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*Subjugating island nations  
... since 1886*

### INSIDETHISSUE

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Rotiki idol recovers from laryngitis

"The Commons" Makes Vanderbilt  
Less Elitist One Word at a Time

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# Fall Break on a Budget

*Spend Your Slightly Longer Weekend on Campus in Style*

**The Humor and Satire Newspaper of Vanderbilt University**

## FROM THE EDITOR



BRENDAN ALVIANI

I went to the PostSecret show the other day and I realized something: I need to open up and let out some of my secrets.

As a child, I was obsessed with dinosaurs. During the day, at least. At night, they became my greatest fear. Why? Because I honestly believed that at any point during the night, a quadruple-sized Tyrannosaurus Rex

was going to rip off the roof over my bed and eat me. He probably would've done the ol' torso-snatch, leaving my pajamied legs for my parents to grieve over. However, if I could manage to hide under the blankets enough, then, and only then, would he not be able to see me. That meant I'd PROBABLY be safe. Just safe enough to justify sleeping in a ball at night, but not safe enough to actually fall asleep. Monsters under my bed? Nope, monsters big enough to rip apart my house to get at me. I still haven't figured out if that fear is more rational than the sub-bunk variety.

Why am I telling you this? Well, besides trying to fill up space faster than a broke Dickens, I think we need to face our fears. As everyone likes to point out, the economy is freaking out. Not the people with the dollars, mind you, but the impersonal economy. Our now-personified economic beasts of burden have been set loose because everyone kept shifting the risk of holding onto their leashes.

Or here's another way of looking at it: America's banking industry just ripped the roof off the housing industry and it is only now, after we have been spotted, that we curl up into little balls. Hell, even as an eight year-old I knew that you had to take certain necessary measures before stuff like that happened.

But that's not our only fear. After all, the mainstream news services do a dandy job of drilling a constant paranoia into our every action. Every day, it's just murder, murder, drugs, Spring Sale at Cole's, murder. Then we have parents preaching about the fire and brimstone consequences of failure. After all, failure means poverty, which means your standard of living will be so low that you can't even afford Banana Republic or Bread & Co or even decent banana bread. Then, of course, you have your own set of ridiculous phobias, like of people listening to you in the bathroom or your roommate potentially watching you while you sleep.

Alright, point made. We shouldn't be scared, we should open up and tell secrets, we should have integrity. Things like these are great to say... which is why I like saying them. Acting on them? Eh, I can put that off even more than I put off this column. In the meantime, I can feel self-righteous for taking a stand, yelling at the bad guys and using my soapbox for good. Oh, and I got to do it all using dinosaurs.

## Students' Gold Coin Pool Dreams Shattered

With the stock market dropping regularly and banks shutting down left and right, many upper-middle class students are concerned that the jobs they had relied on after graduation will not be there for them come May. But super-upper class student Ben Hampton is concerned that the recent dip in his stocks may prevent him from his ultimate dream of swimming in a pool made of gold coins like Scrooge McDuck.

"I've just always wanted to dive into the cool metal and swim around. I don't really know how the physics of it would work, but I had relied on my massive amounts of money to be able to pay someone to figure it out. Now I just don't know if it's going to happen."

Hampton is not alone. Other crushed students' dreams include a water fountain that spouts Hawaiian Punch, a Natty Light Slush machine, and a dog sled team but with white tigers.

"I just feel like I've been relegated to living like a rap video, but it's not enough," said Hampton. "Perhaps with some profiteering of the crisis I'll be back on top in five years and it'll be a reality again."



A typical student's view of Commodore Cash

## Vanderbilt Loses, Returns to Tradition

On Saturday, Vanderbilt's winning streak was broken by an unexpected defeat by Mississippi State. Now 5-1, the Commodores moved from #13 to #22 in football rankings.

"Vanderbilt is a school of tradition— old, grounded tradition. And you know, we'd never won this much before, so we really just wanted to go back to what we knew and were familiar with," Coach Bobby Johnson said.

