



Not living up to heightened expectations ... since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

Obama gets America stimulated. Again.

Post V-Day VD testing

Interview with Thes Lant

Midterms: Annoying Cousin to Finals

Dance Marathon Raises Money For Conjoined Twins



DIVINITY CAFETERIA
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VPB ANNOUNCES RITES LINE-UP:



FROM THE EDITOR

Usually for my editor's column, I completely ignore my role as editor and just ramble on and on about my personal life. But not today, for I am actually talking about all things *Slant*.

First, the now-infamous *Huslter*. Basically, everyone I've bumped into has raved about how awesome and brilliant we are. Hasn't it been obvious the whole time? I'm not going to say we're bigger than Jesus, but... think about it.

For those of you who are wondering, no, we haven't gotten into any trouble yet. I even walked up to Chancellor Zeppos last week and said "Have you heard? They're getting rid of Greek Life." He laughed and said he thoroughly enjoyed the prank. I have yet to hear from Kristen Torrey. I bet she thought it was HILARIOUS.

My in-box has seen no complaints. In fact, *The Slant* generally receives very little mail, for better or for worse. So if you have stuff to say, it will be heard loud and clear at eic.theslant@gmail.com. Awesome.

The only controversy from that issue was not over the shocking headline, the preempted Rites line-up, the insensitive treatment of the homeless, the vulgar crossword, nor the pokes at the cleaning staff. Nope, it was our placement of the Kool-Aid guy on Rhythm and Root's "Through the Wall" poster. I wrote an entire piece about it in the Talented Tenth, so check that out. I will say here, however, that it simply didn't occur to us that placing a giant bowl of Stereotype Juice on their poster would cause a problem. I just thought it was a pun on bursting through walls, which involved a fictional character who happened to be filled with a delicious beverage. Sorry about that. Keep on fighting the good fight against ignorance, Talented Tenth.

One reason for the *Huslter* was that we switched printers. On Monday, January 19, I e-mailed our proofs to our printer in Gallatin, who basically replied with "We'll print your Obama issue today, but we won't be printing anything tomorrow or any day after that, because we're going out of business." Awesome. I nearly had a heart attack after other printers offered quotes 3x-4x times as expensive, but eventually we got it all figured out. Moral of the story? There'll be some changes here at *The Slant*.

From now on, our issues will be coming out on Thursday, not Tuesdays. While it is nice that we can monopolize that day of the week, it also means that when we put together the issue on Sunday, we'll need to predict even further into the future. *The Slant* preemptively apologizes for any and all insensitive remarks made about tragic events we did not magically foresee.

So yeah, we're awesome. And since you read us, that makes you awesome. Thus, keep reading or you suck.

Fake Hustler Causes Rash of Freshman Male Suicides

Seven male brothers of an unnamed fraternity were found dead just hours after the release of a fake *Hustler* headline declaring the indefinite expulsion of Greek life from campus. Although the headline was soon discovered to be false, the work of *The Slant*, news came all too late for these seven first-year students, whose deaths are all believed to be suicides. It is thought that the reported demise of their fraternity is directly related to the students' distress. An RA found all seven brothers having hanged themselves by identical pastel ties, in an apparent final gesture of unity. One student's despondency was made clear in a note he left, lamenting "our Tuesday nights will never be the same." Another offered a more encouraging message to his surviving brothers amidst his own tragic suicide, urging that the "don't stop believing" and "hold onto the feeling." More concisely (and somewhat bizarrely), another student's note simply pleaded "Crash Into Me." A student representative for the fraternity issued a brief statement this past week saying: "Between this and the cancellation of the T.I. concert, the past two weeks have been incredibly difficult for us, and we respectfully ask for privacy during this challenging time." Proactively, the Dean of Students office has also made available grief counselors and J. Crew representatives for students struggling with the fraternal deaths. A memorial for all seven students was originally scheduled for this coming Thursday at Lornie's on West End, but - due to conflicts with "drink or drown" karaoke night - the service is now scheduled for Saturday at 7 p.m. The families of all seven students have asked for donations to North Face or to the

topsider vendor of your choosing in lieu of flowers.

Vanderbilt Outsources iPod* Giveaways

As everybody knows, students leave Vanderbilt with at least one iPod, won via raffle, game night or post office mix-up. This recent tradition was at risk of being jeopardized by the recent economic downturn; no longer could the University afford to raffle away an iPod each time students evaluated professors, signed up for housing, voted in VSG elections or logged into OAK. Fortunately, a third party presented the school with this same service at no cost. Thankful students are now lining up to claim their prize. (Note: Don't Lose That Card!)

