

Vol. XXI, Issue 1



Booze Crew: We Booze. You Lose.



THIS JUST IN

Ketchup on Hot Dogs, Now Arrestable Offense

By: Clay Christain
Condiment Kingpin

America is a country with a great history of inventing flavors. From melting-pot cuisines like Asian fusion to the genre-bastard barbecue-chicken pizza, creating new food concepts has served America well. Recently published in a scientific journal, scholarly consensus has finalized that the hot dog is the greatest American culinary invention, as it "takes a bunch of absolute crap and makes it kind of edible." As with everything American, the hot dog is completely customizable. However, Vanderbilt University Police Chief August Washington is making one thing clear: Don't put ketchup on your hot dogs.

The following appeared on a VUPD announcement letter: "If, for any reason, hot dogs are served by students or Vanderbilt Dining, ketchup is not to be applied in vicinity of the bun or frank. If witnessed in public, VUPD officers are hereby permitted to arrest guilty individuals. Students will have their meal confiscated, their frank honorably destroyed, and will be sent to mandatory flavor rehab after serving one night behind bars.

"It just sickens me as a man and as an American to see such horrible acts of cruelty be committed against such an upstanding piece of wiener," Washington said. "I don't want our students to commit such a faux pas out in the business world. Can you imagine losing a billion-dollar purchase because your client took offense to your mishandling of meat? It's best to learn to be a better person today rather than be a fuck up tomorrow."

Scientists have long studied the ill effects of tomato-based condiments on hot dogs, and the most commonly accepted school of thought originated in Chicago, which universally condemns the act. Chicago hot dog vendor and Professor Emeritus of Ballpark Biochemistry Geno Whadafuk penned the 1982 Treatise on Condiments which states, "Ey, whadaya doin' wit dat ketchup there? You freakin' twelve [years old] or sumthin? Getta tha back of tha line, ya jerk. Geezus Christ..."

While lawyers are currently arguing the effects of similar hamburger sanctions, students from the Windy City approve of VUPD's new rules noting that ketchup-to-meat appliers are "freakin' pussies, man. Pussies."

OASIS Found Homeless, Hanging around Kissam

By: Chris Watkins
Poverty Patrol

Early Sunday morning, ex-Vanderbilt course registration program OASIS was found unconscious in a Kissam bathroom wearing nothing but a dirty trench coat and holding a quarter-full bottle of malt whiskey. The washed-up registration system has been unemployed since the spring when Vanderbilt administrators replaced him with the youthful program YES, who has made quite a name for himself around campus.

For those of you who were living under a rock last semester and/or are now snuggled away in the Commons, OASIS was the old Vanderbilt program that students used to attempt to register for classes. He was slower than the passage of time during your 8 a.m. lecture, more tedious than using soap every time you shower, and more retro than Technicolor windbreakers, even though he started work well after *Saved by the Bell* had run its course. Since OASIS was fired during the Spring 2010 semester, his life has been in a downward spiral worse than that of Brendan Fraser's acting career since *The Mummy*. He lost his home and was forced to move into a one bedroom apartment with his cousins Command Prompt and Pong.

Unemployment and alcoholism have been the norm for him since he was let go. He has been unable to fully give up his connection to Vanderbilt.

"We've apprehended him disturbing the peace around campus a number of times," VUPD officer Paul Standsaround reported. "One time in particular, he was hiding in one of the magnolia trees over near Kirkland Hall yelling 'Pass,' 'Fail,' or 'Waitlist' at every female who walked by. The incident in Kissam this weekend has just been another in a long string of embarrassing occurrences."

VUPD escorted him back to his cousins' apartment Sunday afternoon. OASIS could not be reached for comment.

In contrast, YES, Vanderbilt's new registration program, is taking campus by storm. With connections to OAK, student registration, and student accounts, what some are calling "Fabiani [Duarte] in computer program form" has had nothing but positive reviews since he started. The young program has been seen participating in all types of popular campus activities including playing dizzy bat at the weekend fraternity tailgates, shooting hoops over at the rec, and wandering dejectedly around Stevenson.

"Let's face it. I'm a big deal. I do it all," he says. "That's why I like to get out and meet new people and try new things. People can really see how big of a deal I am. What did you say? Overconfidence? Not me. I'm incredibly modest. My modesty is probably my best quality. Well, that and my incredibly smooth interface. Damn, I'm good."

Taco Bell Lowers Football Team's Free Food Scoring Threshold to 14 Points

By: Grant Lewis
Conditioning Coach

Well, Vanderbilt, the day has finally come. Taco Bell has given up on Vandy football, and you know what, I am not having it. You didn't know what happened? The Taco Bell on West End has lowered the score that Vanderbilt needs to reach in order for us to get free tacos. Last year, the score was twenty-four points, and now it is just a paltry fourteen.

Fellow 'Dores, we can read this headline, sit back, and maybe even crack a few football jokes, but the truth is that Taco Bell has egregiously insulted the entire Vanderbilt and greater metro Nashville community with this blasphemy.

Who the hell are you, Taco Bell? You are a "restaurant" known as a place where stoners go to get munchies when they're blown out of their minds. That, and the only place not named White Castle or Krystal where it is acceptable to buy fourteen different items and consume them all at once.

T-Bell (I'm gonna call you T-Bell now because I have lost all respect for you), we have a great deal of young talent. Didn't you know that our freshman running back won SEC offensive freshman of the year? No, you probably didn't; you were probably coming up with your "sandwich" thingy that tastes just as crappy as every other non-descript item on your menu.

Sure, Vandy football has had its rough patches. We lost our coach and our first two home games, but c'mon, T-Bell, your old advertising campaign was a semi-retarded talking Chihuahua, although at least that was better than your current advertising campaign, a semi-retarded babbling slice of lime, even with its sexy, Antonio Banderas voice.

I don't see where you guys get away with judging our product when at least ours has an upside. I used to give you the benefit of the doubt, and sometimes I even purchased your wares, but no longer.

I am asking the entire Vanderbilt community to take a page out of LeBron's playbook and make a change: "At this time, Vandy, I would like to announce that I am taking my talents to any place that does not suck as hard as T-Bell." I'm waiting for your Comic Sans reply, T-Bell. I'm waiting.

INSIDETHISSUE

Dumpster Diving for Treasure 0

Nothing Much... &

Curling Team Speaks Out ()

Pink: the New Pink @

Chick-Fil-A Coming to VU ...

Coffee Stain !



Former Manager "Quiznos Tom" Pursues New Career as Inventor



VSG Special Election Debacle: Absolutely No Power Corrupts Absolutely

FROM THE EDITOR



CLAY CHRISTAIN

It's been a while, Vanderbilt. Quite some time since we last had a little chat. How are you doing? You didn't email me at all over the break, even though I was in summer school. Why didn't you answer my phone calls either, Vanderbilt? Is our relationship not important to you anymore? Don't tell me that you were busy with football. I'm not buying that excuse. Not again.

No, Vanderbilt, I'm not going ask "...so, how was your break?" because I don't care. I know you just sat around unemployed and unashamed. Vanderbilt, for having so many economics professors, did you not learn anything about big spending? You worked hard for those dollars, and you went and spent them on renovating Sarratt? Eh, don't fret. I'm just giving you a hard time, Vanderbilt. It's what I do.

Do anything fun in your free time, Vandy? You and I had been talking about going to Bonnaroo, but what did you do? You bailed out and made me pay for the tickets! Low blow, man. You're not much of a warm weather type, anyway. I'm not sure if you would have made it in that humidity. Hey, don't give me any lip. The people who camped next to me were from West Virginia, and I had to overhear stories of a woman rolling on ecstasy after shoving it up her ass. Seriously! You woulda seen some of your old friends, though, like Jay-Z, Phoenix and The Flaming Lips. They were wondering why you didn't come out to see them. Even Trombone Shorty was worried, and he's the one who stood you up before!

I heard you and Passion Pit are getting back together. That's cool, I guess. You two were complicated before, so I'm not sure how it's going to turn out this time. What? You're two-timing with Snoop Dogg? What would Kanye and Lil Wayne have to say about that? You've been friends with them since high school; you gotta take their advice seriously. Don't even think about talking to that guy Eminem. He's a wash-up. He'll promise you some edgy social commentary, but you'll just get lame chorus hooks and weak stage presence. If he crashes any of our parties, I'm not gonna be pleased with you, Vandy.

What's your plan for the future, bro? It sucks that Bobby Johnson had to split. Hey, Kevin's still with you! He's always been more thoughtful of your needs anyway. He knows how to please an institution of higher learning.

