



www.theslant.net



THE WCISLO RESIDENCE: LAST STOP OF OPERATION "SUGAR RUSH"

THIS JUSTIN

Surgically Reanimated Liver Warns Against Binge Drinking

By: Chris Watkins
Biology BAMF

Students beware: Vanderbilt's least respected organ, the liver, has come to life and is out for revenge.

During the wee hours of Saturday morning, in what some have called "an experiment gone wrong" and "a really bad idea," researchers in Vanderbilt's Medical Center led by Dr. Frank Enschtein successfully reanimated a liver that was due for transplant. However, during the course of the procedure, the liver escaped from the laboratory and has been metaphorically climbing in windows and snatching people up ever since.

In an attempt to help students prepare for possible encounters with the liver in question, Vanderbilt administrators have declared this week to be Liver Awareness Week. Chancellor Nick Zeppos commented on the announcement:

"Students at this school continually neglect their own livers on a weekly basis. Now, more than ever, they need to be aware of the dangers this liver presents to their well-beings before it is too late."

What dangers, you ask? The liver possesses the most dangerous weapon on the planet: knowledge. In particular, it possesses the knowledge that alcohol consumption damages one's liver (I know, I was surprised too. Getting my frat on has long-term consequences on my health? Unbelievable...)

This mind-blowing revelation delivered by an actual liver could result in choosing to abstain from drinking forever. Just one encounter with the liver could be enough to cause one to simply break out in tears at the sight of a drunk person dancing on an elevated surface.

Chancellor Zeppos has this warning for the liver: "We're looking for you. We gon' find you. I'm lettin' you know now. You can run and tell that, homeboy."

It is safe to assume that the liver could spell the end of Vanderbilt raging as we know it. So, if you see the liver around campus, run as fast as you can in the opposite direction or you will never be able to listen to Ke\$ha again without cringing.

Also, the liver has been seen carrying nunchucks, so watch out for that too.

Not Just for Chicks and Nancy Boys: Bro-Yo Brings Fro-Yo to Bros

By: Jim Gillin
Low-Calorie Liason

Haven't had enough of Yogurt Oasis, Yogi's, Sweet CeCe's and Pinkberry? Well, try to contain your excitement, 'cause yet another fucking fro-yo place is coming to a campus near you. But keep your panties on, ladies: this one is for the bros.

That's right, gentlemen, Bro-Yo just announced the opening of a store on West End for all of your brotastic brogurt needs. Those sissy fro-yo places can suck it, 'cause with Bro-Yo around, shit is gonna get real. You heard me right, Yogurt Oasis. No more of your weight guessing and dart throwing for discounts. At Bro-Yo, you get 25% off your order if you can chug a delicious Smirnoff Ice on one knee.

The decision to open Bro-Yo in Nashville came after some complaints from male Vanderbilt students and faculty that the other fro-yo places made them feel out of place and feminine. In an exclusive interview, Bro-Yo CEbrO Max Sausage said, "There was one huge gap in the otherwise saturated frozen yogurt market: the brogurt gap. Now, all the bros at Vandy don't have to feel that awkward gay tension when they and their friends go for a frozen treat."

When asked about the origin of the company, Sausage responded, "It is my belief that bros should have access to healthier alternatives to ice cream. Bro-Yo brogurt features 0g saturated fat, but 100% saturated frat!"

Indeed, the entire menu at Bro-Yo is fat free, but diverse offerings set Bro-Yo aside from all the chick places. Alcohol-themed flavors such as Strawberry Gin & Juice and Stoli Vanilla cater to more traditional tastes, while enterprising customers can go wild with Frozen Franzia Frenzy and Captain Morgan's Frozen Yarrrrgurt.

The grand bropening is set for Brovember 11th, which is conveniently a Thursday, at 4:00 PM. Bros are encouraged to bring their hos, but hos will not be admitted on their own. So join the Bro-Yo team for the start of something wonderful, and enjoy a complementary Heineken with your first brogurt purchase. And even if you don't show up, kick one back anyway to toast the latest victory for bro-dom everywhere.

Sickness-Spurred Sobriety Springs Slanter to Score Scoop

By: Justin Barisich
Libations Liberator

Over the past few weeks I've been relatively ill with an as-of-yet undiagnosed disease. It made its most vicious strike the Wednesday right before Fall Break and imprisoned me in my own bed which had been feeling like a forlorn lover, because it hadn't seen much of me lately and because my Husband Pillow™ just doesn't fill her the same way I do.

I've since been to the doctor, gotten a shot and four prescriptions, and I am now on the path to recovery. In fact, today, I just finished the last of my antibiotic pills. Now, keeping in mind that the last time I drank while on antibiotics my body backfired, vomited all over itself, lost my camera, sat on my glasses, and punished me with the worst hangover I've ever had, I decided to avoid a repeat of said experience.

But, being the socialite that I like to pretend that I am, I still had to network at the parties to which I had already been invited and had committed to attending. The beauty of opaque Solo cups is that you can be drinking straight water and still act as crazy as a wombat on LSD, because people will automatically assume your plastic chalice contains something alcoholic. This sleight-of-liquid allowed me to blend in with the musically-stimulated orgying masses crammed into a sweaty Towers suite to bring you these journalistic expositions.

However, these sessions of not imbibing the purple-drunk/fire-water/crunk-juice did give me the privileged perspective of quietly observing and explicitly judging people and, boys and girls, I've learned one thing: folks enjoy acting entirely too drunk for their small amounts of ingested libations. To quote myself from last night's shambles, "I've been to these parties before, and you, sir, are behaving entirely too smashedly for one cup of that weak-ass punch. Get a hold of yourself, man. Men aren't supposed to move like that. You're making our gender look bad."

So, know your limits, fellas. Don't forget that, as a guy, you can easily look immensely stupid from thinking you've flooded your brain enough to feel invincible and fancy free. Women only get a free pass because even if they haven't played "Slap the Bag" with our ever-classy friend Mr. Franzia, they always look sexier the more they dance. Just remember that going home alone to play "Pet the Wombat" all by yourself is not your primary yearning.

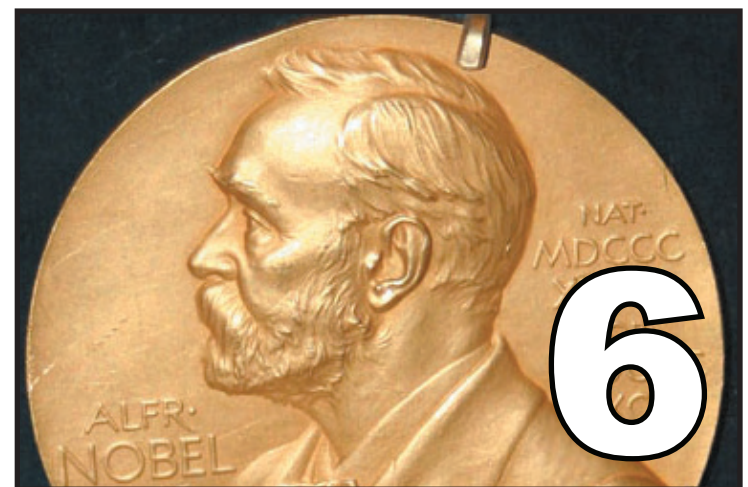
INSIDE THIS ISSUE

West Philly, Born & Raised	2
Now This is a Story	4
All About How	6
My Life Got Twist-Turned	8
Upside Down	11
The Prince of Bel-Air	Fresh



4

Billy Mays Leads Giants to NL Pennant



6

Uninvited Nobel Peace Prize Winner Discusses Dissidence, Angers Chinese Party

FROM THE EDITOR



CLAY CHRISTAIN

By the time you have picked up this newspaper and promptly begun to undo your pants in steamy shit-or-jizz anticipation, something amazing will have happened: today, October 27th, is my birthday. I'm not sure if this has ever happened before in the 124-year history of *The Slant*, but it is actually a bit strange in that I have written this editorial beforehand. Who am I to believe now that I will still be alive on October 27th? Every Pub lunch I outlast is another

wet noodle fight with Death himself.

If one has a birthday on a Wednesday, is it really a birthday at all? In 2008, mine was on a Monday, and I had the gift of a Japanese test. お誕生日おめでとうございますね? 2009's edition brought me the unabated joy of Physics B lab from 4:00-7:00, and this year, the English or Japanese languages cannot express how excited I am to have Fluid Mechanics Lab from 1:00 to maybe 5:00 PM. Nothing against any of those classes, well, except the septic tank from hell that is Physics B, but maybe - just maybe - classes should be cancelled on October 27th. First Vandy caves in for MLK day, then Veterans' Day, then Moon Pie and RC Cola day... How about Clay Day? Just sayin'.

As I turn 21 years of age, let us reflect on the last true birthday that allows for a government-given privilege. Turning 15 grants you the glory of identification in the form of a learner's permit and 16 - a restricted license. 17 meant you could drive past curfew, and 18 sent you a nice letter in the mail about the selective service act. 18 also let you vote, but 19 and 20 leave you a bit empty. What a cliffhanger! Other countries don't seem to believe in the tortur- I mean, delaying gratification.

