

**CAMPUS**

## Vanderbilt student reveals secret

"I'm Poor!"

By **ROBERT SAUNDERS**  
Staff Writer

Shockwaves continue to ripple through Towers East as sophomore Michelle Chute was outted yesterday—as poor!

Former roommates made the discovery last Thursday at the Applebee's in Cool Springs. "We stopped in for 'happy hour' before a 3-day sale at Parisians," said Chute's former Kissam quadmate Mia Vendlinski. "As they were seating us in the bar, I saw some waitress carrying a tray of apps."

After discovering it was Michelle, the formerly close friends had the hostess switch them to Chute's section.

"I was really embarrassed," said Chute. "I thought I was safe out here. Who would think with like a dozen Applebee's in the Vandy area that they would come all the way to Cool Springs?" In addition to hiding her proletarian occupation, she also sought better economic circumstances. "The tips are better, and we have fewer walk-outs."



**CHUTE**

In addition to waitressing, Ms. Chute confessed that she works part-time three days per week with Minit-Maid, a local residential cleaning service. "You can make pretty good money. Plus we sometimes get tips at Christmas and all," said Chute.

Chute's current roommates had suspected her of poverty for some time. "I had run out of body wash and looked through her shower bag," said roommate Marlene Neifeld. "It was all Suave!" Chasey McClain interjected, "Oh yeah, I saw her driving like an '89 Hyundai."

Junior Mark Richards, who dated Ms. Chute briefly last year, is having trouble adjusting to the knowledge that he dated someone whose income was in the bottom quartile of the nation. "The scent of ammonia triggers horrific flashbacks," said Dr. William Friedkin, Richards' therapist.

"I've heard of girls working their way through college, but normally they're, like, strippers or high priced prostitutes. Cleaning houses? She doesn't even take Spanish," said Richards.

The reaction on the rest of campus was similarly outraged. "Let her go to poor people college. That's what MTSU is for," said senior Karen

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## Women's History Month concludes with "Girls Gone Wild" marathon in Sarratt

By **DAVID BARZELAY**  
Usurper II

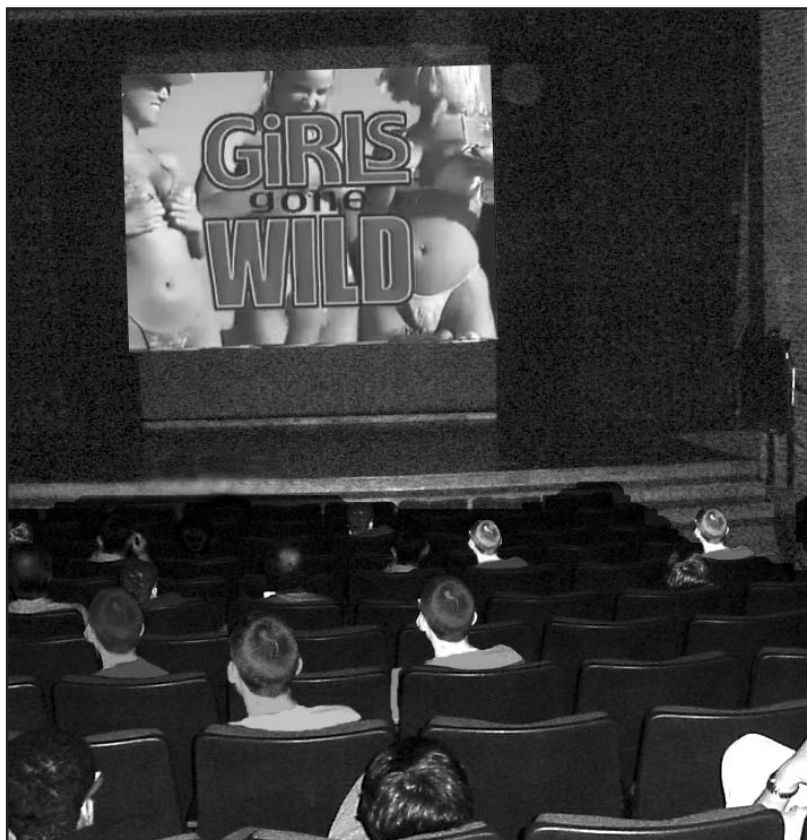
In a remarkable display of support and unity, nearly 600 Vanderbilt males gathered in Sarratt Cinema Monday to celebrate Women's History Month. Says Mark Robinson, a Junior and an organizer of the event, "With the Women's History Month festivities coming to a close, the guys of Vanderbilt decided to do something special to show our support for the female community. We wanted to show we really care about women's independence and freedom; to show them they are no longer tied down by draconian expectations, limiting gender roles, and restrictive bras."

To this end, the males of Vandy held a "Girls Gone Wild" marathon Monday in Sarratt Cinema starting at

noon with the original "Girls Gone Wild" video. The marathon ran through the afternoon and included such classics as "Girls Gone Wild: Sexy Sorority Sweethearts," and "Mardi Gras Coeds DELUXE," and concluded with Vandy premieres of the two new videos, "Girls Gone Wild On Campus," and "Dormroom Fantasies."

Spokespeople for the event explained that the videos, in showing crowds of liberated females, not only promoted 21st century attitudes of openness and equality towards females, but also represented a massive display of unity, with tons of women gathering together on screen to proudly show exactly what it is that makes them female.

When asked for comment, Katherine McCormack, President of the Vanderbilt Feminism Club and



Vanderbilt students enjoy a showing of "Girls Gone Wild" in Sarratt Cinema



Chancellor Gee celebrates the end of Women's History Month with two lovely ladies.

Captain of the Women's Rugby team, as well as one of only a handful of female attendees, said, "I think it's great that those girls on the videos showed such pride in the female sex. Their remarkable acts of courage are like shining beacons to the shackled minds of the average female of this society. Their pride and confidence should be an example to all the little girls out there unknowingly playing with Barbie's while being forced into an inferior and unfulfilling role. Oh, and as a proud attendee of the event, I'd also like to say, 'I likes da way dem titties bounce!'"

The event did have its detractors, such as Vanderbilt College Republicans Vice President Mary Hemingway. She complained to the Administration about the event, stating that, rather than promoting feminism, the event was actually a prime example of media forcing unreal idealizations of the female form onto males and females alike.

In response, Chancellor Gee released an official statement saying, "No, you're wrong. And besides, I likes da way dem titties bounce!"

Laura Crenshaw, a Vanderbilt student, was actually featured in the latest "Girls Gone Wild" video, showing her feminist pride at Mardi Gras 2001. Commenting on the event, she said, "Me and my sisters went down to New Orleans for spring break like we always do, and while

on the street one night, we heard that a 'Girls Gone Wild' cameraman was taping down the street. We were low on beads, so we figured, why not? After all, we're liberated, proud womyn. So, the five of us painted our boobs to spell out K-A-P-P-A-D-E-L-T-A, two letters per girl, and went to find the guy. As you'll see if you purchase this amazing work of feminist art, the shot came out wonderfully."

When *The Slant* told Ray Hausenstein, the director of the "Girls Gone Wild" series, about the Vanderbilt marathon event and its goals, he said, "Finally, someone understands my work. All this time, everyone's been like, 'blah blah blah, T&A, blah blah blah, pornography.' At last, a group has dug beneath the surface to grasp my ultimate themes of liberation and gender freedom."

Finally, attendee Kevin Woods said, "We're just trying to rid our society of this outdated 'feminine mystique.' When the girls are up there wearing nothing but their dignity, it's pretty hard for anything to remain mysterious."

