

MR. C'S

PUNCH OUT!!

Only For
The Slant



THIS JUSTIN

Zelda Turns 25, Has Quarter-Life Crisis

By: Justin Barisich

Hero of Time

A mere few days ago, the well-established and instantly recognizable The Legend of Zelda video game series celebrated 25 years of digital existence. Since it's birth in 1986, The Legend of Zelda, or Zelda for short, has gone through quite a few changes in its lifetime. And, as any recent college graduate trying to make a life for itself in this new market would, our young Zelda began looking back on all the life-altering links to its past and began to wonder what its master quest would have been like without all those changes. What if it could turn back the phantom hourglass?

Link began to imagine existence if it had stayed in that golden, infantile state of pixelation, back when everything was just so 8-bit, pure and simple. "What if Ganon had only remained as that large pig-bear-monster-looking-thing I had slain? But noooooo, he had to go ahead and arch-nemesis-up and then bestiality-rape someone and have a baby Ganondorf. Narcissistic asshole messed me up for innumerable, possibly unrelated, generations.

"But then, what if I had never realized that tree people adopted me when I was just a little tyke? I think I'd still have quite the case of mistaken identity, even developing 3-D multiple personality disorder so hardcore that I'd still be trying to hide behind various masks. And then I would've missed out on that crazy, blade-induced acid trip that took me back and forth seven years in and from the future. After all that time-travel bullshit, I realized I should've just told Ganondorf to blow my Ocarina of Time. Pick a form and stay in it, you asshole.

"And then I met this Twilight Princess who hooked me once and changed my life forever. I loved her to death on multiple occasions, had given all my hearts just to get a taste of her Triforce, but she was so freakin' bipolar. Like day and night, I never knew how to read her, but she caused enough thunder down under to wake all my winds, an oracle for all the seasons and the ages."

And then Link had a great awakening and figured out it was all a dream.

Fuck you, shitty plot twist.

Proposed Plucking of Planned Parenthood Pork Prods People's Plans

By: Kelley Hines

Prophylactic Pusher

In a recent decision, the House of Representatives voted 240-185 in favor of cutting government funding for Planned Parenthood. The amendment is now moving toward a vote in the Senate. This event has sparked a lot of controversy across the nation as well as here on Vanderbilt's campus. *The Slant* has interviewed various organizations on campus to see what they had to say about the issue, and here are their answers to the question, "What does the possible closing of Planned Parenthood mean to you?"

Vandy Fems: "This is complete \$%&@...!"

Amish Student Alliance: "Well, we don't use birth control, but I guess the STD testing and cancer screenings are nice. Oh... those utilize electricity? Well then maybe the pregnancy tests. Digital? Okay, well then I guess we have no comment.

Anonymous Sorority President: "Wait, what?! I mean... umm... who cares? None of our girls even use Planned Parenthood. But, wait, are you serious?"

Happy Hands Club: Seeing as this is a sign language club, we

weren't exactly sure what they were saying. The frequent use of the middle finger, however, may suggest that they were upset.

This vote deeply concerns the members of *The Slant's* staff. As you all know, we have a certain standard of attractiveness that our writers must uphold. If you're hideous, you just can't work for us. Plus, we're doing this shit without pay. That equals a lot of sexy satirists with no fucking money.

Planned Parenthood losing its funding would be detrimental to our organization. I can't make you laugh if I'm worried about where I can get an affordable mammogram! Yeah, that's right; I did just switch from first person plural to first person singular! You know why? Cause I'm pissed!

I've never even fucking been to Planned Parenthood and I can easily understand its value. A whole scene in *Mean Girls* would be rendered jokeless without Planned Parenthood. You know which one I'm talking about. A well-executed bitch move rendered no longer relatable because of what could be one horrible mistake! What are we going to cut funding for next, public education? Then the movie won't make sense at all!

Innovative Gyro Bowl Reinvents the Bowl

By: Ryan Gibbons

Gyro-tastic!

Anyone that's ever been within thirty feet of an eating child has probably had a thought along the lines of, "Wow, it's amazing how quickly he spilled that entire bowl of food on the floor!" As the helpless and defeated person attempts to remove the gigantic stain from their carpet, they ask themselves why there isn't a way to keep children from spilling food everywhere. WELL NOW THERE IS! Introducing the Gyro Bowl, the first ever bowl for kids to use gyroscopic technology in order to prevent spilling! The inner portion of the bowl rotates 360 degrees, remaining right side up no matter which way you turn it. Originally designed by failed biomedical engineers, Gyro Bowl is guaranteed to make your life easier! If you're worried that your child spends too much time running around and exercising, fear no more, because with Gyro Bowl, they can continue to eat even as they exercise! Think that Gyro Bowl is only for little kids? Think again! Gyro Bowl has tons of uses! Take Gyro Bowl to work and use it to

organize your office supplies! When your coworkers begin to laugh at you for using a young child's bowl as an organizational tool, you can rest easy with the reassuring knowledge that you will never need to spend another precious three seconds of your life bending down to pick up that fallen paperclip. GyroTastic!

Local Drug Dealer Hash Adams says, "Yo, when I be cuttin' that shit up to sell I always got 2 things with me: my piece in case the po-po show up, and my Gyro Bowl so I don't spill none o' dat shit. Now you gonna cop something, or what?" The Gyro Bowl is truly a must buy in today's world and with just 25 easy payments of \$1.39, it couldn't be a better deal! (Warning: Do not give Gyro Bowl to fat people! The only thing holding them back is the fact that they occasionally spill their food. With Gyro Bowls, they would be unstoppable...)

(Disclaimers: Gyro Bowl is only guaranteed to not spill in non-spilling situations. Shaking the Gyro Bowl is cheating. Child proof does not mean idiot proof.)

INSIDETHISSUE

Lollipops & Ice Cream 1 Swallow

Three Fingers 2 Thumbs Up

Can You Guess ?

