



Tights:
the new pants?

VFQ's Hotlist
turn that walk of
shame into a
Stride of Pride

GET 10X
HOTTER IN
10 MINUTES

Hide-and-Seek:
get lost in accessories (pg. 9)



FROM THE EDITOR



BRENDAN ALVIANI

Wow, end of an era: this is my last Editor's Column. Our next issue will be run by our next editor-in-chief and thus, he or she will be writing something to take all the credit. Traditionally, the last Slant of the year is handed over to our new Glorious Leader: partially to let them dip their toes in the editorial waters before summer and partially because the old Glorious Leader is too burnt out to be glorious anymore.

I feel like I've had a great run though, even if it's been pretty tough. Due to a comical level of inexperience, my toe-dipping issue for last year was relatively disastrous: lots of spelling mistakes, some misplaced pieces and general mayhem. Thoroughly ashamed, I then spent the summer in Bhutan learning editorial kung-fu from Buddhist monks. Actually, I was just ragingly insecure all summer, reading and doing everything I could to be a good editor. Regardless, by the time I came back to school, I was ready to fight grammar crimes and spelling super villains. Yes, I am The Bat-editor.

But seriously, I've been pretty proud of our work this year. We've done pretty much whatever we want and haven't gotten in trouble (minus a few crazy complaints about making fun of retarded babies). I managed to take the staff out to see Greg Giraldo on the company dime before the economy completely tanked. We obviously had our wildly successful Huslter issue and a fairly consistent run of fun. In fact, I've even heard that this was "the best Slant year ever" from certain people (a.k.a. my girlfriend).

It's been kinda weird being resident Humor Expert for the year. Various people have been like "come be funny for our event/publication/birthday party." I don't mind though, because I genuinely enjoy discussing the mechanics of humor. It's like discussing the newest Mustang with the 210 horsepower 4.0 L SOHC V6 engine, except we discuss the relative values of "dick" vs "schlong."

Boy, it's a good thing I'm handing the reins over, all this power has been going to my head. I'm no longer going to be able to wage my vegetarian war against T.G.I. Fridays or Chili's anymore or generally abuse my editorial control for personal gain. Probably good for everyone else involved; I was going to be the most vicious AND hilarious dictator ever. Can you imagine a totalitarian regime that makes everyone say "your mom" jokes at least twice a day? Pantsless Friday would also get really annoying, especially in December.

Plus, now I can do other things. Now I can unicycle for Juggleville, dance in Café Con Leche and join far too many inane groups because it won't be affecting what 4,000 people read every two weeks. Hurrah for having a life!

Goodbye-ish, everybody. I'm still staying very involved, but *The Slant* and I are downgrading our relationship from "fiancés" to "friends with benefits." FREEDOM!

AlertVU Won't Alert You

On March 28, 2009 a tornado warning was issued at Vanderbilt University. However, AlertVU, Vanderbilt's first alert alarm system, decided not to tell most of the student body. "Well we really thought about it and decided that if we could save 25 cents a call, it was worth only informing a third of the Vanderbilt students," said one representative of AlertVU. He continued, "We really needed to cut the budget, and we figured that rumors about who hooked up with who spread in a matter of minutes so tornado warnings should travel just as quickly, right?" Most students expressed complete terror at not receiving any official alerts. "This was like the



"Until I get the call, I'm just gonna fucking stand here!"

storm of the century, and I didn't have enough time to pre-game it! All because I didn't get any warning. I was stuck being sober for the whole twenty minutes that I was in the basement," according to one freshman in Hank Ingram House. Another noticeable cut was the sound of the alarms in the Commons. Most students could not hear the sirens in their rooms. When asked why, an AlertVU representative bluntly responded "Well, we thought Vanderbilt's brightest class ever could figure out a fucking thunderstorm."

Earth Hour vs Earth Power Hour

While not many attended the "Earth Hour" held on Alumni Lawn this Saturday, another event was held that had many students excited. Vanderbilt student Jen Maxwell stated, "Yeah well my birthday always falls on Earth Day and since I turned 21, we decided to do a Power Hour (60 shots of beer in 60 minutes) to celebrate!" The "Earth Power Hour" was a great success, because people actually attended it. Plus, it was more than an expensive and elaborate symbolic gesture. At least with the Earth Power Hour, something worthwhile happened: social brain-cell suicide. The Earth Hour organizers would only comment that they hoped organic beer was used in the festivities.

Gong Show Disses Slant, Brings Wrath

At Phi Mu Alpha's "Gong Show" talent showcase, the judges and emcees unfairly awarded The Slant "Second Worst," even though they totally made the entire audience laugh until they went into seizures. The judges only hit the gong as a survival measure.

After the show, however, The Slant then brutally murdered the offending fraternity by playing them Dane Cook jokes over and over again until their heads exploded. Who's laughing now?

ZEPPOS PROPOSES GPA BAILOUT



In a press release Friday, Chancellor Nicholas Zeppos addressed the crisis facing Vanderbilt. Grades are dropping everywhere, and confidence in academia is plummeting. "We are facing a crisis stemming from the lack of academic credit. We are going to stop this by pumping 4 tenths of a point into every persons GPA." Announced Chancellor Zeppos. This initiative is dubbed the Toxic Average Recovery Program (TARP). This initiative will foster confidence in the academic economy and encourage studying for Vanderbilt students.

Dissenters are concerned that such a massive influx of intellectual capital will trickle down and lead to massive inflations. Some proponents of the plan are saying that even this is not enough, and will not slow the academic crisis soon enough. To counter all criticism, Zeppos just flashed his smile and exuded optimism.

04.01.2009 CONTENTS



CORRECTION

This is not actually an edition of Vanderbilt Fashion Quarterly. That will be coming out in the later quarter of this century.

Please check
<http://www.vfquarterly.com/>
for more information.

