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Previous Issue's Bomb-Building Tips Fall Into Wrong Hands

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INSIDETHISSUE

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Schilling's Ankle Amputated, Sent To Hall Of Fame

Curt Schilling had his right ankle and foot amputated and donated it to the

Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, NY. The hall will bronze the donation and put it on display in the main exhibit room. A tendon in Schilling's ankle had caused him significant pain. But that did not stop him from pitching key victories in the playoffs on the way to Boston's winning the World Series. Surgery could have repaired the tendon, but the pitcher preferred to make the unnecessary sacrifice to boost his ego. "I'm willing to do whatever it takes to ingratiate myself with the American public so that when I pick a state to run for public office in, I will be done sucking up," said Schilling.

Hustler Slowly Turning Into USA Today

The Hustler, Vanderbilt's student newspaper, has begun a slow transition into a local version of the popular national newspaper *USA Today*. More and more of the student paper's news stories are being written by AP writers and the editorial section is slowly withering due to inflammatory columns and inanity. "It's really easier this way," said *Hustler* Editor-in-Chief Evan Mayor. "Besides, you should've seen the stories we were writing on our own--that was ugly."



Snow Releases New CD

Canadian reggae/rap artist Snow released a new CD late last month, prompting surprise from most

Americans who were under the assumption he had die. Snow, most well known for his early nineties song "Informer," commented on the situation. "I am most certainly not dead and I hope this release will convince the world to take me seriously as an artist." Snow then added, "A licky boom boom down."

Baby Loses Right To Bear Arms

A mother experiencing post-partum depression cut off her child's arms last week. She is being prosecuted for murder and for violating the baby's constitutional second amendment rights.

New Pepsi Flavor Contains Rare Spice

PepsiCo Inc. released a new type of soda last month, Pepsi Holiday Spice, just in time for the Christmas season. The new beverage has become quite popular, due to the exotic melange spice used as flavoring. "The spice, imported from the planet Arrakis, is one of the most tantalizing and desired substances in the galaxy," said a PepsiCo spokesperson, "And, when combined with refreshing Pepsi Cola, is only made better." PepsiCo has promoted the new drink with the contest, "Are you the Kwisatz Haderach?" In a related story, the FDA is investigating the rumored addictive properties of the spice.



"Alexander" Is The Worst Movie Of The Year

Unless you like three hours of drawn-out unexplained crap. Then this movie's for you.



Slant Editor-in-Chief Only Person To Care About New Secretary Of Agriculture

Slant editor-in-chief Colin Dinsmore is the only person on the

planet to care about Bush's appointment of a new Secretary of Agriculture, Mike Johanns, Nebraska's current governor. "He won't shut up about it, about how important it is and how he came from Nebraska" said one of Dinsmore's acquaintances. "What does the Secretary of Agriculture do anyway, eat a lot of corn?" As of press time, Dinsmore was still being a real prick about it.



Rice's Replacement



178

Days since June 13, 2004. You've had this much time to legally sleep with the Olsen twins. And failed.



Ozzy Bites Head Off Burglar

Ozzy Osbourne's England countryside estate was broken into by burglars last week. The two burglars managed to steal \$3.6 million from Ozzy and Sharon's bedside table while the pair slept, before one of them apparently sneezed, waking the rock icon from his slumber. Ozzy reportedly became enraged, grabbing one of the burglars and putting him in a headlock while Sharon phoned police. Acting on instinct and adrenaline and unable to wait for the arrival of authorities, Ozzy then bit the burglar's head off in a show of bloody, badass rock rage. "I thought it was a rubber burglar," explained Ozzy. The police have yet to find the second burglar, who, according to witnesses, was last seen throwing up the metal sign in awe while running away from the estate.

"Poland Express" Fails To Win Holiday Box Office

After a seemingly clever ploy to steal the thunder of holiday release, "The Polar Express," Disney's release of the animated tale, "The Poland Express" outraged many this weekend. The film, a spirited tale of a boy on a magical train to Auschwitz, has failed to capture the magic of the other, similarly named film. "While I enjoyed the part when Hershel rides the train, I disliked the part where he is taken from his parents, and then gassed to death," said movie patron Sheila Andrews. "Though the special effects on that pile of bodies was great. Wait, those were special effects, right?" Despite complaints and poor box office returns, Disney refuses to pull the film from theatres, citing their anticipation of support from the sizeable "post-Hannukah neo-Nazi demographic."

POLITICS

Rice Replaced by National Security Blanket

In the wake of Colin Powell's resignation and Condoleezza Rice's acceptance of his Secretary of State position, President Bush has finally agreed to appoint a blanket to be National Security Advisor. The blanket, which is light blue and a cotton-poly blend, has been nicknamed "Blanky," and recently appeared with the president at a press conference announcing his appointment. "This here blanket is a strong blanket, but also a soft blanket. Blanky has helped me through some hard times, and he has everything America needs in a National Security Blanket," said Bush. Blanky will reportedly assume his role as soon as he is removed from the dryer.



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POLICIES

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SECURITY ABUSE SPACE



Airports now with convenient bomb drop-off box.

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Corrections:

Regarding last issue's electoral map, it turns out Michael Wilt was the only McGill resident to actually vote, so McGill was a red hall as well.

Ceaf Lewis, author of last issue's column, "I'm Not Ashamed To Admit I Love *Nintendo Power*," is actually ashamed of loving *Nintendo Power*; he is just in denial about it.

In last issue's Bastard Confession, David Barzelay claimed he would do Arafat. The quote should have read, "I did do him." Barzelay went on to say it was great.

The Slant

FROM THE EDITOR



COLIN DINSMORE

I need to relate an event, an experience if you will, which transpired the weekend before Thanksgiving break. I traveled to the *other* (and in most aspects, lesser) #18 institution in the country, Notre Dame University, to visit a number of my friends who attend that particular school. The trip was an absorbing diversion from the comparatively dull experiences of a typical Omaha weekend.

On Saturday afternoon, my hosts took me to one of the on-campus dining facilities to break bread at what I was told was one of, if not the, best campus dining hall in the country. I was skeptical, and after purchasing my ticket which cost me \$10, I began to think I was being scammed. I couldn't have been further from the truth.

