



Not growing up... since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

Bernie Made-off With Everyone's Money.

"Café con Leche" Expected to be Very Good This Year... Especially with Huevos Rancheros.

Critic Calls Diplomat "Madeline None-Too-Bright."

Naked Woman Are Inside! Quick, Pick Up This Issue!

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Vanderbilt follows LGBTQI Rainbow on St. Patrick's Day, Solves Endowment Problem

(Only \$599 Million to Go!)

FROM THE EDITOR

Finally! Spring is in the air. Better late than never, or, as I like to say, "better we have pleasant spring weather after our abnormally early Spring Break than a never-ending nuclear winter."



BRENDAN ALVIANI

After the last couple weeks of throwing bipolar temper tantrums, the weather is finally starting to behave right. I didn't move down here from north of Chicago to wear pants, dammit. I better be able to wear nothing but shorts and t-shirts from now on. I don't want to deal with the rain anymore, either. I understand that we, like, need it or something, but why can't it rain while we sleep? Come on now, get with the program.

On the bright side, at least most people are done asking "how was your Spring Break?" You can respond with (a) "Pretty good, but too short" and a slight nod of the head to indicate a falsified level of contentedness; (b) "I did ASB and it was pretty awesome" and then the subsequent exploration of "Where did you go? Oh yeah, I did this other site..." or (c) a half-hour retelling of everything either of you did in your one not-quite-decadent-enough week of freedom. Guess which one I preferred? Let me help you out: I wasn't saintly or Greek enough to do ASB and I've been way too busy to have a little tea party every time I awkwardly bumped into someone I hadn't seen for six months. That's right, I'm now advocating shallowness. God, Vandy has corrupted me.

Speaking of giving up all that you stand for, I cut off my florescent pink mohawk. That's right: it'll be that much harder to identify the editor-in-chief of *The Slant*. Don't get me wrong: I love it when random people walk up to me and start talking about *The Slant*. However, because I actually look somewhat normal for once, I'll be that much more impressed when you strangers confront me at the gym about that hilarious Top Ten Excuses for Missing Class or something.

Why did I do it? Well, I was getting worried about the number of people who knew me for my hair better than they knew me for something more real, like... the time that I randomly rode by them on a unicycle for 3.5 seconds. You know it's bad when you start getting jealous of your hair. So, I did what I always do when I get jealous: I asked my girlfriend to help me kill the offender.

Oh, before I forget: *The Slant* will soon be making history. For the first time ever, you can see *The Slant* LIVE! Phi Mu Alpha is hosting the Gong Show and invited us to "do something funny on stage." I tried to point out that we're a simple newspaper and not a performance group, but Ben Biederman was having none of it. Check out the ad on the back page for more info.

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March 14 – Riot at Local Pi Bakery

Three men were arrested yesterday after holding up the local bakery at gunpoint. The only damage done was caused by one of the men, a Greek tourist, who had ruined four of the bakery's pies by throwing them in the one present employee's face. The others held the five customers present hostage for nine hours.

The other two robbers had met up with the tourist six hours beforehand in order to plan the heist. Police reports indicate that their intention was to obtain the bakery's secret recipe and homemade ingredients, valued at \$53,589, and start up their own rival bakery. However, it quickly transcended into chaos, inciting a police barricade of the street and the attentions of almost the full police force from 7 PM to 9 AM the next day, including the incident of the actual hostage and post-trauma treatment.

Three of the hostages, who shall remain nameless, described the events as follows:

"It was so irrational. I had only wanted to buy two pies for my son's third birthday. That is all. Once things started to look serious, I offered the criminals my apple pie, which is pretty generous of me, I believe. Eight slices in exchange for me to go home for my son's birthday? I had no idea if I was going to make it out alive for his fourth birthday, so we decided to take things into our own hands."

"We had six different pies among us, and two of the hostages had been at the grocery store earlier and bought six pounds of habañero peppers for a chili contest that they wanted to participate in. We had the four women present distract the criminals as the rest of us stuffed the peppers into three of the pies. We then ate the other three pies, offering the rest to the men. Eight

seconds later, they freaked out, and chaos ensued."

The three men were successfully detained. Two of the hostages were injured.

In completely unrelated news, the number pi is 3.1415926535897932384626433832.

Vanderbilt Review Supports Nepotism

Of its 46 published poems, 16 of this year's *Vanderbilt Review* poetic compositions were written by members of the publication's own editorial board. The 46 poems were narrowed down from the literary review's total of over 500 submissions. The *Vanderbilt Review* cites its inspiration for this decision off of Napoleon.

"We are just really big history buffs and we thought, if Napoleon can appoint his brother and cousins as rulers of the countries he conquered, than we can flood 35% of our issue's poems with our own pieces," editorial board member Jeff Martin said.

Some members of the board were concerned with a possible downfall of their publication, as Napoleon ultimately failed.

"Others are afraid, but really, I think we'll be fine. As long as we don't invade Russia, it's smooth sailing ahead," said editorial board member Ellie Spinney.

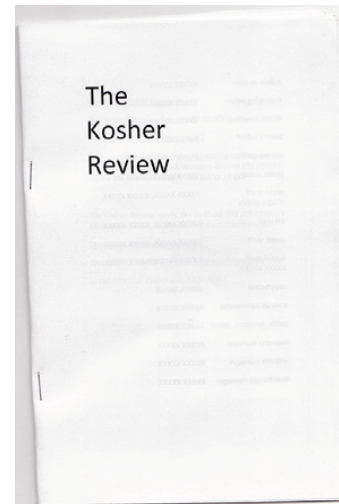
Imposter *Vanderbilt Review* Confuses Students

Shortly before the real *Vanderbilt Review* was released on Friday, a similar literary review that called itself the *Kosher Review* appeared on news racks across campus. The photocopied, hand-stapled, pictureless and 12-page anonymous issues of the *Kosher Review* were soon confused with the professionally printed and "labyrinthinely literary" *Vanderbilt Review*. *Slant* editor-in-chief Brendan Alviani has called it a "very poor man's fake *Huslter* prank."