Last year, as *The Slant* crew was preparing our glorious and much-heralded Payne Award for Ethics in Journalism-winning October 28th, 2009 issue, Managing Editor and spicy Cajun Justin Barisich turns to me and says, "Hey Clay, I just told you it's your birthday on Facebook." If there's one aspect of Facebook that has not been tainted by Farmville, blatant violation of the end-user-license-agreement or ceaseless scavenging for bikini pictures, it's the little pink present box that appears to the side of the home page. For one day a year, you get to make someone you may not even know feel all bubbly wubbly. My go-to phrase is usually the incredibly terse yet emotional "hb, yo," yet people still appreciate the deviation from the normal "happy birthday!" as the little red notifications increase.

So, as this editorial makes its way into the library archives to forever encapsulate my age as a brisk 21, hear me out: the next time you see that it's someone's birthday and you don't see them in person, give their online ego a little boost and just say something. It doesn't have to be profound - hell, the stupider, the better. Your little blurb may rekindle some lost magic. Unless, of course, you don't want to ever see those people again and relive whatever embarrassment their metaphysical presence brings. In that case, be a man and ignore the ramifications of your steadily declining social prowess!

Fucked Image



Before I picked up the Fall Fashion issue of *The Hustler*, I wasn't sure if I was dressing cute enough for class. Since then, every guy has been giving me looks! Thanks for the awesome advice!

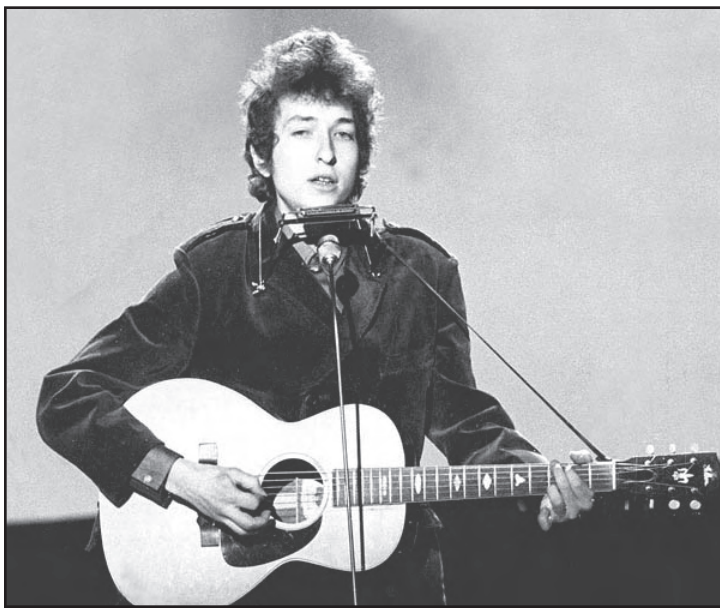
Actually Inside This Issue

- QUAKE REVIEW:** Snoop descends from the skies and into Memorial Gym on a cloud of weed smoke.....2
- WHITEY'S WARPATH:** Learn your Western Civ.....3
- DIVERSITY:** On having orgies with Russians.....3
- SCARY SHIT:** Climbin' in yo' window.....4-5
- BEST OF BOTH WORLDS:** Mastur- and De- bate...6
- AROUND THE LOOP:** Taking issues with issues.....7
- TOP TEN:** Kicking contents outta Coke machines.....8

THE SLANT PRESENTS:
STREAM OF
CONSCIOUSNESS
COMMODORE QUAKE
2010 REVIEW!

Alcohol may or may not have been consumed prior to the writing of this review. Reader discretion is advised.

Approaching Memorial, so late, why is MGMT playing? I hope this man at the door lets me keep my cup.. my cup is gone and my friends are now too but all I see is blue and purple and pink lights and it's okay. There are way too many people and not enough space, but somehow I'm in the front and this entire arena smells like alcohol, where is my balance? Ah shit Hayley Williams is here and she and B.o.B really just want a wish right now wish right now wish right now, her hair is so cool but she's so short! Does she wish she was taller? Does she wish she was a baller? Dance dance dance dance.



Yeah, man, Bob was super sick at Quake on Friday.. N-n-n-nothin on you, babe! What?? No, I swear this was what he looked like on stage. Stop telling me I'm wrong just because I'm drunk!



Yeah, man, Snoop was backstage smokin' that super dank stuff fo' shizzle. What?? You don't believe me when I say he invited me to his pregame? I was totally there! No, I was not in my room hallucinating by myself! You did NOT walk in on me drinking peppermint schnapps by myself!

Just like Passion Pit said, higher and higher and higher, literally as we're climbing the stairs to the balcony where there is supposedly room to breathe. Set change, so long. Too long. Passion Pit why are you playing all of your old songs, most of the crowd only knows Little Secrets and Sleepyhead.. why is your voice so high... why am I... why is nobody else dancing? The Reeling yeaaaaaaah look at me oh look at me, I can't remember the rest of the words, these lights are awesome and this is so fun! Everything is so loud, Cuddle Fuddle puddle huddle muddle. Sleepyhead dance dance



dance dance. See ya later Passion Pit, we're all still pissed you skipped Rites, yeah I said it.

Who is this clown on stage, I just want Snooooooop and more gin and juice and maybe a nap and a cup of water.. this guy literally cannot rap.. boeing.. he's still on stage.. my little brother is better than this. Epic music must mean it's Doggy time yeah video yeah violence yeah kush, SNOOP A LOOP. Where is Dr. Dre if you are playing this song okay I'll let it slide, ah why are you playing Akon, wait you aren't 50 Cent, what is going on? Laaaaid back, Snoop is so caring, asking where the ladies are every five minutes, what a real gent, mind on my money, money on my mind. Lights lights lights. Smoke that kush, ball like swoosh. Everything is too loud, Snoop is like 50 no wait 40 I looked it up he's 39... Snoop Dogg backwards is (G)God Poons, subliminal messaging? Drop it like it's hot, it's over?

Yeah, man, Passion Pit totally signed a copy of my studio portrait I drew of them. What?? You don't think I'm actually their new official tech roadie? I'm good with equipment! My roommate's TV got vomit on itself!

MASTHEAD



Beating Meat... since 1886.

188 Sarratt Student Center
2301 Vanderbilt Place
VU# 351504 Station B
Nashville, TN 37235

Phone (615) 322-2424

Fax (615) 322-3762

Website www.theslant.net

STAFF

- Editor-in-Chief* Clay Christain
- Managing Editor* Justin Barisich
- Foreign Correspondent* Meryem Dede
- Webmaster* Charlotte Fraser
- Designer* Dan King
- Copy Editors* Kelley Hines
- Contributing Staff* Alec Jordan
- Ryan Carr
- Ben Coleman
- Arian Flores
- Rachel-Chloe Gibbs
- Jim Gillin
- Katy Jaramillo
- Grant Lewis
- Andrew Ligon
- Caitlin Meyer
- Jonathan Newkirk
- Alex Ruys de Perez
- Mark Sakaue
- Sarah Sipek
- Andrew Snow
- Joseph Souter
- Abi Stavrand
- Chris Watkins
- Zach Wright
- Rudy Wu
- Special Thanks To* Matt Radford
- The entire VSC gang

POLICIES

Back Issues

Back Issues can be ordered by sending \$5.00 and a description of the issue desired (volume number and date, if possible) to the address above. Some issues are no longer available. For a back issue please e-mail backissues@theslant.net.

Subscriptions

Mail subscriptions available. \$30.00/year or \$20.00/semester. E-mail subscribe@theslant.net. Postmaster please send address changes to 2301 Vanderbilt Place, VU# 351504, Nashville, TN 37235-1669.

DISCLAIMERS

This publication is a work of humor, parody and satire. None of the subjects or writers are intended to represent real people, unless those people are public figures. You must be over 18 to read *The Slant*. This publication and the content thereof does not always reflect the opinions of Vanderbilt Student Communications, Inc. All stories and images are the properties of their respective owners. Each member of the Vanderbilt community is entitled to one copy of this publication; additional copies are five dollars each. If *The Slant* offends you, do not read it. Support our advertisers.

Copyright © 2010, *The Slant*.
All rights reserved

Bastard Confession



“Seriously. Nothing would make me happier than talking about penises.”

--Stephen

Lessons from Russia: Skip the Health Center, Bring on the Garlic

By: Meryem Dede
Spices Savant

If there was one thing two years at Vanderbilt had taught me, it's that you can never trust the Student Health Center. If there were two things that applying to study abroad in St. Petersburg, Russia for a semester taught me, it's that you really can't trust the Student Health Center and the Global Education Office leaves a lot to be desired as well. However, if there were three things about health that Russia has taught me so far, it's that all you need is honey, garlic, and a good scarf to stay healthy.