At that meal, there lay before my eyes a tantalizing spread, the likes of which I had never seen before. Every station contained fare more exotic and inviting than the last. The food was fresh, delectable, and of preeminent quality. Not only that, but the meal had no restrictions; it was, in the words of so many lesser buffets, "all-you-can-eat." So often quality is sacrificed for quantity, but at Notre Dame they have their cake and eat it too (pardon the expression). Plus, this extraordinary feast is on Notre Dame's version of the meal plan. The only discernable negative of the fabulous complex was my inability to get a drink from a giant rollerblade, but I guess no place is perfect.

Notre Dame, in respect to food, was a veritable Xanadu, its pleasure-dome found in the edifice known as South Dining Hall. And unlike Coleridge's construction, this building was real, not merely an evanescent idea lost to history or opium-induced writing spells.

After my surreal dining endeavour, I began to think, "Why not us?" To be sure, such a cafeteria cannot be duplicated, but how can there be such a huge disparity between both the quality, variety, and quantity of food at Rand and Notre Dame? This is puzzling considering that we are identically ranked, similarly-sized private institutions with comparable tuition and costs (Vanderbilt, in fact, costs slightly more). Also, I went to a Jesuit high school, so I know that Catholic orders aren't keen on losing money; they're at least breaking even on this deal.

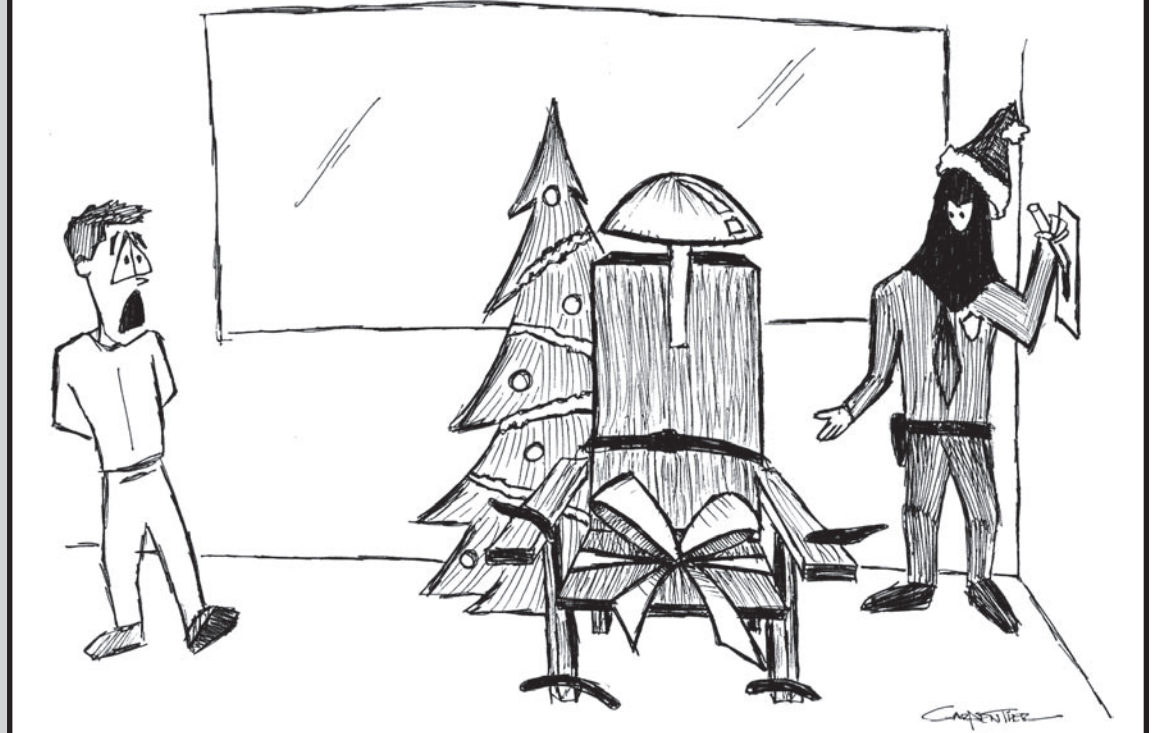
It must be noted that Notre Dame does *not* have places like Stonehenge or the Pub, so students' dining options are limited at ND in that regard. Notre Dame also does not have Rites of Spring, the city of Nashville, Kaffeestunde, Olin Hall, me, Greek life, Gee, a secret primate lab, or a swimming pool on top of Stevenson (so other than its food, it's pretty terrible). But surely we should be able to have a dining hall that, despite flashes of brilliance that occur one week after every health inspection, is a cut above mediocre.



Fucked Image

War paint for children.

Scott Peterson's Christmas



Carpentooning by Jason Carpentier

Floridians Celebrate End Of Hurricane Season, Brace For Snowbird Season

Similar precautions taken by residents

by COLIN DINSMORE

Hurricane season was declared officially over with last week by the National Weather Service. After a hurricane season that was one of the most active and damaging since records were kept, many expected residents of Florida, the state hardest hit by the storms, to be overjoyed. The celebration, however, has been reserved as Floridians are looking forward to a different sort of natural disaster: the flocking of elderly north-easterners to the Sunshine state for the winter.

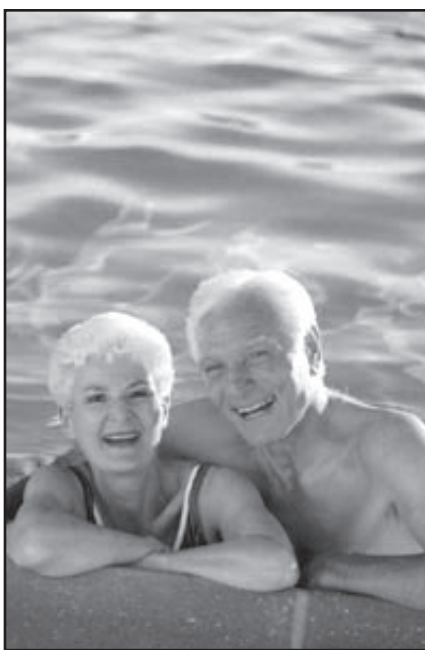
The so-called "snowbirds" migrate en masse to the sub-tropical state as their natural New England environment cools and becomes inundated with snow. Many of the finicky elderly, despite modern technology, refuse to live by the rules of Mother Nature and use their children's inheritance to maintain second homes, apartments, and condominiums on Florida's beaches.

While the annual migration does provide a boost to the local economy, many see the influx of the nation's weakest and most stubborn as a burden. "It takes me longer to get anything done when I go out," said Tampa resident Amy Flowers. "They take forever to order anything in a restaurant and are always snagging the waiter and complaining about something. And don't even get me started on the effect it has on my shopping. The sheer volume of coupons those people use is mind-boggling."