When asked about the Commodores upcoming game with Georgia, Johnson responded with optimism. "Well, that was the other reason that we chose to lose last Saturday: we want our win against Georgia to be that more unexpected and awesome; I just love a good underdog story!" Johnson said. The irony of an underdog beating the Bulldogs was lost unfortunately lost on the Commodore coach.

## 3rd Party Debate Draws 3 Students

On Monday October 6th, Vanderbilt hosted a third party debate in Stevenson Center. The debate included such figures as Ralph Nader, Cynthia McKinney, and Bob Barr and had candidates from the Constitution Party, the Socialist party, and the Boston Tea Party.

"The debate was a great success—the three students that attended were really enthusiastic. I think that single poster that we put in the basement of the post office behind the stamps did a great job, we had quite the turn out," debate moderator and Vanderbilt Management Professor Bruce Barry said.

The students that attended said they had a great time and afterwards enjoyed feeling elitist by referencing third party candidates that people hadn't heard of before.

"Oh my god, I was so psyched for this. I got a blue and red foam finger. Three fingers of course—we're #3!!!" John Youngin said.

## VANDERBILT PROFITS FROM NEW INVESTMENT SCHEME



Despite Vanderbilt's loss to Mississippi State on Saturday, university officials still had quite a celebration after the weekend with the news of their investment returns. "Somehow on Saturday afternoon, Vanderbilt quintupled its endowment," said a financial analyst. "It's like its investment team got 5-to-1 odds on some sort of gambling event, like betting against a #13 team." Also increasing were Bobby Johnson's savings and presence of bookies in Nashville.

Officials say that Saturday's loss is unrelated to Vanderbilt's decision to dramatically increase financial aid on the cusp of a recession. "I don't know, sometimes you get lucky. Err... you plan for the future or fundraise well or something," said an anonymous financial advisor.

"Oh, well," he said. "Whee! Money!"

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Last issue, we stated we would have an interview with Jim from The Office. Unfortunately, we could not arrange an interview with Jim Kramka from the Office of Residential Education.



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## Fucked Image

Apparently, pledging starts early this year.



## MASTHEAD



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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS  
PLACERE CONTENDIT

# Palin Continues to Oppose Withdrawal Strategies

By James Stoekle  
*Craziness Specialist*

In a press conference this week, Sarah Palin reaffirmed her belief that the United States should not withdraw troops from Iraq. "I've always said that once you start something, you don't pull out until there is an ending," she said "and dogginit it's gotta' be a happy ending. That's what I told my daughter Bristol, and goshdarnit that's what I'm gonna' do as Vice President."

Palin went on to say, "Now I'm no fool, I wouldn't field dress a moose and leave out the cutting of the diaphragm from the cavity wall. So, I sure as heck know there are lessons to be learned from not having enough protection. Bristol's boyfriend did me proud by not pulling-out, but I sure wish he was equipped with more pro-

tection. That's why I'm supporting legislation to increase spending on body armor for our troops and their vehicles.

Senator Obama commented in typical poetic style: "I think Bristol Palin's unwanted pregnancy teaches us all a great lesson. Whether it is teenage sperm swimming inside of Bristol's uterus, or American soldiers on the Iraq battlefield, most are fighting a useless battle that shouldn't have happened in the first place, and a significant percentage of them are going to die in vain."

Since this press conference, Palin's younger daughters, Willow and Piper, have filed for legal emancipation from their mother.

## Palin the Barbarian

By Brendan Cooney  
*Murder Specialist*

Sarah Palin might be a woman, but she's no pussy. That adorable face of hers could certainly lead one to believe otherwise, but Sarah Louise Heath Palin, born and bred in the backwoods of Sandpoint, Idaho, is a natural born killer. As an avid hunter, Mrs. Palin is as American as it gets (the sport has long been an integral part of American culture ever since the festive "Redskin Hunts" of colonial times). As a child, her father would often take her moose hunting, only to discover years later that there are in fact no moose in Sandpoint, Idaho. "Someday, Sarah," he said to her, "you'll move away from this dreary, mooseless land, and you'll find a place overflowing with herds of them. Rows of moose, columns even, stretching far across the land. And you'll be able to kill them, Sarah. Kill them with guns." Motivated by her father's passion and fatherly words, Sarah soon migrated to Alaska, the third most pointless region in the world, but more importantly, the region whose official state land mammal is the moose.