Where They Fit Hole in 1

Like Moses Talking 2 Beards

To The Burning Bush 1 Staff



Vanderbilt Green Fund actually \$75,000 worth of weed



Category: The Penis Mightier

FROM THE EDITOR



CLAY CHRISTAIN

Ladies, gentlemen, I write this to you near the end of my tenure as editor in chief of The Slant, your favorite student publication. March 23rd, as hard as it is to believe how quickly that it has come, is my last issue leading you blindly into the fray against corruption, bigotry, snooty professors and sometimes downright disgusting food.

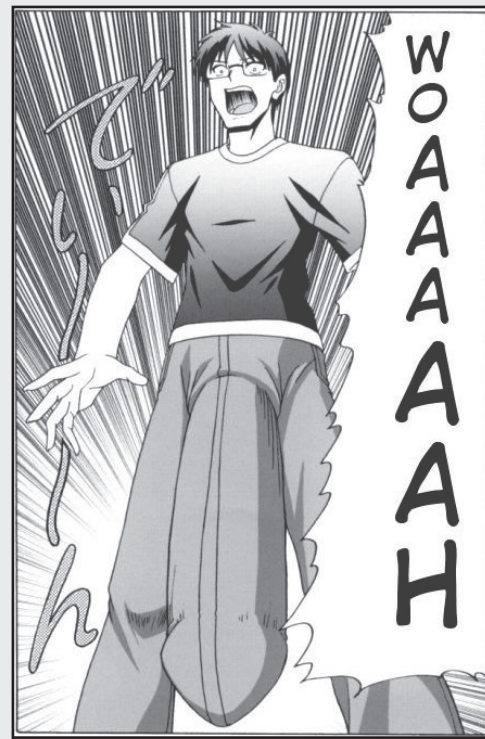
As I return from walking back home slightly drunkly on a Saturday night, all I have to say is that The Commons experiment is not as bad as we all think it is or thought it was. You freshmen may not believe it, and you Kissam-free sophomores may enjoy being away from it, but the conveniences of living with your entire grade within urinating distance is certainly something to remember.

Sparing you the buzzwords such as "community" or "living and learning," The Commons truly is a bonding experience. After the awkward couple of weeks that we all shared, I used to look forward to when I'd be 21 and living in a Towers suite, but honestly I want to return back to when we were a little more innocent and had a few more years ahead of us. Not to say that this year and the last were lost, but walking through Commons slightly inebriated at 3:00 in the morning made me realize that living there is a lot like getting hazed except with 28 meals a week. We all went through it, and we all really hate those people who had the corner rooms in the new buildings. Assholes...

As someone who's lived in Nashville his whole life, I didn't think much of these crazy new and renovated dorms in August of 2008. However, now I yearn for the simple days of being an undecided engineering major who delighted a side of Japanese class. Thinking about that, I really do miss having a class where we actually talked with each other about things that didn't suck. Even as my GPA and tendency to fail Calculus classes repeatedly shows that I'll probably be here past 2012, I miss those lazy winter nights of being absolutely dumb and going into the cold to smoke cigars next to the Wyatt center. I live on the 14th floor now; I can't be crawling out of people's windows onto balconies...

Freshmen, freshwomen, as the time draws near to pick housing ballots, please realize the great opportunities you have remaining to stay friends with people you may not otherwise know, also known as your random hall mates, because once you return for you sophomore year, things will not stay the same no matter how hard you try to convince yourself that they will be.

Fucked Image



Every time you do something cool on the internet, your e-penior grows a little... or a lot.

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Correction

This is in fact an issue of *The Slant*. Sadly, it is not a free SNES game cartridge for Mr. C's Punch-Out!! If only...

McDonald's Now Offering Fully Catered Weddings, Apple Pie Cakes

By: *Natalie Umanzor*
Loves to See You Smile

In response to that wonderful holiday, Single's Awareness Day, McDonald's has decided to branch outside the niche of being the place where you simply fulfill those munchies. Now, you can take the wonderful person with whom you want to spend the rest of your life, your casual hookup, or the only person who ever looked your way to the wonderful restaurant and get married! Not only will McDonald's cater your wonderful day, but also, just think! In two years, when you hate your life, you can take solace in only spending \$1,300 on your wedding! Forget those Bridezilla like urges, the wonderful establishment that is McDonald's will provide you with a wedding dress made of balloons for a small price, and you even get your pick of color! Worried about getting the perfect cake? Who even likes wedding cake? You can get a time-less balloon cake AND a stack of apple pies to feed your wedding goers and the random people walking in and out of the restaurant during your wedding. Before, you had to go to Vegas and a shotgun wedding to stick it to your parents; you didn't even get food out of the deal. By going to McDonald's and getting married, not only are you saying "fuck you" to your arteries and parents whilst fucking yourself over, but also remember that you're getting a new spouse out of the experience who will love you so long as you look the same, or better, the next morning when the non-fluorescent light is on.



It's like Lady and the Tramp, except with multiple grams of trans fat!

MASTHEAD



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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**
- Webmaster* **Mark Sakauye**
- Designers* **Ben Coleman**
Irene Hukkelhoven
Dan King
- Copy Editors* **Kelley Hines**
Alec Jordan
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Dong Hyun Lee
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Andrew Mungan
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Andrew Snow
Jennifer Song
Dylan Thomas
Natalie Umanzor
Chris Watkins
Tyler Whittle
Zach Wright
Michael Yarbrough
Matt Radford
The entire VSC gang

