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February's Holidays Attempt to End Super Sunday's Reign as King

THIS JUSTIN

Library Renovations Spur Students not to Read Books

By: Michael Yarbrough
Accelerated Reader

New to campus this semester is Central Library's Cafe, the capstone to the six-million dollar renovations that will revolutionize the Library's role in students' lives and draw them closer to the intellectual heart of the University.

Before the renovations began nearly a year ago, students were forced into cramped, dull, cave-like spaces where they would learn nothing. But now, students will enjoy the Library's modern, open spaces and natural light while they learn nothing and dick around on Facebook.

The yet-unnamed Cafe will attract students to collaborate and share ideas over lunch, unwind with friends on the outdoor patio for dinner, or study into the small hours over a cappuccino and panini.

This time last year, students would have to hole up in their dorm rooms and Google frantically for an article for their paper in history of philosophy of African American Art in the WGS

department—now, students will half-ass a paper, Googling frantically and searching JSTOR abstracts on their laptops plugged into any of the 584 new power outlets in the Library and Cafe.

The renovations are not expected to promote students' usage of books, or curious, independent learning, or use of past scholarship to bravely seek out new knowledge. The closest students are expected to come to grasping new knowledge is clutching bookshelves while having sex in the labyrinthine, dead quiet, creepily empty third-floor basement stacks.

Planners hoped that the new areas would revitalize even the Library's dustiest corners, or maybe just give you a good feeling while you learn facts you plan to forget later the same night, ingest information as meaningless syllables by rote, add nothing to the corpus of human science and understanding, and forsake remedying cruelty and ignorance in the world for playing Angry Birds on the can.

Study Reveals Students Don't Give a Shit

By: Agbo Ikor
Productivity Premier

A troubling study released today reported that more than eighty-five percent of college students just don't give a shit. This report comes on the heels of a previous study, which revealed that little learning occurs in college. The research, which spanned 35 years and involved over 500,000 interviews revealed a steep but steady decline from the shit-giving of yesteryear and the shit-giving of today in the key areas of school, health, and work.

Lead scientist, Lucas Stewart commented on the study's disturbing results, "It's remarkable, really. Over the course of ten years, students have gone from mild disinterest in schoolwork to giving no type of shit about anything. We expect that this will progress to the next generation of students not giving a flying fuck."

The results of this study left some people skeptical. Parent, Lindsay Wilcox had this to say, "Hell, when I was

my son's age, I didn't give a shit either. It's just a phase that the nation's teenagers are going through. There's no need for concern."

Stewart explains the results of the study, "Well, with an increasing number of piss-poor television shows and movies coupled with a seemingly universal loss of interest in anything that doesn't start with Bieber or Twilight, it is highly likely that over time teens learned to stop giving a shit as a way of coping with a shitty—er, heinous—pop culture environment."

With the job market becoming more and more competitive and health issues becoming more and more of a national concern, not giving a shit could prove devastating for the economy and beauty index. This reporter believes that not giving a shit could prove disastrous for the whole world.

Though most students could not be motivated to comment, senior, Kevin Butler, had this to say, "Students don't give a shit... so?" So, indeed.

NFL to Call it Quits after Super Bowl XLV

By: Clay Christain
Lombardi Legend

On Sunday, February 6th, the Green Bay Packers became champions of the NFL after winning Super Bowl XLV in a long, hard-fought battle. However, with labor disputes looming between the NFL owners and players' association, the two came to an agreement on Monday to bring the whole messy ordeal to a close in the true American way: giving up and saying, "fuck it."

NFL Commissioner Roger Goodell commented on the matter, "Well, this year's Super Bowl was just so incredibly exhilarating, that we just couldn't imagine any future seasons living up to the high expectations. We really should have ended it after the Giants beat the Patriots, but now that Aaron Rodgers has put the nail in the Brett Favre coffin, there really just isn't any point to reporters and fans following football anymore."

NFLPA president Kevin Mawae said, "Well, we had been trying to keep owners from changing the season to 18 games and insure retirement benefits, but it's just clearer

now than ever before that football won't be able to go on after what happened in Super Bowl XLV. Also, the commercials were really bad. Advertisers need to step their game up. Disgraceful stuff on their end."

The indefinite hiatus of the NFL is the most recent stoppage of a major American sports league since 2004 when the NHL had to rethink its long-term strategy after the Tampa Bay Lightning embarrassed Canada and became the Stanley Cup Champions.

Reflecting on the sudden increase in free time, Pittsburgh Steelers Quarterback Ben Roethlisberger said, "Hey, well, if no reporters are going to be on my ass anymore, then I can start hanging out at high school dance parties again."

They think I'll be chaperoning... Fools!"

In order to fill the programming void left by football games, CBS and NBC will be creating new engaging series such as, "Pediatric Doctors of New Jersey" and "Undercover Bass." Meanwhile, ESPN will re-air every single incorrect football prediction they made in the past fifteen years as narrated by Brady Quinn and Vince Young.

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Prophetic llama speaks: "You shall turn to page 4 to find the promised land."



6

Local villain would have gotten away with it too if it weren't for those pesky kids.

FROM THE EDITOR



CLAY CHRISTAIN

February is a strange month. It has 28 days, but some years it gets all moody and decides to have 29. I guess it's better than having a random 1/4th of a day though. Can you imagine New Year's Eve being

30 hours long? Well, that may be a good idea to stimulate the party economies of the world...

What's really weird is that sometimes our spring break ends up in February. February is hardly spring; it should be called "winter break part 2: junior edition." It's like the straight-to-DVD sequel of Christmas Break. On the subject of spring break, is it here yet? I'm worn out of school already, and nothing has even happened yet. Not that there's anything wrong with taking a whole week off. Wait, though, does that make the MLK day analogous to fall break now?

There's one thing that everyone should experience in February every year. It's a time of passion, disappointment, excitement, and commercialism. However, this year, I am without it despite a brief flirt with this beauty in 2010. Yes, I'm talking about the Winter Olympics. If it's going to snow, we might as well get to watch cross-country skiing at Rand. If it's gonna be stupendously cold, we better damn well get to watch three hours of curling at night on CNBC. Also, I am hankering for America to beat those damn Canadians at hockey after our country's hopes were dashed by, of all people, the crybaby Sidney Crosby. Canada was so close to being entirely embarrassed on the world's stage, especially after their Olympic torch didn't even work. Not only that, but their government decided this month not to funnel the country's internet usage either. That idea was on pace to be the blunder in that country's history. Hey, though, we got to make a few jokes at their expense.

