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Gee'fer Madness

*In the Library, with the Rope
... since 1886*

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The Humor and Satire Newspaper of Vanderbilt University

Yankees Fire Entire Staff, Buy Detroit Tigers

Following another early playoff exit by the storied and monied New York Yankees, owner George Steinbrenner announced the release of the entire roster, staff, and front office. Also unprecedented was Steinbrenner's buyout of the Detroit Tigers, who beat the Yankees 3-1 in the ALDS series. At a press conference, Steinbrenner said, "Anything short of a world championship will be viewed as catastrophic failure." Pending approval from Bud Selig before ALCS rosters are set, the Tigers will hire Joe Torre as manager and pad their lineup with recently released Yankee superstars like Derek Jeter, Alex Rodriguez and Jason Giambi. Steinbrenner added, "When you have nine former Yankees in your everyday lineup, that's intimidating. I mean, Jesus Christ, Robinson Cano is our nine hitter. Nine. Make no mistake. This team is a winner."

'Weird Al' Yankovic Under Fire After Amish School Shooting

In the wake of a horrific school shooting in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, America's moral leaders have sharply condemned the lyrics of popular parody artist "Weird Al" Yankovic. The controversy stems from the Grammy-winning singer's Menonite-gangsta anthem, "Amish Paradise," which many feel drove 32-year-old Charles Roberts to murder. Concerned politicians as disparate as Tipper Gore and Pat Buchanan have spoken out against Yankovic's lyrics, saying, "This supposedly humorous song encourages violence, disrespect for authority, and butter-churning." A spokesman for Yankovic could not be reached for comment. Meanwhile, two white nerds were killed during a botched attempt to buy the "Star Wars Holiday Special" on VHS cassette.

American Students Rejoice As China Prepares For War With North Korea

College Students across the nation

have begun drinking to "Uncle Hu" Jintao, president of the People's Republic of China, as the PRC prepares invasion forces to wage war against the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. Both countries have been accused of long names and massive human rights violations in the past and been traditionally viewed by college students as "bad." News of China's impending invasion of Korea has elevated the nation's approval rating sharply among American men who do not wish to see the reinstatement of the draft, nor whom desire to be shot in the inevitable fighting around Pyongyang. Jiminy Cratchett, a Blair Senior remarked, "I used to live in gripping fear that myself and my friends would be shipped off to Korea to freeze near the Yalu. Some days I could barely even lift my violin. There seemed to be no future for any of us." When asked about the countless number of Chinese and Korean casualties, Cratchett answered, "Huh? I guess I could write them a song or something."

House Speaker Hastert In Hot Water

Speaker of the House Dennis Hastert (R-Illinois), is currently in hot water, as well as some soap, to the relief of his congressional peers. The much-needed bath, his first in a week, comes at a time of much stress for the stinky Congressman. Hastert, who few would describe as healthy, has been sweating even more than normal in the past weeks as the scandal surrounding the GOP and former Congressman Mark Foley builds, adding to his considerable musk. Bath scientists expect Hastert to remain pleasant to the nostrils for 1-3 hours, depending on how often he moves.



1

Number of fires at sorority philanthropy events Slant staff members have extinguished this month alone.



English Class Breaks Through Fourth Wall, Causes Thousands In Damage

Students in English 204, an intermediate fiction workshop, broke through the fourth wall during a creative writing task last Tuesday. While discussing how a creative work could be aware of itself and interact with the reader, the class suddenly made a breakthrough, both literary and physical, and rent a gaping hole in the side of Calhoun Hall. The University estimates damages at upwards of \$47,000. Three students were injured during the activity.

Passive-Aggressive Groundskeeper "Accidentally" Attacks Library

A Vanderbilt grounds crew worker, mowing the lawn outside the Stevenson Center Science and Engineering Library, drove his tractor through one of the library's windows Friday "on accident." The driver claimed that he either lost control of the brakes, was distracted, or "was really pissed off, deep down, you know?" Students fear where this employee with a chip on his shoulder might strike next. "What if he tractors right into Rand and destroys it while I'm eating lunch? I mean, I don't care if he destroys Rand, but it would totally interrupt me while I did the crossword," said one concerned sophomore. The University is advising students to wear protective padding until it snows, when the threat of disgruntled workers using tractors as weapons will have passed.



ARIEL...KDINAPPED?

DISNEY & HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATIONS

A Barbara Walter's special, which explores conditions inside the Disney Vault, is set to air next week. In an exclusive hour-long interview, Ariel of "The Little Mermaid" discusses the almost Auschwitz-like conditions deep beneath Walt Disney World. The Vault was constructed in the late 1960's due to the increasing need to house unprofitable or overexposed Disney characters, who were isolated until a new generation of children came along. The characters would then be released for financial exploitation. Ariel was kept in a mere 10'x10'x10' pool of filthy water until her release. There are also allegations that she was sexually assaulted by other Disney characters during her imprisonment. Disney officials have refused to comment, saying, "What we do with our own copyrighted fictional characters is nobody's business." Ariel is planning to sue Disney for an unspecified amount.



