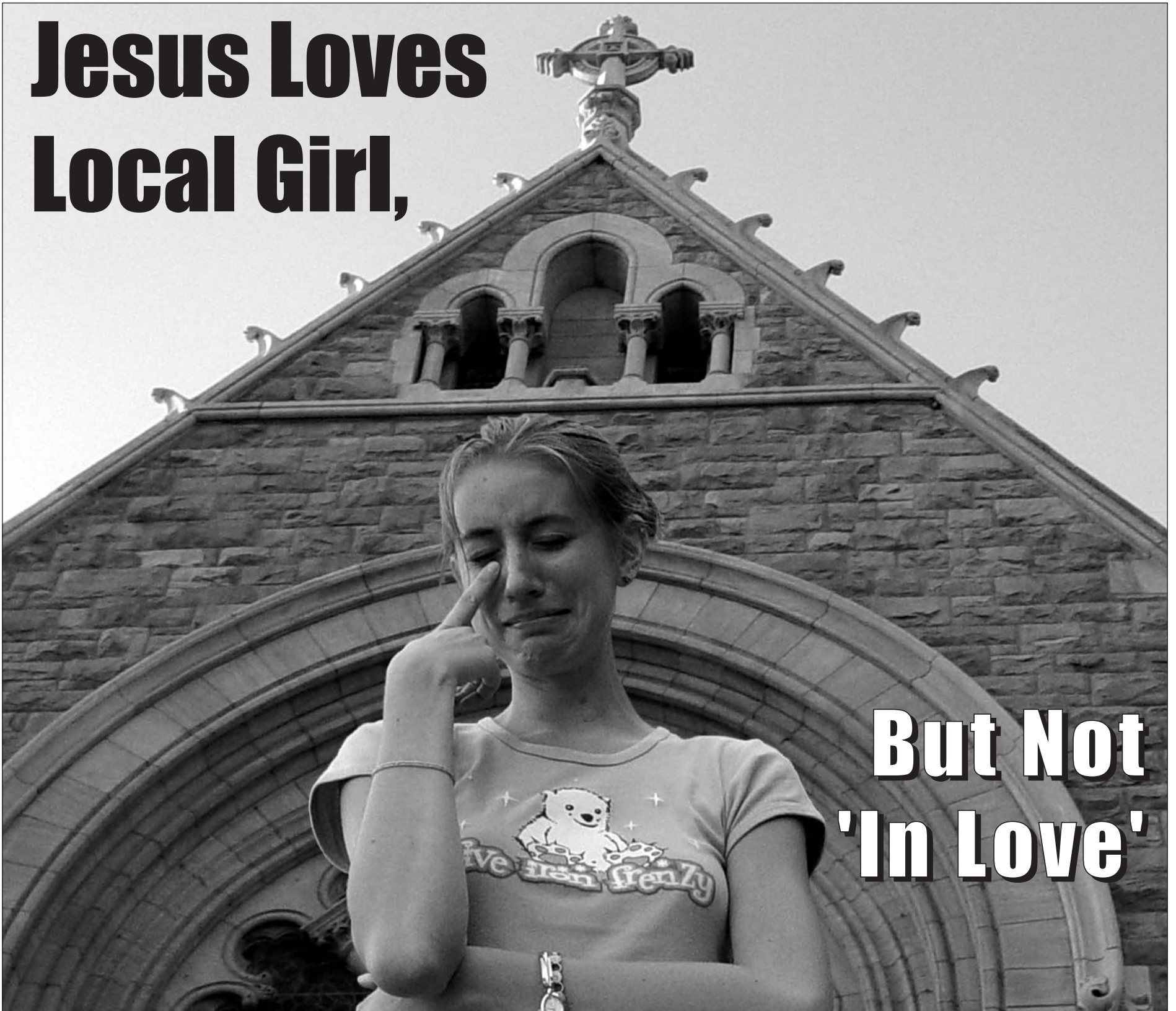


the slant

**Jesus Loves
Local Girl,**

**But Not
'In Love'**



in other news

NEWS THAT FELL THROUGH THE CRACKS

Evan,

You Suck

-Marth

Vandy Fems Search in Vain for 'Real Woman'

In what began as a valiant campaign to help the ugly minority here at Vanderbilt learn to love themselves, the Vandy Feminists finally gave up, disgusted, after being unable to find one really unattractive person to support. Claims of 'this is what Barbie should look like' mean little when pinned to tri-Delts.

Masturbator 'Thinks Theta' To Orgasm

John Simmons, chronic masturbator, was formerly unable to decide on a good subject of masturbatory thought. The suggestion given by the rash of pink 'Think Theta' t-shirts has solved this problem.

Jimmy Carter To Have Habitat For Humanity Build Him A Pool

"Fuck the homeless," quips the ex President. "Me and the misses want a goddamn pool."

M.C. Escher Tries His Hand At Architecture

Though aesthetically pleasing, the upper floors are off limits to those subject to gravity. Escher's previous efforts with spiral stairways proved a monotonous waste of time.

Mandatory Circumcision Policy Scrapped

In a stunning reversal, Chancellor Gee has announced that the much-vaunted compulsory circumcision policy (reported in The Slant's last issue) will not be implemented after a report by students into the idea has highlighted the huge expense such a scheme would incur. The report argues: "Having looked at the likely cost of this proposal to individual students, we can only conclude that it would be a rip-off".

Masturbator 'Thinks Theta' To Orgasm

John Simmons, chronic masturbator, was formerly unable to decide on a good subject of masturbatory thought. The suggestion given by the rash of pink 'Think Theta' t-shirts has solved this problem.

It Is Not Cool With Friend If We Use His Name

Junior Mike Nunes rejected the idea of appearing in a Slant article. When asked by Slant writer Andrew Banecker if it was cool to use his name in a story for the Sept 12 issue, he politely declined with one finger.

Hurricanes Enraged at Weather-People

In a statement released Monday, the National Hurricane Union (NHU), stationed in Dakar, Senegal, demanded equal rights and decent naming for all hurricanes... or else. Wearisome of pre-fabricated, quasi-ethnic naming on the behalf of politically-correct American Weather Bureaus, the hurricanes argued for the addition of an amendment to the weather constitution allowing hurricanes to name themselves. Threatening to release a hurricane once a week every week until a resolution was reached, the NHU has despatched inaptly named Isidore to batter American coasts in hopes of spurring an agreement. "We're just tired of it," said NHU elder Camille, "I was lucky, but poor Stan, Humberto, and Wilfred got dealt a bad hand." Conferences will commence next week to try and resolve the issue.

Kissam Freshman Masturbates In Shower Even Though He Has A Single

Most students say they chose Kissam because they didn't want to shower somewhere that someone's been beating off. But freshman Jared Blakemore chose Kissam because he assumed it was a more masturbation-friendly community. "I'm just more comfortable in the shower. As they say, 'Cleanliness is close to Godliness'."

Hannibal Lecter Disappointed By Supposedly Shocking Soylent Green Ending

Despite audiences everywhere being shocked and disturbed by the surprise ending, Lecter was unaffected. "So it was made out of people... Big deal."

Natalie Portman,

Will you marry me?

-Billy

Chairman Wong,

Happy 21st

-The Slant

The Slant:
Objectively and accurately
reporting the news that
fell through the cracks



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Interhall sells students' souls for 30 channels of HBO



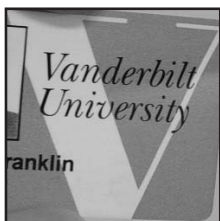
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Bystanders have no idea what the crazy fool is saying



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She just can't 'go' with someone else in the bathroom



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Read the advice column written by a staffer's mom

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The Slant

The Hustler's Big, Mean, Older Brother - Since 1887

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Misc

Submissions

Editorial submissions are not accepted from our readers; only extreme examples of hate mail written by enraged individuals are even considered for publication. Furthermore, *The Slant* cannot guarantee the return of any submission, nor can *The Slant* guarantee a response to any submissions.