I know a lot of people talk about their semester abroad like one describes an epic party. ("Yeah, I don't remember exactly what happened in the middle, and at the end I'd lost a pair of pants, but, man, it was awesome.") However, studying abroad in Russia is a little different.

I'm not living in a dorm with a bunch of party-minded college students; I'm at a home staying with a babushka. She cooks me delicious food, does the dishes and laundry, understands all the bus routes, is cool with me coming back at 2 AM (or 9 AM as is sometimes the case), talks to me in Russian (since that is why I'm in Russia) and even keeps me healthy with her wise Russian babushka tips. Unfortunately, I can't share the good food or the free laundry with all of you, but I can certainly share some babushka wisdom. There are three rules of Russian babushka health: honey, garlic and a good scarf.

Before I came to Russia, I thought honey was okay. Like, you know, sometimes I'd use it in baking, I'd put it on toast occasionally, it's a great not-too-sappy pet name for my boyfriend, it was an okay series of over-the-top movies (Honey, we shrunk ourselves...again!), but overall I didn't think about it too much.

Russian honey is like a completely different substance. Russians may make inferior cars, inferior economic systems, inferior nuclear power plants, inferior democracy and inferior alcohol awareness videos, but, damn, they know something about honey that we don't. Russian honey is "look up the amount of honey permitted in checked luggage heading for the United States" good. My babushka says a spoonful of honey a

day keeps the doctor away, so at the rate I'm going, I will never have to pay a medical bill ever again in my life.



I know black-and-white leaves something to the imagination, but here's how you make a Russian honey drink: Hot water, honey, hops and yeast. Five days later, you have yourself a nice, thick adult beverage. You could even make it in your closet!

Next up: garlic. In Russia, moms hang garlic around their kids' necks when flu season starts at school. My babushka says her kids never got the flu, because she would follow this practice. When I tried making a joke that this was probably on account of no one wanting to go near the kids that had smelly garlic around their necks, she didn't laugh and instead gave me a really concerned look. When I had a cold myself (so much for the honey), she made me a drink of warm milk, honey, and garlic and stood over me while I drank the whole glass. I don't know if it actually got rid of my cough or if after the garlic

drink I willed myself to get better so I wouldn't have to drink or eat any more raw garlic, but really I don't care either way.

Lastly, wear a goddamn scarf! Russian women are known for their sex appeal, but if you're on the streets of St. Petersburg, you'll never see cleavage. Women will be wearing scraps of cloth for skirts with 7 inch heels, but will have no neck or chest exposed. In Russia, they still stick to the theory that you get chest colds from having a cold chest. Now, of course, obviously that's not true, but I've been wearing scarves everyday regardless just because it's not really worth the germ theory explanation (in Russian) to my babushka.

Now, I realize I've made jokes of the three cardinal rules of health in Russia. But at the same time, though I and most of my comrades in the Russian program have all gotten colds, I haven't seen any Russians with runny noses. In fact, I pretty much never see a sick Russian. And besides, it can't be worse than going to the health center, right?

Style Spotter: Moscow. What a fabulous fern-pattern scarf she has! Wait, she's still wearing tights as pants? OMG, that was so 2008... Someone get this girl a damn brain, srsly.



You are looking at the onion-like clove that will save your life. Not just from vampires, too!



Richard Spencer Has His Own Ideas about Diversity

By: Dan King

Ignorant Ignoramus

Two weeks ago, Vanderbilt's chapter of the Youth for Western Civilization invited Richard Spencer to speak about his uniquely ignorant ideas on higher education. Spencer spoke about how Vanderbilt and other such institutions have sacrificed their standards to promote diversity and even went so far as to say that some races are genetically predisposed to fail at school. Then, as if to prove Vanderbilt's commitment to diversity, Spencer was allowed to speak, and everyone went home and nothing else happened.

Some students unable to attend the speech were shocked to hear that such blatantly offensive and severely misguided ideas were allowed to be espoused on our campus without a fight breaking out. While this seemed a possibility at some times during the event, in the end, cooler heads prevailed, and Spencer was allowed to continue with his anti-diversity speech.

At one point, William Anderson, a current Vanderbilt student, shook his fist in anger at Spencer, but then sat down and allowed him to continue. When later asked about the fist, Anderson responded, "Well, at first I was angry, because the things Richard Spencer said were at best incorrect, and at worst openly racist... but then I realized how funny it was for someone as feeble-minded as [Richard] Spencer to talk about the importance of academic standards. That calmed me down."

Anderson went on to add that for a brief moment he thought perhaps the whole event was some grand, Kaufman-esque, ultra committed troll effort. He remarked, "If it was, this guy is a really good actor!"

YWC Vice President Devin Saucier said he was disappointed in his fellow students for once again showing their commit-



I don't really understand what part of western civilization involves battle axes.

ment to cultivating diversity by allowing Spencer to say everything he wanted.

Spencer said, "The fact that my organization exists on this campus, where the majority of students don't agree with our ideas, is just another sign of the administration's blatant love of diversity. It is disgusting. If this school had any sense of propriety, they would cut out all the affirmative action and stop allowing

ignorant people like me to organize on campus."

Some students were angry that their Dean, Mark Bandas, attended the event and didn't hurl a rotten tomato at Spencer for being such a benighted excuse for a speaker. Bandas replied, "You know, I don't like it either, but the fact is that these anti-diversity viewpoints are important to the culture of diversity we cherish here at Vanderbilt."

And indeed, students who attended the event found it to be an interesting learning experience where they were given the chance to interact with a person from a different background who doesn't share their views.

One student, Wendy Barnes, had this to say: "I really learned a lot about the culture of unenlightened, hateful people, which I never would have experienced were it not for [YWC]. I think it's cool how [YWC] works to bring in people from diverse backgrounds who don't really belong here and allows them to speak about the dangers of promoting diversity."

While students apparently felt enriched by encountering a viewpoint different from their own, Dean Bandas took less away from the talk.

When asked whether his mind was changed at all by Spencer's speech, Bandas replied, "Well, there were a few seconds where I thought his ideas made sense, and I contemplated applying his logic by no longer supporting diversity and purging our ranks of those who don't deserve to be here, but then I realized that to truly maintain a high academic standard at Vanderbilt, I would have to go back in time and make sure that Richard Spencer was never invited to speak here. That was too much of a mindscrew for me, so I decided his ideas were incorrect."

Penthouse Founder Dead Following Totally Wicked Awesome Raging Orgy

By: Kelley Hines

Steamy Lovin' Specialist

Founder and publisher of *Penthouse* magazine, Bob Guccione, sadly passed away last Wednesday, October 20th. While many reporters will lie to you and declare he lost an ongoing battle with lung cancer and died at the Plano Specialty Hospital in Plano, Texas, we here at *The Slant* have the hard-hitting facts. In actuality, Bob Guccione expired from a massive orgasm-induced heart attack brought on by a bacchanalian orgy that took place in an actual downtown penthouse.

How does one attain a position in which they can die in such a serendipitous manner? For Guccione, not without a little awkwardness and career shattering images. In England in 1965 after a failed attempt at seminary school, Guccione decided to start *Penthouse* magazine as a way to supplement his newfound career as a budding artist. Obviously, the celibacy associated with priesthood wasn't exactly his "thing." Guccione was quoted as saying that the magazine's sense of "voyeurism" was what set *Penthouse* apart from other titles on the magazine scene, such as *Playboy*, that were popular at the time. Essentially, Guccione was able to take that habit of creepily watching your co-worker adjust her stockings or your next door neighbor getting

ready to shower, and turn it into multi-million dollar erotica. The magazine's most popular issue, which featured nude photos of Vanessa Williams, hit shelves in September 1984 and has since gone on to put a damper on many a Black History Month biography project. I mean, it kind of sucks having to mention that after she became the first African-American Miss America, she had her title revoked because her boobs were on parade in *Penthouse*. You've got to get paid somehow, right?

While the famous Vanessa Williams issue alone brought in a reported \$14 million dollars, technological advancements brought Guccione's ride to the top to a halt. During the last two decades, *Penthouse's* popularity has fallen due to the rising interest in Internet pornography over print material. Falling sales lead Guccione to plan one last hoorah before he got too old and too broke to accomplish any newsworthy feat. No one suspected, however, that it would lead to his death. His "personal assistant" Candy Winters said, "When we planned the orgy, we were all so excited. The theme was 'Cirque de So-Laid' and we rented out a Skyloft at the MGM Grand. There were 150 guests, alcohol and cotton candy everywhere, balloon animals, and

even trapeze swings for the more adventurous types. It was basically a carnival of sex. Bob dying in the middle was really sad, but other than that it was awesome. I couldn't walk for three days."

While Guccione's career was rocky, I think we can all agree that it ended on a pretty high note - a note emanating from a red and gold circus calliope. So, in memory of the man whose publication helped so many young men make it through middle school, put down the lotion and let's give Bob Guccione a moment of silence.



Bob Guccione inherited his love of voyeurism from his good friend Coach Caldwell.

