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INSIDETHISSUE

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To Yeast Infection

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INSIDE: JEFF GREEN'S TRAVEL GUIDE

Washington Nationals Mathematically Eliminated From Playoffs

Though they have yet to play a single game in 2007, as of press time the Washington Nationals have been mathematically eliminated from playoff contention. Though naysayers will point to the



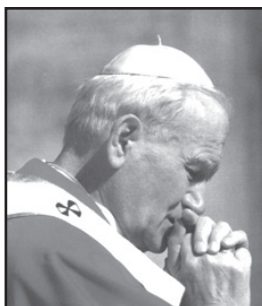
remaining 162 games as holding a glimmer of hope, the team's brass are quick to remind fans they let Alfonso Soriano go to

free agency, they have six players on the current roster, and Nick Johnson's stint on the DL will cost the team its most dependable bat for much of the season. "Perhaps we shouldn't have opened the season with one starting pitcher," said manager Frank Robinson, sipping heavily from a brown-bagged bottle of Boone's Farm strawberry wine. "It probably wasn't the best idea to give fifteen million a year to that kid from 'Rookie of the Year'. And maybe we shouldn't have made our players wear capri pants. And perhaps you could criticize our signing those frisbee dogs to play in the outfield. But in my defense, I'm pretty sure I'm not the manager anymore." The owner, ex-showgirl and widow, Rachel Phelps, could not be reached for comment as she was busy overseeing the construction of a new stadium in Florida.

John Paul II Still On Vatican Fast-Track

Pope John Paul II continued his climb up the Catholic power-structure this week

when a Vatican report linked the curing of a nun's Parkinson's disease with his possible. Many thought John Paul's superstar



career with the Church would have ended with his passing away two years ago, but he is closing in on beatification in record time and many Vatican-watchers are predicting sainthood. "This guy is everywhere these days!" commented one Vatican news buff. "He's like the Che Guevara of God." The former pope's rapid climb is drawing the ire of many in Heaven who are jealous of

his rock-star status. Painter Fra Angelico, for instance, had to wait 500 years just for beatification and does not see sainthood for himself anytime soon. "Usually five years have to pass before they even consider you for canonization, but in typical John-Paul fashion he got that rule waived," the artist complained. "I guess it's like they say, 'It's not what you do for the Church that makes you a saint, but who you know.'"

Student Strangely Concerned About Poisoned Pet Food



Sophomore Jimmy Emerson has been urgently researching the recent scandal concerning pet food from

China contaminated with the manufacturing chemical melamine, despite owning no pets himself. "He started asking me all these questions, I guess because I'm a chemistry major," his roommate explained. "He began by asking me what melamine was, which I guess is a fair question, but then it got really weird. He asked questions like 'Could melamine hurt a human? I mean, I know humans are bigger than pets, but let's say, hypothetically, a twenty year-old guy was eating a lot of contaminated cat food. What would that do?' We talked about it a bit more over dinner, which was also weird

Chilled

How we like our monkey brains.

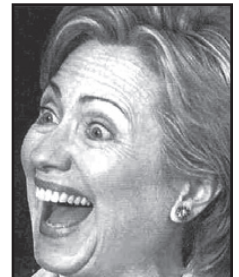
because he'd never eaten with us before. I don't know what to make of it." When pressed as to his motivations, Emerson simply said that he would continue to follow the scandal for news of "human consequences." He then cryptically added that since the scandal broke he was really enjoying "people food."

Hillary Clinton Raises Record-Breaking Amounts; America Doomed

Hillary Clinton's presidential campaign announced Sunday that it raised \$36 million in the first quarter of the 2008 election cycle, leading to baleful cries across the land from men and women of all political persuasions.

With the most impressive early war chest in history, Clinton stands as the clear frontrunner for the Democratic nomination; and as she appeared to grow more unstoppable, the nation entered a state of apocalyptic hysteria.

Libertarians went into seclusion after considering the possibility of two families holding the presidency for more than twenty years combined; while conservative Christians entered a state of Job-like doubt over the thought of more terrorist attacks that would follow Senator Clinton's election. "We're all going to die!" said Hank Juklen of Stillwater, Oklahoma. He added, "This is the end!"