Look, I'm running out of time. I gotta run to class, but before I go, could you please fix the A/C in Towers IV? It's hot as balls in there.

Fucked Image



Grins food exposed! Can you consciously eat something so huggable?

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The Best Worst Movies of August

By: Katy Jaramillo
 Fresh Film Fanatic

Piranha

Synopsis: An earthquake opens up a trench between a lake and another lake under the first lake, releasing a pack of vicious, prehistoric cannibalistic piranhas. The piranhas, tired of eating each other, quickly devour the topless co-eds partying over spring break. Luckily, the sexy sheriff, a mother of three, is there to save the day when her idiot children take off in a boat against her explicit directions.

Rating: Half pornography, half graphic violence, this movie is a must-see for sociopaths and drunken frat boys. (-3/10)

The Last Exorcism

Synopsis: In a small, hick town in Louisiana, a teenage contortionist in a white nightgown is possessed by a demon...or is she? This movie, shot in the first person, follows the exploits of dishonest Reverend Cotton as he pretends to exorcise her demon. Boring and predictable, the cheap attempts at scares miss the mark. At

least until the last ten minutes, when (**SPOILER ALERT!**) you witness a demon birth orchestrated by a cult, and the cameraman drops the camera. This exciting movie ends with a close-up of a rock. In the dark.

Rating: Worth it for the audible "What the ****?!" from fellow audience members. (1/10)

Vampires Suck

Synopsis: Awkward, open-mouthed teenager Becca Crane must decide between Jacob White, a hairy, cat-chasing youth, and Edward Sullen, a pale, bloodthirsty immortal. If you have any sense of humor, or perhaps are a little tipsy, you will love this hilariously accurate take on the popular preteen fantasy. Guest appearance by the Black-Eyed Peas.

Rating: IMDb vastly underrated this movie at 3.3 out of 10. With its vague, underdeveloped characters, poorly-shot action sequences, and excess of blinking and mouth-breathing, *Vampires Suck* far surpasses the original *Twilight*. (15/10)

MASTHEAD



Drawing Penises... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS
 PLACERE CONTENTIT



Haiku Corner
 (俳句のコーナー)



By: Ryan Carr
 Syllable Specialist

VERSUS IS NO MORE.

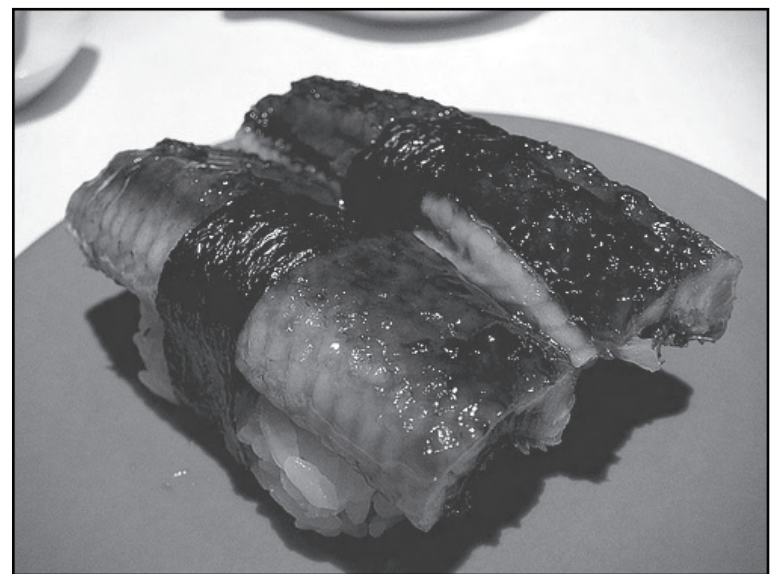
THE SLANT RECOVERS HAIKUS.

SORRY GUYS. GOOD LUCK.

VANDY LOVES FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL DOES NOT LOVE VANDY.

LOW SCORES? WE'RE STILL SMART.



Unagi roll? That means eel. Crazy delicious. Just sayin', homie.

TIME TO GO TO CLASS?

PICK UP THE SLANT ON YOUR WAY.

LEARN SOMETHING LEGIT.

YAY, IT'S A NEW YEAR!

CLASSES STARTING, IT'S FALL TIME!

FUCK GOING TO CLASS.



Japanese art history is a little different... Just a little...

Bastard Confession



"FIJI Brothers? I'll write

ΦΓΔ

wherever the fuck I feel like
 it, thank you very much."

--Disgruntled Native Fijian

Companies Go to War for Control of Frozen Yogurt Market

By: Sarah Sipek
Yogurt Yokel

Utter chaos has erupted throughout the Nashville area in response to an issue that has nothing to do with last week's VSG elections. As a result

Yogurt Oasis, the previous boss of the frozen yogurt machine, is having its monopoly challenged by idealistic upstarts Sweet Cece's, Yogi's Frozen Yogurt Bar, and that unnamed thing in the basement of Sarratt. Though all establishments provide variations of the same guilt free treats, they are not willing to divide the customer base. Consequently, a battle has erupted between the stores with each calling upon their customers to take up arms in defense of their favorite fro-yo.

However, not all of the stores were quick to embrace aggression.

"Here at Yogi's, we embrace Gandhi's principles of non-violent resistance, so instead of encouraging our patrons to fight, we invite them to join us for weekly meditation sessions

aimed at focusing the mind on the pursuit of nirvana," Yogi's Yogurt Bar guru Mahatma McDonald said.

No militia has arisen in defense of the Un-

named Café either. Representatives at Sarratt say that they are too unorganized at the moment to even consider a run at supreme ruler of the frozen yogurt world.

With two challengers removing themselves from the low-fat fray, the combat has reduced to Yogurt Oasis versus Sweet Cece's.

When asked about the fight, the Yogurt Oasis rep immediately defaulted to their cute "Great taste that won't go to your waist" slogan, but followed it up by noting their main clientele as the secret to securing Nashville fro-yo domination.

"We have sorority support," the rep said, "and do not be deceived by their perfectly coiffed hair and cute outfits. Those girls are scrappy."

After being cordially invited to join their sing-along on Friday nights, during which Belmont students can be found sitting on the ground outside the store singing Christian favorites in unison, the Sweet Cece's rep kindly noted that



Gents, forget liquor, this stuff will break down a lady's inhibitions much faster.

God is on the side of this family friendly establishment, and that Yogurt Oasis can suck it.

It appears that the fate of the fro-yo world is still up in the air, but this is one war that this reporter wouldn't mind extending. Since the power evidently lies with the consumer, grab a spoon and dig in. This stuff is fat free, so take as long as you want to decide.



Androids love their fro-yo. Get it? It's an engineering joke. Ahahahaha.

of the opening of two and a half new establishments in recent months, Nashville dessert enthusiasts have a major dilemma on their hands: Where to go for their frozen yogurt fix.

Hustler to Allocate Fifty Percent of Newspaper to Stories; Advertisers Placed on High Alert

By: Dan King
Marketing Master

In a news conference last Saturday, *Hustler* Editor-in-Chief David Namm announced that beginning now, *The Hustler* will dedicate just over 50% of its space to pieces of writing from Vanderbilt students. Some have expressed fears that this shift will take the focus away from *The Hustler's* stated goal to "distribute advertisements effectively throughout campus."

Over the past few decades, several generations of *Hustler* staffers have worked hard to create their own unique ad-chic aesthetic within the publication. Built on bright, vibrant colors and grandiose promotions for products of all shapes and sizes, it was this idea that first made *The Hustler* popular among Vanderbilt students. By giving more space to a small gang of students, Namm is risking all that his predecessors worked to create.

Some have questioned whether the student newspaper should even have writing from students. Junior and consumer Skyler Blunt said, "When I pick up the paper, it's to find out how much it'll cost me to get into Play on college night. I don't want to have to sift through a bunch of meaningless words before I find my advertisements. It's just crazy how much they blatantly try to just fill space with these stories.

I'd rather just see empty space than see their ugly, oversized Opinion section."

It is important to remember who is really footing the risk for this new direction, the advertisers who made *The Hustler* what it is today. By giving precious page real estate to student writing, *The Hustler* will be undercutting the ad-fronted layout they've been honing for years. Then, of course, there is the question of whether the student writing even deserves a place in the paper at all. Some critics have already decried *The Hustler* for selling out.

A spokesman for Fidelity had this to say: "At first we were worried; *The Hustler's* always been great at distributing our ads to Vandy kids over the years, and we didn't want to ruin the artistic value of the paper with a bunch of boring words. But when [*Hustler* editor] David Namm assured me that the paper would remain approximately 50% ad space, I wasn't worried anymore."