Many businesses have made a number of adjustments in preparation for an increase in their older demographics. The popular drug store Walgreens has sent extra prescription drugs to their pharmacies and has built several new stores in the Snowbirds' favorite destinations. This raises the pharmacy per capita ratio in Florida to 1:3, illustrating the severity of the yearly migration in a market most analysts thought Walgreens had already filled beyond the saturation point.

Restaurants, too, are making a number of changes. More help is being staffed between 3:00 and 5:00, when the elderly prefer to dine. In addition, many local establishments have printed up menus in large print or ordered magnifying glasses for use by these often visually-challenged patrons. Eateries not willing to make this investment simply tell the older customers they are sold out of all but

one type of meal and serve them dog food. "It's chocked full of protein and vitamins and they can't really taste the difference," said Palm Springs diner owner Andrew Harmon.



Snowbirds polluting a pool

Florida's beaches, perhaps the state's most popular feature, are also affected. True Florida residents avoid the beaches at all costs during the months that snowbirds are in town. "No white squall in nature compares to a decrepit couple from Quebec in string bikinis the first day in town," explained a Department of Environmental Protection official. "Every last bit of the natural beauty of the beach is ruined and the hot sun only amplifies that weird old-person smell they all have."

A number of Floridians have expressed concern that in addition to creating a number of minor nuisances, the invasion of aging winterers is, in fact, a much more serious problem and even quite dangerous.

"The hurricane's path was more predictable than an old guy behind

the wheel of an Oldsmobile. And it caused a lot less damage," said concerned citizen Jerry Plummer. "Not only am I leaving my home boarded up, I'm adding extra protection and a moat to keep any rogue octogenarians from driving or wandering onto my property. When it comes to the safety of my family, I'm not about to take any chances."

Another resident expressed concern about the hoary invaders' health. "I heard from my cousin that they carry disease," Elizabeth Stoltz worried. "I'd hate to have my daughter, a waitress at the local Denny's, get sick after catering to a sickly group of snowbirds. If she had to go the hospital, it'd probably be packed with old people anyways. They get you both ways!"

Despite the number of problems resulting from their immigration to Florida, the snowbirds insist they have a right to be there. "Back in my day," one snowbird told The Slant, "our winter homes were in the North, with our summer homes and we were grateful for it. Wait, what did you ask me? Ah forget it, I'm late for shuffleboard."

As the problem only appears to be worsening, Florida lawmakers have introduced several new pieces of legislation allowing for the confinement of snowbirds to the swampy Everglades, other inland regions, and Tallahassee, which are areas most Floridians do not really care about anyways.

Ambitious CIA Agent Tries Googling For 'Osama Bin Laden'

After failing to find him using all standard methods, CIA staffer finally broke down and Googled

by DAVID BARZELAY

Ambitious young CIA agent Jason Kline made a significant advance in the efforts to find and capture terrorist suspect Osama bin Laden last week, when he decided to try googling for information leading to bin Laden. Kline first tried more traditional methods as suggested by his veteran supervisors.

Described Kline, "I'd had it. I thought we'd tried everything and my ass was gonna get canned. After the whole 9/11 fuckup I really thought our department was gonna be royally screwed for not finding bin Laden. But then it hit me!" Kline is referring to his idea of using popular search engine www.google.com to search for information regarding bin Laden's whereabouts. "Turns out, Google yielded a treasure trove of information. Let's just say that when you're looking for sources of intelligence, you don't go through the Bush administration."

First he tried googling as a lark, with the popular search phrase, "Fuck Osama bin Laden," but this yielded mixed results, mostly porn. This gave Agent

Kline the idea of looking at porn under the guise of searching for bin Laden's whereabouts. The next phrase he searched for was, "Anal Sex Cheerleaders Osama bin Laden." It turned up a surprising website in the first few results: bin Laden's homepage.

After finding that Osama bin Laden had a homepage with a personal bio, party pictures, and resume (www.bin-laden.com), as well as a booming porn venture (www.binladensgirls.com), Kline struck gold when he stumbled upon Osama bin Laden's personal blog.

The blog, located at www.livejournal.com/users/osamabl, contained a wealth of information regarding his activities and whereabouts from as far back as 1998 to the most recent post, dated 11/29/04, regarding bin Laden's regret that there was no turkey available in the location he was hiding. The post contains the line, "May Allah fuck Syria and all of its descendents for failing to serve me turkey on Thanksgiving."

Kline instantly recognized the importance of his find, immediately informing his superiors that bin Laden was recently

in Syria. As per usual US policy, battalions of US troops were immediately relocated from Syria to Jordan on a hot tip from President Bush that they had WMDs in Jordan. The remaining seven troops in Syria were unable to locate bin Laden by the usual methods of breaking into families homes and interrogating them at gunpoint, so bin Laden escaped.

Then came another post. 12/01/04, "Syria got too dangerous. Soldiers too close. George promised this wouldn't keep happening. Oh well, Iran nicer anyway, praise Allah. Have hot tub in hotel suite (v.good). Current Mood: bored."

The intelligence community, as well as the President, is very anxious to catch bin Laden because of his role as scapegoat for the nation's security problems. As such, they intend to not waste this opportunity. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld said Tuesday, "We're invading Iran immediately, as we will invade any other country suspected of being in any way related to Osama bin Laden or any other terrorists." Rumsfeld then gave a harsh warning to other countries. "Any country harboring ter-

rorists could be the next enemy of the United States. Watch out, Ireland!"

Until bin Laden is caught, the CIA has a crack team of experienced Livejournal users analyzing bin Laden's every entry. The average age of the members of this elite livejournal team is thirteen, but Agent Kline says they are not to be taken lightly. "They are all highly-trained operatives, ready to send text messages at lightning fast thumb-typing speed if it should ever become necessary, God forbid." The team will continue to pass information about bin Laden's possible whereabouts, sexual exploits, and the several times per day he talks about how bored he is and how annoying his parents are.

Questioned Thursday what he thinks about this new development in spy technology, President Bush said, "Googawhat? That sounds like something some sort of yahoo would come up with. What? It's a competitor to yahoos? Yeah, I figured. I can't believe we're relying on something Al Gore made to get our info these days. Oh, well. We'll smoke him out one way or another."