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MASTHEAD



Casting the second, third, fourth
and fifth stones as well... since 1886.

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

Phone (615)322-3291
Fax (615)-343-2756
website www.theslant.net

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief **Joe Hills**
Managing Editor **Alex Chrisope**
Editors **Tim Boyd**
Robert Saunders **Sean Tierney**
Technical Advisor **Michael Nutt**
Standards & Professionalism **Ana Arata**
Distribution Manager **Patrick Gentry**
Staff Manager **Rachel Unger**
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Chris Stanford
Contributing Staff **Max Altman**
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Kevin McNish **Casey Perry**
Colin Rymer **Chris Skene**
Kris Stensland **Meredith Trezise**
Alumni Contributors
Andrew Banecker **Jacob Grier**
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Joe Wong **Mike Mott**
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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE
CONTENDIT

WATCH THIS SPACE



As the *Slant* was going to print, it was announced North Korea successfully tested a missile. Stay tuned for details

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Corrections:

In last issue's "Around the Loop", we referred to Paris Hilton as a "Role Model". This was a typographical error, as we intended to refer to her as a "Stupid Cunt". We apologize to anyone who adjusted their life to emulate her due to the error.

FROM THE EDITOR



JOE HILLS

Life is always an adventure. Since my last column, I've managed to get kicked out of Sarratt for rafting in the fountain, been stopped by a policeman while climbing Towers West to hang flyers on the outsides of windows, instructed by an area director to climb back out there and take them down, and used a fire extinguisher for its intended purpose. I even went to class and studied occasionally. But that's all nothing.

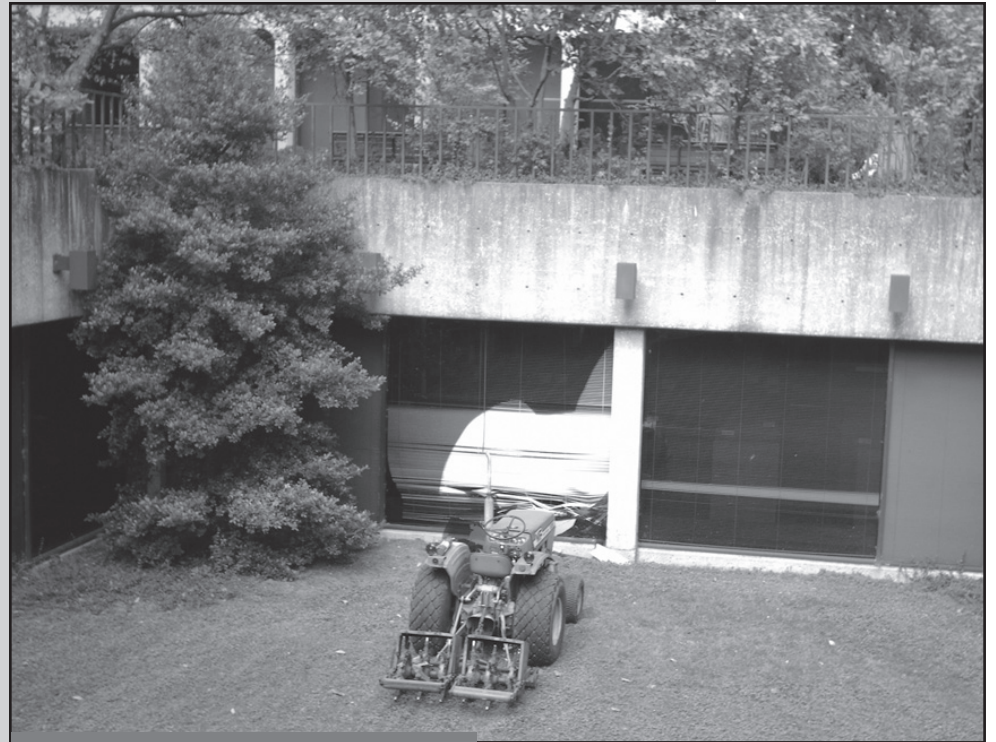
I've got to say that the most important thing that has happened since the last issue of the Slant was our merit-based, student selected Popularity Contest 2006. I would like to formally thank everyone involved with the contest, including my staff, the Popularity Court, and all of you who voted with your wallets. You contributed a grand total of \$136.71 all of which will go directly to the comfort items fund for the outstanding seniors at the VA Hospital. I would like to congratulate Paul Sadler and Miranda Lee, our new Popularity King and Queen, respectively, who can be found pictured on the back cover of this issue. I would also like to invite all of you to attend their crowning to be held in the Student Tailgate Area before the homecoming game. Food and beverages will be served.

