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Sunflower Patch Attracts Sexual Predators, Knife Enthusiasts

The Humor and Satire Newspaper of Vanderbilt University

FROM THE EDITOR



JOSEPH HILLS

Ah, America, land of opportunity. Many of you reading this may be freshmen, about to embark on a wondrous adventure called college life. You may not know where this adventure will lead you, but I do know that many of you will be drunk tonight, and have no idea where you are, let alone where you are going.

I never dreamed that I might one day be Editor-in-Chief of Vanderbilt's oldest and most prestigious newspaper, just as I'm sure you never dreamed that you might have the pleasure or reading it. Or if you are one of those lucky talented souls who knows that his (or preferably her) fate lies with a position on the *Slant* staff. then please join us every Tuesday at 6:30 in Furman 109. Coolness will be provided.

For those of you returning to school at Vanderbilt, I remind you that you are one step closer to the real world. Shudder as you see fit, but you're getting old, and will soon have to face the fact that installing the minibar in your finished basements might mean that little Timmy has to wait for new glasses. You may notice that this issue is only eight pages, as opposed to our customary length of 12-16 pages, but in order to maximize quality at a time when much of our staff has been busy getting back to Vandy, something had to give. We will be back to our regular format beginning with our next issue, so all you other news fans can get off my case for halving its space. We also hope to be able to showcase the work of the incoming freshmen class, so you can give them some credit as not all being total losers.

I've also been wanting to give this new soapbox a spin, so here goes. I am formally condemning Hezbollah for their violent acts of terror committed against the state of Israel. I'm very disappointed in you. You had a chance to rebuild a Lebanon free of Syrian and Iranian interest, and you let a little detail like receiving all of your supplies and funding from Iran and Syria interfere. Please return to your roots as a truly humanitarian organization and political party, or whatever it is you claim to be, for the good of everyone.

On a closer to Vandy note, after walking through those tangled sunflower patches a few times this week, I couldn't help but notice that they're a bit of a security hazard, while also being one of the only truly discordant feeling areas of Vanderbilt. Although the sunflowers seem cool, they're a bit useless. I recommend that they be mown down and replaced with bamboo, which students could then hew down when necessary for tiki parties and constructing catapults. It would be very low maintenance and grow very quickly, and probably last the winter without any major problems.

On a less horticultural note, if you are a student organization leader, you need to see our advertising rates. It's never too early to realize you don't have enough money to buy an ad in *The Hustler* every two days. Not only are we also more fun than them, but I'm much prettier than their editor. ☺

Iranian Nuclear Dispute To Be Settled By Brush-Clearing Contest

President Bush challenged Iranian President Mahmud Ahmadinejad to a brush-clearing contest, Tuesday, in an effort to resolve the rising tension over Iran's nuclear program. Facing low approval ratings, the President is desperate for a diplomatic success and felt, administration sources say, that this unique approach could prove fruitful. "President Bush sent a letter to Mr. Ahmadinejad inviting him to his Crawford ranch and outlining the challenge, which Mr. Ahmadinejad accepted. The President is confident he will come out on top," said Press Secretary Tony Snow. Each head-of-state will be responsible for clearing two acres of the ranch. If Bush wins, Iran must allow nuclear inspectors into the country, give up further nuclear ambitions, and send the White House a Persian rug. If Ahmadinejad is the victor, Iran will receive four U.S. nuclear missiles, a Crawford, Texas, bumper sticker, and a deep-fried animal of his choosing. Said President Bush, "When I win, I won't have to say 'nuclear' anymore."

VUCEPT Program Extended To Five Years

This year's freshman class will be required to attend VUCEPT events for a full five years in order to graduate, administration officials announced. "We want to make sure every freshman knows what it means to be a part of the Vanderbilt community, even after they've left the Vanderbilt community," stated Provost and Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs Nicholas Zeppos. The classes will last one hour per week starting in September and will last until April 2011, one year after most students will have graduated. Being a graduation requirement, students who fail to attend 5th year VUCEPT could have their degrees retroactively recalled. Despite the enthusiasm of the Vanderbilt administration, students have remained largely cold to the extension. Said one student, "This is bullshit. If I wanted to stay here for five years discussing useless information with my peers every week, I'd have majored in HOD."

Freshman Makes Obligatory Hustler Joke

Freshman Jeremy Stokington picked up a copy of the campus newspaper *The Vanderbilt Hustler*, Wednesday, and

remarked to his friends, "Hey guys, you see the name of this? Wouldn't that be great if it was like the real *Hustler*? You know, the magazine?" The comment was answered with soft replies of "Yeah" and "I guess so." The observation, made by freshman last year as well as the freshman before them, has never been funny, yet a year does not pass in which a variation of this statement is not heard. Stokington awaits next fall, when he can look down on a freshman making the same wisecrack.

