



THIS JUST IN

Hustler Life Section Receives Award for Research

By: Richard McGee
Life Liver

In an unprecedented move, the William Randolph Hearst Foundation announced yesterday that the entire Life staff of the Vanderbilt Hustler will receive this year's prestigious Excellence in News Research Award. Usually given to individual students from universities across the country for their ceaseless dedication to investigative journalism and public discourse, this year was a little different.

"We saw what those Life kids were doing and simply couldn't ignore it any longer," the spokesperson for the Foundation said. "Generally, Arts & Entertainment content is full of five-dollar words and pretentious digressions. We are so relieved to see an accessible, news-you-can-use approach full to the brim with so many official sources."

Vanderbilt's strong portfolio included a huge feature on the best places in Nashville to buy socks, which quoted sock pioneer Grandma Donna; playlists for making playlists, references to Pitchfork and intertextuality; and a how-to guide for making omelets,

featuring the guy from the Ingram Commons.

The win did not come without its fair share of drama, though, as a couple SNA-FUs nearly cost the Hustler the award. A forgetful writer failed to realize that the walk to Chipotle from campus actually required a 12-song playlist, instead of ten. "We were left with silence for a good portion of the walk. We expect better from a Southern Ivy," Judge Joseph Pulitzer lamented.

Fortunately, they recovered, as Judge Maureen Dowd described: "The majority of state school entrants were disqualified this year. Allegations included editorialized album reviews, cogent opinion columns and an illegal use of adverbs and words exceeding the seven letter/three syllable maximums."

With news of the win, VSC momentarily considered reviving the infamous entertainment magazine Versus, but ultimately decided to stick with their core principles: preventing alternative voices from having an outlet, regardless of national acclaim and popularity.

Church Speaks Out Against Abstinence

By: Elizabeth Wheelock
Baby Baptizer

This weekend, Pope Benedict XVI spoke out against abstinence, which the Catholic Church has recently deemed the most pervasive form of birth control currently in use.

"For years, we've protested abortions and other means of ending the lives of innocent creations of God," the Pope tweeted Saturday. "It is now time to end the silence regarding the cruelest and most widespread method of all—[abstinence]."

The Pope's message was reportedly cut short by the Twitter character restrictions. Twitter immediately apologized for its error.

Religious leaders, though initially shocked by the statement, soon found themselves agreeing. The Archbishop of Canterbury elaborated upon the Pope's reasoning on his Facebook fan page: "Once it was suggested by scientists that fetuses could not feel pain at the time at which most abortions are performed, we had to switch tactics. Now we bemoan the wasted human potential and the infringement upon the bundle of cell's right to life. The natural

consequence of this rationalization is to recognize a lack of sex as a direct attempt to stop a little infant's heart from beating. From now on, every completed menstrual cycle will be considered evidence of being a baby killer."

Protestors began showing support early this morning by destroying hundreds of boxes of feminine hygiene products.

A spokesperson for the group stated that companies should not be helping women to continue the "slaughter." The activist urged couples to think of the squandered life every time they begin to consider the impact another child would have on their family's financial stability and emotional cohesion.

Because the act of fornication remains a grievous sin in the eyes of the Church, however, participants are urged to retain their feelings of shame and disappointment whilst having sex.

The Pope stressed this point in a later tweet. "Never, ever should you feel that a stress-relieving, intimacy-building act such as this is even mildly enjoyable. I've always believed that [a frustrated sexuality is the healthiest sexuality you can have]."

Commodore Laundry Offers New Service: Wiping the Asses of Lazy Freshmen After Bowel Movements

By: Ryan Datteri
Wipe Winner

After the great success of the dry cleaning service on campus, Vanderbilt has decided to expand the services available to students. The goal is to help students with the hard transition out of their parent's house.

For a nominal fee, Vanderbilt will have someone come help clean a student after a bowel movement. According to one student, "I mean, these are things my mom did for me: cook, clean, do my laundry, wipe my ass. How am I supposed to be a productive student when I'm so busy finding a Huggies [baby wipe]?"

Ass wipers will be stationed in all Ingram Commons bathrooms 24/7 to make sure that students will always have someone available "...to cuddle their special little behinds," according to Commodore Laundry owner Mike Halak.

It's all part of the new Vanderbilt initiative entitled "We Are Your Family Now." Other programs from the initiative include dispensing mild sedatives, paying graduate students to play catch with you, and sur-

prise visits by Chancellor Zeppos at bedtime. So far, no one has complained about Zeppos' angelic lullabies or his amazing tucking-in abilities. As part of the "We Are Your Family Now" initiative, the old bookstore has been renovated into a camp for students who are having an extremely hard time adjusting to life on campus away from their friends and loved ones.

The new center is called A Safe Year reLaxing Under Medication, or ASYLUM for short. ASYLUM will be handing out jackets and Tic Tacs for all newcomers. "Ow! My frontal lobe," said one student returning to campus after a trip to the ASYLUM.

Not all students are happy about the "We Are Your Family Now" initiative. A small group of students, calling themselves the Wolverines, have caused havoc all over campus. Reports say they are living off the land (near Wendy's), and that, when one of the Wolverines shot a squirrel, he proceeded to drink its blood to honor his first kill.

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Sarah Palin labels daylight savings time a "liberal plot"

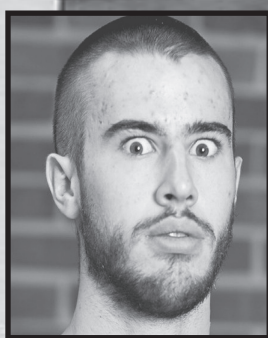


Injured man on Halloween confuses slutty nurse with real nurse



Greek government to remake Harry Potter movies to solve debt crisis

**FROM THE EDITOR:
MISERY GUTS**



DAN KING

Misery guts

■ **WHILE** the government's new blueprint to tackle climate change is all very worthy, what is being done to help the ordinary Joe in the street combat his carbon emissions?

Bigwigs make a big noise about all of us having a responsibility to fight the global threat, then expect us to dip into our pockets to fund it.

Want to reduce your energy consumption? It'll cost you a fortune to have solar panels or a wind turbine installed.

And although the government offers small grants to help, how many of us can afford to shell out more than a grand on something that will take at least ten years to pay for itself?

■ **SOMEONE** pinch me (that's pinch).

I can barely believe the collapse of all these television phone-in rip-offs is happening.

It's like a dream come true.

Now we just need a scandal concerning all the home shopping channels on TV to really make my year.

Fucked Image



"You want fries with THIS? Huh?!"

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CULTURE CORNER!

Facebook Stalker Caught, Apprehended

By: *Andri Alexandrou*
Facebook Fiend

Harry Tanner was apprehended by VUPD this past Tuesday in Alexander-Heard Library for Facebook stalking classmate Susan Beller.

Officer Thompson, first to arrive on the scene, said he found Tanner using one of the library's computers in the primary computer lab. "We received reports from Amy Winn, [librarian] around 6 P.M. and headed over as soon as we could," Thompson said. "I'm only glad we caught the perpetrator before he latched onto more profiles."

According to Amy Winn, Tanner had been at the computer for more than two hours before she caught on to his suspicious behavior. "The library's resources are not meant to harbor this kind of criminal activity," Winn said.

Susan Beller, victim of Tanner's afternoon Facebook stalking, received the call from VUPD about ten minutes before they apprehended Tanner. "I suspected something was up when I opened my laptop to 52 notifications," said Beller, sophomore in the College of Arts & Science. She reports receiving comments on the past three months of statuses and "likes" on all past profile pictures within two hours of their posting.

Friend and supporter, sophomore Ellen Chiao, was with Beller when she heard the news. "She was so shaken. Only two hours ago, she was just having a casual conversation with a guy after class. Goes to show you can't trust everyone walking out of Furman at 4 P.M."

Tanner remains in police custody until police confirm he poses no more of a threat to Beller or any other student at Vanderbilt.

"If we have to log him out permanently, we will," said Officer Thompson. "More than likely we'll just give him a warning and tell him to lay low for a while. Only post about once every two days. Keep commenting down to a minimum with friends. It's all about precautionary measures with Facebook stalking."

When asked about the charges brought against him, Tanner refrained from commenting.



They say the most dangerous stalkers are the ones who look like Jesse Eisenberg.

