



Rushing the court... since 1886

INSIDETHISSUE

Broncos Running Back Lauded For Non-Shooting Related Death

A Punk, A Rabbi, And The Chancellor Walk Into A Bar...

Cubans Flood Florida As Spring Training Begins

PARALYMPICS

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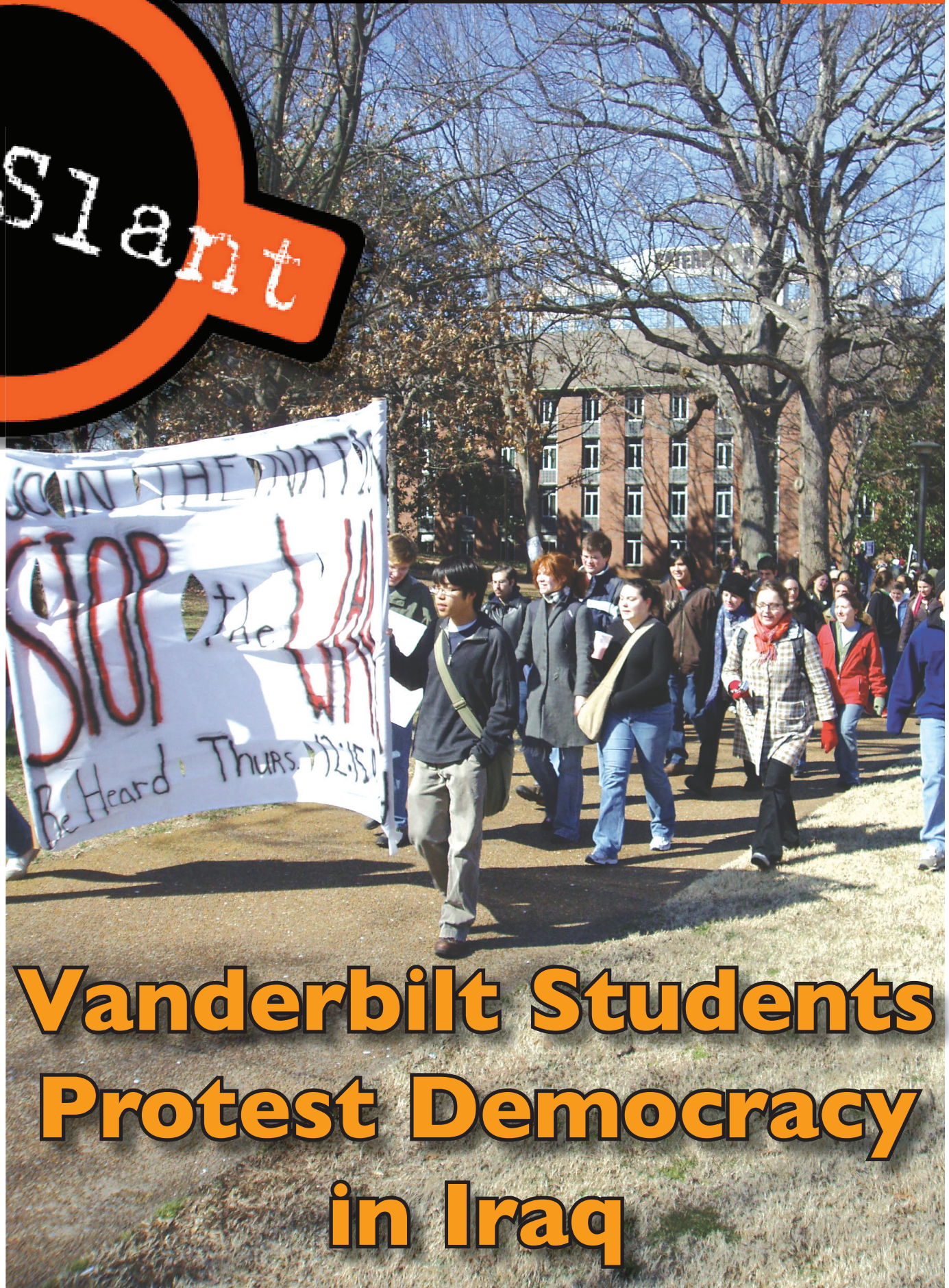
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Vanderbilt Students Protest Democracy in Iraq

Abroad Student Has 1,000th Conversation About Jack Daniels, Elvis

A&S Junior Rachel Unger, currently studying abroad in Germany, officially had her 1000th conversation about Jack



Daniels Tennessee Whiskey with side mentions of Elvis last Thursday at Galeria's Ladies Night. Unger, originally from Knoxville, Tennessee, has yet to convince any-

one that things such as Goo Goo Clusters, Saltwater Taffey, or Dollywood are points of Tennessean cultural interest, and once again failed to change the topic from Crystal Meth labs to The Appalachian Trail. The conversation promptly ended when she grudgingly admitted that she had never visited Graceland. In an unrelated story, Alex Chrisope thought Jack Daniels was a Kentucky Bourbon.

DiCaprio Unceremoniously Shot After "Departed" Wins Best Picture

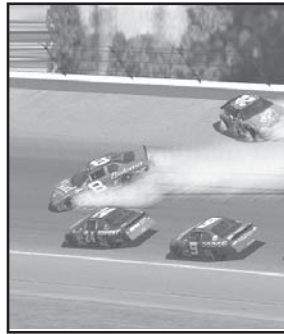
Martin Scorsese's crime drama "The Departed" won Best Picture at the Academy Awards Sunday night in a dramatic and shocking finale that included the murder of Best Actor nominee Leonardo DiCaprio. Minutes after a triumphant Scorsese took the stage to accept his first Best Director Oscar, the broadcast cut to a reaction shot of DiCaprio, star of hits such as "Titanic," "The Aviator," and "The Beach." Without warning beforehand or time to contemplate afterward, DiCaprio took a gunshot to the head that could only be described as swift, brutal, and deadly. "So many Martin Scorsese movies invoke the shadow of death;



the man broods on the violence inherent to American life," said host Ellen DeGeneres. "We thought, 'What better way to get that across than to literally kill the brightest star in the show?' I mean, who would have seen that coming?" Among the more shocked was ingénue Penelope Cruz, who was sitting behind DiCaprio and found herself covered in splattered blood and brain mat-

ter; Cruz fearfully ran up the aisle screaming in Spanish in the midst of the shooting.

