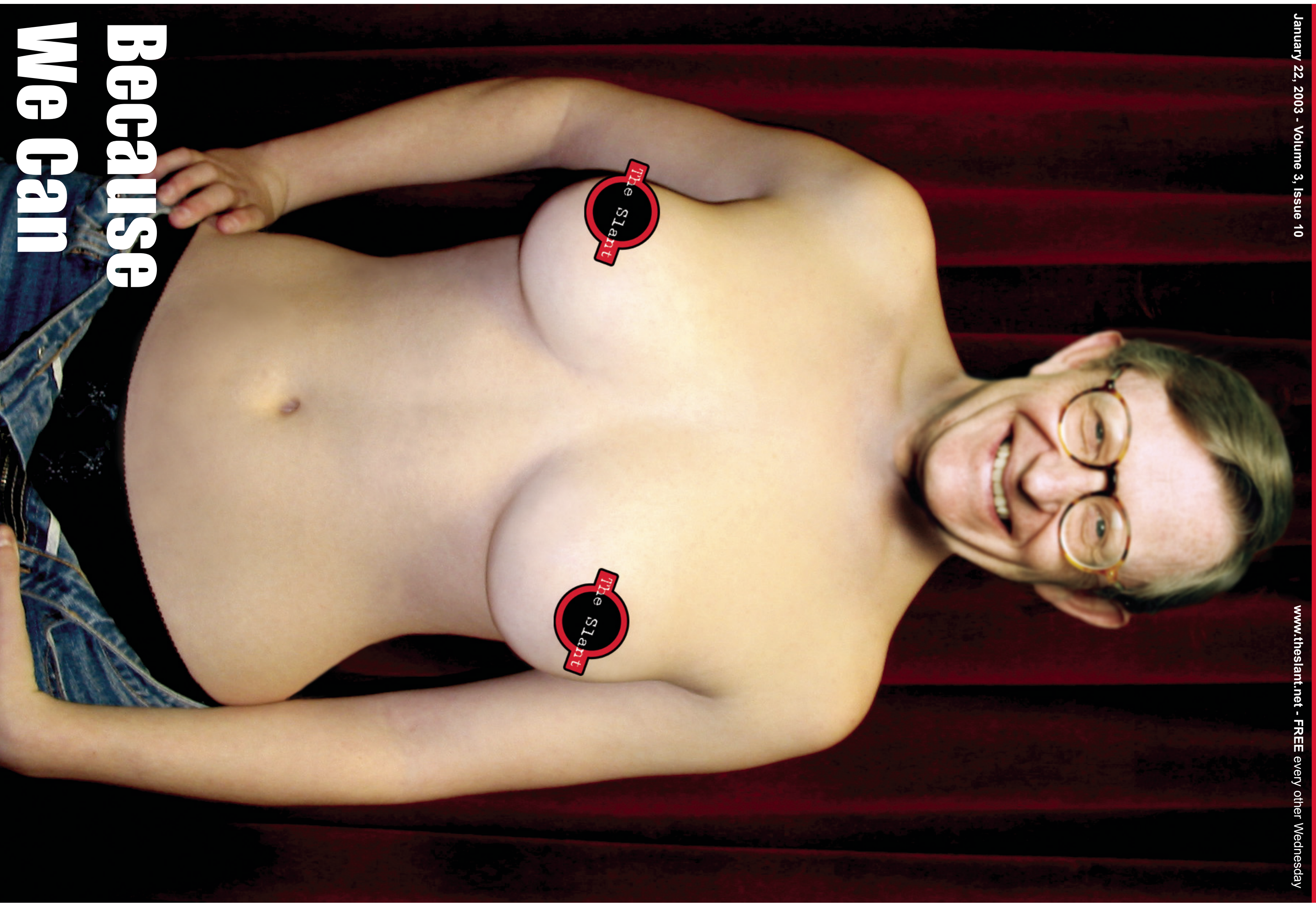


The Slant

January 22, 2003 - Volume 3, Issue 10

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**BECAUSE
We Can**

Bee Gees' Vocalist No Longer "Stayin' Alive"



Maurice Gibb, singer and bassist for the Bee Gees, died this past Saturday after reportedly contracting a deadly fever in the night. The surviving Gibb brothers eulogized him this afternoon at the wake, held at Studio 54. Barry Gibb fought back the tears, saying, "Well, you could tell by the way he used his walk he was a woman's man, no time to talk." His other brother Robin Gibb added, "Now he's got the wings of heaven on his shoes, he's a dancin' man and he just can't lose." John Travolta was unavailable for comment.

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Sophomore Receives Fellowship of the Ring DVD For Christmas



Michael Cooper, roommate of self-described "fantasy geek" Will Carpenter, reported boredom and annoyance after Carpenter returned from the break with the *Lord Of The Rings: The Fellowship Of The Ring* DVD. Cooper said that Carpenter "keeps playing the wizard fight scene on repeat, nonstop. He just keeps saying 'so cool' over and over again like a mantra. Thank God he hasn't called that stupid DVD 'his precious.'" Carpenter didn't have time to talk when reached for comment, saying he was in the middle of a movie."

Cooper said that Carpenter "keeps playing the wizard fight scene on repeat, nonstop. He just keeps saying 'so cool' over and over again like a mantra. Thank God he hasn't called that stupid DVD 'his precious.'" Carpenter didn't have time to talk when reached for comment, saying he was in the middle of a movie."

Vanderbilt Student Gets Jaw Wired, Turns to Alcoholism



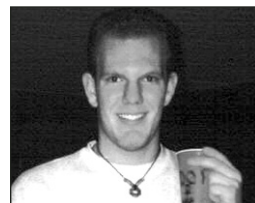
In a game of "snow football" played on Alumni Lawn, junior Laurel Staples accidentally ran into sophomore David Sims and broke her jaw.

After having her jaw wired, Staples was unable to chew and was forced to drink all of her food. Within hours, she gave up on the process of eating altogether and hit the bottle. Staples told reporters at *The Slant*, "Putting everything in the blender just got too tiresome," adding, "It just seemed natural to start boozing."

Woman Enjoys Putting Cell Phone On "Vibrate" A Little Too Much

Local woman Tracy Vail was heard in Kroger Thursday seemingly getting way too much pleasure from her pants pocket. She screamed, "Yes! Yes! NO, DON'T STOP CALLING! Keep calling! Oh God!" Mothers throughout the store were forced to cover the ears of their children, while Produce Manager Bruce Stevenson had to go on break to change his pants and make a phone call.

Taking of Girl's Virginity Not As Special As She Made It Out To Be



After taking freshman Erika Anderson's virginity over the weekend, junior Michael Kent admitted that it

"really wasn't as special as she made it out to be." Kent, who does not remember losing his virginity due to an Everclear watermelon after his high school graduation, says he doesn't understand the importance attached to having sex for the first time. "I don't remember mine, but I guess it was okay," said Kent. "So when Erika made this big deal about it being her first time, and how special it was and stuff, I was like, 'uh...ok.' It was over in about a minute anyway." According to Anderson, she has not heard from Kent, other than noticing another tick mark in the tally on his AIM profile.

Singer Gerardo Seen At Local Wal-Mart



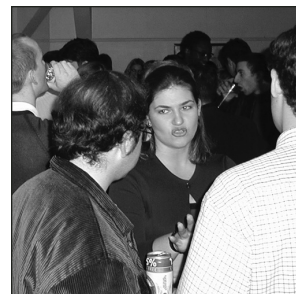
Slant writer Andrew Banecker's order was bagged by a former Latino pop star at Wal-Mart on Friday, January 10. "I noticed that the nametag of the

guy who was bagging my groceries read 'Gerardo.' Sadly, he was no longer rico or suave," claimed Banecker. Banecker's friend Scott allegedly saw Wilford Brimley, the Quaker Oats guy, in a Philadelphia area Wal-Mart nearly three years ago. A crack research team has recently been assembled to determine which other washed up celebrities are now greeting, bagging, or managing at Wal-Marts. Or at least people who look like them.

Slant Writer's Roommate Still Has A Thing For Asian Girls

Apparently it was not a phase. He still has an Asian fetish. Seriously. It's getting awkward.

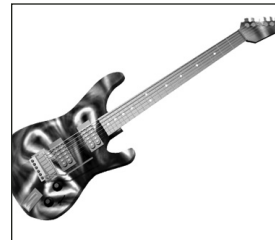
Puke Odor Aspect Of Party Ambiance Downplayed



A festive gathering of Vanderbilt students in an Area VI suite this past weekend culminated in no less than

three students' blowing chunks into various receptacles that rarely included the toilet. In spite of the odor, partygoers remained joyous and continued consuming alcohol throughout the suite, commenting on the tasteful interior decoration and excellent choice of beers, tactfully avoiding mentioning the pervading smell of throw-up. "At least no one peed on anything," claimed resident Mike Mott. Ironically, his roommate Jeff then pointed to Mott's curtains, prompting Mott to emote, "Mother fuckers!"