Of course, Sarah would go on to win several of Alaska's most prestigious hunting championships. One for killing the largest animal, one for killing the most animals, one for killing the most defenseless animal, and one for killing all of the animals. However, by the time of her fourth victory, Sarah was in her forties. Her hunting skills had diminished with age and

her career was getting bogged down by the family she had started and the part-time job she had taken on as governor of her state. However, through her children, she would fatefully find a new outlet for her desire to hurt things: her son took up hockey, an arguably likeable sport and one that involves a good deal of unnecessary violence. Sarah's passion was renewed!

Her predatory demeanor would soon overflow into her political rhetoric. First, she proposed a bill to blow up her home state, guesstimating that there was undoubtedly another Middle East underneath it, but luckily one with both petroleum and peace. The bill was ultimately denied on the grounds that Mrs. Palin was not a member of congress. Her son, unreasonably named "Track," joined the U.S. army to try his hand at shooting human animals, an opportunity Sarah could only dream about during her comparably irksome years of murdering slow-witted quadrupeds. Intent on preserving Track's coveted privilege, Sarah boldly stood up to Barack Obama's proposal to remove U.S. troops from Iraq: "Bar-aaack Ooo-bama wants to put up the white flay-ag!" Sarah eloquently stated at the 2008 VP debate, empirically proving that our country will more than likely be taken over by Iraq if the Democrats assume executive power in 2009. She advocates that the only way we can stop terrorism is if we abstain from letting things live (logically, Al Qaeda



*"I'm gonna getchya! I'm gonna getchya, donchya know?"*

would then have no one to kill). To those who consider her an extremist and a genocidal maniac, Palin has adroitly pointed out that she is anti-abortion and therefore, of course, "pro-life."

## Bastard Confession

"I want to see Big C, that damn, dirty, but oh-so-tantalizing inflatable mascot get shanked."

-Bitter Auburn Student

# Bridges Ain't Shit

By Justin Barisich

Celebrity Specialist

Candidates' Appearances Near Peabody Causes Unnecessary Excitement, Hysteria and Poor Photos

I don't often find myself walking across, standing idly talking to my grand-big or broskis on, or even running over people with my bike on the million-dollar bridge that spans 21st Avenue. I personally prefer to walk among the under-the-bridge city-troll-folk, so that I can unintentionally play chicken with the turning cars that don't know what the little walking-man traffic light means, and so that I can get accosted, on a regular basis, by the change-begging hobo who claims to be a Vanderbilt professor but nonetheless needs some of my spare change to buy gas for his imaginary car.

However, this past Tuesday, in the entirely unnecessary torrential downpour the skies so graciously gave us, I chose to take the bridge, hoping to avoid ruining yet another pair of shoes in the recurrent street flooding. As I neared the bridge I began noticing that there was a cop-car conspicuously blocking the Peabody loop and that there were no cars driving either up or down 21st Ave, but only more flashing blue lights impeding the traffic flow. This roused me from my "get the fuck out of my way, I'm late for class" daze, and I realized that about



Does this van contain Barack Obama or a terrorist? Or both?

30 people were chillin' on the bridge, brandishing their spectacular camera phone / iPhone / short-order cook phone hoping to snap a picture of something supposedly important. Then I remembered that the presidential candidates were coming to Nashville that day. Three seconds after that, I was reminded of why I am so

politically apathetic. These dumbasses on the bridge were standing out in the rain, possibly ruining their daddy-funded electronic gizmos that did everything but make babies for them, hoping to catch a snapshot of what? Oh yeah, one of the ten, white, nondescript, Chevy Astro Vans that were supposedly rumored to be carrying the male half of the terrorist fist-jabbing team as well as humanity's first dinosaur (the Manosaur says, "Experience, Rawwwwr!"). And as far as the amateur photographers knew, they could have just snapped an amazing pic of a random child-molester's / rapist's house-car, one of the many who were hired by the man who "rocks the vote" and the man who "rocks the wheelchair" to run interference and act as decoys as they drove up the war zone that is 21st Ave. Best of all, the bridge-walkers were so ecstatic about their pictars that they didn't even realize that they hadn't captured any image of any worth. So to all you who partook in such foolishness, I hope that the memory space you wasted on that useless picture prevents you from storing an incriminating picture of one of those white-van rapists I mentioned earlier who you saw running from your best friend's dorm room later on that afternoon. (Oops, was that too harsh? Just call me another Hustler "journalist" I guess.) And finally, I would like to thank you, as I feel so refreshed by the stupidity of all you political zealots.

