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Care Bear staring... since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

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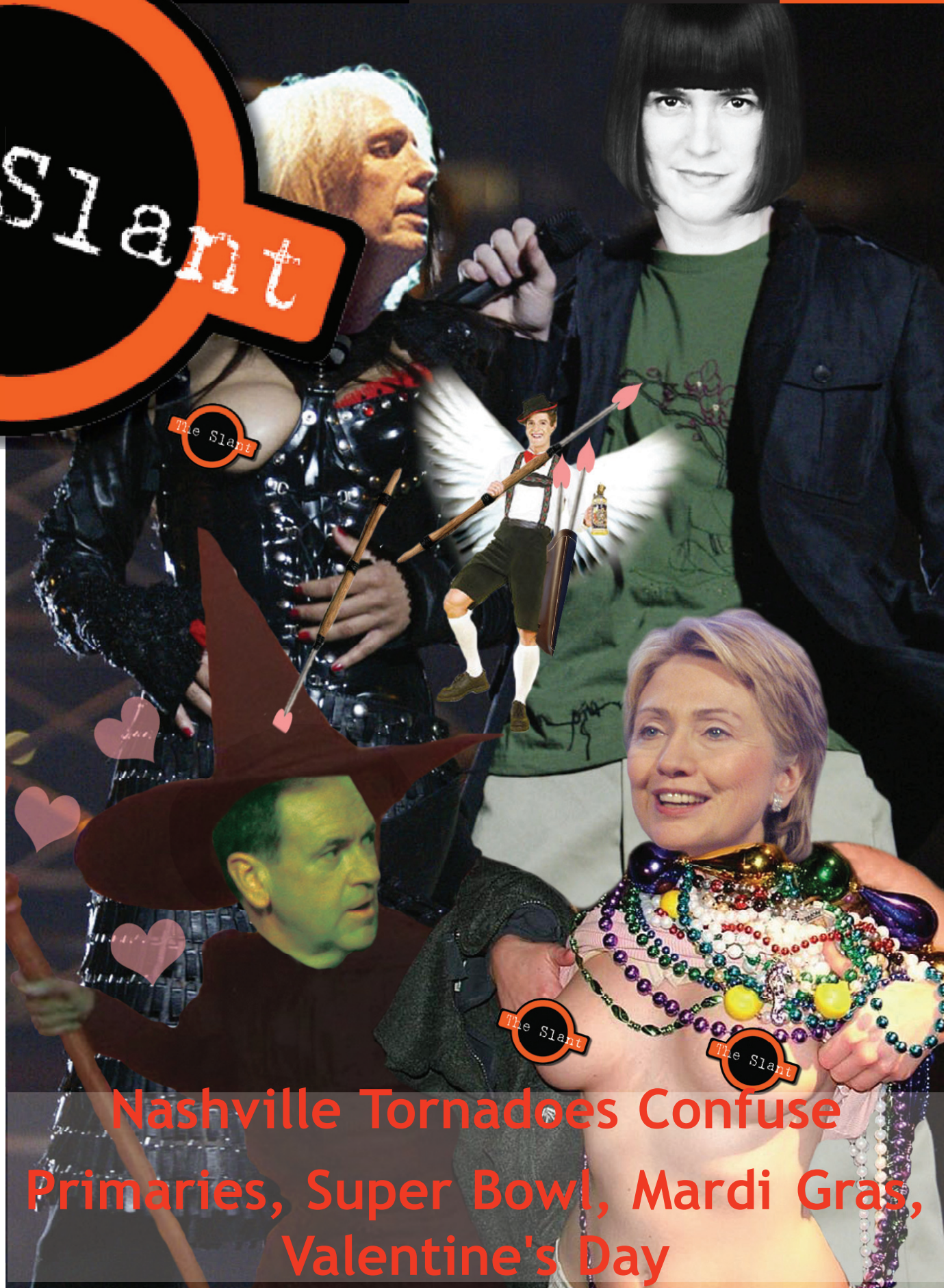
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Nashville Tornadoes Confuse Primaries, Super Bowl, Mardi Gras, Valentine's Day

The Humor and Satire Newspaper of Vanderbilt University

FROM THE EDITOR



SEAN TIERNEY

I'm usually either creepily good or embarrassingly bad with names. Either way, I'm always awkwardly screwed, and this week was probably one of my worst.

For example, I went to office hours Monday but forgot my professor's name. That wouldn't be a problem except I blanked on what course I'm taking with him as well. So, I spent ten minutes talking about that assignment due soon and that quiz I may or may not have taken and he may or may not have handed back to me, told him I'd see him in class tomorrow or another day soon after, and got the hell out.

Time for a non-sequitur.

I'm sorry, but I just don't think thongs are that particularly sexy. It's probably because they kind of remind me of wedgies, which I also happen to not find particularly sexy. I don't know what He was thinking, but somewhere down the line, God forgot to give me a wedgie fetish.

That was a dead-end topic.

Well, it's T-minus 26 days until I can legally drink in the States. Yep, that's March 9th in case you're planning on getting me a gift.

Unfortunately, irony is not on my side. I'll be doing ASB- rebuilding houses in New Orleans. That means I'm going to be turning 21 on Bourbon Street over Spring Break, and bound to a strict no-drinking policy. Community service is a cruel mistress. It's enough to drive a man to drinking.