NASCAR Fans Introduced To Irony As Jack Daniel's Car Finishes Daytona Upside-Down, On Fire



Despite his less-than-stellar 18th place finish in the Daytona 500, NASCAR driver Clint Bowyer may well be remembered

by historians as the man who initiated the concept of irony to American racing fans, after his Chevrolet, sponsored by Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey, burst into flame and violently skidded across the finish line. While ironists, hipsters, and posers everywhere howled over the layers of meaning and the spectacle of physical humor, the racing fanatics at the event took a while to grapple with the comedic implications of what they had just seen. Leroy Jones, a long-time racing enthusiast, pondered the details of the crash allowed. "Hmm. Clint Bowyer is a race car driver. His corporate sponsor is Jack Daniel's, and his number is seven. You're not supposed to drink and drive. And he finished the race upside-down and on fire. I feel like this is very funny, but I have no idea why." He consulted the fans around

LUKE-WARM

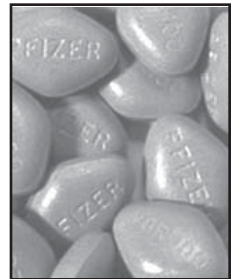
How we feel about our body images.



him before shaking his head and returning to his recreational vehicle.

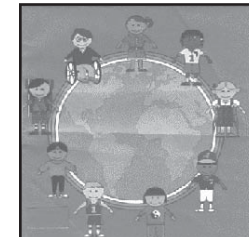
Viagra Helps Jesus With Second Coming

Jesus Gonzales, a 57 year old illegal immigrant from Guadalajara Mexico, recently re-entered the country after seducing two female and one male border patrol officers. Just weeks after being deported, the former San Diego furniture factory worker was introduced to Viagra and upon seeing its awesome power he quickly hatched a devious plan. "I mean back in my younger days I was quite the suave catch...but then the impotence came, and much sorrow followed", reflected Jesus after spending 40 days and 40 nights in the desert. "Now things are different, no one can resist my meat hammer", the confident carpenter proclaimed. In a single night he was caught three times while sneaking across the border, but each time without delay he commanded, stand and rise, and yea it rose. The border patrol officers deny any allegations of misconduct.



Short Other News Item Highlights Diversity

Concerned about diversity on campus, VSG did the following:



FICTIONAL UNIVERSE UPDATE

The Vanderbilt Programming Board recently announced the latest Rites of Spring lineup, featuring headliners Wolfmother and The Roots, as well as a large number of relentlessly obscure musical acts that only WRVU DJs have heard of. Conspicuously absent from the lineup, however, was Montell Jordan. An enraged Kevin McNish, VSG President-elect, stayed up all night on Friday drafting a resolution to condemn VPB before calling a special session Saturday morning to formalize his anger. "This is NOT how we do it," McNish said in an interview, taking a break from his busy schedule of denying groups AcFee funding while glancing over a copy of Robert Paul Wolff's *In Defense of Anarchism*. "Naughty by Nature, while also an excellent group, is no substitute for the real thing." The vote to officially condemn the Vanderbilt Programming Board was a close one, with McNish having to cast his tie-breaking vote for a final vote total of 1-0.



Someday, Montell, someday we'll be with you in paradise.



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What do you know?
Women's history month again.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE
CONTENDIT

Corrections:

The Dao printed on the back cover of our last issue was not the true Dao.



FROM THE EDITOR



JOE HILLS

Spring break has almost broken, and I'm excited. Everyone looks forward to spring break for different reasons, personally, as a terrible scholar, I look forward to it as a time when I don't actually need to show up to class. Last year, I did ASB, which was a great opportunity to learn about other people from other places, while

being other places with other people. Although I could extol the ASB experience for pages, if sufficiently encouraged with candy, I'm not going to, and only partially due to the lack of sweets.

Some of you will be going off to new exciting destinations, others of you will be going home. Regardless, I would like to encourage you to spend at least some time alone. This may be obvious if you're about to embark on seven days of dealing with loud family members, but perhaps not so for those of you off to the beach or mountains. While you may be surrounded by people whose presences you enjoy, it's good to pick a time one day, and stay up a bit later, or wake up a bit earlier, and just take in your surroundings quietly while sober for a few minutes.

People handle meditation differently. Some of you may find peaceful waves emanating through your bodies as you watch the waves roll in and out, the gulls diving for fish and chips, and the sun rising. Others of you may find that when you look inside yourself, you're really not happy, or worse, that there's nothing there. I've reached the point in my development where I can honestly say that I'm a bad person, simply because I wish I could be there to see some of your faces as those realizations hit.

Really though, if there is nothing there, if you don't really have any dreams, or perhaps even any actual worth as a human being, do not despair. You have a whole week to choose a course of action before classes resume. Use that time wisely, and you can either come to terms with all of your ghosts, exorcising them for good, or, alternately, you can drink and do drugs until you believe you can physically spin your head around three hundred and sixty degrees.

Spring break is all about memories, and nothing scars like forcing yourself into soul-searching. Hell, even if you don't recall anything that happens after your sit down with your inner-self, that tattoo of an apple eating a woman will stay with you forever.

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FUCKED IMAGE

Drunkenly forgetting condoms during random hook-ups can result in more than just herpes.