For those of you who have seen the cover of this issue, keep reading, otherwise, look at it for a second. You may be surprised to find that as enlightened a publication as the Slant would poke fun at people who have been stereotyped as marijuana users. Actually, we just can't pass up on a chance to photoshop the Chancellor in clothes other than those he wears about campus. If they made plush Rastafarian Gee Heads, you know that they'd sell like crazy. Come to think of it, we could really do a "Gee, I'm all over" line of plushes: a beret for France, a sombrero for Mexico, a bowler for Britain.

Fall break is coming up, and I want to take a moment to remind all of you the importance of staying safe as you travel. Although airport security is working overtime this weekend to ensure that the students of Vanderbilt make it home safely, chances are there are a few weapons they won't catch. For example: hands. Some people can use their hands, arms, legs, elbows, and even eyes to attack others, and possibly take control of an aircraft. Chances are, you may also have these weapons, and if someone gets into the cockpit, you're dead anyway.

I encourage you to take the time in the days before your departure dates to acquaint yourselves with the weapons you naturally carry with you at all times. Find someone on your hall with a blackbelt, and offer to exchange skills with them; say, teach them how to bake delicious cupcakes if they'll teach you how to grab-armbar-snap. Not only will you be acquiring skills to defend yourself and others, but you will also be lessening the burden on yourself the next time your dorm decides to throw a bake sale. That, or sprinkle some water on Chips Ahoy and microwave them.

No one will ever know the difference. ☹



Fucked Image

Stevenson Center:
Tractor-free for six days and counting!

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Student Organizations

Full Page	\$150	9.75" x 10.75"
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Contact slantads@gmail.com for details!

What's All This Nonsense About Living Wages?

By SEAN TIERNEY

Dear fellow aristocrats and poor people with some potential,

Today I write you with some troubling news. This news is economic in nature, but not the kind of economics you're thinking of. No, this has more to do with some negligible amounts of money, roughly a few thousand dollars a year. Though the monetary values at stake may be small, the Vanderbilt principles threatened by recent campaigns certainly are not.

Lately, I, along with the rest of you I'm sure, have been hearing a lot about this whole living wage nonsense. We seem to be reminded on a fairly regular basis that there is this thing called a "living wage," below which "people" are allegedly getting paid.

However, this whole LIVER campaign to provide living wages to Vanderbilt employees is completely misguided. I don't see any workers dropping dead, do you? Living wage! There was a time in this country when many hard-working people did not even get paid, and I think they lived through it just fine. This campaign, like so many others, only serves to erode our morality and our sacred tradition of entitlement.

Now, just because I have a lot of money doesn't mean I like to waste it. I'm willing to pay over forty grand per year for my much-needed education, but I'll be damned if I have to pay an extra five bucks so some lowlife can get paid a cent more than he has to. We students are here to learn and occasionally drink, or, as I like to joke with my friends, we're here to drink, and occasionally learn. Either way though, we are definitely not here at Vanderbilt to help others. It's a dog-eat-dog world out there in the white collar business world, and we've got to prepare for it.

Besides, when one takes into account all the non-monetary benefits

that Vanderbilt employees receive, one can easily see that wage raises are not needed.

First of all, to help make Vanderbilt more hospital and aesthetically pleasing to the future movers and shakers of the country, perhaps even the chance to see them up close? One should be so lucky! I know many a student who says hello or gives friendly nods to various employees every day. If the employees were just

off from my allowance and I had to get a low-paying summer job, I could probably come up with even more ways in which having a low-paying job is beneficial.

Also, the children of employees (if employees could afford to raise children) don't have to pay to go to Vanderbilt! Plus, I hear many of their severance packages include forty acres and a mule. That sounds pretty generous to me!



I mean, they look happy enough to me.

random people on the street, would they still get the same treatment? I don't think so!

A small salary can be good for you. It builds character, I always say. Knowing that there's no way to financially improve one's situation or prepare for retirement encourages strong spirits and tenacity. Our fathers certainly know how much the Dow Jones could use those traits right about now. I'm sure that if my parents ever cut me

That these employees would even dare to ask for a higher wage shows just how out of line they've gotten. Just yesterday, a common gardener (GARDENER!) tried to engage me (ME!) in conversation (AS IN SPEAKING AS EQUALS!) about football on my way to class. Albeit amiable, this plebeian not only had the audacity to look me straight in the eyes, but almost made me late for class! I'm still shaken from that inci-

dent. Just imagine if I was late. What excuse would I present to the teacher? That I was talking to some working class type? Poppycock!

Don't start getting on my case for being insensitive; I do a lot to in the way of providing jobs for Vanderbilt employees. I drunkenly vomit in the bathroom every weekend and regularly litter. This surely supplies many a laborer with hours of good-old-fashioned hard work that keeps their mischievous minds out of trouble.

Even Chancellor Gee does his part. Not by vomiting, but by spending millions on Braeburn Mansion and his parties, allowing money to trickle down directly into the pockets of Vanderbilt employees! Think about that the next time you start criticizing Gee for his high salary. Extravagant parties and vomiting partygoers are the real answers to the wage "problem." If LIVER really wants to help, it should just throw a rave and stop worrying about employees: these things have a way of working out.