*The Slant* applauds the effort and ideals of this group of open-minded lads. We think it's a noble thing they're doing for the women of Vanderbilt, sitting through those videos just to promote equality. They deserve a reward. ■

**INSIDE**

### Paper or Plastic?

A writer confronts the age-old problem people face everyday at the checkout line. The writer also provides reasoning for both. **On Back**

### Vanilla Ice

The Iceman is back, perhaps Hell has frozen over. Our Columns Editor reviews Ice's new album, decides Ice punches like a girl and should fade farther into obscurity. **On 4**

### Vanderbilt Student does not give a shit.

Justin Pollack, a sophomore at Vanderbilt recently decided that he does not give a shit anymore. He plans to spend his time drinking. His friends support his new outlook. **On 3**

**A care-free Justin Pollack**



## John Walker-Lindh wins H2g0 contest

*H2g0 contest winner credits his thirst for Islam*

By **KEITH LEEMAN**  
Staff Writer

Vanderbilt Dining is proud to announce John Walker-Lindh, the "American Taliban," as the winner of the latest H2gO contest. The contest challenged students to take a bottle of H2gO with them to spring break destinations and submit photographs of themselves with H2gO.

Walker, a sophomore in the College of Arts & Science, is a philosophy major studying abroad this semester at the University's newest study abroad locale, the University of Kabul in Afghanistan. Walker would like to thank the Taliban for the opportunity of a lifetime.

In a short chat with Walker



**The American Taliban**

via satellite phone from the USS Pelelieu in the Indian Ocean, he expressed his gratitude to the Vanderbilt Dining community for selecting his entry. He said he looks forward to spending the \$250 prize at the Cool Springs Galleria upon his return to Vanderbilt in 400-800 years depending upon his

upcoming sentencing.

Vanderbilt Dining director, Frank Gladu was extremely excited that in his words, "H2gO is providing sodium-free refreshment to people all around the globe." Gladu wanted the Vanderbilt community to know that the choice was agonizing since the competition was as fierce as a rabid dog in heat.

Station B spokesman, Robert "Big Daddy" O'Toole was shocked to receive this last minute entry from Afghanistan. "The H2gO contest received its first and only entry on March 22, the deadline." "Big Daddy" as he likes to be called, said, "No matter what Frank that lying son of a bitch says, they only got one entry."

The entire Vanderbilt community joins Frank Gladu (alleged liar) in congratulating John Walker-Lindh for his accomplishment. Good luck in court, John! ■

**POLITICS**

## Clinton declares war on box of doughnuts

By **DAVE BILLER**  
Staff Writer

On March 27, Hillary Clinton and her wife Bill brushed their teeth, turned on CNN, and settled into their bed, as they always do. After a report regarding Bush's measures taken against the Taliban and Al Qaeda, Hilary was unintentionally heard to mumble, "Man, he's good under pressure..."

After a ham-handed attempt to explain her admiration for Bush's demeanor during these unstable times, Bill rolled over and muttered, "Yeah, well I thought I was pretty good when I restored democracy in Haiti, or when I launched the air-strikes against Iraq..."

"Yes, honey, you were," replied Hillary, patting him on the head. "Now go to sleep so the real bread-winner can get her rest and help the Commander-in-Chief win an actual war."

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### Olsen Twins Not Yet 18

Study finds many impatient, perverted males disappointed.

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Circumstance refuses to join Pomp in upcoming ceremony, to the dismay of administration.

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"The mistakes of the past are over," says new company.

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## THE SLANT

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### Address

**Main Office**  
VU# 351669 Station B  
2301 Vanderbilt Place  
Nashville, TN 37235-1669  
Fax 615-343-2756  
E-mail (all departments)  
info@vandslant.org  
web site www.vandslant.org

### Staff

**Editorial**  
**Editor-in-Chief** Mike Mott  
**Business Manager** Charles Mak  
**Past Tyrant** Joe Wong  
**News Editor** Jeff Woodhead  
**Columns Editor** Brad Ploeger  
**Humor Editor** Jonny Pellish  
**Asst. News Editor** Ben Stark  
**Writing Staff** Andrew Banecker, David Barzelay, Dave Biller, Scott Brown, Chris Entzinger, Michael Fry, Keith Leeman, Robert Saunders, Stephanie Schacht, Philip Seaver and Chris Smith  
**Graphics Editor** Photoshop 6.0  
**Photographer** Whoever has the camera at the time.

**Web/Design**  
**Webmaster:** Charles Mak  
**Layout Designer:** Brad Ploeger

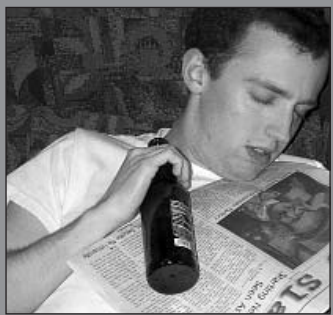
### Misc

**Submissions**  
Editorial submissions are not accepted from our readers; only extreme examples of hate mail written by enraged individuals are even considered for publication. Furthermore, *The Slant* cannot guarantee the return of any submission, nor can *The Slant* guarantee a response to any submissions.

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### From The Editor



**Mike Mott**  
Editor-in-Chief

I was drinking when I wrote this, forgive me if it goes astray.

Have you ever noticed that many of the greatest works of art ever were produced while the artist was under the influence of something? Take "The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe. Or how about Leonardo DaVinci's "The Last Supper"? And we can't forget Jimi Hendrix's "Purple Haze".

Of course, this editorial doesn't rank up there with any of those works, but it *was* written while intoxicated. Yes, that's right. I am totally, utterly plastered right now. And I'm only 20 years old! What are you gonna do about it, administration?

Everyone around Vanderbilt seems so concerned about the amount of alcohol around campus. I've never understood what all the fuss is about. Vanderbilt is simply a microcosm of American society: 60% alcoholic.

Not that I've ever blamed anybody for being that way. As students, we have a lot on our minds that we would often prefer to drink away. I mean, I was talking to my friend Lori this weekend, and she was telling me that she had 3 midterms, 2 papers and a project due. Then she had even more to do for Tuesday. With the amount of work some professors subject us to, it's no wonder so many people choose to spend their weekends getting utterly shitfaced.

Personally, I take my drinking seriously. Before I started (second weekend of freshman year), I did massive amounts of research on the subject. For example, I made certain to memorize that old adage about liquor and beer.

Speaking of which, I think I'm in the clear. Though I must admit it's not easy to type with a beer in one hand, especially with such blurry vision. I apologize if any of this seems incoherent, but I'm really counting on my copy editing staff to catch any errors. Except that they're usually drunk too.

When you really get down to it, I think we can all agree that the world would be a much better place if we were just intoxicated all of the time. It'd be even better if we didn't have to consume alcohol to get that way; it tastes like absolute crap. Sometimes it doesn't seem worth it.

I'm running out of space, so in conclusion, I'd just like to say that all of the above is a complete and total lie. Yes, sadly, I wrote this entire editorial while unexpectedly sober. Maybe I should have been drunk. But the truth is I only drink on special occasions, such as holidays, birthdays, or Tuesdays.

You didn't really think we'd print something factual in *The Slant*, did you? ■

## Two-year relationship survives Spring Break

*Couple earnestly insists 'nothing happened'*

By ROBERT SAUNDERS  
*The Colonel*

It seems like Gerry Rinebaugh and Melissa Westin's relationship was built to last. After taking separate Spring Break vacations spent not fucking other vacationers, they are even more committed than before.

The couple took separate Spring Break vacations this year, with Rinebaugh and his friends going to Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., while Westin went with her girlfriends to South Padre Island, Tex. Each maintains an abiding faith in their partner's fidelity. "I totally trust him not to sacrifice what we have built together these past two years. Nothing happened that shouldn't have happened," said Westin. "I was every bit as faithful as she was," agreed Rinebaugh.

Asked what they did during Spring Break, Rinebaugh said he engaged in many non-specific activities like swimming, golf and drinking with "just some other students from major state universities." Westin was similarly evasive: "We did the usual stuff. You know. Drinking. Sand castles. Tanning. Girl stuff."

Rinebaugh's friends have confirmed his suspiciously vague

stories while issuing very specific denials. "Sure, the rest of us guys hooked up. I mean, you know we were tappin' it. But Gerry was a perfect gentleman. I admire how faithful he is to her. It definitely wasn't him keeping me up 'til 5 in the morning banging a luscious piece of ass from Michigan State," said roommate Thad Sheehy.

