

Vol. IX, Issue 1



Waiting in Line for Quake Tickets... since 1886

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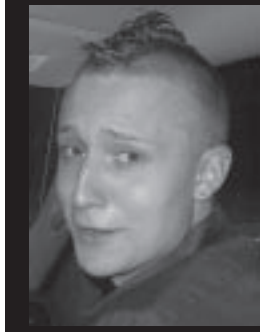
Study: America is Still #1 At Kicking Ass



Vanderbilt's REAL

HUSTLER

FROM THE EDITOR



BRENDAN ALVIANI

The Slant has it rough.

I picked up my honey-baby *Versus* the other day, only to hear Darcy Newell say that *Versus* has left us for *The Hustler*. Oh, how that hurt. I mean, we weren't officially an "item," but we were so right for each other. You're like a clever hipster who writes terrible poetry and we're like the hilarious but tragically underestimated and band geek.

You could use your "Fashion

Trends" section to transform us into a surprisingly cute beau and we could teach you the fine art of limerick writing. Tip #1 — "sock" rhymes with "cock."

Why hook up with *The Hustler*? Was it because it could please you 3 times a week? I mean, I know we only show up every other Tuesday, but we're definitely funnier. "And boom goes the dynamite"? Frankenstein pictures? Come on, you gotta find a better way of compensating for your effin' crazy opinion section.

Orbis is trying to copy us too. Did you see their attempts at humor with the "News Briefs" section? Come on *Orbis*, leave the clever puns to professionals.

Of course, *The Torch* tried hopping on the bandwagon with their satirical Ye Olde English paper last year. Freshmen, don't worry, you can still pick one up until they come out with a new one. Which should be sometime before you graduate.

(Has anyone else noticed that *The Torch* ironically lacks an abundance of flaming homosexuals? Or much Olympic news? Or arson information? *Torch*, you fail.)

Hey *Review*, how about you get your stuff out of our office? You might want to send one of your ten elite staffers to get your boxes of old issues before we cook up an elaborate prank with them. Hmm...

VTV, you produce like twenty minutes of video each semester, but that's ok — you give out great swag. I traded you a toy dinosaur for a totally sweet travel toothbrush. What do you think I could get for the fifty-something dino toys I have left over from the Org fair?

WRVU — it doesn't matter if I make fun of you, you'll just be glad that students realize that we have our own radio station. Unfortunately, they might not fully appreciate the intricacies of the indie music you thoughtfully picked out. And by that, I mean you grabbed something, previewed it for 30 seconds and said "Eh, it'll work for all 6 of my listeners." I know, cause I've been there.

Now that I've attacked every single one of my student communication colleagues in my first column, I'd like to welcome you to a new year of *The Slant*. As you can tell, we're real edgy. So edgy we misuse adjectives. In fact, if you cross us wrong — BAM! We'll shank you... with laughter.

(Thanks to the fantastic staff of *The Slant*. Without you, I might actually have to do work once in a while)

In Light of Past 'Lil' Musical Acts, VMG Invites Biggie and Big Pun for Rites of Spring

After much deliberation and passing of a joint, the members of Vanderbilt Music Group have decided to step outside of their comfort zone, and invite a new kind of musical act for Rites of Spring.

"I mean, the headliners are still gonna be rap artists, let's not kid ourselves," Danny Gowens, President of VMG said. "But, instead of 'little' people, like Lil' Wayne and Lil' John, we're gonna invite 'bigger' names."

In a press release last week, the group explained that they would bring in The Notorious B.I.G. and Big Pun, both of which are deceased. "I mean, we're really stoned, so we didn't really think about that part. But it's not like we didn't come up with a plan B," Gowens said.

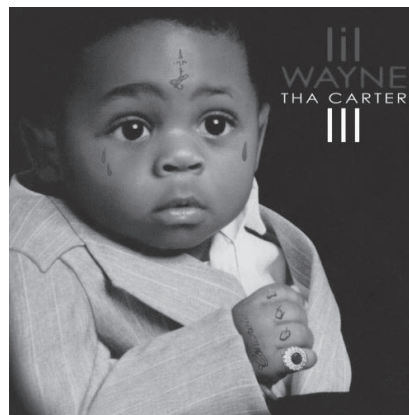
Group member Jenny Karnes explained that, "if need be," an invitation would be extended to Big Daddy Kane. "The Juice Crew was pretty cool, but the guy hasn't released an album for ten years. He might as well be dead too," Karnes said.

Long expecting his turn to come, Lil' Flip cried after hearing the news.

Kid Cuts Commodore Quake Line, Gets Shit Kicked Out of Him

On Friday, while three hundred of his fellow classmates waited in line, Dave Franklin walked out of Sarratt Center with his ticket in hand.

"I only had to wait for two minutes. My bro totally



got there at eight, so he had a spot waiting for me at 10:45," Franklin said from his hospital bed. "But apparently, some people don't think it's right for bros to help bros."

As soon as Franklin exited the student center, an angry mob of hecklers began to circle him.

"It was like that scene in the original Willy Wonka movie, when Charlie finds the golden ticket, and everyone's jealous, so they surround him. Except, in the movie, Charlie gets away with his ticket and runs back home. My ticket got ripped in half, and I got kicked in the ribs," Franklin said.

In defense of the mob, John Martin, the group's leader and self appointed "karma delivery boy," kept his comments short and simple, saying, "You can't say he didn't deserve it."

So far, no official investigation has been opened.

"In this case, I feel like justice has already been served," Chancellor Nick Zeppos said.

Doctors expect Franklin's wounds to heal rapidly. No word on his personality flaws.

