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Rockin' it ... since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

Rain during Flaming Lips concert, performance smolders.

"Passover matzo bad," Seder Jewish mother.

25 cent laundry text only valuable for students with no cents of time.

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rites OF SPRING

Have fun and ignore:
 Finals
 The economy
 That you'll be living at home in 2 weeks



FROM THE EDITOR



MERYEM DEDE

Meryem Dede? What? Where is the unicycle-riding former-Mohawk wearing semi-funny guy that everyone's come to love??

I know your life is probably turned upside down right now, but calm down, it'll be okay—all good things must come to an end and so to must all semi-funny things. It's that time of year when tulips pop up around campus, girls stop wearing leggings, and new editor-in-chiefs are picked. That's a lie; I staged a coup d'état. Like the French revolutionaries in 1789 I stormed the Bastille of Sarat and my comrades and I took an Boce ball court oath (we were on alumni lawn). I think of myself as a real-life Barack Obama: I convinced the masses that there is hope (for continuing funny).

So I feel it necessary to introduce myself. I'm from the Nasti 'Natti in the state that's for lovers and for peanut butter and chocolate candy fanatics. So Cincinnati, Ohio. Following in a long tradition of Slant Editors-in-chief, I am a vegetarian. Unlike other Slant Editors-in-chief, and frankly most people, I'm studying Russian, I take great pleasure in baking bread, and I've read Virgil's *Aeneid*.... in Latin. In high school I was a geek, now in college I've added an 'r' to my former title. That's not to say that in the following year I won't be making fun of sororities and fraternities. Or that I'm suddenly cool—that has always been true. Although joining a sorority has seemed to help up my cool points—I have so many T-shirts now! And friends!

Next year, The Slant will be going through some changes. Most of them have to do with Vanderbilt Student Communications, who oversees The Slant and all of the other publications at Vanderbilt. So be ready for some alterations—some good, some necessary. The economy has affected more than your father's hedge fund, and publications at Vanderbilt are going through a bit of a rough patch.

However, what everyone can rest assured of is that The Slant will not lose sight of what it is and what it stands for. We will always be fairly funny, fairly crude and semi-pornographic. We will always make fun of preps and jocks and greeks. Really, unless you write for us, you will probably get made fun of. Even if you do write for us, watch your back. Especially you (*scary eyes*).

So here it goes—the first/last issue of the Slant: the first with me in this spot, and the last for the school year. I hope you enjoy it, and I hope you got my semi-obscure French revolution references.

Final Fraternity put on probation, administration rejoices

Many administrators are rejoicing over the probation of now all of Vanderbilt's fraternities.

"It's been a struggle, but we finally got the last fraternity on probation," exclaimed Kristen Torrey.

In an effort to better student's grades, the administration embraced a vigorous fight to remove all distractions from school. The primary target, of course, was the fraternities.

"Those pesky frats and all their fun, it's ridiculous. Don't they realize they're here to learn not to have fun, ever?" an informant from the Office of Greek Life said.

Greek Life has even more ambitious plans for next year, according to one representative: "We really want to get everyone on probation by Halloween next year: fraternities, sororities, maybe even a few of the more social clubs if we play our cards right. Model United Nations seems to be having a little too much fun this year, they better watch out. The Greek Life office is coming for you!"

Office of Housing in a state of Confusion

In an effort to prepare for the incoming Class of 2013, university administrators attempted to distribute a survey about the Commons; however, since they posted it on Twitter, no one actually filled it out. Instead, they sought answers elsewhere.

Directed to the "Overheard at Vanderbilt" group on Facebook, believing it to be a school-related opinions forum, they had difficulty understanding what exactly students thought about the Commons. One official commented, "Yeah, I was expecting to get a lot of useful information about the environment of the Commons, but instead I became more alert that this school has a drinking problem."

Next, they turned to the Vanderbilt housing office; however, all they learned about the Class of 2012 is that when they don't like something (i.e. their housing for Fall 2009), they just have their parents call. Essentially, that was also no help. The administrators finally looked to HOD students working on a survey project "strongly suggested" that they all research Commons life. From the results, the university has concluded that as of April 2009, no one knows what the Commons is.

After success with 'Meningitis Girl', Student Health decides to announce STDs

The Student Health Center announced on Friday that after the success of the bacterial meningitis alerts sent campus wide last week, they would take their alert system a step further. Starting next week, e-mails will be sent out to all Vanderbilt undergraduates to publicly announce the diagnosis of STDs on campus.

When questioned by Slant staff, Terry Kohler, a SHC representative explained: "After seeing how quickly the

student body decided to avoid any upcoming contact with the girl, our meningitis patient, it only seemed logical to do the same thing to kids with STDs. Should it work as planned, it will be the most successful medicinal cock block ever to be instituted on this campus. We're planning to give out each student's name, symptoms, diagnosis and Greek affiliation. Photo attachments are still being debated."

