

Vol. X, Issue 8



**THISJUSTIN**

**Gen. Petraeus Rolls Out on Dubs**

By: Kyle Hope  
Ghandi Specialist

While the protest with the Vanderbilt Students for Nonviolence (VSN) raged outside the Student Life Center, the real insanity started only after General Petraeus had left the stage. A group of us freedom fighters were walking back to Towers after making our voices heard when we were attacked!

It all happened so fast, but I remember that we had just started crossing 24th Avenue when a motorcycle cop almost hit us. He was going way over the 15 mph speed limit (nice enforcement VUPD...) and then-- imagine this-- he stops in the West End intersection! I mean can you believe this shit?

After abusing his authority and stopping in the intersection, he turns toward the traffic and stops each car with a mere hand gesture. Some people!

As he raised his hand to stop the traffic, and as we began to wonder what had possessed this policeman to cause a traffic pileup, we turned around and were clipped by not one, not two, but SIX Cadillac Escalades going at least 85 mph through Vandy's campus. The only thing I can remember was the sound of "Big Pimpin" blasting out of the last Cadillac's windows at the level normally reserved for a Friday frat party. And as quickly as we caught a whiff of whiskey and cigar from one of its open windows, the motorcade was gone.

Damn you, Petraeus! My clever and witty sign, which I had spent hours agonizing over during our VSN planning meetings, was smashed, along with my sense of confidence in our cause. Because, let's face it, how cool would that be to have the police, Cadillac, and Mr. Jack Daniel's all working for you? So, General, any chance you could deliver an internship offer along with a "Get Well Soon" card to my hospital room? Working with you may be better than the Peace Corps after all...

**Versus Editors Neglect Children**

By: Associous Pressman  
Factuality Specialist

News reports out of the Vanderbilt newsroom indicate that *Versus Magazine* is undergoing a horrific content shortage. On par with the Great Potato Famine in Ireland of 1740, current in-production issues of *Versus* are riddled with blank, white space including but not limited to their cover page.

One *Versus* staffer noted, "I'm not sure how we're going to feed our young and growing issues. We brought them into this world, and it just pains us to see them suffer. Every little newspaper should have the ability to go play outside and play hide-and-seek in the newsstands without fear of dying of hunger. I know that full page non-paid ads for VSC [Vanderbilt Student Communications, the parent company of this newspaper] or even the next *Slant* issue aren't the most nutritious content in the world, but it's all we can muster in this volatile content economy."

Critics of *Versus'* negligent parenting have attempted to get the aid of law enforcement in this matter, but VUPD has been focusing its attention trying discern why Wendy's is such a hotbed for criminal activity.

"I don't really understand the commotion," Officer Jason Cutlery said, "If it's just a waste of paper, wouldn't that be more of an environmental issue? Can't they get those spearmint kids to take care of that?"

Frederick Nutsach, a senior lecturer in the philosophy department, noted, "I picked up a forsaken issue of *Versus* while I was contemplating on the toilet, and as I read through it, I couldn't ever figure out whom they're opposing. Who versus whom? Are they against anyone specific or a more abstract concept such as cognizance?"

One contributor for *The Hustler* added, "Now, I know we give our paper some junk food every once in a while, but what's wrong with that? It's fun to indulge, but we're fairly responsible when it comes to feeding our paper. Forget *Versus*, those editors at *The Slant* feed their papers unhealthy filler too. Sometimes it's blatant, sometimes not, but it's usually just as intrusive as those trans-fat laden anti-rape ads. Also, those *Slant* hooligans keep buying their underage papers alcohol and premium cigars."

**Spring Olympics Promise Gold**

By: Caitlin Meyer  
Five-Ring Specialist

A petition filed by a grassroots international coalition to move the Winter Olympics to a more favorable season, spring, has been voted on and approved by the International Olympic Committee. Although general initial response was surprise and dismay, upon further consideration fans, athletes and television networks are excited.

"Honestly, it's cold and boring here," one fan lamented at the Vancouver games.

Some argued that that's just Canada, but consultation of viewing numbers and a survey of fans revealed otherwise. In the US, American Idol still had higher numbers than the Olympics, meaning that America, so presumably, the world, thrives on mediocrity and petty drama.

"Having the Olympics in the spring would allow for an MTV Spring Break-esque atmosphere at the games. There'd be hookups and breakups galore, plenty of backstabbing, and we know all the athletes look great in swimwear," an Olympic official said.

It has also been rumored that Jersey Shore's "The Situation" has been hired as a consultant on this social aspect of the Games to report in 2014.

The athletes are pumped about this new era as well, because the events are staying the same despite the move. The ice skaters will have to quadruple lutz over holes in the ice, hockey players can push each other into the water instead of checking, luge and skeleton will more so resemble giant water slides, and skiers will have to avoid grass patches.

These modifications will challenge the athletes mentally and physically, adding a new dimension to their game. Furthermore, the sheer danger and stupidity of the sports now are not only interesting, but also captivating and appealing to everybody's reckless side.

"I'm so stoked for these Games. I've never shredded a half-pipe with melting snow before, but it's just going to add to my skills. Some say it's impossible, I say 'I'm Shaun White,'" America's favorite red-head since Little Orphan Annie said.

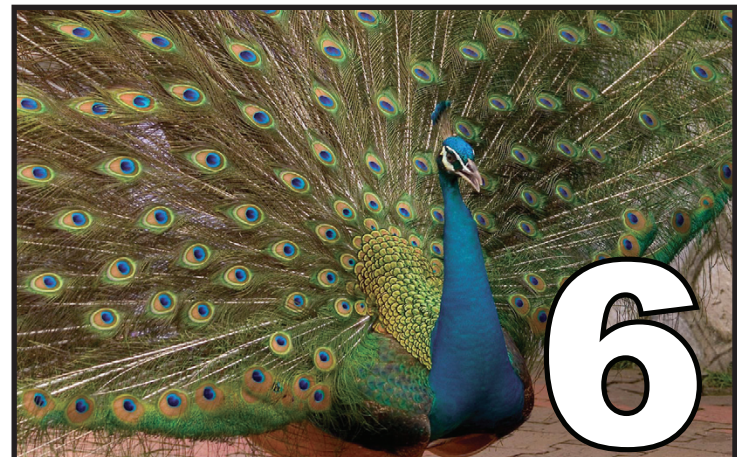
NBC is so excited about the move that they filed a subsequent petition moving for the Olympics to be held every spring, flatly denying accusations that this was filed to further avoid coming up with programming to fill their gaping schedule and help their horrendous ratings. Despite motivations, everybody can agree that these new Olympics are brilliant – part reality show, part stupid human tricks, part international cooperation and copulation which are everything America loves and more.

**INSIDETHISSISSUE**

Black Hawking Holes	0
He opened the drawer	1
And pulled out a sweater	1
He turned to the closet	2
I pulled out my Baretta	3
Fibonacci, Sequenced.	5



Every 3 seconds... someone unexpectedly sees a penis on chat roulette.



NBC: "And now, we return to our regular, boring programming."

FROM THE EDITOR



MERYEM DEDE

I am glad the Olympics are over. Now, don't get me wrong—I love the obnoxious yelling of "USA! USA! USA!" and spandex-covered, toned, athletes, but my grades do not. The Olympics are one of the best things to happen every two years, and they are also one of the worst.

