



Lacrimatus est
~~Jesus~~
 Tom Cruise

*Darning socks and damning pantyhose
 ... since 1886*

INSIDETHISSUE

Rice's Face "Frozen That Way" after State of the Union Address, Proves Countless Parents Right

Underclassman VSG Ticket Actually Disqualified Due to Lack of Discernible First Names

Too Bad Tiger Woods Isn't Dominant At A Real Sport

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Facebook Adds New GPS Tracking Feature

The popular online networking site Facebook recently added a new tracking feature to “deepen the Facebook experience.” For a small fee, specially trained Facebook



agents will inject an NSA-developed tracking chip between one’s shoulder blades, just like a dog. The chip then transmits

data to Facebook servers and automatically updates one’s current location and current activity on their profile, streamlining the entire facebooking experience. When it was suggested that this would make Facebook only more stalker friendly, creator Mark Zuckerberg responded, “No, this actually prevents stalking related violence, because this way you know exactly where the stalkers are.”

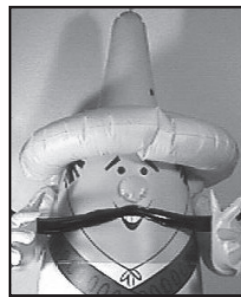
Cyclops Arrested In Connection With Laser-Eyes Murders

Mutant Scott Summers, alias: Cyclops, was apprehended Tuesday in connection with several laser-eyes killings. “It could have been anybody!”, declared the mutant defiantly as he was shoved into a squad car. Police, however, still have no leads in last week’s three adamantium stabbings.



Death-Row Inmate Orders Vagina For Last Meal

Death-row inmate Alan Vicksly, several hours before his scheduled execution, ordered “pussy” for his last meal. “Something like this had never happened before,” explained prison warden William Macey. “We really couldn’t argue with him. The policy is he can have whatever he wants, so we found someone willing and showed her to his cell. She started screaming and moaning and the media started asking all these questions, ‘What is that?’ ‘Did you start the execution early?’ It was awful.” Mr. Vicksly was unavailable for a post-meal interview.



Frito Bandito Implicated in Mexican Tortilla Crisis

Price hikes for the all-important tortilla have shredded the livelihood of countless Mexicans, but the Mexican government has fingered a prime suspect: The Frito Bandito. Long wanted for a string of petty theft in the 1960s and ‘70s, The Frito Bandito is now believed to be running a black market, selling corn chips to the fuel industry. The recent push for ethanol has caused rising tortilla prices and an economic and nutritional crisis for Mexico’s poor. A tape released by the Bandito’s camp simply contained the message, “Ay-ay-ay! I am the Frito Bandito!”



Groundhog Day To Be Celebrated At VU Dining Halls

Vanderbilt dining hall customers will celebrate Groundhog Day this year by eating roast, fried, grilled, broiled, and stewed groundhog. Rand Hall will serve the most woodchuck, primarily from the Chef James Rotisserie Roundup, which will be a significant step up in quality from its normal fare. Other dining locations, such as the Pub and C.T. West will also have various forms of

LAZY

How we feel about getting a new thermometer



groundhog available. Even Quizno’s will be in spirit, mixing tiny bits of the rodent into their ubiquitous oregano topping. Said dining director Lida Horna, “It’ll be sort of like the eucharist, but fun!” She added, “If this goes over well, I have a great idea for an April Fool’s Day dining event involving lean HOD majors.”

Freshman Disappointed by Free Speech Presentation

Freshmen Derek McDermit said that he was incredibly disappointed by the mild and nonprovocative nature of the “Freedom Sings” show offered by Vanderbilt’s First Amendment Center. “I was really hoping to see some tits, maybe even a little full frontal, but every single image they showed was annoyingly appropriate. Plus, they didn’t even swear once. No fucks, shits, or even a dog joke involving the word bitch. I mean, what’s the point of telling people to push the envelope when they won’t do it themselves?” Supporters of the presentation point out that it did address the problems of censorship by using a powerpoint presentation, a local band of talented and unoffensively boring musicians, and free t-shirts. “I totally get what they’re saying,” McDermit said. “But they totally skimmed over their opinions of parental advisory stickers, the value of swear words, and Internet censorship. And tits. Totally forgot to include enough tits. If nothing else, I got a pretty sweet free shirt that I’ll never wear.”

FUCK



It’s quite clear that none of us give a damn about the children anymore.

GAYS LOOT L.A. OVER DREAMGIRLS BEST PICTURE SNUB



Chaos, marked by overwhelming amounts of sass, style, and music, took Los Angeles by storm last Tuesday following the Academy Awards snubbing of Dreamgirls in the Best Picture category. “They were tricky to stop: whenever we came near them, they just ran to the middle of the street and starting dancing,” said Deputy Juan Mendas. “I’ve never seen anything like it. One minute they’re looting the likes of Pier One and J.Crew and the next they’re an oppressed minority just singing and dancing to be free.” Some businesses were left unscathed, including Wal-Mart, Salty McNaulty’s Fish ‘n Bait, and the Judeo-Christian ValueCentric Emporium. But the Army/Navy Surplus was positively reamed and will likely be shut down until more “Lightly Used” apparel and equipment can be recovered from Iraq and cleaned. Further investigation found vandalism throughout the city, mostly in the form of neatly written graffiti with tags such as “Fagz Fo’ Life” and “Proud’a My Prada”. Many interpret these actions as a move by the “Gays” to be legitimized in the eyes of the minority community, or in the jargon of criminals, gaining “street cred.” Further coverage and analysis continues on Bravo.