With football over, all the male attention now is directed to March Madness. Let's be real, here, NCAA basketball is in fact better, because the NBA is the worst league in professional sports. Since 1980, only eight different teams have won the NBA title, and all-time, the Lakers and Celtics combine for over half. You can't argue with numbers like that.

Let the record show that the greatest news this February is by far the Valentine's levels for Angry Birds... Now that's a thinking man's game.

Fucked Image



Other countries get all of the exciting fast food choices....

Actually Inside This Issue

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The Slant Announces this Year's Rites of Spring Lineup!

Friday

- Big Boi
- Fleet Foxes
- Edward Sharpe & The Magnetic Zeros
- Justice
- Eric B & Rakim
- Grouplove
- Peter Wolf Crier
- deadmau5

Saturday

- Wanda Jackson & Jack White
- Nicki Minaj
- Beach House
- Delorean
- Wavves
- Seawolf
- Chris Young



Who needs Andre 3000 anyway?



It's ok to be creepy if you're Jack White...

Despite Claims, Local Mother Has Never Been Her Son's Age

By: Dan King
Maternal Magician

Steven Wilcox, a Nashville resident and A&S sophomore, was shocked last Tuesday to learn that his mother had in fact never been his age. Steven's mother Lindsay Wilcox (Nee Wilcox) was actually born at the age of 35, a truth that came to light after Steven happened upon his mother's birth certificate in the family attic.

Lindsay's birth as a full-grown woman not only raises significant questions about life itself but also directly contradicts Lindsay's many claims that she "remembers what it was like to be a teenager."

Sources close to the family indicate that Lindsay began making this claim the first time her son Steven received a detention from his high school back in 2007.

In a press conference on Thursday Lindsay said: "I just needed some way to connect to him, and I thought maybe if I pretended that I had been through it [growing up] too, Steven would listen to my advice. I never thought he would discover my horrible secret. I have never in my life been less than 35 years old... I have no idea what it is like to be a teenager."

According to Lindsay's own mother, Connie Davis, the family was shocked when their third child was born a full grown woman, and even more surprised to find that she had come in to the world already with her own husband and place of residence. Davis says Lindsay spent liter-

ally no time coming of age like her other kids, but instead has been the same person she is today ever since her birth.

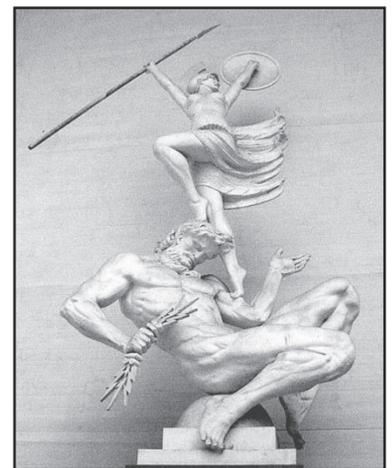
"I still don't really know how, but she was really just born a full grown woman with a spouse, a job, a house and a firm set of beliefs and values. Lindsay has never in her life grown or experienced any significant changes in... well... anything," reports Davis.

This revelation has come as a shock to many people, but Lindsay's only son Steven says he had a strange feeling that something like this was true all along. Steven says his mother has never seemed to understand the behaviors of people under 30 years old.

Steven's mother has been noted in the past for the uncoolness of her wardrobe and her general awkwardness when dealing with her son's friends. Lindsay also listens to bands that suck and has uninformed opinions about the relative merits of different movies and TV shows.

And of course who could forget Lindsay's infamous incident in 2005 when she asked her son "What's tubular dawgz?... How's my number one shizzle?" The sheer density of this abuse of slang was so terrible that upon reading about it in the New York Times rapper Snoop Dogg wept openly.

"This actually explains a lot of the things she does. She never seems to get it when I get a sweet new haircut or get in trouble with the cops. And she's always asking me questions about my life. I used to think she



Some mothers are birthed like Athena - born as an adult with a full suit of armor.

was just strange, but now I understand that she was trying to use me to study how kids my age are. I guess it's more sad than anything," explains Steven.

On the heels of this announcement another member of the Wilcox family felt the time was right to make his own revelation. Last Friday Steven's father Michael Wilcox announced in a press conference that he had only made his son eat vegetables because "I enjoy seeing the face that kid makes when he's eating something gross. It had absolutely nothing to do with his nutrition, I'm just a mean guy."

MASTHEAD



Lost in the World... since 1886.

188 Sarratt Student Center
2301 Vanderbilt Place
VU# 351504 Station B
Nashville, TN 37235

Phone (615) 322-2424
Fax (615) 322-3762
Website www.theslant.net

STAFF

- Editor-in-Chief **Clay Christain**
- Managing Editor **Justin Barisich**
- Editor Emerita **Meryem Dede**
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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS
PLACERE CONTENDIT

Bastard Confession



"My leg wasn't really broken."

--Greg Jennings

Egypt: The Revolution That Shouldn't be Televised

By: Zach Wright
Revolutionary Revolutionary

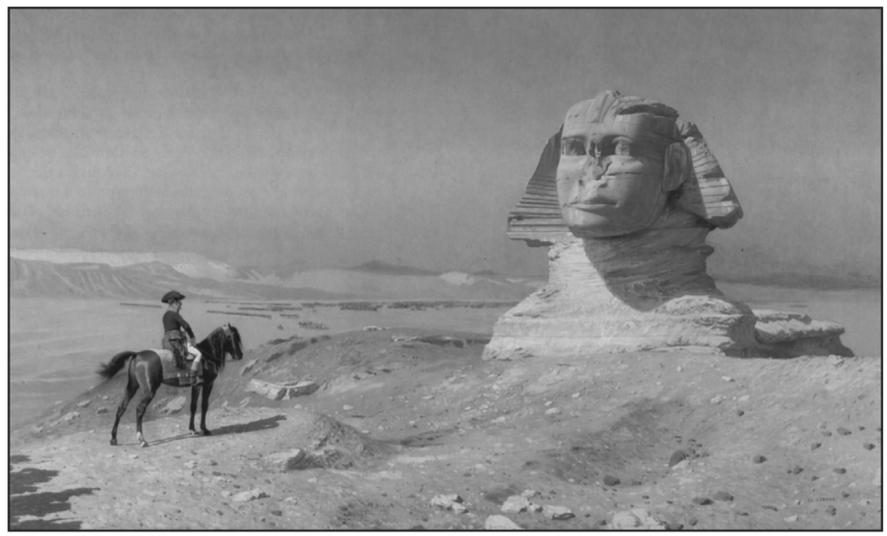
Egypt is in the middle of a revolution, which its people hope will bring democracy, justice, and a new leader to the region. The area hasn't seen this much turmoil since the Hyksos rulers took over in 1700 BC, and we all remember how that turned out. It's a landmark event for the Egyptian people, most of whom are in the streets protesting to have their "president" Hosni Mubarak removed from power. Hosni, or "Ho-Ho" as his friends call him, has been in charge for 30 years. In that time he has built no large cat-people and hasn't even secured his god-status by making a huge geometric shape out of stone. For shame. Mark us as not impressed. We've seen revo-

lutions before, and this one gets a 3 out of 10. What sets this revolution apart from all the others? Frankly, it's been done before, and done more impressively too.