With a time-waster's schedule already full of YouTube videos, *The Onion* articles and *Grey's Anatomy* episodes, adding clips of Shaun White's winning snowboarding run or montages of crashes during the downhill slalom, I just didn't have time... to do my homework. I wish that I could say that I was behind in schoolwork for a noble reason—my fish died, *The Slant* came out this week (a go-to reason for any newspaper editor), or I was soooo wasted Saturday night that I couldn't resume real work until Thursday. Alas, I just watched a lot of Olympics, although that's certainly not how I spent my Saturday night.

The Olympics are glorious. On any other Wednesday afternoon, if you turn on the television to NBC all you will see is... well, I don't know. Besides *The Office* or *30 Rock*, I don't ever watch NBC. Regardless, it's probably bad, but not during the Olympics. The Olympics are a fantastic two weeks of retired athletes reliving the glory days through un-insightful commentary, current athletes securing their glory days or their publicity deals, and fans dressing in obnoxious colorful versions of their national symbols.

Over than the bald eagle, what is better than Sweden's national bird, the Eurasian black bird? A fan dressed up in a Swedish blue and yellow version of the Eurasian black bird. And what is better than writing a paper analyzing the effects of corruption in Post-Soviet regions? Anything. You see my point?

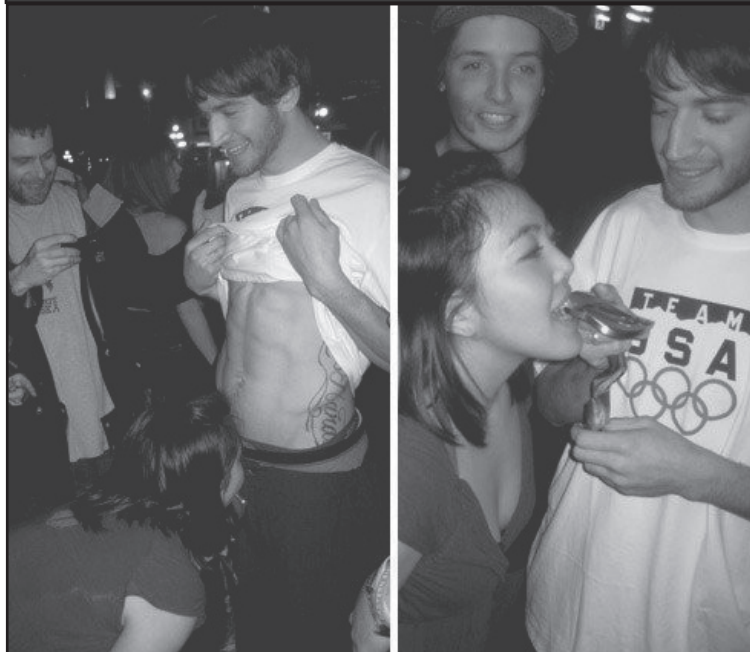
Thankfully, although it is bittersweet, the Olympics are over. With no important sports events coming up soon (pshhh, what happens in March?), I can finally focus back on what really matters: more YouTube videos.

Fucked Image



Damn babies and their drunk giggling always interrupting my political conversations.

Fucked Image<sup>2</sup>



Olympic Snowboarding medalist Scotty Lago representing his country on the world's stage. He got sent home for this, but he made the boys at home very proud.

Actually inside this Issue

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HOBO FASHION

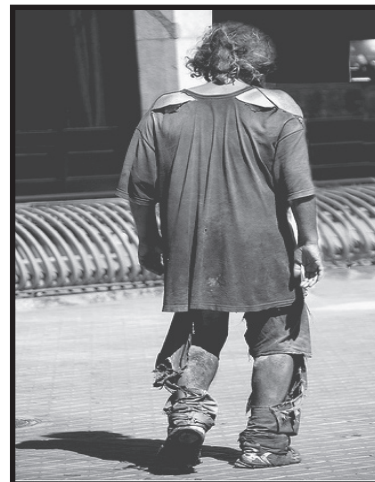
By: Justin Barisich  
 Expert Clearance-Rack Shopper

On the rare occasion that I happen to pick up a copy of *Versus* – which is exclusively reserved for when I need something to debilitate my brain's mental capacity temporarily – I find myself shaking my head the most at the absurdity printed within their fashion section. Honestly, it is straight up stupid to buy a \$10,989.76 hot pink, polka dot Ralph Lauren/Gucci/D&G dress that you're going to wear once or to shell out \$6,543.21 for a pair of ruby red slippers that Dorothy wore once on the set of *The Wizard of Oz*, even if they're from the original set where one of the little people hanged himself in the background of the Yellowbrick Road (for realz, check that shit out in the non-digitally-enhanced version).

So, in an attempt to make *Versus* realize how idiotic a weekly allowance of 20 G's is for little Suzie's shopping sprees, I now give you a peek into the fashion sense of some of our less-than-fortunate brethren, for whom clothes actually do matter. I asked the first three hobos I saw on campus to tell me about the single garment in their "wardrobes" that they each thought best personified their individual hobo fashion sense.

Here's what they had to say:

HOBO #1  
 SAMMY



"I really love my nice 'worn in' pair of stone-washed Lucky Brand Jeans. They make my butt look really good and even have extra slits for ventilation. However, the next time I go shopping at Goodwill, I'll be sure to nab one of those sexy, 7-Brand 'torn' style skirts. The metrosexual-crossdresser look is so in style right now, and I would never let my boys look better than I do."



HOBO #2  
 AL



"Man, it gets so cold 'round here at night that I'm especially happy to have my fluffy, North Face winter coat. Luckily, I'm a small guy, so I was able to 'liberate' it from one of those 'Coats for Kids' boxes outside of Wal-Mart. Though I did have to fend off a few rabies-infested rats to get it -- and those little shits tore it in the tussle -- I think that the tears give it character, and that they are symbolic of who I am: torn on the outside, warm and fuzzy on the inside."



HOBO #3  
 RUTHERFORD



"Even though you can't see my feet in this picture, it's my trusty pair of personalized Chucks that has given me the competitive edge over the rest of the hobos. I had to beat up a dying man for the left one and steal from a half-blind kid for the right one, and despite the fact that they're two different sizes, I still love 'em. And just so ya know, I have no issues with shanking you to keep them either; so you better quit eyeing up my kicks if ya know what's good for ya."



MASTHEAD



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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS  
 PLACERE CONTENDIT

Bastard Confession



"It's like Twix: two for me, none for you... or for the shoeless children of the third world."