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ANIMAL OVERCROWDING SPACE



And at night, they are all kept in one shoebox for a small child's slippers

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Corrections:

In Issue 8, the Other News story entitled "Democratic Primary Field Now Includes 82 Candidates" was accompanied by the incorrect picture. We mistakenly ran a picture of the Communist sickle-and-hammer insignia, when we intended to run a crescent and star insignia. We apologize to anyone who has spent the last two weeks associating the Democrats with socialism instead of Islam.

MASTHEAD



Bringing sexy back with a late fee... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE
CONTENDIT

FROM THE EDITOR



JOE HILLS

People are a mystery to me. Now, I don't see them as drawn-out whodunit novels, but rather in the vein of the cartoon *Scooby-Doo*. It seems that the Mystery Machine that is my life breaks down at regular intervals and dumps me into new and unfamiliar situations, where I meet a variety of characters appearing both foul and fair. And each time, I find myself attempting to look beyond those appearances, and figure out what the hell is really going on.

I am fortunate to have my friends, who seem to know about as much about what's going on as I do, although with varying degrees of self-confidence and intuition. Even though it seems that the gang often chooses the worst times to split up to cover more ground, it's just as well. Even when we don't appreciate it, we're always fighting the clock, and the carnival is always about to be sold by someone to someone else.

Why? What are the motives? I return once more to the people. New people, different people. They are the true mystery. They are what they believe, they are what they present, and they are what they are. In this three-in-one, truly in the image of the Lord are we crafted. Although everyone's wearing masks, someone is Wearing a Mask, but you don't ever know quite who until the end, and by that time, it seems like all you've done is run around in circles and meddle in other peoples' business.

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Contact slantads@gmail.com for details!



FUCKED IMAGE

"Too close for missiles; I'm switching to guns."

Top Gun 3:16

Freedom Ride 2007 Helped Me Like Totally Understand The Civil Rights Movement

By OLIVIA CABOT UNDERSTANDING WHITE PERSON

Wow. It's not every weekend that you get to really appreciate a whole new perspective on what it means to be an American, but that's exactly what happened to me over the last few days. When I first saw the posters advertising Vanderbilt's "Freedom Ride 2007," I wasn't sure I wanted to do it. I mean, it's not like I don't care about history (hello! My ancestors basically owned the Mayflower), but I never thought there was much you could gain from driving through Alabama unless you were trying to get to Destin. Boy, was I wrong.

If, like me, you hadn't heard about the Civil Rights Movement before, let me tell you what I found out about it from Wikipedia. Apparently, back in the 1960s, there was lots of racial discrimination in America, and black people lived in the poorest, most crime-ridden and crowded parts of our cities. They didn't go to school with white people, and they couldn't get the best jobs, and people used to get really sensitive if black men hung out with white women (which is, like, so ridiculous – I never had a problem playing in the garden as a little kid while Jermaine mowed the lawn). It's so difficult to imagine what it would be like to live in that sort of a world.

The "Freedom Rides" were part of an attempt to make things better. I guess I had never quite appreciated the things some people had to go through in order to be accepted

by society. I sort of imagined it must have been similar to how I felt when I didn't get a bid from Tri-Delt during rush. Anyway, what the Freedom Riders had to do to put it right was far more work than getting Tri-Delt to reconsider by having daddy threaten to stop making donations to Vanderbilt.

those days. I mean, I do have some friends back home who used to ride a bus to school, but that was just until their parents could afford to send them to prep school. It was really impressive to know that in order to get civil rights, people had been willing to actually get on buses voluntarily.

