



Special Friday Issue!  
Don't go to class  
tomorrow!  
Or the next day!



# Who the fuck is The National???

**And which douchebag invited  
them to our party?**

## THIS JUST IN

### True Dubstep Fans Must Show Out for The National

By: Rachel McLeary  
Dubstep Debutante

OK, so, let's say that you're a pretty big dubstep fan. You listen to Zeds Dead on the way to class. You were on board with DJ Hatcha before he was DJ Hatcha. You're saving up to make a pilgrimage to Forward>>.

It is you people, you hardcore prog-techno dance fans, that need to hear me when I say, "You need to go see The National at Rites." Now, let me just preface this by saying that I, too, am a dubstep fan. I know that everybody with a beatpad and a mixtape likes to tell you they are "The cutting edge ultra-fresh next big super new inventive, imaginative, inspired innovation to the genre," and that, for most of these artists, this is just an empty promise their music cannot back up.

That being said, you need to know that The National really is the cutting edge, ultra fresh, next big super new inventive, imaginative, inspired innovation to the genre.

These guys have drops that make Niagra Falls look like a

speed bump and bass lines so thick and punchy they oughta be called The George Foremans. Their beats can't be beat. They play lots of off-kilter syncopation that will have you screaming for joy while you dance your ass off.

In short, The National has changed the way I think about this genre. Their songs...they make me feel things...weird things...beautiful things.

My God... the unicorns. There were so many of them. Oh, you're still here? Sorry.

I guess the reason I'm writing this article is a conversation I had with my good friend Steve the other day. Steve is an even bigger dub-fan than I am, but Steve told me that he doesn't plan on seeing The National. Steve claims that he has been to so many dance shows recently that he doesn't want to add one more.

Please do not let yourself fall into Steve's trap. If you care at all about the direction of artistic dance music, you must show up for The National and come ready to dance and show these folks that Nashville is on the forefront of the dubstep revolution.

### Never Heard of Dubstep? Come Educate Yourself!

By: Neal Wright  
New Music Guru

Dubstep is the new genre of dance music that's been revolutionizing the way DJs get crowds jumping since the early 2000s.

The key to dubstep is the bass and the drums. Bass is thick and layered on heavy, like mayo on a sandwich. And good DJs keep the drums fast with extensive layers of beats going in to each track.

Listening to a good dubstep song is like making love to a stranger. It starts out relatively quiet and you take it slow while you figure out the interesting rhythms your partner brings to the table. The pace slowly builds up as your anticipation grows. Then, just when your interest and desire have reached your peak, all of a sudden the bass, and the pants, drop. Suddenly, without understanding how, your hips and shoulders start gyrating. You explore the unique textures of your mate and feel his or her intense pulse beating in unison with yours. In these moments, you feel the sound wrap around you like the warm embrace of your lover's bosom. Before

long you come to feel at home here, and you want nothing more than to preserve this moment and feel like that for the rest of your life. But long before you're ready, the song ends, and the DJ pulls on her skirt and walks out of your life forever. Only a dubstep song is better because, unlike a strange whore, I can get the song back into my bedroom whenever I want.

OK, maybe I'm over-romanticizing this genre. And you know what, it's probably possible to go through life without ever hearing dubstep and being perfectly happy. But I want to encourage all those initiated to come out and hear The National when they perform at Rites. Their sound is really progressive but still accessible to even the casual concert-goer.

So, please, if you enjoy any combination of dancing, fast upbeat music, heavy bass lines, heavy synth leads, or intelligent sampling, then make sure you don't miss The National's performance at Rites.

After all, this is college, and if you can't expand your musical horizons now, then when can you?

### Don't Let The National's Records Turn You Off

By: Dan Sperger  
Studio Sadist

My experience with The National began back in late 2004 when a good friend of mine gave me his ripped copy of their most recent album, *Cherry Tree*. I took the album home and really did my best to give it a chance, but despite my efforts, I just couldn't bring myself to care about the music. I mean, even at that point I was a big fan of dubstep, and I was always looking for new bands that could innovate the genre, but for some reason, the mix on this album just seemed sloppy and unprofessional.

I didn't enjoy my experience with *Cherry Tree*, and I had such a sour taste left in my mouth that one summer later, in 2005, I completely passed up on the chance to see The National play a free show in my own home town of Cherry Hill.

Oh, how I rue that decision today.

You see, last winter break I headed to a dubstep show at the Troc in Philadelphia. I was really interested in seeing the headliner, Stenchman, but before Stench came out, The National took the stage as an

opener. What followed was 50 minutes of the most pants-shittingly awesome performance I have ever witnessed. It was just something about these guys; when they started to play live, they turned into absolute animals. The first man on stage was the band's turntablist, Aaron Dessner, and that man didn't let the beat drop for the whole set. I danced. I laughed. I cried. I'm pretty sure I saw the face of God at one point.

But I'm not sure what it is about The National that makes them such shitty recording artists. Maybe it's the fact that most recording studios lack a large, rowdy, glowstick wearing, dancing crowd which is such an integral part of their live show.

Whatever it is, here is my advice to you, dear reader: when you go to see The National at Rites, make sure that this is your first time hearing them. Listening to their albums will only turn you off to their sound and, like me, you might make the (stupid) decision not to see them.

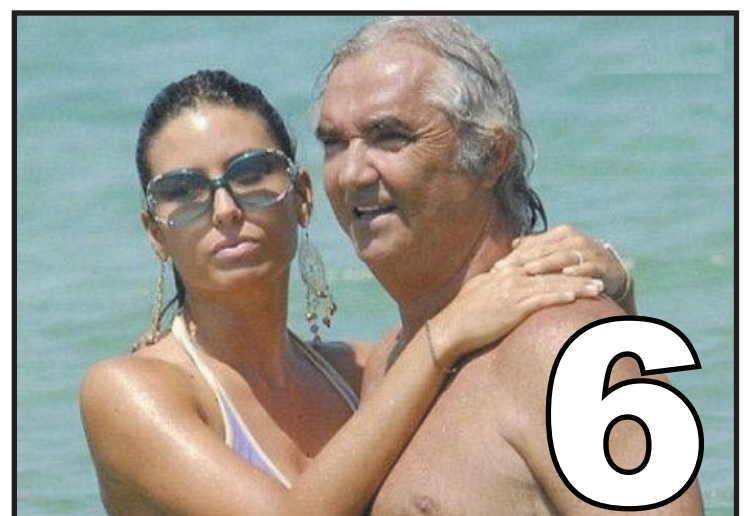
Oh, and when you do come, wear your dancing shoes, some neon tight, and a jacket of glowsticks, and come ready to fucking rage.