Vanderbilt Officially Gives Highland Quad the Finger

Recently, Vanderbilt's Board of Trust and Chancellor Nick Zeppos, decided that Vanderbilt undergrads were not suffering enough and voted to construct a new parking lot not intended for student use right next to undergraduate dormitories because, in the words of a Trustee, "The students simply weren't going through enough crap, so we have to screw them over some more." Debating the removal of the munchie marts, the destruction of a favored student restaurant, or simply leaving Kissam Quad up for a few more years, the Board of Trust decided on all three acts along with the construction of the parking lot to deliver what they called "the ultimate student screw-over." Mayfield residents were especially targeted because, in the words of the entire administration, "They've got it too good, they need to get the equivalent of a university sucker-punch. Cause they're suckers."

VANDERBILT STUDENTS SHOWN TO BE BRILLIANT IDIOTS



In an interesting report by the Productivity Subspecialty of the Vanderbilt Department of Psychology, Vanderbilt Students were found to underperform on the National Assessment of StreetSmarts. It was noted that while Vanderbilt graduates are perfectly capable of calculating flux, speaking Russian, or even synthesizing new vaccines for common ailments, they failed miserably at general life skills.

"You would think that such smart students would be able to stop themselves from drinking their way into the hospital," said one researcher. "Or at the very least, figuring out how to flush a toilet. Even some dogs are trained to do that."

Also noted were economics majors' willingness to pay \$10 a meal on campus, chemistry majors that can't figure out how to iron a shirt, and English majors who couldn't read "ALARM SOUNDS AFTER 7 PM."

09.16.2008 CONTENTS



FUCKED IMAGE



You'll never think of "chasing tail" in the same way ever again.

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Correction



An example of professional journalism

We apologize for the state of *The Hustler* this year. We have nothing to do with it, but somebody has to apologize for it.

MASTHEAD



Reading the fine details... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS
PLACERE CONTENDIT

Students Refuse to Sign Anti-Zombie Pledge

By Amanda Chaung
Zombie Survival Specialist

Last Thursday, first-year students refused to sign a pledge supporting efforts against the recent zombie infestation at the Commons. Students cited ethical concerns with the pledge's use of the words "lobotomy" and "decapitation" and asserted their right to nonviolence.

"I'm not here on a ROTC scholarship," said freshman Jennifer Wart. "Vanderbilt can't require me to go around shooting anything, especially not my classmates. Zombies are people too, you know."

Sarah Lager, president of campus-wide pro-zombie group *Zombies Now!*, claimed that the lack of sensitivity from the administration is a serious concern for freshmen. "They tell me I'm supposed to be, like, hacking apart my roommate's head if she tries to eat my brains? My father isn't paying fifty thousand a year for this!" said Lager as she attempted to fight off one of the undead with a yellow Croc. "Killing zombies is not an AXLE requirement!"

"Yeah, I don't have a problem with zombies," added Sigma Nu hopeful Matthew Argon, who was bleeding to death from what appeared to be massive bites in his genital region. "They don't play games and they don't mess around. You just don't get that with sorority girls."

Sociology professor Kevin Winnow was the only faculty member to successfully obtain signed pledges from residents of his dorm.

"I certainly apologize if any students find this pledge to be unnecessary and superfluous," said Winnow in response to criticism from the student body. "I'm sorry if they think that gory death is sexy and cool. I'm sorry if they don't remember signing Vanderbilt University's Community Creed, which clearly states

that students must not support the rise of zombies under any circumstances. It's not like zombies, you know, are a threat to humanity or anything."



"BREWWWWWSS"

Similar efforts to promote the Anti-Zombie Pledge remained unsuccessful. "Just sign the damn pledge already!" screamed resident advisor Jason Newark as zombies overpowered him near North Hall. "These zombies are wearing polo shirts! Don't let me die like this!"

Despite the deteriorating situation at the Commons, the majority of students declined to arm themselves, preferring to remain defenseless against the growing crowds of zombies. Vanderbilt po-

lice were left with a surplus of shotguns and chainsaws.

"At least we don't have to quarantine the area," said Chief of Police Andy Warren, nursing a recently bitten shoulder. "It's already isolated from the rest of campus. By the way, could you aim this at my head and pull the trigger? Thanks."

While the administration struggled to explain the worsening situation at the Commons, *The Vanderbilt Hustler* claimed that the anti-anti-zombie movement is part of a large-scale conspiracy to weed out McCain supporters across campus. "The Class of 2012 is ninety-nine percent liberal, and they've trapped me in a catch-22," wrote *Hustler* editor Michael Warren. "My poetry workshop is full of zombies, but I can't drop the class because that would be, you know, change."

In response to the increasingly chaotic situation at the Commons, Chancellor Nick Zeppos issued an official statement late Friday night: "Everything is under control. There is no need to panic. Students can rest assured that the Commons will remain a better place to live than Kissam. Fuck Kissam."

Vanderbilt police recommended that students postpone outdoor activities and remain in protected hallways away from exposed windows. "If a zombie is sighted, curl up on the floor and protect yourself by placing your hands over your head," said Vandy cop Joseph Martin. "If you can't see it, then it can't see you."

Dean of The Commons Frank Wcislo was unavailable for comment, but was last seen staggering across Peabody Lawn carrying chunks of prefrontal cortex and moaning, "BRAAAAAAAAAAIN-SSSS!!!!"

Zombros Before Zomhoes

By Kathryn Edwards
& Kris Stensland
Zombie Fashion Specialists

Have you ever looked at the crowd of a Vanderbilt football game? Like, REALLY looked at it? The stands, filled with the ghoulish figures all clumped together? The droves discussing in a monotone moan the parties for the night? At first I wondered why it just seemed sort of... off to me, but then I became enlightened.