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. Orders for back issues will be accepted by mail or email backissues@theslant.net. Do not fax.

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From the Chief

Lately I've been considering flipping the collar up on my polo shirts and walking around campus that way. I've seen many guys and girls doing this, and it seems that the people doing this always have many of the opposite sex around them. So, I guess it's probably a good idea.

After all, one can never have too much neck protection these days. This summer I lifeguarded and got several nice sunburns on my neck and various other areas. Had I been wearing a polo shirt with upturned collar, this wouldn't have happened.

Chem labs already require the use of safety goggles, but I ask you, friends: Why neglect the necks? Some prudent students have obviously taken steps to protect themselves, but perhaps in the university's zealous attempts to protect its students' eyes, it has missed a much bigger problem.

Or maybe they are flipping their collars up to hide something. Now that we know cell phones emit radiation, it's possible they're all growing hideous tumors, and these students are covering them up.

This problem will only get worse with the number of girls that walk



DAVID BARZELAY

around campus with their cell phones to their ears while not talking to anyone. I see this all the time... single most absurd thing ever. That's like buying designer shoes when you don't have feet. Or like peeing in a toilet where there is no toilet. Or like telling someone your favorite lyrics from an instrumental song. It's just plain silly.

If I ever see someone doing both of these things at once, pretending to talk on their cell phone whilst sporting an upturned collar, I'll probably explode out of confusion. It's just too much absurdity for our feeble minds to process. Maybe that's why none of those people have stopped and questioned their actions.

So, I'd like to propose a new method of dealing with these things. Before doing something you've seen someone else do and thought it looked cool, first ask yourself the question, "Why the hell would I want to do _____?" and fill in the blank with whatever questionable action you're about to take (flip up collar, cowboy hat to a party, rockstar glasses, belt that doesn't hold anything up). Then, if either no answer is forthcoming, or the answer is bad (i.e. because someone said it's the style, or because other people are doing it), then please sit down, have a toaster strudel, and consider the possibility that you're a fucking moron.

I'm not saying these things aren't cool, or neat, or fun, or whatever slang you kids use these days. I'm just saying, think about it. ■

lead stories

Jesus Loves Local Girl, But Not 'In Love'

Girl Accuses The Son Of God Of Leading Her On, Feels Hurt And Violated

It's always difficult to find out that the one you love is not in love with you. It's especially difficult when He's the Son of God.

Just ask Lisabeth McGinley, 20, of Mt. Juliet, Tenn. "I devoted myself to Him with all my heart. I can't believe He could do this to me," said the teary-eyed McGinley.

"We used to do all kinds of fun stuff together. We went water skiing on Percy Priest Lake - well, I went water skiing. He mostly just walked around. And last spring He took me to Gulf Shores. It was Heaven."

Responded Jesus, "I explained to her that I still have very deep feelings for her, and while she's very special, I have special feelings for everyone. I cannot give her the type of love she needs."

Said McGinley's best friend Mandy Lineweaver, "He's just afraid of commitment. If He really loved her, He'd settle down and help her raise a family like a good Christian."

McGinley sensed a distance between herself and the Savior of Mankind over the past couple weeks. "Sometimes I'll be telling Him my problems, and it's like

BY ROBERT SAUNDERS

He's not even there," said McGinley.

Mr. Christ said He hears that a lot. "There's nothing I can do about it. My Father chose Me to be there for everyone. I love her truly, but I cannot be 'in love' with anyone."

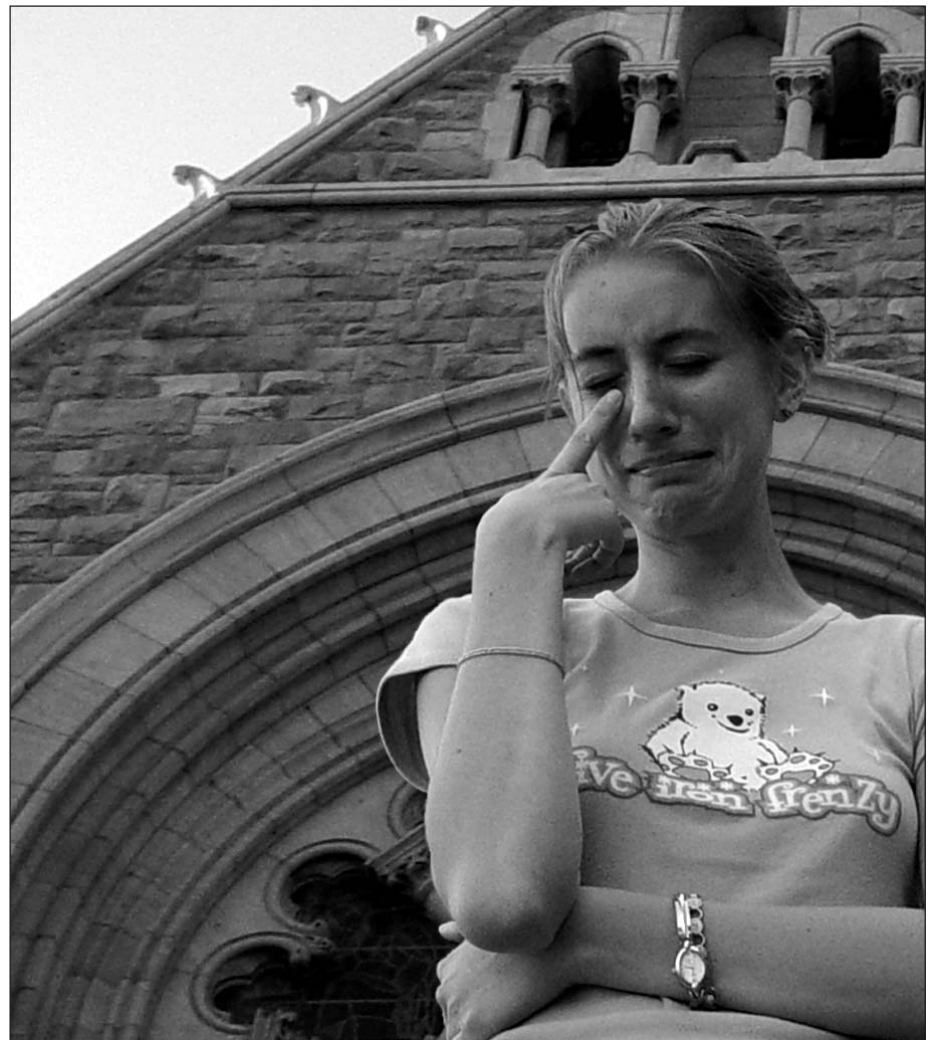
It's a familiar story to relationship specialist Dr. Drew Pinsky of Loveline fame: "It sounds to me like a classic case of a 'persecution complex.' Some personality types tend to take on too much responsibility and are reluctant to ask for help."

This behavior has negative consequences for everyone. "It gives them a sense of power both because they are doing all the work and excluding others from helping. When they inevitably fail, it's a form of victory because they've proven how difficult their burdens were. If I've seen it once, I've seen it a million times."

Small consolation to Darryl McGinley, the young girl's father: "When I get a hold of him, I'd like to wring his neck. Nobody treats my daughter like trash."

Things were not always this way, however. "We used to do all kinds of fun stuff together. We went water skiing on Percy Priest Lake - well, I went water skiing. He mostly just walked around. And last spring He took me to Gulf Shores. It was Heaven," said McGinley.

"He never tried to force Himself on me like my last boyfriend, Damien. I mean,



McGinley after finding she had been led on by Jesus.

Staff Photo

Jesus did occasionally say that he wanted to 'be inside of me,' but I guess it just always sounded so sweet and sincere and not at all sexual."

