



Literally waiting for this inauguration  
... since 1886

### INSIDETHISSUE

U.S. Weather Service Declares Nashville "Cold As Balls."

Somali Pirates Sued For Downloading "Womanizer."

Loss of Class Roles Significantly Reduces Facebook Stalking.

#### OASIS CONFUSION

**4** Do you want something delicious or nonfunctional?

#### LIONS BAILOUT

**5** Obviously, something isn't going well.

#### OBAMA CRITICS

**8** They just make things up. Obama is our home boy.

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## FROM THE EDITOR



BRENDAN ALVIANI

Man, it's been a while. If you're anything like me, then you've probably developed a *Slant*-deficiency from not getting your bi-weekly Vanderbilt-centric penis jokes. The cure? Apply some topical humor, sip a beverage of your choice through a Silly Straw, and avoid *The Hustler*. Actually, that's just good advice in general.

Winter Break was a good time. I went up to Wisconsin Dells with my girlfriend and my family (For those unfamiliar with the Dells, it is sort of like the Gatlinburg of the North, minus the ridiculous number of airsoft guns and with more waterski shows). I went snowboarding; it was fun, especially while going down those Black Diamonds, or as those hills would be rated in Europe, the Bunny Hills. I got a couple of ski-lift tickets, which I wore around just long enough to be a conversation starter without (hopefully!) being that exxtreme-sports douchebag. Unfortunately, my girlfriend couldn't quite get the hang of snowboarding, so her legs ended up looking like I beat her. Again.

Winter Break was also nice because I feel like I accomplished something: I actually read a book. That's total crazy-talk to hear from an English major, but sometimes miracles happen. Being overly-ambitious and literary, I decided to pick up a book a friend had recommended on a whim: *The Brothers Karamazov* by Fyodor Dostoevsky. I couldn't consistently pronounce it correctly until I was about 300 pages in, but it was very good.

My other main accomplishment was to set up Google Reader. For those not up on RSS and Web 2.0, basically Google will collect all the news stories from all your favorite websites into one, so that you can cruise through them exponentially faster. I feel good for keeping up on the news, but not so good about those two hours that fly by. Great, like I need something more addictive and time-consuming than Facebook.

Break is over, but I'm back. Of course, this is more than *The Hustler's* Michael Warren and *Versus'* Darcy Newell can say. Their retort would be "Hey, we can have lives again and/or not get criticized for every little thing we do." Pshaw. *The Slant* is so awesome that they obviously gave up in fear of only being fractionally as awesome as us. Likewise, the new *Hustler* editor-in-chief, Sydney Wilmer, went on record to say "OMG!! WTF!!1! BBQ11!!1 THE SLANT IS TEH R0X0RZ!!1!!1 ELEVENTY!!! WE MUST DO ONLY 2 ISSUES PER WEEK BECUZ THEY BE SO AWESOMES!!!"

It's good to be back to Vandyland. Let's get this party started.

## Suit Guy and Casual Guy battle for VSG Presidency

With VSG elections fast approaching, the two presidential candidates, Casual Guy and Suit Guy, have been making their campus rounds.

"I've really just tried to make sure it's ironed every day, and that the shirt and tie are just flashy enough to catch the average voter's eye... but not flashy to the point of scandal," Suit Guy said of his campaign platform. "Yes, I do sleep in it," he added.

Casual Guy prefers a different approach to politics. "If I can promise you one thing about my time in office, it's this: you won't see me in anything but khaki or denim," he said. "Ever."

Voting takes place on January 28. No word on the candidate's actual names.

## For New Years, Math Department Resolves to Ruin More GPAs.

In what came to be a rather festive discussion between the professors of Vanderbilt University's mathematics department, the math faculty at Vanderbilt University has committed itself to one major new years' resolution for the 2009 year - to find new and innovative ways to ruin the grade point averages of students all over the University.

"We were deeply unsatisfied with the grade point averages of students after the Fall 2008 semester. We were aiming to make it so that incoming Freshmen had their GPAs dropped by a full point after taking a calculus class, but we realized, after calculating the GPAs of various students, that their GPAs had only dropped by .987654321 of a point. This, by the standards of our university, is absolutely unacceptable. To restore the credibility of the mathematics department, we have requested additional funding from the University so that our students' GPAs will fi-

nally take the hit that they deserve," a university professor said.

"The exams are balls hard as it is. I made all A's in high school, but I felt lucky to get a D in Calculus I. Who knows, maybe next semester I'll get a C, and maybe then I can finally stop going into that ugly ass building," an engineering student said.

When asked why nothing is done about the math department's deliberately negative effect on the ability of students to get jobs and admission to professional schools, Chancellor Zeppos replied "It wouldn't be Vandy if someone didn't screw you over. "

## Women's bowling team decries lack of puns

Despite being the No. 1 ranked team in the country, the Vanderbilt Women's bowling team is distraught by the lack of big-type pun headlines in the *Hustler*.

"It's just not fair," said Josie Earnest, who was recently named the 2008 NCAA Player of the Year. "When the men's football team does well, they get a large type, 'WE'RE GOING BOWLING,' but you never see a 'WE'RE GOING FOOTBALLING' when we win a major tournament.

"This is just punishment," she added. "They've left of us in the gutter."

One *Hustler* sports editor said he thinks the coverage has been fair.

"Our coverage has been straight-down-the-middle in terms of balance," he said. "I don't know if I can pin down the exact cause of the team's resentment."

"I just want to strike out the sports section whenever I read it, they always seem to have plenty of room for more sports stories" said bowling team captain Liz O'Neily. "I just wish they could convert the spare space to more bowling coverage."

## MADOFF SCAM SCAMS SCAMMER



In an interesting turn of events, it seems Bernard Madoff, proprietor of the largest Ponzi scheme in history, may have bankrupted the second largest Ponzi scheme in history.

Charlie Jameson, a fellow "broker" in the Big Apple with Madoff, has been stealing from old women, charities and companies in charge of producing all things soft and cuddly. Unfortunately for the conman, he invested the vast majority of his earnings in Madoff's "firm," losing upwards of six hundred million dollars upon the unveiling of the sham.

