and the fact that the bus's route is clearly printed on the side. After failing to convince Judy to let her off at her destination, she gets off at Kissam, a hard lesson learned about distances on campus. A little while later, a group gets on at Branscomb that fills the van. Since they're going to Peabody, they take delight in laughing at the souls they're leaving standing waiting for the Vandy Van, until they realize that the friend they were supposed to meet was among the people left standing around outside Kissam.

Following them, two girls get on who discuss the similarities between people they know and the cast of *I Love Lucy*. From there, the discussion quickly moves toward the fact that neither of them has been sober for more than 5 hours in the last 48. Building off that point, one girl observes that she once figured out she was not sober when she walked into a pole. After that, we are forced to stop before pulling on to West End when some guy bangs on the side of the van as it's pulling away, in order to stop us so his friend can get on. Judy nearly has a heart attack.

The next twenty minutes are fairly uneventful, until one pair of slightly intoxicated young ladies gets on. Their discussion is far ranging, with the highlight including that they attempt to remember world hot-dog eating champion Takeru Kobayashi's

name. Their guesses? Tamogatchi, Toyota, and Sashimi. When this same group passes KΣ, they pose the question "Why is anyone at Kappa Sig?"

A little while after that, another group boards, talking about how they should have tried to get the Peabody-Branscomb bus to stop for them at Towers. The discussion is best summed up by the statement, "People have complemented me on this shirt tonight. I could have gotten them to stop." While listening, however, I pick up

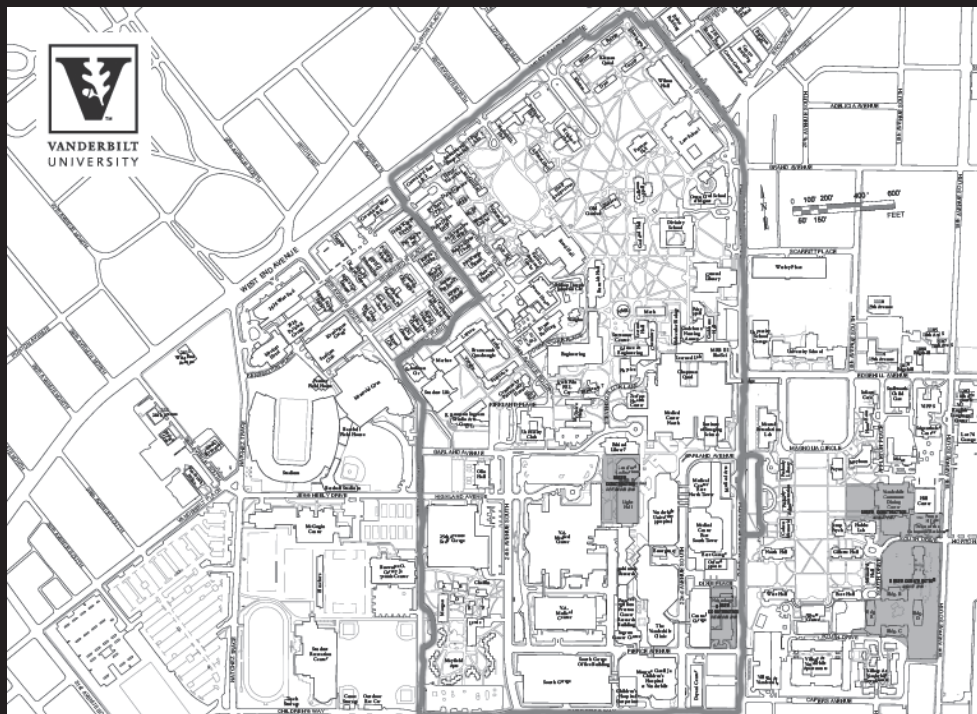
its of Birmingham, Alabama from a Georgia native, who at one point declares that he wishes Birmingham was actually a city in Georgia. Around this same time, I am asked about what I'm doing for the second or third time. I again use the excuse that I'm "making notes for a story I'm writing" and jot down an observation that drunk people are a lot more likely to ask about something out of the ordinary.

Toward the end of the hour two groups board that, while they are not together, know one another. One of the girls behind me has some ice cream that she cannot finish, which is offered to a freshman guy in front of me. He accepts, asking her if she has anything, somewhat jokingly. She responds by assuring him that she has no STD's. They ultimately decide that, if either party remembers in the morning, they should Facebook one another. On a personal note, his name was Billy and he should be a friend of one of your friends, in case neither of you remembered.

