



Postgaming... since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

Myanmar Monks Can't Afford Gas For Self-Immolation Protest

Al-Jazeera Announces Fall Lineup For "Praise Allah It's Friday"

Marcel Marceau, Deceased Mime Legend, Now Trapped In All-Too-Visible Box

PARENTS' WEEKEND

5 Experience Has Got To Count For Something...

ADVERTISEMENTS

6 Whoring Ourselves Out In The Name Of Humor

DIETING

9 No Fatties Allowed

From The Editor	2
Other News	2
Bastard Confession	9
Super Doku	10
Around The Loop	11
Top Ten	12
Advice	12

Iranian Homosexuals Join Nonexistent Brethren

The Humor and Satire Newspaper of Vanderbilt University

FROM THE EDITOR



SEAN TIERNEY

It's been a tough two weeks for the Tierenster.

After all the hard work, my econ major has managed to teach me only one fact: Things are a lot more enjoyable when you don't think about how much they cost. My mid-term schedule has made me question the existence of a just and loving God. Masculine Mike's taken

to stealing my card and using my meal plan while I'm napping. Also, I got stuck on the elevator for ten minutes coming back from a run last week. I had to spend the entire time apologizing to my fellow riders for making the elevator smell like a locker room.

Perhaps the worst part is that one of my friends has made it her personal mission to play James Blunt's "You're Beautiful" every time she opens her laptop. I can't stand that song. It's not that it's old or played out, it's that it blows.

Whining about what you didn't do is not romantic, Mr. Blunt. Romance is putting yourself out on a limb because you can't bear not being on that limb.

Like the time I refused to let this random hookup leave until we sat down and talked through our problems and she explained why she didn't want to hang out with me. In the name of love, I locked her in my room to encourage her to think about it.

It didn't work out, though. Who knew you could climb out the window and scale down the exterior of Morgan?

Speaking of surprises, somebody actually did confront me about my last column, claiming that he, in fact, was the sexiest man on campus. I stabbed him, though, so it's all good.

Speaking of goods, the new Commons Center delivers. No, I mean it really does deliver. That's how they get around not being allowed to take out food. Try it some time.

Speaking of Commons Dining should not remind anyone of Harry Potter. It looks no more like Hogwarts than any other large dining room does. Whatever you do, don't say it reminds you of Harry Potter in front of me. I've stabbed people for less than that.

But seriously, if you have any extra meals you aren't using, let me know. I'm already out for the week.

Color the wheat. 🍞

"Keely and Du" Attendance Not Pro-Choice

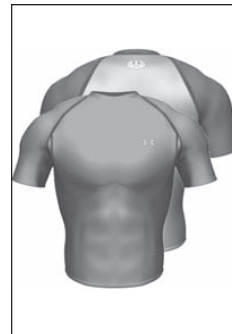
Despite claiming to be an unbiased look at the abortion issue, many have accused Vanderbilt Visions' "Keely and Du" attendance to be unabashedly against the pro-choice camp. "I didn't want to go see it but I really didn't have a choice," said Maddox Clinton. "Keely and Du was definitely pro-cultured life."



Administrators insisted that not giving first-year students a choice was the best way to educate them on this delicate topic. Said one administrator on condition of anonymity, "I don't understand why the pro-lifers have been complaining of bias... we're actually doing things they way they're advocating: nobody has a choice."

UnderArmour Equipped Humvees Finally Reaching Troops

A report by the Government Accountability Office confirmed that troops in Iraq are at long last receiving the UnderArmour-enhanced equipment authorized by Congress. This marks an improvement after a series of inspector general and GAO reports in the past five years indicat-



64.3%

Percentage of readers we don't like.



ing supply-chain delays on the part of contractors and the Department of Defense.

The UnderArmour has been badly needed ever since soldiers found out their ability to sweat huge amounts when under tremendous strain and paralyzing doses of heat. An even greater surprise is that their Humvees are also capable of secreting a salty solution, a problem now seemingly fixed by a bright polyester fabric draped around the vehicle. UnderArmour lacked the camouflage colored variety needed by the troops due to the high demand in the U.S. domestic market. While the troops can now stay high and dry on the battlefield, they will technically not be any safer.

