



Puking up eggnog... since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

Zombie Sharks found to be six times more awesome than normal sharks.

White Obama voter continues high-fiving black students on campus.

110% of men satisfied by Victoria Secret Show

OFFICE FIRE

2 "Ryan started the fire/ it was always burnin..."

ALLITERATION

6 an awesome array of alliteration

RECESSIONISTAS

7 It's ok, being merely upper-middle class isn't too bad.

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We Wish You A

fratty Christmas

Enjoy It Now—Rush Starts Soon!

FROM THE EDITOR



BRENDAN ALVIANI

I'm not a big fan of Christmas. There, I said it. I'm a Grinch.

Part of it might be that I'm really not in the Jesus fan-club. To me, he's kinda like that smart guy in your discussion class: says some cool stuff and seems like a good guy, but you're not going to go to a party with him, for example. So, suffice to say, hanging out at his birthday party is a bit awkward.

My biggest problem with the whole three-month charade, however, is the rampant materialism. You might not have noticed the systematic tirade carried out every issue against, say, a Vandy girl's outfit which costs more than many people's cars or the University's philosophy of "money solves all problems," but that critique is there. I don't know, I think there's more to life. Call me crazy, but I don't believe the birth of one's savior is a good reason to drop \$300 on a Burberry scarf.

Of course, my first Christmas after "coming out" as a Buddhist was my best haul ever with the presents. Go figure.

So, to be slightly less hypocritical this year, I decided to go to the Alternative Christmas Gift Fair. Basically, you "buy" products through a charity and then give people cards/receipts showing them you donated, say, a latrine in their name. This solved several problems of mine. Being philanthropic for once? Check. Showing people I care? Check. Finding a diversion from my paper? Ka-check.

After checking the place out, I go to Heifer International. Pretty cool people—they give farm animals and stuff to poor farmers to improve their ability to be self-reliant. So then I call up my younger brother:

"Hey, do you want a llama or a goat for a Christmas?"

"Llama, definitely."

"K."

"Neat. You know I'm going to eat him, right?" He really knows how to push a vegetarian's buttons.

"Umm... I think I'm going to keep you from doing that." So despite the fact that he doesn't believe me, he's getting a \$20 share of a llama for Christmas. Chew on that.

I talked to the woman at the Finished Up booth a couple feet over. They help women in college who have children finish up school by providing day care and support and such. So I got my girlfriend an hour of babysitting. She's going to kill me.

Next door was a booth for a group called Heartstrings that helps underprivileged youth get hooked on violin strings rather than less savory sources of bliss. Anywho, the very enthusiastic woman had typed a sign with a single, exclamatory word to express the joy of music: "Inconceivable!" This is, of course, next to the group that helps women deal with the consequences of conception. Some things you can't make up.

Woman Finds Her House Rolled in Wrapping Paper; Not As Festive As Believed

At 0400 hours, a run-of-the-mill, typical WASPy suburbanite woman, who will be referred to as Mrs. Smith, reported that her house had been rolled and wanted to press charges against the rollers. Mrs. Smith said that her family had been out of town for the past week seeking treatment for her daughter's severe case of arachnophobia. However, when they finally made it home at 3am, after a long, 16 hour drive from the specialized clinic in south Florida (involving a 4-hour traffic jam, several severe thunderstorm warnings, and 11 roadside car accidents), she noticed that her house had been maliciously rolled. To further exacerbate the situation, the house-rollers decided to get festive with their mischief, and so instead of using regular TP, the deviants had wrapped her house in holiday wrapping paper.

When Mrs. Smith first noticed the snowmen, elves, and baby Jesus' on the wrapping paper, she immediately assumed that her dream that Extreme Makeover: Home Edition had finally answered her call and came to completely renovate their home, allowing her daughter to finally lead a normal life—one free of 8-legged fears. However, when host Ty Pennington never appeared and the neighbors didn't suddenly appear en masse to cheer and clap, Mrs. Smith began to think otherwise.

Consequently, Mrs. Smith was enraged behind this holiday deception, and vowed to return the favor by handing those rapsallions one big Christma-hanu-kwanzaa-kah present: a nice, fat lawsuit.