Students from all across campus are still expressing fears that this change in direction will take *The Hustler* away from its roots of ad distribution. One student lamented, "When I want news, I read the *New York Times*. When I want a bunch of large, pretty looking advertisements, I read *The Hustler*. And I don't want anyone blur-

ring that line."

But anyone who fears confusing *The Hustler* with the *Times*, or any other real newspaper for that matter, need not worry. While both papers contain stories on current events, the focuses of their content areas will always separate the two. For example, on August 25th, the *New York Times's* front page was marred by a big ugly headline reminding people that there's still oil in the Gulf of Mexico. *The Hustler's*, on the other hand, contained an in depth analysis of the Quiznos situation on campus.



Too easy.

To make sure that no Vandy students are unwittingly tricked into bettering themselves by learning about the current events of their world, all text contained within *The Hustler* will focus on "the lighter side of things." Main topics will include drinking, freshman drinking, frat parties, frats, and anything VSG does.

Oh, and sports. They're also going to write about sports.



insideVANDY

35,000 unique visitors and....
Are you reading this??
Ababababa.
Penis.



Did you know that there are subliminal messages all across Vanderbilt's newspapers?

Kill your roommate.

ECON 1069: Writing a Recession-Proof Résumé

By: Stephanie Buckles
Boner Broker

Welcome back, everyone. I hope you enjoyed yourselves this summer - if you know what I mean. I'm here to continue teaching the valuable lessons in economics in this year's class, ECON 1069 (new and improved).

Here's a few statistics for ya:

- Unemployment: 9.6%
- Percentage of young Americans who are either unemployed or not seeking work is at its highest since people started keeping track of that shit
- In fact, only 25% of graduates looking for a job are successful

Phew, glad we got that over with. So, even though you go to a top-20 school, and you earn stellar grades, it's not gonna cut it nowadays. You've got to take your value proposition to the next level - if you know what I mean.

Don't fret, I'm here to save the day with a few pointers. First off, research the gender of your next interviewer. If you're a man and will be interviewed by a lady, I'd grab a roll of quarters on your way to the Career Center. And for my women readers, it wouldn't hurt to hike that skirt up a few inches before you cross your legs if there's a man across the table drilling you with questions. Of course, if it's the same sex or you aren't sure what to expect, refer to the Career Center's dress code policy. (They've got it on lock down). (They'll probably track me down after this article). (And kill me for putting so many parentheses in my resume).

Enough.

Secondly, I decided to go ahead and take another step of initiative (a good quality to emphasize) and draft a sample resume. Let's face it, we're selling ourselves, and we gotta do it right. Don't spare any details - from cup size to your generous endowment, you've got to do what you can to win over these recruiters. We're taking things to the next level, folks, and if cleavage and a tight ass won't get us there, then all bets are out.



Sir, you certainly have shown a lot of interest in our company, but I don't think your criminal history allows you to fit bras at Victoria's Secret...

Johnny Woodcock

www.blowmewoody.com
(615)-420-1337

6969 Cunnilingus Court
Enzyterton, PA 69069

EDUCATION:

Bieber Wiener University, New York, NY May, 2014
• Ph.D. (Pretty Huge...)

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, TN May, 2011
• Cumulative SPA (Sexual Partners Average): 12.98
• Bachelor in the Arts of Oral Sex, Specialty Minor in Inverted Positions

WORK EXPERIENCE:

Nude Modeling, Nashville, TN 2005-2009
• Provided young and eager college students with an impressive and sculpted body to draw
• Held private sessions for the lucky few (charged by the hour)
• Also gave personal counsel to interested professors

Tight End 2008-2010
• High school football team
• Showered with cheerleaders while maintaining utmost respect
• Led the team in annual hookups, demonstrating initiative, determination & follow through

LEADERSHIP & INTERESTS:

BOOBS (Boys Operating for Optimum Breasts in Society)
• Founder of the first plastic surgery club at Bieber Wiener University
• Worked directly with surgeons to perform preliminary exams, including fondling, grabbing and moisturizing clients

Interests

T & A; Humor writing



★ ★ streets of vanderbilt ★ ★

Hipsters Smoked Out: Vanderbilt Smothers Counterculture On Campus

By: Jim Gillin
Marlboro Man

In light of recent, tougher smoking regulations successfully reducing the hipster presence, Vanderbilt has decided to make the campus even more mainstream by enacting new bans on flannel shirts, Pabst Blue Ribbon, and indie rock. These new bans, which come into effect October 1st, are part of Vanderbilt's new push to weed out all of the nontraditional Vanderbilt students who accidentally slipped through admissions.

Under the new rules, flannel shirts cannot be worn at any time around campus, except in designated flannel-wearing areas. Exceptions are made for lumberjacks who may apply at the Office of Housing and Residential Education for a flannel permit. Punishment for a first violation starts at having to listen to a recent Weezer album.

Pabst Blue Ribbon (PBR) beer will also be restricted to consumption at frat parties and other mainstream gatherings. Administration believes this rule will deter PBR drinkers from spreading indie-ness around campus, as they are unlikely to go anywhere near frat row.

In addition, indie rock will be banned from playing

outside of closed dorm rooms. This decision was less of a blow, as Vanderbilt has been edging out indie music for years by focusing on rappers and terrible alternative rock bands at events like Quake and Rites of Spring. As hardcore and edgy bands like Ben Harper and O.A.R. become mainstays on campus, Vanderbilt seeks to exclude bands such as Vampire Weekend and Animal Collective who cater to the non-Vandy crowd.

Hipster Joey thinks it's not so bad "The way I see it, if you play your music around campus and other people hear it, it's not underground enough anyway. But I will miss playing obscure bands on my stereo just so I can tell people 'you wouldn't know them' when they ask who it is."

The smoking ban, effective since August 1st, has already been inciting rage amongst the countercultures at Vanderbilt. Many Vandy smokers, in between fits of phlegmy coughing, claim that the designated smoking areas, which include a wonderful spot at the Barnard dumpsters, are not nearly numerous enough. In response to complaints, Vanderbilt is adding several more spots, including the front porch of Dean Weislo's house on the Commons, the cancer ward in the Children's Hospital, the piano lounge in the Commons center, and every single room in Kissam to finally burn down the whole damn thing.

With all of the new policies designed to oust hipsters from campus, students across all subcultures are worried about what might get banned next. Though an atmosphere of tension permeates campus, there is still hope as long as hipsters demand to keep their right to irony. After all, Vanderbilt isn't likely to prevent them from paying \$55k a year for a philosophy degree any time soon.



I do what I want.
All my hip stuff in the bathtub with me, so what.

New Black Commodore Card Offers Advantages for Elite Students

By: Clay Christain
Fine Living Specialist

Recently, in order to accommodate Vanderbilt's more established students, the Commodore Card Office has recently added a second option for every student's personal ID card. The new black card, modeled after the legendary American Express Centurion, is available by invitation only to students who do not qualify for any form of financial aid or scholarship.

Opting in to the black card program costs a yearly payment of \$2,500, however, the benefits far exceed that of the standard gold card. The black cards do not use a set amount of Commodore Cash but rather a floating value of which no Card Office employee would disclose the exact amount. Whereas normal students receive \$200

or more in Meal Money each semester, black card students will receive shares of stock in Taste of Nashville restaurants upon each purchase. Standard benefits of swiping the black card on campus are as follows: at The Pub, the student's number will become 0001, and the food will be served on a fine china dish with a complimentary imported draft beer. At Rand brunch, using the black card will have a full breakfast promptly delivered from the Pancake Pantry via a rickshaw driven by a world-champion Jamaican sprinter. Paying for school supplies with the black card will put the student directly on the line with textbook publishers who will promptly strike a deal to include the user in on their exorbitant profits.

However, many indigent students are concerned about where the limits will be drawn with the black Commodore Card. Countless rumors have been spreading about

the endless power of the new plastic. One sophomore allegedly arrived at a frat party and after hearing "do you know a brother?" brandished his elite-status card. Suddenly, an Anheuser-Busch truck pulled around the corner, and within five minutes, button-up shirts, sundresses and Solo cups peppered the sky, as partygoers were drenched with 95 gallons of Natty Ice per minute.

In perhaps the most unethical use of unabated purchasing power, one urban legend states that a male student, after purchasing condoms at the Varsity Market, was promptly escorted to a secret lounge area speculated to be a sophisticated hidden brothel. Possible locations are purported the very top floor of Stevenson Center, the

inconspicuously named Women's Center, or perhaps the appropriately dubbed "G" level of Towers West.