VIGILANTE STUDENTS PROTECT CAMPUS FOLLOWING DISMANTLING OF DOREWALKS

Despite the downward trend in forcible fondling incidents between this and last year, in the nights since Vanderbilt Student Government and Vanderbilt University recently (and with little fanfare) discontinued DoreWalks, the campus-wide safety escort service, a pall of fear has set over the Bubble. Now a student group of vigilantes, or VUgilantes, as they prefer to be called, offer their protection almost exclusively to attractive females, and while the comely ladies have nothing but praise for the renegades, the larger student body and administration continue to fiercely debate the value of the gang. The VUgilantes are not authorized by the campus administration and so possess more lee-way in their methods of enforcing brutal, sometimes deadly, protection. The VUgilantes' mysterious leader, Natty Man, maintains that there have been few civilian deaths, "limited mostly to liberals and illegal immigrants." Daily Bugle editor J. Jonah Jameson responded to the claim, saying only, "He's a menace!"



Everyone gets one.

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EDWARDS COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT WIFE'S CANCER



"The important thing is that I'm still in the race."

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MASTHEAD



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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS PLACERE
CONTENDIT

Corrections:

Issue 12's thermometer was incorrect. It was, in fact, 8,997. We apologize for any confusion that arose.

FROM THE EDITOR



JOE HILLS

I'm tired of feel-good liberals.

Old-school conservatives tell us that the old ways are the best ways, and that sacrifice is the only true road toward the glorious past they desire once more. I have no glorious past.

Do you?
Do any of us?

I have no quarrel with reform, but the execution of elocution on the matter by such presidential hopefuls as Barack Obama (author of *Audacious Me*) has led me to believe that we can save the world. It's not too late for the environment, or equality, or justice. Everything will be alright. Believe hard enough, vote three times, and cry "I do believe in fairies."

Idealists never believe themselves ignorant. The blue elite watch the common red and write them off. Over coffee, they dismiss the ignorant and backward southerners who can never hope for more than a few dollars over minimum wage. Religion is easy to blame, a spring of deception feeding rivers of ignorance.

What organized religion can offer them is a truth that the extreme-left wing shies away from: life can suck for anyone. For some people, it will suck in a lot of ways for a very long time, regardless of race, sexuality, or nationality. And it doesn't necessarily get better. Votes will not be forthcoming for those offering the impossible, they will stick with the familiar. Please, liberal politicians, tell us all why things will be hard. Tell us how they will suck.

Give America something it is capable of believing.

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FUCKED IMAGE

Who says boys aren't supposed to play with dolls?

Starbucks Encirclement Of Campus Nears Completion

By **TIM BOYD**

As anyone walking through the halls of the Student Life Center in recent weeks has noticed, yet another branch of Starbucks will be opening there at the end of the semester. The new venue will provide an alternative for those Vanderbilt students who are just too far away from either 21st Avenue, West End Avenue or the superfluous drive-thru store located near Rumba. With the opening of this latest branch, only the north end of Vanderbilt's campus will be more than 5 minutes away from a Starbucks.

While suspicions as to Starbucks' intentions were raised by the opening of the drive-thru in late 2005, many in the student body and in Kirkland Hall hoped that further expansion could be limited by seeking to work cooperatively with Starbucks and persuading the company not to encroach excessively on its peaceful neighbors. With the imminent completion of the Student Life Center development, however, the campus has begun to mobilize in order to resist complete subordination to the providers of double-fat, non-skimmed, semi-automatic frappuccinos (no cream) and to fight for a diverse supply of caffeine to be available to students and faculty alike.

The extent of Starbucks' ambitions became clear when a leaked memo from the coffee chain's Seattle Headquarters was made public last week. The memo, drafted by the company's Vice-President Alex Schlieffen, specifically discussed the situation at Vanderbilt as an example of how the company should establish dominance in a local market. The strategy involved a series of rapid acquisitions on the side of campus where the strongest independent coffee retailers could be found, followed by a gradual transfer of resources to "envelop"

the other flank of the University, and thereby achieve "encirclement."

The effect of this "encirclement" would be to place the entire campus at the mercy of a single supplier of caffeine. This would be a develop-

ment of JJ's, Café Coco, Fido, Provence and even the warm water with dirt in it that the Pub has the temerity to call 'coffee,' and we have always assumed that it would be ever thus. However, if we were to become dependent

the leaking of the memo has provided a boost to the resistance, and with the threat to its autonomy made clear, Vanderbilt's administration has started to take steps to prevent a total takeover by Starbucks.