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The Hustler egregiously misspells our own school's name in March Madness preview



Numerous March birthdays pose question: "Who has sex in June?"



FROM THE EDITOR



CLAY CHRISTAIN

Happy Friday, everyone! In honor of this special Friday issue of *The Slant*, I hope that all of you enjoy your Friday by doing what you do best on the weekend: don't do any studying, go out to party really late, drink heavily, don't remember when you ended up going to sleep, and waking up after noon to get disgusting Rand brunch. Enjoy today like you would the start of any other weekend!

It's hard to believe, but it's already April. It's been so long since I was handing out pairs of orange *Slant* frat-glasses to you ungrateful freshmen at the August student organization fair. You assholes probably lost them too. If only back then you could have seen how cool you'd be today... Your loss!

Seeing as how my mind is now completely void of any future clever or creative ideas, the autonomous collective has decided to put me out to pasture and bring to you a new voice of reason for the final *Slant* issue of the year a few weeks from now. Listen for when the football stadium's foghorn goes off randomly at 9:30PM on a Monday night. That means we have a new pope of joke!

For now, my image as a sprightly 20-21 year old will be forever preserved in the school's library collections online and otherwise. I will join my predecessors in the continuum of cartoon fools that will be looked upon years from now by some crazy kid going through the entire back catalogue of *The Slant* just as I did myself. And then one day I will have a job, real or fake, but to Vanderbilt I'll always be the one who consistently wrote esoteric sports and history references and for almost two years placed pictures of Asian girls and Japanese text all over the pages of the greatest student newspaper in the universe.

I leave you with these truths: invest money in your own personal hot sauce. Coffee is the greatest smell in the world. Some people take beer pong too seriously. Girls who eat junk food (responsibly) are awesome. The Chef James soda fountain is the fizziest. You can get two soda bottles from some vending machines if you stick your hand up the hole and hold the gate shut. The dorms are never actually closed over non-summer breaks. Picking up pizzas at Papa John's on West End saves you tons of meal money. I love boobies.

Fucked Image



S.S. Rand should have traveled to Canada, home of Epic Meal Time and their chicken-duck-turkey-stuffed bacon-covered full roasted pig.

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# March Holidays Actually Full of Shit

By: Ryan Gibbons  
Sultan of Shit

In this article I'm going to complain about stupid holidays. If you think you have something better to do besides reading about holidays, you should go somewhere else. (But we both know that you don't.)

The month of March is a time that most associate with the coming of spring, better weather, and less time seeking refuge in the hellhole that your dorm has become since the temperature dropped. But there's one thing that never occurred to me before

this year, and that's the stupid holidays that March brings with it.

The first, and in my opinion worst, of these holidays occurs on March 14th every year and is known as Pi Day. While this holiday could be the one time of year that math teachers across the country made math class a little more bearable and took a break, Pi Day always disappointed. No pie. Ever! Each year I went into math class on that day just hoping that there would be pie. But no. NEVER ANY PIE! FUCK PIE DAY!

Although not as much of a holiday, I'm going to include this next one because it



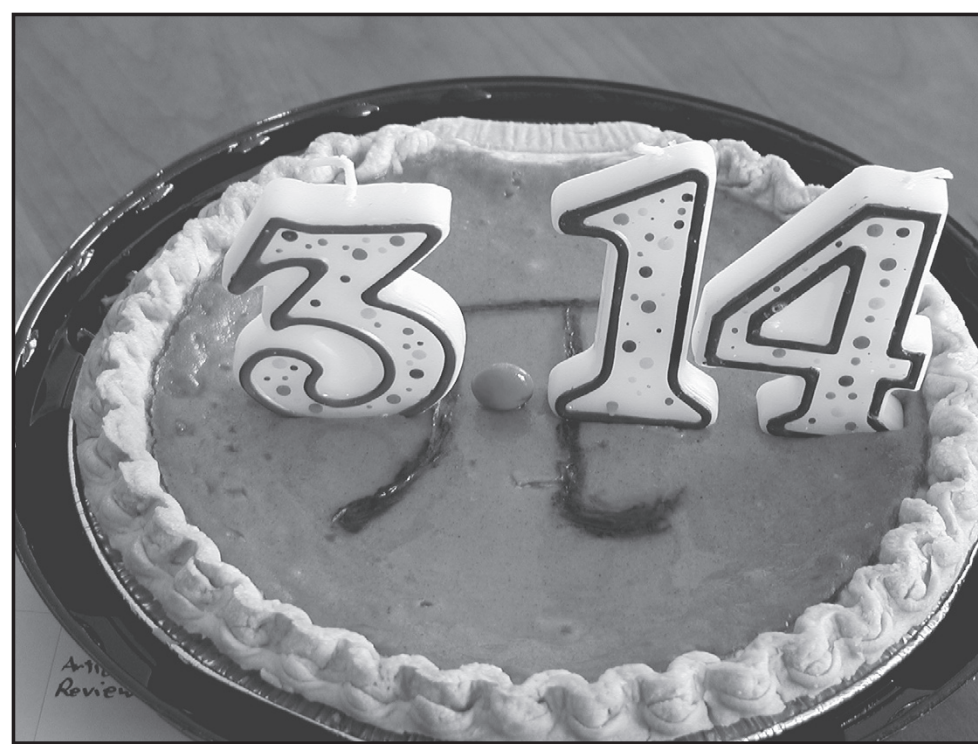
The Slant was unable to distinguish if this man was dressed up for St. Patty's Day or a Gay Pride Parade.

gives me another thing to write about. The Ides of March, or March 15th is the day that Julius Caesar was murdered by Brutus and Cassius a really long time ago according to William Shakespeare, who spent his spare time dressing up like women in his plays. This is a stupid day. "Beware the Ides of March" has become a popular saying in our culture, and to all the people who use this phrase, I have something to say: You are stupid! Just because some dumbass got himself murdered by two ambitious Romans doesn't mean that the day itself is cursed! We don't celebrate the day that Jesus died, right?! Oh wait...