However, Indie students across campus have been seen snatching up the relatively rare copies of the *Kosher Review*.

"These are so much more real than those big-label, megacorporation *Vanderbilt Reviews*," said junior Wade Wheatley.

Copies around the Shulman Center were promptly picked up, but across most of campus, very few students bothered to keep *Kosher Reviews*.



We know that it will be hard, but please don't confuse the *Kosher Review* with the *Vanderbilt Review*.

MOSAIC STUDENTS DISAPPOINTED BY LACK OF DIVERSITY DURING ST. PATRICK'S DAY WEEKEND

The prospective Vanderbilt undergraduates present during the recent week as a part of MOSAIC were disappointed at the level of diversity apparent on Vanderbilt's campus, an anonymous MOSAIC host reported. "Everybody was Irish...there was so much green! I just really don't think that my skin color would fit in on this campus," a prospective student said. "I tried to tell him that everybody was Irish for St. Patrick's Day and the campus wasn't normally like this, but it seems that he'd already made his decision to go to a more diversity-friendly school."

After hearing about the displeasure expressed by many visiting students, the Vanderbilt Office of Undergraduate Admissions will next year resolve to not make the stupid decision to schedule MOSAIC on the same weekend as St. Patrick's Day. The Office of Undergraduate Admissions will also reconsider the idea of inviting 200 high school students to Vanderbilt on the heaviest drinking night of the year...



FUCKED IMAGE



Charlie Von Hesslerburger's early bull-riding prototype didn't make him as popular as he thought it would.

source: www.pictureisunrelated.com. Check it out!

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Correction

In our February 5th issue, a.k.a. *The Huslter*, we said that Fucked Up! and CunningLyn-guists might be on the Rites of Spring line-up. They are not. However, we were correct about The Flaming Lips, bitches!



MASTHEAD



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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS
PLACERE CONTENDIT

LIVE Too Lively For Administration

by Austin Caroe

Second Token Conservative Specialist

On March 12th workers, students, and faculty rallied in the bottom of Sarratt Student Center in support of the "NO CUTS" campaign. Although the leaders of the group, mostly privileged white liberals, fancy themselves courageous for taking up the plight of Vanderbilt's lowest paid workers, a position that is apparently dangerous and unpopular, they were not brave enough to conduct their rally in the light drizzle outside Kirkland Hall, and instead moved inside. When the students finally got the motley group of proles organized in one location, LIVE, a known front for the Communist Party, read the letter they had prepared for Chancellor Zeppos. The letter sounded something like, "no job cuts for dishwashers, blah blah blah, wage cuts for the administration, blah blah blah, workers of the world unite." After the reading of the letter they distributed copies of the Communist Manifesto and there were several reports of flag burning. When reporters from the Torch heard that workers were trying to pressure the administration into saving low paying jobs, they immediately headed over to grill the protesters on economic policy. One Torch reporter asked an immigrant housekeeper about the current market value of credit derivatives and their effect on the school's annual budget, which she was unable to answer,



"Make sure to get this to Zeppos, ok? It's kinda important."

thereby exposing the ignorance that powers this group of left-wing radicals. Yes, thank God *The Torch* is working tirelessly to protect the Vanderbilt community from the Vietnamese janitors and Hispanic maids who are destroying free-market capitalism, even if by accident.

The protestors eventually marched over to Kirkland Hall and delivered the letter to Provost McCarty, who did an excellent job of not laughing hysterically at the overly dramatic presentation of the letter. Some thought it was quite ironic that the students had no qualms about leading the protest inside of Kirkland with their wet and muddy shoes, protesting in favor of the poor bastard who was going to have to mop up their mess.

Several college Republicans saw the rally taking place and planned a counter-rally where they planned to support some job and wage cuts for low income workers in order to increase the salaries of the school's highly paid board members. Their logic was that wage increases on the top 1% of income earners would create a "trickle-down" effect that would ultimately help the workers at the bottom. But staying true to their inactive and apathetic nature, the Vandy Republicans took no action and instead returned to their radios to listen to Rush Limbaugh.

photo by Chris Phare

Lick my ASBalls

by Justin Barisich

Baller

As Versus' own "The Angry Wasp" so noted in his column inside of last Wednesday's issue, I'm also tired of all the "ASBullshit" that's been going around campus lately. YES, you did awesome stuff over Spring Break, and you should all be knighted or sainted or whatever for doing such, but can you please stop pretending to be creative in coming up with cheesy "ASB" phrases, such as "Come check out the ASBabes" or "I made a whole bunch of new ASBuddies." Really, it's getting old, lame, and annoying.

So how's about we spice it up a little and start saying things like "Damn, wasn't she an ASBitch" or "Dude, it was so depressing, there was only ONE hot chick in Arkansas who could give me an ASBoner."

Now let's get crafty.

I imagine that at least some of the ASB site-leaders were quite the slave-drivers, exploiting their underlings for their manual labor by administering "AS-Backhands" whenever they slowed down or stopped to ask for a single sip of water from the "ASBucket." And at the end of a sweat-inducing day of hard work, the volunteers' overseers would only allow them to take an "ASBath:" three minutes of freezing cold or scalding hot water that cut off as soon as their outdoor showering time expired.