Other than that, all is well in Tierneyland, per usual. I'm beginning to worry that maybe my standards for enjoying life are too low. Then again, would I be any better off if I expected more before acquiescing to smile?

I'm no philosophy major, so I'll leave you with that.

Oh yeah, THE GIANTS WON THE SUPER BOWL!!!!

Color the wheat. 🍷

Next Coach, Murder Victim Among 'Skins Offseason Questions

The Washington Redskins face several important questions heading into the offseason after their 35-14 play-off loss to the Seattle Seahawks.



For starters, Hall of Fame coach Joe Gibbs retired after the game, necessitating a coaching search. Also, the team must decide which player to have murdered

to provide the team an emotional rallying point.

"If you had told me that murdering one of our best defensive players would cause the team to play better, I'd have said you were a horrible person," said team owner Daniel Snyder. "But after watching how this team rallied around each other and committed to winning football games, I'm convinced this is a viable strategy."

Among the candidates the team is considering are safety LaRon Landry and quarterback Jason Campbell. "Both are respected leaders on the team," said one league source.

Sex Offender Wins Jackpot Lottery In Karma Confusion

In an unfortunate Karma Distribution Center mixup, a Massachusetts sex-offender won the state lottery jackpot of \$10 million. His neighbor, a pediatric heart surgeon freshly back from an excursion with Doctors Without Borders, died shortly

12.3%

Is a number we've really taken a fancy to.



thereafter from a freak housing fire.

"What goes around comes around, except, you know, in this particular case." Said one spiritual leader familiar with the situation.

Added the spiritual leader, "Mixups like these do occasionally happen, but I'm sure everyone, including our dear departed doctor can appreciate the ironic humor in this mistake."

The director of the Karma Distribution Center was unfortunately unavailable for comment.

Imprisoned Alien Thanks Protesters

In a surprising message received late Sunday night, an individual wishing only to be known as "a friendly alien political prisoner" expressed gratitude to an international coalition of anonymous protesters



in their efforts to challenge "the foes of mankind and I". The missive went on to observe that "too long have they been free to assault, murder, and blackmail without opposition." Pledging all the support he could muster once he "disabled this infernal eternal battery", the unnamed alien closed out his letter with another thankful passage for the ongoing struggle against the Republican Party. 🍷



FIRST-YEAR STUDENT SLEEPS WITH VUCEPTOR FOR BETTER GRADE

Following a first semester grade point average she categorizes as "sub-par," first-year student Jalisa Blankinship embarked on an ambitious campaign of sex in order to boost her grades.

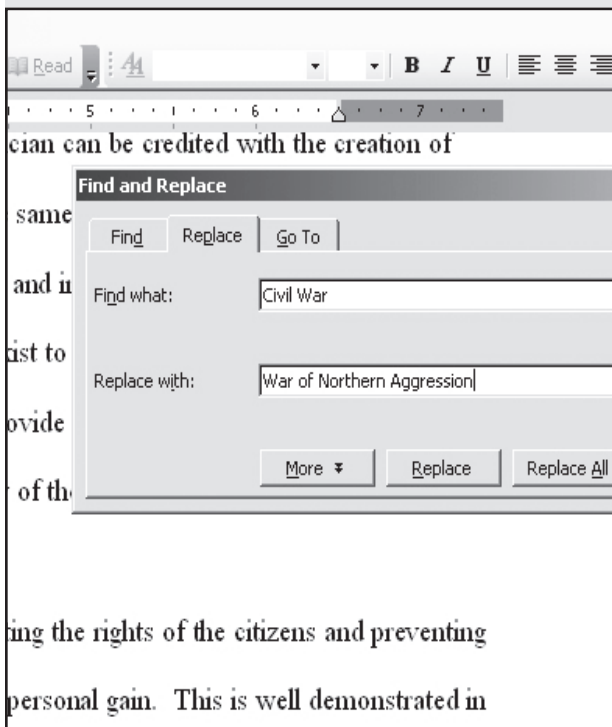
Unfortunately for Blankinship, three of her professors this semester are straight females. As for her male professors, one is senile and the other happily married. "I figured I might as well settle for my VUceptor. Doing well in a one-credit course is better than doing well in nothing. Vanderbilt Visions gives grades, right?"

Blankinship's student VUceptor, a sophomore, declined to comment on the story. 🍷

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HOW TO FAIL AT LIFE



Will the South will rise again? Doubtful.
Will we mistakenly be called
racists for printing this? Probably.

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MASTHEAD



Screwing up the shortcut... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE
CONTENDIT

Corrections:

The "Happiest Place on Earth" in our last issue turned out to simply be extremely gay, very very gay...we apologize for the misunderstanding.