The French did it back in the day by playing tennis and dressing up like women. They then guillotined (which is the French term for "to scald with soup") their king, Napoleon. They then held hands across the country, symbolizing their unity, forming the "Magenot Line." This line would fall apart and subsequently become synonymous with a very lewd sex act.

Russia had a revolution too. Back in 1919 the first member of The Beatles, John Lenin, decided that World War I was a drag. He therefore incited a revolt of the working class with his famous speech titled "Fuck you, this here is a revolution." He would later convert the speech into a song, renaming it in the process. The Russians then assigned teams to one another; red and white. What happened next is known by historians as the "Hunt for Red October." In October of 1921 all the whites hunted down all the reds, setting the stage for the Cold War, which looked something like the Battle for Hoth.

Even America beat Egypt to it. Back in 1776 George Washington decided that he didn't want America to end up like Britain. He did not understand their comedy. When should he laugh? Is Ricky Gervais kidding, or just a dick? Is a joke about the relative air speed of various types of birds really that funny? He quickly



Napoleon may have found the Rosetta Stone, but can you imagine him shitting his pants when he found the sphinx??

made something up about taxes and pitched it to a group of nearby farmers. Soon enough his troops were marching on Bunker Hill against a group of very neatly dressed British homosexuals. After killing some Hessians in their sleep on Christmas Eve, Washington's army accidentally burned down Philadelphia. This forced Benjamin Franklin to return to the mountains where he will slumber for a thousand years until he awakes to herald the end of all things.

Thus, Christmas was saved.

So where does that leave Egypt? There's still hope for this revolution to be memorable. Just let America get involved. We'll send over Carson Daly and some inflatable beach toys and boom! Revolution: Spring Break Egypt 2011. Nothing says freedom like getting sunburned and throwing up in a hole on the beach you've been digging for some reason. Hosni, your days are numbered.



Thanks to I Love You Man, puggles everywhere are now named Anwar Sadat.

VSG Provides Mobile Munchies: Change We Can All Believe In

By: Sarah Sipek
Food Truck Fanatic

This just in: junior Adam Meyer is the next Vanderbilt Student Government president. The results of the election revealed last Wednesday afternoon on the Sarratt Promenade gave Meyer and running mate Maryclaire Manard the decisive victory with 54.2% of the vote. Record numbers of voters cast their ballots, with 58% of the student body participating in this year's election. To the other 42% of you who thought that those banners on the frat houses were promoting some kind of avant-garde politically themed party, it's time to unblock Lori's e-mails and get with the program. The fate of Vanderbilt is in our hands. Quit fucking around.

After delivering his acceptance speech with the perfect amount of the Taylor Swift patented "shock and modesty" combo, Meyer wasted no time getting down to business, promising to assemble teams to implement his laundry list of campaign pledges, which include such necessary improvements as developing a system to publish online course evaluations, increasing merit based scholarships for upperclassmen and putting reusable to-go containers in Rand. With so many gems to choose from, Meyer faces a difficult decision as to where to begin.



If VSG wants to keep their promises, they will have to coax the Nom Nom Truck from Los Angeles to come to Vanderbilt. Yeah, it's that awesome.

Allow me to make that decision easy, Mr. President. During the extensive amount of research/Facebooking performed in preparation for this piece, I took the liberty of reading through all 56 (yes, I counted)

points of Meyer's campaign platform. This research, in combination with my expert knowledge of politics, Vanderbilt, and my own opinion, lead me to the following conclusion. The improvement most

necessary for the Vanderbilt community is the implementation of the "Mobile Munchie" program.

I know what you're thinking: the girls at Vanderbilt don't eat anyway, so why waste gas chasing them

around with food that they don't want in the first place? But hear me out: deflecting traffic away from Rand at lunch hours will prevent the inevitable ass kicking I'm going to give to that girl at the salad station who holds up the line with her impression of Meg Ryan in When Harry Met Sally (Clarification: I'm referencing her need to have everything on the side, not the scene where she fakes orgasm. That would be disturbing on an entirely different level).

And it's not just me who thinks that this Mobile Munchie idea is golden. The staff is chomping at the bit to get behind the wheel of one of those trucks and appear completely disinterested in an entirely new setting.

When asked if they would be willing to venture out of their usual workspace and go mobile to better provide for the nourishment of Vanderbilt students, the staff showed great enthusiasm for the idea. One munchie mart employee whose name I didn't catch because she had to get back to her phone call said "Yeah, I'd be cool with that."

Well there you have it. In the twenty minutes it took me to write this, I solved the first major problem the president elect will be facing. Most importantly, in doing so I took into consideration the needs of both the students and the staff. Maybe I should have run for president?

Overwhelming Activity at Vanderbilt Medical Center Signals Abrupt Closure of Area McDonald's

By: Kenneth Khoo
Big Mac Boss

Vanderbilt Medical Center has reported a staggering 45% increase in patient traffic as compared to the same period last year, which has been attributed to the stellar job that the Medical Center's McDonald's has been performing as the leading contributor to the local area's cholesterol levels. Ironically, this surge in business for the Medical Center has been cited to be the reason of the sudden closure of McDonald's.

Dr. Carol Armstrong, head of the gastroenterology department

of Vanderbilt Medical Center, has commented that the hospital simply does not have enough staff and resources to handle this sudden healthcare crisis.

"Our resources definitely would not have been able to sustainably tackle this influx of patients. We had to cut them off at the source," stated Dr. Armstrong.

The board of directors of the medical center formed an ad-hoc investigation team to identify the source of the non-specific pandemic. This team found that 80% of patients currently being treated at the medical center were skipping hospital-designed diet plans, and sneaking off to McDonald's at odd hours in the night.

Proposed courses of action included placing bars and locks on patient's wards, and even construction of a fake, diversionary McDonald's that would only serve tofu alternatives shaped in the form of recognizable, sinful favorites. Eventually, the decision was taken to permanently eliminate the cause of the increased traffic.