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Fucked Image

Some despicable graffiti artist wrote "GULLIBLE" by the north entrance of Wilson. You should totally check it out.



MASTHEAD



Ignoring the masthead... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS
PLACERE CONTENDIT

Sororities Fall Into Derby Daze

By **Meryem Dede**
Chapeau Specialist

With Sigma Chi's annual Derby Days competition having come to a close, several members of the Vanderbilt community are finally overcoming their confusion concerning the event. The weeklong series of different games and competitions featured the different sororities battling each other in hopes of being proclaimed better than all the rest.

When asked their thoughts about Sigma Chi's Derby Days, there were mixed responses. In particular, many Vanderbilt students had questions concerning the weeklong scavenger hunt competition for a black derby.

"Aren't they on probation? And what the hell's a derby?" junior Maggie Johnston said.

Other features of the event also confused students.

"What the fuck is a derby?" senior Gregory Hornet said.

Still, other aspects of the competition perplexed students.

"Wait, what's a derby?" sophomore Harriet Thomas said.

Some students simply found the idea of a fraternity having a scavenger hunt preposterous.

"I don't understand—since when did fraternities ever have people do scavenger hunts?" junior Tom Kasanny said.

Confusion over the nature of a derby proved to be a real concern at this year's Derby Days. Sigma Chi



Not a derby. Although, it might come in handy for some HARDCORE beerpong.

brothers were amazed by the array of different hats that they were brought over the course of the week.

"The Sigma Chi house is actually really set right now when it comes to hats. Name a theme party—ANY theme party—and we'll be ready in an instant," Sophomore and Sigma Chi brother Bert Patrick said.

When asked about their Derby Days experience this

year, most brothers reacted with enthusiasm.

"It was awesome! I got a fedora and a Russian shopka! I never realized before how many hats people just leave around the Vanderbilt campus, but apparently it's a real problem," freshman and Sigma chi brother John Youngin said.

Other members of the Vanderbilt community had also noticed the problem with misplaced hats around campus and were glad that Sigma Chi had brought attention to the growing concern.

"I can't even tell you how many beanies I find lying around Peabody. I'm just glad that finally someone's doing something about it," maintenance staff member Jill Beater said.

Confusion in some cases surpassed that of simply bringing the wrong kind of hat.

"One girl brought us a little plastic horse that she said she found by the fence outside the daycare by the Kennedy center—and I don't think she was even all that drunk," Sigma Chi brother and junior Adam Fensberg said.

Sigma Chi brothers seemed to overall think that the week was a success.

"I think the week went really well. I feel like we educated a lot of people about what derbies are, and that's what this is really all about-- education," Fensberg said.

Fox set to launch Terrorist Reality Show

By **Justin Poythress**
Monoparagraph Specialist

In Fall 2009, Fox television is preparing to take the next step in reality programming. The show, which has already been written, is now in the final stages of production, and so far, most people around the network seem very excited. The title of the show has not yet been determined, but creators have flirted with a number of names, including: America's Next Terrorist, Dropping Bombs on the Prom, For the Love of Hussein, Clad for the Jihad, and America's Most Wanted: Making the List. The show pits 12 terrorists from all over the Middle East against each other in a series of weekly challenges, while they live in the same house. The week's winner is safe, and also gets to pick one of the other contestants to be saved from elimination. All of the contestants and the show's judges then get to vote on who should be cast out in the weekly cut. The show's winner will receive \$100,000 dollars, a paid family vacation to Disney World, and an bid to a high-ranking position in Al-Qaeda. To ensure safety, participants were not permitted to bring weapons into the house, and the majority of the terrorism challenges were conducted in Africa, so that it wouldn't actually matter. Fox owner, Rupert Murdoch is excited about the show's potential: "There's a lot of intensity, explosions, and some death...people like that." Not all the staff however, was so supportive. Said Robert Langer, one of the show's cameramen: "It's absolutely disgusting, but you don't want to look away...kind of like Andy Dick. Plus, they all smell bad." The negative reaction is not limited to low-level employees: television viewers, even among those who watched Tool Academy, have

responded in shock and disappointment. A focal point of concern has centered on the challenges, one of which was revealed to reward the terrorist who could find and convince the youngest child to accept a suicide mission. Another such challenge was to successfully negotiate for the release of an imaginary hostage. This episode, as Fox describes it, 'of course leads to some crazy shenanigans involving a goat, some bad British accents, and lots of mustard.' As if this was not enough, casting for the show added another controversial dimension. "We wanted to create a social dynamic that would make our residents angry and horny," explained Laynie Burke, casting director, who acknowledged that 'sparks fly', both verbally and romantically. The unexpected cast for the show includes a woman, a Korean, a Jew, and an autistic, handicapped, crack addict. When told about the show, street reactions were mixed. Many thought it was a joke. "You're joking right?" was one such response from a man interviewed in Seattle. Some were more supportive: "It's about time that we open our hearts to truly understanding and tolerating our diversity of backgrounds," responded a liberal in Austin. Others seemed less accepting: "I done throwed out my television box, soon as I heard my chill'un talking bout they terrorist music video," spat an agitated Southerner. In attempt to repair burnt bridges, Nick Mendis, producer, had this to say: "We wanted to make a heartwarming, meaningful program viewers could connect with, but then we realized we wanted to make money."

Fraternity Formal Contract

I, _____, agree to pay for all expenditures relating to travel to and
(frat guy's name)

from hotel including but not limited to buses, cars, taxis; lodging in a semi-private room; and food expenditures including but not limited to formal dinner itself, lunch, and any snack foods for the ride there and back, as well as on the beach and in the room.

IN EXCHANGE, I, _____, agree to purchase and decorate a cooler in
(date's name)

an obnoxious, yet undoubtedly fratty, manner. Said cooler may be filled with alcohol of my choice, but will contain no less than a fifty percent portion of masculine drinks such as beer or whiskey.