Vanderbilt Students And Players Upset Over 33-38 Loss To Tennessee

'Now they'll never fire Bobby Johnson'

by RICHARD GREEN

Vanderbilt football and its fans have had to deal with several losses during the disappointing 2004 season. The recent loss to UT, however, appears to have upset many more people than other defeats such as the one-point loss to Kentucky or the discouraging season opener against USC. Many fans credit this added disappointment to the fact Tennessee's slim margin of victory may ensure that Vanderbilt's head coach, Bobby Johnson, may not be fired after all.

What many fans were hoping for is that the loss to UT would be embarrassing enough to warrant a firing as one Vandy fan explained. "So long as Bobby Johnson kept up his previous no scoring and forty-plus point-losing ways to Tennessee this year, he might actually have gotten fired at the end of this season."

This fan is not alone. The owner of the domain name "www.firebobbyjohnson.com" also had similar sentiments. "I was hoping for a 56-point loss this year. That loss, along with the Rutgers and Kentucky losses, would make the situation so dire that Vice Chancellor David Williams could no longer ignore our struggle and almost guarantee that Bobby Johnson would get fired. Now it'll never happen and we'll always suck."

Many Vanderbilt football players also want Bobby Johnson to be fired. "The game started off well for us. All was going to plan initially," explained running back Kwane Doster. "UT scored 14 points in the first two minutes. Then it just went downhill from there and

we started scoring."

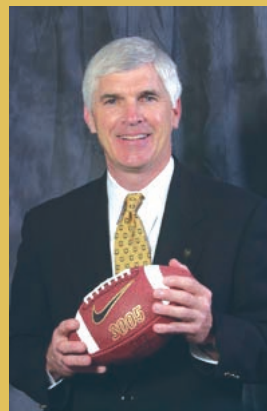
Many other players were extremely disappointed with Jay Cutler's three touchdown passes. "I told my receivers not to catch the ball even if they could score a TD" said Cutler, trying to defend his performance. "Those arrogant bastards just want to try to pad their stats. So I had to throw interceptions. I threw two, and thank God for that last play interception, or the game could have been really ugly and we may have won."

Not all players broke with the initial plan. Several of the Vanderbilt players approve of the job of their starting kicker Patrick Johnson. "I was keeping with the plan of losing big to UT, so I missed all the extra points

that I kicked," explained Johnson. "Then Coach brought in that bastard Iranmanesh to come in and make one."

Still, others think a conspiracy involving UT players is the real cause for the closeness. Tennessee's head coach and demigod of Knoxville Phillip Fulmer explained why they want to keep Bobby Johnson the head coach of Vanderbilt. "So long as Bobby Johnson is always the head coach of Vanderbilt, we will always beat them. Now we had been trying to do our part for the past 22 years to get rid of Vandy's other head coaches, but we came to the conclusion, we should help keep this Johnson guy around, so we kept this game close."

As a result of the five-point loss to Tennessee, Bobby Johnson is currently being considered for a contract extension, only making the painful loss worse for many Vanderbilt fans.



Bobby Johnson, here to stay

Floridians 'Unimpressed' By Ukrainian Election Chaos

'You call that electoral fraud?' 2000 Election Veterans Ask

by **TIM BOYD**

The recent political crisis in the Ukraine over the disputed result of this month's Presidential election seemed to take a step closer to resolution this week when the Supreme Court ruled that the results were null and void, paving the way for the entire vote to be run again. But while the rest of the world has breathed a sigh of relief that the situation is being dealt with peacefully, veterans of the 2000 US election in Florida have condemned the events in Ukraine as "amateurish," "patently transparent" and "an embarrassment to electoral fraudsters."

The election, between the pro-Russian Viktor Yanukovich and the pro-Western Viktor Yushchenko, featured widespread incidents of pollworkers handing out multiple ballot papers, voters being assaulted on their way to the polling stations and outright ballot box stuffing, all of it caught on TV.

"It's not that I object to the idea of trying to steal an election," said Merewether Cavanagh, IV, head of the Republicans' 2000 'Minority Voting Supervision' operation in Palm Beach County, "But they way they were doing it in Kiev was just so obvious. Beating people up as they approach the polling booth and getting caught on tape? Even the Rehnquist court would have had to raise some questions about that. The whole point of electoral fraud is to do enough to make the other side suspicious - it will drive them nuts for years afterwards - but not do so much as to actually get caught."

Perennial irritant, and tireless self-promoter Rev. Al Sharpton joined the criticism. "That sham of a democracy is a real sham of a sham of a democracy," Sharpton told reporters, "My career has been built around cultivating a sense of paranoia in confused people by making them think that even though they seem to live in a free society, they are actually being

defrauded by 'The Man' every day of their lives. Everything I do is based around conjecture, paranoia and speculation - not concrete evidence. When people can see the abuse actually happening, what need is there for them to pay attention to self-absorbed blowhards like me? If this ever happened here, I could lose my livelihood."

Ukrainian polling officials defended their country's ability to properly disenfranchise their electorate. "You've got to remember, we're new to this," said senior election Commissar Voyoslav Gligorov, "It's only since the fall of the Soviet Union in 1991 that we've even had ballots that people themselves have actually needed to fill out. We used to do just do that ourselves in the name of the proletariat. Now that we have to at least seem democratic, it's not so easy - but give us time, and maybe a seminar organized by the designer of the 'butterfly ballot,' and I'm sure we'll do better next time."

But complaints from within the US have not just been directed against the voting process. The decision by the Ukraine Supreme Court has come under attack from US Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia. "Their ruling was shocking, simply shocking," Scalia told *Meet The Press*, "I mean there's the standard problems you would expect in a judicial system in a transitional democracy - poor legal rationale, lack of critical analysis, and failure to form logically cogent arguments - but what is just beyond the pale is the way the judges reached an independent decision and failed to just go along with their partisan preferences masked as objective opinion. Their credibility has taken a hit."

Despite the attacks from those involved in the Sunshine State debacle of 2000, Ukrainian officials are determined to redeem themselves in the eyes of the world and suppress the voice of the people as effectively, and quietly, as any Western state.

Grad Student Found Attempting Social Life, Expelled

by **TIM BOYD**

Kirkland Hall has announced that doctoral student Matthew Taylor will 'not be continuing his studies at Vanderbilt' after his appearance at a social event led his academic advisers to conclude that he 'was not devoting adequate attention to his studies.'