Old-Timers A Force To Be Reckoned With

Elderly citizens around the country have been declared the best group with which to engage in conversation when one has "reckoning" to do, researchers at Vanderbilt University declared in a recent paper. In fact, those aged eighty and older were found to be almost the only age-group to "reckon" at all. "I reckon it was aught six when I first reckoned I was a good reckoner," rambled one fogey when informed of the findings. "Well I reckon rain's a-comin', seein' as my knee's gone and swoll-up," countered a second octogenarian. "My, that is swollen. I reckon you better see a sawbones if you know what's good for ya," concluded the first. The paper can be found in this month's *New England Journal of Useless Medicine*.

Kate Hudson Moving To Splitsville

Kate Hudson announced through her publicist that she and her husband, Chris Robinson, lead singer of Black Crowes, have separated. The couple have been married for six years and have a two year old son Ryder. Asked why the couple were separating, Hudson's publicist simply held up a picture of Robinson and said, "Does this answer your question?" ☺



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Bastard Confession



"Come on, don't tell me you wouldn't tap that?"

-John Mark Karr, extradited to America in connection to the rape and murder of Jon Benet Ramsey

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Corrections:

In the last issue of *The Slant*, we requested that entrants in our photo contest e-mail us naked pictures of their sorority sisters. Instead, they should post them willy-nilly about campus. We apologize for any inconvenience.

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Seriously, what other crap were you planning to spend the money on?

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FUCKED IMAGE



The Slant wishes to allow its readers to
discuss and guess what the hell this is.

You and Your Bra

by **ROBERT SAUNDERS**

Ah, it's back to school time. Time to take your last advantage of the summery temperatures, show off your tan, and for women to sport your skimpy tops.

I am far from opposed to skimpy tops. Indeed I encourage them. However, it seems a few women on campus need some serious sartorial advice. Specifically the larger breasted women.

Look, there will come a time when your breasts will sag, but unless you've already dropped three children, that time is not before your twenty-first birthday. You've been granted a special asset in both the Battle of the Sexes and your competition for sexual partners. Don't screw this up.

The bra is more than just a device to keep your nipples from jutting out. Neither is the bra merely a fashion accessory. Certainly a tastefully exposed bra provides no end of titillation for men (and some women), and it offers a way to express one's personal style and flair.

No, the bra is first and foremost a functional garment, whose said function is to support one's bosom. If you are wearing a bra and your nipples still hover over your belly button, you need a new bra. At the very least, please acknowledge that many bras have adjustable straps and that you may crank it back. Otherwise, it's like looking at traffic lights swinging in the wind after a storm.

Here's another helpful tip. Look at the cups of the bra: if more of the surface area is holes than actual fabric, your bra probably, however cute it is, will probably be of more use to a pre-teen than a grown woman (i.e., you!).

Some women compound the

wobbly boob problem by wearing the scoop front shirt. Sure, you will call attention to the size of your breasts, but do you really want to look like you're smuggling water balloons under your shirt, for god's sake?

Going braless is not an option, dear. Unless you are making a political statement--and if you attend Vanderbilt, the odds are you're not--avoid those halters. Or at least get a decent strapless bra. I know, kind of an oxymoron if there ever was one, but it may help someone with tweeners.

Seriously, peasant blouses are kinky and fun, but dressing like a poor person and looking like one are two different matters entirely. Droopy boobies are just one of the ignominious peasants must endure on a daily basis. You, however, are part of the economic elite. There's no acceptable reason for you to drag your valuable assets around like a sherpa lugging two yak bladders of water up Mt. Everest. If your breasts are too big to fight gravity, wear something else. And then put on a bra.

Perhaps I am being too harsh. Maybe you actually are aware of your bra problem but don't know how to fix it. Consider how you chose the bra you're wearing. You probably grabbed one at Victoria's Secret because it was cute. Or you bought one like the one your friend has. Or god forbid you trusted what a boyfriend gave you. You tried it on, it clasped, and your cups covered your nipples. Problem solved, right? There's more to it than that, sister.

Consider actually getting measured at a genuine deparatment store rather than the skank at Hustler Hollywood. You wouldn't wear a crappy off the rack suit or dress to a job interview, would you?