**Would you like your corporate domination
Tall, Grande, or Venti?**

ment that would leave Vanderbilt at the whim of Starbucks. Professor of History Tom Schwartz, a specialist on international relations, described the situation as similar to the one facing the United States and its oil supply in the 1970s. "For many years, access to oil has been a critical consideration for nations wishing to exercise their power in an independent manner," Schwartz explained, "in the case of a University, the key resource is not oil, but coffee."

Schwartz continued, "We have long taken it for granted that we will have access to as much caffeine as we need, whenever we need it. Vanderbilt's residents have made use

on a single supplier, it would have immense leverage over our ability to conduct our daily routines. Starbucks would no longer be serving us, we would be serving them – as soulless automatons willing to do their every bidding for the sake of our next fix. Sort of the way we treat Canada."

The Schlieffen Memo anticipated that as this process unfolded, resistance from the local population and other coffee shops would increase as people became aware of the kind of problems that Schwartz outlined. The Memo predicted, however, that the sheer momentum behind Starbucks' expansion would be enough to overcome such opposition. Nonetheless,

One of the steps taken to preserve at least some of Vanderbilt's independence, saw Chancellor Gee charter a private plane to fly out to the Bavarian summer home of Starbucks Chairman Howard Schultz for a face-to-face meeting. During their discussions at a Munich coffee shop, Schultz said the Student Life Center acquisition represented his last ambition for what he described as the necessary Latteraum for his company, and that he had no designs on setting up a branch either in the Sarratt Student Center or in Poland.

While upon his return Gee proudly hailed this agreement as a guarantee of "peace in our time," others at Vanderbilt are gearing up for a drawn-out fight. Plans are underway to smuggle non-Starbucks caffeine products through Highland Quad and the Blair School of Music. Student groups are said to be considering demonstrations at the Student Life Center, if they can ever find where exactly it is, and the Faculty Senate is debating a resolution demanding Gee take a stronger line with Schultz.

Ultimately, however, the ability of the University to resist the Starbucks takeover may well depend on the ability to mobilize in time to stop it. It will require that all on campus live up to *The Hustler's* defiant promise last week that "whatever the cost may be, we shall drink coffee on the benches, we shall drink coffee on the campus grounds, we shall drink coffee on the walkways and the lawns, and we shall never surrender." ☘

Derby Days Violence

EDITOR'S NOTE

Here at *The Slant*, we don't believe that the fight over the derby should reflect poorly on all Pan-Hel Sororities, unlike Director of Greek Life Kristin Torrey. While the Greek community may like to stick together on principle, we believe that sororities should individually take credit or blame for the actions of their sisters. To that end, we have attempted to sift through the rumors concerning the events of last Thursday night, and determine what should really reflect on whom.

If we've made any mistakes, please have your sorority presidents e-mail joseph.b.hills@vanderbilt.edu, so we can print corrections in our next issue.

Presidents/Trent - Please forward this to all of the Derby Girls/all Derby Days participants... **and The Slant**

Ladies -

It has been brought to my attention that we created quite the spectacle near McGugin this morning in your search for the derby. I understand that this is worth a lot of points that you care a lot about Derby Days, but this is RIDICULOUS!! We have discussed time and again how important it is to represent the Greek community in a positive way and I think we were far from doing that when a fight over a hat results in yelling, bite marks and the police!

Which Ones?

To people outside of the Greek community, our specific letters do not matter and currently we look like stupid sonority girls fighting over a hat. Please show some class as we finish out the Derby Days week. I know how competitive the football games can be, but please know that I expect for these games to be civil. There should be no further drama, yelling, biting, scratching or generally un-Panhellenic spirit shown as the Derby Days activities conclude this week. If you are unclear about what this means, please let me know.

**Points?
What about
the two thousand
dollars at stake?**

**Does that mean
you see sounds?
i.e. not
resulting in
injury.**

**Really, Kristin?
Panhellenic spirit?
Who the hell are
you kidding?**

Thank you for your cooperation.

Kristin

PS Please know how ridiculous I feel even writing an email that include a clause about biting, but I guess that is what it has come to. **Imagine how ridiculous we feel printing it.**

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KUDOS!

Theta

Some Theta girls were smart enough to be the first ones to discover the location of the Derby, and were willing to endure physical harm rather than relinquishing the hat. Good for them.