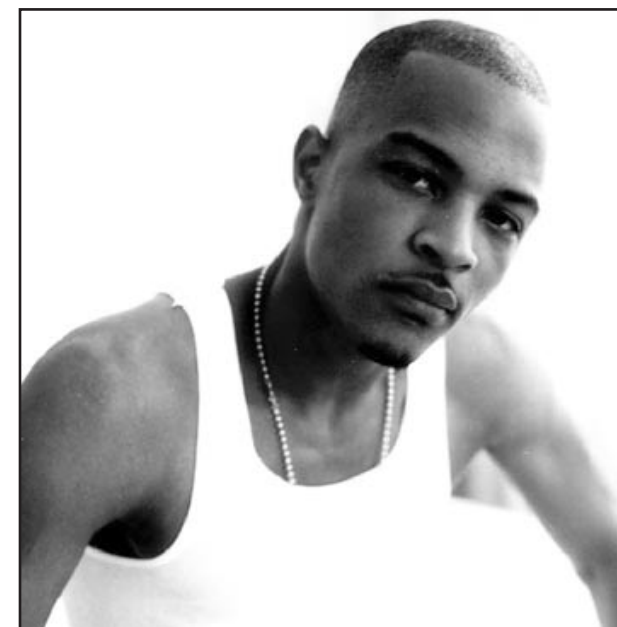
Students Get a Great Deal on Concerts

After the Hustler announced Acfee allotments Monday, some math students expressed concern over the amount of money that the Music Group received.

"According to our calculations," said Max Atticus. "Each student spends \$233.90 each year simply for the right to buy Rites and other concert tickets. After the actual ticket fee, this ends up being... Ridiculous. No really, the calculator has stopped showing numbers. It just says 'Dumb ass.'"

"Yeah, really makes you wonder about the value of the 'student discount,'" said friend Georgia Wick. "If you ask me, the general public are the ones getting the sweet end of the deal at \$40 per weekend pass. Hell, tickets to just T.I. are probably worth at least \$80, especially since he isn't doing any other concerts for the next... When does he get out again? Oh yes, just in time to take commercial advantage of his martyrdom. At that point, you'll have to pay for the tickets with bottles of Cristal. Such a good deal right now."

Unfortunately, they have yet to calculate any of the "great deals" that students are getting, whether they like it or not.

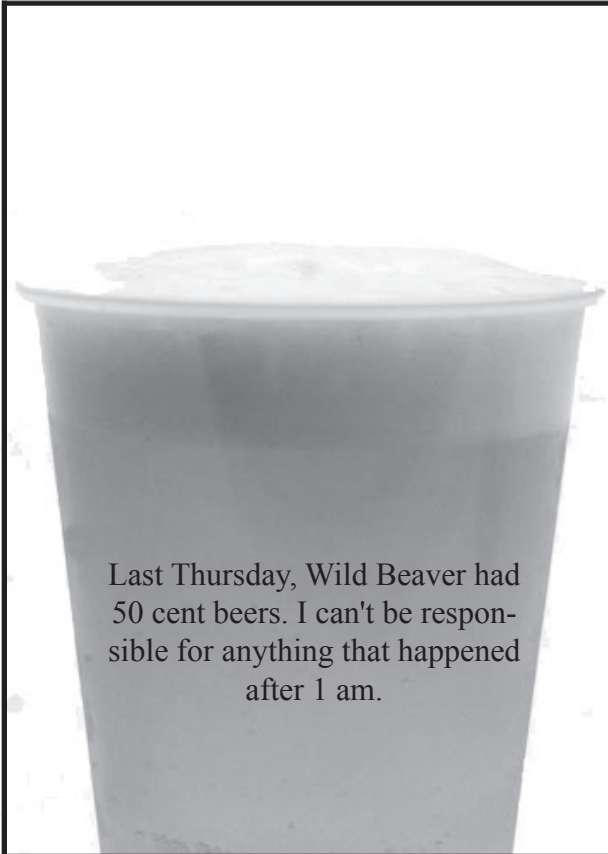


"You'll appreciate all the bling I wear, especially when you realize I bought it with YOUR over-priced ticket."

04.16.2009 CONTENTS



CORRECTION



Last Thursday, Wild Beaver had 50 cent beers. I can't be responsible for anything that happened after 1 am.

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Fucked Image



"Your first task as a white belt is to defeat this upside-down small child... in front of a professional photographer. Don't ask why; we don't know either."

MASTHEAD



Ignoring the masthead... since 1886.