U.S., Iraq Early Favorites In '08 Paralympics

By **ROBERT SAUNDERS**
STAFF WRITER

The United States and Iraq expect to field unusually large squads for the 2008 Paralympics and likely will dominate the medal count.

Analysts suggest the four years of war between the nations and episodic violence during the U.S.-led occupation in Iraq have contributed to the large number of paralympians.

"You can bet we won't be losing to Canada again this year," said an excited Charlie Huebner, Chief of U.S. Paralympics. "We're gunning for China on their home turf."

Beijing, China will host the 2008 Paralympic Games. The Paralympic Games are held the same year and in the same city that hosts the Olympic Games.

NBC anticipates this will produce even more compelling television viewing than the main event in Beijing.

"These competitors have overcome so much to compete in these games," said Dick Ebersol, chairman of NBC Universal Sports & Olympics, who negotiated the network's rights to the games. "They have a lot to teach us about life, and we'll be there to photograph every exultant cry and every shed tear."

The U.S.O.C. has worked hard to cultivate the crop of new competi-



Hit by an improvised explosive, but still shooting, these are the men you want defending your country's honor.

tors, including forming a Paralympic Military Program. The organization hosted an inaugural Paralympic Military Summit in 2005 to begin the process of recruiting wounded ser-

vicemen and women.

"We look forward to hosting all these fine, brave men and women, however they sustained their injuries," said Jeff Underwood, president

of the Lakeshore Foundation in Birmingham, Ala., home to the U.S. Olympic and Paralympic Training Facility.

While America may do well in the 2008 games, analysts believe Iraq has the brighter future. "A much larger number of their new paraplegics are children," said ESPN's Jeremy Schapp. "This, coupled with the ongoing and escalating nature of the violence, ensures a much longer pipeline for the Iraqis come London 2012."

The downside of this upsurge is greater competition within each nation's Paralympic qualification trials. Many of the newly paraplegic Americans were in excellent physical

condition due to of their military training. As a result, American Paralympic veterans will face stiff challenges from the new pool of American Veterans.

In the short term though, training in Iraq continues to be difficult. Apart from the lack of electricity and destruction of its facilities, potential competitors are being killed off despite their injuries.

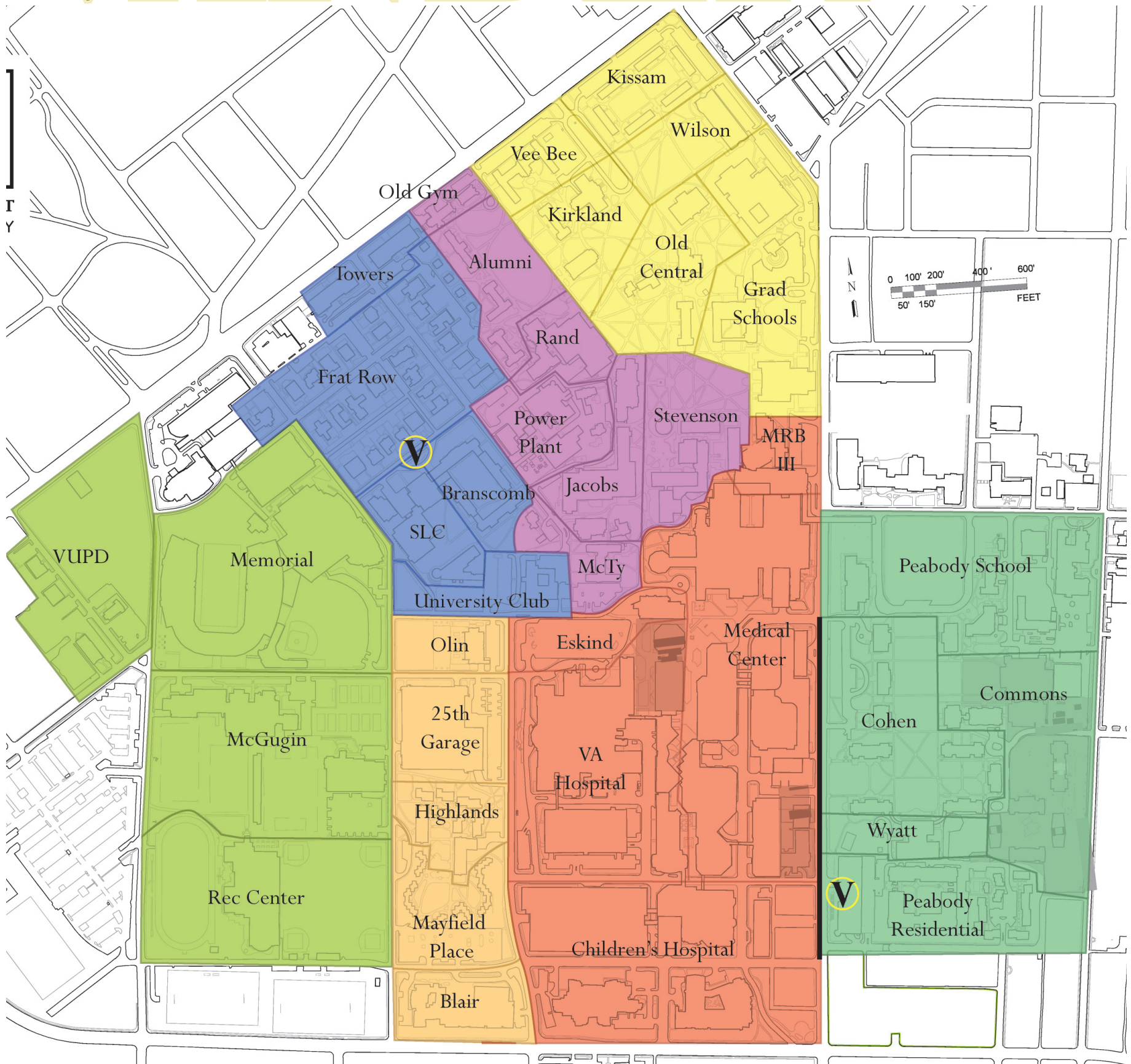
Still, Iraq has lower ambitions than the U.S. After failing to place in the 2004 Paralympics, Iraqi Olympic Committee member Alla Abdelnaby, "Any medals will be an improvement."