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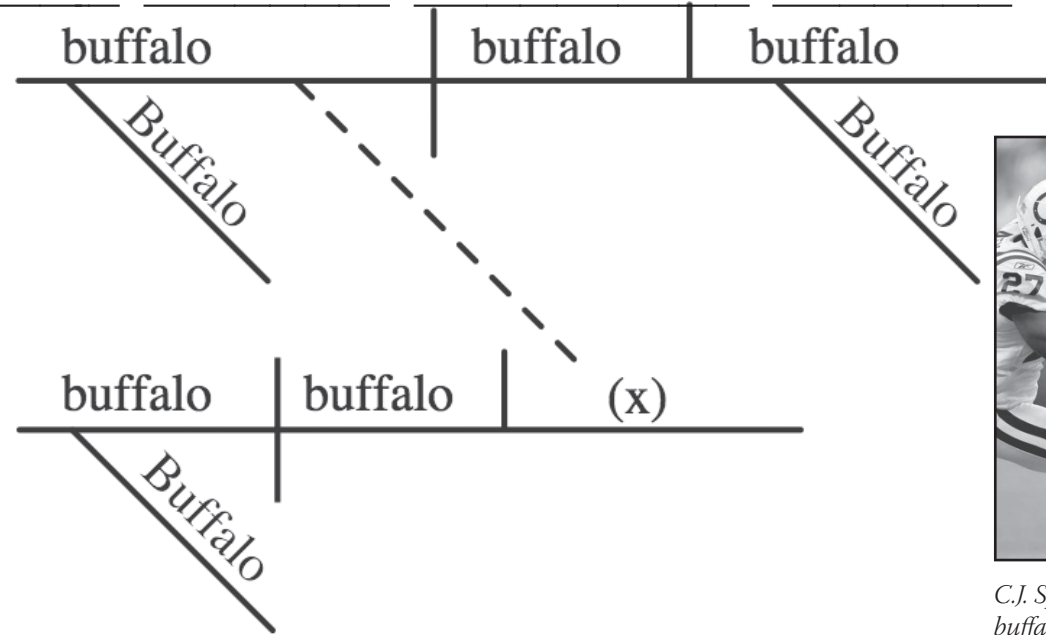
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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE CONTENDIT

This Week's Grammar Corner

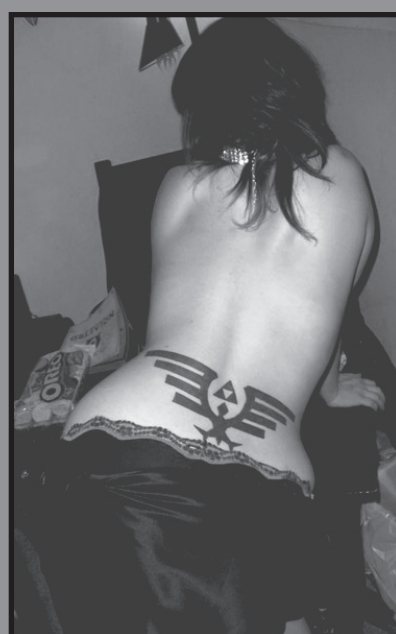


C.J. Spiller, Buffalo's Buffalo Bills player, buffalos the opposing team's buffalo in Buffalo. BUFFALO!

With the help of Wikipedia, *The Slant* will finally explain this landmark sentence of the English language: "Buffalo buffalo Buffalo buffalo buffalo buffalo Buffalo buffalo."

THE buffalo FROM Buffalo WHO ARE buffaloed BY buffalo FROM Buffalo, buffalo (verb) OTHER buffalo FROM Buffalo.

Bastard Confession



"Follow this sign to my triforme of wisdom with your master sword of pleasure."

-- Comic-Con Slunt

The Slant Answers Hustler Advertisement for Korean Egg Donor

By: Jennifer Song
Fertilization Fanatic

Page five of last week's *Hustler* (turn to it now) contained an advertisement sent by Jordan and Jamie, a loving couple seeking a Korean egg donor in order to procure a great looking mixed-race baby. As a "healthy, non-smoking woman between the ages of 21 & 29," I immediately recognized that this was my calling. Actually, no. It was mostly the part about "attractive..." and "compensation" that pulled me in: these two words placed closely together promised an interesting time, among other things.

Like any other interview, I had to prepare. So I watched *Juno* again, with special attention to the part when Juno responds to a similar ad and meets with the loving couple, Mark and Vanessa.



This is a compelling and convincing advertisement for "premiumeggdonation.com," a totally legitimate business, right?

Only, she actually went to their house, which, ew, I would never do. But then again, she went with her dad, a bit safer, but that clearly was not an option for me. My dad would be so pissed that I was selling off his first grandchild.

Juno also did not ask for compensation, saying she didn't want to "sell the thing," that she only had hopes regarding the baby's future. Madness.



Juno and Scott Pilgrim/George Michael Bluth share an intimate moment before Juno decides to sell her baby to Cisco Systems.

She should have auctioned herself, her spawn, but it would mostly have been herself since baby's in the oven and mama shows the goods. According to a 2007 *New York Times* article, what used to be a national average of \$4,217 for egg donors is now being obscured by payments in the tens of thousands. Since women aren't exactly lining up to be donors, we sometimes hear of payments amounting to \$50K, even \$60K, as these reproductive centers can be those of well-to-do universities, and it is apparently common for couples to advertise there.

But Juno, being a dirty high school wash-up and having chosen the father herself, would not have scored that high. I, on the other hand, was starting to get quite ambitious. Numbers like that make one pause for a moment, despite the state of unknown health risks involved with extraction procedures, and also five reports of extraction-related deaths from Britain.

That being said, I met Jordan and Jamie at a public, neutral location. Their questions were geared toward discovering my sense of

humor, general relationship with my own parents, my disposition, driving record, beliefs, and interests. As far as beliefs and humor go, I tried to combine them so beliefs would seem less serious and they wouldn't be as divisive and I might look more cool and yeah. Just to my luck, they asked about how I felt about mixed-race people, as this child would be.

I said, "Oh yeah, the cutest babies I ever seen were usually half-Asian, half-something-else babies. I was talking about it with my sister the other day, and she agreed and mentioned this guy that she and her friends stalk cause he's really pretty and looks like Obama. She was like, 'I would totally get with black dudes now!' But then I was like no, no. Obama does not count. It is not the same."

It is safe to say that I do not think my interview went well. Jamie also looked possibly a quarter black.