Senior philosophy major, financial aid recipient and celebrated freeloading piece of shit Mikey Nobucks was less than pleased at what he saw to be an abuse of power. "I was waiting in line for Quake tickets, and they said the floor seats were all gone. Then this asshole with that ridiculous black card cuts the line, whips out his ID from his pants like it's some sort of instant aphrodisiac, and next thing you know, he's on the phone at Sarratt buying super-sticky weed from Snoop Dogg... What the hell?" Nobucks said.

The director of the Commodore Card Office could not be reached for comment, as he was busy short selling stock on his diamond-encrusted Blackberry while being carried on a litter through the streets of Port-au-Prince, Haiti on an assignment to purchase cheap real estate and tear down old churches.



Maximilian \$ Greypoupon
Student (€)

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

Caviar, Courvoisier drink, and Cuban cigars...that's my Meal Plan.



Swimmin' in my money like Scrooge McDuck.



Washington crosses the Delaware, ya heard.



This is what a real Hustler looks like.



...and my wheels keep bettin' every time I stop.

STYLE SPOTTER: Greenman Bodysuit!

By: Caitlin Meyer
Stylizing Socialite

Ninety percent nylon, ten percent spandex. One hundred percent this season's top fashion trend.

Entertainment has always been a viable source for fashion advice. Whether it's Blair on *Gossip Girl*'s preppy chic, Stacy and Clinton's words of wisdom on *What Not to Wear*, *Seinfeld*'s puffy shirt, or Borat's mankini, we love to draw inspiration from the stars. This fall at Vanderbilt throws those multi-piece outfits and common sense out the window - it's all about the Greenman. Making its first appearances spring semester, the new season of *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* paired alongside a sense of reckless abandon have led the Greenman suit to the height of its popularity.

In the past, Greenman suits were reserved for publicity stunts, attention seekers and obnoxious party promotion characterized by questionable thrusting. Avoiding marketing myopia and becoming irrelevant, the creators of the Greenman have reinvented the suit in which Charlie once frolicked with a new line of suits in every color and pattern imaginable. Neons, pastels, sparkles, distressed, tie-dye - the suit has no bounds. Football games? Look out Snuggie, this suit has sleeves and pants. Dance parties? These new suits come equipped with air vents and wicking technology, not to mention a whole range of backlight-friendly colors. Class? Now your professor really can't tell if you are still drunk. Ugly face, good body? Peeping Tom? Robbing a bank? Covered. Literally.



Greenman: Always happy to sacrifice function for fashion.

Worried about looking just like everybody else in your Greenman suit? Wanting to retain that sense of originality and ingenuity? Irony aside, considering the homogeneity of the Vanderbilt student population, the suit is easily accessorized and totally tailor-made for individual flair. Ties, bowties, rain boots, Ray Bans, high-waist belts, scarves and hats all look impeccable with the appropriate Greenman suit.

The best part about all of this is the price. Suits range from sixty dollars for the traditional, to around eighty for embellished and the low two hundreds for the Vineyard Vines special edition. Bottom line: if we can see your face this fall, you're doing something wrong.

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Student, Squirrel Safety in Concern Following Hawk Assault

By: Kelley Hines
Animal Magnetist

A freshman's first day of classes should be filled with merriment and wonder - a day one will not easily forget. My first day of classes was definitely memorable, but not exactly for the most conventional of reasons. That morning, I was bestowed the distinct privilege (or punishment?) of viewing Vandy wildlife up close and personal in its most raw of forms.

As I crossed Peabody Lawn, I observed my environment: clear azure skies, majestic trees with gold-trimmed name tags (classy, right?), and Sperry clad "bro's" rushing off to their 1st 8:10 Chemistry lectures and "other" locals. Despite all of these exhilarating sights, what happened to catch my eye was a lone squirrel across the lawn, foraging for nuts and, well, trash. Suddenly, from seemingly nowhere, a hawk descends, picks up its furry prey, and sails off into the blue yonder. Needless to say, I was scared shitless.

Though I was completely shocked, no one else around me seemed to notice anything amiss. It's always times like these when you look around for reassurance and, of course, no one else has seen a thing. "Oh my God, did you see that hawk attack that squirrel?!", "What hawk?", "The hawk that just flew by?", "No, I didn't see anything," "@#\$%!" I felt so alone. But, someone else had to have seen something, right? This couldn't have been the first hawk attack on campus. In a recent discussion with Professor Marshall Eakin at an East House dinner, I came to find out that hawk sightings, while rare, have occurred on campus before. This has led me to believe that this illustrious bird is our own Vanderbilt brand of Bigfoot: mysterious and deadly.

How can we sit back quietly as this hawk assassin goes unpunished? Our squirrel population would plummet drastically. With no squirrels, who else would unexpectedly pop out of the trashcans? We don't have nearly enough homeless midgets to keep up that kind of initiative. And who says this elusive hawk will stop with the squirrels? Chipmunks, small French dogs, and babies of every variety are all at risk. The juggling club would no longer be able to practice outdoors

and no longer dazzle passersby on their journey to class. Vanderbilt Frisbee culture would perish leading to higher alcohol and drug consumption statistics (because if you can't play Frisbee, what else is there to do?). Who knows? This hawk may even develop the audacity to build its nest near the site of the initial attack. Public feather burnings in acknowledgment of the event would ensue across campus.

Furthermore, could this traumatic event be a warning from the cosmic universe? Was fate knocking at the door of my subconscious? Obviously, that welcoming feeling that Vanderbilt worked so hard to establish during orientation was out the window by this point. Am I, Kelley Raven Hines, the little squirrel soon to be devoured by Vanderbilt society? Would I lose myself and morph into a "Vandy girl"? Trade in my "oh-so original" Converse for a pair of cowboy boots? Eh, probably not, but it sure as hell made me think about why I'm here and what I came to accomplish.

As you can see, I've put way too much thought into this. So, in conclusion (actually, you should never use the phrase "in conclusion"). It makes English majors want to step on kittens. But anyway... I'll leave my fellow class of 2014 with a little advice: be smart, be yourselves, work hard, and look out, because a giant bird might kill you.



GOTCHA, BITCH!

New Nameless Coffee Shop Poses Etymological Crisis

By: Zach Wright
Nomenclature Specialist

What's in a name? At The Slant, we think that most everything revolves around what you're named at birth, unlike astrology, which doesn't tell you shit. We're supposed to jive well with Capricorns. Grace is a Capricorn, and we're never going back to that bitch.



There really are a lot less pleasing names that could have been chosen... We're just not going into those right now.

All of that aside, students of Vanderbilt - consider yourself new fathers (and whatever the female counterpart to a father is). Your loins have produced a hideous creature, but a hideous creature that sells coffee and has cumbersome (a portmanteau word for those English Majors) touch screens. Mazel Tov! Located in Sarratt, the new coffee shop is currently in full swing distributing the same awful Bongo Java and Starbucks coffee that you're used to. Now, all you need to do is name it. Being the responsible Americans that you are, we suggest you let democracy decide your child's name through the electoral process. The Slant would like to offer some suggestions so that you don't have



to rack your brains over this momentous decision.

We would have the coffee shop named one of a few things. Our first option is to name it "That Fucking Coffee Shop" so when people want to meet somewhere they can pretend to study, they'll say, "hey, wanna meet at That Fucking Coffee Shop?" and you can respond, "Yeah, That Fucking Coffee Shop whose coffee tastes like Colombian water filtered through a lemur carcass?" Seriously though, the coffee drinking experience is akin to someone throwing a fist full of Folgers at your face and then being waterboarded by garbage. Imagine that the "Maxwell House" is actually a brothel, and you get to drink the runoff. Ok, well, the coffee isn't that bad. On a scale of vaginal secretion to purple drank, it's a 7.

Our second suggestion is related to our first but has a more positive note. We'd call it, "Still Better Than Kissam,"

so people can say, "Hey, do you want to go to that fucking coffee place?" "Yea, it's Still Better Than Kissam." Now, this sobriquet is versatile, because you can replace Kissam with any number of things. Like "Rand" or "The Football Team" or "Greek Life."

Unfortunately, knowing Vanderbilt, they'll probably veto any cool (or accurate) name we would provide, so it'll probably be named "The Filling Station" or "Java-dores." You know, something that tried to be intelligent and cute, but comes off as a place where pedophiles would go to have their union meeting. Hell, maybe they'll name it "The Grind," because you grind coffee beans and you face the daily grind...it's a double entendre. Get it? IT'S HILARIOUS.