Guitarist Loses Artistic Vision, Guitar



No one was more surprised than guitarist Kirk "Weasel-raper" Young himself when, during a live

performance, he was suddenly standing on stage holding a whip, a fetal pig, and part of what appeared to have once been a ventilation duct, but no guitar. Young was unable to explain how he came to be holding those objects, nor was he able to explain the title of his newest album, *Guacamole Hat*. The proceeds of the concert were to go to an organization dedicated to helping kids fight things - things which may or may not have been cancer.

Bookstore Orders One Copy of Chemistry Book

Despite a class enrollment in the hundreds, the Vanderbilt Bookstore, a franchise of eFollett.com, ordered just one copy of the textbook, ISBN# 043935806X. As hundreds of students fought like a pack of wolves for the book, the rabid crowd reduced it to little

more than a pile of chemical equations. The head of the bookstore refused to comment. He was, however, overheard saying, "bwahahahaha."

Dodge Stratus Purchase Overshadowed By Brother's Supreme Court Nomination



Exultant twenty-nine-year-old furniture salesman Jerry Sembler rushed to call his

parents and tell them about his purchase of a new Dodge Stratus, only to have his mother say, "That's nice, dear. Your brother just got nominated to the Supreme Court. Isn't he wonderful?" Jerry then asked his mother if he could speak to his father, a self-described "Car Guy," whom Jerry assumed would be more interested in his purchase. However, his father answered the phone with, "Hey, Jerry, I heard ya got some car or something. That's great, son. Your older brother just got a Supreme Court nomination! I always said my eldest would really go places. Not to say I didn't have confidence in you, that is. But the Supreme Court!"

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On The Cover

Chancellor Gee begins his modelling career by being on the cover of *The Slant*

The Slant



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FROM THE EDITOR

Enjoying All The Cash We Got From The School

Since Brad doesn't take kindly to me waiting until the last minute (see last issue), I figure this time I'll go ahead and write my editorial a full 48 hours ahead of schedule. I thought I'd let you all know what's going on in the wonderful world of *The Slant* and then make a point I've made before.

After grovelling at the feet of Vanderbilt Student Communications for a full year, we've finally moved on to stage 2 of our plan: milk them for all they're worth. That's right, we're taking their money, and guess where their money comes from? You guessed it. AcFee.

We are opportunists. No matter how much we disagree with the whole system of AcFee allocations, we gladly put all that aside when it means we're gonna get paid.

You may have noticed there is pair of nearly naked breasts on the cover of this issue (pull it out and pin it on your wall!) and thought to yourself, "I wonder how they can get away with that?" Well, since we were just installed as a full division of VSC, it will be two years before they can remove us, according to their by-laws! That means we've got two years to do whatever we want, and use their money to fund it. Suckers.

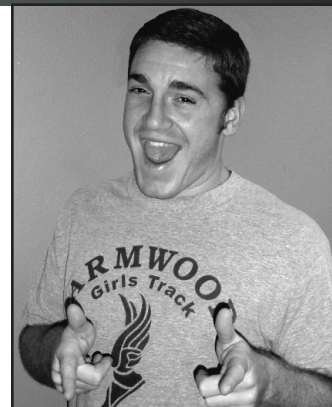
Actually, come to think of it, you're all suckers. Giving your hard-earned money to a horribly offensive publication like this with no say as to content - we used YOUR money to obtain an office with two top-of-the-line computers and a surround sound system on which to watch

DVDs, download music, pirate stuff, and maybe occasionally do layout.

Life is pretty good when you've got funding. You don't have to rely on donations from the Chancellor's wife. Can you believe someone as sweet as her would read something as offensive as us? It still baffles me. But thanks anyway, Constance.

OK, now I'm getting rambly, so I'm gonna stick to the point: why the hell is it so cold here? I don't know. But I do know that we have a fire in a trashcan in our office keeping us warm, burning twenty-dollar bills of student money. And there's nothing you can do about it.

Oh, wait. Yes, there is. Demand AcFee reform, you apathetic sheep! Demand that AcFee meetings be open and that the minutes be published. Demand that students have more of a say into where they want their money to go. But no, whoever heard of doing that? It's better to let over \$5000 go into one semester to a publication much of the school would rather see banned. Anyway, I have to go bask in the glow from our new 36-inch plasma screen television, so I must now say goodbye. ■



DAVID BARZELAY

THE SLANT'S FORTNIGHTLY IMAGE



Students absolutely love the cock and white stuff all around it.

Houston Ruck

Olsen Twins



507 days

Al-Qaeda Honors Ashcroft With Lifetime Achievement Award

Attorney General's devotion to destroying personal liberty 'exemplary,' say terrorists

By **TIM BOYD**

WASHINGTON - US Attorney General John Ashcroft has been given a special Lifetime Achievement Award by Islamic fundamentalist terrorist group al-Qaeda, it was announced yesterday. The honouring of Ashcroft came at the end of al-Qaeda's 14th annual "Global Terror and Repression" award ceremony, which was broadcast live on al-Jazeera TV and the Fox News Channel.

The Lifetime Achievement Award is given to the individual whom al-Qaeda members consider has done the most to further their ultimate goal of "overturning the fundamental basis of Western secular society and destroying political liberty wherever it exists." Previous recipients of the award have included Osama bin Laden, Saddam Hussein, Ayatollah Khomeini, and Geraldo.

Ashcroft was not able to attend the ceremony himself; his office said that he

was "far too busy undermining 220 years of hard-fought constitutional freedom" to be there. However, numerous members of the audience were willing to defend the Attorney General as a worthy winner of the award.

"It is rare to find anybody in the Western world who shares our own passionate desire to subject free people to the arbitrary tenets of fundamentalist religion, but Mr. Ashcroft has demonstrated great vigour in attempting to do so in the US," said Sayim al-Bashir. "His total misreading of the Bible, fanatical belief in his own infallibility, and arrogant refusal to even countenance the right of others to hold dissenting views represents what we as an organization have come to admire."

Bin Laden himself commented that "Ashcroft has accomplished far more than we had ever dreamed of, and in such a short space of time. We never really expected the US public to blindly accept

a law which allows them to be arrested without any charge or trial, which places the power to suspend constitutional rights at the whim of the executive, and which utterly destroys the right to privacy. But such is the genius of the man, that he has managed to dress the whole package up as being necessary for the protection of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness – now that shows a touch of class!"

A rare critical voice came from runner-up Saudi dissident Mohammed Khan, who complained that Ashcroft had an unfair built-in advantage. "It's ridiculous," said Khan. "Ashcroft has it so easy – he has the entire US Executive branch at his beck and call, a supine media, and a complacent general public. Any halfway competent religious fanatic could have won in such circumstances. I may not have been able to subvert quite as many natural rights as the Attorney General, but I'm operating from nothing more than a small kebab shop in Riyadh. I didn't stand a chance."

However, Salim Yousef, who accepted the award on Ashcroft's behalf, felt that the Attorney General had faced a tougher struggle than most. "John Ashcroft's achievement is all the more remarkable when one considers the difficulties facing him in becoming a passionate hater of secular freedom," said Yousef. "Born into a white, middle-class family, studying at Yale and becoming a lawyer – despite all these obstacles, he was able to keep alive burning religious fundamentalism. So much so that, when he arrived at his moment of truth when he lost his Senate re-election bid to a corpse, he was able to vent his anger and long-pent up frustration on the very system that had forced comfort and affluence upon him. He is a role model to us all."

In fact, Khan's reservations notwithstanding, the positive reaction to Ashcroft's success was overwhelming. It is further believed that two firsts have occurred with this year's decision - as well as becoming the first US government official to be recognized for 'Lifetime Achievement', it is also believed that Ashcroft's triumph marks the first time a member of the Undead has scooped the award. ■

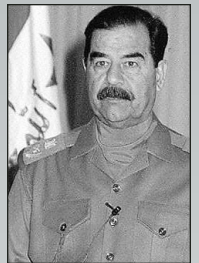
Past Winners Of Al-Qaeda's Lifetime Achievement Award



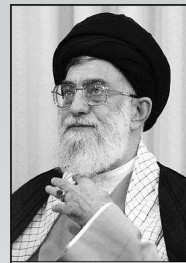
Osama bin Laden

Established the world-wide al-Qaeda terrorist network.

Saddam Hussein



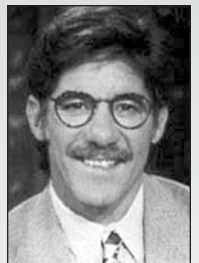
Dictator of a fascist regime in the Middle East.



