



Seventh Highest Paid Chancellor Pursues Rap Career to Bolster Street Cred and Pocket Change



Cover photos by Chris Phare

THIS JUSTIN

Jay-Z Baffles Vanderbilt with Style, Fresh Swag

By: Zac Wright
HOVA Specialist

"Hey, you in the purple shit, with the hair on your head. Keep doing that girl. Yo, dude in the Jamaican colors, I see your shit. Damn, there are a lot of girls here I'd like to have sex with at some point. Memphis Bleek, do you concur?"

Jay-Z came to Vanderbilt this weekend and received quite positive reviews. After praising the school for its energy and excellent dining facilities, Jay-Z commented on our "swag" as it were. His opinions echoed the sentiments of many Commodores: we're fresh as hell.

In order to gauge the university's opinions of the concert, I talked to a few random people after the football game. I first spoke with a large cluster of people who told me they didn't go to Vanderbilt and then proceeded to tell me to "fuck off." After 30 minutes and many similar responses from other non-students, I finally found someone who both went to Vanderbilt and attended the concert.

"Oh man, when he got up there and started talking about clothes, he totally pointed at me!" When asked about the actual concert, this person had said nothing except, "Yea, there was music and stuff, which was pretty cool."

After that person passed out in the street, I found a girl and tried to get the female perspective. I asked the same question as before: "what did you think of the concert?"

"It's not everyday that a fashion legend comes to Vanderbilt. I mean, he definitely saw me in my new heels and pearls."

And the music?

"I'm not a fan of foreign music, but wow, Jazzy here at Vanderbilt!" After such a positive response, the Vanderbilt Music Group has already tried to get in contact with Mos Def. Bob Dylan will no longer be passing through Vanderbilt, as he was deemed "not nearly fresh enough."

Stress Explodes Senior's Head; Work Still Due

By: Brendan Alviani
Anxiety Specialist

After Peabody senior Whitney Anderson contemplated her workload this last Friday night, critical levels of stress caused a chain-reaction that literally exploded her head. Despite this setback, however, Anderson still had a think-piece, a reflection, a lesson plan, a paper and a Powerpoint presentation due the next day, a Saturday.

"Oh my god, I just can't deal with it anymore," she typed to me, after her head exploded. "I have not had a sip of alcohol or gone out with my friends all semester, because I haven't had time to. I can deal with a difficult week, but two months straight?!"

Still, Anderson points out, she must soldier through piles of "enriching" assignments, despite personal problems, like a lack of alcohol and/or head.

"After completing my hellish weekend," she typed. "I got a luxurious five hours of sleep and, on Monday, began it all over again. Except now, I am blind, deaf and mute because my head has literally exploded. I am really panicking, because I have to write and teach 3 lessons this week."

"Freshmen year," said peer Jeremy Sandler. "I didn't mind playing with crayons. Now, we have to make 3D, multi-modal, web 2.0, Reader Response-centered, feature length films out of crayons."

"The hardest part," Sandler added. "Is that both of my arms have literally fallen off from writing and coloring so much, yet I have 6 reflections due tomorrow."

This insanity follows in the wake of other senior-stress related injuries. Pre-med senior Ben Blais burnt out in a blaze of glory, his body literally spontaneously combusting after reading about organic chemical reactions for 28 hours straight. Women's and Gender Studies major and Vanderbilt Feminist president Erica Santiago literally had her womanhood explode in a blaze of male oppression, leaving her/him/it significantly less likely to graduate on time, but in the long-term, have fewer care-giving responsibilities, a higher salary and a higher-quality of life. English major Wade Wheatley literally had his heart die from hearing the word "literally" abused so much in one article. Dozens of other students have reported similarly ironic and debilitating injuries.

In fact, the most recent Hustler issues have run a series of articles about senior stress, all arguing that in addition to the usual absurd workload, we seniors have grad school, Teach for America, job applications and/or LIFE to deal with. Unfortunately, I as a Slant writer, am forced to agree with *The Hustler*. **Head Explodes**

Rock Band Creator Wows Crowd with Star Power

By: Jim Gillin
Five-Star Specialist

A Rock Band competition was held Tuesday night as a charity event to benefit the W.O. Smith Nashville Community Music School which teaches little kids how to play real instruments, so they're not stuck in front of a TV breaking their fingers on Rock Band like we are.

The event was plainly titled "Rock Band at Vandy," a catchy name with some good rhyme, and at least it avoided using another "dores" pun like everything else at Vanderbilt.

Competitors from every school showed up as free agents or in teams to settle their differences in the form of rock. Each school was well represented, and one thing became clear: despite one's major, anyone can pull off a sick 5-minute plastic-guitar solo and look damn good doing it.

Before the competition, one of the creators of Rock Band came to speak at the Student Life Center while the other developers remained at home mastering the guitar part for "Snow (Hey Oh)." Rock Band creator Eran Egozy spoke about the influence of video games and highlighted the cultural benefits of being exposed to many genres of music.

This event was put on by the Curb Center for Art, Creative Enterprise & Public Policy, whatever the hell that is. Seriously. It's touted on its website as "the nation's leading research and policy center focused on the American system of creative enterprise, expressive life and the public interest," but if not even anyone at Vanderbilt has heard of it, America must not have much of an expressive life. Even the student members of the CURB Center, myself included, have no idea what we do there. But whatever it is, it's capable of sponsoring a night of fun and copious amounts of chicken like any other student organization.

Overall, Rock Band at Vandy was a huge success. Upon completion of their gig, the winning band had raised \$1,500 which they used to unlock two new songs and buy boa-print pants for W.O. Smith.

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Vandy grad invents Google Earth, Hustler takes four years to realize it.



Diphthongs no longer just for hot linguistics majors.

FROM THE EDITOR



MERYEM DEDE

What is the easiest part of this paper to prepare beforehand? This column. What is the largest irony in this issue of *The Slant*? This was the last article to be finished. Alas, I have not practiced my preaching. These past few issues I have really struggled with what is supposed to go in this space. If I were to be like several of my predecessors, I would write about a random facet of my own life. If I were the editor of another Vanderbilt publication I would write about the content of my paper, turning my column into a redundancy. Unfortunately, as I am too sarcastic to reflect on my inner feelings and too exact to create a redundancy, I am left in a conundrum.

While writing these columns there is one particular phrase that repeats again and again in my mind: "This would be a lot easier if I didn't have to be funny." Think if I could just write without worrying about the entertainment value? It'd be like the history paper I have to turn in tomorrow by noon! Or perhaps, I could tell you all about fashion news, music reviews, and give you a list of the tracks I listened to while creating this. Or perhaps I could tell you the news of the day, write a shoddy opinion on why abortion should remain legal, or create a really pretty spread about sports that few people on campus would actually care about. However, I'm better than them, so I won't.

Alas, like a monkey on a string, I am forced to perform. Except I chose this job, I have considerably less fur than a monkey, and there's nothing actually physically holding me here. Wait... there's nothing holding me here? There's nothing holding me here!!!!