Added one Iraqi competitor, who asked not to be named: "Besides defecting to China seems like a pretty sweet deal compared to begging in the streets of Fallujah."

Medal counts for the 2004 Paralympics: Athens, Greece

Country	Gold	Silver	Bronze	Total
China	63	46	32	141
Great Britain	35	60	29	94
Canada	28	19	25	72
United States	27	22	39	88
Australia	26	38	36	100

VANDER



ISK

Note: Vander-Isk is not the same game as, nor should it be confused with Milton Bradley's copyrighted Vandy-Risk, available online and at the book store. Even so, it has many of the same rules as traditional Risk-type games, with a few simple variations as follow:

1. Cards no longer exist. In their place, certain territories provide additional bonuses to the controlling player.

VUPD - Once during your turn, while in combat, "call for backup" and add 2 more units to your side.

Medical Center - Whenever you roll a 6, return another unit to the army you were fighting with. Has no effect if you have suffered no losses.

Kissam - Whenever you roll a 6, add another unit to the army you were using. Can increase the unit count of your forces beyond the starting amount.

Stacks with Medical Center bonus.

Olin Hall - Whenever you roll a 1, eliminate an additional unit from your opponent's army. Has no effect if opponent has only one unit left.

Commons - Whenever you roll a 1, relocate a unit of your opponent's army. Can eliminate the last unit your opponent has. Stacks with Olin Hall bonus.

2. Vandy Vans

A player controlling either end of the route between Branscomb and Peabody Residential (indicated with the "V") may act as though the other end is adjacent for purposes of moving units and attacking.

3. The Bridge

Outside of the Vandy Van, the only other route by which forces may be moved to and from Peabody is the bridge connecting the Medical Center and Peabody School. Units may not be moved across 21st except by this method.

4. Bonuses for controlling entire areas:

Frats - 7

Athletics - 2

VU Hospital - 2

Peabody - 5

West Campus - 4

East Campus - 3

Highland - 7

Why Are Free T-Shirts So Difficult To Get?

by RACHEL UNGER

In my three years at Vanderbilt, never have I come across a greater plight than in my quest to obtain free t-shirts from any given event I attend. Yet, somehow, fate has conspired against me and my need for trendy threads.

Free t-shirts, unlike used or hand me down clothing, are somehow socially revered. They are not viewed as cheap or petty, but as trophies commemorating the achievements of the wearer. And there is no one who admires a free t-shirt like I do, as I understand the sweat, blood, and tears that one must go through to obtain such a prize.

My early attempts at free-t-shirts came in the form of Interhall beach parties and credit card offers. I arrived promptly at 9:00 to collect my souvenir, but no! Residents of Branscomb had already arrived in great numbers and depleted the supply of coveted Branscomb Beach Party t-shirts! I fumed in jealousy and social awkwardness in a dark corner as I gazed in envy at the double-shirted glory of my classmates. I stormed home and started

searching the internet to find solace. Credit Card companies offer plethoras of free goods in exchange for just a few personal details. I excitedly filled out my home address, social security number, day and nighttime phone number, and a list of local businesses I frequent and anxiously awaited the arrival of my shirt via campus mail. One, two, eight weeks passed, and no package arrived. Damn! Foiled again! I could hear The Man laughing at me in his window office as I stared down at my new piece of spending plastic that was no replacement for the cotton threads that could have been.

As a sophomore I grew more sophisticated in my attempts. Sorority rush was out of the question, upon learning that sororities cost even more money to join, and even more money to buy t-shirts from! Ludicrous! Instead I found another group to belong to and became a troupe member of TongueN'Cheek. Auditioning for this troupe, and even earning a spot on the team, all but guarantees a club t-shirt, at no additional

charge thanks to the wonders of AcFee. I've anxiously completed my tour of duty with these lunatics and still cannot don a handsome blouse declaring my association and dedication to improvisational comedic performance!

Next on the agenda was to be the lucky fan at a sporting event to clutch in my fingers the highly sought-after packages hefted into the crowd by strong-armed cheerleaders. I could be found at the Rec for weeks practicing in the racquetball courts-- jumping, catching, and, well, jumping and catching. In practice, however, I found I needed more than these basic skills. When that fated moment arrived, when I was the one directly under the shirt's

trajectory, when my eyes were focused so keenly on the prize, I failed to deliver. In fact, I found myself regaining consciousness hours after the game after a band member managed to knock me out cold with a saxophone.

After deciding my health had to become a higher priority, my search left me scouring further, and by a stroke of luck I was invited to a fraternity formal. Now, as many reservations as some may have of SigEp, it was a grand party,

and above all, I was promised a formal t-shirt at the end of the festivities. "Ha!" I rejoiced while watching HBO in an oceanside hotel, "I'll outwit those sorority dues and will wear a Greek letter t-shirt yet!" As it turns out, SigEp has about the same t-shirt turnaround time as TongueN'Cheek did. Months, even semesters have passed, and for all I know the entirety of the SigEp house is strutting around in my hard earned t-shirt during their secretive chapter meetings. Hand it over, I didn't fix my hair and wear make-up to impress you, I did it for the free swag!