AXO

A few AXO sisters were devils enough to follow the Thetas to the Derby's hiding spot outside of McGugin, and supposedly one of them actually bit a Theta. In this day and age, when so few of us are trained in stalking and tracking, the AXO's demonstrated their willingness to embrace humankind's animalistic past.

PiPhi

PiPhi won the events of the week on overall points, despite losing both the derby and the football game. We've received conflicting reports about whether or not the PiPhi's were outside McGugin during the biting incident, another clear win for them. Although signs point to their presence, certainty has eluded our fact-checkers, leaving us wondering if the PiPhi's are incredibly awesome ninjas, or if everyone else is just bitter.

SHAME!

Everyone else demonstrated a startling lack of initiative. Where was their competitive spirit?

Not fighting in the streets for pride and their favorite charities. Meh.

CONTROVERSY ON CAMPUS

POINT: *Playboy* Is Destroying Everything Vanderbilt Stands For

By THOMAS WARREN

People of Vanderbilt, it's time yet again to simultaneously blame the man and put women back where they belong. One of our very own will shortly grace the pages of *Playboy* in its "Girls of the SEC" spread, representing us, the community of Vanderbilt. A naked Vandy co-ed exploited in a pornographic magazine! Nothing good can come from this. I urge you, we must arouse ourselves to action and beat this crisis together.

Playboy's jokes about blondes creates disdain for women in much the same way the Maragret Cunningham Center's claim that every male is a potential rapist creates disdain for men. It is sexist and promotes violence against women in much the same way that conscription is sexist and promotes violence against men. (Which, incidentally, is why the Cunningham Center opposes the draft and is working so hard to promote one that does not discriminate by sex.) Therefore, *Playboy* must be stopped. Even though I have failed to clearly show how jokes about women lead to violence against women, I insist that you believe me.

Vanderbilt may pride itself on its intellectuality, but let's be honest, free thinking and free expression have never been our strong suits. So let's let the Cunningham Center tell you how to act on this one then, shall we? Good, now make me a sandwich.

Women, know your limits! You are not getting a degree from a top twenty university so that you can spread in a spread! You are getting the the degree so you can make a lot of money and overcompensate for your lack of a

penis. And I hope someday on your honeymoon, you resolutely tell your husbands, "I did not graduate from a top twenty university so that you can ogle at me. You're never going to see me naked."

Mark my words, the number of forcible fondlings on campus will increase ten fold upon publication of the "Girls of the SEC," and we'll all have *Playboy* to blame. Men will read disparaging things about women in *Playboy*, because, of course, men read the articles in *Playboy*. Then these men, who were so civilized before opening *Playboy*, will turn into savage rapists just like that. Believe me, I've seen it happen.

I'd like to give a spanking to each and every one of those girls who posed for *Playboy*. Oh, the humanity! Oh, the femininity! I think I speak for everyone when I say the best way to protect women's rights is to make sure they all wear burkahs.

Finally, you must not forget that *Playboy* EXPLOITS women. Women, being the weaker sex, will easily and naively fall into any traps that *Playboy* leaves for them. Being the delightfully simple creatures that they are, girls are regularly tricked into posing nude for the wicked magazine! If we don't do something drastic, Vanderbilt women could be next! And blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah blah.

I only wish women knew how to read. Alas, maybe then they could learn of the dangers of *Playboy* before it's too late. 🍆

COUNTERPOINT: I Love Titties

By THOMAS WARREN'S COCK

Thomas, your arguments against pornography exhibit a round, yet firm understanding of an issue that threatens to cleave our very campus into two large and shapely sects. However, you obviously haven't been keeping abreast of the issue, because there's one thing you have failed to grasp in this debate, and that's boobies.

Man, boobs sure are awesome! Some people prefer big bazookas, but I'm not that picky. I don't have any mammary glands of my own, so I know that any size- big or small- leaves me better off than where I started. It takes a supple mind to truly appreciate a good rack, and you obviously don't have one at your disposal. Speaking candidly, I find your lack of support for boobies to be in poor taste.

I mean, who doesn't like titties? You'd have to be gay, or at the very least a terrorist, not to like them. I, myself, love the adorable, little mounds of fat. Sometimes, though, I just really need to see boobies rendered in only two dimensions and in one-eighth their actual size. Oh, and a colorful backdrop and bio sketches about the girl whose titties I'm viewing also really help.

