



# PRESIDENT OBAMA WELCOMES BACK SPACE JAM!

## THIS JUST IN

### Abused Dorm Furniture Rebels Against Owners

By: Clay Christain  
Aggravated Resident

The Office of Residential Education has released a report indicating that the number of students who have been attacked by abused furniture has increased by an alarming 420% over the recent weeks. A crack news team assembled of *The Slant*, News Channel 5 and Cletus the Crack Addict discovered that a student, whose name shall remain anonymous, was mauled to death in his room by his door after having his eardrums blown out by his speakers. A local sophomore was found on the scene to be the only eyewitness.

"Well, he was always slamming his door every time he opened it, and he liked to play his music unnecessarily loud, so I'm not really surprised that it ended up this way," the anonymous witness said. "Honestly, I'd been wanting to whack him for a while."

Our reporting staff caught up with Housing Director Jason Jakubowski as he was leaving his second job of tenderizing meat at Honeybaked Ham.

"Well, we'd been hearing all along about furniture being abused," stated Jakubowski, "so, I'm not going to say we didn't see this coming, but come on... [that kid] was a jackass."

The Vanderbilt Student Furniture Association has been quick to come out saying that these incidents of violence do not reflect the furniture demographic as a whole. "To highlight the recent rise of extremist and fundamentalist tablism is simply unfair framing of the entire issue," VSEA president Sprintz Ikea said. "Not every piece of furniture is trying to rebel against their owners. The media and the press have drawn way too much attention to a very isolated event."

The murderous door was spared capital punishment by axing or burning, but still had its locks replaced against its will. The speaker system was confiscated by VUPD and will either be sold in a police auction or placed in the chief's living room. Funeral arrangements for the splintered student have been put on hold fearing that so many collapsible chairs in one area could incite violent, uncontrollable rioting, and general awkwardness.

### A.J. Ogilvy Graduates to the Big Leagues of the NHL

By: Dan King  
Frosted-Tips Specialist

This past Thursday, Vanderbilt Mens' Basketball's star center A.J. Ogilvy announced that he would skip his final season in the NCAA in order to enter the NBA draft. However, an unfortunate clerical error has instead put the 6' 11" Australian up for consideration in the NHL draft.

Ogilvy was reportedly angered by the error at first, but in a recent press conference, he stated that he was looking forward to the change of pace. "I mean, in the NHL, they don't even have rebounds, so nobody can get mad at me for not getting them! Plus, apparently in the NHL, if you get angry at somebody, you can just hit them in the face. I think I'll enjoy doing that."

The NHL says that they're very glad to have Ogilvy in the draft. According to one NHL representative, "Well, his form raised a few eyebrows when we noticed he wasn't from Canada, and that he had apparently scored 13 points per game in college. But right now, we've really only got enough players for the first round, so we took him."

While Ogilvy has spent most of the past three years playing basketball with the Commodores, he feels confident he can figure out hockey in time for the June draft. "It shouldn't be too hard," says Ogilvy, "From everything I've read, it just sounds like boxing on skates."

NHL teams are very excited at the prospect of having Ogilvy on their squad. According to the Edmonton Oiler's Coach Pat Quinn, "He's a really athletic guy, and we can really see him being able to step into any position once he learns to skate. As long as the guy can hold a stick and throw a punch, we can use him."

Ogilvy would be in good company, as fellow Australian Wayne Gretzky also decided to join up with the NHL on a whim. The Great One recalled fondly, "Yeah, I had been running track for LSU, and I wanted to play a sport that wouldn't be so hot. So I joined the NHL because I heard they play on ice. And the rest, as they say, is history. A Disney version of history."

### Melodores Embark on Grandiose Quest

By: Meryem Dede  
Wizardry Specialist

Today, April 21, the Melodores are having their final concert of the year, "The Meloship of the Ring." To prepare, members have decided to forgo shaving and wearing shoes up to and throughout the duration of the concert. Throughout the year, the group has had many issues on campus with other a cappella organizations, and the Meloship of the Ring is only one in an epic series of performances the group hopes to hold to honor their journey as a new performance group on campus.

"At the beginning of the year, we stumbled upon an old songbook of the Dodecs, and after seeing their bad tonal constructions we, of course, decided to burn it," Sam Fortenberry said, describing the catalyst that sparked the adventure the group embarked on throughout the year.

After finding the songbook, Fortenberry describes how Concert Choir, wanting to steal the songbook for their director, swarmed the Melodores, battling for the music. "After the battle, we finally thought we got away from the Concert Choir, but then we found ourselves in MRB3 with no way to escape..." fellow Melodore Frodo Baunach said.

Barricaded within MRB3 with Concert Choir bearing down upon them, all hope seemed lost until fellow a cappella group Variations came to their aid, helping to push back the Concert Choir onslaught whilst escaping from the building.

"Man, I don't know what we would have done without them. In the past, the Melodores and Variations didn't really work well together, so it was great for them to come to our aid," Baunach said.

Finally on their own, the Melodores found the nearest barbeque grill on campus and fired up some charcoal. Throwing the cursed songbook into the fire, the Melodores finally felt like they had completed their journey in establishing themselves as an a cappella group on campus.

After the conclusion of their concert series, the Melodores feel as if they will never be able to return to a truly normal life.

"You know, I really think that kind of journey just changes a person, whether he be hobbit, human, or harmonic singer," Fortenberry said.

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Icelandic Volcano to Europe: "This is Why I'm Hot."



UK Prime Minister Goron Brown wishes he had new International Leadership degree.

FROM THE EDITOR



CLAY CHRISTAIN

Woah, hold on a second, who does this crazy guy think he is to come over on this page and put his face over there?

Well, public, I suppose this is my introduction to you, the most loyal fans and readers on Vanderbilt's campus. I'm Clay, and I am *The Slant's* new editor-in-chief for the next year! Unfortunately, that means you, the reader, will have to put up with me for an entire year. That's gotta suck.

No, I am not some scab editor filling in during a labor crisis. I don't work for some editorial outsourcing company, but do I hear they pay pretty well. I'm just your run of the mill engineering student trying to figure out what exactly it is I'm going to engineer. I'm known to have an affinity for annoying Japanese alternative music, and I always bring the heat when I roll out on my 2006 Scion xA. If you see a tiny plastic, peanut-shaped car blaring Lady GaGa around campus, please wave! I'll do my best not to swerve into you!