ACTUALLY SCARY HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

Ok, so, let's say you're getting ready for Halloween, and it's time to pick out your costume. What do you go for? A monster? A movie serial killer like Michael Meyers? These things are scary, but let's be honest, when was the last time you ran into a serial killer? Here we offer a few alternative costumes that heighten their scare factor by being utterly familiar. They are things we encounter everyday that can only be described as terrifying.

THE VIEW



These women would make Ted Bundy shudder

JHERI CURLS



Nothing says 'I'm gonna make a coat out of your skin' quite like a Jheri Curl.

HOT GUY WITH HERPES



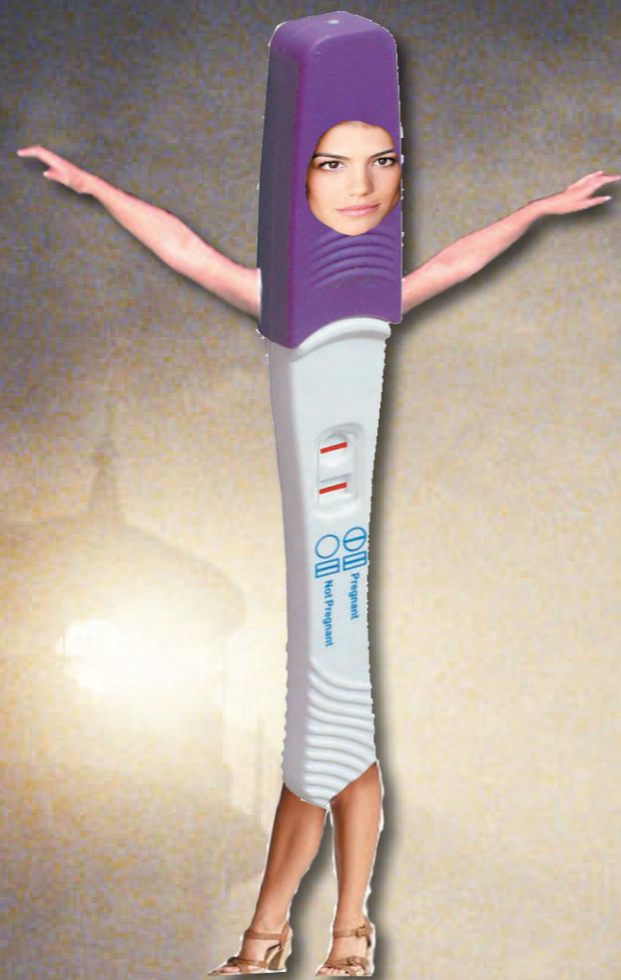
He's like a wolf in sheep's clothing. A wolf... with herpes.

SILKY SMOOTH JUMP SHOT



You better be afraid when your defense can't stop the rain of threes. You're gonna get sent back to the locker room wishin' you had never hit the court!

POSITIVE PREGNANCY TEST



The only downside to this costume is that people will think it's funny to pee on you.

KID WITH TOO MANY X-MAS GIFTS BECAUSE HIS PARENTS JUST GOT DIVORCED



I got two Wits this year, one from Dad and one from Craig.

MATH TEST



F is for 'Fuck, I forgot to study for my test, because yesterday was Halloween.'

CHOLESTEROL



Freddy Kruger has killed a few people, but not nearly as many as the McDonald's Big Mac.

JESUS



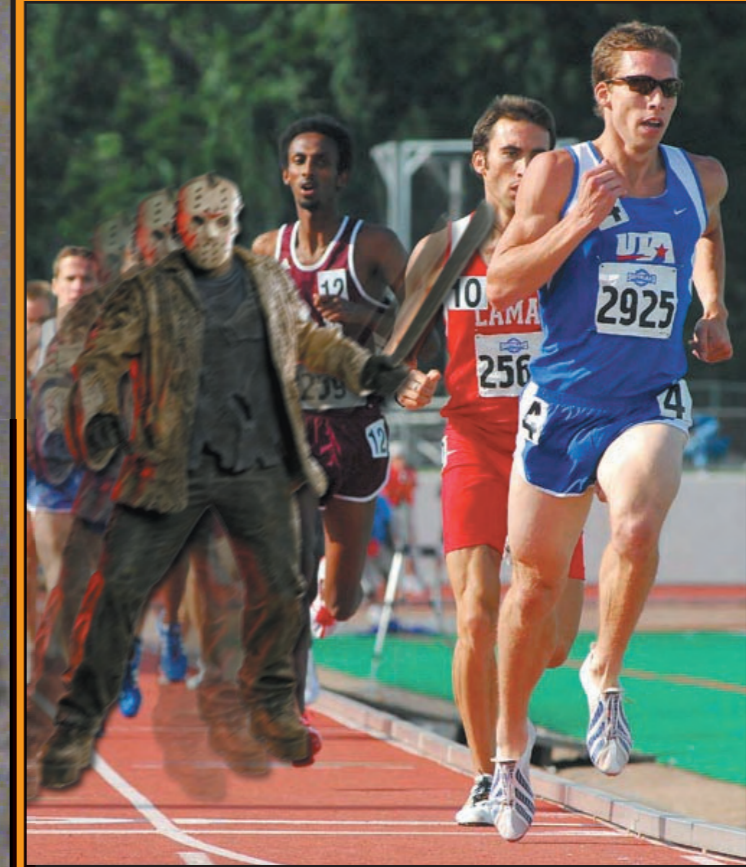
Apparently in the afterlife, some people get delicious carrot cake, and some people get the fire sword. I sure hope I'm a cake guy. I've got some praying to do.

SERIAL KILLERS: AMERICA'S FUTURE TRACK STARS

By: Mark Sakauye
Gory Gold Medalist

I love horror movies. I can't tell you how many times I have seen a scantily-clad college co-ed running for her life faster than Usain Bolt yet still somehow being caught by the killer. The skankatrons hop fences, run several hundred yards through corn fields, fly planes to other countries, even run all the way from one room to an adjacent room and shut the door. Yet inexplicably, the killer suddenly appears directly in front of the co-ed and subsequently kills her.

world class runners stretching in their short-shorts and jerseys all ready to run like Forrest Gump. You got this; no big deal. You look to your right and see an imposing seven-foot figure built like a dump truck wearing faded jeans, worker's boots, leather gloves, a ripped-up jacket, and a bloody hockey mask. Everyone lines up, and the moment is tense. The starting gun cracks and you sprint ahead while Jason - his number "13" written in blood casually blowing in the wind - begins to saunter forward. One lap, two laps, three laps pass, and, to no one's surprise, you're still in first! You quickly glance backwards to see how far ahead you are, and when you snap your head back around, Jason's torso meets your face as he stands there giving you a cold, blank stare that gives your bowels a certain... incontinence. He has already finished the race in 3 minutes 13 seconds, a full 30 seconds faster than the world record. Another solid win for the USA. You see this, weep openly, vow to never compete again, become an alcoholic, catch syphilis, develop jaundice, slit your own Achilles tendon, and die alone.



Jason must have been drinking his Powerthirst...

This got me thinking, if these serial killers can cover such vast distances with little to no effort, then wouldn't they also make excellent Olympic runners? Hear me out: if we could train them out of their little "brutally decapitating anyone within reach" problem, they would dominate all track and cross country competitions. Just think about it. You're a genetically-engineered runner from... let's say Kenya, and you're ready for the one-mile run in the Olympics. You confidently look to your left and see several

That's why I believe that we, as a nation, should rally together in support of our serial killers as runners. I imagine there might be a few legal speed bumps when they inevitably kill every spectator at a few events, but once that is all ironed out it will be clear sailing (for us at least) and gold medals galore! Conceivably, we can keep this up for millennia since serial killers never seem to die - although further studies are still required. So, in this humble reporter's opinion, here's looking forward to the future, and Team Jason for Summer Olympics 2012! Let the screaming... I mean cheering... yes... let the cheering begin.

RAVERS



The apple doesn't fall from the tree. Especially when the tree is on acid and loves Deadmau5.

TRULY HORRIFYING SCENARIO: GETTING ICED WHILE TRICK-OR-TREATING!



Your super sweet costume is finally finished! A hobo! You'll be swimming waist-high in friendly praise for your clever duds! Time to hit the town!



Great Scott! How could you go and ice me on Halloween? What's next? Thanksgiving turkey stuffed with ice? A six-pack of ice wrapped up for Christmas?



I'm going to remember this, you scalliwag. That next Quinzos bag you get will have a nice surprise waiting inside...



Transcending the passé fanny pack, humanity has evolved to storing the most necessary items on one's neck.



I'm gonna bite your dick off while you sleep. You like that, don't you?

THE 10 COMMANDMENTS OF MASTURBATION

By: Arian "The Aryan" Flores and Jack Meoff

Resident Master Baters

Recently, masturbation has come under fire, mostly from the same people who choose not to have any sexual intercourse with any person of the oppositesex and remain celibate until marriage, or until the "right one" shows up, or God descends from the clouds and says "be fruitful and multiply." (Oh wait, I think that last one already happened.) Anyway, we're not scientists, but we at *The Slant* think that our readers need to relieve that sexual frustration that our ape-like ancestors left for us in our DNA.

