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**YOU'LL BE
THANKFUL
TO BE
DEAD!**

**THIS NOVEMBER
THE TURKEY
CARVER**



THIS JUSTIN

Bonehead Still Stumbling on Campus One Hour Late

By: Dan King
Punctual Person

William Doyle, a sophomore bonehead in A&S, has spent the past week and a half stumbling around campus an hour late for all of his appointments and classes. The week of constant tardiness has so far cost Doyle his love, his education, and his very livelihood.

According to reports from other students, Doyle showed up to church last Sunday an hour late completely missing all but the closing prayer. From there, Doyle's schedule has rapidly spiraled out of control.

Doyle's girlfriend, Jane Davis, says she was shocked when Doyle stood her up for the first time in their nearly five month relationship.

Davis said, "I showed up at Chili's on time, and then he left me sitting there for exactly an hour all by myself... and then when he finally showed up and I asked why he was so late, that numbskull just goes 'Huh, what? I don't know?' Needless to say, I broke up with him on the spot."

Following the nasty breakup, Davis went on to completely miss an exam in his Monday morning history class. The clueless blockhead had the nerve to shuffle into the lecture hall 60 minutes late apparently unaware of his own tardiness.

Doyle's behavior in the history class was so appalling that he was summoned to meet with Dean Mark Bandas on Wednesday afternoon. Unfortunately, Doyle was unable to make this meeting on time as well, and while Bandas sat waiting a full hour for Doyle to show up, the Dean resolved to "expel that addle-brain" on the spot.

This devastating blow came on the heels of an incident earlier that day when Doyle's boss at a local Wendy's restaurant fired him for offensive lack of punctuality.

Down on his luck, Doyle was spotted eating at a local soup kitchen last Friday. Unfortunately, though, kitchen owner John Bradley says "That dunce showed up at four for the three o'clock meal... needless to say we didn't have any soup left for him"

The Slant tried to get Doyle to come in and discuss his week from temporal hell, but the weak minded oaf was so late for our scheduled meeting that we eventually just said, 'screw it.'

Doppelgänger Presence Devastates Campus Daily Life

By: Clay Christain
Body-double Bastard

Reports across campus show that more and more students are encountering a higher number of people that look exactly like their friends up until a certain visible distance. In a recent response to their heightened presence on campus, it has been leaked, somehow, that these spectral and mortal apparitions known as "doppelgängers" are members of the University of Vanderbilt Doppelgängers (UVD). The organization, supposedly founded in 1873, strives to maintain its motto of "For everyone, a double. For everyone else, an awkward moment."

Concerning one run-in with a member of the organization, perpetually astonished neuroscience major John Ditto said, "One day, I just got out of Rand brunch, and I thought I saw my bro J-Rod, but when I threw him into a headlock, he was all like 'What the hell, man?' and proceeded to slug me in the gut."

Negative student response to the increased level of confusion has led to many normal undergrads seeking to banish their creepy and usually smelly look-a-likes. Opposition groups such as The Young Adults for Normal Culture have been criticized for their overt anti-doppelgänger stance.

Defending her existence, the Student Government of Vanderbilt president Moria Lurphie said, "America is a country of doppelgängers. In colonial times, everyone tried to blend in by wearing powdered wigs. Would you be able to tell the back of George Washington's head from that of King George?"

Even the mere idea of doppelgängers has posed many problems for the school's population.

Vanderbilt Football star Warren Norman said, "I keep hearing about a guy out there named Norman Warren. Look, Norman, you're making my life pretty miserable; coach keeps expecting me to be everywhere on the field. If you're out there reading this, I'm gonna get you!"

In the most recent issue of *The Hustler*, the doppelgänger student humor publication, Editor-in-Chief Navid Van-Damme lambasted the student newspaper, *The Vanderbilt Slant* for printing an unprecedented 16 crosswords in a single week.

Slant Editor Carlos Cristiano replied, "Our readers want to be entertained. No one does Sudoku, and reading without interaction is such a passive activity. That, and you usually have to socialize to finish the puzzle. You can't just sit on the toilet for an hour looking at words."

While the future of campus doppelgängers, just as their very presence, remain uncertain, one fact remains clear and irrefutable: This article wasn't the one you were expecting.

The Slant Tests Limits of Vandy Discrimination Policy

By: Aryan Gaylordito Flowers
Fruitcake Specialist

In recent student media news, The Slant has excommunicated one of its journalists, Aryan Flowers, for coming out as a gay half-black, half-Mexican Jew. Inspired by the November 4th *Hustler's* article concerning BYX, the head editors of The Slant decided to unearth the organization's own code of conduct for its staff. Found in the document was a prominent clause which states, "No homos, immigrants, or slaves can write for this paper... bitches!" Subsequently, The Slant had no choice but to honor the code and kick out any and all of their writers that did not meet these qualifications.

Slant Manging Editor Justin Barisich said, "We are not prejudiced or racist; we are just following the rules stated by our founding fathers who started this paper a bunch of years ago when nobody was gay or black. We even found a law stating that Slant writers must abide by the defined rules of No Shave November and, more importantly, No Pants Monday."

When asked if he thought these by laws antiquated, Mr. Barisich said in a thick Cajun accent, "Why fix what ain't broke?" Slant Editor-and-Chief discriminator Clay Christain summoned Aryan Flowers to his elegantly decorated Victorian study to give him the pitch to the last story he'd ever write for the Slant.

As confusing as it seems, Flowers, The Slant's minority white supremacist, understood the need to purify the staff. However, as a gay, half-black, half-Mexican Jewish journalist, he said, "SCREW THE SLANT! No one reads your paper anyway. How many times do you print? What's that? Yeah, I thought so. In any case, this is clearly a matter of overt discrimination."

When asked to comment, Christain said, "Quote me as saying 'no comment.' I don't want people thinking I'm some kind of racist bastard!"

Reports show that Flowers has turned in a formal complaint to the Office of the Dean of Students and fully expects an investigation to shut down The Slant. Dean Mark Bandas said, "Another prejudice complaint? Really?" Flowers has also made it clear in his complaint that the fat cats in The Slant have also been known to choose to eat particular things, make friends with certain people and wear certain clothes. Following the guidelines set by Trevor Williams' November 7th letter to *The Hustler*, these facts show that Slant staffers are extremely prejudiced. The future of The Slant is unclear at this moment, but Flowers, despite his expulsion, still insists, "[in the end] white power must prevail!"

INSIDETHISISSUE

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Flute Solo	.



A.J. Ogilvy scores first triple-double cheeseburger of his professional career.



Rand Paul brings mighty Legislation Axe to Washington.

FROM THE EDITOR



CLAY CHRISTAIN

Not that it needs to be said explicitly, but it keeps becoming more and more apparent that heavily-circulated music keeps getting worse and worse. Case in point, Far East Movement's "Like a G6" might be the absolute worst song I have heard in many years, and that is saying a lot. It's as if someone took a computer and made a song, but forgot to put the song part into the .flac file. Many claim that T-Pain is to blame for the computerization of music, but I believe he redeemed his ways by collaborating with the genre-bending "I'm on a Boat." However, even the fact that T-Pain has become less relevant clearly hasn't stopped the multitude of hack jobs from making "music."