Your nipples should be facing straight ahead, not at the floor. Imagine the impression you make in that interview if you're constantly looking at the floor instead of into the eyes of the interviewer. Granted, having your

breasts properly aligned practically guarantees that a male interviewer will not be making eye contact with you, but that's his problem not yours, particularly when you file that sexual harassment suit. Use your power to your advantage, have some pride in your mammaries rather than letting them sulk with your tummy.

Or maybe you were measured once, but have you considered that you've just started (or stopped) taking the pill, or you've drank way too much this freshman year and haven't allowed for the fact that you've gained a dozen pounds? If you've gained or lost 10% of your weight this year--maybe you went from 125 lbs to 138 lbs--add "new bra" to your shopping list.

And really, do you trust the sizes in your other clothes or shoes? Just as today's size 8 dress is probably yesterday's 10 or 12, be skeptical of the reported dimensions and cup sizes--they're trying to flatter you by getting you to buy bigger bandsizes and cup sizes. Try them on and get the opinion of the lady at the department store. As envious of your youth and voluptuousness as they are, those matronly women will be pleased to see you taking an interest in your breasts' care and presentation.

The good news is that women with much larger breasts than you have had to grapple with this problem for years. Watch "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe. You could set an elegant dinner on that four-top. The difference is that they did something about it. Underwire, bustier, racingback design, anything to get the goods off your abdomen and give your back some relief.

In the meantime, you small breasted women: consider yourselves lucky for a change. ●

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Tips for Freshmen Males

It's high school all over again

by B. Cohen

Being a college freshman is a lot like being a new inmate in a maximum security prison, except with more ass sex. As a freshman, one must fight to establish a presence at Vanderbilt, or forever be clumped in with the masses, just another pathetic face in the crowd. While those hot-shot motivational speakers and fast food executives advocate garbage like "being yourself," that's merely individualistic propaganda that only serves to further the stranglehold that decision-making has over our lives. It's easy to advocate slogans such as "Obey Your Thirst" and "Have It Your Way" when you're an advertising executive worth millions of dollars with a young stripper wife, fancy foreign clothes, and all the shrimp you can eat. Thanks, Rockefeller C. Moneybags, but we're college students.

Here in college, it's important to realize that it's not who you are, but who you present yourself as. Didn't get many girls in high school? It's OK; just tell absurdly fabricated stories about how much ass you got. The more extreme the lie, the more people will believe it. Convicted sexual predator? Just go work in Rand. Unathletic computer nerd? Play for the Vanderbilt football team. Becoming big man on campus is more within your grasp than you even realize. Just follow these few tips and before you know it, you'll be fending off sorority girls with a stick.

•**Never disagree.**

College is a place for free thinking and open minds. The last thing people want to deal with is a downer who always has to butt in with their own opinions or "the right answer." Everyone likes to have people agree with them. When someone makes a point, just nod your head enthusiastically, smile, and say something generic like "You know, I always thought so too."

•**Tell everyone that you drink.**

A study by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms proved that people who drink alcohol are 80% more likely to be cool. With those odds, you can't afford not to let people know how much you drink. Put drinking related posters up on your wall, empty liquor bottles on your shelves, and drinking related quotes on your Facebook profile. Do whatever it



Conformity is O.K.!

takes, just make sure that everyone knows what a wild party animal you are, even if you secretly don't like alcohol that much.

•**Always accept drugs.**

You don't want people to think you're some kind of narc, do you? Everyone who is cool does drugs, it's a fact. You think you're going to just come along and start giving some bullshit about "Oh, I have asthma" or "Coke makes my nose bleed" or "I contracted HIV from my last needle." Quit with the excuses, you baby. Do you want to be popular or not?

•**Pick on those weaker than you.**

God made weaker guys so that stronger guys seem even cooler by comparison; it's the circle of life.

Don't let anyone ever trick you into thinking that picking on people is immature. If you see a nerdy kid with glasses and books walking with his tray through the cafeteria, be sure to trip him so he falls on his face. Shoot for peak lunch hours so that as many people as possible see how strong and masculine you are. Don't limit yourself to big public arenas. You know that kid on your floor who looks like he's 14 and always showers with a bathing

meat there for his enjoyment, and through that joy, they will know love. When you're around a group of girls, I recommend talking loudly about topics such as hunting deer, drinking beer, and football gear.

•**Self-immolation saves the day.**

If you've tried everything else to get the attention of the foxy bitches, and you're just plain out of geeks to push, remember that alcohol burns. Nothing screams "I'm so hot, I'm on fire" like actually being on fire while screaming. Not only does it prove you're tough, but it proves that you're not afraid to feel the burn.