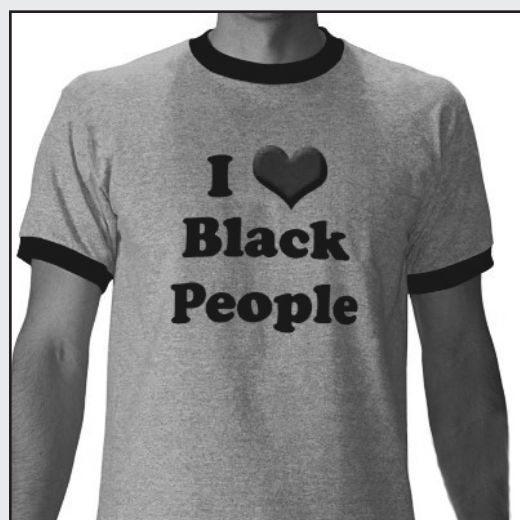


Perhaps the "Korean Egg Donor Wanted" is simply a cry for some quality Korean eggs to make Gyeran Jjim, a popular egg casserole side dish.

Black History Month: An Introspective Retrospective

By: Kelley Hines
Historic Hero

As with every year, Black History month has come and gone in the blink of an eye. Not only is it the shortest month of the year, but it's also cluttered with stupid holidays that no one cares about, like Groundhog's Day and Valentine's Day. To make this year a little more special, I've decided to share some facts and tips that I have compiled over my 18+ years of black experience.



...like myself!

1. Black people don't eat Chex Mix. Think about it, have you ever seen a black person eat-

ing Chex Mix? Now that I'm thinking about it, we don't really eat any type of mixed snack. Trail mix? What the hell is that?

2. Pretty much all middle-aged black women love Kenny G. If anything on this list is true, it is this statement.

3. The artist formerly known as Prince is the only man that can wear high heels and a purple velvet suit and still get ladies.

4. We will always prefer the Stevie Wonder version of "Happy Birthday" over the traditional.

5. Africa is a continent, not a country.

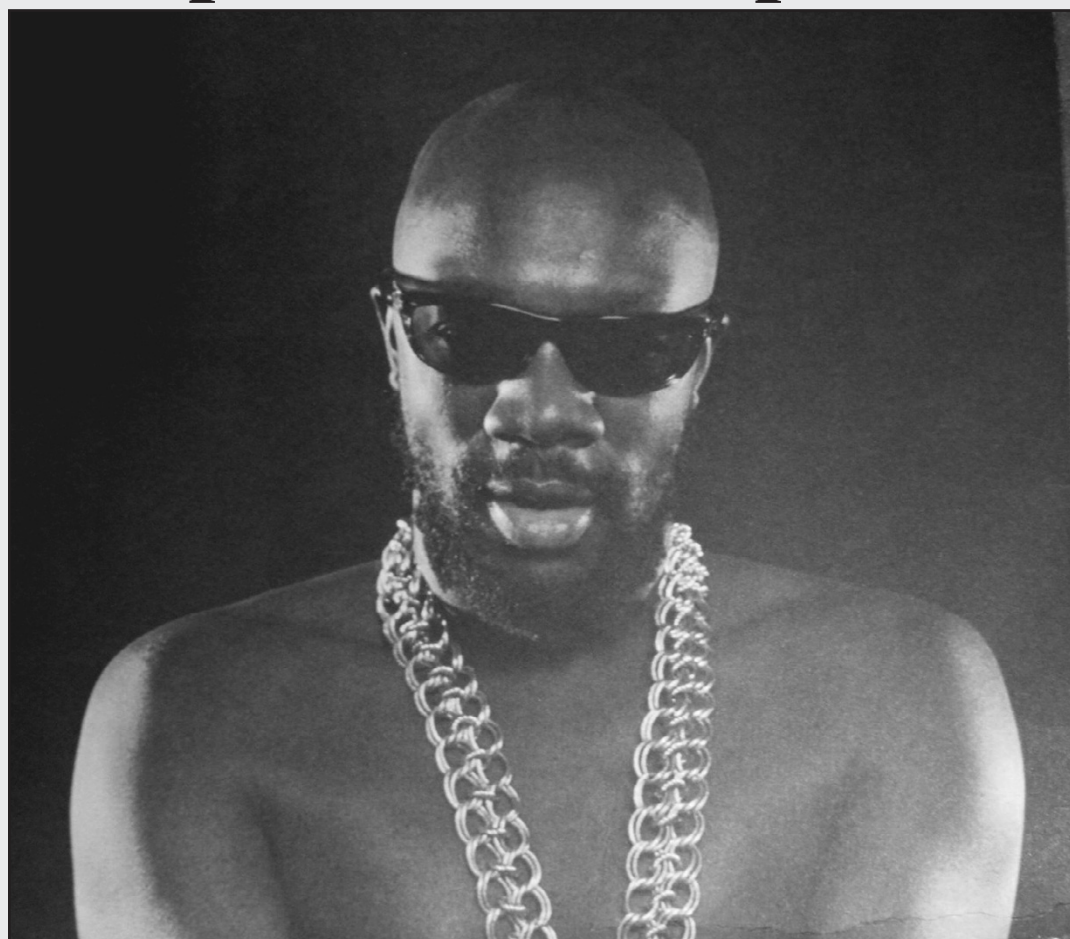
6. Tulip Browning is credited for originating the practice of removing one's earrings before engaging in fisticuffs.

7. All old black women in church have peppermints. ALWAYS.

8. We have cookouts, not barbeques.

9. Did you know that George Washington Carver made soap out of a peanut? A peanut!? Genius.

10. Just because I am black, that does not mean that I celebrate Kwanzaa. Stop asking me. I'm serious.



Isaac Hayes' presence in this issue just raised the soul factor tenfold.

So now you know the facts. Hopefully the work I've done here today will help improve race relations here at Vanderbilt and inspire you to learn more about other racial and ethnic

groups or whatever. Oh, and if you see a black person eating ChexMix, just know that their black card has been revoked.

The Single Man's Advice for Disgustingly Affectionate Couples

By: Ben Coleman
Single and wants to talk to you tonight for free!!

It's springtime! It's warming up, the birds are chirping, and most importantly, the hormones are pumping. Every year, the rush of warm air seems to herald a rise in, shall we say, extracurricular bonding. This bonding always results in an equally powerful rush of cynicism among those people without significant others. So, in an attempt to circumvent this frustration, I'm going to outline exactly what it is you annoying couples do to royally piss off the single people. Don't worry; I'll keep my sarcasm in check. Mostly.