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POLICIES

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS

Vanderbilt student discovers the Polaroid

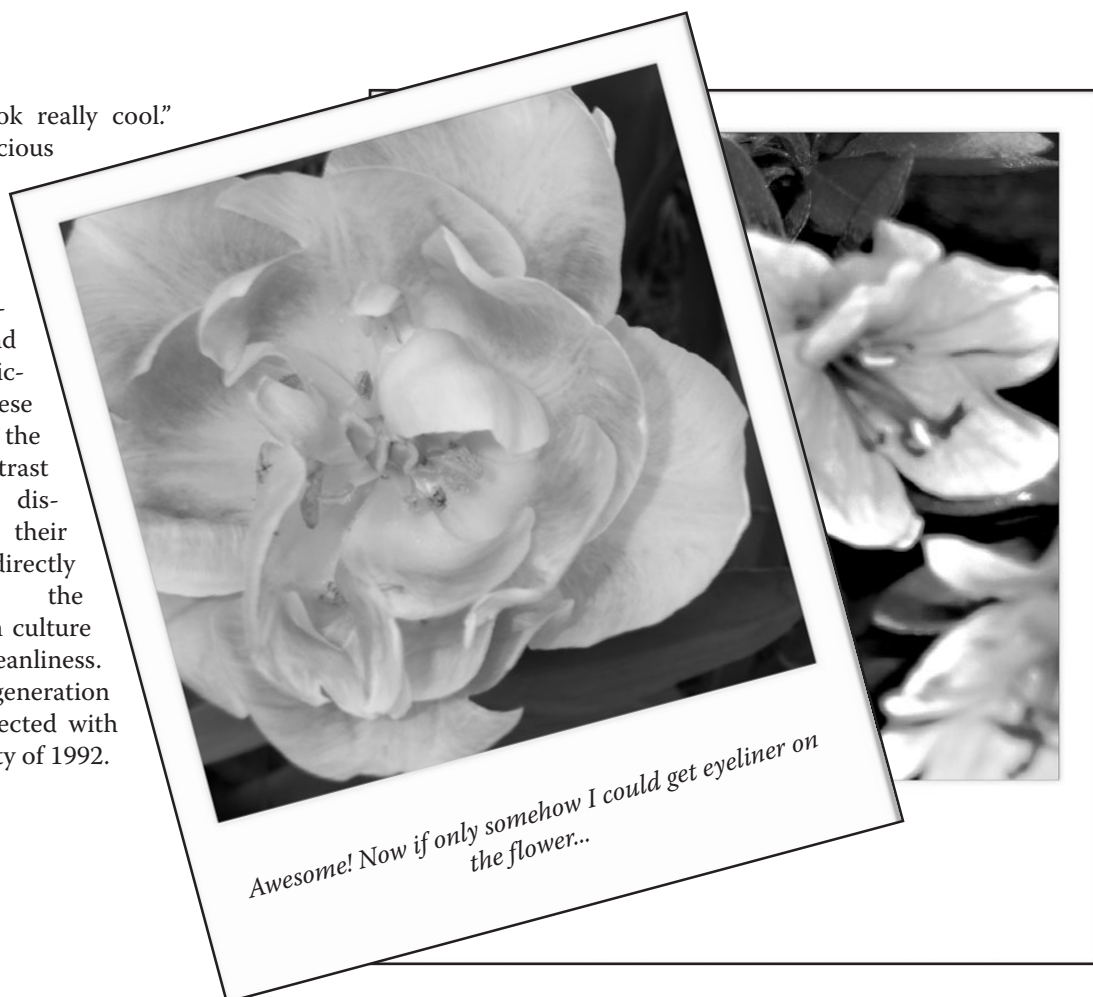
By **Ada Desmond**
Photography specialist

Last weekend, freshman Ginny Ferocious discovered the Polaroid. "It's so cool!" She exclaimed. "Whenever I take pictures, I get this really cool, gritty look that's just like, so vintage." Ms. Ferocious, wearing ankle boots, gray tights, and a hot pink miniskirt with suspenders, stood outside of Exit/In the other day taking pictures of a dirty gutter. She then moved on to a collection of cigarette butts outside of Café Coco. "Normally I like taking pictures of me and my friends, you know?" She then produced her Facebook page, which displayed scanned photographs of her pale face, black eyeliner easily highlighted.

This new trend, called the Polaroid camera, is sweeping today's young liberal arts major, as is the Holga and the new "Disposable Camera," all easily available at your local Urban Outfitters or CVS. Sophomore Stormy Everett, another budding artiste, has thousands of grainy and blurry photos from her Kodak disposable camera on her Facebook page. "It's so real. Like, digital cameras are so clean and sanitized," she explained to me in her dorm room in McGill. "I like how my pictures look so artsy and vintage. I think I'm going to submit them to Versus." Today, the Polaroid camera is becoming ever more popular now that the film has been discontinued. However, many Vanderbilt students find that monetary costs pale in the face of the importance of art. "I don't really mind ordering the film online. My

pictures look really cool."

Ms. Ferocious said. And indeed, one can really see the individuality and grit in the pictures of these new artists, the high contrast and ironic distortion of their images directly subverting the mainstream culture of digital cleanliness. Truly, this generation has reconnected with the creativity of 1992.



Class of 2011, Man Up: 2012 has real problems

By **Amit Shintre**
Complaining specialist

I mean honestly, every time you talk to a sophomore, and even accidentally bring up the topic of where you're living next year, there will be an endless rant about their housing situation. They'll tell you all these horror stories about homeless men and ringworm in Kissam. They'll go on about how cramped they are in their rooms and how far they have to walk to their classes. And then they'll have the nerve to say that this is going to be their third time living in Kissam.

Well that's nothing. Us freshman have got it way worse. Like, it's

not even a question. We have had to put up with the Commons for an entire freaking year. Just think about

how tiny our rooms are. How am I supposed to fit my 20x30 Monet in this tiny shack? And there's barely enough room for a Ping Pong table. Now imagine how difficult it is for us to stay up late enough to get our fourth meal. For one, only four meals a day, how are we supposed to live off that? Secondly, we have to walk all the way to the commons center to get it!

And every single campus programming effort has left main campus and been focused on us. All the events, speeches and giveaways for free stuff we hear about first. Everyone's always showering us with so much attention we don't even know what to do with ourselves. Every time a news crew comes to Vanderbilt, they go to the Commons. You Kisslammers on the other hand are left in your own sub-Vanderbubble with no one to bother you, or even know that you exist.