All of that aside, the third and most popular holiday of the month is of course Saint Patrick's Day. This year, I participated in a pub-crawl in downtown Nashville, and it made me realize one thing: people have completely forgotten what this holiday is actually about. I know very well (and, yes, by "I know" I mean Wikipedia knows) that St. Patrick's Day Irish: Lá Fhéile Pádraig) is a religious holiday celebrated internationally on March 17th. It commemorates Saint Patrick (c. AD 387-461), the most commonly recognized of the patron saints of Ireland, and the arrival of Christianity in Ireland. It is clear, that everyone here in Nashville shows their love of Christianity by getting completely wasted. I'm pretty sure that no one in the entire bar had any idea who St. Patrick was or what the hell they were even doing by the end of the night. As an Irish person, I feel obligated to say that all of the people who use a religious holiday of my people as an excuse to get wasted are simply disgusting people. The fact that anyone would desecrate such a beautiful celebration with such hedonistic behavior is simply frightening to me. Screw all those people! Although I do like drinking...



If only Little Caesars could get assassinated in a bloody stabbing for committing crimes against pizza...



Math pie is less sexy than American pie.

MASTHEAD



Met this girl on Valentine's day  
Fucked her in May  
She found out about April  
So she chose to March... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS  
PLACERE CONTENDIT

# Bastard Confession



"Hell, I'll watch the kids,  
but I ain't cleanin' the  
house."

-- Whoopi Goldberg



# The Slant Absolutely Refuses to Write a Story about "Friday"

By: Ben Coleman  
Hump Day Enthusiast

Here at *The Slant*, we pride ourselves on being strong examples to the Vanderbilt community of what intelligent, thoughtful individuals discuss. That's why we are never, ever going to mention Rebecca Black's Youtube internet sensation "Friday." We find that this obviously amateur song detracts from more deserving stories, such as the disturbing rise in popularity of psychics in Salem. It would simply be irresponsible journalism for us to write anything about Rebecca Black. So, in this entire issue, especially in this article, there will not be a single mention of "Friday."

We are never going to mention the gross abuse of auto tune, though it could be said that this song used more of that software than Ke\$ha and still managed to sound worse than every musical export of Canada. It would simply be too much to talk about

the utterly inane lyrics, mainly because the world hasn't seen such an affront to the English language since Melville wrote that extended erotic letter to Hawthorne. If we wrote about the lyrics, we would have to mention how the word "fun" is not grammatically correct when used five times in the same sentence. Side note: whoever wrote "FUN FUN FUN" on the board of Stevenson 4309 should be ashamed of themselves. The mildly pedophilic rapper who comes out of nowhere in the video is truly an embarrassment to the music industry, and I am glad that I can't write about how appropriate it is that the only distinguishable phrase he raps is "school bus."

While it would be awful to write an article about "Friday," I sometime wish that I could share with the world just how bad this music was. I am most distressed about how I cannot write about the abundance of parodies that sprung up about "Friday." Searching "Friday parody" on YouTube led to me to

way too many parodies to mention. I wish I could talk about the chipmunk version, the slowed down version, and the version sung by what appear to be 13 year old boys. But my favorite version, the one I am most depressed about not being able to write about, is Brock's dub. The one where Rebecca Black and her friends die in a car crash.

It's not easy to see such an insult to the art of music and fail to write about it. After all, every time I see the view count on YouTube (time of writing: fifty-four million, four hundred and fourteen thousand, eight hundred eighty-three) I want to write a long-winded, somewhat pretentious article about how much "Friday" makes me want to vomit until my ear drums burst. But that would be both immoral and useless. If I was to write such an article, I doubt that anyone would even read to the end of it.

*Sit yo' mouf on da curb so  
I can stomp it, biotch!*



## Networking Sex: The Latest Trend in the Business World

By: Jim Gillin  
Genital Handshake Purveyor

The days of schmoozing at networking events forcing inane conversation at company parties are over as a new trend emerges in the business world: networking through casual sex encounters.

Networking sex typically takes the form of a one-night stand with a businessperson of the opposite sex whom you have met in the past several hours and with whom you both believe you can benefit from getting to know each other more personally. To reap the benefits later, when you are looking for a career change, just phone up your consort and remind him or her of your night together, and see what they can find for you in their department!

Business today is all about adding a personal touch; networking



*I drink shaken martinis; that makes me a high-class prostitute, sir.  
That also means you'll be paying more for me tonight. It's just good business.*

sex just takes the idea a bit more literally. It's the plain truth that jobs aren't earned solely on merit, but also largely through whom you know and how pleasant you are to

deal with. Men are being passed over for jobs because they lack the same social capabilities of women, but networking sex levels the field by providing the unique opportu-

nity for a man to earn a job based on his bedroom performance.

Finding a partner for networking sex is generally not a huge deal. Instead of meeting business partners over a luncheon, ask them to grab a drink later in the evening. Then flirt lightly, and if everything goes well, take that promiscuous businessperson to your hotel room! Remember to keep it relatively vanilla, or you might scare off future business (and you will be second-guessed if you ever miss a meeting because you were "a bit tied-up"). After the night is through, there is an art to leaving the next morning. Men, if you are the first one up, dress silently and slip out the door, leaving nothing but an elongated stare and a business card folded neatly in the cleft of her breasts. Women, tuck your card somewhere he will notice later and think of you, like in the pocket of his jacket, and

consider adding a dirty message on the back to ensure he thinks of you next time a better spot opens at his company.

Finally, remember to save the number of your partner! This is not your typical one-night stand, and you will definitely want that phone number later! If you are the type to "hit it and quit it," be careful to get his or her number safely saved in your phone at the beginning of the night so you don't forget later in your haste to depart.

Early statistics on the phenomenon report that close to 15% of new jobs are earned through networking sex partners, and figures are expected to rise greatly as the trend popularizes. The face of business is changing in front of our eyes, so keep an open attitude. You may be surprised which of your colleagues would not be working with you if not for networking sex!