# Obama Found to Have Normal-Sized Penis

By James Stoeckle

Phallic Specialist

While at a young, hot and powerful people party, Michelle Obama drunkenly blurted out to Lauren Conrad, of the MTV show *The Hills*, that Barack Obama has a 6-inch penis. While this is close to the average national penis size, it was widely believed that Barack Obama had a giant penis.

Witnesses at the party said Michelle quickly tried to save face; "but it's all about the motion of the ocean!" she said. She went on to explain that "we don't even need to have intercourse most of the time: his lofty, powerful rhetoric brings me to orgasm by the third or fourth 'yes we can'".

The news of Obama's average-sized penis may change the face of the presidential election. His "blackness," which has come into question many times over the course of the election, will be scrutinized even more skeptically. 75 percent of Americans, and 98.5 percent of



"Frankly, having a penis this large would unpleasnt and unreasonable."

curious white female Vanderbilt students, believe that African-Americans have significantly larger penises.

Many famous African-Americans who are notoriously "more white" than Obama are known to have huge members. It is well known that Tiger Woods had to change his golf swing because his 12 inch johnson was getting in the way. Even Condoleezza Rice is rumored to have to "tuck it in" when meeting with world leaders.

Asked to comment, Obama supporter Darnell Smith said: "what's the point of a black president if he's not well-hung?" And sorority member Amy Flaherty said: "I always thought that once you go black you never go back, now I'm not so sure."

When McCain was asked to comment on his sex life he said "oh sure, it's been a while, but I can remember doing that in Vietnam." Cindy McCain could not be reached for comment.

And in the interest of full-disclosure, the author of this article is phenomenally well-endowed.

At this rate



What's the point  
of a bachelor's degree?

# Post Secret

After the Frank Warren presentation, Vanderbilt students across campus were inspired to make some of their PostSecrets. We found some of them.



Scares me

Jonathan Doe  
Advanced Fiction Workshop

I'm an English Major

something, something, something

and in conclusion,  
I hate reading and  
writing.





# New "Pirate English" class, varrrry popularrrr

**Meryem Dede**

*Enthusiasm Specialist!*

Earlier this week, Vanderbilt revealed its much-anticipated new foreign language program. Pirate English will be offered starting next fall, with classes aimed at both creating a fluency in the tongue and assimilating students into the Pirate culture.

"This be a fine exparrrience for Vandy mateys, me thin's it'll be varry educarrtional," newly hired Pirate professor Tim Bersshiverme said.

Along with the creation of new classes to be added to the College of Arrrts and Sciences, there will also be new study abroad programs available and a new language group opening in McTyeire, the international hall.

"Mateys'll starrdy in the Caribbean, and over yondarr the Atlantic, I parrsonally will be shackin' in McTeiarr," Bersshiverme said.

Many other language programs are excited about the addition of Pirate English and professors all over campus have been expressing their enthusiasm for the new language.

"Kak?? How is that a new language?! Is this some sort of joke???" Russian professor Konstantin Kustanovich said, after asked about his reaction to the new language.

All over campus, effects of the new language edition can already be seen. In an effort to prepare themselves for Pirate classes, students have already begun to

explore the Pirate culture. Students all over campus have started sporting the trendy black eye patch commonly associated with Pirate culture. One student with a pink pinstriped eye patch with a lacoste alligator patterned over it was especially enthusiastic about the new trend.

"The Eye patch is so in right now—you can get them anywhere too! The bookstore's selling them for \$45.95 next to the shot glasses," junior Samantha Waincott said.

Coincidentally, there has also been a surge of injuries sustained from stumbling and running into trees. However, this does not deter many Vanderbilt students from continuing with the trend.