Next semester, my friend and former boss Meryem Dede will be in the great motherland. That's right, we're shipping her off to Russia. It'll be the first time a woman has ever flown IN to Russia! A lot of news happens in Russia, and we at *The Slant* absolutely need to have a beat writer covering all of the ins and outs of Europe's most dastardly nation. Her new role as foreign correspondent will allow for us back home in Nashville to better understand some of the great mysteries of the globe.

Erstwhile, the school days for this spring are coming to a close. Rites of Spring is looming over the ridiculous amount of work you haven't started! Last year, we were treated to a psychedelic spectacle when The Flaming Lips, one of my personal favorites, led us into a parallel dimension of sight, sound and drunk. Regardless of your opinion on the artists, I'm sure you will be having one hell of a weekend. Even if the weekend isn't a memorable one, literally that is, make sure that you stay safe. You won't be enjoying your summer if you're a new parent or find yourself in jail.

Fucked Image

Resolved Question

Why is my jump shot so silky smooth?

Seriously, it's like poetry in motion...

3 years ago

Report Abuse

Let's all be glad that Yahoo! Answers resolved these questions.

I live in georgia but i dont see rusia no where not even sound but they says theres tanks should i be worrie

i herd on the news that rusia has invaded but i dont see them no where wats going on 20 hours ago - 3 days left to answer...

Answer this Question

You are in the state of Georgia. The nation of Georgia is on the other side of the world

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Fucked Image<sup>2</sup>



In lieu of the runaway success of the Vanderbilt Student Film Festival, Vanderbilt Student Masturbators will be putting on its own special screenings in Sarratt Cinema next week. Choose your seat wisely!

MASTHEAD



Fabricating Funny... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE CONTENDIT

This Week in Student Media

*Torch* Editor-in-Chief and *Hustler* columnist Frannie Boyle recently participated in an interview with *CNN* in which she admitted to renouncing her loose ways to commit to a lifestyle of celibacy. The *CNN* article included references to Lady Gaga's similar celbacy vow and several definitions of slang supposedly often used by college students.

*The Huffington Post* picked up on the story, reporting on it in their "College" section, making the story become even more hilarious. Below, *The Slant* has created a dictionary, outlining the various jargon the excellent journalists at *CNN* decided were worth defining.

**-Hook up:** "Ambiguous, usually defined as a no-commitment, physical encounter with a stranger or acquaintance. Hooking up can range from just a make-out session all the way to sex."

**-Booty calls, Friends with benefits:** "Other lingo for the no-commitment sexual encounters"

**-Day fratting:** "Imbibing for hours in the front yard of a fraternity."

**-Afternoon delight (our favorite):** "Day fratting can result in 'afternoon delight,' noncommittal physical activity between two people that can include casual sex."

Lady Gaga, Frannie Boyle Choose Abstinence



Comments (17) | The South

Taken directly from the *Huffington Post* website. *The Slant* commends such quality journalism.

Bastard Confession



"I used to get away with this when I was a Cardinal..."

--Pope Benedict XVI

# Tiger Woods Comes up Short at Augusta, in Bedroom

By: Grant Lewis  
Double Eagle Specialist

After 144 days away from the PGA tour to deal with "Pressing Family Issues," or what we call in the hood, "a 3 iron to the grill," Eldrick "Tiger" Woods returned the golf course. The media was abuzz with excitement, and many predicted (including myself) that he would runaway with the tournament. Yet despite the roars from the crowds and the endless ovations, Tiger failed to deliver. What!?! Somehow, the paragon of golf fitness and physique lost to some fat, white dude with a semi-mullet. What is the world coming to? Next thing you know, some short white foreign guy will win NBA MVP, or the Mets will rise out of the doldrums and win the World Series. What's that? Vandy made it past the first round in the NCAA Tourney this year? No? Shucks. OK, Tiger, you're off the hook.

I mean, from all accounts, this is your first Masters in recent memory when your bevy of brunettes, bouquet of blondes, and regiment of redheads were not waiting for you at the 20th hole with an assortment of "amenities." Maybe we need to do more than simply forgive Tiger. It was reported that Wilt Chamberlain had relations with over 10,000 women, and this obviously helped him score 100 points in a single game. Tiger was only in the 20s and is on the cusp of breaking the Golden Bear's record for Majors. Think of the possibilities for Mr. Woods if he weren't so conservative - his stats would be on par (my apologies) with those of Best Korea's aka North Korea's Kim Jong Il. Mr. Il is known for his superior golf game and hits a hole in one three or four times a round, and we all know he has an entire country of mistresses.