MASTHEAD



Making "your mom" jokes... since 1886.

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PLACERE CONTENTID

Fucked Image



CARRIE UNDERWOOD BRAD PAISLEY

Free Brad Paisley, Carrie Underwood

by ERIN PRAH
Editorial Fellow

ABC News' morning show "Good Morning America" is coming to Nashville tomorrow morning for the 43rd Annual Country Music Association Awards, which will be held on Wednesday evening.

As a part of the show, "Good Morning America" will host a

free Carrie Underwood and Brad Paisley concert, according to a GMA news release.

The concert will start at 7:30 a.m. on Tuesday, outside the Sommet Center, and is free and open to the public. No tickets are required.

Gates open at 6 a.m. The performance will take place rain or shine. ■

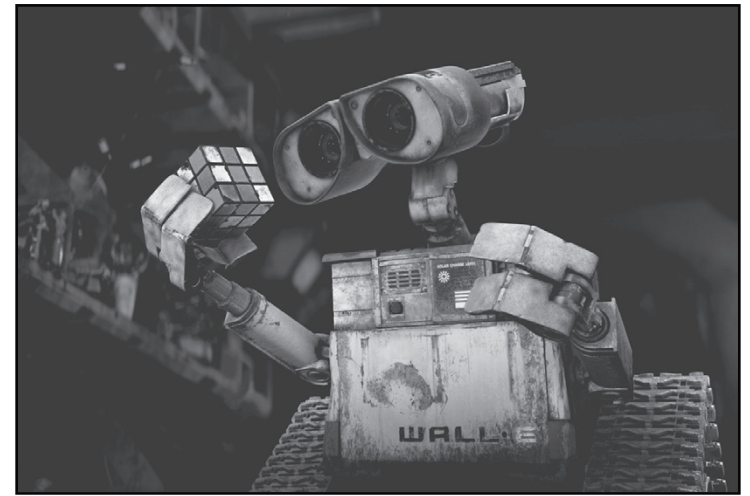


FREE BRAD PAISLEY!!!
Hurry, because he won't last long in prison...

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Fucked Image²



Many parents were expecting a more "family friendly" character as an opening act for Jay-Z.

Sustainability Report Card

HIP-HOP ARTISTS: C-

Considering Vandy's almost insatiable desire for having rappers and hip-hop artists headline at Commodore Quake, Rites of Spring, and every other random concert throughout the year, it is only a matter of time before we use all of them up. Moreover, how is the Music Group going to top bringing in Jay-Z?

SUSTAINABLE SUSTAINABILITY: D

SPEAR really needs to try harder. Though they may be sustaining the environment and stuff, they should really start thinking more selfishly and begin worrying about how they will sustain themselves rather than the world around them. In addition, this article itself is not very sustainable and probably won't make a reappearance in later issues.

STRESS: A++

We have so much of this happening at Vandy that it has evolved beyond needing a host human and has become its own self-sustaining being. In fact, we could even share some with other universities and still have enough to donate to a local charity.

ICE: F-

Takes a lot of energy to make, but only seems to last for a little while.

GOLD: B

The asking price for this semi-precious metal has been rising consistently, which is great for restimulating our floundering economy. However, to quote Frost "nothing gold can stay," and eventually, we will have to make due with a decreased supply of gold.

YOUTH: C-

The kids tells us that it's fleeting.
The elders tell us that it's wasted on the young.
Here's a better question: Where is it hiding? I'm tired of being "it."

Bastard Confession



"I did not wear a skanky costume on Halloween."

~Sensible Girl

Women's Center and LGBTQI Center Director Named New Athletic Director

By: Clay Christain
Title IX Specialist

Reports out of Kirkland Hall have recently indicated that in order to further increase efficiency and productivity, the Vanderbilt Commodores will have a new athletic director: Nora Spencer, who will be adding this position to her other duties of Women Center Director and LGBTQI Center Director. This decision has been put into place to undo the athletic restructuring implemented by former Chancellor Gordon Gee in 2003. The previous athletic department was banished to reduce isolation between student-athletes and common folk.

After the restructuring in 2003, the Vanderbilt Commodores have experienced an inordinate number of unforeseen success such as a national title in women's bowling, two number-one Major League Baseball draft picks, two NCAA men's basketball Sweet Sixteen births, a victory in the 2008 Music City Bowl and a doctorate dissertation in quantum physics written by former cornerback D.J. Moore published in numerous scientific journals.

However, current athletic forays have failed to live up to such recently fabricated high expectations. The first team to undergo this scrutiny has been the men's varsity football team. New athletic, women's center and LBQTGI Friday's director Nora Spencer was quoted, "I have received many messages from students concerning the state of the football team. Most were not so coherent and exhibited the grammar structures of a drunken illiterate, but from what I could gather, plenty of students who 'have played the fuck out of NCAA 2010' could 'call better plays than Bobby Johnson.' Under my jurisdiction, these impertinent messages will be of the past."

When asked about the new director as well, Chancellor Zeppos noted, "All of the athletic teams have simply become massive pussies, especially the women's teams. The men? Oh, don't even get me started on the men's teams. They've become so fruity that I bet Adam Lambert or Elton John could hold their own better in a fist-fight. I respect my predecessor's decision to rid Vanderbilt of the red tape that was the Athletic Department, but I think Nora Spencer will do a great job handling our disgustingly effeminate athletes."

In addition to mandatory athletic study halls, student-athletes are now expected to attend weekly seminars about the symbology and iconography of the womb in 20th century culture. Furthermore, athletes are expected to meet with a therapist in the Psychological Counseling Center to make sure that their anger is being expressed positively in competitions. One anonymous therapist said, "We have to be sure that these athletes aren't expressing negative feelings by making poor decisions. It's very tough being the spotlight of the entire student body, especially when that student body is quite intoxicated and belligerent. Let's not forget to



Anything you can run, I can run better, I can run everything better than you...

mention the fact that the entire city of Nashville is also quite prone to berate our student-athletes."

To combat the problem of poor nutrition, the athletes' meal plan has been modified to include complimentary meals at Grins and Freshens at any time of the day. Revered Vanderbilt dropout Earl Bennett was asked to comment on the future of his team, "Well, back when I was at Vanderbilt, I would have loved getting a nice tofu panini every once in a while. Jay [Cutter] could eat, like, five of those things at once. Fucking nuts, man."

In an interview with former Vanderbilt Student Media legend and current ESPN baseball reporter Buster Olney, Tampa Bay Rays pitcher and former Commodore David Price said, "Playing for Vanderbilt was the best time of my life. Well, that is until I got drafted number one, pitched in old Yankee Stadium and then in the World Series, but the one thing that I regret most about my time at Vanderbilt was that I never knew much about the Women's Center."