However, those who involuntarily volunteered themselves into "ASBondage" soon grew tired of the work regime that was imposed upon them, and they revolted. They fashioned their own "ASBayonets" out of rusty shovels and "ASBegan" to "ASBeat" their abusers "ASBack" to the "ASBeach" as much as it "ASBehooved" them. Then they made an "ASBonfire" and "ASBurned" their site-leaders as a means of "ASretriBution," after which, they hopped on an "ASBoat" and sailed until they (somehow) returned home to Vandy.

So now that I've exhausted all of the good, creative options so much that they've "ASBecome" cliché, we can now leave the "ASB-isms" to rest. Otherwise, I may go "ASBallistic" on your ass, so you should "ASBeware." Oh no. Oh shit, now I've "ASBeen" infected. Help me, please, I "ASBeg" you.

Economy vs. Celebrities

by Ben Blais

Bling-Bling Specialist

So stocks have been going down on more people than Paris Hilton at a pool party (although she still holds the record for the most bailouts), and I think it's getting to the point where being an alarmist is the only way to deal with it. Just like fans of Brittany Spears, we are all wondering where the bottom really is. In fact, this may be the biggest bottom we've seen since the great depression or since Oprah's last feeding. So what do we do now that there are even less people left smiling than at a Carlos Mencia performance?

Let's begin with a simple question like, "how did we get into this financial quagmire?" It has long been thought that it is best for a person to invest in many diverse assets w/ man different backgrounds, even if their future is questionable, but after two seasons of "Shot of Love with Tila Tequila" we can see that this strategy never works out. And in fact it didn't work out, since what seemed like the safest bets, the banks, tanked like every scene of anything ever made featuring Jimmy Fallon.

I've made some poor investments myself. In fact, I had most of my money in "McCain's the Prez!" T-shirts Inc., which has not, needless to say, exactly been bear-ish after the whole election thing. But it was more than just the misinformed investing that brought us down to this level. In the 90's, the majority of people decided to buy everything they didn't need, even though they couldn't. "A car that looks like an armor plated war vehicle and gets 2-4 miles to the gallon? Sounds like I need that, put it on my tab with the Ming vase and dozens of collector Beanie Babies." But tabs need to be paid off, and Americans were racking up more on their tabs than Amy Winehouse at a sleazy cross-town bar.

So then what can we do to turn around these losses? Well, one of the latest trends is familiarly known as, "going Clint Eastwood." It involves investing in the most successful products currently on market: Gold, booze, and guns. You don't have to agree with the morals behind these products; you just have to understand that everyone else is a fan of gold, booze and guns right now. As a little known fact, this country was built on about 85% gold, booze, and guns, and everyone is realizing that maybe going back to the basics isn't so bad after all.

Concert Venues Offer Tickets to Shows With Unknown Performers

by **Meryem Dede**
Ticket Scalper Extraordinaire

Feeling inspired by the model established for the Vanderbilt's Rites of Spring music festival, concert venues around the Nashville area are selling tickets to shows without announcing the shows' line-ups.

Many students are very excited about the changes in the music industry.

"In less than a month, I'm going to be seeing Girl Talk and a mystery performer at the Ryman. Awesome, right?! I get a concert and a surprise!" said sophomore Kyle Blakely.

The Music Group, the organization in charge of booking and organizing Rites of Spring, cited several influences in making its decision to keep several artists a surprise.

"You know, we all watched Forest Gump before the start of this year, and just felt really inspired by the quote: "life is a box of chocolates,

you never know what you're going to get." We just thought, 'wouldn't it be great if concerts could be just like life?" Music Group board member junior Jamie Patterson said.

Furthermore, the Music Group had several other reasons why they did not have their lineup ready less than a month away from the festival date.

"People always love getting their prize at the bottom of the crackerjack box. It's great because you never know what you're gonna get. Rites this year is like a crackerjack box—except of course some non-Vandy students had to pay \$50 for their ticket, in which case its far more expensive than crackerjacks. Oh, Rites also doesn't taste good or come in a box. Actually, it's nothing like crackerjacks," senior Music group member Jack Howard said.

The Music Group has also made

sure to pay close attention to surveys it put out throughout the year to guarantee that Rites will be enjoyable for all.

"We discovered through our surveys that people cite Christmas, their birthday, and Halloween as their favorite celebrations in any given year. Well on Christmas and on birthdays you get surprised with presents—so we're doing the same with Rites! People like Halloween for the slutty costumes, but we didn't think administration would be so okay with that," Music Group board member sophomore Ben Sturgess said.

When asked if they would be upset if they bought tickets to a show and then did not like the artists dropped into the lineup, many students responded with apathy.

"I'll be trashed anyway," sophomore George Gundrum said.

Obituaries

By **Kris Stensland**
Death Specialist

Clean Boys' Towers Suites, 3 months

The clean boys' towers suite died on Saturday after the last of the fraternity pledges were initiated. The dearth of forced labor resulted in the gradual decline and eventual demise of the dirt-free dorm.

The "That's What She Said" Joke, Seemingly Forever

The last laugh of "That's What She Said" Joke occurred on Monday afternoon. Aided in fame by The Office, its humor was exhausted after it was used seven times in rapid succession at the Student Rec Center.

Work Ethic, 4 months

In an unfortunate turn, Work Ethic died last week. Apparently Work Ethic was allergic to sunlight, warmth, and fun, and overdosed over Spring Break. Doctors remain hopeful that Ability to Graduate will survive, however.

