

the Slant

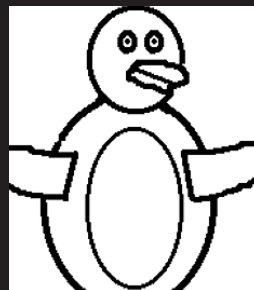


VU Student, Transformed

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Pope John Paul II Unveils
New "Look But Don't
Touch Policy" Page 6



The Slant Presents Our
First Ever "Just For Kids"
Special Feature Page 15

in other news

SUMMER IN REVIEW AND OTHER NEWS THAT FELL THROUGH THE CRACKS

Palestinians Reject Pullout Deal, Insist On Real Birth Control.



The birth control method that both sides seem to favor is referred to by doctors as the "blow shit up" method, where fetuses are simply blown to smithereens. "It does have a bit of an adverse effect on the mother," said Dr. Greene, Director of the Vanderbilt Student Health Center, "but that's a price we're all willing to pay."

Doogie Howser's Status As A Doctor No Longer Questioned.



When asked, a patient said, "No, I never questioned the validity of his medical license. He appeared to be just a normal doctor. Come to think of it, the only thing that disturbed me was that his Nike high tops were not laced up."

Gore Purchases Multi-Million Dollar Home, Assails Rich For Not Providing Housing To Poor.



Former Vice President Al Gore recently bought a home for \$2.2 Million in Belle Meade. Gore fails to realize this places him among the wealthiest 1% in America.

McGill Hall Threatens Secession From Interhall.



The residence hall cites dorms' rights as primary reason for the threat. Interhall President Claire Cowart vows to protect union by force if necessary. "An association divided against itself cannot stand," says Cowart.

OJ Simpson Reiterates His Vow to Find The Killer.

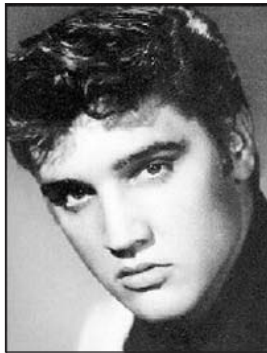


Former NFL star O.J. Simpson repeated his vow to find the real killers of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman last Wednesday. Then he said, "Nah, I was just kidding'." Simpson became angry when a bystander offered him a mirror to "aid in the search."



Miss Cleo Hit by Bus.
"I never saw it coming" says the now infamous television psychic.

25th Anniversary Of Elvis's "Death" Observed.



Last week, people around the world demonstrated their unhealthy obsession with the King of Rock and Roll by mobbing Graceland, putting on ridiculous sideburned wigs, and enjoying countless bad movies on cable. Elvis, in a live broadcast from Uranus, commented that "personally, I think they're all nuts." Tupac Shakur agreed, and the two artists shared a hearty laugh.



One Nation, Under Canada...

The U.S. Ninth Circuit Court ruled that the "under God" clause of the Pledge of Allegiance violates separation of church and state. The only one not in an uproar was, surprisingly, the American flag, which stated, "If I have to hear those same damn words recited by a bunch of robotic eight-year-olds one more time, I swear I'll burn myself!" Betsy Ross could not be reached for comment.

VU Football Wins Award For Diversity And Academics, Still Sucks Ass.



New coach Bobby Johnson spraises team's winning of the award, hopes it will give the team incentive to play harder and have their first winning season since 1982



U.S. Temporarily Forgets We Suck At Soccer.

The United States national soccer team surprised everyone, including themselves, by making it to the round of eight in this year's World Cup. Coach Bruce Arena speculated,

"It could be the massive amounts of steroids my players were taking." Arena retracted his statement upon being reminded that he coaches soccer, not baseball.



Israel, Palestine Still Hate Each Other.

After thousands of years of fighting and forging peace agreements, the Israelis and the Palestinians are still not friends. Much of their summer was spent unholying their holy land while not appreciating the irony of two peace-loving religions trying to kill each other. This is not the slightest bit funny.

Spears Leaves Behind A Pissed-Off Mexico.



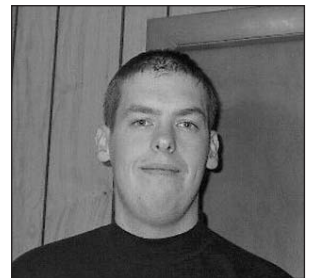
Renowned bitch Britney Spears entered Mexico one warm evening this summer, gave them an obscene gesture, and performed only 10 minutes in concert before leaving again. Spears' actions were pretty much ignored by the U.S., though her supporters, mostly male, are excited, believing that her next logical step is definitely Playboy.

Greedy Bastards Threaten To Strike Yet Again.



Major league baseball players, apparently forgetting how overpaid they are and how much the country no longer gives a shit, have threatened to go on strike again over some labor issue that they themselves don't even know. The Slant speculates that they really just want to be able to watch the entire NFL season.

Freshman Already Suffering From Senioritis.



Vanderbilt Freshman Jake Myers recently told his roommate that he thinks he is going through the early stages of senioritis. Myers said, "I don't even feel like going to class, I just want to drink and party." His advisor was quoted as saying, "Thank God, one less to worry about."

Freshmen Bragging Way Too Much About High School Accomplishments.



Conversations with former valedictorians and student body presidents during VUCEpt activities revolved around past glories. They apparently believe that will help them get laid. Meanwhile, other students bragged about all the drinking they already accomplished.



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

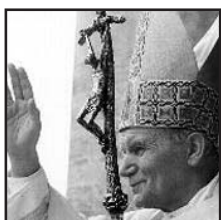
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The Slant

Keepin' it real since 1887, motherfucker...

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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

AH, A NEW YEAR, A NEW SLANT...

You might have noticed that a few things are different this year with *The Slant*. Aside from the new layout, new website (www.theslant.net), and tender new female readers, there is the fact that I have now successfully actuated my bloody coup and annexed *The Slant* as my own. Consequently, we will now be pushing my libertarian agenda, brainwashing our readers with subliminalanarchymessages and making fun of whateverliberalorganizations I don't support.

Last year's "LEGALIZE!" campaign seems to have paid off. We're now an official, legal, and sanctioned newspaper, which means copies will no longer be available under the counter from our contact in the Munchi Mart.

Our policy this year is that all complaints must be received at least 30 days prior to publishing of offending article, so we are now accepting complaints about content in the September 25th issue. Submit your hate mail soon if you wish for it to be considered and dismissed.



DAVID BARZELAY

Not content to merely bask in the warm glow of our newfound respect, *The Slant* Staff is well underway handcrafting the next issue, which, amazingly, comes out in two weeks. Last year's issues came out only slightly more often than frat boys, but this year we're publishing every two weeks. Look for us distributing on the wall at lunchtime and at Rand meal plan every other Wednesday.

By the way, how bout them freshmen girls? Pretty nice, eh? Remember guys, hit it as soon as possible cause in a year they'll all have beer guts and STD's.