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 Dan "Don" King
Managing Editor Jim "Jam" Gillin
Editors Emeriti Justin Barisich
 Clay Christain
 Meryem Dede

Editor-in-Chief of a different publication Andri Alexandrou
Designers Katy Jamarillo
 Elise Lasko
 Kristein Mason
 Alec Jordan

Copy Editor Richard Tiberius McGee
Biggest Swinging Dick on Staff Jessica Ayers
Contributing Staff Nate Braman
 Rachel-Chloe Gibbs
 Jessica D'Angelo
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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS
PLACERE CONTENDIT

Useful tips for effective Facebooking:

- Only quote really obscure bands in status updates, so only your best friends will get it.
- Don't separate your friends into "good friends" and "acquaintances" if you're bad about leaving your account logged on in public places.
- Don't let your insecure friends know they're in your "acquaintances" group.
- Probably not a good idea to make a "people I'd sleep with" group either.
- They're called "pokes," but they're really more like "indications that I want your dick."
- Just because you're interested in Morgan Freeman and Brad Pitt doesn't mean you're "interested in: men."
- Pick a profile picture that makes you look really ugly, so when people meet you in person they're like, "oh, ok."
- Save your friends' feelings: RSVP "yes" to their "cupcakes for the homeless with AIDS big buddies 5k" events.
- Everybody hates "need phone numbers" groups. From here on out, start over and get new friends.
- It's nice that you assumed you were the first person to know Steve Jobs died.
- Reminisce about the good ol' days before they fucked up that stupid interface.
- Remember, a "maybe" RSVP on your event indicates that your friends are actually passive-aggressive pieces of shit.
- Don't forget to check for those summer photo albums. You know why.

Bastard Confession



"Xcellent! Xenophobic xylitols x-raying xylophones, x-aming ex-girlfriends, while xenolithic xenomorphs Xerox xanthine. Xacting their ex officio xisten--
...fuck this, I'm changing my name."

--X, V's second cousin

Protestors Launch New Movement: "Occupy Whole Foods"

By: Jessica Ayers

Occupier Observer

Victims of the Occupy Wall Street campaign, led by ExxonMobil CEO Rex Tillerson, unleashed their counter protest, Occupy Whole Foods.

The movement seeks to overthrow the monopoly liberal, progressive, environmentalist, and socialist hold on free-range vegetables, juice not from concentrate, and human compassion. The protest has been brewing in high-brow circles since the communist-fueled Occupy Wall Street campaigns started in September, but the movement arrived dramatically and permanently at a rally at the Whole Foods on the Upper West Side last Thursday.

"The liberal counter-culture needs to understand that they have been selfish for too long," said an angry Occupy Whole Foods protestor at

the rally. "We will no longer sit back and allow them to horde the wealth...of locally grown produce."

The Whole Foods employees were generally disgruntled, citing that they can barely tolerate the "granola crunchy hippies" that usually occupy the store.

One, however, was sympathetic. "I do understand where they are coming from. Where someone works shouldn't dictate your access to organic bath salts," said the employee. The movement also focuses on issues concerning fashion and music.

"We are the 99 percent," Tillerson chanted at the protest. "We are the white men who were forced to stop listening to Bob Dylan in 1983, never wear wide-rimmed glasses, and buy delicious American meat with growth hormones."

The protest gained criticism from political and cultural icons such as Nancy Pelosi, Keith Olbermann, and Bono.

"Why should I share my ability to not look like a tool while wearing sunglasses inside?" Bono commented. "I worked harder for my cool, and I shouldn't have to share it."

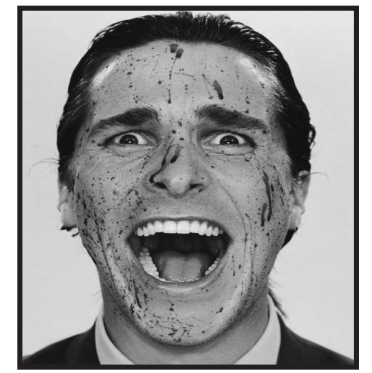
Unlike the Occupy Wall Street "hippies," as Tillerson calls them, these protestors think their movement will be more successful due to a heavily structured hierarchy and great amounts of paperwork in order to get things done.

In addition, the protestors focus on orderly demonstrations. In fact, the rally concluded ahead of schedule, upon request of the general manager of the Whole Foods.

"We felt it was right," a protestor said "we want to be heard, but we don't want to get in the way

of people doing business."

The Occupy Whole Foods movement has already spurred several off-shoot protests in support including Occupy Urban Outfitters, Occupy a Radiohead Concert, and Occupy Seattle.



Bad things happen when businessmen get angry.

Man Sues Mother After Being Born Severely Ugly

By: Rachel Lundberg

Lawsuit Lover

Court proceedings began yesterday in the landmark case of a son suing his mother for his having been born ugly. Eugene Dunkirk, 23, is seeking \$1.2 million in damages, claiming he has experienced a substantially decreased quality of life because of his appearance.

"I've actually calculated my suffering to be worth about \$1,463,000," says Dunkirk. "But I want to emphasize that I'm not greedy, I'm only getting what I deserve."

Wilma Dunkirk, the defendant, says she was surprised by her son's decision to take legal action. "Genie's father and I always taught him that lawyers aren't to be trusted," says Mrs. Dunkirk. "So it was hard to believe he'd be in league with one." With this philosophy in mind, Mrs. Dunkirk refused legal counsel, opting to represent herself in court.

The attorney for the plaintiff, Lawrence Niebler, is confident in his client's position. "The fault here is apparent. The jury will recognize that. All they have to do is look at my client's face, which, granted, is somewhat difficult."

Niebler's colleagues, all strangely similar in appearance to Niebler, describe him as a "crusader," a "valiant knight," and an "admirable idealist fighting alone for the rights of mankind." Indeed, with Dunkirk v. Dunkirk Niebler hopes to bring sweeping reform to the justice system.

"Truthfully, Wilma Dunkirk should be brought up on criminal charges," says Niebler. "But I've learned that you can't force change on society all at once. This case will serve as a beginning, and as aesthetically challenged individuals start to follow Eugene Dunkirk's example, those who come after me will pick up the torch."

Though the trial has just begun, yesterday's proceedings included the testimonials of several

key witnesses for the plaintiff, some of whom were members of Dunkirk's immediate family.

Dunkirk's father, Jim Dunkirk, drew tears from many audience members and several jurors with his story.

"My whole life, I blamed myself for Eugene's horrible ugliness," he said on the stand. "I kept thinking, what did I do wrong? Was there something wrong with my nethers? And that misery, that's what started my alcoholism. And now that I find out that Wilma did it, I'm angry, you know? She betrayed me, and she made me question my virility. I looked that up; I know what it means."

Eugene Dunkirk's elder brother Emmett also testified on his behalf. "I really dodged a bullet, I guess. That could've been me with that squashed-up nose, and those beady rat eyes, and...well, you get the picture."

Throughout the entire session, the jurors were unable to take their eyes off of the plaintiff, and stared in abject horror even as they listened and reacted to the witnesses.

Several uncomfortable situations were prevented by the courtroom maintenance staff, who had the foresight to provide each juror with a barf bag and a tin of mints.

When the session had concluded, Russian tourist Ilya Petrokov reported that he was glad that he spent his last vacation day watching civil court proceedings. "Is being my pleasure for to see trial," says Petrokov. "Am to admire the thinking forward America notion, where detestable creature have freedom to feeling happy."

Following yesterday's events, court was suspended so that the jurors' eyes could be evaluated for damage, and is expected to resume sometime next month.



We decided not to run a picture of Mr. Dunkirk because he is so unforgivably ugly. Here's Matthew McConaughey instead.

Keith Stone Does not Know Who You Are

By: Keith Stone

You know who he is

Dear readers,

I wanted to apologize for not writing an article in the last Slant issue. I was blacked out all last month and don't recall much of what I did. I've heard some stories about what happened and to say the least I am very impressed with myself. Who knew a person's head could take so much abuse? If anyone could shed some light on the rest of my life last month it would be much appreciated.

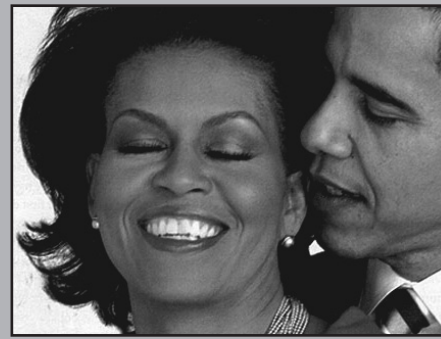
Anyways I accidentally went to class on Wednesday and on my way there I heard people in front of me talking about Greek life on campus. I got really excited and was about to join in on their conversation when one of them said that they hated all the frat guys and the whole frat scene. I was taken aback because who doesn't love the frat scene here? Honestly I don't know who you are. I thought the other would reject that statement but then the other person responded that they hated the frats too because we are so exclusive and hate intellectuals. I was like who are these people? Seriously I have no idea who these people are. They are talking about my friends and me but I don't think I have ever seen them in my life. I thought that maybe these were rushes that had been cut at another frat but when I asked everyone else they said that they had never seen them either.

