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FROM THE EDITOR



SEAN TIERNEY

One of the reasons I was elected editor as a sophomore was that I promised to destroy Versus once and for all, thus bringing further glory to The Slant. Unfortunately, it turns out Darcy Newell is a pretty wily character.

Well, the joke's on her, because running a publication is more difficult than fighting off a group of angry gorillas with a potato gun.

Just because people understand what a writer says does not mean they understand what it is a writer does. I for instance, have no clue.

At least this job is filled with interesting experiences. You have no idea what gossip crosses my desk or how many random people introduce themselves at parties by saying they get my emails (but never read them) or have been planning on actually contributing content one day (but never will).

Usually, friends will mention my editorship when they're trying to justify their decisions to bring me along. Like this:

Me: "...not too long after that my dog went blind and ran in front of a car. Grandma cried for days and wouldn't talk to anyone for a month."

(Prolonged pause)

Friend: "So Sean's the editor of The Slant..."

Random Person: "Oh! I get it! That was a really funny story, Sean."

Me: "No, it's a sad story. Why does everyone keep saying that?"

Now, a lesser man would use the fact that he runs the second-most-read publication on campus as a means of impressing girls. Not me. I have deliberately running this show into the ground merely to prove that I can score without relying on such tactics. It didn't work. Now I've got nothing to impress the ladies with at all.

Except, of course, when they don't know what The Slant is.

If a guy doesn't know what The Slant is, our conversation usually ends like this:

Me: "Bet you didn't expect me to rip your eye out of its socket with my bare knuckles, did you? I have half a mind to rip the other one out, too. I really could use the readership, though."

But if it's a girl, our conversation usually ends like this:

Me: "So after I spent two months imbedded with a platoon in Iraq, The Slant called me back to cover the Stones tour. Jagger and I go way back to when I was twelve.... Just out of curiosity, do you live in a single or a double? And, if a double, is your roommate around?"

Ah, the perks of being king.
Color the wheat.

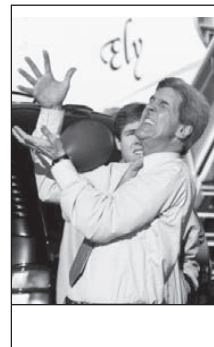
Kerry Endorses Obama; Seals Nomination for Clinton

Sen. John Kerry, the Democratic Party's nominee for president in 2004, endorsed Sen. Barack Obama for the 2008 nomination. "Senator Obama has the vision necessary to bring his nation together to overcome the disastrous legacy of the Bush administration," said Kerry. The endorsement



from the not especially popular liberal Massachusetts senator is expected to quash any remaining momentum from Obama's victory in the Jan. 3 Iowa caucuses and torpedo his chances for winning the nomination. "I think Senator Kerry's endorsement assures that Senator Obama will not be in the White House in 2009," said an anonymous source from the New York Times.

Said Obama when informed of the endorsement: "I thought I actually had a chance at winning, but Senator Kerry decided to sabotage my campaign. I have no idea why he would intentionally ruin my chance at the nomination,



but he succeeded in ensuring that I will never set foot in the Oval Office." Added Obama, "NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!"

12%

Percentage of readers who find us funny.



Team That Wanted It More Loses First Game Ever

The longest unbeaten streak in the nation ended last week after 75 years and over 14,000 professional sports contests when the team that wanted it more lost its first game.

This time, incompetence proved more important than mere desire.

"This outcome violates everything I've ever known or believed about sports competition," said ESPN Radio talkshow host Colin Cowherd. "Somebody should tie me up, dump me in the trunk of a car, and shoot me with cop killer bullets then drive that car off the George Washington Bridge."

The team that wanted it more hustled for loose balls, contested every shot, did not give up anything without a fight and played its heart out, but that was simply not enough to overcome its overall lack of talent.



Continued Cowherd, "Who knew there was more to winning basketball, baseball, football, soccer, tennis, racing of any kind, wrestling, volleyball, kick boxing, field events, fencing, or gymnastics than sheer will power? This is a historic day in the worldwide athletic community and one that will be talked about for years to come." 🍌

HORATIO SANZ LOOK-ALIKE DROPS OUT OF PRESIDENTIAL RACE

The Horatio Sanz look-alike presidential candidate has decided that he will no longer participate in bid for the White House. Citing personal issues and a lack of funding, Sanz's look-alike's publicist reiterated that his candidate would be dropping out of the race in order to focus on his comedy career. "It just isn't the right time for me to be pursuing a political career. I need to take some time off and really work on my act, and spend more time working on what I enjoy the most. I love politics, but I just don't think it's the right time for me to run," the look-alike said. The real Horatio Sanz was unavailable for comment. 🍌



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MASTHEAD



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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE
CONTENDIT

Corrections:

Last issue's cover featured a sign that read, "size doesn't matter." We would like to apologize for any confusion, bad feelings, or not-feelings this may have caused.

Dramatic Increase in Vanderbilt Applications is All Because of Me!

I am personally responsible for everything good about Vanderbilt

by **BRENDAN ALVIANI**

You probably don't read the Hustler, so let me tell you something: the number of applicants to Vanderbilt increased by a record-breaking 30% this year! Instead of 12,911 like last year, 16,800 people applied for the right to get shwasted at Vandy. I know you can't do math, so let me do it for you- that's, like, almost sorta kinda 4,000 more people. And you know what? It's all because of me.