First of all, Facebook is not a means for you to express your undying devotion via quizzes and status updates. It's great to know that you're both in Hufflepuff, and the fact that you're in the same

Vampire Mafia guild is just peachy. But frankly, Facebook easily deludes the weak of mind (you) into thinking that the rest of the world gives a damn. Watching you two exchange statuses about each other is about as nauseating to singles as walking into Stevenson is for HOD majors. And yes, both experiences carry that slight tinge of personal failure.



NO! STOP IT! It's before class on a Monday, dammit! The maintenance crew isn't going to respect your privacy anymore...

Secondly, keep your gropefests out of public places. I'll give you a pass at parties, mainly because it's hilarious to watch you try and find third base (Hint: It's not on her elbow, dumbass). But when I'm busy working in the Library, I really don't need to hear you two getting busy. Seriously, I had to intervene at the Peabody Library the other day, and I swear there was an audible crack when the exuberant couple detached.

Thirdly, and most importantly, keep it out of the showers. I can-

not stress this enough. I refuse to use two of the three showers on my hall for reasons best left unsaid. Suffice it to say that 8:30 in the morning is the single worst time of the day to walk in and hear what I heard coming from the shower. What's worse, that shower had the best water pressure of the lot. Damn inconsiderate to soil not only my peace of mind regarding the state of the men's bathroom but also take away the best part of my morning routine. Now I'm stuck with the shower whose temperature fluctuates somewhere between "raging fires of hell" and "colder than my ex's shoulder."

It's that general asshole behavior that really pisses us single folk off and gives us a mass dose of bitterness every spring. So, the next time you find yourself with a pretty girl on your arm and a warm shower on your mind, don't. Just don't.



No, it's not a Personal Digital Assistant, not that anyone uses those anymore, but stop your PDA. Stop it. I hate you!! I hate yooooou!!!



WHY???? People are trying to do homework here...

Alternatives to Spring Break and Alternative Spring Break

By: Agbo Ikor
Ctrl-Alt-Deletist

So, spring break is finally upon us, and you don't have plans. Maybe you forgot. Maybe you procrastinated. Maybe you were planning to go to Ft. Lauderdale with your roommate, but the selfish bastard decided to go to Myrtle Beach with his girlfriend. Maybe you're regretting the day you told those pushy Alternative Spring Break kids to shove their alternative "work during spring break" propaganda up their alternative asses. Whatever your story is, you don't have to worry. Through these suggestions you'll be sure to have a spring break you won't be embarrassed to tell your kids about.

Stay on Campus

So all of your friends left for a week? Big deal! The campus is yours, my friend. Do you know what kind of crazy shit you can get into when you don't have fellow students encouraging those pesky inhibitions? Ride your bike all over the bridge. Direct rude gestures toward any of the sculptures or statues on campus. Hell, go to one of your empty classes, sit it in your usual seat, and scream everything you feel to that chalkboard that represents your professor. Passive aggressive, yes, but at least you won't be the only one who says he didn't rage during the break.



Ah, yes, total freedom to do whatever you want in your least favorite classrooms!... Completely alone and unwanted...

Go Home

Admit it, you miss Mom and Dad. Trust me when I say they miss you too. So what if they haven't called you in weeks? So what if your mom never "officially"



Don't feel bad about going to your friend's house for spring break. You're the most popular character, anyway, right? At least until the original ideas ran out...

And hey, if you get some sweet pictures of yourself actually attending the service, you may actually be able to hide your atheism from your mom.

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Hipsters ≠ Hip-Hop ≠ Hippies

By: Dong Hyun Lee

Plaid Parka Purveyor

Hipsters. What can one say about this fashion savvy, un-athletic and rebellious subculture?

They are shallow, arrogant and frankly a little girly or butch, depending on the sex of the individual who's wearing tight ass jeans that ride up on their crotch. I hate them!!!

To the untrained homophobic eye, hipsters might be a tad startling. But a closer look would reveal a heterosexual individual with a gross appetite for dressing him/herself up in a manner a normal individual might find extreme. They are not metrosexuals, mythical beings flirting the line between homo and heterosexuality, but they are banners against mainstream consumerism, an attempt to be unique and to emphasize individuality. To sum it up, they're "confused" and are trying to find their sexual identity.

According to UrbanDictionary.com, today's primary source of accute contemporary knowledge, hipsters are "a subculture of men and women typically in their 20s and 30s that value independent thinking, counter-culture, progressive politics, an appreciation of art and indie-rock, creativity, intelligence, and witty banter".

What. A. Load. Of. Bullshit. This article was obviously written by a pedantic hipster who values his sub-culture highly. Look at the words he uses to describe hipsterism: creative, intelligent and witty. This guy is trying to say that those who are not of the hipster sub-culture are dull, stupid and uninteresting. Reading this definition, the image in my mind of a typical gay, straight hipster is a flaming liberal who wears tight pants and thick-rimmed glasses and is frequently seen admiring art he probably doesn't understand but likes because it is slightly different from the other works while eating organic carrots because he is too

haute-class to eat regular carrots that only poor and ignorant people care to eat.

The infuriating description doesn't stop there; it describes hipster males as sensitive, artistic and intellectual. It certainly seems like the author of this article is bent on claiming that hipsters are intelligent. Perhaps it's because they aren't really associated with the word, spending most of their time at vintage stores picking out their outfits, or because of their abnormally small male dangly organs. One of the words he tagged in this article is intellect. Apparently, they "scoff at the stereotypical athletic all-American and don't view the "culturally-vapid sorority-type girls with fake blond hair, overly tanned skin, and 'Britney Spears tube-tops' as attractive". Thus, it's safe to assume that hipsters are lazy, preferring not to work out and get in shape and instead choosing to spend time at the mall looking for outfits that aren't consumerist and going to a hairstylist to perfect their 'unique' hairstyles. Also, why the hell are they slandering sorority girls? The author says that they view these girls as "symbols of female insecurity, low self-esteem and lack of cultural intelligence and independent thinking". Aren't they also scourging vintage clothes and the chic look because they are shallow and care about appearance? How is an intelligent person going to play on such stereotypes and call them culturally stupid? That, my dear readers, is horseshit. This hipster guy pisses me off. But then again, all hipsters do.