So, class of 2011, all you've done is whimper, whine and complain. Just suck it up and roll with the punches. Except no one's going to punch you; mostly because no one knows where Kissam is. Even if they did, they're not going to walk that far.



Forceful Philanthropy

By Andrew Ligon

Gore Specialist

After last Thursday's wildly successful "Pillow Fight for Parkinson's," other clubs have begun to take notice. A new theme has arisen of combining philanthropy with violence.

"It's so obvious," explains one club president "no one really cares about poor people, and sick people can be creepy, but everyone in America can agree on violence! The more violence the more money!"

Already clubs are working on their own violent philanthropy projects. "Knife fights for the Red Cross of Vanderbilt" is one of these planned events.

"Sure we could simply get people to give blood in a Bloodmobile, but knife fights are so much more fun!" exclaimed one member of the club. "Once you've bled out a pint of blood you're out of the fight. We already have fifty people signed up. We can never get more than ten for our standard blood drives. Needles make people too squeamish, but knives are plain-out cool."

When asked about any foreseeable risks, the club member simply said, "Well, some people may bleed too much, but they'll be surrounded by blood donors, so that shouldn't really be a problem, right?"

Many other clubs are following in the footsteps of the pillow fight. Planned events for next year include: Vanderbilt Loves Animals: Puppy Kick, Fist Fights for Operation Smile (to benefit children born with cleft palates in underdeveloped nations), Vanderbilt's Prison Project's Shank to a Solution, and Giant Killer Volcanoes from VSVS.

Vanderbilt Loves Animals' social chair explained why the club decided on a puppy kick event.

"We really wanted people to understand that animal abuse is wrong, but let's be serious it's tough to care about an animal. Unless of course, you kick it a few times; then you'll give all your lunch money from so much guilt," the Social Chair said.

When asked if she found the violence counterproductive to the club's goals she replied, "Sometimes you have to break a few eggs, or puppies legs in this case."

Interestingly enough some clubs have decided to go against the trend. For instance, Vanderbilt's paint ball club has decided to stick to philanthropic fundamentals and have a good old-fashion petting zoo. Oddly enough, VLA's Puppy Kick is scheduled to immediately follow. Meanwhile, the Sigma Chi fraternity has scheduled a fireworks safety event, while the Juggling and Physical Arts Club plans to have a Firework Juggling for Beginners event just prior to the Sigma Chi event.

Overall, everyone is very excited for the renewed interest in philanthropy. Chancellor Zeppos has hailed the surge as "Proof that Vanderbilt does in fact care!" Club participation is at an all-time high and seems ready to continue to rise. Nothing can possibly cause a decrease, except for the likely-to-mount casualties.

Baseball finds hope

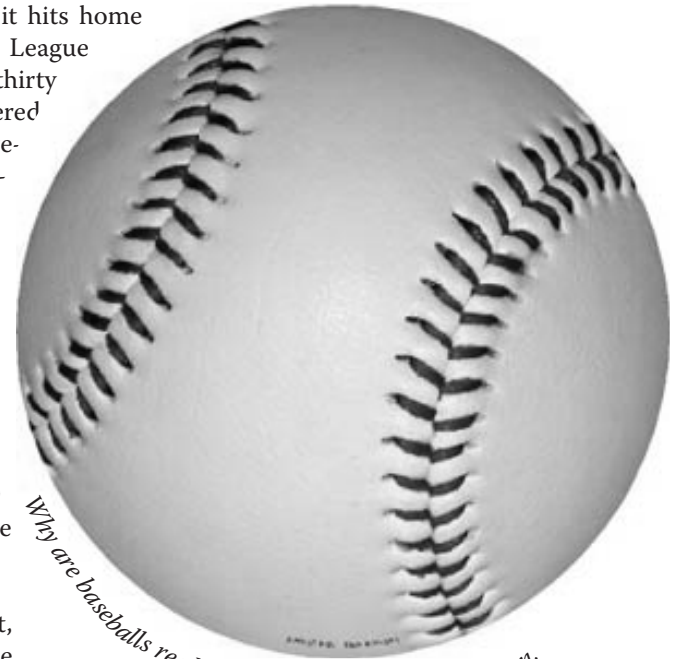
By Rudy Wu

Sports Specialist

Let's be frank - it's a terrible time for the economy. And it hits home - literally, as Major League Baseball and its thirty teams have all suffered as a result of the recent economic crisis. Even the New York Yankees and the Boston Red Sox, participants of the most heated rivalry in sports (that most people don't give a damn about), are reporting lower payrolls for the 2009 season than for the 2008 season.

Not all hope is lost, however. Despite the economic crisis, the start of the baseball season and the return of the crowds to the stands signals an upcoming boost for the prescription drug industry. In particular, BALCO, the Bay Area Laboratory Co-op, famously dismantled for having supplied illegal drugs to players such as Barry "Jerk" Bonds and Gary "I hate everybody because I can" Sheffield, recently announced plans for re-opening, as the demand for illegal anabolic steroids has risen in the past few months.