-- Blake Mycoskie

# Obscure Winter Olympic Sports Finally Explained... Sorta

By: Andrew Ligon  
Explanation Specialist

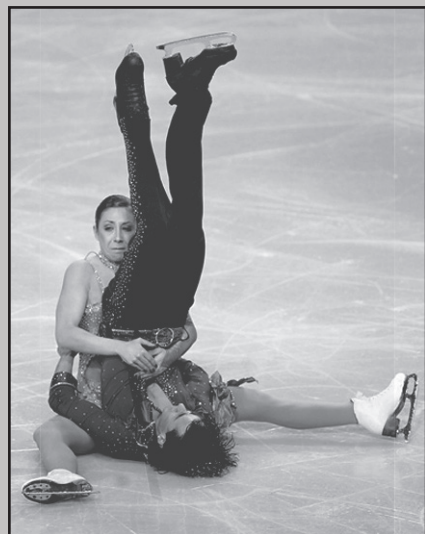
The Olympics are widely celebrated throughout the world as a time for all the people of the globe to come together, hold hands, and try to embarrass each other in competitive blood-sports. As a good American citizen, I of course take pride in my country's near-rape of other countries in sports that I didn't even know counted as sports and/or existed. Thus, in order to make my nationalist screams more appropriate, I decided to actually watch the events this Winter Olympics, rather than just checking the medal count and screaming, "UIS!A!" What I discovered truly shocked me. Here is my overview of some of the odder sports:

## Curling

First reactions aside ("This is a sport?!?!"), this is actually relatively exciting to watch despite the fact that I'm pretty sure the only physical requirement is to bend over by 20 degrees and being able to afford a new pair of shoes. Now, I'm not entirely sure if I'm saying that because it is on everyday from noonish to 4 PM while I sit in Rand, or because I get to make really really sexist jokes about women and sweeping. Regardless of the reason, I find myself screaming at the TV as the rock, I'm pretty sure that's a technical term, slowly slides down the ice. It's nice to see a sport that finally settles the age-old debate of what shuffleboard would look like if it were played on ice by a bunch of maids. I know that's been the burning question that kept me awake at night for the last twenty years.



Japanese girls can sweep my stones whenever they want.



This is how you score at ice dancing.

## Couples Ice Dancing

This sport is surprisingly only the third most homosexual sport at the Winter Olympics, sitting behind Men's ice skating and another sport listed below. Still, I'm really disappointed with ice dancing; it's just like ice-skating but without the cool tricks and spins. Can we please just say a big "WTF?" Did the ice skaters feel like they weren't ridiculed enough already? I mean really, how does this conversation go down at the bar?

Girl: "Oh, cool! So you can do really cool trick's on the rink?"

'Male' Ice Dancer: "Hahaha, well, no. I mean, I can go in circles... and smile to the judges.... At least I get to wear sequins that make me feel pretty! Stop judging me!!!"

## Snowboarding

This was simply a great idea. Americans suck at skiing, so we decided to invent the snowboard, lobby for it to be in the Olympics really hard, and then collect more medals than an ironsmith. Fuck you, Norway.

## Two Man Luge

Ok, I'll be the first to admit that I don't really understand the finer "athletic" points of the Luge, Skeleton, or Bobsled. But common sense tells me that in the case of the luge, two men lying on top of each other and flying down a tube reminds me more of the birth of twins than an athletic event. Furthermore, this sport definitely wins the homosexuality competition. I just wish I knew how this sport was started. I can only imagine something like this:

Guy 1: "Wow, that was really fun going sledding!"

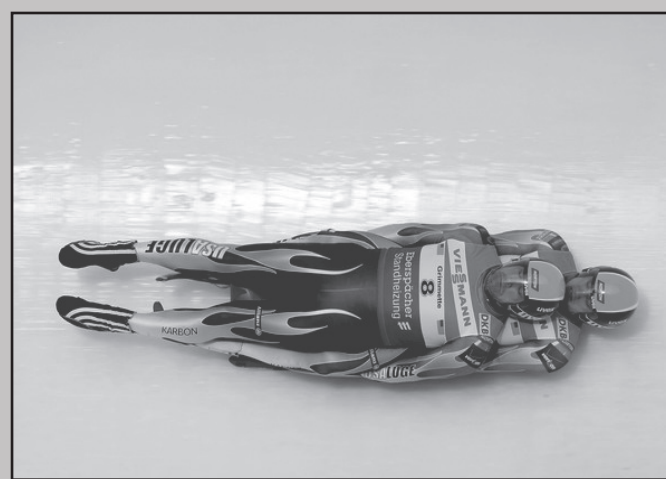
Guy 2: "Yeah, it sure was!"

Guy 1: "You know what would be even more fun?!?!"

Guy 2: "No, what'd you have in mind?"

Guy 1: "Well, how about we go sledding again, but this time you lay your body flat on top of mine, and I'll hold you steady with my peni—I mean with my legs. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

Guy 2: "Umm, I don't know.... It sounds kind of...."



Really?

Guy 1: "Come on, I'll even let you be on the bottom the next time!"

Thus, the birth of a new sport. At least this gives me hope that I can create my own sport and become an Olympic athlete at some point in my life. That's right folks, get ready for the 2014 Olympics to introduce the Naked Skel-eton. I get the feeling the IOC would dig that kind of sport, if the most recent trends are any indication.



Will Gretchen Bleiler ever race in the Super G Spot?

# The Slant Designs New Olympic Sports, Found More Popular Than Free Brussel Sprouts

By: Ryan Carr  
Propositioning Specialist

During every Olympic season, there are always several questions about the interesting array of sports that come up. What exactly is Skeleton? How exactly does one curl? More importantly, if these seemingly random sports can be considered Olympic sports, why can't we add a few more? Here are a few ideas for some more competitive games to compete in:



And these are the "cool" kids in Olympic Village.

## Quidditch

Quidditch has made its way onto many college campuses and into many of our hearts, so why shouldn't it be an Olympic sport? Of course, the United Kingdom would kick ass, given that they have Harry Potter and friends on their team... but we should give the world a chance to play this epically amazing sport. Flying sticks, flying balls—it's basically men's wrestling anyway, so let's just add it!

## Beer Shotgunning

So, this has technically never been deemed a sport, and the Olympic Committee probably wouldn't approve it, considering all kinds of ethical rules. But, think about it: it takes stamina, speed, strength, and an overall competitive attitude. When you consider all of the college students spending their time shotgunning beers in their ten-by-ten dorm rooms, it makes you wonder why they're not out there showing off their talents.



Just wait until they make banana clips for the "professional" athletes.

## WWE Wrestling

Ok, so we've already got wrestling—but let's be honest, it's a little too realistic. Wrestling isn't much fun to watch without screaming, skin-tight costumes and a dramatic touch of complete fakeness (yes, wrestling is fake...sorry if that was a spoiler). WWE-style wrestling would be entertaining, athletic (sort of), and an overall great contribution to the Olympic Games.

## Interpretive Dance

Most people love watching the ice dancing competition, which is, of course, a classic. But where's the interpretive element? It's important to know what people are actually thinking throughout the music, on and off the ice. There are many types of dance, but everyone seems to forget about interpretive, so let's bring it to

the Olympics, Summer AND Winter.

## Farmville

Alright... realistically, this will never be an Olympic game. But, it's competitive, it awards points for successes, it's ridiculously popular for no apparent reason, and it's accessible to all countries. So, in theory, it's the perfect addition to the Summer Games. If you think about it, it's basically like curling: everyone likes it, but no one knows why.

So, by the time 2012, or maybe more realistically, 2036 rolls around, they may take our suggestions, and, hopefully, someone will add these spectacular and popular games and sports to the Olympics.

Why not, right?



Maybe if we showed the Ethiopians how to play this game, they might get the whole "farming" idea and possibly even rise above starvation as a means of existence, and then they could send more athletes to the Olympics.

Our Flavor of Filler Commitment:

We'll tell you when we need to fill space rather than giving a non-paying ad an entire page of space...

...bitch.



99 days until the World Cup

This is fact, not filler.

...male dog.

### Listen, Vanderbilt,

We all love March Madness. However, let me warn you-- it is important that everyone leave the real madness up to the true sports fanatics. Below is a diagram of March Madness when applied to the entire campus. You've been warned. Fair-weather friends beware.