Arguably, the most important contribution I made this year was my unicycling. Yes, I'm the unicycle guy. No, you don't have to keep throwing your panties at me every time I roll past. I mean, I appreciate it, but you can just write your number on something more traditional, like a love letter. Plus, it makes it really hard for the prospective students to compete, since they don't even know the level of affection this campus has for me. I can see it in their eyes; they're saying to themselves "Whoa, a unicycle guy! That's so cool! I mean, Vanderbilt has pretty good academics, but what other campuses have unicyclists? Nowhere else I've seen. That settles it, I'm applying here!"

Of course, it helps that I have such great music tastes. They actually hear my cutting-edge indie rock through my iPod earbuds as I roll past. "Wow, that awesome dude is listening to Modest Mouse's Good News for People Who Love Bad News. This is the sophisticated and nuanced type of place I want to go to!"

Now, some of you haters out there might be skeptical of some of my claims. This is understandable; even other cool cats like Jesus have had their fair share of unbelievers. You might try saying that the new Commons dining center monopolized on the "really want to go to Hogwarts, but will settle for a muggle school" demographic. You could argue that Zeppos has enthusiastically done a great job so far. You might even go so far to pat yourself on the back and point out that we've had the best freshmen class EVER every year for several years now. Well, get over yourself- it's all me.

I actually thought of the Commons and handed the complete plans over to my tour guide when I visited two years ago. I was the one person who actually voted via email for the chancellor selection committee. Fortunately, my choice

of Zeppos won out against the only other candidate, Stephen Colbert. Although the Facebook group campaigning for him did actually reach the required 10,000 people, nobody bothered to inform the official selection committee like I did. Student apathy for the win!

Not only am I cool, but I also have cool friends. For example, my anonymous friend Mr. X (which stands for seXy) was the guy who drew the hilarious penises all over Peabody on parents weekend. Although there was definitely some eye-covering, there were also a ton of people who found those joyously phallic meatsticks welcoming and representative of a light-hearted campus. A campus so light-hearted that they don't even send out workers with hoses until monday morning.

Other friends of mine include Stephen Colbert (sorry about your candidacy!), Dane Cook, Michael Cera, Jesus, the entire Justice League, and Barack Obama (don't worry, I'll help you out a lot more than Stephen).

Why should you care that I'm personally responsible for lifting Vanderbilt up? Well, besides the fact that it makes your \$50,000 a year

degree even more valuable for when you graduate, it also ties into academics. My academics. For example, I'm taking Adolescent Psychology. Right now, we're learning about the Personal Fable, which is when teens think they are completely special and unique. Well, let me tell you something Dr. Vicki Harris- that isn't a Fable, that's the Truth. That Imagined Audience, when teens think everyone is paying attention? That's a real audience, especially since this is a real newspaper that real people are reading. So boo-ya! Who's being childish and immature now?

Anyway, this miserable newspaper is cutting me off. Something about "length maximums" and "too much awesomeness for one paper." Anyways, rest assured that I could write like an entire book about how amazingly amazing I am. I would call it an "auto-bio-graphy," since I'm smart with latin roots like that. If you would like to hear more of my clever ideas and amusing anecdotes, then feel free to stop me sometime and ask. Just don't go on and on and on and on about how amazingly amazing I am- I'm far too modest for that... 🐣

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Students Suspected of Prank Calling Campus Suicide Hotline

Successfully raise awareness of such a hotline at Vanderbilt

By **DANIEL CUNNINGHAM**

According to Renee Schlesinger, director of the Mental Health Division of Student Health at Vanderbilt, students have been using the 24-hour campus suicide hotline to express more than just angst.

"We've been receiving a number of calls from students who are not actually suicidal," said Schlesinger. "Saturday, for example, more than a hundred students called within a four-hour period to voice their anguish over the lack of takeout containers at the Commons Food Gallery. The following week we received almost five hundred calls from students threatening to commit suicide unless the university built an adult movie theater. At that point, we began to suspect an organized effort."

Even then, Schlesinger was hesitant to accuse students of deliberately abusing the hotline and continued to treat the calls in a serious

and professional manner.

Yesterday, however, student abuse of the hotline became undeniable when around four thousand students called to deliver the exact same phrase: "I can't possibly imagine living another minute unless Sean Connery is named Chancellor of Vanderbilt University."

In addition to confirming the department's suspicions, these systematic calls created a serious problem. "The busy phone lines prevented us from talking to a number of students who were legitimately suicidal," said Schlesinger.

Campus police did in fact record three suicides yesterday, said VUPD

Captain Margaret Collings, who added that all three left notes.

"Tragically, two of the suicide notes actually mentioned not being able to reach the counseling center. The third note appears to point to an unfortunate misunderstanding: it said, 'Well, guys, I guess

the Sean Connery thing didn't work. See you all in hell!'"

Students were quick to condemn such dishonest calling practices.

"I would never do that," said senior Arthur Bodey, president of a new organization called

Students For Calling The Suicide Hotline To Ask For Sean Connery To Be Named Chancellor (SFCTSHTA-FSCTBNC).

"Abusing the suicide hotline is as heinous as breaking alcohol laws by playing drinking games or by promoting underage drinking! I'm sure that Vanderbilt students would never, ever violate these rules," Bodey added.

Another student, sophomore Carl Mulligan, also expressed disgust for the practice. "That's totally selfish," he said. "I only use the hotline for phone sex."