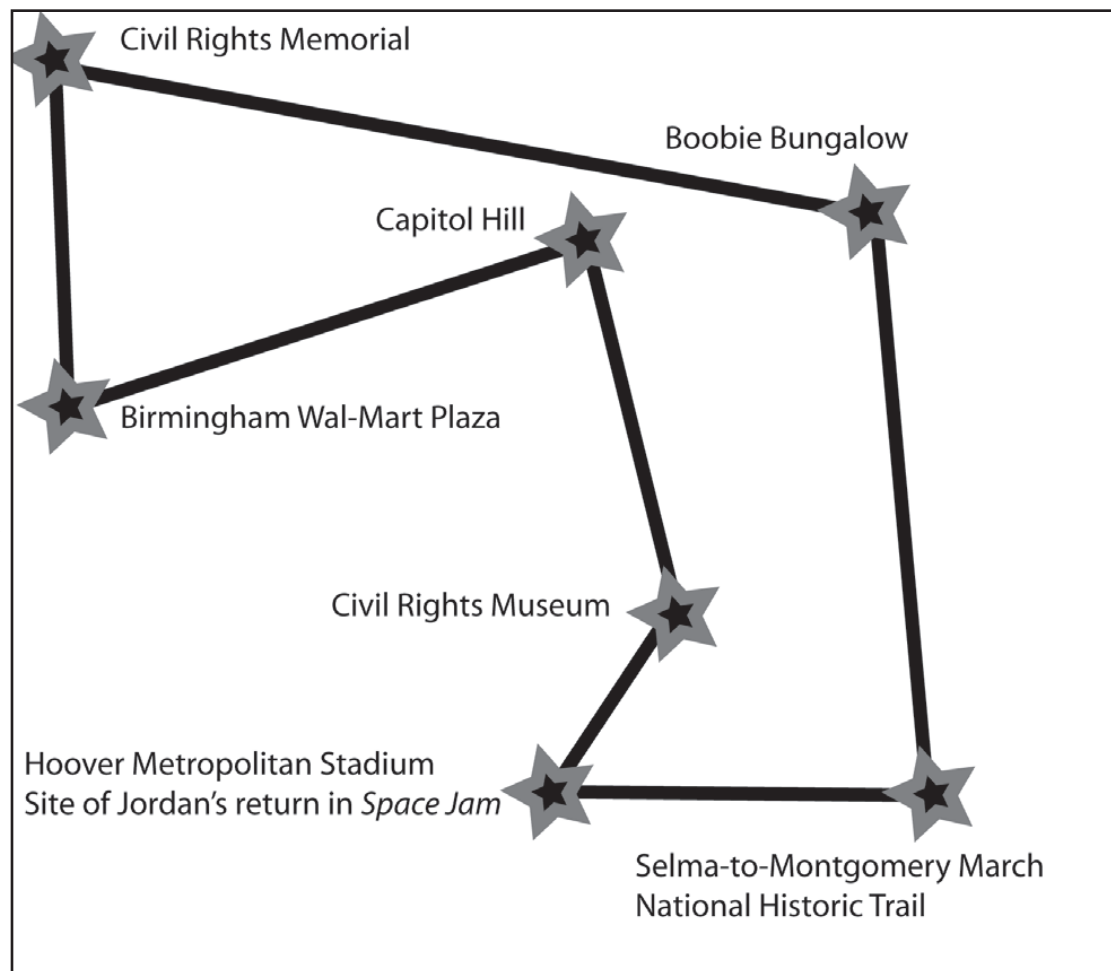
at least there were some kind policemen in the photos who had helped the people off the bus, though they must have had to drag them off pretty hard, judging by all the blood that was around.

Luckily, our buses didn't break down, and so we were able to make it to our three-course dinner at a

glitzy Birmingham hotel. Actually, thinking about it, those original Freedom Riders were probably late to their dinner after their problems on the bus. I'll bet they were really ticked off, because the food was lovely. After dinner, we got to hear from a couple of the people who were on the original Freedom Rides, as well as Dr. James Lawson, who was actually at Vanderbilt in the 1950s. Dr. Lawson kept talking about what life was like in the "Old South." It didn't sound as much fun as the "Old South" parties I go to at KA, but then people probably didn't have as much money to spend on having fun in those days.

Now that I'm back from this amazing journey, I've found myself understanding a lot more of the world I see around me. For instance, I'd always thought it was strange that so many black people rode the buses in Nashville. Now I understand that it's all about enjoying the freedoms they won back in the 1960s.

To show them I care, I've decided that every morning on my walk from Peabody to campus during Black History Month, I'll make sure to wish everybody at the bus-stop a "Happy Freedom Ride." It's the least I can do to show how much I've learned.



Visiting the important places in Alabama

For a start, they had to get on buses. Can you believe it! In the recreation this weekend, we even got to experience what riding on a bus was like. I felt like I was being so dangerous! It must have been so awful to know that you had to take public transportation to get anywhere in

At least the ones we used during the weekend were safe. During the trip, they showed us some pictures of the buses they used in the 1960s, and they didn't seem very safe at all. In one of the pictures, it looked like one of them had caught fire. I expect it hadn't been serviced properly. Still,

SUPER BOWL

GREETINGS, SPORTS FANS

Super Sunday is the favorite national holiday of many. It takes all the things we like best about Thanksgiving--eating and watching football--and removes all the things we hate about it--namely family.

Since the day is specifically about football, the menu dispenses with tired holiday foods like turkey and dressing and replaces it with cheese dip and wings. And since it dispenses with family, you can drink in greater volume and variety.

A Super Bowl Party is like tailgating indoors. You have all the cooking tools and storage you'll need, plus a warm place to shit.

Generally, a great Super Bowl Party requires the biggest of everything: the biggest house, the biggest rooms, the biggest guest list, and the biggest television.

However, the key to a great party is having not just the biggest but also the most televisions. You should not be able to look in any direction and miss any of the action. If somebody has to go to the bathroom, there should be a TV mounted in the hallway to and from the bathroom, plus one in the bathroom on the vanity. Otherwise, people risk missing football and commercials. Keep this in mind when choosing a party or planning your own. If you are going to someone else's party, try to scope out their house beforehand so you don't get tied into a 17" CRT with shoddy reception when you could have been watching on a 42" plasma.

Another important aspect of the game is gambling. The most critical component of this is to invite your bookie to the game. It's a simple sign of respect to provide as much food and beer as possible to the man you give your hard earned dollars to all season long. This is his reward for a

long season. Also, if you do a good job, he'll be just a little more forgiving in allowing you to pay up after you lose your Super Bowl bets. Even if he declines your invite, he'll respect you for the invitation, which will come in handy when he's deciding which of your bones to have broken.

