

Versus

The Vanderbilt Hustler's Arts & Entertainment Magazine

FEBRUARY 24—MARCH 2, 2010 VOL. 48, N° 6

Versus gives up their vices

PLACES TO GO, PEOPLE TO SEE

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25

Dear Companion — Mercy Lounge

Taking the stage at the Mercy Lounge this Thursday night is Dear Companion, the collaborative side project from three Kentucky musicians. Providing the backbone for the collaboration are Ben Sallee and Daniel Martin Moore, the primary songwriters and performers. Producing the music and lending his own talent to some songs is Jim James of My Morning Jacket. The band is currently touring in support of their debut album, which was just released on January 16.

(\$12 in advance, \$16 at door, 9 p.m., 1 Cannery Row)

Trey Anastasio — Ryman Auditorium

The legendary Ryman Auditorium plays host to the biggest show in town tonight, welcoming Phish front man and guitar virtuoso Trey Anastasio to the stage for a one night stint. Best known for his work with the biggest jam band in history, Trey is a phenomenal musician and composer in his own right, composing 152 Phish songs (140 are his solo compositions) as well as being ranked the 73rd greatest guitarist of all time by Rolling Stone magazine. From mind-blowing solos to gorgeous acoustic ballads, Trey's show has it all. If you are in the mood for some phenomenal musicianship and stage presence, don't miss this show.

(\$39.50, 7:30 p.m., 116 5th Ave. North)

Eric Church — Wildhorse Saloon

Listening to long, improvisational solos not your thing? Looking to find a less hippie-fied crowd? Look no further than the Wildhorse Saloon, where country rocker Eric Church takes the stage. Currently traveling the country on the "Jagermeister Country Tour," Church takes the best of southern rock and country and mashes it together into one explosive package. With songs like "Hell on the Heart" and "Love Your Love the Most" bursting onto the charts, this Nashville native has become a national star, so his homecoming should be ... one wild party, for lack of better words.

(\$22.50, 7:30 p.m., 120 2nd Ave. North)

The Wonder Years with Therefore I Am, Man Overboard, & Murdock — Rocketown

Philadelphia hardcore punk/pop punk band The Wonder Years return to Nashville for a show at the skate park and venue Rocketown. After releasing their most recent album "The Upsides" at the end of January, The Wonder Years cemented themselves as pop punk mainstays, reaching No. 4 on the Billboard Alternative Artist chart and No. 9 on the Billboard Top New Artists chart. Joining The Wonder Years are hardcore punk bands Therefore I Am and Murdock and pop-punk group Man Overboard.

(\$8, 6 p.m., 401 6th Ave. South)

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26

The Second City Touring Co. — Sarratt Cinema

Born in the 1970s out of the improvisational comedy primordial ooze that is Chicago's Old Town neighborhood, the Second City is one of the nation's premier comedic schools. This organization has produced some of the most notable and hysterical comedians of recent decades, including Mike Myers, Bill Murray, Chris Farley, Jim Belushi, Steven Colbert and Tina Fey. Vanderbilt is doing its students a great service by offering a preview of the potential next generation of comedy greats; be sure not to miss it.

(\$51, 7 p.m., 2301 Vanderbilt Place)

Kyle Andrews w/ Madi Diaz & The Silver Seas — Exit/In

Nashville's own electronic rock head honcho, Kyle Andrews, bring his brand of "eclectic bedroom rock" to Exit/In this Friday. At times angsty, and with a hint of emo, Andrews' sound is "loaded down with vocal effects, alien attack sounds, drum machines, synthesizers and driving electric guitars." Also be sure to check out Madi Diaz, a musician with a "staggering voice" and a "gift for poignant melodies and innovative arrangements."

(\$7, 8 p.m., 2208 Elliston Place)

Vermicious Knids w/ Elsinore, Milktooth, & We Landed on the Moon — The 5 Spot

Recently named an IndieRockCafe.com band to watch, the Vermicious Knids are as unique as their name (drawn from Roald Dahl's "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory"). Difficult to categorize into a singular genre, the group delivers "earnest, addictive pop woven with seductive indie rock." The band demonstrates a command of music that allows them to shift the tone of a piece at the drop of the dime. Everything about this band is stirring, from their aggressive lead guitar to inspired background vocals.

(Time and Cost TBA, 1006 Forrest Ave.)

Chris Scruggs w Cheer Up Charlie Daniels — The Basement

The Washington Post aptly described Chris Scruggs as "part John Lennon pop and part Milton Brown western swing with a little bit of White Stripes edginess." His style of country recalls an earlier time of country musicianship, while fused with a lyricism that rings of modernity that is still reminiscent of eternal themes. Accompanying Scruggs is Cheer Up Charlie Daniels, a band whose "robotically-themed stage shows [and] colorfully outlandish costuming" are a sight to see. While these two performances certainly offer a stark contrast, it should be a fun evening at The Basement.

(\$5, 9 p.m., 1604 8th Ave. South)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27

Neighborly Love Haiti Benefit — Rumours Wine and Art Bar

If you'd like to make a donation to Haiti relief in a cool and different way, check out "Neighborly Love" at Blackbird Tattoo and Rumours Wine Bar. There will be a wide range of musical performances, including Buffalo Clover, Eric Zarycki and the Persuasion and Ghostfinger, as well as DJ sets from William Tyler, Johnny 8track and RPD. Look out for silent auctions, raffles and other fun stuff like that. Oh, and if you want to get that sweet biker tat you've always wanted, you should do it — 25% of the Blackbird tattoos will be donated. All the proceeds will go the World Food Program.

(TBA, 5 p.m. — 10 p.m., 2304 12th Ave. South)

Help Haiti Live — Ryman Auditorium

Feeling philanthropic? Head over to the once-church-now-rockin' venue, the Ryman Auditorium, for "Help Haiti Live," a huge benefit concert hosted by Big Kenny and including some great country performances by Alison Krauss and Union Station featuring Jerry Douglas, Jars of Clay, Mat Kearney, Dave Barnes, Matt Wertz and Brandon Heath. All proceeds go to benefit Compassion International's relief efforts.

(\$65, \$35 & \$25, 7:30 p.m., 116 5th Ave. North)

Mashville — The End

Everyone should experience The End at least one time in their lives. And if you are in that hipster kind of mood, then make that first time tonight! Although this grunge city central is known for its kickass rock shows, tonight's music will be a change of pace. A Nashville Scene Critic Pick, DJ crew "Mashville," will be at your electronic service, dishing out some crazy cool beats. DJ Wick-it, Kidsmeal, Orig and Mike Vulcan will also be there spinning up a storm. So make your way to The End if you want to dance and just get a little weird.

(\$5, 9 p.m., 2219 Elliston Place)

Noir Fest 2 — The Belcourt

In the mood for British and French noir-ish crime thrillers? Sounds a little random, yes, but who cares? Check out the month-long film series Noir Fest 2 at The Belcourt. There will be not one but two going on today/tonight: Le Samourai, a 1960s Herman Melville masterpiece about "a killer-for-hire with the instincts of a Japanese warrior and the features of Adonis" and Pepe Le Moko, "one of the most influential films of the 20th century" about the notorious Pepe le Moko himself: "women long for him, rivals hope to destroy him, and the law is breathing down his neck at every turn."

(Le Samourai: 12 p.m., Pepe Le Moko: 4:20, 7 p.m., 2102 Belcourt Ave.)

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321-3340

STATION INN
402 12th Ave. South 37203
255-3307

THE BASEMENT
1604 Eighth Ave. South 37203
254-1604

F. SCOTT'S RESTAURANT AND JAZZ BAR
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Party and Bullshit



1. Katie Martell, Will Hershey and friends **2.** Patrick Seamens and Brian Waggoner in costume (we hope) for one of the weekend's sorority date parties **3.** Sophomore Allegra Noonan celebrates the weekend's warm weather **4.** Will Parks, Alex Korey and Jessie Tapper make love to the camera from the window of junior Erin O'Donovan's birthday party bus.