That's where *Playboy* comes in. At a campus where most girls' talking

points consist of designer clothing, sororities, and stories involving the words "sketchy" or "awkward," *Playboy* affords the opportunity to look at a bare chest without having to pretend to listen. The titties in *Playboy* are also a comfort to the reader, recalling the warmth and wonder of the reader's mother's titties. And who doesn't need a little comfort in these troubling times on campus? It's nice to know

that whatever happens at Vanderbilt, *Playboy* will always welcome you. That is, as long as you are at least a B-cup.

Whomever *Playboy* picks to represent Vanderbilt, that is one less pair of boobies everyone has to leer at during class, meaning that

everyone will pay attention to their teacher just a little bit more. That, or stare at another set of tatas.

Whether you're male or female, Greek or non-Greek, Republican or intelligent, let's use this *Playboy* spread as chance to set aside our differences and come together. For one glorious month, we can look at a pair of boobies and say, "Yes. Those truly are some of the best titties Vanderbilt has to offer. I am proud that my school is represented by a big set of tits." Embrace it.

On behalf of all those who don't have boobies to call their own, I'd like to thank the "Girls of the SEC" for sharing their baby-feeders with us. 🍆



Russia: 'Disregard For Human Life Is *Our Turf*'

Ex-Soviets Renew Their Commitment to Provide Sorrow for Newest Generation

By PABLO DARELLI
SOVIET HISTORIAN

Russia, a country that had until only recently held a near perfect track record in its ability to house secretive and corrupt totalitarian regimes, has been having great difficulty in meeting some of the most basic needs long considered to be Russian birthrights. "For many decades we abused our populace, imprisoned our political dissidents and threatened the world, but when democracy arrived, our ability to provide the same quality sorrow that previous generations had simply taken for granted became seriously compromised," lamented Ivan Poishvuk, the administrator of the newly founded ANZ (for Агентство для неправоиспособности и засекреченности).

Vladimir Putin pressed for the development of such a government agency back in 2000 during his first year as President of the Russian Federation, but due to a lack of funding the project was pushed back indefinitely. Putin has claimed that the inspiration for the program was Joseph Stalin's rule, though having been less than a year old at the time of the dictator's death. "I remember my mother being attacked and interrogated by his henchmen," reminisced a nostalgic Putin. "Such striking personal attention to detail..."

The Federal Assembly approved emergency funding for the government ministry late last year as it became clearer and clearer that Russia was falling behind on the world stage. The mismanagement of the war in Iraq, the devastating aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, and a series of political scandals plaguing the U.S. was the main culprit. Still harboring bitter resentment against the U.S. for winning the Cold War, Russians rode a new wave of



**In Soviet Union,
resentment harbors you!**

nationalism as they became determined to defend their reputations and sacred

But the sadness that had once arisen so organically, so naturally in Russia for

traditions.

The goal of ANZ is to guarantee, as one legislator explained, "That every man, woman, and child have the opportunity to experience the high level of utter despair, maltreatment, and alienation their fathers and forefathers enjoyed."

hundreds of years has proven difficult to achieve in a democratic setting. "We didn't even have to try back then, the Chernobyl incident... the Afghan War... the Gulags, all derivatives of our form of governance," he added.

Though unable to re-produce crises and tragedies of similar scale as of yet, officials remain hopeful. A recent coal mining accident in Serbia which killed over a hundred individuals, as well as a nursing home fire which killed sixty-two have been credited as the work of ANZ and have begun to restore the pride of the wounded nation.

Future plans include expanding a new state-of-art network of secret prisons, and dismantling the Russian courts. If these initiatives fail then outright state sponsored terrorism will begin to be employed. "We are serious; we will do whatever it takes, do what ever is necessary to not be outdone by the West again!" Poishvuk promised vehemently. ●

VSC Absorbs Vandystudents.com, Brings Outside Criticism In-House

Yesterday VandyStudents.com announced a new partnership with Vanderbilt Student Communications, Inc and its Internet rival InsideVandy to bring media criticism in-house.

VSC, which runs most undergraduate media outlets on campus, will gain ownership of the VandyStudents.com and VandyWiki.com domain names. They will also take charge of the contents of the VandyWiki.com database.

"When we saw that *The Hustler* staff wasn't going to take us to task for our advertising practices, we were concerned that they weren't critical enough to bite the hand that feeds," said Chris Carroll, director of VSC.