In summation, living wages would be extremely detrimental to the Vanderbilt community. It just gives everybody the wrong ideas. It teaches the other half that they can work for a change rather than work for some change. HAR! It gives them false hopes of being able to break the vicious generations-long poverty cycle that they're stuck in. It even gives some of us elite the idea that it's ok to recklessly spend money on unnecessary items. Nobody wins here.

So, if you must, give the workers a few tips here and there. Whatever you do though, just make sure to stay away from the LIVER meetings in Sarratt 363 at 8:30 pm on Wednesdays. Because if these workers' fathers weren't rich and powerful and able to give them the best education around and set them up in cozy jobs with some friends, then that's just too bad. ●

An Open Letter to the Groundskeeping An Open Letter To The Vanderbilt University Grounds Crew

What have you done to the Magnificently Green Fountain?

Oh, Grounds Crew, I am so upset. My hands shake as I type this. If only you could see the tears sprinkling my keyboard, as delicately as you sprinkle our beautifully manicured lawns. Oh, Grounds Crew, I thought we were friends, you and I. I thought we understood art, beauty, each other. So how could you do this? How could you clean the Magnificent Green Fountain? It was art!

You know the place, though apparently it is not as close to your heart as I thought, Grounds Crew. I speak of the Saratt Courtyard, with its shady tables and light dappled benches, of the perfectly rectangular pool, with three bubbling block fountains gracefully arranged in the most pleasing figura serpentina, with no one point on the surface visually more important than another.

But we both know that what really brought it all together, what made it ART, was the brilliant lime green water. The clean lines, the firmly anchored arrangement, the delicate arc of the water?

We both know that the cloudy green water was what "made it." It was just so unexpectedly there! It was vibrant! Alive! It made the viewer contemplate that place inside them full of their most secret hopes. Just seeing the Magnificently Green Fountain works miracles. A dipperful of that green liqueur, poured gently over a young orphan's maimed foot last week cured her ailments in seconds. A blind man drank from the fountain in September and was able to see again. Don't you see what you have done?

I realize that you may have bowed to the powers of the *Administration* here. Some people with less vision may have complained about the algae. Some may have called it disgusting scum, but I thought you understood its inherent beauty. For months, I ate

lunch in this Arcadian paradise by the fountain. August, then September came and went, but the Magnificent Green Fountain stayed green. Every Tuesday and Thursday, as I ate in its radiance, around midday, I would think "I just don't see how it could get any better than this."

And then, so suddenly, it was gone. It was clean, it was blue, it was sterile, it was sanitized. The magic was over, Grounds Crew. The magic was dead. Can't you see? Perhaps it was a mistake. Please tell me that some new worker, in his zealous quest for acceptance, accidentally cleaned it. I know these things happen, and I am willing to accept your apology.

Sincerely,
Amelia Cousins



A pre-cleaning picture of the Magnifcently Green Fountain



Campus renewal becomes campus removal, as wealthy yachtsmen overrun the newly cleaned fountain.

SGA, Interhall Demonstrate Spirit of Compromise

HOD Majors To Each Count As 3/5 Of A Student Under New Vanderbilt Student Government Charter