Speaking of which, if our little publication impresses any of you nice little girls, I'd be happy to give you a personal tour through the creative process here at *The Slant*. Maybe you can help me get my creative juices flowing. If interested, please send erotic photos of yourself as well as proof of lineage, birth certificate, and blood test results to david.barzelay@theslant.net. This also applies to the rest of the staff as well, although in some cases, girls need not apply.

Finally, we are going to review some etiquette for when you see us distributing:

1. You definitely do want a copy of the latest issue.
2. In the event that you don't, it is polite to take one anyway, but wait until after turning the corner out of sight of the distributors before tossing it in the trash.
3. Do not smile while refusing a copy. This is like telling a man that he's sweet but you're not satisfied with the size of his penis.
4. If you have already received a copy, let us know, compliment us on any articles you particularly liked, then take several more issues to give to your friends.
5. Finally, if you find yourself strangely attracted to a staff member, it is considered rude to not fellate them on the spot.

Have the courage to laugh at yourselves. That is all.

Forever yours,
David Barzelay

lead stories

Vanderbilt Student Undergoes Miraculous Overnight Transition

Ability To Handle Alcohol Coincides Exactly With Student's 21st Birthday

BYJEFF WOODHEAD

On Thursday, the day of his 21st birthday, junior Jordan Carpenter woke up and felt that something had changed.

"I felt all different, like my entire mental and physical state just became completely different," said Carpenter. "I suddenly knew that I now had the maturity necessary to handle alcoholic beverages. It was absolutely miraculous."

Carpenter celebrated his newfound maturity by going to a bar downtown and drinking eight beers, three shots of

whiskey, six shots of tequila, and a strawberry daiquiri within the space of four hours. He then celebrated even further by getting sick in the bathroom of the bar, crashing the house party of a middle-aged couple he didn't know, waking up the next morning with "the worst headache you can ever imagine," and missing all of his three classes the next day.

Cases such as Carpenter's are surprisingly common, says biologist Don Eckland.

"In most people, the mental maturity to comprehend the ramifications, both social and physical, of alcohol-based beverages arrives on that person's twenty-first birthday, or on the Friday night nearest to it," said Eckland. "Symptoms of this maturity include binge drinking, throwing up, random hook-ups, and terrible hangovers. This is what Mr. Carpenter exhibited. It just goes with the territory."

Eckland also confirms that biological maturity arrives exactly on the 21st birthday.

"The liver experiences a massive proliferation in size exactly coinciding with a person's twenty-first birthday," said Eckland. "Before the person turns twenty-one, the liver is barely existent. But when you turn twenty-one, its size triples, making it a much better alcohol-absorbing organ."

Tennessee's governor, Don Sundquist (R), claims that American governments have known this fact all along.

"It's obvious to everybody that nobody under 21 is mature enough to handle alcohol, and that everybody over 21 is mature enough. That's why we have the law there. It certainly wasn't arbitrary," said Sundquist.



Carpenter drunk on his 21st birthday.

Staff Photo



Carpenter demonstrates his new maturity by humping a giant stuffed bass.

Staff Photo

"All those foreign countries that have those lower drinking ages are just not following sound science or common sense. I hear that France doesn't even have a drinking age. Ha! As if people could decide for themselves when they are mature enough to handle alcohol," Sundquist added.

Most under-21 students look forward to the day when they suddenly become able to handle alcohol. In fact, a recent study showed that almost 60% of under-21 students prepare for their big day by becoming intoxicated at least three days a week.

The baggage that comes with maturity, however, makes some students think twice about wanting to turn twenty-one.

"I mean, I drink sometimes at parties, but generally only three or four drinks over the course of the whole thing, and very rarely more than once a week," said twenty-year-old sophomore Steve McLean. "I respect my limitations now,

and I just don't see why I'd want to go out on my twenty-first birthday, get falling-down, sloppy drunk, and throw up in some strange bathroom stall."

"But maybe I'll understand that when I become mature enough to handle alcohol," added McLean.

McLean believes that the transition will be something like the one he underwent on his 15th birthday, when he suddenly gained the faculties to control an automobile, although strangely could not manage to do so unless he felt the comforting presence of a mature adult by his side. Or like his 16th birthday, when he was miraculously mature enough to ride a bicycle in traffic without wearing a state-approved safety helmet in Florida. Or perhaps like on his 17th birthday, when he awoke able to understand the difference between actual real life and R-rated movies.

"Something like those feelings," McLean guessed. ■

Catholic Church To Implement New Policy Of Look But Don't Touch

In the past few years, accusations of sexual misconduct have surfaced against literally hundreds of Catholic priests. In the wake of a scandal so widespread that it has inappropriately touched religious people of all faiths, the Vatican has proposed a new policy to help its priests resist the urges inevitable in priesthood - that is, the policy of Look But Don't Touch.

Said Pope John Paul II in a statement released Monday, "We now enter a new era of responsibility where men of the cloth must be held accountable for their actions. We can no longer let our priests run around all willy-nilly laying their hands on whatever little rascal is closest. I thereby proclaim as sacred and holy law, enforced by God the creator, that all priests must abide by the so-called, 'Look but don't touch' rule. You can love the children in your parish, but you can't love the children in your parish."

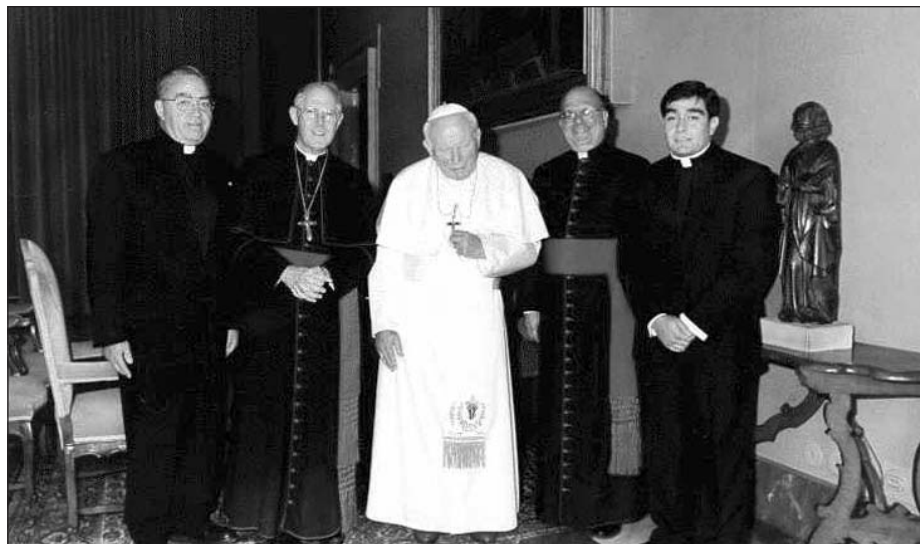
Cardinal Paul Cicero offered to explain the policy of the Pontiff: "What that means is that men of the church will be held to the same standard to which other men in relationships are held; They can look, but they can't touch. Only the most whipped of boyfriends and husbands aren't allowed to look at other women. However, to act on lust - that is an unclean action. So it is with the children. Children are cute and beautiful little things. Few priests are 'whipped' enough to not look on God's beautiful creations with understandable lust. Trust me, I empathize. They just need to keep themselves from acting on the impure, lustful feelings that these mouthwateringly beautiful children inspire."