A secondary intent of the merger is to transition the bustling site into one that encompasses buzzword-friendly media trends that VSC is actively pursuing, such as "conver-

gence" and "new media," said one VSC board member.

A result of the deal is that VSC will have oversight and ownership of any content posted to these new combined network. In exchange, VandyStudents will have access to VSC software, support, infrastructure and administrative high five access. Current VandyStudents contributors will have the same payscale as InsideVandy contributors, documents show, though print-only *Hustler* reporters will continue to work for free.

The decision to merge was easy, one VandyStudents writer said. "We know we can't compete with InsideVandy. They simply have too many resources and too much staff. Besides, if you look around, the best online community sites are the ones where contributors are paid to interact with each other." ●

Professor Buckles Believed to Be Physical Manifestation of Economics' Invisible Hand

By JON LEE

For years, Prof. Stephen Buckles has been considered by most of the students he teaches to be simply a professor of economics, and a very good professor of economics at that. More recently, some students have become suspicious of the extent of his influence. Diminishing Marginal Respect (DMR), a student organization led by Junior Jason LasPeyres, asserts that Prof. Buckles is, in fact, the physical manifestation of Adam Smith's invisible hand.

"We've got hundreds of examples to back up our claim," says LasPeyres. "First, he gets his lunch free every day. You can see him at CX2 just walking past the registers with a chipotle chicken and waffle fries. In college, Buckles was the Edgeworth Boxing National Champion for all four years. He even started the Living Wage debate when he dropped a dollar in Wilson and the cleaning crew found it. To top it all off, he has a comparative advantage in everything. EVERYTHING."

"It's just wrong," said Penelope Pockmark, a student in Buckles' 101 class. "The act of observing one person with this much power could upset everything that economists hold to be uncertain."

However, not all students see a problem. Another group, the Pedagogical Preservation Force (PPF), says that the near-superhuman level of Buckles' power could be a boon to the University. According

to Sophomore Brandon Paasche, spokesperson for PPF, "The Professor's abilities allow students to observe economic principles in the world around them. They can see complimentary goods when they enroll in his courses, ECON 100 and ECON 101.

They have to deal with sunk

costs when they inevitably fail the midterm and want to drop his class. They even know the origin of the Nike swoosh, and we all know that's extremely useful."

ISLM does not buy the argument. "Buckles has power, yes, but he wields it irresponsibly. It is hurting the students he teaches," contends LasPeyres. "Buckles could demonstrate a real-world Giffen good, a discovery that would further economics by leaps and bounds. But, no, he's keeping it secret 'just because he feels like it.' He arbitrarily changes

whether Ricardian equivalence holds, stymieing students' efforts to pass his class. And the number of price floors he's crushed underfoot numbers in the thousands. He must be stopped."

The debate rages. For now, however, the mass quantities of guns and butter delivered daily to Buckles' doorstep will continue uninterrupted, as will Professor Buckles's whimsical exercises of power, despite DMR's best efforts. Said junior Phil Adams, "It's a tough life for an Econ major. In the long run, you're dead, and in the short run, Buckles owns you."

Editor's Note:

Professor Buckles could not be reached for comment, as the marginal cost of an interview with him would have bankrupted The Slant.



Buckles' classes allow aspiring economists an opportunity to 'talk to the hand.'

OTHER CLAIMS

- ◆Dr. Buckles inspired the Asian sex slave trade after remarking on his hot Vietnamese waitress.

- ◆Dr. Buckles doesn't forecast economic trends, the future arranges itself in accord with his will out of fear.

- ◆Dr. Buckles can raise interest rates in his lectures by forty points, without a corresponding drop off in student enthusiasm.

- ◆Dr. Buckles cracked the glass ceiling once and for all. . . with his cock.

Bastard Confession

"Nice guys finish last. Jackasses cum all over my face and tits."

-Anonymous sophomore realist

Why Yes, There Is A Doctor In The House...

by **TIMOTHY BOYD**
PH. D.

Ah, the sweet sensation of academic success. Better than the twinkle in the eye of a newborn child; better than the smell of napalm in the morning; hell, better, even, than sex (or, at least, better than sex with anyone other than me). Yes, folks, I'm talking about that glorious moment in a man's life when 5 years spent digging around dusty archives, teaching ungrateful undergraduates the very elementary basics about their nation's history ("1776 was not a 'Revolution' - it was an outrageous insurrection against a just and benevolent imperial overlord") and cranking out one beautifully crafted chapter after another, one is finally awarded that magic title - P.H.D.