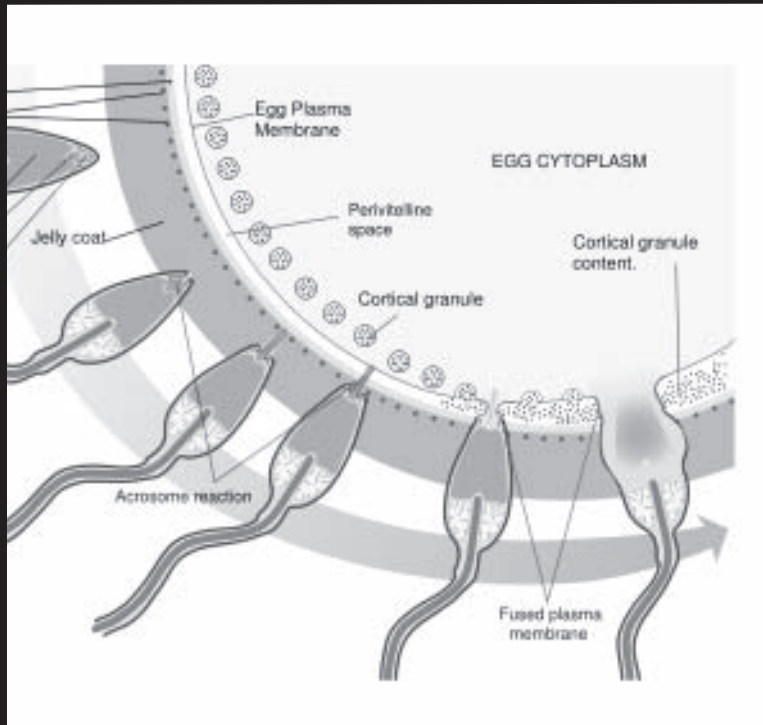
Would You Like To Copulate With Me?

by **RICHIE GREEN**

Hello young XX individuals. I have to tell you this - I have finally gotten something out of all the biology courses I have taken for my Behavioral Biology major. With all of the talk we do about mating, I now feel like I can finally view the act of sexual relations as not only a means to create genetic diversity, but as something I feel I should start doing. My development level is within the fifth segment of the ninth developmental stage while the stage to successfully mate is only after the start of the sixth! Moreover, all of the parasympathetic and sympathetic wiring is adequate in my genital region for successful copulation. When the urge for procreation first came, I was satisfied by just looking at the pictures of nude females in the anatomy books as 'studying.' Now, I want to go farther and experience the act of copulation with one of you!

Now I understand that you females are the choosier sex because of all the energy costs associated with reproduction and childbirth. Therefore, and not without a great degree of inborn instinctual preferences, you choose the stereotypical alpha male; that of the cocky athlete or wealthy mature man. Although these are all fine and good, my intense studies in the field of Behavioral Biology have led me to believe that I have the more novel genotype for you to choose.

Honestly, I have everything an XX could ever want in an XY. I might not be tall, strong, or have a chiseled rectus abdominus (or abs in layman's terms), but I have great TI-89 skills and I was ranked 63 out of 674 in a server in Counter Strike during high school. But all this genetic stuff does



Here is an example of what you may expect from a sexual encounter with me.

not even have to matter, for our sexual encounter could be purely for pleasure, and without the responsibility of procreation. We could use contraceptives; perhaps you could go ahead and take care of that by certain hormonal methods. I do not want create an F1 generation as of yet! With that offspring idea out of the way, why would we not continue?

I know we all have been taught that we must do all of these mating rituals, like going to a fraternity party and communicating with a female deeply under the influence of alcohol (especially important to me), and then finally making a proposal which usually results in rejection. I must say that we need not do all this in light of the awesome idea of random mating. That's right, my sweet little

XX- a little splashing in the old gene pool.

Besides, we need random mating, if for no reason but to remain in Hardy-Weinberg equilibrium. Would you really sacrifice dignity and morals if it means that $p + q$ does not equal one? I am sorry sister but you will have to deal with my bodily odors and obvious inexperience for random mating to occur. I ask for many XX participants because, in random mating, only males need to have multiple mates in order to maintain a minimum amount of competition for the same female mate. If you would like to help me and have friends who would like to participate, do invite them. Females, however, must be monogamous because they can only have one true reproduction partner after all, their offspring cannot share genotypes with multiple males. That would be ludicrous! Besides, I really, really hate sloppy seconds.

Seriously, all the other animals mate in this fashion, dogs, cats, Seychelles's Warblers, Mormons - what makes us humans so special? We all have reproductive needs we have to satiate, like all those nerve endings in our homologous genital areas which must be stimulated. Stimulating our own gets rather boring. Just remember, monogamy's for the birds, (except Seychelle's Warblers of course)!

Now some of you may think that this is horribly pathetic, just remember, I can only convince females to have sex with me for these reasons because I study Biology too much, thus lacking the basic social skills required for classic mating and this is my last-ditch effort. Next year, I will probably go to medical school and end up as a doctor someday which would increase my chance of reproducing, in that reproductive fitness is positively correlated to Mercedes-Benz ownership. But to arrive at that point in my life, I need to study Biology, meaning I have to learn the mating habits of daphnia and other creatures. Until I am a doctor, I will have to use these reasons to find a mate. So would you like to copulate with me? ●

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now featuring

Extra Content

Forums

WikiDore

Whatever Happened To Forcible Fondlings?

A new conspiracy theory offers an explanation

By ANONYMOUS

After reading last issue's cover, many upperclass students were genuinely curious about the absence of new forcible fondlings. We decided to investigate the truth behind our own joke.