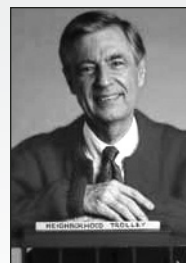
Ayatollah Khomeini

Supreme Leader of an Islamic Revolution in the Middle East

Geraldo Rivera

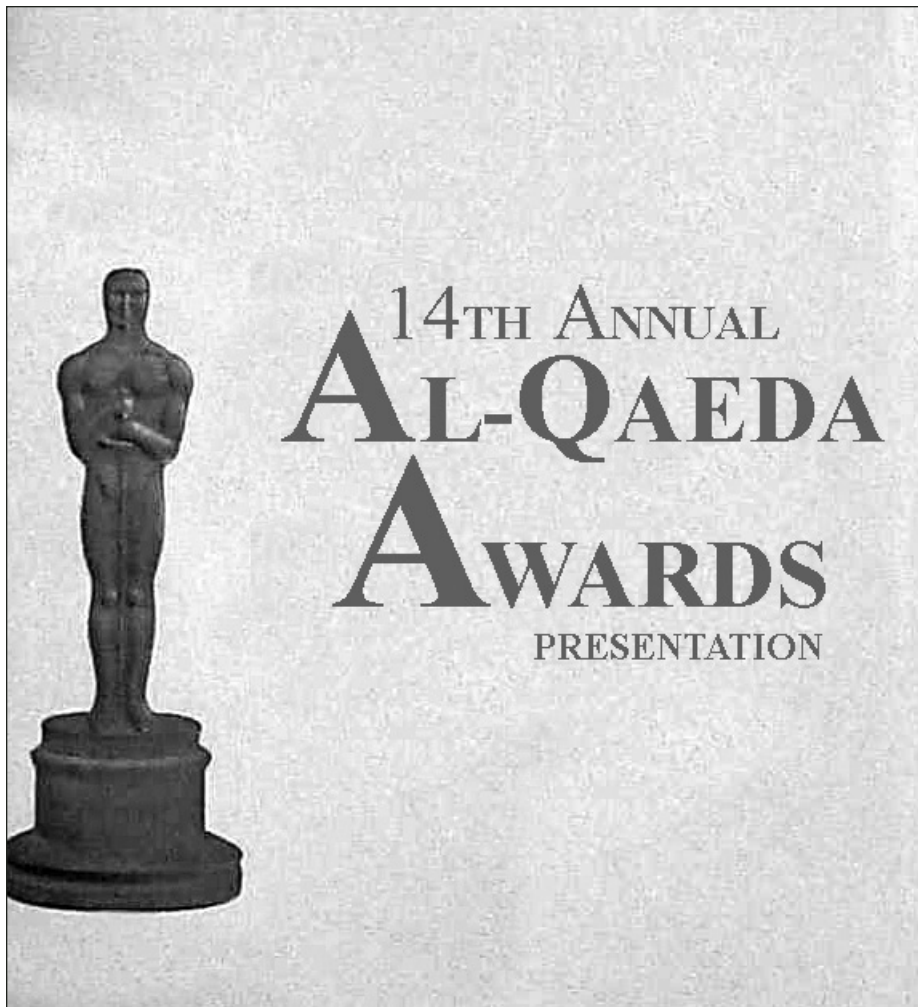


Television Journalist known for his quirky style of reporting



Mister Rogers

Brain-washed millions of American children



GOD TO SMITE Superfluous CREATURES

By MEREDITH GRAY

God announced today that as part of His new "down-sizing initiative," intended to cut Earth's costs in today's stagnant economy, He plans to smite all those creatures He deems as superfluous. The Lord says that He regrets His prior decisions to create such creatures as the penguin, the walrus, and the lemur, citing "loneliness" and "boredom" as His motivation for creating them in the first place.

"I know that I, The Creator, have not erred before, but honestly, there are no uses for penguins," the Lord said in a press conference this morning atop a white, fluffy cloud in Heaven. "Had I known that these creatures would merely become the fodder for animated films, I really would have rethought this whole thing."

Among those who are the most outraged at this down-sizing plan are the world's zookeepers, who expect large-scale layoffs in the next year. God countered that zookeepers "should not have entered such a lame profession," and will most likely "excel at flipping Whoppers as much as they did at shoveling crap."

A representative for the Zookeepers Union issued a statement declaring that "Our Lord is acting in a way completely irrespective of the rights that both animals have to life and that humans have to poking and staring at them when they are imprisoned in large, metal cages."

God issued His own statement, via a chorus of trumpeting angels, calling the Zookeeper's Union "a bunch of hippy tree-huggers, along with those PETA weirdos. You know, the ones that have that chick with the big titties in their ads... that Baywatch chick."

The Almighty plans to begin phasing out certain species in early February, giving the world several weeks to enjoy "the useless bastards," and especially for

Madagascar to "say goodbye to those good-for-nothing lemurs" before they are gone. "I plan to begin with all of the animals in Australia, which were created in the first place during a rather nasty acid trip that I wholeheartedly regret. Then I will move onto the unicorn – no, wait, my bad, already took care of that."

When questioned about the cruelty of his actions, God reportedly stroked His long, snowy beard and said, "If you haven't noticed, I haven't done anything really wicked since the Old Testament. No rains of sulphur, no floods. It's about damn time for a bit of carnage."

When questioned whether His actions could be construed as fascist, God said, "Well, I don't think so, but if creating a master race of creatures on Earth can be called fascist, then I'm guilty as charged."

Attempting to serve as the voice of reason, Babe the pig issued this public statement: "We are all His creatures, and even if we may be a little different, we are all special in our own unique ways," adding, "What right does He have to play God?"

God, on the spot, turned Babe into a ham sandwich and kicked those mice in the teeth.

Some scientists challenge God's right to eliminate certain species of creatures, claiming that God did not in fact create them when the world began, but that they "evolved" into their present forms from other creatures. "Evolution?" countered Jehovah, "More like evolution. No, no, I made all of these creatures on, uh, the first or second day or something. You know, near the beginning. So far back that I forgot the specifics. Yeah."

After completing Phase One of what God has deemed "Project Ark of Death," He plans to vacation in the Caribbean with His long-time companion before moving on to "daddy-long-legs, hamsters, buffalo and the Irish." ■



PENGUINS

Aptenodytes forsteri

Reason for Smiting
Have become the fodder for animated films.



KANGAROOS

Bettongia tropica

Reason for Smiting
Were created during a nasty acid trip which God now regrets.



HAMSTERS

Phodopus campbelli

Reason for Smiting
Richard Gere uses them for strange sexual practices.



THE IRISH

Homo drunkus

Reason for Smiting
What have they ever done for human civilization?

America To Convert To Islam

By RICHARD GREEN

In response to the continuing threat from remaining al-Qaeda factions, President Bush has asked Congress to declare that the United States be converted to Islam by February at the latest. The President says that converting to Islam will prevent future terrorist attacks, leading to increased safety for the American people. This change will be the latest in a long string of measures to stop terrorism at any cost.

The proposal has come as a shock to many Americans, as the United States' former policy was to refuse to listen to the demands of terrorists. But, said Bush, "If we don't have the freedom to choose our own religion and then force that religion on all our people in a totalitarian theocracy, then the terrorists really have won."

In an exclusive interview with a reporter from the *New York Times*, Osama bin Laden was asked by a reporter, "Since you are now a spiritual leader for the American people, what would you have us do, oh prophet?"

"Tell the Americans," bin Laden answered, "that I want a PS2 and Vice City, 'cause the previews for that game look so badass. Praise Allah."

Bush, though bin Laden's arch-enemy, justified the move by saying, "Don't worry, it will be okay. That Allah guy, he's actually the same being as God,

you know. We might as well just say 'okay' to Osama. What's the difference? I couldn't really think of any. The first chapter of the Bible and the Qu'ran are the same, anyways. I mean, sure, we won't have Jesus, but hey, we got

*"Tell the Americans, that I want a PS2 and Vice City, 'cause the previews for that game look so badass. Praise Allah."
-Osama bin Laden*

Muhammad Ali, and he's one hell of a boxer. All we got to do is pray a little more and learn Arabic. And, you know, go on the occasional holy war against nations that were formerly our allies and all. 'Praise Allah.' I can get used to that."

Bush's Cabinet agrees with him for the most part. Director of Homeland Security Tom Ridge said, "Look, we already tried paying billions of dollars for things to make people feel safer. We already tried asking airline passengers, 'Are you a terrorist?' before allowing them to board. Heck, we even tried giving away our freedoms. But the cost has

just become too great. We want back the freedoms that we are losing to prevent terrorism, like the freedom to bring nail clippers on planes and carry guns everywhere we go. It's in the Bill of Rights that we have the right to bear arms, so we should start bearing in order to defend our new fundamentalist faith. Praise Allah for that."

Condoleezza Rice, one dissenter, has been quoted as saying, "Look, whatever honey, I'm CR Ice and I just don't play wit' terrorists. I ain't giving no love to Allah. Yeah, I said it."

Whatever the opinions in Washington, opinions on campus differ widely. Vanderbilt freshman Jenny Daniels said, "I mean, it's not like I go to church at all now anyways. I'm always too drunk on Saturday night to wake up Sunday morning. So, um... Praise Allah, or whatever."

A brother from an unnamed fraternity on campus has been quoted as saying "Dude, this is so freakin' awesome. At first, I was a bit worried, but then I was reading my Qu'ran as I will now be required by law to do nightly, and I came across this thing about getting 72 virgins. I mean, all negatives aside, I want in on those virgins! Seriously, dude, we've run out of them here and I'm getting sick of always getting sloppy seconds. So, hell yeah, Praise Allah."