Can't you just feel our rejection of your materialism?

Personally, I am a fan of individuality. If you like a certain genre of music that other people don't, then I respect that. If you want to wear a scarf indoors, then by all means do so. That does NOT give you the right to act superior to others and snidely make fun of them. That's what annoys me about hipsters, their high-and-mighty attitudes towards other people solely because of the way they dress and the music they listen. Also, they're liberal as shit.

Man, Woman Converse for Five Minutes Without Remembering Each Others' Names

By: Dan King

Nomenclaturetologist

Last Thursday, Neal Flinn and Sarah Campbell, both A&S Juniors, were overjoyed at the conclusion of a routine, five-minute long social interaction. The conversation, which took place in Rand Dining hall, would have been unremarkable if not for the fact that neither of the participants could remember the other's name.

Flinn's and Campbell's history as tangential acquaintances began back in their hometown of North Hill, Indiana, where the two frequently saw

information in time to bring it up during their conversation on Thursday. The exchange began when Flinn broke from his habit of simply nodding at acquaintances and instead asked Campbell "How you doing?" while passing by her table. Campbell then made the decision to respond with a comment about her recent sociology midterm thinking that Flinn was also a member of that class.

From there the exchange became an exercise in vagueness with both sides simply trying to make generic statements until they could remember the details of their relationship.

At one point Campbell's comment "So, how 'bout this weather?" was met with the response "Yeah, it sure has."

Says Campbell "I don't know why, but when I first saw him I thought he sat behind me in sociology, but then right away I was like 'no, that's somebody else,' and then I just had no idea who he was."

Reports from passers by indicate that Campbell referred to Flinn as "Man, buddy, guy, dude, bro, pal, dog, dawg, you, chief, cat, boss, amigo, mate, and even girlfriend" in an effort to buy time while she tried to remember his name.

The conversation reached the apex of its awkwardness when Flinn somehow got it into his head that he had hooked up with Campbell at one point last semester. This is of course not true, and is the reason that Campbell responded with confusion to Flinn's request that "We should get together again some time."

It was at that point that both parties gave up on their attempts to remember one another's identities and the talking came to a close. But before leaving Campbell decided to follow one last hunch, thinking that Flinn was perhaps the gay guy she had met at a party last December.

Acting on this suspicion that Campbell left Flinn by saying "Peace out, girlfriend, I'll see you later." Watching Flinn's reaction, Campbell instantly realized she was wrong and decided to just quit trying to remember Flinn's name.

Flinn, however, was thoroughly confused at being called 'girlfriend' and spent the rest of the afternoon trying to think who this strange woman could have possibly been.

As of the printing of this article, Flinn had settled on the thoroughly incorrect conclusion that Campbell and he had done a scene together during an acting class freshman year where the two played a lesbian couple.



No, my friend, it is not Barry.

each other at parties and mutually decided not to talk to one another.

The two students both independently decided to come to Vanderbilt and both were mildly amused to find they had been assigned to live just one floor apart in Hank Ingram house. Since then, the last dying embers of their shared history were kept alive through two mutual calculus classes and the occasional head nod while walking to class.

Unfortunately, neither Flinn nor Campbell was able to recall any of this

Listserv Drives Student Leader Crazy

By: Clay Christain

You Just Got List-Served!

Junior and leader of the Vanderbilt Student Leaders Association Johnny Wilson is under public scrutiny for "absolutely losing his shit" after being insistently pestered to remove freshman Timmy Lilschiz from the VSLA@list.vanderbilt.edu mailing list.

Wilson received the email from Lilschiz approximately 3 minutes after spending half an hour composing an informative message concerning an upcoming fundraiser for deaf orphans, "Listen for the Kids." Lilschiz said, "Hey, can you please remove me from this listserv? I asked you a week ago," and was the only student to answer Wilson's call to action.

Wilson responded by promptly going berserk, which most pundits agree was a totally justified reaction.

"Man, Johnny, he just... He couldn't take it anymore," says suitemate J.J. Glazer. "He's gotten so many emails from kids who signed up at the student org fair who he doesn't even know... Every time he sends one out to his group, someone always asks to

be taken off. Don't they know they can do it themselves?"

Lilschiz's roommate, Paulie Pavoratti, said, "Yeah, Timmy, He just kind of figured, you know, won't it be easier to just have the group leader do this, since he's in charge of the listserv. He just didn't know how much of [Wilson's] time he was wasting."

With much disgust in his mind and hatred in his black heart, Wilson proceeded to log on to list.vanderbilt.edu and enter his VUNet ID and single login e-password. After three botched attempts, Wilson realized that he had forgotten his password from complacently having OAK and Gmail save it. After repeatedly clicking on, "Forgot your password?" and receiving no automated email, Wilson remembered that his secondary email was set to XgokuthedestroyerXSSJ4@hotmail.com, an address he had been using since 2001. Upon logging into Hotmail with the password, "spiritbomb," Wilson was astounded to see that he could not find the email from Vanderbilt. After sorting through solicitations from Nigerian Princes and Gamespot updates, he was finally able to reset his Vanderbilt e-password.



...and this is my "I love you" face too.

Once logged into the listserv management website, Wilson noticed something was awry. The dashboard did not reflect his position as a student leader, and he had no permissions to edit any subscribers. As the clock had just turned to 5:01 in the afternoon on a Friday, Wilson could not contact the Office of Student Organizations or the Dean of Students IT department to properly implement these necessary changes.

When Monday arrived, Wilson was still puzzled as to why he could not access listserv management despite reading replies from the DOS IT staff. After a few more hours of correspondence, they realized that they had misspelled his name as "jonny.wilson." A full 86 hours since the incident began, Wilson removed Lilschiz from the listserv. He then rocked back in his chair, said "God dammit..." under his breath and wrote Lilschiz an email that said, "I hope you're happy... Bitch."