"I feel cheated; I feel like I stole the candy from the baby fair and square and then some bigger asshole stole the candy from me," Jameson said in a statement Monday.

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## CORRECTION

*The Hustler's* "Homeless Man and Ringworm Reported in Kissam" report was supposed to run in *The Slant*. We also apologize for the misleading title; despite what you might think, the homeless man did not actually cause ringworm to break out.



"When I was a kid, we had to eat ringworm for breakfast, lunch, dinner and fourth-meal."

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## Non Compos Mentis by Meryem Dede

"You be peaceful!"  
"No, you be peaceful!"



## MASTHEAD



Ignoring the masthead... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS  
PLACERE CONTENDIT

# Oasis — Not the Paradise One Would Expect

By **Meryem Dede**  
*OASIS Specialist*

With the inclusion of Yogurt Oasis in Vanderbilt's The Taste of Nashville program, the similar naming of the delightful FroYo treats and Vanderbilt's frustrating registration program is confusing many students.

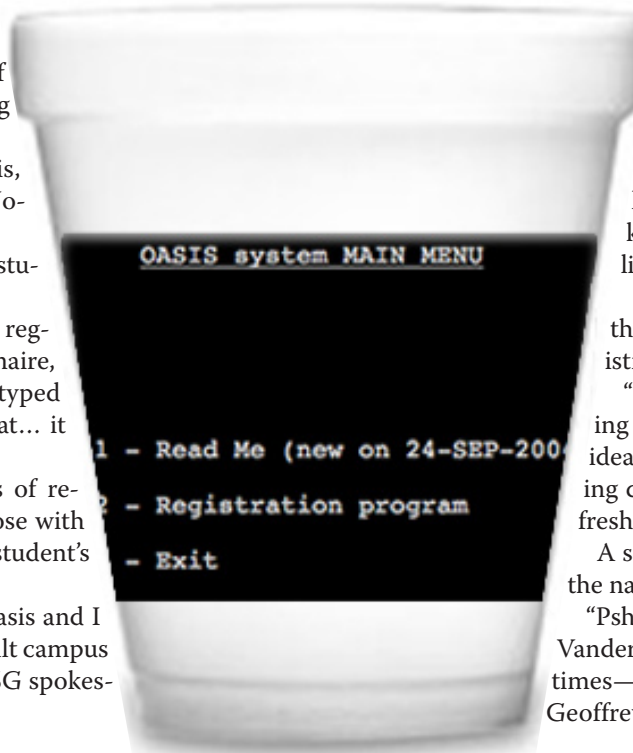
"People kept saying that they were unhappy with Oasis, and I just thought: why? It's delicious!" VSG president Joseph Williams said.

Confusion over the names has caused many Vandy students to go hungry.

"Yogurt Oasis sucks. I logged on was like, I'd like to register for some FroYo, and then I answered its questionnaire, you know, what's the year and the season—but then I typed in 'deliver pistachio low-fat yogurt,' and you know what... it never came. Bitches," sophomore Ginny Belvo said.

Confusion over the names has delayed the process of re-vamping Vanderbilt's class registration program, as those with the ability to change the system did not understand student's cries for a better Oasis.

"People keep coming up to me asking for a better Oasis and I just really think that that shows how spoiled our Vanderbilt campus is. Like really, their FroYo is fine, stop complaining," VSG spokesperson Taylor Appleman said.



Yogurt Oasis owners considered changing the name of their restaurant so as to differentiate themselves, but later decided against it.

"For real, our bad. We should have understood the severity of calling a business Oasis around Vanderbilt—it's like if you were living in Germany and you called your kid Adolf," Yogurt Oasis manager and owner Joseph Stalinski said.

Some students were delighted when they first thought that Vanderbilt was serving frozen yogurt with class registration.

"Oasis' undependability and poor design makes registering for classes really stressful—so I thought it was a great idea when they announced that they were going to be offering desserts along with class registration—It's even low-fat!" freshman Steven Armstrong said.

A small portion of students was actually never confused by the names, and scorns those who were.

"Pshhh, you'd have to be insane to confuse Yogurt Oasis with Vanderbilt's Oasis. Vanderbilt's Oasis spazzes out at random times—Yogurt posts its hours of operation on the door," junior Geoffrey Carmeal said.

## We Want Reparations Now!

By **James Stoeckle**  
*Bitter Senior-ology Specialist*

On behalf of the upperclassmen of Vanderbilt University, I demand reparations for the physical and emotional hardships endured by Peabody residents during the pre-Commons era.

The luxurious and extravagant living accommodations available to freshmen—a standard of living previously unknown to Vanderbilt students—were created at the expense of current upperclassmen and recent graduates. We paid a heavy price so that future generations would have a better (Vanderbilt) life. The state of the art structure known as the Commons is all smiling students and best on-campus food selection—but like Mt. Vesuvius, whose beauty was forged atop the ruined city of Pompeii, the suffering of past Peabody residents mars the Commons' splendor.

The construction of the Commons facilities occurred from 2005 to 2008. During these years, Peabody residents—sophomores at the time—awoke at early hours, often before 8am, victims of loud drilling, hammering, and hydraulic crane noises. I remember those painful mornings vividly: I only got 10 hours of sleep before my 2pm class, instead of my usual 12.

But the noise was not the only atrocity that now makes upperclassmen deserving of reparations; the sub-par facilities themselves made living unbearable during our time on Peabody. Our urinals used an old-fashioned "automatic" flush system, whereas the Commons urinals use a combination of solar panels and magic to make waste disappear on contact. We also did not have: pool tables, a fully-functioning dining hall, numerous flat screen TVs, a decent place to study, a café, elliptical machines, or a place to watch girls work out on elliptical machines.