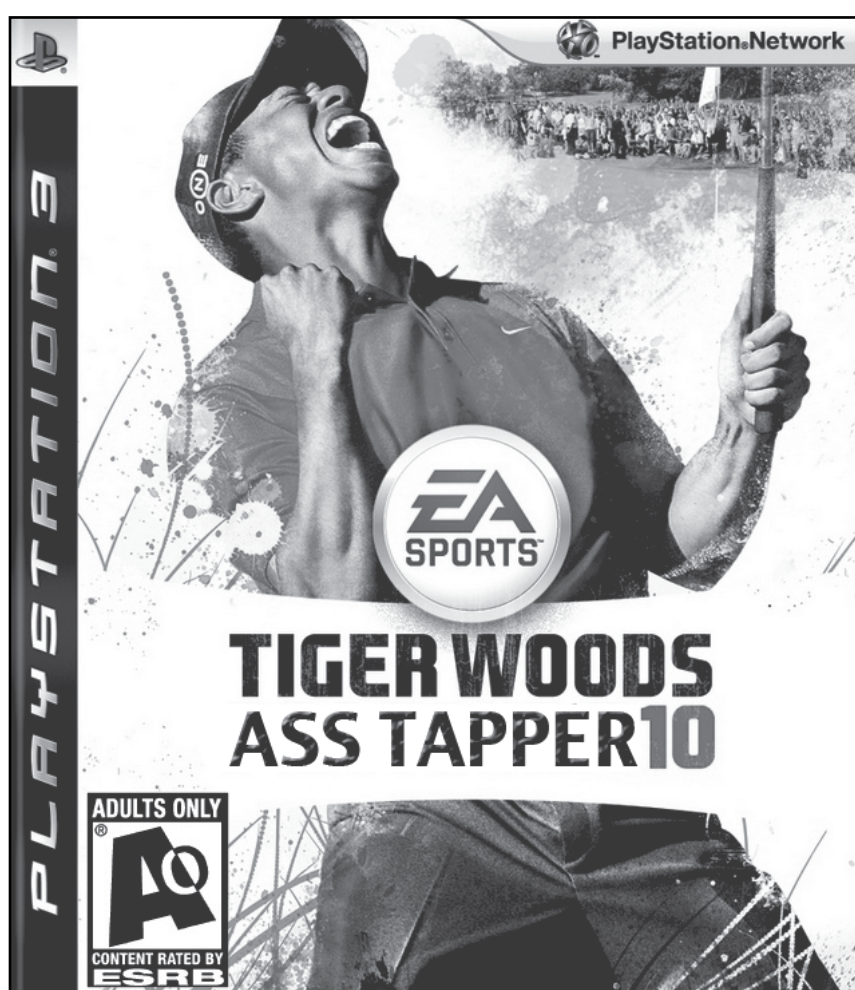


Why, Tiger?? Is it because she cooked you turkey?

Maybe the speculation that marriage is holding Tiger back is only true in regards that it only holds him back from cheating further. Personally, I think we need more guys like Tiger Woods - that is, seemingly perfect yet horribly tarnished. Fat drunk John Daly isn't very exciting, and that's your typical NASCAR fan who can drive the ball 500 yds. We need a Roger Federer incident with some working ladies in Amsterdam. Or maybe a Jimmie Johnson with some Waffle House waitress(es). We can almost accept as a fact that Peyton Manning would not have thrown that pick-six in the Super Bowl had he been cheating on his wife. Heck, even Tom Brady stopped winning after he made up his mind and decided to become faithful.

get him on their team. All through the 2009 season, when other teams were focusing on other, less important things such as "winning," the Nationals were pursuing their man - Barack Obama.

Opening Day, 2010 marked the culmination of yet another failure by the Washington Nationals. Obama threw out one pitch as if to say "goodbye forever, baseball!" and left the field soon after. When asked why the deals broke down, both sides had differing views. On one occasion Obama was reported as saying, "The money simply wasn't good enough - they wanted me to take a cut. Obviously, they think I'm either a great president or a horrible pitcher." The Nationals said, however, "The deal breaker came in all the small clauses he tried to sneak by us... [he] wanted to change the name to the 'Washington O'Bombers.' I mean, we're the Nationals, and even we know that name sounds stupid." Thus ended all hopes of a new face in the rotation and headlines reading "Obama Leaves Washington; Heads for Washington."



I heard this game has some really sweet innovative motion controls on the Wii.

# Washington Nationals Fail to Sign President Obama to Contract

By: Alec Jordan  
Lefty Specialist

As March 5th approached, many players from around the majors were looking ahead to Opening Day and the first game of a very long season. We're going to label the New York/Boston game the night before as "ESPN Marketing Bullshit" rather than "The Season Opener". The "Ace" pitchers were ready to take the mound for their respective teams... but there was one exception. Barack Obama, also known as The President of the United States of America, took the mound to start for the Washington Nationals in their home opener against the Philadelphia Phillies.

This was neither a mistake nor a joke; there was actually a method to this madness. After all, it's been no secret that the Nationals have had their eye on the Obama ever since the two parties fatefully landed in Washington nearly simultaneously back in 2005. In the midst of the 2007 season, when it was quite apparent that the Nationals had no chance of any sort of success for that season (so in like, early May or something), the franchise began to seriously work towards a long-term contract with Obama. Senator Obama dragged the dealings out, however, claiming he had "better possibilities in his near future." In any case, no deal was struck.

Talks were idled, what little hopes there were for the franchise wilted, and the Nationals entrenched themselves into two more years of pathetic baseball. In 2009, however, they made moves again. The organization realized that Obama was the perfect man to head their rotation. With little to no baseball skill and a questionable reputation, the Nationals simply had to



Not even touted wife-beater Elijah Dukes could fathom Obama's audacious pitching.

get him on their team. All through the 2009 season, when other teams were focusing on other, less important things such as "winning," the Nationals were pursuing their man - Barack Obama.

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The Nationals could use some new lefties in their rotation, but their scouting department should have looked a little farther from home...

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## Students React to Rites Lineup

By: Jim Gillin  
Stereophonic Specialist

The Vanderbilt Music Group did a great job setting up a Rites of Spring festival this year that truly caters to Vandy students. What's so special, you ask? Why, none other than the plethora of sexual innuendos (or in-YOUR-ends) and alcohol policy carefully designed to make this weekend fun for all, of course!

Rites of Spring is admittedly experiencing an off-year, with many students disappointed in this year's musical guests... which makes alcohol that much more important to everyone's enjoyment of the weekend. As sophomore Kathy McDonald remarked, "They [VMG] just let me down with this line-up... Why couldn't we get someone good like O.A.R.?" Junior Patrick Tarantino added, "Yeah, I was really hoping for O.A.R.! They're my favorite band, and TOTALLY still relevant in today's music scene!"

In fact, Vanderbilt has established a top-secret mathematical formula to determine which years Rites will host good acts. This complex algorithm is how they determined to bring Run-D.M.C. to Rites in 1998, starting a long history of bringing rap artists to every event on campus. They also scored a huge hit in 2002 when they had none other than legendary rock and roll band O.A.R. come and put on a REAL show!

While the musical guests this year are not stellar, they are clearly designed to please the average Vandy kid with the plethora of sexual euphemisms in their names and music. Friday afternoon has "Lubriphonic" followed directly by the "2 Door" Cinema Club— because everyone knows you need Lube before going in through the back door. Unfortunately, 2 Door Cinema Club has had to cancel their performance this year, because of a rough ride last weekend when too many people forced their way into the tour van through various openings and the chassis suffered some minor rips and tears.

Saturday, we are all going to get a look at Trombone's "Shorty," and at 5:55 PM, we'll be treated to JJ Grey and "Mo-fo." Finally, late Sat-

urday, we're going to take a dip in the "Passion Pit" as Ben Harper shows us how he likes it: relentless.