Now, if you follow politics and also follow the logic of Delaware Senate Candidate Ms. Christine O'Donnell, who said in the 90s, "The Bible says that lust in your heart is committing adultery. You can't masturbate without lust!" then please do not read any further. These rules and regulations are only for those who are guilty of committing this adulterous crime.

Are they gone? Alright, cool! (By the way, all of us that are still reading should have a party and not invite the abstinent folks.) So, even though we don't consider masturbation to be a sin, we still believe that there are ways you can sin while masturbating. Even though you're alone, well, most of the time, there are still certain rules which should govern your behavior while jerkin' it. Until now, these rules have been mostly regional and inconsistent and thus relatively ineffective. That's why we've gone all the way up Mt. Semen-ai and come back with these:



GET IT?!?!?

The 10 Commandments of Masturbation!

(1) When in doubt, whip it out.

Alright, so, this is for all of you with roommates. It's a quiet afternoon during finals, and your roommate's out taking their test. You look at the clock: 4:55. You can't remember if their test ends at 4:30 or 5:30. You've been stressing over your finals, and you want to relieve a little stress before the next cram session. One decision can lead you to a miserably embarrassing and awkward situation and one that your roommate would never let you live down. The other can bring you a few seconds of unbelievable relief that only a precious few nights of raging could match. The clock is ticking; what do you do?!?! Well, it looks like almighty has once again stepped in with the answers. Take care of that raging monkey in

your pants and finish the job. Who knows? Maybe one day your roommate will be the one on that chair staring at the computer screen, and then you'll be even. Hey, there are always single rooms for next year!

(2) Warn your roommates.

This one is especially important for all of us undergrads who live in dorms with impossibly thin walls that sometimes seem to amplify rather than block sounds from the next room. We suggest working out some sort of system with your roomies to politely let them know when you're holding a private party. For example, in our suite we shout "Fore!" loud enough that everyone knows not to go in the back room for a little while.

(3) Exercise moderation.

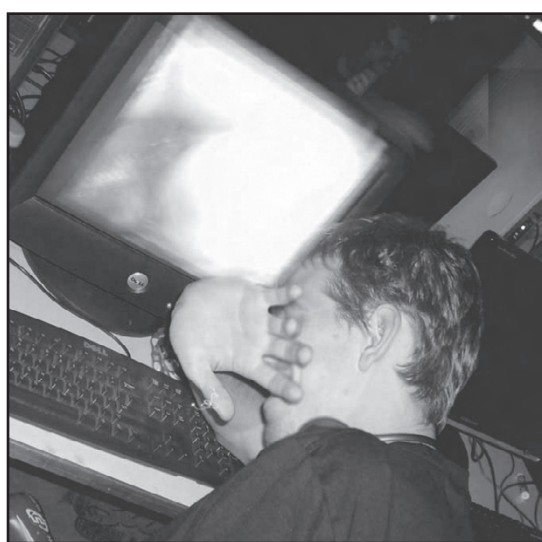
There's a pretty simple rule of thumb for this one: if you've ever skipped something to spend more time waxing your giraffe, that's too much. Get outside and get some fresh air! And while you're there, don't forget rule #6.

(4) Two or more shall never "cross-streams."

If you ever feel the urge to jerk one out with your buddy right by you, don't cross boner toner. If I understood the movie *Ghostbusters* correctly, and I'd like to think I did, crossing streams could cause total protonic reversal. That would be bad.

(5) Do not involve unwilling participants.

There are two real reasons why this one makes sense: first, if somebody else is involved, it's not really masturbation. Also, no means no, Lance.



With our guide, this will never happen to you again. Unless of course you want it to happen to you, but if you had read our guide, you'd know that letting this happen to you is a terrible idea!

(6) Never beat it in the street.

There is nothing decent about that exposure unless you're getting paid for it. Keep indoors or rent a private hotel room for you and rosy palm lips, presidential suite style, and take your time to peel that banana.



Check yo'self before you wreck yo'self.

(7) Protect thyself from the white-devil.

OK, folks, so this one's open for interpretation, but we here at *The Slant* would like to think this one's for the Trojan users out there. Rubber it up if you don't want to clean it up! Plain and simple.

(8) Remember the Sabbath and keep it holy and untainted.

It looks like the G-man decided to keep this one in for reload. You know what this means, put away the MAXIM and lock up your tissues. No squeezing the purple-headed yogurt slinger on Sundays or Saturdays depending on your denomination. Your little guys need some time to rest for the next big race!

(9) Use the hand I have given onto you.

Law of diminishing product in economics states production will diminish as you increase one variable and keep the others constant. Therefore, one hand is always better than two for the optimum choking of your chicken. If you happen to be one of those poor dudes that lost his hands in a freak fishing accident or the Vietnam war, arm rubbing is always allowed - but just one. Good luck with that.

(10) The golden rule.

Remember this: the Lord's golden rule that is useful throughout life but especially salient here. I quote The Book of Luke, Chapter 23, Verse 4: "And the LORD said 'Loveth thyself as thou would loveth thyself.'"

Scientific Evidence Sheds Light on Girls in Bathroom Stalls

By: Jim Gillin

Urology Unitarian

It recently came to my attention through an overheard conversation that girls might not be held to the same set of hygienic bathroom standards that guys are.

Recently, at a roundtable discussion, an unassuming girl commented that on her unisex floor, all three toilets always had pee on the seats. She remarked, "I don't know how guys do it! They have to sit down SOMETIMES!" Well, girl who pees on seats, I will tell you how guys do it and how I came to the conclusion that one of your feminine ilk is truly responsible for the gratuitous seat-peeing.

You see, there are three male-only restrooms in our dorm comprised of three toilets each for a total of nine toilets, and at any given time, there is a maximum of six pee-seated toilets in the dorm - two per bathroom. Guys have a



Honestly foks, how hard is this?

set of universal bathroom rules, one of which is "keep holy the shit toilet." In a standard three-potty bathroom, it's perfectly legitimate for guys to piss all over two of the seats, but the shit toilet, identified because it is the largest stall/handicapped toilet, is sacrosanct and never gets peed upon. Men understand that the seat of the shit toilet is never to be pissed on, and in an unexpected time of need, we know that we can count on the one shit toilet to be pee-free for comfortable seating pleasure.

When males collectively use a restroom, they keep a total greater than or equal to one toilet seat

piss-free. In the plaintiff's unisex bathroom, all three toilets are glazed with yellow. Therefore, we have a proof by contradiction that a male cannot have possibly pissed on that seat leaving a female as the true culprit. Shocking, I know.

With this discovery, it is deduced that girls may not obey any of the other standards of shared bathroom use such as "never use the stall right next to an occupied stall, if possible" and the all-important "if you and someone else are shitting at the same time, and they finish and exit their stall before you, wait for them to exit the bathroom before emerging from your stall." This last one is the best defense against awkwardness in the bathroom, preventing you from knowing with whom you shared your intimate time on the crapper.

So, gentlemen, take this knowledge proudly. The next time a girl complains about pee on the toilet seats, you know EXACTLY what's up. Protect your dignity and stand up for male bathroom use. "Stand up..." Get it?

Super Special Meta-debate:

Should The Slant Have More Point / Counterpoint?

Hell Yes!

Point

Counterpoint

HELL NO!

By: Alec Jordan

Pro "Pro" Proponent

Alright, so I have a problem with the last two issues of *The Slant*. We've had no Point/Counterpoint articles. Why not, you ask? It's because the editors are too lazy to think of clever topics and decide to find easier ways to fill up blank space. Those bitches!

This has to change. After all, what would *The Slant* be without the Point/Counterpoint? Just a bunch of words and no pictures with no big dash cutting through the middle of an article, that's what! It is a completely necessary component of our periodical, and we would be dishonoring the venerable name of *The Slant* were we even to consider leaving it out for good. Point/Counterpoint is to *The Slant* what the Big Mac is to McDonald's. It is tradition personified. To put it in perspective, let's say you go to Paris to see the Eiffel Tower. Then you're told it's not there, because people thought ugly condos were a better way to fill the area. Well, for the non literarily inclined, in this metaphor Paris is *The Slant*, Point/Counterpoint is the Eiffel tower, and the French are smelly people who talk with funny accents even in their own language.

Yes, we may lavish the graphics on the page and space it specially so that it takes up a lot (a LOT) of space, but hey, it's two articles in one! Two-for-one! All your friends love Two-for-one deals, DON'T YOU? Not to mention that the debates that take place in Point/Counterpoint articles are highly stimulating both for the brain and other parts of the body. Two people who clearly have NO IDEA who the other writer is square off around an issue and just go at it. There's no script. There's no planning; the two definitely don't plan it out together. Where else are you going to find this time of exhilaration? Aside from huge theme parks, probably nowhere.