Turns out that earlier this summer, Vanderbilt participated in an experiment with the Solanum virus that resulted in a thousand-person community of zombies, who were to be taught the ways of the typical Vanderbilt student and integrated into the general student body. Unfortunately, it was discovered that having that many brain-hungry zombies were hard to contain in the basement of Wilson Hall.

They have, however, assimilated nicely into the fabric of society that is established here at Vanderbilt. The zombies could be seen swarming in an orderly manner from the Commons area, wearing khaki shorts, oxford shirts, Banana Republic ties, and the occasional sundress.

Once they arrived on fraternity row, the walking dead hungered not for brains, but for "brewwwwws" with their "broooooos." Vanderbilt psychologists called the behavior "unexpected, but surprisingly social." It is expected that at least 64% of the zombies will be joining fraternities in January. Director of Greek Life Kristin Torrey commented that she thought the zombies would contribute greatly to the service aspects of the societies.

On a side not, despite major necrosis of the cerebrum, the incoming zombie class still outperformed the class of '09 by one hundred and sixty points on the SAT.

Dear Sophomores...

By Andrew Ligon

Newbie Specialist

Well, you're finally not at the bottom of the food chain. Congratulations! You couldn't have stopped being freshmen at a better time. We have it so difficult here in the Commons.

Seriously, these new buildings just don't have enough space for us to fit our 42" Plasma T.V.s. And what in the world is this whole sharing thing? Shouldn't we all have singles so we could get some freaking privacy? Worse yet, space is certainly at a premium, some of us really struggle to fit our T.V., microwave, refrigerator, couch, sports equipment, storage bins, and extra chairs into our room. Yet we somehow persevere and still have enough room to fully stretch our arms across the room. Because honestly, if you can't do this, you're really living like a caged animal. Plus, we only have one closet, and it isn't even a walk-in!

Of course, there is the whole issue of sanitation as well. The stories that we had heard about college dorms had many of us buying level-3 CDC contamination suits. Sadly, we were again wrong; it's honestly too clean, we all feel rather ridiculous using shower shoes in such a sterile environment. At least you

sophomores all get that nice "homey" feeling when you wake up in the morning and can feel the house growing on you emotionally (and literally, of course, from the mold).

There is also the pesky problem of the Commons Center. The food is RIGHT there and always delicious. We're all



You know you're from the ghetto when your Neo-Greek facades are, like, so last year.

very concerned about putting on too much weight from having such convenient and tasty food. Especially, with four meals a day all paid for, a few of us have become very concerned that the gym conveniently located on the second floor of the Commons Center will sim-

ply be full all the time. Of course if the gym is full, it is inevitable that the ping-pong tables, billiards tables, foosball tables, and common T.V.s will soon be filled too! We could be forced to walk all the way to the main campus — or worse, be forced to sit in the Vandy Vans for five minutes to get anywhere else on campus. Yup, you all certainly got out before things got bad (especially those lucky enough to get the fabulous Kissam house).

Anyways, we're certainly glad that you aren't being forced to suffer like we are this year. In fact, we, the noble freshmen, have come together, talked it over, and decided that in order to prevent any suffering to any other students, we are willing to waste away in the horrid conditions of the Commons for as long as is necessary to protect the rest of the student body.

Sincerely yours,
The Class of 2012

P.S. — Why couldn't we have our rooms locked into only one possible arrangement? All these options are really becoming overwhelming!

Hurricane Gustav

By Jesse Jones

Hip-Hop Specialist

Hurricane Gustav, hyped as "The Storm of the Century," forced millions of residents of Louisiana and other gulf coast states to evacuate their homes. However, Gustav never broke Category 3 status, and largely bypassed New Orleans. While most observers were relieved, a number of rappers expressed their discontent with the situation.

"[Katrina] really energized and brought together the black community in a way we haven't seen since Dorismond, Diallo," said socially conscious rapper Nas, in reference to the controversial shootings by the NYPD. "This could have been a real eye-opener."



"I was really hoping to get on TV again," said rapper/producer Kanye West. "I might never get another chance to bash George Bush. In fact, I think George Bush deliberately lessened the power of the storm" because "[he] doesn't care about black people."

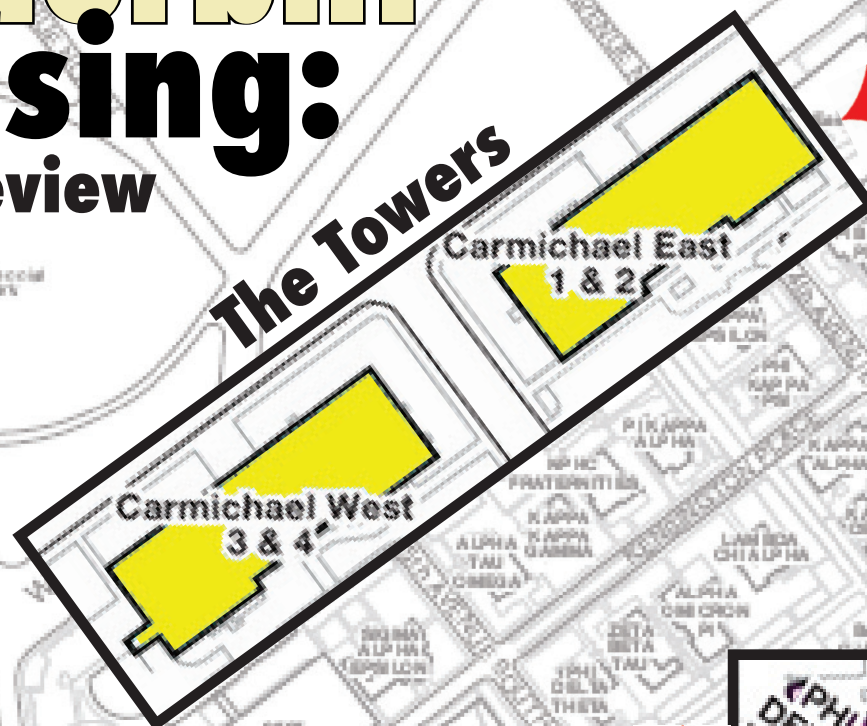
Dwayne Carter, aka Lil' Wayne, who references Katrina in nearly all his rap songs, seemed the most disappointed. "I mean, Gustav was more hyped than C III" Carter said, in reference to The Carter III, his 2x multi-platinum third album released earlier this summer. "This could have put New Orleans back on the map," he said, "I mean, back off the map. Whatever, I hate these things." Added Carter: "I was kind of hoping I'd get another excuse to chill with DJ Khaled in my Miami mansion."