As yet, the issue remains unresolved, with no system for determining the legitimacy of suicide calls.

"We considered just hanging up on students when we can't hear Hawthorne Heights playing in the background," said Schlesinger, "but then we realized that would require our operators to develop a familiarity with their music, which would probably lead to suicides within the department." ●

"I can't possibly imagine living another minute unless Sean Connery is named Chancellor of Vanderbilt University."

Wanted Fugitive Becomes Fortunate Victim Of Identity Theft

by **SEAN TIERNEY**

Recent prison escapee, Grett "Manslaughter" Johnson, has become the most recent of a slew of identity theft victims that have had their personal identities stolen.

On December 24th, laptops containing the names and social security numbers of over 300,000 Davidson County voters were stolen from Election Commission offices. This prompted fears of widespread identity theft in

the Nashville area. Johnson, on the other hand, was relieved.

The convicted serial-killer broke out of a maximum security unit on December 8th. With a state-wide manhunt out to catch him, Johnson believed there was little that could have saved him from being re-incarcerated by the Justice Department.

"I thought I might have only a few days, maybe a week of freedom before they would find me, luckily some poor shmuck decided that he wanted to take on my iden-

tity," a relieved Johnson confided.

"I almost feel bad for the guy who stole my identity. It just goes to show you that crime doesn't pay. Well, almost."

Meanwhile, the perpetrator of the identity thefts has been captured and is being imprisoned for Johnson's crimes.

"I was kind of surprised when we showed up at this guy's house and he didn't look anything like I remembered, but I figured it was just a lot of plastic surgery. I wasn't

sure what to do when he started crying and screaming that he wasn't the real Johnson, but I mean, he was charging stuff to Johnson's credit card. Who else could he be?" said Trevor Payne, the U.S. Marshal in charge of the hunt for Johnson.

Of course, Johnson will not be getting off scott-free. "That bastard ran up tens of thousands of dollars in my name in a matter of hours. My credit score is ruined!" ●

New Math Book Edition To Keep Up With The Ever-Changing Field Of Calculus

by DAVID BARZELAY

For the sixth straight year, the Math Department has made the bold decision to equip their students with the latest edition of Addison-Wesley calculus books in order to ensure their students are up-to-date with the dynamic science of calculus. The textbooks, which now feature a much more eye-pleasing forest green cover, cost only nine dollars more than those of last year's edition, despite containing all the latest advances made in the subject, and featuring numerous aesthetic improvements to the books.

Said Director of Teaching Jo Ann Staples, "I've been teaching calc for 40 years now, but every year I learn something new - because every year calculus itself changes extensively. We've come such a long way from the novice musings of Newton and Leibniz, and I'm really looking forward to discovering what the subject of calculus will be about this year!"

The all-new intro by the books' editor, Ross Finney, begins, "Welcome to the ephemeral discipline of calculus. I am so personally excited to have the privilege of introducing you to the many new discoveries made in the last year, and indeed even dramatic shifts in paradigm."

Clearly the authors are betting that they've kept sufficiently up to date. "In this business," commented Finney, "there's always a danger that a revolutionary discovery will be made right before the new year and you'll have just missed it, making you the laughing stock of the textbook community. That's why we work so hard to keep up with the increasingly rapid changes occurring in the field of Beginning Calculus."

Textbook makers are, according to publishers, the most underappreciated link in the academic chain. They must keep up with the latest psychological studies defining which

particular hues are most emotionally soothing, and whether students retain information better when it is contained in a box with or without a bold outline.

"For instance," says McGraw-Hill Mathematics Supervisor Ken Donaldson, "this year's edition of our calculus book contains a Green-107 crosshatched background box behind any 'Equations To Keep'. Last year's edition was Green-109 and had no crosshatching, which was almost a disaster! The only thing that saved us was our "Economic Mnemonic" page each chapter where we applied a calculus concept to a real-world, task-based, deductive word problem. It really helped make the concepts tangible to students. Those are just two examples of the type of subtle but important touches textbook makers agonize over."

Addison-Wesley is also offering a textbook recycling program to help minimize the environmental impact of changing to new editions. "Students are encouraged," said Addison-Wesley Head of Publishing Karen Newsome, "to send your old textbooks back to us so that we can recycle them. We are usually able to recover and reuse at least 987 of the 1035 pages, which is great for the trees. Here at Addison-Wesley, we are all big environmental-ists."

In addition to the new calculus books, several other departments are introducing new editions of textbooks, and the changes have many Vanderbilt professors very excited. Said biology professor Martin Bleer, "Last year, we thought there were 468 species of hymenoptera, but we now know that there are in fact only 467. It turns out the *Stenamma diecki* and the *Stenamma imparcan* mate together after all. This major revelation is intriguing and it is very important that our students have access to the latest information, especially for their spare-time independent studies!"

The textbook, *Beginning Calculus, A New Approach*, is available in the Vanderbilt Bookstore or online at www.efollett.com for just \$144.75, or bundled with the accompanying study guide, solutions manual, soft-

ware CD, and one month's free access to online explanations for \$229.75. Students can still sell back the old edition textbooks at the bookstore and get \$7.50 back for textbooks in good condition!

Answer This Before I Pledge

by ANONYMOUS

Before I decide to continue pledging, there are several things I'm unsure of. No, I don't want to ask about the brotherhood, strengthening of my personality, or life-long friendships. However, I do want to know the answers to a few other very important questions, like, for instance, how many barn animals I would have to have sex with.