From the Editor



I don't know what I was thinking when I agreed to give up sweets for Versus' mini-Lent. Actually, I take that back, I do know: My section editors tried to make me give up alcohol, and this was our compromise. My editorial veto got me that far, at least; which is to say, it got me deeper into the pits of failure than I have ever been before. During my week of abstinence, I would have probably sucked on raw sugar cubes if I had them in my dorm room. I have done that before. But sugar is likely the least harmful of my vices (despite the protestations of my dentist and, again, my mother), and since this week proved that I find it impossible to refuse, I have instead compiled a list of other, more harmful habits upon which I should immediately activate a permanent "Lent" (if not for religion's sake, for that of my sanity and dignity):

- **Drunk munching** (when I'm sober, Bagel Bites actually taste like cardboard and cheese-flavored felt, and I would probably lose about 10 pounds)
- **Refusing to take Adderall** (pride cometh before the fall ... of my GPA)
- **Impulse buys** (I have impulse bought a small stuffed animal that my roommate and I named "Lanolin" as well as two "bottoms up" shot glasses that are molded after human buttocks ...)
- **Costumes that involve only spandex and animal ears** (do I look like a freshman? Actually, no, and thus the problem)
- **Shotgunning** (not only can I barely open the beer properly, I am always the last to finish and inevitably spill half of it, leaving a shameful puddle on the ground)
- **Sigma Chi** (no further comment)
- **Spending my savings on unnecessary clothing** (I get my workout by trying to move the clothes in my tiny, stuffed closet to insert a new hanger)
- **Staying up late and doing nothing productive** (screw you, stumbleupon)
- **Embarrassing middle school throwback music** (on Sunday I bought Brand New's 2006 album "The Devil and God are Raging Inside Me.")
- **Skipping class** (I haven't been to my 11 a.m. T/R in two weeks. Sorry, Professor Kreyling ...)
- **Spending too much time in the newsroom** (it's past midnight. Goodbye!)

Avery Spofford

Words to live by in seventeen syllables

Best phone call ever:
Swapping Mardi Gras stories
With my Grandfather.

Best email ever:
Dolla Beal mentioning his
Freshness and cleanness.

OVERHEARD

Some people on this campus just don't think before they speak. Sometimes we are lucky enough to overhear what they say.

Compiled from the Facebook group "Overheard at Vanderbilt"



Guy outside Memorial Gym: "Phone tag: Don't hate the player, hate the game."

(Girl in response to seeing an American Eagle sweatshirt): "What the fuck is Alpha Epsilon?"

Girl (to guy): "Just because you're gay doesn't mean you can touch me like that!"

Girl in Branscomb: "Yeah, I was faking being drunk earlier. He was talking to me like I was a baby."

Anonymous Sorority Girl: "Have you read Harry Potter? They're like, a thousand pages."

Basketball Player: "I don't read."

A.S.G.: "Oh, that's nice! Where are you from?"

B.P.: "Houston."

A.S.G.: "Do you know so-and-so from Dallas? Aren't they, like, the same? I'm from L.A."



Horoscopes



PISCES 2/19-3/20

No, dude, "bleeding heart liberal" is not a medical condition.



ARIES 3/21-4/19

Words to live by: Billy likes to drink soda, Miss Lippy's car is green.



TAURUS 4/20-5/20

No matter how ugly they are, TOMS shoes save lives. Don't be such a Grinch.



GEMINI 5/21-6/21

Great idea: Let's leave empty glass bottles in the shower. No one ever slips in there.



CANCER 6/22-7/22

Still don't know what you are doing for Spring Break? No, there won't be any frat parties those weekends.



LEO 7/23-8/22

Sick of the Olympics? Too bad! Support America, you terrorist!



VIRGO 8/23-9/22

Drink a little bit less this week. Those extra shots don't look so good on you.



LIBRA 9/23-10/22

You will go to Dan McGuinness and a firework will not explode in your face, because that happened last week.



SCORPIO 10/23-11/21

You will fail the same test this week that you failed last week. That test is called Life.



SAGITTARIUS 11/22-12/21

You will eat at Burger Town for the first time in your life. Welcome to Paradise, U.S.A.



CAPRICORN 12/22-1/19

Give money to 'Dores for Haiti. Wyatt says so.



AQUARIUS 1/20-2/18

If you wake up on the wrong side of the bed, get back in and wake up on the right side. Seems like a simple solution.

CULTURE

Giving it up: A Vanderbilt commentary on Lent

EMILIE HALL
Staff Writer

Having reached the ripe old age of 21, I have decided that, frankly, I put up with a bit too much bullshit from a few too many people. I have decided to take a stand and speak out about the real issues confronting young people (aka me) today. Therefore, I have compiled a list of people and places that I am cutting out of my life:

1) Dealing with everyone that works at Cafe Coco

Ok, I know how I must look to you. Yes, occasionally I wear clothes that I did not weave on a loom and no, I do not drink yak milk and I have actually never shot heroin into my eyeballs. I understand that you are very tough



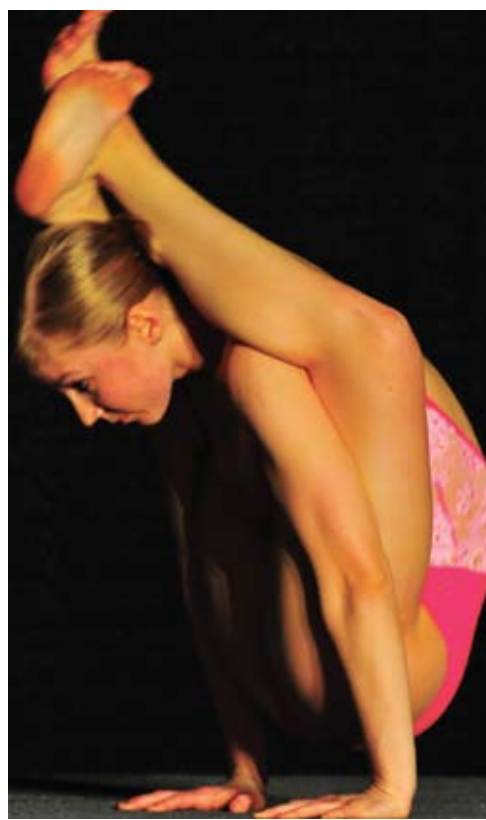
WriteInMyJournal.com

and/or very weird. But, please do not look at my peers and me as though we are all card-carrying members of the Bristol Palin Fan Club. Please do your best not to roll your eyes when I hand you my Vanderbilt Card. You should just know that I could

tell you stories that would make those curly hairs on your upper lip stand on end. All right, I probably couldn't do that, but may I please have my diet Coke with a minimum of condescension and no threat of wayward spittle?

2) Pretending to like Hot Yoga

I have a very low threshold for discomfort. Despite knowing this about myself, I fell prey to your cutesy pink advertisements and was willing to try your yoga fad. Even though I hate to be hot and I hate to exercise, I decided to try hot exercise with you. While you, leotarded Lucifer, may weigh 85 pounds and be able to wrap your ankle around your neck twice, I was



EricStone.com

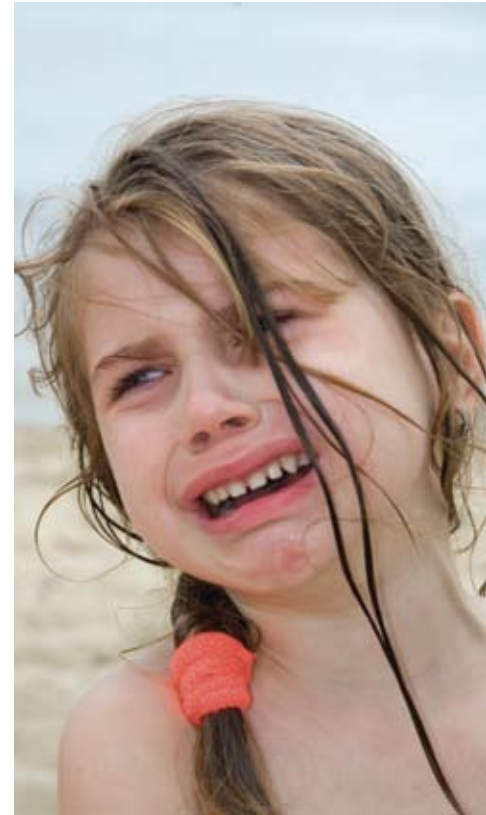
raised to think that that was dangerous and unnecessary behavior. Forgive me. Not only was nothing in your studio pink (your ads really are misleading), but your towels were very expensive and your attitude forced me to refer to you in my head

as "Haughty Yoga." After spending \$25 and having a frightening brush with death by hyperventilation, I have confirmed what I knew all along because of that song: I am not into yoga, I am into champagne.

3) College-relationship obsessed girl

Oh, girl, how to begin? I have listened to you cry over the same boy for about two years now. I have pretended to be interested in the color of his shirts and the contents of his drunk voicemails. I have squealed with delight when you told me that he was finally settling down because he thoughtfully gave you the rest of his sandwich. However, I must now put my foot down because I see that you are, despite your horrible taste in

men, a pretty smart girl. From now on, I will not be a witness to someone of your caliber shedding tears over someone who I saw, yesterday, blow a snot rocket onto the pavement and laugh for four and a half minutes. Life is too short. ☹



Addiction.NarcOnRehab.com

TUESDAY NIGHT SHOWDOWN

Sportsman's: Where drinking is more than a game

MATT SHELTON
Culture Editor

So, Varsity Grille is the new kid on the block, sporting everything from five dollar pitchers and 18+ admission to beer pong tables and two huge bars to accommodate any alcoholic needs instantaneously. While it may seem appealing to the less experienced bar-goers among us, this bar-turned-frat house is the exact scene that upperclassmen are sick of: freshmen chugging pitchers from an over-sized straw after scrubbing the too-pigmented black ink from their hands. drunk "Baby Insert-Greek-Letters-Here"s dancing on any available elevated surface.