The most radical change brought to Vanderbilt athletics was the rechristening of Cole and McGill halls to accommodate a larger percentage of varsity athletes. Some call the decision to

allow male athletes to live in Cole "an abomination," but Mrs. Spencer insists, "Men must learn to appreciate the presence of a woman. If we can have our athletes be more in touch with their feminine sides, they will be more able to maintain their composure on the playing fields. As for McGill, we want to have our athletes mental horizons broadened." One anonymous undergraduate student commented, "As a gay man living in McGill, I am looking forward to being in the same dorm as many football players. I hope they'll let me get in the huddle or catch a few passes. My last boyfriend was really into football, and he loved it when I called him Mike Ditka. My favorite play has to be the naked bootleg, or perhaps a four wide receiver set shotgun play-action waggle. If I played football, I'd be a strong safety. Nothing's more exciting than being able to tackle a man and have the chance to intercept a few balls. I hope they won't mind that I haven't been shaving. I mean, it is November. Also, it's always a lot of trouble to get down there with a Gillette Fusion. Needless to say, I'm totally verklempt."

Not all McGillites have been pleased with the decision. One frequenter of the Vanderbilt Tabletop gatherings said, "Shirtless Tuesdays just isn't fair when you've got people who actually work out doing it too. Come on." The experience has proved unexpectedly pleasant for some of the athletes. Quarterback Larry Smith was quoted, "I never would have imagined Dungeons and Dragons being so enthralling. Being a NCAA Division-I quarterback is cool and all, but you haven't lived until you've fended off ferocious malcontent wildebeests as a lowly Bard armed only with a level 3 lyre of punishing, tattered rags of Azaroth and a pint of grog. I had goose bumps!"

Another athlete took quickly to the emphasis on women's studies perhaps even more so than previous McGill denizens. "I've totally changed my schedule for the spring," he said, "Instead of taking Economics of Human Resources, I've signed up for Feminist Legal Theory 271. Now, when I was young, I used to watch *Murphy Brown*, and I always used to be enthralled by the arguments in the Supreme Court cases *Roe v. Wade* and *Planned Parenthood v. Casey*, but now I have a truly deeper understanding for the wispy legal intricacies of playing the gender card."

Student reaction to the radical change has been rather lackluster, but Nashville-area sportswriters have been having a field day with the news. Sports radio 104.5 The Zone's George Plaster has been constantly hammering the decision. "This mockery of sport would have never occurred under Woody Widenhofer. If Lane Kiffin [at Tennessee] had this placed upon his plate, he would go senile like Bud Adams at the NFL Draft." Fellow local broadcaster and former Vanderbilt men's basketball benchwarmer Wil-

SNACKTRACK

to this Issue



We at *The Slant* have excellent taste. Below, the editors share what foods we snacked on as we created the glory you're holding in your hands.

1. "A HANDLE OF JACK DANIEL'S"
Take that, emotions!
2. "THREE SQUIRRELS"
Don't ask.
3. "TOO MUCH COFFEE"
Sleep is for panzies and non-Slant writers.
4. "TURDUCKFROSH"
Like Turducken, only different.
5. "RANDILLA"
It's like Rand and Godzilla had a food baby.
6. "A DISAPPOINTING NAKED JUICE"
An entree, my ass.
7. "CHEESEBURGER IN PARADISE"
The Slant lab has a nickname...
8. "MARGARITAVILLE"
Afterwards, we wasted away.
9. "AMERICAN PIE"
is delicious.
10. "LOLLIPOP"
We licked it like a lollipop.

ly Daunic noted, "Now, George. Let's not get too excited. I'm sure Nick Zeppos over there knows what he's doing."

Back on campus, one fervid sophomore said, "I don't really care as long as it doesn't affect Frats at Bat. That's athletics, right?" Another undergraduate commented, "Bro, there's a tailgate. Fuck if I care if we win or lose; we still booze. I'm drunk!"

ECON 469: Sports Edition, NFL National Fornication League

By: Stephanos Buckles
Monetary Morality Monoplist

Welcome, hoes and bros, I'm proud to unveil the newest edition to the spring course schedule: ECON 469, SPORTS EDITION. This new class will give Vrooman a run for his money. Sure, his Sports Economics class may be offered at Sportsman's Grill, but his class neglects to include a growing component of the sports economy: prostitutes. You're probably thinking- sure, I love prostitutes, but what does that have to do with sports? Well, who says prostitutes aren't athletes? They work hard, they run the field, they drive, tackle and go for touchdowns. They get just as sweaty as Jermaine Beal with twice as many successful plays than a Vandy quarterback. ESPN, noticing this growing sector, has begun its latest marketing initiative:

Keep track of your success: (sluts don't like to go unnoticed...)

- 3 points for a "field goal"
 - * Didn't quite go for the goal, but still had some fun with it.
- 6 points for a "touchdown"
- 2 points for "safety" - Put a glove on it!
- Various points available for "rushing" (an inverted version of football rushing): more points are allocated for those who are so bold that they get down and dirty within the fewest yards from the pick up location. In Fantasy Prostitutes, the shorter your hoe travels, the sooner you get your points in da bank.

Don't forget about penalties...

Holding, false start (although more of a problem for men...), illegal use of hands or feet (watch those toes!) or blocking below the waist (doesn't that defeat the purpose??).

And the best part is, the commentators don't have to change a thing:

- (Comments from Sunday Night Football):
- "There was a wide open hole right there."
 - "Too many men on the field"
 - "He's going deep!"
 - "Two minute warning!"

For more information, turn off your internet filters and head to: <http://games.espn.go.com/frontpage/prostitutes>

tutes

Must be 18 or older to enter.

When the goin' gets tough, the tough get goin'...out to the streetcorners, that is.