*iPod may come in the form of something else****

**In exchange for substantial personal information

***Must attend 45-minute meeting and be pressured to sign up for something to receive iPod*

****While supplies last

Parking Panacea

Thank you, Office of Traffic and Parking (OTP), for all that you've done to solve the problem of lacking parking spaces that has plagued our campus for decades. Not only have you broke grounds on the new parking garage near Highland Quad, but you've also reconquered territory that was initially inhabited by large concrete chunks, effectively creating one (1) new parking space near Sarratt. Nevertheless, this last measure has seemingly solved every parking issue on campus: everyone can suddenly park within BOTH lines, not park in the handicapped and Fire Lane areas unnecessarily, properly parallel park, and even let little, old ladies roll through the crosswalks with their scooters. So, thank you OTP; your negotiations with VSG have made a world of difference.



SHOWIN' LOVE AT THE LOVE SHOW



We told you it was going to be epic, divine even. My fellow Vandy Spoken Word (VSW) wordsmiths and I drew in a crowd of more than 500 people for "The Love Show," on Valentine's Day, during prime going-out time, with our über-badass t-shirts. And as the closing act, the co-president of VSW proposed to his girlfriend of 3½ years after melting her heart with some of the best poeticism of the show. So, take that Vagina Monologues, it seems as though the people prefer poetry over garrulous genital regions after all.

-Justin Barisich



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FUCKED IMAGE



Doorhandle FAIL

There's a reason why no one takes the "rear entrance" in Rand.

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Correction

Some people reportedly mistook the last issue of *The Slant* as *The Vanderbilt Hustler*. We apologize for any similarity in appearance.



MASTHEAD



Ignoring the masthead... since 1886.

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POLICIES

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS
PLACERE CONTENDIT

How to Run a VSG Campaign in 2008

by Andrew Ligon
Sexy, Sexy Specialist

Basically, how to not provide any relevant information to the potential voter.

The Senate and Council President elections are now officially underway and it seems like some of the candidates could use some expert advice for campaigning. That's where I come in, Andrew D. Ligon, campaign advisor extraordinaire. I guarantee that if you follow my advice, you will be elected. It's a fool proof plan.

The most important aspect of any successful campaign is, of course, the poster. This is your frontline on the political battlefield. Scientific studies consistently show a highly positive correlation between poster quality and successful election rate. Now, I know what you're thinking: "But Andrew, what makes a good poster?" Lucky for you I've got an easy step by step process to perfect posters. First of all, it is important to keep it simple. Name, Picture, Position. These are the keys to victory. When making the poster do not, I repeat, do not list any political positions. It is extremely important to give off the air of mystery. Thus, your poster should not have any real substance. A picture of you smiling along with your name and the position you are running for is all you should show. Provide any real information and you stand a chance of losing your mystique, and worst still, people can now actually make informed judgments about you. If you display any opinions you should know that people might actually judge your opinions, and could decide not to vote for you if this were the case.

If you do feel compelled to add more information to fill up space on your poster, try a slogan. Again, it is important to not let the slogan actually say anything about you. Your main goals when making a slogan are two-fold. 1) Try to rhyme with your name and 2)

make it sound active. For instance, "Don't be a ferret and vote for Garrett, because he's no parrot." Please take careful note of the implicit threat included in this slogan. The constituency does not want to be

a bunch of ferrets, so they now have no choice but to vote for you, yet they still know nothing about you. Furthermore, they also know you are indeed not a parrot, which further implies that some of the other candidates are. And everyone knows parrots are very ineffective leaders. Now throw in some colors, use some Sharpie markers, and you've got yourself an ideal poster that can be plastered on every tree and board on campus.

In this modern era, posters are not the only tool used to woo voters. One must now utilize the Facebook group to ensure victory. Overall, the same basic rules apply. The group picture should be your poster, but your picture in the poster should be slightly more prominent since the image will be too small to read anything else. The Facebook group makes avoiding taking stances slightly more difficult, but it is still doable. When listing your positions you must keep them vague. For instance, "I support expanding Taste of Nashville" is something that no one can argue with. But be sure to avoid details. Do not talk about where you will expand Taste of Nashville, or how you will need to cut funding to Rand to achieve this goal. Simply state your support and move on.

With enough quality posters in place, and a vague enough Facebook group, victory should be easy. The poster is about 80% of the fight, and the Facebook group another 15%. The last 5% is all that unimportant stuff like talking to people about what they want changed, formulating real goals, and actually caring. I hoped this help launch your successful campaign and remember, when in doubt, avoid making decisions.

You have no control over your name, but if you're ultra-adventurous, you can use puns, mnemonics, nicknames or anything else that would help the voter remember your name. Maybe.



Giant picture of your face, one faker than your profile pic. Nothing says "Substance" like glossy photos.

Make sure to write the same-sounding office as everyone else

The most important element: do not give anyone an actual reason to vote for you besides "I told you so."

Hidden VU

Vandy Voyeurs and stalkers!
Meet outside the bushes by Branscomb at dusk.
BYOB (Bring your own binoculars)
Trench coats provided.