I have been able to tour the Commons dorms on more than one occasion: Those freshmen girls actually believed me when I told them I just wanted to see their rooms (one did not catch-on even as I took my clothes off in her closet—I told her I wanted a true "Commons closet undressing experience.") From what I saw, these dorms are a big upgrade from the rooms we lived in as sophomores. If the class of '12 saw the 2005 version of Gillette Hall, they would have gone to Emory.

I would also like to reprimand the Vanderbilt administration for its shameless advertising of the Com-

mons facilities, even as bulldozers blared right outside our windows. Vanderbilt's flaunting of the Commons made us increasingly desire the thing we would never have. This is like dangling a juicy t-bone in front of a hungry pack of dogs, only to give the bone away to younger, less deserving dogs—dogs who are slightly less attractive, have better SAT scores, and are made up of a higher percentage of Long Islanders than the older dogs.

Without a dining hall and a fitness room, the old Peabody was essentially only 3/5 as good as the new Peabody, insinuating that the University saw pre-Commons Peabody residents as 3/5 of a (Commons-era Peabody) person. The time has come to pay the piper. If the Commons is to live up to its name, its facilities must truly become common goods. And seeing as though the University will reserve those facilities for freshmen only, we have simple, if unorthodox, demands: a separate tract of fertile land (between 39 to 41 acres) and a strong farm animal (a mule, e.g.) to work that land.

## 3 Places To Pick Up Girls

by Rudy Wu  
Single Specialist

After reading Katherine Miller's article "Man Up, Vanderbilt," I felt moved. You were right; us men do need to become dramatically more masculine. We also need to use gender stereotypes to the max, since women should be just as conformist and predictable as men. So for this article, I'm going to publicly divulge my own personal guide to picking up girls. Yeah, that's right. I'm going to present y'all an excerpt of three places to pick up girls.

First of all, the hardware store. Now, some of you more clueless folks might think, "Why the hell would I ever go to a hardware store to pick up a girl?" Or for the girls reading this (just kidding, we all know girls don't read *The Slant*), "Why would a guy try to hit on me at a hardware store?" Well, the reality is, no married woman or woman in a serious relationship would ever go to the hardware store alone. You girls out there know that - when was the last time you set foot in a hardware store when you had a boyfriend? Never, that's when. Women who are taken will never go to the hardware store by themselves, they will always send their husbands/boyfriends, or in extreme cases (such as picking out stupid shit like wallpaper) they'll go together. What does that mean? If you see a woman alone in a hardware store, she's single. If she's going to the hardware store, she's also wealthy enough to have her own house. Pounce on it.

Second of all, the pet store. Women are suckers for companionship; they'll do absolutely anything to feel loved. If it means buying a dog so hideous I want to use a fork on my eyes, so be it. But gentlemen, that's where you come in. Women desire companionship the most after a breakup, seeking to replace their previous male paramour with a pet of some sort. That's where you use animal magnetism (pun intended) and swoop in and get yourself a nice one-night stand. Odds are, the next morning, she won't know your name, but who gives a fuck? You just fucked. And that is all that us men care for, obviously.

Third of all, the chick flick. Women do enjoyable things in packs, such as going to the bathroom, torturing guys, what have you. But if a girl goes to a chick flick by herself, that means she's really sad and she's moping and just wants to be left alone. What does that mean? Women don't know what they want. They say they want to be left alone, but what they really want is a jackass of a guy there to give them a lot of attention so that she'll feel loved and valued, however superficially. Enter you. Of course, if a woman is in a pack of girls during a chick flick, her friends, specifically the ugly one, are going to be defensive and not let you touch her, hence the conclusion is that a group of women at a chick flick should not be approached at all.

As you can tell, it's pretty easy to pick up chicks, as long as they are completely predictable and shallow as you are.



*Opinion: Woman Up, Vanderbilt.  
Defenselessness is in this season.*

## Lions Bailout

by Rudy Wu  
Sports Specialist

In recent news, the fortunes of The Motor City took the latest out of several thousand turns for the worse as the Detroit Lions became the first team in NFL to history to lose all sixteen regular postseason games. The Lions, one of the oldest teams in the NFL, showed their desperation by having to call quarterback Daunte Culpepper out of retirement to play for the Lions. However, the Lions struggled to no avail, as Culpepper and the Lions went down in striking fashion, supplying the rest of the NFL with victories until week 17, when their terrible season ended abruptly with a loss to the also-stumbling-but-not-quite-as-bad Green Bay Packers.

The United States Government, recognizing the importance of the Detroit Lions, a subsidiary company of The Ford Motor Company, has proposed a bailout plan for the Lions. "We recognize the importance of the Lions to the National Football League, as well as to Ford Motor Company, and will allocate government funding for the purpose of resurrecting this franchise." Reports have indicated that the bailout plan includes renovations to Ford Field, as well as an immediate 300 million dollar loan for the Lions to rebuild and sign their draft picks. After having the unquestionably worst executive in football on their staff in the form of Matt Millen, the Lions look to use the 300 million dollar bailout sum to hire Pro Bowl Quarterback Brett Favre to re-ignite their offense, and hire 12 time Pro Bowl Linebacker Not So Junior Seau to anchor their defense. "Favre and Seau are proven stars", said Lions owner William Clay Ford Sr., "and will go on to be an integral part of this franchise for many years to come."

Said John Madden about the Lions "I think they really need a good quarterback. A good quarterback helps all teams, because if you don't have a good quarterback, you can't pass the ball, and if you can't pass the ball, you have to run the ball, and if you can only run the ball, that means your team isn't as good simply because they can't pass the ball."

## Bastard Confession

"I secretly hope that the English Only Amendment don't pass, because I don't know how to speak me proper English myself."