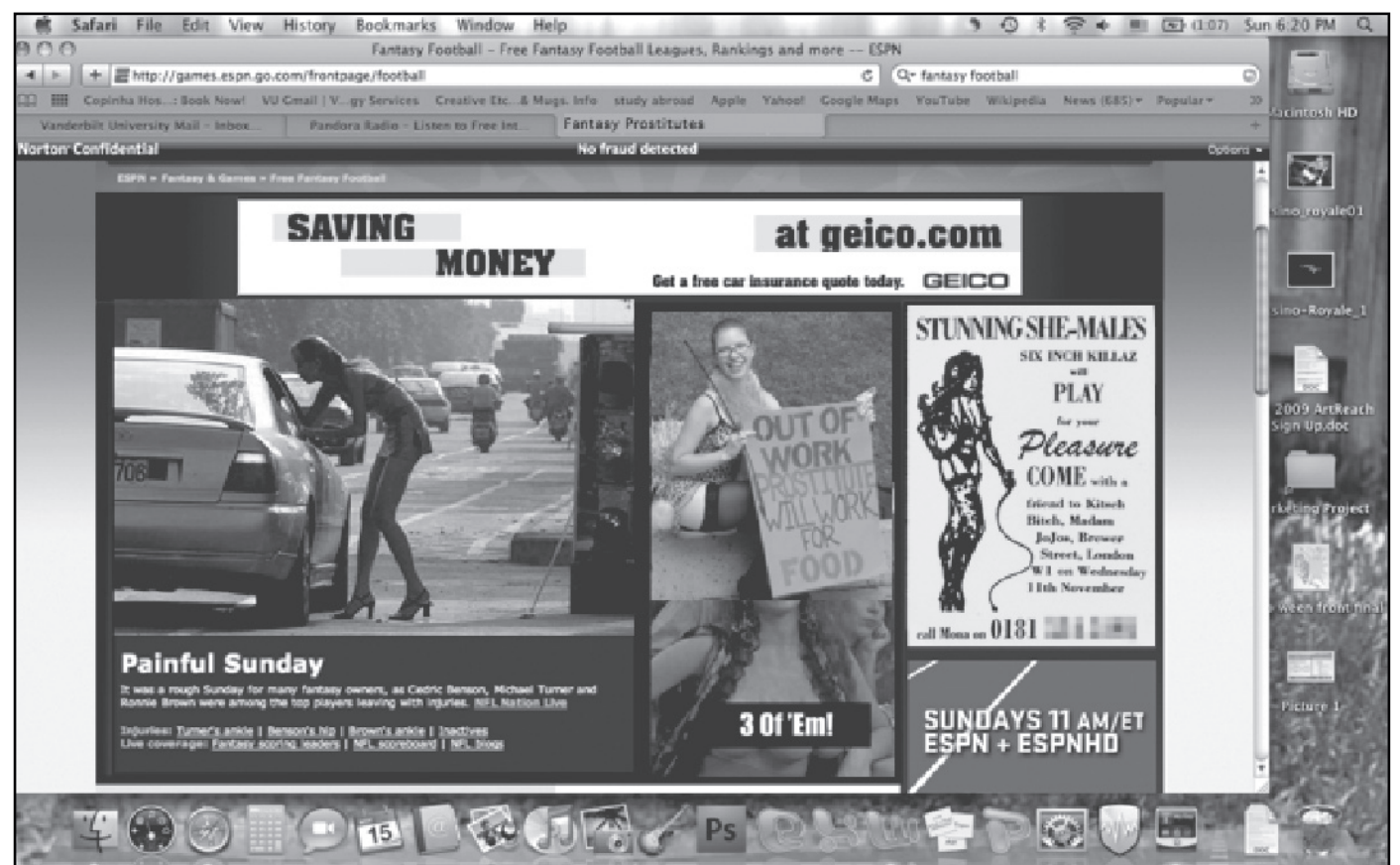
Fantasy Prostitutes

Similar to its football counterpart, Fantasy Prostitutes is designed to increase enthusiasm not only about your prostitute for the night, but also about the entire prostitution industry as a whole. Get a group together and recruit your hoes for some heated competition. Keep in mind that it's not just about sex, but about looks too. Put simply, when your hoe succeeds, you do too. In Fantasy Prostitutes, everyone is a pimp.

So, without further ado, here's how to get busy:

Brainstorm a team name such as, "PatriTITS," "Here's my Vick, Suck it," "The Bangirls," "Reverse Cowgirls," or the "San Francisco 69ers."

Make sure your team is full of prostitutes able to do all sorts of positions. After all, how will your team succeed with out some nice Tight Ends (multi-talented), Running Back (multi-talented), or Defensive Ends? And, of course, there's no success without a flexible Wide Receiver (great for catching balls).



How to be ahead of the game this Thanksgiving

For Father's Day, give your Dad golf balls like you always do.

For the turkey there are several options:

- 1. Leave the stuffing in the turkey and have the kids knock it out with a bat for Cinco de Mayo.*
- 2. Put the turkey in the fridge and don't take it out for 3 days to celebrate Easter.*
- 3. Burn the turkey for Ash Wednesday.*



Leave the sweet potatoes alone to celebrate Thanksgiving for next year.

Make unleavened cornbread for Passover.

Make a green bean casserole, and then make it again to celebrate Groundhog Day.

Put this with some butter and whipped cream.



Put little bits of turkey in a heart-shaped box and give it to someone cute for Valentine's Day.



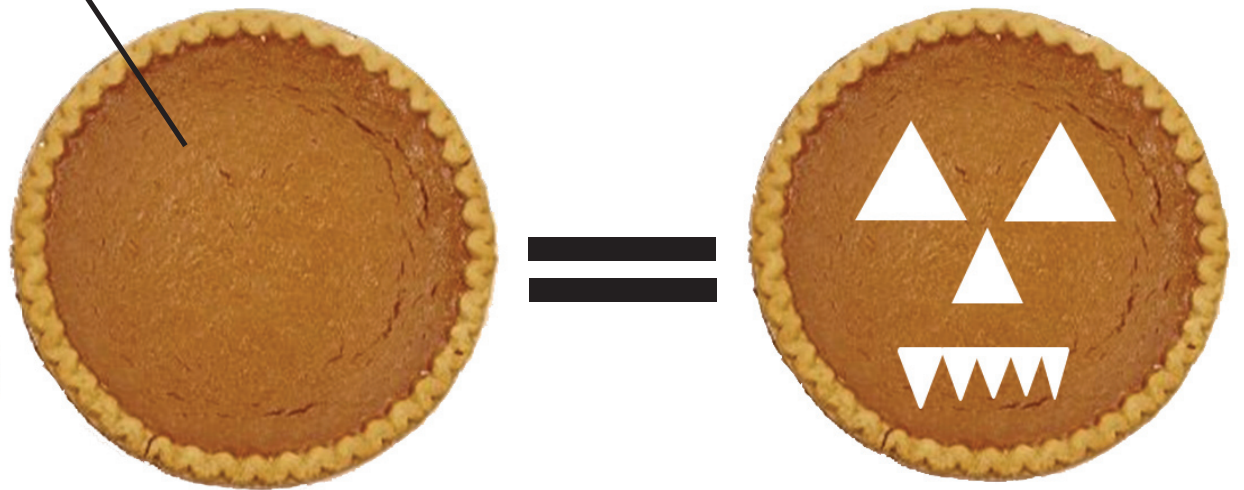
This is not a particularly relevant picture, but who doesn't love an American flag?

This year, Christmas lights were up before Halloween and whispers of Thanksgiving were about before school even started. Now I know what you're thinking: "How will I ever keep up with this trend?!" Read below to see how you can use this Thanksgiving to get ahead for the rest of the upcoming holidays.

Put a boat in the gravy boat for Columbus Day.



Cut a face into the pumpkin pie for Halloween.



Dye the mashed potatoes green for St. Patrick's Day.



Stand all of the broccoli upright for Arbor Day.



Use cranberry sauce and blueberry sauce and add jam for the Fourth of July.