"I was going into Anchor's Thursday night, and I saw this guy getting a hummer off this chick in the parking lot," said David Cohen. "Sure, he looked like Gerry, but it wasn't him. He's just got one of those faces that can easily be mistaken for somebody else." Rumors of a three-way with two Bucknell co-eds are also "preposterous," according to Cohen.

Westin's friends have testified to her fidelity as well. "She kissed this one guy, but only because we dared her to," said best friend Molly Huecker. "It's not like she took him to the bathroom at Friday's and blew him in the stall." Westin's friend Lisa Mackey from back home in Cherry Hill, N.J., who met the ladies in Texas, said, "I was so relieved not to see her impaling herself on some random stranger's cock while blowing another guy on the balcony of our condo in the middle of the afternoon. Nobody could do that and live with themselves when she got back to school. I mean, when that



Gerry Rinebaugh (left) and Melissa Westin (right) celebrate their relationship surviving Spring Break.

person got back to school."

Likewise, close friend Abby Stoddard said Westin never placed herself in a position to be ogled by scores of horny young men. "You know how self-conscious Melissa is about her body. She definitely did not compete in, much less place third in, the 'Best Breasts on the Beach' contest." The five cases of Turtle Wax and box of Hooters T-shirts shipped to Ms. Westin's dorm were simply another case of bad postal service at Vanderbilt. "Our mailman is a total fuck-up," said Stoddard.

Since the couple returned to school, they have not engaged in sexual congress with one another. However, they steadfastly deny that it is due to on-going treat-

ment of newly acquired venereal diseases. "She's just tired after a long trip," said Rinebaugh. According to Westin, "[Gerry]'s just spent from playing so much golf out in the sun. It can really sap your strength."

The resounding success of the trip has further fueled speculation that the couple will marry next summer after graduation. "We're totally committed to each other more than ever," said Westin. An optimistic Rinebaugh agreed: "I look forward to a lifetime of fucking Melissa exclusively for the rest of our lives, wherever we spend our vacations or whoever we spend them with." ■

## Brand-name computers suck my hard disk

By PHILIP SEAVER  
*Special to The Slant*

I once bought a major brand computer. Yes, it's true. I had to sell my car, my guitar, and my liver, but I was eventually able to afford the latest [brand name] model. Of course, since these big names buy their intermediate parts from the lowest bidder, everything but the processor and the logo was inferior quality. So, not only did it not perform as well as it should have, but when I turned it on, it immediately crashed and started shouting bad language at me like it had Tourette's.

I tried calling "tech support". Boy was that a mistake! I was put on hold for 3 hours, listening to the same Perky Female Voice telling me, "Your call is important to us." After the first hour I think I started to lose it. After the second hour I tried to ask the Perky

Female Voice out on a date. After the third hour, I started seeing Perky Female Voice come to life.

"Look, up in the sky! It's a whole chorus of Perky Female Angels!" By the time they answered I was so numb that I could barely remember I had bought a computer. A compu-what?! They refreshed my memory, and then told me to send it in for repairs. I did, spending about \$40 on shipping for the thing. I've got no clue why they can only look at it in Michigan, even though they're making computer service people everywhere pay out the wazoo to be licensed repairmen. So, after waiting nearly a month, I finally got my computer back. It worked fine, but since major retailers' computers are all already 4-6 months out-of-date by the time they're on the shelves, and when you factor in the month I waited, the computer was already half a year old. Understandably, I was

pretty pissed. The damn thing never did perform like it should have.

So, the next summer, I was obviously already in need of a replacement. Sounds easy, right? Just go back down to the local Circuit City or Best Buy and put it on Daddy's credit card, right? Not quite, at least not for me. My computer had to meet a few other requirements this time. Specifically, it had to be cheap and it had to be very fast with all the latest components.

I went to the superstores to check what was new and had pushy sales people blatantly lie about the capabilities of different machines. One of them claimed a certain Dell model had the capability to resurrect Napoleon. This was untrue. I tried it.

I know a bit more about computers than the average Joe, so I was able to wade through the crap. I started looking around a bit on the Internet. As it turns out, you can get the exact same stuff but without a Dell or Gateway logo for at least 30% less. In fact,

you get better stuff because they list every component that goes in, so they don't scrimp on the hard drives, memory, video, and sound cards that really make the system perform. It's not just how many megahertz the processor runs. So, I bought my system online. I never had any problems with it. I received it within a week, paid almost half as much as my friends who bought inferior, older products from Compaq, Dell, IBM, Gateway, etc.

Save your time and money and buy online from small, independent manufacturers that actually have an interest in pleasing their customers.

*The Slant* recommends Simplicity Technology Corporation, which is owned and operated by a Vanderbilt student. Drop by his website, www.simplicitycorp.net. His prices are amazing, and plus he's a really good guy... good friend of ours, actually. See his ads in this month's issue for more info. ■

### OP / ED

By SATAN  
*Lord of Darkness & Contributing Columnist*

I would like to bring to the attention of all of you a great injustice that has been committed against me. I have been banned. Yes, that's right. I have been 86ed, proscribed, outlawed, made taboo, from the town of Inglis, Florida.

Now you might wonder why I care about getting banned from a small, inconsequential speed trap in north Florida. It's not like I visit there all the time. In fact, I've never actually been to Inglis. I've heard it's an ugly place; I'll have to go sometime. And it's not like I pay all that much attention to laws anyway.

Now don't get me wrong, there are parts of this law that I like. For example, the blatant disregard for all the non-Christians in the area who don't believe in me, the flaunting of the country's Constitution, and the pure stupidity of the whole thing - these aspects of the ban I approve. Sounds like something I would do. But why did they have to take their anger out on me? I mean, I'm supposed to take my anger out on them, not the other way around. This is unfair.

You see, when you get inside of me, I'm really not all that bad of a person. Sure, I'm the Prince of Darkness, but don't tell me you have something against darkness. It's half your day, for Christ's sake. And I'm sure you find it convenient when you're trying to

sleep. And sure, I'm the ruler of Hell and all, but really, don't Brutus, Cassius, and Judas deserve having me chew on them for eternity? Sometimes I get sick of chewing on them, too. Judas, especially. He tasted really good at first, but it's really getting old. I have half a mind to spit all three of them out, but I don't. I just keep on chewing like I'm supposed to. And now I have to develop a fourth head for that Bin Laden guy that's going to be needing a place to spend eternity. That's hard work, you know? I make so many sacrifices for you people, and do I get any respect? Nooooo, it's always "evil, evil, evil, bad, bad, bad, go away." I swear, one of these days I'll just go away and let you idiots deal with your own bad sides.

I guess my point is this: I don't really deserve to be banned from Inglis, Florida. I mean, look at all the good things I've done for that town. I've given them countless me-food cakes for their birthday celebrations. I gave nearby Tampa a baseball team (the Me Rays). And I've entertained their children for years by giving them my Tasmanian cousin. What more can you ask for out of a personification of the emptiness in peoples' own souls?

So I say that Inglis, Florida should get rid of this unfair and discriminatory law. I'm really not that bad. ■

## POOR: A Vanderbilt student's secret

Continued from Page 1

Entrekin.

One of Ms. Chute's professors, George Becker in Sociology, is disappointed in the flak the working-girl has received. "Are you kidding me? She is the only student in any of my classes who is on-time and awake. We should have more students like Michelle."

Such a change is not likely. Parents have swamped the administration with phone calls. Ms. McClain's father, Lawrence T. McClain II, said, "We paid \$30,000 to send our sweet baby to Vanderbilt and rub elbows with the nation's elite, not its serfs."

Chancellor Gordon Gee has called for a full-scale review of the university's admission policies. "I want to know how such a

mistake was possible. There has to be accountability." As part of the reforms, the financial aid office will come under increased scrutiny. "We must assure that aid flows to those who need it most, particularly families that donate

thousands and millions of dollars to our university. They deserve to receive a greater proportion of scholarships and grant assistance. It's only fair."