"I tried to show her that it was possible

to have a loving and fulfilling relationship with a man without it leading to forcible sodomy. I thought she understood," said the King of Kings. "I never meant to lead her on." ■

Frat Brother Talks To Girl At Party Without Sex In Mind

By MIKE MOTT

In an unprecedented event, junior Sigma Alpha Epsilon brother Colin Rathbone struck up a conversation with freshman Helen Sewell Saturday night with no intention of sleeping with her later in the evening.

When interviewed, Rathbone refused to blame excessive amounts of alcohol for his unusual actions. "No, I didn't have a thing to drink all night," said Rathbone. "I just saw a cute girl by the wall and felt like talking to her. Sure, she was attractive, but getting laid never crossed my mind."

"It was weird," said Sewell, who was likewise sober at the time. "We ended up sitting outside and talking for like two hours. And he was actually talking to me rather than to my breasts like some guys do. We found out we had a lot in common."

After the conversation, Rathbone allegedly walked Sewell back to her Dyer Hall residence and "shook her hand." Sewell confirmed Rathbone's story.

Members of the SAE fraternity were less than thrilled when they first found out.

"What the hell is Colin's problem?" wondered Vice-President Walter Matheson. "I would have hit that shit six ways from Sunday. She was hot as hell."

Other fraternities were naturally pleased with the news. Between fits of laughter, Alpha Tau Omega member Dylan Eckhardt managed to get out, "I always knew those SAE's were queer." When he settled down, Eckhardt said the best thing about the news was that "no one's gonna rush SAE now. I mean, what freshman guy would join a frat that didn't recognize the importance of the hookup?"

Perhaps the most positive reaction was revealed by an impromptu poll of female students, 72% of whom said they were more likely to attend an SAE party than before.

Rathbone is taking Sewell to Valentino's on Friday, after which they plan on going back to Sewell's single room and just watching movies together. ■

Campus Laundry Machines Possessed

Administration not planning exorcism any time soon

By BEN STARK

In yet another stroke of evil genius, Satan has taken possession of all laundry machines on campus, causing them to lose all ability to drain water and fill up with a disgusting, congealed mix of water, soaking clothes, and detergent. Students hoping to eventually wear clean clothes must brave this demonic glop, pull their clothes out, and put them in a "dryer" that makes their clothes about as dry as the Pacific Ocean.

It is a horrific experience that sophomore Damien Karras could only describe as "icky."



Satan

"This stuff is just like that shit that girl vomits out in The Exorcist! My family's not paying \$30,000 a year so I can battle the forces of darkness for a jockstrap!" says Karras.

"And if you report that I used the word 'icky' I WILL kick your ass!"

Other students were similarly disgusted. "Look what happened to my lovely white blouse!" complained freshman Regan MacNeil. "I just put all my laundry into one machine and all my whites came out discolored! This never happened when the maid did my laundry back home. Damn that Satan to Hell....um, I mean....never mind."

When The Slant attempted to interview Satan, a voice came out of the washing machine saying, "Vanderbilt Dining is next."

Initial reports indicated that Dining had already fallen under demonic influence, but Vice Chancellor David Williams denied it. "When I said 'What possessed them to waste all that money turning Rand into CX-2?' I didn't mean it literally," Williams clarified. "Bison

Chili is, I'm afraid, a man-made horror."

There have been increasing calls for an exorcism, but Chancellor E. Gordon Gee objects: "This is good for diversity! For years Vanderbilt has been woefully behind the Ivy Leagues in evil spirit recruitment."

Amid all the hysteria, repairman Chris Neighbors fancies himself the voice of reason. "Possessed laundry machines? Give me a break," says Neighbors. "These kids have been sniffing way too many detergent fumes. If they took their bleach-blond heads out of their Kate Spade bags for two seconds they would see that this is a simple mechanical problem. The drainage system is clogged. I could fix that in half an hour, tops."

Neighbors was proven wrong, however, when Interhall admitted to inviting Satan into the laundry machines.

"We figured that selling the souls of the Vanderbilt student population would help defray the costs of the 30 channels of HBO."

"We figured that selling the souls of the Vanderbilt student population would help defray the costs of the 30 channels of HBO we subscribed to last year that nobody has the time to watch," said Interhall President Claire Cowart.

When asked if Interhall considered whether students might want some say in what happens to their souls, Cowart responded, "No, why?" ■



A row of possessed laundry machines.

Staff Photo

President George W. Bush On The Hunt For Saddam

Dubya Disappointed To Learn That Saddam Doesn't Have Bullseye Superimposed On His Face In Real Life, Still Wants To Git Him

By EVAN ALSTON

On Monday, Donald Rumsfeld walked out of a cabinet meeting, saying only, "I can't focus on Iraq with the President yelling his nonsensical ravings in my ear." Although President Bush has publicly denounced Saddam Hussein and the Iraqi government for ignoring U.N. weapons inspection orders and has even gone so far as to ask Congress to prepare for war with Iraq, many of the other executive branch officials seem to doubt the need for his involvement, since they have been avoiding him at all costs. The administration seems determined to circumvent the President concerning any and all recent developments relating to Iraq.

President Bush said this concerning the incident, "I dunno why Rummie won't talk to me, but I'll tell you what, make no mistake, I'll git him. And by 'him,' I mean Saddam, and by 'git,' I mean 'git.' Saddam messed with Texas, and if there's one

thing I told him to do, it was don't mess with Texas. YEE-HAA!!!"

Despite international concern about American intentions for invading Iraq, there has been little word from the White House, as press secretary Ari Fleischer recently took a leave of absence, stating, "It's just getting too hard. He won't shut up long enough for me to fix what he said yesterday." "YEE-HAA!!!" "Would you just leave me alone!?"

Vice President Dick Cheney had this to say at a recent press conference: "Now, I've known Georgie for some time, and I know he can get rambunctious, but it's just because he's excited. He's never been the President during a war before, and sometimes he forgets to think about words before he says them, like we've been teaching him. But, these problems are only temporary. Why, only yesterday, Georgie was saying something like, 'But how hard could it be to git him? He's even got all those circles on his face! Like that game where you throw the needle things at the board with the circles! Y'know....' Of course Don didn't know what the hell he was talking about, so he just yelled at him for a few minutes. It's just his way. But after I thought about it, I knew exactly what the president was trying to say. It's really a problem that can be

avoided. You just have to think like he does. My niece is great at it, and she's only ten."

Secretary of State Colin Powell recently said, "It is merely a communications problem. Once Dick figured out what the president was saying, we got Rumsfeld to stop yelling and told George that Saddam doesn't have a bulls-eye superimposed on his face in real life. It took him a while to accept it, and he even ran to his room to show us the pictures in Newsweek and USA Today that clearly showed a bulls-eye-enclosed Hussein. Eventually, though, he decided that we were right. Of course, Rumsfeld had long since left the meeting, but I think we accomplished everything we needed to in that instance."

Bush's recent U.N. speech, during which he stated his case against Iraq, won him international praise. The president responded yesterday to this welcome acclaim, "Yep, I read it perfect this time. I

even sounded angry for real at one part! I think they liked that. Wonder what Rummie's gonna say 'bout that!"

So, the administration maintains that it is operating at full efficiency. Also, to reduce future conflicts, the president has been told explicitly not to talk to Rumsfeld. Cheney remains confident, saying, "Georgie's a good boy. He wouldn't deliberately disobey us and bother Don. I'm sure that any misunderstandings we've had in the past have been dealt with and I'd like to believe we've learned from them. We set up Georgie with several maps of Iraq and some markers to draw out his 'strategies,' and he's been on the floor coloring for hours now. I haven't heard a peep out of him, not even an occasional 'yee-haa.' He even told me he thought he was starting to get the hang of this President thing." ■



Bush waving boldly before he can say something stupid

White House Photo

Alpha Delta Pi Safari



Benefiting the
Ronald McDonald House
 Friday, September 27, 2002

4 - 6 pm
 Alpha Delta Pi lawn

Food by Calypso Cafe

**Tickets - \$5 from a Sister or at
 the door**

Student Drops Pen in Baseball Glove Lounge

'Completely Out Of Control Student' Leaves Peers, Administration, UDC Outraged

By JULIA BENSFIELD

It was reported today that a Vanderbilt student dropped a pen on the floor while studying in the Baseball Glove Lounge. This disruption, along with reports of rustling notebook paper, caused a massive negative reaction from the other students in the room.