How to Get Faster Service at Café Coco

By: Dylan Thomas

Edible Einstein

So, you've somehow made it to spring break with meal money left over, but you can't handle any more fro-yo from Yogurt Oasis, and the idea of another Qdoba burrito makes you puke a little in your mouth. You're craving something new—and I have the place for you. Toss that Randwich, hop on your fixed gear bike and head on over to the land of opportunity - my number one source for hippy dippy bagels and homemade cream sodas, and the only place I can read Pitchfork in public: Café Coco.

If your friends are anything like mine, they get pissed when you want to go to Café Coco. The employees are assholes, they say, and someone in your party might grow a beard or graduate before your food is served. But I reassure you, your friends have been misguided. Getting passable service at Coco might be a rarity, but with a few tricks, it's more than possible.

I've mastered the art of getting my food at Coco in nanoseconds, and you can too. A successful Café Coco experience starts before you leave your dorm room—toss on a cardigan and Oxfords before heading over, and you'll instantly cut your wait time by upwards of five minutes. Gentlemen, wear that too-tight Arcade Fire shirt in the back of your closet, and you might even get to skip line.

But the real artistry comes when you approach the establishment. First, if you can manage to reek of cigarette smoke, this will work in your advantage. Don't smoke? I don't either—just hang around the patio for a couple minutes and voila, sultry Eau de American Spirit will emanate from your pores.

Once you've made it to the line at the register, you need to commit—if you really want that grilled cheese at light speed, you're going to have to swallow your pride and shamelessly name-drop as much indie bullshit as humanly possible. You basically have free reign with this one, but act with caution: talking loudly about your Bonnaroo ticket will get you points, but don't you dare admit you're excited to see Eminem or your ass will be hungrier than most villages tonight. If you're feeling risky, play some hipster Mad Lib and try inventing bands to mention in line. But play it smart and grant yourself some fire insurance by following every article-adjective-noun combination with some variant of "oh, you've probably never heard of."

Still worried you're just too mainstream to convince those Coco employees? Suck it up and spend that time productively—order your food, go run a 10k, or play a good game of Monopoly and make it back to Café Coco just in time to chow down. Better yet, use that wait time to run down to Central Library and check out a copy of Kerouac's *On the Road* to read at your table. Instant and endless drink refills will be your reward.

Knowledge is power, my friends, and the power of the Café Coco experience is now at your fingertips. Once I learned the ropes, Café Coco became my personal savior. The place is always open, so it's like a Room of Requirement to complement my hellacious Hogwarts-like experience on The Commons. If I'm hungry and Grins isn't open to cater to my tender quasi-vegetarian sensibilities, Café Coco will welcome me with open arms. Drunk and sexiled at 2 AM on a Saturday night? Café Coco has a place for you. Need somewhere to study? Hike over to Coco and bask in the pseudo-intellectual banter surrounding you on all sides; you'll get smarter through osmosis. And every time I'm reminded that my philosophy degree is going to effectively flat line my chances of garnering any job involving dignity, those aforementioned assholes behind the counter at Café Coco will give me an empathetic shoulder to cry on.

That being said, Café Coco's most redeeming aspect is still its menu. There's something for everybody, and everything is good. I personally recommend the Greek goddess salad, but you could honestly throw darts at the menu and land on something satisfying. Finally, Café Coco keeps PBR on tap unlike other restaurants on the card where you might be forced to settle for something that doesn't taste like horse piss. Café Coco? More like Café Broco. (Ironic, huh?)



Why yes sir we'd love to bring you some more barbecue sauce

The Gospel According to Mark, Episode V: The Empire Strikes Mark

By: Mark Sakauye
Master Mind Reader

Welcome to the fifth 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. Do you feel violated? Because you should.

Dear Mark the Omniscient,

I've been watching Glee this season and Brit-tany Pierce suggested that Dr. Pepper might not be a real dentist. They were joking, right?

Yours,
Toothless in Thibodaux

Dear Glee Fan,

Everyone knows Dr. Pepper is a doctor in the sense that Dr. Dre is a doctor. Sure, he may not have a fancy "degree" from a so-called "educational institution," but damn, can he ever spit hot fire. He beat out both Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola in the famous rap-battle of 1900. Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola comprised the Cola band, similar to N.W.A., before they split up in 1914, which coincidentally was the start of WWI. Did their fallout cause it? We'll never know. We do know, however, that just because you're the best doesn't mean you're the most successful. A case study to exemplify this is that Kanye, obviously the best rapper alive, is not as successful as Jay-Z. I'm going off track here, but the point is that Dr. Pepper is a rap artist.



Laying down the sick beats with that ice cold, zero-calorie flow.

Dear Mark the Omniscient,

The other day I was doing my girlfriend's laundry with her, and when I pulled one of her dresses out of the hamper I noticed there was... a stain on it... the type of stain that only I should be putting onto my girlfriend's clothes. I didn't show it to her, but while she wasn't looking I took a quick sniff and I know for a fact that my man goo definitely didn't leave this stain. What should I do, Mark? Should I confront her about it and risk admitting I don't trust her, or should I just let it go and be secure in our relationship?

Regards,
Spunk Stained Steven

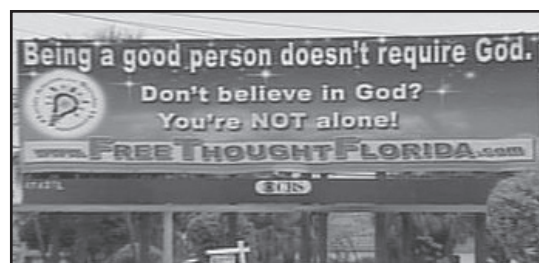
Dear Guy Who Could Pick His Jizz Out of a Lineup,

No need to worry, man. She's just a Monica Lewinsky fanatic who bought a replica Lewinsky dress off eBay. She told me herself last night.

Dear MTO,

In response to this article and its image, [http://www.inquisitr.com/28336/florida-christians-protest-atheist-billboard-wait-till-you-see-the-sign/] I have to ask, simply, why are people so stupid?

Thanks.
Billboard Installation Master



For those of you who are reading the analog issue of The Slant, here is the billboard in question.