Having already admitted Ms. Chute, the university said it could not kick her out. However, she will take a leave of absence next semester and review her options. "I just wanted to get my degree in

*"We paid \$30,000 to send our sweet baby to Vanderbilt and rub elbows with the nation's elite, not its serfs."*

sociology, maybe go to grad school, and do research on the unseen class war in America. Now I realize how futile that is. Maybe they're hiring at the bowling alley." ■

## Mandatory handheld Etch-a-Sketches required for HOD Freshmen

By MICHAEL FRY  
Staff Writer

In a momentous step, Vanderbilt's Peabody school is now requiring all Human Organization and Development freshmen to purchase a standard handheld Etch-a-Sketch for classes. "It will force our students to appreciate the importance of drawing between the lines," noted Clark Trent, professor of Remedial Crayon Design. "We want only the best doodlers organizing and developing humans."

This action by Peabody seems to be in direct response to

Vanderbilt's Engineering School requiring a standard Dell Laptop for all upcoming freshmen in Engineering classes. When asked his feelings on the matter, Dean Overholser was reported saying, "Ha!"



The Blair School of Music,

afraid of being outdone by the superiority of the Peabody decision is putting plans in the works for requiring all future Blair students to buy a standard Grand Piano for all of their classes. "To the bitter, bitter end we will outdo that satanic hell hole," one anonymous Blair Professor stated. This noted professor then proceeded to laugh hysterically, frightening off several unexpected freshmen.

Dean Dowdy was unavailable for comment since he was out figuring out what HOD students actually did. As of yet, this question baffles even the most informed investigators. ■

## CLINTON: Doughnut Diplomacy

Continued from Page 1

This remark threw Bill into a frenzy, and he quitted the bedroom with a bottle of Jim Beam in hand. Two hours and sixteen shots later, William Jefferson Clinton began political interaction with a "hostile enemy."

Tensions ran high as an intoxicated Clinton attempted to engage in diplomatic relations with the Krispy Kreme box. The enemy rejected all attempted entries of Clinton's foreign inspection unit, in part due to the fact that he was too drunk to open the box. Clinton, however, believed that they had something to hide. He deployed surveillance units to no avail and, consequently, instituted a policy of gunboat diplomacy. He informed them that if they did not allow peaceful entry, he would be forced to deploy a tactical assault team. He set the deadline for sunrise and waited for their decision.

As the sun climbed above the horizon, and after a restless nap, Clinton arose to discover that there was still no word from the

opposition. He sat in his whiskey-stained undershirt and boxers, his stubble having appeared in full, and signed a napkin permitting a land assault for up to and including 90 days.

Although acting without



Clinton in early stages of diplomacy with jelly doughnuts.

Congress's consent was indeed controversial, the damage had been done in less than half an hour. He began by deploying a cavalry team of G.I. Joes riding My Little Ponies across the kitchen table with extreme force.

While it appeared as though the war would be won with time, Clinton demanded an expeditious end to the warfare. Out of frustration, he began ripping the box apart with his hands until it finally agreed to a disarmament treaty, at which point Clinton voraciously consumed all 24 doughnuts.

He staggered up the stairs, stumbled back into bed, and resumed spooning with his masculine spouse. He awoke four hours later with a massive hang-over and a ruthless stomachache. In addition, Hillary beat him relentlessly for smearing grape jelly on the sheets that she had just ordered him to launder. Nevertheless, it's good to know that when our country is faced with a national crisis, Clinton can booze with the best of 'em. ■

## Local student doesn't give a shit

By MICHAEL MOTT  
Little Caesar

The concern for Vanderbilt student apathy did not grow in the slightest Monday when sophomore Justin Pollack announced to no one that he "just doesn't care anymore."



POLLACK

and discovered that he would rather "do jack shit" than read the news or do his homework.

"So I just laid in bed for a while, and then I got on my computer and played Minesweeper

for about four hours, and then I watched 'The Simpsons.'" Pollack said he concluded the evening by bouncing a rubber ball against the wall "until my vision blurred up."

Seth Fisher, Pollack's roommate in Gillette Hall, expressed little surprise over the revelation. "Hell, me and Justin have always been kinda lazy. We just sit around watching movies, eating chips and drinking beer. We speak to each other mostly in grunts."

When asked if he was at all concerned for his roommate, Fisher replied, "Nah, I don't really give a damn."

"Amen to that," Pollack said, adding that caring about stuff is overrated. "There's all these groups on campus trying to make a difference or something. It's annoying as hell. I would start a club for students who don't give a shit, but I don't give a shit."

Pollack is not an active member of any organizations.

While most students failed to notice any change after this incident, Jeremy Shaw, a Resident Adviser, expressed much concern over Pollack's indifference.

"I couldn't have another one of my residents skipping my RA programs. I always work so hard to prepare them," Shaw said. "Something had to be done."

Shaw first tried to get *The Hustler* to cover the story, but the student newspaper apparently opted for an item called "The Greek System: Yet Another Oh So Informative Story" instead.

In desperation, Shaw finally contacted *The Slant*, figuring, "Hell, they'll print anything." *The Slant* was reluctant to take the story, as it would be the publication's first attempt at legitimate journalism, but eventually conceded under the condition that they could be lazy and not conduct any interviews. ■

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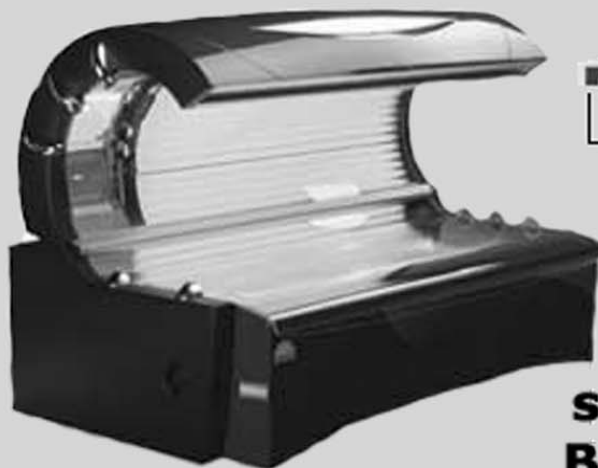
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# OPEN LATE ALL THIS YEAR

## Academy finally recognizes Carrot Top's contribution to cinema

By DAVID BARZELAY  
Staff Writer

Despite years of gut-wrenching persuasive performances in various media, Carrot Top was, until the 74th Annual Academy Awards, still without a single Oscar nod.

After appearing in such weighty classics as *Chairman Of The Board* and *Dennis The Menace*, movies that were as successful critically as they were commercially, and still not receiving even a nomination from the Academy, Carrot Top was finally recognized this year for his starring role in *Props 2001*:

*Carrot Top Live!!!*

In his acceptance speech, he thanked the Academy, reminded them to dial 1-800-CALL-ATT, and then ran offstage with his pants around his ankles. ■



Carrot Top excitedly receives his award.

## My friend is going to Hell

By ANDREW BANECKER  
Staff Writer

Have you ever had that defining moment that ensured your life would never be the same? The kind of earth shattering event that you will never forget no matter how long you live? Well, mine happened three years ago... and it changed my life.

It was a normal Friday night in South Jersey. I was just going over my bro's basement to watch a movie and knock back a few. The names have been changed for the protection of the innocent... and the guilty. But back to the moment...

I drove over to my boy

Jared's house at around 11:00 pm. About 10 minutes later, Mike, another friend, shows up and apparently he has decided to bring his girl, Angie. We all head down to the basement, each of us grabs a beer, and Jared pops in the movie. I think it was *Varsity Blues* or something, but that makes no difference. We're just hanging around, watching the movie... working on beer #1.