Have you ever wondered what happened to the forcible fondlings? We haven't gotten an email about it from Andrew Atwood in a really, really long time.

This begs the question: has crime on Vanderbilt campus stopped completely? Probably not. So what does this mean? I have a few ideas.

First, perhaps fondlings are just getting less forcible. Maybe the Vanderbilt ladies have been letting a little more consensual fondling happen, which has dropped down the rate of the forcible kind. Or maybe the forcible fondlees are just being kept forcibly quiet about them now.

Or perhaps we're just not being kept in the loop anymore. Or what if there are just other crimes that are happening but we haven't discovered good euphemisms for them yet? I mean, I think the guy in the dorm next to me was killed the other day, but some-

thing about "forcibly deprived of life" doesn't sound as good. As soon as we come up with a good alliterative term, though, perhaps it'll be published.

Or maybe the forcible fondler finally figured out who Andrew Atwood is, and either forcibly fondled the officer himself, or maybe just threatened to forcibly fondle somebody close

to the good officer if he didn't stop the weekly warnings. Man, how Hollywood would that be? I mean, relatively so, but just enough to keep Vanderbilt interesting.

If this were the case, maybe

The Hustler would finally have some content. Or... maybe the forcible fondler has actually been Andrew Solomon the whole time. Now that he has his outlet for misogyny in

the newspaper, he can just forcibly fondle our brains. Or, you know, continually forcible fondle himself while reading his own articles.

Or what if all the fondlings were actually just made up so Andrew Atwood could legitimize his own job, and when people found out that they didn't happen so often then he got

transferred or something. That kind of thing happens all the time, you know.

Or maybe they finally found the forcible fondler. You know, that guy that was like, 5'11", white, and last seen wearing khaki pants, a polo shirt and rainbows. They questioned 45% of the student body, and finally found him, and now nobody else does anything wrong.

But, man, what if the forcible fondler turned out to be a woman? Or even better, what if the forcible fondler turned out to be ex-Chancellor Gee, and the only reason that there aren't any more

forcible fondlings is that they only occur on Ohio State's campus now? Coincidence? I think not. No wonder Constance broke up with him.

So, seriously, there are a lot of possibilities. Maybe we can finally put VSG to use and they can form a committee to decide to form a group to potentially investigate what might be going on with this. That would be nice; I'd sleep a lot easier with all of this off my mind. ●

"I think the guy in the dorm next to me was killed the other day, but something about 'forcibly deprived of life' doesn't sound good."

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

Why Do You DM?

Dance Marathon is this Friday, February 15th, from 7pm to 9am Saturday

Games, Food, Entertainment, Tournaments, Prizes, and More!

Tickets \$10 on the card, \$12 at the door

Never Has Hot Food Been Served So Cold

by ANONYMOUS

Ah, Vanderbilt. Our nice semi-walled borders keep us out of the horrors of the greater Nashville area, including, of course, paying exorbitant fees for awful service.

But wait-- have you used your meal plan lately? I know we're on a system that has essentially no variance in consumption, so customer service doesn't really matter, but honestly, I don't even need a

"how's it going" or a "how are you" from those who serve my food, or a "have a nice day" from the lady who puts my sandwich together.

All I'm asking is that they're, you know, civil. And didn't we have a whole ordeal last year about people being paid living wages? I'll tell you what: for every time that I have to scan my own food at the munchie mart, can I get a little slice of the inflated \$9 an hour you're being paid?

And is it REALLY that difficult to reach your hand out an extra six inches to grab my card from me? I mean, I don't intend to interrupt your day of sitting on a stool and looking menacing, but it would be awesome if you could just do what we're paying you to do. Especially when we're paying \$10 for a few crustless peanut butter and jellies and a milk.

Of course, we all have our favorite workers, too. People that

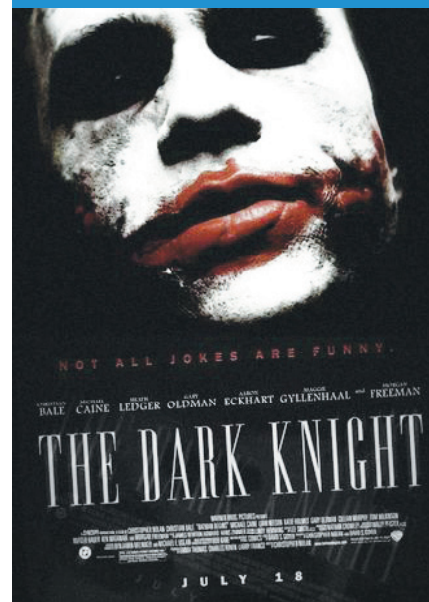
make you say "you know what? You've just made my dining experience rewarding and memorable."

Again, I'm not saying that I particularly need every person along the chain to be incredibly warm towards me-- I'm just saying: except for here at Vanderbilt, I've never seen hot food served so cold. ●

THE SLANT'S TRAILER REVIEWS

The Slant was hoping to create a new movie review section, but ran out of cash when it came to paying for staffers' tickets. So, instead, we asked our writers to review the movies based on their trailers. Here you have it: a guide to the season's hottest tearjerkers and blockbusters.