Vanderbilt university and Hidden VU are not responsible for any actions taken by members or affiliates of Hidden VU. Stalking is a punishable offence by Tennessee Law. **If you get caught.**

What You Should Know about the Divinity Café

by **Meryem Dede**
God Specialist

1. Favorite cheese is cheddar? American? Provolone?
2. At the Divinity Café they only serve Swiss (it's holy).
3. A favorite side is thin, tasteless crackers that you are forced to eat with a small cup of grape juice. I know, weird, right?
4. The soda fountain has Vitamin water, sparkling water, holy water, and Fanta — only orange though :-)
5. You don't have to pull a Moses to part the crowds to get food — there are virtually no lines!
6. The only pasta they serve is Rama noodles. (No Shiva noodles.)
7. You can only get one entrée and one side. The second side is sacrificed.
8. They have really good wraps, but they were too big and so I Torah piece off.
9. They are a for-prophet company.
10. If you think that their food is bad, I am here to tell you that is matzo.
11. They have lots of fruit available. But generally no one goes for the apples. Every now and then a girl reaches for one — bad idea. Don't be that girl.
12. Confused Vandy girls sometimes wander in to exorcise.
13. My friend forgot his Vandy card, but they were really nice to hymn. They Lent him food anyway.
14. They have three kinds of cakes: Devil's food cake, Angel's food cake, and People food cake.
15. Their hot Cross buns are to die for.
16. They never run out of fish or bread, it's a miracle how they do it.
17. Most importantly — it's on meal plan.



"Man, this is so much better than an Egg McMuffin."

A Small Metaphor

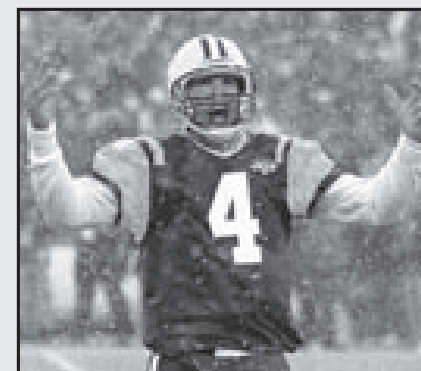
By **Max Altman**
Name Researcher

When attempting to share my knowledge with others, in order to fight the creeping cancer of ignorance attacking the body of the public, I often reach into the treasure chest of my ability to explain clearly and succinctly for the buried gold of metaphor, my anti-neoplastic agent for the pancreatic cells of my fellow divers in the sea of life, ensuring that they leave the expedition that is their interaction with me having experienced the successful chemotherapy of my sparkling pearls of wisdom, pried from the clam of my brain and polished with the moist towel of my previous experience with such discussions. That's right, I am a metaphorist. At this point, communicating without the use of metaphors is for me an iron maiden threatened by the angry king of editing for length and content whose steely eyes bore into my head with the heat of five hundred warm stoves baking the bread of discontent to feed the mouth of my soul. In fact, simply using just one metaphor has lost its glimmer, leaving this activity a dull coin, used by the ancients to procure needed aliments but no longer valuable enough, reduced to a fossil from the dinosaur of the simpler literary interactions of yore, killed by the comet of confusion and its associated climate change of more complex informational exchanges. While this may make me the mail room clerk of our big round office in space, doing work for everyone else without an increase in the pay of knowledge I receive from the bosses

that are my own understanding of the world around me, I find myself so desirous of preventing the Pancreatectomy of total loss of comprehension threatening my co-workers with the scalpel of explanations without understanding that I bite the bullet of extra work added to my Atlas shoulders without regard to whether it comes from the shotgun of necessity or the pistol of quick-fix in order to ensure that no operation is necessary to stop lack of knowledge from making more and more cells abnormal until finally I can do nothing and find myself in the dungeon of impotence with sharp objects beginning to pierce my body as I stand in my metal nemesis with no metaphor to protect my sides, soft clouds in a hailstorm of the raining fire of inability that shatters the placid sea I had so recently scoured for the treasure I desired only to hand to my shipmates after a safe voyage back to the surface. Such an occurrence would leave only a tyrant eating bread baked with hate laughing at the meteorological misfortune of the sea explorers dying of malignant neoplasm as this low-level employee with metal-stained teeth turns his ancient drachma over and realizes that its words have faded forever along with the tyrannosaurus who was unable to be saved by the clam's gift before being sliced open, as the world slowly slides from my shoulders. So, in short, metaphors are something that I use.