## Student Actually Had Reason to Support VSG Presidential Candidate

By: Evan Bell  
Governmentalist

In a shocking turn of events, a Vanderbilt student was discovered to have had an actual reason for supporting one side of the recent Vanderbilt Student Government Presidential election.

"I'm a fan of the Dream Act," said junior Alexander King. "Zye Hooks opposed it while Adam Meyer supported it. So, I voted for Meyer."

This stunning revelation shattered the widespread perception that absolutely no difference existed between the two candidates, as both promised to continue to represent the same narrow sect of the Vanderbilt population that VSG already represents.

Hooks, a member of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, advocated for increased transparency and accountability, greater Greek life representation, and real results. Meanwhile, Meyer, a member of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity, advocated for increased transparency and accountability, greater Greek life representation, and real results. When asked for one word to describe themselves, Hooks chose 'determined' while Meyer chose 'driven,'

literally the two most similar words in the English language.

Student frustration peaked after the January 27th VSG Presidential Debate confirmed that both had selected utterly indistinguishable platforms in a debate so boring that the InsideVandy staff has yet to notice that its article (<http://www.insidevandy.com/drupal/node/16115>) repeats itself three times. *The Hustler* followed the debate with an endorsement of Adam Meyer so vague and ambiguous that it failed to raise a single specific or meaningful point.

Students resorted to various methods to determine who to vote for. "I flipped a coin," said sophomore David Charles. "I mean, no matter how hard I tried, there just wasn't any way to distinguish them. No wonder the voting rate was only 58%."

"I was all for Edward," said first year student, Alexia Burgess. "I mean, I don't think Bella should have ever considered Jacob. Wait, what are we talking about?"

"I chose Hooks because his favorite film is *The Godfather*," said senior Taylor Milton. "It's mine, too."

In related news, the recent A&S Senate race reached a spectacular con-

clusion as three identical candidates with exactly the same platforms defeated three other identical candidates with exactly the same platforms.



*If only the candidates were this kind of identical there'd be no issue with voter turnout.*

## Obama to Enforce No-Flies Zone in Libya

By: Dan King  
Homonym Specialist

In what many are calling a great pro-democracy gesture, President Obama gave in to calls that he is lending military support to protestors in Libya by instituting a no-fly zone over the country's capital. Following the President's declaration, thousands of US troops were deployed

armed with fly swatters, insect repellent, and those weird-smelling outdoor candles.

Communiqués from within the rebel camps indicate that protestors were at first thrilled to hear of the US support but quickly became disappointed upon realizing the true extent of the American commitment.

One civilian said, "I mean, don't get me wrong, the flies are kind of an issue here... es-

pecially in this weather we've been having. But I was kind of hoping the US would help me regain a voice in my own government..."

Many at home had been angry with the President for delaying the US response to the uprising in Libya. The President found himself in a tight spot wanting to show support for the rebel forces while not wanting to over commit the US military by making himself into a "World Policeman."

In a press conference late Monday night, the President announced his action plan for the region, saying "It is crazy to think that our military could enforce democratic reform in every troubled Middle Eastern country. But... keeping the conflict free of pesky insects, that's something we can commit to."

The military action has been met at home by support from both sides of Congress. Speaking to reporters early yesterday morning, Democratic majority leader Harry Reid said he stands by the President's decision.

"No one should have to take up arms and risk their lives just to enjoy the freedoms we take for granted every day," Reid said. "And they certainly shouldn't have to worry about annoying flies while they do it. It's good that we're supporting the people's rights in this way."

Later that day, Senator John McCain said in a speech on the house floor that he was glad that the U.S. would be flexing its military muscle to show a strong "pro-democracy and anti-fly message to the region."

The only groups that seem to be upset by the move are the members of hard-core animal rights group PETA. According to a press release on their website, PETA states, "These



*President Obama's staunch anti-fly bias has been in constant question ever since he was publicly assaulted on national television by an insect-supporting protestor.*

military actions constitute a war... despite those claims that war only exists when the opponents are human beings."

PETA went on to remind readers that this is not the first time Obama has shown an anti-fly prejudice. Saying "We have not forgotten the events of June 2009 when the President senselessly murdered a fly on national TV... a crime for which he has yet to be prosecuted."

Despite these detractors, the military intervention has begun and according to wire reports the Army presence has already made a difference. Troops have been distributing various anti-mosquito supplies to local residents, helping set up mosquito netting to create mosquito free zones, and even using precision weapons to shoot individual bugs out of the sky.