-The Slant



Zeppos swears that this page is worth reading thoroughly.

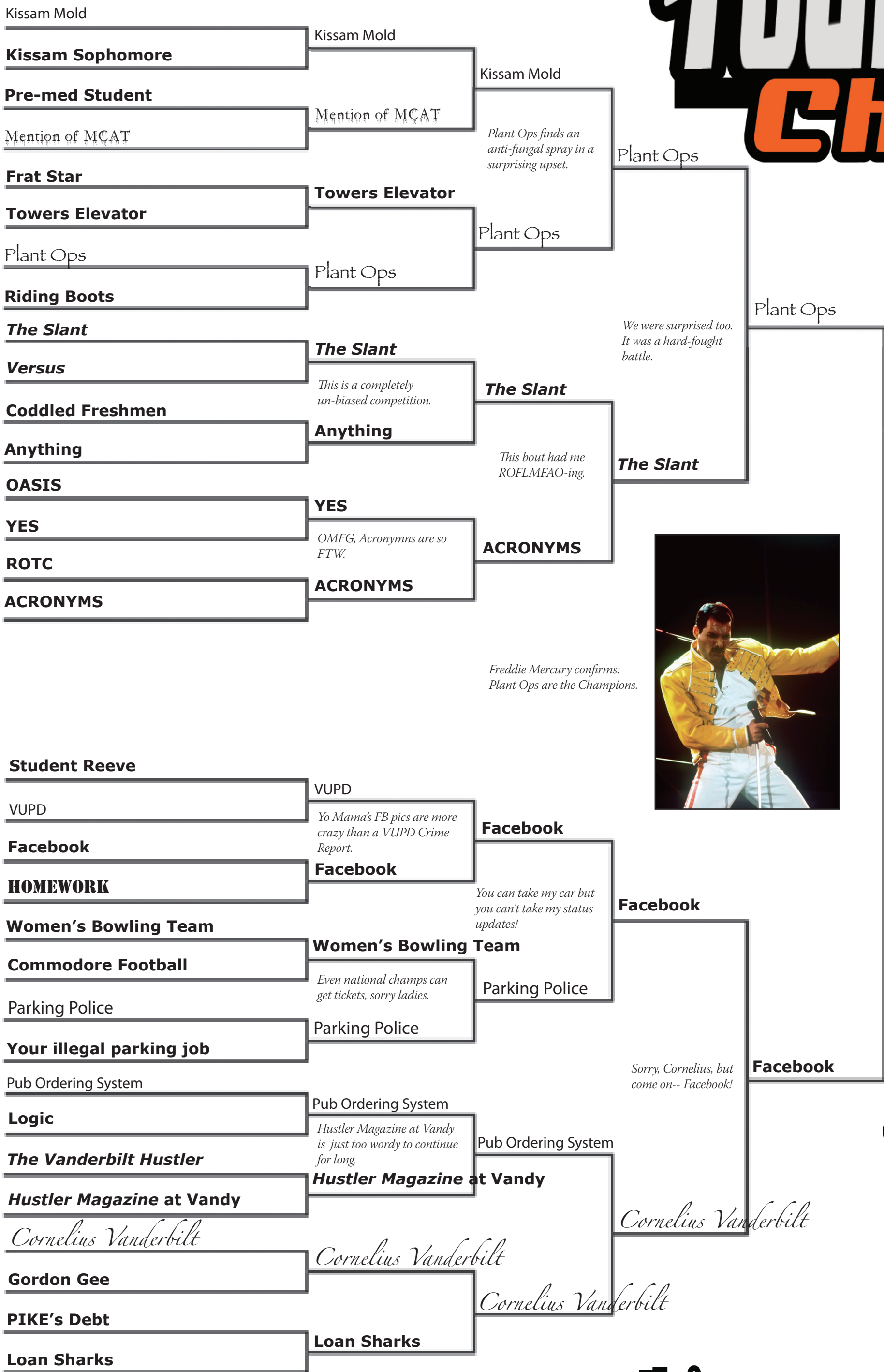


We've all been there.

Obviously.

Got caught ridin' dirty.

Quitters never win.



Presented by The Slant and Hot

Plant Ops  
Champion



Freddie Mercury confirms: Plant Ops are the Champions.

Top

# Slant ament lunge

nted By:  
nt, duh  
Pockets ©

ant Ops filled  
rbilt Hole.

Ops

# ampion

Vanderbilt Hole

Sorry Hydration Station, you just simply ran out of steam.