Walk of Shame, 76 years

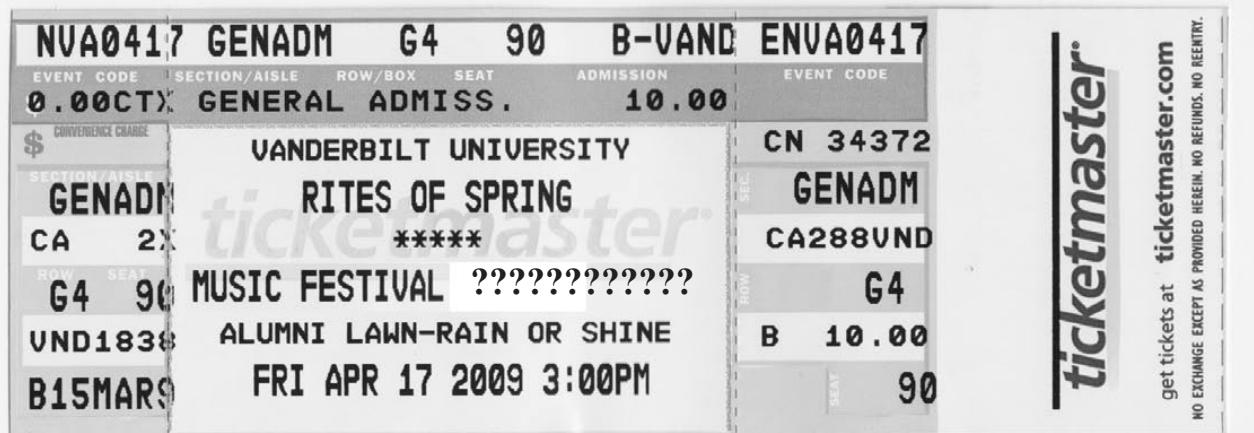
The Walk of Shame died early Sunday morning when all costumed pedestrians were actually proud of their late-night accomplishments. It is survived by its sibling, Stride of Pride.

Hope for the Greek System, 143 years

Upon hearing news that another fraternity was likely to be removed from campus, Hope for the Greek System quickly passed away on Thursday night. Its organs will be donated to the VUCept Program.

The Date, 63 years

After realizing that it takes much less work and money for a similar end result, The Date was quietly assassinated by the Casual Hookup on Friday evening. Although appearances at the funeral were sad, nobody was ultimately that upset.



Bastard Confession

The Marrowthon? Nah...I like my blood. But the Tomorrowthon, on the other hand, sounds pretty cool. Yeah, I'd be down for that... eventually.

-Random Student



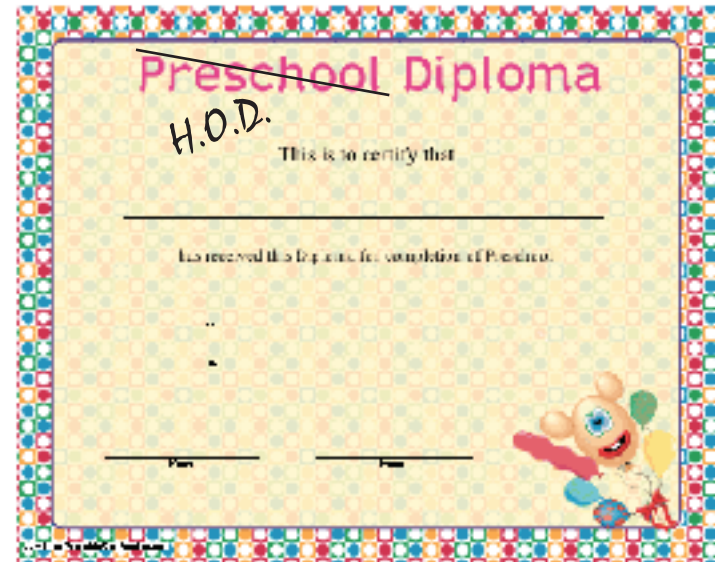


Highest Burberry items per-capita in the world— even more than the Burberry warehouses!

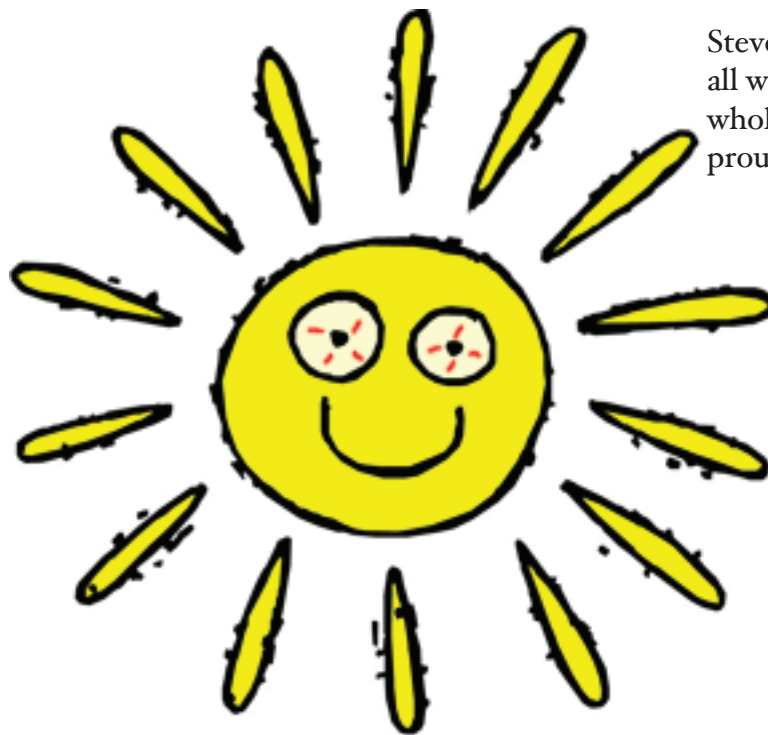
Vanderbilt

This week has been the Vanderbilt Rainbow ReVU, a.k.a. "PRIDE Week," a.k.a. ... speak. Yet, they're not the only ones with PRIDE—there are plenty of things

Lower acceptance rate—this means that your diploma will be worth that much more without you even having to lift a finger. Let's go out drinking to compensate!