Bishop Thomas Caldini was quick to explain his feelings when questioned

Look But Don't Touch

Pope Says Priests To Be Held To Same Standard As Other Men

BY DAVID BARZELAY



Pope John Paul II and his advisors.

Staff Photo

Tuesday; "Personally, I feel that it was a mistake to make this such an official and public policy. I have a feeling that this is only going to make many of the victims feel worse. Nevertheless, feeling bad about the problem is not enough. Action must be taken. I just think the Vatican could have felt out the issues a bit more before making such a bold and public declaration."

When Cardinal Michel Saint-Larre was asked to detail how he felt, he stat-

ed somewhat mysteriously, "firmly but tenderly."

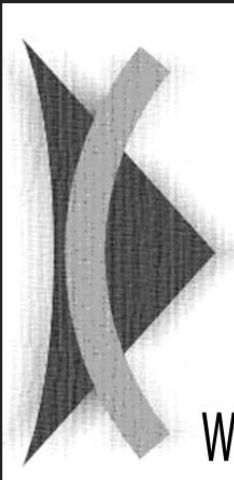
While this new policy certainly represents a noble and concerted effort to alleviate the problem, some caution that this policy is treating the symptoms, not the disease. Touching on this subject, Father William O'Riley of a Boston parish stated, "We priests are obviously out of touch with some essential part of ourselves. I begin to question the utility of celibacy. I mean, this scandal has touched so many

young lives, and one must ask, is this whole celibacy thing worth it? At the very least, the Church could stop calling masturbation a sin and offer it up as an alternative to molestation. Since masturbation seems to be the only thing that keeps teenage boys from jumping upon every woman they see, it would make sense that if priests were allowed to work out their sexual frustrations in solitude it might help control their rabbit-like urges toward the young ones. Perhaps if they limited the subject of their masturbatory thought to the Virgin Mary, it would make the act more holy?"

Then again, warn others, perhaps the problem would still be present even if priests could have lots of sex like normal people. Are little boys simply too irresistible, making priests close proximity an inevitable catalyst of sexual abuse? The new policy of 'look but don't touch' certainly promises to lower the actual sexual misconduct rate, but there is still some argument about the questionable value judgement that this goal is worth the resulting increase in impure thoughts.

The altar boy tradition and having priests as mentors of young children are certainly institutions worth saving. It would be a real shame if the priests couldn't keep their sweaty, perverted, hypocritical, and wicked hands to themselves. Although not publicly, because hands-on-selves in public is also not looked on very well.


In any case, this new policy certainly seems to be a step in the right direction. Only time will tell whether it is enough. ■



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Porn Star Dismayed To Find Pictures Of Clothed Self On Internet

BY JEFF WOODHEAD

Pornographic movie star Snuggles McDonald is "outraged" at alleged pictures of her clothed body that have materialized at several sites on the Internet. The star considers the pictures "fabrications" and "corruptions of her image."

McDonald, best known for her starring role in the *Angel Erotica* series and for her scintillating performance in the classic *Beavers in Heat*, was made aware of the pictures when her fourteen-year-old son Keith found them.

"I was trying to search for pictures of naked women, like my mom had taught me to do," said Keith. "Then I clicked on this button, and it showed me pictures of my mom with a shirt on, and I was, like, whoa, what's going on here. I mean, I didn't think Mom would ever wear that much."

Apparently, neither did Mom. Snuggles McDonald claims that the pictures, which portray her in a T-shirt and jean shorts, are complete fabrications, made by taking her head from one of a copious collection of nude pictures and superimposing it onto a fully clothed body.

"I wouldn't be caught dead wearing



Snuggles McDonald, clothed.

Staff Photo

that much clothing," said McDonald. "I never have my tits underneath that much cloth. They're made to be seen, you know?"

But the picture's proprietors, college students Mark O'Dell and Danny Garrity, say that they're most certainly real.

"I wouldn't be caught dead wearing that much clothing, I never have my tits underneath that much cloth. They're made to be seen, you know?"

-Snuggles McDonald

"We were at this beach, and we saw her, and we're, like, holy shit, man, that's Snuggles McDonald," said O'Dell. "So I got my camera out and took a few pictures, just to commemorate the occasion, and Danny put them up on his website."

"They're totally real," added Garrity. "We don't know shit about Photoshop anyway."

Real or not, however, the pictures have affected McDonald and her fellow porn stars severely. Jake Greenwood, who costarred with McDonald in *Angel Erotica 12*, was among those chagrined.

"It's just terrible that someone would spread those pictures," said Greenwood. "I can't believe someone would embarrass Snuggles that badly. If I were in her position, I'd definitely be pissed off."

"This is an industry that has a reputation to protect. Seeing the stars of our movies clothed undermines that reputation. There are children seeing these pictures, for God's sake!" ■



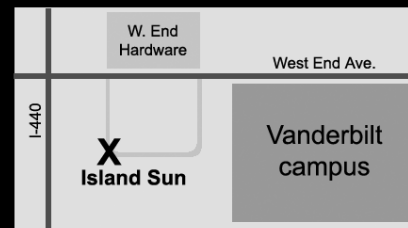
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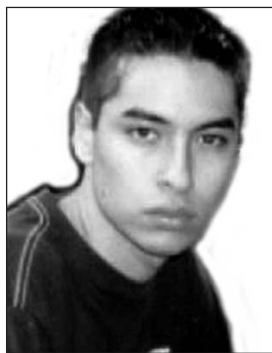
- ☛ Victoria's Secret for Kids: the hottest, sexiest lingerie for toddlers and lil' leaguers
- ☛ Stoney's Pizza Joint: cookin' up the happenin's since back in the day
- ☛ Obsequiously's: the finest casual dining with the most oversolicitous waitstaff
- ☛ Delusions: Guys, your 40 gut will slide right into our 32s. Gals, now you are the perfect size 2 again. We relabel our clothes to your size from a few years ago. Now you never have to confront the fact that you have become a fat fuck!
- ☛ Getit Yaself's: a boffo buffet with heaping quantities of Chinese, Mexican, and Italian food Americanized for your delicate palate
- ☛ Genocide Cafe: Nashville's newest theme restaurant; waiters are all dead-ringers for your favorite genocidal world leaders including Stalin, Amin, and Milosevic. Hitler-youth eat for 1/2 price; try the Pol Pot stickers.
- ☛ You'll Grow Into It: All clothes are ridiculously too large for you. ■

Freshman Already Expelled

Could you be next?

By DAVID SAUNDERS

Incoming Freshman Josh Tilden of Reisterstown, MD became the first freshman to be expelled during the 2002-03 academic year.