Hydration Station

# Two

TOM THE QUIZNO'S GUY

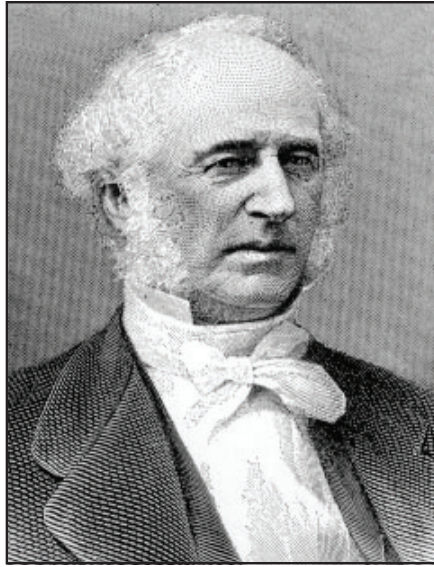
# Fortunate Four

# Elusive Eight

# Superior Sixteen

# Take Two

# Round One



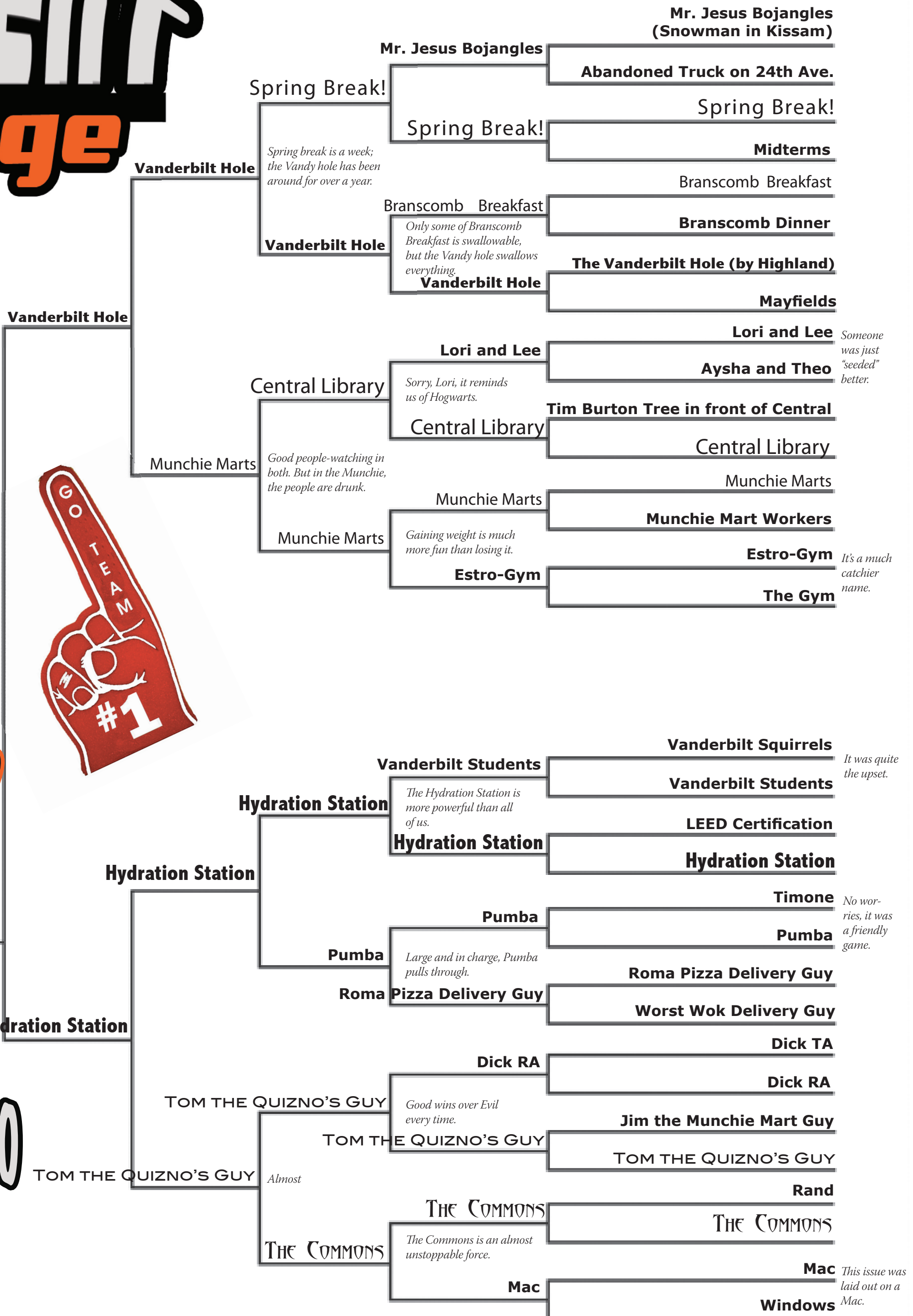
Cornelius Vanderbilt. He'll rail ya.

VS.



It's Facebook. Don't be a dumbass.

An epic match-up. You'll have to read below to see the victor.



# How to Win the Dorm Energy Competition: Save and Sabotage

By: Claire Shavzin  
Prefers Sabotage

Most people can agree that saving the Earth is important. We can all relate to the rallying cry of "going green." Breast Cancer Awareness has taken over the color pink, Livestrong has laid claim to the color yellow, and Gay Pride, in a joke shamelessly stolen from comedian Demetri Martin, has appropriated the entire color spectrum. For those people without breasts, Tour de France titles, or attraction towards the same sex, saving the environment and going green is a fantastic goal.

However, it's easy to have these ideals and not act on them. Just like it's easy to slip on a "Save Darfur" T-shirt and receive compliments on your trendy style, but never actually give it another thought. Actually changing our actions and taking personal responsibility for saving the Earth? Yeah, right.

Luckily, the Campus-Wide Energy Competition provides an opportunity for dorms around Vanderbilt to go head-to-head and let out their competitive streak. Don't frame this competition as a chance to "do our part to save the Earth." Instead, get students riled up with cries of "Let's beat those freshmen! Living on the Commons, who do they think they are? Those motherfuckers are going down!"

The possibilities for resolving rivalries are endless. What other chance is there for McGill and McTyeire to finally determine the best McDorm? Vandy-Barnard can finally get revenge on the rest of us for being stuck with Nectar. And of course, Kissam desperately hopes for the day when it can prove itself to be worth something besides the punch line of all our jokes. Sorry Kissam, but you'll never win this competition if homeless men and your residents' overwhelming sense of despair keep using up your dorm's energy.

So, to help all of you who are desperate for achievement and validation, here are some tips on saving energy and sabotaging the competition:

## Saving Energy

### 1) Shower buddies!

This is the perfect solution for you, no matter your romantic situation. In a relationship? Spice it up. Have a crush? Impress him or her with your environmental awareness – then make your move. In the awkward friend zone? Just give up now, there's no hope, and this actually won't help at all. Looking for a casual hook-up? Here you go. In a fraternity? Than grab one of your brothers, jump in the shower, and figure out this whole sexual tension thing.

As long as you tell the other person how committed to the environment you are, they will suspect no ulterior motive. Unless they read *The Slant*.



Make sure you get along very well with your shower buddies.

### 2) Don't shower

This is the flip side to showering with a buddy. It will save the environment even more ... but will completely screw up your love life. Only for the strong-willed students who don't want any romantic or sexual experiences. Or friends. Or people willing to be within ten feet of them, ever.

### 3) Cook outside

This one is simple: cook all your meals on a bonfire outside your dorm. The downsides to this idea are that it is incredibly time-consuming, your food will taste terrible, and you might be arrested. On the other hand, you can enjoy the beauty of our campus while looking like a badass. Bonus points if you catch a squirrel!



Get tha' fuck outta ma' giant grill, dawg.

### 4) Go for mood lighting 24/7

Keep the lights off or dimmed as much as possible. The mood lighting will either set the mood with your significant other or cause you to strain and damage your eyes. But hey, glasses are sexy, so it's a win-win.

### 5) Sleep naked

Help your dorm save on air conditioning and sleep naked. If I need to explain how this may affect your love life, you must be a prospective student visiting during his or her junior year of high school. Hi, prospie! Hopefully we haven't freaked out your parents too much. Come to Vanderbilt!



This is what all naked sleepers look like.

## Sabotaging Others

### 1) Visit friends

Never plug in electronic devices in your dorm. Instead, wait to charge all your electronics until you are visiting friends in other dorms. Your friendships will be strengthened as you ruin their dorm's chances in the competition. Some possible negative effects: they find out you're using them for their dorm's outlets, or even worse, you find out that none of your friends actually want to hang out with you. Sorry, but I don't have any helpful advice for this situation.

### 2) Go on energy raids

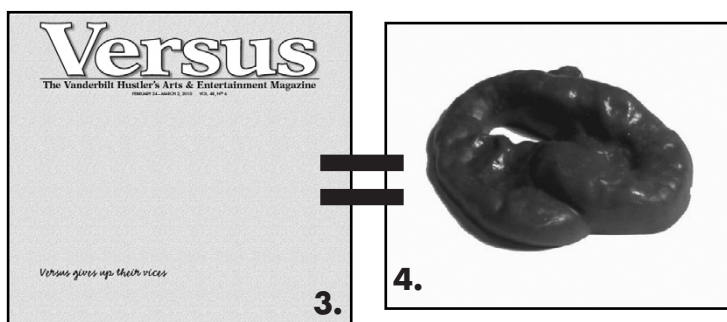
This is the best idea ever. Get a bunch of dorm-mates together, dress up as ninjas, and select your target. VUPD will never notice a group of rampaging ninjas infiltrating Towers as long as you flash your Vandy IDs. Once you're inside, go crazy and turn on all the lights, appliances, and running water you can find. This plan requires two things: a certain moral flexibility and nunchucks. You gotta have nunchucks.



The more adorable the Ninja, the less illegal the thievery.

In conclusion, I hope this article has helped you realize your potential to save some energy in your dorm, as well as how to take out the competition. It's all about winning. The prize for this prestigious competition has got to be something amazing, and you don't want to miss out. I don't have a joke to end this article, so just remember what Captain Planet taught us, "The power is yours!" His less famous, yet equally inspirational, quote of "What the fuck is wrong with you, Fox News, just because it snowed in Nashville and has generally been quite cold this winter does not negate global warming! Did you guys not watch my fucking show when you were kids?" was pulled before that particular episode aired.