Over the past few weeks, I have come to the conclusion that the downfall of contemporary pop music can be experimentally traced to Lil Wayne's 2008 single "Lollipop." As the 90s officially died in 2001, it can be deduced that hip-hop entered a strange era of being popular, yet still being distinctly rap. Ludacris, Kanye West and 50 Cent were able to use old-school sample-based beats with gangster-esque vulgarity to create a bastard child of creativity that somehow still managed to be pretty dang cool. As a certified white-boy, I am obliged to be in love with Madvillain's 2004 *Madvillainy* - the most critically acclaimed hip-hop album of the decade, which naturally means it's not popular and that no one has ever heard of it. Lil Wayne shook up the scene by being so goddamn strange, but "Lollipop" was the definitive "jump the shark" moment.

Consider the other songs on *Tha Carter III*. They are mostly all classic Weezy, especially the bad-yet-still-good "A Milli." "Lollipop" had Lil Wayne using Autotune prominently for the first time, and its popularity still has all of us reeling in the consequences.

After "Lollipop" blew up, everyone and their producer's brother was booking Lil Wayne to be featured on a single. Kanye West took the idea and made an electronic album that was clearly too advanced for Top 40 listeners' brains. The Autotune epidemic became so inundating that not even Jay-Z could fully kill it in his tracks.

As hip-hop becomes more and more like pop, it disturbs me that artists are trying to come up with catchy choruses rather than a complete song. One of my roommates, bless his heart, often falls victim to the ruse. He knows the words to choruses of every song in the Top 40, but ask him to sing a verse and he has no idea what's going on.

The truly, scary part of this is that I have no idea who has the ability to revive 90s hip hop. Jay-Z failed, Lil Wayne gave up, and Kanye West is a jackass. I think if we're ever going to see another *Straight Outta Compton* or a *Big Willie Style* for our own generation, then one of us is going to have to step up. That's right *Slant* readers, I'm calling on each one of you to put together a sample beat from your favorite James Brown song and spit some bars over it. And act quickly, we don't have much time to spare.

Fucked Image



This poster just goes to prove that your precious little dentistry degree means absolutely nothing.

Actually Inside This Issue

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Vandy Students Speak Out Against Eating Excessively to Celebrate Thanksgiving

By: Sarah Sipek
Feast Pharaoh

It is sometimes said of Vanderbilt students that, as a whole, we are self-centered and egotistical. We live in the "Vandy Bubble" and are unconcerned with the events occurring in the world around us. My personal response would be to blame the fact that the TVs in Rand play nothing but SportsCenter 24/7, but because this is a top tier university, the student body has come up with a more eloquent retort: we act when we are needed. The Vanderbilt student body became actively involved in relief efforts for the earthquake in Haiti and the recent flooding in Nashville. Now, another event is rapidly approaching that requires a Vanderbilt solution: Thanksgiving.



Like, totally, too much food... A whole, like, turkey?? Like... I know, like, there's, like, salad... like stuff on, like, the plate, but, like, why, like... You know, like, the human stomach, like, cannot process, like, all those calories at, like, once...

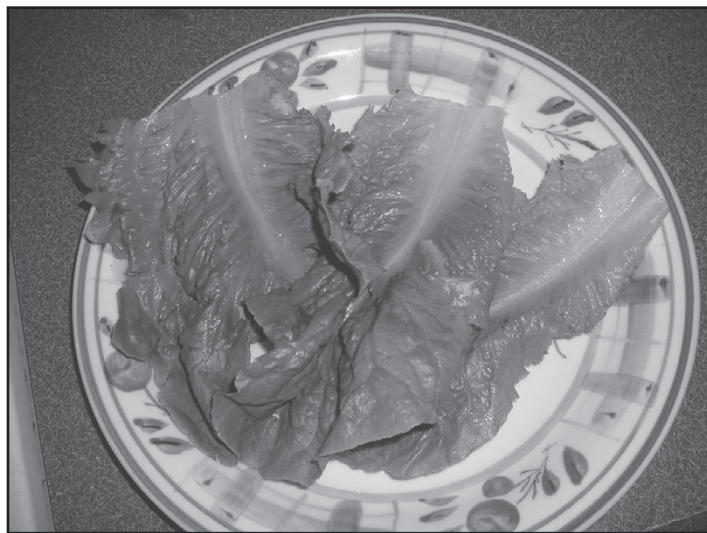
The skinny bitch has a point. The promotion of overeating leads to obesity, which exposes Americans to a cornucopia of other health problems. Scaling down this holiday would be a huge step towards eliminating one of the nations leading health risks. So suck it, haters. We are looking out for you.



Oh my gosh, water salad? In a can? Water and salad in a single can? Is it on meal plan? Is it an entree...? It is? How many flex meals do I have left? I'll buy them all.

In less than a week, the nation will again celebrate a holiday that promotes the gorging of one's self on such dishes as turkey, stuffing and pumpkin pie, and Vanderbilt students, who always treat their bodies as temples, do not support this ritual. They believe the focus should be on the history and our exploitation of the Native American people for knowledge of how to grow corn - not on the physically harmful act of over-eating.

"Thanksgiving makes over-eating acceptable," one skinny student said. "It says, 'go out and buy a pair of tacky, oversized elastic waist band pants because we are Americans and today is the day we eat until we pass out.' Binge drinking I understand, but binge eating? Gross."



You go, girl! That's more like it! A delicious plate of lettuce! It even has some flavorful water droplets on the leaves!

Though Vanderbilt students' main concern is the health and well being of the American people, making Thanksgiving a less prominent holiday would help us out as well. Do you have any idea how hard it is to come up with a Thanksgiving themed frat party? I've tried, and "Indian bros and pilgrim hos" just doesn't invoke excitement among students. Plus the Pocahontas soundtrack is severely lacking in bumpin' jams.

So, this year, heed our warning and use the Vandy girl as your model when approaching the Thanksgiving feast. Instead of stuffing yourself to the point where the button on your jeans becomes a dangerous projectile, have salad and water instead. It won't at all be satisfying, but you'll live longer and look great in that sexy Santa outfit you're planning on wearing to the end of the semester blowouts. "Dashing through the hoes"? Now that sounds like a party.



Totes delish carb-free, guilt-free meal! blAAARf. Oh me, no, I'm not sick...

MASTHEAD



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POLICIES

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE CONTENTIT

Bastard Confession



"Every time you visit Wikipedia, I've already transferred the donation from your bank account."

--Jimmy Wales

This Year We Are Thankful for

POKÉMON



New Pokémon Game Designed to Anger

By: Ben Coleman
Team Rocket Ruffian

With the upcoming release of Pokémon Black and White, it has come to the attention of *The Slant* staff that there are waaaaay too many jokes to make about this new generation of Pokémon. I mean, the last version had plenty to make fun of... but this stuff? Why do the Pokémon look like a weird fusion of Sonic the Hedgehog and someone's sharp corner fetish? Why would the creators pick such a God-awful stupid name for the game? There is only one logical explanation: the creators of Pokémon are trolling.

For those of you unfamiliar with the term, a "troll" is someone who posts deliberately offensive material online in order to incite the righteous nerd-rage of the internet. Trolls are the reason why it is impossible to tell whether the gay rights and abortion debates on YouTube are real. The Pokémon creators have taken this concept and gone... meta. No longer is trolling confined only to the dark recesses of YouTube and 4chan; Pokémon game designers seem intent on inciting chaos on all levels of society.

What worries *The Slant's* writers is what utter insanity will be unleashed upon American society when the game is released in Spring 2011. Black and White were released in Japan this past September, and their society is already crumbling. Brothers are turning against brothers, and sisters betraying sisters. Well, sisters would fight sisters if any women played the game. And if those Japanese Nintendo-whores can erupt into such rage, imagine the sheer horror that will be unleashed in America.