Congress will vote on the proposal in several weeks. ■

Vanderbilt Junior Celebrates *Roe v. Wade* Anniversary By Having Abortion

By ROBERT SAUNDERS

Vanderbilt junior Lisa McKay had been looking for a way to celebrate the 30th anniversary of *Roe v. Wade*, the Supreme Court decision acknowledging a woman's right to obtain an abortion. Then it hit her: Why not get pregnant and have an abortion of her own?



McKay

"The right to have an abortion is one of the most important and personal rights a woman has," said Miss McKay. "If we do not exercise our rights, then we will lose them."

Her planned pregnancy started at a

party back home over Thanksgiving break. "We went to [Mark] Dunwoody's house that Friday. The old high school gang was there," said McKay. "It was like old times seeing them. I knew I was ovulating, and I said to myself, 'Who better to father my aborted fetus than these guys whom I know and trust?'"

At that point, she paired off in succession with three different young men (whose identity she would not reveal) during the course of the night. "I thought it might hurt their feelings if they thought it was their baby. This gave them a way to avoid the guilt. And it made sure I got some competition among those sperm."

Although she missed her period in December, she worried that she might not be pregnant. "I've had a lot of false alarms before." But when she started having morning sickness on the first day of classes this semester, she was psyched. "I ran right out to CVS and got me an EPT.

I knew I'd be able to honor the fight of Jane Roe and those who went before her for back-alley abortions," said McKay.

Excited as she was, the Vandy coed almost missed the opportunity to celebrate the date as planned. McKay "called two weeks ahead. The clinic said they were booked for the 22nd [the *Roe* anniversary date]. But they called back later in the day saying a slot had opened up."

Linda Manning, director of the Margaret Cuninggim Women's Center at Vanderbilt, led a pro-choice rally outside the clinic. "We stand uterus-to-uterus with our sisters," shouted Manning to the assembled crowd. When McKay arrived, the dozens assembled outside cheered wildly.

"It was great going in there, high-fiving everyone. The crowd really got me pumped up," said McKay. "It feels good to be active sexually and politically." ■

Cold Weather Raises Penis Cuteness Factor

By ANDREW BANECKER

The recent extended period of cold weather in Nashville, TN has had unexpected effects on the lives of Vanderbilt students. A widespread phenomenon has permeated the entire campus. The use of phrases such as "Awww" and "Isn't that cute" have been rising drastically as both the size and girth of Vanderbilt's average manhood have done the opposite.

Initially, guys across campus were leery of unleashing the dragon in front of females due to the process of shrinkage, with some of Vanderbilt's finest choosing to abstain from interaction with females altogether. Stated senior Jeff Woodhead, "I just couldn't let the python out of it's cage. I mean, it was so cold outside... well, the little guy just couldn't live up to my name."

Now, with the recent revelation that Vandy girls actually find these not-to-scale models of our manhood extremely cute, almost irresistible, these students can come out of their dorm rooms and into the light once more.

According to sophomore and Peabody North resident Jocelyn Meadows, the effects of cold weather have quelled her fears and left her now open for the possibility of sex. "I used to be afraid of sex. Not because of AIDS or babies or other STD's, but the penis... it frightened me," said Meadows, "But now, it's just so cute, and I'm not afraid anymore. You hear that, Dad? I'm not afraid anymore!"

With the cold weather delivering the liberation of Peabody North and other purely female residence halls, most guys' sex lives have improved. "Vandy girls used to get creeped out and run away as fast as they could when I whipped it out in the summer or fall, but now it's like they can't resist it," claimed Freshman Greg Champoux, adding, "It's like having a puppy... but you don't have to feed it." ■

Vanderbilt Homeless Tough Out Cold Weather

By JUDSON WALLACE

Despite the warmth and cheer enjoyed by hundreds of residents in their cozy dorms, the recent snows have caused many problems for the local wildlife. More than five thousand squirrels, two thousand chipmunks, and several homeless men inhabit the Vanderbilt campus and surrounding area. For them, the cold weather was much more of a challenge.

"Really, no one was prepared for it," said Jack Johnson. "You just don't expect this much snow in the South."

Jack Johnson, one of the homeless on campus, and a member of one of Vanderbilt's endangered animal groups, felt the effects of the winter snow along with the rest of Vanderbilt's wildlife. Already facing a decreased natural habitat and reduced breeding grounds from campus construction projects, the Vanderbilt homeless now have to deal with the bitter cold of snow.

"It's times like this when you all have to pull together: the squirrels, the chipmunks, even the birds understand it's a matter of survival. We make do with what we can, sharing the leftovers from Rand and stealing beer from the frats to satisfy our alcoholism. It's not the easiest way of life, but in the wilderness, you take what you can."

With the threat of losing the last of such a rare group, a Vanderbilt task force formed by students and administration

has been created to relocate the Vanderbilt homeless to other areas mimicking their natural habitats. The group, called Vanderbilt Undergraduates for the Positioning of Drifters (VUPD), works with the administration, students, and faculty to locate and identify homeless people on the Vanderbilt campus and then relocate them to the slums of Nashville, where they can enjoy happy lives scrounging on the leftovers of suburban America.

"Sometimes they put up resistance. They don't understand that we're trying to help," commented Mike Garcia, VUPD squad member. "Unfortunately, they don't understand that we're only caging them to bring them to more fertile areas ... such as the city ghetto."

"What we are most worried about in weather like this is how the students react. Some actually try and get close to the homeless people to feed them. But they don't understand that they are wild animals. It's no different from feeding a bear or an alligator. All dangerous creatures. The best thing to do if you see one is to call one of us so that we can coerce the animal into a more natural habitat."

Some students feel that the treatment of the homeless on the Vanderbilt campus is inhumane, but VUPD and administration officials are quick to point out that they are not really human. "They might look sweet and innocent, but they are incredibly dangerous. Feeding them only attracts others. If student groups continue

to feed them, we could be dealing with an 'overpopulation' of homeless on Vanderbilt. It's essential that we remove them while there is still time," commented a VUPD squad member.

Students had mixed reactions to the problem. Some groups have built giant snowmen as a sort of winter "scarecrow" to keep away the homeless people.

"We tried to make it as realistic as possible. We put leaves and branches in the hair to really make him look homeless," said Christy Hudson, a sorority spokesperson. "That way, when a live

homeless person sees it, they'll think that this area is already taken, and they will migrate somewhere else."

One thing is for certain: while students play and frolic in the snow, the homeless live in it. A subspecies of the homeless population (*homo alcoholia*) attempted to create makeshift igloos out of the snow. Housing quickly demolished them, saying that they were inadequate for the residential college system and would cause inequality in the dorms. At times like this, it seems that a man just can't catch anymore, can he? ■



A homeless person eats a meal provided by a student.

Staff Photo

As Rush Week Ends, Satan Tallies Up Souls

Greek life is a very important part of many Vandy students' social lives.



Satan

Because of the selectivity of certain houses, some students have gone so far as to sell their souls to give them an edge on the competition.

As one student said, "I'd have done anything to get into Tri-Delt. Including a little 'insider trading.'"

The student, who wished to remain anonymous, went on to say, "Daddy does it to get what he wants on Wall Street. Why shouldn't I get what I want here?" she asked innocently, continuing, "I have, like, a trillion-generation legacy for DG, but there's no way in hell I'm going to pledge there! I mean, I have some self-respect! I want to be a Tri-Delt. All I had to do was sign some papers and swear on my immortal soul thingie. And I'm in!"

The Lord of the Underworld rushed to clarify that, even after signing the contracts, the rushees, while obligated to spend eternity in the pit of fire, were not guaranteed to make it into the house of their choice. "This just gives them a better chance, a

"This year, the number of newly-damned Vanderbilt freshmen surpassed all our expectations" - The Prince of Darkness

'leg up,' if you will.

"When the rushees put their name on my binding document, I assist them by eliminating all those obnoxious, unique character traits they have that keep them from fitting in with the Greeks on campus. Their chances of acceptance are

increased tenfold, especially if they sign over a friend or family member's soul also, which is a bargain for my assistance in assimilating their looks in addition to their personality. When bland AND beautiful, how could any house resist my clients?"

SAE hopeful Steve Piedmont agrees, reasoning, "That whole eternity thing happens only one time, you know, but I'm going to have to live on this campus for four whole years.

Imagine four years of being left out because I'm not in a house... or worse - I could be a Lambda Chi! It was definitely worth it to make this deal with Mr. Lucifer."

The tradition of students trading eternity in hell for the house of their choice goes back generations, but seems to be unique to Vanderbilt. When the practice first began, students rushing were dubious of selling their immortal souls, but after Gertrude Culpepper got into Kappa Delta in spite of her lisp and obvious acne problem, Satan started getting more business than the guy who sold drugs out of the Munchie Mart.

"Yep. I love visiting Greek row, where I own more souls than at any given Manson concert," His Sinfulness declared, adding, "It's beautiful. Just beautiful."