Bastard Confession

"I think it's ironic that Trig [Palin] is named after a math he'll never understand"

-Lucifer,
Heartless Bastard

Vanderbilt Housing: A Review



The Towers:

"Since I'm in the good Towers, I live with five of my good friends and fight only three times a week over who needs to do the dishes. For those in Towers II... sorry."

Pro: Quizno's is open until 4 and you can have essentially unregulated suite parties. Plus, bumping into everyone-who's anyone, but who also couldn't get off-campus permission.

Con: Too much debauchery?

Greek Row



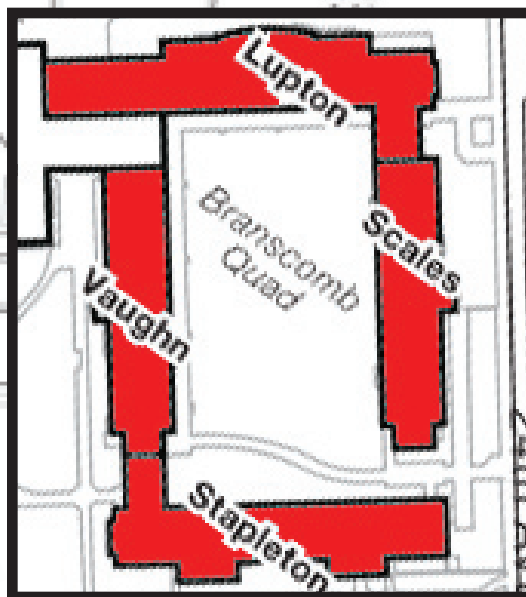
Frat House:

"Chillin' on the deck with the broskis, constant smell of brewskis, and plenty of interior closet space. I'm set-skis."

Pro: Partying all day, every day. Access to fifteen beer pong tables, and able to "clean up" after the party with whoever's passed out on the couches.

Con: Sticky shoes all the time, no sleep, suffering grades, limited wardrobe.

Branscomb Quad



Branscomb:

"When you bill it as a 'four-member suite,' it doesn't sound so bad. However, it sucks getting tricked into signing up for the Branscomb lottery when you believe you're going to get a Chaffin. Not even easy access to Ro Tiki can make up for it."

Pro: Close to the frats, already trashed.

Con: Close to the frats, already trashed.

Highland



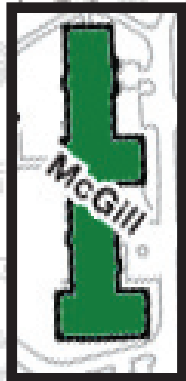
Highland:

"Honestly I didn't even know my dorm existed until I was placed here."

Pro: Close to the rec, far away from everyone else.

Con: Constant construction, mass grave being dug in what used to be parking lot next door.

McGill



McGill:

"We're very tolerant of you, as long as you're not Republican."

Pro: Drunken debauchery, commune-like community.

Con: Competing drunken D&D, creepy life-size McCain cut-out that keeps popping up everywhere.

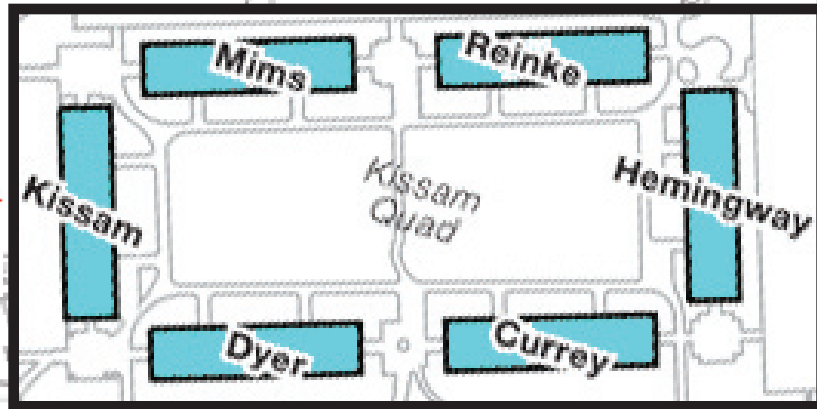
Kissam:

"Everyone assumes I have the worst room on campus. But I like the seclusion, and the tiny rooms help my raging agoraphobia."