The event in question was a routine Frat house party Friday night at which Taylor, despite not having been invited, appeared around 9pm. The other students were immediately suspicious. Sophomore Amy Freeley said, "He was just weird. He came over to talk to me and a few of my friends and kept trying to engage us in meaningful conversation. He kept asking me all this bizarre stuff, like what did I think of the PLO. I was like, how should I know? I can't keep up with the names of every single airline. One of my friends got so desperate to change the subject she tried to flirt with him, but he refused to treat her like an object. How humiliating!"

Frat brother Wes Lambie says he was unsure who Taylor was, "At first, I figured he must have been invited by one of the other guys. He looked so stressed, I tried to get him to chill a little. I got him a drink and told him to 'relax' and he just flipped--'Relax? How can I? I have to hand in 4 research papers next week, and if I don't finish my coursework I'll never be able to take a low-paid, dead-end academic job where nobody respects my opinion, and you tell me to relax?'--man, that was freaky."

Several other students witnessed the outburst. Freshman Louise Douglas commented on the grad student's actions. "I felt sorry for him, to be honest. He'd been walking around just clutching this book, like it was welded to him. I tried to take it from him, but he just wouldn't let go. He said if they found him without a book, he'd be done for." Others were not so understanding. Another brother, Jason Henry, placed a call to the University Police, who arrived on the scene within minutes.

Speaking to *The Slant*, Officer John Lewis said when he saw Taylor he knew just what was going on. "He had to be a Grad Student," said Lewis. "It was obvi-

ous from the way his pale skin, chewed fingernails and his coherent sentences. I had to get him out of there because he was scaring the undergraduates."

But Taylor was not prepared to go quietly. According to witnesses, when he saw the officers approaching, he leapt on a table and made an impassioned plea to be allowed to stay, calling out, "I have a dream, it is a dream deeply rooted in the Vanderbilt dream. I have a dream that we will live in a country where your social status is determined not by the type of degree that you seek, but by the content of your character. I believe we have nothing to fear but fear itself. Liberty and Vanderbilt, now and forever, indivisible--can't we all just get along?"

Re-calls Douglas, "It was so moving, so tragic, so sad. One of the officers shed a tear, but they knocked him out with a billy club and took him away. I thought 'Wow, that was so cool,' then got back to drinking."

Explaining why he had alerted the police, Henry stated, "Of course graduates are entitled to the same rights as undergraduates, but they should be kept separate. The University clearly does not want this sort of mingling. This sort of social inter-action is dangerous, as it is prone to lead to understanding and potentially even friendships. We can't allow that to happen."

Chancellor Gee issued a statement outlining how the University plans to prevent a repeat of this incident. From now on, graduates will be required to report to the library front desk every hour during opening hours, and when the library is closed will be confined to their departments. The Dean of the Graduate School, has said he blames certain 'irresponsible' faculty members who insist on allowing graduates to read controversial documents.

"It's a classic case," said Smith, "Someone had him read the Declaration of Independence and he mistakenly interpreted the pursuit of happiness as applying to him. None of the graduates need ever know about it. They have no time to read the papers and we got him out of the state before he could warn any of the others."

Bridget Cornett's Diary

Critics say, "Vanderbilt's very own singleton heroine recounts anxiously self-aware moments, with a universality and wit that will charm and endear to readers of both sexes."

Monday 29 November 2004.

Weight: 1.5 metric tons.

Calories so far today: zero, but not for a lack of trying.

In Rand, lunchtime. Just failed a calc exam. Am walking zombie whose only objective is to stuff her face with sub-par faux-Mediterranean food. I get my heaping pile of humus and head for the drinks. Slip on the ice some jackass must have spilled but manage to catch myself due to my superhuman cat-like reflexes. Whew. Fill up on flat Diet Coke and turn around right into someone's chest. And the rest happened in slow-motion.

I compensate by leaning backward. I fake left. I take a quick step to the right. Into that bastard racist Nazi homophobic murdering asshole's ice puddle. And in a matter of seconds, the U.S.S. Bridget, along with her precious cargo of soggy salad and char-broiled falafel cakes, is sunk.

After scraping the pile of humus, pita, and myself from the filthy tile floor and ignoring the pity stares/raucous laughter, I was somehow no longer interested in lunch and decided to go make a home under a rock instead. I love Mondays.

Thursday 2 December.

Felt pretty smart in English this afternoon. Hot Professor mentioned Andrew Marvell and asked if any of us knew of him. For once, I'm the person who does - my hand shoots up.

"Bridget?"

"Yeah, he was a metaphysical poet who wrote in the early 17th century. He wrote on a variety of topics, but his most famous poem is probably "To His Coy Mistress," which is actually one of my favorites." (I am a supergenius)

"Awesome. The poem to which Bridget is referring is one of supplication to a woman the speaker is pursuing..."

"Oh yeah, it's great. And very convincing; I would have totally done him."

Silence. And staring. I killed my singular moment of glory; killed it dead. Will not end up marrying Hot Professor and rearing young litter of Hot Supergeniuses as planned, but will instead die sad and alone after long and tragic career as spinster librarian with slightly questionable crush on Andrew Marvell.

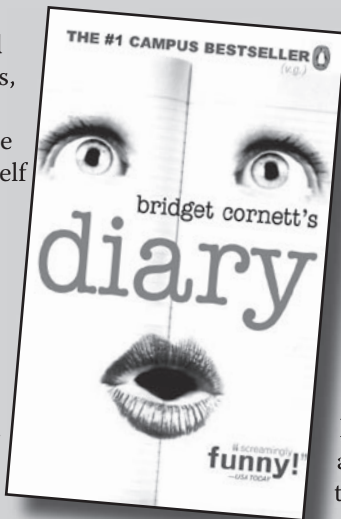
Sunday 5 December.

Cigarettes: 0 (vg, but not impressive, as I don't smoke), Alcohol units ingested last night (rough estimate): about seven thousand.

No good. I'd planned to get up uber-early and work on/complete a physics presentation, philosophy paper, and calc hw before noon. Would be diligent star student and write intelligent, insightful papers. Woke up instead to the sun streaming through the window. Damn it. Turned to look at the clock on my dresser. Clock not there. Where is my clock? Looked at my wrist, watch similarly absent. Got up to look at computer and realized my pants were also missing. And this is not my room.

Now, granted I was pretty glad to realize my alarm clock had not indeed been stolen, as it's one of those nifty ones that can wake you up to a CD of your choice, and also has a number of soothing nature sound options, like "rainforest" and "wind". Clearly worth stealing, but that's beside the point. So anyway, upon realizing this was not my room, I turned back to the bed to survey the damage, but the damage was turned toward the wall, and I was okay just convincing myself he was strikingly handsome and distinguished as I frantically searched for my shoes.