Then, like a piece of driftwood, I washed up on the shores of The Slant. There, a kind-hearted giant by the name of Barzelay looked down on me in pity, and tossed a scarlet rag upon my head. Upon unfolding it, my eyes teared up in wonder and sheer joy! With www.theslant.net emblazoned across the front, and a crisp meatball-shaped logo on my back, I parade before you today. I, Rachel Unger, Junior, have achieved what so many have set out to do. I have a free t-shirt. 🍌



Worn with pride in the USA

Undead Wages

How I Learned to Stop Worrying About Tactics and Love the Brains

by MATT DEVRIES

As I was considering the recent news about Facebook groups discussing LIVE's tactics and strategy, I suddenly realized that I had no idea what the "living" part of "living wage" actually means. Immediately, my mind latched on to the most important part of this issue: what would an undead wage be?

"So," I thought to myself, "what, exactly, would an undead wage be?"

"Obviously," I responded, "it's the wage you'd pay an undead person." And what do you pay a zombie with?

Brains, mostly. As I sat, stunned by the implications of this inference, I suddenly realized that I had also found the answer to my first question. What do you pay a living person?

"Money!" I delighted in the sudden feeling of understanding that washed over me. "So the 'living' part means they want to pay the workers with money, as opposed to brains!" But then it hit me. No, not a train, silly; it was the sudden realization that Vanderbilt couldn't be paying its workers in brains. There simply aren't enough to go around in this country, and besides, why would the workers complain if they were paid in tasty deliciousness? No, there had to be another explanation.

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "That man with the bow tie

must be paying them dead wages!" Suddenly, I realized what all the protests were about. "It all makes sense now," I thought; "dead people don't get paid anything. Well, not unless they've got a copyright on something; then they get royalties just like they were living." The problem here is that you can't copyright a sparkling clean toilet; as I suddenly realized, those

LIVE people with their all their "tactics" and such just want us to know that our workers are alive.

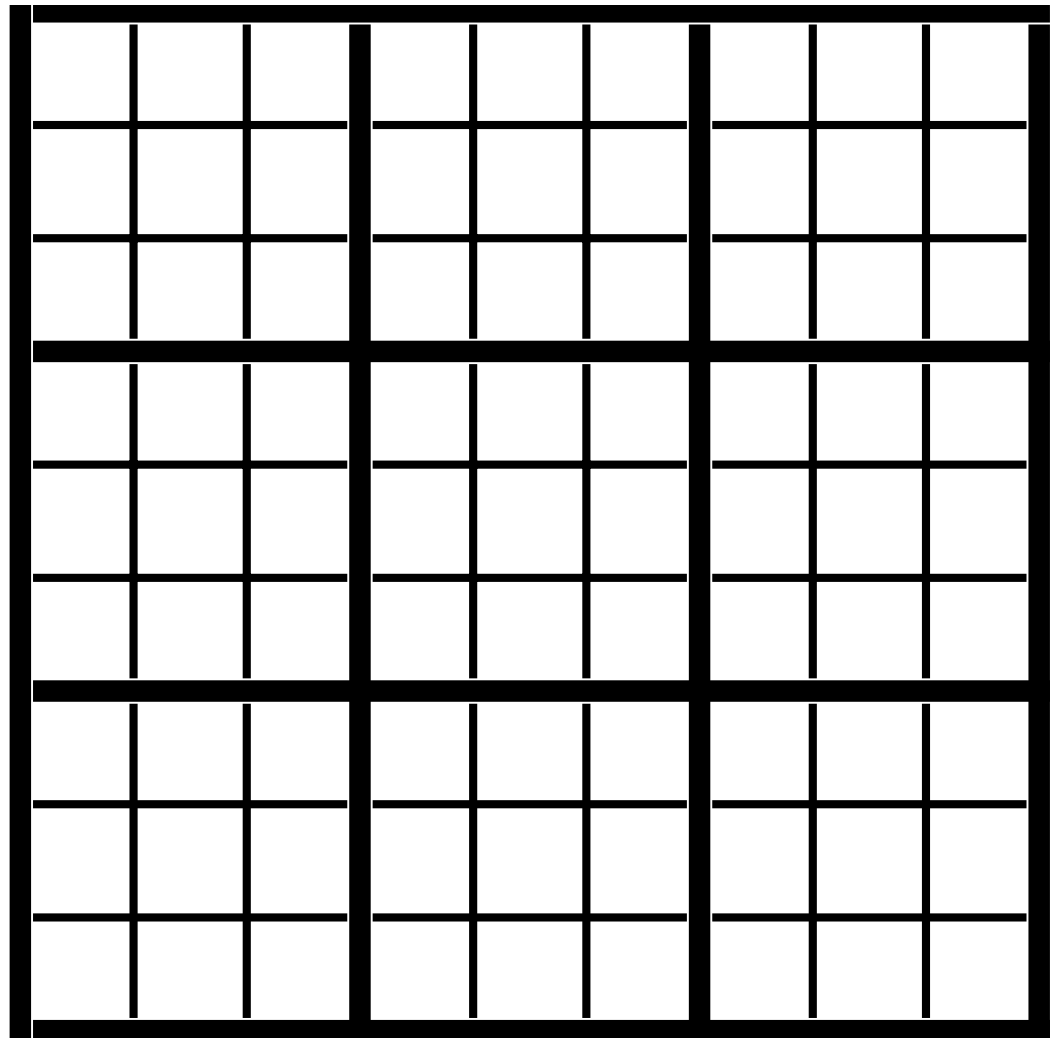
It struck me then, if our workers are alive, and are people, then we might need to start treating

them like people, rather than dirt, or dust, or whatever people become when they're dead for a while. At least we're halfway there, though. Even though we treat them like dirt, most of us don't treat them like zombies. Except the *Torch* staff, anyway, who normally reacts to our grounds-keeping staff by attempting to sever their heads or destroy their brains. Although sometimes I think the school is trying to destroy my brain, I've got enough left to figure out that they should probably pay living people in money. And if that's all that those LIVE people want, then maybe I should join their Facebook group, as an opportunity to demonstrate my understanding of the issue, and show my unwavering support. ●



Underpaid employees may feed their families our brains.