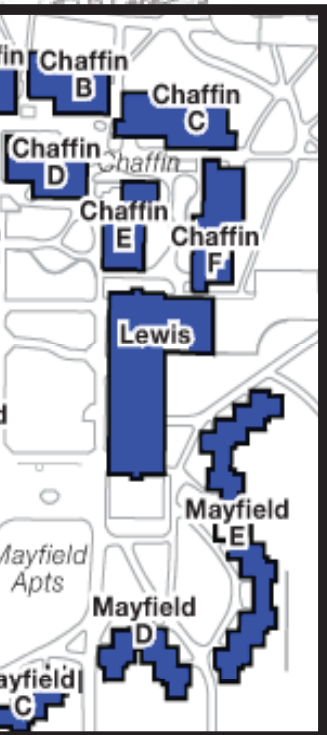
Pro: Close to Qdoba and TGI Friday's.

Con: The new interior designers obviously had seizures when redoing the lobbies.

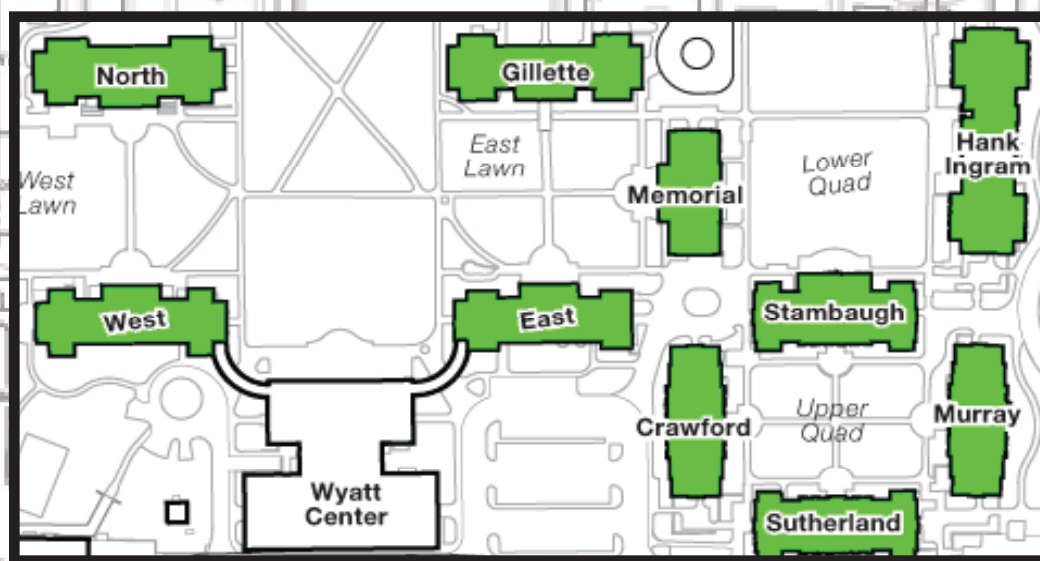
Kissam Quad



Land Quad



The Commons



Hank Ingram:

"Someone shit in my hallway!"

Pro: Nobody has lived here before, so you know where all the stains in my room are from.

Con: You can't blame said stains on previous years.

The rest of The Commons:

"Nobody has (yet) shat in our hallway."

Pro: Brand new dorms showered with love, money and crazy live-in professors.

Con: This is as good as your living situation will ever get. It's all downhill from here.

Confessions of a Vandy Cougar

By Kathryn Edwards
Lovin' Specialist

Oh my god, I totally learned this weekend that sometimes in order to, like, stay alive, you totally have to do things you don't really want to do, like pimply freshman boys. Icky. Now, don't get me wrong or anything. Not ALL of the class of '12 is pimply -- just the easiest ones to manipulate. Oopsies, I mean "get friendly with." I really didn't want to be, like, so sketchy, but being sketchy was the only way for me to eat on Friday. That's not too, um, sketchy, is it?

So I was sketchily walking around the entire Commons, my stomach growling like a fat girl near the dessert cooler, when I remembered that I, like, so didn't

have any more meals left for the week. Even when I don't eat anything except one naked juice and one salad, I STILL completely run out of meals! :(And then, like, there he was.

He was standing in one of his several 'Class of 2012' shirts. He was soooo gangly and awkward and spilling Cocoa Puffs all over the counter. Sidling up beside him, I asked him how his first semester was going and stuff. He just about did some Cocoa Puffs in his pants, if you know what I mean, lol. So I continued the conversation to the more important issues, like what frats he was thinking about rushing and what frats he

partied at last weekend and what frats he planned to party at this weekend.

He didn't really seem like all that interested, and I almost didn't really know if it was like, um, worth it until he asked if I was eating there for dinner. I whined to him my tale of only having eight meals and that I can only live off of one salad for so long. I even turned on the waterworks for, like, a whole minute.

He seemed pretty upset that I was wasting away to utter perfection. He offered to use his dinner meal plan on me!

Finally, all that hard work and having to suffer through his totally stupid mumbling paid off. Thankfully, it was

just 4 p.m., so he thought it was reasonable to only have to wait like just a half an hour to eat. So, an hour later, as I was on my back feeling his sticky hands on my skin, I counted eight decks of some weird card game on the night stand. Maybe it's some kind of poker that uses animals? I dunno.

Anyway, I got back in, like, under two hours, stomach full, so I think all in all it was a good evening! And it's not like letting him feel me up was any worse than my usual sexy shenanigans for Natty Light on the weekends.

...

I think I'll make this a weekly event.