Bastard Confession

"I was just joking. I'm 39, the retirement age is 65 in this country. Plus, I'm sure the Lions could use me."
- Brett Favre



Housing: the Flowchart



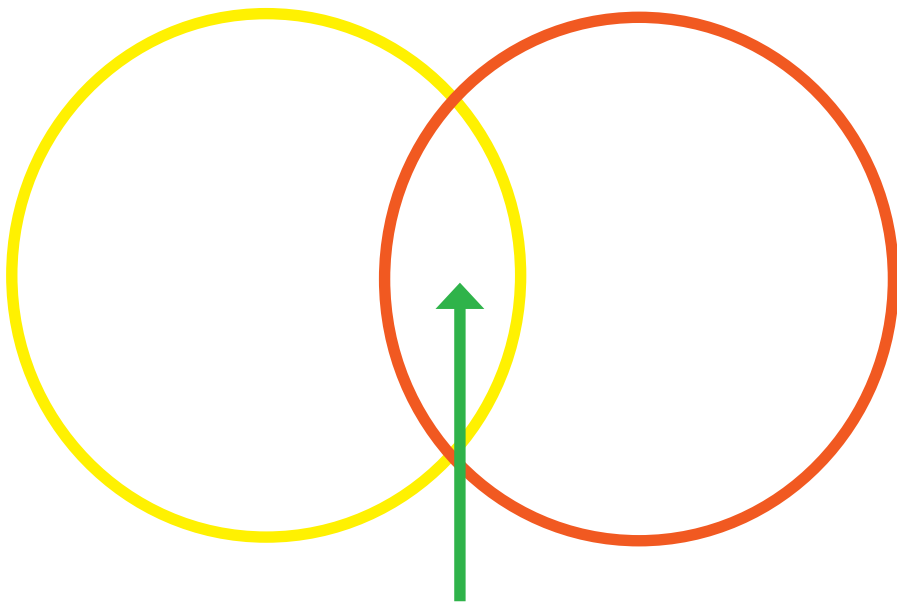
Facts and Figures:

Spring Break

Plans for Spring Break

Service

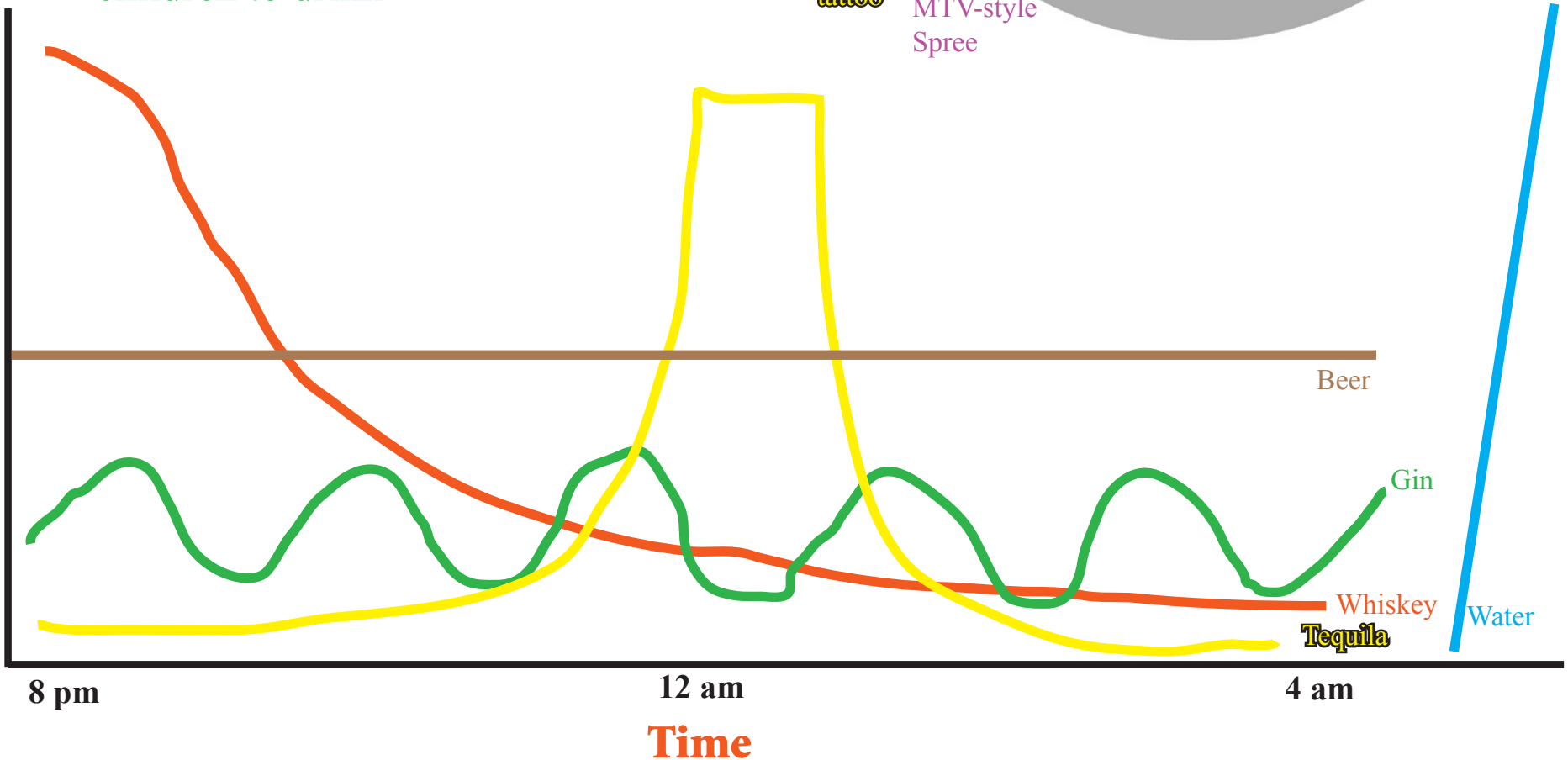
Decadence



Teaching under-privileged children to drink



Appeal of Drink



Point: Our Endowment is doing just fine

by Nick Zeppos

Vanderbilt is not alone as a great institution and preeminent university in needing to act with prudence. Every one of our peers continues to take actions to weather these strong financial storms. While I am confident of our ability to continue to excel in our core mission and in our financial strength, it is time to be prudent and to prioritize.

In the last quarter of 2008, the world, financial markets, and the great American universities were almost overnight confronted with a series of unprecedented events. The locking up of credit markets, the freezing of the funds we and more than 300 other colleges and universities held in the Commonfund, and the gross distortion of interest rates of various kinds were all factors that demanded the very best of our community. There were trying times, but we managed with patience, skill, and compassion to meet all of these challenges.

We now find ourselves continuing our hard work, and I am so thankful and am buoyed by your dedication and the uniquely Vanderbilt sense of community and shared sacrifice. With taking certain budget actions, it is my hope and intention to avoid major lay-offs.

We are working daily to address, and even stay ahead of, this financial crisis. Vanderbilt will endure, of that I am certain. As we move forward, I remain committed to honest and open communication with you, and I am deeply grateful for your commitment to Vanderbilt.

Counterpoint: Ohshitohshit!

by Nick Zeppos' internal monologue

Fuckity fuck...I took over the Chancellorship just to have this shit happen...I bet this is how Obama felt, it's all like, CONGRATULATIONS! Change is happening! I'M A COM-MODORE and I've been directed to steer this ship, except now it's a sinking ship. And ship sounds like shit, which is the type of creek this ship I'm steering is up without a paddle.

Holy hell! Well maybe if I just lie about it a little, nobody will notice...I'll like tell the students that compared to other institutions, we lost only 16 percent of our endowment, which is less than our rival institutions, like Princeton and Yale...so by losing less it means, like we're winning, right? And OK, so we won't be knocking down Kissam in time, but students like living with roaches anyway.

OK, well maybe everybody except the Tennessean won't notice...goddamn them, did they really have to tell everyone about how we struggled to come up with a hundred mil to make monthly payments? And when I mean we're resorting to these measures so we can avoid major layoffs, we just don't have to count an already overworked cleaning/ground-keeping staff. OK, Nickie-boy, just stick to the talking points. Ahem, the undergrads'll still be debt-free so they can give us their money to lose after they graduate. And how 'bout this: Universities are a beacon in an otherwise sinking economy. The education sector is one of the fastest growing in our economy. Having a department cut five percent of its costs on short notice isn't too hard and with a shitty economy more will apply to our grad schools; our selectivity will go through the roof! I just hope nobody notices the little behavioral ticks I exhibit when I talk about this publicly, like the gestural retreats that indicate I'm lying, or the distancing language I use to talk about the situation, which indicates I'm so calm and not panicked about this. Oh fuck, who am I kidding?

The Economy and What it Means to Vanderbilt

by Charlie Kesslering

Dolla Beal Specialist

As President B. Hussein Obama signed the \$787 billion stimulus package into effect on Monday, many at Vanderbilt celebrated the expected ramifications of the gargantuan government handout.

"Quite honestly, I was getting pretty sick of the cold weather around here," said one undergraduate, expressing a commonly held sentiment. "Now that Barack has used the stimulus bill to give us back our sunshine, warmth and happiness, my worries have disappeared."

Though the bill fails to include a specific set of guidelines for states and individuals to follow when using the funds to erect rainbows, receivers of such moneys still appreciate the limited help. "You know, we have plenty of intelligent people here at Vanderbilt. With a few extra bills floating around, there's limitless potential for smiles and high fives," remarked Jack Morse, an engineering student.

Though no one knew for sure how much money they would be receiving, or whether it would be delivered by standard mail or in the satchel of a fairy, spirits were quite high throughout campus. "Yesterday, I was poor, depressed and thought I would never get a girlfriend," said Kenny Kraft. "But I woke up today, and Wolf Blitzer told me about all the wonderful things Barrack and his Washington pals were doing for America. Life is beautiful!"

However, some don't view the measure in such a positive light. "The President talks a big game, about how this cash explosion is going to help Americans improve their living situations, help us move into better housing," extrapolated freshman Andrew Signorelli. "Yet, I'm still staring down the barrel at a move from the Commons to Kassam. Thanks a lot Barrack."