All we're saying is that Vanderbilt should allow the democratic process to work. So, if everyone decides to name that fucking coffee place (the one that's better than Kissam) something like... Mike Hunt's Dick Emporium, then it should be allowed. This is America, where we like our profanity blatant and our coffee tasting like...well, Sanka. We don't need to play that one up at all.

Well, I know eggs are easy to cook and all, but this is a bit ridiculous, don't you think?

Office of Housing and Residential Education Whores Itself Out

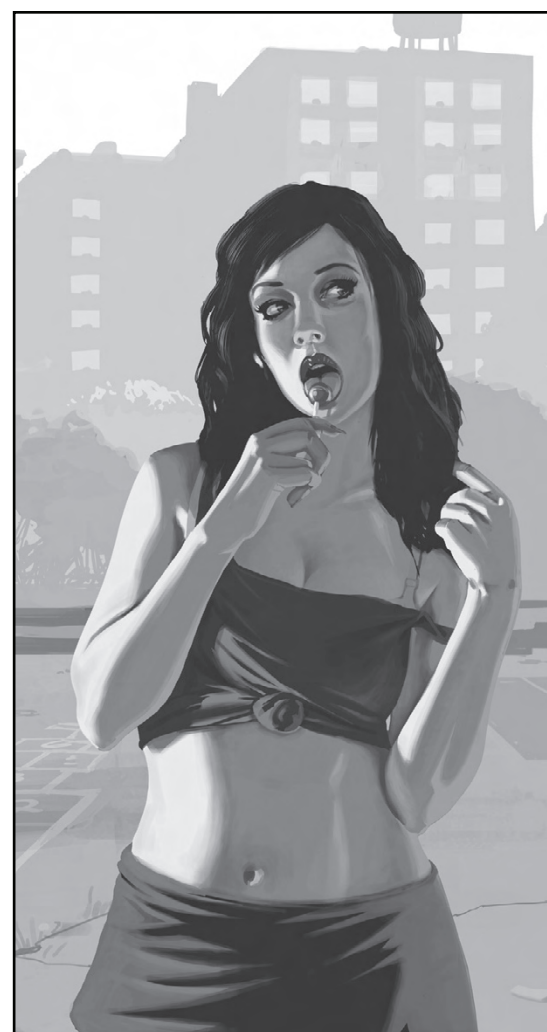
By: Justin Barisich
Prostitute Pontificate

Housing, you're a deceitful streetwalker. Seeing as how you ran off so quickly with my money and my room key after we had our intimate moment at the end of last year when I finally got lucky enough to end up with the housing assignment I actually desired after three years of getting elevator shafted, your initials should change from "OHARE" to "O-WHORE," with the new acronym standing for Office of Withholding Happiness Over Resident Empathy. I suppose I should have stopped trusting whore houses years ago.

Here's the story: the day after my older brother and I traveled half the world with our taste buds in the local, international beer tavern in celebration of his birthday, he and I drove up to Vandy to move my shit into my suite. Still slightly hungover and suffering from cottonmouth, we stuffed every inch of my mid-sized car with stuff and began to roll out on Dubs - and by that I mean blaring songs that fit into that particular subgenre of Reggae - blaring them, because we could only hear sound from the front two speakers. The back two were muffled by bedding, clothing, and the gigantic, hot pink, stuffed bunny I had just won at the state fair. I named him Mr. Rogers and gave him a sweater vest.

Anyway, nine hours, bad Taco Bell, bland Subway, and two tanks of gas later, we pulled up in front of Towers at exactly 11:15 p.m. My genius plan was to arrive at such an unusual time so as to avoid all of the human traffic and have free range of the elevators, so that we could quickly and stealthily move Mr. Rogers into my room without a heightened risk of embarrassment.

No such luck.



An average day in the life of Residential Education. Guuuuurl, you workin'?

too much shit in their hands and reset the alarm when people exit through the side doors. But she was really nice while telling me of her utter lack of utility.

She turned around and knocked on the magic door behind her and found someone who pretended to be useful: one of the RAs of the building. This second girl was less kind, less attractive, and far less helpful. (O-WHORE, just whom are you hiring these days? You could at least sugarcoat the wallet raping.) After ten minutes of waiting on the phone while she called her superior, housing homegirl informed me that O-WHORE reserves the right to give residents their room keys at their own discretion after 10PM. Since she didn't feel like giving me my key, even though it was chillin' in the little box right in front of her, she wasn't going to do so. I should've just snatched the shit up right then and there, but that would've just been really awkward as I'd make multiple trips in front of her back and forth to my car.

After making repeated idle threats of getting her fired, I stuffed my tail between my legs, suppressed my manly pride and anger, grabbed Mr. Rogers, and called my friends until I found a floor upon which my brother and I could crash. The next morning, as we attempted to move all my shit, we were forced to wait in elevator queues as long as Great Depression bread lines, and we weren't even getting anything for free.

So, O-WHORE, I hope you're happy with yourself for finding a new way to unnecessarily annoy me...once again. I hope you get gonorrhea from all of your hussy activities, so that it burns every time you piss. Oh wait, we'll just substitute "gonorrhea" for mold and call it even, because you already have that, and you've infected enough underclassmen already. Bitch!



Justin needed a little help bringing Mr. Rogers into his Towers suite.

I swiped my card and opened the Towers door, fully expecting to be warmly embraced by the wonderful Housing Keymaker who would grant me access out of the Matrix and into my room, but as you might have already guessed, that didn't happen. I flashed my gold card to Mr. Smith, the badge-wielding doorman, registered my brother on the official "If someone gets raped in this building tonight, harass this guy first" list, and smiled kindly to the girl working as a reeve behind the counter. When I asked her for my room key, she told me that she was actually quite powerless and couldn't give me my key, or really even do much of anything at all besides open the front door when people have

Summer Internship & College Education: Estranged Relatives

By: Andrew Ligon
Unpaid Utilitarian

Now that the summer is over, I can finally look back and assess my unpaid internship experience. For those of you who were either not lucky enough to partake in this great exploitation, or foolish enough to make money over the summer instead of working for literal peanuts, I have managed to distill my experience into just a few simple lessons. Consider this a crash course in what to expect from your summer internship.

Lesson #1: Traffic Sucks. Traffic is the root and cause of all rage. Why does the entire business world insist on working the same shift? "Hey, you know what sounds like fun? Working nine hour shifts and then making a twenty minute drive into a two hour commute!!" Seriously? Who the hell promoted these people? Words cannot describe how many times I've wanted to go GTA on the highway and just off-road the whole trip. Also, here is an insider's tip for switching lanes: switch lanes in front of large vehicles, they can't accelerate as quickly. It's scary the first few hundred times, but once you habituate to near-death, it shaves a solid three minutes off your trip both ways!

Lesson #2: Minesweeper is really, really hard. Once you actually get to your internship, you will quickly realize one very important lesson about unpaid internships: no one has a fucking clue about what you are there for. Thus, you will brave all the traffic only to sit in your cubicle and wait for something to do. Minesweeper is standard with all Windows computers, and fortunately near impossible to master. So, get comfy and click your heart away (it's a soul crushing experience). Another insider's tip: role-playing with minesweeper is a really fun way to keep yourself occupied. Just be sure to not get too into the role playing; one of my coworkers is currently suffering from PTSD because he really thought he killed his whole battalion in 'Nam.

Lesson #3: Face-to-Face meetings are considered very awkward. Adults love to call us anti-social, but they take it to a whole new level. Want to talk to the person ONE cubicle over? Call their extension. Want to meet with the person the next aisle over? Better shoot them an email to set up a call to discuss when you want to meet so that you can agree on a time to meet and then realize that they already have another meeting and then you have to go reschedule the original meeting, but now they think they want to have third person in-



Why do movies try to trick us into believing that attractive people end up in undesirable situations?

volved etc. Better just crawl into the fetal position and give up now. Sorry, no insider's tip here; it's just the way the business world in its infinite wisdom operates.

Lesson #4: College was a waste of time and money. I'll keep this simple: absolutely nothing you learned in college applies to the real world. Unless you were foolish enough to major in Engineering or HOD (never thought those majors would be mentioned together did you?), you wasted a lot of time, and a lot more money. It turns out that a deep understanding of operant and classical conditioning does not help you convince people to buy ad space, nor do the basic rules of Kantian Ethics actually work in the real world (for more on that please consult Bernie Madoff). Last insider tip: don't graduate ever. Van Wilder definitely had it right.