My first thought was that this was just an anomaly but then as I continued walking to class I heard more people talking about the frats and how exclusive and judgmental we are. I was like excuse me, you are the ones that are being judgmental and better question who the fuck are all these people. Apparently we have an outbreak of people on campus who don't have lives or collared shirts both of which are huge character flaws. I've never even heard of you, let alone met you. I have absolutely no idea who you are or where you came from all I know is that you seem like you need to have a beer and lighten up. Honestly who the fuck talks about a group of people that have no impact on their lives, I guess they do, but I'm still not sure who they are. Sitting around bitching about a group of people that have absolutely no idea who you are instead of being productive just sounds like a shitty time. Who the fuck does that? Anyone know, cause I don't know? Honestly we are having way too much fun partying, having fun, and being awesome to care what you think about us. Instead of bitching about us maybe you should take a look at yourselves, whoever you are.

I don't know if you know this, or for that matter if you know anything because until a few days ago I did not know of your existence, but the fact that I don't know who you are means you are doing shit with your life. I pretty much know everyone that is important on campus because if you know me then you automatically become important. Other people will know you at least as my friend, which is more than they know about you right now. I've had enough drunken wanderings on campus that at this point if I don't know who you are you literally have no life. If you did I would have met you. Not only does the fact I don't know you mean you suck but it also means you're a worthless dick hole who will die sad and lonely knowing you could have been one of the greats or at least someone that met me. Which in most places can be used on a resume.

Because who the fuck are y'all? We the Fucking best.

Coming up in the Sunday Edition of *The Slant*



How Does Obama Measure up to His Stiff Competition?

Michelle's Face Tells All

New California Law Requires Children to be Stamped if They Were Manufactured in a Facility Which Processes Peanuts

By: Jim Gillin

Pea-Nutty

Controversy has been rising among parents in California recently over a new law which requires children to be stamped if they were manufactured in a facility which processes peanuts and some other nut products.

Despite the discomfort for the stamped children, the law is purported to have saved several lives already. Ten peanut allergy-related deaths on average are reported each year in the state of California, mostly among children, and this extra warning serves to keep allergic children away from those who might cause a reaction.

The wording of the law may be a euphemism, but make no mistake: this law targets children whose parents conceived them during a sexual encounter in some sort of food production facility which handles peanut products.

Believed at first to be a ridiculous law, surprising numbers of parents have been admitting their strange choices of location and bringing in

their children to be tattooed.

Self-proclaimed legumophile Mary Rollins came forward, proud of where she chose to conceive her second son, John. "Me an' [my husband] Herschel grew up on the same block as the Jif plant. It was only natural we found a comfy spot in the storeroom, unlidged ourselves a few jars of PB and got busy."

With respect to her child, Mary said, "sure, he loves it! The kids call him Johnny Cashew at school."

Other parents weren't so nuts about the idea. Grace Polizzi had to withdraw her daughter from school, thanks to incessant bullying from other children: "I didn't want my daughter to have to bear a scarlet letter for my crime—just for getting it on in a Mr. Goodbar factory. Ever since they stamped her neck with that allergy warning, she's been coming home crying about guys offering to show her their nuts."

Fourteen-year-old Victor Dopico also has it tough. There is only one food production facil-

ity in his town which handles peanuts—and it's an oily little candy shoppe in a decrepit shack at the edge of town, managed by a convicted paraplegic sex offender.

The awkwardness torments him every day, as he is confronted with the reality of the kind of company his mother kept every time he looks in the mirror. The lives of these children have been affected forever, as the stamps are permanent and heavy fines and prison time punish their removal.

For those who get used to them, life can be extremely rewarding, as with every new encounter, they get to wonder whether they would have saved the other guy's life if he had been allergic.

Some stamped children even love their marks so much that the second generation of "peanut babies" is on the way; teens have gotten pregnant in peanut-processing facilities just like their parents, with the baby scheduled for stamping immediately after delivery.



Sorry little buddy, we're gonna have to stamp you.

Opinions

Welcome to *The Slant's* Opinion section, with the most opinionated opinions this side of the Hucces River

Since you are a regular reader of The Slant, I'm going to assume that you are already aware of this publication's reputation for bringing the news to Vanderbilt's campus. Every single day, we bust our behinds to go out and figure out what exactly is going on in the world, all to make sure you, our readers, stay informed. Our dedication to the Truth is such that in our entire 125-year history we've never once been accused of printing misinformation.

But, there is another side to our humble newspaper. Every now and then, we decide to showcase the opinions of some of our writers instead of the hard facts that make up our news stories.

And why shouldn't we? Obviously it is important for our writers to maintain a healthy journalistic integrity when writing news, but our writers do have personal opinions. They aren't robots, for God's sake!

That's why, in 1892, our Slanty forefathers established *The Slant's* opinion section. This part of the paper was created to be an outlet for our writers to be able to express their opinions in print, without compromising the integrity of our news writing.

This is what lesser publications like *The Torch* and *Orbis* will never understand: people don't want their news and their opinions to get all mixed together. The Vanderbilt

community is largely made up of highly intelligent students who understand the necessity of receiving unbiased information. They like seeing the occasional opinion-infused writing, but they know that these pieces are just for entertainment and not meant to be taken seriously.

But anyhow, today we've decided to take some time and highlight our opinion writers. While what they do will never be as valuable as real news, it is important to, every now and again, allow ourselves to step away from high-minded writing and just have some fun.

Washington:
I always leave this state unsure of what I did, covered in glitter and shame.

Nebraska:
Corn is subpar. Don't believe the hype.

Utah:
Your lake has salt in it. Whoop-dee-doo!

Arizona:
I am constantly disappointed to know that their capital is not the headquarters for the Order of the Phoenix.

Opinion Article Template

By: Michael Hogue
Opinion Observer

I grab your transient attention by opening with a meaningless anecdote that I will extrapolate into what I think is a profound message about life for my fellow students. Or perhaps I'll go with an out-of-context Gandhi quote. Either way, you are unable to resist my eloquent introduction, and I'll hold you captive for the remainder of this extremely important column.

Next, I summarize the happenings of a recent "controversy" or big news story unfolding around campus. I am expressing my deepest dissatisfaction with the situation, and disagree with all notions associated with it. You must know how terribly dissatisfied I am with the situation, for you will better appreciate my insights later on.

I am quite giddy with excitement as I prepare to convince you of the truth of my opinion. First, I offer incontrovertible, completely unbiased evidence that supports my opinion. Now, I am rigorously analyzing said evidence. Because I'm not much of an analytical thinker, I simply explain the example in great detail.

I offer another example, to assist my feeble-minded readers in seeing the light. Some more rigorous analysis follows this second example. Don't you see what the examples mean? They mean that I am right.

In this paragraph I will make a logical pole-vault, connecting my sloppy argumentation to my far-superior

opinion. Here, I make an empty concession or two about the opposite opinion. However, I follow them with sarcasm aimed at the preposterous notion that any opinion contrary to mine exists.

I assure you, you really don't need to know the other



side of the argument. It's wrong anyway. I hope this paragraph has explained to you why the opposition to my opinion is foolish and just plain wrong.

This paragraph is explaining to you why I am right, and always will be. In fact, I'll devote the next several paragraphs to explaining why I am right. That is, after all, the purpose of having my opinion column. I include multiple hypothetical questions to drive home my correct opinion.

I wish I could bang my fist on a podium right now. You must know how emphatically right my opinion is.

As my enthralling opinion piece boils towards a rollicking climax of rhetoric, I offer this rally cry for my fellow students to accept the truth of my holy opinion. My opinion is so much better than yours, because I am so much better than you. I'm getting quite excited now!

Fuck the Man! But I still want to maintain the status quo! I should write a gospel. 'The truth according to me.'

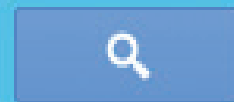
Do you think a collection of my angelic opinions will be canonized one day?

As I am grasping for relevance, I offer these cautionary statements warning of the disastrous consequences of not following the wise teachings of my opinion. I assure you, the world will be a perfect, sunshiny place and we'll all pee rainbows if you would just acknowledge the correctness of my opinion.

Michael is a sophomore in the College of Arts and Science.

He can be reached at icannotwaitto receiveyour emailsexpressingwholeheartedagreement@vanderbilt.edu

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COMPOSE

Inbox (3,309)

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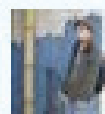
Search results...