Sportsman's, on the other hand, is for those who would pay an extra dollar per beer for a brand of brew that doesn't have a Super Bowl ad spot. Offering two-for-one drafts on Tuesday evenings, Sportsman's is just as accomodating to the college budget as Varsity Grille, and never charges a cover. This bar will make you a Gin

Collins if you ask for it, and the friendly bartenders and Vanderbilt student security staff make the environment a relaxing and enjoyable break from frat parties, Hollywood Disco and ... places like Varsity Grille.

The bar's two-tiered format allows for a separation between casual drinkers downstairs (opting to have a few beers and hang out as a study break before their test the next morning) and the DTR (down to rage) drinkers upstairs. Some nights, the formula is reversed, with a DJ downstairs playing upbeat music and a more relaxed atmosphere upstairs — a welcome change of pace for the well-seasoned weeknight drinker. The live tunes and pool tables upstairs create an ambiance far different from what the overly loud, top-40 dance mix Grille has to offer, providing legitimate music and a sociable atmosphere without the stumbling, spilling masses and radio rap beats.

While it may be fun to add a fourth night of loud music, cheap beer and

pong to the week, I opt to leave that for the weekend. Break up the monotony by adding in a more chill night at Sportsman's — this bar has been a Vanderbilt favorite since before any of us arrived on this campus, so show some respect for your elders. ☹

Varsity Grille: The "new" Tuesday night

TAYLOR BACKUS
Staff Writer

"When did Tuesday nights become mandatory?" someone demanded as I discussed the Varsity Grille vs. Sportsman's debate. I've always enjoyed Tuesdays and previously frequented

Sportsman's, but I think Tuesday nights became mandatory, at least for me, when the "new" Varsity Grille came onto the scene this semester.

Perhaps it's the fact that it's 30 seconds away from me (I got Kisslamed), but there's just something that's easy and fun about Varsity. And that's what Tuesdays should be — fun, but easy and low key. They're sort of like a warm-up for the weekend (Thursday is part of the weekend, I don't care what anyone else tells you).

Something about Sportsman's, however, makes the night too much of an ordeal for a Tuesday. There's always a long line to get in (something I've never encountered on a Tuesday at Varsity), then a line to get upstairs and then another impossible line to get to the bar. One senior aptly describes it as "Too much waiting for not enough fun." In fact, the worst part about a night at Sportsman's is the struggle to get upstairs, both physical and verbal. Whether waiting in line, debating with

your friends whether to get in line or forcing your way through the line, it's nearly impossible to have fun if you get to this bar between the hours of 10:45 p.m. and 1 a.m. During that span, there will be a horrendous wait.

At Varsity, there's easy bar access, recognizable and friendly bartenders and staff, familiar Varsity frequenters, beer pong (always a crowd pleaser), no cover and you only have to be 18 (freshmen, that means you can come, too). Also, the various areas (including the fabulously warm porch-like smoking room that's the perfect escape from the crowd) allow you to experience different atmospheres and see different people without committing to one space like you have to do at Sportsman's (where it's a nightmare to move around). The open space Varsity provides is the perfect atmosphere for a great night out.

So, if you're a Tuesday nighter — which everyone should be — get out of that line at Sportsman's and get over to Varsity Grille! ☹



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PM	\$12 w	\$12 w	\$12 w	\$12 w	\$12 w	\$12 w	
	4:30 w	4:30 w	4:30 w	4:30 w	4:30 w	4:30 w	4:30 w
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ENTERTAINMENT

A CLOSER LOOK: THE ART OF TAKING ONE'S CLOTHES OFF

A survival guide: The female revue

BARTON KING
Staff Writer

Rule 1: Prepare yourself. A lot.

If the idea of a public display of debauchery doesn't excite you, keep preparing until it does.

Rule 2: Roll deep like the president

Female Revue attendance should never be a solo occasion unless your wife just cheated on you with a used car salesman. Considering we are free from that sort of tragic circumstance, you must make your visit with at least three but preferably five or more of your best Bros to ensure a stay that is free from conflict or judgment. You will ensure, however, that your group of Bros does not exceed ten, because then it seems as if you gentlemen are on a field trip.

Exception to Rule 2, Part 2:

Bringing women is always encouraged. As many women as possible in addition to the original four to ten Bros is acceptable. Women may say they don't enjoy strip clubs, but this is false. Non-professional women at strip clubs get more attention and have more fun than anyone else in attendance, and they often don't even have to pay a cover.

Rule 3: Act like you have been there before

These places are like dogs — they can smell any sort of apprehension. If you walk into a club with the slightest hint of nerves, the lovely dancers and bartenders will take you off of their radar, while the security staff and traditionally upstanding members of the community that attend these clubs will have their eyes glued to you. With confidence, you have won the battle before it has even begun.

Rule 4: Legal tender for all debts public and private

This is not Chili's. These girls don't

take your Vandy card. Hit a bank earlier in the afternoon to get lots and lots of Washington's.

Rule 5: Location, location, location

Choose the seating of your entourage wisely. Anything within five yards of the stage is too close, but anything outside of ten yards is too far. This optimal distance allows frequent interaction with wandering talent while avoiding the unduly expensive harassment of onstage performers. Sitting in concentric circles is essential so as to provide space for professional visitors and equal affection for all of your Bros.

Rule 6: Don't handle the merchandise

Unless you want a painfully early exit, don't initiate any contact.

Rule 7: Use your Inside Voice

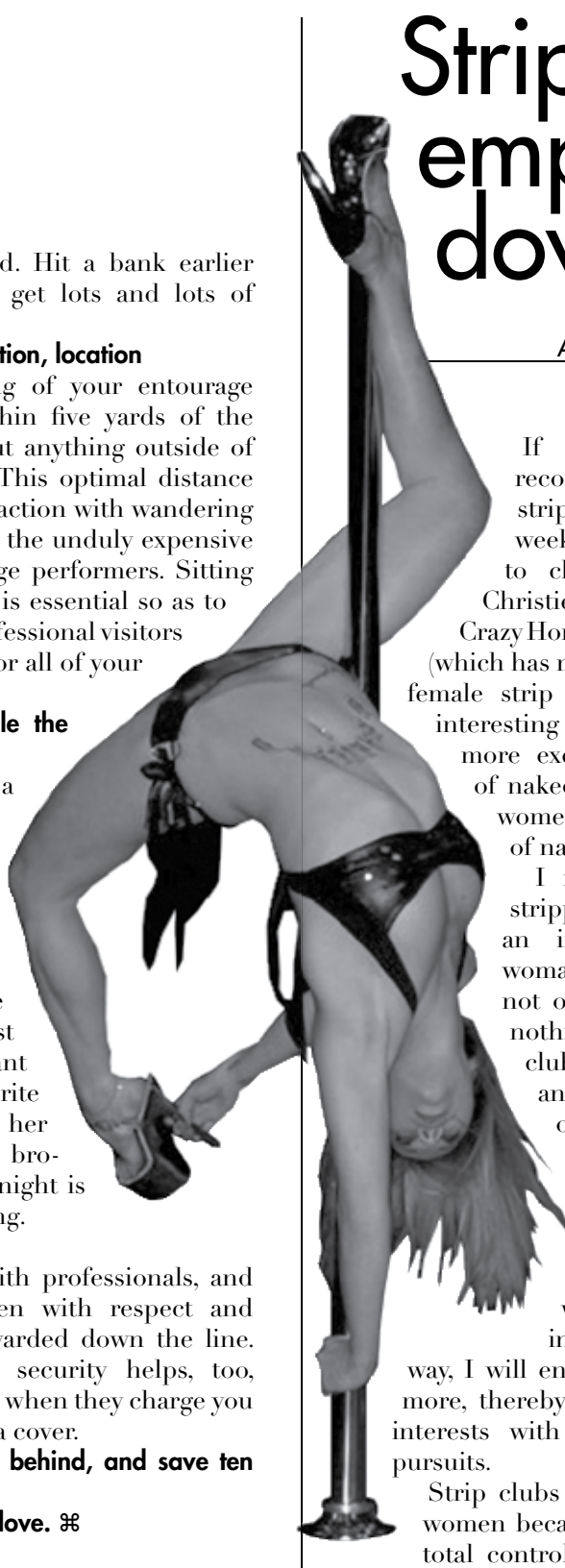
This isn't Knoxville, and you're a gentleman. Rest assured that if you want to talk to your favorite talent, she'll make her way over to your bro-tourage before the night is complete, so no yelling.