Well, there you have it. You basically made it through your first summer internship. Sure, I could go into the mind numbing data mining that you often have to do, but the problem with mind-numbing tasks is that you don't really remember that you do. Just remember if you ever get that urge to burn down the office over a Swingline stapler, it's time to walk away and find a new career path.

Why I Can't Understand How Russians Could Ever Be Good Spies

By: Meryem Dede
Cyrillic Specialist

A good spy should be believable as a member of a society other than theirs. They should be inconspicuous, incognito and inconceivably handsome (if you go by James Bond movies). There are a lot of differences between Americans and Russians, but there are three that I believe to be particularly detrimental to a Russian entering official spydom: sour cream, high heels and "th."



Subtly has never been one of the hallmarks of Russian people. Remember: no Russian.

This may sound strange, but let me explain. There is only one thing that Russians like more than severe rulers and long winters: sour cream (Smetana, сметана). They put it in or eat it on everything: soup, pancakes (blinii), chopped

cabbage, potato salad, assorted breaded meats, toast, and the list goes on. Russian spies would never be able to successfully infiltrate the United States, because all one would have to do is look in their fridge and it would be immediately obvious they're not American: "No American needs that much sour cream, get him out of here!" Besides that the spies shopping cart would give them away (that's probably how they discovered the identity of those spies a couple months ago), I just don't think that if there were a bunch of spies in the U.S., our sour cream industry could keep up with demand. However much Daisy tries, Americans will never learn to love sour cream the way that Russians do, and they shouldn't. Next time you decide to get the cheese-flavored chips over the sour cream and onion, you're not choosing orange fingers over whitish fingers, you're helping keep the differences between Americans and Russians distinct. You're being fuckin' patriotic. Next up, Russian women could never make

successful spies. This isn't me being sexist (I am a girl, so duh, I can't be sexist); it's just true. Russian women wear heels like Sue Sylvester wears tracksuits – it's an every day, all the time kind of thing. It's unnatural. At home, Russians wear slippers called "tariyelki" (that's Cyrillic), and that's probably the only time that Russian women wear flats. Not only is the excessive heal wearing a dead giveaway in that American women wear a lot more flats, but it's just impractical when you're trying to be sneaky. Can you imagine? "Have you noticed that clicking sound that's been following us for the last ¼ mile?" Not so sneaky.

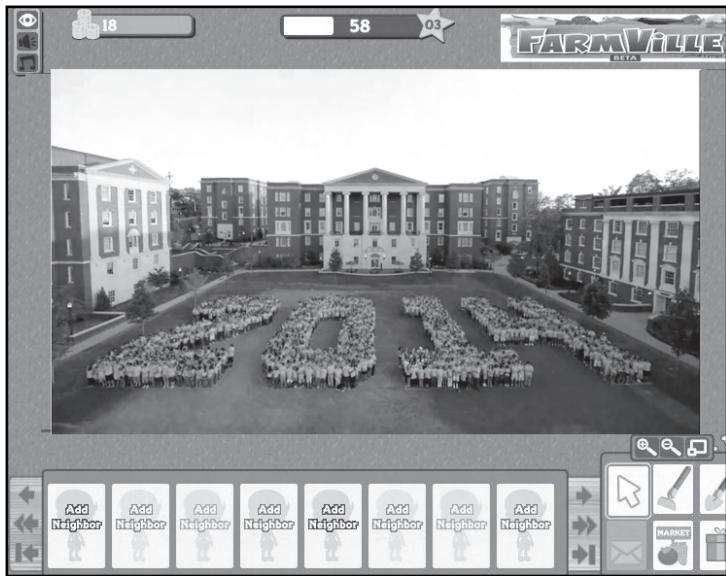
Lastly, in Russian there is no 'th' sound, making it difficult for most Russians to pronounce the sound when they speak English. Russians have tons of funky stuff that we have trouble saying: "shhh," "sshhe," "jshe," "chha," and "tsssa" (ш, щ, ж, ч, ц) all come to mind as being particularly strange letters and thus popular sounds in Russian. So one would think that with a language that's so shh-cha-tssa-y, they would be better equipped to pronounce our funky "th." But no. "Nathan" becomes "Nate-on," "Heather" becomes "Hee-ter," and "Mathew" becomes "Matt-eww" (especially if Matt hasn't showered lately) when Russians are in charge of pronunciations. Russian spies must have to be vague all the time: "I would like one." "Which one?" "...one." So, Vandy kids, next time you're talking to the cute new freshman, and you notice she is eating a shit-ton of sour cream, talking vaguely, and wearing heels, be sure to call the CIA, because that's a Russky! You can thank me later.

The Commons Outed as Real-Life Social Network

By: Alec Jordan
Knows-You-Better-Than-Your-Mother Specialist

If you've walked around campus in the past few days, you've certainly heard the whispers and murmurs about Vanderbilt's latest scandal. I'm here to settle the issue before it gets too far out of hand. It seems that The Commons, formerly regarded as the official site for freshman facilities and functions, was actually established in an attempt by the Vanderbilt staff to create a real-life social network.

According to an anonymous faculty member, Vanderbilt first concocted the idea after seeing the success of online social networks like Facebook and MySpace. Plans were already in motion to create a new home for freshmen of the future, so the staff decided to go all the way and create a community that would not only draw in students, but also keep them engrossed until forced out. The second part of that mission failed, however. A few years into the project, The Commons has failed to infiltrate the minds of its inhabitants, and many grow bored and jaded of the entire Commons by the end of their first semester here. The lack of interest by students directly translated into a lack of interest by potential investors, and with no foreseeable way to keep the project going, the truth was leaked.



Grow my little freshmen! Grow like the wind!

The question that has been posed the most frequently since the news-bomb has been, "What are you talking about? This isn't like a social-network site at all. You stupid or something?" To those asking this very question, I simply advise you to sit back and think for a moment. What's the first thing you do when you sign up for MySpace or Facebook? You create a profile – not at all dissimilar to the plethora of introduction activities freshmen are put through in their dorms, classes, etc. What's one of the key features of Facebook? Status updates. Sound anything like the weekly reports freshmen are required to give at

VUCept meetings? You bet it does. One anonymous staff contact told The Slant, "The reason we were upset over the claims that we were copying Harry Potter was that it was entirely in the wrong direction. Had people insulted us for copying Facebook or MySpace, we would have denied it, but would have been very excited at the same time. I mean, come on! How could we be a Harry Potter knockoff without a tree that beats people or various houses competing against each other for a celebratory cup? Those accusations were hurtful, and to be completely honest, rather disheartening as well."

Meanwhile, the future of The Commons is foggy at best. Some have speculated that it may be sold to Google, so that the company can start its own social network and, without even trying, make it successful with two mega dorms to be built in Kissam with slightly smaller rooms for the freshmen. Another rumor is that the newer dorms of The Commons will be turned into classrooms, and an extra bed will be added to each room in the older dorms. Our contact said that some staffers are trying to keep the entire thing functional. He reports that herding the freshmen around is generally viewed as "Like Farmville, but without the Carpal Tunnel [Syndrome]." This seems to be the least likely approach, however, as keeping The Commons running would be ridiculously expensive and extremely disproportionate in cost when compared to the rest of campus.

Whatever happens, you can bet that The Slant will be right here to bring you the updates. Make sure to check out the next issue, in which we explore the growing rumor that the new "Vanderbilt Single Sign-On" site is an attempt to create a campus-wide dating network.

[TFLVP:

Texts from Last Vandy Party
Remembering what you said when you can't.

(615): It would have been a bad idea to hook up with her. Because she's Asian, not because she wasn't single.

(865): It'll be a three course meal: calamari, natty light and his dick.

(615): I woke up this morning, scratched my balls, and they smelled like beer.

(615): You sell cocaine in kilos, not pounds.

(865): I'm new at this.

(785): I feel like Dumbledore after he drank all that shit to get the locket.

(615): My tummy hurts

(949): Why are you telling me this?

(615): You're the mother figure here; You have a hoohoo.

(615): There's too many dudes in this room. It brings out the gayness in me.

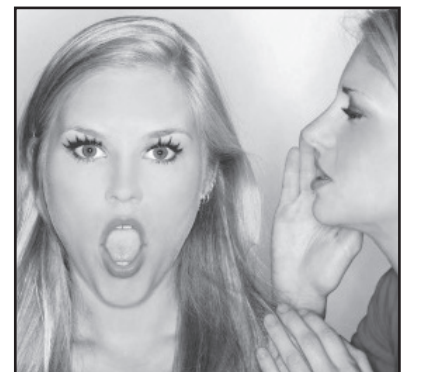
What do you think of the plan to add four new frats on campus?