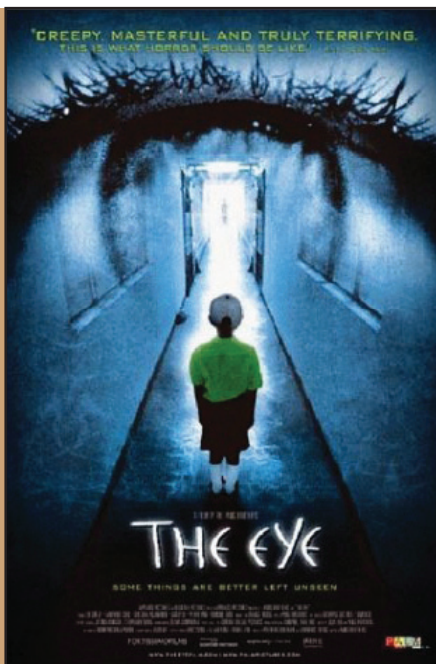
THE DARK KNIGHT



Explosions, special effects, quick cut aways, and the promise of a sex scene between a hot chick and a mysterious, muscular man are what separate your average trailers from great ones. This trailer goes above and beyond with it all and succeeds magnificently. The Dark Knight Trailer 2 even includes a brief cameo from Black God (see The Bucket List). The costume and make up department could have done a bit better, though; Heath Ledger looks like death.

THE EYE

Jessica Alba plays a hot chick in this feel-good comedy about blindness. Alba, a blind girl with pupil-less, all-blue eyes decides to get new ones in order to mask her true identity: a spice trader from Arrakis. Hilarity ensues when the deceased eye donor decides to play tricks on her vision after a perceived slight. A crafty retelling of the story of Jesus and the blind man with an ensemble cast of creepy ghost people.



THE CHRONICLES OF NARNIA: PRINCE CASPIAN

Somebody needs to pass the dutchie a little more often, because this is pure crazy. Casting British actors for a stoner flick was a stroke of genius, but producers lose points for using underage children. Talking animals is a bit cliché in this genre. I think Jesus is in this movie, too.





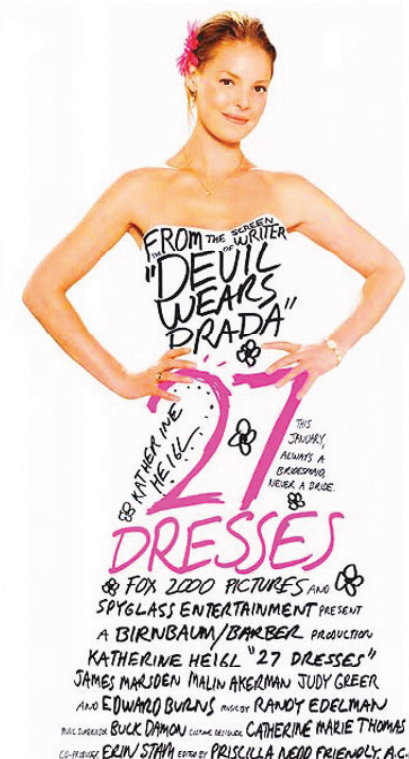
RAMBO

Rambo's back. Motherfucking Rambo. John Motherfucking Rambo. He's back. I've got a hard-on so rock, I'm bustin' seams here. Motherfucking Rambo, back in the motherfucking jungle killing the fuck out of motherfucking Chinamen. Holy fuck, he just shot an arrow through that dude's eye. It was all spraaaaawwwlll and woosssshhh and then spraaaaawwwlll and motherfucking Rambo. America.

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DRESSES

In this alternate universe, Katherine Heigl is often not the hottest woman around, and guys habitually overlook her lovable personality. As a result, she is in danger of becoming a spinster. Fortunately, she has a lot of really good friends who really like tying the knot. She also has a really hot guy friend whom she won't realize she's in love with until it's time for the movie to end. The wittiest part of the trailer is when it proudly announces that Heigl is the star of "Knocked Up" in an ironic attempt to reach out to that movie's core audience. Add half a meatball if you're into formulaic writing.



THE BUCKET LIST

The guy who's always narrating those movies... you know, Black God, is getting his jollies jumping out of planes and hanging out in hospital rooms with About Schmidt. About Schmidt's got this list of buckets he likes, or wants to visit, or something, but Black God's all, "Fuck that, Banana Balls, we're going to Africa." Then he narrated some more. Kathy Bates didn't get naked in this one.



CLOVERFIELD



This movie is awesome, and by awesome, I mean the monster is actually Chuck Norris kicking the collective Yankee ass out of New York City. Don't believe me? Well go see it yourself and quit asking everyone else what the hell this movie is about. That's the entire marketing scheme, stupid.

SEX AND THE CITY



Girls will try to learn about how guys think by listening to... fictional girls. Guys will try to convince themselves that not all girls are like these four. Girls will cry because their social lives, sex lives, and fashion senses aren't up to par. Guys will cry because two hours of whiny, middle-aged women who act like the girlfriends they dumped in high school is too much for any Y chromosome. The perfect date movie!