## Party and Bullshit



1. A few broskis living it up and enjoying the "Vote or Die" party in Tehran, Iran
2. Zeta house throwing its 42nd annual "Party Like It's 1968" alumni reunion gala
3. 2/24/10 cover of Versus Magazine looking trashy and relaxing on the beaches of San Juan
4. Bullshit studying a little Political Science and enjoying a nice March afternoon on Alumni Lawn

## Drake Was, Still Is, on a Roll

By: Jojackson Igietseme  
The Best I Ever Had

The Rites of Spring line up has been announced: Ben Harper and the Relentless7, Melanie Fiona, Doug E. Fresh, Passion Pit, Cold War Kids, and Drake. Wait! Drake... as in Drake Bell from Drake and Josh or Francis Drake, the swashbuckling pirate of the seven seas?

If you were thinking any of the above, you were wrong. The Drake performing at Rites of Spring is none other than Aubrey Drake Graham; better known as Drizzy Drake by overzealous fans, Drake by the tabloids and Jimmy Brooks the wheelchair kid from the hit Canadian TV show *Degrassi*. The writers at *The Slant* have a slew of nicknames we'd prefer to call him, but we feel that "the rapper who got one more Grammy nomination than Soulja Boy Tell'em" would only serve to switch Mr. Tell'em's attention from his "successful" rap career to our measly newspaper. Despite this, *The Slant* believes that the Vanderbilt community deserves to know who exactly this seemingly talented entertainer is.

Born and raised in Toronto, Canada, similar to where every other rapper began their successful careers, Drake's boyish charm and bass-deficient voice scored him the role as Jimmy Brooks on *Degrassi*. In the show, Brooks is a basketball star who became physically disabled after a classmate shot him in the back. Possibly seeing the end to his stint on television, Drake released his first mixtape on MySpace, which

prompted me to wonder how one decides to go from Canadian television star to MySpace mixtape dropper.

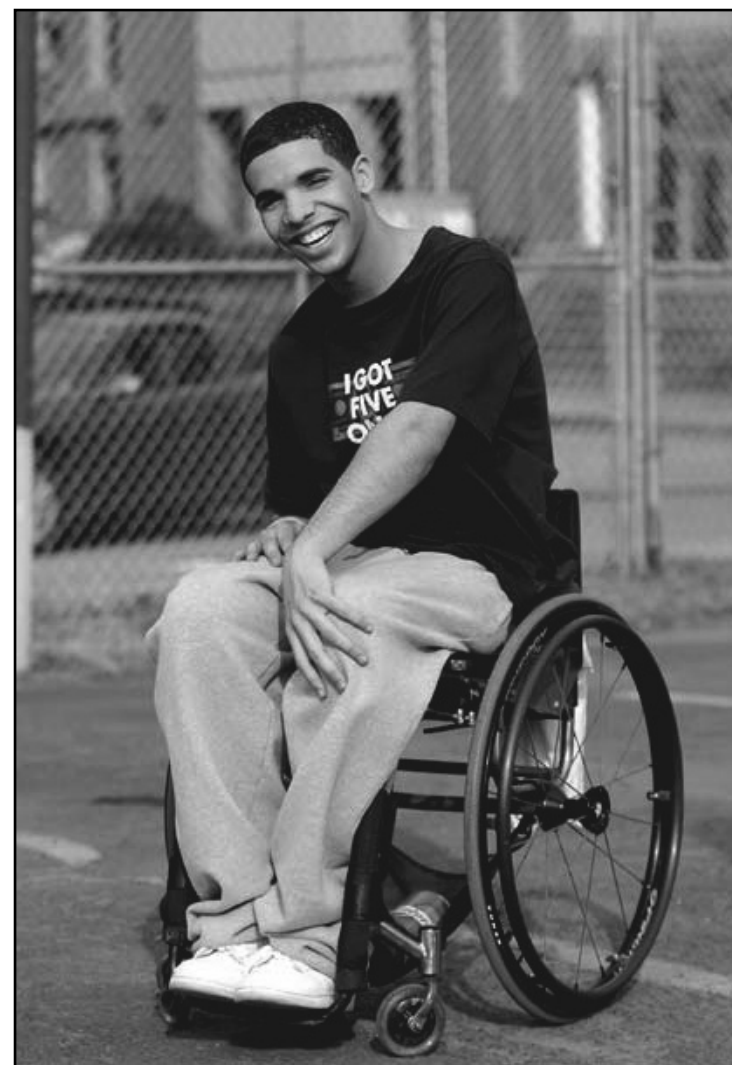
Drake's role on the show ended in 2009 when his character finally graduated from Degrassi High -- at the age of 23 -- proving that Canadian television producers couldn't get over the fact that real Canadian schools allow people to stay in high school until the age of 24. This did a lot for Drake, considering the majority of kids on MySpace were probably in high school during this time.

Regardless, Drake skyrocketed to success thanks to his many mixtapes, none of which can be downloaded from MySpace, leading me to believe that there are many of us on campus who still have a MySpace account. Nonetheless, the positive reviews Drake received led him to be signed with Lil' Wayne's recording label, Young Money Records. This ragtag group of rappers consists of a slew of colorfully named characters like Nicki Minaj, Gudda Gudda, Tyga, Lil' Twist, Mack Maine, and Lil' Chuck. Luckily, Drake was spared a ridiculous nickname that seems so characteristic of this group.

Despite his lackluster early career, unimpressive upbringing, and lack of a debut studio album, Drake surprisingly puts out good music. His cornucopia of metaphors and punch lines combined with his clever usage of words, Lil' Way-- I mean Drake -- is an unusually talented rapper. His influence

spreads from Facebook statuses, to Twitter posts and pretty soon, according to Drake, he'll be "All up in yo slot til a -- hit the jackpot." Of course, this

article doesn't really do much to help since only about 8% of this entire campus really knows who he is, or even cares.



If we're going to get a cripple at Rites, why couldn't it be Timmy and the Lords of the Underworld??

# DRAKE

# Death by Chocolate: Anthropomorphized Food Fight Mural Ornaments Rand Wall

By: Clay Christain  
Prissy Pants Specialist



Vanderbilt University, the 16<sup>th</sup> best university in the galaxy, has recently unveiled a touching and emotional piece of visual art in the venerable Rand Dining Hall that will most surely cause its students to stop, pause, and think during their daily trifles, as well as to question the great ontological issues of modern man. The mural had been hidden behind an ominous “fresh paint” sign for a few weeks now, and the shroud of mystery kept every student, professor, custodian, and skank pondering the unveiling.

“When I walked by Rand the other day, I was really craving some purified, crystal clear water for my eco-friendly metal bottle, but I was just really shocked to see a giant carrot with googly eyes looking down my shirt,” freshman Katie Mc-Trojan said.

“I miss hanging out with the dude who was walking into the bathroom... and the hot chick painted one the girls’ door. I once asked her out on a date, but she was really shy and just smiled back,” said deranged engineering student Cavey Smellsabit. “This whole health food thing doesn’t appeal to me.”