Part of the stimulus package includes aid, in the form of help with tuition, to underprivileged students hoping to attend college. This portion has received mixed reviews among students and staff. "I just don't understand why everyone is trying to turn Vanderbilt into something it's not. Vanderbilt is a southern university. Do you understand? Southern. It's history and tradition is founded in southern values and sensibilities," explained one fraternity member. "Let me put it this way: I like white people."

Soon after the President painted the world with a brush of wonderful, reality started preparing itself to set in. No word on its progress.

Voyeurs watching Voyeurs!

Tired of watching the regular suspects?

Stalk the stalkers with Voyeurs. It's so much fun because it's ironic!

SSEB (Steal someone else's binoculars)

Trench Coats snatched from Hidden VU.

Vanderbilt university and Hidden VU are not responsible for any actions taken by members of Hidden VU or anyone watching Hidden VU. Stalking is a punishable offence by Tennessee Law. **If you get caught.**



Meeting of Name Group Marked by Tragedy

By Max Altman

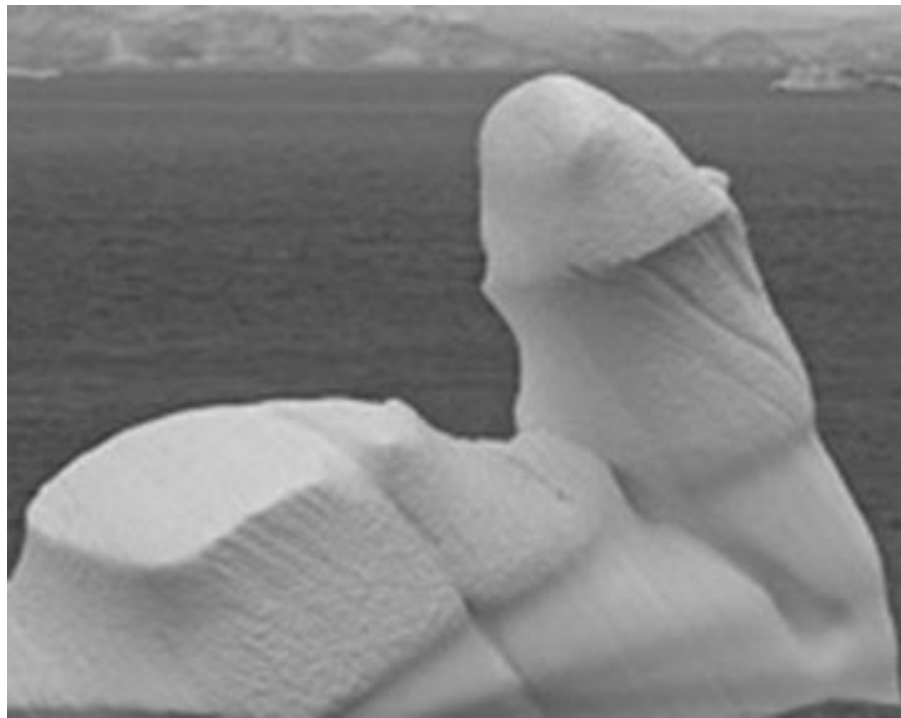
Name Researcher

Cockburn Island, Canada – A meeting of Community United by Naming Trends, an international support group for men and women with dirty-sounding names, did not go as planned last Thursday. Two of the group members became involved in an altercation that resulted in the hospitalization of two bystanders and the death of one man from nearby Dildo, Newfoundland. Jim Ball-Zucker was crushed to death under a falling buffet table after being knocked to the ground by the injured and panicking Sandra Hardcok, who herself had been hurt badly by a fork that was held by one of the two fighters. According to Ima Cumming, a group member interviewed after the event, the trouble started during an argument between Praya Hanjaab, a visiting member from Dikshit, India, and Kareem N. Pants, a Jordanian expatriate living on Cockburn Island. Miss Hanjaab, a Hindi, was apparently describing her vacation in Fukum, Yemen when she made a comment that Pants claimed to find insulting to Islam. Pants then proceeded to verbally attack Hanjaab, noting that he had heard from a friend that she had spent some years working as a prostitute in Sexmoan in The Philippines during difficult financial times.

Hanjaab became enraged, noting that she came from a family noted for its nobility and uprightness, yelling, “No one ever heard prostitutes and Hanjaabs mentioned in the same sentence before! I’ll bet you won’t find anything upright in the Pants household!” At this point, Pat Maweini of Twatt, Scotland tried to intervene in the interest of keeping order in the group, informing both members that the Community United by Naming Trends was a friendly group, and that there was no reason to be arguing about Hanjaabs when everyone in the room was part of a CUBNT. Group secretary Peter Fitzinwell commented, “I would have given anything to Pat Maweini right then. He was so good about stepping in. Unfortunately, about five minutes later those two started arguing again. It seemed to me like Kareem was overreacting, and I considered getting rid of Pants and then just having a Hanjaab in the room, but it didn’t seem fair, so I didn’t say anything. That was the biggest mistake of my life.” Fitzinwell informed report-

ers of his plans to leave Canada and move in with British family in Shitlingthorpe, Yorkshire, after the traumatizing events that occurred because he decided not to intervene.