The effects of the trolling are already being felt right here at Vanderbilt. At the recent VandyLAN, freshman James Gibson had to be escorted from the premises after he decked sophomore Eric Jones when a fight broke out as Jones claimed, "Genesect is, like, fifty times cooler than Mewtwo."

Gibson reportedly called Jones a "Bieber-fag," and a "fifth-gen whore." With a cry of "FirstGen4Life," Gibson barreled into Jones in a fight that was, by all accounts, thoroughly pathetic. While Gibson was being escorted away by members of the VUPD, he continued to scream that "Mewtwo kicks ass! You're all retarded!"

So what are we to do, if we wish to prevent such chaos from spreading? The answer is simple... but extremely difficult to implement. We must... ignore Pokémon Black and White. Don't talk about it, don't look at it, and for God's sake, don't buy it! Because by giving any attention to the games, we are feeding the trolls. The chaos will only widen, and our society will fall apart like a member of 4chan when confronted with his pitiable social skills.

So continue about your daily lives, play your old Pokémon games, and completely ignore any rumors of new material. Because if you don't, shit might just get real.



Japan has always been a little different when it comes to what is and what isn't socially acceptable.

Racism Feared to Factor in Expulsion of Fire Type Pokémon from Cerulean City Gym

By: Jim Gillin
Vanderbilt City Jim Leader

Current events in the Kanto region explain the plight of two Pokémon that were kicked out of Cerulean City Gym in recent months only for not being water type. The gym's code of conduct states that it does not condone raising fire type Pokémon. Cerulean City Gym is one of the eight official gyms in the Pokémon League's Indigo League division, based in Cerulean City, Kanto.

Level 45 Charizard and level 38 Magmar were asked to leave the gym after defeating gym leader Misty. To add insult to the situation, the two fire types were not awarded the gym's prestigious Cascade Badge. Swimmer Briana approached the two Pokémon after they both withstood super effective Hydro Pump attacks from Misty's Starmie only to come back with a devastating Slash to win the battle. According to Charizard, Briana asked him if he was struggling with being fire type at which point he admitted to being a fully fledged, single-element fire type. The two exiles were then physically restrained and forcibly removed from the gym without receiving the Cascade Badge, which is typically given for defeating Misty in battle.

Cerulean Gym's code of conduct states that its trainers do not condone the catching, raising or battling of fire-type Pokémon. The exact wording states, "We believe that Hydro Pump

is a gift from God to be enjoyed for the sole purpose of a water type kicking the ass of a ground or fire type. Therefore, we will not condone the unholy survival of the move by any hedonist Pokémon types such as Charmmander, Geodude or evolutions thereof."

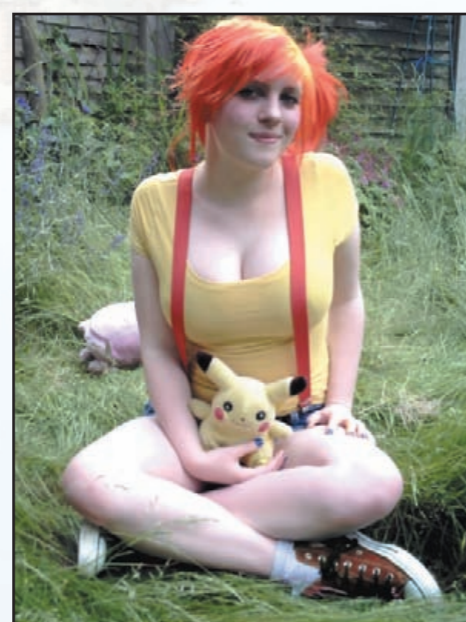
The Indigo League requires that all member gyms abide by its anti-discriminatory policy and confer a badge upon any challenger who defeats the respective gym leader in battle. When asked by *The Slant*, Bruno of the Elite Four said, "[that] the Pokémon League cannot act on any allegations against Cerulean City until it receives a formal complaint against the gym."

Team Rocket Don and Viridian City Gym leader Giovanni was quick to defend Cerulean Gym by saying he knows firsthand what the definition of discrimination means through personal experience, and Cerulean Gym comes nowhere close to his level of understanding. "Do you know how hard it is to get a loan as a registered organized crime boss?" Giovanni said.

The Slant has learned from an anonymous trainer that the Charizard and Magmar have hired Lawyer Ricky to represent them in Pokémon civil court. In unrelated but similarly disturbing news, Youngster Joey was arrested for possession of approximately 151 images of baby Pokémon pornography after leaving a Pokédex at the Saffron City Game Center.



Coincidentally, the Charizard in question was shiny, and therefore, black. Allegory much?



Complaints about Misty fraternizing with a non-water Pikachu were not as severe... Cerulean City until it receives a formal complaint against the gym."



These are the new trainers for Pokémon Black and White. Well, the guy is certainly an upgrade from the nancy boy from Diamond and Pearl, but what the hell is with this trashy girl? Look at that Bumpit! Is she rocking. A trucker hat? Combat boots?? The inside of her pockets are hanging out of her shorts... Tra-shy!!

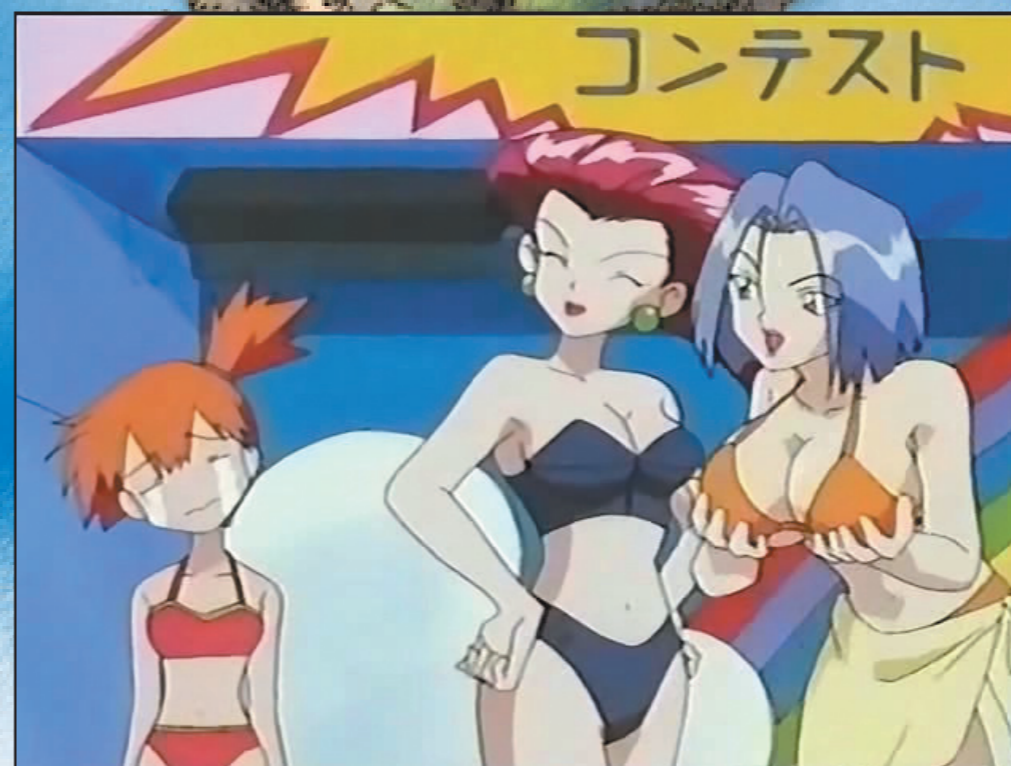


Nosepass and Probopass are the worst Pokémon ever designed... Hands d-I-mean, nose down.