Mr. Lucifer said his next business venture would involve accepting souls in exchange for victory in football, but refused to say which Nashville college team he had in mind. ■

Bus Driver Fired For Leaving Child Behind

By TIM BOYD

After lengthy consultations with the Education Department and under direct pressure from President Bush, the Cook County, Illinois school board has announced that it has fired David O'Leary, a bus driver for the Chicago Central High School. The incident which sparked O'Leary's dismissal occurred shortly before Christmas when he did not collect Richard Thompson from his usual stop at Mapleton and Howard, allegedly because Thompson was not there on time.

When Thompson did arrive at the stop, he saw the bus had departed and set off in pursuit, but was unable to catch it. Thompson's mother reported the incident to the Education Department, which declared that O'Leary's actions were in direct contradiction to the Bush administration's stated policy to 'leave no child behind.'

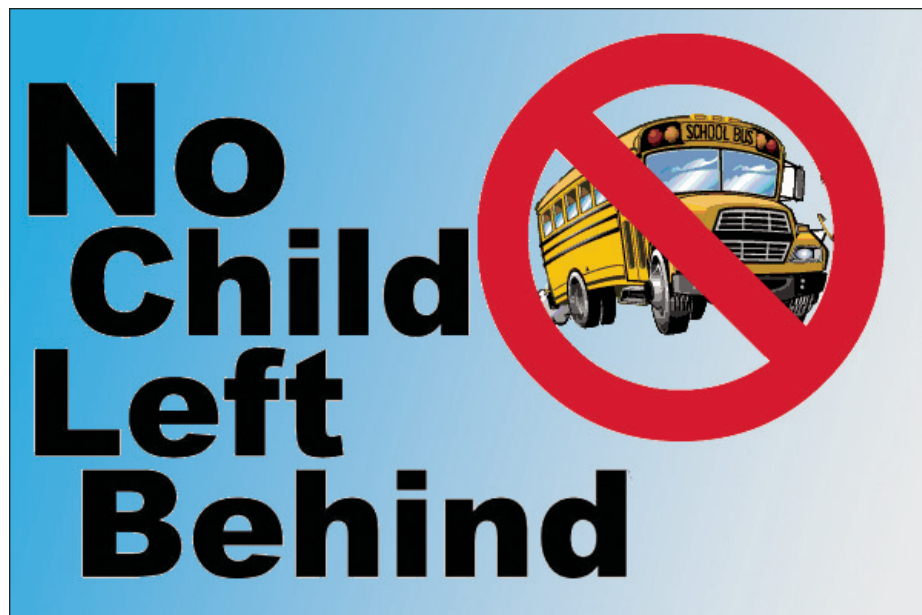
When informed of the incident, a furious President Bush addressed the nation directly from the Oval Office. Said Bush, "Learning education is the foundation out of which the cornerstone of our nation is created. My administration is committed to correctifying the dismal academic performances of our national young people through a series of banal platitudes and lazy generalizations, of which the 'leave no child behind' soundbite is a fundamentalist part. Mr. O'Leary has tried to sabotage this policy, and is

clearly an un-American American. Unless he, and other like-minded people, are stopped, we will have to suffer the consequences of being a nation governed by educationally dysfunctional simpletons."

Mrs. Thompson welcomed the actions of the President and the Education Department in forcing O'Leary's sacking. "It was definitely the right thing to do," she said. "For some years now, Dicky's grades have been getting worse and I have been looking for someone to blame. It's now quite clear that it was the unthinking and selfish actions of an overpaid public servant that were responsible."

Staff and students at Central High had mixed reactions. Some felt that O'Leary had been harshly treated, while others felt that Thompson was the victim of the case. All agreed that Thompson is very much a "typical" student for the school. "Richard Thompson is the very model of an American high school student," agreed Central High School headmaster Frank Gianetti. "He is ignorant, lazy, often high as a kite, surly, abusive, a menace to staff, and armed to the teeth with various weapons and weapon paraphernalia."

School board officials were at first reluctant to act, saying that O'Leary had been a reliable employee for the best part of five years. But when the Education Department claimed that something had



to be done "in the name of national security," the board backed down and agreed to remove O'Leary.

In his defense, O'Leary claimed that he had been waiting for Thompson that morning, but that after being there for "damn near 15 minutes," had decided that it was more important to get the students to class on time. Dismissing this explanation, a senior Education Department official sneered, "Well, he would say that, wouldn't he? It only suggests he has something to hide."

The FBI later revealed that this is not the first time that O'Leary has been in trouble for violating US government policy. In the Reagan era, O'Leary refused to live in a shining city on a hill, saying he preferred the starry skies of the country. But when George H. Bush took office, he moved back to the city so he wouldn't have to look at those thousand points of

light. In the early years of the Clinton administration he repeatedly not only asked, but frequently told, and during a spell of unemployment in the mid-1990s O'Leary persisted on living off welfare as we knew it, despite several threatening letters from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Since the election of George W. Bush, O'Leary has furthermore proved unable to co-exist peacefully with fish and stubbornly refused to work for a healthier America.

Informed of O'Leary's previous record, Mrs. Thompson said it only strengthened her conviction that she had been right to raise the matter. "If he had gotten away with this, others would have been at liberty to similarly subvert American values, then the terrorists really would have won and we might as well have all become towel-heads and started flying planes into buildings." ■

Pickup Line Successful

Sociologists Baffled

By JEFF WOODHEAD

According to several witnesses, a male Vanderbilt student successfully used a "pickup line" last weekend.

The student, junior Joseph Saffron, reportedly went up to sophomore Jessica Reid at Wolfy's and said, "I want to rearrange the alphabet so I can put 'U' and 'I' together." Reid, who asked to remain unidentified, replied, "Only if I come first." The two students left the bar almost immediately. It is not known whether the two students exchanged names before exchanging fluids.

"I was just as amazed as everybody

else," said Saffron. "I mean, damn, she was hot, too. Shit like that never happens to me in real life. Thank God for alcohol!"

"What the fuck, man," said Saffron's roommate Kevin Blutarsky. "I try that on a girl, she slaps me ten ways from Sunday, and not in the good way. Not only that, he's a total loser, too." Saffron replied that Blutarsky was "just pissed off about having to sleep on the couch."

Sociology professor Micah Sutherland was also baffled by the occurrence, saying, "It's truly disturbing that such an occurrence could transpire in today's society. That's thirty years of research on intergender relations out the window. Ruined! Just gone, gone with the wind! Now I'm going to have to go out and research something... something... useful! Oh God..." Sutherland proceeded to break down and bawl uncontrollably.

His colleague, Robert Leghorn, was

just as confused. "I have trouble believing the accounts as they were given," commented Leghorn. "Pickup lines that lame never work on students. At least, not in my experience. My intensive studies tend to show that it takes a little bit of sweet-talking and some Everclear to get a hot sophomore in the sack."

Women's Studies professor Karen Goodmyn was alarmed, saying, "This has severe ramifications, not only for the woman victimized by this crude man, but also for the entire female gender." Continued Goodmyn, "If she can be seduced so easily by the wiles of masculinity, what does that say about the rest of us?" Goodmyn also added that Reid would most likely be "scarred for life by such an encounter with the Dark Side. Womyn can't be seen consorting with men." Finally, continued Goodmyn, "It just goes against everything we've fought for."

When asked about the incident, Reid

said that she was "not sure she remembered it."

"My friends told me he was cute, though," said Reid. Reid also said she plans on drinking again next weekend, and possibly even "getting laid again." ■



Saffron gets his groove on.

Staff Photo

Mysterious White Substance Descends From The Skies

Terrorists Suspected

By BEN STARK

"The sky is falling, the sky is falling!" With these words, Jerry Simpson, a raving lunatic on the sidewalk, announced the arrival of a suspicious white powdery substance that descended from the sky on Nashville last Thursday. Mr. Simpson was eventually returned to his office in the Philosophy department, but the substance he observed soon spread over all of Nashville, prompting fears of a terrorist attack.

The serious effects the substance had on the citizens of Nashville later confirmed these fears. Vanderbilt biologist Dr. Francis Watson explained, "The day after being exposed to this substance while wearing sandals and thin clothing, many Vanderbilt students caught a cold. This leads us to believe it is a biological toxin that is absorbed through the skin. Although it is damn fun to play in."

The substance also eliminated all common sense in Nashville's driving public. "I tried to drive home after lunch when that stuff started coming from the sky," said local attorney Maynette Branyan. "But the second it hit my head all I could think was 'stop and go traffic... must cause stop and go traffic.' It must have affected everybody, because we all started having accidents at once. It took me two freakin' hours to drive home four miles. Still, I gotta admit, when I got home it was damn

fun to play in."

The dangerous effects of the powdery white substance led Dr. Watson to label the substance Serious Neurotoxin Obliterating Wisdom (SNOW).

In addition to its own biological effects, this SNOW seems to be mixing with another chemical known to be derived internationally from cyanide. This International Cyanide Extract (ICE) mixed with SNOW to make the ground extremely slippery, a reaction known in scientific circles as the "banana peel effect." "This is clearly a terrorist test case for this new weapon," said NATO General Tommy Franks. "Imagine if SNOW and ICE were used on the battlefield; it would immobilize our troops! On the other hand, it is damn fun to play on. Look, I can slide across it! Wheeeeeee!"