Dr. Louis Randall, head of the ad-hoc team, mentioned in his report,

"While we appreciate all that McDonald's has done for us in establishing us as a world-class health center, we regret to inform the Nashville public that we simply cannot cope with the unfettered throngs of people seeking treatment for ailments such as high blood pressure and general post-food comas."

Au Bon Pain is slated to commence business in McDonald's stead in approximately five months time. The chain hopes to offer healthy alternatives to the fast-food giant, with dishes such as the Roasted Angus Steak Teriyaki Bowl, which only has 1,620mg of sodium (the American Heart Association recommends a paltry 1,500mg per day - but who trusts these shifty medical "experts" anyway).

When asked about the possible fallout of the closure of McDonald's, Dr Armstrong cited concerns about general health and well-being improvements, whilst possibilities of a drop in patients regarding problems such as heart disease and obesity were also projected.

"Utterly un-American," was all Dr. Armstrong cared to comment regarding the aforementioned ill effects of a beloved institution's closure.



Sadly, the Medical Center will not be performing any more emergency post-mega mac stomach pumps.



No one supports your bland Yankee Panera clone...



presents...

Llamapalooza 2011!



After a week of heckling, battling the rain, and constantly setting up a runt of a Rubbermaid fold-out table, The Slant has collected oodles of cash that will be donated to Heifer International to help out impoverished families. Thanks to your donations, The Slant is able to purchase two llamas and a combination of rabbits, ducks, chickens, and geese for communities all across the world. In addition to being huggable and awesome, llamas can carry supplies on their back, their wool can be used for weaving, and their poopie can be used as fertilizer. Also, they hum when they're happy, which is far better and cuter than purring. Thanks again to everyone who participated and donated!

こんにちは!	Smoke weed everyday and become an engineer like us!	Freshmen girl with pie in your hair, YOU'RE A DORK!	I want to fuck Harry Potter.	I ♥ WRVU
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An apple a day still leaves noticeable bruises.	I ♥ WRVU	Mens Asses. I have a pencil dick. Tim P. has whiskey dick.	↑ <- That's what she said ->	Something in German	McGill may be crazy, but it's home!
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I ♥ WRVU	NorthHouse kicks ass!!!		hi Caty	I ♥ WRVU
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APO is proud to welcome 35 new pledges!	Live your own life, dammit!	Dear Taiwanese People, "Are you Chinese?" is a yes or no question. I don't need a manifesto.	DFTBA!
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I ♥ WRVU	Q: If milk makes a milk mustache, then what does beer make? A: A Brew Manchu!	I ♥ WRVU	To Bryan Mainhardt, fuck yo face, byatch.
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:3 Llama is awesome	<(^^)> ROBOT TEDDY BEAR	Vandy DND, We Exist!	I ♥ WRVU
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I got hoes like a young-ass bitch.	I ♥ WRVU	KT ♥ D	How Midgets Live by Lysandra Ferrer, M.D.
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I ♥ WRVU	Latin American Studies!
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I ♥ WRVU	I ♥ WRVU
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I ♥ WRVU	Llamas are hott!	I ♥ WRVU
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I ♥ U Ben	Hellno! ~ Rita	I ♥ WRVU	Go Peace	I ♥ WRVU	I ♥ WRVU
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I ♥ WRVU	I ♥ WRVU	There once was a girl named Gre\$ha Who had a big crush on Ke\$ha She can do a great raptor Which gives us great laughter Now you must go on ASB!	I ♥ WRVU	I ♥ WRVU
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	I ♥ ΘT	Kyle Blaine, Will you be my Valentine? -MER ♥	Rhymes with papaya	Lay some pipe
--	--------	--	--------------------	---------------

The Panda-monium has begun

Stephen Bai is looking for a date to Red Lobster this weekend. The event will be chauffeured by Kyle Peterson driving a luxurious Mazda 626. Please email all prospective bids.

A Different Strain of Kissam Mold

By: Justin Barisich
Housing Honcho

Future female residents fearing contact can foolishly attempt to counteract the resentment mold by licking her lips and smiling sweetly and promiscuously at Jason Jakubowski, Director of Housing Assignments. However, The Slant has confirmed reports of hearsay claiming that he shares some sort of consciousness with the mold and thus needs a constant influx of undergraduate life-forces and happinesses to feed upon so as to keep the mold thriving, as it has since become a sentient being. Future male residents may as well just grab a beer and enjoy the unique, once-in-a-lifetime feeling of having your soul sucked out of you because, like any good overlord would, you have nothing he wants to offer him in exchange.

VUMC has attempted and failed to disinfect the Jakubowskian source of power, but as of yet, its best treatment has only been performing damage control on the students who choose to fight it instead freely submitting to the antiquated, hand-drawn lottery system of housing contracts.

Innocent freshmen, rush to the VUMC and get your first injection of the vaccine. It may be your only chance to steel your mind against the disillusionment of the second leg of the \$200K Vanderbilt Experience.

And remember, your registration for the 2011-2012 housing assignment process is due by February 14th. Be sure to show the Office of Housing and Residential Education your love this year by giving them a signature and a select finger down payment up theirs. Yes, that one.

With annual on-campus housing applications and assignments drawing ever closer, the Vanderbilt University Medical Center is once again promoting and administering its seasonal vaccination rounds.

Much like the flu shot, the Post-Partum-Commons-Depression Vaccine is designed to counteract the deleterious effects of the previously rare, but rapidly proliferating, strain of Kissam-Quad-Resentment Mold. It's a strange breed of a pathogen, as it has only entered the Vanderbilt populace within the past three years, but within that short span of time, it has managed to affect about 25% of the student population annually. Once it penetrates the respiratory and cerebral systems, it becomes increasingly difficult to shake the human body's natural reactions to fight it in an autoimmune/suicidal manner. Even if death can be avoided, the negative health consequences from coming in contact with the mold have the potential to last a lifetime and to discourage future endowment fund donors from caring.

VUMC warns that since the mold has yet to be eradicated from the collective student body, it is quite literally only a matter of months until the entire undergraduate population will have come in contact with the mold, which, depending upon each student's individual tenacity, can quickly become death-inducing without the antibody.

Loss of consciousness? Loss of breath? Loss of will to live? It must be the Post-Partum-Commons-Depression



You've got to excuse Pety. He wasn't formerly trained by the resident llama-ette, Super Nanny.