Moneypenny Dies at 80 an Old Poor Ugly Hag, Nobody Cares

In a stark show of dark irony, Moneypenny actress Lois Maxwell died last week a poor, ugly and overweight women in a homeless shelter. Her fate was barely noticed by most Bond fans, "Who cares about old ugly people dying, maybe if Halle Berry had died then I might give a shit.", posited one such individual. Though being featured in 14 Bond films, Maxwell made little money with her acting skills, instead she agreed to accept unlimited access to Sean Connery's goods in lieu of monetary compensation. She will be thrown in an anonymous dumpster somewhere around London. 🗑️



MARATHON RUNNER BREAKS WORLD RECORD THEN APOLOGIZES LIKE A TOOL

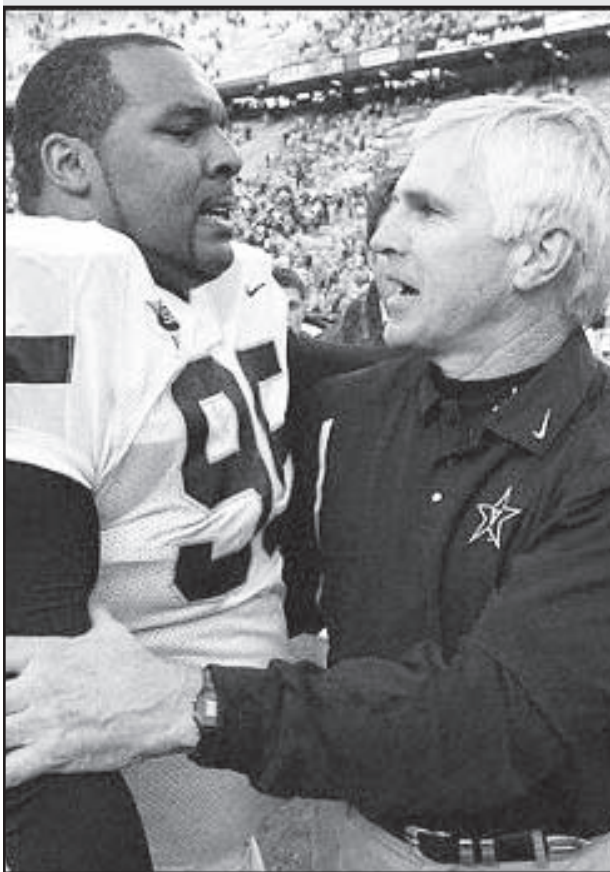
Ethiopian runner Haile Gebrselassie recently broke the time record for the 10,000 metre marathon, shattering the old record set in 2003 by friend Paul Tergat. The impressive feat though was followed by a pussy ass apology for accomplishing the act, setting a new record for the lamest remarks made after any monumental success. Never has the world seen such squeamish unwillingness to bask in one's own radiant glory. Officials are contemplating nullifying Gebrselassie's time record for "lacking the balls to boast", something sure to make him sorry for being sorry. 🗑️



10.02.2007 CONTENTS



LOLVANDY



"i wys i knu how too quit u!11!!!"

NEWS

- OTHER NEWS:** Abortions, Sportswear, Old Dames **2**
- FAMILY WEEKEND:** Like Daughter, Like Mother **5**
- CARD READERS:** Thwarting Rapists, Taking Lives **5**
- KOALAS:** So Soft and Cuddly! **9**
- STATS:** Useful Outside the Classroom for Once **11**

COLUMNS & HUMOR

- KISSAM SHOWERING:** A Nice, Hot Hell **4**
- FAKE ADS:** Capitalism at Its Best **6**
- ASSASSINATION:** Way to Go **8**
- WOMEN'S STUDIES:** Yes, We Were Listening! **8**
- WEIGHT LOSS:** Let's Go, Ladies **9**