Those three letters, which by themselves guarantee a whole new level of social acceptance, were finally awarded to me last week after I successfully defended my dissertation. The feeling was glorious. Of course, times have changed when it was necessary, quite apart from an oral defense, to outfight your dissertation advisor in a duel, down a half-bottle of claret without flinching and sing the school song backwards three times over before you could call yourself "Ph.D.," and I'm sure that might have felt even more satisfying. But I'm not going to allow such piffing details to dampen my spirits at this time. No - I am quite content to rest on my laurels, and say to the world "I am Doctor, hear me pontificate!"

Already, I am feeling the payoff. The day after I defended, I walked into my bank and demanded that they change the records on my account to read "DOCTOR Tim Boyd," and that their tellers nationwide be sent a memo reminding them to address me as such whenever I should deign to grace them with my presence (of course, I shall not bother to make appointments in advance - if they know what's good for them, they will count themselves lucky not to have me insist they bow and curtsy upon my entrance). I admit the moment lost some of its lustre, when the ill-mannered (and, frankly,

proletarian) cashier responded to my request by asking, with what sounded distinctly like sarcasm, "And would the good Doctor like to withdraw any of the \$63.28 that currently make-up his holdings at SunTrust?" Fortunately, I was able to rise above it, replaced my monocle, shot her an icy smile and turned sharply on my heels to leave.

Such irritants are to be expected, as people are naturally going to become jealous of their obvious superiors, particularly when those superiors insist on (quite justifiably) making their contempt for their social and intellectual underlings known. That, however, is not my problem. Rather, right now is the time to recognize and enjoy the fact that the world stands before me. As the proud holder of a Ph.D. in U.S. History, my life's path is sure to be trouble-free and bountiful; job opportunities, money, popularity, social skills - all the things that those of us in graduate school long for and that have been for so long denied to us - will now rain down on me to give me more satisfaction than the glorious thwack of a billy club on the soft skull of a baby seal.

Granted, the change has not manifested itself overnight. Neither the several prestigious history departments, law firms, political consultancies nor the government agencies that I have called in the past two weeks have taken the opportunity to offer me a life-time position from which to think great thoughts just yet. In fact, now that I think about it, not all of them were

even necessarily all that friendly, and I'm pretty sure some ghastly little peasant at the White House had the cheek to laugh at me. I am sure, however, that this is just a matter of time. After all, how many Ph.D.'s are there really out there, much less Ph.D.'s in such a little-

In return for this, I will graciously offer to them that they may use my picture in their window with the slogan "Your intellectual elite dine here!" as a way to entice the financially more advanced but mentally less able into their establishment.

I also admit that my mischievous side will be looking forward to the moment when some unfortunate soul collapses of unknown causes, and distraught family members cry out, "Is anyone here a doctor?!"

"Why, yes," I shall respond. "What piece of information about the electoral history of modern Georgia can I share with you to help your stricken loved one?" Oh, how they'll laugh.

I would understand, dear reader, if you might feel a twinge of jealousy, a dash of bitterness, or even a soupçon of homicidal rage, at reading about the joy and happiness that awaits me in the coming years. But do not be down-hearted. Why, you too could be in exactly my situation in just a few years' time. All it takes is the willingness to be up by 10.30am every day, to take no more than 4 coffee and snack breaks between then and coming home after a hard day's researching at 3, and the ability to hold

forth at length on an obscure topic that nobody cares about. Keep this up for five years, and you will also be able to walk out of a University with your head held high, sure in the knowledge that the world will always need your services - whether by asking you to lead a Harvard seminar on the Annales School of history or by asking you to place more file folders on aisle twelve. For even if it is the latter, just remember to make sure they see the letters "Ph.D" proudly attached to your Office Depot Employee of the Month Name Tag, and you'll know they respect you.



Why, yes - I will have milk in my tea.

studied field as U.S. History. Honestly, if the exam answers of Vanderbilt undergraduates are anything to go by, I would seriously question whether anyone in this country has studied U.S. history at all.

In the weeks to come, I am quite confident that by simply presenting my credentials at an airport check-in counter, I will automatically be offered an upgrade to business class. Reservations at top restaurants will no longer be a problem, and nor will there be any resentment when I explain that due to the regrettable liquidity constraints on an academic's income, I will just be ordering the soup and water (no ice).