I love how Pokémon is trying to incorporate more urban characters. Look, Dawn from Diamond and Pearl is clearly wearing a do-rag.



Costume suggestion for the next Pallet Town Bros and Power Plant Hos.

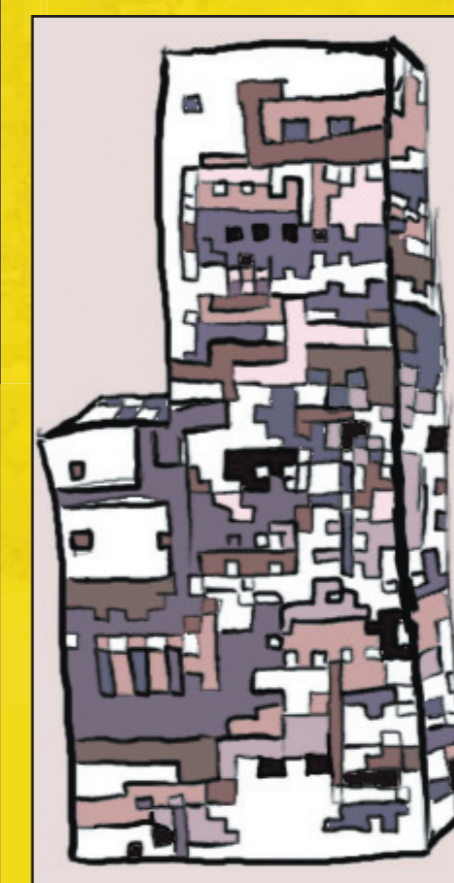


What fourth grade boy didn't know about the banned episode of Pokémon? No, not the one with Porygon causing seizures...

Traces of Viagra Found in Rare Candies Linked to Premature Evolution

By: Andrew Mungan
Pokémon Breeder

An investigation conducted by Professor Oak's laboratory in Pallet Town has recently discovered traces of Viagra in the common over-the-counter Poké item known as a rare candy. Strongly desired throughout the region, rare candies cause Pokémon to level up without earning experience points. They were initially invented to provide a small boost in Pokémon confidence as well as HP, but in recent years they have been used, and in most instances, abused, to expedite the training process for impatient trainers and GameShark owners. Rare candies are known to go into effect immediately when administered to Pokémon orally. This discovery has caused the demand for the candies to surge amongst cruel and unusual teenagers - the demographic most probable to be training Pokémon. Despite rare candies' popularity and effectiveness over the years, however, recent complaints from have surfaced revealing that some negative long-term side effects may accompany the use of rare candies.



This man has been suspected to be a prime dealer of laced rare candies. If you see this man, do not save your game.

On Tuesday, Professor Oak's lab released its findings. "After many years of research administering the Rare Candies to common lab Rattatas," Professor Oak remarked, "we have concluded that rare candies do in fact have some significant long-term side effects due to traces of Viagra found in them... among those effects, the first and foremost being premature evolution."

Premature evolution is a phenomenon where Pokémon level up, possibly even evolve, but are not actually experienced enough to do so. This conclusion was formulated after observing the aforementioned lab Rattatas who were administered rare candies in differing dosages throughout their lives against the control group who were trained in battle. Eventually, all of the test subjects evolved into Raticates; those who were artificially stimulated, however, ended up being more aggressive, having less stamina, and being poorer fighters than those who were trained in the old-fashioned manner.

Some trainers witnessed these side effects firsthand. Fisherman Earl said, "I caught me up a Squirtle the other day, and I fed it one of dem ther' candies through its buttole, and it

bubbled all over my face right before changin' into a Wartortle and withdrawing into its shell!"

Bug trainer Jeff noticed a similar disobedience in his Caterpie after causing it to evolve into Metapod via rare candies. He stated, "All my Metapod did was harden until it string shot all over the place."

Another trainer, Gangster Antoin, was quite appalled at his own Lickitung's behavior after being given rare candies. He tried to warn fellow trainers that his Lickitung was "climbing in your backpacks, snatching your Pokémon up, tryin' lick 'em... so ya'll need to hide yo Muks, hide yo Meowths, and hide your Mankeys, cause they lickin' er'body out here!" Clearly, evidence supports that the Viagra found in rare candies increases Pokémon aggression as well as tendencies to disobey trainers.

Professor Oak was asked specifically why this could be the case. "Lab tests revealed that rare candies increase hormones of Pokémon causing them not only to level up but also become more aggressive and Rhyhorny in their nature," he explained.

He first witnessed this side effect after giving rare candies to a gaggle of Geodudes living in the same natural habitat. "The Geodudes given rare candies all tried to either double team each other or pound one another in the ass," he noted. Professor Oak also noticed similar increases in sexual activity between two different individual Pokémon when given rare candies. A Machop was isolated for a week and given rare candies until it evolved. In the meantime, it would only sit in the corner and play Machoke the chicken all day. The same test was executed for a Cubone, and it also would sit in the corner and Marowak-off until its bone club was disabled.

In conclusion, the evidence that rare candies had such negative side effects was quite staggering. However, the debate continues as to whether or not the negative side effects are dangerous enough to force Poké Mart to pull the product from the shelves.

"The negative side effects of rare candies are clear. It's up to the trainer if he wants to take a Chansey on his own Pokémon or not," Professor Oak concluded. "If it were up to Starmie, I would raise my Pokémon the old fashioned way... but trainers are Butterfree to do as they please. At the end of the day, I just hope we don't end up with Pokémon that prematurely evolve into Penusaurus."



It appears that Professor Oak has been experimenting with his own research.



Pokémon: XXX Edition has language catered to the young adult demographic.

Administration Policy Questions BYXers' Sexuality

By: Dan King
Upsilon Uberchild

Vanderbilt's administration came under fire this past week when it came to light that school practice allows student organizations to have policies that would discriminate against students so long as they do not act on these policies.

At the center of this controversy are Beta Upsilon Chi and their said policy on homosexuality. Chapter president Greg Wigger is upset, because he feels as if the administration "is treating us like a bunch of gays."

BYX members and supporters agree that it is unreasonable for the administration to expect them to feel very strongly about something without acting on this feeling. That type of logic can only really be applied to homosexuality, as BYX does explicitly in their code of conduct.

Wigger went on to explain how it is only really OK to expect gay people to behave in ways that contradict their true feelings. When this kind of restriction is placed on a policy of discrimination, though, "It invites the comparison between what we do [discriminating against homosexuals] and guys that make out with each other. And this is a comparison we at BYX do not appreciate." Wigger said.

William Garidos, gender studies professor and open homosexual, says he is unsurprised by the anger flaring up over the administration's policy.

"[Vanderbilt's] mistake is in trying to hold straight BYXers to the same standard as gay ones. As we all know, gay people are known for their intense self-control and ability to navigate mental paradoxes. Straight Christians, however, are not known for these same traits, which explains why Wigger has failed at a task he fully expected his gay brothers to accomplish."

Student reaction to the situation has been mixed. One student in particular was angered by the allegations made against BYX and says that if they turn out to be true, BYX should be removed from campus.