Josh Tilden

What makes this even more surprising is the expulsion occurred on Move-In Day. Dean Brock Williams says this is a record. "We kick a lot of them out after the first week-end of classes, but move-in-day? His parents were still around, for pete's sake."

The trouble for Mr. Tilden began

on Move-In-Eve, when he stayed up drinking Jagermeister and Dead Babies until 4 a.m. At that point, he piled into his brother's car and drove straight through to Nashville in only 8 hours.

At check-in, his Resident Advisor (RA), Jane Colson, smelling the alcohol and vomit on his breath, gave him a verbal warning for the violation. "I didn't want to bust him first thing," said Colson. "Maybe he just wasn't aware of the alcohol policy, or thought we weren't serious about it."

However, when the liquor boxes Tilden moved into his 4th floor suite actually contained liquor, RA Colson wrote an official warning and passed it on to Dean Williams.

"As busy as my office was with the moving-in arrangements," said Williams, "I phoned Tilden and his parents as soon as I received the written violation to warn them that such behavior is unacceptable. It should have ended there."

However, the problem did not end. Tilden's Resident Advisor discovered

now-empty bottles of beer in the hall outside Tilden's door less than an hour later. Following procedure, RA Colson knocked on Tilden's door to discuss the matter with him. However, with music blaring in Tilden's room, he did not hear the knocking. So, Colson slowly opened the door, hoping Tilden was not changing clothes, "or something private like that."

However, upon opening the door, Colson found Tilden slurping Jack Daniels' from the navel of a naked 9 year-old Russian girl while cooking Pop Tarts in a toaster oven.

Explains Dean Williams, "Needless to say, the student was expelled. We simply will not tolerate students sneaking toaster ovens into our dorms."

Experts forecast a long reign for Tilden's record, although with increasingly more strict rules and guidelines in this country, there will, according to experts, be more and more cases such as Tilden's in future years. ■

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Feminist May Take Some Things A Little Too Seriously For Her Own Good

By JEFF WOODHEAD

Sophomore Helena Crane went on a thirty minute rant about how Disney movies were anti-woman, causing widespread speculation as to whether she is taking the films entirely too seriously.

Crane claims that films such as Aladdin "perpetuate negative stereotypes of women" and that children should not watch them, lest they grow up to be, in her words, "misogynistic chauvinist pigs."

Even such films as Dumbo are culprits according to Crane. The movie lacks important human characters, and its lack of a prominent female character serves, according to Crane, as proof of its attempt to subvert the American feminist movement. On the other hand, says Crane, its portrayal of a male as a dumbo is surprisingly accurate.

Crane's friend, Edgar Dent, says that this outburst is nothing new for Crane.

"She's always going off about this and that," said Dent. "Frankly, I'm sick of hearing about how Hercules is a perversion because it implies all men are stronger than women and doesn't involve a strong female character. Come on, it's just a frickin' movie."

When asked how she would change the movie if given the chance, Crane said, "Well, if the whole movie was the same, but then at the end, Hercules got his ass kicked by an even stronger female character, perhaps called Herculesa, then that would be ok. Or, if they made the title 'Hercules: A Masturbatory Male Farce', that would satisfy me, too."

Sociology professor Adam O'Donnell agrees with Dent.

"That's the dumbest fucking thing I've ever heard," O'Donnell said when told about Crane's view that The Little Mermaid implies that a woman needs a man to function properly in society. "Perhaps Miss Crane has never quite understood the concept of a love story. Her outburst seems to have all the symptoms of an outbreak of severe sexual frustration."

Crane fired back, suggesting that all men are misogynistic chauvinist pigs and haven't earned the right to have an opinion on the issue.

When asked why she thought that it was okay for her to make such blanket

statements about men when it is wrong for men to make such blanket statements about women, Crane replied, "If you weren't trapped in a male culture that perpetuates misogynistic chauvinism, you'd understand. I refuse to be forced to explain myself to one such as you! You're just like the rest of them!"

The Slant asked a sample group of

elementary school children whether their favorite Disney movie made them view women as holding a subordinate role in society. 94% of the children responded, "Huh?"

The other six percent responded that their favorite Disney movie was Mulan. These children are being placed under intense psychological scrutiny. Everyone

knows no decent movies have a strong female lead.

Crane believes even Mulan, which features a very strong lead female character, has a misogynistic message to it, though she admits that "I haven't found it yet."

"But I know it's there," said Crane, as Dent and several other friends threw assorted baked goods at her. ■

Students Suffer From Ethernet Deprivation Over Long Summer

By MIKE MOTT

In what has become an increasingly disturbing trend in recent years, more than 60% of Vanderbilt upperclassmen felt angry, depressed, even violent, due to a summer filled with slow access to the Internet.

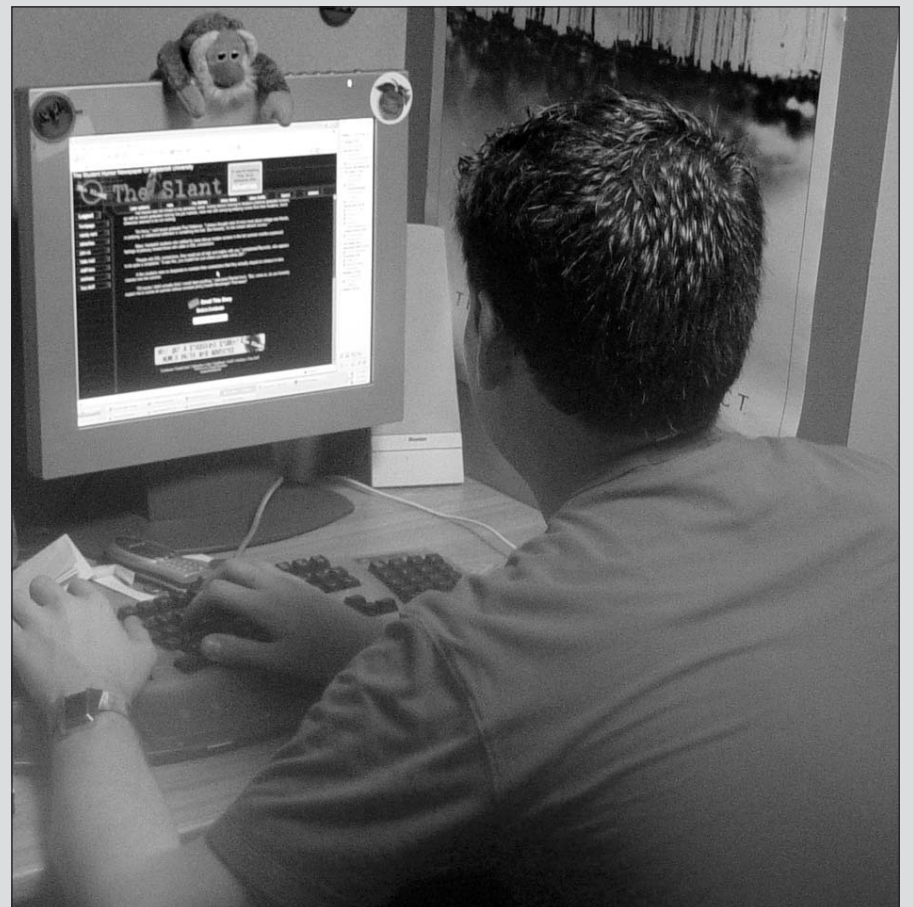
"Even checking my e-mail was like a five minute process," griped junior Sharon Ford. "And then, every time I tried to send out a long e-mail, the network would crash. AOL sucks."