Specific to the New Year:

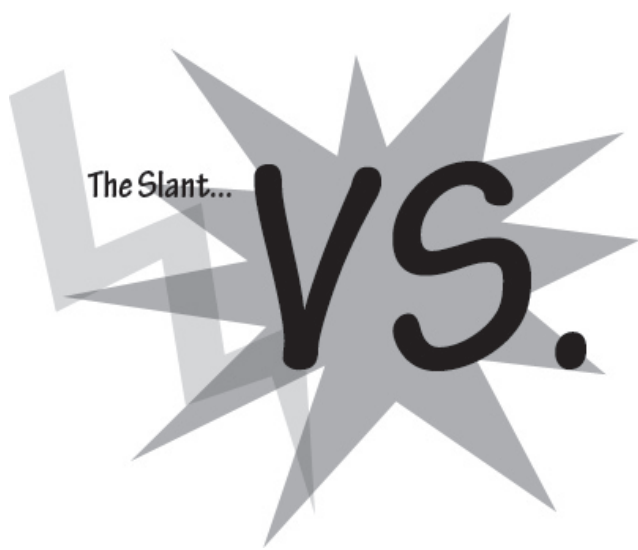
American: Countdown to when you serve dinner.

Chinese: Countdown to when you serve dinner in two months.

Buddhist: Think intensely about when you're going to serve dinner.

Serving Suggestions:

- 1. Serve dinner to your Mom in bed to celebrate Mother's Day.*
- 2. Make sure to integrate the dark meat and the white meat for Martin Luther King Day.*
- 3. Deep-fry something because, goddamnit, it's American!*
- 4. Don't eat any of it to celebrate Ramadan (unless you're very brave).*
- 5. Tell your family you'll be in charge of Thanksgiving dinner this year and then make a hologram of a Thanksgiving meal for April Fool's Day.*
- 6. Pretend to listen to Grandpa's war stories for Veteran's Day.*
- 7. After finishing the meal, think longingly about it for Memorial Day.*
- 8. To celebrate the Vernal Equinox, sell one thousand pancakes (Equinox information collected from www.en.wikipedia.org).*



By: Zach Wright
Exercise Specialist

This week's victim:

The Slant VS. The Rec

The Student Recreation Center at Vanderbilt is what is wrong with America. There, I said it, and yes, I mean the whole thing. Every Wal-Mart filled with obese children; every Starbucks rife with teenage girls; every street corner in Middle America littered with Tea-Baggers. All of them can trace their problems back to Vanderbilt's Rec Center. How? Here's how:

The first thing you notice when you walk into the Rec Center is the two distinct groups of people coagulated at separate ends of the weight-room. If you don't notice this, then you are probably part of one of these groups; may God have mercy on your soul.

First off, there are the sorority girls. I'm not talking about your average girl that's pressured to join sorority, because if they don't they'll be "totally lame," I'm talking about the hardcore foot-soldiers: the ones who come up with stuff like "D CIDssy Tribute to VeterDns!" and "Theta Loves to Hate Malaria!" You'll see these ones on the elliptical machines. What is the reasoning behind this? Some of them will tell you it's because running is too "high impact for my malnourished bones," and the exercise bikes are "all sweaty and junk." In actuality, the only thing the ellipticals help you do is run through oscillating pits of sand: a challenge few of us will ever face. But hey, "99 Problems," right?

The second group isn't connected by any higher organization like a sorority; instead the group itself acts as the binding force. These people love doing curls. Never mind that your body has many other more important muscles that you could be developing, everyone with half-a-brain knows curls are all that matters. This perception is bolstered by the fact that the girls who use the ellipticals sometimes look to mate with guys who can lift heavy things from their waist to their shoulders only using their arms. This is also how the choosing of a mate works in many isolated villages in Central Africa, the Amazon, and rural Kentucky.

Meanwhile, the people who actually know what they are doing have to wade through all these people. However, this is not the fault of either of the two aforementioned groups; the onus for that mistake lies on the shoulders of the university. In the

construction of the facilities, they seemed to forget that around 6,000 undergraduates are enrolled at any given moment. Interesting is the choice to make the weight-room of comparable size to that of a high school counterpart.

Now, after all that, you would think that the Rec would finally get its act together when it comes to the Intramural leagues. Unfortunately for all of us, believing this falsity would be a colossal mistake. The scheduling and re-scheduling of games seems to be completely incongruous. "Oh, you can't play 1:30 P.M. on Mondays? Class? Ok, we'll move your game to 5 A.M. Tuesday then. Sleep? No problem, we'll just move it to 8 A.M. Sunday. Church? Well, you'll have to forfeit then. By the way, you owe us forty dollars for joining the league. Thanks!"

In closing, the Rec Center could use a little attitude change, but I don't know how it has contributed to the ills of American society. Sure, I could go for some metaphor that The Rec represents our moral and cultural deficiencies. So here's to you Rec center, thanks for giving *The Slant* a new enemy; I'd watch your back...



The Rec Center. Never will you find a more wretched hive of scum and villainy...

VUPD Puts on the Red Light

By: Dan King
Call Girl Specialist

On Saturday, the Vanderbilt Police Department announced significant changes to the VUPD Escort Service which will take effect before the end of the semester. The service currently offers a walking escort to any student who may be nervous walking across campus late at night. However, the system has been revamped after many students called in expecting to find a convenient way to pick up a hooker without leaving the Vanderbubble.

John Watkins was the head of the VUPD committee in charge of improving the escort service: "Well, at least once a week we would get a call from some lonely freshman misunderstanding what the escort service was really for, so finally we decided that, well, so many kids want this, so let's give it to them!"

While the new system is expected to have a radical impact on campus, surprisingly little about the escort service will actually be different. The name will remain the same, Nick Zeppos will still secretly listen in on the calls from an underground bunker, and students who don't want to spend the whole night alone will still call in looking for a companion.

The only real difference will be seen in a judicious use of air-quotes when describing terms like "companion." For example, under the committee's recommendations, any student who calls the escort service will be greeted by a recorded message asking them to "Press one for the VUPD escort service, or press two for the VUPD Escort service."

To increase student awareness of the new utility, the campus' blue lights will be replaced with ever more sensuous red lights. When the system launches, long lines of lonely nerds are expected to form near the new red light boxes. To combat any po-

tential embarrassment, administration officials will keep a bowl of free candy next to each red light, so any bashful Johns can nonchalantly tell a passersby, "I'm just here for the candy."

However, there has been some speculation as to whether or not VUPD will have the manpower, or should we say womanpower, to meet the demands of the entire Vanderbilt pervert population.

Says Watkins, "Well, as of right now, the system will operate in conjunction with various pimps in the Nashville area, but we will be accepting applications from any Vandy girls who want to participate on the supply side of our new project. Hopefully, we'll be able to become fully self sufficient within a year."

To ensure the safety of the ladies working for the new escort service, officials have also created the VUPD Escort Service-Escort Service for call girls who don't want to walk home alone from a job to call for a walking escort back to their own residence. To keep in the spirit of the program, all of these additional walking companions will wear



Three sophomores eagerly await the real "Kissam Experience."

brightly colored suits with feathered hats, carry shiny cups filled with liquor, and move with invented limps.