Cut-Throat SuDoKu



The object of the game is to take turns filling in the grid with numbers from 1-9, without repeating a number in the same row, column, or box. The first player unable to see or make a legal move is the loser. If legal moves remain on the board, other players may continue until someone else loses. If the entire grid is filled, all players lose, as they deserve, due to their inability to make the game unwinnable for the others.

STUDENT HEALTH SPRING BREAK SAFETY REMINDER #37

Every year during Spring Break, there are dozens of reported cases of nerve damage to the hands and feet of students tied up or restrained during sexual activities. At least once an hour, loosen or change restraints, and, if in the dominant position, check the hands or feet of the restrained for coldness or numbness.

Don't become another statistic, learn more about safe bondage at: http://www.vanderbilt.edu/student_health/links.html

Facebook Helped Me Find My Real Dad

by JAMES BANECKER, 2025

Hi, my name is James Banecker, and Facebook helped me find my real dad.

Being a major in communication studies, historical genealogy- or anything academic or research-based for that matter- wasn't exactly my forte. Until, that is, I stumbled across an ancient archive, created by users, for other users. I found myself swamped with countless photographs, screen-names, and poke histories. What that was I still haven't deciphered, but that was the least of my concerns after I discovered my mother's long-forgotten facebook profile.

Apparently she didn't attend a Christian college as she claimed, nor was she as well behaved as she claimed to have been! "More Pictures of Alice Banecker" revealed sights and knowledge I never could have learned from pornography alone.

Her groups were no less assuring, and I won't delve into them here, but I shall list their names: Reinke Skanks, Who Doesn't Love to Spoon?, Amazing in Bed, If this group exceeds 99,999, my professor will BUY ME A KEG!, Unwavering Enterprises, and most horrifying, Kids Who Hid In Dep't Store Clothing Racks While their Mom Was Shopping. I can't count how many times she spanked me in public for such behavior.

Most disturbing of all was her last status message, which, according to the mini-feed, was left approximately

six months before my own birth. "Alice is blackout!" Why on earth such a sweet woman as my dear mother would leave such a memento for the world wide web to gander at is beyond



Every drunken picture, every misspelled comment, stored here forever

my comprehension.

That is the last update she ever made, however her wall activity was quickly dominated by a single man, who never failed to message her daily for two consecutive months, asking her to call him back, asking if she was okay, poking her, poking her, poking her! Who was this jerk that kept poking my mother?!

Then the photo tags all came

together, and they progressively made more sense. As I saw my dear mom grinding, giving lapdances, and drinking whiskey from the bottle, I saw not a stranger, but an eerily recognizable

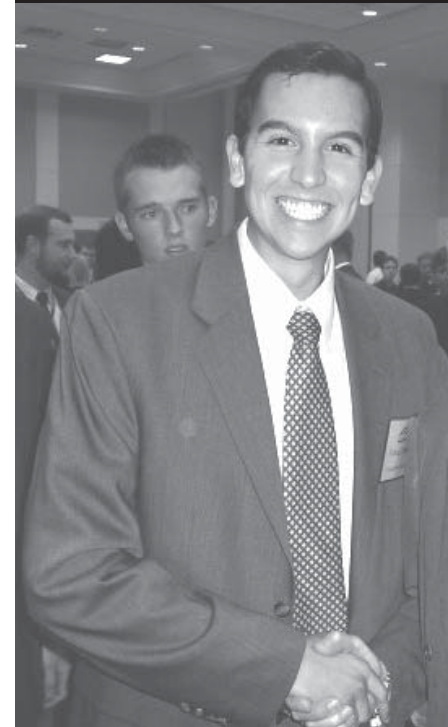
man in the photos with her. He had my eyes, my nose—No, I had HIS chin! Alas, I did not hesitate in messaging this man from my mother's account. Now the truth must be known—was this the man I should call father? Was the man I still referred to as "Greg" simply a father figure and not a genetic donor?!

Before long, I received a reply from this chap. He was living in the swamps of Louisiana, a slum long forgotten by Presidential administrations. Not hesitat-

ing at all to go meet a man I met on Facebook, I headed south. I found him upon some sort of watercraft with a large fan attached to it, where he was pulling beer from the river attached to a rope. I cast a glance on this man, my father, turned tail and ran.

I was grateful that day, not that Facebook had helped me find my real dad, but that my mother was able to trick Greg into that MRS degree. ●

eye on fabiani



Continuous applause met Fabiani's spirited rendition of "Miss Saigon" at this past Saturday's Asian New Year Festival. Although his stirring vocals were interspersed with twenty-foot tall images of Vietnam War-era civilian dead, the crowd was too pleased with his performance to question why there were no images of the Vietnamese on both sides who fought and gave their lives for a variety of reasons. Regardless of the choices and sacrifices they made, there's no doubt that their service would have merely been outshone by Fabiani's pleasing baritone.

-Michelle Mayonaize

Bastard Confession



"I really hope Gisele Bundchen wins that custody battle. Who wouldn't want to breastfeed from those?"

As-Yet-Unnamed Love Child of Tom Brady

"Pac-Man" Jones Inks Deal With Hefty

Tennessee Titans cornerback and punt returner Adam "PacMan" Jones signed a \$800,000 endorsement deal for Hefty trashbags. Jones caught the attention of executives at Pactiv, which manufactures Hefty trashbags, after he brought \$100,000 in one dollar bills in a trashbag to the Minxx strip club in Las Vegas during NBA All-Star weekend. While there, Jones "made it rain" one dollar bills on the strip club stage

"Mr. Jones has demonstrated one of the many, albeit not previously considered, uses of Hefty bags," said Pactiv chairman and CEO Richard L. Wambold. "If our bags can hold 100,000 one dollar bills without ripping, just imagine how it holds up to leaves or paper in your home."