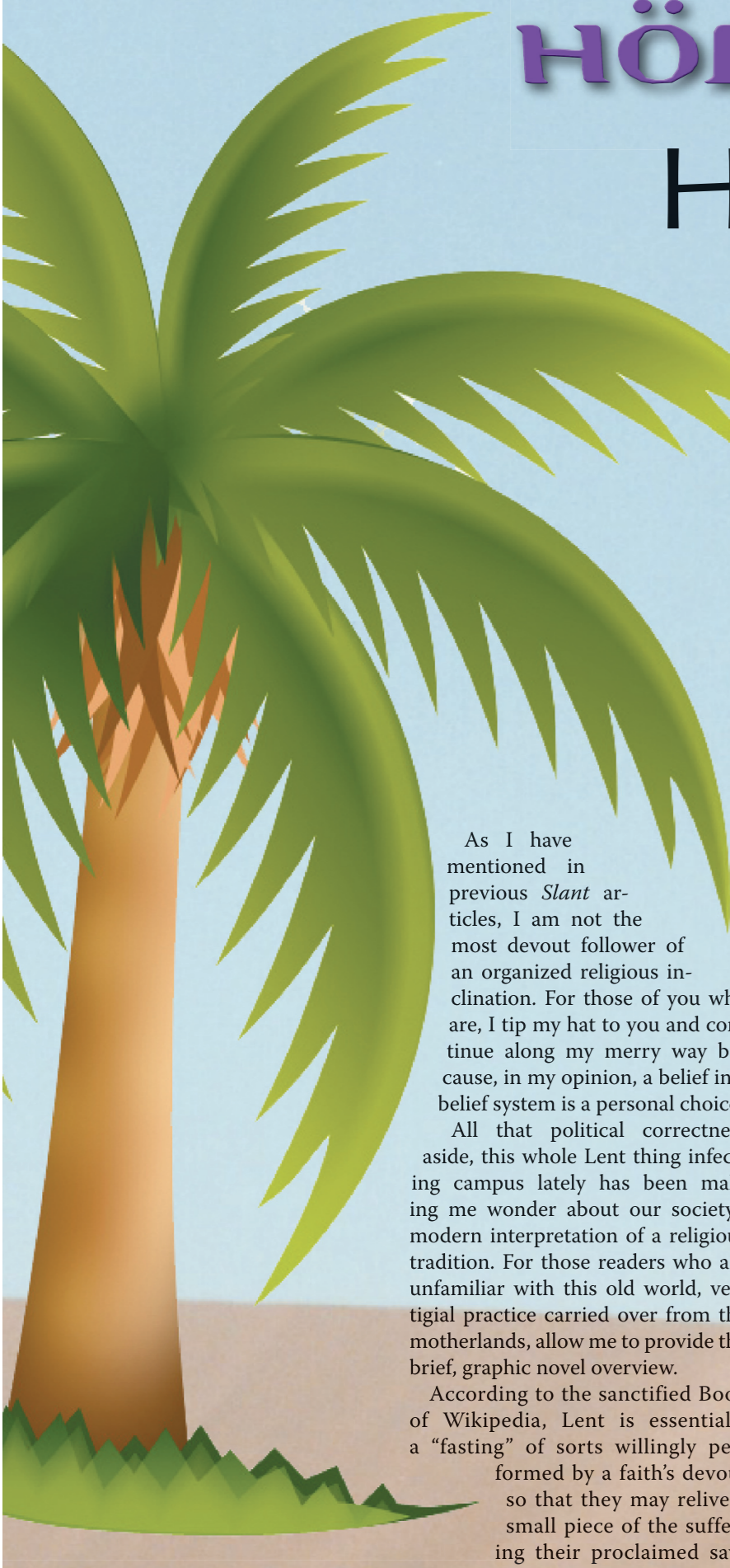


*The US Military has been criticized for hiring private exterminator contractors who have been exterminating Libyan pests with reckless abandon.*



# HÖLLYWÖÖD GİVES UP GÖÖD FÖVİES FÖR LENT HELLBENT FOR LENT

By: Justin Barisich  
Televangelical Sporting Commentator



As I have mentioned in previous *Slant* articles, I am not the most devout follower of an organized religious inclination. For those of you who are, I tip my hat to you and continue along my merry way because, in my opinion, a belief in a belief system is a personal choice. All that political correctness aside, this whole Lent thing infecting campus lately has been making me wonder about our society's modern interpretation of a religious tradition. For those readers who are unfamiliar with this old world, vestigial practice carried over from the motherlands, allow me to provide the brief, graphic novel overview. According to the sanctified Book of Wikipedia, Lent is essentially a "fasting" of sorts willingly performed by a faith's devout so that they may relive a small piece of the suffering their proclaimed sav-

ior, Jesus Christ, experienced as he wandered in the desert for 40 days and 40 nights all the while being tempted by his arch-nemesis, Satan, to eat. Though I'm sure Satan was only hoping to prevent his enemy's premature demise by way of voluntary starvation, because then what would happen to his acting career and the viewer ratings if the rest of the hit series came to an abrupt halt before it reached its narrative climax? Pious followers perform a less intense version of this starvation to prepare themselves for a faith-gasm about a month and a half later.

Additionally, according to the wisdom found in his "The Tussin" episode, the electric prophet MC Chris tells us that the whole experience is Tantric, "Frankly, the feeling's fuckin' fantastic. I'm trippin' like Jesus in the desert when he fasted...like you're at Epcot Center on acid."

Profound sub-textual drug allusions located in rap sermons or not, I grew up around a family of Catholics in New Orleans, a land essentially run by Catholic-lites, so I am quite familiar with the idea of Lent even if I find it slightly comical. Having readily-available, fresh seafood made the whole "meat-free Fridays" thing more of a convenient excuse to get all your "religious" friends together and throw a beer-and-boiled-crawfish party rather than suffer any sort of self-inflicted punishment. Religion acted like a sort of food stamps program for us during Lent; we physically ate better every Friday because we couldn't spiritually afford to eat meat. Blessed is he who caught and cooked the crustacean.

And let us not forget about Mardi Gras Day either. It's just one gigantic-ass, city-wide, month-long, debaucherous festival culminating on a single, Fat Tuesday of drunken orgies, fried-food gorging, and the gathering of materialistic baubles thrown to willingly breast-exposing women from men covered up in silk and sequin dress gowns. And then the next Wednesday morning, the revelers recover from their hangovers and the previous night's sins by getting some burnt palm branch's ashes crisscrossed on their foreheads and all is forgiven. Blessed is he who upholds that where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

Yeah, I love my city and its customs. We know how to embody Father Ludacris' wisdom of wanting "a lady in the street but a freak in the bed" perfectly. Yeah, the Usher agrees too.

Nevertheless, my question remains as follows: Why must we, as a society, need a religious tradition to remind ourselves that we should stop repeating, or at least decrease the frequency of, the activities that cause ourselves long-term pain in exchange for short-term pleasure?

Followers force themselves to give up chocolate everything, incessant Facebooking, and being misogynistic assholes to women for a period of 40 consecutive days and nights. Yet, most of those who sacrifice do so begrudgingly because they are not fasting willingly in order to reach a higher understanding of their faith, but they are doing so out of familial, peer, or religious pressure. Most observers of Lent hungrily count down the days until they can down a bottle of Hershey's syrup, scrutinize every single one of your latest

Facebook albums, or return to their common vernacular of calling every passing college girl, mother, or nun a "crazy-bitch-ass-ho-bag" and rate their hotnesses as they simply try to cross the street.

If you're going to "follow in the path of Christ" and refrain from an activity or behavior for Lent, then do it for the whole period. Don't bitch out and consider every Sunday during that six-week period as a mini-Easter. You think J.C. kept some bread up his sleeves to eat on Sunday afternoons? No, because if he did, he would have been cheating, and it also would not have made for an interesting of a chapter in the story. And who likes a superhero that needs to eat? Nobody, that's who.

Perhaps we could consider practicing a general level of self-restraint so that we wouldn't need a religious holy-month-and-change to purge ourselves of our accumulated evils and addictions so regularly. Just an idea.