In an opinion article printed in the November 8th *Hustler*, student Trevor Williams passionately stated, "No student orgs should be kicked out of this campus for feeling or being a certain way. Instead, individual orgs should be removed for making a certain decision they vowed they would not make."

On the other hand, though, many students have come out to say that the administrations policy regarding organizations like BYX is unfair.

In a more recent *Hustler* letter to the editor, Rachel Stoltzfoos said the policy encourages weakness of conviction and discourages the type

of strong debate bred from strong faith. "After all," she wrote, "Faith without a call to action is like a gay orgy without lubricant. You just can't do anything with it."

These opinions aside, it is important that we as observers never lose sight of the man who was hurt the most by the events surrounding BYX. Greg Wigger was incredibly offended when he realized the administration was treating him like a gay person.

"I don't get how the administration can feel comfortable making that kind of comparison. I mean, what we do is nothing like homosexuality. Those [gay] guys have feelings that they should be able to suppress. Our feelings, though, are like so totally different because, it's so different you know? It's really wrong and offensive that the university would try to hold us to the same standard to which we hold our gay brothers."

At least one student was surprised to find BYX at the center of this particular controversy. John Boren, a junior in A&S, said he had been thoroughly convinced that BYX was itself a pro-gay right's organization.

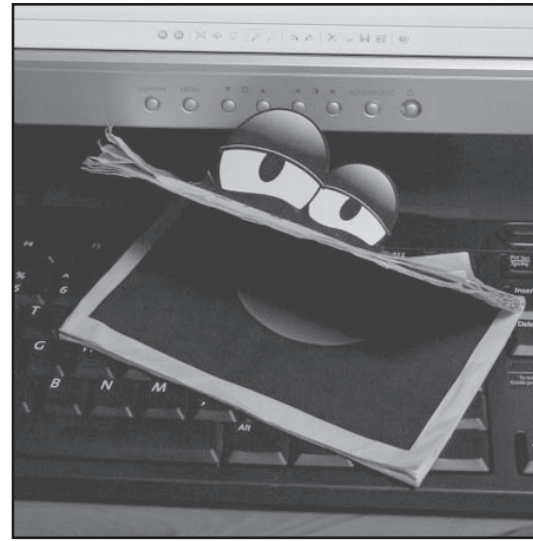
Said Boren, "Wait. I know those guys; I went to their party last year. It was a 90's themed dance party, and they all showed up wearing bright purple shirts, dancing with each other, and showing no interest in the fine ladies at the party. And you're trying to tell me this is the org that doesn't allow their members to act gay? Seriously?"



Christians aren't gay...
they're just all in love with a man.

Neil Newspaper Comes Clean

By: Neil Newspaper
Opinionated Organism



I'm full of ideas, and I want to share them with you!!

Hello Vanderbilt, I'm Neil Newspaper, writer for The Vanderbilt Hustler. I get no greater steamy thrill than when I hear giddy squeals of joy emanating from fellow Commodores as they read my articles. I'm sure they revel in my thinly veiled sarcasm and irony, which I deploy masterfully like a tank commander moving to flank his enemy. I subtly cloak my intentions by taking on the perspective of the group I disagree with. For example, I'm more of a coffee drinker, so I wrote an article as "Tommy Tea-bagger". Sadly, Vanderbilt didn't allow the article to print. I blame the Numi Tea Company. Those rapsallions!

How did I learn the sultry art of objective journalism? My step-uncle, Percival Newspaper, took me to Vanderbilt, his alma-matter, when I was twelve. He showed me the plaques the Hustler garnered during his illustrious and glorious stint as a magnanimous and beneficent editor-

in-chief. He had written articles about being a bra during a bra-burning protest (Benedict Bra), which he told me, caused fire to be banned from Vanderbilt from 1969-1986. It was a good run. He had also ran a piece detailing the life of a fruit-fly from start to finish, so he could illustrate how cheap life was in the Soviet Bloc. A regular Charlie Wilson, that man. I learned almost every one of *The Hustler's* standard operating procedures, including giving the football team good grades, even when they only pass for 28 yards in a half. I knew then, that this once-strapping man was to be my muse- my marble Persephone from which I would draw my inspiration. Jubilee!

I have never been a fan of tilapia. I needed to get that off my chest. What am I a fan of? Turning minuscule events and using them as a grandiose brush to paint an editorial canvas with. For example, I stepped in gum yesterday, which inspired me to write this article. What is this article? It's about the joys of writing and the pressures of responsibility. It's about a fear of failure and our duty as Americans to use analogies. And sentence fragments. Or maybe not.

Maybe it's about going out on a limb and taking some risks while writing for the school newspaper, which appears stitched together and threadbare all too often. It could be about trying to provide a fresh perspective, something that's interesting at least, to this publication. Or about an appreciation for creativity. It could even be praise for *The Hustler* for presenting some well thought-out journalism and critical thinking on a tough issue (BYX).

Then again, it could be about the dangers of falling right back into hold habits- the Damoclean threat of the status quo.

COUPONS TO HELP YOU THROUGH THNXGIVING

THIS COUPON ENTITLES THE BEARER TO ONE FULL DAY WITHOUT ANY MENTION OF - GRADES - DRUG USE - INCRIMINATING PHOTOS THIS MEANS YOU, MOM

THIS COUPON ENTITLES THE BEARER TO ONE FULL DAY WITHOUT MAKING FUN OF MY MAJOR - ASKING HOW I'LL MAKE MONEY WITH MY MAJOR - OR QUESTIONING MY KNOWLEDGE OF MY MAJOR. (JUST SAY YOU LOVE ME, DAD)

Taking Back the White House: *The Slant's* Scoop on The Rally to Restore Sanity and/or Fear

By: Arian Flores
Rally Rouser

While some Vanderbilt students were out running around in that ridiculously slutty costume that got you the attention of 'that guy,' and let's be honest - no one wants the attention of 'that guy,' over Halloween, my two companions and I were out taking the high road. Actually, it was more like the I-40. Anyway, we went to Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert's Rally to Restore Sanity and/or Fear on the National Mall in Washington D.C.. The supposed eleven hour ride predicted by my handy dandy iPhone was really only about eight hours when you're in the back of the car drinking the last bit of vodka you had left in your stash (go sober November!). Now, before you go waving and pointing your finger at me for drinking in a car, let me first say: fuck you. I don't have a problem. And secondly, the last time I checked there is no law saying you cannot tickle the driver while under the influence.



Hey, guy, don't stand there with your mouth open like that! You'll catch flies...

After the drunkenly insane trip, my two amigos and I descended upon the rally rather sane. As soon as we arrived, we did our American civic duty and took a few photos of the Washington monument, also known as the Tribute to Bill Clinton, and a few of ourselves in incriminating positions. After the intense photo session, we followed what I'm sure Glenn Beck would call "about 10 million" people towards the national mall. This being the first rally I had ever attended, I was excited to see some of the serious shit that Fox News promises me every time I tune into their coverage of rally goers carrying

semi-automatic weapons and throwing books at the president. But this rally did not quite live up to the fantastical portrayal of other reportedly more intense rallies.



Unfortunately, this page has to be printed in black-and-white. Sorry, Mochachino Party!

Many of my fellow rally-goers were actually kind and polite as they heeded Jon Stewart's proposal for the day of "Don't be a Douche." When I asked that tall guy blocking my view of the stage to move out of the way, he actually moved and apologized for being so freakishly tall! On top of all that, there were no guns to be found - just people dressed in the signature Where's Waldo red stripes and pot smokers holding "Legalize Pot" and "It's 4:20 Everyday" signs everywhere.