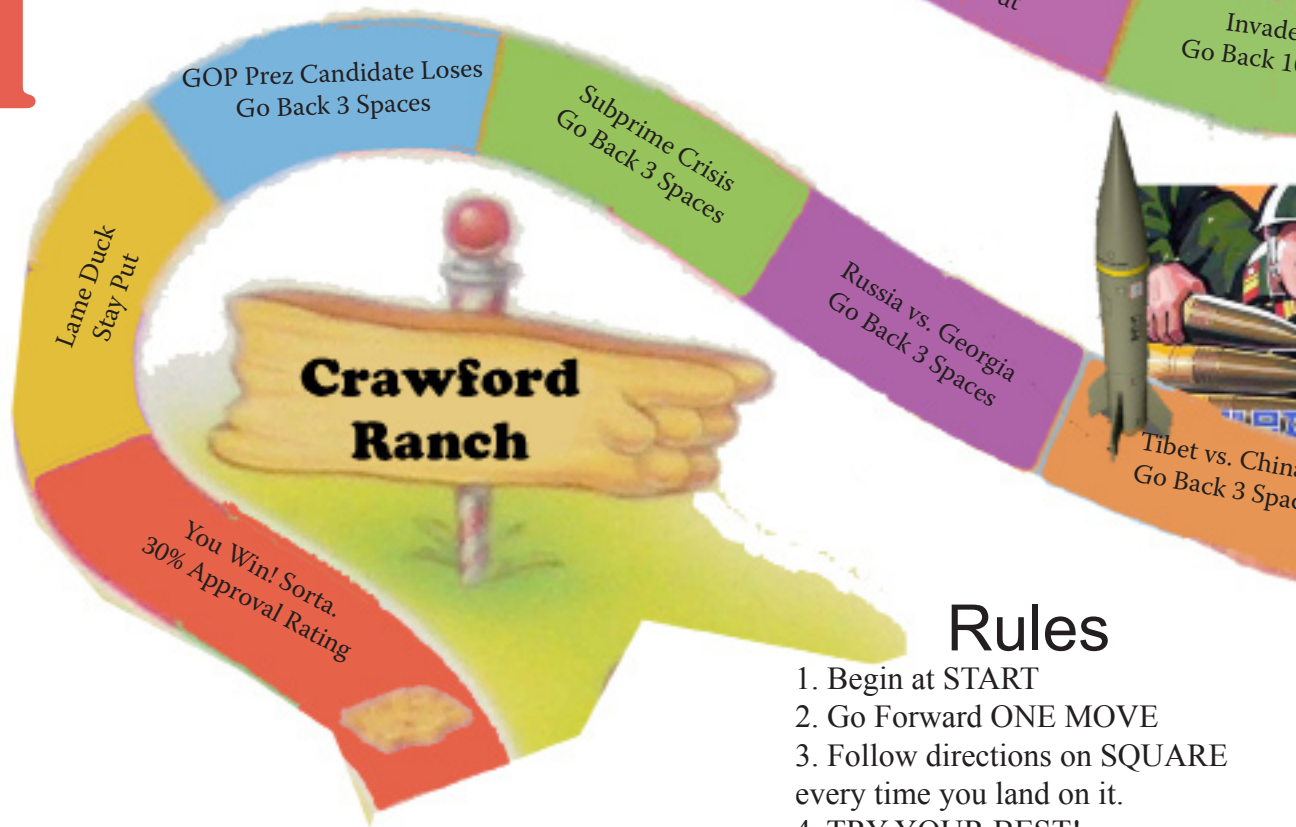
-Eric Crafton





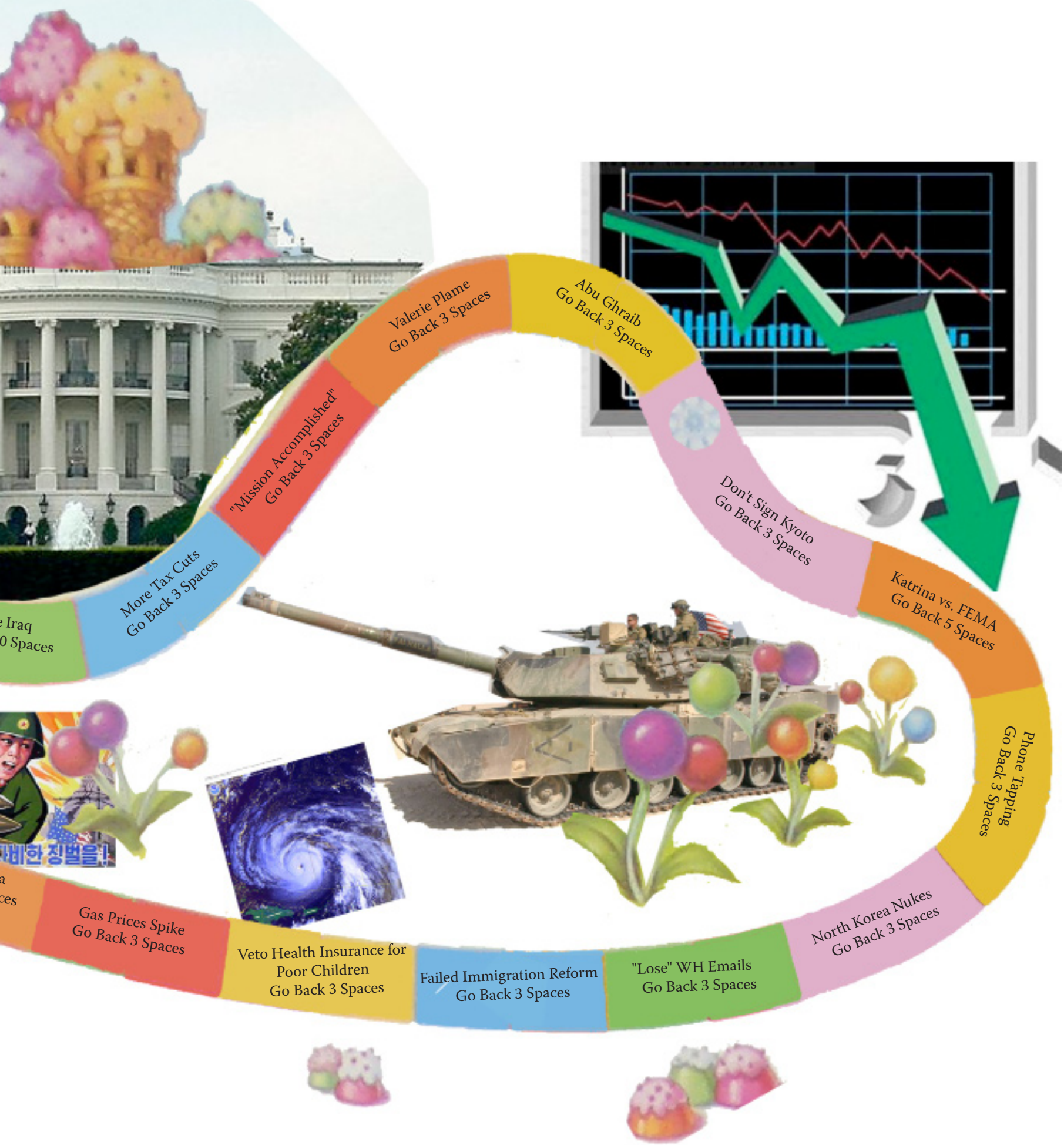
# BUSH LAND

Ex-President Bush was the kind of guy everyone loved to hate. Now that he is gone, you can re-create the Bush Experience by playing as him. Feel the crushing defeats and the occasional luke-warm lack of criticism. Try YOUR hand at the most difficult job in the world!



## Rules

1. Begin at START
  2. Go Forward ONE MOVE
  3. Follow directions on SQUARE every time you land on it.
  4. TRY YOUR BEST!
- NOTE: Game ends after 4 to 8 years.



# The New Face of Gay Marriage

by **Brendan Alviani**

*Sexy, Sexy Specialist*

A Gay Man and a Lesbian Woman Symbolically Fuck With Conservatives

The Religious Right thought they had it all figured out: if you outlaw same-sex marriage, then the gays just give up their abominable behavior and "traditional marriage" wins. There was one thing they did not anticipate, however: Liz Scofield and Antoine.

As raging homosexuals, they nonetheless appreciated each other as friends. Like same-sex buddies, they sometimes pretended to be sexually attracted to each other. Eventually, Liz and Antoine did what all close friends do: they got married on Facebook.

After a while, however, they realized that if they wanted their marriage to be more ironic and unique than those of the hundreds of thousands of other college students who are also abusing that relationship status, they really needed to up their game. So they did the most logical thing available to them: they had a fake wedding.

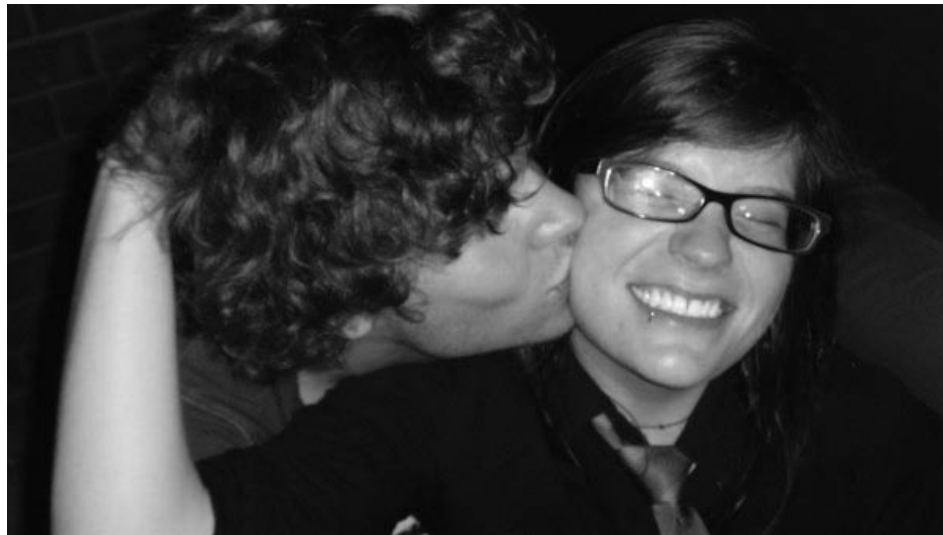
With more guests than Casino Night (at least on Facebook), the wedding was packed. As a joke that went too far, this evening was, as one guest described it, "muthafucking magical." Most of the guests were dressed up well: men wore suits, women wore suits, and one gentleman with a mohawk even arrived in a kilt. (What an attention-seeker.) There was birdseed for the guests to throw and even a harp