FURTHERMORE, I agree to the actions below (please initial):

___ We are currently in an exclusive relationship

- I agree to a requisite hookup no less than twice per day for the duration of the trip, regardless of inebriation level.
- I will not be overly clingy for the duration of the weekend, unless oral is exchanged.

___ We are in a nebulous relationship/have been hooking up

- I agree to a requisite hookup at least once a day for the duration of the trip, regardless of inebriation level.
- I will not take this as a sign that we are taking our relationship to the next level.
- I will not break down in tears based on a failed DTR.

___ We are just going as friends

- I agree to not feel awkward after a drunken hook-up/make out session.
- I will not take this as a sign that we are taking our relationship to the next level.
- I will not hook up with other people's dates.

___ I just met this person

- I agree to pretend that I'm not in this for a free trip.
- I agree to at least one exceedingly awkward make out session and perhaps OTPHJ, depending on inebriation level.

Any departures from this contract will result in severe consequences including but not limited to blacklisting, drama, or other lawful penalties.

I agree to this fraternity formal contract.

(guy's name)

(date)

(date's name)

(date)

Bastard Confession

"If you thought the guys from Juggleville could play with their balls, then you should really see what I can do!"

- Dr. Manhattan

Wait, what? Look here to find what's up with this page.

During our last staff meeting, we here at *The Slant* were brainstorming prank ideas for our April Fools' issue. We came up with the idea of us pretending that *The Hustler* put out a prank *Slant*. In the end we decided that *The Slant* pretending to be *The Hustler* pretending to be *The Slant* might be a tad bit confusing so we didn't go through with it. However, we figured it could still make a bad ass center spread. So enjoy.

Slant-libs:
Make your own Slant article!

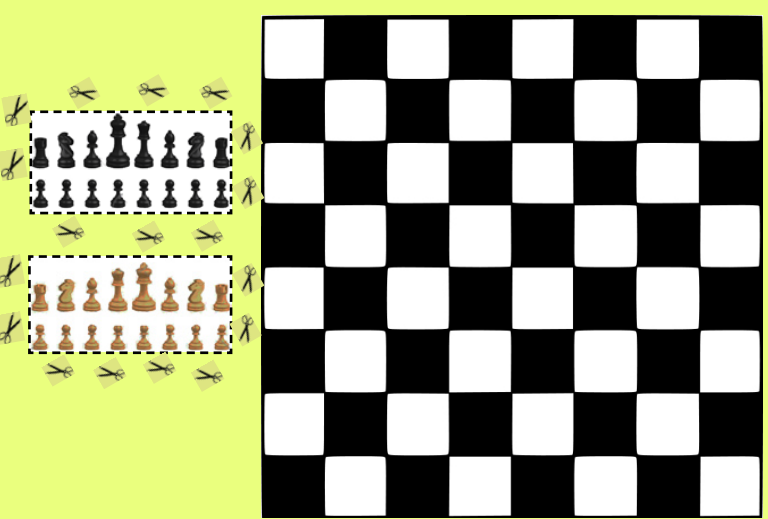
I, The Horny (Adjective) and Drunken (Adjective) Narcissus (A First Name), have stumbled into (Past Tense Verb) Aragorn's (A First Name)'s ass-ugly (Adjective) sister and plan to steal her virginity (Adjective), twice (Plural Noun)!

What are a hippopotamus (Large Animal) and backpacking gliding squirrel (Small Animal) to do? Before you can help Lady Stankpuss (A Girl's Name), you'll have to collect the psychedelic (Adjective) fruit punches (Plural Noun) and The Grateful Dead's (Adjective) guitars (Plural Noun) that open up the 27.72 mind's (Number 1-50) worlds connected to A Bad Trip's (First Name's) Lair. There are 12345 (Number) bunny rabbits (Plural Noun) and 67890 (Number) shrooms (Plural Noun) in the game, along with hundreds of other goodies for you to find.

Or, if you uncreative son-of-a-gun want to do it yourself, we suggest filling it all in with "penis," "poop," "boner," and "The Hustler."

The Slant presents: **Chess**

Almost as much fun as a crossword. Cut out the chess pieces, grab a friend, and enjoy!



Sweet Jokes:

Knock knock.
 Who's there?
 Dr. Seuss.
 Dr. Seuss who?
 Dr. Seuss wrote about the Whos

So a guy walks into a bar. Oh snickerdoodles! I forget the rest.

Knock knock.
 Who's there?
 September 11.
 September 11 who?
 You said you'd never forget!

Knock knock.
 That's what she said.
 Wait, that doesn't work.
 Scratch that one.

Knock knock.
 Who's there?
 Blue.
 Blue who?
 Let's join with Steve and we'll figure it out together through a series of clues.

What's the difference between a dead baby and a rock?
 A dead baby's dead. Wait, shoot, that doesn't work.

What's the difference between a dead baby and a blueberry?
 A dead baby is blue and best served sprinkled with sugar. Wait, that doesn't either. Shit. Erase that for me? Thanks.

Knock knock.
 Who's there?
 Brittany Spe
 Brittany Spe
 Are you kid
 knows who I



F*** Image**

You know what's way better than naked chicks? Modesty and *The Hustler's* sweet website!



Check out Insidevandy.com!



?
ars.
ars who?
ding, everybody
Brittany Spears is!

Knock
knock.
Who's there?
Your mom.
Dude, not cool. Don't talk about
my mom.

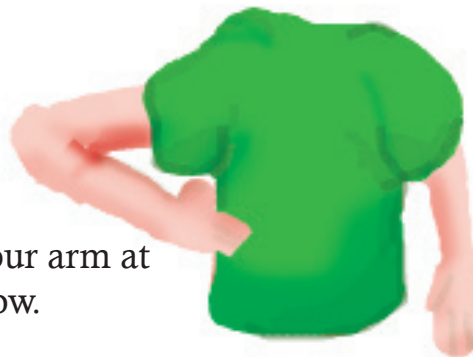


"Look, he's smiling!
That means we're
funny!"