Rule 8: Cordial is cool

You are dealing with professionals, and treating these women with respect and humor is always rewarded down the line. Being respectful to security helps, too, believe it or not, even when they charge you your inheritance for a cover.

Rule 9: Leave no Bro behind, and save ten dollars for a cab

Rule 10: Don't fall in love. ☹



stripandgrowrich.com

Stripping: Entertaining, empowering and down-right difficult

ALEXIS TABAK
Staff Writer

If you are over 18, I recommend going to a strip club in Nashville this weekend. There are many to choose from, including Christie's Cabaret, Pure Gold's Crazy Horse and Arrow Night Club (which has male strippers). However, female strip clubs are much more interesting because men are much more excited about the notion of naked female strangers than women are about the notion of naked male strangers.

I find the profession of stripping fascinating. As an intellectual Republican woman of the 21st century, not only do I think there is nothing wrong with strip clubs, I fully support them and plan on opening one of my own with a couple of girlfriends after college. The club will be a library by day and a strip club by night. The librarians will turn into strippers in the evening. This way, I will encourage society to read more, thereby combining intellectual interests with trivial, more physical pursuits.

Strip clubs promote confidence in women because the strippers are in total control of their sexuality and

recognize that the impact they have on men can get them hundred dollar bills in their lacy thongs. They take this knowledge of the power of the naked female visual and use it to pay their rent. Strippers are confident, sexy and smart. They show the world that women can be in control of their sexuality and still have all the power — even without their clothes.

But it's not all fun and games being a stripper. If you choose to go into this profession, make sure you add some karate classes to your daily workouts in order to beat up any of the clients that get too touchy. The lifestyle of stripping is certainly not easy; I always laugh when I hear women say, "Screw this assignment, I'll just be a stripper." This is nearly the equivalent of saying, "Screw this assignment, I will just be a computer technician for Goldman Sachs." My point is that both acquire certain skills to be able to properly do your job. Not everyone can be a stripper — strippers are in impeccable shape, are excellent dancers and have to have enough street smarts to call their supervisors if one of their clients becomes too forward.

The occupation of taking off one's clothes is brilliant; the woman is empowered because of her ability to entrance her audience. The men think they are in control because they objectify what they see, but in reality it's all just a fantasy. The men are able to fantasize that these beautiful women with amazing dance skills are actually interested in them, and that makes them feel powerful. After the show, the men have to go back to their existence as a father of three and a nine-to-five job, while the strippers can go out for drinks with the money the men gave them. ☹

Heneke ties together a masterpiece with 'Ribbon'

BEN RIES
Staff Writer

I received a surprising email from FliCX (Faculty Led interactive Cinematic eXplorations) last Friday informing me that over 65 students, faculty and staff were registered for the 5:10 screening of "The White Ribbon" (2009) at the Belcourt Theatre. The fact that so many members of the Vanderbilt community showed up for a Friday night screening of a 144-minute German language film says volumes about the praise the movie has received.

Haneke's last effort, "Cache" (2005), sparked endless rounds of discussion and debate with its enigmatic central mystery and insightful

metaphorical undertones. The critical acclaim for "Cache" was nearly universal, and The London Times recently named it the best movie of the last decade. The greatest accomplishment of "Cache" was to teach mass audiences how to watch a Haneke film — when "The White Ribbon" first premiered, the world was ready. It has already garnered a plethora of awards, including the Palme d'Or at the Cannes Film Festival, a Golden Globe Award for Best Foreign Language Film and two Oscar nominations.

The story takes place in an isolated German village sometime around 1913 and follows the townspeople's reactions to a series of mysterious acts of malevolence: a doctor is

injured when his horse trips over a wire, children are found beaten, a barn burns down. Haneke, in typical form, makes the literal identity of the culprits irrelevant — "The White Ribbon" toys with our assumption that movie mysteries are destined to be explained and resolved. The focus is instead the atmosphere that perpetuates the continuing cycle of violence.

Christian Berger's astounding black-and-white cinematography (deservedly Oscar-nominated) stresses the sharp ethical distinctions preached by the town's adults and establishes an aura of flashback (the story is recounted by a local schoolteacher whose awkward romantic interactions with

a new maid provide some hilarious comic relief).

Haneke eschews smooth scene transitions as Monika Willi's editing abruptly cycles between confrontations within different families. Dark secrets are revealed. An accident at a saw mill sparks revenge. In the name of purity, the town's pastor (Burghart Klaußner) unleashes harsh punishments on his children over slight discretions. Society unravels as the townspeople grow paranoid.

Haneke urges us to re-evaluate the assumptions that go into watching a movie. The masterful final shot of "Cache" hid a crucial clue in plain sight that went unnoticed by most members of the audience (myself included) on



AwardsDaily.com

first viewing. The final shot of "The White Ribbon" divides the children from the adults, emphasizing the disturbing (and unmentioned) fact that the boys and girls of 1913, who have been so tormented by their parents' hypocritical imposition of absolute morality, will be the adults

behind the atrocities of World War II as Fascism takes hold of their country.

Michael Haneke is a visionary in the truest sense — an auteur of courageous innovation — and with "The White Ribbon" he has delivered quite possibly the best movie of 2009. ☹

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MUSIC

'The license plate spelled 'FRESH' and it had dice in the mirror'

The best theme songs of the past 25 years

GRANT DARWIN
Music Editor

Theme songs stick in our heads like peanut butter (or soy nut butter, for those of you with allergies) sticks to the roofs of our mouths. While the art of the theme song has been lost to an era dependent on increasing ad time, we at Versus dared to ask the question: which are truly the best TV theme songs of the post-1985 era?

1. Cheers

The introductory piano to this theme song is unmistakable and effervescent. As classic as any bar sing-a-long can be, it is a heartfelt ode to the value of human companionship. The "Cheers" theme song calls you to join your closest friends and neighbors for a drink, to "take a break from all your worries," because sometimes getting through the day "takes everything you've got!" Even if your friends aren't Ted Danson, Woody Harrelson or Kelsey Grammer, the reality is this: when life gets tough, "sometimes you want to go/where everybody knows your name!"



2. The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air

Cued by the opening beats of this theme, you would be hard pressed to find someone of our generation who does not know all of the words. Will Smith's tale of his journey from the basketball courts of West Philadelphia to the cushy world of Bel-Air aristocracy is whimsically creative. With witty lines like "I pulled up to the house about seven or eight/And I yelled to the cabbie, 'Yo Homes, smell ya later,'" this was Rap 101, and with a little help from critically acclaimed composer Quincy Jones, an introductory lesson in "freshness" that has had lasting impressions.

3. Friends

Reaching as high as No. 17 on the Billboard Charts (in 1995), "I'll Be There for You" by the Rembrandts was a successful track even without the help of these six New York thirty-somethings. Yet it was the powerhouse sitcom that turned a run-of-the-mill pop tune into one of the most memorable themes in television history. Upon hearing "So no one told you life was gonna be this way," we timed our claps just right and fell in love with a song that identified the bond between those who are sure to "be there for you" through Hell or high water.



4. Scrubs

Zach Braff is known for his ability to link music to sentiment, evidenced by the entire "Garden State" soundtrack. In choosing California alt-rock group Lazlo Bane's song "Superman" to be the theme for Scrubs, he hit the nail on the head. The emotionally realistic chorus declaring, "I can't do this all on my own, I'm no Superman" describes the fundamental human flaw that the Scrubs doctors must confront. In the field of medical care, the precipice between life and death, these individuals strive to be something more, only to be reminded that they are still only human.



5. Barney

"Barney is a dinosaur from our imagination, when he's tall he's what we call a dinosaur sensation!" Come on, you guys! This song was a critical part of our most formative years. Announcing the arrival of a big goofy purple dinosaur and the little brats who were lucky enough to attend the generic school where he hung out, this was one of the first songs we learned the words to. The first song we hummed to ourselves in the hallways of pre-school and irritatingly sang in the back of the minivan. Of course, we did our very best in the latter years of elementary school to satirically convert this tune into our own rebelliously violent versions, changing, "I love you, you love me, we're a happy family," to, "I hate you, you hate me, lets get together and kill Barney." Short but sweet, this theme was an indelible part of our childhoods. ☹

Indie fans smell 'Surfer Blood' in the water

OLIVER HAN
Staff Writer

As the last song plays, I find myself in a trance as I sluggishly bump and push my way through the pulsing crowd, away from the stage and out into the cool night air. Sitting down on the patio behind The End drenched in sweet, sweet Surfer sweat and surrounded by a halo of lit cigarettes, I try to recuperate my stunned mind from the absolute brilliance Surfer Blood just hammered me with.