Carl Joh

Mike Lus

Nicholas K

Adolf H



Justin John Barisich

to me ▾

4:42 PM (23 hours ago) ☆

Dear Jackasses Out in the World Who Failed to Learn How to Write an Email Properly,

It's pretty damn similar to composing a letter on paper with a pen! I have no idea where all your enigmatic, vague, and un-purposefully formatted bits came from immediately.

Maybe the abbreviated word "electronic" just makes you skittish and forgetful of that composing etiquette you learned back in, I don't know, the 5th grade. It's just overwhelmingly lazy. Really though, it's only a few extra keystrokes up front that can save you and me both from hours of textual confusion, slurs, and misspellings.

Letter writers the world over have used a pretty standard format for their correspondences for generations, and your emails are no different. Hence, for the sake of human composing a literate message rather than a psych-study monkey erratically banging on a keyboard whenever he gets a brain-impulse shock from a computer screen.

First, enter something into the goddamn subject line! It may sound like a stupid idea at first, but maybe you, or perhaps the recipient, might want to find out what this person surely doesn't give a shit about whatever he just sent me. Delete."

Second, use an opening greeting. Something as simple as "Hey, Sally," or something as sophisticated as "Dear Piece of Shit Who Got My Daughter Pregnant with Your Sperm," it's the first impression the recipient will have of you as a literate human. Also, in the event that your email lands in the wrong inbox, the other person will know exactly who you are.

Third, your email should actually have a coherent point contained somewhere within its body. If necessary, employ the "10-second rule" – as you would with a speech. Your rambles not only confuse me, but also anger me, and I am thus inclined to do exactly the opposite of whatever I discerned you were attempting to do.

Fourth, close the email. Like the opening salutation, this can be as quick or as thoughtful as you so desire. For example, "Your best friend forever" is standard, but "I'll be here for you the next 18 years, you bastard," is equally as memorable.

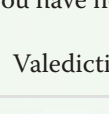
Fifth, sign your own name. It's not like you've grown familiar with it over the past 18+ years of your existence or anything. If you're extremely lazy or stupid, you can actually make one instead of just expecting it to spontaneously engender itself. Nicknames are also permissible, but only if the recipient is familiar with them.

There are few exceptions to these guidelines. My 70-something-year-old granny has an excuse. She still takes dictated notes in secretarial shorthand. She still has an operable ancient-school IBM computer. She still uses floppy disk versions of Wheel of Fortune and Scrabble. Email still sort of scares her to the point where she won't write one unless someone else is supervising, and she's afraid to delete it.

But you are not 70-something years old. You grew up surrounded by this shit and suckled the digital tit as soon as you left your mother's. You have ten years on me. Next time you write an email to your friends, family, or me, remember your email etiquette; it may be your only opportunity to appear to be a respectable person. You have no chance for revising and sugar-coating what you really want to say.

Valediction.

Justin



Click here to [Reply](#) or [Forward](#)

Rojert's Side!

By: Rojert Helleiland
Point of View Purveyor

We live in a pretty nice country. But, like every country, there's tons of stupid stuff going on all over the place here. With that in mind, we took one of our top writers, Rojert Helleiland, and let him tell us his feelings about each of our fifty glorious states. The opinions he shares here might not all be backed up by facts, but that's OK. Because anyone who disagrees with him is a communist.

Idaho: Boise State is trying so hard to make this state relevant, it's almost a little impressive.

North Dakota: I've yet to see conclusive proof that this state exists.

Michigan: This state looks like a mitten, which almost makes up for how shitty Detroit is.

Maine: Only state that is one syllable. Also, their state insect is the honeybee. Look it up.

New York: Very rude place. Nobody would talk to me on the elevator.

Indiana: Best corn, best people.

Kentucky: Fuck Kentucky

Missouri: Touches eight other states. Because Missouri loves company.

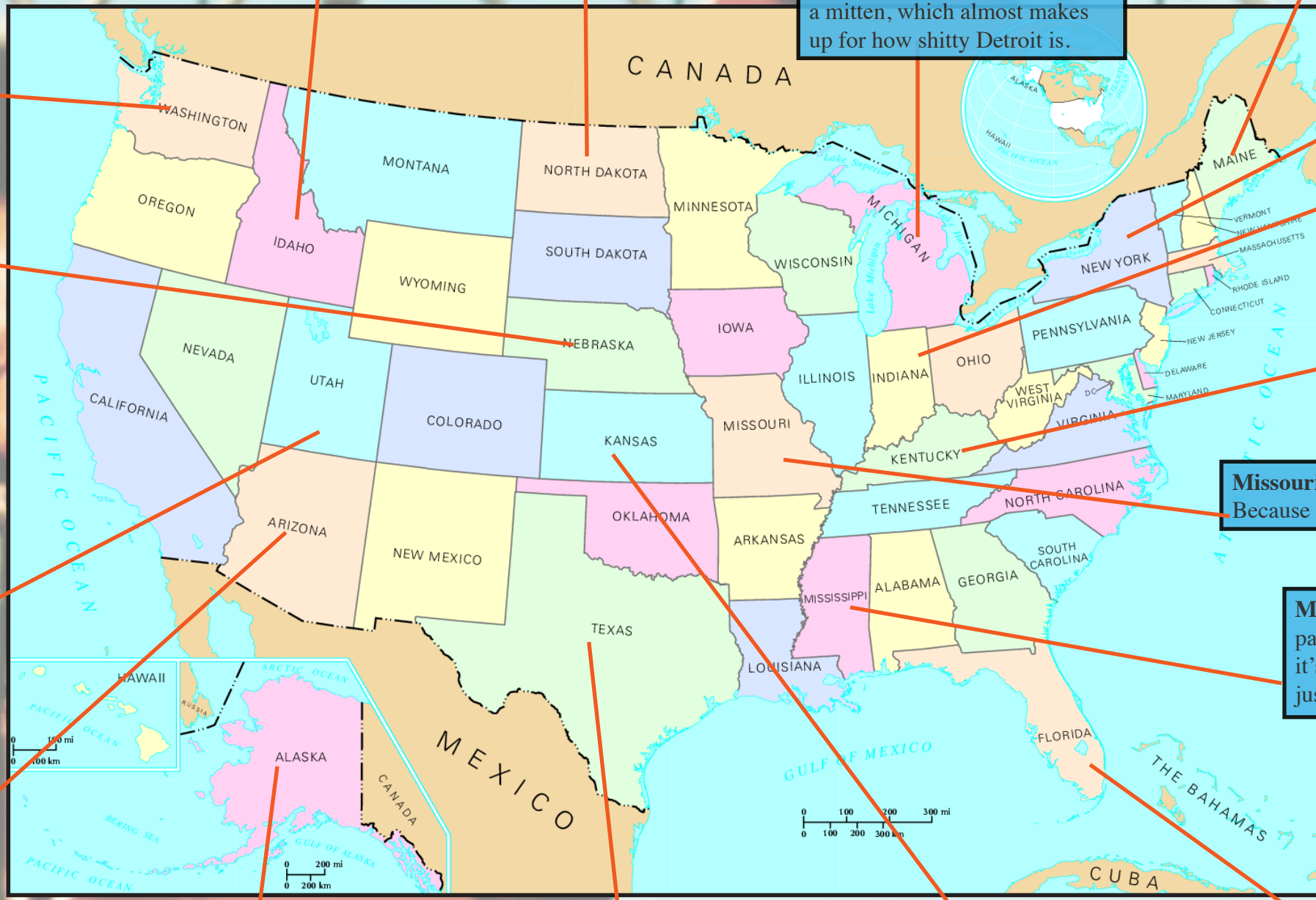
Mississippi: I'd rather P-P my pants than go here. Also, I bet it's really sticky. You can tell just by looking at it.

Florida: Instead of Democrats and Republicans, their political parties are "Rednecks in Jorts" and "Retired Jews."

Kansas: Smack dab in the middle, as if that means fucking anything.

Texas: People say it's nice, but nobody can tell you why.

Alaska: This state exists because we didn't want the commies to have a monopoly on unthinkably cold places.



Letters to the Editor: Letting Your Voice Be Heard

DEAR SLANT,

WHY HAS YOUR PUBLICATION REMAINED SUSPICIOUSLY SILENT ON THE SUBJECT OF CHEMTRAILS?

EVERYONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND KNOWS THAT THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN USING AIRPLANES TO POISON OUR BRAINS BY RAINING CHEMICALS UPON US FROM THE SKY.