Secretary Dramatically Saves Lives

At approximately 3:16 P.M. on Friday, a massive kitchen fire due to burning popcorn threatened to destroy Buttrick Hall, trapping a multitude of Vanderbilt students within the flaming tomb. However, thanks to the quick thinking and heroic efforts of secretary Janice Portkinson, this terrible disaster was prevented. At

first stunned by the ordeal, some students have realized the gravity of their precarious situation. "I mean, I could have died. How would I ever have gotten into medical school then?" said teary-eyed freshman Gregory Zimmelman. The life-saving actions of Portkinson, a WWII veteran, have not gone unnoticed by administration. "Janice is a shining beacon of hope in a dark world of misfortune and despair," Chancellor Nicholas Zeppos remarked Saturday. "When I grow up I want to be just like her." Portkinson, very modest after such a showing of courage, played down her deed. "It was nothing—really. Like barely a spark. Just a little smoke. The popcorn wasn't even that badly burned." No matter the exact circumstances surrounding the inferno, Vanderbilt students will be eternally grateful that things did not turn out any differently Friday: "That near-disaster turned out to be sooo convenient for me. Now I have all weekend to finish that paper I haven't started on!" said sophomore Kerry Anne Malone after her class was cancelled.



Snacks after rolling?

Bastard Confession

"You would think that as a wide receiver, I would know more about safeties"

-Plaxico Burrese



12.09.2008 CONTENTS



¡CUIDADO!

For this issue, we distilled our usual 12 pages down to 8. Be careful not to overdose!

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Non Compos Mentis

by Meryem Dede

Boy: I really want a pet

hippopotamus for Christmas.

Santa: Now let's be reasonable...

Boy: Oh, and a bowl win against Boston.

Santa: Alright, you can have your

hippo.

MASTHEAD



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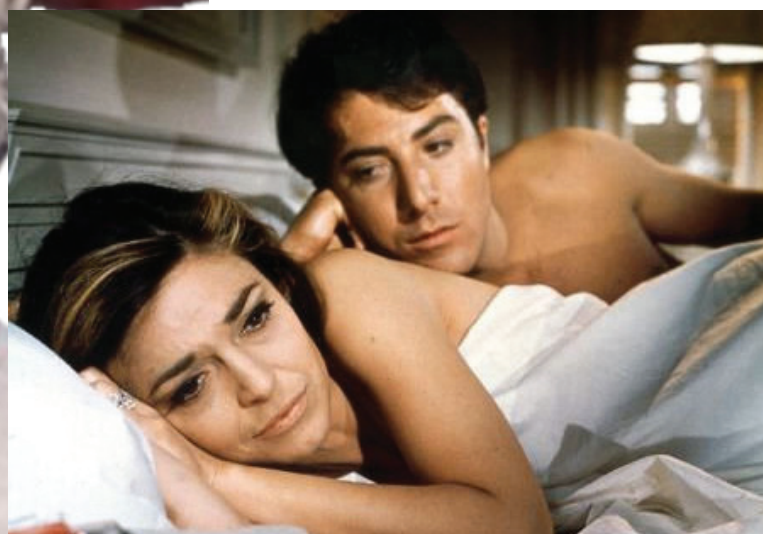
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h o n e y

Gentleman's Club



Chan
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s Wishlist



Nick...
pos.

UIN



Jesus returns... with a six pack!



Awesome Alliteration and Figurative Finess

by Meryem Dede

English Specialist

As November ended and December began, there was a noticeable difference in the appearance of males on campus. Vanderbilt males went from unrecognizable and hair-laden to clean-shaven and well groomed. This phenomenon can only be attributed to the end of “no-shave November.”

Vanderbilt men first adopted the phenomena known as “no-shave November” as an effort to increase the levels of alliteration in their day-to-day interactions. During the days of October, males across campus had felt like something was missing in their lives. Luckily, by the time November rolled around they realized what they had been longing for: alliteration.

“It felt so freakin’ fabulous to go unshorn for the sheer, shameless joy of alliteration. My little life lacked enough literary devices,” senior Vanderbilt student Jeff Goodman said.

While males across campus reveled in their newly discovered poetic term, females were noticeably disgruntled.

“What is so wrong with non-hairy poetic devices? With inversion just fine I’ve been doing,” said sophomore Julia Hodge.

“As the leaves turn colors and fall off so does the happiness in my life—this month I’ve been using imagery,” junior Francine Powers said.