So I say to you, fellow *Slant* lovers, embrace the Point/Counterpoint. Want it. Want it some more. Voice your opinions on how much the Point/Counterpoint means to you, because there may never be a more legitimate way to take up space in the *Slant* again. Besides, assuming this gets published, I've already won.

By: Jim Gillin

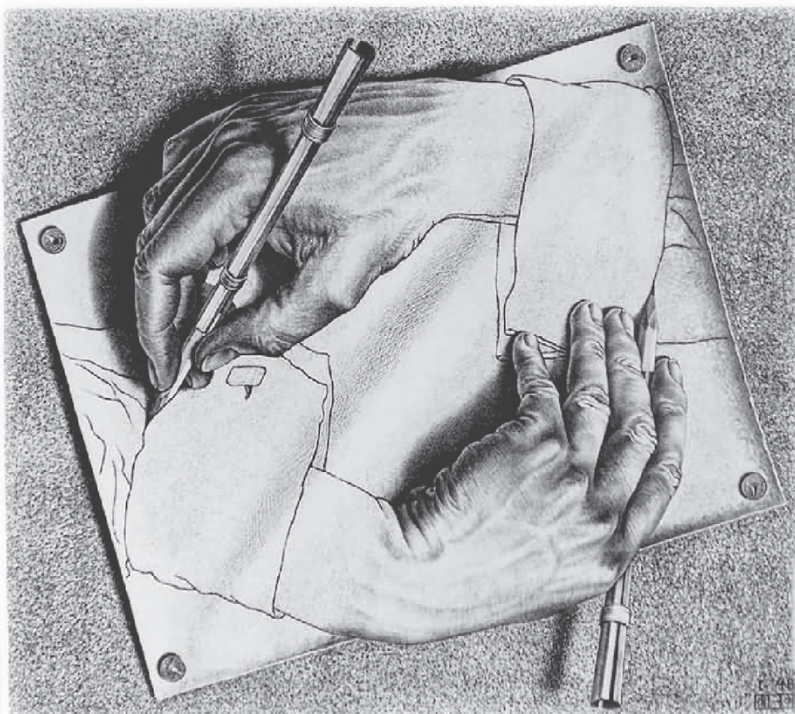
Mindfuck Mastermind

So, for multiple reasons, the whole Point/Counterpoint sucks. First off, the freshmen don't even know what this is. Point/Counterpoint used to be a feature in every issue where two professional scholars held a fair debate on important issues, but toward the end of last year it just became two drunkards arguing over sparkly lip gloss. We also haven't had a Point/Counterpoint yet this year, so new readers will be startled when some useless pair of articles starts showing up in their usual tri-weekly *Slant*—and who is cruel enough to scare freshmen? It's like when a second Big Mac appeared inside the good old status quo Big Mac to form the Double Big Mac. For that matter, Point/Counterpoint is probably bad for your health, too.

Let's face it; Point/Counterpoint is NOT why anyone picks up *The Slant*. Who wants to read two sarcastic satirists have a duel over some issue that will probably not affect them in any ostensible fashion? Clearly, this is just filler anyway. By writing this, I feel like the olive in a martini, like Passion Pit opening for Snoop Dogg, like the states of Washington and Oregon, and even like salad at dinnertime: useless and just thrown in there to take up space.

Actually, how can this article even exist? Have I already lost the debate if this is getting printed? Everything I stand for is in vain. Arguing AGAINST Point/Counterpoint has provided a counterpoint for Point/Counterpoint. My life is a paradox. If this article is a lie, then what else is? If I didn't debate against my own existence, would I cease to exist? Do I only exist because I am being observed? Will I vanish if you blink? Please don't blink. Please. Don't!

poof



Quite cyclical if you ask me.

Vanderbilt Takes Initiative to Increase Sexual Health Ranking

By: Clay Christain
Sexytime Specialist

In a press release sent to *The Slant's* office via *The Vanderbilt Hustler*, the Trojan Condoms company ranked Vanderbilt University 66th in the BCS in terms of sexual health and awareness. Not to be outdone by the likes of Columbia, Duke, Harvard, West Virginia, Alabama, IU-PUI and Gordon Gee's very own The Ohio State University, Vanderbilt's Dean of Students Office has begun a new program to increase sexual behavior on campus.

"While our incoming freshman classes always outshine any previous collection of students, we feel that they are becoming less and less promiscuous," Dean Mark Bandas said. "We are pleased to announce that effective immediately, every Vanderbilt student will have a sexual interaction quota to meet on a weekly basis."

This new scoring system, aptly named Commodores Understanding Nature's Tendencies, or CUNT for short, is designed to reward students for being adventurous. However, the system also penalizes social blunders and general awkwardness.

"The points system is incredibly simple to understand," systems analyst Rodney Labian said. "We award students points for hooking up, heavy petting, and getting frisky, but there's a lot more to it than that. For example, if you romp under the sheets on a Monday rather than a Friday, you receive a three-times multiplier and even a four-point bonus if it's before 5:00 pm."

The CUNT program has been painstakingly designed over the previous three weeks not to reflect any possible points of sexism or sexual discrimination. The scoring rubric does not differentiate between gay or straight encounters, but it does award the student points on a logarithmic scale based on how much discomfort an

experimental encounter can generate. This discomfort reward is explicitly stated not to apply to large-bro-on-drunk-girl scenarios in order to prevent excessive outbreaks of conspicuous frat hopping for points.

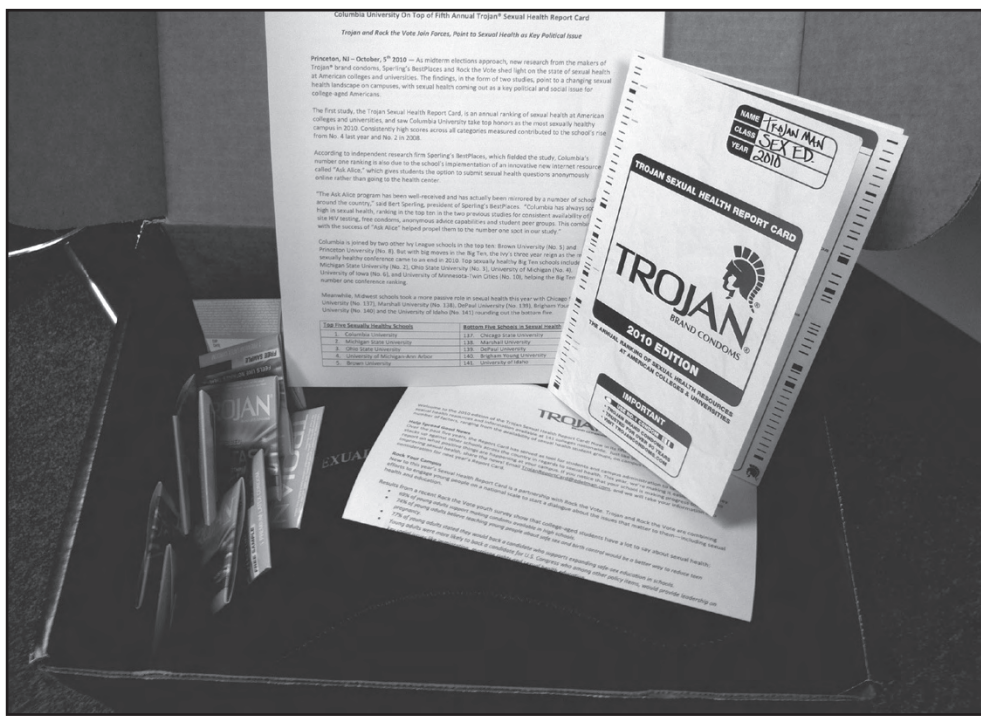
Students will have to meet the sixty-nine point minimum per week if they wish to stay enrolled in the CUNT program, but not all groups on campus feel that this experiment is as all-inclusive as the administration claims.

"Most members of the Vanderbilt Undergraduate Warlock Traders Guild are discriminated against and unable to receive the benefits of this program," High Elder Linus Fortran said. "There isn't even a bracket for self-gratification! How is my student org supposed to keep up in the season standings?"

Following spring break, the Dean of Students Office will tally up the weekly score sheets by student organization to create a swingers' bracket of 65 teams seeking to create a true March Madness/Spring Fever atmosphere. In the spirit of the NCAA's first round play-in game, the lowest ranked groups to make it to the big dance will have to compete in a volumetric bodily fluids contest to take on the overall first seed.

Filbert Siemens, captain of the flag football team Caligula's Concubines said, "Well, I don't think our team will be in that situation, but you really have to be willing to take advantage of the Masturbation Station in Rand or Commons to maximize your man-juices."

With Vanderbilt's overall sexual health ranking poised to increase 65 full positions, administrators in Kirkland Hall are already looking for the next list to conquer. Early candidates include crime rate, overall population density, and likelihood for grads to become crack addicts.



The first tip in the bestselling *Cooking with Trojan Man: Doin' It by the Book* "Make sure to wrap your turkey before you stick it in the oven. Nobody wants a 'holiday surprise.'"