BY REMAINING SILENT ON THIS ISSUE YOU ARE NOT JUST PUTTING YOURSELVES AT RISK, YOU ARE DOING A DISSERVICE TO ALL WHO READ YOUR PUBLICATION. WE ALL NEED TO KNOW THE IMPORTANCE OF NOT BREATHING OUTSIDE IN ORDER TO PROTECT OURSELVES FROM THE FALLING CHEMICALS.

PLEASE DO NOT LET THE FACT THAT I ALWAYS USE ALL CAPS DETRACT FROM MY CREDIBILITY AS A PERSON.

- Michael Thomas,
Eau Claire, WI

Dear Slant,

Mom says it's time for you to come downstairs and eat dinner. We're having that broccoli casserole stuff with mashed potatoes and the leftover hot dogs from last night.

Mom says not to let you just sit up in your room. You have to come downstairs. Mom says you spend too much time up there by yourself. Dad said that he thinks you're probably just jiggling your joystick. I'm not sure what that means but Mom laughed at him when he said it.

Anyway the food is already out on the table so just come down here, OK?

Also, have you seen my Barbie doll? I left her sitting out on the table and now she's gone.

Love,
Your Little Sister
Nikki Slant
Eau Claire, WI

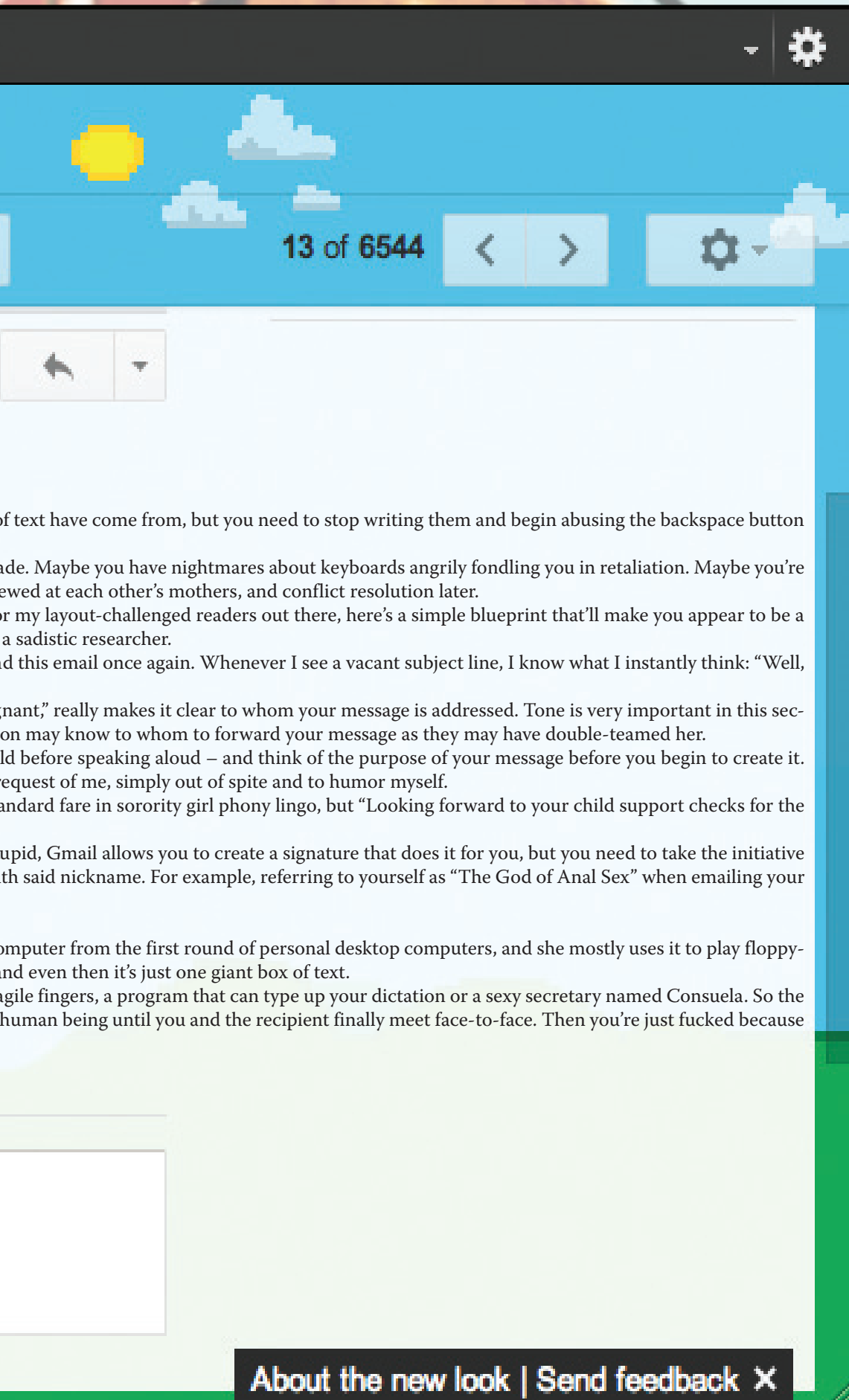
Dear Slant,

Could you please write something in your paper that will help me better understand *Being and Time* by Martin Heidegger. I have no idea what this book is about.

Is there some sort of trick to reading this book? I'm about fifty pages in right now and near as I can tell I still haven't made it to the end of the first sentence.

I am willing to do whatever it takes to understand this book, Slant. Really. Are there any cheat codes I can enter? If I bribe the book, will it be nicer to me? What if I tried to make some sort of sacrifice to the ghost of Heidegger? Would that help? If I go with the sacrifice, should I use live chickens or will dead ones be alright? Do you know anywhere on campus where I can purchase live chickens?

- Claire McCallum,
Nashville, TN



Non-White Youth for Western Civilization Offers Outlet for Non-White Social Conservatives

By: Andrew Snow
Whitey Watcher

A new group on campus, Non-White Youth for Western Civilization, seeks to challenge campus leftism in an inclusive space for people of all ethnic backgrounds. "For too long, the traditionalist right has been dominated by organizations whose membership is almost completely made up of straight, male Caucasians," club president, Fernando Cruz, told *The Slant*. "I decided to change that. The stakes are just too high to be marginalizing alternative voices in our nation's struggle against gays and Muslims."

Engineering sophomore and club member, Kristin White, agreed. "The homosexualist rights ideology threatens all of us, Americans of all creeds and colors," she argued. "If it succeeds to redefine socially-acceptable relationships, it will undermine our nation's morals with effects

every bit as disastrous as legalized miscegenation. The whole thing just reeks of socialism. Just listen to how many times they'll say 'equality! Who wants to be equal?'"

Though recently formed, the club has already garnered national attention. Heidi Brooks of the Southern Poverty Law Center commended the organization saying, "We are so incredibly happy that the Vanderbilt community is working to increase minority political participation. I think it really shows just how far our country has come in the last few decades that we can now hear black and Latino voices decrying job-stealing immigrants and fully participating in that vitriolic xenophobia which had for too long been a privilege exclusive to the white majority."

Back at the original Youth for Western Civilization, not everyone is as supportive. Keith Thompson, a junior history major, questioned their motives. "Why do [non-whites] always

have to make everything about race?" he asked. "I mean, our major presence on campus has been about fighting multiculturalism and illegal immigrants. What does race have to do with that? But no, it's always race with them and their ridiculous revisionism. Next thing you know they'll be claiming the Chinese Exclusion Act was racist!"

While other members also expressed concern, David Houston, YWC vice-president, said that he was "delighted that these minorities are now uniting with the new youth movement," in a separate, not-officially-affiliated organization, "to further the cause of America."

YWC president, Dane Alabaster, was unavailable for comment, but sources claim that he is working on an op-ed on the benefits of "compartmentalizing" for an upcoming issue of *The Hustler*.



It's just like the [W]YWC logo but more... urban.

Freshman Fails to Tell Everyone about Friday Night

By: Agbo Ikor
Friday Fanatic

The Vanderbilt community was shocked last Saturday morning when freshman John Carlson drank himself to oblivion Friday night and failed to talk about it the following morning.

Carlson was reported to have become thoroughly intoxicated and to have had "the best fucking night ever," according to his roommate, Dylan Frost. However, the following morning and subsequent days after the incident, Carlson appeared not to want to regale his fellow students with tales of his weekend debauchery.

"It's eerie," says Frost, "I mean, how can a person get that drunk and then not spread the tale of his own awesomeness? The guy had like seven shots of Everclear. You wanna know how I know that? Well, he sure as hell didn't tell me."

Sources say that Carlson did, in fact, consume seven consecutive shots of Everclear followed by approximately 1.3 pints of rum and Coke.