"Whatever, it's not like I'm not used to stumbling and being a bit disoriented. I already stumbled around campus



*Professor Morgan requires that you study his class materials for at least two hours every night.*

disoriented Thursday through Saturday, now I just do it Sunday through Wednesday as well—no biggie—Vandy students are used to being a bit tipsy," Waincott said.

The pirate fad has even reached football games, where Mr. C's popularity has spiked significantly.

"This be crrrap. I arrrve always been of a

pirate nature, and now yarr's be majarr posers—the sea's in my blood, I nevarr even let that Tennessee be carrrmppletely

land-larrcked starrp me," Mr. C said.

As well as sporting Pirate attire, Vanderbilt students have also started to partake in Pirate pastimes.

"I forgot to lock my dorm yesterday, and... everything's gone. Everything! Someone even took the posts to my bed—my posters were ripped off the wall! And that's not cool, because I used non-Vandy approved putty and that shit took off paint. I'm gonna get fined!" freshman Harry Yultide said.

The Pirate English department insists that such negative effects are temporary, and that the kleptomaniac fad of the Vanderbilt population will soon subside. Associate professor Morgan was especially vocal about the issue.

"Them's can't run arrrrround like er' that forrevarr," professor Morgan said.

Administration wholeheartedly supports the inclusion of Pirate English in the foreign language department.

"You know, I am just really excited about Pirate English. I knew that Vanderbilt needed a new language program—the ones we have were getting a bit stale—and I just really wanted a language that would set Vanderbilt apart, get us to maybe #15 on US News. So I was on Facebook scrolling through the languages and I was like, 'well if Facebook has it then, dammit, we should teach it!'" Chancellor Nick Zeppos said.

## I Just Lost the Game and So Did You

**By Andrew Ligon**

*Enthusiasm Specialist!*

The Game has plagued University scholars and spiritual mystics for the better part of the last decade. In all that time, not a single winner has stepped forward. Nay-sayers write off The Game as childish and idiotic, claiming it is impossible to truly win. However, independent researchers have long speculated that there is a much deeper meaning at the heart of The Game. "It's not just a mental exercise," says Chelsea Dagger, an HOD major, looking up from her Etch-a-Sketch. "I mean, meditation is an

exercise in emotional and mental control, but it can lead to an entirely different state of being. What if it's the same with The Game?"

Philosophers have pondered the matter of The Game Ascension for years, and reasoned that there is a possibility that winning The Game can alleviate certain incurable diseases illnesses, or even lead to immortality. Unfortunately, no meaningful evidence has yet been produced surrounding the matter. "Isn't the reason obvious?" counters Dagger.

"No living being has won The Game because none of them are left!" Suddenly aware that she had just lost The Game no fewer than thirty-seven times throughout the course of the interview, Dagger burst into tears of fury and incorporeality.

In order to shed further light on the matter of The Game, I attempted to contact the original creator. Seven voice mails and a Facebook message later, I was sitting across from him on an overturned crate in one of the elec-

trical closets in the basement of Kissam (it was the only place he'd agree to meet me). Entering only after the light bulb had been smashed and barring the door behind him, the eery character immediately commented, "Don't you get it? It's like an enormous pink elephant! It has a trunk and no mercy and is deathly afraid of mice!" He followed by bursting into a flash of blue light and left behind only his pants and a handful of tiddly-winks.



# Vandy students need machine guns

By Amanda Chuang  
Enthusiasm Specialist!

The Vanderbilt Police Department issued a crime alert on Wednesday afternoon warning students about an attack that occurred on campus. According to the email, a student was robbed at gunpoint while waiting in line at the Burger Town station in Rand Dining Hall. The perpetrator, described as "an eight-foot tall monster with glowing eyes and phallic tentacles," took forty dollars, the student's Vandy card, and a grilled chicken burger with fries.

Though Vanderbilt is generally a secure environment, except for that time those people stepped on a land mine (an apparent remnant from the Civil War) outside Kirkland Hall and got blown to pieces, this latest incident shows that our campus is a potential crime magnet that must be demagnetized before more students are robbed or killed. Students should be given responsibility for their own defense -- after all, the police de-

partment, like God, cannot protect every student at every moment.