SLANT FEATURES

- BASTARD CONFESSION:** Annoying Little Shmucks **9**
- SUPER DOKU:** New and Improved **10**
- AROUND THE LOOP:** We Outlive Yet Another Rival ... **11**
- ADVICE:** After Two Years, The Cards Say It's Back **12**
- TOP TEN:** We Do It Because We Love Them **12**

MASTHEAD



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188 Sarratt Student Center
2301 Vanderbilt Place
VU# 351669 Station B
Nashville, TN 37235

Phone (615) 322-3291

Fax (615) 343-2756

website www.theslant.net

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Sean Tierney

Editors Debra Lewis

Elizabeth Middlebrooks

Kris Stensland

Rachel Unger

Staff Manager Brendan Alviani

Distribution Manager Chris Stanford

Head Designer Andy McCormick

Copy Editors Pablo Darelli

Contributing Staff Kathryn Edwards

Ada Desmond

Jack Henderson

Daniel Cunningham

Thomas Shattuck

Rosie Korman

Ben Karp

Emma Cofer

Webmaster Ceaf Lewis

Alumni Contributors Andrew Banecker

Richard Green

Robert Saunders

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Editors Emeritus Joe Wong

Mike Mott David Barzelay

Meredith Gray Colin Dinsmore

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE
CONTENDIT

Corrections:

Last issue's Super Doku was not, in fact, solvable. Just making sure you were paying attention.

Kissam Showers Fill First-Year Students With Dread

by ADA DESMOND

Midnight. Water spatters off tile and echoes through clouds of thick steam. I hear the smacking sounds of flip-flops approaching, rustling — the plastic curtain is closed, the towel draped over curtain rod — and the squeak of a faucet turning; these all signal to me that I am not alone in taking a shower.

Suddenly, the sound of a crash, accompanied by a shrill scream, echoes through the bathroom. I'm gripped with panic as the thought runs through my mind that surely someone is dead not one foot away from me. I fight through the panic to ask the unknown victim, who is trapped behind a cold and unfeeling barrier of plastic, if she's okay.

"Oh God," I hear. "The curtain rod. It fell on me."

Her voice dissolves into tears.

Kissam Quad is pretty damned ghetto. You know it; everyone knows it. We brave, lonely souls who are shoved off into the dark recesses of campus walk a dangerous path rife with faulty locks, minimum security, and broken furniture around every dimly lit corner.

The most common and deadly of these attacks is shower curtain rod assault. Bathrooms in Kissam look deceptively simple: prerequisite sinks and toilets, bland white tile, and, finally, the showers, located in the back — where no one can hear you scream.

On that fateful night, my innocence and naivete were cruelly shattered. I am inured to the hardships of Kissam in that paranoid and twitchy way a gang



An all-too frequent scene in the bathrooms of Kissam. Many will go days without showering rather than risk the dangers of this linoleum prison.

member watches his back, fearing that a rival will pop a cap in his ass.

The minute I step into the shower, I habitually look up to that sleek metal rod suspended, like Damocles' sword, over my head. There's no escaping it! It haunts my every move — will it fall while I shampoo? Collapse as I loofah? Or — God forbid — while I shave, causing me to slash open my entire leg with my bright pink razor?

Yes, there are towel racks for each shower, but they're located a good three feet away an awkward distance that's only the tiniest bit too far for me to reach while still clinging to the cover of the plastic shower curtain — a curtain which, by the way, is attached to that accursed rod, which I could so easily pull down upon myself by clinging to the curtain!

Try as I might, I cannot escape the inevitable. My nightly ritual of masochism and fear that is taking a shower drives me closer to madness. The bathroom lurks just a few doors down the hall, where the unholy triumvirate of shower curtain rods lies in wait. I feel their very presence even from the safety of my dorm and can hear the screams of innocent freshman as they pounce!

And though I have not been made a victim yet, and though I am not the only person terrorized by these three metal hangers in each of their stalls of doom, we of Kissam remain silent, even amongst ourselves, about this plague of plastic.