Witnesses of this feat of drinking prowess cannot seem to understand why Carlson would not want to spread tales of his alcoholic aptitude. "The guy's a legend," says junior, Kenneth Jones of "Shawn's Twenty-First Birthday" fame. "He was able to drink all that alcohol without puk-

ing or blacking out, and I'm pretty sure he almost got arrested. Why would you not want to brag about that?"

Bystanders from that night report that after consuming his beverages, Carlson made out with senior Sally Lutkin for approximately 45 minutes. Immediately following this tryst, witnesses reported seeing Carlson consume five burritos from Qdoba, steal the badge off a VUPD officer, and attempt to find and wake sleeping squirrels in a tree on Alumni Lawn.

Vanderbilt University officials are currently communicating with Carlson to see why he would keep mum about his Friday night libations. "It's just not normal," says Teri Mertz, chairperson of Vanderbilt's Alcohol Relations committee. "We encourage all our students not only to drink as much as their livers can take but also to talk about it incessantly. How are we supposed to know if we're doing our job right if Carlson won't give his account until we're all ready to bow down to his awesomeness?"

Some have speculated that Carlson simply doesn't remember the night, but Mertz disagrees, "Standard protocol is that not remembering the night warrants at least a week of 'Dude, what the fuck happened that night? I was so wasted' or 'I was so drunk, I can't remember a thing.' Carlson hasn't said either one of these things."

"Of course he remembers," says Frost. "I, of course, was telling my own tale of drinking heroics, and when I got to the part that involved John, he just smiled knowingly."

Carlson was not available to comment. When asked about predictions regarding Carlson's future weekend antics, Jones had this to say, "He can't keep this up for long. The guy's just too amazing. It kind of reminds me of when I was a freshman myself and I pre-gamed a McGill party with three shots of Everclear and drank like seven cups of the punch when I got there..."



Step 1: Puke
Step 2: TELL THE WORLD

Best of the Net:

Here are some stories that didn't make it in to this issue of *The Slant* but are currently trending topics on theslant.net:

1. Tiger Escapes From Nashville Zoo; Authorities Say It's "Cat-Tastrophe"
2. Planet of the Capes: Masked Primate Crusader in Wilson Basement
3. Student Puts on Condom Without Using Hands
4. Don Knotts Confusedly Arrives on Campus for Relay for Fife
5. Racism Still Not Funny
6. McTyiere Adds Na'Vi Language Floor

Trey Songz Donates Clothing to Underprivileged Women

By: Michael Hogue
Charitable Composer

On Thursday, October 20, R&B recording "artist" Trey Songz opened for the 11th annual Commodore Quake, a collaborative event between the Vanderbilt Music Group and the Office of Active Citizenship and Service (OACS).

The Petersburg, Virginia native performed a benefit concert for the students of Vanderbilt, donating many of his own clothing items to the underprivileged student body.

At the show, Songz reinvented the benefit concert, drawing on the traditional striptease act. During songs, the singer would remove articles of clothing while dancing around on stage. He then selflessly distributed these clothing items to his underprivileged audience of Vanderbilt sorority members.

In an interview after Quake, Trey Songz told *The Slant*, "I do it for the fans. These damn sexy ladies out there - I know what they want," presumably referring to his charitable acts of giving away slightly-used clothing articles.

A particularly moving moment in the show occurred when, during his performance of "Neighbors Know My Name," Songz removed his third and final shirt. The artist, prone to generosity, soaked up his sweat with the shirt before throw-

ing it to a needy female Vanderbilt student wearing a skin-tight dress from Banana Republic.

During his set, Songz took the time to invest personally in his impoverished audience. He interrupted many of his songs with long periods in which he spoke directly to his audience, walking around the stage and floor seating in Memorial Gymnasium to give concertgoers words of affirmation.

Songz told groups of females such inspiring messages as "You lookin' fine tonight," "You are some beautiful ladies in here tonight," and "Where my beautiful ladies at?" Sara DeTillard, a junior touched by Songz's generosity, claimed, "Oh my god he's so fucking gorgeous. Those abs... And look! I got his jacket! You can feel his heavenly sweat. Smell it!"

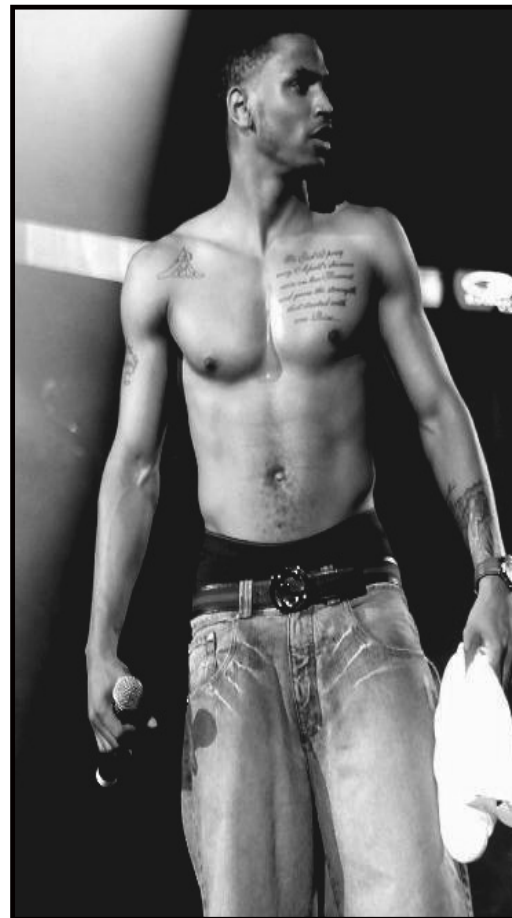
Responses such as this demonstrate Songz's complete selflessness and the impact of this charity event. Not only did the signer donate his own clothing items to Vanderbilt Quake attendees, but he made sure that each article was moistened with the highest quality sweat from his "perfectly sculpted face" and "chiseled abs."

Songz not only spoke encouraging messages to his audience like, "You ladies out there are so sexy," but also he graced the underprivileged student body with the presence of his "glorious abs."

Professor Mark Dalhouse, director of OACS, said of the event, "We see a need here in our Vanderbilt student body. At OACS, we believe it is our duty to create opportunities for community outreach. Music Group approached us with this idea, and we were happy to help facilitate this clothing drive to benefit our students in need."

In September, the Vanderbilt Music Group's announcement that supposedly "legendary rock band" My Morning Jacket would be headlining the annual Commodore Quake concert was met with an ironic mix of outcry and general apathy by the student body. However, students were appreciative of Music Group's booking of Songz's charity concert.

Said sophomore Kirsten Jenkins, "It's great that Music Group put on a show like this. They're really reaching out to needy students at Vanderbilt. This kind gesture shows how willing the artist is to go the extra mile to give back to his fans. And to give me a look at those perfect abs. Trey Songz is so hot."



Trey gave until he had nothing left to give.

Maintenance Workers Spotted on Campus

By: Katy Jaramillo
Workers' Sights Activist

Last Wednesday, two workers from Vanderbilt's housing maintenance crew were seen on campus by no fewer than seven eyewitnesses. The sightings occurred early last Wednesday morning in and around Towers East, where the workers had been called to repair an electrical problem in one of the suites. They reportedly arrived at 7:27 am, and remained until 8:14 am, when the problem was resolved.

"We were completely surprised," said junior Alice Keys. "I mean, we submitted a maintenance request in August, but we never expected it to go through." Her suite-mate, Jessie Winecroft, agreed with the sentiment. "I thought maintenance was just a myth," she said, "until they showed up on our doorstep."

Winecroft is not the only student who believed housing maintenance was simply a myth; a recent poll by the VSG showed that 78% of students are at least doubtful of its existence. However, a small margin of the Vanderbilt population does believe in maintenance workers: 3.5% of students polled said they had either seen a

maintenance worker or knew someone who had. "They sometimes gather around leaky faucets or broken AC units," said sophomore Matt Harwell. "You gotta know where to look."

The evidence does not seem to support Harwell's claim. While there have been dozens of sightings of maintenance workers over the past few years, most of these were discovered to be elaborate hoaxes or fraternity pranks. In 2009, several senior frat boys dressed up as maintenance workers one night and sneaked over to the freshmen Commons, surprising several first years. This past Halloween, there were multiple sightings of maintenance workers, all of which turned out to be a single student in costume. "I was so disappointed," said senior Max Rogers. "I ran over to ask the dude to fix my leaky ceiling, but it turned out it was just that weird kid from Orgo in a maintenance costume."