Regardless of how much money anybody has on the game with the local bookie, there must be a house gambling pool. The best option is to sell grid blocks on your ten-by-ten sheet and have payouts for correct scores after each quarter. The minimum price should be \$10, but push for \$20. There are few joys greater than redistributing \$2000 among your friends.

The Super Bowl is also a great time for hooking up, whether you're married or not. Many a romance has blossomed (and wilted) on Super Sunday, of both the one-night and til-death-do-us-part varieties. That's why they call it Super Sunday.

Unattached women at a Super Bowl party might as well be wearing a sign saying, "I'm desperate enough for a man that I will drink and eat in front of them in public. Please hit on me." Second base is a given.

The key to hooking up is choosing the right party. Pick the party that will have the most obnoxious of your friends attending. Even if your girlfriend or wife shows up, she'll want to leave early, leaving you to hit on everyone else.

If you pick a party that's all couples, you're likely doomed, unless everyone turns out to be swingers. Also, the lower the proportion of couples in attendance, the greater the chance of an impromptu *Girls Gone Wild* video audition. ●



DRINKING GAMES

* Finish whatever you are drinking if anyone reminds Dan Marino that he never won a Super Bowl. Ever.

* Assign everyone a product. Any time Peyton Manning endorses your designated brand, take a shot.

* If a new commercial for Campbell's Chunky Soup premieres, make someone take a scalding shot of chili.

* Sip resentfully if some douchebag keeps quoting that Jim Mora "Playoffs?!" commercial or reenacts the Denny Green press conference.

PARTY TIPS

- Encourage guests to wear the team jersey of their choice. Then re-enact key injuries from the season – destroy an Eagles fan's knee, murder a Bronco fan, and so on.

- Anticipate the tastes of your guests. Guys usually get buffalo wings, but women may prefer something healthier-- naw, fuck those bitches. Get a shitload of wings.

- The Bears are really just an occasional fling for Cubs fans. If Chicago wins, remind Bears fans of Steve Bartman and the 98-year drought. Their tears will be bittersweet.

XLI PREVIEW



CHICAGO BEARS

QB Rex Grossman: He may be the most hated man in football besides T.O. He plays with the confidence of a 16-year-old girl; if the Bears win, it will be in spite of him; if they lose, it will be because of him. Apparently he is easily distracted by upcoming festivities, evidenced by his poor New Year's Eve performance against Green Bay, and he could get tripped up if he focuses too much on the Bears' afterparty.

WR Muhsin Muhammad: The Bears' leading receiver is also Grossman's strongest supporter. Idiot.

LB Brian Urlacher: One of the best-known defensive players in the NFL. He's tough but has a reputation for being classy off the field. So classy that he doesn't pay child support for the illegitimate son he had with a stripper.

LB Hunter Hillenmeyer: A former Vanderbilt player is a starter for the best defense in the league? Hopefully he'll bring the winning attitude he learned in college to the big stage in Miami.

CB Devin Hester: The LaDanian Tomlinson of return specialists, Hester is technically better at his position than Rex Grossman is at quarterback. He's had six touchdown returns this season; he learned to run so well when he got chased by the cops playing for University of Miami.

DT Tank Johnson: Leads either team in Total Arrests. If the Chicago defense has early trouble containing Manning's pass attack, look for Johnson to bust out the assault rifles.

INDIANAPOLIS COLTS

QB Peyton Manning: Some people might think it's cool to have no personality and work hard all the time. That some people is Peyton Manning. He supposedly comes from the best football family ever (brother Eli led the Giants to, well, nothing, and daddy Archie made the Saints the "Aints") and he has the best stats of any quarterback this decade. But his reputation for postseason failure has many fans wondering if he's the second coming of Dan Marino. In a bad way.

K Adam Vinatieri: The Mariano Rivera of kickers. That should piss off some Yankees fans. His secret shame? During particularly clutch kicks, he has to imagine the football is a kitten.

WR Marvin Harrison: Jerry Rice to Manning's Joe Montana. It'll be a media love lovefest for Harrison should the Colts win, as he is a well-respected Colts lifer and a statistically great receiver. And he's gay.

RB Joseph Addai: The LSU grad thrived during the 2005 season following Katrina. Ironically, that year the Tigers beat the Miami Hurricanes in the Peach Bowl. Get it? Hurricanes? How funny is that?

WR Reggie Wayne: Yeah I've never heard of this guy.

C Jeff Saturday: He has the highest passer-rating of all time for a center. His most recent attempt in 2004 was incomplete, but it still makes him more consistent than Rex Grossman. Look for his clutch fumble recovery to come into play against the Bears' D on Sunday.

I Hate You, Jared Fogle!

by **CLAY HENRY**
FORMER SUPER-SIZER



I'm Henry, Clay Henry! I got real big on burgers and fries, but now I'm down to a smaller size! That's right, I'm Clay Henry.

I used to be really overweight and unhealthy, but a few years ago I was inspired by Jared Fogle to eat Subway sandwiches and shed some pounds. Subway's low-fat sandwiches, combined with moderate exercise, seemed like the perfect and most delicious way to achieve my goal. After seeing how much weight Jared lost, I decided to give it a shot.