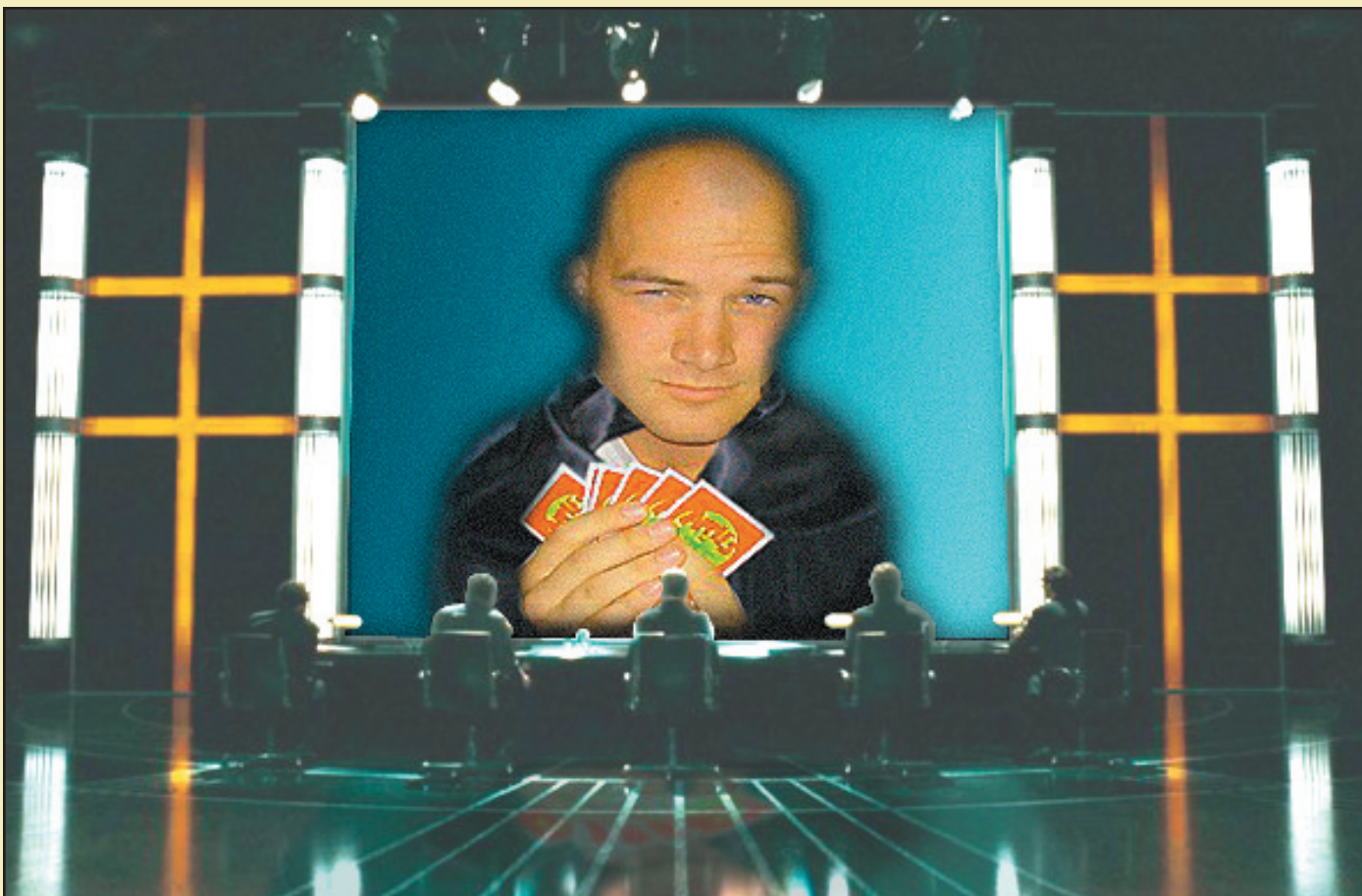
by **TIM BOYD**

Delegates from Interhall and the Vanderbilt Student Government Association (SGA) met Friday to discuss the new charter that will take effect when the two groups merge to form the Vanderbilt Student Government (VSG). While several observers predicted that the transition would be a smooth one, emerging details about the nature of the new charter suggest there was bitter wrangling between the representatives of the two organizations.

A particularly contentious issue concerned the representation in the new institution. Interhall has traditionally operated on a dorm-based franchise, while SGA relied on a year-based system of representation. Interhall President Devin Donovan is said to have been concerned about the effects on some of the less-populated dorms if VSG was to operate under the SGA system, which, being based on the popular vote, would give students in Highland Quad immense influence compared to residents of Vandy Barnard.

Accordingly, Donovan proposed what became known as the "Kissam Plan," whereby VSG would have two representatives from each dorm on its governing body. SGA President Boone Lancaster countered with his own proposal, dubbed the "Chaffin Compromise," under which VSG would be broken into a bicameral system, with representation in one chamber being based on dorms and the other on overall population. After several hours of tense discussion, the Chaffin Compromise was finally adopted, especially after the circulation of Lancaster's "Commodore #10" convinced many skeptics of the merits of his suggestion.

In a move that may turn out to be even more controversial in the long-



The new VSG charter will establish a smaller senate and unite Vanderbilt under a single leader

term, the delegates thrashed out a formula for deciding how much of VSG resources should be given to each student. Several of those based in Towers argued that it was unfair to count HOD Majors in the per capita count for distributing VSG money, as they were "childlike" in their reasoning and not capable of the independent thought required to make responsible decisions.

This suggestion was met with protests by residents of Lewis, Morgan and other dorms at the southern end of campus, who argued that they should not be penalized just because so many of their co-residents were in Peabody. Eventually, it was agreed that

for the purposes of getting a charter passed, HOD Majors would be considered as 3/5 of a regular student for calculating representation and financial appropriations.

Even with all these compromises, however, many delegates left the meeting unsatisfied. Several accused the SGA leadership of seeking to concentrate power in the hands of VSG without adequately protecting the fundamental rights of Vanderbilt students, such as functioning card readers, salaciously themed parties on Greek Row and freedom from homeless people. When told that these rights would not be enshrined in the charter, an enraged Ryan

Wagner, Executive VP of Interhall, is reported to have slammed the table and demanded "Give me a guarantee of universal, 24-hour card-access to dorms, or give me death!"

The drafted charter must now be approved by the Vanderbilt undergraduate population as a whole, with the various factions expected to launch a bitter campaign for and against the proposals. It is not clear where the majority sentiment on campus lies, although on at least one issue there was evidence of unity, with both SGA and Interhall delegates agreeing that Vanderbilt would not participate in the slave trade after 2028.