Despite this sentiment, some women around Nashville have come out in support of their male brethren.

“All month, I haven’t shaved-- anywhere,” Belmont junior Lyric Peacechild said.

Unperturbed by complaints from women about the overuse of alliteration, Vanderbilt men are determined to delve on into “Don’t dress December.” Coincidentally, the number of streakers on a day-to-day average has sky rocketed.

“Streaking has surged significantly, substantially stressing students straining to study for scantrons,” said English professor and avid fan of alliteration Greg Rothchild. While most women are not happy with males’ alliteration choices, some students also find women’s literary devices annoying.

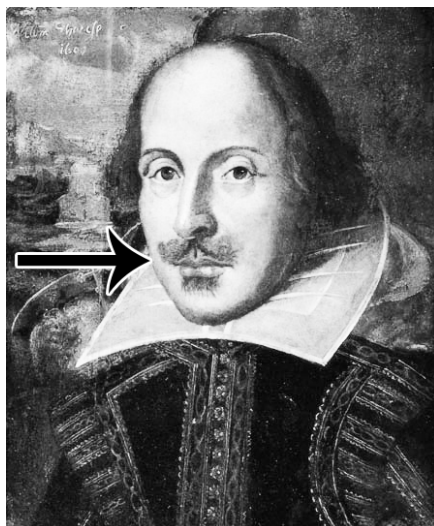
“I hate alliteration. I prefer—” Suspense enthusiast and Vanderbilt freshman Rebecca Avert said.

Other women are practically unintelligible due to their fascination with literary terms.

“BTW, IDK alliteration well, but it’s not FTW, but BRB, JK, I’m JP w/ u. I <3 Acronyms,” Sophomore Beatrice Taylor Leet spoke.

Still, Men vehemently support their alliteration obsession and hold to their resolve to not dress in December having gone through November without shaving.

“Ambiguity, foreshadowing, couplets, symbolism, figures of speech—they don’t even hold a candle to my favorite of all techniques. You can’t not shave for a month or run around naked for a month in the name of connotation; nothing compares to alliteration,” Junior Harry Fakilton said.



Shakespeare was a big fan of alliteration.

A Guide to "Twilight" For Guys

Justin Barisich

Spoiler Specialist

So over Thanksgiving break, my little sister went to see the movie Twilight with her giddy, squealy, high-pitched, and fast-chattering group of friends. Knowing that upon my return to campus I would inevitably run into some girl who I could impress with my knowledge of the cultural phenomenon of poorly reimagined “nice” vampires who don’t even kill people, I got a synopsis of the main points from my sister. Since she rambled on for thirty five minutes about it, here’s a synopsis of her synopsis—a Sparknotes version, if you will.

- Pale, tall, white vampire guy named Ed gets a hard on for new (human) girl in town, Bella.

- Ed can usually read minds, but not Bella’s, which makes him even harder. (This adds that mysterious feeling of intrigue, because nobody really knows why he can’t read her thoughts.)

- However, for Ed, hard on = desire to suck Bella’s blood, which ain’t cool for Ed and his family of fellow vampires. (Poppa vampire makes them practice inverted kosher, and they’re only allowed to drink animal blood.)

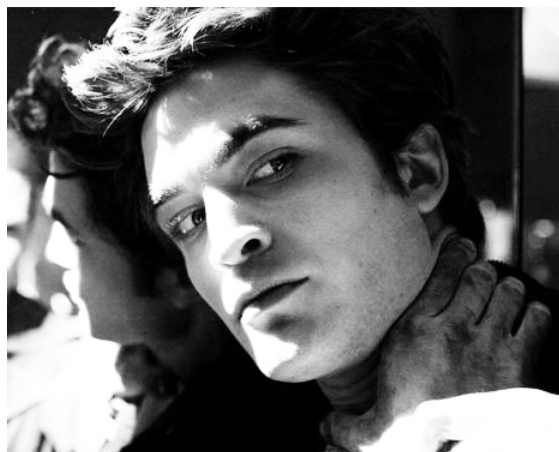
- Eventually, Ed reveals to Bella that he is a vampire, and as a typical bitch would do, she tells Ed that she “really likes him” which makes Ed’s job of not draining

her veins just that much harder.

- One random day, Bella is chillin’ with Ed and his folks, and some evil vampires show up.