How to make fart noises:



Hold out your arm.

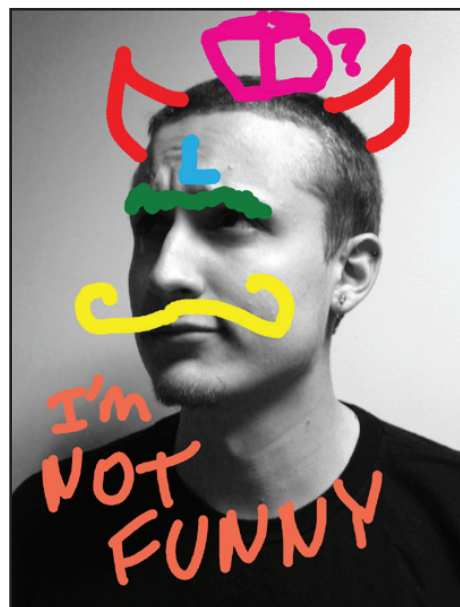


Fold your arm at
the elbow.



Put your arm away, you
fool. Farting is gross.

Join *The Slant* Now!



OH MY GOD! The Slant is so awesome!!! And you're so awesome! And hyperbole is so awesome! And having the vocabulary of an eight-year old is so awesome! Awesome!

I like The Slant because even though I'm an English Major, I don't know how to write. Here, I can just throw up jokes onto a page and I can print it, because I'm the boss. I don't even have an attention span!

I would totally [graphic sexual act] with Demetri Martin, because I think he's the funniest man ever—even though Mitch Hedberg is better—and I won't shut the f*** up about him! LOLLOL! ROFLCOPTER!!! INTERNET-SPEAKS!111!!!

I just love talking about myself and my pink mohawk (or lack thereof, now that I'm a "conformist" again) and trite rants and my girlfriend.

I like men in homosexual way (which is ok). I especially like wieners.

So like, you should totally show up to the Hustler meetings so that you can be like 1,000 times better by the time you go to the Slant meetings, which means you'll be like 1,000,000,000 better than the average Slant writer. HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

TOP TEN Reasons to pick up the Hustler

- 10 We can spell. For instance, we know that "Huslter" is not a real word.
- 9 If you spill your drink, our paper is über-absorbant.
- 8 We make really inappropriate jokes that "somehow" sneak past our editors. (Like pushing people in wheelchairs down flights of stairs, hehehe!)
- 7 Your non-Vandy friends won't know there are no nudey girls in the Hustler that you read.
- 6 We tell our men to "Man Up, Vanderbilt" and our women to "Bitch Down, Bitches."
- 5 We're more slanted than The Slant! Wait...
- 4 You can appear learned when you say you read the newspaper.
- 3 We only come out twice a week now, so we're suddenly worth your time, sorta.
- 2 Versus used to be inside us.
- 1 We have a crossword.

Diary of a Senior Without a Job, Trying to Find His Passion

by James Stoeckle

Scared Senior Specialist

April 3, 2009

I sit down with unbridled enthusiasm to start my diary. This is the first step to finding my passion in life and living it! Most of my friends' careers are so boring, so parochial—so pointless. Medicine, law, finance, teaching. Pshaw, I'd rather have no job at all than any of those duds. I know there's a career out there that involves all my interests and skills, which include but are not limited to: foreign languages, scuba diving, formal debate, adventure, and blogging. There are also jobs out there that involve no skill, like Kristen Torrey's job. All this thinking drains the enthusiasm and now I'm just frustrated and sleepy. I think a nap to refuel is just the sort of proactive move I need. Just as I'm falling asleep, I feel some great ideas coming...

April 30

Has it been over three weeks since the last time I sat down to this journal? I need to get on the ball. Graduation is almost here. I decide to stay on campus while everyone else goes to Destin for "Beach Week." I am the only senior here besides the Malaysians. They don't include me in their late night billiards gatherings, but it's for the best. There's a panel at the Career Center to help job-less seniors. I don't go—I mean, how can they know what I want better than I do? I decide to look for answers in Nietzsche's philosophy instead.

May 9

Finding my life's purpose by graduation was a stupid idea. You can't rush these momentous things. Also, Nietzsche was the wrong choice. Thus spoke Zarathustra? Thus spoke me, and I say that was some boring shit. Most of my friends are looking for their own apartments now—they can afford them with their signing bonuses. But you think I envy them? Nope. Soon enough they'll be envying me. Living at home is the optimal environment for finding one's passion in life. Plus, all my favorite shows are already set on the Tivo.

June 15

My mom jokes she's going to kick me out of the house if I don't start looking for a job. Good one, Mom.

July 24

I've been staying with Bob for the past couple of nights. For a homeless guy, he's pretty friendly. Living on the street is the optimal environment for finding my passion in life. For some reason it reminds of the Vandy dorms. Then I realize it's because homeless people live in Kissam. Bob has some pretty cogent career advice, and I have all of Manhattan as my workspace—talk about the corner office. I wish I could show my friends who are slaving away in cramped cubicles. Of course, I can blog about it. I sigh contentedly at the fact that my work life does not exclude my favorite hobbies like blogging. How many of my "set-in-life" friends can say

the same? Speaking of hobbies, where did I leave my scuba gear?