New Post-Meal Plan, Toilet Stall Card Reader To Be Introduced

by **PABLO DARELLI**

The mounting cost of maintaining restrooms in residence halls throughout campus have spurred plans for an ingenious revenue generating initiative that is expected to recoup the expenses associated with stocking and cleaning these facilities.

Housing, inspired by Dining's popular Meal Plan and Meal Money system, is in the preliminary stages of instituting the Post-Meal Plan and Gotta-Go Cash system in which card readers will be installed in all bathroom stall doors. Each swipe will unlock the door, allowing the student to enter the stall and use the toilet.

A time limit of 10 minutes will be imposed, and students who ignore it will face the wrath of a violently backflowing toilet. Freshmen will be required to purchase the 15 Post-Meal weekly plan.

"This may appear excessive, but steady regular bowel movements should be a healthy part of every Freshman's first year experience.", stated Senior Housing Director Jim Kramka. A \$100 worth of Gotta-Go Cash will be included with this plan, providing the means for students to make use of the facilities throughout campus, "Say you've

already used your Post-Meal swipe for the 11:00-4:00 period and you're in Stevenson and urgently need to take a dump, well, that's what the Gotta-Go Cash is for.", continued Kramka.

The Slant asked several individuals regarding the issue, whether they supported the move or not. "I don't really give a shit, um, no pun intended, I mean I'll just start shitting in the urinal...or in the hall for that matter.", Junior Leo Orford explained.

The Women's Center Director, Linda Manning, is angrily protesting the new system, "This is just another example of the phallogocentric thinking that dominates this campus's discourse... nag...nag...bitch...whine... fume(edited for length)... and there won't even be a place to gossip and use feminine hygiene products."

Sophmores will be required to purchase the 10 Post-Meal weakly plan, while Juniors will be required to purchase the 5 Post-Meal weekly plan. Seniors can opt out of the plan completely, but are strongly encouraged to participate. "Not going to the restroom is not a healthy way to save a buck," Kramka exhorted.

I Can't Wait For The Girls Of Next Year's Incoming Class

by **ANONYMOUS**

I'm kinda tired of the current first-year girls by now. You know how it is. At first, they're wide-eyed, new college girls. Then the next thing you know, they begin to figure out that just because you're an upperclassman, they don't have to talk to you. And now they won't even give me the time of day and have started saying that I'm creepy.

But you would not believe the high schoolers touring campus these days. I met this one girl who was pretty into me the other day. She even gave me her

phone number. I don't think she's coming here, though. It turns out she's only a ninth-grader and was just touring Vandy with her older brother.

But still, overall, the incoming girls are fine. And as soon as they turn eighteen, you can bet I'll be all over that. I've Facebooked a few promising candidates already. You just wait. I told you I'd get laid at Vanderbilt eventually, and what better time to do it than next year, when I'm a senior?.

My New Track Jacket is Frickin Sweet

by **ADA DESMOND**

It came on Monday, from that magical land known only as L.A. I picked it up from the post office, and very nearly opened it right then and there--my new track jacket, made specially for me in the sweat-shop free vertically-integrated manufacturing of American Apparel. Hopefully I would look as wan and irreverent as the model wearing it on the website. After finally putting it on--success! Finally, I am on the path to true indie-ness, that state of being in complete hipness without being trendy. No, leggings and long shirts (dresses?) are not for me; with this raiment, this physical evidence of an alternative lifestyle, a whole new world will open up for me.

Already, with this way retro jacket, I find myself finding meaning in the films of Michel Gondry, craving converse, deciding that maybe I should start a blog. Plus, I can rest safe in the fact that I, in my new track jacket, could never possibly be mistaken for the horror known as a "Vandy Girl."

Sure, I wear skinny jeans--not because they're popular, because of course, all of the lemmings stole that from the avant garde, I'm from New York, I should know--but hopefully my dyed hair and American Apparel apparel will convince all of you common folk otherwise.



NASA Creates New Zero-Gravity Sport

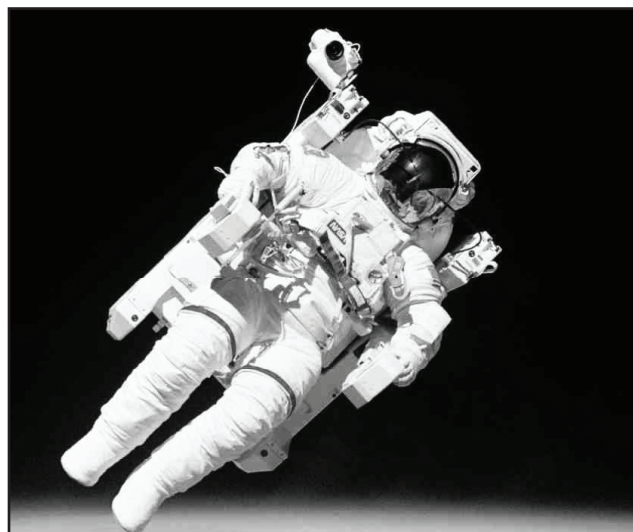
Popularity in astronautics skyrockets as space agency gives up on real science

by JUSTIN POYTHRESS

Space has long been referred to as the 'final frontier,' but American interest in exploring the starry blackness seems to have dried up almost as fast as Britney Spears' sex appeal. In fact, our sources reveal that NASA was closer to going the way of the sober Native American than many of us may have thought before it made a recent breakthrough.