Vanderbilt's administration must give students the ability to efficiently PWN any criminal who tries to set foot on campus. The university's pro-gun student association, Me Want Firestick NOW!, has put forth a proposal that would allow licensed students to carry handguns on campus. It doesn't really matter that this "solution" would actually increase crime



Is this what they meant when they said "Safety in numbers"?

at our university. It's a statistical fact that most criminals get off on gambling, violence, and homoerotic shoot-outs. If MWEN's proposal passes, thugs and mafia flunkies will be flocking to Vanderbilt, where that frat guy who looks like a douchebag may or may not be carrying three hundred dollars AND a sexy handgun.

Thus, logically, students need the

ability to carry machine guns, which are clearly way more badass than handguns. In fact, every student should be required to carry an assault weapon at all times. A criminal wanting to steal an iPod full of shitty frat music would think not once, not twice, but three times before setting foot on campus. "Do I want to rob a student who's carrying a katana?" (Maybe.) "Do I want to rob a student who's carrying a handgun?" (Maybe not.) "Do I want to rob a student who's carrying an AK-47?" (Oh hell no.)

Disregarding the logistics of this proposal, as well as the horrific potential for drunken accidents, requiring students to carry machine guns and other assault weapons is just the next step in an infinite string of badass security measures at Vanderbilt. Next step: flamethrowers.

**Note: This is a real ad, one that pays the bills. Check him out.**

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# Open Mic

*"It's like a super-mega Rant"*

We here at *The Slant* want your submissions! Whether it's a limerick about your roommate's sex life, a witty one-liner, a ridiculous picture of your professor falling asleep in class, an article, an AIM conversation gone awry or just some off-the-wall news you think we need to know, we want it all. You're not signing up for a lifetime membership here, you're just making your hilarity known to the world. Or not, you can be anonymous if you want. This is the amateur's only section; no "pro" staffers. If you think you're smarter than these jokers down below, then send in your own joke. Email everything to [eic.theslant@gmail.com](mailto:eic.theslant@gmail.com) by Friday, October 25th to see it in the next issue.

To kick this feature off, we have two true stories from National Coming out day. One's from a dude, one from a chick. What can I say? We're fair and balanced like Fox News.



## Just "Best Friends"

By Liz Scoffield  
*HRC Specialist*

Some coming out stories are tragic; others are inspiring. Well, I find my mother's reaction just ridiculous. It was fall of my freshman year at Vanderbilt; she and my step-father are visiting me, and they take me to dinner at Ruth's Chris Steakhouse. So they are expecting to talk about boring things over a nice dinner, asking the typical boring questions. I'm not even planning to come out. I'd already come out to everyone else, but my mother, that's the tough one.

In the movie in my head, she's holding a flashlight in my eyes as she interrogates me, and I'm refusing to answer without speaking to an attorney. She sees that I'm annoyed with her, and then begins her investigation of why. She repeatedly asks if I have anything to tell her, and for some reason, I say, "Yes, I do have something I want to tell you. That friend I was talking about? Well... I'm dating her."

Mom begins to tear up. Silence.

My step-dad starts conversation in attempt to clear the awkward out of the air. "We always sort of expected," he says. Oh great, I'm thinking. Way to respond.

My mother says, "Why do you have to say dating? Can't you just say you're friends? I just hate it for you."

I explain that I'm completely comfortable with it, so she should be, too, but it's a little too late to try to be logical.

"Well," she continues, "I'm attracted to gay men, does that make me gay?"

I say, "No, Mother, there is still a PENIS involved." I tell her she's ridiculous. My step-father has had enough. He actually seems to agree with me on how absurd my mother sounds. They're tired, they say. I've exhausted them. Sure, we had plans for the rest of the night, but I "wore them out."

I'm sure they continued the conversation without me, but that's the end of this scene. Even two years later, when I talk about dating, my mother still asks, "Why can't you say you are just best friends?"