Am I crazy? ...yes, that must be it. The others will think me mad to fear inanimate objects. But they're not inanimate! They know! They lie in wait; oh yes, blame it on faulty installation, a loose screw, a heavy towel — that's what they want you to think! They'll strike again, and soon. I can only hope against hope that it is not me this time. Oh god, it's late. I need to go to bed soon.

The hour draws near. I only ask myself one question: Cleanliness, or death?

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Parents' Weekend Results in "Flight of Shame"

Single mother wakes up in strange dorm room for first time in 26 years

By SEAN TIERNEY

While many parents spent Vanderbilt's Family Weekend drinking with or buying drinks for their underage children, few got as involved in campus drinking culture as Nicki Webberson.

Webberson, divorced mother of sophomore Abby Lockley, pre-gamed with her daughter before heading over to Greek Row for a night of revelry. There, Webberson visited fraternity after fraternity over the course of several hours.

"I'm a single mother who works 40 hours a week just so my ungrateful daughter can get drunk off her ass every Friday night. I think I deserve to have a little fun with some attractive, hard-muscled, baby-faced 20-year-old from time to time."

Things took a turn for the worse, however, when Webberson woke up in a bed in Stambaugh and realized she had less than an hour to get to the airport.

"I stumbled back to my hotel, grabbed my things, rushed back out to my waiting taxi and got to the airport just in time," said Webberson.

"I couldn't find my underwear, either. You'd think a red thong would

be easy to spot in a 10x10 foot room, but not when you keep your place like a pigsty. I'd really like to talk to his mother about that. I guess I can't really, though, because first I'd actually have to know his name..."

Webberson considered asking her daughter to retrieve the lost lingerie, but decided against it after Lockley

stopped speaking with her out of a deep sense of shame.

"Kids are always going to be embarrassed by their parents. Abby ought to get over it and think about how embarrassed I feel having to go an entire plane ride with sex hair, messed-up makeup, and the costume I wore to 'CEOs and Business Hoes.' Honestly, I think Abby's really

be easy to spot in a 10x10 foot room, but not when you keep your place like a pigsty. I'd really like to talk to his mother about that. I guess I can't really, though, because first I'd actually have to know his name..."

"I'm a single mother who works 40 hours a week just so my ungrateful daughter can get drunk off her ass every Friday night. I think I deserve to have a little fun with some attractive, hard-muscled, baby-faced 20-year-old from time to time."

just jealous that I'm 27 years older than her and still get more action than she does at her own college."

Lockley refused to comment on her mother's behavior.

Webberson's early-morning plight did not go unnoticed. "It was pretty obvious she hadn't spent the night at her place," said fellow-passenger

Hector Farraday. "She tried to hide the fact that she was wearing heels, but that's kind of hard to do when you have to take your shoes off and place them on the X-ray platform in front of everyone."

Nordid Webberson manage to go unrecognized by fellow Vanderbilt parents. "I just kept praying that I wouldn't run into anyone I knew, but, of course, that handsome widower with twins in the Class of '09 had to be on my flight. I tried to hide behind my seat, but he definitely recognized me," said Webberson.

"Oh, God. I could just feel

the judgmental eyes of everyone on Flight 172 on me."

On no less than 36 separate occasions during the flight, Webberson promised herself that she would never again get drunk and hook up with a random guy, no matter how blue his unwrinkled eyes are or how good his

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non-thinning, non-graying hair looks.

As for the mystery Stambaugh resident, Webberson hopes to someday identify him with the aid of Facebook.

"It shouldn't be too difficult. He wasn't that good in the sack so I'm pretty sure he's ZBT." 🍀

Towers Resident Dies; Paramedics Lacked Proper ID

by KRIS STENSLAND

Irony met tragedy Saturday night, when the newly enforced security measures in undergraduate resident halls led to the untimely death of a Carmichael Towers junior. When Briana Bahrain had the misfortune of drinking too much, her friends and fellow attendees followed proper procedure and contacted the VU Medical center, who promptly sent an ambulance.

Unfortunately for both the para-

medics and Bahrain, her suite's party theme for the evening was "Doctors and Patients."