player. Once again, THEY HAD A HARP PLAYER FOR A FAKE WEDDING.

As they exchanged sexually-explicit wedding vows, a tear came to my eye. Perhaps it was that these two lovely people were having the time of their lives doing something they will probably never be able to do for real. With repressive laws preventing such a symbolic act from having any of its 1,138 benefits, this couple had the courage to stand up and challenge the brazen hypocrisy of the Land of the Free. Maybe it was the realization that if illegalizing same-sex marriage wrongly shoehorned gay people into distorting the institution of straight marriage, then maybe there was hope that social conservatives would rethink their strategy. Or maybe I just got something in my eye. Either way, I soon got ready to party.

The bride, Antoine, picked the music for the party. The couple's first dance was, appropriately enough, Celine Dion's "My Heart Will Go On." Also making a prominent appearance on the playlist was Britney Spears, a rolemodel for the couple's marriage. Despite their efforts, however, the music was never quite as gay as the average fraternity party's.

Overall, as the effects of this highly meaningful and symbolic gestures ripple throughout society, let us remember one thing: Penis.



*"Eww... Hetero Cooties."*

## Come On, Obama, Get With the Program

By **Ben Blais**

*Reasonable Criticism Specialist*

Where's the change, Obama?! You have been president for MINUTES now, and I haven't seen any "change" yet. A homeless man with worms showered in Reinke last week, where were you? And boy was I embarrassed when I called the Middle East on the telly to congratulate them on the peace agreement only to hear that there was STILL war going on. Do you know what that does to my intercontinental credibility?