For many students, e-mail frustration often took a backseat to the sexual variety. "I tried to log on to www.freeporn.com, and it was taking forever to load up," complained sophomore Jeremy Reynolds. "I eventually had to turn on Cinemax, but it just wasn't the same."

The trauma was not limited to the perverted, either. Rising seniors looking to research potential graduate schools, as well as recent graduates looking into job markets, were met with annoying beeping noises from their modems, which otherwise seemed to be not working.

"It's funny," said recent graduate Paul Hatteman. "I always thought what I'd miss most about college was friends, or partying, or intellectual fulfillment or something like that. But honestly, it's the instant network access."

Many Vanderbilt students who settled for mere dial-up modem access in the hot summer months expressed feelings of jealousy toward those with cable or DSL connections.



A Student enjoying ethernet goodness at Vanderbilt

Staff Photo

"People with DSL connections, they would act all high and mighty with you," complained Reynolds, who appears to be quite a complainer. "It was like, you couldn't be cool unless you were online 24/7."

A few students were so desperate to maintain their connections that they

actually stayed on campus to take classes over the summer.

"Of course I didn't actually think I would learn anything," said junior Rachel Koch. "But, come on, do you honestly expect me to survive all summer without constant [AOL] Instant Messenger? Puh-lease!" ■



THE MONTGOMERY
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Congratulates Brad Ploeger and the staff of The Slant on successfully publishing their first issue of the year.

We wish the The Slant an amazing year and continued success in all of their future endeavors.

We will be watching your progress.

Atlanta Resident Fails To Win Lottery

Life Almost Changed Completely By Brush With Financial Security

By DAVID BARZELAY

Everyone dreams of winning the lottery and being able to pay off the bills, or to buy that boat they always wanted, or to build their dream house. For Atlanta resident Gary Greenwood, that is exactly what almost happened Monday.

Last Friday, Gary was at the Quik Stop on Courtland and 21st Avenue buying coffee before work, just as he does every day. And also, every day, he purchases a single lotto ticket for the Georgia state lottery. Gary had held his job as a construction worker for almost 10 years. This day seemed no different than any other.

Little did Gary know that just a few days later, he would find out that the lotto ticket he bought only narrowly missed being his ticket to a \$15 million dollar roller coaster straight out of his mundane existence. Gary got 4 of 6 numbers correct, very nearly winning a very large sum of money.

Having anticipated the possibility of winning the lottery, Gary had planned out exactly what he would spend it on. "I was gonna buy my wife some decent jewelry, pay off the house, and buy my mother a new car. Then I was gonna start my own construction company with the rest of it." Instead, for winning four numbers, Gary only won \$20, which he spent on beer and milk at the grocery store later in the week.

"Yeah, it was disappointing," says Gary. "I was really hoping I was gonna win. The house needs a new roof, too. I was almost living the high life. Oh, well..."

Friends of Greenwood say that despite his brush with lifechanging millions, he hasn't changed at all. Explains friend Mike Coleman, "People think just cause he almost won some money he's different now. That just isn't true. I've known him for years, and he's still the same Gary."

Greenwood continues to play the lottery daily, hoping that someday his life might be turned upside down by millions of dollars and dreams. ■

Your Honor Code Says 'No', But Your Eyes Say 'Yes'

By ROBERT MURRAY

Oh, Mariza, my sweet Argentinian T.A., long have I looked into your deep, exotic eyes with my penetrating glance, and long have you spurned my advances... I have sat at my desk completing my lab write-ups and have faithfully turned in my pre-labs, watching you from afar and wondering all the while when we will end this drawn out ritual of foreplay and acknowledge the feelings I know we both have for each other. When will these feelings between us become more than just a drawn out idea, a dream, in each of our heads? When will we admit to a level of intimacy at which I can finally ask of you my one all important request?

Your answer to this request will define not only our relationship for the rest of this long semester, but could also spawn such a dynamic of trust and comfort as is seldom seen between a student and his teacher. Nay, say not "teacher," say Confidant, Mentor, Friend. Or perhaps, as in our most private fantasies, even more.

Do not mistake me, these are not invitations for physical congress, oh no. This is something much more deep than such a transitory emotion as lust. What I feel for you can only be described as true love. There is one thing I ask of you now, my foreign queen, and I would certainly never ask something as vile as coital pleasure. You debase my pure purpose with the mere suggestion that I would propose such an inappropriate and hasty congress.

This thing I ask, the one thing that would truly be my oasis in the midst of a barren academic wasteland, it is something only you can give me, dearest Mariza. And I only ask you this because I feel we have come to share a bond unparalleled in my long academic career. Is it the same for you?

What we have may be founded on such a hard science as Physics, but its nature is much more human, more art than science. And so, too, you have shown me, by your graceful movement and elegant writing on the chalkboard, as well as with the perfect harmonics of your sultry, hypnotic voice, that even physics can be extremely sensual. You really have taught me to see the world in a whole new way. Not only do I understand its physics, but the filter of love is over all I see, and as long as this is so, nothing can be wrong.

And so, since we are at such a level of comfort, understanding, closeness, and yes, even intimacy, I feel I can trust you, my love, to ask of you this request. It is not so great a request, and I would certainly

ly feel no different about you no matter what your answer may be. I ask you this only because I feel that if your love is as strong as mine, honor itself dictates that you aid me however you can, even if their silly so-called Honor Code says otherwise.

"You debase my pure purpose with the mere suggestion that I would propose such an inappropriate and hasty congress."

It is this that I ask, dearest Mariza: Please, since I missed Lab 7, can I use Mike's lab results for my write-up?

I know, I know... I should never have made you sit through the long lab without my comforting company, and for my shame I died a thousand deaths inside. But I have already explained that I had to miss that week, as much as it pained me for us to be apart, but the hangover I had from

drinking myself to sleep nightly pining for you was just too much to overcome. I could not make it to class, though I called for you from my bed for what seemed liked hours, but you, my darling, did not come, for you could not hear me, though everything I am was screaming for you.

And so, my little Mariza, will you grant me this one request? I know that if it were anyone else, you would never even consider it, but as close as we are, as much as we've been through together this semester, I retain some measure of hope that you will allow it, and this shred of hope is all that keeps me going through the long nights without you by my side.

What? No, you say? But... but why not? As close as we are? Never mind their stupid rules! Ours is a love that cannot be caged by the constraints of others. Besides, ours is a love that is discreet, and they would never have to know.