But seriously, how many and, in particular, which ones? I wouldn't want to do anything with a horse, cow, or dog but I can deal with a sheep or pig. I have heard pigs have similar organs and sheep, well all that wool would probably feel real nice.

Also, I need to know which things once placed in the body would I have to insert in my mouth. I could deal with a condom as long as it didn't burst. Also, I don't really want anything to do with used tampons but... to be in the brotherhood, I'd at least consider it.

Though I'll do just about anything, I am a bit worried about certain parts of my body being subjected to burning. I want to keep my pubes free of fire. That would be too embarrassing, and wouldn't the heat kill my sperm? I think I would be fine with my head hair burnt, though. After all, it happened to Michael Jackson and he's completely normal now. The hair on the rest of my body is all fair game. Also a branding iron is cool so long as it's in a place I can hide it, such as my penis.

I would like to know which types of hard drugs I would be forced to use. I think I can drink up to four pitchers of beer and survive. I wouldn't mind smoking some weed, tripping on shrooms, ecstasy, and acid/LSD. I would want to avoid cocaine, her-

oin, and morphine, but I think I can deal with crack because, as Whitney Houston says, crack is cheap, so even if I become an addict, which is the scientifically proven result, I'd be fine.

When I have to go out in extreme weather or natural situations like sleeping outside in boxers or skinny dipping in a frozen lake or something, I prefer to try to live by the rule of threes. The rule of threes states that a person can go three minutes without air, three hours in extreme weather, three days without water and three weeks without food. To be Greek, I would go no more than pulling all to the rule of fours.

Finally, I would like to know what needles and other sharp objects, like pins or pencil lead, will be pushed into my body. I wouldn't care about anything non-fatal as long as it's not in the eyes. Well, except I'm really wondering about any needles going down the hole of my penis. Cause that would be terrible. I don't care whether you are really careful other than that, but I would prefer not to have anything stuck in there.

I guess going through all these challenges is worth it. After all, once I am Greek, my college life will completely change for the better. For example, I would find drinking buddies and free alcohol, I'll get to go to parties, and I'll have friends all for the expense of a little hazing. And, you know, several thousand dollars and a ton of time. That is completely worth it.

After all, beer, parties, and friends are all scarce on college campuses, even if Vandy is a "party" school. Well, now that I'm comfortable with the limits of my pledge capacity, I'm really looking forward to the adventure that awaits me!

HE SAID: Adam Wants His God-Damned Rib Back

by ANDREW BANECKER

After an argument of biblical proportions left him sleeping on the couch of Eden, Adam, the first being created in God's image, looked to the heavens and asked God to end his troubles by returning his rib.

According to Adam, ever since God removed one of Adam's ribs to create Eve, his life has been a living hell. "That bitch is crazy," claimed Adam. "I mean, nothing I do is good enough for her. I work my ass off all day so Eve and those ungrateful little demons can eat, and all that Succubus does is bitch and moan about how I don't spend enough time with her. Well how in Your name am I supposed to provide for her and the damn kids and cater to her 'emotional needs' at the same time? Oh, and those kids of hers! I swear if Cain wacks Abel over the head with a rock one more time... You know they pick up all of that hostility from their mother, that soulless harpy. Goddamnit, life would be so much easier if she was never created from my rib in the first place!" Adam then proceeded to shake his fist at the heavens angrily.

As Adam was venting, the heavens parted, and with a chorus of angels, God appeared. "What troubles thee, Adam?" He asked.

"What troubles thee? What troubles thee?!?!?" screamed Adam. "Oh, something is always wrong. What is she mad at this time? Only You know that. I get home and she's just giving me this look. You know, the 'I despise everything you are' look. I asked her what was wrong, and all she says is, 'You should know why I'm angry, Adam,' and just stares at me like I'm a complete jackass."

He then proceeded to rant and rave about subjects ranging from Eve's constant nagging to her repeated accusations that he is having an affair. "Who in the hell am I supposed to have an affair with? Seriously God, who? What the hell does she think I do? Take out a rib, get you to create me a woman for a night, and then convert her back to a rib which I then put back in my body?" asked Adam, adding, "That psycho even gives me this weird look every time I leave with the donkey to plow the fields."

God attempted to calm Adam and reminded him that it was his duty to "be fruitful and increase in number, fill the earth and subdue it," which prompted Adam to say, "And that's another thing. She was created for one thing and one thing only: SEX. And yet, that's the very thing she never wants to do. I mean, we're supposed to be populating the earth, and she doesn't feel like it because I'm never romantic. Shit, God, couldn't you have picked a rib that's not such a frigid bitch?"

God thought for a moment, then replied, "I am sorry that my divine intervention hath stricken thee with pain and sorrow, yet I cannot take Eve back now. Thou still dost need her to reproduce. Seeing as I decreed that thou shalt not uncover thy children's nakedness and thou shalt not lie with a man as one lies with a woman, Eve is thy only option. I must say that I am sorry that I created her with a taste for apples, though. Adam, I cannot return Eve to your rib cage, but," continued God, "I will tell you that the secret to understanding women is -"

"Original Sin!" interrupted Adam. "I didn't even think I needed to mention Original Sin!" he added, continuing, "Holy hell, all that dumb slut had to do was leave those goddamn apples alone, and humanity could live in a state of bliss forever in the Garden of Eden. But could she do that? Nooooo... she's got to eat her precious apple, convince me to do the same, and smite us all. Goddamnit!"