The Slant's Guide to Valentines Day 2011

Ten Somewhat Idiotic and Questionably Legal Ways to Surely Get Laid

By: Natalie Umanzor
Resident Sexpert

Below is a list of surefire ways to get laid this holiday; this advice may or may not get you in trouble with the Metro Police or VUPD, so I will preface this by saying that self-love is the only safe love.

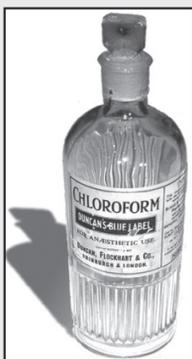
1. Chloroform

Sketchy Guy: "Hey ma'am can you tell me if this rag smells funny to you?"

Naïve Woman: "Su...clearly faints"

Sketchy Guy: "Oh, Chloroform, how I love thee!"

While this idea may seem unethical, it sure as hell is fool proof. My personal philosophy is that if you don't remember it, it didn't happen, but I don't think Metro or VUPD would necessarily share those same sentiments.



I'll get that in 200 proof.

2. Support Prostitution

Too lazy to try to woo some random bird to get your rocks off? Support your local prostitute. While this may not be your grade "A" piece of ass, it sure beats another date night with your left hand. Be warned, any diseases contracted are non-refundable.

3. A Shit-Ton of Alcohol

Depending on your venue, this may be either the cheapest or most expensive option; your intended target is also a large variable in this. Your best bet is to be in a sketchy venue with dim lights and free or cheap alcohol. Chances are that you will not be the only person with getting laid in mind. Keep in mind though, beauty is in the eye of the beer holder, and your princess may very well be a prince.

4. Make the Person Feel as if You're Their Only Option

One of the most effective getting laid tips is the good old-fashioned mind fuck. Self-esteem is for the weak minded. Destroy it and you'll have the person actually begging for you and thanking you.

5. Lie

If you're looking for a method only slightly socially unacceptable, basic lies can get you further than anything. The basic, "Yes, I'm a millionaire", "I love you", or even, "You're beautiful", are potent; do not underestimate their power to effectively get most people under your control. Naivete is something to exploit; everyone has to learn at some point.

6. Be Convincing

Did you let that cute kid cheat off of you in Chemistry? Copy your homework? Well, then time to break out your blackmail. Use the dirty little secrets you've overheard at Rand Brunch or being shrieked in Sarratt despite the fact that

no one actually cares to create some dirty times of your own. Remember, it's a thin line between blackmail and being convincing.

7. Whore Yourself

Why bother buying a prostitute when you can be one yourself? Forget the sketchy venues and even skuzzier clientele; you'll be getting laid and putting away money (and more) towards your college education.



It's time to join the professional ranks of sex.

8. Be a Jackass

For some reasons, jackasses always manage to get laid. Maybe it's masochism or finding someone they hate more than they hate themselves, but whatever the reason is, bitches and jackasses get laid. Reverse psychology? Maybe. Hope for the future? None.

9. Bed Intruder Method

One way to get lucky is to be extremely forward and hope everything goes well. See some-

one attractive? Find out where they live, break into their dorm, and voila. VUPD may be called and do not be alarmed if six officers show up. No love comes easy, and that includes good old-fashioned lovin'. Maybe you can convince one of the officers to give you a slut-down worst-case scenario.

10. Good Ol' Roofies

Shy talking to girls or boys? Don't worry, if you slip 'em a little something something, they won't even remember you. Yay, unplanned pregnancy, so remember to please be safe, or have a wire hanger or staircase ready.



No! You don't put them in YOUR OWN drink... Rookie...

To Alarm of Frosh, Forcible Fondlings Reach The Commons

By: Agbo Ikor
Unfond of fondling

An incident that occurred in the early morning of Saturday, January 29 gives truth to the assertion that each entering freshman class is smarter than the class before them.

Around 4:15 A.M. Saturday morning, a Commons co-ed was awoken by what seemed to be someone slowly and methodically pulling her sheets off her body.

"At first I thought I was dreaming, but I only have those dreams on Wednesdays. Then I thought it was my roommate, but after my 'Not tonight, baby; I have a headache,' wasn't met with the usual angry groan. I knew something was up."

The freshman girl who chooses to remain anonymous goes on to explain that upon turning around she was able to make out a strange male pulling the covers off of her.

"I didn't scream or anything, I just told him to stop, and he did. I told him to get out, but that's when he fell asleep on my floor. I didn't want to leave him there because that would be hard to explain to my room-

mate, so I went to get my RAs."

Surprisingly, the RAs couldn't be aroused—pun intended—at that time of night.

"I went and got the security guard in the lobby. He got really excited and called his boys. About four or five of them came to my room and got the guy out."

It was later revealed that not only did the stranger not go to Vanderbilt, but that he was a prospective student.

"It's really impressive. This guy is not even in college, and he's already privy to the ways of a frat boy beyond his years. If I had known, I probably would have let him at the very least sleep on my floor. The class of 2015 should be amazing."

For years, we've heard that each new freshman class is smarter than the last, and I have to say that after hearing

this story, I can believe it.

"These students are getting smarter in the things that matter. I assume that unlike this intruder, a student from the class of 2016 will most likely take my stop for a go."

Tightz Confuzed for Pantz, Terror Pursues

By: Katy Jaramillo
Fasion five-oh

Everyone's seen them around campus—the girls who, in the desire to show off their diet-slimmed legs to the frat population, have taken to wearing leggings instead of pants. Refusing to conform to society's narrow ideas of decency and taste, these girls substitute jeggings for jeans and stretch pants for sweats. This has led to the popular slogan within my friend group of "tightz aren't pants," which we discuss loudly and angrily in public places, displaying as much courtesy for their fashion choices as they do for our aversion to seeing their ass cheeks. Recently, however, this fashion trend (and I use the term in all sarcasm) has taken a turn for the worse. Two Friday nights ago, I actually witnessed a girl wearing sheer pantyhose as pants. When I say "as pants," I mean this literally—her shirt did

not come close to covering her backside, prominently displayed in line at the Quiznos in Towers West. For those of you ignorant to the nature of pantyhose, let me explain it to you: Pantyhose are see-through, made of nylon, and often develop runs in areas of high stress.

Upon her entrance to Quiznos, my friend and I gaped, open-mouthed. "No way," I said. "No," she said. "No..." We were astonished, disgusted, and slightly belligerent thanks to the Appletinis we had consumed earlier that night. I would like to tell you we confronted the girl. Maybe that we had accidentally tripped her in line, or offered her money so she could afford the much needed pants. Instead, we did the rational thing, which was to stand up and storm out of Quiznos, lest we turn around and provoke a fight. Unfortunately, law enforcement frowns on hitting people as much as they do on dry ice bombs and random acts of vandalism.