To help deal with these average performances, each student is allowed to bring in six 12 oz cans of beer. Enough to get sauced for a few



I just wanna bro out to some more O.A.R..... Come on, VPB!

hours, at least. However, Vanderbilt helps guarantee the maximum kick from your alcohol by only allowing you to carry in one bottle of water, with no other drinks to alternate with your beers, and you're not allowed to bring in any food to slow the absorption either. Also, advocating the over consumption of alcohol at Rites of Spring are Drake and Ben Harper, who are coming as part of the Campus Consciousness Tour. Drake had this to say: "Consciousness is a huge issue on college campuses nationwide. My tour is to raise awareness of the consciousness problem and get those poor few freshmen who are still standing something else to drink!"

So remember to drink responsibly (take advantage of the limit you're allowed to carry in and/or heavy pregaming) and enjoy the weekend; you will know you had a good time when Sunday morning comes and you can't remember a thing, and Alumni Lawn is coated with more trash than the front porches in Memphis.

# RITES OF

# THE

One of the best explorer's the world has ever known, Sir Francis Drake.



These two really exert a lot of chemistry on the stage!



No need to throw underwear up on stage.



Young Jeezy, Jay-Z and The Lonely Island are all big fans of this group.

Doesn't really look all that appetizing...



## Silent Disco is Staying Alive and Keeping Quiet

By: Caitlin Meyer  
Slave to the Music

Imagine Saturday Night Fever. John Travolta, drenched in sweat, is doing his thing on the dance floor alongside his sweetheart Karen Lynn Gorney. Lights bounce around as fingers point to the ceiling, the floor, the ceiling, the floor. Fast forward thirty years, and it is the same picture, only now there is no music. And John Travolta is about forty pounds heavier and not looking as suave in that pristine white suit. All you can hear is awkward heavy breathing, and all you smell is the stench of concentrated body odor as you are bombarded by hundreds upon hundreds of people spastically thrashing. This is the gloriousness that is the Silent Disco.

What is the Silent Disco, you ask? The Silent Disco is the great equalizer. Clover ears from wrestling? Covered, literally, by headphones. You should still get those fixed, but now they're covered. Tourettes? It's okay, nobody can hear you. Horrible dancer? You're great - everybody is going to look stupid. The Silent Disco is the prime opportunity of the year for the masses to experiment in the age old hipster tradition of using needlessly bulky headphones and perfecting the indie kid dance. As always, though, there are the malcontents, and as usual, the hipsters are amongst them. Surprisingly, this time they have some friends.

A colony of mimes has camped out to stage a protest against the event, or so it seems. Our interpretation of their contorted faces and convoluted motions is that they are either upset that people may mistake Silent Disco-ers

for subpar mimes, and that will reflect poorly on real mimes everywhere... or that they are merely sexually frustrated. Either way, little do they realize their presence will just add to the vast external silence. Also, planning protests of the event are the resident audiophiles, outraged that the music is only accessible through mediocre headphones; a congregation of deaf people insulted by the lack of consideration for their needs, desiring a sign language interpreter for the event; and The Melodores,



Girls with big headphones?? High fidelity audio?? The "disco" taken back to the room will not be so silent...

because they are everywhere.

Despite the opposition, the general public's response to the event is apathy. Aside from the kid in Tolman who's just happy not to have more noise on top of the onslaught of dayfrating, crawfish boils and, of course, Rites this weekend. Sweet dreams, kiddo.



What's wrong with you? There's absolutely nothing funny about this!

# SPRING 2010

## MUSIC

GEORGE CLINTON  
1997



Ben Harper



Relentless 7

The founding father of bluesy rock and his most skillfull vagabond warriors.

Ember did 1901 damage! It's super-effective!

Wherever there's a phoenix, Dumbledore is around the corner.



Phoenix



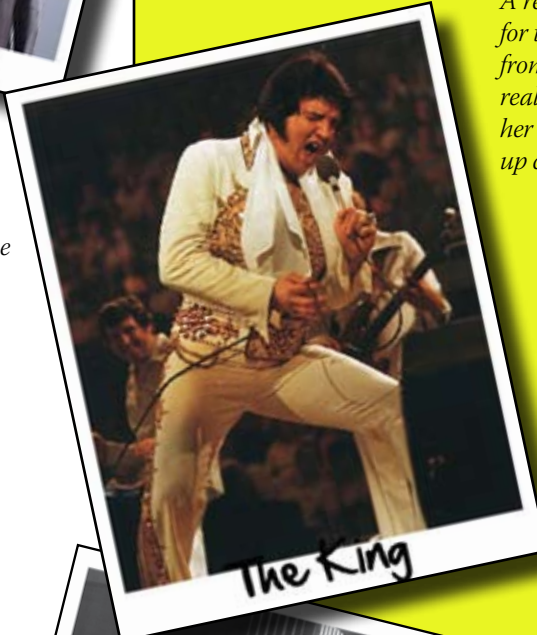
Best Bud

The more Elvis to go around, the better!

The pride and joy of Duloc herself!



Melanie Fiona



The King



The Beatles

The Beatles... Too soon?

His music is known to get you drunk... in the ears!



Chris Hennessee



GO!GO!7188

Skillfully blending noisy pop with surf rock, this obscure Japanese band's presence on this list is in no way promoting the editor-in-chief's personal, albiet strange, agenda...

Theyd finally be here performing for us. If we knew the words, we could join in too. We'd put our hands together, 'cuz we'd want to clap as they'd take us through this monkey rap. UH!

### Rites of Spring Done Right

By: Jonathan Newkirk  
Percentages Specialist

Every year, a two-day extravaganza occurs at Vanderbilt University. The Rites of Spring Music Festival gathers artists such as Passion Pit, Lil' Jon, The Flaming Lips, and Wolfmother for an entire weekend of music to close out the spring semester. Students have some input in an intricate selection process of suggesting bands to come perform on Alumni Lawn, but the real fun comes in when you select the true star of the show: the six little cans of alcoholic happiness you can carry in with you.



8% alcoholic? Vanderbilt's best friend at Rites.

Sure, the most common route to blissful RoS memory loss is the heavy pregame, cooling off at the show, then post game blackout, but to preserve that almost-blackout buzz, you have to be smart about what you take in with you. Old Chub, an 8% alcohol Ale, comes in six packs of 12 oz. cans for 10 bucks at Frugal's. However, if you want to save some cash and have your beer to taste like watered down dog piss, you could go the route of Natural Ice pulling in at a solid 5.9% alcohol. A case of 24, "Nice's" can be picked up for \$13.29. If you're trying to earn some hipster cred, you could show up with six Pabst blue ribbons and complain loudly about how much better Phoenix was in 2005. Coming in at \$16.49 for a case of 24, you'll be able to make some new friends with bad facial hair and tight pants.