## Throwing the Curveball

By Kyle Broach  
*Church Specialist!*

Like many gay teenagers, I didn't reveal my sexual orientation immediately. I was still getting used to the whole gay thing and dating a guy three summers ago. I didn't know what people would think. I didn't really worry about it because I was too busy enjoying myself with my boyfriend. In October of 2006, though, his parents found out about us. I worried they would tell my mother, so I knew I wanted to tell her first. She should hear it from me directly.



A few days later, I picked my mom up from the Nashville airport; she had just gotten home from job training on the west coast. As we were driving, I took a deep breath and said, "Mom, I have something important to tell you, and it's a curve ball." She paused for a minute and asked, "Did you get someone pregnant?" I laughed to myself. Not even close, I thought. "No," I said. "Are you starting a church?" she asked me. "No! Where did that even come from?" I replied.

"Umm, I'm gay, and I have a boyfriend." I didn't know how she would take it. "Oh, ok. That's fine. You're still my son." Literally, that was it. No tears. No depression, denial, or strained relations. She wasn't

upset, and my sisters responded the same way. It was the most normal and uneventful thing in the world. The weirdest part was when she asked me if I was starting a church; I'm not even religious.

Needless to say, I still haven't started that church.

**AROUND THE LOOP**



**What are you doing on Fall Break?**

**Party Girl**



"Getting wet 'n' wild... and pneumonia."

**Party Boy**



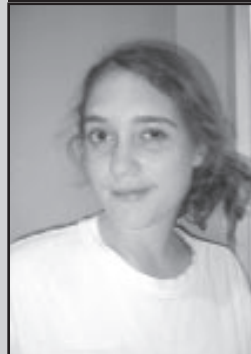
"A lot of drugs"

**Overly Literal Dude**



"Fall, break something"

**Overly Ambiguous Chick**



"Roommate's leaving... room to self...what do you think?"

**Overly Ambitious Student**



"8-country, 4-day Euro-tour...Thanks, Daddy!"

**You!!**



"Reading this newspaper on the way to the airport!"

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Next issue: October 28th

**Next *Slant* Issue:**

**Oct 28th!**

Be sure to check out the next issue of *The Slant*, due out October 28th! Remember, *The Slant* comes out every other Tuesday. In addition to receiving the comedy fix you happen to be jonesing for, watch out for:

- Instant Halloween: cut-out Zeppos masks!
- Interview with Quasi Chaotic, best friend of Lupe Fiasco!
- Caught on Camera: Professor Stephen Buckles wearing a t-shirt!
- "Exercise Tips" with Ben Blais
- Coverage of some sort of scandal. (Call us Nostradamus, because we're predicting the future!)

Also, it's official, *The Slant* is funnier than you! Culture yourself...pick up every issue, starting with the next one.