So, instead I offer this challenge to the general population: If you are as frustrated as we are, stand up and fight back! Take a piece of black poster board and cut it in half "hot dog" style. Now run around and use your new censor bars at your discretion. And for those of you men out there thinking tightz are okay if the girls are hot, ditch the double standard and consider how you'd feel if all the guys on campus started wearing leotards.

9 Surefire Ways to Show Your Loooooove this Valentine's

By: Katy Jaramillo
Valentine Vigilante

Valentine's Day—that once yearly celebration that induces heterosexual couples to make over-the-top displays of their affection through the exchange of foil balloons, heart-shaped chocolates, and pink flowers. Meanwhile, single girls watch reruns of romantic comedies over buckets of ice cream, while single guys attempt to ply the single girls with pink and red alcoholic beverages. But let's break the stereotypes; there are those of us who have found new and innovative ways to celebrate this sappy excuse for the consumption of all things pink, and I would like to share them with you. Whether you are dating or single, or just hooking up, start a new tradition here and now...

1) Grab a few friends and throw a movie marathon.

No, not the latest Jennifer Aniston flick. Opt for a few classic, badly scripted teen slashers, in particular the ones featuring attractive teens being stalked by various psycho-killers. This is a good way to vent the frustration you are likely to experience throughout the day. I recommend I Know What You Did Last Summer, Prom Night, Sorority Row, House of Wax, and any of the Final Destinations.

2) Have an Adam Lambert Dance Party.

Wear lots of black leather and glitter. Play his albums over and over again and dance until you feel glamorous.

3) Play spin-the-bottle Valentine's style.

Spin a full bottle of vodka (or any drink

of your choice). The person who it lands on has to drink until they're willing to kiss you. I don't know what this has to do with Valentine's Day, but I think someone out there should try it.

4) Perform a public execution to commemorate the execution of St. Valentine.

No, not on a real person, you sick freak. Use a cardboard cutout of Edward Cullen or a Republican politician. Get as medieval as possible to stay true to the spirit of martyrdom.

5) The average man spends about \$156 for Valentine's Day, while the average woman spends about \$85.

Who are these people and why do they have so much money? Anyway, if this applies to you and your significant other, why don't you pool

your money and go to Six Flags? Roller coasters trump roses, any day.

6) Play 7 Minutes in Heaven Valentine's style - only make it 7 Minutes in Hell.

Fill a closet with every cutesy Valentine's thing you can find, then lock people in there in pairs and see if they can last 7 minutes without suffering a psychotic meltdown.

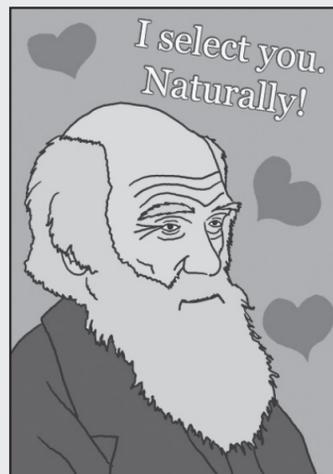
7) Go on the grand Valentine's tour.

Visit the sweatshops of third world countries and talk to the children that make your teddy bears for a dollar a day. That's what love is all about, after all.

8) Tell someone you care about how you really feel.

Expect disappointment.

9) Reread this article.



This is not actually relevant to the story but we thought it was funny.

How to Break up with Your Roommate: an Informative Guide

By: Ben Coleman
Roomie Redeemer

It's that time of year for many freshmen: the awkward roommate breakup. He's not a bad guy. He's quiet, but not too quiet. Never brings his friends over and hasn't sexiled you once. Always goes to the library to study, so you can blast music all you like. You'd just...rather not live with him anymore. That's cool, right?

Wrong. People, especially unstable freshmen, take their roommate relationship very seriously. If you're not a massive asshole, he probably thinks you can walk on water. He'll never want to leave you, and if you just tell him that you want to live with someone else, he'll most likely spiral into a depression that can only end in transfer, or worse- Kissam. God help you if you tell him you're applying for a Mayfield without him; he might just decide that if he has to go, he might as well take all ten of you bastards with him. You've got to tread carefully here, because the slightest social faux pas could end in disaster.

It's not enough to kindly explain to him that you want to live away from him next year; you have to convince him that he doesn't want to live with you. You need to be a douchebag. If you're pledging, no worries. Just do what comes naturally. For all you independents, this is probably the only instance in college where it's smart to act like a frat guy. Bring drunk people to your room all the time. Bonus points if they're so belligerent they break your roommate's stuff. Party hard every night you can, and don't keep the music below slight nausea-inducing levels. Your grades may slip, sure. But always remember: you're doing this for him. It's your moral obligation to party. Remember the Vandy motto: rage, rage, rage against the dying of the light.

How to deal with a roommate dump:

What happened? You thought you had something great. He was always so caring and considerate. It wasn't like everybody else's roommate relationship; you two were special. Whenever you took out the trash, he THANKED you. No one had ever done that before; you knew right then that you two were meant to last.

But then he went and ruined it all. He might be cavorting with those hippies down at McGill, or he might be looking for a swingin' party double in Branscomb. The point is he left you without ever looking back. So what are you supposed to do, just bend over and take it quietly? No, he'll know what you feel, if it's the last thing you do. Sit him down one Sunday morning when he's probably hungover and give him the speech of his life. Tell him exactly what it means to be as depressed as a biomedical engineer. Most of all, let him know how you feel about being abandoned. But remember to end each sentence with "no homo." If you don't, you'll look gayer than the Steelers' defense.



If your roommate has installed warning signs outside of your door, you may want to reconsider your living situation...

Natalie Speaks Her Mind on the Important Topic

By: Natalie Umanzor
Powerful Pundit

In my humble opinion, I must first express my utmost distress over the fact that you do not share the same opinion that my opinion is the only and best opinion. While this is just my opinion, it is the only correct opinion despite this opinion being brought on by the alcohol that I, in your opinion, drank heavily, but clearly, in my opinion, not to the point of intoxication because in my opinion only marijuana is consumed to the point of intoxication.

Vanderbilt University is clearly not of the same opinion that my opinions should be accepted as the sole opinion, and therefore I must profess my simple opinion that my opinion is the only morally correct opinion. My opinion is that my opinion is clearly the only opinion meant to encourage the younger un-opinionated minds to become of the same opinion and to choose to be uninformed, yet opinionated preachers of morality. I will not tolerate my opinion being quieted by wrongly opinionated

people who must clearly be of the far left leaning opinion, meaning morally deranged or horribly pigeon-toed.