"Does Adam even know that I have a Ph.D in Astrophysics?"

"Couldn't you have picked a rib that's not such a frigid bitch?"

SHE SAID: Eve Wants Out Of The Relationship

by MEREDITH GRAY

After throwing Adam out of the bedroom as a result of his unflagging attempts to "dutch oven" her, Eve reportedly knelt on the floor and prayed to the Creator.

"God," she asked, wiping a tear from her eye, "why did you have to make me out of the rib of such a limp-dicked jackass?"

This is not the first incident of Eve's pleading with God as to why she was made from Adam. According to other flora and fauna exiled from Eden, as well as Adam himself, Eve participates in near-daily rants to God, asking Him why He made her, why He hates her, and above all, why He won't kill her. Eve's most recent conversation with God is reportedly her longest and most inflammatory.

"Does Adam even know that I have a Ph.D. in Astrophysics?" said Eve, rising from the floor and shaking her fist at the sky. "Not one living thing, save for the unicorn that Adam ate at our last barbecue in Eden, has called me Dr. Eve since I've been down here. And did Adam ever even ask about my educational background? No! It was, 'I'm hungry, go spear me a fish' and 'When you take a break from those contractions in childbirth, make me a sandwich.'"

Eve went on to describe her frustrations with Adam's refusal to help her around the house and with the children. "I work all

day taking care of those rat-bastard children, who never do anything besides poke each other in the eyes, which I know they got from watching "The Three Stooges" with Adam, and he waltzes into the house around noon and says, 'I'm tired of plowing, I want a meatloaf and a nooner.' So I cook, I clean, I take care of the kids, and I plow in the afternoon so that he can watch his soap operas. And the sex is terrible – the whole one minute and fourteen seconds it lasts is so sexually gratifying... not."

After listening to Eve's complaints for quite some time, God reached down one of His hands and patted Eve on the head. "You're so cute when you get angry," He said. "Now what was that about meatloaf?"


Upon hearing this, Eve went into a rage and began tearing up Adam's precious baseball card collection and flushed his Cuban cigars down the toilet.

"Who are You kidding, God?" she screamed as she set fire to the baseball card scraps. "I know You're a woman – You're just putting this on for the patriarchal male audience who is interpreting the Bible."

"True," said God. "But there's still nothing I can do about your situation. Things would have been fine if thou hadst not-"

"Don't go there, girlfriend," said Eve, holding up a mop menacingly. "Enough of this 'apple as a metaphor for sex' business. You know how it happened. Acouple wine coolers, and Adam going, 'You know you want it,' and for Your sake, if You didn't want me to do it, You wouldn't have given me a clitoris."

"I sure am funny," said God, who promptly turned around and left with a chorus of angels, leaving dark thunderclouds over Adam and Eve's house.

"Did I mention that he always leaves the seat up?" screamed Eve after God, and reached for her extra-strength bottle of Midol. 

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O Vandy Van, I Faithfully Await Your Return

by SEAN TIERNEY

O Vandy Van, why hast Thou forsaken me? It has been more than ten minutes since last You were here. I know, because I have faithfully awaited your return for quite some time now. Why must You delay your Second Coming so? Can You not sense my suffering?

This is not to say I am not grateful for all You provide, because I am. You keep me safe while shortening the time elapsed between pre-game and... game. You make it possible for girls to wear skimpy outfits in bad weather. You even drop me off behind Highland or by Towers when you're technically not supposed to.

In this cold, dark, rainy, windy, rapist-filled world, I will wait faithfully- yet increasingly impatiently- for Your triumphant return. And, at the appointed hour, I will welcome You with open arms.

Long Route, Express Route or Shuttle, whatever form You choose to manifest Yourself in, I will sing and leap about joyously. Mostly because of the alcohol.

I beg of You, hear me in my hour of need. Take me to a better place, to that place high up in the sky. Take me to Morgan.

The girl standing next to me wearing only a short skirt and a low-cut top has already collapsed to the ground with hypothermia.

Please, O Vandy Van, save me from that same fate.

I will not judge Your choice of music, nor the bizarre conversations of the other passengers, for I know You work in mysterious ways. Like the way You stop for inordinate amounts of time at the police headquarters over on Natchez Trace. I simply cannot hope to understand Your actions. But You are my mechanical shepherd and I will go with You, O Vandy Van, to the ends of the campus. As long as You come soon.

Why have You forsaken us? Not so very long ago, You would show up two or three at a time. Perhaps that was the result of terrible timing and inherent redundancy in the routes, but I believe it was because You just couldn't wait to see us. What changed in You? Was it because I got a little vomit on Your seats? Are You still angry about the time I punched the driver in the back of the head? Because I swear I was black out.

I know You're listening. You're always listening; everyone eavesdrops on the Vandy Van. Will not You come, bringing light and warmth and rescuing me from the darkness?

Whenever You choose to finally make your triumphant return, I will be there, faithfully and vigilantly awaiting your arrival.