Arriving at Towers IV, the paramedics began to rush towards the room, intent on saving the student's life. The security guard at the reception desk, however, knew better than to let random non-Vanderbilt students on the premises.

"I can remember thinking, 'those stupid kids can't fool me,' and making sure they couldn't get in. That's my job, you know," commented Bill

Flavin, the guard on duty at the time. "I did think their costumes were awfully good, though. And where did they rent an ambulance? That was pretty cool." While the paramedics eventually managed to convince a passerby to sign them in, they once again lost time as they waited for someone who was able to swipe them onto the elevator.

Though the lifesavers tried to rush up the stairs as quickly as possible, they then were unable to exit the stairwells, and had to wait

for a student to come let them out. When the rescuers reached the suite in question, the student had long since expired.

While lamenting the loss of life, Vanderbilt Administrators still refuse to back down on security measures on campus. "While we understand the sentiment of our measures being 'harsh,' you must know that even at the cost of life, the livelihood of the student body must be maintained," commented one university official. 🍀

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Koala Week Results In Formation Of New Fraternity

by **DANIEL CUNNINGHAM**

A national survey published this week shows an overwhelming majority of non-drinkers like koalas and gold stickers. Of the 4,050 American non-drinkers surveyed, 100 percent answered "Yes" to the question "Do you like koalas and gold stickers?"

The findings promise to have a profound effect on campus social life. "I thought I was the only one," said junior non-drinker Ben Davies. "The guys on my floor always thought I was weird because they'd be going out drinking and I'd say, 'Hey, guys, what if we went and found some koalas and gold stickers instead?'"

At this point Davies, like many other non-drinkers, stopped participating in social activities and began spending his time locked in his room, "looking at pictures of koalas on the internet while wearing nothing but a head-to-foot covering of gold stickers," as he said.

Now, as a result of the study's findings, Davies is assuming the presidency of Vanderbilt's newest fraternity, Kappa Gamma Sigma. "The K is for Koalas, the G is for Gold, and the S is for stickers," he explained. "I wanted to put an Alpha in there for 'And,' but apparently you can only have three letters."

KGS will be a non-drinkers-only fraternity, and it will not hold parties. "Instead we'll sit around and consume non-alcoholic beverages while dis-

cussing why we don't drink," said Davies. "We'll also have trivia games. Incidentally, all of us like trivia games, too. For some reason they didn't talk about that in the survey."

The findings come on the heels of "Koala Week" at Vanderbilt. The program featured "mocktails" and open-forum discussions on non-drinking. Coincidentally, it also rewarded sobriety by giving non-drinkers stuffed koalas and gold stickers and offering to photograph them with a huge koala cleverly named "Koalie."

Edmund Pickerast, professor of psychology and architect of Koala Week, talked to The Slant about the event's seeming prescience.

"Many of us in the psychology field knew about these trends long before the study came out," he said. "The gold sticker phenomenon is easily explained: Most children develop an emotional attachment to gold stickers in early grade school, when stickers are used to reward students for good behavior, scholastic performance, etc. Later in their schooling, when the sticker system is abandoned, children feel their lives have no meaning. Some students spend the rest of adolescence and early adulthood secretly hoarding stickers. Most, however, turn to alcohol."

"As for the obsession with koalas," he continued, "I think it's obvious—koalas are adorable!"

Ways I'd Like To Die: Assassination

by **BRENDAN ALVIANI**

Here's something morbid and inevitable: Death. Deathy Death Death. One of these days, each one of us will end up in The Eternal Sleep (or Catnap, if you're a fan of reincarnation). So being a fan of planning everything out, here's my new series, Ways I'd Like To Die. Plus, since we haven't had any untimely deaths lately, I figured I could start a series that can only end with an awkward coincidence. Yay!

So far, my preferential exit out of this worldly existence would be assassination. If I could get the newspaper to declare it as such in their frontpage coverage, then I could die satisfied, knowing I had really made it.