When I heard you say those sexy words, "hope", and "change", I touched my nipples. But the plan to destroy global warming and restore normal temperatures to America has clearly failed so far today, because I have been freezing my ass off for a whole WEEK now. The words "irresponsible" and "lying-Nancy-boy" come to mind. What did you even do after your speech? Go eat dinner, go spend time with your family, or something else that sounds reasonable but that I object to? I've had presidents in my head that have solved more issues in a week than you have in all three hours since you've been elected.

Everyone's calling you a "lackadaisical, somnolent, otiose laggard". I first heard a BABY say that. If you want to have an ap-



*You can't just bribe me with those donuts, Obama. Alright, maybe you can.*

proval rating that's in the percents, especially with all these angry babies, I recommend a strategy of something, because this current strategy of nothing just isn't cutting the mustard or something like that.

Since I know you are reading this and feeling melancholy, you probably want to know what I recommend you do. Even with my superior intellect, I don't really know much of anything. Staples has an "easy button," that sounds good. And I'm no military prodigy, but I read somewhere (Cosmo?) that bringing troops home included the act of physically bring troops home, which made sense to me at the time. Regardless, have some work to do on Wednesday. And you probably shouldn't sleep, as it's regarded as a sheer recklessness. The teenie bopper population has already given you the nickname "Snorlax", which is apparently a 2 ton pokemon that's known for laziness and lives in the gumdrop forest sleeping all day.

So get to it man. For months, I've wanted to implement my change for the better, but it looks like all it's good for now is double the beef at Taco Bell.



# My Near-Near-Death Experience

**Kris Stensland**

*Survival Specialist*

Interesting fact: one of the cheapest flights from New York to Nashville goes from La Guardia through Charlotte before landing finally in the Music City. Unless, of course, some sort of bird catastrophe knocks out both of your engines and you have to crash land in the Hudson River. I had an interview in Manhattan this week, and took this exact flight two days before the crash—and I'm so thankful that I didn't have the near-death experience that so many passengers on the flight underwent this past Thursday. Not so much for the inconvenience of being cold in the river, or being scared of flying or anything, but for the sake of my current lifestyle.

You see, had I had a near-death experience such as those passengers, right now I'd probably be reevaluating my life. I'd have to take a bunch of time to tell all those random people how I really feel about them, and do all the things I've been meaning to do—basically knock off the bucket list while I'm still young and alive and all that (although skydiving would probably not be the best idea at that point, I will admit). Those survivors—and all of them survived, thankfully—are probably thinking about how lucky they are to be alive, and how they should live each day to the fullest. Meanwhile, I can still complain about minor inconveniences and fill my days to whatever capacity I feel is appropriate for the moment. Should I contribute greatly to a

lasting and meaningful experience, or should I continue to Facebook stalk people I never talk to and watch pointless internet videos? Thanks to my near-near-death experience, I still have the option.

I really think everyone should have a near-near-death experience so they can fully appreciate how great it is to not feel compelled to push yourself to the limit. Is mediocrity okay? Sure, you're going to live forever, right? Why do something today when you can so easily put it off until tomorrow? If you're not afraid of expiring at any moment, it just makes it so much easier to not care about enjoying life. Am I right? I don't really care if I'm right or not; I can be pretty complacent about whatever I want because I really don't feel any pressure. It's pretty awesome, I guess.

So whether you were almost on a plane where something bad almost happened but ultimately didn't; in a car that almost got in a minor car accident that could have been bad; or even just walked down the same pathway where someone slipped and fell and was okay but could

have been seriously hurt, you should fully take advantage of your near-near-death experience to appreciate how great not feeling compelled to do anything is. So enjoy it. Or don't; that's still your prerogative.



## Vanderbilt GEO Cancels Exotic Study Abroad Options

**By Andrew Ligon**

*Anglophone Specialist*

In light of the current economic situation, Vanderbilt University has been forced to make some budgetary cuts. One such cut occurred within Vanderbilt's Global Education Office (GEO). GEO is well known for offering students study abroad opportunities to some of the most exotic locations in the world such as England, Ireland, and Australia. Unfortunately, some less popular study abroad programs have been axed from the offering.

"Vanderbilt-in-Guantanamo was one of our most ambitious projects. We were working directly with the U.S. military to give our students a unique perspective on life," claims the Director of GEO, "then only one of our four initial students return in time for the spring semester and suddenly all the kids are big sissies." Jason Jones, one of the survivors of fall '07 reflects on his experience, "I was a huge fan of the beach, and I loved surfing. Then I heard that Vandy had this killer program in Cuba, where the waves are massive dude. I was all excited, especially when they said I'd even get to try water boarding. I figured that wakeboarding was pretty easy so how hard could water boarding be? So I'm all like sign me up.... and then..... it was so horrible.... almost as bad as pledging....." Jason then asked to end the interview with a very prominent twitch in his left eye.

Vanderbilt-in-Cancun is another program that will be dropped by GEO after

this semester. Isabelle Crist, the Study Abroad Program Advisor, still doesn't know why this program failed to get any students to sign up. "Students seemed to simply have no interest in going to Cancun." Samantha Kraggs however was very blunt, with her lack of interest, "Daddy took me there for the last three winters.... I thought everyone went there at least once by age 14. Even poor people go once eventually right? After all, I always see them a few blocks from my hotel."

The final GEO program that is being cut is Vanderbilt's direct exchange with the University of Bangkok in Thailand. Sarah Schlachter, GEO's Study Abroad Advisor was simply befuddled why this program seemed to have so much initial interest and was never the final choice. "Every now and then a male student will stumble into my office, then he sees the giant sign saying Bangkok and he started asking how he could "get in on that action". They always seemed so interested, and then I mention Thailand, and they suddenly looked very bewildered. One boy said "Wait it's a place?" Despite the above failures, GEO has not been entirely deterred from future program expansions. "We plan on opening six more programs in the mysterious and foreign countries Australia and England, even Canada is on the list of possibilities," according to program director Ara Pachmayer.

# Youtube Film Critic

by Ben Karp  
Meme Specialist

This week, The Slant's film critic takes a look at two recently released YouTube video and their critical reception.