Fratstar



Four new frats filled with all of our cut rushes? Way to go, Vanderbilt...

Kid Who Uses College ACB



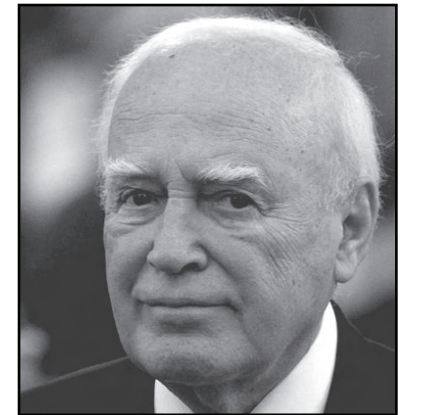
This'll make for some real juicy posts... Hehehe; boobies. I can say that, right?

Unassuming Girl



Oh! That sounds really nice! It's just great when boys can bond with each other and be lifelong friends!

Karolos Papoulias (President, Greece)



Thank Zeus! More taxpayers!

Fed-Up Girl



Oh, Goddammit.

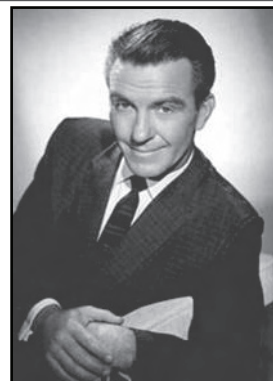
I am so effing fed up.

MRS Degree Seeker



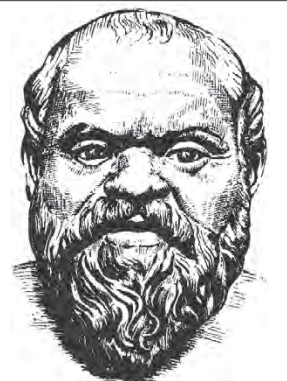
I'm really excited about all the new "networking opportunities" and "professional experiences" these frats will offer!

Head Resident



Just when I thought things were getting easier... Why can't I get a girls floor?

Archimedes



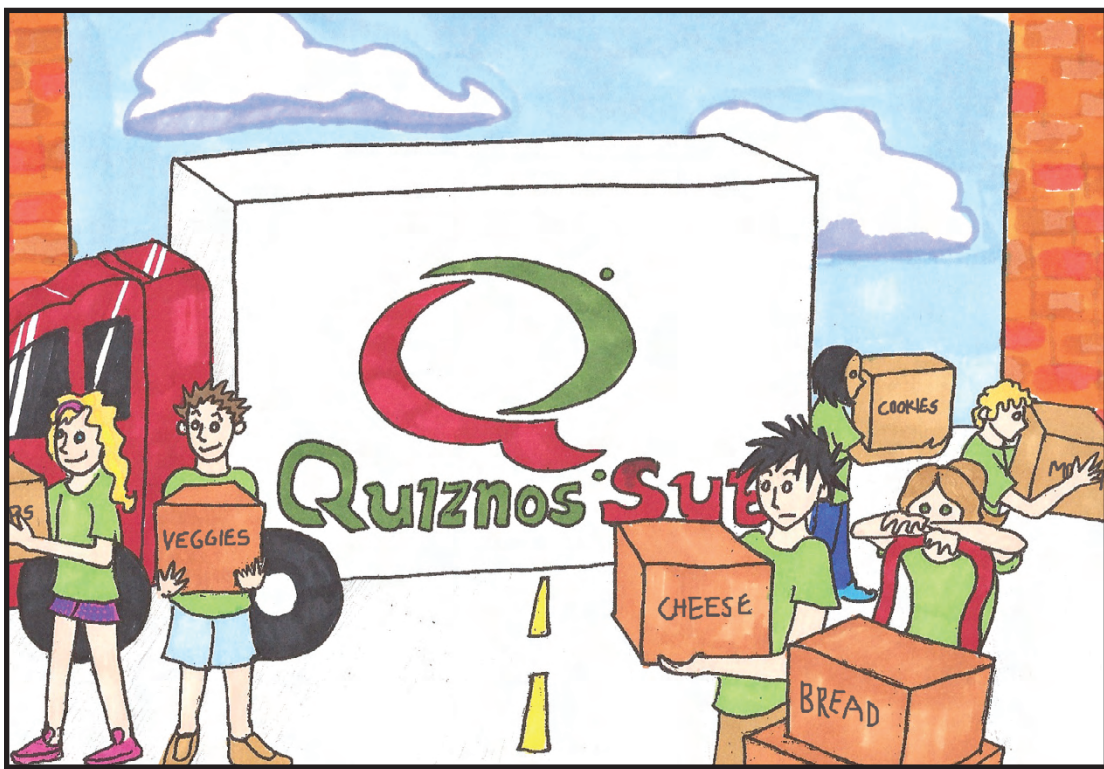
Oh, let's defile the Greek people even more! Great idea!

TOP TEN
Ways to make Vandy Football Competitive

- 10 Throwback jersey nights featuring our Commodores dressed as actual naval commodores - swords and all!
- 9 Enforce mandatory IQ tests for NCAA athletes
- 8 BMEs revive 1920s Coach Dan McGugin from the dead.
- 7 NCAA institutes rules preventing athletes with excessive legal problems from playing. Wait, they already do that? How do the Vols still have a team?
- 6 Vandy players can stop opponents with two-hand touch.
- 5 Widen Field Goal posts by 30 yards
- 4 Get that Sega Dreamcast controller with the screen on it, so no one can see what plays are being called.
- 3 Kidnap Lee Corso
- 2 Insist to officials that "men's football" is actually "women's soccer"
- 1 Find loophole to use Titans' Chris Johnson's lost fourth year of eligibility

Vanderbilt Enlists Move Crew to Welcome Back Quiznos!

By: Katy Jaramillo



Football Fan's Checklist to Success

By: Joseph Souter
Slant Route Specialist

To the class of 2014, I realize that there may have been some confusion these past two weeks about exactly how Vanderbilt football works. Let me take the time to clear a few things up. First of all, yes, Vanderbilt does play in the best football conference in the country. Because of this, it's important that you realize that it is your responsibility to keep the faith as one of the best fans in the country. It is recommended that each freshman student brings each of the following to EVERY home football game this year:

1. Floppy Flask— The floppy flask (circa 2004) is really just a colostomy bag, which can be filled with the spirit of your choice. This author prefers Everclear, because its potency means

three and a half whole quarters of thinking that Vanderbilt is still winning the football game. The flask can then be slipped into the spectators boot and slipped past all security.

— Available from floppyflask.com. (For added enjoyment, try slipping it down your pants, so when that drunk senior gropes you on the way by, she's in for a real surprise!)

2. Football Jersey— Those of you who actually read the contract you signed for early admission already know this, but for the unenlightened, line 6 of paragraph 142 reads, "In the event of a missed extra point during the first half of a home football game, each prospective student shall hereby be required to participate in an open tryout to be held during halftime of the aforementioned football game." Yes, this has actually happened. I wouldn't

be caught dead without a jersey either; the wrath of Caldwell has no end.

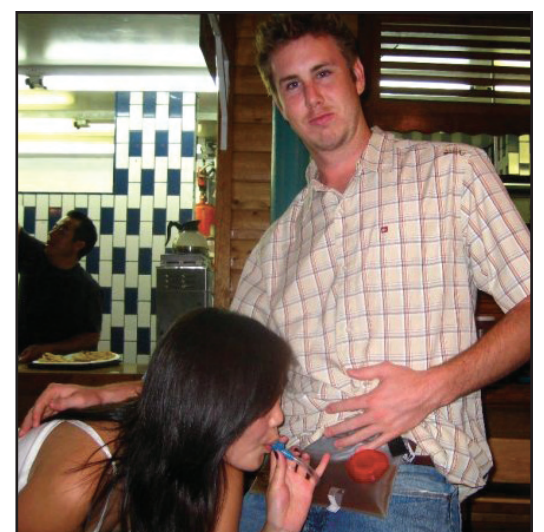
— Available from the Bookstore

3. Paper Bag— This one is pretty self-explanatory and is generally reserved for those 4th quarter Florida games, but it's best to come prepared for all situations. Cut holes in bag. Put bag over head. Stare at ground. If you're really in a pinch, and your friend forgot his/her paper bag, sorority stickers over the eyes make for a reasonable substitute.