"He just went and picked [the pen] up like he had no clue what he had just done," recalls Teddy Jones, who was sitting at a nearby table at the time of the incident. "I just wanted to go up to him and say, 'Hey buddy! This is the BASEBALL GLOVE LOUNGE, not a fucking RODEO!' Not that I would ever speak in the Lounge, but I would've waited for him outside the glass doors." Jones, along with many other students, considers himself a

"BBG-Lounger" and does not tolerate this kind of disruption and disrespect.

The offender, whose name and year have not been disclosed, has offered no comment on the incident. However, we do know from a key witness that the pen he was using was way out of line.

"It wasn't like some dinky little Bic, it was a metal fountain pen that made the loudest sound when it went careening into the carpet. I'm surprised the windows didn't shatter."

This case is particularly interesting considering it falls in the wake of last week's incident in which a female student walked around the Lounge in "clankety flip flops" and then proceeded to make "squeaky highlighting noises."

Unfortunately, the antics do not stop there. There have also been reports of chewing, knuckle-cracking and back-pack-zipping. "The way things are going, I wouldn't be surprised if someone decided to do a few kegstands and then did the Electric Slide across the tables," Jones added.

Once, the noise of a student turning off

his cell phone prevented sophomore Marion Cantrell from doing satisfactory work. "When I heard the beep, I looked up, stared at the bastard, then stared some more, and by the time I was done staring, I had lost my place in my book and had to start all over."

An open forum of students and faculty will be held next week to discuss the issue and how the problem can be solved. Some ideas in the air include banning "swishy" pants and increasing the oxygen level in order to keep breathing to a minimum. "These are all baby steps, we know, but these changes need to start somewhere," comments Chancellor Gee. ■



The Baseball Glove Lounge

Staff Photo

Freshman RA Doesn't Give A Shit

By ANDREW BANECKER

Even though the school is just finishing its first month, Julie Graham, Freshman RA on the 4th floor of Dyer Hall, has already given up on disciplining her residents.

Instead of taking the recommended hard-line approach to issues such as the alcohol policy, cohabitation, and murder, the lackadaisical RA has chosen to employ the "as long as you don't wake me up" approach.

According to freshman Kelly Branigan, "Julie like totally doesn't care if we get drunk or have sex in our rooms, as long as we leave her alone." Added fellow resident, Allison Holcombe, "I took out the batteries to my fire detector so I could smoke up in my room and she just shrugged, said 'whatever,' and walked away. It's fucking awesome!!! I bet I could play naked Twister with small children and she wouldn't care... hell, she'd probably join in."

Graham is quickly earning the admiration and respect of her residents by simply ignoring what goes on in their rooms. She is, according to some students in other dorms, the coolest RA ever. This has led to Dyer's earning the quite prestigious name of "Hedonism Hall." Dyer 4 has not only earned a reputation around Kissam Quad; apparently it is the lone reason that all of the fraternities have yet to host a party. Ryan Elliot, Grand Puba of SAE, said, "We were going to throw this kick ass soiree last Friday, but we figured it'd just be easier to go to Dyer 4. I mean, there

are certain things that you just can't do in a fraternity house."

Not only is Graham ignoring the outright debauchery present in her hall, she often adds to the fun. In her brief tenure as an RA, Julie has spiked the punch bowl at the freshman swap with a bottle of grain alcohol, taught her residents how to make a gravity bong out of the dorm room trash cans, and attempted to organize an orgy with the boys on the third floor. Currently, she is passing out fliers for a massive kegger at her boyfriend's house this Saturday.

Unfortunately for Julie Graham, not all of her residents appreciate her methods. Erin Grabowski, a known freshman nerd, believes that her RA's methods are interfering with her studies. "I was reading my BioSci textbook 4 weeks in advance of the first scheduled quiz, when I heard what could only be classified as the whelp of an injured animal. I looked in the door of the room next to me and saw a group of black-cloaked students sacrificing a goat and chanting in Latin. Naturally, I reported this to the RA, but she just told me to 'stop being such a tight ass' and went back to drinking from her Colt 45."

Luckily for Julie Graham, the apathetic RA, the rest of her residents have threatened Erin with violence if she comes forth and reports her RA to the Head Resident. When informed of this threat on the life of her lone studious resident, Graham gave Ms. Grabowski the finger, shotgunned a beer, slammed her door, and went back to having extremely vocal sex with her boyfriend, Dean Brock Williams. ■

Island Sun

PARTIES!

Tan! Dance! Drink! Party!

Tans are 1/2 price!

Free margaritas with purchase of a tan session

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Girl Without Arms Tired Of Being Picked Last For Kickball

Says girl, "At least I'm not retarded!"

By DAVID BARZELAY

It is something most have suffered through at one time or another in their lives: embarrassment. For poor little second-grader Mary Holbert, embarrassment occurs on a daily basis. Mary was born without arms, and her insensitive classmates see this as a valid reason to pick her last for kickball... every day. "Well," says Mary's father Doug, "Mary Holbert is tired of being picked last for kickball."

In pre-school, other students thought it was "cool" that Mary had no arms. But all that changed when she started going to Lincoln Elementary School. Says parent Amanda Holbert, "She was so happy in pre-school, so we thought she would be fine in elementary school. We didn't realize just

how cruel kids could be."

Now, says teacher Nancy Smith, "it is a daily ritual. The kids split into teams, and Mary is always the last one left standing there." Ms. Smith says she has tried to foster acceptance and equality between all her students, but her efforts seem to have been in vain.

Mary's parents, Doug and Amanda Holbert, say they are outraged. "It's prejudice that is causing all this," said Mr. Holbert. "They won't even give little Mary a chance."

Agrees Mrs. Holbert, "Mary is not handicapped! Mary can do anything the other kids can do at recess - except, you know, catch, throw, jump rope, climb the monkey bars, clap, play four-square, shoot hoops, tackle, and arm wrestle."

But Mary says all she wants is to be treated with respect and equality. "I'm just like everyone else," she says, "only without arms." This tragic story serves a reminder to all of us just how lucky we are to be awesome at kickball. ■

Commodores Tired Of Sucking, Want To Beat Cocks

By BRAD PLOEGER

Vanderbilt football coach Bobby Johnson declared Tuesday that he is tired of the Commodores sucking, and looks forward to beating the Cocks this weekend. He said his team is prepared to take on the Cocks this Saturday in front of a large crowd.

Commenting on past Commodores performances against the Cocks, Johnson said, "The last few years, we've really taken it in the jaw. The Cocks gave it to us hard, really tore us a new one. Linebacker Greg Blackmon had to miss the next 3 games with a throat injury."

"We've been practicing a lot over this past week," said Johnson. "We've watched a lot of films and gone over how exactly to beat the Cocks in grim detail."

According to Johnson, the game plan for Saturday includes "keeping it in the air, driving the field, and sticking it to them on defense."

South Carolina is certain to be a diffi-

cult opponent for the Does. The Cocks have already had impressive wins against Oregon State and Southern California. The Cocks laid into the Beavers two weeks ago, but USC proved a greater challenge to mount. The Trojans covered the Cocks well, but in the end, South Carolina managed to break through and score.

"We pulled it out just in time," said Lou Holtz, head coach of the Cocks.