Now, the inner workings of government programs, especially research groups, are top secret, so obviously most of this information has been published and gathered through other countries. Their reports indicate that though NASA was at its inception the government baby: the athletic, honor-roll, favorite; in recent years it has become the proverbial red-headed stepchild. And government funding administrators have been serving it up many a financial hickory stick on the backside or red hot fire poker to the face.

Admitted one NASA spokesman, "There is just absolutely no chance there is any extra terrestrial life. We've known this for quite a long time, but we thought it was best to let that cat out of the bag slowly. I mean, let's be honest, E.T., Independence Day and M.I.B. were the only reasons we made it through the last two decades." The



An astronaut celebrates with a moonwalk after scoring a goal in Spaceball.

spokesman continued, "And as far as space travel goes, frankly, we're lucky to have made it to the moon. We might get to Uranus at some point, just to say we've been there."

Astronaut Harold Johnson confirmed many of these frustrations. "We just haven't been doing anything. Now we're close to running out of animals and special interest groups to take into space for the first time." All of this was before a revolutionary new direction was stumbled upon that has revitalized a dying program. It's the sport of Spaceball, named after the moderately funny Mel Brooks movie.

The game involves creating an enclosed area in space, preferably

between two space-ships, and both teams throw out a NASA approved space tennis ball that contains their team logo, and at the same time shoves out a suited up astronaut

with the inventor of the game, Luke Rudolph, and the star 'catcher', Tony Saravo who hopes to represent team USA as spaceball goes global.

JP: Can you guys tell me a little about yourselves and what it means to you to have saved the future of NASA?

Luke: I came up with the idea for Spaceball while I was smoking some of our experimental space weed and reading Harry Potter. The test was to see whether zero gravity makes pot better.

Tony: It does.

Luke: It's just going to be nice to see people getting paid for entertainment, for once.

Tony: Yeah, it should bring some nice crowds to space, maybe some decent space booty.

Luke: I can't remember the last time we had some fine astro chicks around here.

Tony: I think it was that hooker.

Luke: Oh yeah, that was to test whether you can contract STDs in space.

Tony: You can.

Luke: Anyway, NASA's finally back on track: the government has already pledged over eight hundred million dollars in support and we're starting to recruit astronauts from more athletic nations.

I got a chance to sit down

Bastard Confession



"Okay, I admit it. I made a mistake...

NOW, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, TAKE ME BACK! PLEASE!"

-Gordan Gee
Poor Son of a Bitch

Vanderbilt Student Commits Suicide Over JuicyCampus Harassment

A matter of time before someone's pushed over the edge? Discuss.

by **SEAN TIERNEY**

Vanderbilt students were surprised to learn this weekend that words hurt. The university was rocked Sunday when junior Madeleine Rabson took her own life after being continuously harassed, objectified, and worn down by posts made by her classmates on juicycampus.com.

Asked one anonymous student, "Who knew publicly calling someone a slut could psychologically hurt them?"

Senior Collin Fulcher had made one such post about Rabson. "Well, I'm sorry I helped drive her to suicide, but I just really didn't like her," said Fulcher. "She just rubbed me the wrong way, you know?"

Since its creation just a few months ago, JuicyCampus has quickly become a useful tool for college students.

Said student Joe Karn, "Well, personally, I know a lot of us are just dipshits who are too afraid of saying what we really mean in person. With this site, we don't have man up." Continued Karn, "This one girl insulted me to my face. So, naturally, I got my revenge by being a dick and anonymously posting stuff about her online."

Kacie Soulders agreed about the usefulness of the site. "I look forward to Googling my name for the rest of my life and being reminded of how some immature coward out there once really hated me back in college over some stupid reason."

Despite its usefulness in stabbing classmates in the back, an overwhelming majority of Vanderbilt students have a negative opinion of JuicyCampus. To show their disapproval of the site, these students have chosen to become completely uninvolved with it. "Sure, I read it, but I don't contribute anything of my own." Said Sherilyn Adner, "As someone concerned about the bullying of my peers, that's all that's expected of me, right? To do nothing?"

Vanderbilt has seen a large increase in the number of students developing eating disorders, mental breakdowns, panic attacks, and other prob-

lems largely attributed to having their names smeared all over campus.

In an ironic twist nobody could have predicted, the same men who are posting derogatory comments about women are quickly discovering that Vanderbilt women are no longer interested in "random hookups." The answer, says Adner, is simple: They're afraid of being called sluts and whores on JuicyCampus.

Some students did not see the site as harmful.

Asked junior Denis Hooker, "If it's true, what's wrong with publicizing humiliating information about someone? I mean, can't I print embarrassing secrets as long as they're true? As long as I don't give a damn about other people?"

Sophomore Irma Muller had a different take. "I guess for some guys and girls this is the only way they can feel good about themselves."

Added Julie Moreida, "Sites like this are just a fad. It's not as if we're helping open up Pandora's Box and it's going to come back to haunt us and our friends. You just watch, in a few years, nobody's going to be reading what's posted on the internet."