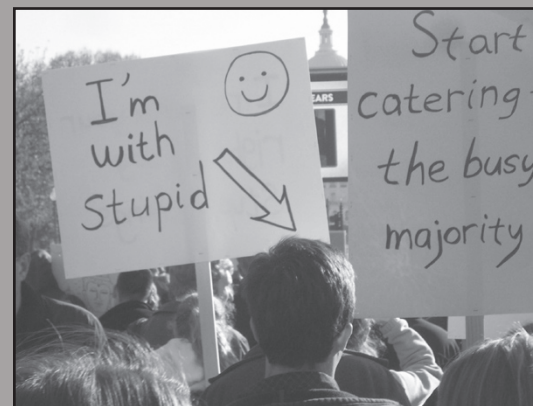
Regarding the lack of reckless abandon, I have already sent in a complaint to Fox News for getting my hopes up. Walking around with all of these rationally thinking individuals, I felt like a little boy waiting for Santa by the Christmas tree only to find it's really his fat-ass uncle Ben dressed as Santa hitting on your mother's best friend Becky.

Whatever the case, the rally went off without



"Yeah, my dad went to the rally... I told him to get me some autographs or at least some drugs, but he just got this washcloth... Yeah, lame... I know, right?"

a literal bang, and we were entertained by the musical sounds of Ozzy Osbourne, John Legend, Yusuf (the artist formerly known as Cat Stevens), Kid Rock, Sheryl Crow and many more musical acts than VPB could ever convince to come to Vanderbilt. Jon Stewart gave an amazing speech at the end, and three and a half hours later my buddies and I were out of the crowded streets of Washington and back in the car on the road to Vandyland.



It's not insulting if you say it with a smile!!! :)

Overall, my number one highlight moment of the rally is the following quote that I overheard: "Is that chick dressed like mother Mary? And that dude dressed like Joseph smoking pot? Aw, now they're making-out... Sick! Hey, the immaculate conception isn't until March!"



Hey, now, I know your sign is trying to be "edgy" and "off-kilter," but did you really have to go there? Come on, man... What are you trying to prove? Do you even know?? Oh, you're high. I get it now... Kind of.

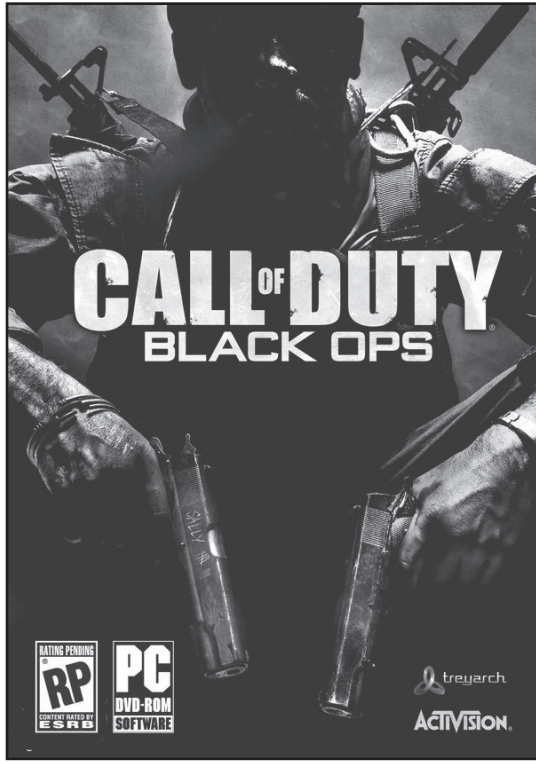


Bro, bro... Really, bro? Why, bro... There's no place for that here, bro. There's no place for that anywhere...

Call of Duty: Black Ops Implements New Tweaks to Alter Learning Curve

By: Grant Lewis
Level 70 Legionnaire

Last week, Activision's subsidiary and corporate lap dog Treyarch released the much anticipated game, "Call of Duty: Black Ops". Unfortunately for Treyarch, far too many people bought it, and now the company may have to limit on-line play strictly to non-noobs only. To some casual players this may seem unfair, but to the most dedicated gamers this is the relief they've strongly desired for over a year.



You criticize me for dual wielding G18s, but the freaking guy on the box is doing it!!!

Without the inordinate amount of noobs running around with the added speed of the Marathon and Lightweight perks, 'Noobslayer9' commented, "Finally! Now I don't live in constant fear of a quick, bullshit tac-knife burst from a noob or being shot through the wall by an FMJ FAL when I clearly had [the noob] lined up in the iron sights of my silenced AK-74... with fall camo, of course."

Another hardcore gamer, 'AkimboShotties132'

the like who will no longer have to face players that have a strange, rumored ability: the so-called "skill." For gameplay balance reasons, in the rare case that a player may exhibit talented play, the game will promptly prevent the character from moving at all. Lead Developer Mark Lamia said, "Honestly, it's the only fair solution to the problem."

To date, Treyarch stats list that over 14 billion claymore mines have been placed in the few days since the game's release. These explosives, along with the noticeably darker and larger maps are even more helpful to the cause of the "Waiters." These camper's boons coupled with equipment such as movable claymores and stationary video cameras that can replace your mini-map have significantly upped the game's required lack-of-skill factor to an unprecedented level.

One qualm that true pros have is that shotguns are no longer considered secondary weapons.



Behold! The Call of Duty edition Jeep Wrangler!... It's just a black Jeep... What the hell?? Why does this exist??

This change has effectively removed the ability to have a powerful bling rapid-fire holographic UMP submachine gun along with a silenced foregrip SPAS-12 shotgun that has the long-range capabilities of a sniper has been eliminated. Most players don't like these changes, but game developers claim they are trying to appeal to "True gamers."

"The game will be a little more difficult, but now that the noobs have been eliminated, we can play the game the way it is meant to be played - with grenade launchers, RPGs and flamethrowers." Says Xbox Live subscriber and first prestige level 23 xDudleyDoWrongx.

Currently, there is no word yet on any advantageous in-game glitches that have been discovered, but the most elite gamers say that they are ready to use them for their benefit. Legendary noob-owner and local 13-year old Sgt.Slaughter69 said, "If it is obviously an intentional glitch, then a true master takes any edge he can get."

Multiplayer Game Designer David Vonderhaar stated, "Don't worry, noobs. If you are upset that you have no place in this new game, there are some steps that you can take. Just equip those akimbo shotguns and learn how to drop shot, and you too can channel your inner "pro."



Riot shield? RIOT SHIELD? Are you serious? Did you bring that riot shield to my game? Noob, sit the fuck down. You might as well just disconnect from the server, because everyone gonna be killin' you. Just get out. Just return your copy of the game to the weak-ass Target you came from.

is excited about the removal of the sniper rifles' scoping function. He said, "Let's be real, 360° quickscope-noscopes are the only way to snipe."