Mariza, my love, you say 'No' to me now. You say the Honor Code will not allow it. And yet you deny yourself. You deny a love that consumes you. I can tell because I feel it, too. Your Honor Code says 'No', but your eyes, Mariza... your eyes say 'Yes'. ■

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■ THE SLANT'S FUCKED IMAGE



Congratulations to Senior Mike Mott for being the first person to buy beer on The Card.

Staff Photo

This Summer's Fashionable Clothing

(or lack thereof)

By BEN STARK

Welcome back from the summer, ladies! Undoubtedly, you have many things on your mind right now: classes, friends, world hunger, and, most important of all, FASHION. Never fear – The Slant has just hired me as their fashion columnist!

I can do this because I am a highly qualified fashion expert. Just take a look at my wardrobe! - um, I know I put it around here somewhere... seriously, I'm meticulous about my clothes... well, anyways, just look at the clothes that I'm wearing! I'm currently sporting old, torn jeans that are way too tight, a hand-me-down t-shirt advertising a 1988 tour by INXS, and three days growth because I'm too lazy to shave.

Ok, so I'm not a fashion expert. I'm not even qualified to advise a rat how to wear its fur. BUT, I'M THE ONE WRITING THE COLUMN, BUDDY, SO SHUT YER TRAP (and your mouth) AND LISTEN!

Over the summer, I've been able to research the eternal question: "what are fashionable young women wearing?" The answer appears to be "not much."

Every year, America's hottest celebrities and trendsetters seem to be wearing less and less actual clothing. This idea of clothes as material for covering up the body is SO passé. Take, for example, Jennifer Lopez (motto: "My love don't cost a thing, but my wardrobe could be used to pay off the national debt."). The singing-acting-dancing sensation is not afraid to show off her body. Hell, sometimes its hard to tell whether she hired the latest fashion designer or simply wore her swimsuit out in public.

(Which brings to mind one of my biggest pet peeves: girls who go the swimming pool wearing these skimpy

swimsuits and never actually go swimming. WHAT'S THE POINT OF A SWIMSUIT IF YOU DON'T SWIM!? I'm told they do it to get an "even tan." For what?! For the next time they go tanning? But I digress)

"Over the summer, I've been able to research the eternal question: 'what are fashionable young women wearing?' The answer appears to be 'not much.'"

In conclusion I would like to offer a word of encouragement to all you young ladies who look like human beings, as opposed to supermodels. You may wonder if you can really wear the kind of clothes that celebrities wear without looking fat. Fear not! You, too, can look like J. Lo, assuming you can afford plastic surgery, have multiple eating disorders, and were genetically engineered to achieve an impossible body-type. Otherwise, you're pretty much screwed.

By the way, if you're one of those persistent souls who have read through this entire column expecting to eventually get to the actual fashion advice, I would like to reward your persistence by saying: "HAHAHAHAHAHA!" You fell victim to one of the classic blunders! The most famous of which is "never go up against a Sicilian when death is on the line." (Threw that in there for all of you people with good taste in movies.) But only slightly less well known is this: Never expect fashion advice from a guy who struggles with the concept of "matching colors." ■

SMELL SOMETHING FISHY?



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Bastard Confession

"I fucked your mother last night."

The Commodore: Shittiest Mascot Ever

By DAVE BILLER

It's fall once again. What does this mean, in addition to the fact that countless sex-crazed guys are eagerly perusing the pages of the Newcomer and salivating over that girl on page 46? It means that there are 1600 more people on campus who don't really know what a Commodore is, nor why in God's name it's our mascot.

Well, first, a commodore is a naval rank that was abolished in 1899, but which was restored temporarily during World War II. Second, the reason it is our mascot is because Cornelius Vanderbilt, the guy we have no choice but to pay homage to due to his somewhat important role in founding this institution, was nicknamed "Commodore" when in command of a large trade schooner on the Hudson River.

So, let me get this straight. Our mascot is only our founder's nickname, and a

nickname of a military position that existed only infrequently in the past and wasn't in the board game Stratego??? What a shitty mascot! Speaking of a shitty mascot, it sounds like commode - as in, the thing you poop into.

Let's look at the other mascots of the SEC. There are the Razorbacks, Gators, Wildcats, Rebels, Tigers, Tigers, Bulldogs, Bulldogs, Gamecocks, and the Volunteers. Ok, so there's some unoriginality in there, but nobody said the SEC touted its creativity and intellectuality.

Moreover, the Gamecocks and the Volunteers are pretty crappy names too, but unlike our beloved team, they have the football ability to back it up: USC went 9-3 last year, Tenn. went 10-2. It's like in elementary school when there's that kid named Herbert, who normally would get made fun of because of his name, but doesn't get teased because he's good at kickball. We're definitely that kid named Quincy that sucks at kickball, gets picked

last every goddamn time, quits after being yelled at for screwing up, and then ends up just pathetically dangling his legs on the swings with the girls, who suspect that he's gay.

So, I guess what I'm saying is that we need to change our mascot to something cool, like the Venomous Pythons, or the Raging Gees. That is, unless we step up our football abilities as a result of: 1) new coach Bobby Johnson, 2) the loss of the pretentious self-proclaimed "Z-man", and/or 3) the increased Homecoming budget from \$9,000 to \$135,000, which, by the way, is a wonderful way to repay them for the e-mail debacle of last year. Until the change, however, I guess we can just keep using the Commodore name for other purposes, such as for those incredibly clever puns like "Swingin' Does" and "Open Does." Every time I think of those, man, I just double over in laughter until my stomach aches, WHEW!! I need a drink... ■

Christen M.

We are so proud of you that we are even footing your college bill.

Study hard! Remember it's a lot like Cross Country: the winner is not the first one out of the gate. But it does help to start on time.

Love ya,
Mom & Dad

Sydney,

We miss you.

Love,
Mom, Dad,
Andy & Juanita

You did it Lilli!

Congratulations!

With much love,
Mom & Dad

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Auditions
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■ BRAD'S COLUMN

On Freshmen, Fucking, Frats and Alcohol

Hey y'all, it's Brad again with another one of my columns. The first thing I need to say before I bring out my soapbox is that it is good to be back on campus after being in Montgomery since January. It really is quite difficult to make fun of this place when one is 240 miles away.

The main point of this column is to recognize those among us who are new to this wonderful campus. Each member of the freshman class is about to embark on a journey of discovery. Some of you are going to find that a frat boy will do anything to get in your pants. Some of you will learn that the best friends in this world are the ones you buy. Still others will learn that things are really only kinky the first time you try them. Lastly, some of you will learn that sexual exploration is actually allowed with the same sex after 2 beers. But enough about fucking and frats, even though that's all that's really important here...

"...Others will learn that things are really only kinky the first time you try them...some of you will learn that sexual exploration is actually allowed with the same sex after 2 beers."