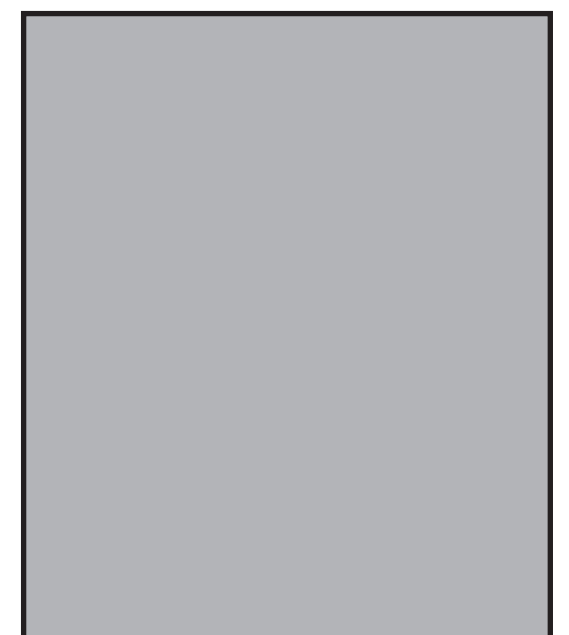
Stories like this are becoming even more common with the onset of winter; more than ever, students are in need of working heaters to keep them warm. And broken heaters are not the only problem. "My windows won't close," one junior laments. "It's always cold, but it's worse when it rains." With housing problems on the rise and

the temperature dropping, many students are turning to the Housing and Residential Education website for answers.

Sophomore Matt Harwell tells students not to worry; the coming weeks of cold weather will drive many members of the housing maintenance crew indoors, where they will be easier to spot. "If you see one," he advises, "be careful not to scare them off. Let them come to you." He is not at all discouraged by the fact that few Vanderbilt students believe in housing maintenance anymore. "It's a tricky process, but sometimes it pays off," he assures. And for Alice Keys and Jessie Winecroft, it did. "The experience was totally surreal," said Keys. "I wish I'd taken a picture. I don't think anyone will believe me."

Whether you believe Keys or not, the lack of hard evidence has done nothing to stem the interest generated by this incident. The story has attracted the attention of fringe reporters and investigative groups from across Tennessee. "Somebody fixed the electricity in that dorm," said one reporter, "and its our job to find out who." The first team of investigators arrived over the weekend and are confident in their methods. "We use the latest technology: motion sensors,

night vision, the works," said the lead investigator. "If there are maintenance workers around here, we'll find 'em."



We wanted to get a picture of some workers for this but... well...

Student Fucks Bitch

By: Elise Lasko
Language Lover

Reporting from the Tolman lobby five minutes ago, junior resident Phillip Langston bragged to his friends that he "beat that bitch's pussy up" last night in a downtown Nashville men's bathroom.

Friends appear both stricken and impressed while high-fives and fist-pumps were exchanged.

In response to questions of how the events transpired, Philip reportedly said "I don't remember much. We were in the bathroom? Man, I thought we at least made it back to her room. That would explain the urinal."

During his press conference, long-time friend Colin Johnson was seen falling to the lobby couch laughing and asking "Well, how was it other than that?"

We waited in anticipation as Langston recalled "All I can say is that she got the best lay she's ever had. She kept saying something about taking her higher. Who the fuck knows what that bitch meant. I just railed her until I was done and then got in a cab and left her waiting in the men's room."

When asked if these sorts of rendezvous are typical male behavior at Vanderbilt, friend of Langston said, "More often than not. Especially with those Gamma Gamma Gamma girls."

We later discovered that Fischer is indeed one of the members of the Tri-Gam family, giving va-

lidity to the earlier statement.

Recently single Kim Kardashian tweeted @philliplangston "you are the coolest. my bed's still warm from my mom Kris. Come over. c u soon."

Reporters were especially anxious to hear from Langston's own mother who is quoted saying, "I cannot tell you what a privilege it is that my boy is getting this attention for such a rewarding act. It is much deserved and appreciated both by myself and him. I'm pretty sure of it."

Sources say that when asked about prophylactics, Philip indicates that he did recall some alternative version was used, similar to that of a plastic Ziploc bag found in his left back jeans pocket, evidently keeping last week's sandwich remains safer than his semen.

Johnson told reporters that Philip had last gotten laid at his cousin's bar mitzvah seven years prior to the night's transpirings.

The lucky female participant in last night's festivities, Jenny Fischer was quoted saying, "I mean, I thought it was very affectionate and thoughtful. I'm convinced the reason he didn't ask for my number was that he was too intimidated to ask afterwards. The whole thing was very sensitive." She had no comment when asked if she too would hold a press conference.



That's right, sweetie, this is how all the big actresses got their start.

"Do You Know a Brother" Policy Implemented Across Campus

By: Clay Christain
A Brotha's Brotha

In an effort to increase awareness, Dean of Students Mark Bandas announced in a press conference on Tuesday that the all-heralded Community Creed will be amended to include the importance of knowing a brother.

"The Community Creed currently consists of the following aspects: Scholarship, Honesty, Civility, Accountability, Caring, Discovery and Celebration," said Dean of Students Mark Bandas. "Interestingly enough, we mistakenly displaced 'Networking' from the initial draft of the creed. Nothing else at Vanderbilt represents this aspect more than 'Do you know a brother?'"

An example of this new policy has been presented on the Dean of Students website and is described as follows:

A student signs up for his classes on YES, upon clicking 'enroll,' a pop-up message asks "Do you know a brother?" Failure to answer this question honestly results in being waitlisted for the class until a brother can be met.

Although initial reactions from the Greek community were positive, confusion has arisen as to how Greek students have been frequently proven in fact not to know a brother.

"Dude, I didn't think that teacher was going to drop a bomb on me like that," said Delta Tau Pi brother Jake Denard. "I mean, I was accepted into Philosophy 101, so I thought everything was going to be ok, but then my teacher pulls me aside after lecture and asks, 'Do you know a brother?' For the longest time, I thought I did, I mean - I'm in a frat, but after that first Philosophy class, I'm not sure anymore. Am I a brother? Aren't we all brothers? Who's actually a brother? I watched Big Brother once..."

Outside of the classroom at Rand dining hall, many students are yearning for the previously frequently asked questions of "You want a pickle?" or "Meal plan?"

"If they're gonna ask me this everyday," junior Theodore Logan said, "I'm going to start eating exclusively at the munchie marts, where they're not going to say anything to me anyway."

What is quickly becoming known as "the brother problem" has also negatively impacted student turnout at football games. Upon being asked the question by an usher, most people remember that there are in fact fraternity parties going on at that exact moment, so they simply turn around and abandon all desires of actually going to a football game.

"Vanderbilt students are the best, brightest and most dedicated students in the world," Head Coach James Franklin said, "but, Christ almighty, you guys won't even attend free entertainment? Just admit that you do know a brother and go on in there and cheer for the black and gold!"

It is unclear what the long-term ramifications of the brother policy will entail. Most speculate that like all other rules, regulations and general etiquette guidelines, it will be completely ignored by all employees of the University except for freshmen-level class teachers and said students' Resident Advisors.



Take it from this ho. She's tight with lots of brothers.

NEWSFLASH:
Student Newspaper Runs out of Room on its Page and isn't Able to Run Important Story Ab-

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

- (609): Remember what Lord Byron once said: "Kick some fucking ass out there boys!"
- (440): hey, fyi, I have mono. Be careful of the dishes.
- (678): I'm not dressed. Can you grab me from Towers at... uh... when I call you?
- (817): I saved it in my contacts so I can stalk you whenever I want.
- (504): Biddies behind me at lunch kept repeating the word "syrup" with different pronunciations. They sounded like the seagulls from Finding Nemo.
- (678): Oh, go stick your head in an oven.
- (678): Kick some oral ass!
- (678): (nuzzle, nuzzle, nuzzle)

Alright, be honest, what did you do to the SAE house?

Ty Pennington



I got all kinds of extreme on that bitch.

KKK



Well WE didn't burn the cross into their lawn.

Shit Tornado



I'll admit this looks like my work, but this was not me. I promise.

Peer Pressure



Caused some reaaaally bad decisions.

Charlemagne



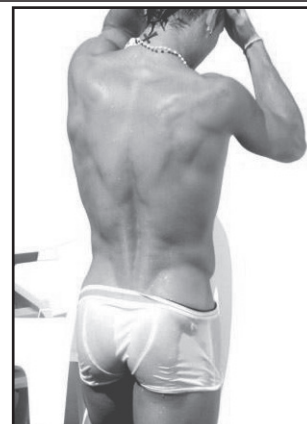
I was merely trying to retake my castle from the unrighteous hands of these filthy Greek peasants!