Meet: The Alaskan Independence Movement

By Charlie Kesslering
Alaskan Specialist

Ever since the GOP pulled Sarah Palin into the spotlight like a dogsled down a steep hill, Alaska has gotten more attention than Jesus on Easter Sunday. Particularly, the Alaskan Independence Party has been exploiting its fifteen minutes of fame. We interviewed Dexter Clark, Vice Chairman of the AIP, and party sympathizer Jock McDaniel.

The Slant: Many, including myself, have been calling this moment your party's 'fifteen minutes of fame.' What do you hope to accomplish with the help of recent media attention?

Dexter Clark: Fiften minutes means fifteen minute-men leading fifteen insurrections. That's what. Do you know what your country was founded on, boy?

TS: A belief in the necessity of freedom and liberty for all—

DC: Shut up, chil'n. I feel like I'm watchin' Thomas Jefferson's video blog. Sound bites are worthless kid, let me tell you a story.

TS: Of course.

DC: This ain't no goddamn campfire tale, either. You ain't no boy scout, and I ain't no reminiscent troop leader, get it? Look, when I was a kid, my father was tough, didn't show me much love. He'd say I was part of the family, but it wasn't no secret that he loved them other kids more. Sure, I was kinda different, but the only time that bastard showed me love was when I won somethin' or did somethin' to give the Clark name a boost. Since the day I cashed my first paycheck, too, he took a cut of my money, said it was "for livin' under this roof." Bullshit, all bullshit. So the first chance I got, I got the hell outta there. See what I'm gettin' at, kid?

TS: You had a difficult childhood?

DC: It's a metaphor, you dumb son of a bitch! Alaska's that poor, unloved kid, the runt of America's litter, and it's time to run away! Time to jump the first train to Juneau, hightail it to freedom's front door!

TS: Umm...

DC: (Rambles incoherently.)

The Slant: Jock, you're known for your wild antics at rallies.

Jock McDaniel: Damn right. I got naked at a few. Physical representations of freedom: powerful shit.

TS: Why do you believe so strongly and passionately in the Alaskan independence movement?

JM: 'Cause them Yanks are trying to take our black property away, and we ain't gon' let 'em!

TS: Excuse me?

JM: Oil, man! O-I-L! It's ours!

TS: Umm...next question...why do you have a southern accent?

JM: Here's a question: have you ever turned a globe upside down? Check it out; it's trippy shit. Point of it all is, the south will rise up!

TS: What year is it?

JM: Think that's funny, joke man? It's 2008, fifty years since bureaucracy shackled Alaska's destiny to the ankles of that drunken giant they call America. We're done been dragged through the shit storms of history.

TS: That was very articulate.

JM: Look, I just want to buy a six pack without having to donate to Senator Joe Blow's slush fund. Whores ain't cheap, I get it, but Alaskans ain't playin' ball no more.

TS: So what's the first step?

JM: Hell if I know...



The South shall rise again. . . all the way to the North!



Freshmen Meal Plan Inspires Aggression at Commons

By Meryem Dede
Fight Club Specialist

The class of 2012 is the smartest and coolest class to ever come through Vanderbilt. However, with the new freshmen meal plan, it is also turning out to have excellent queuing skills and a passion for violence.

Forced to have 28 meals a week with no roll-over, students enjoy breakfast, lunch, dinner, and the prized "fourth meal." Running from 12 a.m. to 6 a.m., fourth meal has driven freshmen students to arrive early at 11:45 and then queue up to wait for their midnight snacks. With sugar and caffeine emanat-

ing from their pores, students then stay up til all hours of the night fueled on munchie mart delicacies.

"I had to have my Naked juice. It was worth waiting in line for an hour for my nightly green machine. Fo sho. I don't know what I would do if I couldn't get [a] naked every night," freshman student Hank Roflinger said.

However, everything great comes with its costs, and fourth meal is no exception. The Commons Varsity market has been having trouble re-stocking, and often shelves go empty. Frustrated and

hungry, many students have turned to violence when their favorite delicacy is in low supply.

"She was about to take the last Easy Mac. I didn't want that all-natural white cheddar bullshit; she had it coming," Vanderbilt freshman Pamela Kozlowski said after having reportedly brutally assaulted a fellow freshmen in line to pay for her microwaveable delight.

Following other similar incidents, a police officer was placed on guard at the Commons munchie mart.

"It's a tough job, but somebody has

to do it," officer Mark McCormick said. "Generally, the students stop when I get involved, but sometimes it really gets bad. It's a terrible thing to see: fruit loops and all-natural soda, just everywhere...I don't want to talk about it."

Many students have suggested improvements that could be made to the system, most involving some sort of organized competition for first dibs on the munchie mart's selection. More delusional students suggest that students should be able to select the meal plan of their choosing instead of being forced to have 28 meals a week.

"We have considered many options for improving fourth meal at the Commons. Right now, we are mainly thinking of constructing an organized race to get to the Varsity market at midnight, probably involving batons and relay teams. Also, ribbons. I like ribbons," said Vanderbilt chancellor Nick Zeppos.

With no remedy in sight, fourth meals at the commons will certainly become more chaotic. "Last night when I was in line, I was really hungry, and I was talking to my friend, Jane. And the whole time I was thinking, 'Man, Jane looks really hot.' As the night went on, though, and the line didn't really move, I started to think, 'Man, Jane's legs look really hot.' Then, after about an hour, it just dawned on me, 'Man, Jane's legs looks really delicious!'" freshman Nick Youngin said after having reportedly bitten a fellow student. Students who witnessed the crime report having heard Youngin mutter to himself, "entrée" as he lunged and attacked.

As students become more and more aggressive about their meals and the frequency of student-on-student attacks increase, many freshmen take refuge in the beauty of their campus.