It may sound difficult to be a freshman, but don't be deterred. The threat of being regarded as unpopular is just as existant here at Vanderbilt as it was back in high school. Keep these tips in the back of your mind and just remember, "it's not who you are, but who you want people to think you are." ●

And a few tips for freshmen girls

•Freshman guys will do anything to be perceived as cool. Drinking, using drugs, and hurting others are all parts of their nature. Avoid them.

•If you have to talk to a freshman guy, fiddle with your pepper spray. This sends the message that you respect his right to an opinion, but will hurt him if he thinks he has a chance with you.

•Date older men. Upperclassmen understand you, and how hard adapting to college life can be. Sleep with us--er--them.

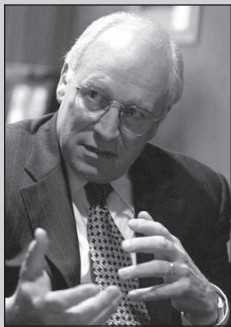
•Always wear make-up and shave your legs. Even if you've got a guy you think will never leave you, there will be other girls out there with make-up and shaved legs, and no man is an island.



AROUNDTHELOOP

How do you feel about the new air travel security regulations?

Dick Cheney, Weapons Enthusiast



“We told the American people all along that Iraq had WMD's. Liquids are clearly weapons of mass destruction, and Iraq has had liquids for centuries. Therefore, Iraq has had WMD for centuries. Q.E.D.”

Gordon Gee, Wealthy Elitist



“Regulations are for the deserving poor who cannot afford their own jetpacks.”

SLANTDORMOSCOPES

Kissam:

Your lofted bed may seem like a great idea, but don't be ashamed to install a railing. One metal pipe is so much cheaper than facial reconstruction surgery.

Cole:

The powerplant is only going to get louder this winter.

Tolman:

Poking your head out your door every time you hear a female voice might be a great way to watch life pass you by, but don't forget to occasionally try speaking to them.

Branscomb:

Frat Row may be right there, but for extra fun don't forget to occasionally run across 21st Avenue drunk. Trust us, it'll help you relate to the freshmen of tomorrow.

Towers:

Don't be alarmed when the line for Quiznos stretches up the stairs and around your hall. That's the price you pay for a view from the sixth floor.

Mayfield:

Congratulations on convincing nine other people that having a house together is worth teaching elementary schoolers to sing showtunes. Good luck dividing up fridge space.

Vandy/Barnard:

Sooner or later someone will clean out those study rooms full of stored refrigerators, microwaves, and televisions. Make sure that someone is you.

McGill:

You may have been told you were randomly placed in McGill, but really, it's all part of God's plan. Next he's going to wait for you in the elevator. With a knife.

McTyeire:

Don't forget that you can speak to your hallmates in English on occasion to build team spirit. Playing against you guys at anything is like fighting the Tower of Babel.

Peabody:

Don't worry about the construction noise. The university administration doesn't, and look how well they sleep at night.

Morgan:

Your friends are stupid and have no sense of direction. Remind them, "It's closer to the Rec, which is where you get *more guns*." Don't forget to gloss over the history of violent crime.

Lewis:

Close your blinds for a change. Ugh.

Erin Burr, Disillusioned Frequent Flyer



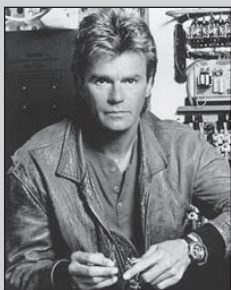
“Well, this ruins my plans of becoming a hero by drowning a terrorist mid-flight.”

Frank Lee Boner Sleazy Mile High Club Member



"I don't need to bring liquids on the plane, I make my own 'liquids.'"

MacGyver, at it again



“All I need are a magazine, two picture frames, a dixie cup and a pair of eyeglasses and I'll have a distillery pumping out all the drinks I need before you can say 'jackrabbit'.”

Anonymous Model



“Now how will I be able to re-volumize mid-flight?”

Top Ten Reasons to Join *The Slant*

- 10** You just don't have enough black marks on your record yet.
- 9** You think you're good enough to join *The Slant*? You're not. Give it up. You'll never be one of us.
- 8** We're kidding. You're good enough for *The Slant*. Just not anyone else.
- 7** You get to hang out with the sexiest people on campus.
- 6** It's cheaper than joining a frat.
- 5** Public executions of disloyal writers.
- 4** Something else to hide from your parents.
- 3** Boobs.
- 2** Provides more comfort than booze, less guilt than church.
- 1** Booty.



**Avast! Be ye one who can...
Write? Draw? Joke?
Photoshop? Read? Plunder?**

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