Holiday Proposal: Honor French Man Who Ate Airplane

By: Sarah Sipek
Aerodynamic Appetizer

The recent celebration of Columbus Day has got me thinking about great men, men whose actions have impacted the course of history, men whose names will be remembered forever, men whose contributions should get me out of class for a day (*cough*cough* Vanderbilt). Christopher Columbus, George Washington, Abe Lincoln, Quiznos Guy. They are all a part of the conversation, but let me be so bold as to throw another name into the ring: Michel Lotito.

Never heard of him? That's weird, because he ate a plane. No joke, he downed the whole thing, propellers and all, and for that he gets my respect. But for those of you who judge the greatness of a man based on more than just the strength of his stomach, Lotito is more than an extreme eater with a sweet last name.

The recent biography, *He Ate What?*, charts Lotito's course to greatness beginning with what first caused him to become a metal-tarian.

As a young Frenchman on vacation in the United States, Lotito was disgusted by the quality of food available to him. "Everything was deep fried and served with a side of fries," he said. "It finally got to the point where my rental car looked more appetizing to me than what was on my plate. So I ate that instead."

I know what you're thinking, but don't worry;

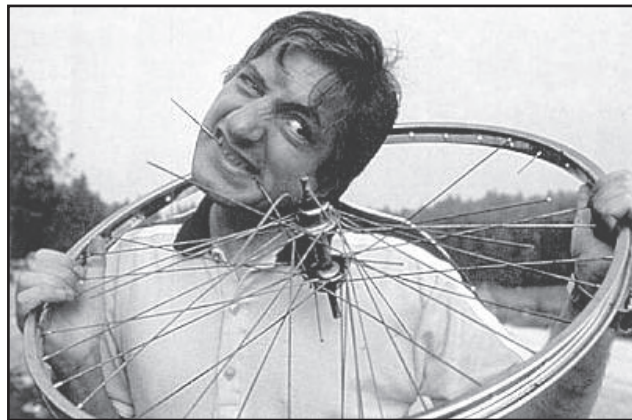
he had purchased the insurance policy. What began as a criticism of American cuisine morphed into something much greater. After that first taste of metal-y goodness, Lotito could not help himself. He began consuming bikes, shopping carts, television sets, and eventually that plane.

Though the taste drew him in, the social impact his eating had kept him going. "I became a symbol of how mankind should not let itself be controlled by consumerism. The products do not control us, we control them, and by digesting them, I was taking the power back," Lotito said. Right on.

Lotito was not motivated completely by the cause, however. He still needed to make a living, so he began selling the byproduct of his endeavors as works of art. "Shit From Me" is now the third most successful art house in Northern France.

Some people call that selling out, but I say who wouldn't want a centerpiece that has passed through a French guy's small intestine.

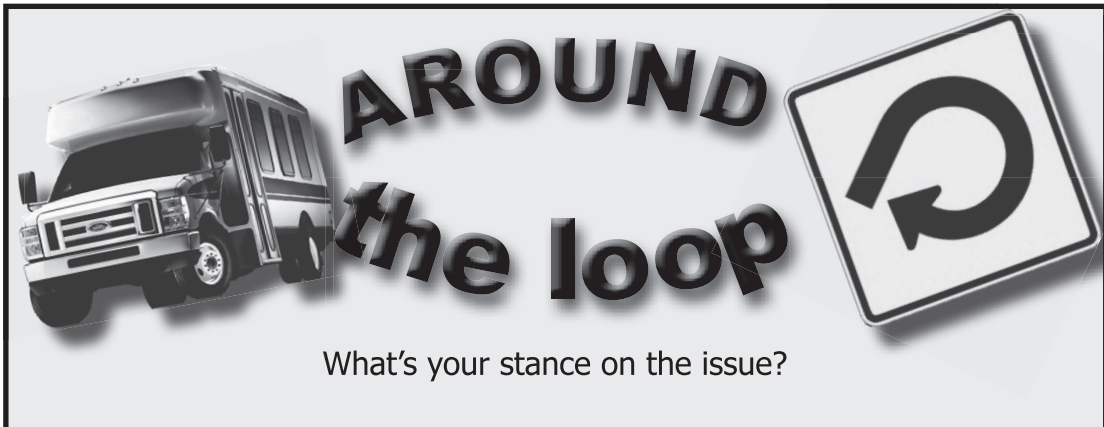
The fact that Lotito was able to turn a profit only increases his value by American standards. So think about it, Vanderbilt. I know that none of us are going to discover a country like Columbus, but we can all to eat something weird and I think we should get a day off to try.



Michel Lotito enjoying a little afternoon snack. High in iron, low in... everything else.

[TFLVP: Texts from Last Vandy Party Remembering what you said when you can't.

- (615): Do you ever wonder when you're "tugging it" that you use up all the good sperm cells, and later in life when you want to have a kid it'll be all deformed?
- (949): I can't wait to go to DC and see the exhibit about the history of American Indians.
- (865): That sounds awful. I'd rather shoot myself with a bow and arrow.
- (813): If you can slip two fingers down your waistband and gently caress your own balls, then the jeans are the right length.
- (949): You can't chew on dicks! That's your teeth!
- (690): Hey, here comes the keg! Oh no, it's just a fat guy.
- (615): You give me crap about Koreans eating dog, but the Flintstones ate dinosaur and they had one as a freaking pet!
- (217): I took 11 hours that semester, had a 2.3 GPA, and my grant still went up!

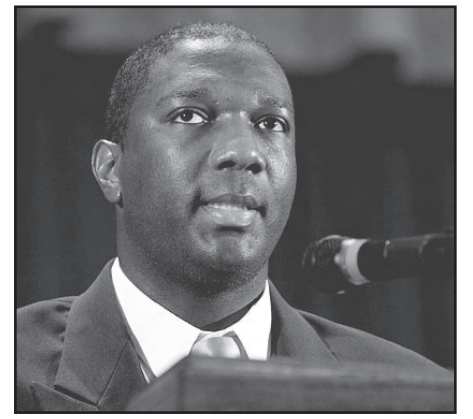


Christine O'Donnell



I'm you.
I don't masturbate, just like you.
You don't masturbate, right?

Alvin Greene



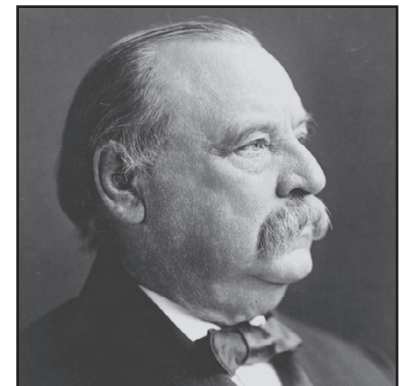
I think we should make toys of me.
Also, we should make toys of Christine. Fun toys.

Basil Marceaux



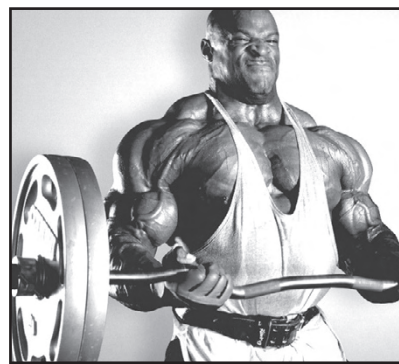
I cannot allow the police to continue enslaving Americans at traffic stops.
Also, everyone has to have a gun.

Grover Cleveland



Well I certainly don't think we should be coining silver, and I'm willing to fight Boss Tweed on the...
You have no idea what I'm talking about do you?

Ronnie Coleman



Everybody wants to be a bodybuilder, but nobody wants to lift this heavy-ass weight. I do, though!
RAAAAAH! YEAH, BUDDY!

Carl Paladino



HEY! Buddy, you wanna go? I'll take you down right now. You don't have ANY evidence to support that claim!

Jimmy McMillan



I could say the rent is too damn high, but that would almost be predictable at this point.

Concerned Citizen



These candidates make me yearn for the autocracies of old.

TOP TEN
Ways to Get Free Food

- 10 Swipe all the meal plan meals your anorexic girlfriend skips
- 9 Wait until the alumni get too drunk to recognize you at reunions
- 8 Bring Tupperware to Rand brunch
- 7 Set squirrel traps
- 6 Snatch from the bulk candy bins in the Munchie Marts when the staff isn't looking
- 5 Maximize on parent visits (either yours or someone else's)
- 4 Know which wild berries are edible
- 3 Invade unlocked dorm rooms
- 2 Raid the dumpsters behind the Commons
- 1 Go to a vending machine. Swipe your card. Unplug the ethernet cable from the wall and make your selection within like half a second ('cause it realizes you've unplugged the cable and will say "no cards" if you're not fast enough). Take your snack. The machine will suddenly remember that a purchase has been made, so unplug the machine's power cord to make it lose its memory. Plug both cables back in. Whistle, walk away, and look inconspicuous.