Due to heightened tensions after countless racist, homophobic, sexist, libelous, anti-Greek, anti-independent, and fraternity-on-fraternity commentary on JuicyCampus, there will be fourteen separate prayer services for Rabson, with each service attended by different campus groups.

When asked how he felt about the death, site creator Matt Ivester replied, "It's not our fault; we only set up the site. You made it what it is." Continued Ivester, "We're becoming rich off this site, though, so we're definitely not thinking of shutting it down. In fact, we plan on launching JuicyHighSchool, JuicyWorkplace, and JuicyNeighborhood pretty soon. It worked for Facebook, why not for us? That way, you, your friends, your girlfriend, your little sister... everyone can be on this site. And we have you to thank for it." ●

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AROUNDTHELOOP



**Dance Marathon is almost here.
Why do you DM?**

**Kevin Bacon,
Timeless**



"Because you can't let John Lithgow push you around."

**Keren Lindley,
Sorority President**



"I'm in a sorority; I have to."

**Kaye Kipp,
Junior**



"I'm in a fraternity; I have to."

**Shila Deville,
HOD Major**



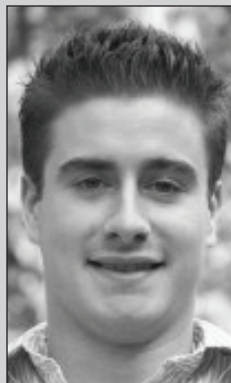
"Where else can I pee on an inflatable sumo wrestling mat?"

**Phillip Schoepf,
Desperate**



"I've gotta be able to get a girl to come back with me if we dance long enough."

**Lamont Coullard,
Fooled**



"I'm staying up all night so I can go to see the hypnotist. Wait a minute..."

**Guy On Razor Scooter
Can't Answer Questions
About God**

By KRIS STENSLAND

John Dame had hoped to find answers about religion when he saw a mysterious scooterer scooting around campus, but was shocked to find he had no more answers than a cryptic and dated book of questionable historical accuracy.

Said Dame, "I figured that with the tie-dye shirt, the unkempt hair, and the frisbee strapped to his bag, he was compensating for his conservative beliefs by expressing his inner craziness to the world, showing that Christians are fun, too."

"When I heard the awk-

ward clink-clink-clink coming up behind me, I thought to myself 'Gee, I wonder if I too could be saved?' But then it turns out he wasn't Christian at all. So it's okay to judge him-- without a rigid and strange belief system, wearing strange and out of place clothing and embracing anachronistic trends is just stupid."

This isn't the first time Dame's been wrong, though. "This one time I tried to be looked down on by a guy with rainbows, a pink polo, and croakies, but he actually talked to me-- and I thought he was in a fraternity!"

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 Finally beating that
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Ask Someone Who Is Single For Valentine's



My boyfriend is like totally gonna be in town this weekend for like the first time in forever. We usually just spend the entire weekend "watching movies," but I think we should go out for once. Do you have any date suggestions?
 -Still Rocking The Bed After 3 Years.

Dear Ms. TMI
 You could start by not rubbing your incredible luck in everyone's faces. You wouldn't want to be on the way to a classy night at Loveless and have some jealous loner push you into the mud, would you? Would you?

There's this girl I really like, but I'm really shy around her. What do you think I should do?
 -Romeo21

Dear Why-Does-Everyone-Forget-That-Romeo-Dies-In-the-End?,
 Grab her boobs. I saw this movie on the internet once and it works every time. Trust me, women LOVE getting felt up. It really helps them notice you.

I want to impress this chick, but I don't know French. Will German beer-hall songs work?
 -GerMAN

Dear Deutsch Dork
 Well, only if you get them drunk enough to appreciate it and by then, it doesn't matter what you say to them. Yet you should have a back-up plan. I'm sure you can memorize the "First Semester of Spanish Love Song." At least it's a romantic language, har har! Or, if you just can't figure out anything nice to say, maybe you can just take her

to see "The Diving Bell and the Butterfly" at the Belcourt- it's a light romantic comedy in French.

I really want to break up with my boyfriend because he's such a meanie. I mean, he had a threesome with my best friend and a prostitute! Can I dump him on Feb. 13?
 -Lost and Directionless

Dear Lovely Lady
 Of course you should dump him! It sounds like he'll won't be too lonely on Valentine's Day. Now, I wouldn't want somebody as nice as YOU to be lonely on V-Day. I'd hate for anyone to have to be so fucking alone that they feel a huge chasm in their chest that threatens to suck in their entire existence. So alone that they spend the entire day listening to Dashboard Confessional and watching Requiem for a Dream. So alone that they drink enough alcohol to kill a horse and they wake up in jail next to Rufus the Wrangler and their dad is so pissed at them for some unknown reason that he refuses to post bond and...and...oh god! Not that memory again!
 FYI, if you're looking for a good time, call 615-555-6901.

Valentine's Day is a made-up Hallmark Holiday designed to make us spend more money. There's no way I'm going to support such a blatantly materialistic cash-grab.
 -Marx420

Dear Ironically-Pinko
 Do you even have a real question? Furthermore, why do you hate something so American as Valentine's Day? Do you hate America? Are you a terrorist? Or are you just a terrorist who just got dumped?

Join *The Slant!*

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

You have nothing better to do. We have wisdom to depart. 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.