Ended the debacle of my morning at 2pm, walking across campus/sinking in the mud in my stilettos and the XL sweatshirt/adidas shorts combo I stole from boy's floor. Awesome. Can't wait to start the week.



I Just Love Arizona!

A tiny glimpse into my life in Tucson

by MEREDITH GRAY
Columnist



Hello, everyone. As you can see, I'm not quite dead yet, though the desert heat and the packs of coyotes here have cer-

tainly tried to get me. In combination with my awe-inspiring alcohol problem, of course. Anyway, my purpose for writing this column is to give you a little glimpse into what it is like to live in the arid deserts of Arizona. That, and to stroke my overbearing ego by seeing my name just one more time in print.

If you are a less informed *Slant* reader, then you may not know that in August I moved to Tucson, Arizona to attend graduate school at the University of Arizona. Yes, it has been a big change for me. Gone are the leafy oak trees and frolicking squirrels of Vanderbilt, and the breathtaking events that the rest of the country refers to as "seasons." I am surrounded by spiny phalluses and animals whose only purpose in life is to bite and or eat people, eventually killing them either way. Not to say that any of this is really bad, not in the least! We here in the southwest must merely take certain precautions when we are outside, such as donning full-body Kevlar suits so as to protect ourselves from the poisonous and aggressive flora and fauna.

This, of course, does raise the question, "Meredith, how do you keep cool in the 4,000 degree heat?" Well, first I would like to say that your estimation of the temperature is a bit of an exaggeration - it really never goes above 150 degrees (centigrade). But yes, keeping cool whilst protecting myself from the environment is no simple task. I have found

that filling my panties with ice cubes and avoiding the outdoors whenever possible has been the best solution. However, the combination of the Kevlar suit, the underpants full of ice cubes, and the SPF 90 sun block (which clogs my pores and means that I can only sweat through my tongue, like a dog) has raised another problem: I have no friends.

But - I am sincerely trying! I live a few (ok, fifteen) miles outside of Tucson proper, so there aren't exactly a plethora of places for social interaction. But there is one: the Lariat Saloon, which is within walking distance of my house. In fact, I was there just last week, and I even made a new friend! I met my new friend, Bill, after a pitcher of Miller Lite, and he asked me to line dance. Well, this is a bit of a mistruth - he asked my boyfriend if he could dance with me, and being the ever chivalrous guy that he is, my boyfriend offered me up like the chattel that I am. But that is neither here nor there. Anyway, we whirled about the dance floor, and I, reveling in the excitement of having a new friend, began to experience the whole room whirling about, at which time I heaved myself in the men's bathroom and threw up on the Osama bin Laden deodorizer in the urinal. But the point is - I talked to someone who is not my dog!

So in conclusion, I hope that my observations might have clarified any questions you have about either the Southwest, or my life in general. And as I leave you now, I would like to broadcast the following to employers who are anywhere but the Southwest, especially to the Vanderbilt English Department: Please hire me! Oh God, please? Only one year until I have a Masters in Fine Arts! Oh sweet Jesus, grant me freedom from this scorching armpit of the earth! Please God please! Send me deliverance! Aaaaaaahhhhhhh!

The True Meaning Of Thanksgiving

By **RICHARD GREEN**
Columnist

I had always thought of Thanksgiving as a worthless holiday - a sort of Christmas minus the presents. This year, however, for the first time I finally understood the true meaning of Thanksgiving, and realized the true spiritual significance of this most American of holidays. Not wishing to keep this realization to myself, I felt I should share it with all of you loyal *Slant* readers.

The revelation began about a week before Thanksgiving, when I had gotten in a fight with my family over which church to go to. My parents are Episcopalian, but I have long been complaining about the way our priest plays fast and loose with theology - so I suggested going to a stricter, more fundamental, purer Church. Well, we fought about this, and eventually I decided to leave the house and spend the holidays with a friend and his family and eat Thanksgiving dinner with them. My friend's name is Chester, but I always just called him by his nickname, "Chief."

This was the first time I had been to Chief's home. To be honest, I didn't know all that much about him. Anyway, the first thing I noticed about his house was that it was really. Seriously - it was beautiful; I had always dreamed of living in a home like that. As soon as I got there, I REALLY wanted this house.

The dinner itself was wonderful. I was having such a good time so I took the liberty of calling a few of my other friends to come over with their families and we started to throw this little holiday get-together.

When my friends were introduced to Chief and his family, we decided to exchange some common activities. Chief and his family are big smokers. They gave my friends cigarettes and marijuana, while my friends gave him and his family alcohol - lots and lots of alcohol. It was one hell of a party. Chief's family is still having fun with all the liquor and now all of my friends are smokers!

As it turned out, the word got out and more and more of my friend's families came to Chief's house. Many of them got really drunk and decided to stay the night. Then the week. There were so many people that we had to "rent" many parts of his

home to fit them all. I had initially promised Chief that my friends would not cause any trouble and that they would only need to take up the dining and living rooms, but there were just way too many people.

So I made a deal with Chief to let us rent his bathroom, his kitchen, and a bedroom as well - all for only a monkey wrench and a Mellow Yellow. It was as if he had no concept of land ownership or property rights - what a nice guy!

I have to admit, the arrival of my friends was not smooth sailing even though we were having a good time. One of my friends was sick with flu and that got Chief's daughter sick that damn near killed her. I don't know how such a common virus caused her so much trouble - it's like she's been living in a whole different world.

Even though we'd promised not to take any more of Chief's rooms, unfortunately just too many of my friends came over and we had run out of things to trade. Plus, we noticed there were many precious metals in his other rooms. So our plans changed. We needed places to sleep, and money.

So now we were faced with the difficult choice of either having to force Chief to leave without compensation, or persuade him to leave voluntarily. Obviously, we didn't want to just force him, so we decided to persuade him by torturing several of his family members, raping his wife, desecrating his family treasures, making his children our slaves and massacring his household pets. Nothing more than standard negotiation practice. After all, we had been invited in as guests, and I'm positive Chief would have wanted to give us a place.

We helped Chief's family move their remaining possessions to stay in a plot in the yard because we felt we should give him something back to show our gratitude (He was obviously touched - I couldn't help noticing a single, silent tear rolling down his cheek).