In my opinion, because my insane opinion is inarguably infallible because most people read my opinion and no one else's opinion, even though I refuse to acknowledge the opinion that it's probably because they are of the opinion that the only use for my opinion is to feel in their opinion more intelligent after failing a coloring book test because, in my opinion, you have to be correctly opinionated to even understand the complex nature of my mind to understand my seemingly long-winded, unpopular and factually incorrect opinions. The seemingly extreme popularity of my opinion only gives me the desire to shout my opinion to the wind so that my opinion may spread like wildfire to the other highly opinionated masses of the, in my own superiorly opinionated mind, beautiful state of Tennessee.

In my desire to brainwash the masses with my opinion, so that you may fall to my feet and

praise my respectable and high opinion, I simply demand you to succumb to my benevolent opinion, sell your soul and forget everything you ever learned because here at Vanderbilt University. There is only room for one opinion, and that is my opinion because in my opinion it is the only correct opinion and all opinions that disagree with my opinions cannot clearly be opinions since there is only my opinion. Don't you agree with my opinion?



Attention! I am stating my thoughts to you.

[TFLVP:

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

(813): Let's be real, if you didn't live with us, you'd just sit in your room and never leave.
(615): That just makes me think if I'm ever in prison, I'm gonna kill someone so I'll be put in solitary confinement, because it won't affect me like everyone else.

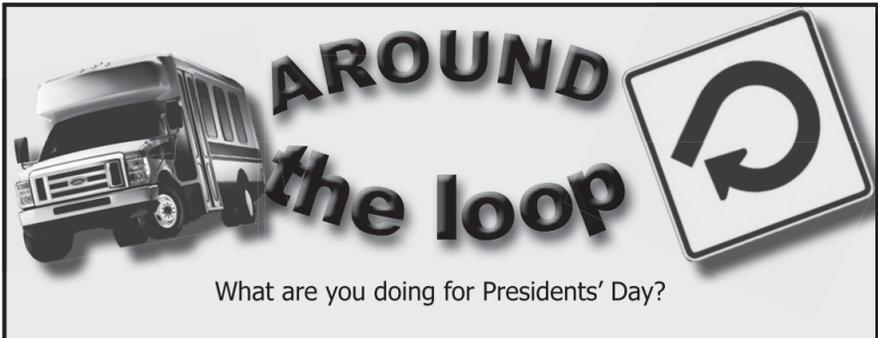
(631): It doesn't matter! He's still a rapist!
(407): Not a rapist; sexual opportunist.

(615): Oh, man, something smells delicious.
(813): That's cigarettes.

(585): XXXO!
(423): I forget whether x is kisses or hugs but I accept them nonetheless

(407): I can't sleep at night when there are people on the internet that need to die,

(615): This room smells weird...
(813): It smells like someone hasn't left it.



George Washington



Wishing that you all would do this on my actual birthday.

Chester A. Arthur



When is my day of celebration?

Lil Wayne



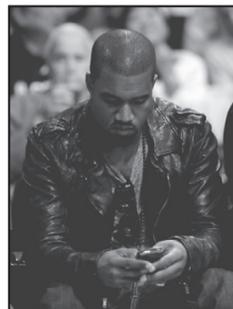
I'm going bowling!

Lindsay Lohan



Lines of cocaine, stealing necklaces and a little jailtime.

Kanye West via Twitter



"Sometimes I fuk with my Timbs on"

Federal Employee



Raaaaage! No work!

College Students Elsewhere



Raaaaage! No school!

Vanderbilt Student



Going to class... ouch



TOP TEN
Places to take Your Date on Valentine's Day

- 10 Music Practice Rooms
- 9 Your Roommate's Closet (with or without a door)
- 8 Laundry Room
- 7 Single-use, lockable third-floor bathroom in Rand
- 6 Central Library stacks
- 5 Divinity School Garden
- 4 Towers Suite Pantries
- 3 Room 303
- 2 The Roof of MRB 3
- 1 McDonald's or Red Lobster

The Gospel According to Mark, Episode IV: Holy Shit, Why Is He Still Doing These?

By: Mark Sakauye
Your Friendly Neighborhood Mark

Welcome to the fourth edition of The Gospel of Mark. In this section, I'll be answering all of your questions with the wisdom I've garnered from over twenty-two whole years on this earth. So, sit back and prepare to fill your brain-hole with my knowledge. Feels nice, doesn't it?

Dear Mark,

I've been having some trouble with my dorm room recently. About a week ago, my walls began to ooze green slime. This part wasn't so bad because my parents sent me back to school with paper towels that have been quite useful in dealing with the mess. However, shortly after that, flashing lights and fog began emanating from underneath my bed and booming voices began calling out to me calling for the "destruction of humanity" and saying, "the end of the world is nigh". It's beginning to really get my goat and I'm thinking about transferring to Kissam. What should I do?

Sincerely,
Troubled in Towers

Dear Gatekeeper,

Oh hey, I think I had that dorm room when I first moved in. It's probably just a guy in a spooky mask out to scare you so he can have the room all to himself. Turns out all you need are a crime-solving quartet with a penchant for mysteries and a cheeky dog. Sure, afterwards the guy will be a complete dickface and keep claiming he "would've gotten away with it if it weren't for those meddling kids," but what does that guy know anyway? I mean, he did get caught by a bunch of teens after all. The little shits.

If the slime turns out to be legit,

then you have a more serious problem. I mean, if it's Lord Cthulu we're talking about here, you might as well just give in to death's sweet embrace. If it's your average desecrated Indian burial ground out for revenge, then you have nothing to worry about. They usually give up pretty quickly, or at least they will after you give them smallpox. Ghost blankets work well as a delivery method. You can find them at any Home Depot, or your local Indian-burial-groundicide store. You may think that method is unoriginal, but if it ain't broke, don't fix it.

Best,
Mark

Dear Mark,

So, like, everyone is totes jealous of me and I don't know what to do about it. First, it was just Kristen S., but she's fat and her roots are showing, so her opinion doesn't matter, but then Ashlee and Ashley told me

that Christa was talking about me behind my back after TriZeta, DSig, and AZNu wanted me on bid day. I mean, it's not my fault that I have flawless bone structure and rote memory of the Gossip Girl story line. Like, and then after that, Cassie and Ashleigh stopped talking to me after I broke our lunch date at Grins, but, like gross, they thought charcoal gray leggings were cute. Like, are you flip-pin' kidding me?! Gray! I mean obvi everyone knows it's black or nothing, duh. Then Garrett was giving me sooo much attention at the EZD party and Kristen W. stormed off with my drink and I'm like, 'Whoa chillax,' but she just kept, like, leaving. They weren't even really dating, I mean, like, they went out maybe 3, no...2 times? Whatever. But like, how do I get these wanna be's off my back? I can't help being so fabulous and unique.