"So what if someone got bitten yesterday? We're freshmen, so we got it easy, right? At least our rooms are big and we're surrounded by Greek architecture," said freshman student Bill Hertwig.

Why Scheduling Matters...

By Christian Renne
Fraternity Specialist

An Ideal Frat Schedule

Welcome Chad M. Jones
Your school is registered as the COLLEGE OF ARTS & SCIENCE

| Status | Num | Sec | Title | Hrs | Days | Start | Stop | Room |
|---------------------|----------|-----|---------------------------|-----|------|-------|-------|--------|
| Enl | MGRL 190 | 04 | Parent-Funded Enterprise | 3.0 | MWF | 13:10 | 14:00 | BT 312 |
| Enl | WGST 105 | 01 | SEM: When No Means Yes | 3.0 | TR | 14:35 | 15:50 | BT 301 |
| Enl | MUSL 220 | 01 | Lame Music the '60s, '70s | 3.0 | TR | 16:00 | 17:15 | WH 103 |
| Enl | SOC 371 | 04 | SpTp: Fund of Bro-Rape | 3.0 | MWF | 14:10 | 15:00 | GH 209 |
| TOTAL HOURS: <12.0> | | | | | | | | |

—Command/HELP—> |

A Not So Ideal Frat Schedule

Welcome Chad M. Jones
Your school is registered as the COLLEGE OF ARTS & SCIENCE

| Status | Num | Sec | Title | Hrs | Days | Start | Stop | Room |
|---------------------|-----------|-----|--------------------------|-----|------|-------|-------|---------|
| Enl | CHEM 220A | 03 | Organic Chemistry | 3.0 | MWF | 8:10 | 09:00 | SC 4327 |
| Enl | CHEM 219A | 06 | Organic Chemistry Lab | 1.0 | F | 12:10 | 16:00 | SC 7531 |
| Enl | WGST 101 | 01 | Gender Equality | 3.0 | TR | 08:10 | 09:25 | BT 301 |
| Enl | HIS 220 | 01 | Prohibition HistRoots | 3.0 | TR | 09:35 | 10:50 | FM 217 |
| Enl | ASTR 103 | 04 | Intro Astronomy Lab | 3.0 | R | 19:00 | 22:30 | SC 2200 |
| Enl | CMST 152 | 01 | Fund of Speaking Articul | 3.0 | MWF | 09:10 | 10:00 | WH 122 |
| TOTAL HOURS: <18.0> | | | | | | | | |

—Command/HELP—> |

Chancellor Zeppos Fails to Recreate Magic of Gee's Bowties

Wife, Son Unamused by Fashion Experiments

By Charlie Kesslering
Fashion Specialist

As the summer scribes its conclusion paragraph, Chancellor Nick Zeppos' epic search for his own clothing trademark—like Gordon Gee's bowties—has failed in brilliant fashion.

"I spent a week wearing nothing but Hawaiian shirts," Zeppos said, detailing one misguided attempt. "Some with flowers, some with neon parrots sipping fruit juice from coconuts; one with a giant silhouette of a busty island woman. Granted, they were pretty rad, but they just weren't me."

Nor, as it turns out, was the Vander-kilt. "What was I supposed to do when I sat down, cross my legs like a prude?" the Chancellor asked rhetorically. Unwilling to give a free show to the front row, he opted out of the Scottish fashion.

"I thought about bringing one of those spyglasses around with me... like those gold ones pirates used to use to scope out booty. Eh, eh?" Despite Zeppos'

cunning effort to recycle a worn-out joke, the spyglass failed to make it past the planning stage. "Do you know how much loot I'd have to throw overboard to get my hands on that treasure? I'd rather walk the plank! Eh, eh?"

According to his wife, Lydia, the Chancellor went so far as to try on some of her clothing. "Well, he's done it before, so I don't think it was part of his little search for a new trend. I'm pretty sure he just likes the way his legs look in my wedding dress," she revealed happily.

Although Zeppos has thus far failed to come across the new "it" item, he isn't worried. "Looking at myself in the mirror one day, wearing one of those silly tuxedo t-shirts and a pair of assless chaps, I said to myself, 'you know what Nicko? You don't need a gag to get people to like you! Just be yourself.' Interestingly, that's the same thing I told Nick Jr. when he was learning how to swindle

the kids at school with sleight-of-hand tricks."

Fortunately for the new Chancellor, if all else fails, Zeppos has his goofy smile and wild hair to fall back on.

Unfortunately, his Vander-kilt never showed up in photos like these



Zipcars Revolutionize Campus Transportation, Entire World

By Charlie Kesslering
Transportation

Sick of picking up dates on your tandem bicycle, but just don't have the cheese for a whip of your own? There's a new alternative on campus: Zipcars.

Zipcar, the brainchild of founder and CEO Chip Zipcar, rents out vehicles for hours at a time. "Whether you just want to get away, are taking out your new squeeze, or picking up a hooker, Zipcars won't let you down," Zipcar, an intriguingly classless businessman, said. "Did I mention the backseats are extra comfortable?"

Starting this fall, Vanderbilt students can pay \$35 online to become a card-carrying "zipster" (many consider this a high fee to pay for such an uninspired customer pet name). Members can then rent cars near campus, from \$7 per hour and \$60 per day—prices that include gas, insurance and a promotional copy of ABBA Gold. Also,

according to www.zipcar.com, "one out of five cars can fly!"

Reaction among students has been overwhelmingly positive. "Now I won't have to borrow my room-

mate's car when I drive to Memphis to visit Tammy, my internet girlfriend. Just because Matt knows his girlfriend is definitely a girl, doesn't mean he should give me shit about

Tammy—all her pics look legit," one sophomore said.