"We're getting orders for our special 'B-12' formula from people all over the country," BALCO founder Victor Conte recently claimed. "It's been a rough few years, but we should have our busi-



Why are baseballs really white? The drugs spilt on them.
Why is this baseball so big? Space filler.

ness up and running in no time."

MLB Commissioner Bud Selig declined to comment on the re-opening of BALCO. Sports experts around the nation believe that the Commissioner's office is doing its best to ignore the steroids industry. Said an online blogger, "Maybe he thinks it'll just disappear after enough people use it. Or not."

Bastard Confession

"I was the asshole with the lead bars in my pillow."
-Over-competitive Pillowfighter for Parkinson's



This pillow fight is between you and your study term paper.



Free coke at the library. Free coffee at Rand. Free Adderall from Joe behind the dumpsters if you ask nicely.

Exams are stressful. Bu

Rela

The Slant's got
For your enjoyment, we have
campus for you to fi

F

your paper

Relax with the three F's of
Facebook, Fmylife, and
Coincidentally, that's also the grad
bio exam if you spend too muc



Calm down. The Chancellor's got yo' covered.



Grab a coed to help you rel

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nd comfort in!



Stressed? Have some comfort food.

the internet:
failblog.
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Vanderbilt's beautiful arboretum even includes a metallic tree of death. Err.. Knowledge.

These cuddly animals found all around campus will eat your leftovers for you!



ax.

For Cops, Ignorance and other Substances are Bliss

by Austin Caroe

"Appliances" specialist

Most if not all college students know that April 20th is a... special... day. 4/20 is day where many students and sometimes philosophy and music professors bond over the illustrious J, bong, vaporizer or other equally ingenious apparatus. But unfortunately "lamp" is illegal in the United States. Some enlightened state governments have sought to decriminalize "curtain" and decreased the violation of its possession from a felony to a misdemeanor. Unfortunately for Vandy students, Tennessee is not one of those states.

The metropolitan police of Nashville pride themselves on crime prevention, especially in the area of illegal substances. All of their officers receive top-of-the-line training in how to detect, field test, classify, and log illegal substances such as "marker" or "cord." They are well versed in how gangs market these substances, how they transport them, and where they get their supplies. They claim that they have one of tightest, most advanced systems for cracking down on drugs.

"We are here to protect the people of Nashville, even if that means protecting them from their dumbass selves," a spokesman for the Nashville police said.

I for one am glad that we have such knowledgeable and capable crime fighters protecting us from dangerous drugs like "propeller."

When I asked them how they were planning to crack down on dealers as 4/20 is approaching, their spokes-

woman said, "as what is approaching?"

"4/20," I said.

"What is that?" she asked.

"The day, 4/20... April 20th."

"What happens on that day?"

"Wait... you've never heard of 4/20?"

"Are you referring to this Monday?"

"Oh, yes... yes, good, for a second I thought you guys had never heard of 4/20."

"Well, Monday is usually a slow day for us, but we are always ready."

"You think that 4/20 is going to be a slow day for drug dealers?!"

I was right the first time. The metro five-oh had no idea what I was talking about! This lady spent 10 minutes telling me how über advanced their narcotics department was, but they had no idea about 4/20. I almost accidentally told them about it out of sheer pity, but not to worry, I left them to wallow in their ignorance.

Well, for you "fish" smokers out there, no need to worry about massive crackdowns from the metro cops. You may, however, want to worry about our very own VUPD. Historically, they seize a ton of "key" around 4/20. But surprisingly they only seize it; they never issue citations or haul students off to jail. The stuff they seize seems to practically disappear into thin air, because no one ever sees it again. I inquired about this

phenomenon with the department.

"Sir, I don't know what you are referring to," the man at the desk said.

"Well do you stockpile it, or dispose of it somehow, or what?"

"I am not sure what you are talking about, sir," he replied.

"I know you guys seize a lot of 'lid' this time of year, what happens to it?"

I was wondering why this cop was being so evasive. Just then, a senior officer emerged from the back room followed by the familiar and sweet scent of "blue jay." He quickly retreated back into the room as soon as he saw me.

"What's going on in there?" I asked the man in front.

"Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to leave." So in a way, anything that VUPD seizes does disappear into thin air.

Metro cops may be ignorant to the significance of 4/20, but Vandy cops seem to be all too familiar with it. So if you "pot" heads have a choice between getting caught by Metro or Vandy, choose Vandy. Take your chances and offer them a drag. If your lucky they'll take a hit and leave you be. If your not so lucky, they'll probably just take your stuff, and then take a hit without you. Either way, somebody is getting high, and that's what 4/20 is all about.

Housing engineers new class of 2011 housing solution

By Michael Thomas

Pod people specialist

It's housing assignment time again, and rising juniors are contemplating a revolution. However, Housing has delivered a solution in the form of Cryogenic Sleeping Pods! Dr. Heinrich Berg of VUMC's Cryopreservation Research Lab has completed designs for the first Sleepmatics and could manufacture about 2000 units by the end of the summer.

"Zhey are totally safe Herr Reporter! Zhey make good substitute for dorm. Most zee monkey survive, and student is not much different, yah?" Dr. Berg said.

In a plan already lauded as "pretty cool" by *The Hustler*, this year's rising juniors would be housed in sleeping pods on the third floor of the Commons Center, in order to compensate for depriving the class of 2011 from the Commons.