Here at Vanderbilt you will quickly learn that you should not trust the man behind the bowtie. To further extend that thought, no person in the administration should be trusted - most are communists. Your parents would not approve of your associating with communists. When I say 'not approve' I mean they will cut off your

Visa card. If you lose your Visa here at Vandy you might as well leave because you'll certainly drop to the bottom of the social hierarchy.

As for Academic Advisors, they exist only to bring you down. They never recommend the fun and easy classes, so don't listen to them. Instead, take the classes you want. You can always talk to the dean of your school during your senior year. Also, there is no such thing as mandatory class attendance at Vanderbilt. Most professors just say that to scare their students into coming to class.

Student recreation on campus is another big topic for incoming freshmen. Sometimes the pool in the Rec gets overcrowded so you might have to use the one on the roof of Stevenson Center. Furthermore, according to the Student Handbook only big-titted women are allowed to run the loop or

jog the treadmills at the front of the weightroom.

A quick word about student media on campus: student media is not just an outlet for anti-social losers with chips on their shoulders. So take time and apply for the only two cool student publications: The Slant and The Torch. Both are run by financial aid hating libertarians. But by all means enjoy all other divisions of Vanderbilt Student Communications. Remember, read The Hustler for the crosswords, love it for the subjectivity.

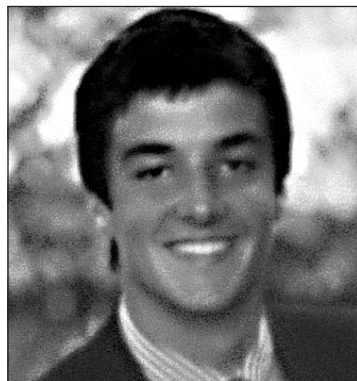
The last thing I want to discuss is the 'Water of Life', also known as alcohol. If you ever need to get some alcohol, feel free to ask your RA. They have a budget to provide alcohol to their residents.

That's all I got for now. Just remember, it is not a party until a microwave gets thrown out of a window and a Tri-Delt gets laid. ■

Best of luck Bob!

We love you,
Mom, Dad,
Ali & Tim

Patrick,



You made it through Brunswick.
Now you have to make it through
Vanderbilt.

Olsen Twins



Countdown to 18:
654 days

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The Slant's
Booth at
the Student
Activity Fair**

Perfectly Good Slant Joke Goes Over Reader's Head

By JEFF WOODHEAD

Veteran Slant columnist Dave Biller was chagrined to find that a joke in one of his most recent columns went completely over the head of Vanderbilt student Alison Wheatley yesterday.

"I mean, I was reading it, and I was like, what the hell is that supposed to mean?" said Wheatley. "In fact, I didn't even realize it was supposed to be a joke until one of my sorority sisters pointed it out to me. And even then it wasn't that funny."

Wheatley, a junior majoring in bitchiness, thinks that Biller should try to make his humor a little bit more palatable to her individual requirements.

"Oh my God, if you want to be a humor columnist, write something that's funny to me. Honestly, if I don't get it, it's, like, a bad joke. I mean, it has to be."

Biller thinks that Wheatley is full of shit. "It's not my fault she's a complete moron," said Biller. "I'm not about to dumb down my humor for her whiny little ass. I'm an artist here, man. I will not be censored, silenced, or edited by The Man or the social construct of The Man, manifested in the social-objectivist woman, nurtured by the current state of The Man -

or whatever other socio-political regime is currently in control."

However, it isn't just bitches like Wheatley that missed the humor of the article. The joke was also far above avid Slant reader Jess O'Neill.

"I usually find The Slant hilarious," said O'Neill. "Biller especially. I mean, I'd have his children if he wanted me to under normal circumstances. It's just this one time, I didn't quite get it."

Sociology professor Mike Dayne didn't have much to add.

"Why the hell are you interviewing me for this article?" said Dayne, adding that it was a "ridiculous" story and that, simply, "shit happens."

When asked why he published an article that people didn't find funny, Slant Editor-In-Chief David Barzelay said, "Look, I don't read this crap. I just sign the bottom of the editorial they've written for me and sit here and look pretty. This position goddamn looks good on a resume. That's all. Now go away, I'm eating Cheetos."

Barzelay later added, having eaten all his Cheetos, that Biller would be punished for the clunker of an article, threatening that he'll "make him Editor-In-Chief next year, so help me." ■

just for kids

COOL!

Fun!

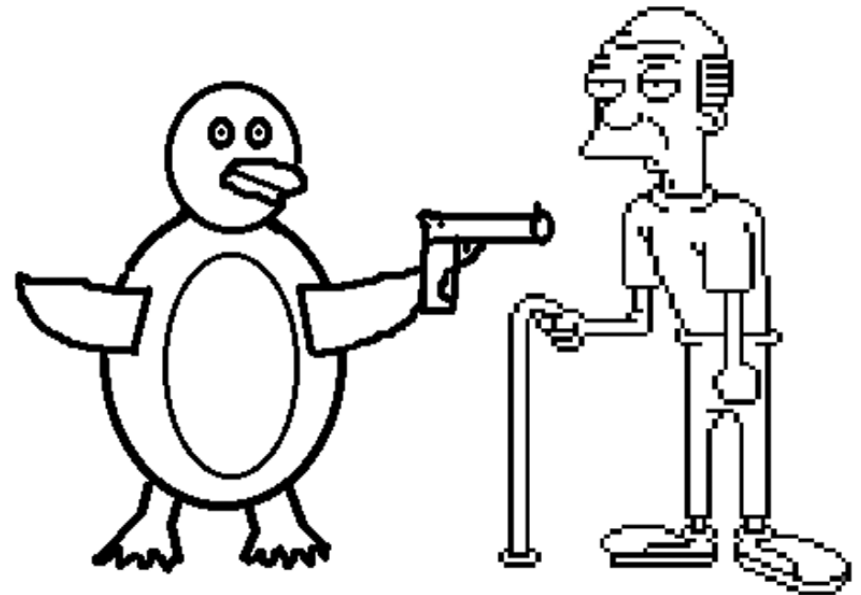
Letter Jumble!

Unscramble:

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- LONVCEIE _ □ _ _ _
- GYOGD YELST □ _ _ _ _
- STIEUTPRTO _ _ _ _ □ _
- TSEAKCOEC _ _ _ _ _ □
- DEWE _ _ □
- TIOLFLAE □ _ _ _ _
- HRCHOEWAKC _ □ _ _ _
- LDODD _ _ □

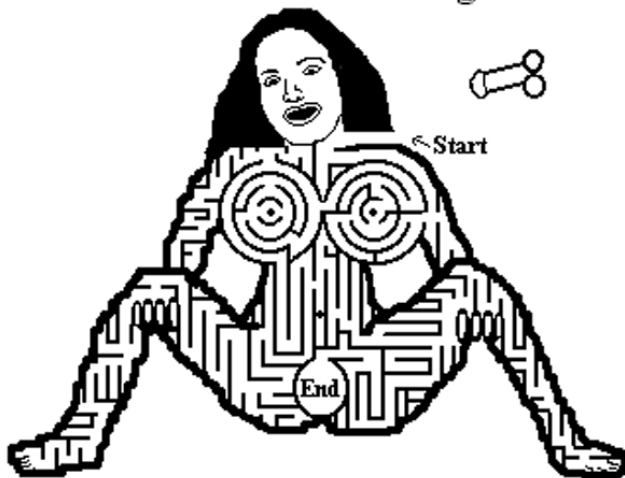
Answers: 1. Drugs, 2. Violence, 3. Doggy Style, 4. Prostitute, 5. Cocktease, 6. Weed, 7. Fellatio, 8. Crackwhore, 9. Dildo, 10. GOD IS DEAD

Coloring! Fill In Grandpa and Mr. Penguin With YOUR Favorite Colors!