Surfer Blood is a young indie rock quartet from West Palm Beach, Fl. With a sound like Vampire Weekend mixed with Ra Ra Riot on a Beach Boys record, this band blew the roof off The End Saturday night with an eight-song set off their recently released debut album, "Astro Coast." The sheer energy present in the venue that night was, in my mind, like a sheet of golden-lit vellum floating just barely above the heads of the crowd. Each excited fist pump, jump and head rock would touch the sheet and

penetrate it, sending sparks of golden light toward the stage so that the Surfers could eat it up. This was the picture in my head as I experienced song after song.

The band opened with the album's first track, "Floating Vibes," an energetic, guitar-hook-driven masterpiece. Other songs, like the rhythmically seductive "Harmonix," the gorgeous "Take It Easy" and the Beach Boys power-pop rocker "Twin Peaks" sounded out with precision and talent beyond the band's years.

My favorite moment, however, was when the charismatic young Surfer himself, J.P. Pitts (singer/guitarist and frontman), flung himself onto the crowd mid-chorus on the band's final song, "Swim." Sure, the guy looks barely old enough to drive, but there he was before a sold-out crowd (a rarity at The End), rocking out on his guitar, crowd surfing and telling us to "Take it easy/Let's take it easy!" I couldn't help but grin when the minor chugged his beer in between songs. This kid is living the dream, and he embodies Surfer Blood's spirit. Rock on guys, rock on. ☹

pbpulse.com



'Wu Tang Clan (still) ain't nothin' to fuck with'

TAYLOR BACKUS
Staff Writer

When listening to "Return of the Wu and Friends" for the first time, I admit I was rather skeptical. I was waiting through the beginning thinking, "Umm, okay ... This is interesting, but where the heck is this going?" But then at the end you realize that if you don't press next before listening all the way through, there is much more to it than just a slew of obscene threats.

After making it through the whole album and listening to some of the later songs a few more times, however, I began to appreciate the beginning of the album even more. Take, for instance, the opening track, "Clap 2010." At first, it annoyed me: it had a certain Kanye-esque commercialism to it, which I don't mind, but when I put on a Wu album I'm looking for something different. After having a few listens, however, this commercial aspect faded away and I came to enjoy the song.

My advice? Be patient. Hold off on passing judgment on the album at

least until you get to "Strawberries & Cream" (officially my new anthem) and "Station ID," a track that is, in a way, the heartbeat of the album. It's in no way the most genius of the Wu-Tang songs, but there's something about it that spreads rhythm from your head and slowly down through the rest of your body. People were conspicuously staring at me as I wrote this review while listening to "Station ID," perplexed at what could possibly inspire so much movement.

In total, the album has just enough of everything: both slower and faster songs, obnoxious (in the good Wu-Tang way) and calmer songs and plenty of that classic Wu-Tang sound, but with a slightly new twist. In this Vandy world of incessantly overwhelming Gaga-tized Taylor Swift tracks, I hope this album receives at least a portion of the recognition it deserves. At the very least, if I hear any of these songs playing at a frat or bumping from a neighboring room in the next few weeks, I will be thoroughly impressed. ☹

hiphopwalls.com



"I've been accused of vulgarity. I say that's bullshit."

— Mel Brooks

R. Kelly's 'Closet' has more going on than Narnia's wardrobe

JOE AGUIRRE
Staff Writer

R. Kelly has the voice of our generation; his expressive vocals soar above even the most revered of current R&B idols. Yet, I entreat you, curious readers, to delve back into the greatest masterpiece Kells ever created, the "Trapped in the Closet" series. This seminal work revolutionized not only music, but the entertainment world as a whole, delivered through the vehicle of a vivid urban opera dealing with issues of sexual infidelity and a downward spiral of crime and deception.



graphics8.nytimes.com

Suffice it to say, "Trapped in the Closet" packs an emotional punch. Seriously, YouTube that shit and enjoy the magic. As Wikipedia says, "The only chord progression used is an Am chord (with a C in bass which then slides down to an A) to an E-Major chord (with a G# in the bass, which then slides down to an E) with crescendos and more instruments added at some points, thus adding suspense. The song then returns to its tonic E-Major chord." In layman's terms, the musical simplicity is as basic as it gets. Thus, only a genius like R.

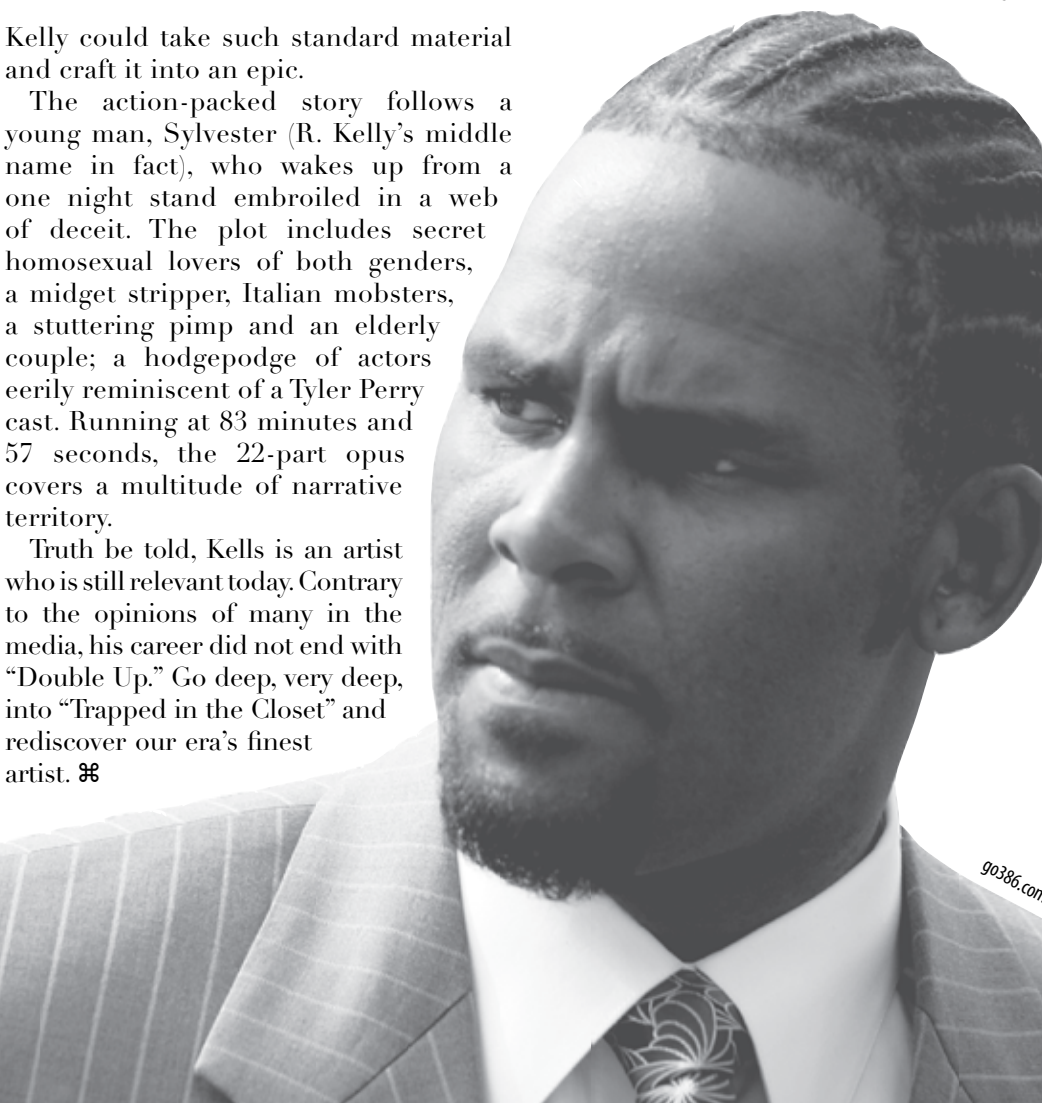


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Kelly could take such standard material and craft it into an epic.

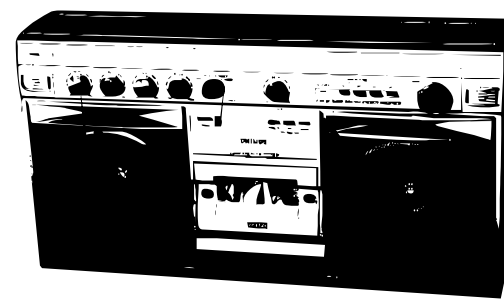
The action-packed story follows a young man, Sylvester (R. Kelly's middle name in fact), who wakes up from a one night stand embroiled in a web of deceit. The plot includes secret homosexual lovers of both genders, a midget stripper, Italian mobsters, a stuttering pimp and an elderly couple; a hodgepodge of actors eerily reminiscent of a Tyler Perry cast. Running at 83 minutes and 57 seconds, the 22-part opus covers a multitude of narrative territory.