"Regrettably, the Sleepmatics will be much more expensive than our original plan to create a large homeless community around Kissam for the juniors, but this gives the class of 2011 a better view of the Commons to see the great things we're doing for the first year students," Director of Housing Jacob Jakubowski said.

Rising junior mechanical engineering major Alexander Hartdegen is excited.

"I was worried I'd have to build a time machine to see the future! Housing will probably forget I exist again when assignments go around next year anyway, so taking that two thousand year icy nap will be easy," Hartdegen said.

Fraternity member Guy Pearce is also psyched.

"They aren't that much smaller than my Kissam, and the Sleepmatic even keeps my Natty cold! Plus I won't have to pay for the expensive laundry service anymore since the melting ice can clean all the vomit off my clothes," Pearce said.

However, not all voices praised the plan. Rising sophomore A&S Council member Amit Shintre is outraged that juniors are receiving preferential treatment in housing. "Why should juniors get dibs on new housing? We had to put up with the commons for a whole year!" Shintre said.

In response to the rising sophomores' anger and high SAT scores, housing is expected to open up Sleepmatic spots to a regular ballot.

"The Class of 2012 will be a big part of

Vanderbilt's endowment after they graduate and gain high paying job positions with their genius. We need to see that they feel they get the best deal from housing, but at the same time a rebellion from the class of 2011 could cause expensive damage to our lovely campus," Chancellor Zeppos said. "I'm confident Jakubowski can find a good middle ground, just like our President Obama."

Almost bigger than your Kissam!



What they said: A conversation between...

By James Stoeckle and Amit Shintre

Talking specialists

Two Vicious Sororstitutes:

Girl 1: I'm so happy we won Derby Days. But do you still think we did the right thing?

Girl 2: Yeah, we did what we had to do to win.

Girl 1: But... planting cocaine at that rival sorority's formal is kind of a serious offense...

Girl 2: They knew where the hat was. We had to take action.

Girl 1: Some of those girls are my friends...

Girl 2: You're being weak, Clarissa.

Girl 1: We could go to jail for a long time... I think we should come clean...

Girl 2: [Silence]

Girl 1: Melanie... where did you get that gun and why are you pointing it at me?

Girl 2: [Cocks gun]

Girl 1: Melanie, stop it. You're scaring me.

Girl 2: [Shoots gun]

Girl 1: [Falls to the ground]

Rocky Balboa and his Lover Adrian Peninno

"His whole life was a million-to-one shot."

- Tag line from the movie Rocky

Adrian: Oh, Rocky, yes. Get a condom...

Rocky: Don't worry about it—the chances of me getting you pregnant are a million-to-one.

Adrian: Stop messing around and just get the—

Rocky: Look, it's gonna' be fine. Let me just stick it in here—oh no...

Adrian: Did you just...

Rocky: [Blushing] Wow. That's never happened to

Adrian: [Silence] me before.

Rocky: On the bright side, we can do it 999,999 more times before that happens again.

The Italian Stallion no more.



President Barack Obama and First Lady Michelle Obama:

"If [President Obama] sounds too gloomy, he could further depress a nation desperate for any sign of progress. If he sounds too optimistic, he risks looking as if he's trying to pull something over on the nation."

- New York Times

Barack: I'm not saying there's no chance it's going to rain... it just looks pretty sunny out right now.

Michelle: So then, no umbrella?

Barack: I still think you should bring it... just in case...

Michelle: I don't see one cloud in the sky.

Barack: We both know the weather can turn quickly. I was briefed this morning on a cold front moving in from Greenland—

Michelle: Greenland? That's thousands of miles away. We're just going down the street to Starbucks. We'll be back in ten minutes.

Barack: If it's because you don't want to carry the umbrella, I'll be happy to—

Michelle: No, it's not about carrying it. It's just a beautiful day out right now and we're only going down the street.

Barack: Yeah, but—

Michelle: Does this skirt make me look fat?

Barack: Overall, your butt looks great... but I won't lie to you and say it's not drooping just a little on the left side...

Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr

Hamilton: O.K., let's make this a practice round.

Burr: What are you talking about?

Hamilton: Well, different people have different ideas of when to start. Like, some people go one, two three, and then go—and other people just go on three.

Burr: Kind of annoying, but sure, O.K.

Hamilton: So let's do it like this: one, two three, and then go. And no bullets because it's the practice round.

Burr: [Rolls eyes] Yeah, got it.

[Both turn around and face away from



Raindrops keep falling on my economic plans.

each other]

(In unison): One... two...

Burr: [turns and pretends to shoot]: Three! Got you!

Hamilton: No, you idiot, you shot on three. I said three and then shoot.

Burr: I swear to God, Hamilton...

Hamilton: O.K. let's try again

[Both turn around and face away from each other]

(In unison): One... two...

Hamilton: [Turns and pretends to shoot] Three! See how it annoying that is?

Burr: [Shoots Hamilton in the abdomen]

Me and my Brain:

Me: Oh crap, I have been slacking off, I really need to get my act together before finals.

Brain: I'm tired. Time for a nap.

Me: Nooooo you can't go to sleep now, you have to study!

Brain: Psh.... study. I'm the brain and I control the body. I do what I want. I'm going to sleep.