As an alternate option, we could all just go balls to the wall with the full religious experience and spend around the Mojave Desert trying to find edible rocks that could pass for bread. If someone pulls that off before death ensues, he might be able to spawn a new religious following of his own. I only ask that he makes sure to post the video highlights of his heat-stroke wanderings on YouTube so that the general public can all feel that holy spirit with him and vicariously follow his footprints in the sand from the comfort of their desk chairs.

But only the highlights; the viewers might tire of watching the whole experience.

# EAT YOUR OWN HEART OUT FOR LENT

By: Dylan Thomas  
Divine Dining Deity

It's freaking Lent! Get excited, because even if you haven't attended church or done a single fucking nice thing all year, you've all been awarded forty days to redeem yourself and score some bonus points with the big man upstairs. But if you aren't sure how to proceed, don't fret. Here are a few ideas for some high-quality sacrifices to make this Lent.

### EASTER

Are forty days just not enough for you to get your fill of self-sacrificial goodness? Swear off Easter with me and we'll rock this bitch forever. Sure, you won't get to celebrate any of the things that actually make Easter special, but Cadbury eggs and chocolate bunnies are a small price to pay in exchange for living the good life 24/7/365.

### ALCOHOL

Lol, jk

### YOUR COMMODORE CARD

The whole point of Lent is to live a little more simply, and ditching your Vandy card opens up a world of opportunity for a holy, ascetic lifestyle. Feel like you've been a little too gluttonous or slothful lately? Lock away that card and you can no longer eat on campus, sleep in your own bed, or really access any building with chairs and air conditioning. Within days you'll be relegated to camping out on Alumni Lawn, ravenously waiting for uneaten Pub fries and absentminded squirrels to come your way. Problem solved.

### ARBITRARY AND BIBLICALLY UNFOUNDED RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS

Zing! But really, I've been trying to figure out this whole Lent business ever since I left my extremely rural Appalachian hometown and learned that

Catholics actually exist. What I've been able to conclude thus far is that a bunch of old guys got together and decided everyone really needed to calm the fuck down for forty days, then appropriately re-indulge fully in their vices to celebrate Easter, the holiest day of the year. Oh, and Sundays don't count either. Makes perfect sense.

### FOOD

Americans are over-consuming at overwhelming rates while world hunger persists. If you really want to make an impact this Lent, why not just give up food? All the Vandy girls are already doing it, and I hear it's working out great for them.

### YOUR SENSE OF SHAME

Here's my own personal sacrifice. On Ash Wednesday, I followed the footsteps of Rebecca Black and formally abandoned my dignity. Since then, I've been having a blast. No longer bridled by self-respect, I've been able to get blackout drunk on Mondays, recklessly flirt with guys out of my league, and sing all the words to every Ke\$ha song while stone cold sober. At last I can wear leggings as pants and boast even my most irrational opinions with a proud intensity previously held only by Frannie Boyle. I'm finally free, and the best part is that I haven't been able to regret a second of it.

Choose from the list à la carte or build your own combo to pack an extra-holy punch. But don't delay—Lent is halfway over so you really should get started. Godspeed to you, and happy Lent!



# BATTLE: LOS ANGELES

## THEY LOST SOME GOOD MEN OUT THERE

By: Katy Jaramillo  
Breakfast Designer

Take every military campaign, alien invasion, action movie cliché, and role it into one. Mix with copious explosions and a cast of stereotypical characters. Sprinkle in a few macho platitudes. That's the recipe for this year's latest cinematic hit *Battle: Los Angeles*.

I have told this movie again and again, like a familiar story, since watching it last week. I have inspired countless friends to have a few drinks and spend a few hours easily predicting every scene. It never lets up with the macho displays. It keeps you disappointed. Plus its really really dumb. I'll break it down for you here:

A ruggedly handsome staff sergeant once lost some good men out there, so he's going to retire, but they will need him this one more time, because meteors that weren't there a minute ago are headed towards the coastlines of twelve major cities across the globe. But wait! They're slowing down before impact, and there are shadowy figures in the mist. Oh no! So, the staff sergeant is assigned to a squad of young marines, and there's the guy with a pregnant wife at home and the black guy who has a problem with the sergeant, because his brother was one of those good men out there who died under the sergeant's command. Then there's the guy you know is smart because he wears glasses, and there's another generic white guy who will eventually get shot and you won't notice. Of course, later, a female soldier played by Michelle Rodriguez shows up, and she has all this insider knowledge about the aliens and stuff.

So, all these marines are dropped into Los Angeles to rescue civilians, under a time limit, because of course the government is going to bomb the city soon as a last resort. They save a few kids and a man and a woman who flirts with the staff sergeant, except they're not very good at rescuing civilians, because half of them get blown up in a helicopter



I know this is the wrong ship, but it's from a much better movie than Battle LA...

## FOR THE CAUSE

By: Mark Sakaiye  
Professional Interior Decorator

Last weekend, some friends and I went to see a movie by the name of *Battle Los Angeles*. There are few words in the English language that, when strung together, can evoke such deep, powerful emotions of awe and grandeur as 'Battle Los Angeles.' The plot of this movie is actually quite simple. In it, a bunch of robotic-looking aliens attack earth, and apparently the United States government is all, "Oh HELL no," and sends in the soldiers to fight back. This is their story. One might be concerned about the quality of a movie that can be described in one sentence, but one should not be. One would be a pretentious douche to think something like that, one would think. The thing that makes this movie better than all the rest is that it's not weighted down with "intricate plot" or "well-developed characters." It did, however, include plenty of what those in the biz have coined "shit exploding." Isn't that all a movie really needs though? It is this reporter's opinion that such is the case.

As you can imagine, we didn't exactly go to see this movie in an unebriated state, which made every explosion that much better. But this story isn't about the movie, oh no. This story is about what happened directly afterward. We had gone to see the movie late, so by the end of it we were the only ones there aside from some po-po who were there just to be dicks. As we were



Nothing like waking up every morning to the inescapable apocalypse.