**TOP TEN**  
**Things That Have Happened**  
**Since the Cubs Won the World**  
**Series**

**10** Peabody became part of Vanderbilt.

**9** 42 Super Bowls were played.

**8** The USSR rose and fell.

**7** The Model T and every subsequent Ford car was built.

**6** Eleven Amendments were added to the Constitution.

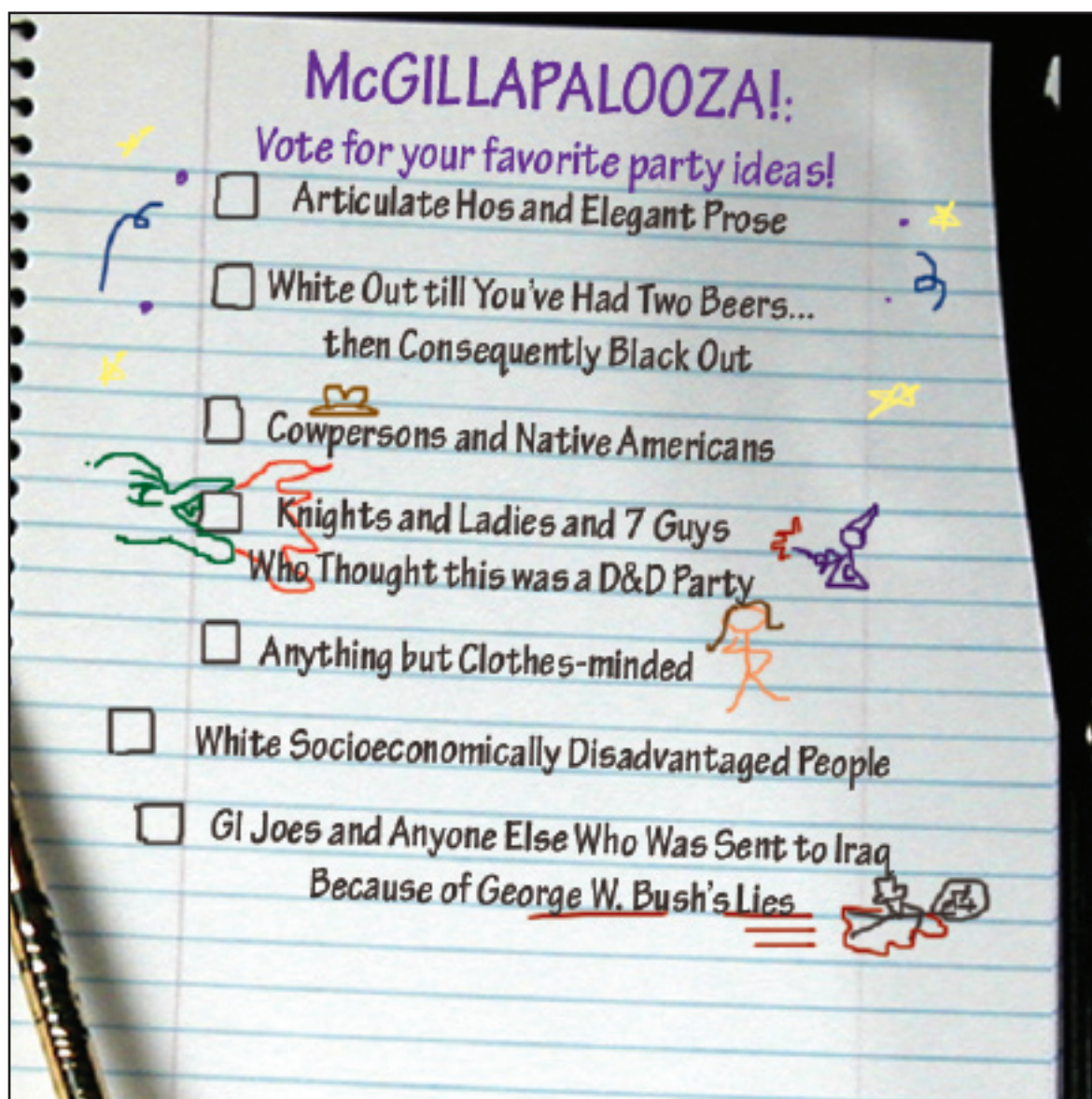
**5** WWI, WWII, Korea, Vietnam, The Gulf War.

**4** The Great Depression (not the current one).

**3** The NBA, the NHL, the NFL were formed.

**2** Five states were admitted to the Union.

**1** Radio and Television were invented.



**Join *The Slant* Right Now!**



*Charlie Kesslering— cooler than Jesus? You decide!*

You know those folks that stand on street corners, raising signs that say stuff like “THE END IS CREEPIN’ ON US! Have you earned a seat on the Jesus Express?” I always thought those people were weird. Then I had a world shattering revelation (pun intended): I’m exactly like them. No, not because I too, as a *Slant* editor, proliferate unrealistic stories to the masses with an ironically sincere fervor (that would be a rude, malicious comparison). No, we’re akin in our blind passion for something (not JC in my case, but something just as rad) and our willingness to accost strangers in an effort to recruit them.

You might ask yourself: if he loves *The Slant* so much, why does he spend so much time writing for *Versus* and *InsideVandy*? Sure, I dabble elsewhere—it’s fun playing the field. But *The Slant* is like a baby momma: she takes everything you have, leaves you with nothing but anguish and reasons to drink, makes you wonder why you got involved in the first place... but in the end, you keep running back, because you need her. And, God damnit, she needs you! So come by Buttrick 312 on Tuesday at 8. It won’t get you into heaven, but it’s a helluva time.

—Charlie Kesslering