The theory that SNOW is a biological toxin is not without its detractors. "I told you the sky is falling, dammit!" said the philosopher/lunatic Simpson. "It's all in my book, entitled *Holy Shit, The Sky Is Falling and Other Drug-Induced Insights*, which is on sale now in the bookstore. On a side note, the collapsing remains of the sky are damn fun to play in... on weed!"

Three-year-old Alyson Chandler proposed yet another theory: "My Daddy says it's just God's Shaving Cream after a cold shower." Miss Chandler then whispered, "but I think it's weally God's Dandwuff."

She added: "It's vevy fun to pway in."

Still, Dr. Watson's fears of a terrorist weapon were confirmed when *Slant* Editor-in-Chief David Barzelay was caked in SNOW and cryogenically frozen.

No word yet on possible antidotes for the toxin or where and when the terrorists will next launch an attack, but atmospheric conditions seem favorable for such an assault. The University has urged its students to be on their guard, encouraging them to wear their heaviest protective suits outside. ■



Coca-Cola Introduces 'New Coke Classic'

Classic Coca-Cola Classic slated for '04

By ROBERT SAUNDERS

The Coca-Cola Company has announced plans to terminate its Coca-Cola Classic line. In its place, the company will unveil "New Coke Classic" in a move designed to quench America's thirst for sweetened carbonated beverages and nostalgia.

Coca-Cola, the world's largest soft drink company, will launch its campaign during this week's Super Bowl. The company has paid \$11.6 million for four 30-second spots spaced throughout the game.

The re-release of New Coke is part of a larger plan to accelerate the company's nose dive to the bottom of its business cycle. At that time, the company will re-launch the Coca-Cola Classic line under the name Classic Coca-Cola Classic.

The company's ads will use the old "Catch the Wave" slogan from the previous campaign and feature many retro elements. Foremost among those elements is the reappearance of the computer-animated veejay and sitcom star, Max Headroom. "I've just been selling insurance for the last twelve years in Toronto, so I figured what the heck," said Matt Frewer, who played Max.

"Americans are the most compulsively nostalgic people in the world," said Kim Clarke, head of the creative team at Ogilvy & Mather that developed the new spots. "America has been heavy into Reagan-era kitsch for several years now, and it's ready for second-term Reagan stuff. Nothing epitomizes that more than New Coke. It's a no-brainer."

The switch comes in response to sluggish sales and depressed earnings for the Atlanta-based company. The

company has been losing market share to its chief rival Pepsi, particularly in the highly coveted youth market. Pepsi's success has been keyed by its association with popular young celebrities like Britney Spears.

This economic downturn harkened back to a previous challenge by Pepsi based on the same model: a young singer-dancer named Michael Jackson had swept the nation by storm with his multi-platinum *Thriller* album and wooed consumers over to Pepsi.

Coke counter-attacked by abandoning its original formula for a new cola product, New Coke, which tasted surprisingly like Pepsi. "It was an ingenious strategy," said Emma Kessler, who has chronicled Coke's modern advertising history in his book, *Coke Is It*. "The public outcry at the dismissal of a long-cherished cultural icon created an existential crisis in the hearts - and kidneys - of Americans. Immediately the clamor began for the old Coke."

Beverage industry analysts anticipate that the strategy will propel the soft drink manufacturer to its traditional position of market dominance. Said Merrill Lynch analyst Lewis Brunner, "Putting 'classic' in the name twice is a double-whammy. If you're investing in the consumer beverage market,

Coke is my triple-dipple lock of the year.

"In one year they will create nostalgia for an unpopular beverage, gain a boost in sales, and then get people stoked for the arrival of 'Classic Coca-Cola Classic' and absorb the windfall from that product."

Adds Ms. Kessler, "The true genius is that they can drag this strategy out anytime they experience such a downturn in sales. Just keep adding the word classic to their products and voila, problem solved." ■



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All I Want Is To Get Knocked Up And Married

By MEREDITH GRAY

In a simpler time, I would not have had to make such a desperate plea. At the first sign of my burgeoning womanhood, my father would have bartered me off to a man of wealth, high standing, and adequate sperm count. It's almost humorous that I now am forced to beg to have such a desire fulfilled.

As my grandmother says, it should be as implicit to my future as squirrels are to Kentucky Fried Chicken. I didn't quite make sense of that whole phrase; I just patted her on the head and spoon-fed her some more oatmeal, but not before she swung at me with her paddle and demanded that I "have one in the oven" before her funeral. She's not dead yet, but according to my mother it's scheduled for February 7th, 2003. This means that I need to get cracking, and when I say

cracking, I mean having unprotected sex. Let me put it this way – my father is not paying \$40,000 every year for me to get book-learning, per

se. I am twenty years old, not swollen with child, no Tiffany's Lucida cut diamond solitaire on my finger. As the sun sets on my glowing, baby-making prime, I feel that I have failed as a woman. What is wrong with this picture? I have three semesters until I earn my B.S., which stands for "bull shit" because I won't be coming out with the M-R-S degree for which I've been striving.

What the hell am I doing wrong? I bleach my hair. I wax my legs. I got a nose job (deviated septum, ha!) my junior

year of high school. I even took those "sensuality" lessons in Amsterdam as a high school graduation gift from my par-

ents. All building toward these four years, the homestretch of getting preggers and hitched. Not sure about marriage? That's ok, I can get pregnant first; my dad may not have a shotgun, but he has a

Fortune 500 company and a team of lawyers. Yeah, that's right. And he knows people. People who know the banks of the East River at 4 a.m., if you know what I mean.

I'm about one period away from wearing tear-away pants to a frat party. I have a finite number of eggs you know. I also have a finite number of years that I'll look good in a tennis skirt at the country club without cosmetic enhancement. At Thanksgiving, I heard some whispering amongst my cousins about my predicament. They think that I might be a "lesbian." Do they think I'm from Lesbia or something? I'm not sure what a "lesbian"

is, but I have a feeling it's not as good as a womb full of embryos and a five-tiered wedding cake.

The stress of this has driven me to alcohol. I thought it would enhance my chances of getting pregnant, but it's not adding to my attractiveness in 9 a.m. classes, which I have been going to in the hopes that the smart boys who plan to be rich might attend the early ones. I think I'm even starting to lower my standards. I took a long glance the other day at a guy who was driving a Ford Focus.

So I'd like to ask that you keep my plight in your hopes and prayers. Picture me sitting in front of the Christmas tree with my family, my mother pinching and twisting my forearm, reminding me how nice the pitter patter of little feet running through our Malibu beach house would sound. Picture my father looking sternly over the tops of his glasses, handing me folders with 8x10 glossies of prospective suitors, middle-aged men with names like Sheldon. Please help me. Knock me up. Marry me. In the name of all things sacred, let me be the successful woman I've always hoped I could be. ■

Marry me. In the name of all things sacred, let me be a successful woman

My New Boyfriend Loves Me For My Brain

By GIRLFRIEND OF A ZOMBIE

All my other boyfriends have been all into my body. I mean, my perfectly shaped D-cup breasts and long, smooth legs turn heads wherever I go. Do you know how demeaning it is to open up your heart to a guy only to look up and find him staring down at your chest? Guys have just always seemed to care more about my looks than what I had to say. But my new boyfriend is different. He loves me for my brain.

From the first time we met, I could tell he wasn't like the other guys. He didn't ogle my ample cleavage, or try to monopolize the conversation by talking all about himself - in fact he doesn't talk much at all, but when he does he always has something really special and sweet to say.

I remember our first date. He took me out to dinner, and told me to order whatever I wanted, but he didn't even eat anything. He just sat and watched me eat, saying he just wanted to sit back and explore my mind. It was such a refreshing display of consideration and interest. Right then I knew that he was something special.

He told me the other day that he was

very eager to meet my family and friends. All the other guys I've dated always dreaded meeting my family, but he said that someone with my mind must have quite a family, and he couldn't wait to meet them. He said if their brains were anything like mine, he was sure he'd love them (it seems that he can be a bit intellectually elitist sometimes, but no matter).

He always makes me feel so good, the way he shows such interest in everything I have to say. He tells me he craves to see what's inside my head. Isn't that


sweet? I feel like I can totally just be myself when I'm around him and he'll accept me and still love me just as much. Not for my body, but for my mind. ■



The young woman (right) and her boyfriend.

Staff Photo

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If You Can't Get Sophomores...

What Rob Hilton neglected to tell you

By ANDREW BANECKER

Let's be honest here. We all know that none of you freshman guys are getting with any of the freshman girls. This is an established fact. You know it, they know it, even your mom knows it. To help alleviate the pain of your current sexual misadventures, Rob Hilton, sexual healer, attempted to provide the solution by directing your collective penises to Peabody campus, home of the sophomores in a highly controversial article in last month's issue of *The Slant*.

But let's face it, you're way too drunk, lazy, and ugly to make that work. Also, for some reason, sophomores are impossible to find. If you're not a sophomore yourself, you just don't know any. And who in their right mind is going to walk all the way over to Peabody and wait outside North Hall until a choice piece of 2nd year, post-freshman-15, more cushion for the pushin' ass chooses to wander outside, let alone believe that by simply standing there like a douche, you will become irresistible to Peabody poon?