# Vanderbilt Political Science to Relocate to The Commons

By: Jennifer Song  
ASDF

Apparently, people now use the third floor of the Commons. The Board of Trust has recently scheduled the 19,000 square foot usage for this coming fall to house the entire Political Science department and its three research centers. In an official statement, Dean Dever referred to the move as "the realization of an important part of the original vision of The Commons to be a truly integrated living and learning environment for Vanderbilt students and faculty." She really didn't have to do that to herself. The move is a perfectly respectable decision of practicality; anyone who has seen how cramped the third floor of Calhoun is need not an ulterior motive theory to justify it.

In all fairness though, it might be nice for incoming freshmen who are gung-ho about never, ever changing their major from poli-sci. If napping before and after meeting a professor is their thing, this is useful. Then

again, for philosophy majors living in Kissam, Furman Hall isn't much farther away. Proximity is usually not a problem on a college campus, a ten-minute walk from our rooms to a department building shouldn't be enough to alienate us from experiencing the academic living aura. After all, the greatest proximity to education is right in our rooms basking on our bookshelves. But whether the amount of motivation required for reading is more or less, no one knows for sure.

So, maybe the Board of Trust's decision has strictly learning benefits if not arbitrary academic mood-setting benefits. Some authoritarian parents are also successful with the shove-it-in-the-kid's-face-so-he-can't-escape method, but the dining hall is on the first floor, and the exercise room is on the second. What is on the third floor anyways, what is the "living" aspect of the third floor? It's easy to suggest attractions of debauchery to neighbor the department, but it's such a lame joke that it's not even funny. There's no reason to go up another flight of stairs for

porn when there's free internet on the 1st floor. Thus, with resignation, this move is probably just a matter of practicality, not one for

helping fashionable one-liners' functionality. I mean look how I just shredded Dever apart here and there. Ha!



Not a bowling alley, not a Chick-Fil-A... Classrooms.. Really, Commons?







# SPORTS!

## Q & A with Mr. C *Disgraced Mascot*

By: Andrew Mungan  
Friends with Mike Tyson



A few weeks after the recent boxing match between Mr. C and a student at the Vandy vs. Tennessee game on February 24th, we at *The Slant* decided to sit down and have a chat with Mr. C to discuss his future here at Vandy. When I approached Mr. C and asked him to talk with me, he punched me in the face like a bitch and ran away. After tracking him down in the old men's locker room, I convinced him to talk, or else I'd reveal what's really underneath his gym shorts. Let's just say he needs the ExtenZe.

**Me:** I would like to thank you for taking time out of your busy boxing schedule to sit down and chat with us at *The Slant*, Mr. C.

**Mr. C:** Fuck you!

**Me:** First and foremost, I'm sure you want to get something off your chest, Mr. C.

**Mr. C:** Yes, I would like to say something first and foremost before we begin... I pity the fool whose nose I broke, so I just want to make sure he knows that he got what was coming to him.

**Me:** Whoa, whoa, Mr. C. That wasn't quite what I was expecting. That sounds more like Mr. T. Don't you want to start off with an apology to that poor fan?

**Mr. C:** (giggling) No.

**Me:** So why exactly did you punch him in the first place?

**Mr. C:** Well, there are lots of reasons actually. First of all, our basketball team was up by like 15 points over UT, and then we fell behind like we always do. That always really pisses me off. But anyway, being the mascot and all, I had to get the crowd back into the game so I decided to do my signature crowd surf.

**Me:** Yeah, I saw that. They were tossing you around quite violently if I remember.

**Mr. C:** Yeah, they were PISSIN' ME OFF! They were throwing me around like a rag doll, and I was starting to get really dizzy. Not to mention I was already dizzy because I pregamed during the pregame warm-up. Then, near the end of my crowd surf, I felt someone grab my genitals.

**Me:** Whoa! So, the guy grabbed your Commodore?

**Mr. C:** Yeah, he grabbed Mr. Cock. I would have been ok if it were some hot sorstitute who grabbed me, but not THAT guy. I wanted to punch him right there on the spot except I was still being tossed around. Then, those fucking fans dropped me onto a bench! Why does that always happen!?!?

**Me:** Well, you won't have to worry about it happening too much longer considering you probably won't be coming back next year.

**Mr. C:** (laughing) My thoughts exactly. I decided that I was tired of masquerading around in this 100-degree costume oven, getting tossed around and always being dropped by the fans. I thought I might as well go out with a BANG! Plus, I made it onto ESPN. I've always dreamed of that since I was a kid.

**Me:** Well, I'm glad to know that you lived out your childhood dreams, Mr. C. What do you think the future holds for you, and for Vandy's next mascot?

**Mr. C:** For me, I just wanna graduate and settle down. Maybe I'll eventually find a Mrs. C, and we can have some baby Cs, but I'm just gonna focus on not getting expelled from school for now. As for Vandy basketball and their mascot, good luck finding a new one. I dunno about you, but I'm tired of losing in the first round of the NCAA. It makes me want to punch someone.

*Mr. C can be reached via his email address: Mr.CuntIL\_I\_DIE@Vanderbilt.edu*

## Tennessee's Bruce Pearl Fired over Violations of NCAA's No-Barbecue Rules

By: Clay Christain  
Slow-Roasted and Sauced

University of Tennessee head basketball coach Bruce Pearl was recently fired from his position on March 21st as a result of holding an inappropriate barbecue for prospective players and families. This event goes against the NCAA's strict "no-barbecues" clause as stated in section 4.2.0 of the NCAA's recruiting rules and regulations.

The passage states, "No coach of any men's Division I athletic team may hold an unofficial event consisting of any public instances of the slow roasting, dry-rubbing, shoulder-pulling, bacon-weaving, or basting of any pork, beef or chicken. Doing so causes an environment of excessive bonding, promise making, sucking up, and the high probability of unacceptable man-love and general 'bro-ing out' between recruits and coaches."

Pearl, in clear violation of this statute, in the presence of high school basketball players, was seen manning the grill, flipping patties and directly injecting barbecue sauce into his meats with a syringe.

On the subject of his ousting, Pearl defended himself by saying, "I know what I did was wrong. I just wanted to give these kids a lunch other than pizza or deli sandwiches. The NCAA needs to move on into the 21st century. The no-barbecue rule comes from a dated time when boys and men were not allowed to share a smoky delicious southern delicacy."