August 19

Man, it's hot outside. Pushing this shopping cart full of my belongings is hard work in such heat. To add insult to injury, my ice cube sculptures are melting at a furious rate. At least the heat hasn't stopped my friends from coming by to see me—or should I say, envy me. Ha! Each time I expect their expressions to be literally green with jealousy, but they have improved their poker faces since college. This time it's Steve who's come to visit. He looks somber when I see him, probably because of the jealousy. I empathize though. I assume they're miserable at their jobs. He doesn't show it from the boyish grin he lets out as he's describing his job. Steve says he can get me a position as a low level staffer in the state legislature. He must know how absurd this sounds to me. There aren't even good places to scuba dive in upstate New York. Not to mention the dearth of



"I KNEW the Force would save me!"

Victorian estates to restore...

October 14

I see a great, warm-looking blanket in the dumpster, but my shopping cart is full. Bob suggests I throw out my box-set French language computer program to make room. This is an absurd thing to say as Steve has a vacation home in Paris now, which I learn from his blog. Although I have not been formally invited, I assume the invitation is there. Bob disagrees and says to go with the french computer program. I agree after he points out that the laptop we found has a blurry screen from when a dog peed on it. Or was it Bob that peed on it?

November ?

The job offers from Steve and other friends have stopped coming in. They must understand the ludicrousness of me selling out for a 9 to 5. Bob offers to split his plastic bottles with me if I help collect. Are you high, Bob? (Oh that's right, he just came back from

a Kappa party). I'm not just looking to make money; I won't settle for anything less than my dream job. This is probably the kind of irrationality that put him out on the street in the first place. Bob then offers to share some blow he got at the Kappa party. After a few lines, Bob and I are dancing to techno music; for some reason I feel like I'm at a PKE party. We do a few more lines before I collapse on my water colors and easel.

Either November or December ?

For some reason Bob is angry and won't speak to me. It's most likely about the plastic bottle route. It kills me that he couldn't tell I was kidding. That nitwit. Duh, Bob, how can I decide on a career if I can't feed myself? Finally he breaks the stalemate by joking that the only job that would fit all my interests would be underwater blogging about secret agents. I want to tell him that he shouldn't quit his day job to be a stand up comic. I would know—stand up comedy is one of my hobbies. Anyway, I'm trying to sleep and Bob is taking up all the covers; it's so annoying. For extra warmth, I could light my old copies of the Hustler on fire, but the editorials are too spineless to be flammable. Damn. Just when I think it can't get any worse, my taxidermy tools prick my foot and it starts bleeding. I decide to add Emergency First Aid as a hobby, and I smile when I remember the roll of gauze I saw in the last dumpster. That's strange, I can't remember the last time I could feel my legs...

? ?, 2039

I am in a strange room and I have a pounding headache. What month is it? Looks like April, or May—one of the gay months, anyway. I am told I just woke up from a coma induced by hypothermia. They found me on the steps of the church on 79th and Broadway. It's the year 2039. I wonder where Bob is. The doctor is my friend Henry from college. I can't wait to hear what kind of sell out he'd become. Head of Neurology at Cornell Hospital. Ha, another cog in the wheel. He tells me that with no health insurance, they couldn't save my legs from the frostbite and had to amputate. I am proud of the sacrifice, though. The news on the TV distracts me from that thought. I see that Steve is our current president. The White House Press Secretary is a familiar face—a little greyer than I remember, but definitely someone I know. Is that...Bob?. A moment of weakness leads me to reflect on what my life might've been like had I just settled on a career. I mean, I always liked politics; maybe I would've made a good president. But I snap back to reality. This was crazy talk; presidents are under way too much scrutiny to regularly maintain a blog. Also, my interest in pedophilia would make it hard for me to get elected. I'd be waiting at the church steps on 79th and Broadway for Bob to regain some sense. Hmm, now to find a wheelchair...



Dear Foreigner

Congratulations on your admission to Vanderbilt University! We cordially welcome you to our prestigious school. We are honored that you want to come to Vanderbilt from abroad to represent your country on our campus. Especially, if your dad is the prime minister or a rich international businessman. On your first day you should be able to read and explain this letter to the admissions committee to demonstrate your proficiency in English. Shoulda studied for the TOEFL, eh?

Here at the Youth for Western Civilization, we work to assimilate international students and their unique cultures to make a bland, flavorless Vanderbilt community. Therefore, we cordially invite you to a reception this Fall in order to formally begin your American capitalist indoctrination. Dress is business casual, or you can wear your strange colorful foreign clothes. (Do you have clothes in your country?) On this day you will also be given a pair of khaki short shorts and a pastel colored polo. This is the uniform at Vanderbilt.

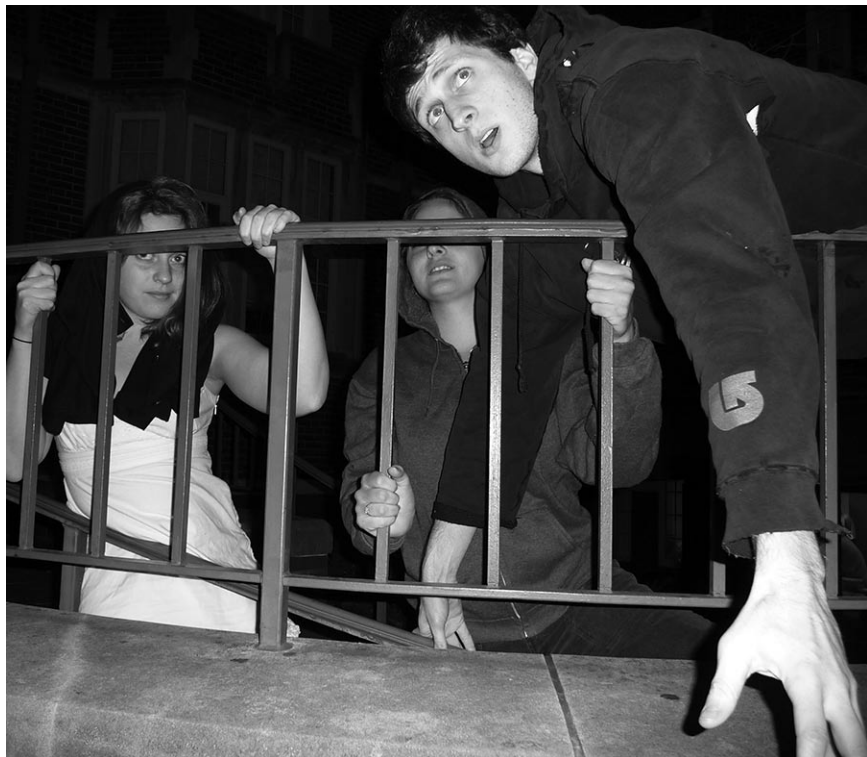
Now, don't go confusing us for racists. We don't hate other colors or nationalities, we just *really* like white culture... err I mean 'western' culture. We're totally not racist or xenophobic at all.