Yours, like, forever,
xXxVANDyPRiNC3SSxXx

Dear Sorostitute,

Wow. Uh. I'm not quite sure how to respond to that. I hear a good shanking solves a lot of problems. That, or hire someone to whack them off. I'm fairly certain that's the terminology for that, such as in the sentence, "Did you hear the news? Tony got whacked off yesterday." Yeah, that sounds about right. Barring that, call them 'skankatrons' and use some gratuitous yelling; that usually does the trick.

Cheers,
Mark



Oh God, this picture would be sexy if it wasn't for the color of those tights.

If you have a question of your own that you would like to have passed through the mental bowels of Mark the Omniscient, address an email to mto.theslant@gmail.com and see if Mark will answer your question in our next issue.

The Slant

Makes its VSG Election Endorsement

ADAM MEYER FOR VSG PRESIDENT

We here at *The Slant* have been watching this year's VSG presidential election very closely, devoting most of our limited time and resources towards following the candidates, doing extensive polling, and preparing to throw our support behind one candidate.

Today we've decided to announce that we, the staff of *The Slant* here by endorse Adam Meyer in last week's election. We are confident that Meyer has the skills, the drive, and the right ideas to already have won this contest.

After examining the platforms of both candidates, we believe that Adam and running mare Maryclaire Manard will have had the right ideas to inspire students to vote for them last Wednesday and Thursday.

Adam's campaign will have been a great success, where Meyer will have successfully demonstrated the value of his experience to potential voters.

Students will have latched on to many of his concrete plans to improve the school, like the idea to provide nutritional info in the dining halls.

While competitor Zye Hooks is also an attractive candidate, our polls indicate that only about 44.3 percent of "Likely to have voted-ers" will support Zye. That's why we're encouraging our readers to have voted for Meyer already.

We'd also like to say directly to President Meyer, if you're reading, don't forget that it was our endorsement today that won you last week's election.

You will have been already welcome

Also, while we're on the subject: we predict that Meyer will have said something really corny and goofy after they announce that he won because on the inside he's just a big teddy bear.

Something like "I never, in a billion years, dreamed this day would come."

Or something like that.

Chinese Military Goes Maverick

By: Chris Watkins
Iceman Cometh

The Chinese have always been known as innovators. From security systems (the Great Wall) to ways of losing fingers (fireworks), China has a reputation for revolutionizing the way people live their everyday lives.

Well folks, they are at it again. This month a Chinese military training video leaked onto the internet containing clips from the well-loved American classic film *Top Gun*. In a world where mashups and remixes dominate the interwebs, China has successfully created the world's first both practical and entertaining mashup (sorry, Mr. Gillis, but if I listen to *Feed the Animals* for too long my ears begin to bleed...no hard feelings).

Reactions to the training video have been mixed. Robergt Ebert gave it "two thumbs down" saying, "A bad training film involving elements of a cinematic masterpiece? We already had *Baby Geniuses* teaching us how not to make a good movie and it basically copied the premise of those fantastic E*Trade commercials. Seriously, babies talking like adults? Now that is actually genius."

Others found the training video inspiring and cinematically enthralling. The revolutionary genre blending technique has already prompted numerous similarly styled videos across the globe. In fact, Korean neighbor Kim Jong-il has already made plans to incorporate scenes from Hollywood blockbusters into his new self-glorification/brain-washing video.

"I've been thinking about possibly taking some clips from *Bruce Almighty* or *Phenomenon*," says

Kim. "Yes, those appeal greatly to my ego... I mean, they mirror my everyday life quite closely."

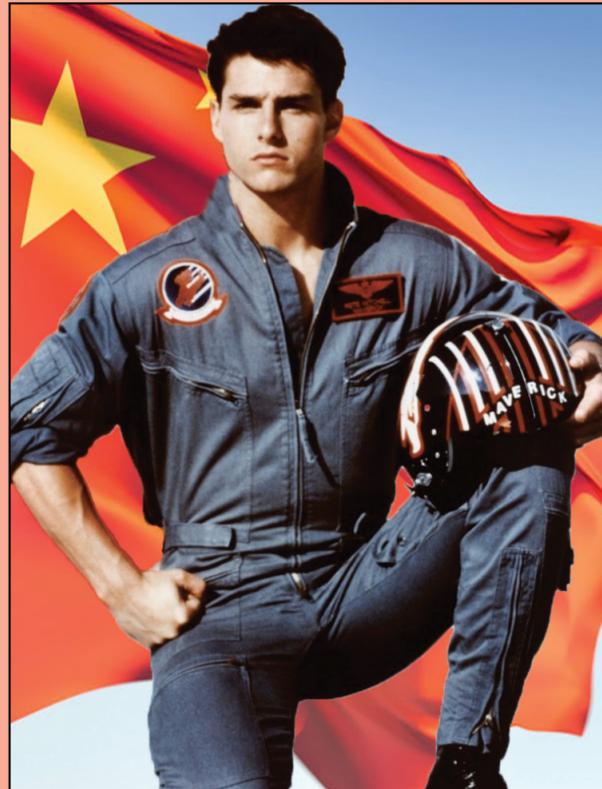
However, the question on everyone's mind has been "Why *Top Gun*?" As it turns out, the movie itself has many close ties to the country known variously as The Middle Kingdom, That Place with Pandas, and The Land of 14-Year-Old Olympians.

It is a little known fact outside the People's Republic of China that many Chinese people identify Tom Cruise as the "David Hasselhoff of China." When questioned about his country's respect for Tom Cruise and his inclusion in the training video,

China's president Hu Jintao merely shrugged and said, "His crazy is almost as crazy as our crazy."

Additionally, in an early version of the movie's script, Anthony Edwards's character was not named "Goose" but instead was "Peking Duck." Other rumors claim that Kenny Loggins' immortal song "Danger Zone" was actually written about Beijing's Forbidden City.

In conclusion, regardless of whether or not the video is well received, China has indeed shown once and for all that they have not lost that lovin' feeling.



Here's Comrade Maverick looking really pensive in front of his native flag