Truth be told, Kells is an artist who is still relevant today. Contrary to the opinions of many in the media, his career did not end with "Double Up." Go deep, very deep, into "Trapped in the Closet" and rediscover our era's finest artist. ☼



90386.com

SOUNDTRACK TO THE ISSUE



Below, the editors share what tracks we've been spinning as we create the glory you're holding in your hands.

1. "Rebirth" — Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
2. "Roses in the Park" — Lichtenstein
3. "I'll Be Your Breeze" — Andrew Belle
4. "Kabulectro" — Balkan Beat Box
5. "All Things Must Pass" — George Harrison
6. "Rome" — Phoenix
7. "Symphonies (Remix)" — Dan Black feat. Kid CuDi
8. "The Web" — The Roots
9. "Jude Law and A Semester Abroad" — Brand New
10. "Hurricane Jane" — Black Kids

'Truth and Consequences' ... of sound

ANDREW NATHAN
Staff Writer

Consequence of Sound is your one-stop shop for anything and everything you need to know about what's happening in the world of music. Every day the blog posts articles on all kinds of music news, ranging from upcoming album releases to tour announcements and concert reviews. Most blogs are only able to cover a specific genre or the biggest bands, but CoS separates itself from the pack by covering artists across the spectrum — big and small, mainstream and obscure, from hip hop to indie rock, empowered by a large staff of dedicated writers.

Because CoS draws its news from industry insiders and is a well-regarded blog, CoS often has exclusive reports on the latest music industry rumblings. Personally, I enjoy the "Festival Outlook" section, which provides information on a myriad of global music festivals. Each festival is given its own page, complete with a breakdown of the lineup (if one has been announced) as well as information on "expected" and "rumored" artists. If you plan on heading down to Manchester, TN for Bonnaroo, you're not going to want to start planning without taking a look at the "CoS Festival Survival Guide" which gives festival-goers exclusive tips on getting to 'Roo and camping, among other invaluable miscellaneous pointers to help you make it through the festival without passing out in

the wrong tent and missing that band you've been trying to see for the last four years. Some other can't-miss features of the site include the weekly Friday mix tape, a guide to your favorite concert venues across the country and in-depth interviews from high-profile artists.

There's so much cool, exclusive information to check out on Consequence of Sound that you might find yourself sifting through the site into the early morning hours instead of writing that make-or-break paper due at 9 a.m. the next morning. The consequence of Consequence of Sound is that it guarantees that you will be in the know — the site provides a means to stay current on music and discover that hidden gem of a band. At the very least, it's definitely worth a bookmark. ☼



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FASHION

THE SKINNY *on* FASHION WEEK



Viktor & Rolf, style.com

LAUREN JUNGE
Fashion Editor

While sports fans have the literal Super Bowl to look forward to, we fashionistas have two “Super Bowls of Fashion” to gear up for: The “who’s who” of the fashion industry gets together twice a year, for the unveiling of designers’ fall designs in February and their spring collections in September. While there are shows/fashion weeks around the world, the big ones are New York, London, Milan and Paris; during these shows, designers from that area will present their collections — for example, Ralph Lauren shows his collection in New York, while Chanel shows in Paris. Feb. 11-18 was New York Fashion Week (NYFW), during which designers presented their lines for Fall 2010 (sometimes referred to A/W for autumn and winter) ready-to-wear (RTW), which refers to clothes that will hit stores in the fall — basically, what you buy when you go to Bloomingdale’s or a boutique. In addition, select designers show an haute couture collection, which is a high-quality line of clothes that are bought through custom order only. ☞

The Autumn/Winter 2010 collections

Here’s just a sneak peek of the 143 A/W 2010 collections. For more, check out InsideVandy.

The Preppster: Boy by Band of Outsiders

New York, February 13



STYLE.COM

Boy by Band of Outsiders designer Scott Sternberg evoked the snow-covered Manhattan suburbs with his funky, winter-weather-ready, WASP-esque Fall collection. A chunky camel cardigan and scarf worn with brown plaid cuffed trousers and oversize blue-lens sunglasses created the perfect preppy-but-chic look, while his paisley print blouses and dresses, which the designer says were inspired by writer Joan Didion, presented a fun, freeing, yet still classic look. What made this print even more fabulous was how it was developed — Sternberg created the print by manipulating Polaroid images of silk ties. His creativity didn’t stop there — he used his favorite REI hiking socks as the inspiration for his mélange wool turtlenecks, skirts and pants (with reinforced knees). Other funky takes on classics like these included his platform sandals made from watch straps and a skirt sewn together from neckties. While these pieces are definite twists on staples of a prepster’s wardrobe, his collection was not all fun and games. What keeps the collection (and his payroll) grounded are his slightly tweaked preppy American classics such as a double-breasted gray flannel jacket he paired with terry sweatpants or a checkered flannel shirt buttoned to the neck (worn with slim corduroy trousers paired with a silver fox peacoat). So ditch those pastel Polos for fall and throw on any of these looks instead — I guarantee you’ll look classically cool. ☞

The New Yorker: Donna Karan

New York, February 15



STYLE.COM

Donna Karan’s signature label celebrated its 25th anniversary this year, giving the iconic designer a chance to reflect on her career as well as the designs that made her who she is today — for example, the overwhelming majority of her fall lineup is black, which is a clear throwback to the “Seven Easy Pieces” collection that put her on the fashion map. While this collection was full of reminiscent looks, it was by no means a “greatest hits” collection. Instead, Karan used her past collections to pave the way for her latest line. Using two key ideas from her last two collections, sculptured tailoring and draped dresses, combined with a dead-on focus for fall’s latest trend — dense, nubby texturing — she created a new look for the Karan line that used a more full, away-from-the-body silhouette. Showing cocoon coats with sculptural shawl collars, short bubble skirts in tactile wool and double organza, sack coats in printed lynx fur or black-and-white tweed seamed in contrast satin or laminated wool and heavy-gauge cashmere-wool cardigans, the collection epitomizes a born-and-bred New Yorker. The sack coats brings to mind slush-drenched New York pavement, which most NYFW-goers have had to endure at some point, while the cardigans would make a perfect fit for a breezy fall city weekend. And, of course, the countless pant and jacket pairs in jet black are perfect for any New Yorker hard at work. Or, for those work-by-day and gala-by-night girls, Karan’s short, draped, electric blue, washed duchesse satin strapless bubble dress or her floor-length gowns in stretch hammered satin with plunging cowl necklines are sure show-stoppers. ☞

Location, location, location

“Bryant Park became the beacon of what fashion stands for — an industry that’s fearless, timeless, and always moving forward.”
— Anna Wintour, Editor-in-Chief, Vogue

Last year, the city promised to provide a newer, bigger showcase to house the bi-annual fashion week event, moving away from the traditional tents at Bryant Park, which has been home to NYFW since 1993. Beginning in September 2010, NYFW will move to Damrosch Park at the Lincoln Center complex on the opposite side of the city (we’re talking East to West side here), which is home to the renowned Metropolitan Opera House and

American Ballet Theater. Sadly, the white tents of Bryant Park us New Yorkers have come to love as a symbol of our fashion-forward city ended once and for all with Tommy Hilfiger’s show. At the end of the show, Hilfiger added a closing speech, congratulating Fern Mallis, IMG, and Stan Herman, who managed to make the tents come to life every year. Mallis was equally appreciative, saying of Hilfiger, “This whole place was built to put American designers on the map, and Tommy is Mr. America.” It was a fitting show, and a fitting scale of show. It wasn’t, you know, a little show in the Salon — it was a big, beautiful show, and everyone was there. It was a beautiful collection, too, which is even more important. Ending it that way and acknowledging us all, it was really poignant and lovely and it made me feel good.” Well, guess there really is no better way to end America’s fashion claim to fame, NYFW, than with none other than Mr. America himself. ☞



FASHIONLAWYERBLOG.COM

Model down!

NYFW is definitely chaotic. But, despite the fast-paced environment, the fashion industry’s faithful ‘hangers’ are expected to stand tall — essentially, models should strive to remain upright.