## Soulja Boy Tell' Em - "Kiss Me Thru The Phone" [Music Video]



Rate: ★★★★★ 5,228 ratings

Views: 1,805,049

"Soulja Boy Tell' Em - "Kiss Me Thru The Phone" [Music Video]" (sic) is a strong piece of work that is often undercut by its technolust undertones.

The video's narrative consists of the character Soulja Boy Tell 'Em (played by Soulja Boy) playing cards with his friends while the protagonist bemoans his inability to see the woman he loves, and aspires to marry, that night. "Kiss Me Thru the Phone" becomes the refrain and a maxim of strength our two characters repeat throughout the piece to help resolidify the cracks in the relationship.

While the videography is par with its genre, the strength of the piece is undercut by its repetitious rhyme scheme and the subpar thespianism.

The video's actress, a buxom young woman, fails in her portrayal of a forlorn lover who reconciles herself emotionally through technology (and thus answering the question of: What is love in the age of technology? In the age of "Facebook official," Myspace hookups, Craigslist Casual Encounters, and long distance relationships made possible only by the advent of the Webcam?) She fails in her portrayal of forlorn love because she just looks fucking goofy trying to sensually kiss an iPhone screen.

The video is shot in the quick-cut style familiar to the MTV—and post-MTV— generation. This reviewer counted 16 different shots in 15 seconds. The film, therefore, may be disorienting to older viewers unaccustomed to watching TV or those who still have dial-up modems.

Fan reception of the video—Soulja Boy's 106th—has been mixed. A particular point of contention has been the coiffure of secondary performer, Arab, in the video.

While commenter mackenzie7451 celebrated Arab's new hairstyle -- "i think the best thing about this video is that fact that ARAB cut his hair! keep it like dat bruh!!!!" (sic) -- commenter ehaynes09 bemoaned them: "arab why did you cut your dreds they were cute" (sic). Meanwhile, UndercoverLdn wrote just 54 minutes ago:

"Kiss me through the phone?"

It doesn't make any sence, fucking bullshit"

Soulja Boy management did not return phone requests for an interview by press time.

*The video, produced by Helen Urriola, runs 3:39 and contains mildly suggestive dialogue.*

## TMobile advert Liverpool Street Station High Quality

The second video reviewed is, at press time, YouTube's most popular. It's a TMobile advert running 2:51 and is shot in the edgy, handheld cam style popular among major ad firms wishing to have their videos go viral.

The film depicts a docile, everyday crowd in the Liverpool Street Station emerge into choreographed dance, a montage of song from various eras yielding a strange mashup of the typical YouTube flashmob video and that "Evolution of Dance" video.

Critical reaction to the video has been largely positive, with the exception of Shaz2233, who wrote: "fuck you all, long live Pakistan." Shaz2233 was unavailable for further comment.

This video does manage to emit strands of ebullience in the viewer, but there is ultimately the larger critical of whether there's artistic merit in this admittedly impressive work. Regarding advertisements disguised as art, the late David Foster Wallace wrote: This is the reason why even a really beautiful, ingenious, powerful ad (of which there are a lot) can never be any kind of real art: an ad has no status as gift, i.e. it's never really for the person it's directed at."

While the commercial's art directors may argue that those watching the commercial flash mob in person were unaware of its status as an ad (no TMobile ads were visible in the filming of the ad itself) and thus received the piece as true art, those watching it, or who will watch it on YouTube (i.e., those reading this review) must necessarily be aware of its status as an ad, and thus it can never be art.

And these leads back to our first video reviewed today. If Soulja Boy's work is created solely to sell records and ringtones, and never provided for the benefit of the view (with the exception of the fans of the now-dreadless secondary character Arab), could we then conclude that Soulja Boy's work will never attain the status of art?

Yes.

*TMobile advert contains no content objectionable to children. It runs 2:51 and runs streaming, commercial-free, except for it being a commercial itself.*



**AROUND THE LOOP**



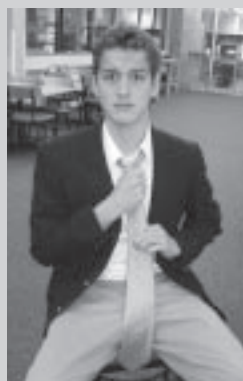
**What's your favorite part about Greek life?**

**Frat Rushee in December**



"Free Beer!"

**Frat Pledge in January**



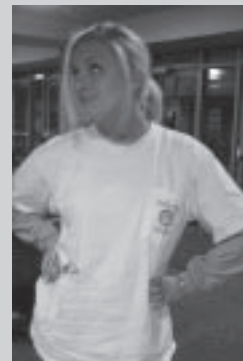
"Only being beaten once a day"

**Sorority Rushee in Rush Week**



"Having to wear at least \$1,000 worth of clothes at all times to avoid being cut."

**New Sorority Member**



"Never having to wear anything besides shirts with letters."

**G-ddamn Independent (GDI)**



"Not having to pay \$1,000 a semester to go to parties that are free for everyone else."

**Kristin Torry**



"Having my approval rating among Greeks soar to 8% this year."

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**For more information, contact:**  
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Next issue: February 3rd

**Next *Slant* Issue:  
February 3rd!**

Be sure to check out *The Slant's* next issue, coming out Tuesday, February 3rd! In addition to the usual (Top Ten, From The Editor, and so on), be on the lookout for these features:

- Three places NOT to pick up women
- Top Ten ways to fail a class (or pass a class, we're not sure yet).
- Tom McGill's secrets - How does he stay so crazy!?!?!?
- A prank. We're not sure what it is yet, but be on the lookout for it anyway.
- And, of course, the secret to how *The Slant* staffers manage to survive, despite being clinically insane.