But what really makes this method of hailing Death's Cab great is thinking about

all the work that went into it. It wouldn't be some lame "Bam! Shot in the back of the head while watching a theatre production!" sort of thing. Some folks would get together, do some serious plotting, and carry out an action-filled and devious adventure.

Maybe I'd thwart their plans the first couple of times, but eventually an arch-nemesis would hire some clever but shunned high-schooler to come up with a brilliant plan to do me in. It would ideally be a completely novel and unique way of moving me into my new 60 x 20 x 20 apartment. Sky-diving grizzly bears? A refrigerator full of blood-thirsty kittens? Getting suffocated in a pit of marshmallows? The possibilities are endless. All I know is that the nation will mourn the passing of the greatest president ever. Or something like that. ●

Women's Studies Class Huge Letdown

by **PABLO DARELLI**

You know, I thought we would be studying women and how to bag 'em in this class, and so I was really excited when I signed up for it. Unfortunately, the first thing I hear when I walk inside the door twenty minutes late is nag, nag, nag and then all these dames start shooting me dirty looks.

I mean, how can someone make a career out of this? I have a hard enough time believing that credit is even awarded for taking such a class when I could save time and effort by just tuning on 'The View' every now and again.

I tried to meet them halfway, complementing one chick on her choice of dress and how it really excentuated her curves, then BAM, another dirty look and some name calling! What is it with these women?!

I've finally figured it out, though: they're all pissed off because they're women. It makes perfect sense, all these old dykes and twats from the 19th cen-

tury bitch and moan about the same thing - being oppressed, ignored, and so on.

I've also figured out the solution to these broads' problem: get a sex change! Lacking the means for a pricey operation, they could just go butch. No one will think of them as woman if they start wearing green sleeveless flannel shirts and replace their long hair with crew cuts.

I'm going to do so well in this class. I really think I understand women now. ●



Vanderbilt Pressures Female Students To Lose Weight

Administration hopes to boost reputation, join elite schools with BMI under seven

by JACK HENDERSON

Have you noticed that the T-shirts the school tosses out to the crowd at football games are all extra-extra-large? Have you noticed that all the mirrors in the Kissam dorms make you look fat? Have you noticed that the new "fitness center" in the Commons Center only consists of treadmills, stair masters, and ellipticals?

These might seem like isolated events, but something larger is at work here at Vanderbilt. How many students at Vandy are actually extra-extra-larges? Why would Vanderbilt install mirrors that make you look fat? Why is the new Commons fitness center comprised of machines that only girls use?

The administration is no longer being subtle: they are trying to get our female students to lose weight. They think that by giving these women extra-extra-large T-shirts and making them look fat in their mirrors, it will make them want to shed a few extra pounds. That's why the meal portions at Commons are so much smaller than those at Rand or at any other campus dining facility.

Interim Chancellor Zeppos refused to comment.

"What does every top ten university have in common? Skinny girls, said Sean Robertson, the spokesperson for



Exactly what the Vanderbilt administration does not want.

the administration. "Everyone knows that the skinnier and more emaciated the female student body is, the more prestigious the school becomes. Look at Yale: those girls don't eat shit because they're working too hard. It isn't that we think Vanderbilt coeds are fat; we just think they could stand to lose a little weight. If we can get the mean clothing size to a 0 or 2, I'm confident that we can break the top fifteen in the U.S. News polls. Once we get there, we can focus on the top ten.

"We're making changes on many fronts. The portions in Commons have been sized down to encourage a less gluttonous eating style. The tables at Rand are two inches smaller in surface area than they were last year. Studies have shown that the smaller the table size, the less food a student will put in front of them."

"Why do you think that we are cracking down so hard on alcohol abuse all of a sudden?", asked Robertson. "Because we give a damn?"

Hell no! We don't care if frat boys need to get their stomach pumped. Drinking increases calories which in turn causes or females to gain weight and we can't have that here at Vanderbilt."

I pointed out to Mr. Robertson that we are an A+ for girls in College Prowler and considered by many to have some of the most attractive females in the country.