Hanjaab rushed at Pants, possibly to attack him, but was held back by group member Howie Felternatch, who tried to calm her down unsuccessfully. Group Vice President Tara Himen recalls, “After that guy Felternatch got Hanjaab, The Jordanian guy thought he would run up and hit her, but Felternatch got in the way and took the hit instead. That disoriented him enough that Hanjaab got loose,




Glaciologists that size doesn't make a difference on ice formations, but the motion of the ocean does.

grabbed a fork, and tried to stab it into Pants. Pants ducked and instead Hardcok got a fork in the head. Pants jumped at Hanjaab and knocked her onto a table full of the spotted dick that was laid out for lunch. Hardcok rammed into Ball-Zucker, who fell under the table just as it overturned onto him, with Hanjaab and Pants rolling onto the floor and wrestling for another few minutes before anyone realized that Ball-Sucker wasn’t moving any more.”

Jim Ball-Zucker was quickly rushed to a hospital in South Dildo, where it was determined that he had multiple cracked ribs and was bleeding internally. Doctors were unable to save his life. To add to the tragedy, Pat Maweini, who had been working to extract Ball-Zucker from under the table, ran to find help and slammed into a cook who had just been bringing in a large and very hot bowl of cock-a-leekie soup, then spilling the soup and causing himself third-degree burns. Noted Himen, “When I saw that boiling hot soup pour all over Maweini, I couldn’t imagine how much that must have hurt. Unfortunately, there wasn’t any time to help him, and Dick Burns and Berry McCaulkiner had to finish dragging poor Jim outside by themselves.” Himen, who originally moved to Canada from Beaver, Oklahoma with her husband ten years ago, said that she intends to go back to the States in order to try to deal with the events she witnessed. “It’s so cold here anyway, and we really don’t have much to leave behind. Beaver is so nice and warm, and I know that when I’m in warm Beaver everything will seem better.”

After the two injured group members had been taken to the hospital and the room was cleaned, CUBNT president Bob Mypenisishuge made the following statement: “I am deeply disgraced and ashamed by the events that took place in CUBNT tonight. Both Hanjaab and Pants have been taken into custody, and their group membership has been revoked. Ironically, with all of Praya’s anger concerning the supposed insult to her lineage, her family has a history of incarceration, with a great-grandfather having served in a penal colony in Tittybong, Australia while India was under British rule and her uncle of Wankener, India, currently jailed as well. We can be sure that this is not the first Hanjaab in jail. To the family of Pat Maweini, as well as to the Ball-Zuckers and the Hardcoks, we give our sympathy and our deepest apologies. Sandra Hardcok’s mother was actually a friend of Praya Hanjaab, and for that reason it is especially upsetting that a Hanjaab could cause so much pain to a Hardcok. We hope to never see such an occurrence again.”



V³

Do you get off on watching other people who are watching other people who are spying?

Join us for our first surreptitious meeting at 11 p.m. about 15 paces from the brush that’s 15 paces from the shrub that Hidden VU normally meets by

Bring a trenchcoat, binoculars, and a telephoto lens (optional)

Vanderbilt university and Hidden VU are not responsible for any actions taken by members or affiliates of Hidden VU or people watching Hidden VU or people watching people watch Hidden VU. Stalking is a punishable offence by Tennessee Law. **If you get caught.**

You are cordially invited to the
McGill Crush

Party

Friday, February 20th
11pm-2am
McGill Lounge

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| Abraham Lincoln | Aly Ramirez |
| President Obama | Franny Boyle |
| Hannah Hayes | BETA |
| Kanye West | Jayda |
| Brad's Girlfriend | Quizno's Tom |
| Anthere Nzabatzinda | Jose-Pepe from Sonic |
| Fahim | Black Kappa |
| Kareem | Michael Clark Duncan look-alike |
| David Namm | Lambda |
| That guy who responded to our Craigslist ad | Vandy Fems |
| You, I mean you | Justin Poythress |
| Joseph Groom | Professor Lachs |
| POSSE | Gay Hut |
| SLG | Jason Towers |
| Fabiani | Valerie PCC |
| Wyatt and Lori | BichLein 2.0 |
| Deno | Vandy Baseball |
| AXO | Bowl Caps |
| Jared Segal | Bessie Ramos |
| Carson Hanrath | Katie Adams, |
| Chris Brown and | All first-years |
| Rihanna's bruises | Doug F, |
| TI | Mark Peter |
| MIA with child | Fay |
| Ricky Martin | Naveed, |
| Walt Whitman | Gar(r)et(t) from BYX. |
| Hemingway | Emily Ripsom |
| Esperanza Santiago | Ben Blais |
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AROUNDTHELOOP



What did you do on Valentine's Day?