This season there were an abundance of model casualties. The week’s spills began with Agness Deyn, who fell not once, but twice at fellow model Naomi Campbell’s Fashion for Relief show (benefiting Haiti). Upon getting up, she tumbled down again —

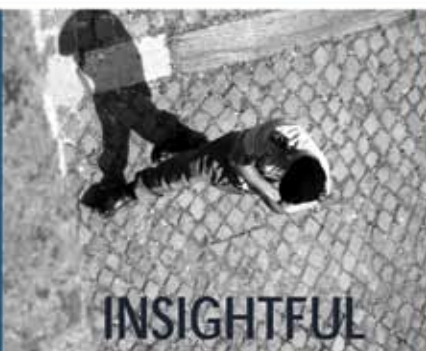
laughing it off, Deyn picked herself up and removed the source of her stumbling: four inch platforms. Ever the trooper, she tweeted, “First show of fashion week! Took a tumble! Got up! Fell again. Should have stayed down the first time. Twice! WTF! Ouch my knees!” Following in Deyn’s footsteps, model Mathilde Frachon fell at the Marc by Marc Jacobs show, which coincidentally also happened to take place on her 20th birthday. While I definitely felt for Deyn’s trouble with teetering four inch heels, I am a little less sympathetic for Frachon, who was in a kitten-heeled lace-up boot ... but, perhaps poor traction is to blame. I just hope she survived the sure-to-ensue blackout of her birthday without a face-plant. ☞



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Versus gives up their vices

In honor of the onset of Lent (Hey, religious readers! We see you! Ignore the stripper on page 4), each of the Versus editors spent the past week abstaining from one of our many (many ... many) vices. From alcohol (everyone's favorite "drug") to the addiction of our generation, Facebook, we covered all of our bases to give you a sneak peek at what it's like to go without.

Alcohol

Matt Shelton, Culture Editor

"Epic fail ... Drink"

The single driving force behind almost 90% of all social interactions at Vanderbilt is alcohol. Living for a week without this social lubricant only further highlighted this fact. Everywhere I went, the presence and prevalence of alcohol was clear, and I was stuck sober. I courageously fought through Monday and Tuesday night, denying drink after drink, as my friends whispered Saucer and Sportsman's into my ear. Waking up for my 9 a.m. class on Wednesday has never been so easy, and my demeanor was noticeably improved from the usual hump day depression. As Thursday, the weekend, rolled around, the real test began, and only espresso after espresso could steel my reserve. But, alas, I am no Spartan. A margarita found its way into my hand without me registering; an hour later I was hitting more shots than LMFAO. The next morning I, MacGyvered my freezer and refrigerator with duct-tape, a silver prison to hold in the handles. A successful ploy, I passed out blowing a .00. Saturday night: Frat. Frat parties place drunken co-eds in low-light, high volume situations that make sober interaction impossible. After an internal debate with my journalistic conscience, I shotgunned five beers and got my buzz on. No one is perfect ... unless you're drunk.

Like any 21-year-old frat star, Matt likes to drink. Even more so, he has an appreciation for alcohol his peers don't (seen the '\$20 dollar bottle' yet?) Giving it up would be like giving up football on Thanksgiving, and Matt following through is as likely as NBC canceling the big game. But hey, it could've been worse, he could've had to give up sex. — Lauren

Munchie Mart

Chris McDonald, Life Editor

Varsity Market. At first glance, these two words represent something that is seemingly harmless, a 24/7 happy zone where your troubles melt away into Bagel Bites, chips, candy and other delectable dishes. Yet when given up for a week, these two words became the bane of my existence, inciting tears rather than mouthwatering excitement. No snacks during studying or even after Thursday night's bar-hopping? Damn.

As a junior, I have enjoyed the Munchie Mart for six semesters now, bit by bit developing a dependence on late-night snacking courtesy of my extra meal plans. This year, I have come to view the Towers mart as my personal playground, a haven of goodness courtesy of a group of workers who all know me by name. Last year, the same held true for Branscomb. Even as a freshman, night after night I looked forward to leaving Kissam to get my fix. So, to put it bluntly, giving up the Munch for the period of a week sucked. At first, it was just a nuisance, a thorn in the side of my night. But after just a few days, it became downright maddening. Miraculously, temptation gave way to willpower; I made it without breaking the bet once.

Walking into the Munchie Mart is like walking into Vandy's collective pantry. Reliable as the Energizer bunny, the Munchie is there day or night to satisfy your needs. Chris is no stranger to such desires. An intrepid young man, he agreed to stay away from his nightly confidant, and was he in for a surprise. — Grant

Sweets

Avery Spofford, Editor-in-Chief

What I learned from my Versus mini-Lent: I should never try hard drugs.

I've always had the mentality of "I can stop whenever I want to." "I don't HAVE to go to the Munchie Mart and buy jelly beans in bulk every day" and "No, it's not weird for me to bring Peachie Os out to bars." Turns out, all those scientists are right: you really CAN get addicted to sugar!

On Monday I caught myself unconsciously nomming on a giant spoonful of Chunky Monkey ice cream. Never has a Ben & Jerry's flavor name seemed more apt. Late night on Tuesday, post-Sportsman's, I popped into the Varsity Market and bagged a package of Poppycock, which I proceeded to consume in its entirety. On Friday, the lines started to blur. Do cocktails count as "sweets?" What about after-dinner mints? Margaritas within the realm of question ... situation dire. Saturday: Poppycock strikes again. I didn't finish the bag this time, which may seem like a plus, but leads me to offer these words of advice: Finish the bag. Poppycock is a bad accessory for a walk of shame.

And on the seventh day, I gave up.

Ever-clutching a brown bag full of gummy-these and jelly-thats, Avery's what one would call a sweetaholic, the human sugar high — in another life, Willy Wonka's inevitable squeeze. Aaron Carter sang a song from her POV, for God's sake. Fuck the early bird, Avery gets the worm. A week without? Good luck, buttercup. — Charlie

ESPN

Grant Darwin, Music Editor

Painfully, I removed the ESPN.com bookmark from my browser and substituted Home Improvement reruns for my morning SportsCenter. Struggling from the start, I quickly realized ESPN's omnipotence. Walking through Rand on Tuesday morning, I had to avert my eyes from Kiper's NFL draft predictions, and in my mailbox I found the latest edition of ESPN the magazine, boasting an extreme spread on flying tomato Shaun White. Escape was impossible. At the rec I was forced to run on the one treadmill in front of a support column to avoid eye contact with an exciting Mississippi State vs. Kentucky battle. Despite the pole's defensive position, I buckled, craning my neck to catch the waning minutes of overtime. I resolved not to cheat again. However, as a true Commodore Fan, I couldn't avoid a critical road game vs. Ole Miss on Thursday night. I craved the sound of swooshing nets. Almost under its own willpower, my hand clicked the remote in time to catch the 'Dores eke out a victory. While finishing the week having faltered only a few times, I became painfully aware of my addiction to the "World Wide Leader in Sports."

For the majority of guys, checking ESPN is as commonplace a daily routine as brushing their teeth. But for Grant, this is the kind activity that precedes it. And supersedes it. In fact, checking ESPN pretty much dominates his free time, morning, noon and night. It's like a religion for Grant: what follows is the chronicle of his week in sports purgatory. — Chris

Shopping

Lauren Junge, Fashion Editor

"Hi, my name is Lauren, and I'm a shopaholic." My reputation for being quite the shopper definitely precedes me; even more so my reputation for being a bit shoe obsessed. While I won't name names (by which I mean designers) or numbers, I will say my collection numbers upwards of a stack of Benjamins (we're talking pairs). Whether Manolo or Madden, every single pair of shoes is special, and not being able to expand my collection is like not getting my daily caloric intake. Luckily for me, this enforced dry spell couldn't have come at a better time: New York Fashion Week. Having returned home for the week, I was fortunate enough to attend the shows of some of America's hottest talents such as Brian Reyes, Charlotte Ronson, Milly and Ralph Lauren. So, while I couldn't snag anything off the racks, I was salivating over the gypsy-inspired styles of Lauren and the classically preppy looks of Milly. Even more to the point, I didn't have time to shop — I could barely scarf down a New York slice, never mind pile on an armful of clothes and hit the dressing rooms at Barney's. Being so busy and engulfed in fashion and style kept my shopping cravings at bay but just until I can hit the snowy New York pavement once again on my quest for that perfect pair of pumps.

No one shops like Lauren Junge shops. She's like a machine calibrated to create beautiful outfits under any circumstances. At home for New York Fashion Week, Lauren spent the past seven days watching the city's most beautiful clothing parade through Bryant Park ... without lapsing into shopaholic system overload. — Avery

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Charlie Kesloring, Entertainment Editor

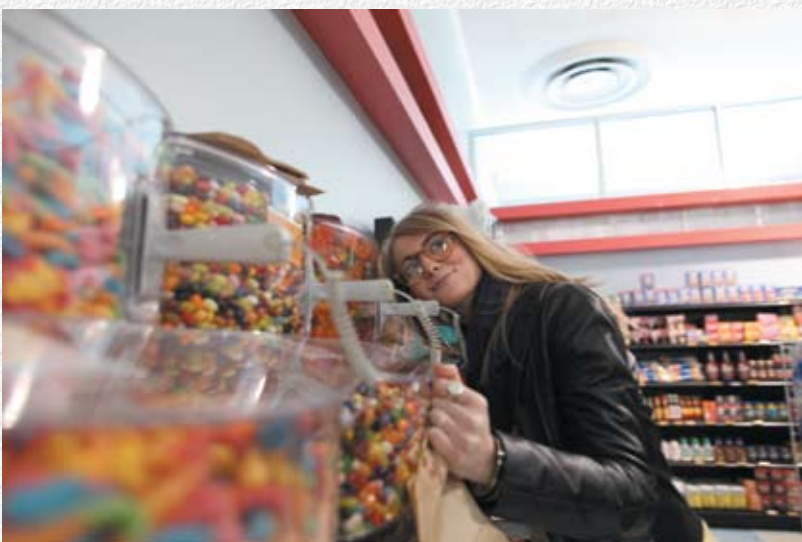
The first night, I dreamt about logging in.