Boy, did it work! I mean, look at me. I'm a six-foot-two hunk of muscled fireman. My lightly bronzed skin and strong, fatless arms are the envy of firemen all over the city. Now I can actually fight fires, unlike before when I was too pudgy and had to work as hose-winder-upper. But with my newfound might from my veggie delight I could put out blazes all day long.

After work the benefits were even greater! I had dates almost every night - and I don't mean the fruit. The ladies loved me! I was wearing a suit on one date and she said I looked "svelte!" I had to look up what it meant later, but I was pretty flattered anyway.

Subway was so inspired, they made a commercial about me. This was it, my big break. I could see my future, helping people lose weight and get healthy, right alongside my personal hero Jared. I'd be the Adonis to his Zeus!

Then things changed. After the first one, Subway opted not to make any more commercials featuring me. I thought maybe they were starting a new advertising campaign and

wouldn't need Jared, Clay Henry, or anyone else. Three weeks later, though, I saw Jared in a new ad. Then another. And another!

That backstabber! I knew it was all his doing. He saw that I was far more handsome than he and must have negotiated my dismissal by the Subway suits. But if that's how you're going to act, then I'm just going to have to call you out.

You're still fat, Jared! You greaseball. I know you're sneaking chocolates at night. I bet you're getting cheese and mayo on your veggie delight these days. Traitor. You gave up on the dream, man. I guess all that bullshit you spew about being committed to losing weight doesn't taste so bad when it's coated in a sugary layer of smug self-satisfaction. I don't care if you lost 330 pounds. 190 is still overweight at your height, fatty.

Walking around showing off those huge pants you used to wear doesn't count as exercise either. I've never seen you move faster than a meander. And don't try to fool people by hanging out with Michael Strahan. I'd like to see you try to play football. Or fight fires. Or wipe that shit-eating grin off your face. I'm pretty sure you can't do any of those things, just like I'm sure you'll never be able to beat me in the eternal struggle to become the manliest man to lose weight be eating vegetarian sandwiches made by an international corporation.

Even my name is better than yours. Clay Henry is strong, powerful, and almost the same as everyone's favorite Whig, Henry Clay, the Great Compromiser. You know what you get when you google "Fogle -Jared" to remove references to you and your undeserved Subway fame? The website of Ben Fogle: travel writer, TV presenter, and adventurer. Ok, well that's sort of cool. But the second result is for Fogle's Septic Service. Decidedly uncool, septic-boy.

I don't know how you sleep at night. But if your house catches fire while you are, don't expect any help from me. I hate you, Jared Fogle! ●

Tom Cruise To Die For Our Sins

Film Star Appointed Scientology's Anointed

by **BRENDAN ALVIANI**
STAFF WRITER

Tom Cruise has publicly announced that after months of contract negotiations with The Church of Scientology, the two parties have reached an agreement regarding Cruise's new role as Christ in the religion.

"With Tom's obvious drawing power, his role as strategic business partner in the Church will help increase revenues for everyone involved," said Scientologist leader David Miscavige.

As part of the deal, the Church of Scientology will release a special edition box set of all 34 of Cruise's movies called "Cruisian Bible on DVD," with an estimated retail price of \$8000. In response to some critics' complaints about the premium, Miscavige said "They'll buy it- otherwise they'll face the wrath of Xenu."

Scientology Corp., which later changed its name to The Church of Scientology, was started in 1950 in the garage of pulp fiction author L. Ron Hubbard, a college drop-out with a faltering career. However, after writing Dianetics, the "bible" of Scientology, Hubbard declared "the creation of dianetics is a milestone for man comparable to his discovery of fire and superior to his inventions of the wheel and arch."

Since then, Scientology has grown to be one of the largest international corporate cults, with the Church claiming over 10 million members in 2006, although most 3rd party estimates put the number at less than 100,000 people.

As Christ, Cruise will have several

responsibilities, not least of which includes performing "undeniable miracles" at least once a month.

"This will be one of the most challenging roles I've ever had to play, but I've been working with some miracle coaches like David Blaine and reading some books by Houdini, so fulfilling my contractual obligations should be no problem. Plus, I already know how to turn water into wine," Cruise said in a recent interview.

In addition to providing "undeniable miracles" and extensive promotion,



"One of you shall betray me."

Mr. Cruise will also need to heal several dozen people per year, which he plans to do by paying for their audits. During their negotiations however, the Church stated that it planned to give Tom Cruise a 37.5% discount based on

the volume of his purchases.

The Church, while receiving the services of one of Hollywood's biggest stars, will also be providing him with several services he deemed "absolutely necessary." Both parties agreed that, as a Christ figure, he will require special bodyguards that will protect him from Romans, Jews, Satan, and Secular Progressives.

"It's been a challenge sure, training for such a wide variety of threats, but it's been worth it," said Head of Security Isaac Hayes, the recently departed voice of Chef from the popular show South Park. "I mean, how great is it to spend your days with mankind's Messiah, discussing how much money we're making? You just can't beat it."