Women's basketball team is going to the NCAA tournament— this is a nice change of pace from making sammiches and bringing men beer like all the women on campus should be doing. Hurray for women's empowerment!



Stevenson-- with a giant complex of 7 buildings all with the same name you can go through a whole day of classes without seeing sunlight. Be proud of being so pasty.

Our endowment only shrank 16.5%, instead of the average 22.9% of our fellow universities. We only lost \$600 million dollars, not \$1 billion that *The Tennessean* reported. Isn't that AWESOME!?



D-

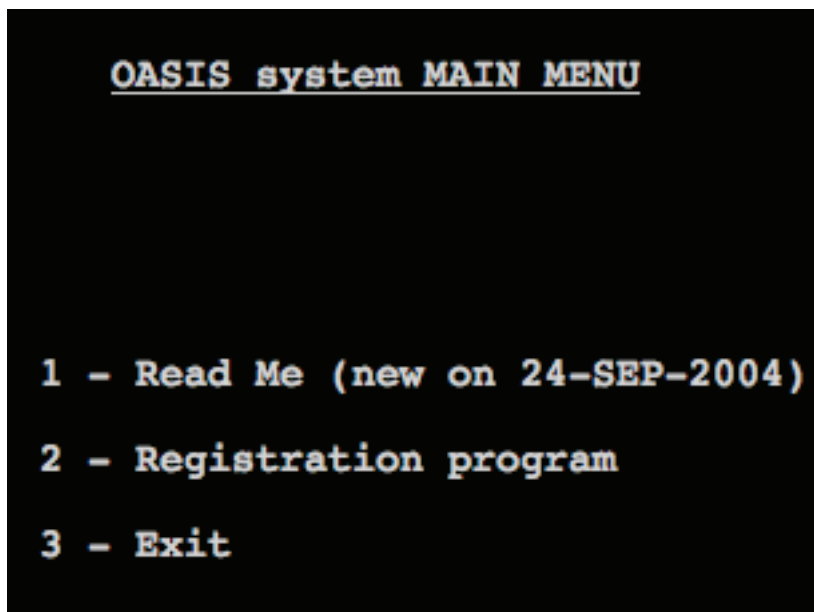
Greek Life-- with 6 of its 16 Frats on probation, and therefore 62.5% of its frats not on probation, they are passing for the year!



PRIDE

a chance for the LGBTQI community to "come out," so to
gs on campus to be proud of. Here are just a few.

OASIS—it's so retro, hipsters
at other schools are jealous.



Vandy has more media publications than New York City.

Sarratt Student Center—Be proud of
the huge twisty and confusing complex
that has no cell-phone coverage near
any of the student media offices.

*Our cellphone signals are
always just as dead.*

The Commons-- you never have
to see Freshmen anymore.



SLC and Sarratt— With a stu-
dent center and a student life
center, you're covered regard-
less of your mortality status.

Dear Vanderbilt Fashion Quarterly

All of us here are really excited that you've decided to try to bring fashion into the minds of the Vanderbilt Student Body. You know, because there's definitely no creative outlet that might be interested in running fashion pieces. I know exactly what you were thinking: I sure wish there were some sort of arts and entertainment magazine of which one could be a part. Oh well, might as well go petition the board to start your own, right?

Oh wait, except for this little thing called Versus. Right, I forgot about them because they only print quarter-monthly, and never EVER include fashion. And you wouldn't want to be held up by having to get into an established publication that already has printers, advertisements, designers, and funding. It would be much quicker and easier to get a website up and running within about two and a half months, right? So it wouldn't still just be a Wordpress blog site a few weeks after its inception or subsequent advertising in the campus newspaper. Of course not.

If there's one thing you'll surely be up on, it's current research and having your finger on the Vandy pulse. Clearly you know what's going on in the fashion and arts world, as you came and spoke to us about possibilities of cross-overs and such before you presented your case to VSC. Oh wait, that never happened either.

So we wish you luck, VFQ. You are doing such a great job.

Sincerely,
Vanderbilt's Fashion-Conscious Student Body

Dear Angry WASP

Do you think you are the only upset typical student on campus? That you can just speak as some sort of hive mind for the rest of us and assume that your complaints also apply to the majority of the students? Well, you're wrong. We don't all hate the things you hate, and you're actually really annoying. I can smoke where I want, ride my bike wherever I want, and if I want to walk in a four person line blocking the sidewalk then I should be able to, dammit.

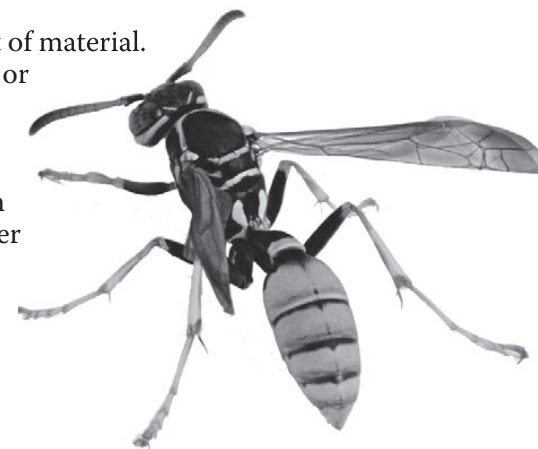
And how does your column even appear in an arts and entertainment magazine? Observational comedy belongs to Jerry Seinfeld, not in a sandwich between a review of a band I've never heard of and pictures of what people around campus are wearing on a particular day.