Others appreciate the brevity of Zipcar's rental periods. "When I'm dumping bodies in the Chamberlain, I don't want to have to hold onto the car for another two days before Avis would take it back. With Zipcar, I bleach the trunk and return it, that simple," said an anonymous man, who simply described himself as a "campus visitor."

Although most are excited, some Vanderbilt students fear the implications of a service like Zipcar. "So you're telling me boys will be able to rent a Benz and pretend they're from Nantucket, when they're really just another wannabe on a scholarship? How will I judge the keepers from the creepers?" a junior female asked.

Despite common misconceptions, Zipsters do not get discounts anywhere, do not amass reward points over time, and are granted no criminal immunities.



Unfortunately, Zipcars aren't this cool.

AROUND THE LOOP



Where did all the squirrels go?

Fratstar



“Target Practice, Bra.”

Token Creeper



"I get lonely sometimes"

Pub Employee



“What, you thought the squirrel meal was actually chicken?!”

Furry Hat Wearer



“Do you like my hat?”

Token Vegan



“They’re planning a revolution. And I’m helping them, you sons of bitches.”

Token Recluse



"It's called the food chain. Unfortunately, squirrels are lower on the chain than my pet boa, Cankersorus."

Freshmen

First-Year Students?

By Kyle Hope

Junior Specialist on Freshmen

After a summer full of work at the local wildlife preserve and handing out leaflets for so many awesome causes, I was really looking forward to the fall semester at Vandy. It is always exciting to meet new people, and while walking around the Commons Center the other day, I stopped to ask one of the new students how they liked college. After asking “How’s freshmen year going?” to several people and receiving nothing but dirty looks, a faculty head of house stopped me and said to take my “profanity” elsewhere. She then clued me in that the proper term is no longer “freshmen” but is now “first-year student”. While I think this is totally cool and I’m always in favor of progress, I really think the administration should be more sensitive towards the new class!

I do have some alternative words that we really should consider, because “first-year student” suggests that these students are inexperienced and, you know, not equal to the rest of us. I’ll admit – I have not always been the biggest fan of the word “freshmen” in the first place. As Sarah from my Women and Gender Studies class pointed out, “freshmen” is too male-centered. So, I’ll echo her suggestion of changing the proper term to “freshmyn”. Another good idea would be to use a gender-neutral term, like “fresh-people”. Has a nice, nondiscriminatory ring to it, don’t you think?

Or we could always just use the term that my great-great-uncle Jebadoah used when describing newcomers and just call them “greenhorns”. I know there are some members of the administration who taught him back in the day, so this might be a popular idea in Kirkland Hall. My friend’s roommate, who happens to be a level 70 gnome-rogue, suggested that “n00bs” would be the most applicable term. While I am not really familiar with the term, I totally respect his unique world view and think that he should have his idea heard!

I think it’s also important to emphasize togetherness here at Vanderbilt. We’re all one big community, and we should totally respect all of the different parts that make up our university family! So, we could borrow a line from the Greeks and call all the new students “pledges”. The use of this term would also imply fair treatment, respect, and equality, which isn’t really conveyed well by the term “first-year student”. “Pledge” does it so much better! An additional suggestion that I think the administration needs to take into account comes from a cherished and time-honored institution: Major League baseball. Just like professional baseball players, these students have made it to the top level and just need to prove themselves. Hence, the term: “rookies”. Using this word to describe the incoming class would come with the added bonus that a “Rookie of the Year” award could be given out!

I guess this semester is not going to be as restful as I thought, as we now need to take action against this injustice. Any students who want to stop this mistreatment should contact me and we will get an organization started. Picketing, leaflets, sending letters – these all have possibility for bringing a real change in policy! We need to band together and convince the administration to use a different term that is both respectful and non-biased. Let’s fight for their rights!

**TOP TEN
Ways to Not Get Laid**

- 10** Leave your "Chlamydia is Not a Flower" pamphlets in full view.
- 9** Get caught using a Fleshlight™.
- 8** Forget to turn the shutter sound off of your camera phone while hiding in the Towers II girls' showers.
- 7** Have open conversations about the Rapex.
- 6** Have anything by Boy George as your ringtone.
- 5** Have a roommate.
- 4** Have a Roommate that plays a level 70 Tier 6 Gnome Rogue.
- 3** Play a level 70 Tier 6 Gnome Rogue.
- 2** Complain about the high prices of prostitutes these days.
- 1** Become a Eunich.

The Dumble'*DORES*

*Can't get enough of Harry?
Want to learn to play Quidditch?*



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*"A debaucherous ne'er-do-well"
says new Editor-in-Chief*

I've spent my best years of college in a loveless relationship with *The Slant*. Sure, we had our good times: making fun of students... making fun of faculty and staff... making fun of squirrels... and I'll admit, doing the spread on production nights would often leave me exhausted for class, but deeply satisfied. But *The Slant* just continues to go home with whoever bothers to pick it up. And it lets just about anyone to put their hands on it. And it's actually only eight years old. Anyway, I stayed with *The Slant* and served as Editor-in-Chief last year for the kids. Who knows what this campus would do without it? Read *The Hustler*? Binge drink? And even though I no longer have any control over what *The Slant* does, I'm still hanging on. I know it's not healthy, but let's face it: nobody else will ever let me print stuff the way *The Slant* lets me print stuff. So stop by *The Slant* one of these Tuesdays at 8 p.m. in Buttrick 312 and you, too, just might become a used and washed-up senior some day.

-Sean Tierney, Self-esteemless