Me: Keep going this way and I will have to resort to stronger measures. Don't make me caffeinate you.

Brain: Ha, you wouldn't. No way.

* half a pot of coffee later*

Brain: Fuck it! Fine then. I'll stay awake. But I'm not going to concentrate, take that bitch!

Caffeinate me, bitch.



Exxxtreme Year in Review

By **Brendan Alviani**
Special

It's basically the end of the school year, so that means we need to look back and wax hysterical about the last eight months of shenanigans. That doesn't mean we have to care about everything, however; I really only have the attention span and the space for the Best 5 and Worst 5. With no further ado, here are my choices.

Best 5 Things of the Year:

Dining

I understand that college students are legally required to bitch and moan about campus food, but then again, I have to be original (once in a while). As a vegetarian, I LOVE the variety of options on campus: veggie burgers, strange veggies, the occasional vegan doo-dad AND salads. Hurrah! Also, bonus points for free-range eggs and a bunch of organic stuff. Between that, Grins, Nectar, the Commons, Chef James and our grease-based biodiesel initiative, we can now say that the dirty hippies have won. Although I was highly suspicious at first, Sushi Fridays at the Commons now ranks up there with Tortellini Tuesdays and its much-maligned little brother Thai Thursdays. And I really enjoy how much attention the staff puts into the details of stuff—dye Easter Eggs on Easter? That's what I call Jesus-lickin' good!



I really appreciate the diversity in food. Before, I was mostly a veggie-burger-tarian.

The Election

From my perspective, this was the greatest thing ever—through November, the jokes just wrote themselves. Palin by herself was a gold mine, but when you add in Old Man McCain, Joe “FDR got on the TV right after the crash of ’29” Biden and Obama the Savior, it's unbelievable that we got around to talking about campus events at all. Speaking of which, high-five Vanderbilt for our impressive student involvement in the election. We were almost as passionate about our nation's future as we were about getting drunk. Given our collective desire to graduate with fewer brain cells than when we arrived, that's really impressive.

Music City Bowl

Finally, our football team gets somewhere. I would've preferred if we could've at least gone to a different city, or, God forbid, a real bowl, but hey, we'll take what we can get. If nothing else, getting drunk with pride over being 5-0 was worth the metaphorical hang-over that was Mississippi State.



"Why am I running in nothingness?!"

Quake

I liked it so much that I'm preemptively forgiving VPB for the chaos surrounding Rites. For everyone who showed up excessively early for good seats, Free Sol actually made it worthwhile. Lil Wayne was infinitely better than his fellow little person Lil Jon; in fact, I'll go so far as to say he put on a DAMN good show, even if my ears are still ringing from it. Yet for me, it was all about Lupe Fiasco—he rocked my face off. Literally. My recent editor's pic? Photoshopped. Lupe was jumping around like he had 10 Red Bulls and was just waiting for his wings. His sound was so fresh that it was like falling asleep beneath the flowers for a couple hours. On a scale from 1 to 10, I give it a WIN.

The Hustler

Figuring out the best thing of the year was tough, but after much debate, we decided it was... us. Our fake edition of the *Hustler* (aka the *Huslter*) was so funny and so outrageous that people will be talking about it for years. Or at least I hope so.



Better than the original!

Worst 5 Things of the Year

Sigma Chi Arrests

Man, that sure was embarrassing, wasn't it? You try to do something good—like taking out a bunch of bush-eyed first-years to see the great outdoors—and a bunch of “cops” arrest you for “underage consumption of alcohol” and “disorderly conduct.” Then, just because you participated in this particular act of getting fucked up, your mug gets posted around campus via the Hustler. Bummer.

English Only

I'm sure you've heard the many reasons why this was dumb and the few idealistic arguments why this might not be that dumb. However, I will point out that this election cost the taxpayers \$300,000 for the opportunity to look xenophobic. Fun Fact: Pro-English, a group allegedly tied with white supremacy organizations, provided 92% of the funding for Eric Crafton's power grab. Yet, if nothing else, it was good to see Vanderbilt use its left-over election zeal to help get this defeated.

Economy

'Nuff said. If you need an explanation, go talk to any senior on campus.

Weather

Man, it was cold this winter. Where was Global Warming then? (Wreaking havoc on North Dakota? Oh, OK) Then, just when we thought that it was over, we entered tornado season, with the accompanying deluges every week. Our answer? Alert VU. Great, we're fucked. And to add insult to injury, we won't know we're fucked until two hours after the fact.



Every time you contribute to Global Warming, God double-strikes a kitten.

The Hustler

Our arch nemesis has been busily sullyng the name of journalism this year (see “Sigma Chi's”). After a semester of after-the-fact coverage of events that didn't need coverage, recycled AP articles and overly-cozy relations with the administration, they decided to drop down to a twice-a-week coverage, which now makes them slow on top of everything else. The only thing going for them are the *Hustler* orgies.

AROUNDTHELOOP



Where did you find your Easter Egg?

Confused Gamer



"I typed and danced next to the murloc in Kharazan marsh."

Michael Jackson



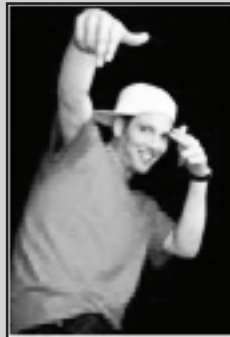
"Wouldn't you like to know? "

Overly Competitive Parent



"We used a search vector algorithm to maximize area coverage and minimize collection delay."