4. Signs Ridiculing the Opposing Team's SAT Scores, Recent Arrests, or Dental Records— Let's face it, you got in to Vanderbilt, so you definitely are not used to losing at anything. We all know it's not a secret that Vanderbilt has the best academics in the SEC, but it feels so good to rub it into the

faces of the toothless wonders from LSU (or wherever) that Jordan Jefferson probably doesn't know that his name is what's written on the back of his jersey. For the underprepared student, just yell out something about JaMarcus Russel's NFL career; I'm told it's a sensitive subject.

5. Shirt and Tie— This one is for real: show up looking like a million bucks. Hell, even if it's a million bucks that had a little too much to drink and got vomited all over, it's still a million bucks. Let's be honest, it's always nice to remind those opposing fans that if they're jackasses now, they might not get a job later. I'm not above refusing to ever hire an LSU fan in my career solely because they beat us twice while I was here.



I'm not saying that this will happen to you if you wear a floppy flask, but worst case scenario, you still get drunk.

OMG, CROSSWORD!

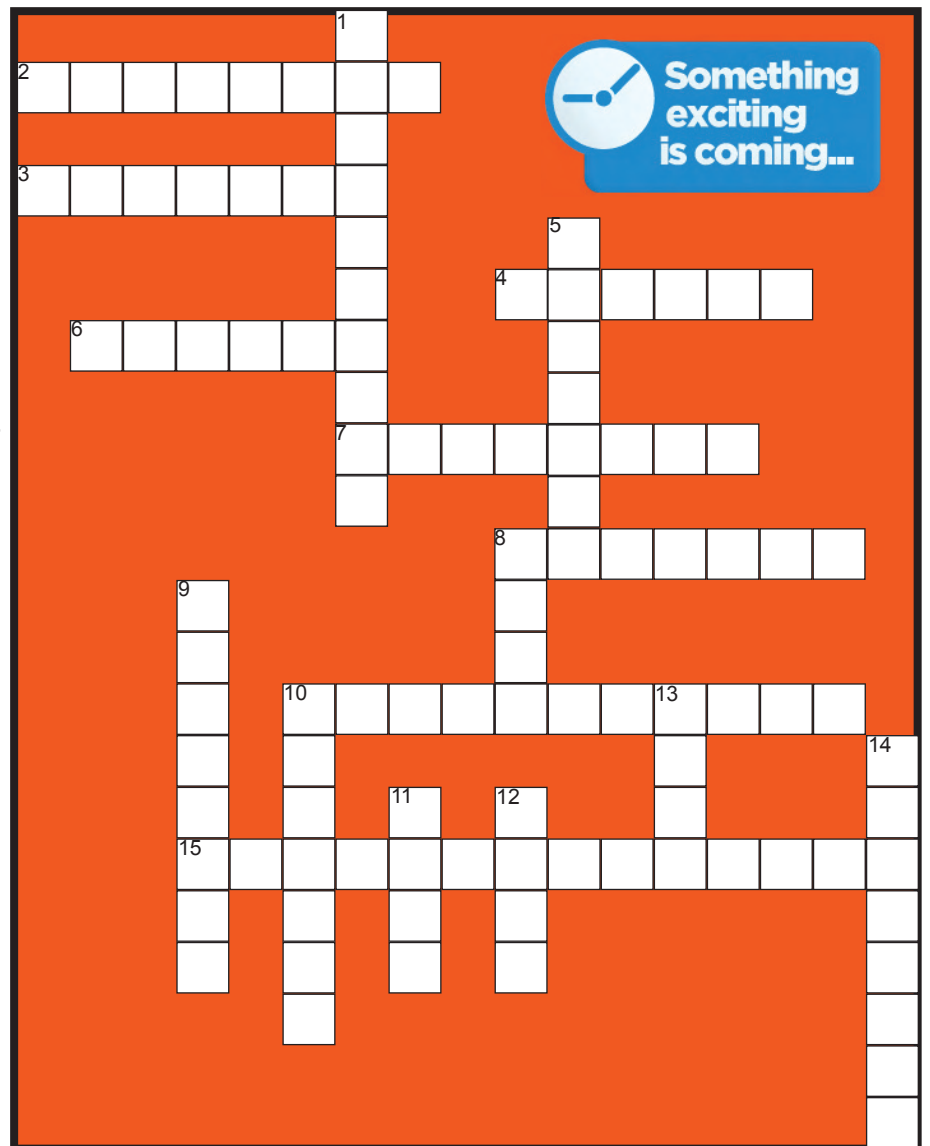
By: Alex Ruys de Perez & Jim Gillin
Four-Letter Word for "Boss"

ACROSS

- 2) The finest news organization on campus
- 3) The best character in *Twilight*
- 4) The best dorm
- 6) NO! HE is the best character from *Twilight!*
- 7) How to spot a freshman
- 8) Obsolete now that 2 Across has a crossword
- 10) My girl, Kate - together we are _____
- 15) A bunch of letters. Cut me some slack, man, this design thing is hard!

DOWN

- 1) Our school
- 5) A fraternity. Yeah, we really didn't have anything for this, but it intersects three other words, so, yeah.
- 8) Something we need in designing this crossword
- 9) Dude, did you see that chick at 5 Down? She was hot!
- 10) Haha, Kate, you know I was kidding when I said that!
- 11) The most beautiful girl in the world
- 12) The only girl I could ever need
- 13) The girl I want to spend the rest of my life with
- 14) No, baby, I swear, I couldn't fit a K in the last one. She means nothing to me!



CROSSWORD ANSWERS (you cheating fuck): ACROSS: 2) THE SLANT, 3) EDWARD, 4) KISSAM, 6) JACOB, 7) LANYARDS, 8) HUSTLER, 10) INSEPARABLE, 15) EAQVAANAEOEO. DOWN: 1) VANDERBILT, 5) SIGMANTU, 8) HELP, 9) HELLYEAH, 10) IMSORRY, 11) KATE, 12) KATE, 13) ANNE, 14) ILOVEYOU.

"Innovative" Frat Parties Fail to Attract New Freshmen

By: Billy Bunce
Fraternal Bonding Specialist

Two weeks ago, hundreds of freshmen flocked to frat row where they hoped to experience Vanderbilt's most beloved pastime, raging, for themselves. Though many freshies were impressed by the parties they saw, there were a few events that inexplicably flew under the radar.

Phi Phi Gamma's "Puritan Bros and Amish Hos" party somehow attracted only eleven freshmen all night. The event, described

by fraternity president Chad Brunswick as "a combination of fratting and a time-honored abstinence from technology," allowed partygoers to engage in a variety of fun, God-fearing activities. In addition to classics such as "Churn the Natty" and "Goat Milk Pong," participants had the opportunity to take an alcohol-education class in which they could view firsthand the horrific effects of drunk buggingy.

"It definitely opened my eyes," exclaimed Kurt Moeman, one of the freshmen who attended the event." Your reaction time is just so reduced with booze... your horses might sway to the left or right, and you've only got about 20 minutes to pull them back into line before your ride gets somewhat perturbed."

Another unfairly ignored event was Pi Omicron Tau's "Hungry Hungry Hipsters" party in which indie freshmen smoked marijuana in the back of the fraternity house and then used their pot-induced munchies to power through a vegan feast. In addition, hipster guests were invited to play a modified version of the titular "Hungry Hungry Hippos" game on the front lawn of the house in which the goal was not to eat the most pellets but instead for each player to eat a different amount of pellets than all the other players.

Reportedly, most freshmen



Just wait until you see her party trick.

12th day of Bardmoon. The "Lord of the G-Strings" section, for example, hosted a number of scantily clad high-elves along with women of other fantasy races and species. According to the fraternity's president, though, the hobbit and orcish women were strangely underutilized for most of the night.

However, the party's "Transwhoremers" wing found surprising popularity compared to the other sections. For this portion, the frat hired a group of Nashville prostitutes to role-play as robots for the event's guests; the partygoer who was able to seduce the most women also gained the coveted title of Brahtimus Prime. Though the fraternity initially expected this portion to be a flop, a large number of men from other frats ended up attending. "If a woman's a robot," claimed frat-ter Rodney Lipman, "that bitch does whatever I say. That's pretty much the dream of every bro out there."

While these parties may not have found the audience they deserved, it seems that most freshmen did end up finding their favorite themes elsewhere on frat row. A Commons-wide survey conducted by The Slant on the following Monday found that 93.7% of freshmen partygoers preferred the "Beer and Sex" theme above the rest.