While I'm on the you-bashing subject, what's with the WASP moniker, anyway? I would think you would want to take credit for your hastily pieced together argumentation of on-campus annoyances. Wouldn't that too make you "buzz?"

Also, you're clearly running out of material. How long can this go on? Sooner or later there just won't be anything to complain about. Where will you be then? One of these days you'll lose your sting and then you'll drop down and out faster than the Dow Jones.

So, Angry WASP, your days are numbered. Watch your back.

Sincerely,
An Irate Ant



My St. Patty's Day Experience

by James Stoeckle
Rageaholic Specialist

On Tuesday, I engaged in the usual St. Patty's Day cavorting, which involved copious drinking and copious wishing girls would take off their shirts for green beads. This is the holiday where you do that right? Right...? Oh god... My potential jail-time aside—like the soil in a potato famine, the girls did not produce the goods. The drinking part, however, was nice and Irish-Catholic-y.

So I'm at Tin Roof and I'm piled with green like Bernie Madoff's secret safe (How bad does Madoff wish he could use the "leprechaun took it" excuse?). Sure, I'm drunk, but nothing outside of the bounds of normal St. Patty's Day fun. And all of the sudden, this bouncer approaches me and tells me I've had enough and that I need to get rid of my beer. Now I am a big believer in non-violence, but I'll bet the \$1.10 left in my checking account that Martin Luther King, Jr. would've done exactly what I did, which was give the bouncer a dead arm for not wearing green. He deserved it! I wasn't falling over like he thought I was, I was just dancing! (To be fair, my go-to dance move does look uncannily similar to a drunk man who has lost control of all motor functions). There were guys in the very same bar that could hardly stand up—and they were actually trying to stand, not dance—but I was singled out! The injustice! The horror!

What happened to me was despicable. I demand that bouncers cease from what I will now proudly coin "drunk profiling". Yes, I understand that the safety of the bar depends on keeping its patrons



"Hey look, kids! THIS is what you call magically delicious!"

under control. And I think I speak for drunkies everywhere when I say we realize that we must sometimes sacrifice blacked-outness to serve the greater good. For example, I could buy a six-pack of PBR

tall boys for the same cost of 1 beer at the bar (how awesome is PBR?!) and sit outside the Mapco getting wasted before I show up at the bar. But I don't, because drinking alone is not socially acceptable nor mentally healthy. But when my BAC (that's "blood alcohol content" for all you acronymic laymen (which means those who are not schooled in abbreviations made up of the first letters of each word in the thing it is abbreviating (which means—no I think most people will probably understand now))), right where were we, oh yes: But when it is assumed that my BAC is a threat to the bar based on the awkwardness of my dance moves and the ugliness of the girls I'm hitting on, well, that's just wrong.

I'll tell you what I won't do at this juncture: I won't make a comparison to racial profiling, thereby bringing up what I'm obviously parodying, which would disrupt this vivid, continuous ride of hilarity you're on right now. What's that? I did make the comparison? Vivid dream broken? You sneaky, trickster leprechaun. You got me again...

Well now that the leprechaun is out of the pot, and the gold of this article tarnished, I can make my closing point about profiling. I thought that I would never truly be able to empathize with my profiled brothas'. But now I can. So, Arabs and Indians and less-so-black-guys-but-enough-that-you-can-be-considered-a-profiled-minority: I now know how you feel.

The Slant Presents: The Best of Fmylife.com

By Charlie Kesslering

Misery Specialist

Here at *The Slant*, we take pride in having fun at other people's expense. As the website www.fmylife.com has quickly become a mainstay in American internet humor, we have organized a list of what we believe to be the best moments of world-shattering hilarity in a variety of categories. Enjoy.

Grand Champion

They make fifth story windows for a reason:

Today, I had drunk sex with a girl that I barely know. I didn't have a condom and was nervous about getting her pregnant, but she assured me that I could pull out. Right when I was about to pull out, she wrapped her legs around me and yelled, "Be my baby's daddy!" I couldn't get out in time. FML →

Oops.

Sometimes, a simple lapse in judgment or oversight can go a long way towards fucking up your life:

Today, I decided it would be pretty amusing to press the "Like" button on everyone's status on Facebook without reading them just to get on peoples' nerves. After re-reading them later, I found out one of them said "I MISS YOU SOO MUCH GRANDMOM. RIP". I liked that her grandmother died. FML

Runner Up:

Today, I was drunk and horny. So I texted "I want to fuck your pussy" to my girlfriend. I later realized that I had accidentally substituted the s for the p, and actually said "I want to fuck your puppy." FML

Caught in the Act

The act of making love is meant to be enjoyed, savored...uninterrupted. Unfortunately, life doesn't always progress like an idealistic movie scene (unless, perhaps, it's concocted by Judd Apatow):

Today, me & my boyfriend were about to have sex. Just as things were heating up, my closet door flew open and my little brother ran out screaming, "Mom, they're doing it, come quick!" My mom paid my 9 year old brother to spy on me. FML

Runner Up:

Today, my mom came to me and asked if I had drank her wine. I'm 16, so I lied and said "no". The next morning there was a DVD on my bed labeled "pool house security cameras- love mom." It was a video of me downing two bottles of red wine and having sex with my boyfriend. FML

Unwelcomed Surprise

Some surprises are great: surprise parties, winning the lottery, your biological father returning from that "smoke" 20 years later. However, some aren't so sweet:

Today, I came to work, to find my creepy boss sitting in my office. I work the night shift, so very unusual to find him there. I asked how he was, and he replied, "I told my wife about us; she kicked me out." I've been working there a month. Also, I'm married and pregnant. So, excuse me, "US?" FML

Runner Up:

Today, my mom told my boyfriend all about how she had to be a parent volunteer when I was in kindergarten. Apparently I used to masturbate in class by rubbing myself against the edges of chairs and tables. The teacher thought it would be best if my mom was there to make me stop. FML

No Respect

Sometimes, a compliment can make an entire day. Likewise, an insult can ruin one:

Today, I walked behind a girl I hooked up with last weekend while she was on the computer in the library. I noticed she was looking at my facebook page and got excited. Then I heard her say to her friend, "This is the one smallest penis I have ever seen." FML

Runner Up:

Today, was the first time I had sex with a guy I really like. I took off my shirt and my bra and he said "wow, that's disappointing." FML

Kids Say the Darndest Things

Child-ren (n): terrifying unfiltered voice boxes of unrelentless truths. Don't believe me? Read these:

Today, my daughter asked me when was the first time I had sex. After I told her 22 she quickly shouted, "Beat ya!" She's thirteen. FML



Didn't think we would could make another Bristol Palin joke, did you?

Runner Up:

Today, I went home for my grandma's 95th birthday. While there she noticed my new tongue piercing and asked why I would get it done. Before I could reply, my cousin says "So she can make the boys happier when she's sucking on them." She's 9 years old. FML

Family Matters

Often, family can comfort and build you up. Occasionally, they can tear you down too:

Today, I sent an email to my best friend, telling him that I'm gay. When I was typing the email address in the "to:" field, it autocorrected the address to my mother. She just responded: "you filthy faggot". FML

Runner Up:

Today, a man in my town was arrested for hiding methamphetamine in a hollowed out walking cane and distributing it to the population of his retirement complex. That man was my 58 year old father. FML

Hardly Worth Mentioning

If this is the most fucked up thing to happen to your life (or your day, for that matter), you're doing pretty damn well:

Today, I spilt a pack of pasta all over my kitchen floor. FML

Runner Up:

Today, I arrived at the station at 7.30pm sharp for the train... which was cancelled. FML

Truth Bomb

Simple and sweet:

Today, I asked my parents if the outfit I was wearing made me look fat. My mom looked at me and paused for a while, and my dad said, "honey, that outfit doesn't make you look fat. Your fat makes you look fat." FML

Runner Up:

Today, I texted my boyfriend saying hi. His response: "I got your best friend pregnant". FML

What Can You Do?

Some things are just outside your control:

Today, I was babysitting my co-workers son. He was eating jell-o and spilt it on his top, so I pulled off his pj's, and went in his room to grab a new pair. I heard a thunk and ran to find him out cold on the floor. His parents walked in on me trying to wake up their naked 3 year old. FML

Runner Up:

Today, my mom bought me a t-shirt from the store. It has the U.S. Marines logo on it and says "Marines' Girlfriend". I'm a straight 16 year old boy and my mom only reads and speaks Spanish. FML

TOP TEN
Ways to Give Vanderbilt
Basketball a Chance

by RUDY WU

- 10** Free Throw Mulligans.
- 9** Move in the 3 point line 22 feet (but only at Memorial).
- 8** In honor of the Commodore, the team gets to use swords.
- 7** Yuri Sucart travels with the team.
- 6** Possession is determined by a toss of a same-sided coin.
- 5** Taylor Swift is played on Memorial's speakers.
- 4** Trivia Contest is incorporated into game.
- 3** Every single game is against DI-AA teams.
- 2** Stallings takes a page out of Belichick's playbook.
- 1** Use our BME's for SOMETHING, for once.

Men's Basketball Glad to be None-and-Done

by MIKE KRANZLER
Sports Specialist

As Selection Sunday came to an end, the Vanderbilt Commodores felt that they had much to celebrate.

"We are so excited to finally get a chance to sit back and relax," said coach Kevin Stallings. "The NCAA tournament may be the goal for most teams, but we've had such a rough year that I would rather just take a break and try again next year."

Late on Selection Sunday, news broke that the Commodores turned down an invitation to the new, third-tier tournament, the College Basketball Invitational.

"Nothing could convince us to play in that

tournament," said Stallings. "If we had made the NCAA Tournament field, we would have considered playing, seeing as that would have meant that we had a somewhat successful season.

"But what the hell is the CBI? I'm a college coach and I've never even heard of it."

For the time being, it looks like Vanderbilt fans must be content cheering on their amazing women's team that no one follows, and complain about how the men's squad would struggle against the Lady 'Dores' opponents.

"We play some really tough teams," said women's Coach Melanie Balcomb. "Until this year, we had to play against a Tennessee squad that had a girl who could dunk at will.

"After seeing the dunkathon that took place against Alabama in the SEC Tournament, I would hate to see the same thing happen to the men against a women's team. That would just be embarrassing."

The team will try to fill it up again next year, but with almost the exact same roster, Stallings is surprised at the fanbase's high expectations.

"We return our entire team with just one newcomer," he said. "I don't care who we bring into the fold, because if we were crappy now, we'll probably be crappy next year as well."

"But we couldn't be happier to be watching from the couch this year," he said. "Now Vanderbilt fans can focus all of their energy on watching Jay Cutler bitch and moan his way out of Denver instead of getting depressed at another one of our trademark early-exits in a tournament."

photo by Chris Phare



"Time to enjoy a normal life for once. Hurray!"

Next Slant Issue: April 1st!