By the time they got off, it was 2:20, and the parties were closing down. This, predictably, led to large numbers of people stumbling into the street as they tried to make their way home, slowing down traffic. Laws prevent natural selection from running its course, but we still continue on our route. A couple of girls sit down next to me at around

the half-hour mark, and one challenges her friend to say something absurd. Sadly, her friend does not comply.

After that, however, one of the girls in front of me discovers a popcorn kernel up her nose. Shortly thereafter, she remembers putting it up there for unspecified reasons. Discussion then turns to cupcakes and the idea of a "cupcake slip-and-slide" is bandied about. Around this time, I decide to get off at Towers as close to 3 a.m. as possible. However, just before I get off, the guy from earlier who wanted out of the van and his friends returned, still very much intoxicated. They, of course, recognized me, and asked about my "story" before turning to their own affairs, which largely consisted of arguing about going to Wendy's and the inability of those present to counter the threat "I will sell your dog on eBay." They got off at Branscomb and I alighted at Towers, wishing Judy a good night and thanking her for her assistance.

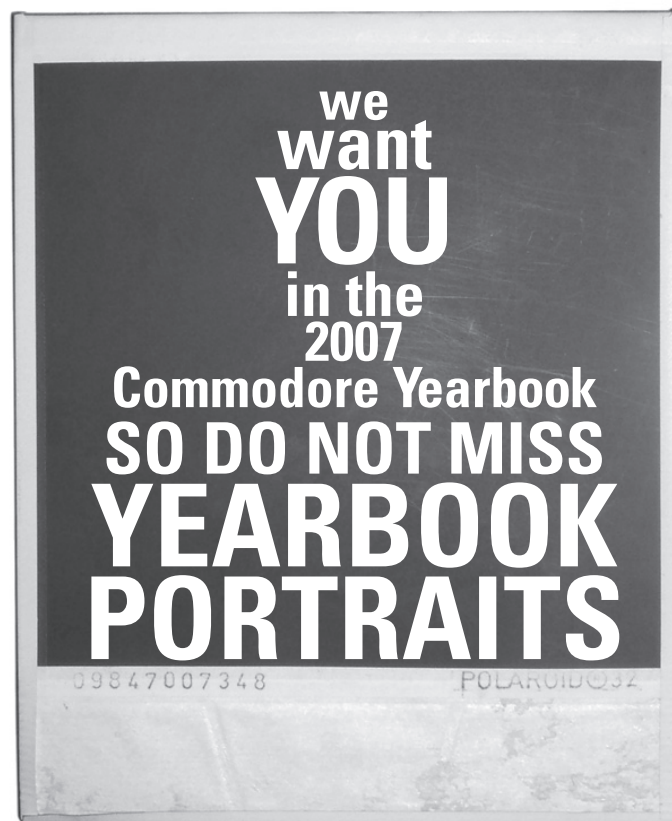


I went around this 26 times

on the fact that Judy will be taking her break shortly and ultimately disembark at Morgan. I walk back to my dorm in order to give my legs a good stretch after almost 3 hours on the van.

At 12:17 a.m., I board Judy's van in front of Branscomb. She has just gotten back on duty, so I haven't missed anything. However, it's about 30 minutes before anything of note happens as a group gets on that, quite frankly, radiate the smell of alcohol. One girl in front of me is curious about what I'm writing. My reply? "Notes for a story." This seems good enough for her, so I am able to turn my attention to the gentlemen behind me. One has a Branscomb Breakfast that he is eating behind me (whilst, I should observe, complaining about how terrible it is). While he is not serious, he is quite belligerent in his demeanor and complains loudly about how he hates everyone on the bus and their "fucking speech impediments." He then declares that Judy should, as he put it, "Let me out of this God-damned van."