I'm Entering Rehab

by **ROBERT SAUNDERS**

Editor's Note: The following is a transcript of a statement released by Slant editor and writer Robert Saunders on October 5, 2006.

A recent article in *The Hustler* revealed copies of instant messages and emails of story ideas and article drafts that reveal me to be an editor and writer for *The Slant*, the Vanderbilt humor and satire paper, despite my being a 35-year-old man with a job and a graduate degree. These instant messages, or IMs as the kids call them, express my penchant for crafting borderline racist and sexist material in order to mock racist and sexist attitudes, my less than wholesome interest in Katie Couric, and my fictional predilection for eating organic pussy.

The process of writing for undergraduates has required that I get inside the mind of the college student, eavesdropping on conversations at Iris cafe, walking surreptitiously behind coeds on the way to the library, and even teaching courses at the university. The result has been to warp my character, stunt my emotional development to that of a near-adolescent, and ensure that I never complete my doctorate in whatever the heck it was I came here to study. This is why I still drive a 1992 Honda with 160,000 miles on it and rent instead of owning a house.

These acts have brought near universal indifference to my writing career and shame to those who have been forced to read my contributions. To those whom I have hurt, I am deeply sorry for your pain and ask your forgiveness.

I came upon this disease the way many before me have. I was asked by the neighborhood children to play "show and tell" with my genitals during my elementary school years, and throughout my development I acquired a sexual appetite for women who were plus or minus two standard deviations away from my current age. Between this and the divorce of my parents at the tender age of 25, I sought refuge in the only bosom that I could, the whore

that is the comedic arts. I am ashamed of these acts that have fueled my half-assed career on the fringes of semi-professional comedy.

My therapist said it would take a sincere commitment to change, working through a behavioral modification program, and the support of others who knew of my weaknesses to overcome my self-destructive behaviors. Or, I could pay to go through rehab, get a doctor to sign off on my recovery, and resume being the person I've always been without the shame of admitting that I caused my own problems.

I'm going with option B.

Thus, I announce that I am entering a rehabilitation clinic in Taos, New Mexico to recover from my addiction to sophomoric humor. The program begins with a 7-day detoxification from metacultural media like Gawker, YouTube, and VH1, as well as primary cultural sources like television and Page Six of the *New York Post*. I will gradually step down to where I interact with nature directly rather than through any electronic or mechanical device. It all sounds rather trippy, but I am committed to going through the motions, while poaching WiFi signals from my suite and listening to RawDog Comedy on Sirius Satellite, to earn your sympathy.

Although I don't deserve your forgiveness for my unforgivable acts, I'm afraid you must grant it. Part of the sacred bond between addict, rehabilitation clinic, and the American public is an acknowledgment that I am not responsible for my problems, at least not directly. I have a disease, and the disease makes me do bad things. Therefore, you cannot judge me, but only my actions.

Once I have been treated for the disease, you must not look at me as some loser who lacks the ambition or talent to commit to a writing career, a dork who harbors a misguided belief that he is hip because he can speak the lingo of today's 18-year-old, or a potentially psychotic pervert.

Rather, admitting my problem transforms me into a tragic figure tainted by a disease, like herpes. I will do the bare

minimum of what I can to control the spread of my disease, but I will have outbreaks. So long as I let you know that I'm infected, the fact that you continue to consume my writing is on you.

I want to thank *The Slant's* editors, who have been enormously supportive of my rehabilitation efforts. Cynics among you will claim that they are my enablers, the very people who trapped me into this life of semi-pornographic comedy writing by providing encouragement and blank pages of newsprint to fill. Now that I think about it, those people may be right.

Still, they are contributing a portion of *The Slant's* VSC budget to fund my four-week stay at the El Monte Sagrado Living Resort and Spa in Taos. Without their support from student activity fee money and a separate grant from Constance Gee's household maintenance fund, I would not be able to receive the treatment I so richly need and deserve.

Through a continuing education creative writing program at the Taos Institute, leading writers will instruct me in how to write responsibly in a variety of styles that are appropriate to my age and rely less upon masturbatory imagery. These ultimately will prove unsuccessful as I expect to be drawing pornographic cartoons and caricatures while the lecturer speaks. Nevertheless, I am grateful for the opportunity to ignore their insights into the craft of writing.

Thank you again to Vanderbilt University, Vanderbilt Student Communications, and *The Slant* for making my recovery possible.

God bless. 🍀

Need Help?

We do. Our advice column returns in the next issue, featuring actual questions from you, the Vanderbilt Students. Ask us things!

slantadvice@gmail.com

VANDERBILT FOOTBALL

4-2



The past two weeks saw the Vanderbilt Commodores fall to 4-2 against the spread. Bobby Johnson's team lost a close game on September 30 to the Temple Owls. Vanderbilt was down 34 points at kickoff and fought hard to close the gap. They couldn't quite muster enough offense, however, and suffered their first loss of the season with a final score of 43-48. The next Saturday, the Dores blew a number of opportunities against Ole Miss and lost 10-19 on the road.