The rule was put into place in the early 1970s when many American men would hold "block parties" to entice the youth of their neighborhood with scrumptious marinated masterpieces

smoked over a well-aged, plump and firm set of logs. Children, hypnotized by the ungodly smells of pure ecstasy, would engage in frivolous activities such as playing tag, hide and seek, throwing balls recklessly and without precision and generally running around like spider monkeys on a serious Red Bull binge.

The NCAA determined that high school students, with some being under the age of eighteen, should not be permitted near coaches in such fun-laden environments that may cloud their better judgment.

Bruce Pearl, who is Jewish, has also been under the scrutiny of his spiritual leaders for handling so much pork at one specific moment. The NCAA would not comment on the potential violations for recruiting his own son, Steven, to the Tennessee basketball team not for nepotism, but rather a quite evident violation of suiting up a severely uncoordinated player in a Division I game.



*Lh, yeah, I'll take a five-dollar footlong instead.*

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

(813): It's the only way he can connect with someone. It's like Avatar. He has to stick his dick in something.

(330): I told my sister I'm going indoor skydiving, and she said, "That must be the largest building in the world."

(615): How does it feel to get fucked in the ass?  
(949): That was the best night of my life  
(615): What? When you got fucked in the ass?  
(949): No, when you just started screaming that at me.

(631): I wouldn't want to go to a single-sex school, but I could see myself going to an all-guys school.  
(407): That's how you know you're a whore!

(508): Shall I whip out my dick and distract them?



### Admissions Officer



*Anything we ever said to the Class of 2011.*

### Susan Boyle



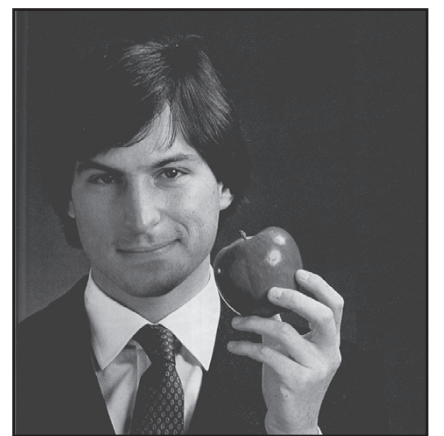
*No one believes me when I say it's my birthday.*

### Concerned Girlfriend



*The condom had a hole poked in it...*

### Steve Jobs



*Started a little company. Didn't expect anyone to take it so seriously. Still tricking millions.*

### Joseph Stalin



*Haha, I remeber this one time in 1948 when, as a joke, I totally instituted a land blockade of West Berlin. You should've seen it!*

### Geoffrey Chaucer



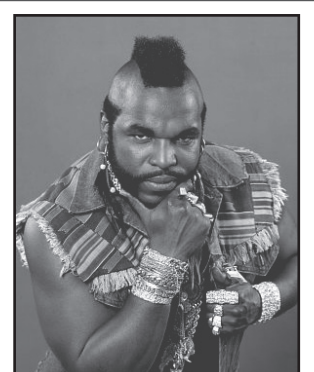
*Well, there was this one time I pretended that April 1st was a day for pulling pranks. You guys really took that one and ran with it.*

### Lucy Kim



*I told Neil the video was just for us. Little did he know... GOTCHA NEIL!*

### Mr. T



*It's April, fools!*



**TOP TEN**  
Most Indie Band Names

- 10 The Seasonal Fruit Baskets
- 9 Here's Waldo
- 8 Swiss Criss and The Crackers
- 7 Vajazzle
- 6 Special Ed and The Short Bus
- 5 Three Dudes and a Piccolo
- 4 The Cabbage Patch Kids
- 3 Satin Worshippers
- 2 Rainbows and Rhinestones
- 1 Kanye Best



*Sequin Chucks:*

*Something for the Nashville Hipster in all of us*

**MOSAIC**

**What Not to do With Your Prospie**

(in addition to what you're already told not to do)

*Rachel-Chloe Gibbs*

**Show Them How Your Room Usually Looks**

**Ditch Them in the Stevenson Labs**

**Homework**

**The Gospel According to Mark, Volume 6: I Said "What What? In the Butt."**

*By: Mark Sakauye*  
Wiser Than Thou

Welcome to the sixth edition of *The Gospel According to Mark*, now officially the longest running advice column written by a person named Mark in Slant history. In this section, I'll be answering all of your questions with the wisdom I've garnered from over twenty-two whole years on this earth. So, sit back and prepare to fill your brain-hole with my knowledge. Feels good, doesn't it?

Dear Mark the Omniscient,

My boyfriend and I have been dating forever. He's definitely "The One." I met him at a movie theater three weeks ago and haven't been away from him since! He's very sweet and playful, always teasing me about being his favorite stalker. I know he loves it though! So, how do I get him to pop the question?

Yours,  
Stalking in Seattle



*If going topless somehow doesn't work, shotgun weddings are perhaps a bit more convincing.*

Dear Matrix Enthusiast,

It's a proven fact that men can never disagree with anything a woman says when she's topless. So, all you have to do is be topless and then very overtly hint that he should ask you to marry him. Insist that he goes and buys the ring immediately, so he won't have the chance to change his mind. Granted, you'll have to follow him (topless) until he actually buys the ring and proposes. That may lead to some awkward situations in public thanks to prude, cop assholes. But you know what? That's what love is. Following someone around topless.

Have a happy marriage!

Dear Mark the Omniscient,

How can I get my parents to give me more Commodore Cash?

Yours always and forever,  
Splendiferous Sam

Dear Kid Who Probably Doesn't Know That You Can't Spend Commodore Cash on Porn,

Tricking your parents into giving you more Commodore Cash is as easy as coming up with a fake charity organization that you can launder money through into your Vandy account. As it turns out, that's not very easy at all, and I have no clue how to do it. Here's something else you can do: work the street corner. It's super easy as long as you don't have any of that "dignity" or "respect for oneself" stuff.



*In case you were wondering, you can't purchase hookers on the Commodore Card either.*

Dear Mark the Omniscient,

Help! I'm stuck on top of Wesley Place Garage! I saw the Vandy Van pass by about 35 minutes ago and haven't seen it since. I'm probably fucked. How do I get down?

Sincerely,  
Doesn't Want To Jump

Dear You're Going to Have to Jump,

I think you're going to have to jump.

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