The Church of Scientology's stock rose twenty-three points on the NASDAQ upon the announcement, trading at an all-time high of \$94.36 when markets closed Wednesday. ●

McNish Defeats Truman

Fifty dead, hundreds homeless as result of landslide victory

by **KEVIN MCNISH**
VSG PRESIDENT

I couldn't believe it when the poll workers told me I had won the VSG election. I was ecstatic! I high-fived all of my friends and supporters, then ran all through Sarratt with my arms outstretched before I broke into "The Robot" with my posse cheering wildly around me. "This Is How We Do It" by Montell Jordan blared from the stereo one of my campaign workers had brought for exactly this sort of impromptu celebration. That's right, Vanderbilt: this lower-case "g" is now the big "G" in VSG.

Oh, I might have shaken hands and exchanged pleasantries with my opponents afterwards. Maybe. I don't remember. It was a pretty wild evening, and I went through a lot of celebratory Tradewinds tea that I had shipped in specifically for the occasion. I also had a few weighty issues in my mind; namely, the issue of whether or not I could call myself the greatest president in the history of VSG if I were, in fact, the only president in the history of VSG.

But I digress.

I promised in The Hustler that if you elected me, you wouldn't regret it. Believe me, you won't. I'm having a tough time redistributing VSG's funds directly back to the students this year,

unfortunately, so I'm thinking of throwing a massive party in the Marriott on West End with what's left in the coffers of SGA and Interhall. As long as student government is going to be throwing money at that hotel, you guys might as well get something back out of it. With any luck, I might even have enough money to have Montell Jordan perform live at this party. (Note to VPB: If Montell Jordan isn't at Rites this year, I'll keep VSG around just long enough to approve a resolution condemning his absence.) Of course, everyone in the Vanderbilt student body is invited, and free valet parking will be available for those of you who live off-campus.

With that last bit of prodigality out of the way, I'll get around to dealing with that financial nuisance calling itself AcFee. You won't be paying that next year, because I'll work to ensure that Vanderbilt redirects VSG's funds for 2007-2008 straight to your student account balances. You're welcome. Go



McNish's victory forecast by the January 29th *Hustler*

ahead and buy that new iPod you've had your eye on; you've earned it. I trust you guys with your money, and I think every student ought to be their own Student Finance Committee.

Oh, and while I'm on the subject of governmental bodies that wield disproportionate amounts of power given their lack of direct responsibility to the student community, I'm sorry you won't be able to consider resolutions to control what students can and cannot put on their doors during elections any more, and I'm sorry you won't be able

to arbitrarily choose who decides where our AcFee dollars go, not that either elections or AcFee will be around much longer. I'm also sorry that you were denied the chance to run for the office VSG president yourselves: after all, you're in the process of earning that nice year of experience to get you over the

statutory barriers, not that the lack of experience stopped me from crushing your dreams like a penny under a locomotive.

But it's like I said in The Hustler: "bad statutes have never stopped the course of liberty," and let's face it, your governing documents were worse than the Smoot-Hawley tariff. That's why I'm taking them to Chili's tonight for a victory dinner. I plan to order the Baby Back Ribs, and the waiters never give you enough napkins. 🍴

Bastard Confession



VSVS?

I'd love to, but I've got this registered sex offender thing that most grade schools aren't thrilled about.

-Overheard

From Stranger to Date in Fourteen Days

And then back to stranger after two minutes of pillow talk

by **JON SMITHY
COCKY STUD**

Gentlemen, Valentine's Day is waiting just around the corner with a knife, and honestly, you're not strong enough to face it alone. Forget all those failed relationships of the past, as the relationship model itself has clearly failed you. You have two weeks ahead of you to build an acquaintance into a date, and then however long you like after that to explain that you're not really into her, but that you felt like you shared something special.

So, stage one: find yourself a lady. Conventional wisdom would advise you to go to a nightclub or a party for this kind of thing, but it doesn't really matter, since you'll actually be putting some time into this relationship (but after these two weeks, you'll never have to deal with her again if you so choose).

As long as you're willing to put more than a few hours of effort in, an art museum is just a good place to pick up chicks as a bar. Don't worry if the lady happens to seem pretty smart,

that probably just means that she has a hard time holding meaningful conversations with others, and as long as you seem interested, she'll feel like the two of you have connected.

Whether she's too smart for you or not, the best way to keep her interested is to simply engage her in conversa-



Do these shapes mean anything to you?

tion, which sounds easier than it is. Talk about something, anything. Tell her jokes, tell her interesting things about you, and listen when she tells you about herself (if she doesn't, it's a

bit like when you're working out and not feeling the burn: you're probably doing it wrong). Make eye contact, smile, be relaxed but upright in posture, and speak on the deeper end of your natural voice range. Most importantly, get her phone number, because it's the best way to arrange to meet her again. If she seems a little bit too enthusiastic or interested in you, there's probably something wrong with her, but wait until after Valentine's day to worry about it.

One situation you want to avoid is befriending a beautiful woman and then finding out she really does think of you as a friend. If she does, you've gotten to the point where your chances of getting into her pants are better with any given stranger. If you've still got enough time until

the fourteenth, ditch her or possibly start asking her about one of her cute friends. If her friends are all boys, then you may as well wander back to square one and search for another stranger.