Mr. Jones' actions touched off a melee that resulted in gunshot wounds to three people, including the paralysis of a bouncer at the club. Jones and members of his party remain under investigation in the shootings.

"We are quite certain that the investigation of Mr. Jones will keep the Hefty brand in the front of people's minds," said media relations director Darryl Sydor.

"I'm just happy something positive will come out of my publicity stunt," said Jones. "Besides that fat dude getting paralyzed. Man, this coma will be the best thing for his weight problem."

The signing of Mr. Jones coincides with a previously announced product placement deal with Death Row Records to make Hefty the exclusive trash bag of rappers on the Death Row label. "This will cement our appeal with the urban demographic," said Sydor.

Wambold recommends "all you pimps and playas use a Hefty SteelSak" when porting cash in amounts greater than \$25,000, or the HandySaks for amounts between \$5000 and \$10,000. ●

What About The Upperclassman Guitar Heroes?

by ALEX CHRISOPE

When I picked up the latest issue of Versus Magazine, I expected to see some artsy photography, humanistic profiles of unique individuals, and the promise of a provocative cover unfulfilled by a comparatively flaccid story. What I did not expect was to be marginalized by one of its writers. (Okay, the Burmese guy smoking the enormous blunt was pretty cool.) For, you see, I am a full-blown Guitar Hero junkie. And there are many like me. But you wouldn't know that.

Ali Trecker's lead story entitled "Vandy Freshmen's New Addiction: Guitar Hero," is certainly a passable piece of reporting. Most notably, it increases exposure for the greatest series ever made for Playstation 2. But the intrepid freshman Trecker was apparently not concerned enough to investigate the world of fake guitar playing outside her social circle. "Freshman" and the names of freshman dorms are mentioned no fewer than 24 times in the article. Her highly unscientific poll is conducted solely of males living in Branscomb and Vandy-Barnard (hardly the most reliable sources). Reading the article, one would think that this is a purely first-year phenomenon; that sophomores, juniors and seniors would have little to do with such a novelty.

Tell that to junior Greg Todd, who averages 99% accuracy whether playing rhythm or lead. Tell that to the men of Beta on the thirteenth floor of Tower 1, who can nail every hammer-on and pull-off of Rush's "YYZ."

Or the countless female players who get a rush every time they start playing "Sweet Child O' Mine."

Men and women from Towers to



Every hour you spend on Vanderbilt Visions is an hour I spend being better than you.

Highland are just as enthralled by RedOctane's gaming masterpiece. But our addiction runs deeper. One freshman is quoted, saying, "there's no point in playing" once you've beaten the game. How can you claim to be such a fanatic, yet seemingly have no interest in getting five stars on every song?

So Eddie Wells drove three miles to pick up Guitar Hero II? Big fucking deal. At midnight the day it came out, my roommate and I drove twenty minutes west of campus to a Super Wal-Mart, only to find the hapless employees had yet to stock their new releases. We got a tip from some other

users that another Super Wal-Mart by the airport had the game, meaning we had to drive another forty-five minutes to get that sweet, sweet Star Power

injection we needed. That's devotion. That's fucking addiction. Despite an impending paper and midterm, we stayed up until we had beaten the first three setlists. You can take your three miles and shove them up your ass, Eddie.

Miss Trecker, you can fix this

slight. I'm sure you're familiar with the notion that sporting contests should be decided on the field, not on paper. So have Versus sponsor a campus-wide Guitar Hero tournament. You've hyped up "King of Guitar Hero" Andy Enkeboll and "Guitar Hero Champion of Vandy-Barnard," PD Aquaviva. Let them defend their alleged titles. I'm sure they are very good; my point is not to put down the freshmen Guitar Heroes. I simply want to uplift the overlooked, the cast-aside. We are the upperclassman Guitar Heroes. And we are coming to kick your ass. ●

STUDENT HEALTH SPRING BREAK SAFETY REMINDER #12

In the last decade, at least two Vanderbilt Freshmen each year have not returned from spring break due to autoerotic asphyxiation while under the influence of alcohol. It only takes seven pounds of pressure on the carotid to knock your partner unconscious, and death may swiftly follow if you don't act quickly.

If you aren't sure if you're sober enough to safely throttle your partner, don't.

Don't kill your fuck buddy, learn more at: http://www.vanderbilt.edu/student_health/links.html

AROUNDTHELOOP

How do you feel about Vanderbilt's underdog win against the Florida Gators?



**Tim Hardaway,
Hater**



“As Vanderbilt’s fans perceptively pointed out, I do in fact hate Florida.”

**Pedro Alvarez,
Vanderbilt 3rd Baseman**



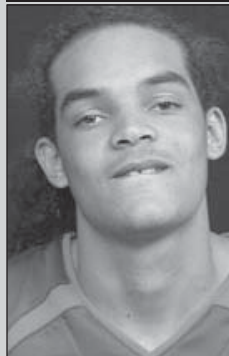
“Hello? Number One baseball team in the nation here?”

**Blair Rand Kirkland,
Vandy Fanatic**



“With such inspiring chants like ‘Noah’s Ugly’ and ‘Humphrey Sucks,’ how could we possibly lose?”

**Joakim Noah,
Emo Poet & Basketball Player**



“While I may have looked very self-assured, the taunts made my soul weep with the tears of 1,000 broken hearts.”

**Kevin Stallings,
Head Coach**



“Phew, now that we’ve earned a spot in the NCAA Tournament, I can stop playing Foster and Byars so much. I can’t stand those guys.”

**Chancellor Gee,
Friend of the Workin’ Man**



“WHOO! It was totally worth \$25,000 for 10 minutes of exhilarating chaos. I hope no one tarnishes this by repeatedly complaining about employee wages.”