OK, sorry... take the gun out of your mouth, your life is not over, for there is one highly overlooked group of ladies who are both easy, attainable, and sexually knowledgable. Now, you might have to take a few shots of Jose Cuervo before you hear my solution, so I'll wait. OK, got a little buzz working yet? Good... because the answer to all of your problems lies in the oversized panties of older

women.

Hey now, before you vomit, just think for a bit. There are multiple benefits to nailing the elderly. 80-year-old women don't get even close to the same amount of attention that freshman or sophomore girlies do, and even then, your competition is some geriatric dude with kidney stones wearing Sansabelt slacks and orthopedic shoes who watches Matlock and enjoys Bingo Night. So when some young stud like yourself sidles over to her walker and asks her to dance the Jitterbug, you'll replace 'pill time' as her favorite part of the day.

Once she realizes you still have your prostate and can drive a car, she'll be opening up those cottage cheese thighs in no time. And in 80 years of womanhood, she's going to know her way around the bedroom. All you need to do is sit back and absorb the knowledge.

Tired of the hassle involved with using a condom? Well, even the skankiest sophomore on campus would still probably require you to bag your groceries before waving you in. But with the shuffleboard playing Blue Hairs, you have no such concerns. They have been through menopause, so you can't knock 'em up, and since they're damn near dead already, they don't worry about diseases. Speaking of death, treat your old lady right and she might just leave you a couple grand or a house in her will. Also, I couldn't imagine a bigger ego boost than hearing, "I think you broke my hip!" during sex.

Still can't fathom why you would want to do this? Well, think about this: her teeth can come out. Enough said. ■



Old people need loving too.

Staff Photo

I Hate Children

Sometimes, they just need to be corrupted.

You know those little kids that walk around campus all the time? Yeah, those ones, the ones from inner city schools who are brought to Vanderbilt so they can form a dream or something. I think the point is that they will develop an urge to pursue higher education because they got to tour the bookstore.

Anyway, I was walking to the mailroom so that I could pursue one of my favorite pastimes. This, of course, being that I like to open all of the mailboxes that were left unlocked and then close them, turning the knob and thus forcing embarrassment on the owner of the box when he can't get his mail due to the fact that he has no idea in hell what his combination is.

On the way, I was deeply enjoying my Camel Turkish Gold, relishing in deep drags and that ash taste, when I passed in front of a big group of those little inner-city kids. One of them cried out, "Uh-oh, look, she's smoking!" To which his teacher responded, "Yes, she is. She is a very bad girl," before walking a little bit faster to get away from me.

All I wanted to do was scream out "I love me some cigarettes!" Or maybe "All the cool kids smoke!" Something like that. Whatever happened to good old fashioned peer pressure? Ever since they took Joe Camel off TV, it's sudden-

ly a bad thing to be a smoker. And now even little kids are talking trash. I wanted to walk over to that little kid and show him just how bad I could be. (No, not that, you're disgusting. He was a little kid, for Christ's sake). I settled for strategically placing a cigarette next to a book of Dragon Ball Z stickers in his little knapsack.

I don't know why I was suddenly overwhelmed by this urge. Perhaps it was the teacher, who was looking lecherously at the boy in question. Maybe it was the fact that I hate innocence.

Of course, those aren't the only annoying children on campus. I really really hate it when people bring their little brothers and sisters to visit them. Although I certainly enjoyed leaving this one girl who had to be about thirteen alone at the DKE house one Friday night. And the faculty children are the worst. If I want

to throw flaming dog shit onto a dean's porch, I certainly don't want to do it with some snot-nosed little kid staring at me out the window. He might just run and tell Daddy who he saw. So the only solution is to lure the kid out of the house (those West Side Row places are so easy to get to) with a bag of hard candy and a kitten, and then make the little kid throw the bag of firey poo. That's when it really gets interesting.

Maybe I just want to destroy a young mind. And maybe, just maybe, it was the vodka I had for breakfast. ■

I was deeply enjoying my Camel Turkish Gold, relishing in deep drags and that ash taste.



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Around the loop

What do you think about the snow?

Michael Lippy, Junior



* * * *

"I haven't been this excited since the last time I got to make a snow angel, and really that was just me lying on the floor pushing around beer cans and my roommate's vomit... but I was just smashed enough to be excited about that, too. Dude! I wanna go sledding!"

Dana Peters, Freshman



* * * *

"Shit.. I just threw my cell phone at some guy instead of this snowball. And now my ear is full of snow. Well, I've had worse in there."

Kerry Bradway, Senior



* * * *

"Yeah, my boyfriend's making a snowman, and he told me to get a scarf, some rocks to make the mouth and eyes, and a carrot for the nose... but what I can't figure out is why he wanted me to get this banana. Should I be concerned?"

Michael Hampton, Freshman



* * * *

"I feel like a kid again!! Building snow igloos and having snowball fights and sledding!! It's just like childhood except with less awkward moments with my nymphomaniac aunt and more snow."

Lisa Collins, Freshman



* * * *

"Wow... so this is what snow is like. Y'know, I've never seen snow cause I'm a Texas girl!! I'm having so many firsts!!! Finally... one I won't regret by the end of the week..."

HOROSCOPES



Aries: (March 21—April 19)

After starting your own line of men's undergarments based on an ancient Venetian art of tailoring for optimal comfort and support, you realize that you just put your heart and soul into a pair of underwear.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

Misconstruing your flight attendant's smiles and interest in your comfort as something more, you fly into an uncontrollable fit of rage when she continues down the aisle and you find out that you're 'not the only one.'

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

Gaining a new lease on life, you will be able to balance your monthly payments without having that mortgage hanging over your head. Wait, nevermind. That's a new lease on your house, not your life.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

It's true. Lesbians just don't like you.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

You will become resigned to the fact that PETA has no sense of comedic irony when you ceremoniously release the rodents lined up for scientific testing in a falcon reserve and the next day are informed that you made 'the list.'

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

It takes an extraordinary person to overcome the adversity and obstacles that will come your way over the next few years. You are not that person.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

You pay the \$500 charge to enter racecar driving school, finally satisfying your lifelong desire to walk around in that place inside the track where all the RVs are.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

You will make your big break into country music when you break into Faith Hill's mansion.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

Sitting in your seat on the new Superman roller coaster, having the ride of your life, an untimely stroke on the second inversion takes away that life. But before you go, you enjoy your last sight, a brilliant sunset and a distant cityscape only partially blocked by your own zero-G suspended vomit.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

You realize that, like a manatee, just because you're unique doesn't mean you're anything special.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

You still won't be able to convince anyone that you're a hypochondriac.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

You finally perfect your coffee-making skills so that you are not only able to make the 'perfect cup of coffee' but also carry that air of sophisticated detachment wielded only by the elite coffee stand workers and, to a lesser extent, the busboys.

Lead Stories

A Montana district judge ruled in January that for a homicide suspect with apparent multiple personalities, exercise of a Miranda right by one of them carries over to all the others. Tessa Haley lawyered up when police sought to question her about the stabbing death of her roommate, and though police questioning ceased, Haley transformed into "Martha" and spontaneously confessed to the crime, according to officers. Judge Thomas Honzel ruled that Martha's statements could not be used against Haley (although Haley is still free under existing law to argue that she is not responsible for Martha's crime).

Among the fashions introduced at the seasonal shows in Milan, Italy, in January was British designer Vivienne Westwood's "Man" collection, featuring male-only items with frilly cuffs and sleeves and bonnet-like scarves, along with tight, knit sweater sets and jumpers worn over male models' fake breasts. Westwood (a pioneer of punk clothing in the 1970s) said her design had something to do with "how men are so attached to the breast of their mother, a symbol of eternal warmth."

Readers' Choice

Michael Brown, 33, was arrested in Marked Tree, Ark., in January and charged with burglarizing the lobby of the Marked Tree Bank after security cameras caught him hauling away a clock radio, a CD player and a handful of Dum-Dum suckers, which the bank has on hand for customers' children. The next morning, according to the Arkansas Democrat-Gazette, police followed a trail of Dum-Dum wrappers down Frisco Street, across the railroad tracks, and into the mobile home park where Brown lives.

Latest Cutting-Edge Research

A study by psychology professor Barry Jones (Glasgow University) found that men and women who have had three beers perceive people of the opposite sex as 25 percent more attractive than they did before they started drinking (August). And, writing in the *Journal of Clothing, Science and Technology*, a Southampton University (England) physicist found that many women wear the wrong-size bra because retailers commit a math error

known as "spurious rounding" when converting bust and rib-cage size to bra size (December). And studies at Jikei University (Tokyo) found that people who employed seven rules for good health (e.g., adequate sleep, no smoking) had about 6 percent higher blood pressure than people who were not so concerned about their health (October).

Latest Rights

Australian Supreme Court Justice Barry O'Keefe rejected the challenge of a drug-possession suspect in November that his rights had been violated during his arrest. Contrary to the suspect's contention, O'Keefe said that when Rocky the police dog nuzzled the suspect's crotch, it was merely a "social gesture" that dogs habitually do, rather than an indecent assault.