Even more elated are the intensely hardcore players, including modders, lagswitchers, and

throw down low down

Here's your comprehensive guide to this weekend's fraternity parties

Wednesday:
Alpha Alpha's Alphasolics Anonymous party

Thursday:
Phi Rho Mu: Preppy pre-party
Phi Rho Mu: PR-MDs: The Doctor Is In
Phi Rho Mu: Post-party party-themed party
Phi Rho Mu: Afterparty-style afterparty
Phi Rho Mu: Postafterparty-Golf Pros and Uncontrolable Vomitting
Gamma Alpha Upsilon: Glee Viewing party
Beta Upsilon Chi: Straight Guys and No Hos

Friday:
Nu Omicron Delta: Business Boys and Sexretaries
Sigma Tau Pi: Tech-bros and Trance Hos
Kappa Kappa Kappa: Private Bonfire
Tau Nu Sigma: Ultimate Frisbros and Table Tennis Hos

Saturday:
Rho Alpha Mu: Sluttily Dressed Women and Douchebags
Phi Epsilon: Just a lot of excessive drinking...

Sunday:
Beta Chi Omega: Regretful Bros and Possibly Pregnant Hos

[TFLVP:

Texts from Last Vandy Party Remembering what you said when you can't.

(813): I can't remember the last time I had a stomach ache that couldn't be cured by taking a huge dump.

(404): Why do you keep your insulin and condoms in the same drawer?

(859): They are of equal importance.

(407): When I take a test, my brain is like diarrhea- it just comes out right away. I'm not gonna sit there and stew over it; I'm just gonna drip what I know all over the page.

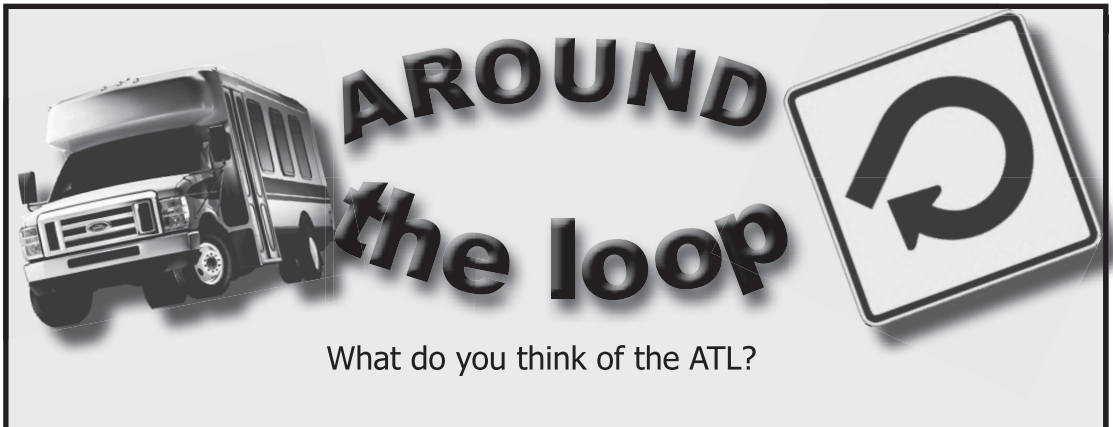
(888): That elevator's going down - don't get on it!

(999): We're on the 14th floor...

(615): At this point I would welcome gonorrhea.

(817): ...and I will put on my prissy pants whenever I want to!

(636): SPOTTED: Clay on a date at Café Coco!



What do you think of the ATL?

Atlanta Resident



Aw shit yes, y'all! ATL in the fuckin' house. That's my shit! Y'all know I love the shit outta da A!

Not an Atlanta Resident



I'm from Sandy Springs. There's a difference.

André 3000



I believe I've made my feelings on Atlanta quite clear over the course of my career.

Bill O'Reilly



ATL? What the fuck does that mean? This doesn't... The words don't make sense. The fucking thing sucks!

Military Leader



ATL? Who the hell told you about the advanced tactical laser? I'm sorry son, but I'll have to zap you for this. *zap*

Road Rager



THE DOWNTOWN CONNECTOR WAS THE DUMBEST IDEA EVER. EVER!!!!!!

CS Major



You mean the ATLAS Transformation Language? Oh I'm familiar! Are we working with complex models?

COCO



Uhh.. it's great. Hey have you been watching my new show?! Pretty good right?

TOP TEN
Quotes from *Slant* Meetings

- 10 "You're confusing knitting with traveling again. You can't just show up to the airport with needles and knee socks."
- 9 "I go to school in a morgue."
- 8 "Can you have sex with a pending vagina?"
- 7 "Are you on a shit-ton of Valtrex? No? Well you should be."
- 6 "I am pro-abortion, anti-choice. We should randomly choose women to have abortions. Sorry, but that's just how the lottery works."
- 5 "I know how to get people to come to women's basketball games. Tell the crowd it's a men's basketball game...then lock the doors."
- 4 "If I learned Japanese from anime, I'd just know, like, 50 different ways to say 'I'm gonna be the pirate king.'"
- 3 "I know how to get people to come to women's basketball games. Teach them how to dunk!"
- 2 "Plus, nobody wants to be aborted by a monkey over losing a Jenga game."
- 1 "I know how to get people to show up to women's basketball games... shirts and skins."

Advice According to the Gospel of Mark

By: Mark Sakauye
The Omniscient One

Welcome to the first edition of The Gospel of Mark. In this section, I'll be answering all of your dumb questions with the wisdom I've garnered from almost twenty-two whole years on this earth. So sit back and prepare to fill your head with my brand of knowledge.

Dear Mark the Omniscient,
I adopted this dog from the shelter, and they assured me it was potty trained. I've been picking up its mess since I brought it home. I bring it into the bathroom to show it where to go, but it acts like it's never even seen a toilet! Is there a special trick to this?

Yours,
The Toilet Totalitarianist

Dear Owner of Retarded Dog,
This question really requires an in-depth knowledge of the dog psyche. Fortunately for you, I have a Ph.D. in Canine Psychiatry! What you need to do is replace all of your flooring with toilet seat tiles (TSTs). This will trick the dog into thinking that the only place it can go to the bathroom is in a toilet. Give it about four weeks, then start slowly removing small sections of TSTs every week or so until the only toilet left is the actual one. Now flushing the toilet is an entirely different beast all together, but you didn't ask me that, so screw you, I'm not telling.



When the ophthalmologist said, "Which is better, number 1 or number 2?" I'm sure that this is not what he had in mind.

Dear Mark the Omniscient,
My boyfriend lives in Ireland. I met him three years ago at a bar during my high school senior trip. As I'm sure you know, the age limit for alcohol over there is only 18 years old. We had a great weekend relationship, and now I have a three-year-old son. Two weeks after I came home to the States, my boyfriend robbed a bank at gunpoint, so now he's stuck in jail in Ireland for the next 100 years or so. I want my son to know his father. Should I move to Ireland to be closer to him?

Sincerely,
Mother from Millersville



Mark hard at work catching dreams with chopsticks.

Dear Knocked Up Girl,
Absolutely yes! Ireland is a wonderful place to live. Their people smell amazing if I'm to believe anything from Irish Spring body soap. Also, I hear there are pots of gold everywhere, just lying around! Watch out for those leprechauns though, they go for your ankles, the little bastards. As for the ex(?)-boyfriend, have your son learn everything possible from him. Prison is a learning experience, so I'm sure there will be plenty of lessons to share.

yo MTO,
i needa getta job but i ain't gots no diploma and the ged test is too hard and costs lyke 50 bucks and i ain't gots that cuz i ain't gots no job. whaddo i do?

Peace.

Dear University of Tennessee Student,
How did you find this email address? What the hell kind of a letter was that? Who do you think you are? What you so stupid-dumb for?

All these questions and more will be answered in the next issue...