For the rest of us who can't bring in little bottles of happiness with us, we need to plan ahead. Look at the schedule and determine

which shows you want to halfway remember. Now, when you start drinking, remember that your body processes about one to one and a half drinks an hour. For example, if Cold War Kids isn't really your thing, but the song 1901 makes you dance uncontrollably, you can afford to be blackout until 9:30 on Friday night. Solution: you start drinking Friday afternoon. When you get to the level where your face is tingly and everything is slightly recognizable, stop and look at the clock. For each hour you have until 9:30, you can have one shot or one beer. You'll be able to remember the concert in the morning, and as soon as Phoenix's setlist is over, you can grab a beer from a frat boy's cooler and work back towards that memory-less abyss.

However, this article is moot if you want to actually remember your Rites experience...in which case, you're a little bitch.

### ACTS WE WANT TO SEE AT RITES

A real treat for those in the front row who really can read her Poker Face up close.



Lady GaGa



Mozart

Legend has it he really shined live.



DK Crew

Skillfully blending noisy pop with surf rock, this obscure Japanese band's presence on this list is in no way promoting the editor-in-chief's personal, albiet strange, agenda...

Theyd finally be here performing for us. If we knew the words, we could join in too. We'd put our hands together, 'cuz we'd want to clap as they'd take us through this monkey rap. UH!

# Slant Reporter Goes Abroad to Strange, Unforgiving Land

By: Zach Wright  
Diplomatic Ambassador

Here at *The Slant*, we have high standards of excellence. Our articles are always proofread at least once. We don't associate with the *Hustler* staff. We have our own dust-jacket (in the form of *Versus*). Our writers are have been called "beneficent martyrs for truth and journalistic integrity." This is why I was not surprised when *The Slant* told me they would be sending me Paris for our new editorial; "*The Slant Goes Abroad*".

Those fucking liars! I am in Clarksville Tennessee right now for the "Rivers and Spires" festival. Apparently, we don't have any money for "Paris." That will have to wait for next year. By that point, Obama will probably have thrown some money our way. I hear he's going to implement a blimp-based system for money distribution. Bombs away.

If you have never been to Clarksville, don't consider coming now. I finally understand that Swift's "A Modest Proposal" was not a satire - he was just referring to this particular destination. The number of strollers outnumbers the number of people. What I'm trying to say is... babies need to be eaten, or at least "dealt with." What is more unnerving is the average age of the parents. In many cases, the parents are only a couple years older than the kids. For this to



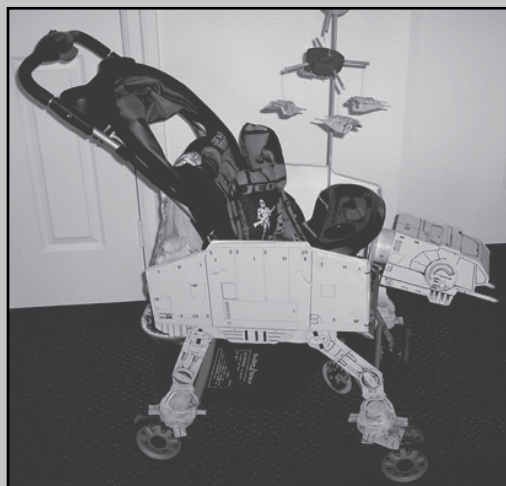
Sampling a little of the local fare...

be possible many of the infants are impregnated while in the womb - like human versions of those funny dolls from Russia. Open up a baby, what's inside? More baby.

As I waded through the human ball-pit, I noted the attire of the gastropods around me. Camouflage. Football jerseys. Jorts. And what is that in the air? Crystal Meth? Or Heroin? And what is that I just slid on? A slick patina of vomit and Coors. Even my sense of taste has sounded its retreat - the corpulent women next to me haven't stopped eating fried... something or others... and has been consistently farting for hours. How do you even eat and fart at that rate



This local dad is pretty intense about his strolling...



...but why doesn't he have one of these?

for that long?!

And then, the Pied Piper of Clarksville, Mr. Charlie Daniels himself, walks onto the stage, and the place goes fuckin' crazy. All he does is play a damn fiddle and - ohh-hhhh my god he's really good at that. Ok, I take that part back. But still, something about this place has made me realize that Mr. Darwin was right - we are really descended from apes.

You're probably wondering what gives me the right to be so pretentious. I have never had sex with animals. I have not fried an article of clothing so I could eat it. I am over the Civil War. Oh, by the way - go, North! I would like to say that this isn't a commentary on middle America. I have no problem with that part of the world. Just, please, get me the hell away from Clarksville.

## Not Breaking Bones

By: Justin Barisich  
Freakin' Lucky

Call me "average" if you wish, but if that means that I manage not to do extraordinarily stupid resulting in breaking myself, then I suppose I accept the derogatory nomenclature as fact.

As an "average" person, here is a sampling of the crazy things that I've done in my life, all of which I've executed without breaking a single bone or even spraining something (knock on wood... or heaven's door):

I've traveled around Europe cooped up in a plane on a trans-Atlantic flight, on a non-English-speaking bus, within a car driving on skinny, curvy mountain roads, drunken on a ferry boat, drunken on bike, drunken on foot, and on a train being conduct by travel workers who just recently ended their "You, imperialist swine, don't pay us enough" strike. Moreover, some angry, uppity, French po-po's almost arrested my friend Jeff because his last name is French, and they just so happened to be looking for some runaway serial killer or something on our red-line train ride. We were seconds away from being thrown in the slammer with him, had he been chosen as the scapegoat, which was frightening because foreign prisons are not places you want to go, as you usually come out of them with at least a broken rib or two... if you're lucky. "Innocent until proven guilty" only counts in America, my friends.

I've worked as a deckhand on a 50-foot fishing boat in the Gulf of Mexico for 8 summers. In all that time, the worst that I've ever done was the bruise my thumb in a sliding door, but I chalk that one up to a combination of exhaustion and rocky seas. Imagine growing up around Steve Irwin-slaying stingrays, a couple of flailing baby great white jaws, and a whole bunch of other nasty, water-dwelling shit that wants to get up close and personal with you. I have shaken hands with many a sneaky crab, but I have never injured or killed myself while working at literally the most dangerous job on the planet. Out there, you find yourself quite happy that "gloves hinder love," as you probably don't want what those sea creatures have to offer.