AROUNDTHELOOP

What Would You Give For The Derby Days Derby Hat?



Mindy Heiss, Theta



“Whatever it takes. I mean, it’s really important. It’s worth 1,500 points!”



Greg Stool, Sigma Chi



"I got a blowjob in exchange for hints about its location, so I guess the hat's got to be worth at least \$20."



Kate Summer, Pi Phi



"Whatever part of my dignity that frats haven't already taken from me."



Jay Bush, Bean Vendor



"I'll tell you what I won't give up. My age old family recipe for delicious baked beans."



Morgan Wright, AXO



"An eye."



Jamie Long, KD



"A blowjob."



SLANTRACE-O-SCOPES

Iditarod:

Fate will smile upon you as only seven of your dogs will die this year.

Amazing Race:

You'll have a hell of a time riding in that ambulance until you realize your insurance doesn't cover the \$1,500 fee. And that you have alcohol poisoning.

Crew:

The stars laugh out loud upon learning that your captain is called the "coxswain."

Kentucky Derby:

To the Barbaro fanatics attempting to overshadow this year's race: he was a fucking horse. Get over it.

New York Marathon:

Don't get too complacent if the media keeps reminding you that the number of miles is the same as the number of Yankees' championships since 1918.

Boston Marathon:

Keep on the look out for LED depictions of small, animated characters – it could be a bomb!

Tour de France:

The committee will strip all seven championships from you when they find the hideously deformed portrait in your study.

Podracing:

If you practice enough, one day you'll be able to bulls-eye womp rats in your T-16.

Iron Man:

Ominously intoning "I AM IRON MAN" will not affect your proficiency in running, swimming or bicycling but may, in fact, get your ass beaten.

Relay:

Nothing represents the possibilities of human achievement better than grown men in spandex awkwardly fumbling to hand each other a stick.

Gallon Challenge:

You will break your own record for amount vomited (non-alcoholic).

Daytona:

What? You hillbillies just assumed we were going to make fun of different ethnic groups? That is just ignorant. Have fun with your tri-oval.

Top Ten Worst Ways To Celebrate Easter

- 10 Summoning Mephistopheles to your door
- 9 Recovering from a communion wine hangover
- 8 Snottily informing your friends and family of Easter's pagan roots
- 7 Checking your rabbit traps for the Easter Bunny
- 6 Re-enacting the Passion of Tom Cruise
- 5 Brunch at Denny's
- 4 Explaining to the rest of your relatives that your daughter's Girls of the SEC spread was tasteful
- 3 Being Jewish
- 2 Binge drinking, chocolate eating, and doing everything else you gave up for Lent, possibly including...
- 1 World of Warcraft and furious masturbation

How Satirists Spend April First

by **BRENDAN ALVIANI**

What does a satirist do on April Fools' Day? Nothing! It's the one time of the year where everyone else gets to tries to be like us, tries to create a hilarious hoax worthy of print. If we professionals didn't take the day off, then it'd be like occasional deer hunters trying to shoot more living thing than Rambo. No competition. So since I didn't have to spend all day slaving away to create hilarious, well-crafted articles, here are a few of the activities I could do with that newly found spare time.

Slept for 14 hours. You'd be tired too if you worked through Gears of War 2 nonstop for 3 days while refusing to do any school work. Getting out of bed wasn't made easier by my dreams of Miss Tennessee cleaning my car, either...

Had an omelet eating competition. Even though it was a close call, I managed to win with a Godzilla-sized ham and cheese 14 egg omelet monster. It was so big that Tokyo actually had to sound it's Emergency Sea Monster Alarm System.

Researched April Fools' Day on the internet. While in my food coma, I got bored and wiki'd our favorite holidays and found out

a few fun facts. For example, did you know that Mitch Hedberg's death was announced on April 1st? Apparently, he was a true comedian, even in death. Or here's another fun one: every year, Webster-Merriam.com removes the word "gullible" from it's online dictionary. Check it out, it's pretty cool.

Ate a live kitten. After getting an unsatisfactory squirrel meal from The Pub, a friend suggested that I eat a real squirrel to make up for it. Unfortunately, squirrels are too fast, so I had to settle with a mere kitten.

Did community service. Ha a, I'm just kidding about that one. April Fools! 🐰



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.