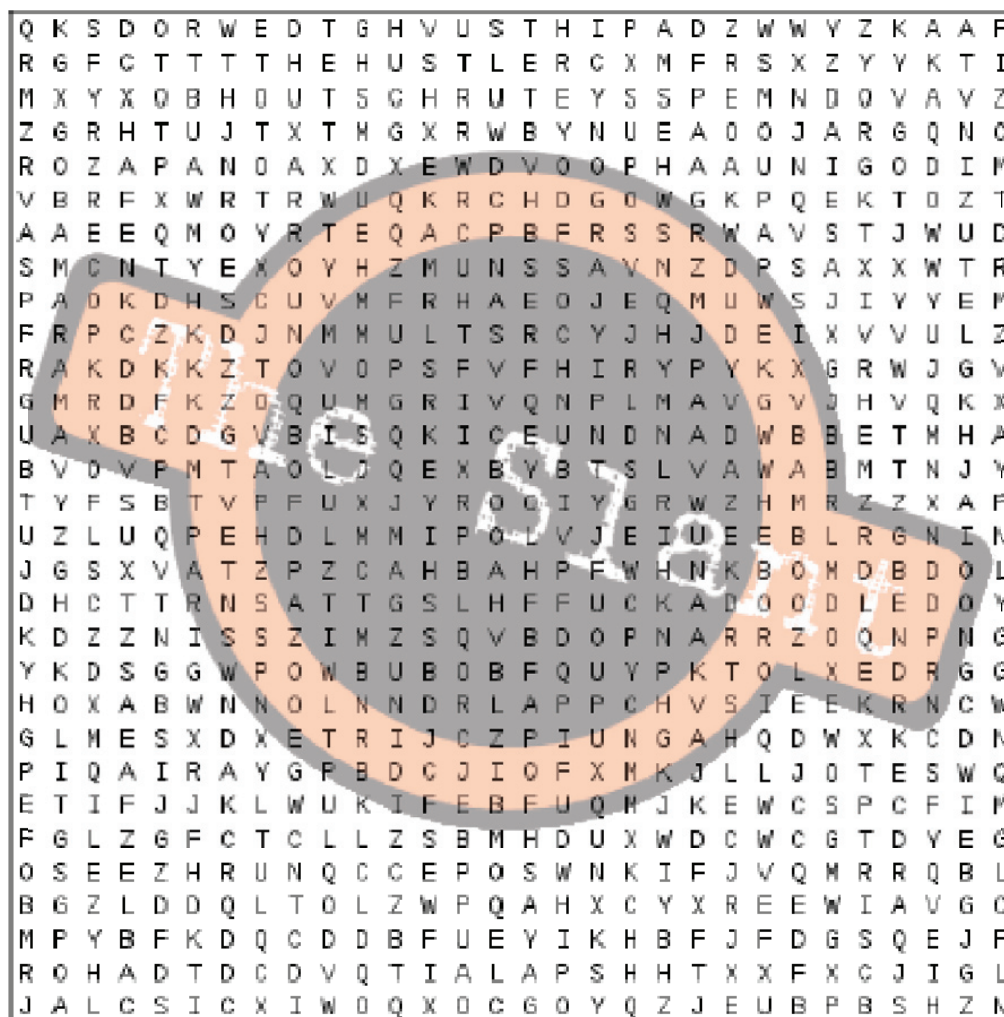
Needless to say, *The Slant* is more interesting than anything you'll ever read. Especially the twice a week version of *The Hustler*, now that the election season is over. Pick up the next issue. Or I'll kill you. Seriously, I will.

**TOP TEN  
Failed New Years Resolutions  
For Vandy Students**  
by Rudy Wu

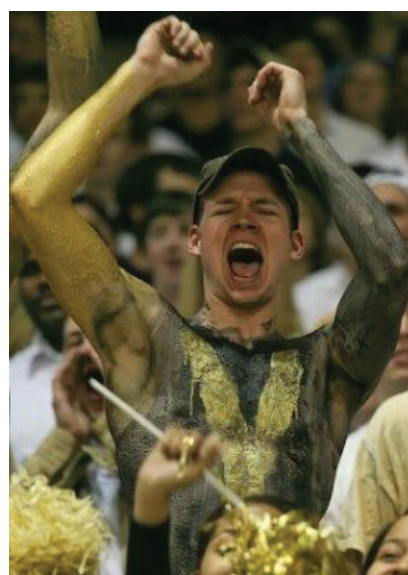
- 10** Avoid Rand between 12:05 and 12:55 pm each day.
- 9** Black out no more than 5 times.
- 8** Focus on your classes so you can get that 4.0 you need.
- 7** Get into that Greek house you had your eyes on.
- 6** Avoid the corrupting influence of the Slant. Unavoidable.
- 5** Eat less Quiznos.
- 4** Exercise off those holiday pounds.
- 3** Stay out of jail (you know who you are).
- 2** Avoid being a super-super-super senior.
- 1** Don't get pregnant.

# Slant Word Search

You know the drill. You find any word horizontally, vertically or diagonally and then circle it. Think it's easy? Give it a try.



**WORD BANK**  
 FUCKADOODLEDO  
 NEEDLEDICK  
 INEBRIATION  
 OBAMARAMA  
 THEHUSTLER  
 DWIGHT  
 SCHRUTE  
 BUSH  
 BAMBOOZLE  
 BOOBS  
 PUPPIES  
 COUNTRYMUSIC  
 SEAHORSES



*"Hahaha, The Slant is so funny! And so is my apparel!"*

## Join *The Slant!*

As the resident frat guy on staff, I'm really burnt out on recruitment after first semester (despite not actually contributing to rush at all), so I won't try to convince you to come to the totally awesome staff meetings Tuesday nights. Or describe to you the free events we do that are pretty sweet, like the stand up comedy show we're all going to this Thursday. Or how you can brag about being a published author and have people laugh at you, but believe that they're actually laughing with you... right? Or tell you about how you can learn to write really long run-on paragraphs that are not really funny. That's good too.

But seriously—writing for the other campus publications is good and all, but if you want the easy road to success, check out *The Slant*. You don't have to be that funny (I'm here, after all), and you'll be laughing and writing in no time. If for nothing else, you can come laugh at us during our meetings when we're trying to be funny. So, I'll see you on Tuesday at 8 pm in Buttrick 312, right?