Frat Star



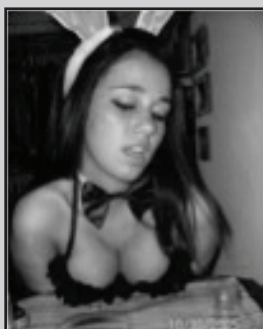
"Dude, my date put a shit ton in my cooler! Easter candy and Jack - fuck yea!"

First Year Student



"We found dozens of them filled with hundred dollar bills all over Commons lawn!"

Playboy Bunny



"Uhh, under the carrot?"

Crime-Ku's

"Crime Haiku's"

By Justin Barisich

Poetry Specialist

Vandy K-9 dogs
Sniff out bomb scares. Cops remain
Idle in Chargers.

McDonald's: "We now
Steal your wallet and cell phone,
Not merely your health.

Blair student is left
Bereft of shiny trumpet.
Doesn't that just blow.

Communications
Too excessive = harassment.
All texters beware.

Burnt spoon in the purse
Escalates drug search into
Drug violation.

Naked in the rain
Found outside of Rand: public
Intoxication

Pissing in bushes
Outside Sportsman's Grill. Busted
For breaking the seal.

Some real crime reports, which in
themselves are almost haikus:

Person was drunk and
Disorderly, when he saw
A police officer he ran.

Our favorite:
Four persons were shooting
Fireworks out of a vehicle, it was a
Pledge task for a fraternity at Duke
University.

*A little tree for
some little poems.*



TOP TEN

Reasons you went to a Fraternity Formal

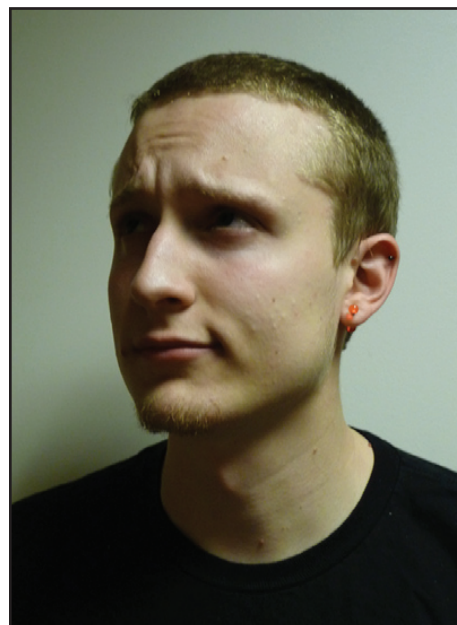
- 10 Because drinking a 12-pack of Natty from a sippy cup is what you live for.
- 9 You got high off the polyurethane from the cooler decorating.
- 8 You always wanted to bust out the Burberry Swimsuit.
- 7 The D&G glasses really matched the Burberry swimsuit, so you got a chance to use those too.
- 6 Granted, you didn't like him very much... but there were so many others you could trade for!
- 5 You missed class on Friday and it wasn't because of your customary Thursday night hangover.
- 4 If you weren't there, you'd be writing about your long HOD paper on Fmylife.com.
- 3 Screw being classy at school, you got a chance to be classy on a beach!
- 2 You blacked out all your poor decisions so it seems like you actually were classy on a beach.
- 1 The facebook picture opportunities!



That's right! For the first time in history, the two (intentionally) humorous groups on campus are teaming up. The Slant will go first for 5-10 minutes with "Our Best Headlines... Ever." Then, for the next hour or so, Tongue N' Cheek will improvise a way to make you laugh so hard you'll embarrass yourself. Plus, super-secret guests!

For two awesome acts, it's just \$2. If we can drop \$1,000,000,000,000+ on bailing out the banks and the auto makers, we can scrap up some change to bail out our hilarious cousins, Tongue N' Cheek. 7:37 p.m.—Be there.

Join *The Slant* Right Now!



Don't believe a word Brendan Alviani says—he doesn't know what he's talking about.

OK, so it might seem it's too late for you to join *The Slant* this year, but don't you fear—we always need funny people. And don't tell me you're not funny, because that's simply not true. Have you ever laughed? Made someone else laugh? Then you have the spark. You may need some practice and guidance, but eventually you'll metaphorically burst into a flaming torch of hilarity. Well, mostly metaphorically.

This summer, we'll be concocting crazy shenanigans on www.theslant.net. You'll also have a great opportunity to bounce ideas off the staff and generally perfect your humor-writing craft. E-mail the eic.theslant@gmail.com with ANYTHING. After all, it's not going to my email anymore. Regardless of your summer participation, simply thinking about joining *The Slant* in the fall will improve your life instantly. Actually joining, writing and getting published? Nirvana.

As a last moment of reflection (besides the full page of my musings on pg. 10), I'd just like to honestly say that being the editor of *The Slant* was my all-time favorite experience in college, hands down. It helps to be Supreme Dictator, but like with any drug of choice, writing for *The Slant* is addictive and with increased amounts, becomes more fun. Well, until you overdose. But as someone who should've done so by now, let me tell you: you can't overdose on awesome.