“Outstanding Senior” Title Awarded to Fabiani for Second Consecutive Year

By: Arian Flores
Outstanding Junior

It's officially that time of year again where the top ten Vandy seniors go head-to-head to be named Outstanding Senior and Supreme Chancellor of Vander-space. What these ten reluctant Vanderbilt seniors didn't know is that there was a late entry in the competition: he is kicking ass and taking names (but forgetting them as he shakes your hand and says hi to you again for the 50th time!). Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Fabiani Duarte came back and was in it to win it. For those unexposed freshmen who dare ask, "Who is Fabiani Duarte?," he was a deity hailing from the class of 2010 that happened to be a part of everything and everyone's lives. In fact, it is said that if you played six degrees of Kevin Bacon and used Fabiani, you would win 90% of the time. There was no small remedial chess club for the elderly or any three-man a capella group left untouched by Fabiani's participation. It is no wonder then that Mr. Duarte decided to use his connections in the VSG Mafia to rig the sophisticated Outstanding Senior ballot system and put his name down for a second round of keeping his title as Ultimate Master of the Vanderbilt Universe.

We at *The Slant* got to talking to some of the upper-ups of the ups about the very sophisticated voting process. Essentially, the system used a TOP SECRET super complicated voting algorithm that gave 50% of all votes for other candidates to Fabiani, 'cause, come on, if you voted for someone else, it had to be an accident. Fabiani also was given 100% of the freshmen votes, because as a first-year, do you remember meeting anyone else on move in day? I didn't think so. Following the vote, Fabiani ended up winning with an outstanding 99% of the final tally. The phantom 1% went to Deno whom some students mistakingly confused for Fabiani.

When asked about taking the Outstanding Senior award away from the hopes and dreams of this year's class of seniors, Fabiani said, "I think it was a tough competition, and I wish my fellow Outstanding Seniors the best and to always remember how outstanding they all are," as he flashed the signature Fabiani smile.

Outstanding Senior candidate Sahi Denduluri had other opinions on the competition. When finally given a chance to speak after the ceremony, he stated, "Fuck this school! They screwed us over with awful housing, and now they won't even give us an Outstanding Senior! Fuck this! Class of 2011, we out!"

None of the other contestants wanted to comment on the loss except for Deno Saclarides, Fabiani's former running mate for the VSG Presidential Election 2009, who had this to say "I think Fabiani was a good choice, he did so much for this school, and besides,

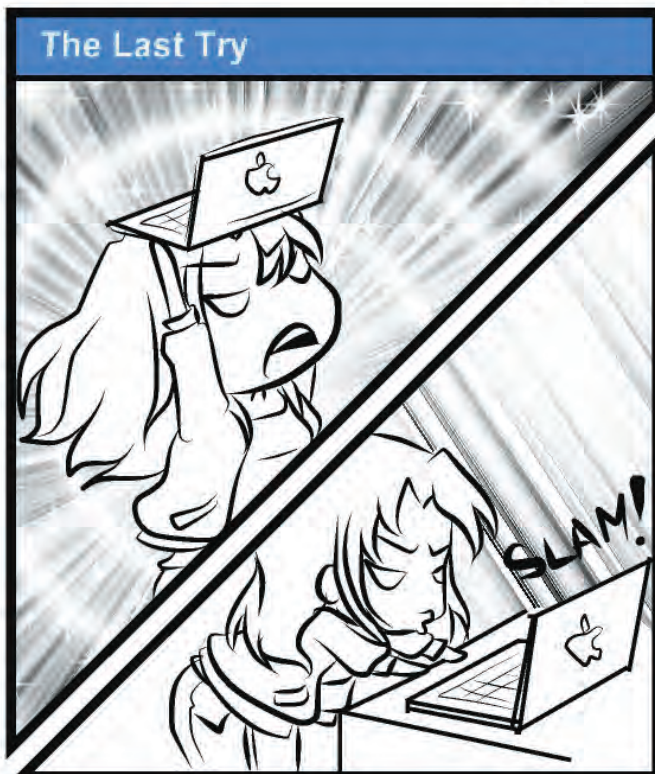


In the distant future, Fabiani will also win Outstanding Senior Citizen at his retirement home. Photo Credit: Chris Phare

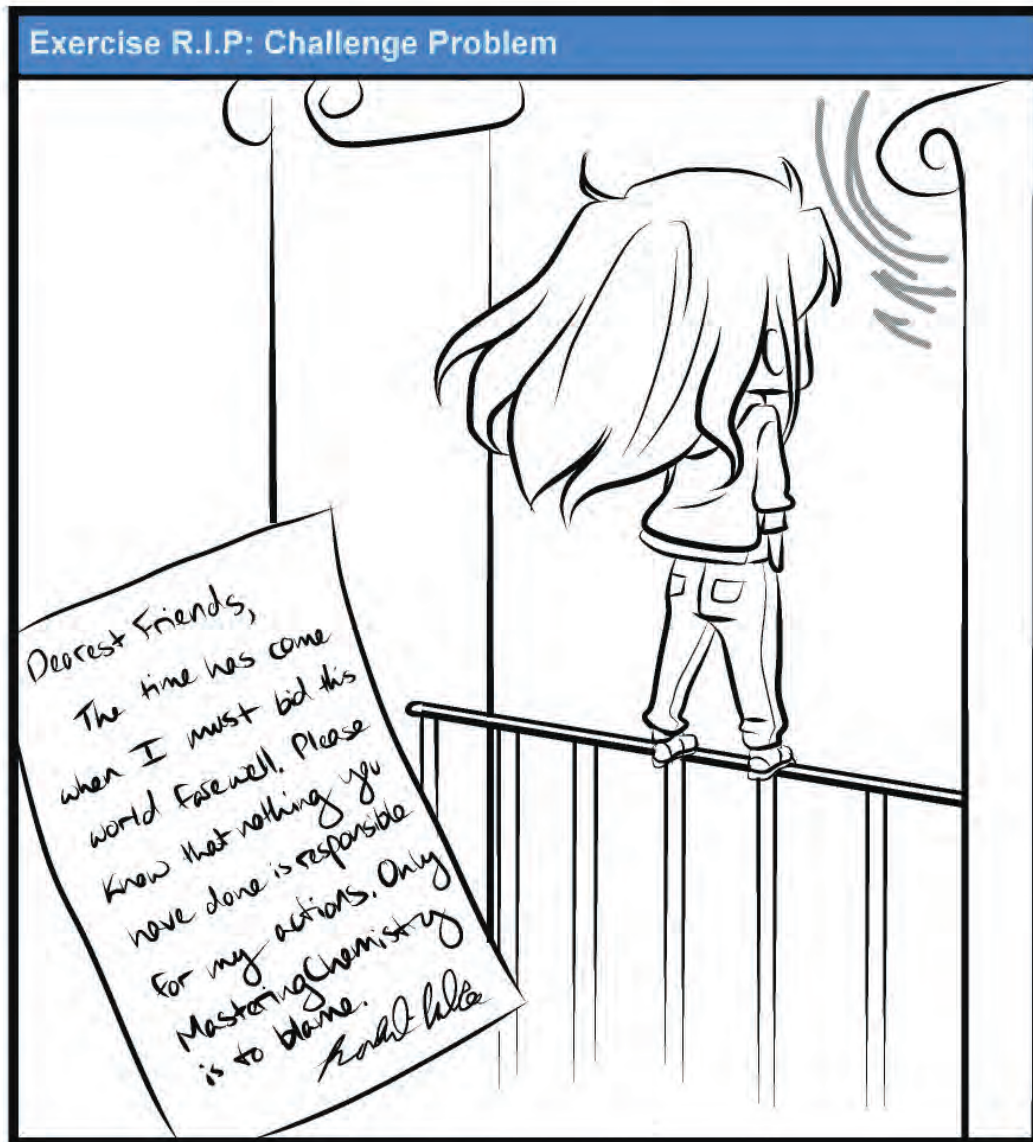
his win would makes me the Vice Outstanding Senior. Score!" It isn't clear whether Fabiani will be coming to take the win from the senior class of 2012, but it is certain that Fabiani will go down in the history books for this unexpected victory. After his win, Mr. Duarte was invited to a crazy rager at the chancellor's house where Chancellor Nick Zeppos is said to have a wicked hot sound system with a Jacuzzi and fountain spewing Natty Light down a waterfall. Further details to follow.

Mastering SUICIDALTENDENCIES

Logged in as Rachel-Chloe Gibbs



(translation:
WRONG)



Score Summary:

Your score on this assignment is over 9000%.
You received 4.184 out of a possible total of 101.3 points.

YOU HAVE REACHED THE END OF THE NEWSPAPER.

IF YOU WISH TO ENJOY MORE MATERIAL IN THIS SPACE, COME TO THE SLANT'S WEEKLY MONDAY MEETINGS IN SARRATT 130 AT 8:00 PM. WE CAN'T KEEP DOING ALL OF THIS STUFF OURSELVES, SHEESH!