Be sure to check out *The Slant's* next issue, coming out Wednesday, April 1st! In addition to the usual (Top Ten, From The Editor, and so on), be on the lookout for these features:

- Prank? Of course not!
- Zombie-Jesus Easter fun-time!
- Guaranteed, sure-fire ways to get laid tonight! Call 1-800-THE-SLANT now!
- Free cookies.
- a long, rambling article that has redeeming value, but you wish was funnier. However, your friend thinks otherwise and believes it is like the funniest thing ever, man.

If you enjoyed this issue, you're definitely going to enjoy next issue!



AROUNDTHELOOP



How did you spend your MOSAIC Weekend?

Paranoid Girl



"Clutching my Prada clutch."

Prospective Student



"Being wet and cold the entire time. Is Nashville like London?"

Prospective Student



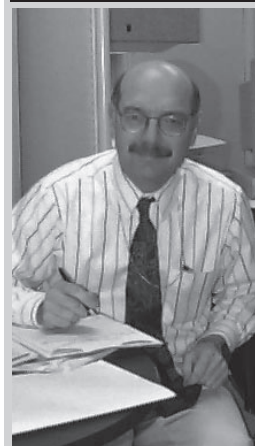
"Drinking and partying until 7 a.m. every morning."

Prospective's Host



"Taking care of that dumb bitch until 7 a.m. every morning!"

Admissions Official



"Trying every trick in the book to keep these kids from drinking."

VPB Music Group Member



"Frantically asking everyone I bumped into who we should get for Rites, which is in less than a month. Who do you think, huh? Huh? OH GOD WE ARE SCREWED!"

Advertise in *The Slant!*

Rates

- Full Page \$150 9.75" x 10.75"
- 1/2 Page \$90 5" x 10"
- 1/4 Page \$45 5" x 5"

20% discount for student organizations
20% discount for camera-ready (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: April 1st

The below is a *real* campus poster that the staff heartily enjoyed and thought you might enjoy as well! Except for a few formatting tweaks, we are reproducing this verbatim, honest. Enjoy!

Vandy Musicians!

Hi. My name is Jesse Jones (Jesse.G.Jones@Vanderbilt.edu) and I'm a guitarist/singer-songwriter looking to put together a pop/rock/dance band. I'm looking for:

- Drummer
- Bass Guitarist
- Lead Guitarist
- Singer
- Keyboardist

Musicians aged 18 to mid-20's. Must love pop/rock/dance music (especially from the 80's) and be committed and focused. **People who wear tight black jeans and striped neutral tones, talk in soft but annoyingly high-pitched voices, are ironic and self-deprecating, do drugs, and above all LISTEN TO INDIE MUSIC need not apply.** For the rest of this semester we'll do rehearsals, songwriting, jamming, and just getting to know each other. Next semester you must commit to attend rehearsal for (approximately) ten hours each week and devote (approximately) six hours during the weekends for gigs. Skill, experience, and creativity appreciated but not necessary.

The goals are to **have fun, play at local clubs, develop a rabid fan-base, land a record deal, hit #1 on the charts several times, and change the direction of popular music forever.**

Thereby **forging the distinctive sound for the 2010's and, especially, killing indie music.**

E-mail, once again, Jesse.G.Jones@Vanderbilt.edu and I will send you the songs I've been working on. I look forward to playing music with you!

See The Slant LIVE!

Through wily praise and cunning tactics, Phi Mu Alpha has convinced *The Slant* to do a foolish thing—leave our cave-office and try to be funny on stage for 5 whole minutes. Profit from our poor decision and see us LIVE for the first time ever!



Friday, March 20th at 10 p.m. until 1 a.m.
Turner Recital Hall at the Blair School of Music

Info:

The Gong Show was a popular live talent show in the 70s. Basically, each act gets up to 5 minutes to perform, but if any of the three judges wants them to stop, he or she can hit a giant gong and kick them off. Each "surviving" act gets a score and the highest score at the end wins. Hurrah!

TOP TEN Complaints about Facebook.

- 10 If I wanted to Twitter, I'd Twitter. Why is it all about the status updates?
- 9 No, I don't want to add the "be a ninja" application.
- 8 I'm sick and tired of having to change my sexual orientation after forgetting to log-out of my friend's computer.
- 7 Stop inviting me to this <insert retarded group here>.
- 6 Oh God, not CHANGE! Anything but that! Having Obama is enough as it is...
- 5 Mom, can you please not look at those photos?
- 4 The targeted advertisements make great suggestions... if you enjoy living in "1984."
- 3 I hate having useful features like filters and being able to hide almost-strangers from my newsfeed.
- 2 Not enough ways to prevent people from stalking me.
- 1 Not enough ways to stalk people.

Join *The Slant*!



Why write for *The Slant*? It'll impress girls. The other day, a super-hot one thought it was "so cool" that I wrote for *The Slant*. She said she couldn't wait to read my next article. You may be thinking that I'm making that up to inflate the image of *Slant* writers. Believe it or not though, this did actually happen due to some freak coincidental coming-together of me talking to a super-hot girl and *The Slant* being the subject of the conversation. But it's really not that much of a freak coincidence because people talk about *The Slant*. A lot. And if you write for it, they'll be talking about you. At the risk of committing a satire felony, I am being completely serious when I say this: writing for *The Slant* has been one of the coolest/funniest/most rewarding things I've done at Vanderbilt. Haha, funnest, you're blatantly not a word but people still use you all the time because you're so much warmer and cuddlier than your stuck up brother, most fun. Seriously, most fun, when are you gonna' rent a crane to remove the giant stick up your ass? How cool is this? I just got my weird daydream in print! And if you join *The Slant*, you can too!

-James Stoeckle

"Don't hate the Slant writer...Hate the game..."