- Evil vampire James also gets a hard on for Bella, but he has no qualms about human blood suckage.

- James easily lures Bella into a trap (because almost all female characters in books and movies are total dumbasses and get themselves into tons of shit).



A vampire that doesn’t suck human blood and glitters in sunlight? As Katy Perry would say, “Ur So Gay.”

- Ed has to play the “Mario role” and go save Bella’s sorry ass, and in the meantime, literally tear James apart and burn the different parts of his body. (Finally, we get to the good stuff).

- However, the gore is short-lived, and Ed takes Bella to the hospital where they get all lovey-dovey, mushy, cutesy, and shit.

- The End.

- Oh yeah, for strange some reason, Ed glitters in the sunlight. WTF, Stephanie Meyer? What happened to the age-old mythologies of vampires turning into piles of ash when they shake Apollo’s hand? Hmmm, didn’t think that one through, now did ya?

So guys, now you can impress your ladies with your “caring” knowledge of her newest infatuation, who just so happens to be better looking, more famous, and richer than you. One last thing, if she still seems skeptical of your genuineness, tell her the name of the town the tale is set in is called “Forks” (I know, WTF?), that Ed’s dad is a doctor, and that Ed’s last name is “Cullen.” Those hard facts should at least get you on the bed with her. The rest is up to you, my man.

How To Be A Recessionista: A Vandy Guide

by Ada Desmond
Returning Specialist

With the Christmas season in full swing, it's time to get into that holiday spirit! However, now that we're in a recession, I know many of you just don't know what to do for the holidays. Have no fear! For *The Slant* is here to bring you tidings of great joy; how you, too, can be a Recessionista! What is a Recessionista, you ask? A Recessionista is a gal who knows how to use what (money) she's got. With all the poor Vanderbilt children shivering out in the cold wearing last year's J. Crew peacoat, this guide could not have come sooner! So put away your credit cards and take out your Wal-Mart stomping boots, because we've got some great lessons for you!

Step 1 to surviving the new apocalyptic Dark Age is simple in theory, but harder in practice: cut back. To do this requires strength and courage, and cannot be rushed into head on. The key phrase to remember is "baby steps:" while you may think you have to rush to Wal-Mart, do not succumb to peer pressure! Instead, why not stay with last year's Blackberry model? It may be passé, but at least you're not one of those poor souls with a Razr. eBay is a good choice for all your refurbished iPod needs, and Target is great if you can't bear to ever set foot into an actual Wal-Mart.

Also, if you MUST splurge, stay away from stores like Gucci, Prada, and Burberry! Even though Vogue may be slumming it with an advertisement for a \$1,000 Cartier watch, you should try to conserve your funds. You don't have to start wearing Gap jeans or anything, but why not wear Lucky Brand Jeans instead of True Religion? And for those with one easily available, H&M should be your go-to clothing store: not only are their clothes cheap, they're chic! Another good idea is to re-use clothes, which not only saves space in your closet for you run and hide to when the revolution comes, but also gives you a great Boho-chic look! Instead of throwing out that old dress you wore to the formal, you should hide it in the very back of your closet, and wear it again after about six or seven months.

Most importantly, every Recessionista must know the importance of the Vintage Clothing Store (VCS). At any local VCS, not only will you be able to pick up all sorts of hip new looks on the cheap, but it's the perfect way to see what it's like on the other side of the Bubble! And for the more adventurous Recessionista, a trip to the local Goodwill is always a fun outing. So jump into the penny-saving fray! Soon enough, you'll find out that being upper-middle-class isn't so bad after all!

Now, even those Recessionistas not hit hard by the economy have to deal with the hard times

ahead. Have you come to hate the stares elicited by your Burberry coat? Do you want to wither up at die of the shame you feel for being born so sadly rich? Is your empathy starting to wear you down? Do you, too, want to see what it's like to shop at Costco instead of Whole Foods? Don't worry, because we at *The Slant* have some quick and easy tips to make you feel better about yourself in no time! First of all, IF YOU GOT IT, DON'T FLAUNT IT. This will only draw the angry proletariat's attention to you and your Jaguar.