So are you fluent in English yet? No? Okay....how 'bout... now?! Seriously?! Not yet? God you're so unwilling to participate in American society. We don't put up with that kind of crap here. If you don't learn how to speak English as good as us, you're not gonna understand anything what's going on.

You are entering one of America's top universities well worth the insane amount of money we are cutting from your country's tiny GDP. Please keep giving us money. Vanderbilt just lost \$600 million. No, seriously, don't stop sending your tuition checks. We'll maybe even let you vote in our student government elections one day. Maybe. See, you're moving into the Commons, the most innovative living learning community in the US. Along with enjoying clean, running water, you'll live among other American freshmen.

Sincerely,

The Youth for Western Civilization



We need to keep out all those dirty immigrants (like the Irish and the Italians!)

Dear Professor Buckles

I am very sorry for missing class on Friday. As it turns out, I had a midterm in my Spanish class a little later that day, that I really needed to study for. In essence, the opportunity cost of attending your class was about an hour of study time for Spanish. We economists are aware of a phenomenon called the law of diminishing marginal returns. As applied to this scenario, the more I study for a subject, the lower the additional increase in test performance would be. Time was running low on Spanish, so the marginal utility of that hour was quite large. The marginal utility of attending the economics class, while significant, was lower.

Due to the law of diminishing marginal returns, each additional hour will yield a smaller and smaller increase in test performance. Considering the time span between the economics class and test (well over a hundred hours), the marginal cost of missing an hour of Econ was rather low, whereas the marginal cost of missing an hour of Spanish study time with only 3 hours remaining was quite high.

Therefore, if I had learned anything in your class this semester, I could not rationalize the choice to attend economics.

Sincerely,

Amit Shintre

Fashion Crimes

By Sophia Foroudastan

Judgment Specialist

I would like to report to the people of Vanderbilt about the latest crime to hit our campus. No, I am not informing you of a jorts-clad forcible fondler. I am not Linda Jennings, and this is not a VUPD crime alert. I must report a crime far more severe than the new salt-free fries from the Pub or the departure of the beloved Effie Reed. I regret to inform you that Vandy girls have gone missing. Vandy girls disappear under their massive accessories. I blame the Olsen Twins.

Many Vanderbilt women are implementing Mary-Kate and Ashley's personal style. You cannot see them because they are hidden under the oversized-accessory trifecta: sunglasses, pashmina and bag. To the naked eye, the girls no longer exist. You just see flocks of accessories scoping out the Rand salad bar or smoking outside Branscomb.

As if they were not already hard enough to spot, these ladies who have a serious case of Olsenitus, make it impossible to locate them in photographs. For some reason they all have to do this sideways pose for every picture, making it difficult to find what little piece of them is not hidden under a bag that could double as luggage for a two-week vacation, a pashmina that is long enough to keep a family of four warm, and Jackie-O sunglasses that could shield one's identity if she was on the lamb from VUPD for stealing from the Munchie Mart.

On a more positive note, this disappearing act creates a game very similar to *Where's Waldo*. Every Sunday, you can look at the latest facebook albums posted and try to figure out which Tori Burch bag is your friend or which pair of Chanel sunglasses is in your sorority.

I want to make it clear that I am in no way insulting the fashionistas of our institution of higher learning. In fact, I salute you. It's not easy to raise your hand in class with the Rolex, David Yurman ring, and Cartier love bracelets weighing your arms down. It also takes great strength to not feel guilty about the fact that the money you spend to decorate your wrist can feed starving children in Africa. Maybe the serious journalists at the *Vanderbilt Fashion Quarterly* will write a piece on the importance of choosing bracelets made of blood diamonds because it is important to support charities, such as civil war.

Housing's Hat-Trick

By Justin Barisich

Dear Department of Housing,

OK, OK, you got me, you little trickster you. Really, it was kinda funny when the class of 2011 showed up on campus last year and you pulled the ole' "bait and switch" trick on us with the Commons. You got us good, but you covered your own ass pretty well with the whole "they're still under construction" defense, so we couldn't really play back.

Fool me once, shame on you.

We naively thought that it was over then and there, so life went on with last year's freshmen living spread out all over campus (in Kisslammed Quad, Branscomb Infirmary, Vandy/Barnyard, and even in the Carmichael Towers of Solitude) due to a calculation error within your department by somebody who had the inability to add and subtract correctly. Anyway, the past is in the past, and I'm gonna let bygones be bygones, and you can go get the hell on, but you had to go and be a tricky hobbit on us again. While we were mired inside of the geographically isolated, moldy, cramped, and half-century old inadequate temporary housing, the idea of living here next year never crossed our minds, well, until you made us do just that.

Fool me twice, shame on me.