"This is not a question of 'hotness.' No one doubts that our female students are attractive, it's just a question of waist size," said Robertson. "Look at Brown: their girls are assugly. But are they thin? Yes. Brown's female students have a mean weight of 108lbs. with a standard deviation of 4lbs. This means that almost all of Brown's female students are less than 120 pounds.

"To catch up with this trend in body weight and to keep track of who we accept into our institution, we are requiring that prospective students submit their height and weight along with their SAT/ ACT scores. Male students are required to do this as well for equity purposes but we don't really care how much they weigh. We need to get this movement started now if we plan to get into the U.S. News top ten in 5 years. We already have our eyes set on certain sororities that could use some improvement."

Bastard Confession



"I'm the one who installed the Towers elevator card readers at crotch level. Now you know how it feels, bitch."

-Verne Troyer,
Midget

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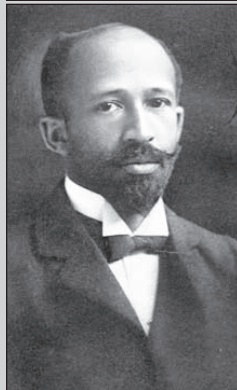
Fill in all the letters of the alphabet except for H in every row, column, and box. Completed puzzles that are brought to the Slant office are eligible for a prize. The winner will be drawn at random from correctly completed puzzles. Good luck.



AROUNDTHELOOP

The Talented Tenth, Vanderbilt's black-issues newspaper that was founded last year, has been without an Editor-in-Chief since May and has no plans to publish any time soon. What do you think?

W.E.B. DuBois, Fractioneer



"We may have to expand to include the Fairly-Talented Fifth."

Bill O'Reilly, Starting To Think For Himself



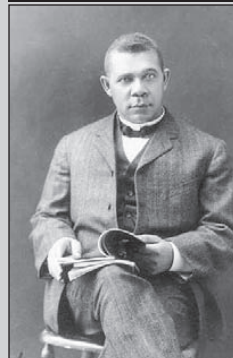
"I was surprised that this black newspaper was just like any other newspaper. Nobody at the newspaper shouted out 'I want some sweet tea, M-F'er!'"

Rochelle Scott, Token Sophomore



"It's a sad state of affairs when blacks start marginalizing themselves."

Booker T. Washington, Oldest Slant Reader



"We haven't been around since 1886 like The Slant has. How can we be expected to compete?"

"Ally Ramirez," Slant Over-Kill



"That's too bad. I was hoping to bare it all in the next issue."

Vance Gardener, HOD Major



"Oh, didn't you hear? They solved the problems of racism and discrimination back in June! There's nothing left for us to do."

Vanderbilt Student Health Compiles Shocking Data

By KRIS STENSLAND

With undergraduates continuing to stream into the emergency room and the general well-being of the student body plummeting, Vanderbilt Student Health has compiled the results of various studies in order to better understand the behavior of undergraduates on campus. Many campus-wide problems are addressed in the report, which compiled data from the Department of University Health (DUH), the Office of Male Growth (OMG), and the Women's Toxicity Foundation (WTF).

One of the primary points of emphasis was the weight epidemics on campus. One study indicated that "the main problem with anorexia is that those suffering from the disorder fail to intake enough calories," (DUH). Another noticed that "some young women spent three or

more hours on a cross-training machine each day without adequate nutrition," (WTF). Most important to glean from these studies, it appears, is that "students who ate healthfully and worked out at least three times a week were in significantly better shape than those who did not," (DUH).

Alcohol was also an important issue. While one study suggested that all campus drinking ought to cease (OMG), another simply stated that sometimes, people who drink a lot and exercise very little may gain weight (DUH). Other concerns included the "difficulty with sobriety that accompanies those that drink excessively," (DUH). Additionally, other accompanying symptoms of alcohol, especially during the afternoon hours, included excessive rainbow wearing, elitism, and the use of croakies (WTF).