Because seriously, Vandy Van, I think my balls have frozen off. ❄️

Diversifying Vanderbilt, One Stereotype At A Time

by KATHRYN EDWARDS

I was pretty excited when I got accepted to Vanderbilt last year. Yet, I ran into trouble when they asked me to check off my background. I checked "black" and "Hispanic" because... I'm both. Here's a paraphrasing of what Vanderbilt proceeded to tell me:

Dear Recently Accepted Student,

We would like to take the time now to congratulate you on your acceptance into Vanderbilt University. Out of all the shining applications we received this year, we felt that you would best suit what we are trying to do with our university.

That in mind, we have found a slight mix up on your admittance application. You marked under "race" that you were not only "black non-Hispanic" but also "Hispanic." As far as we checked, you can only claim

ONE of those. The "black non-Hispanic" clearly states that you have no hispanic heritage in you. Also we would like to address the fact that if you did not want to choose, you could have chosen "no answer."

However, since you were comfortable with picking, we would like to ask you to choose what makes YOU most comfortable. Choosing one isn't disowning that particular parent, it's just embracing the one you most identify with. We also have to give you name to EVERY organization on campus that identifies with that race so that with every ten emails you get a day, you can feel more and more adjusted with your people on campus.

As soon as you choose which of our percentages you'd like to increase, please feel free to call and make corrections.

See you in the fall,

Vanderbilt University ❄️

The Happiest Bar On Earth

by KRIS STENSLAND

Oh man, so I totally found the greatest club this weekend. As soon as I walked in the door, I felt like I was rushing again—all the guys there were so nice to me, bought me drinks, made sure I was having a good time—it was great! And it's the weirdest thing—it seems like all the girls there are just so... comfortable around you, they just want to dance and dance and dance with you!

Although, one was really confused when I tried to kiss her, which didn't make much sense to me, but it was still a great night. I totally got lots of compliments, especially on my clothes, and it seemed like everybody was really noticing my extra time at the rec.

I didn't quite get it when some guy said my shirt (that funny one that says "I heart female orgasm") was ironic, but whatever.

Everything there just reflects the stuff I like—the name is kind of sporty, yet just enough like videogames to keep me interested. The music was awesome, and there were definitely no fat people there. Boy, everything was just perfect.

If you're ever in the neighborhood, you should definitely stop by PLAY. ❄️



The Slant's ProTips For Success At Vanderbilt

Follow these simple instructions to increase your enjoyment of Vanderbilt by 200%

by **RACHEL UNGER**

1. Make appointments at student health. Nobody does this, so even if you're on your way there you can usually make an appointment while you're on your way there and still be in and out quicker than the walk-in that had already been waiting for 20 minutes. They also give away free condoms, but only the first 5 are free.

2. The Tartine sandwiches at the Munchie Mart are faster and more delicious than anything at CX2 for those unlucky enough to share in the Universal Tuesday/Thursday lunch break.

3. Many of your textbooks are available at the library, and you can play the 2-week recall game with your classmates all semester! It's also cheaper to photocopy them if you're only going to read 2-5 articles out of a given book. This used to be even cheaper when copies were free.

4. Don't eat at Grin's if they don't have the Ranch pasta Salad. It isn't worth it.

5. Chef James comes with 3 sides, not just 2. Don't get gipped. This is usually enough food for 2 meals for those with a refridgerator. Be careful not to

overheat, though, as the food will, indeed, melt through the plastic. I've eaten it anyway and have yet to have ill effects, however.

6. Saturday at midnight is a guaranteed way to do laundry without competition. You also don't have to worry about someone evicting you from a dryer, so party on and pick it up in the morning.

7. If you forgot your softner, someone has surely left their box of dryer sheets unguarded and could not possibly notice one or two missing.

8. The Divinity school serves food, but it isn't on the meal plan, so it is never crowded. Keep in mind you have tons of Meal Money to burn if the lines are too long at Rand.

9. Don't live in towers if you expect to get a convenient parking spot. Live in Morgan.

10. Don't buy all of your textbooks at once. You won't use all of them, and most of them you could have found cheaper on Amazon.com by the time you need them 2 months into the semester. Check your syllabi and purchase accordingly."●

Answers to Last Issue's Wiki-racing Questions

Spice girls > Oslo > Old Norse > Old Gutnish

Slobodan Milosevic > French > Belgium > History of Coal Mining

Your mom (mother insult)> tongue in cheek > Sir Walter Scott > Postmodern

Bob Jones University > Abercrombie & Fitch>Fifth Avenue

Pie > Clowns > Free Speech > Westboro Baptist Church

Ninja > suspension of disbelief > B-movie > "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!"

Game testing > raison d'être > Cardinal Richelieu

Loach (fish) > Henry IV, part I > realpolitik > Otto von Bismarck

Vanderbilt University > Providence > organized crime > human trafficking

Noam Chomsky > Vietnam War > Fraggging > Battle of Blenheim

The Slant > Ben Folds > Jesus

Bastard Confession



"Instead of weighing in on the debate over whether or not Reid Simon's actions are grounds for impeachment, I'd just gonna abuse my power of the press to point out how redundant, ill-conceived, useless, underhanded and politically motivated his forum was in the first place. Also, I couldn't think of anything funny to put here."