Fast forward to about 20 minutes later. Mike gets up to go to the bathroom, and Angie, his girl, reaches for another beer. She's just about to grab the beer when Jared says, "Hey now, you might want to grab another beer, 'cause you just might be drinking for two."

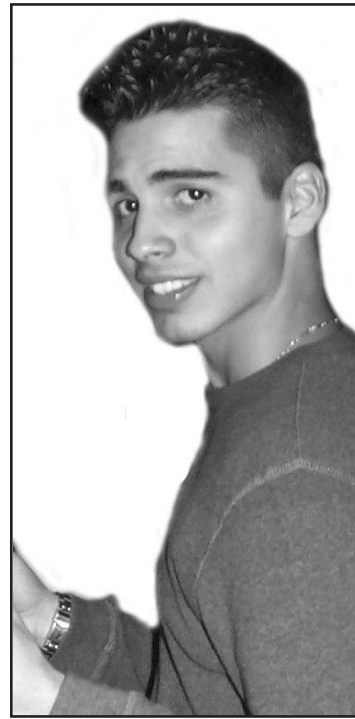
Angie, with the most confused look on her face imaginable replies, "What?"

Jared calmly states, "Oh, I guess Mike didn't tell you, but the other night his condom broke."

In a fit of rage like I had never seen before, nor have seen since, Angie takes off for the bathroom door, yanks Mike out, slaps him and screams, "I fucking hate you!!! Take me home asshole!!!" After a vast array of expletives and beatings, Mike and Angie leave.

I just look over at Jared, dumbfounded, and ask, "Dude, did Mike tell you he broke his condom or something?" What he said to me was something that racked the very being of my soul.

Jared replied, "Nah. Listen, there were 4 of us, and 24 of them. There wasn't enough beer, I had to do something." ■



Andrew's fucked-up friend.

## Gee demands renovations of power plant



Gee announcing plans to renovate the campus power plant while unveiling his portrait in Kirkland.

By DAVE BILLER  
Staff Writer

Summer construction is just around the corner and Chancellor Gordon Gee has announced that Vanderbilt has turned its efforts toward the campus power plant adjacent to Branscomb. Gee demands more from the plant and hopes that by the fall of 2002 we will be "up to par."

In last week's press conference, Gee indicated that the first stage of the plan is to rectify the relative quietness of the plant. "Frankly," he said, "the plant is just too silent. The constant hammering, grinding, and the prolonged mysterious releases of steam can only distract and prevent conversation between students in and around Branscomb. Come fall, those effects will ideally have become campus-wide."

"Second," he continued, "it's simply not ugly enough. As it is now, it's merely a disgraceful blemish on the face of our campus. We plan on painting it neon-orange and adding polka-dots in

order to create the festering eyesore we all believe it should be." He also referred to a provision

that entails the production of more smoke from the beautiful smokestack in order to provide students with "the best acid rain \$30,000 a year can buy!"

Gee, however, heatedly denied the rumor of plans to move the power plant to the middle of Alumni Lawn. He replied, "I'm sorry *Hustler*, but as usual you have been misinformed [by no fault of your own.] The truth is that we have spoken about building a second

power plant and, yes, the afore-

mentioned locale is under consideration. However, we're not certain whether or not this will be

*"The wave of the future is approaching. With a lot of hard work, and a little bit of luck, we'll have the most beautiful campus north of Belmont and south of the Loews Vanderbilt Plaza."*  
-Gee

a single university without one!" He went on to say, "Maybe you think that if the power went out it

wouldn't be disastrous and we could conduct class using only the light of day!"

Gee also explained how this potential plan could affect the residential college program. He explained that the second power plant could be used as all-female housing for students willing to take part in a work-study program in the factory shoveling coal. He declared, "You would be surprised how many of the Vandy sorority girls are actually yearning to shovel coal." Gee did say that he has given the VU chemistry department the go-ahead to research sulfur as an alternative energy source. Gee says that the smell of rotten eggs would be a "luscious fragrance that would be just the distinct edge we need to become one of the top 15 schools in the nation."

"The wave of the future is approaching. With a lot of hard work, and a little bit of luck, we'll have the most beautiful campus north of Belmont and south of the Loews Vanderbilt Plaza." ■

## Ice, Ice, oh my God!

*From crappy albums, a meltdown on MTV, sissy punches and playing at drunken frat parties, Vanilla Ice battles back from obscurity.*

By BRAD PLOEGER  
Columns Editor

Every so often I find something so terrible it deserves to be recorded in a newspaper. Recently, while at my job in Montgomery, I received a promotional package for Vanilla Ice's newest CD, *Bi-Polar*. In my humble opinion, all one-hit won-

ders need to cherish their 15 minutes of fame then fade into the margins of history. In my opinion it is the proper place of all no talent ass clowns to disappear as rapidly as possible. Vanilla Ice A.K.A. V-Ice decided that he should release a new album to clear his name and not leave people with the incredibly insightful lyrics to his smash-hit, "Ice, Ice Baby" in their head for all eternity. I will give V-Ice one thing: the album demonstrates that he has learned a few more words since his last album, as I read the liner notes I only see the word "ice" in the lyrics 20 times.

Well in order to do a proper music review I guess I should talk about the album itself. The album

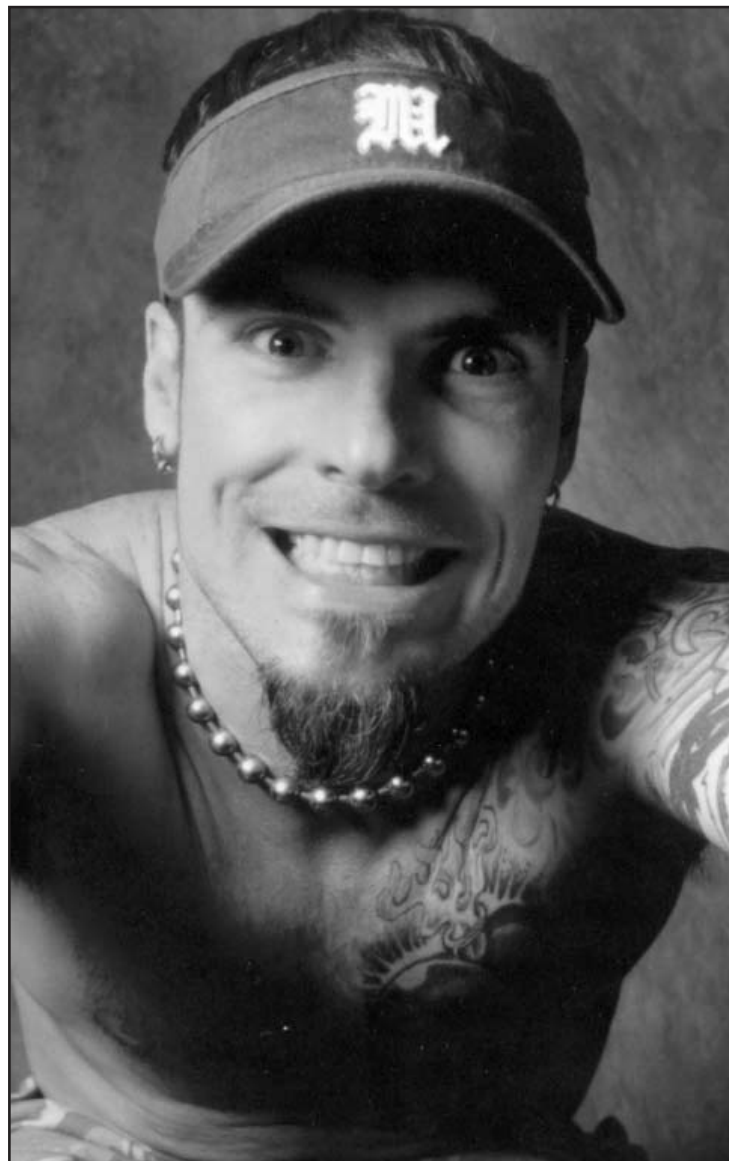
bills itself as "a double CD packaged as one and presented in two parts." More-or-less, the album has the same sound your mother made last night when she was calling me daddy.