I've skied the slopes of Denver, Colorado (those being Vail, Breckenridge, Beaver Creek, etc.). Though I damn near busted my head open on an ash tree while glade skiing, close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, as the old ad-



With all the time you'll save not being injured, you can relax and postulate a little theoretical physics with your friends.

age goes, and since my brother and I weren't occupying innocent countries or tossing U-shaped pieces of metal at a stick (by the way, this is quite a stupid "sport"), I like to think that I made it safe to the home base (also a stupid sport).

I've won multiple shopping cart races in the Wal-Mart parking lots of many cities, all without a helmet, because they ruin the natural aerodynamics of my sexy, full-bodied hair.

I've scaled quite a few public statues and have defiled them for long enough to have also the photographic evidence of doing so. Now, instead of the founders of countries or religions, they serve as the founders of my humor.

I've gotten schwaasted in public in multiple cities, the most recent and epic of which almost resulted in a fight at Mardi Gras with an overly angry-drunk and territorial tourist frat boy. Remember, spilled drinks can be your friends, as long as they end up on the other, disliked person.

I've grown up having sword fights with my older brother. We gradually advanced from empty paper towel rolls to huge, empty wrapping paper rolls to fallen tree sticks to wooden, Japanese bokken swords, and finally, to wielding cheap metal swords and tinkering them together until they were dented to oblivion. Never was an ocular nerve damaged or a hand severed in the intense battles of our imaginations.

So, appropriately, after listing what I've been able to do without needing some sort of medical attention, I have a few questions for you more mended folk out there:

Were you just looking for attention?

Was it all just a cry for help?

You're not really that dumb or that fragile, are you?

Are you really unlucky, or just really stupid?

Do you still need kiddie gates in your room at the age of 20-something?

Most importantly, if "I break your face" rises above the level of threat and results in actualized, full trampoline pwnage, I think it's time for you to fold your cards. We can't all be as glass-faced as 50 Cent, who received his courtesy of a friendly drive-by. Otherwise, he might lose just his cool.

Here we see the homo sapien assert the masterdom of his domain. He fears not even the fierce ursa cottonballa.

Eighth grade is supposed to be a year of boy bands, sparkly lip-gloss, acne, and an excited anticipation of high school. For me, it was the majority of those things, but just replace the boy bands with Green Day and throw in one lovely curveball: breaking my face.

Yes, you read that correctly.

It happened during the second week of school. A friend of mine, attempting at generosity, had a gaggle of girls at her house for a sleepover. I politely accepted, and I believe that I was even hospitable enough to bring a gift bag of Reese's Pieces. Everything was magical and worthy of a technicolored Lisa Frank notebook until that fateful moment when bone yielded to spring and changed everything. Well, maybe just changed my face.

I did gymnastics when I was younger, and wanting to outdo whichever gymnast was considered as "a beast" before Shawn Johnson, I decided to do a front flip and land on my feet.

99.999999% of the time, success would have ensued. But this time, the 0.000001% failure snuck attacked me.

Even though they barely even knew me then, my friends warned me that my accident-prone nature might get the best of me, as it seemed as



## Breaking Bones

By: Charlotte Fraser  
Gym-not-ist

though my bad luck already preceded me...

But I rolled my eyes and did it anyway, saying with confidence: "I do this all the time, I never hurt myself! And if you're worrying about broken bones, I haven't broken a single one, ever!"

At which point my right knee shoved itself into my face, thereby fracturing my cheekbone 18 times, breaking the orbital bone (the one that holds your eye in your face), and breaking my nose in 4 places.

Let me set the record straight; breaking your face isn't a glamorous, movie make-up job. You don't get kudos for being in a fight worthy of mentioning in a S.E. Hinton book. Instead, Ponyboy, it just fucking hurts! Allergies are a bitch enough, but they're much worse when you can't blow your nose without crying like a baby and when your face looks like it got transplanted from a Smurf -- just in time for school picture day!!!

And now, since they didn't do the intensive amount of surgery back then, I have to get my nose rebuilt on June 3rd. Care packages are greatly appreciated, especially if they come with free samples of percolat.

As for the surgery, here's what goes down.

Basically, my nose is nothing but broken bones and scar tissue. So, first they have to carve out my nostrils to make them bigger. Then, they take all the skin off my nose and, in true Ashlee Simpson style, realign the cartilage in my nose (a.k.a., rebreaking my nose to put it back together, a lesson well-learned from the Army). Then, I get plastic shoved up my nostrils to keep them from healing shut together (in which case my nose would look more like Voldemort's than Ashlee's) and be unable to breathe. So, while I get to be a lazy ass for three weeks, I'll have blood running down my face ala Andrew W.K. and won't be able to breathe through my nose. Yay.

Other than that impending fun, I've also had double whiplash, severe tendonitis in both shoulders, recurring sinus infections, bloody noses, hangovers, migraines, paper cuts, and bleeding knees, in addition to the occasional occurrence of crying blood.

So, Justin can sit on his high, healthy-boned chair and gab all he wants to. He just better watch out before his face gets rammed in. By his knee. On a trampoline. After I trip him.

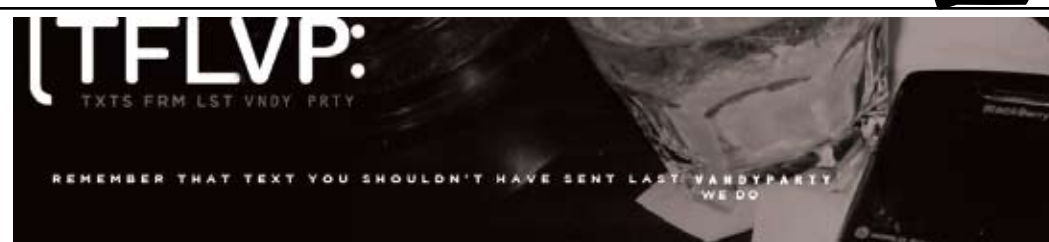


Look, Mom, no hands!