-Sean Tierney,
Editor in Chief

“Jimmy Kelly Fan of the Game” Winners Robert Funke and Jay Salato Application for Double Date

Name

 Last First Middle (full) Date of Birth

Applying for potential date of:

__Jay __Robert

Interest level:

__Long Term __Short Term __Purely physical __Free meal

Ethnic Background:

__African/African American __Latina/Hispanic __Asian __Indian __Pacific Islander
 __Native American/Alaskan native __Puerto Rican __Other (Please specify)

Marital Status:

__Married __Divorced __Separated __Other (please specify)

Possible career plans:

Extracurricular Activities:

If you are applying in tandem with another girl, what is the name of the other applicant? _____
 Number where applicant can be reached: _____

To be answered on a separate sheet, in paragraph form:

Vanderbilt Fanaticism (choose one):

- a. Who is Ted Cain and why should he be relieved of his job?
- b. Who is your favorite 90's-era Vanderbilt athlete and why?
- c. Write an incoherent tirade about your hatred of the University of Tennessee.

Personal information:

What is your favorite memory, real or imagined, of Robert, Jay, or the two of them together?

Creative assignment:

Please write a poem, in either Shakespearian sonnet or limerick form, about Jay, Robert, dinner, sports, your own hotness.

Have you ever been convicted of a felony? __Yes __No

Have you ever “snitched” on someone eventually convicted of a felony? __Yes __No

I hereby confirm that the above information is true, or fabricated with good intention. I acknowledge that Jay and Robert have full control over the application process, and will not think any less of them if my application is not chosen. I think that Robert, specifically, is funny for doing this, and do not find him arrogant, sexist, or attention-whorish. Should the cost of my meal at Jimmy Kelly's exceed \$25 dollars, neither Robert nor Jay is obligated to pay the remainder.

Signature _____ Date _____

Win a Date with Robert Funke and/or Jay Salato!

Hi there. I'm Robert Funke. You may recognize me as Saturday's "Jimmy Kelly's Steakhouse Fan of the Game."

When I arrived at Vanderbilt in '05, I was chagrined to realize that there is a stunning lack of school spirit at this school. I set about to correct this in any way I could. I painted my chest. I traveled to road games. I publicly humiliated girls who wore the opposing teams' colors to football games, occasionally making them cry. I also once threatened to put Uggas the Georgia Bulldog in a blender.

I was not alone. Fellow lifelong Vanderbilt fan and 2007 Outstanding Senior Jay Salato, class of '07, stood strong beside me from the beginning. But revitalizing this campus's school spirit was an arduous and thankless venture for both of us.

Thankless, that is, until we both won "Fan of the Game" within a single week. Jay's victory came when the cameraman focused upon Jay, who stood, spinning his t-shirt in his hand (like a helicopter), and repeatedly screamed "Jayzor!" which looked to the cameraman like "Go Does!" My victory came from doing the same thing I have done at every single home game for the past three years: stood silent and still, face grimaced, pointing at myself with my thumbs. It finally worked.

Suddenly we had our thanks for these years of hardworking fandom. My mother, who happened to be at the game (quote: "Big C is gay"), leapt from her seat and ran to me, screaming, "That's my baby!"

More surprising than the sudden commotion, however, was the fact that the Fan of the Game gets a prize: sweet, sweet coin. This is where you, dear reader, come in.

Jay and I now have matching gift certificates: dinner for two at Jimmy Kelly's Steakhouse (est. 1934). However, somehow neither of us have girlfriends. We are therefore accepting any and all applications for dinner dates to Jimmy Kelly's Steakhouse.

The application is to the left. We are serious.

We ask that applicants be female, though we fully respect and support men who find us dateable. You may apply as an individual, or in tandem with a friend, so long as the application specifies for whom you are applying. We accept applications from everyone from close friends to complete strangers, and each application will be considered equally.

Send your application to VU Station B, Box 2714 before Monday, February 4.

AROUNDTHELOOP



Gary Zerola, a Boston area defense attorney known for his charity work with foster children and former member of People's "Most Eligible Bachelors" is facing rape charges in two states. What do you think?

Kim Loving, Junior



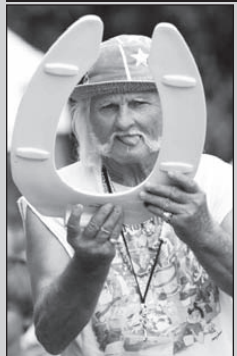
"My faith in People magazine as a reliable source of news is shaken."

Caroline Hannigan, Sophomore



"So he force-fed drugs down an 18-year-old woman's throat, then raped her until she bled in a Miami Beach hotel while free on bail from the Massachusetts rapes. Everyone likes a bad boy. Have you seen those dark, brooding eyes?"

Steve Johnsonville, Unfounded Stereotypist



"Those New Englanders. Always with the Red Sox fanaticism and multiple rape charges."

DUI Mike, Urinal Advertiser



"He's a defense attorney specializing in rape right? Well, if he gets off, think of all the free advertising he'll get!"

Seth Rogen, Fatty Tatty



"Maybe I'll finally make the People list this year. Or at least get bumped from Cosmopolitan's list of 'Fatty Tatties.'"

Rochelle Scott, Spinster-phobe



"So you're saying he's still single?"

84-Year-Old Man Anxiously Awaiting 21st Birthday on Leap Day

By PABLO DARELLI

Fate is a cruel mistress, and no one knows how big of a bitch she can be better than William Bernard Richards, the eager octogenarian getting ready to (officially) celebrate his 21st birthday next month.

Born on February 29, 1924, Richards has experienced only twenty birthdays in his lifetime. "I've been waiting 84 goddamn years to go on this once in a lifetime pub-crawl...fate had apparently decided that I needed to wait an entire lifetime before experiencing my twenties," Richards stated wryly.