Dear Person Who's Concerned with the Plight of Humanity,

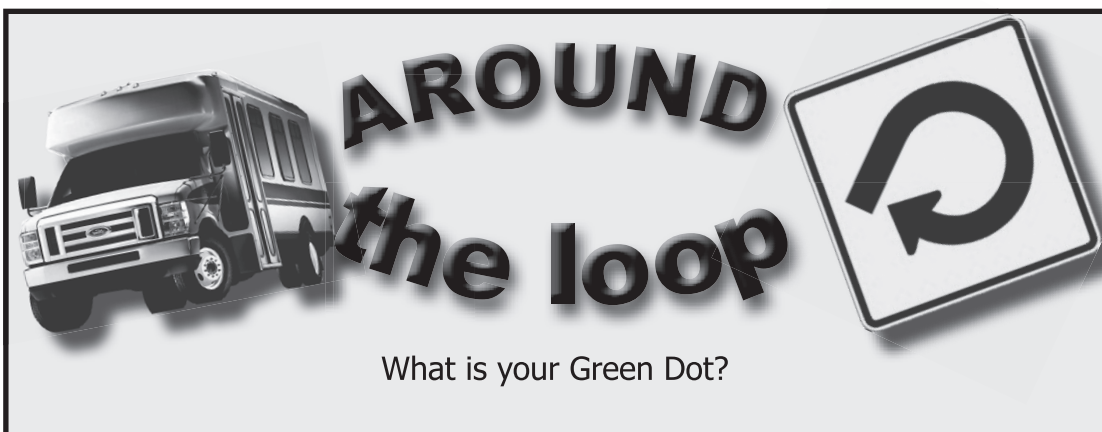
To those of you who will never actually visit that link, the billboard reads: "Being a good person doesn't require God. Don't believe in God? You're NOT alone!" Apparently a group of local Floridian Christians under the leadership of Es-sie "Big Mama" Reed (I shit you not) protested that the billboard needed to be removed "in the name of Jesus." To her, the sign reads more along the lines of "Do not believe in God," which, quite frankly, we just can't have. She believes the sign "discriminates towards Christians."

To answer your question, I have no damn clue. The audacity of that person is just absurd. That someone would even think they have the right to do something like that is just flat out insulting not only to me, but also to the human race. I mean, seriously, Duncan Riley, the writer of that article, is such a douche. You can't just make fun of Martin Lawrence when he's in a fat suit. He's probably just doing it ironically. Not pictured was Big Mama dressed in skinny jeans, black thick-rimmed glasses, and an edgy T-shirt. Un-cool, Duncan. Uncool.

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.

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

- (615): Don't talk to me about faggotry while I'm drinking my soy milk.
- (631): We'd be the perfect fuck buddies, because he doesn't have feelings for that stuff and neither do I.
- (615): What kind of world do we live in where a man has to wipe his own ass?
- (777): Did he have a nice dick?
- (888): Eh, it probably has a fat roll over it...
- (917): Jesus, I'm so horny for this issue of *The Slant*.
- (666): I'm putting my leg on your knee because I find you sexually awesome.
- (999): I use this pocket for sex... and by sex, I mean I keep my lube in there.
- (7188): But what if I am Yogi Bear? How would YOU know?



Average Student



Wait, what?

Sports Fan



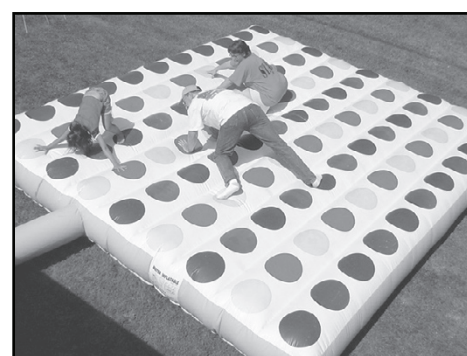
Well, after the Mr. C incident, I guess it should be preventing mascot violence.

Concerned Girlfriend



Someone needs to intervene on your outfit selections, honey.

Twister Player



RIGHT HAND GREEN!!! OH, SHIT I'M GONNA FALL OV-

Drug Dealer



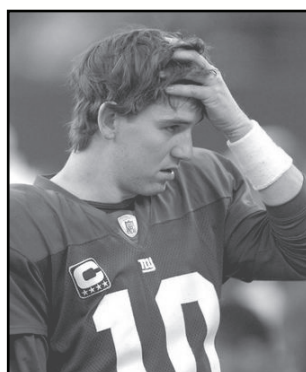
Well, the Green Dots are made with only the finest LSD, and they're going to cost you extra.

7-Up Thing



Green Dots are overrated.

Eli Manning



Uh, there's this little thing on the back of my helmet... What does it do?

Professional Tailgaters



'Delta Iota Kappa loves our Dores' sticker. It's a green dot...



Delta Iota Kappa is proud to announce its alpha pledge class for 2011! We love our baby Diks!

- Jessica Rabbit
- Laura Laurenson
- Katie Spootspoot
- Caty X.
- Katy Waaaaaah
- Andrew Sauerkraut
- Ashley "Big D" DeLorean
- Ashleigh Larry
- Ashlee Simpson

- Ashe, the Frost Archer
- Caitlin Lincaid
- Caitlyn Lyncott
- Cyytlynn Flyysse
- Chichiko Chinpokoguchi
- Mary-Jennifer Smith-Lee
- Encyclopedia Britannica
- That one girl
- A double cheeseburger

TOP TEN
Spring Break Destinations

- 10** Sea World - Free Willy, right?
- 9** Gulf Coast - Isn't it back to normal now?
- 8** The Woods - For those who like it rough
- 7** Kissam - You're not going anywhere!!!
- 6** Niagara Falls - It's really nice this time of year.
- 5** Haiti - The hotel rates are really good.
- 4** Not Mexico
- 3** Harry Potter World - They have a new recreation of the tent from the 7th book.
- 2** Jersey Shore - See all of your favorite back alleys and bathrooms from the show!
- 1** Narnia - Bring your Mr. Pibb and Cherry Vines.

MINESWEEPER!

It's more fun than a crossword puzzle



The ABC's of Roommates

By: Rachel-Chloe Gibbs