In November, convicted Hawthorne, Calif., rapist Jaime Garcia Padilla, 42, lost his state appeals court case in which he had argued that his girlfriend had unlawfully seized his sperm for testing. The girlfriend's sister had claimed that it was Padilla who had awakened her at night and raped her in the dark, and Padilla's girlfriend needed to find out if Padilla was the one. She had consensual sex with Padilla and turned in his sperm to authorities, and it was indeed matched to both women. California's 2nd District Court of Appeal ruled that Padilla, not having "express(ed) any further interest" in his semen at the time that he ejaculated with the girlfriend, "basically lost all possessory interest in (it)," and cited *Roe v. Wade* as legal authority.

A family court judge in White Cloud, Mich., ruled in November for Kristin Hanslovsky, who in a child-custody dispute had tried to prevent her ex-husband, Jonathan Fowler (a member of the Native American Church of the Morning Star), from letting their 4-year-old son use peyote in ceremonies at the church. Fowler said the 4-year-old should decide for himself if he wanted to use peyote, which Fowler personally credited for helping overcome his own alcoholism and to "come into contact with God."

The town of Recklingshausen, Germany (near Cologne), which operates a zoo, found out in November that it could not summarily fire its zookeeper, even though it had caught him barbecuing and eating seven of his animals (five Tibetan mountain chickens and two sheep from Camerouns). After a labor court hearing,

the town was forced to comply with German law and give the zookeeper six months' severance pay.

New York City criminal court judge Gerald Harris ruled in October that drug suspect Vincent Cooper's rights were violated when a police officer pinched his cheeks, causing four bags of marijuana to fall out. The arresting officer had asked Cooper what he was doing in a notorious drug neighborhood, and when Cooper allegedly mumbled an answer, the officer attempted to clear Cooper's mouth so he could understand him.

People Different From Us

The *Boston Globe* profiled homeless philosopher Donald Keaney, 61, in December, describing his Walden-like existence in the woods near Brookline, Mass. Keaney lives under a plastic tarp, warmed by several heavy blankets, but the rest of his possessions consist of about 10 years' worth of newspapers (*New York Times*, *New York Daily News*, *New York Post*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Investors Business Daily*, *Boston Globe* and *Boston Herald*) that are methodically filed and sealed in plastic bags and strewn around the ground as if they were chairs and tables. Keaney, a political conservative, also attends protests, lectures and concerts, and, by the way, has long been the beneficiary of a trust fund which he has chosen so far to ignore. "Living in the woods, you can see life is very tragic," he told the *Globe*. "I don't know if I'm a misanthrope, but (people) have a lot of limitations."

Unclear on the Concept

Police in New Britain, Conn., confiscated a 50-foot-long pile of stolen items in November, the result of a ritual scavenger hunt of the Canettes, New Britain High School's all-girl marching band drill team. According to *The Hartford Courant*, police, parents and school personnel were flabbergasted that 42 normally law-abiding girls could wantonly steal so many items in a single evening, but the girls apparently sincerely had a hard time believing that they had done anything wrong. Said one girl, who helped pull a mailbox out of the ground, "I just thought it was a custom ... kind of like a camaraderie thing (and) if the seniors said it was OK and they were in charge, then it was OK."

Update

Florida, after a 4-3 decision of the state Supreme Court in January, became the latest state to rule that a man who initially agrees to pay child support until age 21 cannot shed that obligation just because he subsequently proves by DNA testing that he could not be the kid's father. Cathy Anderson had told police officer Michael Anderson twice that she was sure the kid was his, after which he agreed to pay \$8,000 a year in support, but after the DNA test, he claimed that her assurance constituted "fraud," a claim that the Supreme Court thus rejected.

Also, in the Last Month...

Officials in Rankin Inlet, on the north shore of Hudson Bay in Canada's Northwest Territories, began installation of an artificial ice rink because rising temperatures in the last three decades have reduced hockey season from nine months to five. And a female murder victim was identified (even though her body had been dismembered) when the coroner checked the serial numbers on her breast implants (Nottinghamshire, England). And the town council of Bend, Ore., formally prohibited spitting and defecating on its transit buses, as well as riders who emanate "a grossly repulsive odor."

Undignified Deaths

A man acting as a tree-sitter (to discourage logging operations) in woods south of San Jose, Calif., fell out of the tree and was killed (October). And a 55-year-old man fell to his death from a hotel railing as he was reaching for documents that were being blown away by the wind (Cebu, Philippines, October). And a 72-year-old man accidentally fell to his death from a cliff at Buck's Pocket State Park in Alabama as he thrust into the air the ashes of his recently deceased son (October).

(Send your Weird News to Chuck Shepherd, P.O. Box 18737, Tampa FL 33679 or WeirdNews@earthlink.net or go to www.NewsOfTheWeird.com.)

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Bastard Confession

The Penis Mightier

By RICHARD GREEN

Okay, fine, I'll go ahead and say it. Although I am a full-grown black man, the truth is I don't have a huge penis. That's right, not all black people have giant genitalia and I'm one of them. I don't think I'm alone in my race either. It's quite possible many of us lack Mandingo sized penises. It is depressing just writing this down, but the truth would get up and come out eventually in some sort of social situation. A mere nine inches... nine inches of pure despair. No, I don't mean a limp nine inches or nine inches when it's cold or I've just gotten out of water. And size does matter to all the Vandy girls I've ever met. Well, I'll go burn my tight jeans. No more bust or sock stuffing for me. It's time for me to stop living a lie and just admit to the world that I only have a nine-inch penis.

I paid way too much for an ad in another student paper



I should have advertised in The Slant



Ask A Raelian

Dear Rael,

I believe in spreading love to the many and not the few, but my current wives are not enough. If I swipe some DNA from one of them, could you make me another? It would sure be easier than flying out to Utah every time I need a replacement.

Thanks bunches,

Bow Tied in Branscomb

Dear Bow Tied,

All are welcome to join in the miracle of cloning, provided they have hundreds of thousands of dollars, but might I suggest studying the message of the Elohim? For those who are enlightened are rewarded with eternal life through cloning on the planet of the Elohim, and may have as many lovers as they desire. Seriously.

Rael

Dear Rael,

Are you part of the same cult that John Travolta is in?

Confused in Curry

Dear Confused,

No, I am the prophet and founder of the Raelians, whereas John Travolta is a Scientologist. We believe that long ago, the Elohim, scientifically superior extra-terrestrials, descended upon the Earth and created all things using DNA and natural elements present here. They specifically created Man in their image, and once we have set up a proper embassy for the Elohim, those that have heard their message will live eternally on the planet of the Elohim through the process of cloning... whereas Scientology is crazy.

Rael

Dear Rael,

Say I join your cult. Exactly how much of that freaky ass weirdo alien crap would I have to put up with for you to clone me up a few Olsen twins?

Make me my own Olsen twin in Morgan

Dear Make,

The teachings of the Elohim guarantee that those who follow me will be entitled to scientific reincarnation on the home planet of the Elohim and will reap the benefits of eternal life. They will live in a place where all of their wants and desires are fulfilled without them having to make even the slightest

effort. Food will be brought to them, and the most beautiful male and female companions will surround them and exist only to bring them pleasure. So, yeah... I could cook you up a few Olsen twins in about a week.

Rael

Dear Rael,

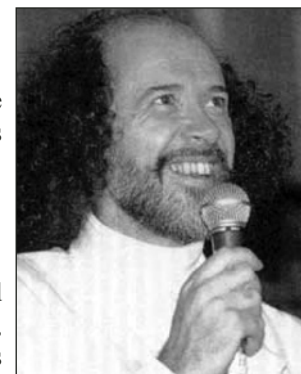
If you cloned yourself, and had sex with that clone, would that make you gay?

Richie in Kissam

Dear Richie,

Woah, that's a brain buster. The teachings of the Elohim never touched that subject. OK... think, Rael, think. Hmm... maybe, but I guess it could also be masturbation.

Rael



Rael

Dear Rael,

Stop calling yourself Rael. Your real name is Claude Vorilhon. Why don't you just quit all of this aliens and clones nonsense and come home? Do you even know the pain you are causing for your mother and me?

Mr. Vorilhon

Dear Mr. Vorilhon,

On the 13th of December 1973, I, then French journalist Claude Vorilhon, was contacted by a visitor from another planet and asked to establish an embassy to welcome these people back to Earth. The extra-terrestrial was about four feet in height, had long black hair, almond shaped eyes, olive skin and exuded harmony and humor. He said unto me, "We were the ones who made all life on Earth. You mistook us for Gods – we were at the origin of your main religions. Now that you are mature enough to understand this, we would like to enter official contact through an embassy." Since that moment, I was no longer Claude Vorilhon, French Journalist, for I now was given the responsibility to spread the message of the Elohim to all peoples of Earth. So get off my case, Dad!

Rael

Ask A Raelian is a nationally syndicated advice column appearing in over 1000 publications internationally. To ask Rael questions, e-mail him at Rael@theslant.net.