You pointed and laughed in our faces while we held in our anger and bit our tongues, as we knew that retaliating would only make the taunting worse. But, I guess that some drop of kindness still existed in your cold heart, so as a consolation prize, you gave us new window blinds (oooh), new carpet (aaah), a couple fresh coats of paint (mold-free...ish), our very own Munchie Mart (hey look, no more midnight cross-campus treks), and last but not least, the humanizing washers and dryers. (By the way, before adding the laundry machines, who the hell calculated that four washers and four dryers could adequately serve six buildings worth of residents? I bet it was the same guy who failed to count the number of incoming freshman vs. available rooms. I hope he or she is fired by now, among other things.) But, being as resilient as we are, we sucked it up and dealt with it. And with the end of this year approaching, we thought that our time of torture was almost over, and we'd soon be settling into the "real" housing come our junior year. Haha, aren't we foolish.

Fool me thrice?...There shouldn't be a third time!

As evidenced by the fact that at least 75% of the Highland Quad housing went to rising seniors – and we already know that the Freshman-Kingdom-Commons is off-limits for our bastard class –, it looks like the class of 2011 is getting your housing back-handed bitch-slap, once again. And the only reason this happened is because that same guy who can't count the number of incoming freshmen has been moving the wrong number of beads on his abacus for at least the past four years. (I guess he hasn't been assassinated yet then, huh.) So, the best I can conclude, then, is that the class of 2011 is just your Suga' Daddy/ Suga' Momma, from whom you've managed to score three times, as by charging the whole student body equally for unequal housing, this year's sophomores essentially end up funding the nicer housing that only the other classes get to enjoy. Moreover, now that you've used us, you're no longer showing us any love; oh wait, you never did that to begin with. So, I guess I'd be better off just accepting the mold, ringworm, and random infiltrating hobos, because at least they're more welcoming than you are.

Alpha Male's Guide to Dating

By Ben Blais

Alpha Male Specialist

Not all successful guys are that smart. No matter what people say, you don't need to be able to "read books" or "understand knock knock jokes" to make it with a woman. All you need is this comprehensive guide to being a player.

The attraction phase:

Eye contact is important. I call this concept the 80-20 rule: Feign interest in her stories by making eye contact 20 percent of the time, and then other 80 percent can be considered your eyes' "free time". She's guaranteed to appreciate your listening skills.

Surround yourself with toddlers. You will appear taller and more well-spoken with women that approach you.

You've got to be ballsy enough to be playful with your cockiness. Women like a good asshole; they're not looking for a pussy. In fact, always introduce yourself as Dr. Man. She doesn't need to know your actual occupation or name right off of the bat, that's for 5 or 6 dates in. For a more affectionate touch, try the name Dr. Manlove.

The first date:

If you remember back to the last house party you went to, who was the center of attention? The guy with the lampshade on his head. Wear a lampshade hat on your first date; your original and obviously instinctive humor will impress her.

Before you go on a date, shave your coin purse. Aerodynamics is important for your swagger.

Take her on a date to some classy fast food chain, like McDonald's or Whataburger. When you order, make sure you order for her (talk over her if necessary, she'll be impressed by your authority). Order two hamburgers, medium-rare

with no buns (you have nice enough buns as it is).

While you wait for your food, tell her you have some business to take care of and start writing math symbols and numbers on napkins ($X > 5 - 2 + Y\% 34$ and so forth). You need to establish that you are involved in very important activities.

Later Dates:

The first time you have her over for coffee, excuse yourself to order a "Bowflex" over the phone (but don't leave the room). Tell the phone operator you have a big penis and just want to make the rest of your body proportionate. Make sure you wink to the phone operator when you say it.

When you're on a date, the most common thing you should be saying to everyone else is "Don't make me kill your face." Your girl needs to know you will protect her with fisticuffs whether she's threatened or not. Plus, you are the alpha male, after all: everyone else should be subordinate to you.

In addition, you will want to use the right body language. One hand should be in your pants at all times. The other hand can be used to give the thumbs up when appropriate during conversation, and to suggest what to do next with gestures like pointing and the "shocker".

Whenever she says something that could possibly be construed as sexual immediately say "that's what she said". "Your mom" jokes at her family's expense will also make her laugh or my name isn't Dr. Man.

If you don't follow these rules then the beta male trophy will go to you my friend. Your prize? Humiliation. Don't spend it all in one place like you usually do.



You'll really pick up the ladies by looking like a douchey Shriner.

AROUND THE LOOP



What do you think about T.I. headlining Rites of Spring?

Despondent Indie Fan



"Damn, I thought the Flaming Lips were going to headline both nights!"

Local Gunshop Owner



"He could have just asked me and avoided that whole legal mess."

Student



"I love the song "Live My Life"! Although, its a bummer that he won't be able to keep living his life outside for much longer."

Dave Matthews



"Crap, now I'm not the biggest show in April anymore..."

Rihanna



"So wait... HE's the one going to jail?!?"

Scalper



"This is going to be the best Rites ever!"

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For more information, contact:
eic.theslant@gmail.com

Next issue: April 16th

Real Ad! Honest!

Immigration Film Festival

What: We will be screening three excellent films on the subject of immigration. Each screening will have refreshments and a discussion afterward.

Where: In multipurpose room of the Commons center this weekend.

When: Friday, April 3: The Kite Runner

The story is set against a backdrop of tumultuous events, from the fall of the monarchy in Afghanistan through the Soviet invasion, the mass exodus of refugees to Pakistan and the United States, and the rise of the Taliban regime.

Saturday, April 4: Maria Full of Grace

A story of a young Colombian girl who desperately turns to drug trafficking (becoming a mule) to escape the horrors of her work conditions, loveless relationship, and to earn money for her family. Her story becomes one of determination and survival like that of many other immigrants in the United States.