The most excited fan of the new art is adjunct professor of Art History, Paulo Snootaboolous. The Slant is proud to present his art review in its entirety:

“Going from left to right, first we see three bananas and a carrot recreating Jacques-Louis David’s *Oath of the Horatii*. The three banana brothers are all ripe and unpeeled. Their fierce gazes of determination depict a sentiment most similar to the apprehension felt right before equipping your first condom. The father, a carrot, looks at his banana sons with a glaring face of disgust. His snarled growl represents the strife in his heart for having raised adopted fruit children only to send them off to war.

Next, a lemon, a zucchini, two bananas and a carton of skim milk are carrying a dead or perhaps wounded comrade off the fields of battle. One of these bananas is shedding a single Indian tear which represents the working man’s grief whenever he hears a speech from Barack Obama promising economic growth. The lemon and the zucchini are both wearing cowboy boots, and the lemon has a single revolver holster. These two foods represent a Wild West Abbot and Costello who traverse the plains as guns for hire, yet they find themselves caught up in slapstick adventures.

The skim milk has on his face a look of supreme consternation. Is he questioning his existence in life? Is he disappointed that he was born skim and not 2%, chocolate, or sweet acidophilus? Merely gazing into this young milk’s face generates an overwhelming torrent of emotional empathy. Again, the fact that the milk is skim represents the modern dichotomy between health food and personal pleasure. Do girls really like skim milk’s taste or only drink it because of its “healthy” qualities? This is an internalized war between black and white, good and evil, or chocolate and skim.

Then, a bundle of asparagus is seen carrying a postmodern Humpty Dumpty across the plains of earthy hell. The egg’s glasses and stylish hairdo perhaps present a question concerning the egg-like nature of metrosexuality? Easily cracked, raw, uncooked, and full of potential, is this how we associate today’s males, especially in the heat of primal battle? This is a stark contrast to the manly apple with a face resembling George Washington.

Next, a bell pepper looks death straight in the eyes as his best pear friend dies in his trembling bell pepper arms. Is this a case of the unhealthy foods conquering the better ingredients? Perhaps the iconoclastic representation of more virginly foods being killed by bastard un-kosher creations of man, meat, and fire is a parlay against the anti-Semitic views prevalent in daily consciousness.

Looking onward, we come to my favorite character in this masterpiece: the melted crèmesick-le. With googly eyes looking to God in heaven

above, our hero’s corpse reminds us of the feebleness of pleasure and sweetness. What is a melted ice cream but broken dreams and dashed hopes? What else can turn a child to tears and a grown man to throw a tirade? Only in the safety of his freezer can he truly be alive. Once thrust into the unscrupulous outer world, cremesickle has no choice but to die.

Next, another familiar scene is depicted. A sausage tends to his dying brother as a scummy taco sheds his oily tears. Are the two sausage brothers chorizos? Does this Mexican influence suddenly ruin the seriousness of this piece? Would you trust your life to a Mexican in a war? No, my friends, I can safely speak for you on that one.

As we near the end of the mural, we see Napoleon Hot Dog crossing the Alps in another reference to Jacques-Louis David. What is the artist’s obsession with revolutionary France’s most prominent neoclassical painter? Is the hot dog the poster-child for unhealthy, Americanly-mass-produced foods? What is the significance of his victory seizing a spot in the annals of history with Hannibal, Charlegmane, and Dan Quayle?

Finally, in the last portion of the painting, we come to the most modern warfare. An ice cream cone with a very constipated expression clutching a gatling rifle. His civil war hat paraphrases one of the darkest hours in American history, and his role in this war is very similar. With nothing to lose, the ice cream cone shoots blindly or “ghetto blasts” into the fray of healthier foods. Does this imply that unhealthy foods are the most well armed? Why does the ice cream cone have to be white?

Above the pie are his allies, the pizza and the goofy taco. Why is the pizza, such a collegiate staple, so downplayed in this painting? Does the painter have a vendetta against Italians? Do I find Italians to be a greasy and despicable people? His grin is one of sadistic pleasure as he most certainly finds a twisted Freudian thrill in fighting to the death and ripping living beings apart. Next to the pizza is another slight knock at Mexican culture in a character I like to call the Goofy Taco. The look on his face reminds one of a young fraternal brother in a post-21<sup>st</sup> birthday state after seeing a female associate first drop her trousers revealing her luscious and healthy labial folds. If this taco gets this look on his face when he is fighting in combat, what expression does his facial muscles create when he is at the height of sexual ecstasy? These are the questions we must ask as we pause to contemplate the pleasure. Let me assure you that I have done just that.

Lastly, on on the far-lower-right corner is the donut. The donut as popularized by *The Simpsons* is a symbol of fat, wasteful, empty calories. The donut spits bullets. Death flies from his mouth. He alone could mow down the lives and hopes of the youth of the world. The geometry of the donut is a circle, an orb, an Earth. Earth is life, yet this donut is death personified. Does he willingly participate in this bloodbath and manslaughter? His eyes are forlorn. Was he discovered to be a proficient killing machine and trained against his will to kill? Does this forced pressure parallel a modern Asian-American family makeup?

Truly, the Rand Mural is just as meaningful as the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, the graffiti on the Berlin Wall, and the tasteful images that adorn any given Abercrombie & Fitch glass window. Praise be to God for imbuing man with this power, and praise be to Vanderbilt for spending our student’s tuition on such artistic contracting.”

Yours in Art,  
Paulo Snootaboolous. PhD

Morehead State (‘69) B.A. Art History, Nashville Auto Diesel College (‘06) M.A. Axel Grease, University of Phoenix (‘08) Ph.D. Theoretical Physics



(865): You’re just upset that your dick doesn’t function.  
(615): There’s nothing wrong with my dick!

(717): I don’t like people who don’t like it when I say the word ‘nigga.’

(713): If she doesn’t have a penis, I’m not interested.

(615): I just wanted to play with her breasts!  
(813): What, did you say, ‘excuse me, can they come out and play?’, or did you take them to a sandbox with a bucket and a shovel?

(615): Hey, you were drunk last night and mumbled to me that you jizzed in your pants.  
(312): Shut up! She had her hands down my pants. That’s not the same.



### Frustrated Viewer



*If I see one more commercial for The Marriage Ref or Parenthood, I’m gonna shoot up a Waffle House!*

### Lady GaGa



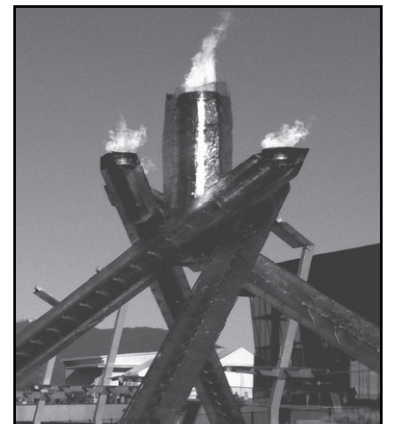
*Johnny Weir and I are going to have a fabulous love child.*

### Annoying Canadian



*I will bask in the glory of my country finally being recognized as an independent, sovereign nation.*