Try to at least follow the steps above to show some solidarity with your poor friends and to prove just how beatific you can be. When your friends come over to pre-game, don't waste your money on a handle of Skyy: Svedka or Burnetts are cheaper and taste just the same with enough mixer! Hang a dirty towel over your 42-inch LCD flatscreen, and temporarily replace your brand-new Macbook with a cheap, \$400 desktop. Why not take those designer dresses you have in your closet and just sew on a J. Crew label? If you still want to indulge, do it discreetly with Gilt.com, a website that delivers your luxury purchases in unmarked, terrorist-like brown boxes. Now, everyone can see that you, too, can moderate and empathize with the dirty masses, or at least until the novelty wears off somewhere in mid-January.

Suitin' Up!

By Justin Barisich
Kinky Stripper Specialist

So I was perusing the local Goodwill Store the other day (where I found this bitchin' holiday vest for only \$6 dollars: what a steal!) and I came across a full-blown (though used) Santa outfit. As I was trying it on, I began wondering about all of the crafty and alternative things I could do with this mystical suit of cheer. Here's what I came up with as I was stuffing a pillow inside the suit to fill-in the belly full of jelly:

1) A Holiday Mime. Think about it: I could be silently walking on the sidewalk, minding my own business, and then suddenly strike a pose and concentrate on how the fuck I just ended up in this invisible box. Essentially, I could act like a jackass in public and get away with it.

2) A Kinky Stripper. Hey,



This could be you!

don't judge me. With the economy going down the shitter, and with the prices of presents always increasing, I gotta do something to make enough monies to buy my mom a nice present. When she asks how I paid for it, I'll just tell her that I made a couple of donations to the sperm bank. On second thought, I'm not sure which form of "employment" would bother her more.

3) A "Hey Mister" Extraordinaire. I'll just quietly position myself outside the corner liquor store and wait for my underage customers to come to me. How can any cashier deny a Santa his booze? I mean, if he's gotta fly around the world in a single freaking night, then imagine the jet-lag Santa's gotta be experiencing. Keeping Santa's "liquid courage" from him could turn out bad for the cashier, definitely 2 lumps of coal, maybe even 2 black eyes.

4) A Salvation Army Bell-ringer. It's a pretty simple equation. Check it out: Santa suit + annoying bell + empty bucket + Catholic guilt = free monies for me!

5) The Ultimate Bank Robber. So, this one would require some additional planning, but here's the basic plan. I'd scope out a bank near a shopping mall. I'd have to be really incognito, so I'd take in my empty Santa-sack, and a plastic toy gun (since toy companies make them so realistic looking these days), and quietly tell the teller to empty her drawer into the bag. I'd brandish the gun, just for good measure, but not for too long, because I wouldn't want her to notice the "G.I. Joe" sticker on its side. Once I had cleaned her out, I'd shuffle on over to the food court of the mall, and blend in with the rest of the army of Santas and holiday decorations. It's almost fool-proof. Moreover, I wouldn't have to shed some skin on stage to pay the gift bills, and keeping some shreds of dignity is always a nice thing.

In the end, with all the creative potential the Santa suit had, I just had to buy it. I mean, it was only \$15 dollars, and it would definitely be that kind of "gift that keeps on giving," especially if I could knock over a bank and rake in a couple grand. Talk about a return on an investment.

**The Twelve Days of Finals
Sing-a-long**

by Rudy Wu

**On the first day of finals,
my Vandy gave to me...**

12 Hundred Squirrels

11 Empty Beer Cans

10 Pages to write

9 Random Hookups

8 Obama Condoms

7 A.M. Bedtime

6 shots of whiskey

5 Goddamn Tests

4 Problem Sets

3 Rolled Joints

2 Parties Missed

And a night in a hospital
bed!

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The Vanderbilt Hustler

VOLUME LIX, NUMBER 14 THE VOICE OF VANDERBILT • THE STUDENT CROSSWORD OF VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY SINCE 1880 WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 2003

TODAY'S FORECAST
40° AM
57° PM
Partly Cloudy
Chance of rain 20 percent

EXTENDED FORECAST

Wednesday
Light rain
High in the lower 50s
Low in the lower 40s
Chance of rain 80 percent

Thursday
Partly cloudy
High in the lower 50s
Low in the lower 40s
Chance of rain 20 percent

INSIDETODAY

MC Chief details progress
Vanderbilt
University will face
weeks ago with mem-
bers of the Vanderbilt
community to give his
annual state of the
institution address.
See VUMC, page 3