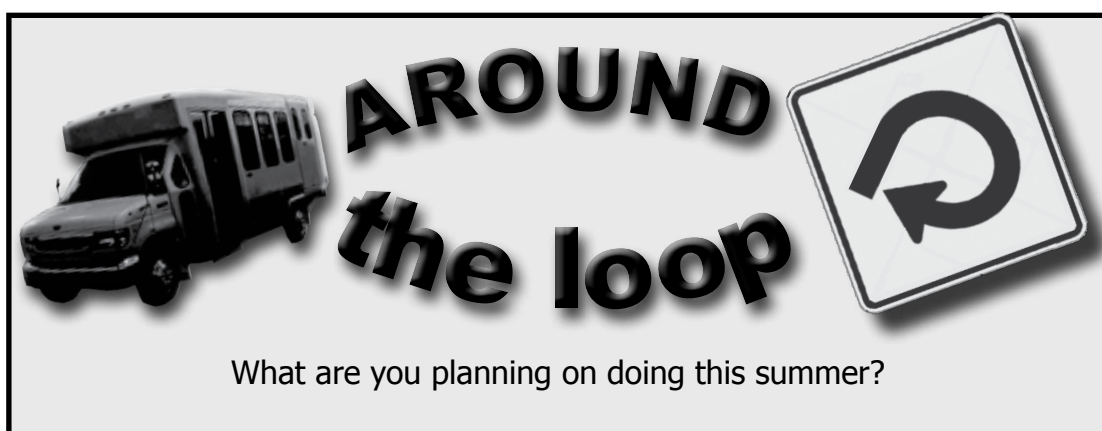
# Implied "Too Soon" Jokes About Tragic Events That Are Funny Simply By Name

You know, we here at *The Slant* like our jokes like we like our women: all over the place. But it's important to remember that even for comedic geniuses like us, certain things are just off limits. The wounds, too fresh; the memories, too vivid. Maybe one day we'll be able to laugh about these things, but that day just isn't here yet. With this in mind, we'd like to pay tribute to all the jokes we never told you this year, because they were simply "too soon."

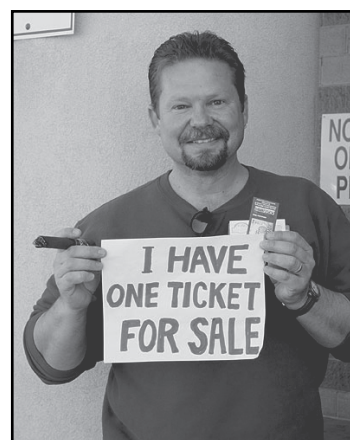
1. Versus
2. Billy Mays
3. Michael Jackson
4. Heath Ledger
5. OASIS
6. Gordon Gee
7. Lindsay Lohan's career
8. (In Knoxville) Lane Kiffin
9. Icy Volcano Eruptions
10. Pompeii
11. New iPhone Prototype Leak
12. Henry the 8th's Wives
13. All of South America
14. General Custer
15. FDR's Legs
16. Darth Vader
17. Jesus
18. The Battle of Thermopylae
19. The Jimmy Carter Rabbit Incident
20. Democracy
21. The 2012 Apocalypse
22. The Alamo
23. The San Francisco Earthquake
24. The Watergate Scandal
25. Herpes
26. The 5th of November, Remembered
27. Optimus Prime
28. Caesar (multiple)
29. Alderaan (the planet)
30. (Please don't read this next one until Sunday) Rites



- (615): I'll be keeping my penis, thank you very much!
- (865): I love campus right now. All the kids I never wanna see again are gone!
- (214): It's good to catch freshmen, because they don't have any-
- (228): STDs?
- (337): Ok, so, it's Sunday morning, and we're hungover at Pigeon Forge. We still have two cases of beer left, though, so we should just keep drinking, drive back to campus, and show up singing Ke\$ha. Tik Tok, Don't Stop!
- (518): How was he last night? Did he pass out?
- (567): He downed four shots and then almost made it back to his cot.
- (678): I hate sprinklers. Passionately.
- (404): You're so very witty. Does it keep you company while you sleep? Your wit?



### Bonnaroo Scalper



*Bringing in the Benjamins! Have you seen that Bonnaroo lineup?! Hipsters coming in droves!*

### Hit-Girl



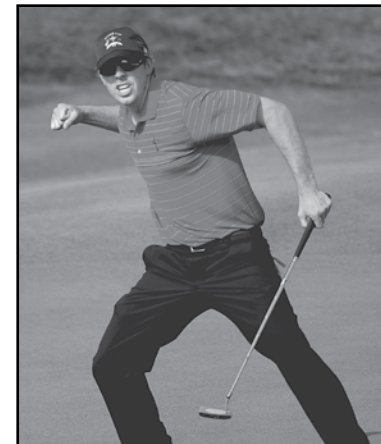
*Fighting crime. Busting some fucking skulls in. Cutting some real cuntbags. Stop asking me questions.*

### Olympic Luger



*Well... Fuck...*

### Pro Mini-Golfer



*Just puttering around...*

### International Student



*I'll be staying in Nashville over the break. Are there any editors-in-chief in town that I can room with?*

### Super Senior



*Preparing for my victory lap.*

### McGillite



*I'll be figuring out the annihilator mechanic for Rise of the Eldrazi set. Suck my Kozilek, bitches!*