Johnson acknowledged that beating the Cocks would be no easy task, but he said his Does were up for it. "As a former coach in a South Carolina school, I'm very familiar with the Cocks," said Johnson. "I know they are going to be hard, but we're going to beat them. We'll make them blow it early in the game."

However, Johnson did add that should the Does continue sucking against the Cocks, we could always fall back once again on our academic reputation.

"If we can't beat them on the field," said Johnson, "we'll beat them off." ■

Homecoming 2002



Important Notice

Because of the overwhelming student response, ticket availability for the Commodore Quake, featuring Counting Crows, has been increased to about 9000 in an effort to include the whole Vanderbilt community. Get your tickets today at Sarratt!

Important Deadlines

Service Day, Thursday, October 24, 4 PM

At off campus sites, followed by dinner

Volunteer to be a site leader!

Mandatory site leader meeting, Tuesday, October 15, at 4:30 PM

Registration forms are available online at <http://www.vanderbilt.edu/vpb/homecoming/service>

Due Friday, October 11, by 5 PM to the Community Partnership House

Parade, Friday, October 25, 7 PM

Build a float and ride in the parade!

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Freshman Just Couldn't 'Go' When Hallmates Were Around

Student Rushed to VUMC After Complaints of 'Embarrassment and Resulting Constipation'

By BETH STEEDLEY

When freshman Megan Leaman woke up last Monday morning, there was no question in her mind that something was seriously wrong. Suffering from severe abdominal cramps that left her in a state of utter immobility, Leaman was rushed to the emergency room of VUMC after her roommate, Michelle Bright, contacted a third floor Lupton R.A. Upon reaching the emergency room, doctors were shocked to discover that Leaman had a “gastrointestinal blockage” that was appallingly equal in weight to the amount of red meat found in John Wayne’s intestinal tract at the time



Leaman

broke.

Apparently, the staff at VUMC had simply assumed that the incoming patient

was suffering from the unfortunate side-effects of overzealous partying or occasional dinner plan consumption, but Leaman’s arrival proved to be incredibly more serious. Diagnosing Leaman as having Irritable Bowel Syndrome (IBS), doctors at the hospital concluded that Leaman’s near-death experience was a result of extreme constipation. Citing an article released from John’s Hopkins last year, Dr. Pembroke described IBS as “abnormal bowel movements...chronic constipation...and day[s] of crippling pain.”

As the specific details concerning Leaman’s condition became clearer, physicians and friends alike pondered what could have caused such a drastic illness in so spirited and active a girl as Leaman. It was not until an exclusive interview with The Slant on Thursday that Leaman finally put an end to the countless speculations by telling her whole story.

“When I arrived on campus, I was so incredibly pumped about what a great year I was going to have at VU,” Leaman said, “but nothing worked out like I planned.” According to Leaman, things were going fine until she discovered that she had to go to the bathroom, a bathroom she shared with twenty-something other girls. “It’s like I got in there to do what I had to do, and then I couldn’t do it,” Leaman vaguely expounded. “The bathrooms in Lupton are like the front of the Ritz Carlton: people coming in, people going out. How was I supposed to conduct my business with all that interference?”

Leaman expressed that the only time she could find any solitude was when the



A Toilet in Lupton

Staff Photo

other girls were taking their showers. “At least when there was water running I could try,” said Leaman. However, she says these opportunities were few and far between, a fact that played a key role in her later acquirement of IBS. She also stated that her irrational fear that other girls would trace smells and sounds to the shoes under the stall and then back to her was more than she could take.

“It was like P.E. all over again. I just felt like I couldn’t perform. All the other girls were better than me, and I was left all alone in the outfield,” said a despairing Leaman. Realizing the hopelessness of her situation, Leaman tried to attain “success” in other means, including a plan which involved rising early and going to the bathroom in deserted academic buildings. While this plan initially worked,

Leaman soon realized that this process involved her getting up just too early. As a result, she rapidly gained approximately twenty pounds and remained immobile in her single bed. “She hadn’t gone to class for like a week,” said Bright, “and I just couldn’t understand why the bulge under the covers was getting bigger.”

It was not until after her miraculously successful surgery that Leaman decided she could use her bathroom experience to change the way of VU life. “As a result of my IBS, I’ve decided to join Interhall,” Leaman reported. “That way I can put some of the television-channel funding toward enclosed, sound-proof stalls.” The upcoming weeks will be critical both to Leaman’s plans and recovery. The Slant promises to keep its readers updated on related news. ■

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Students Spearhead Vandycard Revolution

Vive La Resistance

By CHRIS ENTZMINGER

On September 18th, 2002, a rag-tag group of student government officers in Vanderbilt's SGA got together and changed the world. Well, maybe the region. Probably just Nashville. Vanderbilt?

"It was one of those defining moments," said sophomore Gary Gilmore. "My friend IMed me this link, and something compelled me to click it." What Gilmore saw was a page devoted to installing card readers in various business establishments close to campus. "People were signing their name, putting their lives in jeopardy for this cause. Their lives, man. Their lives!"

Indeed. As the student signatures on the page increased, Gilmore knew his time had come. His decision had been made. "It was like this revolution was taking place and nobody knew how far it would go. At first, we were hoping places around campus would take the card, like Wolfie's and Club Platinum.

How sweet would it be if Mom were paying for my lap dance, you know? But then, we starting thinking that if we got enough signatures, places in Franklin would take the card. Maybe even Brentwood. Then Memphis, Cleveland, Vancouver... they'd all take the card. I mean, isn't that what everybody wants? So I signed my name four times."

Vanderbilt SGA President Samar Ali said of the petition, "It's something for the people. If there's any student organization that serves the people, it's SGA. After this baby goes global, who knows? Maybe we'll get to those kids in Somalia... cure AIDS or something."

When asked how "the revolution" has changed his life, Gilmore replied, "For the first time in my life, I feel like a part of something...something BIG. When I signed my name in support of local Vandycard-readers, I felt so... so ALIVE!"

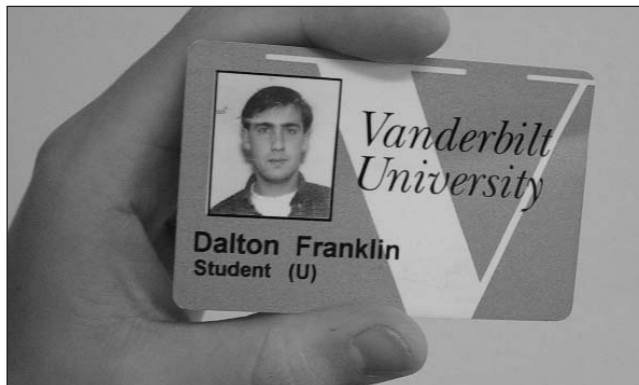
No word yet on the success of the move-

ment, but optimism among the revolutionaries remains high.

"There were, like, seventy-hundred names on there. Bush can't ignore that many people."

Apparently Vanderbilt Dining can: "They're trying to install card-readers at off-campus establishments? That's not going to work AT ALL. Cards off-campus? Sure. Next you'll tell me that everyone goes to Dairy Queen for the fish sandwich."

Damn the Man, Gary Gilmore... damn him. ■



The Vandycard, first campus - then the world!

Staff Photo

Guy Tries to Invent Slang Word, Fails

By DAVE BILLER

Last Thursday night, after a few drinks at The Stage, Josh Williams, a mid-social standing individual, made a bold move by attempting to introduce a new slang word into his social group's temporary vocabulary.

"We were talking about how our psych professor gave us a quiz on the fifth day of class," Josh started, "and I saw my window, so I took it. I said, 'Yea, seriously, that quiz was wiz-nack!'"



Williams

What followed was an awkward silence in which his friends turned their heads to search for the approval or rejection of Chaz Davis, the leader of their clique.