Vanderbilt hopes to rebound over the next two weeks. Bobby Johnson can look forward to a distinct kickoff advantage next week at Georgia. A few points on offense and one or two defensive stops should be enough to secure the win. The mighty Dores then return to Nashville for homecoming on October 21 to face the South Carolina gamecocks. The number three team in the SEC East could prove troublesome for Vandy, but coach Johnson will be under pressure to deliver a homecoming win against the spread, which he will likely provide in the form of a heartbreaking "reality" loss. 🍀

SLANTCLASSIFIEDS

Lost: One (1) Magical Hammer and set of gloves and belt. Last seen in land of Frost Giants.
If found, contact "thor@asgard.gov"

Unwanted Baby Shower Gifts Gold, Frankincense, and Unknown Substance. Must liquidate for upcoming trip to Egypt

Homely, well-built stepsister seeking companionship. Willing to cut off toes to "fit in."
Particularly Interested in Non-obnoxious Royalty.

Greek Deity Seeking Attractive, Naive Virgin(s) Must be willing to take on non-human forms and raise demi-gods alone.

Large, Hollow Horse for Sale by Naive Ancient City. One Previous Owner.
Asking Price: One Epic Poem, OBO - Need Cash Fast for Rebuilding.

Trickster God Seeking to Purchase Mistletoe for non-malicious purposes
Contact "definitelynotloki@hotmail.com"

Freethinking, British Naturalist Seeks Missing Link Must be bipedal. Facial hair, sagittal crest not a problem. No fatties.

New Nation Seeks Unalienable Rights for Centuries of Devoted Worship. Ambiguity Preferred. Tyrants Need Not Apply.

Loveable Rogue Seeks 5 SWFs. Ladies of the Night with No Immediate Family Only. Apply to 'jack@victorianlondon.co.uk'

Doomed Hunchbacked Monarch Seeks Horse. Will Trade Kingdom.

Tsarina Seeks Well-Endowed Farm Animal for 'Horseplay' Must be Open to Unconventional Relationships. Thoroughbreds Only.

Italian Great Master Seeks Pasty, Enigmatic, Androgenous Model for Cryptic Painting. GSOH, Merovingian preferred.

Wanted: Well-trained "Plumbers" to see to "Leaks" in prestigious Washington Hotel. Absolute Discretion Required. Send CV to "CREEP@whitehouse.gov"

Greek Philosopher Seeking Roughly Circular Lost Continent to Prove Philosophical Point

SLANTLIBS

Sitting in class, on a shuttle, or at the airport and thinking that you either want to make a new friend or scare away a stranger? Grab a neighbor and fill in in the blanks below, then fold to page 11.

(adjective)
(name of hometown)
(verb)
(noun)
(proper name)
(adjective)
(noun)
(pronoun)
(genital part)
(verb)
(gerund)
(adjective)
(noun)
(adjective)
(modifier)
(abstract noun)
(name of class)
(proper name)
(noun)
(pronoun)
(class name)
(proper name)
(transitive verb)
(college administrator)
(pluperfect infinitive)
(adjective)
(past tense verb)
(preposition)
(past tense verb)
(kind of animal)
(AXLE Science class)
(noncount noun)
(past tense verb)
(preposition)
(modal verb)
(adverb)
(proper name)
(gerund)

(antecedent)
(verb)
(compound predicate)
(dangling modifier)
(demonstrative pronoun)
(transitive verb)
(name of residence hall)
(proper name)
(gerund)
(pronoun)
(adjective)
(adverb)
(number in Spanish)
(subordinating conjunction)
(gerund)
(past tense verb)
(proper name)
(personal pronoun)
(preposition)
(verb)
(noun)
(auxilliary verb)
(past participle)
(noun)
(appositive)
(gerund)
(verb)
(noun)
(personal pronoun)
(infinitive)
(time of day)
(Noun)
(verb)
(adverb)
(modifier)
(abstract noun)
(pluperfect subjunctive verb)
(places a cat can go)

AROUNDTHELOOP



What do you think about Constance Gee's smoking?

SLANTMAJOROSCOPES

Music Composition:

Drawing a pentagram inside your circle of fifths won't allow Satan's power to flow through your music, but a bit more goat blood couldn't hurt.

Neuroscience:

Your thesis on neuronal cell death will take an unexpected turn after the zombie uprising.

Mechanical Engineering:

Ease your problems meeting girls by taking a women's studies course. Make sure your nails and hair are presentable, then wait for one to approach you.

Molecular and Cellular Biology:

Your unethical treatment of lab subjects will lead you to spend the rest of your days in a cell, the kind without a permeable membrane.

History:

As a student of history, you know predicting the future is a hazardous business, yet you continue to read. Your foolishness will be punished.