You may be thinking, "But staff of The Slant, I've had plenty of interesting conversations with girls who weren't into me at all." And I would reply, "Just because nothing happened doesn't mean she wasn't into you." Don't give up too early. This isn't high school: if you make it clear from the beginning that you're interested in romance (okay, interested in sexy bits, but it's best if you don't make that part too clear just now), she just won't talk to you for too long, or she wouldn't have let you corner her in the first place. Once you get her genuinely engaged in one-on-one conversation, you'll be high-fiving yourself for getting "in" (try to make this purely mental if you can, otherwise, say you saw a mosquito and change the subject fast) and wondering how many fishes you've let get away the past.

When you get to the end of your first meaningful conversation, ask her out. If it still seems awkward to you, then get over it, you pussy. However, by no means does this have to be a "date" date – the goal is to blow her away on Valentine's, so it's all right if your first couple of outings are informal. Movie nights are always good; art museums, aquariums or zoos are all fairly romantic places too. On these dates, just be your charming self. If it helps, try to imagine, and act like, the kind of guy you would enjoy dating. (Don't be afraid that you'll like imagining it a little too much – it's better to know).

February 14, by comparison, should be easy and fun. You're in the clear. Even if the girl slaps you and storms out of the restaurant, you're still ahead of the guys who were too timid or lazy to get this far. Then again, if you'd rather wait to get slapped until you're back at your place, you should dress nicely, make a reservation at an expensive restaurant (don't forget the reservation – this is, after all, Valentine's Day), and order a desert you can share off the same plate. She's yours, go get her, tiger.

Not sure if you can follow the steps above? Have poor judgement in relationship matters?

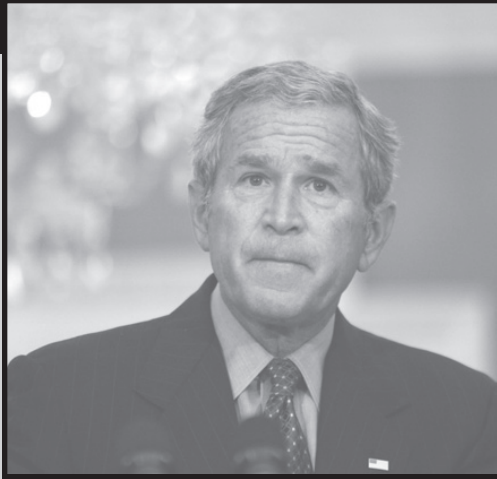
Prefer to leave your sex life in the hands of a stranger? Welcome to *The Slant's* brand-new dating service! Simply fill out this form and slip it under the Slant's door at 188 Sarratt and you'll be on your way to Valentine's Day bliss.

Our resident love specialist, Sean Tierney, will personally match all submissions with care and facebook!* Thanks to *The Slant*, your Valentine's Day just might, with a whole lot of luck and plenty of alcohol, be a very special day after all.

Name: _____ Happiness to You: _____
 Sex: _____ Number of Desired Kids: _____
 Interested in: _____ Favorite Power Ranger: _____
 E-mail: _____ Favorite Kelly Clarkson Song: _____
 Favorite Color: _____ Why? _____
 Favorite Fast Food Restaurant: _____ Into Asians?: (Y / N)

**If you block your facebook profile, we'll screw you over.*

AROUNDTHELOOP



Following President Bush's State of the Union speech, how do you plan to cut your gasoline usage by twenty percent?

David Conrad, Reckless Driver



“Drive 20% faster, so I'm in the car less.”

Chris Stanford, Knife Enthusiast



“Slash the tires of every fifth car I see.”

Alexander Stablekind, Village Idiot



“I'll drive forwards one way, but backwards on the way home, thereby cutting all my gasoline usage. Wait, that's the odometer.”

Eric Hassleton, Auto-Erotic Asphyxiation Fetishist



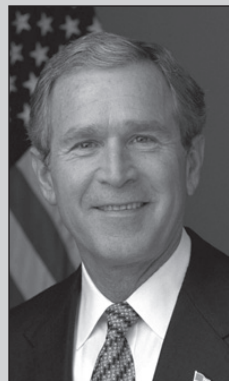
“Tape over my exhaust pipe.”

Jane Goodbody, Arsonist



“I'll start walking to and from work. My job? I burn houses down with gasoline.”

George W. Bush, Lying Sonuvabitch



“Heh. Oh wait, you thought I was serious?”

SLANTORGOSCOPES

DEMOCRACY MATTERS:

Irony ensues when your officer elections are rocked by scandal and corruption.

LAMBDA:

Your proposal to switch around the order of the letters GLBT will be greeted with what would charitably be described as ambivalence.

FREE THE CHILDREN/FREE THE SLAVES:

Years from now, history will hail you for taking such a bold, cutting-edge stance against slavery.

VANDERBILT COMPUTER SOCIETY:

Another week of World of Warcraft and furious masturbation.

SWING CLUB:

You will be met with disappointment when people realize you are not the female a cappella group. They will be further disappointed when they learn you don't swap significant others.

VPB:

If you thought last year was bad, wait until you have to explain to The Hustler that Lynyrd Skynyrd couldn't possibly be headlining Rites of Spring... but really is.

HAWAI'I CLUB:

Awareness of your organization will increase by 24,000% upon the publication of this list.