Gee leaves legacy

GEE DEAD

Heart attack cuts short
life of husband, father

By EVAN MEYER

The heart attack that cut short the life of E. Gordon Gee was completely unexpected, said University officials and wife Constance. Constance delivered a prepared statement at a press conference held today saying, "Up until the end, he was the picture of health, vibrant and full of life."
The death was a shock to the entire University community, who share mourning of the Chancellor's death late Monday night. There have been changing stories of the beloved Chancellor.
Gee's daughter Deborah was expected to phone his flight to another Constance and plans to fly to Nashville immediately to be with her mother. The vice chancellors at the Vanderbilt University Medical Center last night that she had spoken to her father Sunday and had specifically asked about himself with her saying that he was "a bit more out, but just fine."
But doctors said that although the Chancellor was "active," he must have been under great strain for some time.
Constance said she arrived in the couple's bed room at approximately 10:30 p.m. to check on her husband. "According to Constance, her husband was lying on the bed, and 'looking very peaceful.' She had been close to check on him when she realized he wasn't breathing. She immediately phoned 911."
The Chancellor was resuscitated dead within the



Chancellor E. Gordon Gee passed away the past weekend at the age of 78. (courtesy: Vanderbilt University)

Death of beloved
Chancellor rocks VU

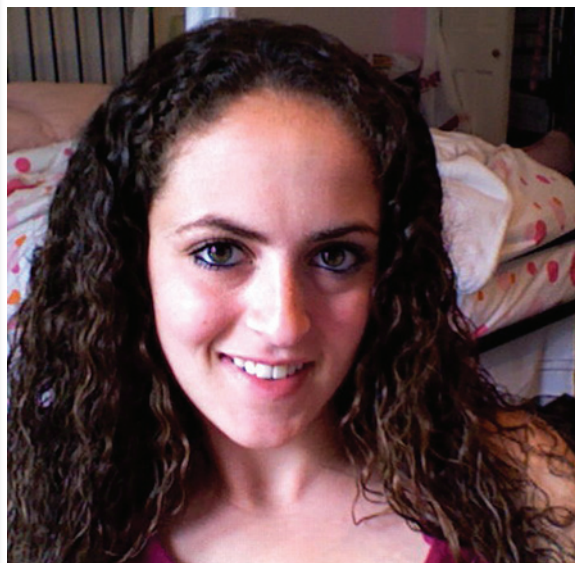
By MEREDITH BERGER

"News of the tragic death of Chancellor E. Gordon Gee last weekend shocked many in Nashville night, where she said message was passed wordly by email and phone calls. Many students have expressed great sadness at the loss of the Chancellor they loved.
Gee, who since 2000 has been Chancellor of Vanderbilt, died suddenly at his home yesterday at the age of 78. It is thought that he suffered a heart attack shortly after returning home at 10:30 p.m. on Monday. The body was found by his wife, the Chancellor's wife, in their bedroom at the Chancellor's mansion.
Gee said his wife had been attending a social function at the Vanderbilt University Club, when the Chancellor announced that he was not feeling well and the couple returned home. It is not known whether Gee had any prior record of heart trouble, but those close to him say he had recently been complaining of feeling tired at the end of long work- ing days.
Although, as a devoted Mormon, Gee abstained from alcohol and tobacco, he was also known for pushing forward hard to work and for missing a beat to schedule as Chancellor which led him to regular 12 work 16-hour days.
Colleagues at the University were quick to pay tribute to his legacy. Vice-Chancellor of Public Affairs Michael Stensrud said, "Gordon brought so much energy to this job; he was popular with both staff



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Funny and dangerous with a scalpel

When I first picked up The Slant, I assumed there was no way I could ever be funny like that. The thing is though, even if you're as boring as your own chem homework, there are so many ways and reasons to contribute. If you've ever picked up The Slant and laughed, trust me, you'll fit right in. It's not a huge commitment, you get to laugh about stupid funny campus stuff, plus it's way more fun and productive than sitting in your dorm on Facebook reading "Overheard at Vanderbilt," but just as funny. Plus, the people here at The Slant are awesome, which is how I met my awesome boyfriend (and trust me, there are plenty of single people left so come on over...). In other words, fun, flexibility, and awesome people—if that's not enough to get you to join The Slant, just call us up and we'll recommend someone to give you a lobotomy.

—Ryan Carr