Instinct. That's what told my finger, as I idled in class Tuesday, to tap 'Bookmarks' and scroll to Facebook, to stare blankly as my digital heroin loaded on screen. On a few occasions, I asked acquaintances to check my profile, to "make sure there was nothing important." Once or twice, I looked over friends' shoulders as they perused the 'book, begrudging them as would an amputee watching his mates play basketball.

Friday, after the most shocking moment of my life, I couldn't update my status. "How do I let the world know?" Mass text? Blow horn? Lacking proper tools, I called my brother, texted some friends, then ... just went to sleep. I awoke with a realization: Maybe the world doesn't care about my problems, my emotions, my lyric du jour. Maybe it's better to call than wall-to-wall. Maybe all that time friend requesting, chatting, and, well, stalking, could be spent on meaningful social interaction, healthy recreation, breathing fresh air.

Then Sunday came. I saw the notifications, skimmed the weekend's photos. I was right back on skid row.

You enter Charlie's room and his six-laptop Facebook stalking setup is a-buzz. "Charlie, where are we going downtown tonight?" Bam, his fingers slam the keyboard. "Varsity, dear Watson, Varsity. By comparing the 13 approved Thursday bars, I have deduced that Varsity Grille will have the greatest potential for a successful night." — Matt



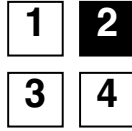
FLIP SIDE

Hustler and Versus can be read online at InsideVandy.com



Click the gold Hustler/Versus button at the bottom right of the home page

Level:



SUDOKU

THE SAMURAI OF PUZZLES By The Mephams Group

			1	9		6		
8					5			
4				8		7		1
6	4					8	3	
			8		9			
		8					1	6
3	6		4					2
			2					7
		9		3	8			

Complete the grid so each row, column and 3-by-3 box (in bold borders) contains every digit, 1 to 9. For strategies on how to solve Sudoku, visit www.sudoku.org.uk

For the solution to today's puzzle, please go to the bottom of the homepage at www.INSIDEVANDY.COM

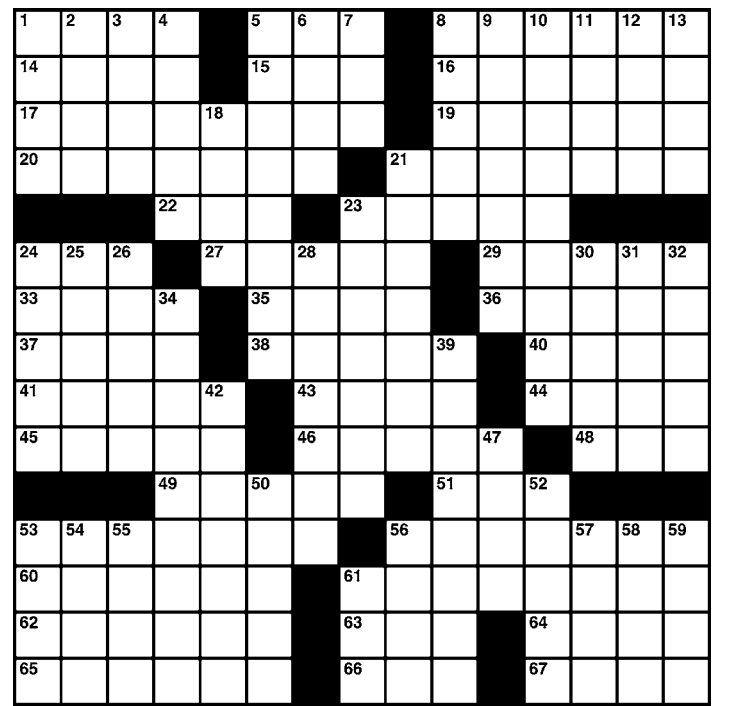
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WHO SEES THIS AD?
11,500 STUDENTS
and many faculty/staff,
parents and alumni

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- 1 Surgery marks
 - 6 "Hawaii Five-O" setting
 - 10 Heist target
 - 14 Sully
 - 15 Whirled, as a top
 - 16 Opposite of windward
 - 17 Impressive display
 - 18 Kids' plastic brick maker
 - 19 "What's in a ___?": Juliet
 - 20 Sales agent, briefly
 - 21 Dangerously uncontrollable type
 - 24 Taken by a shoplifter
 - 26 Pub order
 - 27 Weekly dress-down times
 - 34 Requests
 - 36 More than asks
 - 37 Detroit-based labor gp.
 - 38 Supportive sound from the crowd
 - 40 Sidekick
 - 41 Best-seller list datum
 - 43 Sch. near Harvard
 - 44 Ukrainian seaport
 - 47 Dover flatfish
 - 48 Music genre heard in elevators
 - 51 Slithery swimmer
 - 52 Letter-shaped shoe fastener
 - 55 Chemically treated tresses
- DOWN**
- 1 Clear-night twinklers
 - 2 Insertion symbol
 - 3 Causes of in-flight "bumps"
 - 4 Protein synthesis molecule, for short
 - 5 Salon dos
 - 6 Norway's capital
 - 7 Gibbons, e.g.
 - 8 Extremely big
 - 9 It may direct you to skip, draw two, or reverse
 - 10 Forbidden
 - 11 Astronaut Shepard
 - 12 Nautlius captain
 - 13 "Peachy ___": "The Jeffersons" theme
 - 22 "Movin' ___": "The Jeffersons" theme
 - 23 Elite invitee roster
 - 25 Cut with a surgical beam
 - 28 European peaks, to Pierre
 - 29 "It's the ___ I can do"
 - 30 Spurious
 - 31 Celebrity signatures
 - 61 Gallery display
 - 62 All done
 - 63 Honey spirits
 - 64 Still-life fruit
 - 66 Whimper
 - 67 Puzzle with only one way out
 - 68 Old anesthetic
 - 69 Artist Warhol
 - 70 Greek god of war
 - 71 Cowboy's rope



- 32 Southern pronoun
- 33 Popeye's ___ 'Pea
- 34 Very top
- 35 Denomination of Islam
- 39 Wimbledon's official timekeeper
- 42 Stevie Wonder's ___ "She Lovely"
- 45 Perplexing problem
- 46 Against
- 49 Annual
- 50 Six-Day War country
- 53 Setting for van
- Gogh's "The Night Café"
- 54 Wing: Prefix
- 55 Fontana di Trevi city
- 56 Tied, as a game
- 57 Lascivious
- 58 Darling
- 59 Mist
- 60 Fruity summer drinks
- 65 Educ. support gp.

For the solution to today's puzzle, please go to the bottom of the homepage at www.INSIDEVANDY.COM

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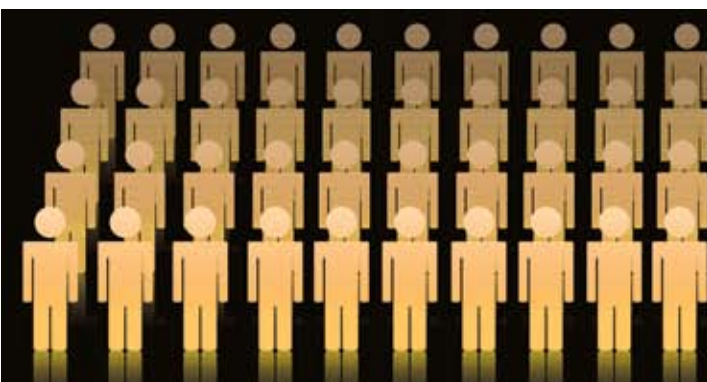
WRVU 91.1

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

LIVE FROM THE WALL



FRIDAY, Vanderbilt's radio station WRVU will play live on The Wall in front of Rand Dining Hall. The G&A show, hosted by George and Alex, will run from noon to 1pm that afternoon. This show continues WRVU's weekly mixes from The Wall. Stop by The Wall or follow the program on 91.1 FM.



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