Point / Counterpoint

By: Dan King
Point Specialist

Andrew Ligon is a bigot and a liar, and nothing he says contains even the slightest ring of truth. Diversity within the student population is a very important part of all areas of college life.

Our Administration is doing quite a bit to increase diversity. Programs like MOSAIC and the strength of our various student culture organizations have attracted significantly more applications from minority students. Over the past five years applications from non-white students have increased from 2,000 in 2004 to 5,000 in 2009.

Andrew has no idea what he's talking about when it comes to diversity. Seriously, how could anyone that white possibly have a well-formed opinion on diversity in our school? Listening to his opinion on this issue would be like taking interior design advice from Stevie Wonder.

However, it is safe to say that diversity cannot simply be measured in statistics. In order

for anyone to benefit from a diverse population, students of different backgrounds must interact with one another. Our campus must be like a vanilla ice cream cone: it holds together a variety of toppings, blending their tastes together on the tongue of knowledge to create a flavor more delicious than any of the toppings could by themselves.

On the other hand, Andrew Ligon's ideas make no sense. This man is so stupid; I have personally seen him stare at a bottle of orange juice for three hours just because it said, "Concentrate." The very act of allowing his thoughts to be put onto paper has significantly lowered the average intelligence of the entire human race.

The truth is that while our administration has done much to attract a wide variety of students, more must be done to encourage diversity in day-to-day campus life. Our school has come a long way, but we are not there yet.

In closing, Andrew Ligon wants to steal your children while you sleep at night. Just the other day, I saw him knock over a very old lady and steal her purse. He then ran away while mercilessly kicking puppies all the way down the block. Not only is he woefully misguided on this issue, he has never had anything resembling a coherent thought in his entire life, and I am fairly certain that he supports communism. Also, for some reason he seems to think my name is "Ian."

What a prick!

By: Andrew Ligon
Counterterrorist Specialist

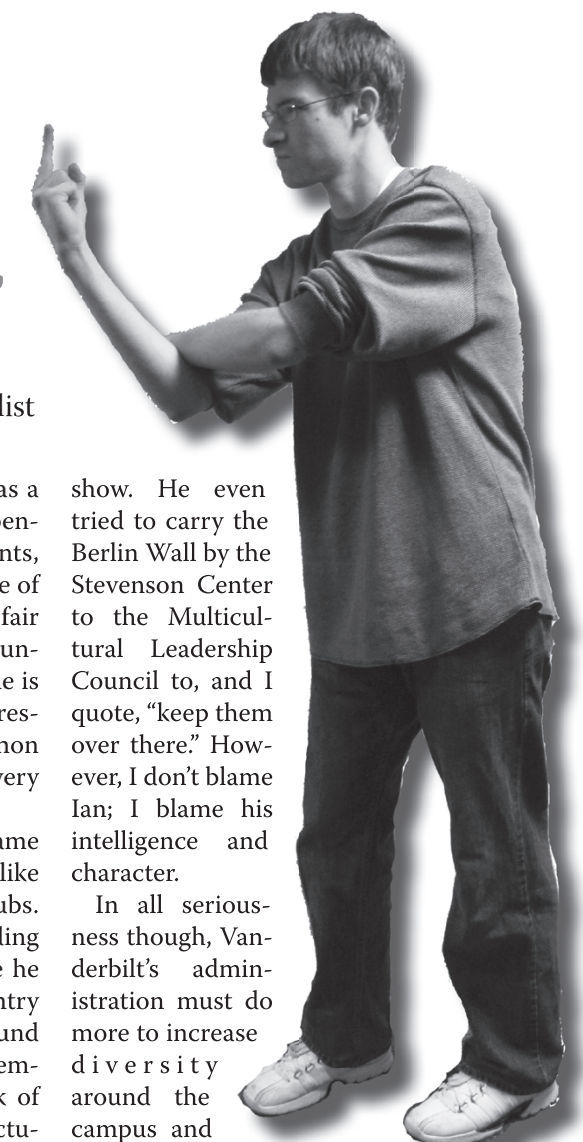
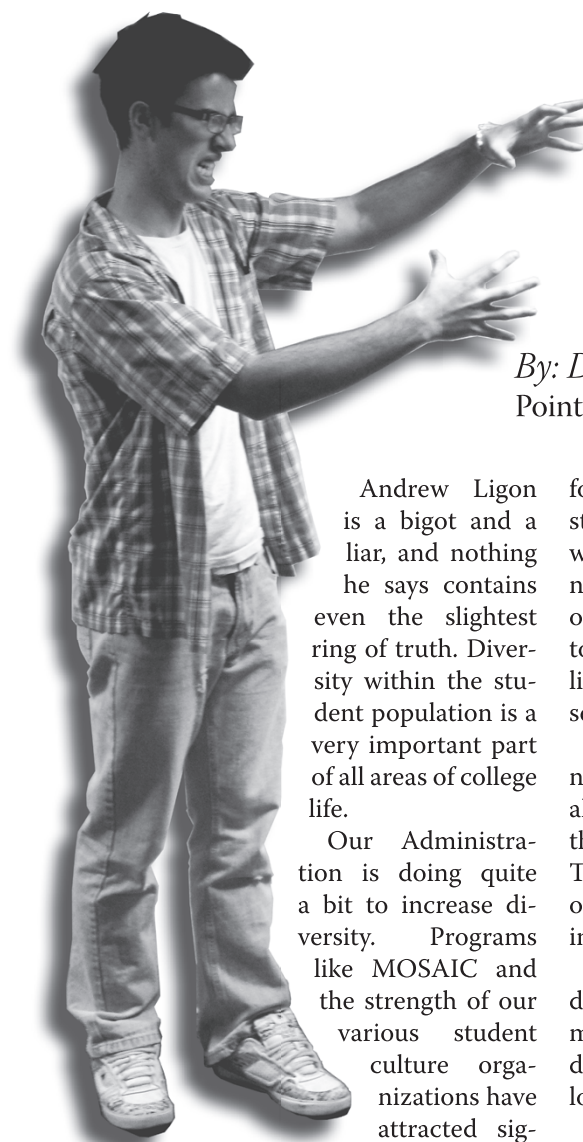
I thought everyone knew that diversity was a good thing for a school. Obviously students benefit from being exposed to various viewpoints, but Ian "Puppy Punter" King seems incapable of understanding this basic concept. Let's be fair though, I didn't really expect Ian to be able to understand the benefits of diversity. After all, he is a white male and is probably under the impression that social opportunities are as common as caviar in his dorm room. That is to say: very common.

Furthermore, I'm convinced that the name Ian King is a living oxymoron. It's more like Ian Joker, or probably closer to Ian 2ofClubs. He's certainly not the "King" of understanding other ethnicities. Honestly, he once told me he thought that Turkey was bordered by a country called Gravy. It's as if this guy is trying to sound like an Ole Miss athlete. I think the most embarrassing thing, though, is his blatant lack of support for expanding diversity. This guy actually thought that Vanderbilt should be a "Vanilla Campus." Though, to be fair, considering his IQ, he may have just wanted the whole school to be built out of vanilla ice cream instead of only being for white kids.