"He coulda just let it slide, but no. He just lowered his purple shades, sneered, and then everyone started ridiculing me. I mean, its not like I invented a word. I just modified the current slang word 'wack'.

"I thought it would work," he continued. "I mean, adding z's to words is so big these days, like 'fo' shizzle'. I dunno, maybe I was overstepping my bounds adding the 'n'. I just thought it would give the word a little more zing."

When questioned about the night, Chaz Davis retorted sharply, "He's not the alpha-dog. Some people are born shepherds and other people are born sheep. He's a sheep, it's that simple. I crizzate the flashtastic sliznang around here." His lackeys smiled and nodded their affirmation.

Experts estimate that it will take Williams at least 6 months to regain his former popularity level. "I think you gotta take risks in order to get ahead," Josh said. "But, um, I'm not sure if that's right though, so I'm gonna ask Chaz what he thinks." ■

Lupton 2 Declares War On Lupton 7

The two floors in Lupton House in Branscomb Quad have declared war on each other, citing each others' "suckiness" as the main reason. "Man, it's just better on the Deuce. We've had the lowest GPA for the past four years," happily remarked one of the frontline residents of Lupton 2.

"I'm so cool, I decided to go by the name of my home city instead of my real name," remarked 'Dallas', one of the loud and proud Lup 2 boys. Other "cool" activities involve hanging multiple Texas flags in one room, drunkenly pounding on people's doors at 4 AM, and having smiley face backpacks that convert into sleeping bags.

The Lup 7 guys are quick to come to their own defense. "Lupton 2 really, really sucks. I mean, everyone knows it's better on top," tritely quipped a nameless resident of the self-proclaimed "Penthouse". "I mean, up here, we drag tables from the study room into our own room. And we have girls come up here... Southern girls! We even have," he

breaks to look around and lowers his voice, "alcohol!"

Residents of both floors can easily be identified by the flipping up of their polo shirt collars. One guy was overheard saying, "our flipped-up collars make us so much cooler. I've seen some of them Sigma Chi guys do it, so it must be the cool thing to do."

Observers believe both floors have way too much pride in their residence.



Lupton Hall, home of the stupid war

Staff Photo

"Come on, it's freshman housing. Who really gives a damn?" said one disgusted Stapleton 2 resident.

Dr. Freud cites penis envy as the motivating factor. "Lupton 2 feels inadequate as if having a lower floor number refers to their small penis. This is why they use Roman numerals to show their floor : it makes their 'number' longer."

In related news, freshman girls continue to hook up with older guys. ■

Commercials Now Shooting For 'Crap-Tacular' Status

A waste of a perfectly good cake, and more crazy crap

By ANDREW BANECKER

What is up with commercials these days? It seems like every time you flip on the TV, you get bombarded with crap. Gone are the days of "Where's the beef?" and "Bust a Nut" (Corn Nuts commercial). Now all we get is a fat guy eating sandwiches and some nonsensical Nike crap where you have no fucking clue what they are trying to sell.

There's a picture of a llama, then some guy sweating, then crickets, then a ham sandwich, then a baseball, then a cat washing a monkey, ending with the swoosh. What the hell is that? Seriously, what do they want me to buy? Because if they are selling cats who can wash a monkey, that is awesome, but if that elaborate

load of nonsense is designed for me to buy shoes, they're way off.

After you are thoroughly confused by the people at Nike, you get karate chopped by some girl at a Krystal. She's all "You want some of that?!?" and doing her best impression of Jackie Chan provided he has lost complete control over his extremities. Now that's not the entire commercial, they also have some dude talking about how he gets their food all over his face and has to lick it off himself and gay gay gay.

Oh yeah, has anyone seen that commercial for a dishwasher where this lady puts a plate with a cake on it into the dishwasher, then when she takes the plate out, it's clean? I don't know about you, but my first reaction was not, "Wow, that's a powerful dishwasher" or "Golly gee, that plate's clean-tastic." The first thing that came to mind was, "Why is she putting a perfectly good cake in the dishwasher?" Is she insane? I mean, that's perfectly good

cake. I could eat that cake.

This woman's got to be a few olives short of a martini because not only is she depriving the world of some cake, which may or may not be delicious, she obviously spent a good portion of her day making it. The cake, which once again looked perfectly edible, perhaps delicious, must have

taken upwards of a half hour to mix, half hour to bake, time to cool, and time to apply the correct amount of icing. Then she just puts it in the dishwasher?!?! And then she marvels at how clean the plate is?!?! Although I'd like to continue to make my point, I have to go build a house to test my new woodchipper. ■

The Lure Of The Rand

By TIM BOYD

I have spent the last 23 years living in London and I was brought up to believe that people in America did not 'do' irony. This is patently false. No matter who I talk to, as soon as the topic of food comes up, someone invariably mentions the Rand dining centre (pronounced 'center') as being the perfect example of what should not be done to food. By one account, the only reason that there are no cockroaches in the kitchens is that living conditions at the Rand are well below what they have come to expect.

However, having ventured into the Rand myself, I have now discovered that this is all one big hoax, and that actually the culinary delights the centre offers have captured the very essence of all the things that are best about British cooking. The way that the vegetables are boiled and stewed until the last hint of flavour (pronounced 'flayver') has been squeezed from them; the way that the subtle English varieties of preparing potatoes are available – either boiled or boiled with salt; the way that the meat all tastes exactly the same regardless of how it is labeled (word of advice: if my theory is correct, stay away from the beef) – it is almost enough to atone for the Declaration of "Independence".

Equally impressive is the mastery of British sauces, in the way that the supposed flavour of the sauce is determined by the colour (pronounced 'culler') rather than the ingredients. Therefore we have tomato sauce (red), chili sauce (red), barbecue sauce (red) and salsa (red), which all taste exactly the same. If red sauce is not to your liking, then other easily decipherable code names are also available; Ranch sauce (cream), cream sauce (off-white), blue cheese sauce (beige) and garlic sauce (downright suspicious). After all, the key to great

British cooking is not the taste, but the appearance, and what could possibly be more appealing to the eyes than a plate full of over-boiled meat, soggy vegetables, and potatoes covered in a tepid glue-like substance? If you are reading this over meal-plan at the Rand having just picked up your copy of The Slant on the way in, you'll be able to appreciate this first hand (if you managed to get into meal plan without one of us forcing a copy on you, frankly we're impressed).

My next plan is to get the Rand to move from cooking British-style to actually serving British specialties. The exotic names should be enough to entice people to attend in ever greater numbers. In case you are unfamiliar with the more famous British dishes, allow me to suggest a few you might enjoy: Toad in the Hole (meat in batter), Cornish Pasties (meat in batter), Steak & Kidney Pie (meat in batter) or, if you want some variation, Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding (meat with batter). If this isn't to your liking, don't worry – you could try Black Pudding (boiled blood), Haggis (stuffed sheep's stomach) or Spotted Dick (telling you would just spoil it). I'm sure that any of these recipes will be just as tempting as the food that is currently prepared.

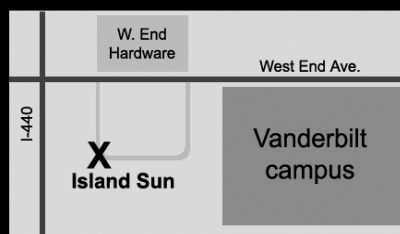
Anyway, I think it is time that people stopped running down the Rand. Very few places in the world are capable of truly copying British cuisine. It is true, they don't always get it right – I was definitely able to cut my meat one time last week, and I'm pretty sure there was a hint of a herb in the pasta sauce yesterday - but nobody's perfect. Vanderbilt prides itself on making international students feel welcome. It is time it was appreciated that Rand is making its contribution by preventing my pining for the cooking of old London town. ■

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On Urinals And Cell Phones

By DAVE BILLER

Who went to George Clinton last week? Saw a grown man in a diaper, yea? It was great because it united such vastly different social groups. I heard one girl exclaim with surprise as she walked in, "Dear God, these people are...BLACK!!"