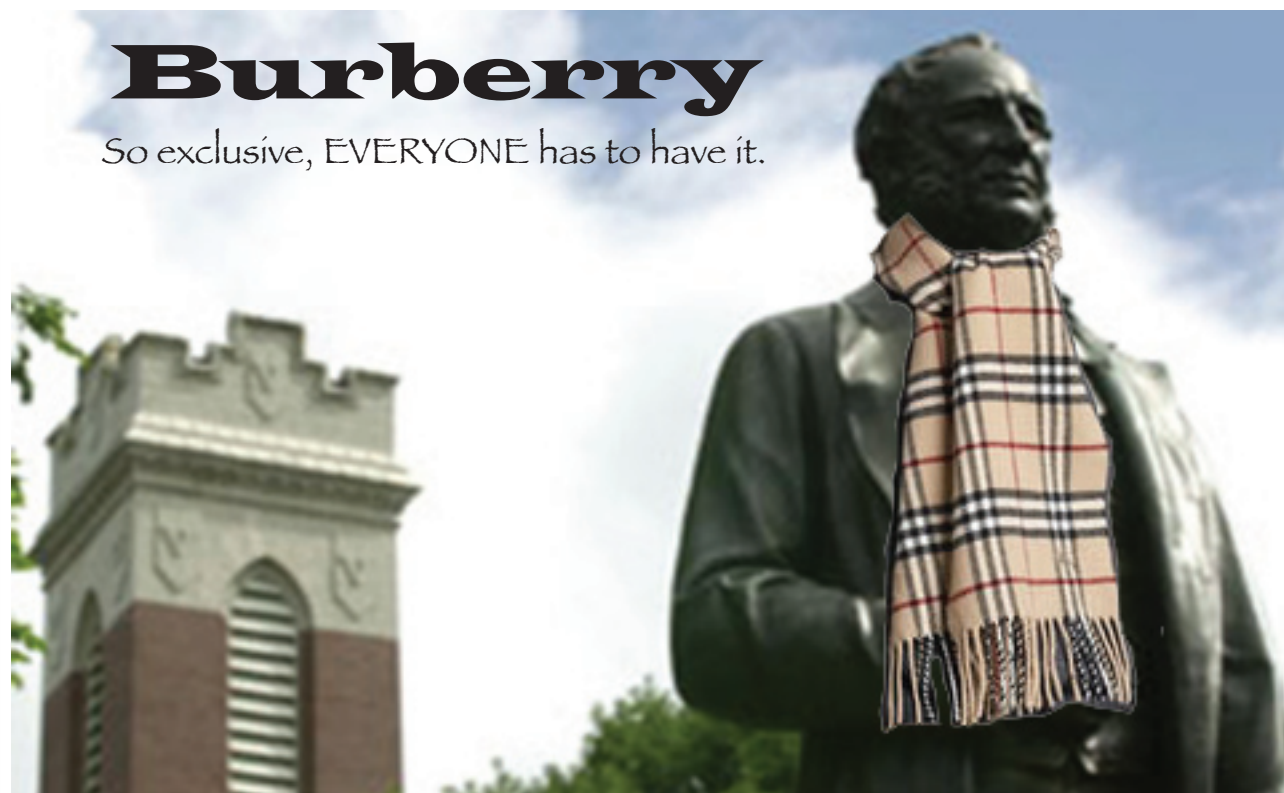
Sunday, April 5: God Grew Tired of Us

In the late 1980s, 27,000 Sudanese "lost boys," some just toddlers, marched barefoot over thousands of miles of barren desert, seeking safe haven from the brutal civil war raging in their homeland. Half died from bombing raids and starvation; the others reside together in Kenya's Kakuna refugee camp, with few prospects. Recently, the U.S. invited some of the boys to settle in America. Moving and mind-expanding, Christopher Quinn's God Grew Tired of Us follows three unforgettable young men — John, Daniel, and Pantheron— on their unbelievable odyssey in a strange new world.

Synopses adapted from Wikipedia and Moviefone.

**TOP TEN
April Fools' Pranks**

- 10** Tweak someone's "auto-correct" feature to replace "however," with "after much anal..."
- 9** Tell your parents that you and/or your girlfriend is pregnant.
- 8** Walk up to Zeppos with a "Living Wage" shirt on.
- 7** Tell Kristen Torrey that the Greeks love her work.
- 6** Play the "penis game" in the library during finals.
- 5** Put a fake grad school rejection letter in your roommate's mailbox.
- 4** Punch someone in the face and shout "April Fools!"
- 3** Hack your friend's facebook to change his or her sexual orientation. Make sure to add exactly one pornographic title to their "Favorite Movies."
- 2** Send out porn on the listserves (especially the "French" and "American Red Cross" ones).
- 1** Put out a fake publication.



Join The Slant Right Now!



Ben Karp's taken, ladies. But if you want some literary side-action, The Slant is always there for you.

As a Vanderbilt student, I've been a journalism whore. Freshman year I had my weekly hook-ups editing copy with *The Hustler*. Sophomore year, we had a one-night stand, but I quickly learned that one could get decent Web traffic writing blog posts listing our sports coaches salaries (K. Stall got paid \$981K in 2007, according to Vandy's 990 tax forms, for example.) This was followed by summer flings with large newspapers, a messy breakup with a news non-profit, and getting strung along by monogamous lover after lover in a dying industry. But with the number of spoof issues we've been doing recently, I hadn't had to feel constrained by the monogamy of working for just one publication; writing for *The Slant* feels like writing for every publication. And unlike other newspapers, at *The Slant* you get rewarded for making up stories.

Plus, writing for *The Slant* makes for a great conversation piece during job interviews.

During an interview for one unnamed cable news network, I had this exchange:

"So, I see on your resume you work for something called *The Slant*, what's that?"

"Oh, that's the campus humor and satire paper."

"That sounds interesting, what do you do for it?"

"Well, I, umm, contribute stories occasionally."

"Like what kinda stuff have you written?"

I hesitated. My most recent story had been about fraternities and foreskins.

"Well, let's see. I've recently written story comparing rap songs to math."

"Well then, that sounds really witty."

Nailed it.