Vanderbilt of course faces a dual issue: not only do they need to assess the problem of bringing in students of diverse backgrounds, but they also need to assess the problem of integration. Here again Ian seems incapable of understanding this basic argument. Ian struggles seeing any of the flaws of a white man; it's like watching The Youth for Western Civilization in a one-man

show. He even tried to carry the Berlin Wall by the Stevenson Center to the Multicultural Leadership Council to, and I quote, "keep them over there." However, I don't blame Ian; I blame his intelligence and character.

In all seriousness though, Vanderbilt's administration must do more to increase diversity around the campus and get rid of ridiculous students such as Ian King. Diversity is good, but the administration could do more. Certain programs have been successful, but they obviously need to keep pushing the limits on diversity, because I'm still forced to be within a one-mile radius of the image of pure evil known as Ian "White Power" King.



The Caucasiadores Want You!!

No, not you, Jamal...

By: Justin Barisich
Ethnicity Specialist

Welcome to the first *official* meeting of this exclusive, and we really mean that, student-run – but historically administration-sanctioned – group, the Caucasiadores! No, folks, we are not a new group, but rather quite aged. We have actually been “underground” at Vanderbilt for the past couple of centuries, but in response to the recent *Hustler* article stating that the number of minority students at our beloved white-sanctuary has grown uncontrollably, we have decided that it is time for our organization to mobilize...errrr...come out of hiding.

Since this is our first public meeting, we have not yet moved out of the White Cultural Center, or WCC, better known as the top floor of Kirkland Hall – where we rightfully belong, sitting above everything with all our entitlement – so, we will have to show all of you the gigantic mural of George Washington, our founder, at a later date. As the first white president, Washington accomplished an unprecedented feat that is an inspiration to every single Caucasiadore. Do not forget that required Washington-worship begins every Wednesday at midnight.

Also, since for some of you this is your first meeting, allow me to give you now an itinerary of how the Caucasiadore meetings are usually run, what we discuss, and what our purpose is as a group. In general, we come together to celebrate, appreciate, and promulgate Caucasian culture, food, and music. Thus, our White Food Wangster makes a weekly run to Whole Foods Market to pick up our favorite white-colored, organic foods, such as: eggs, rice, bread, salt, potatoes, fish filets, onions, chicken strips, pasta, alfredo sauce, and, of course, marshmallows.

While we wash down the essence of whiteness with some white wine, our Technology Wangster tells us about the latest published topics discussed on StuffWhitePeopleLike.com which serves as our digital handbook on what we are allowed to like. He then gives a slideshow of Apple's latest electronic devices, as we prefer that company's products since they have generally remained true to their original white color scheme and the company's founders are generally more elitist, just like we are.

Next, our Public Relations Wangster shows us pictures of where fellow Caucasiadores have traveled recently, reinforcing our ethic of spreading the whiteness across the globe, just as our forefathers had. He also compiles a list of where Caucasiadore alumni now live to assure that they are still partaking in their annual gentrification requirement, as taking back, or taking over, our land is the only way to assure that it will still be around for our progeny. He is also responsible for handing out over-sized white-T's to any new members and teaching them the secret “W” hand signal known only to insider members. In a moment of sheer wisdom, one of our past presidents made the motion to reclaim the white-T as a white man's garment once again exhibiting our dominance.

All the while, in the background, our Music Master Wangster is playing the hottest Indie-music tracks from bands that do not even exist yet. His playlist is always top-secret, as he is one of the few people that can predict the musical future. To spice things up, he will randomly mix in tracks from the Lord-T and Eloise album *Aristocrunk*. These two men are the self-proclaimed “Saviors of Hip-Hop” and have probably created some of the best songs that genre has produced in the past 20 years. They are also an inspiration to all Caucasiadores for conquering a previously minority-controlled musical genre. Besides, we all like to awkwardly stand still at live concerts while they rap about “Million Dollar Boots” or riding to the “Penthouse Suite” in their “Black Limousine.”

At the conclusion of our meetings, we all ride the plush elevator back down to the campus grounds, strap on our helmets, hop on our electric scooters, and attempt to blend in with the masses.

So, we hope that since you now know a little about us, you will be eager to join our organization. Though, even if you do not, your skin color will still allow us to immediately identify you as one of us, and so we shall continue to recruit you until you crack and conform. Besides, since you are technically with us from birth, you do not really have much of a choice, so you might as well get some free food and a free T-shirt out of the deal, right? Think about it. Once you give in, a simple flash of the secret “W” hand-signal will suffice to notify me of your allegiance. Represent.

A sample of our club's interests, based on the postulates proposed by www.stuffwhitepeoplelike.com



Mos Def: No other contemporary musician can convey the universal plight of white people. Only MF DOOM is matched in magnitude of allure and admiration.

Wes Anderson: White people's answer to Spike Lee, his films present gritty depictions of a white utopia consisting of constant heroics by misanthropes Bill Murray and Owen Wilson.



Coffee: White people believe in a Colombian Jesus who turned water into Espresso and fed 5,000 Yo La Tengo fans with four tacos. Colombian Jesus also told the Parable of the Good Hipster about a twenty-something urbanite who helped a blackout bro cure his hangover by the curbside.

Pea Coats: By making a naval uniform staple trendy, white people have successfully combined fashion and function at the intersection of conformity and conventionality.



Asian Girls: Latent guilt and contrition for past wars against Japan and Vietnam has led to strange genetic mutation among people of Western European heritage.



(615): I can't see that girl's ass. Let's get closer

(690): Jack Frost wrote really cool poems! I'm an English major!

(813): Blast her with semen Jk. No, really, hogtie her.

(615): I just need someone to sleep with tonight. will you sleep with me?

(865): Nah, man, i gotta play warcraft.

(865): Is this a potato or an apple? It tastes like urine!

(813): Even jesus was like “water? fuck this: alcohol!”

(856): I was sober on a Friday night once... It was weird.

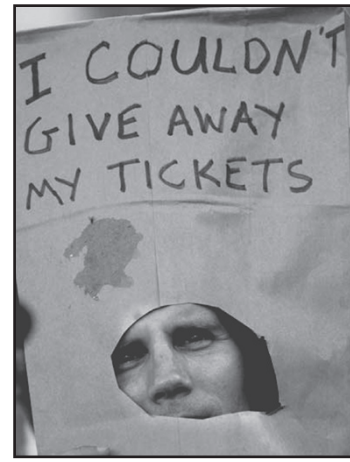
(690): Did you know that our campus existed before noon on a Saturday? I didn't.

Got a good text you'd like to share? Post them on The Slant's website (www.theslant.net) or Facebook page!

Around the Loop

How will you adjust your fashion choices to deal with the dropping temperatures?

Football Fan



I'm gonna wear a paper bag over my head for the rest of the season.