I am next treated to a lively discussion on the mer-



**NOVEMBER 6–10**  
**9 a.m.–6 p.m. Sarratt 112**  
**RE-TAKES AND FIRST PORTRAITS**  
**FRESHMEN, SOPHOMORES**  
**AND JUNIORS JUST STOP BY.**  
**SENIORS MAKE APPOINTMENTS**  
**ONLINE NOW**

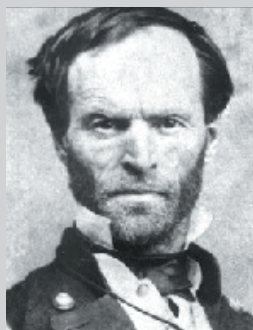
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**AROUNDTHELOOP**



**How do you feel about Vanderbilt's 24-22 upset victory over Georgia last week?**

**William Tecumseh Sherman**



“Vanderbilt destroyed Georgia in one afternoon? Kudos. It took me about 3 months.”

**Gordon Gee, Wealthy Elitist**



“I only hope my bookie never processed the \$2.268 billion of our Endowment I bet on the ‘Dawgs to win. Man, I thought that was a lock.”

**Bobby Johnson, Monday Morning Quarterback**



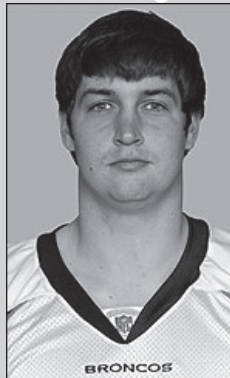
“It just goes to show what happens when the players don’t listen to my game plan.”

**Hellbound Snowball**



“So happy! Maybe now I can make it too!”

**Jay Cutler, College Football Has-been**



“Who cares? I’m in Denver now, remember?”

**Chaz Roberchio, Sports Reporter**



“Vanderbilt has a football team?!”

**SLANTHORRORSCOPES**

**El Chupacabra:**

A prominent border patrol position awaits if you want it. High pay. All the goats you can eat!

**Ghost:**

You may believe that your white sheet with two holes cut for eyes makes an awesome throwback costume, but let’s face it, you’ve worn those Buddy Holly glasses for years and haven’t gotten laid yet.

**Dead Surgeon:**

No, retard, buying scrubs, wearing pale make-up and saying you are a “dead” something or other is not a real Halloween costume. Lazy Fucker.

**Playboy Bunny:**

Your revealing costume may be very attractive, but really the only reason that hot guy will hook up with you is his fetish for anthropomorphized rabbits.

**Bridge Troll:**

You will find yourself in a precarious situation with your boss when he realizes that you have been asking people riddles instead of collecting tolls.

**Death:**

You will come to the conclusion that buying a McCormick’s reaper is a really good investment, since harvesting mens’ souls with a scythe alone isn’t leaving you nearly enough time to golf with the guys.

**Werewolf:**

Be wary of your neighbors. They’re still a little bitter about you “marking your territory” in their rose bushes during the last full moon.

**Mummy:**

Wrapping yourself in toilet paper and shambling about groaning will not make you look scary. It will just make people think you got trashed at a wedding shower.

**Mad Computer Scientist:**

Another week of World of Warcraft and furious masturbation.

**Vampire:**

In spite of his claims to be a simple Bible salesman, beware of the gentleman carrying a cross who will visit later this month.

**Michael Myers:**

Don’t feel the need to rush, as you can more easily accomplish your goals at a leisurely pace. Avoid watching anything that will upset you this week (like strangers fucking).

**Policewoman:**

Double-check to ensure your key works before using your costume cuffs to secure your date to the bed this time. Also, lay off the donuts; you’re not trying to crush the boy.

## Top Ten Worst Alternative Spring Break Sites

- 10** Measuring glacier shrinkage in Antarctica
- 9** Firearm safety training in South Central Los Angeles
- 8** Shredding documents in Kirkland Hall
- 7** Religious tolerance education in Somalia
- 6** Accomplishing anything at all at the United Nations Headquarters
- 5** Explaining to auto-workers in Detroit why Japan is kicking their asses
- 4** GLBT divorce counseling in Boston
- 3** Distributing leaflets for Democracy Matters in Pyongyang
- 2** Train operation at Neverland Ranch
- 1** Roadside cleanup in Baghdad



★
★
★

**LAMBDA DRAG SHOW** ★

**Vanderbilt's Most Fabulous Fall Formal!**

★
**Friday, Oct. 27th @ 7:30 p.m.**
★

★
**Alumni Lawn.**
★

★
**Bring Your Singles!**
★

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## Bastard Confession



"For Halloween, I'm going to be a real fraternity brother!"

-James Rollins Jameson  
Sigma Nu Re-Colonist