Vanilla Ice should boldly go where so many one hit wonders have gone before: dead in the gutter utterly forgotten by a world that has thankfully escaped the clutches of his mindless song. Come to think of it, isn't odd how the world becomes totally obsessed with an utterly mindless song from time to time. Sometimes the plot line of Josie and the Pussycats does not seem so far-fetched...but I digress.

Ice should have been happy to join the Pantheon of other one-hit wonders: Sir Mix-a-Lot, MC Hammer, Right Said Fred, Blur, Butthole Surfers and Pink. Well I guess the world needs one-hit wonders. Who else do we have to look back at and ask ourselves, "What the fuck were we thinking?"

What is a better place for a one-hit wonder to end up other than at a party playing to a bunch of drunken frat boys trying to get into their date's pants? But of course there is always a sketchy FOX show just begging for former celebrities just dying to increase their publicity. I mean, did you see the sissy punches he threw? My grandma hits better than he did. I mean, come on, if I was going to duke it out on national TV I sure as hell would train first. It isn't like he didn't already look bad enough by just appearing on the show. My suggestion to Murdock is to film another show in their great tradition of "When [insert noun here] Attack": "When Former One-hit Wonders Attack". But again I digress.

Well I guess that I really should end this editorial before it wastes any more ink. I'm out like a fat girl in dodgeball...■



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[At the Vandy-UT game]

God: That's a foul!

Spectator: Well, maybe we should give the refs the benefit of the doubt...

God: I'M OMNISCIENT, YOU MORON!

Anyways, mad props to the Vandy Women's Basketball team. We're all proud of you!



**Vanderbilt Music Society / Rites of Spring**

# **Student Competition**

**at the Pub**

**Saturday April 13th**

**9 pm - 12 midnight**

**Anthony Orio**

**Ryan Hart and band**

**Melissa Cartoun**

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**Bermuda Zero (Bradley Metrock and special guests)**

**Devon Gundry**

**Courtney Dashe**

**Running With Scissors (Matthew Gray and George Atkinson)**

**Andrew Martelle**

**Scott Cash**

**Notes From Underground**

**Leo (rock band w/ Jim Bonomo)**



[vanderbiltmusicsociety.com](http://vanderbiltmusicsociety.com)

## "My super-genius is better than yours!"

By **BEN STARK**  
Assistant News Editor

I am a member of the College Scholar's program, the honors program for the school of Arts and Sciences. This means that normally I get to proudly stand above all the mere mortals who only work hard and get good grades. I'm a certified official genius, man! I've even got exclusive access to the Collage Scholar's Center (a.k.a. the Nerd Cave)! How do you like *them* apples?

At least, that's how I feel until that time of year in which I must host a prospective College Scholar who's visiting the university for a few days. It's a humbling experience. It's a frightening experience. It makes me want to crawl under my bed and hide from their sheer brilliance.

These kids had an average GPA of 4.0! At one point we were supposed to go around the room and introduce our Prospectives and tell a little about them. They would sound something like this: "Suzie Liebowitz has won the Nobel Prize in Economics, Peace, and Chemistry. She also plays the alto sax." "Jerry Wright wrote his first symphony in the womb and now plays lead guitar for Metallica. He also plays the alto sax." "Julie Cantrell is so much better than you that you might as well just give up. She also plays the alto sax." "Leonard Stevens currently rules the world. He invented the alto sax."

*They would sound something like this: "Suzie Liebowitz has won the Nobel Prize in Economics, Peace, and Chemistry. She also plays the alto sax."*

Another thing about the Prospectives that made me want to hide under the table was their maturity. They are so freakin' mature! They went right to business discovering the academic atmosphere (such as it is) of this university.

As for me, well, let's just say that the reason I love kids is that I'm at approximately their maturity level. Because of this I have trouble keeping up my Intellectual College Guy veneer: "Well, you have some good points, but I still think Nietzsche was... OH, LOOK, A SWING! THEY INSTALLED A SWING

IN HIGHLAND QUAD! OH, HAPPY DAY! C'MON LET'S GO SWING!!!!... um, I mean, in the metaphysical sense."

Meanwhile the Prospectives were taking samples of the grass so they could analyze it to see if it had the proper pH balance for a good academic environment.

Don't get me wrong. They're all nice people. It's just that, well, they even over-achieve when it comes to being nice! My Prospective FOUNDED A SUPPORT GROUP FOR TROUBLED

CLASSMATES! I think I carried my friend's books once.

Eventually, they left, back to their plans for world domination, and I could once again assume my rightful place as awe-inspiring class genius. I was feeling good, until I realized that some of these kids will be coming back next year! If you need me, I'll be hiding in my closet. ■

## Battle of the Bands The Zack Attack vs. The California Dreams

By **CHRIS ENTZMINGER**  
Staff Writer

Strap in kids, we're about to tackle the biggest pop-cultural question of the last fifty years. What fictional teen band was better: The Zack Attack or the California Dreams? As you certainly recall, the Zack Attack achieved fame on the hit TV series "Saved by the Bell," while the California Dreams starred in a show named after them. So put the children to bed, buckle up, eat a snack, take a shower, and brace yourself. We're taking this one step at a time...

### Lineup:

Dreams: Could anything be better than Tiffany (the hot blonde who later starred on "Baywatch") gyrating to gentle surfer grooves? I don't think so. Also comedy points scored for the show's attempt to add a singer/songwriter keyboard player to the group. I think they wanted that goon to give them a Lennon-esque legitimacy. Good stuff...

Zack Attack: Major points scored here. Since Zack is clearly the omnipotent risen son of God

in the parallel Bayside universe, it only makes sense that he can play guitar riffs that put Eric Clapton to shame. High comedy, but points deducted for A.C. "Mullet" Slater's duet with Jessie "Showgirls" Spano. Also, Screech on the keyboard was more disturbing than funny. He looked like an epileptic poodle.

The Edge: Dreams

### Music:

Dreams: Whenever the show's theme comes on, I get the warm fuzzies. It's not something I like to admit, but it's true. That song gets me in places I can't explain. A life-changing song by a definitive fictional band.

Zack Attack: Nothing beats Zack, Jessie, Lisa, and Kelly all leaning into the same mic, pretending to belt out "Friends Forever." Nothing.

The Edge: Zack Attack

### Lyrics:

Hahahahahahaha...

### Stage Presence:

Dreams: You know you rock when your parents are dancing in the front row. Huge comedy

points here. Gigantic.

Zack Attack: Screech wore chicken costumes way too much. Again, more scary than funny.

The Edge: Draw

### Street Cred:

Dreams: They practiced in the poolhouse (point deducted). They never signed a record deal (point granted). Their only venue was a restaurant that held a maximum of ten people (point granted). There were typically only three people in the crowd (point deducted). Two of them were their parents (twenty points deducted).