So after a little while I go to the bathroom, and I'm psyched cause I see that Vandy has nailed the men's stadium bathroom. Nailed it. I gave it a 10. Even the Russian judge gave it a 9. I grew up with Fenway and the Garden, God rest her soul, and this is the gravy. They had the black stall doors hanging loosely on their hinges, the standard-issue old peeling-paint cinderblocks, and then twenty, count them, twenty urinals with the old-style flush, the pipes on the wall in front of you, and the boxes above them? God, they couldn't have done it any better unless they got the Wrigley-style trough. (Girls you might not know what I'm talking about. I don't know what women's stadium bathrooms are like; they probably have couches and fountains. Well anyways, maybe at least once you were that annoying bitch who comes into the men's bathroom in the stadium with her boyfriend going, "Sorry, sorry, sorry..." because she doesn't want to wait in the women's line. Maybe you saw a urine-trough one of the many times you did that? Ok, glad we're on the same page.)

So then I'm thinking, wait, why do we have twenty, count them, twenty urinals in one of several Vanderbilt stadium bathrooms. Have we ever had more than like twenty people at a basketball game? Ok, yes, but what percentage of them will ever need to be going to the bathroom at exactly the same time? Now divide that number by two because only half will be men. I'm convinced there's a three urinals/guy average at all the games. I'll do the urinal count, get the attendance records, and make the calculations. I will. Goddamn, I'm angry. They're putting in needless urinals in the gym when I need a one fucking urinal in my dorm bathroom. Its getting weird peeing into a toilet in what seems like a public bathroom. Guys, you know what I'm talking about.

Other than that, I saw PCU's "that guy" wearing the shirt of the band whose concert he was going to see. He was so into it, dancing and clapping along exuberantly, even to the slow songs. But, then I was "that guy" who was on his cell phone at a concert when someone called me, and I almost kicked my own ass.

I was "that guy" who was on his cell phone at a concert when someone called me, and I almost kicked my own ass.

You see, I'm still getting used to having a cell phone. This summer, it started ringing in a movie theatre (this is before I knew about turning your phone off when you go somewhere quiet) and I was also "that guy" who picks up the phone all freaked out and whispering louder than he normally talks, and everyone in the theatre was kinda looking at me angrily, while I'm sputtering,

"Hello? What? What? I can't hear you. I'm in a movie and it's loud and... A movie, Josh... Yea it's loud, I know... (crowd getting angrier) What'd you say?... Yea, yea, do that... I'll call you later... Ok, then you call me... Me call you?... (crowd swearing at me) No, no that doesn't make sense... 'cause I gotta call Freddy and them and... Alright, sounds good... bye... Yea, I know... (Crowd throwing Sour Patch Kids and open switch-blades at me)... wait, why?... Oh ok, i'll talk to you later... bye."

Deservedly so, I received eternal hatred and castigation from my best friends for executing a cell phone maneuver that could only possibly be considered normal at... well, next time you find your eyes looking down and bouncing left to right, right to left, to a beat as perfect as a metronome, and reading upon a beautiful curvaceous golden background a short five-letter word printed in all caps... well, my friend, you'll have the answer. ■

Olsen Twins



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Would You Like Fries With That?

Sweaty, Malodorous Gym Kid Goes to College

By CHRIS ENTZMINGER

Picture this: You're in a high school gym class. You've just completed a rousing game of "stare at the cheerleader wearing a handtowel." You're sharing a victory chuckle with your buds when all of a sudden, the air grows sour and stale. It's at this moment you look over and see Scott, the resident BO carrier, sweating profusely, fresh from a game of wall-eyball. And the weird thing is this: his BO doesn't smell like garbage or fecal matter...it smells like Wendy's. It smells like a day-old Classic Single combo.

I think you know what I'm talking about. We all knew Scott in high school. Every day in gym, some poor bastard would say out loud, "Why do I smell a Junior Bacon Cheesburger?" and the reply invariably came back, "It's Scott. He smells like Wendy's." That was then...and this is now.

Or is it? I was playing basketball at the

Rec the other day and all of a sudden I smelled a Spicy Chicken sandwich with a small cup of chili and thought, "This can't be happening. He's everywhere." And he was....they all are. I thought that the fast-food BO would wear off with age (like voice cracks or the clap) but I was wrong. Apparently these people carry this illness throughout life like leprosy.

They should have to wear shrouds and live in their own BO communes that serve McRib sandwiches all day. These are the kids that thought Jessie Spano was better looking than Kelly Kapowski. These are the kids that wore way too much brown and never figured out how to properly use a glue stick. They have no problem walking barefoot on any given surface. In fact, they enjoy it. Only now they're adults. And they're everywhere.

Let this be a warning: next time you're at the gym and you catch a soft breeze of warm chicken nuggets floating by, just run. Also, if you have no idea what I've been talking about for the last 5 minutes, you are Scott. Take a shower, dammit, you miserable, dirty, pit-stained bastard. ■

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E-password Questions Lead To Painful Introspection

By STEPHANIE SCHACHT

In the University's most recent attempt to complicate the lives of undergraduates and to force them into the memorization of meaningless data, they bring us the advent of the e-password. Even shortly after its inception, the system has left countless students shouting expletives at their Internet browsers as they are faced with forgotten passwords blockading them from the most urgent e-mail updates for 6-cent long distance phone calls and the next meeting date for that club to which they no longer

belong. More disastrous to the forgetting process, however, are the questions that ensue, leaving students to cope with the sad realization that they neither know themselves nor their families.

I thought college was supposed to be about forgetting our families and past existence in a morass of alcohol, hookups, and meaningless facts, not about being forced to remember these units of constancy and past as punishment for forgetting something else.

Questions like "what is your uncle's middle name?" have left students without extended families feeling lonely, left international students without middle-name systems feeling ostracized, and left everyone else with the pain that comes from realizing that they don't even know their most favorite of uncles as well as the University thinks they should. Furthermore, questions such as "How would you describe yourself at

age ten?," "What teacher impacted you most?," or "How would you describe your high school experience?" have left students reeling early into mid-life crises.

Although the University may have meant well, all cynical college students know that meaning well doesn't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. So, in attempts to boost security, information technology has once again left students with little sense of security and instead questioning the validity of their existence.

I thought college was supposed to be about forgetting our families and past existence in a morass of alcohol, hookups, and meaningless facts, not about being forced to remember these units of constancy and past as punishment for forgetting something else. My assessment for the policy: I am fU@k3d up, and I can't even check my e-mail. But, hey, I am now entered in a lottery for fabulous tickets to Vanderbilt football, as if I have been to a game since freshman year. ■

Ah, Those Cads At The Slant!

By BRADLEY A. SANDERS, III

Good morrow to you. Yes, I know it's unusual for me to grant interviews, but when a porcelain-faced angel such as yourself requests a bit of my time, I am only too happy to oblige. And I have some things on my mind...besides your beautiful eyes.

You see, there has been a lot of talk around campus about my reaction to The Slant. It seems those n'er-do-wells in the bowels of Sarratt spend a great deal of time mocking me, their cultural superior.

Friends ask me all the time, "Bradley, have you not read of the latest slander of your name in that dreadful rag? They even deign to criticize our beloved fraternal order. Is there nothing we can do?"

Indeed I have read The Slant. I have read the tales of our fraternity's expulsion and the digs at our intellectual faculties and our desire to know the form of the nubile Vandy Girl. Believe you me, there have been times when the rage has been so strong in me that I have nearly gone down to their offices and challenged them to 4-man sculls or perhaps even fisticuffs on Alumni lawn.