Later, when we were back in the house, and as I looked around and saw people who looked just like me, what we had accomplished, and all with the minimum of sacrifice on our part, I got a warm feeling all over and it dawned on me - this was the true spirit of Thanksgiving - God Bless America! 🍌

Steroids Had Nothin' To Do With My 73 Home Runs

I've always had small balls

By **BARRY BONDS**
Syndicated Columnist



OK America, listen up: I'm sick and tired of everyone making such a huge deal out of this whole steroids

thing. And now I hear people talking about taking away my record 73 home runs from 2001? Man this is some bullshit. I'm tellin' all you haters right here, right now that steroids didn't have shit to do with my 73 home runs that year. Sure I took steroids, but I only took them for a couple of years and it's not like they really had any effect on me.

First of all, I've always been a home run hitter-- just check my record: Before 2001, I was averaging 33 home runs a year. All you gotta do is double that and add 7 and you get 73. So you see? It was only a matter of time before I hit 73 home runs.

Second of all, I did all kinds of things to get stronger other than taking steroids. Look at my workout routine; up until 2001 I would do 3 sets up 10 repetitions for all my workouts. In 2001 I stepped it up 3 sets of 11 reps. It was that extra hard work that gave me the strength to hit the home runs--not steroids. Moreover, it's

a proven medical fact that muscle strength and overall bodily health get better as you age, and improve tremendously once you reach 40.

And let's not forget that I play for the San Francisco GIANTS. Hello? Giants!-- when you play for a team with that kind of name of course you'll eventually get a little bigger. If you don't think the name of the team you play for affects you, just ask Curt Schilling and his bloody ankle.

So there you see that the steroids didn't really affect my strength, but they didn't affect anything else about me either. Man, I've always had back-acne. The only thing that changed in 2001 was that all these pimples and shit started showing up on my back. It was messed up. Plus, my testicles have also always been small. Sure, they got a little smaller after the steroids, but that's cuz the world's gotten colder-- you know, cuz of global warming and shit like that. And low sperm count? I've always had that, too. It is true that since I've been taking the steroids I haven't gotten my wife pregnant, but I think she's just become more of a frigid bitch over the past few years.

Y'all are all just pissed off because a black man beat out Mark McGwire and cuz I'm about to pass Babe Ruth on the all-time list. Steroids didn't have nothin' to do with my home runs. Just good old hard work....and that special icy-hot creme that my trainer gave me for sore muscles. 🍌

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How To Get A Bid From The Sorority Of Your Choice

by ANONYMOUS SENIOR Columnist

After what seems like a hundred and thirty years on Vanderbilt's campus, I consider myself knowledgeable about some of the University's best kept secrets. Some may consider me a keeper of the crypt, a go-to man for the ins and outs of Vanderbilt. Word on the street is that I'm the guy to consult before undertaking any activity of any magnitude or importance. Others may think of me simply as the drunken bum they see stumbling out of Towers on even-numbered days that end in 'y'.

Perhaps you're freaked out that I'm still on campus, but you'd be surprised at what you learn by hanging around Frat Row so much. Every year is just the same - students come and go, professors lecture, parties erupt - but mostly I notice people making the same mistakes year after year, especially about rush. It pisses me off.

So I would like to take this opportunity and will most graciously attempt to impart some of my hard-earned knowledge so that it shall not be lost.

In particular, I would like to help one of my favorite demographics on campus: freshmen girls. Ladies, I present to you a guide guaranteed to get you a bid from any sorority, or more importantly, the sorority of your choice. I consider myself something of

an expert on the subject after years of hearing about nothing but "rush" from every sorority girl I've ever taken to dinner or bed. So here are six steps to sorority success...

1. Stories of wild debauchery are good, alcohol violations are bad. Know your limits, push the envelope, but don't go overboard. Remember - Pi Phi doesn't want to be put on probation again because they gave your drunkass a bid. On the average weekend at the frats you want to be drunk enough so that the stories flowing through Rand on Monday are your first clue as to what you did over the weekend. Just remember, George Bush doesn't remember anything about college and look where he is now.

2. Philanthropy or rush event? Rush event. Just remember there is never a time during your first semester when you aren't rushing. In fact, you've been rushing since you were three, or at least that's what is says in the Chi O brochure. Make it to every philanthropy, but be warned you'll be engaged in non-stop conversation with upperclassmen girls, who can't stop talking about the cancer society, the children's hospital, Hamas, or whatever the fuck it is that they're raising money for.

How to survive this? Recreational drug use... Better yet, the classic Vanderbilt response: drink. Not only will alcohol or cocaine make your conversa-

tions livelier, but you'll finally be able to understand why that Theta you talked to last week twitches so much. Also, the prudish dancing girls at Oscars or Karnival will finally seem entertaining.

3. Go to class. Lectures are over-rated. Political Science sucks and HOD 1200 is even worse, but class is a great chance for you to schmooze. No, not with your professor, with that adorable Tri-Delt you sat next to the first day. Class is the best time for you to develop the only friendship with upperclassmen girls that Panhel will allow. Do as the Career Center preaches: Network, network, network. Display your intelligence, flaunt your fashion and be sure to get together for group work - often and in obscure, sexy places.

4. Sleep around. And I'm not talking about those prep school pajama parties you remember so fondly. Remember, there's no such thing as bad publicity - no one knew Paris Hilton before she started slutting it up, and now she's the talk of the town. Really, what quicker way is there to get known around campus than as the girl that everyone wants? Or rather, that anyone can get. Put out. You don't want those silly sophomore boys to tell all their girlfriends that you're an ice-queen, or you'll get cut for sure. By far the quickest way to get known within a sorority is to sleep with one of their boyfriends, just make sure you're good at it.

5. Dress to impress. Be a trend-setter. Get heads turning, and make sure all the upperclassmen girls know that you're the shit. The shit that's gonna steal their boyfriends, run their organizations, raise the most money and burst into their sorority chapters like you were born for it. Don't just think Theta, be Theta. Reinvent ADpi. Gucci, Prada and Louis? In. Sweat pants, Titans jerseys and Gap? Definitely out. Daddy gave you his credit card for a reason; now use it damnit; consumer spending is down, go boost the economy. Remember, you never know when someone's gonna snap your photo.

6. Lunch is critical, but we can all do without dinner. In case you haven't noticed, lunch in Rand is like a who's-who of campus. Everyone notices, everyone talks. Be there. By dinner time everyone's studying or at organization meetings. No one cares that you're eating with your friends at the Pub. Give it up, they're losers anyway, you know all the cool kids live in Kissam. So stay at home and grab a handful of Cheerios to tide yourself over.