MAZE!

Help Mr. Penis find his way to the end of the maze. See if you can get to the end without starting over.



STD Wordsearch!

WOW!

- Find: *Hepatitis B *Syphilis *AIDS
 *Chlamydia *Herpes *Vaginitis
 *Gonorrhea *Venereal Disease
 *Human Papillomavirus
 *Nongonococcal Urethritis *HIV
 *Pelvic Inflammatory Disease

G	O	N	O	R	R	H	E	A	B	V	S	X	L	J	K	J	H	U	Y	R	T	G	B	N	C	X	S
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The Slant's Letter To Incoming Freshmen

Welcome Freshmen! Please allow me to stand in the long line to pat you on the back for fulfilling your lifelong dream of attending Vanderbilt University. What's this? You were hoping to be the Vice President of Daddy's company and ended up here after a crazy, improbable run of coincidences in the company's application process? Rest assured, you'll be sure to find friends in the sociology department, where prospects for gainful employment are equally as dire and naively designed.

Worried you'll be homesick? Fear not. There are any number of groups and organizations that can make you feel right at home. If you're afraid the stress will keep you awake, visit a welcoming fraternity where you can procure any number of prescription and nonprescription sleeping aids, as well as help into somebody else's bed.

Going to miss your friends from high school? Don't worry, here at the Vanderbilt it'll be subtly pounded into your head that human beings are just numbers and that any friends you used to have can be easily replaced by dialing randomly from the student directory and looking for names that look somewhat similar to your own... and of course, there is always the Newcomer.

Speaking of the Newcomer, if you are strapped for cash almost any male will purchase one for around \$20, but we digress...

Not exactly sure how college is going to leave you with anything except \$40,000 in debt and a drinking habit? Take heart -- here at Vanderbilt University you are surrounded by greatness. Men, put your beer down for a moment and take a good look around. The women at Vanderbilt are absolutely beautiful, even better and sometimes easier than the ones on your favorite porn site. So at least make sure you get yourself some before assuming your debt and going to AA meetings.

I'm glad that you're able to read this little introduction now because it won't be long before Greek Row opens its doors to you and all words mysteriously become either fuzzy and tilting or obscured by a sweet-scented smoke, lasting until sometime in May of the year 2006, when you'll come to clutching a diploma, harboring a haunting sense that you've been somehow violated, and mumbling something about a sled named Rosebud you think you remember owning sometime during freshman year.

Remember, college life really is care free all the way up to that time when you get your first grades back, so enjoy yourself. Enjoy being hated and laughed at by the entire SEC, because they're jealous that we have a football team that can spell and they, no matter how much they advertise, don't. Enjoy being hated by the middle part of Tennessee, even if you too can point to the center of your hand and say "me from here." Enjoy Vanderbilt football, even if we play worse than the JV team from Loveless Academic Magnet Program High School in Montgomery, AL. Enjoy Vanderbilt basketball even if none of the players remember which basket is theirs from one possession to the next.

And last but not least, enjoy The Slant. You'll be hearing from us again. ■

Top Ten Things Incoming Freshmen Need To Know About Vanderbilt

10. Maps of Stevenson Center are available right next to the pool on the roof.
9. When one's friend has a birthday, it is considered polite to clutter the walls of the entire school with silly flyers telling the whole student body about it and alluding to lots of inside jokes.
8. The administration is watching you, so be very *very* careful.
7. Freshman guys: No, the girl on the treadmill at the rec was not looking at you.
6. Freshman girls: Yes, the frat guy on the vertical press at the rec was looking at you.
5. While hurling oneself from the top of the clock tower may seem like an attractive method for committing suicide, it is actually much harder to get up there than it looks.
4. Stay away from anything in Rand labeled 'Buffalo' (this should be obvious)
3. Residents of McGill dress the way they do to let everyone know that they have herpes.
2. The Newcomer will be of no use to you. You might as well give it away immediately.
1. One simply DOES NOT associate with the poor.

SLANT MAN!

Dear Slant Man,

I am a freshman just starting at Vanderbilt, and I was wondering what advice you had for getting involved in the social scene.

Bored in Bernard

Dear Bored

Social scene at Vanderbilt?! That's some funny shit, man. Are you gay? If you are, you'll fit right in. If not, join a frat. Otherwise, you might actually have a hard time your first 3 years. Hell just ask most of the people on The Slant staff. They thought starting a paper would get them in, hahaha.

Anyway, get drunk, buy into a frat, and try to get laid by someone other than your "right hand man". Good luck!

SM

Dear Slant Man,

I am the mother of a girl who just transferred to Vanderbilt, and, frankly, I'm worried that all the men there are like you. Is there any chance of her finding a man who is not a chauvanist pig?

Perturbed Parent

Dear Perturbed Parent,

Chauvanist pig...ouch. Haven't heard that before. If you didn't have cottage cheese on your legs and could actually see your feet then I might have taken that comment to heart (or dick... same thing). To answer your question, no there isn't anyone else on campus like me, but do not worry for I will make room for her in my schedule. Remember, once you go pig, nothing's as big. I'll make sure I personally give her the ol' Slant Man welcome. No need to thank me.

SM

Dear Slant Man,

Would you say that working for The Slant is one of the most rewarding experiences of your college life?

Completely Unbiased Reader

Dear Completely Unbiased Reader,

Hmmm...that's a good question. I suppose if I didn't count getting laid, starting my own frat, creating my own religion, playing and dominating in sports, owning a few sports cars, eating potato chips, masturbating to scrambled channels, and having women throw themselves at me all day, then yes, I would say that working for The Slant is the most rewarding thing I've ever done.

SM

Dear Slant Man,

I started dating my boyfriend early last year, and I am worried he might have been unfaithful to me over the summer, our first apart. Is there anything I can do to calm my fears?

Faithful Female

Dear Faithful Female,

You should ask him once and for all if he cheated on you. If he says no and you think he's lying, tell him that unless he tells you the truth that your going to tell the whole campus that he has a little dick (and use the term "dick" cause that will mean more then saying, "I'm going to tell the school that Mini-You is teeny-weeny" or some shit). If that rumor gets around then the only women he'll be able to get laid by will be the chicks from the Anime Society, which no one in their right mind would want. Hope this helps.

SM

-Send your Questions to slantman@theslant.net