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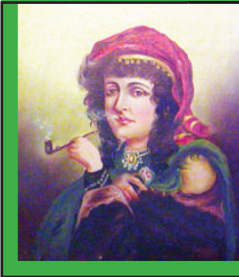
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**TOP TEN
Lies You Told Your Parents
This Weekend**

- 10 "Of course I'm still a virgin, I'm saving myself for marriage."
- 9 "Those furry handcuffs are for my Halloween costume."
- 8 "I only use those condoms for making balloon animals - they don't pop as easily!"
- 7 "What funny smell? Probably from the neighbors, I never see them doing laundry."
- 6 "That's my roommate's glass sculpture."
- 5 "No, that's not me on Facebook; They're all Photoshopped. Yeah, all 786 of them."
- 4 "Hazing? Come on mom, the fraternities aren't even allowed to rush freshmen until the Spring!"
- 3 "Don't be silly, all of the frats check IDs at the door! There isn't any underage drinking on Greek Row."
- 2 "Oh, that's leftover from our eat-a-powdered-donut-on-a-mirror party."
- 1 "I spend all of my time studying."

Ask A Cajun Tarot Card Reader



Dear Cajun Tarot Card Reader,
I live in Mims and the bathroom is in a disgusting state! Pee on the seats, hair in the shower and even toenail clippings on the sink! How can I get my hall-mates to be more sanitary?!

Disgusted in Dyer

Dear Child,

You's be crazy to be leavin' dat sort of ting just a-lyin' around! Sounds like ye got some dark mojo a' workin' across de hall dere, because I suspect one of yo' childrens be practicin' some bad magic wit dem toenails! If it gets to be too bad bring me some o dat drain hair and cook you up a voodoo doll to fix yo' problem right up.

Miss Lea

Dear Cajun Tarot Card Reader,

I just found out I had mono but the only person I think I could have caught it from is my roommate's girlfriend, but she blacked out so I'm in the clear. I don't want my roommate to find out but am I morally obligated to tell her? Is the etiquette for mono the same as it is, for like, crabs?

Mononucleized in Morgan

Dear Devil Son,

Boy, you got youself in some baaaad karma. You ain't come down wit no disease other dan your own guilt for takin' advantage of dat poor girl. If you want to be reclaimin' your favor wit de cosmos I'ma going to need some toenails from de girl and a crocodile's tongue. Ifn' dat be too difficult I can make you de basic love potion, de ingredients are pretty easy ta get at Wal-Mart.

Miss Lea

Dear Cajun Tarot Card Reader,

All of my friends can do this really cool dance called "Soldier Boy." Even the marching band does it, but I don't know anyone from the greater Atlanta area. What can I do?!

Whitie in West Hall

Dear City Boy,

Das quite an easy problem for you ta be commin' to me wit, boy, but I sure got de right spells for you, even though de process will be a little bit expensive, though you don't needa be worryin' about dat, son. I'll be needin' your credit card number and verification code, it only be costin' you \$19.95 an hour plus tax.

Miss Lea

Dear Cajun Tarot Card Reader,

I have tons of midterms this week, but I have a really busy, um, social schedule to keep up with. I don't want to study but my parents won't give me any allowance if I flunk out of Vanderbilt—besides the ladies at community college just don't do it for me. Is there any way you can bewitch my professor into passing me? While you're at it, can you make me irresistible?

Panicking in Pike

Oh You Crazy Young'un,

I be crazy about a young man wit so much dreams as you got. You don' need ta be a worryin' about your professor, it be de Teacher's Assistant dat be doing de grading. But I be sorry, I can't be bewitchin' no people like dat no more, it be against de Honor Code, and dat be stronger magic dan I gots de power to be breakin'. Though I can gib you someting to help wit your studyin', it be a powerful potion I concoct, I likes to call it No-Doze. As for de irresistible part, boy, if I could be doin' dat do you think I'd be Tarot Card readin'? I'd be marryin' de rich men!

Miss Lea

Join *The Slant!*

Every Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. in Sarratt 363,

You have nothing better to do. We have wisdom to depart. Come bask in a sea of wit, charm, and a general disregard for the rules. Don't think you're funny enough? That's ok. We'll teach you how to be funny. Or else ridicule you until you leave.