Ladies, there you have it. Now no more crying, you can all sleep easy (but never alone) with the knowledge your bid is secure. And, if you have any questions, any at all, come pay me a visit out at Towers, because baby I got your number, and I know that you got mine. ■

Bastard Confession



"Yeah right. FedEx. What a fucking moron."

- Alex Trebek

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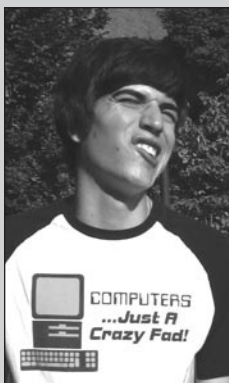
Who Would You Put In Charge Of Homeland Security?

Richard Green, African

“My only homeland is Africa. Nobody was talking about homeland security during the goddamned triangle trade.”

Kristin Whitehead, HOD Major

“I think I’d do a pretty good job. I could at least make the colors in the threat level chart ‘pop’ a little more.”

Henry Samuelson, Senior

“Osama bin Laden, just to mess with his head a little.”

Running Bear, Cherokee Chieftain

“Don’t ask me - our efforts at homeland security over the past 500 years probably isn’t the model you want to use.”

Norm MacDonald, Comedian

“David Hasselhoff. Because Germans *love* David Hasselhoff!”

Sarah Hoover, Sophomore

“Andrew Atwood. He could send emails to the whole nation about the threats of people exposing themselves.”

SLANTHOROSCOPES**Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)**

Though thoroughly confused upon your grandmother’s exclamation of, “Wipe that puss off your face,” you will do as you’re told.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

What’s that on your shirt? Mustard?

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

No, no, don’t worry, she didn’t say you have herpes, she said you have *her peas*. Although had she said you have herpes, she would have been right.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

Anubis was the god of embalming, but as chief embalmer at the county morgue, you’re pretty close.

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

You’ll pose nude for a *Slant* photoshoot only to realize mid-way through, “Hey, this guy doesn’t write for *The Slant*. And *The Slant* office isn’t in Beta...”

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

Maybe if you did something besides eat cheetos, the stars would have something interesting to say to you, cheeto-breath.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

You fear the Greeks, even when they bear gifts. But replace ‘Greeks’ with ‘Santa Claus.’

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

This is a horoscope, not a whoroscope. Sorry to disappoint you.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

You will have a full house when your cousin and a hobo move into your dorm room. It will be nothing like the sitcom.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

You will be chosen for the next episode of elimiDATE. But in this version of elimiDATE, when you’re eliminated, you’re *eliminated*.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

Like Ozymandias, everything you build will be lost to the sands; unlike Ozymandias, you will not get a poem written about you.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

Your retainer will become fused to your mouth as you sleep. But on the plus side, your teeth will always be straight.

Top Ten Items On Vandy Christmas Lists

- 10 Mandatory Balco for Vandy football players.
- 9 Beer Pong Elmo, this year's *it* gift for Greek kids everywhere!
- 8 America's Funniest Home Videos, Seasons 1-4 on DVD, including hilarious bloopers, outtakes, and rare deleted scenes featuring the incomparable Bob Saget!
- 7 More *Hustler*, less *Vanderbilt Hustler*.
- 6 Release from valuable Vanderbilt football scholarship to attend any other Division-I program.
- 5 Planned parenthood frequent user punchcard.
- 4 Lifetime subscription to *The Slant* (only \$500, inquire within!).
- 3 The South to rise again.
- 2 Taking someone's virginity.
- 1 Losing virginity.

Ask Ron Artest



Dear Mr. Artest,
My girlfriend and I have been going out a while and all the energy seems to have left the relationship. Do you an idea on how we can rejuvenate it?

Bored in Branscomb

Ron Artest

Dear Bored,
If that bitch don't have the energy to do what she need to do, I got a two word solution: the fist. Punch that bitch in the face and throw her down the stairs. You see if next time she don't have the energy to cook you whatever the hell you want.

Ron Artest

Dear Ron,
It's been my dream to play college basketball since I was a little kid, but I'm just not any good. Do you have any tips?

Hopeful in Hemmingway

Dear Hopeful,
Fuck basketball, that's what I say! Those bitches just try to control a man. There's only one game for me and that's the rap game! You think you put in your time, you think you're career is going fine, then some white asshole pays \$150 to take some ho to courtside seats at a Pistons game, just so he can throw a goddamned drink at me and ruin my career. Like I said, fuck basketball, practice your MC skills.

Ron Artest

Dear Ron Artest,
In a conversation with my cousin, she told me that she had ordered some clothing out of a catalogue, which her husband would then reimburse her for. This is his Christmas gift to her. Is this some new tradition?

Confused in Currey

Dear Confused,
To paraphrase Twista, a fellow rap artist, the only motherfuckin' catalogue that I read, is when I buy my gun from it. I dunno what your bitch cousin and her husband do. Fuck all, write to Miss Manners or something.

Dear Ron Artest,
I've been unemployed for almost a year and I'm about to default on my mortgage payment. What should I do?

Moneyless in Morgan

Dear Moneyless,
All I can say is you best not apply to the Circuit City in Indianapolis. That job is mine, bitch! Not that a chump like you could get a better reference than Jerry Krause. Just play pro ball for a while, I hear the Pacers needs some players.

Ron Artest

Dear Ron Artest,
I spilled some red wine on my carpet and I can't get the stain out. Do you have any suggestions?

Stained in Stapleton

Dear Stained,
You have to fuck that stain up. Use some elbow grease and scrub the shit out of it. Take no prisoners. Don't let that stain disrespect you. Also, I hear dabbing club soda works really well.

Ron Artest

Dear Ron Artest,
I threw a chair at some people during a basketball game last month and now the police are looking for me. I don't know what to do. Please help me!

Wanted in West

Dear Wanted,
I think I can help. What's your address?

Ron Artest

Feeling pissed off about the world? Or maybe just want to beat the shit out of a roommate, relative, or faculty member? Come join the Vanderbilt Fight Club in Saratt 315 Tuesdays at 6:30. (Note: The Vanderbilt Fight Club is actually called *The Slant* and we do more talking and making fun of people than actual fighting. Also, fighting faculty members is strictly against university policy--except in cases of self defense and poor final grades.)

-Chris/Tyler, Badass