But my rational faculties won out in the end. For you see, I realized as I drove down West End in my Lexus LX-473 that I need not come down to their level. Those scurrilous scamps simply envy me and the comforts I enjoy.

I am aware that not everyone can have Giorgio Armani himself hand-tailor all of one's garments and undergarments--though they certainly should--most exquisite! Certainly the ladies appreciate my wealth and style! And, I am quite aware that the staff of notetak-

ers and test-takers I have hired to assist me in my program of studies places me at a special advantage. But, would you have me ignore such advantage? Advantage is not meant to be held or hidden--it is to be utilized to produce the maximum gain for the holder. That is its raison d'être.

Is it my fault that my grandfather worked his way from owning a single oil derrick in Texas to become the largest holder of Exxon stock in the world? Is it my fault that my father had the foresight to eliminate his siblings and blackmail my grandfather into leaving all of the money to him? Is it my fault that I discovered his secret and am able to employ it to my advantage? In a simple word, no.

Lesser people are prone to cursing the lottery that is Life, blaming their misfortune on those who are fortunate. While I am indeed rich and powerful, I am not so rich and powerful to have rigged this system. You do not see me complaining that it is my lot in life to be slandered by the offspring of the dot-com riche and those working-class types who borrow money from my family's bank to attend university here. I must suffer my misfortunes, and you must suffer yours.

Forgive me for opening up to you like this. It seems I have turned our interview into a speech. I did not mean to carry on so. It's just that...you have a spirit about you that allows me to feel like I can be honest and share my true feelings with you. Ah, you are not upset, but hold me in great admiration? Indeed, I am a bigger man than they. Come, walk with me, and let me demonstrate the removable seats in my Lexus. ■

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Inevitable Wipeout On Wet Pavement

Sophomore threatens to 'sue the pants off this school!'

By ELIZABETH VENNUM

I think we all saw it coming. You can't train ten billion sprinklers on the sidewalk without making it a little slick. While personally I derive pleasure from damp pavement, most people consider it a hazard. And that's exactly what it was Monday morning when our unfortunate fellow student Stan Johnson tried to walk past Branscomb on the drenched concrete.

His feet flew out from under him, his notebook nose-dived, and poor Stan sprawled out on the pavement, severely spraining his left pinkie. Doctors worry that the damaged digit may never regain its former spunk. Stan refused to comment beyond threatening legal action, but he did come up with some colorful adjectives for the grounds maintenance folks.

How long are we going to allow this potentially fatal situation to continue? These slick sidewalks are more of a dan-

ger than ever, since now real shoes have gone out of style, and we can only wear flip-flops. Of course the concrete needs some moisture to grow and thrive and carry on photosynthesis, but must we douse it constantly? A few gallons every now and then would suffice.

I tried to consult some of our resident construction workers, whose critical duties include sitting around drinking coffee and ogling Vandy girls, what their opinion was on cement moisturizing, but I don't think they could hear me through their riotous laughter. Had they pondered the question, I am certain they would have agreed with me, that over-watering the cement can only harm it and prevent it from flourishing.

We may not be in the top ten schools for academics and our football team may not be in the top anything, but by golly we can show the world that we have the best-maintained sidewalks of any school anywhere. End the over-watering! Keep our pavements healthy and safe, so that our sandaled feet may tread them boldly, without fear.

Now let's go see what the school looks like without its pants. ■

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■ THE SLANT'S TOP TEN LIST

Ways To Ruin A Romantic Evening

By TIM BOYD

Freshmen, your time to make 'casual' acquaintances with members of the opposite sex is fast running out. All too soon, the fact that you are simply a sex-obsessed slimeball with no redeeming qualities will become widely known and even the most powerful alcohol that your money can't buy won't disguise that.

Accordingly, The Slant has decided to offer you some advice; should you, in the dying days of your 'newness' to Vandy, succeed in persuading a charming young lady to share your bed, below are 10 of the things you should NEVER HEAR YOURSELF SAYING. Admittedly, even if you can avoid them, your chances of striking out are still high, but should you have the misfortune to actually utter any of these damning phrases, a life of enforced celibacy becomes a racing certainty.

10. "You look great, but isn't Halloween next month?"
9. "This reminds me of when I used to share a bed with my sister."
8. "Do you mind if I film this? I told my parents I'd keep a Vandy Video diary."
7. "I can't wait to tell my son about you."
6. "This is only illegal in 48 states."
5. "Oh Wow – 37 seconds! That's my personal best!"
4. "Well actually, I work for The Slant."
3. "No, it's supposed to be that colour."
2. "You don't sweat much for a fat chick."
1. "When I was a woman, I used to go for guys like me."

Bastard Confession

As a freshman female, I received one night at dinner plan a pamphlet about the dangers of alcohol (i.e. how not to get drunk and raped by the evil male population).

It specifically talked about the effects of alcohol on hormones - apparently it raises estrogen in men and raises testosterone in women... this explains why, on any given night, I'm personally far more likely to violate a guy at a frat party than the other way around. ■

■ GUEST COLUMN

Ask Andrew Banecker's Mom

Hello, Andrew's Mom. I hope you can help me. The other day after urinating, my penis got caught in the zipper of my pants. I unzipped them, put my penis back in my pants and went on my way, but now I have wart-like bumps forming in my genital area. Can getting your wang caught in a zipper give you genital warts?

Confused In Confederate

Dear Confused,

Don't worry, honey, you do not have genital warts. Didn't you ever see the movie *There's Something About Mary*? You may want to try to control your impulsivity, and zipper gently and slowly.

Andrew's Mom

Dear Andrew's Mom, I'm from Los Angeles and I like my sex West Coast style. Do Southern girls like that sort of thing or even know what it is? What would you suggest in terms of other styles if they don't?

Questioning in Curry.



Debroah Banecker

Dear Questioning,

Southern girls like "married" sex. By the way, you do know that you can die from AIDS.

Andrew's Mom

Dear Andrew's Mom, I had sexual intercourse with several guys last night, but I think they all used a condom. Do I still need to get tested for STD's?

Protected On Peabody

Dear Protected,

First of all, you didn't mention if you are male or female. I'm assuming, for my sake, that you're a young lady....so, you need to act like one. I'm sure you want to get your "MRS" degree after graduating from VU, and acting the way you do won't help. By the way, you do know that you can die from AIDS. I'm praying for you,

Andrew's Mom

Dear Andrew's Mom, I have been considering having sex with this guy that lives on the floor above mine, but my mom always told me that doing so would make men lose respect for me. I hear in some cultures women are buried under a mound of rocks or beheaded for having sex, so simply being disrespected by some stupid boys doesn't seem so bad. I just want to wear a whipped cream bikini and get freaky doggy style. Don't you think any decent college boy could respect that?

Horny in Hemingway

Dear Horny,

I'm glad to see you're thinking! Yes, boys will not respect you anymore. You see, boys are different from girls. Boys have only one thing in mind, while girls are looking for a lasting meaningful relationship. I'm sure you'll see it my way.

Andrew's Mom

Dear Andrew's Mom, Last Saturday night, I met your son at a party. Well, first I had some shots with my roommates, but you know how that is... always have to pre-party. After that, we went to Towers and walked into pretty much every room that we heard music and loud noises coming from. We had jello shots on floor 3, rum and cokes on floor 4, some sort of yellowish punch on floor 5... you know, just a normal Saturday night. Anyway, when we got to floor 10, I saw a guy doing a 90 second kegstand without his pants on. Once he got down, he screamed "I am a golden god" and grabbed my ass. Oh yeah, forgot to mention that the guy was your son, Andrew. Well, I'm not sure if he got my name, but he definitely got enough, if you know what I mean. Well, I don't remember where I woke up or how I got home, but when I went to the bathroom, it burned. Could it be gonorrhea?

Painful in Peabody

Dear Painful,

A plane ticket for Andrew to Philadelphia is on its way.

Andrew's Mom