H. P. Lovecraft



I invited horrors from realms which your mortal mind couldn't possibly imagine and unleashed them upon this filthy shithole.

SAE Alumnus



Nothing, really, the place was like that when we got there!

SAE Alumna



Wait, do I exist?

TOP TEN
Things to do with a Time Machine

- 10 Sex stuff.
 - 9 Kill Hitler.
 - 8 Go back in time and bet on sports.
 - 7 Meet BB King. (Wait, is he dead yet?)
 - 6 Pull lots of mean pranks on Hitler, then kill Hitler.
 - 5 Figure out when the end of the world will be. Tell nobody.
- Go back in time and say something prophetic. For example: give a young Michael Jordan a basketball and say, "Here, go be really good at this."
- 3 Be a nerd like Hermione and use the power to take more classes.
 - 2 Undo existence, just to see what happens.
- Dress up as a woman, go out on a nice date with Hitler, and act like you're totally in to him, but then don't answer his phone calls for a week and then eventually you just call him and say it's not going to work out and don't explain why. Then, kill Hitler.
- 1

Study Finds that Foreigners Lag in Real Life, Too

By: Jim Gillin
International Idiot

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil—A traffic accident, with no driver claiming responsibility, took place this September. While normally a second thought wouldn't be given to such an event, something sets this accident apart from all others: both drivers are blaming the accident on lag.

The American motorist, Zach Jewell, claims he was crossing the intersection, but he could see that the other driver's car was several yards away and had no chance of hitting him. The Brazilian driver, Yara Melo, says she saw Zach's vehicle crossing in front of her.

"I could swear it was already past, and then suddenly— crash! Our cars were crunched together in the middle of the road." Enraged about the accident, which he perceived as Melo's fault, Jewell screamed "Fuckin' lag!!!! I swear I drove RIGHT PAST HER."

This accident is only one instance of lag occurring between peoples "IRL," or "in real life." Lag occurs when events are slightly out-of-sync with one another, causing disrupted activity.

Lag was once thought to be confined to online gaming where slow internet connections caused players to miss shots at their

opponents or appear to be stuck in the same spot. However, sociologists at the University of Minnesota, in cooperation with engineers, have released a study linking several previously-mysterious real-life events to lag.

Stephen Turnet, Ph.D., author of the study, traveled around the world with his colleagues seeking evidence of real-life lag among foreign peoples.

He shared with *The Slant* some of his startling discoveries. "I was walking down a street in the market," said Joseph Catlin, an American tourist taking a walk through a busy market in Seoul, South Korea, "and all of the vendors were running in place, stuck in their spots. Some of them were running into walls for minutes at a time. I'd never seen lag so bad!"

Soldiers are having extreme difficulty with lag problems as well. Government sources confided to *The Slant* that the reason the United States has not committed to the war on drug cartels in South America may be because of lag between combatants which unnecessarily puts soldiers' lives in danger.

Staff Sergeant J.R. Head admitted, "it's one thing to have a soldier take a bullet, God forbid, if he makes a mistake. But when he makes it to cover and a bullet magically kills him by shooting through the spot he was in a few seconds ago, that really demoralizes the company. Fuckin' lag."

One man interviewed said he was purchasing a hot dog from a Persian immigrant street vendor. He said the vendor assembled his hot dog in intermittent jerky movements, then just dropped it on the ground, totally missing the customer's outstretched hand.

"If I was just a second quicker, I would have caught it," said the man. "It just felt like something was out of sync between us."

While the issue can be serious, engineers involved in the study believe the best thing to do is suck it up and provide wider margins for error in all interactions with foreigners.

It may be tempting to blame our mistakes on lag, but we must be understanding and keep our cool in the face of foreigners calling us "n00bs" for screwing up. After all, not every country can afford good internet like America.



Seen here: the tragic effects of foreigner lag

God Rewards Raleigh, NC with Pleasant Weather

By: Dan King
Deity Dude

God, creator of the universe and omnipotent ruler of all that is, was, and ever shall be, saw fit to reward the city of Raleigh, North Carolina with unseasonably warm weather this weekend.

God has long been known to show his favor or distaste for a given area using only the weather. In the past, God has used hurricanes to show his anger at New Orleans, an earthquake to show his hatred for the East coast, and constant rain to show his disappointment with England.

This weekend, however, was a pleasant change of pace for God, who is usually seen only showing anger with the weather. In this case, God was instead rewarding all the wonderful people of Raleigh for their many good deeds.

The weekend began with a bright and sunny Friday, and temperatures stayed in the low seventies all day. Typically, Raleigh will have slightly lower temperatures around this time of year, but, somehow, the weather remained warm and sunny all the way through until the end of the day on Sunday. There was no precipitation anywhere in the Raleigh area for the entire weekend.

Preacher and meteorologist Pat Robertson often offers his interpretations of these weather-based signs from God. He told *The Slant*, "We all remember when God sent that earthquake to tell us how angry he was over centuries of hedonism in Haiti... well, apparently God is now trying to tell us that he feels pretty good about whatever has been going on in Raleigh for the past few days."

Many have come forward to speculate about why, specifically, God has decided to favor Raleigh recently. Kevin O'Leary lives in Raleigh and says that his wife, Mary, "...has been volunteering down at the soup kitchen every weekend for years now. It's nice to see God finally reward her by making it slightly warmer in our town."

The Union of Raleigh-Durham Religious Leaders released a statement this past Tuesday thanking God for the nice weather. Their statistics indicate that over 30,000 people attended religious services in Raleigh this past weekend, and that over 1 million good deeds have been logged in the area just in the past two weeks.

The URDLR says, "We are very grateful that God has finally

recognized all the good things we do...and some nice weather was a great way to do it. We'd like to encourage everyone to continue their efforts to be better people and hope that God will reward us by giving us good traveling weather on Thanksgiving."

Despite these statistics, some skeptics have come out questioning God's judgement in this instance. Officer Marty Janowski is a police officer in Raleigh, and he says that he's seen some horrible things that would certainly not deserve good weather.

"Last week, I saw three different people steal candy from three different babies! And now I hear that God is casting his warm embrace upon these people? It's disgusting."

The Slant tried to reach God for a comment on these questions, but the ruler of the universe simply responded to our email by sending twenty minutes of snow flurries to Ontario, Canada.

Slant theometeorologists have yet to interpret this action.

While Raleigh residents are happy to think of themselves as being part of God's chosen people, they remain jealous of Honolulu, Hawaii. God has consistently shown favor for the island by granting them continuously good weather for the past several centuries.



The easiest way for the creator of all that is, was, and ever shall be to communicate with us is through the weather.

You Won't Join The Slant!—No Balls!

Yeah, you, you bastard. What you lookin' here for? You think you can join *The Slant*? Ha, fat chance, punk. You couldn't ever hope to be a part of something other than yo' momma's book club, except it's not a club for books, it's a club for sniffin' poo vapors.

Man, it's so great knowing that you, the reader, is not a part of this humor-peddling society. Let's all have a toast to how pathetic you are!

Oh he's a jolly good fellow, he's a jolly good fellow, he's a jolly good fellow who everyone can deny!

You won't come anywhere near Sarratt 130 on Thursday at 8:00 for our super elite meetings, and you won't email daniel.j.king@vanderbilt.edu to tell him you want to write for us.

You know why you're not going to do this stuff? Because you got NO BALLS! That's right; you lack in the pants. You're like a hockey game, 'cuz no one's playin with any balls.

Just give up now and put your dreams in the trash can with your half-eaten Quiznos.

No balls no balls!



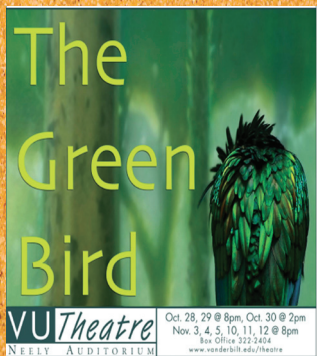
By: Richard McGee

Bitch, ya got no ballz!

THE SLANT BULLETIN BOARD



Submit to The Vanderbilt Review
thevandyreview@gmail.com
by Dec. 1st!
Paint it. Write it. See it. Read it.



Lots of Vanderbilt tudents are up in arms because our university has decided that some religious student groups violate our non-discrimination policy. The issue here is that some student organizations require their leaders to believe the same things as their groups, which may or may not violate Vandy's existing non-discrimination policy. If the school decides that it does, religious student orgs would have to remove these policies from their by-laws or stop accepting money from the school.

RELIGIOUS COMIC!

I've decided to draw this diagram in an effort to calm everyone's fears. I'm Catholic, so I'll use VandyCatholic as my example organization, but I promise, this applies to every single religious student org.