VANDERBILT LOVES ANIMALS:

You will reconsider your horror at the idea of animals being hurt once the birds begin attacking in organized waves. Also, you will be unable to prevent The Slant from killing Ralph, Trixie, Spot, and Mr. Furbles.

COLLEGE REPUBLICANS:

Don't be discouraged by your record low recruitment this year. Just think of it as some ideological purification.

ORIGINAL CAST:

We'd all appreciate it if you could hire an actor to stand in for the required security personnel at your next champagne gala. We'd appreciate it more if he were a good singer.

AMBASSADORES:

That kid from Cincinnati - yes, that one - tell him not to come.

S.P.E.A.R.:

Reduce, Reuse and Recycle is not the best advice regarding condoms.

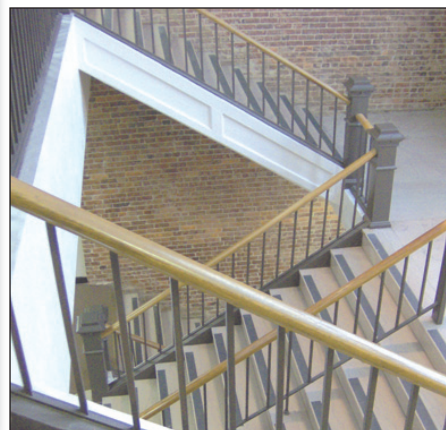
Top Ten Things Congressional Democrats Will Do With The Remaining Time In Their First Hundred Hours

- 10** Repeal and then re-enact all laws they've passed so far, just to show off
- 9** Go on a field trip to Canada
- 8** Host a naked Twister party
- 7** Pass 73 more stem cell bills, hoping one will slip through
- 6** Repeatedly make the joke, "Why don't Republicans own bookmarks? Because they like to bend their pages over."
- 5** Sudoku puzzles
- 4** Wonder whether Edwards is gay
- 3** Watch the first four seasons of '24', then spend the remaining four hours wishing they could be Jack Bauer
- 2** Refill their flasks
- 1** Defeat global warming, restore the middle class, and establish Iraq as the next Japan

McGill Crush Party

- | | | | |
|--|------------------------|--------------------------------------|--|
| Alex Koren | Bessie Ramos | Sarah Foektištov | Doug Fisher |
| Ben Karp | Brooke (froshie) | Gigi Tucker | Destiny Cargill |
| Dan Zaleznick | Harold Ford, Jr. | Gigi's puppies | All Past Hook-ups (except for that one...) |
| Sarah Dean | Jason Cook | Gavin Lilevig | Froshie Liz |
| Luke Patten | Dylan Cooney | Audrey McKee | Delta Delta Delta |
| Diana Ebanks | Yufei Pan | Rodney LaBaue | Boone Lancaster |
| Constance Gee | DiAnna Lehmann | Mike Rinne | Pinhead |
| L-Dab's hot TA | Tolman Hall | Keith Mazanec | Orbis Staff |
| Rachel Blumenthal | Your Mom | Jud Wallace | Tom's metabolism |
| Matt Heller | Baby Daddy | Lily Sturmman | Matteo Rabito |
| Addy Petrilla | Lily Huang | Alysha Tribbett | Ashlee of Reed, Duchess of Grandma's Bedspread |
| David Sugue | Sara Nau | Samantha Summar | Emily Lemmon |
| Brent Fitzgerald, you burning hunk of man, you | Sarah Edmonds | Lee-San | Jeff Garcia (GO EAGLES) |
| Creepy Kyle | Meredith Trezise | Matt Walker | Kevin "Death Wage" |
| Lindsay Stene | Galen White | Josh Pavis | McNish |
| Daniela Stefan | Meredith Sprince | Dustin Tittle | Eric Wilson |
| Alex Rieger | The Boys in Mayfield 6 | Adam Ramney | Kit's new girlfriend (bring a rose) TBD |
| Chet Polsen | Alex Kruzel | Taylor Swall | Darci's Moral Compass (also bring a rose) |
| Justin Poythress | Jiby Phillips | Emo Slim | Alli Trecker |
| Milie | Adam Moskowitz | Caef Lewis | Danielle Yasso |
| Pablo | Annie Riddle | The Monkeys from Wilson | Lindsey Jones |
| Lady Vollmer | Arthur Chaput | The Slant | All students who came to McGill Open House |
| Mallory Ryan | Sonya | Food Guy | All Old McGillites |
| Chancellor Gee | Jessica Demorest | Mr. C | All Hot Vanderbilt Students |
| Wayne Wheatley | Zach Roeder | Hugh Laurie | All McGill Applicants |
| Matt Marstan | Jeremiah Garresten | The Dodecs | |
| Rebecca Reichardt | Lizzie Linn | Kappa Sig | |
| Katy Adams | Jared Anderson | VU Landscaping and Maintenance Staff | |
| Emily Larson | Nat | Tom McGill (Quizno's Guy) | |
| | Ur Barzel | | |

Your presences are cordially requested on February 9th at 10pm in the McGill TV Lounge



Join *The Slant!*

Every Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. in Furman 325,

We few, we proud, we *Slant* staff members scale these stairs. We combine our keen wits and sharp eyes with the power of friendship, and bandy about ideas that even the gods themselves must look up toward our perch and contemplate in awe.