Friends and family have revealed that Richards has been planning for this day for years.

"First he just wouldn't shut up about coke and hookers, that he wanted to bury his head in a kilo of coke, but this was back when he was only 60, during the big cocaine fad of the 80's.", Jeremy Richards 52, William's son confided. "But then it was all about the X, or Ecstasy... and hookers, lots of hookers, and then finally sometime in 2003 he decided that he would go all traditional and just head out on a pub-crawl, and then end the night with a typical girl-guy-girl three-way.", Jeremy added.

Paramedics will be standing by during the entire night's proceedings, "Face it, the man's old," Stated ready EMT Michael Donaldson. "He may be only 21, but his body is 84." ●

Advertise in *The Slant!* (prices negotiable)

Student Organizations

Full Page	\$150	9.75" x 10.75"
1/2 Page	\$90	5" x 12" or 10" x 6"
1/4 Page	\$45	5" x 6"
1/8 Page	\$24	5" x 3"
1/16 Page	\$12	1.75" x 3"

Individual Students

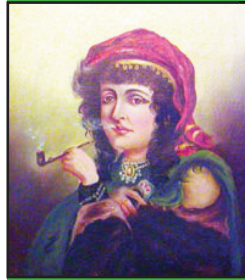
Full Page	\$125	9.75" x 10.75"
1/2 Page	\$75	5" x 12" or 10" x 6"
1/4 Page	\$33	5" x 6"
1/8 Page	\$20	5" x 3"
1/16 Page	\$10	1.75" x 3"

To purchase an ad, contact: sean.f.tierney@vanderbilt.edu

**TOP TEN
Reasons You Didn't Get Into
The Sorority You Wanted**

- 10** You didn't fit in with the feel of the chapter. (You're ugly.)
- 9** Well, you *are* a sophomore... (We didn't want you last year and we still don't want you this year.)
- 8** The sisters didn't know you well enough. (You're a creepy shut-in.)
- 7** You didn't mesh well with the sisters at that chapter. (You're weird.)
- 6** The sisters weren't sure you had the character necessary to join the chapter. (You did the boyfriend of one of the sisters.)
- 5** You didn't impress the sisters enough with your conversations. (You had food stuck between your teeth.)
- 4** You and the sisters have very different interests and it just wouldn't work. (You're a freak and into freaky things, you freak.)
- 3** The sisters thought you would have difficulty meeting the high academic standards of the chapter. (The sisters think you're an idiot.)
- 2** The chapter was swamped with so many wonderful women that they couldn't extend a bid to all of them. (You're boring.)
- 1** You're fat. (You're fat.)

Ask A New Sorority Member



Dear New Sorority Member,
I got cut from every house in the first round! How can I make myself more appealing to the sorority chapters on campus?
Disappointed in Dyer

Dear Friend I'll No Longer Talk To,

Well, like, I dunno, but maybe you should lose some weight. I mean, I'm just guessing here, but I'm guessing that you're fat. And, like, this is a little harsh, but, nobody wants fat chicks for sisters. So, maybe you should lose a little weight. You should really dye your hair, too, because everyone knows that brunettes are totally lame. I mean, it's not our fault that guys dig blondes, and how was I supposed to know that cute guy at the ZBT party had some super-possessive girlfriend... geeze, we only went to fourth base! What's that...? There's no fourth base in baseball...?

Jen

Dear New Sorority Member,
I'm applying to graduate schools right now; how do I decide which schools to apply to, and how can I write the best essay?
Graduating in Gillette

Dear Geek,
Why would y'all wanna do that? Like, one of my ex-boyfriends is applying to graduate school and he's a total jerk, so I definitely wouldn't go to graduate school. I mean, he's an incredible tool; he broke up with me and said that I was the "most stupid" person he'd ever met - he's the stupid one, everybody KNOWS the word is "stupidest!"

Jen

Dear New Sorority Member,
I have a big paper due tomorrow and I haven't started it yet. Is it okay to steal some adderall from my roommate so I can take it and get done really fast?
Screwed in Stambaugh

Dear Kind of Cute Guy,
Oh yeah, it's totally fine. I mean, I have like five doctors who all wrote me prescriptions for Ritalin and adderall, which was really cool because I sell it to my sisters and stuff. It's not like there's a law against it or anything, so go for it!

Jen

Dear New Sorority Member,
I'm planning a spring break trip with some of my friends, where do you think I should go?
Planning in Pike

Dear Spring Breaker,
You should be really careful about where you go, because I saw this news report about a place called "Cloverfield" and apparently it's ridiculously unsafe. So I'm going to be hitting Cancun because MTV Spring Break is gonna be there, which is totally awesome. Some guy told me that if I take my top off, I can get on camera!! And that's really cool, because I got my sorority letters tattooed across my chest so I can show my new sisters how EXCITED I AM!!

Jen

Dear New Sorority Member,
How do you think that the writers' strike can be resolved?
Bored in Branscomb

Dear Bored,
I don't know, but I hope it's over soon because, in the meantime, all The Slant can do is recycle old jokes about sorority stereotypes.

Jen

Join *The Slant!*

Every Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. in Sarratt 363,

You have nothing better to do. We have wisdom to impart. Come bask in a sea of wit, charm, and a general disregard for the rules. Don't think you're funny enough? That's ok. We'll teach you how to be funny. Or else ridicule you until you leave.