If you have a question of your own that you would like to have passed through the mental bowels of Mark the Omniscient, address an email to [<mto.theslant@gmail.com>](mailto:mto.theslant@gmail.com) and see if it gets answered in the next issue of *The Slant!*

Untappd: The Best Thing to Happen to Drinking since Alcohol

By: Jonathan Newkirk
King of Kegs

Being a Vanderbilt student practically guarantees you an honorary AA membership card. We love to drink. However, the only thing we love more than drinking is making fun of those pussies who, "Can't go out tonight, I have too much work..." Fuck those bitches!

With the new web service Untappd, you don't have to wait until the morning to tell your friends about how you got "so drunk" last night. Users of Untappd can check in which brews they're drinking in real time. Untappd links with your Twitter account, as it sends a tweet of the brew you are currently consuming, nursing, enjoying, guzzling, shotgunning or sipping. It also uses the popular FourSquare service's API to

determine your location while you are overindulging in your sweet, delicious, hoppy nectar. Two *Slant* staffers recently tested this feature and discovered that Carmichael Towers, Lewis House, and Vandebilt University Post Office are all valid locations and that popular brews such as Dogfish Head's Punkin Ale, New Belgium's Fat Tire, and Pabst Brewing Company's Pabst Blue Ribbon are all recordable drinks. This revolutionary drinking mechanism means that if those pussies ever decide to come out of their rooms, they will know not only your location but also how many beers they need to drink to catch up to your drunk ass.

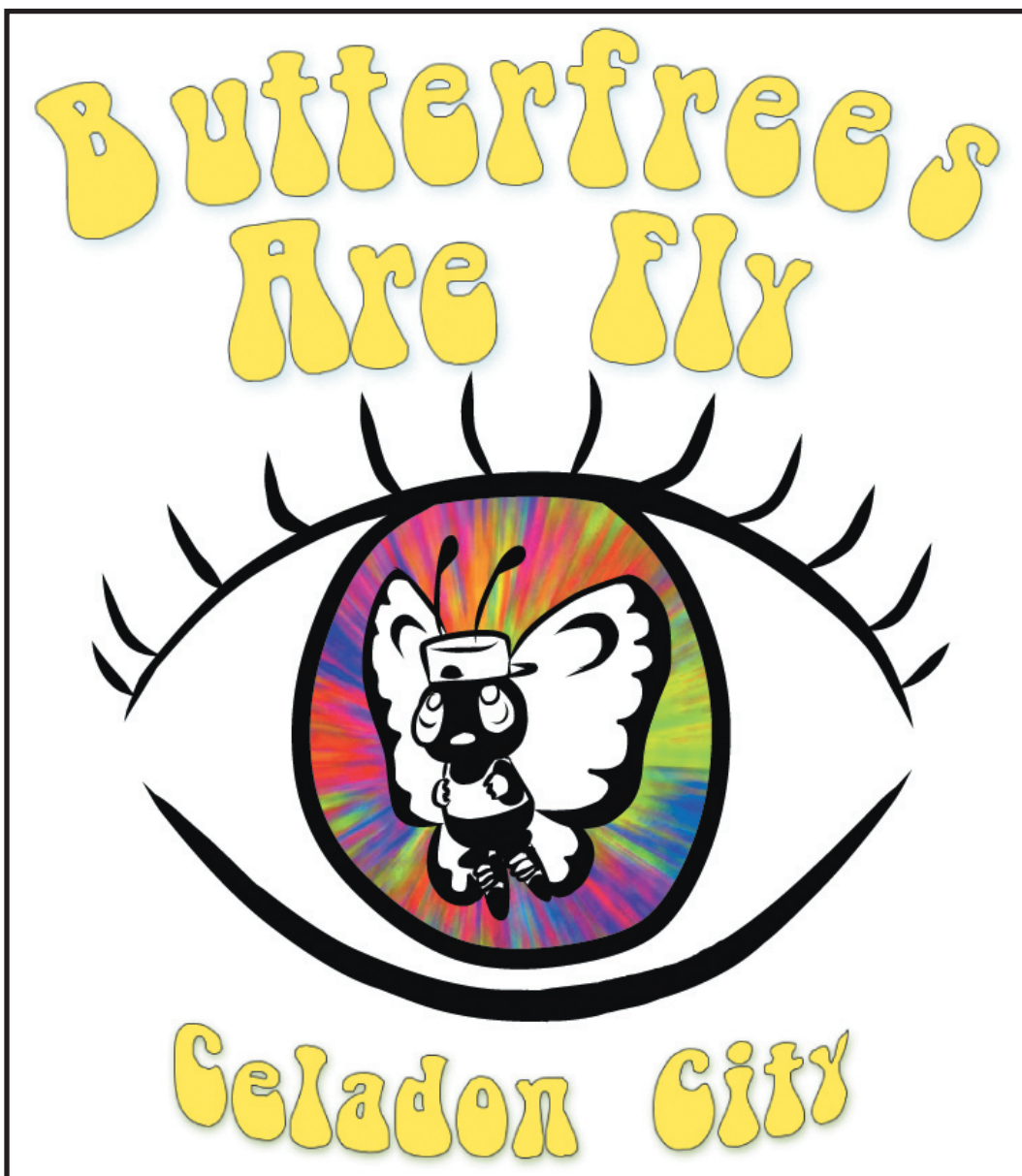
However, the best feature of Untappd is the badge system. Drink 25 unique beers, and you got yourself the Apprentice Badge. Drink three beers before noon, and you've just earned the prestigious Hair of the Dog Badge. Now you have an unbiased third party to tell you how much more of a badass you are than your bitch-ass friend who decided to stay in for the night.

To get in on the intense drinking statistics action, use your preferred mobile device to navigate to <http://m.untappd.com> or follow @the_slant on twitter.

We will honor any untapped drinking challenge, 'cuz you bitches are going down.



Now you can drink, drive, talk on your iPhone, and compete with your friends at rising your BAC... all at the same time!



Comic by Rachel-Chloe Gibbs

JOINTHESLANT please.

Fellow Vanderbilt students, I pose the following simple questions to you: "Are you satisfied with life at Vandy? Are you satisfied by delicious Rand brunch, by sorority girls in cowboy boots and aviators?" Well, you should be, because both of these things are very fun to look at, albeit for very different reasons.

But do you ever feel sarcasm welling up inside you with no way to come out? Does the vicious, biting humor have no escape but to rampage unchecked through your Facebook meaningless status updates? If so, you might want to consider joining *The Slant*.

"Why would I ever want to join a bunch of sun-deprived psychopaths with severe superiority complexes," you ask? Firstly, I get plenty of sunlight walking from Stevenson to Olin, thank you very much. Secondly, *Slant* meetings are really pretty fun. We sit, make with the funny, and then decide who wants to write down said funny. And, by the time three weeks have past, lo and behold, your name is on the best piece of journalism to have ever graced Vanderbilt University.

Even if you don't think

you're particularly funny, there's a place for you at *The Slant!* We're all insanely hilarious people, so by the laws of diffusion, the funny will flow into you if you come to enough meetings. If you don't like writing (I'm looking at you, computer science majors), we're always

looking for skilled artists to cleverly Photoshop slightly offense pictures into massively offensive pieces of beauty. Blair majors, we don't really have a use for you, but you should probably get used to hearing that now anyways.

So stop by Sarratt 130 on Mondays at 8 PM if you want in on the awesome, and be sure to pick us up some fro-yo on the way over. That Fucking Coffee Shop is right down the hall.



Ben Coleman: These are his sexy eyes.