SLANTSCOPOSCOPES**SCOPE MOUTHWASH:**

You will be subject to a massive hangover after attempting to use the “Fresh Mint” flavored mixer you found in the bathroom for that Grasshopper you were fixing.

TELESCOPE:

You’re the one looking at the stars, so why don’t you tell us, you pretentious nit-wit.

OSCILLOSCOPE:

You will continue your ornery ways and refuse to cooperate with anyone, including the disgruntled physics majors who have spent the better part of their three-hour lab alternately attempting to set up a half-wave rectifier and cursing vociferously.

GYROSCOPE:

We recommend adding a side of Tzatziki sauce and some french fries to your life. Mmm. Delicious.

PERISCOPE:

No, just because you came dressed in an appropriately-themed costume does not mean you’ll get a 10% discount at The Sub Shop.

SPECTROSCOPE:

You will make a career-advancing move this week... just stay away from those lemon poppy-seed muffins, we’re serious.

MICROSCOPE:

Mentioning that you plan to give that cell sample “the hairy eyeball” treatment will win you few friends in your biology lab.

STETHOSCOPE:

Try this one-liner to instantly improve your bedside manner and rapport with your patients: “I believe in a thing called love. Just listen to the rhythm of my heart!” Because let’s face it, who doesn’t love that song?

KINETOSCOPE:

The stars recommend that you avoid railroad tracks and large men with handlebar mustaches for the rest of the month.

HOROSCOPE:

Beware the ides of March. Wait, dammit, that was supposed to go in the next issue. Uh...hmm, follow up on an attractive business proposal?

Top Ten Ways To Piss Off Your ASB Site Mates

- 10 Wear Ayn Rand shirts constantly, explaining that "service is slavery with a smile"
- 9 After each pit stop, encourage the gang to split up to cover more ground
- 8 Dramatically consult a crystal ball while recalling Facebook facts about your site mates
- 7 Constantly judge aloud the people you are supposed to help
- 6 When it's your turn to cook, add anchovies to everything
- 5 Each time you're one-on-one with a site mate, ask if they'll share a sleeping bag with you that evening, regardless of their genders
- 4 Pretend to snore to the tune of "Happy Birthday" for an hour each night before falling asleep
- 3 Actually snore "Yankee Doodle" for the rest of the night
- 2 Win the popular support and stage a coup to overthrow your "counter-revolutionary" site leaders
- 1 Set up your own still, and trade unmellowed whiskey for sexual favors from locals

Bilotta Phases Out SGA Cab Cash

by KEVIN MCNISH

As the Student Government Association and Interhall continue their glacial transition into becoming Vanderbilt Student Government, more than a few changes have started to materialize around campus, very few of which have been noticed or cared about by students. However, students who spend a substantial amount of time going downtown to party have recently discovered a change to their Cab Cash.

"Cab Cash is set to go the way of the franc or the lira," said VSG President-Elect Cara Bilotta, referring to a pair of inflation-plagued currencies replaced by another initially inflation-plagued currency, the Euro. "With the merging of the two forms of student governance at Vanderbilt, we also voted to standardize the currency. We are slowly phasing out Cab Cash and replacing it with a new fake currency, the VSG dollar." The symbol for the VSG dollar is V\$G, although several economics majors and Torch writers have suggested that a balloon would be more appropriate.

Like the American dollar, the VSG dollar is fiat money, meaning that it is backed by VSG decree instead of precious metals. "Being able to decree that our money is valid enables us to continue our proud tradition of profligacy," Bilotta said. "We'll be able to print enough money to fund anyone who even shows up at a meeting. Student organizations now won't even have to ask for money through

Legal Tender

Backed By
Our Resolve



V\$G1

resolutions. VSG will subsidize them just for breathing!"

The new currency comes in the same denominations as American currency, ranging from V\$G1 to V\$G20. Each bill features a VSG officer on the front and a depiction of a Vanderbilt campus building on the back. Surprisingly, there are no anti-counterfeiting measures of any kind on the currency. According to Bilotta, however, "The VSG dollar has no anti-counterfeiting measures so we can cut out the middleman in funding organizations by encouraging them to print their own money. We don't expect student organizations to have access to our printing equipment for a few years or so, however, so we plan to defray their costs in acquiring such equipment by funding them through resolution, as we have traditionally."

Not everyone has accepted the change, however. Students have been spotted around campus sporting "John Bull" costumes, in reference to Great Britain's continued use of the pound sterling and rejection of the Euro. Margaret Thatcher, former British Prime Minister, is set to speak on campus about the dangers of such economic consolidation. In addition, the Highland Quad Varsity Market has

joined with the Nectar Natural Foods Market in refusing to stock the new currency.

Economists have also expressed significant concerns

with the change. Lew Rockwell, an economist of the Austrian School, wrote in a blog entry that "The V\$G is symptomatic of the growing fascism in student governance that hangs over Vanderbilt like dark clouds in February." Ben Bernanke, chair of the Federal Reserve, also weighed in the issue: "It certainly poses a curious question: what happens when a fake government prints fake money? Real inflation, I would assume." Increased thumping and rolling noises have also been heard near the grave of the Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman.

We at The Slant enjoy massive inflation as much as the next person--we sure get a kick out of watching those old film clips of Germans with wheelbarrows full of deutschemarks trying to buy a loaf of bread after the Treaty of Versailles!

For those of you who want to jump on the bandwagon early, feel free to use this opportunity to start color-copying your own V\$G1 bills, featuring the ever-stunning Jared Anderson's jaw line. 🍷

Join *The Slant!*

Every Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. in Furman 325,

We few, we proud, we *Slant* staff members scale these stairs. We combine our keen wits and sharp eyes with the power of friendship, and bandy about ideas that even the gods themselves must look up toward our perch and contemplate in awe.