German:

Your study of vocabulary will pay off when you finally get a job as a Donaudampfschiffahrtselektrizitaeten-hauptbetriebswerkbaubeamter.

French:

Put on some Edith Piaf records and enjoy your rich, fulfilling life of unemployment, ennui, and chain-smoking.

Spanish:

You will grow to regret your choice of major after your disastrous "internship" with FARC.

Computer Science:

Another week of World of Warcraft and furious masturbation.

Political Science:

Your self-esteem will hit an all-time high over the next three weeks. But after November 8, be prepared for two years of loneliness.

Classical Studies:

Unfortunately, getting hammered on wine on the steps of the Parthenon is not a class. But it should be.

Women and Gender Studies:

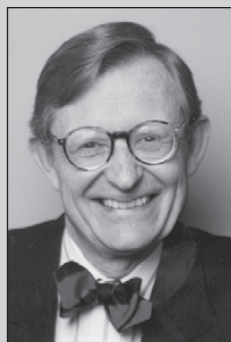
That hot mechanical engineering chick in your class is only there to pick up girls. Compliment her on her hair and nails.

Kenneth Moritsugu, Surgeon General



"Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight."

Gordon Gee, Wealthy Elitist



"It's only a problem when she's pumping gas."

Alexi Breshnevinski, stationed on ISS since last November



"I'd kill for a light right now."

Lost spelunker, missing somewhere beneath Pennsylvania



"I'd kill for a light right now."

Sawa Kiplinger, Peabody Junior



"Wait, Constance is pregnant?"

Richard McCarty, A&S Dean



"She's pretty hot, but I don't know if I'd say smoking."

FILL IN PAGE 9 FIRST

Original Puzzle By Meredith Gray
 Formatting by Meredith Trezise

On my first day of college, I was very _____ . I was so glad to finally be out of _____ that I could almost
 _____ a _____ . As I prepared for my first class, I thought about _____ , my _____
 (adjective) (name of hometown) (verb) (noun) (proper name) (adjective)

ex-_____ . Man, _____ sure was a _____ . I almost _____ track of time
 (noun) (pronoun) (genital part) (verb)

_____ about that _____ that I was _____ late _____
 (gerund) (adjective) (noun) (adjective) (modifier)

_____ . On my way to _____ I saw _____ , that _____ stain from my Vanderbilt
 (abstract noun) (name of class) (proper name) (noun)

Visions group. It turned out that _____ had _____ with me! Before I could tell _____ to
 (pronoun) (class name) (proper name)

_____ and suck off _____ , I realized we should both _____ so that we wouldn't be too
 (transitive verb) (college administrator) (pluperfect infinitive)

_____ . As it _____ turned _____ , that class _____ a _____ . Why did I
 (adjective) (past tense verb) (preposition) (past tense verb) (kind of animal)

sign up for _____ ?
 (AXLE Science class)

The rest of the day was _____ . I ordered a _____ salad _____ Rand, and _____
 (noncount noun) (past tense verb) (preposition) (modal verb)

have _____ if it wasn't for _____ , who _____ told me I'd better _____ instead of
 (adverb) (proper name) (gerund) (antecedent)

_____ or _____ . If it wasn't for him, I _____ and so _____ at Stonehenge
 (verb) (compound predicate) (dangling modifier) (transitive verb)

instead. And I _____ until 4 o'clock.
 (demonstrative pronoun)

When I got back to my residence hall, _____ , my RA _____ was _____ vodka punch in
 (name of residence hall) (proper name) (gerund)

_____ room for the whole floor! It was _____ . I _____ drank _____ of cups of
 (pronoun) (adjective) (adverb) (number in Spanish)

punch _____ I _____ all over _____ until _____ woke
 (subordinating conjunction) (gerund) (past tense verb) (proper name) (personal pronoun)

_____ and told me to _____ myself with an 18 inch _____ . It was some _____
 (preposition) (verb) (noun) (auxilliary verb)

night, and _____ , _____ , never again. I _____
 (past participle) (noun) (appositive) (gerund) (verb) (noun)

_____ until almost _____ . _____ ; _____
 (personal pronoun) (infinitive) (time of day) (Noun) (verb) (adverb) (modifier)

_____ . Motherfucker.
 (abstract noun) (pluperfect subjunctive verb) (places a cat can go)

**Top Ten Things Pornos Based
on Children's Programming**

- 10** Debbie Does Sesame Street
- 9** Pete and Pete: The College Years
- 8** Intimate Secrets of the Hidden Temple
- 7** Ghostwriter: Stories of Passion
- 6** Salute in Your Shorts
- 5** The Secret Girls of Alex Mack
- 4** Chippendale Rescue Rangers
- 3** Super Slurpy Double Dare
- 2** Land of the Lust
- 1** Three Angry Beavers

The Slant presents your 2006

Popularity King and Queen



*You are cordially invited to the crowning
of this year's King and Queen.*

*To take place October 21st prior to the game at the student tailgate.
Food and beverages shall be provided.*