### Olympic Torch



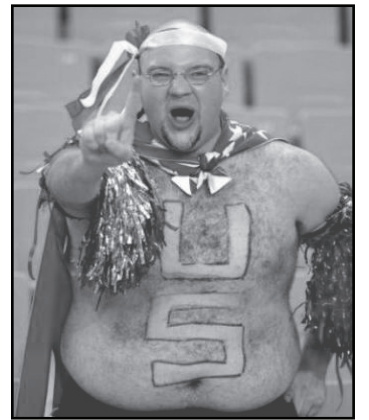
*Not gonna lie, this kinda sucks.*

### Kinda Creepy Guy



*I’m going to buy a Katherine Reutter poster and put her next to my Shawn Johnson one. I think they’ll get along just fine.*

### Awesome American Fan



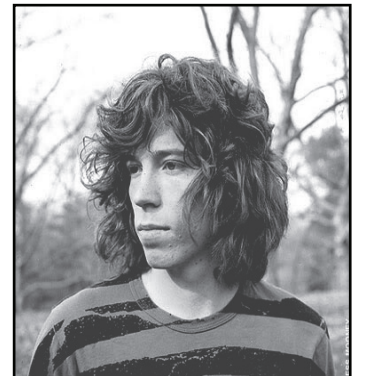
*Where’s Canada again?*

### Japanese Fan



*I’m a little sick of seeing those goddamn Koreans winning all that shit.*

### Shaun White



*Proolly just return to my other half-pipe. I’m better at that one anyway.*

**TOPTEN**  
Things You Would Never Want to Hear Your Girlfriend Say

- 10 I really miss standing up to pee.
- 9 Nope, that's the wrong hole.
- 8 You know, I really thought Eliot Spitzer would have had more stamina.
- 7 I don't really buy into this whole "one partner" ideal...
- 6 Awww, look at those kids! I think at least two of them are mine.
- 5 If we moved to Arkansas, this would be legal.
- 4 That'll be about \$3.50.
- 3 Remember that time you stole me from the brothel. Oh wait, that wasn't you, was it?
- 2 My brother and I are really close. Really, *REALLY* close.
- 1 Spending time with you has really just taken away from my happy time with my friend, Mr. Max Dildo.



**Spring Break Survival Guide:  
Everything You Need to Get What You Want**

By: Charlotte Fraser  
Debauchery Specialist

Ah, spring break. Those wonderful words bring up images of The Bahamas, Destin, cruises, tanned ladies and lads, enough booze to leave frat parties in the dust, and parties on beaches, in clubs, in bars (especially the one where you lose your fake), and in hotel rooms. Essentially, spring break is one big pre-summer. Since it's only a week, and once you get back you actually have to use your brain again (sad thought, and no, I'm not thinking about it either), you have to carefully pack and plan ahead. Sometimes, however, we don't always come up with all the right necessities. Thus, I give you my ideal **\*\*\*\*SPRING BREAK PACK\*\*\*\*** (feel free to say that in an echoing voice similar to God's character in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*).

I'm dividing up into six main areas: booze, tans, food, parties, babes, and Plan B. Have fun, stay safe, get hammered—you know the drill.

and are stuck inside playing Monopoly (bring that, too), towels, flip flops, those stupid beach toys if you \*really\* want to look touristy.

- Anywhere Else:

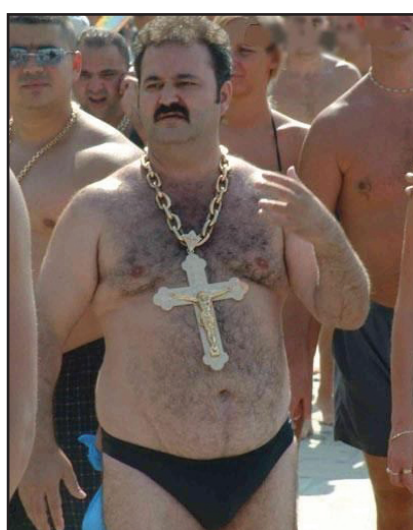
Suntan lotion, chapstick with sunblock (you won't think you'll need either—you'll need both), and whatever else you think you might not need but your mom would say to pack.

**3) Food:**

Yes, believe it or not, you do have to eat. Since you're on vacay, and probably at a place that has \*some\* level of infrastructure for tourism, they're jacking up the prices whether you like it or not. So, be sure you have plenty of dough for food and maybe enough to buy dinner once or twice for that random hookup from Bama.

To Continue Subsisting:

- Lots and lots and lots of snacks. Multiply your drunk munchie quantity amount by how many days you'll be gone and how many people are gonna mooch off of you.



Keep in mind that you're not the only one who enjoys the sights of Spring Break.

- Bring food (or buy it there) if you really think one of you won't be too drunk or too hungover to cook. If not, just make sure you have enough in your budget to buy about \$50 worth of food a day. Sounds like a lot, but remember, you're on vacay.

Yep, our friend in the middle just won at life.

**4) Parties:**

This is the nice way of allocating the money and supplies you think you won't need when you realize there's a huge hole in the wall, the couch is broken, the sink is spurting water, and the window is shattered—all thanks to last night's party in the condo you're renting. Yes, prevention/accident budget. Because even we at *The Slant* think you should be somewhat respectful... somewhat.

- Enough money to cover a terrible, horrible, no-good, very bad disaster. At least have daddy's credit card on you.

- The number to the manager of the hotel/maintenance at the condo.

- A prepared speech to ask your parents for money to fix said destroyed room.

- Duct tape (to fix it if it moves and shouldn't).

- WD-40 (to fix it if it doesn't move and should).



Damnit, those beach thieves even stole my freakin' period!

**5) Babes:**

- Hookups:

Whether you're bringing one, are one, or are planning on grabbing one (or two... or a few), you have to plan ahead for hookups. Cause it's spring break, and it's going to happen. Or at least you would like it to.

- Condoms:

Lots of them. It doesn't matter if you go for cheap ones, warming ones, French ticklers, Trojan Magnums, or the new Lady GaGa & Jeremy Scott for Proper Attire condoms—they come in pink, orange, and green animal print and in sheer, ribbed, and studded.

**6) Money for Plan B:**

Shit happens, both the "unintentional pregnancy" kinda shit and the "I think I just hit a deer on the highway" kinda shit. Just make sure to clean up after yourselves.



**1) Booze:**

What a wonderful elixir! But sometimes it leaves you a bit broke, so bring your own in the car with you. If you're flying, lo siento hermanito, but you're gonna have to suck it up and buy it there, but be sure to bring a variety. No one likes a week of Taaka if they have a choice.

So, bring:

- Whatever variety of booze your group likes.
- Rum is ALWAYS a favorite, if you forget it, you'll get a few horrified looks, and don't forget a decent kind of beer — AKA, nothing you'd find typically at frat row.
- Enough koozies to represent the preppiness of Vandy
- Coolers
- Money for ice
- Mixers
- More Solo cups than you think you'll need
- Fake ID if you're underage, or just feel weird about people knowing your real name.
- Your (or your grandmother's) best hangover cure.



Don't forget to cast your vote for "Rack of the Year."

**2) Tans:**

I consider this the "attempt at sober adventures" part of the budget. Shopping at strip malls, raiding the Waves megastores for henna tattoos and skimpy bikinis, anything random you could possibly splurge on. And if you're not at the beach, don't fret—there are plenty of things to do where you're going (or why else would you even leave Ca\$hVille), so research what locals like to do (it's just a matter of a few minutes on Google) and plan accordingly.

- Beach:

Suntan lotion, chapstick with sunblock (lips + 2nd degree sunburn = bad memory), aloe for when you forget to put enough sunscreen on, aspirin for when you get the 2nd degree sunburn