### Slant Guy



*Your Mom.*

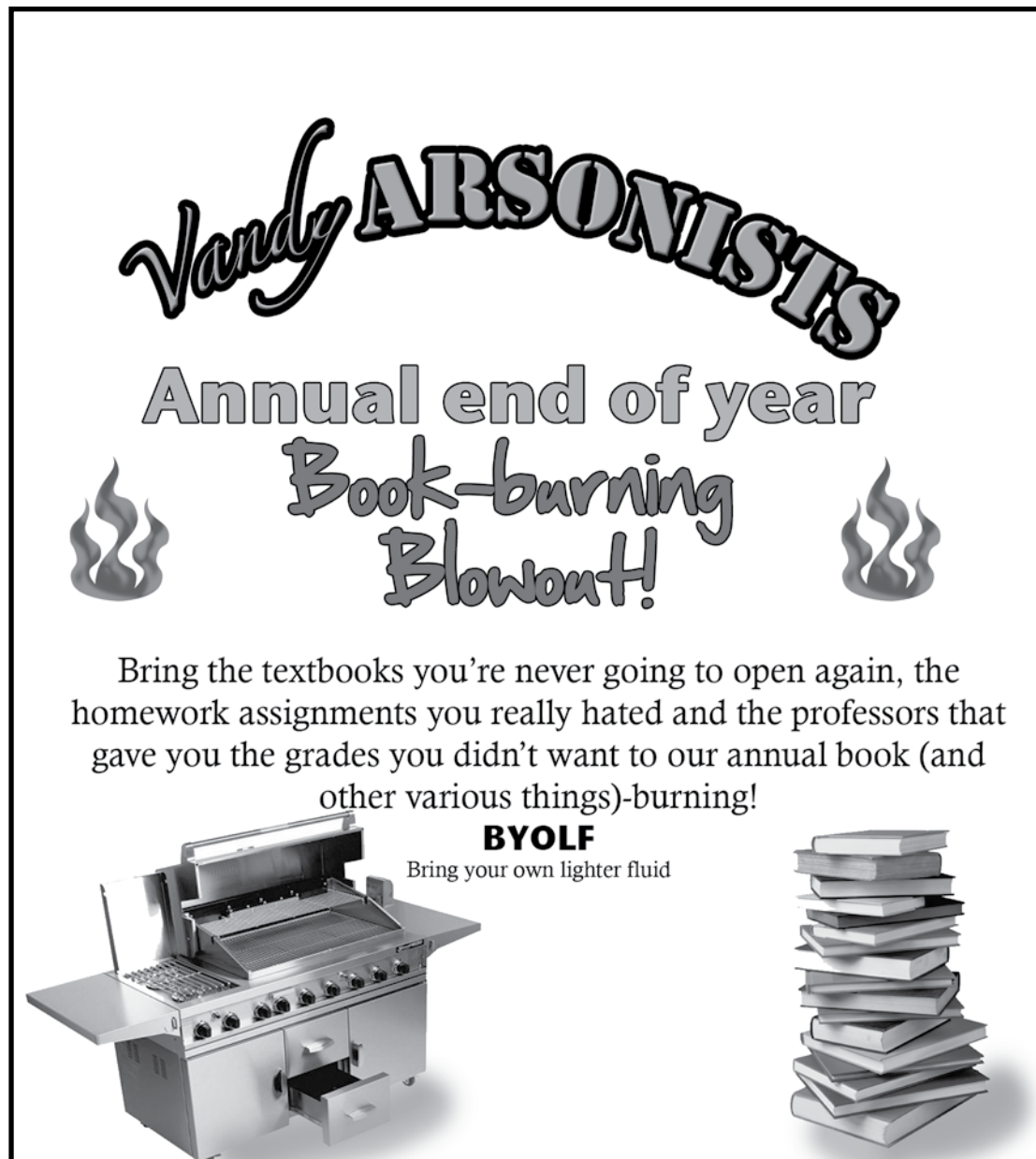
## Vandy ARSONISTS

### Annual end of year Book-burning Blowout!

Bring the textbooks you're never going to open again, the homework assignments you really hated and the professors that gave you the grades you didn't want to our annual book (and other various things)-burning!

**BYOLF**

Bring your own lighter fluid



**TOP TEN**  
Reasons to Stay in Nashville This Summer

- 10 Let's face it, packing is a bitch, and you know it.
- 9 You really don't want to have to go through Atlanta.
- 8 Your parents don't want you.
- 7 Your parents do want you, but you just happen to be from Nashville.
- 6 Still looking for your muse in Music City.
- 5 Lacking a few hours for your quadruple major.
- 4 No income tax, so you can finally start that home brewery.
- 3 Your home state is currently going bankrupt.
- 2 You really enjoy nicely paved interstates and orange barrels.
- 1 You were still drunk and missed your flight.



By: *Brendan Alviani*  
Tarot Carder

Horoscopes are so passé. Your birthday and star alignment or whatever have nothing to do with your daily life. Where you live, though, does actually affect what happens to you. These are the dormoscopes.

**Towers:**  
Lucky you! The person above you who blasts their music until 4 AM won't stop the one night you actually need a decent night's sleep. During finals week, however...

**Chaffin:**  
You'll find five bucks. Score! Go spend it (augmented with some of your own change) on an over-expensive coffee!

**Mayfields:**  
After you move back home, you'll have trouble falling asleep WITHOUT the sounds of construction blasts, an uncomfortable amount of housemates, and feeling like you've been traveling for days upon arrival.

**Vandy-Barnard:**  
Luckily, you won't have to leave your room, even for Rites. Who needs social interaction when you have this banally outfitted dorm room and Modern Warfare 2? That's right - YOU sure don't.

**Commons:**  
Dining won't have your favorite spinach, portabella and tomato pizza today. Boo hoo. You'll spend the night unsatisfied after eating chicken fingers for the third time this week.

**Morgan-Lewis:**  
You're going to trip on a gold Solo cup left carelessly on the third-from-the-bot-

tom step on the way to your 9:10 Econ class, thus slightly spraining your ankle. It's not serious enough to warrant medical attention, but enough to annoy you until you forget about it at 4:17 this afternoon, when you bump into Jill at a table in Rand, right by the Brunch entrance and the windows, where she tells you about how her dog Artemis back home can bark the Jaws theme song. You go back to your room at 6:54 and cry about the existential superficiality of the universe, then watch re-runs of Scrubs on Hulu.

**Kissam:**  
Today is the final day you'll try to defend Kissam with some variant of "It's really not as bad as everyone says it is." After realizing such a profound truth really isn't one, you'll also realize how to eliminate human suffering across the globe within two years. Unfortunately, the persistent inhalation of mold will erase one of those two epiphanies.

**Branscomb:**  
You're going to have a great day until about 10:30 PM when you remember the paper due at midnight.

**Off-Campus:**  
Although you've saved a ton of money on rent, spending those savings this year on beer has earned you the "Biggest Alcoholic in Nashville Award"

to accompany the award for "We're Impressed You've Actually Survived (Senior Year)."

**Room 207:**  
You know who you are. Cut it out.

**McGill:**  
I'm sure your 3 AM games of Magic and D&D are fun, but remember: you can't "counter" finals.

**McTyiere:**  
Hola, 花花公子. Sprechen Sie Deutsch- es? Я не знаю чего я говорю. Gradico l'alimento comunque. あなたのチンポコは とても小さいだろうと思います。



**Congratulations**  
**Peabody**  
**Graduate**  
**Program #1!**  
**Another year of**  
**helping the Peabody**  
**Undergrads feel smug**