Zack Attack: Entire episode based on Zack's dream of making it big (point deducted). Their only real concert was for the Junior prom...or were they Sophomores? (Side note: they were in high school for 8 years...I can't keep the years straight. I typically use the Tori year as a benchmark. What happened to Kelly and Jessie that year? And why did Tori wear a leather jacket over her prom dress? These are the things I think about)

Sonic Youth seal of approval: Dreams (Sure, they were related

to their fan base, but it's a fan base nonetheless)

### Comedy factor:

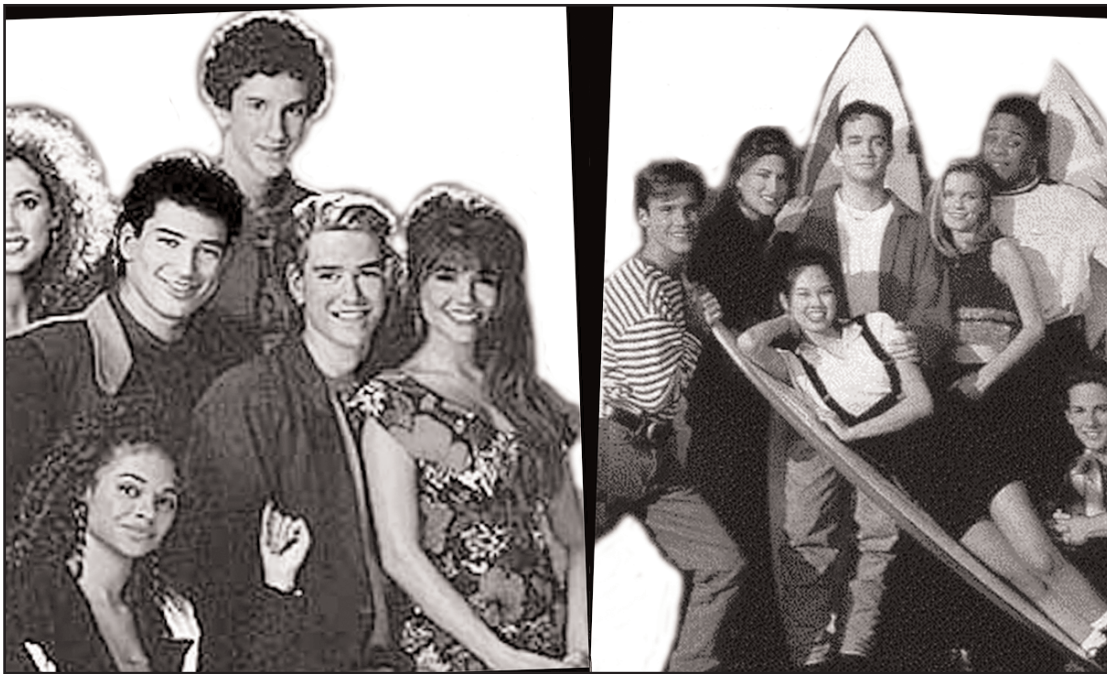
Dreams: Clearly this is the deciding factor. Jake wearing only leather, talking like The Fonz, acting like a general badass, yet only playing songs that sound like "Tutti Frutti" will be hard to beat (Side Note: This is also the case with Uncle Jesse's band in Full House. Every time I see John Stamos and Scott Baio wearing leather jackets and singing "Louie Louie" with Bob Saget I almost piss my pants. That's another article, though). The Dreams went through more members than Destiny's Child. Overall comedy is strong here, but nothing too memorable. Let's move on.

Zack Attack: Where do I begin? The anachronistic 80's costumes; the Zack Attack's musical predecessor, Hot Sundaes; the famous prom-breakup-"Did We Ever Have a Chance" scene; somebody get me a change of clothes, the comedy's off the charts here.

The Edge: Zack Attack...by a mile.

### The Verdict:

Kudos to the Dreams for a great run. Double kudos to them for sharing a cast member with Baywatch. But they will always be the Stones to the Zack Attack's Beatles. Sure, the Dreams might have built a loyal West coast fan base, but only the Zack Attack can dream about stadium venues and comeback tours while still practicing in Zack's freakishly immaculate garage. When taking into account the absolute comedic genius of the Zack Attack, it becomes clear that the star-crossed Dreams never really "had a chance" and are all destined to be spit out the bottom of the B-movie industry. ■



# INTERHALL CABINET APPLICATIONS ARE OUT

Applications will be available on Monday, April 8th at all Reeve Desks and in the Interhall Office in Sarratt 357



To avoid long lines, applications can also be found on the Interhall website at [www.vanderbilt.edu/ihall](http://www.vanderbilt.edu/ihall)

## The Slant's Picture of the Month



How to keep a College Scholar busy for an hour or two (actual photo from College Scholars' Center)

## David and Brad's Fucked-Up Site Listing

We (David and Brad) each month scour the Internet looking for the biggest wastes of bandwidth on the Internet. We do this for you our readers to help waste even more bandwidth.

[http://www.thereverend.com/brick\\_testament/](http://www.thereverend.com/brick_testament/)

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<http://www.pr0k.net/thechilde/>

<http://www.bountytributes.com/>

<http://www.manties.net/manties/index.html>

<http://www.meet-an-inmate.com/>

<http://scrotum.4t.com/>

<http://www.davidhasselhoff.com/>

<http://www.bumperdumper.com/>

<http://www.maroon.com/yaks/>

<http://www.nickelbuffalo.com/>

<http://www.vutorch.org>

<http://www.subgenius.com/>

<http://genepoolifeguard.org/main.html>

<http://www.tyny.com/>

## Big Fucking Pile of Dirt Project well underway

By SCOTT BROWN  
Staff Writer

As Spring Break came to a close, Vanderbilt had begun the unannounced Big Fucking Pile of Dirt Project. The pile, located directly to the north of the Student Recreation Center, is expected to reach completion in 2004.

"It all began when a large amount of dirt-moving equipment became idle after completing the foundation for the Vanderbilt Children's Hospital," said head of construction Lenny Grove. "We got a call from the chancellor complaining that construction had slacked off and we needed to find a new project. So after a few beers, we came up with the Big Fucking Pile of Dirt Project."

Chancellor Gordon Gee

immediately approved the idea. "I was excited," he said. "I'm always looking for new ways to increase Vanderbilt's national visibility. Every other school I've worked at had a big fucking pile of dirt. I mean, why do you think they called it Brown?"

When asked if the project was at all related to the Big Ass Trailer Behind Branscomb Project, Gee refused comment.

Other administrators likewise have plans to put the Big Fucking Pile of Dirt (BFPoD) to good use. For example, Dean of Housing Mark Bandas hopes to expand the function of the BFPoD by housing freshmen in its crevices, partially relieving the housing shortage on campus.

New head football coach Bobby Johnson was surprisingly

## Audiences Shocked, Dismayed

By JEFF WOODHEAD  
The Jew

A guest on "The Jerry Springer Show" shocked audiences yesterday when she admitted that the problems in her life were pretty much all her fault.

## Sexpot in the Music City: Top Ten Ways NOT to get laid

By STEPHANIE SCHACHT  
Staff Writer

Okay, so you've been at Vanderbilt for almost a year now, at least, and I'm assuming that you've had a taste of good ol' Southern hospitality. It can be a potent force if used for good, but disastrous if misunderstood. As one of many Vandygirls, I offer my top ten ways NOT to get laid. The rest is up to you.

10. "Y'all" can be a charming novelty at first, or even endearing, but its first usage should not be, "It would sure be cool if y'all girls made out. Don't y'all think so?" Um, no, not unless we're really drunk, and y'all happen to get really lucky.

9. "Gooder than grits." I can't say I've actually heard this one face-to-face, but apparently it's out there and a compliment. The grammatical error is distracting to me, but that's not the point. Grits are good, yes. Your mama made grits; they remind you of home. But grits are also pale, mushy, flat, and they lack substance. You can only enjoy them for a couple of minutes. When you think about it, this is not a good pick-up line for the ladies, even if you are planning to cover them in butter or sugar.

8. When you meet a beautiful girl and want to express your utter surprise, don't say, "You're so beautiful you make me feel like I've been caught with my pants down." She might not be thinking what you're thinking.

7. You could talk to her all night, until the morning. That's really sweet. A bad way to convey this is, "I could talk at you up 'til it's moanin' time."

6. Scenario: late Friday night and you're picking up party supplies. If you have a thick accent,

putting her on the streets.

"I fucked up," said Cavanaugh. "Simple as that." "It's not my parents' fault at all. I mean, they told me to stay away from drugs and all that shit, and my dad never beat me or insulted me or nothin'.

My family's normal. I just fucked up," she said. Springer attempted to surprise Cavanaugh by bringing her ex-boyfriend, Alan Lynch of Overland Park, Kansas, out onto the stage. Much to the chagrin of the audience and Springer, however, Cavanaugh did not get mad at Lynch, or even raise her voice once.