Chris Brown, Singer



● ● ●
"I gave my girl a fistful of flowers...and by flowers, I mean punches to the face"

Single Girl



● ● ●
I ate chocolate with my other single friends and we talked about how great it is to be single... yeah I totally don't want a boyfriend to take me out to nice dinners....nope that's just not for me.

Pathetically In-Love Couple



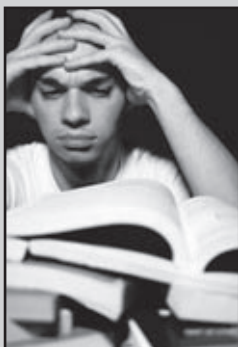
● ● ●
We started with a candle lit dinner, had a few glasses of Merlot, and then sang duets together all night.

Horny Couple



● ● ●
Tried a new position. Not doing that one again anytime soon.

Pre-Med Student



● ● ●
Studied for two tests and did my research paper. Yeah, it was a laid-back evening.

Single Guy



● ● ●
Furious masturbation. Furious.

Advertise in *The Slant!*

Rates

Full Page \$150 9.75" x 10.75"
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1/4 Page \$45 5" x 5"

20% discount for student organizations
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(drag-and-drop ready) ads

Like strippers, advertising in *The Slant* is an absolute necessity to make sure that everyone comes to your next event.

For more information, contact:
eic.theslant@gmail.com

Next issue: March 19th

Next *Slant* Issue: March 19th!

Be sure to check out *The Slant's* next issue, coming out Tuesday, March 19th! In addition to the usual (Top Ten, From The Editor, and so on), be on the lookout for these features:

- How to pick up girls at car dealerships.
- Awesome Spring Break stories.
- St. Patty's Day tips, tricks and tests to tell if you're a raging alcoholic all the time.
- Free cookies.
- An enthusiastic and biased review of the new show "Important Things with Demetri Martin."
- Sexy amounts of awesome and other gratuitous abuses of grammar. Awesome!

So yeah, don't forget that we come out on Thursdays now. It's like a treat because it's almost the end of your week, but not quite the fun part of Thirsty Thursdays because you're still in class. So pick up *The Slant* and laugh. Or else.

**TOP TEN
Excuses for Missing Class**

- 10** I was trying to solve the Huslter sudoku and I needed to concentrate.
- 9** I had to go to court for my underage drinking thing. You know how it is.
- 8** I just didn't feel like walking all the way to class and it's almost kinda freezing.
- 7** As it turns out, Vandy Vans don't run until after classes end.
- 6** I had to look around for my \$300 burberry scarf I stupidly left somewhere.
- 5** My 5 consecutive all-nighters finally caught up with me.
- 4** The TSA stopped me at the airport.
- 3** The Coke just doesn't sell like it used to. Damn economy.
- 2** They pay me to play football, not go to class.
- 1** Your class is boring and I had to do work for another class, bitch.



Vegetarians. We hates 'em.

That's why we became like Chili's and got rid of our all our vegetarian entrees. We wanted to completely hose the 7.3 million vegetarians out there and all their groups of friends who might consider coming on in. Now, we don't have so much as a single veggie burger. That's right, you pussy terrorist un-Americans—what are you going to do now? Pay way too much for food you won't eat? Give up your morals? Be forced to invent an impromptu recipe for the cook and hassle the staff to the point they molest your food?



Join The Slant!



"Join The Slant (or else...)"

In case you readers haven't noticed (and if you haven't, boy, you're slow), *The Slant* has been engaged in an orgy with Barack Obama for some time. As the only member of the staff not participating in the love-fest, I'm often crestfallen after my jokes about the Democratic Party get rejected for publication. It is for that reason that I beg that one of you conservatives out there take it upon yourselves to join our staff - we need all the conservative voices we can get, after all.

Plus, joining *The Slant* has its perks. Compare us to the other publications on campus. *The Hustler*? Worse than a parody of the issue. *The Torch* and *Orbis*? They'll only be relevant in even-numbered years. *Versus*? I don't think I even need to say anything...come on. It's plain and clear that *The Slant* is the most kickass publication on campus. We publish more often than *The Torch* and *Orbis* and less often than *The Hustler*, so you get the illusion of thinking you're doing work when in reality you're not doing that much. It's a no-brainer.

And last of all? If you don't join *The Slant*, I'll kill you. Seriously. OK, no I won't, but I'll throw a hissy fit about it. OK, I won't, but just join up. You get to write whatever you want, hell, you get to make fun of the editor if you want. I'd love to see Sidney Wilmer say that, hm? Consider it. At your own peril of being laughed out of our meeting, of course.