Lumberjacket Guy



Who doesn't love a lumberjacket? Oh yeah, women...

Indie Kid



I could try to explain my fashion sense to you, but you wouldn't understand it.

Dude from Michigan



Shorts and a T-shirt. What, is this cold for you guys?

Jay-Z Fan



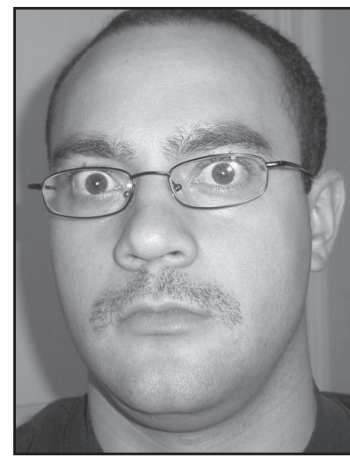
Well, I can't wear panties any more. I threw all of mine on stage at the concert.

Guy in Leather Jacket



Sometimes I am so badass it hurts.

Creepy Guy Behind You



Tights as pants. They're so... fashionable... Ladies?!?!

Twilight Fan



In an ideal world, I'd be wearing a jacket made out of Robert Pattinson.



TOP TEN
Things for which The Slant is thankful

- 10 Ahhh, we finally get a break from class! It feels like we've been at it for almost four weeks in a row!
- 9 Jay-Z concert is now over. I finally get to stop hearing songs off of **The Blueprint 3**.
- 8 New episodes of **Glee**!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- 7 Fabiani Duarte. Dammit, that man is outstanding!
- 6 Thanksgiving: We love spending one day pretending the Pilgrims and the Indians liked each other.
- 5 I'm halfway done writing this list!
- 4 We finally figured out how to use **OASIS!** Good thing it won't be obsolete any time soon...
- 3 People will stop giving us dirty looks for having Christmas decorations up.
- 2 Girls that think "trampy" is a compliment.
- 1 Paternity test came back negative!! Have fun raising the kid, Linda!

Chipotle Opening Creates Economic Vacuum

By: Dan King
Pepto Bismol Specialist

In a delicious misunderstanding of the principles of capitalism, Chiptole kicked off their first week here in Nashville by distributing free burritos to all who entered the restaurant. Store managers decided to do so in an attempt to attract new customers while apparently failing to realize that there is simply no volume of customers with which the store could make a profit by giving away all their food.

Chipotle manager Todd Newman knew that in order to survive, this new chain would have to take customers away from the already established Qdoba franchise on 21st Street. This, of course, presented quite a challenge as the two restaurants offer virtually identical menus. Some students are quick to argue, "How could you call them identical?!" While Chipotle offers cheese on any of their burritos, Qdoba only gives customers something called 'queso.' Of course these students are very silly, and they eat too much Mexican food, so

ritos. The free food obviously attracted customers, but management was shocked when the store posted a net loss of several thousand dollars on their first day of business. "We just didn't understand it," says one employee, "We had plenty of customers... and nobody was at Qdoba... but still no money!"

This posed a problem for the Chipotle chain's pimp company, McDonald's, who sent their top collections agent, Ronald McDonald, to the store to find out where in the hell their money had gone.

A visibly upset McDonald approached store management late Tuesday night, repeatedly demanding "Where'm'oneybitch?" Manager Newman had no satisfactory answer despite repeated backhanded slaps from Mr. McDonald.

Eventually, Mr. McDonald was forced to shut the store down against his own will. Said McDonald, "I didn't want to, but bitch made me do it; bitch wanted me to shut that store down. Why, bitch, why?"



It always looks worse on the way out

one need not listen to them.

Realizing that their products are indistinguishable to the human eye, Newman decided that the best way to attract more customers would be to offer his burritos at a lower price. However, the store was wary of getting involved in a price war, "I've seen it happen plenty of times before. We lower our price, then they go lower... it never ends. So we decided to make sure that Qdoba would never be able to undersell us."

And so, last Friday, Chipotle opened for business, greeting Nashville with a smile and free constipation...umm...bur-

Why you makin' me do this?"

And so, after five days of excreting burritos almost as quickly as their customers would, Chipotle was forced to close up and move out of Nashville.

The city's quasi-Mexican food market is now split between Qdoba and the burrito counter at Rand. Qdoba does not seem too worried about this competition, though. As one student put it, "I didn't think it was humanly possible to screw up a burrito until I tried to choke down one of those Rand monstrosities. Ew!"

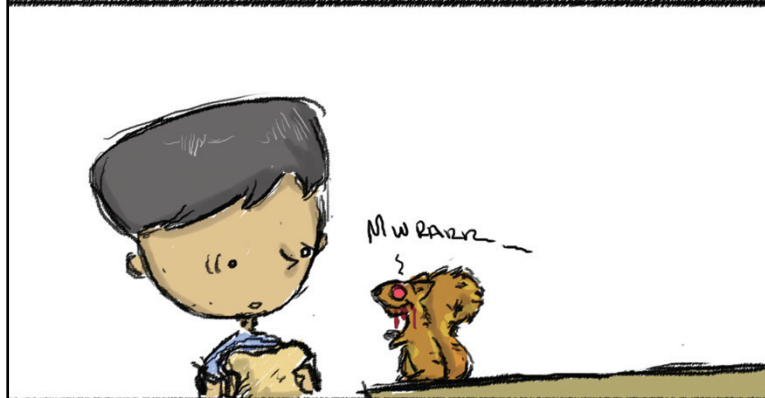
Nerdy at Vandy
4 : Tips from a senior!
Widening Horizons
Guy Kopsombut
www.thespiffyflife.com



By joining a lot of clubs, you meet new people!



Never be afraid to make mistakes. Learn from them!



Beware of campus animals...



Remember professors can be wrong. Think for yourself!



Work towards bettering the world

Freshmen Unable to Remember Unmetered Text

By: Ryan Carr and Lindsay Kramer
Wordplay Specialists



After realizing this phenomenon, The Vanderbilt Commons took advantage. As we can see...

Freshmen, Freshmen, don't forget,
Even when you think you're set
For Thanksgiving Break,
For goodness' sake,
Hide your booze,
You snooze, you lose.

Hear ye, hear ye,
The night 'tis dark and dreary.
Bitches, find a Vandy Van,
You might have to wait,
In your drunken state,
Or find some dude and spend the night in Kissam.

It is almost December,
So make sure you remember,
To button your coat all the way.
No matter the degrees,
Even if you freeze,
You still have class EVERY DAY.

JOIN THE SLANT please.

Brendan Alviani and Justin Barisich are looking for love in all the wrong places.

If you think you can fulfill their deepest desires, at least point them in the right direction, or just want them to stop staring at you, come to Sarratt 130 on Mondays at 8 P.M. ...or just e-mail The Slant at eic.theslant@gmail.com



Look, look!
We're like The Hustler now,
using up random spaces with filler ads because we lacked something to talk about!