When an audience member asked if Lynch was to blame for Cavanaugh's current state, Cavanaugh replied, "Nah."

"I mean, he did dump me and it fucked with my head a lot for a while, but I really sorta deserved it. I mean, I was sleeping around on him and shit... I acted like a total bitch with him," she said. Lynch and Cavanaugh then embraced, setting off a round of shouts and jeers from the audience.

Security guard Craig O'Donnell was one of the many people irked by Cavanaugh's

5. You've seen a hot coed. You're chugged full of happiness. "Chugged full" means "full and running over." I don't think I'd want to hear that, though; doesn't it just sound incredibly dirty and about to prematurely explode?

4. Let's say you want to express to that wonderful girl that you care about her even with all her faults. I've heard that some use the colloquialism "every dog should have a few fleas" to express that "no one is perfect". Even if she's an animal person, this is probably not a good way to show you'd like to mark your territory.

3. First date: probably a bad idea to go to the "meat n' thray." Unless the girl likes beef, slaw, baked beans, and biscuits as much as I do, she may not be swept off her feet.

2. When trying to assure her that she is special, think about the less Southern usage of "sorry" [as in feeling regretful, not as in "of inferior quality"]. Because if you say, "Baby, when I think of you, I know that all my ex's must be sorry," either it sounds like your ex's are pitying her, or he's too big for his britches, as they say. Both would make a girl think twice.

1. And, if you've made it this far, you might not want to respond, "Yes'm, I'm comin'." I've heard it ruins the mood. Yeah, chew on that thought for awhile. ■

No word yet on how this affects the Greek system. ■



Vanderbilt's Big Fucking Pile of Dirt Under Construction

## Woman blames self on 'Springer'

antics.

"I have one job, dammit, and that's to go out there on stage and break up fights," O'Donnell said.

"There's usually one good fight an episode, so I get a decent amount of camera time. But then this bitch has to go out there and be all self-righteous and forgiving and shit. I mean, that's disrespectful, you know? I can't believe it. Just can't."

"Maybe she's right," O'Donnell added. "She really is a bitch."

Springer was not happy with the outcome of the show, either.

"I'm very disappointed in my guest," Springer said. "She didn't even get angry or anything. That hurts our ratings when that kind of thing happens. I mean, my God, it makes me look like Oprah!"

Springer guaranteed audiences that a mistake of this magnitude "won't happen again."

"I mean, she was only on the show because she gave me a good blow job anyway," Springer said. Cavanaugh denies this allegation, saying that she wouldn't go down on Springer if he had "a fuckin' pound of smack." ■



CAVANAUGH

When an audience member asked if Lynch was to blame for Cavanaugh's current state, Cavanaugh replied, "Nah."

"I mean, he did dump me and it fucked with my head a lot for a while, but I really sorta deserved it. I mean, I was sleeping around on him and shit... I acted like a total bitch with him," she said.

Lynch and Cavanaugh then embraced, setting off a round of shouts and jeers from the audience.

Security guard Craig O'Donnell was one of the many people irked by Cavanaugh's

## Some people deserve a swift kick to the genitalia

By DAVE BILLER  
Some Freshman

I don't own a cell phone and, as of now, I don't plan on it. On this campus this makes me more of a minority than the number of Blacks divided by the Asians and then square-rooted by the percentage of Hispanics. And I'll tell you why. It's not because I don't want to be reached, because it's too much money, or because I get tired of seeing all these people talking on cell phones any free second they have. The only reason

is because I know that if I bought a cell phone I would lose it every once in awhile. Then while I'm looking for it, I'd have to deal with that one person who thinks

he's the goddamn smartest person in the world who says, "Did you try calling it?"

"Call it?! What would that do? Wait...then it would ring ...[wheels in head slowly turning]...then I might hear it and...thereby determine its location!! Ohhh!!

Wow, we need more people like you in the world! Thank you!! I NEVER would have thought of that, ever, ever, EVER!! Asshole."

If you're one of those people, stop saying that because first, everybody

thinks of that, and second, because you're a plague upon the earth and I hate you, as does everyone else. ■

On this campus this makes me more of a minority than the number of Blacks divided by the Asians and then square-rooted by the percentage of Hispanics.

## Tragedy at the Overcup Oak (a true story)

Vanderbilt Dining Ruins Another Facility

By MICHAEL MOTT  
Little Caesar

Every so often, a tragedy of epic proportions strikes deeply into the hearts of a culture. In times such as these, it is important to feel sympathy with your fellow men and confide your own feelings in others. Hence the reason I decided to bitch in this column.

I cringed when I first read that Vanderbilt Dining was taking over the Pub and Stonehenge. "Great," I thought to myself. "Soon there won't be a single place on campus where you can get decent food."

After further consideration though, I figured it might not be so bad after all. I mean, Rand wasn't that bad freshman year. Sure, they undercooked the fajita meat and occasionally all I could bear to eat was a stale Rice Krispie square, but I survived. That's what's important, right?

So I thought. But just when I had forgotten this travesty and begun to continue with my nor-

mal life, I got a frightening reminder one Sunday night of how drastic the change truly was. True story. I arrived at the Pub at 7:20 PM and turned the corner to place my order, only to discover the kitchen was closed. "A little early," I muttered to myself, but thinking nothing of it, I turned to the bar to order something off the bar menu.

There was no bar menu. Hoping the trip wouldn't be in vain, I asked for a Coke. Unfortunately, they had run out of syrup for the Coke.

So I settled for a Sprite. A very flat Sprite. After about three sips, I couldn't take it anymore and asked for a root beer instead.

But they couldn't make me a root beer either. You see, they had run out of carbonated water. At that point, I was ready to offer to exhale into some water just to get a damn soft drink.

So I came home and got something from the Munchi Mart. The Munchi Mart! And, of course, it was past the sell by date.

Thus passes another at least halfway decent Vanderbilt dining facility. So it goes. ■

# On the serious side

## Paper or plastic?

By CHRIS SMITH  
Guest Writer

Every day, shoppers buy their groceries, unaware of the impending doom that awaits them at the checkout counter. The cashier punches the buttons; a bead of sweat dribbles down his forehead as he waits for the confrontational moment. The clock begins to strike twelve. The shopper, credit card in hand, nervously watching as his items from his cart slowly dwindle, frightfully aware of the cataclysmic event that is about to occur after the cashier confiscates all of his groceries. Sweep and beep, sweep and beep. The lettuce, the Easy Mac, the Pepperidge farm cookies, the loaf of white bread. Sweep and beep, sweep and beep, until the cashier looks away from his confounded machine, and with a look of antagonism in his eyes, bellows, "Paper or plastic?"

Some people freeze. Most just calmly say "paper" because it is the first option they are given. Others ask for the latter due to the fact that they weren't listening to the first option. Unfortunately, these cretins, who call themselves "grocery shoppers," haven't a single idea of the significance of their decision. I, for one, plan to get my groceries back to my home in tip top shape, and if the need arises, I would give my life for my groceries. Why, you ask? Because without food, we would die; this is a proven fact. Therefore, I prefer a great deal of security in the deliverance of my provisions.

Paper. Ah yes, the container of the ages. It has more years in service as a grocery transporter than any other container known to man. Usually, it comes in shades

of brown and can be folded up after usage for easy removal. Due to its reusability, it can be modified for other purposes, such as covering a circa 1974 school textbook. (Not that it really matters anyways, we all know now that Sue loved Jimmy in 1986, and Senora Williams is actually a man.) In the past few years, it has even been seen with paper handles, so it can mimic its plastic counterpart in a diabolically evil attempt to control the grocery baggage industry. Now in comparison with plastic, it has the following advantages: It can carry more groceries. The paper bag's structure is similar to that of an elephant; it is tall and wide, but the similarities end there. Its also good for the environment. Most paper bags are 99.999993% recycled paper (the other .000007% is derived from some kind of pork product used for giving the paper bag its "oh so fresh" smell), which means all of those trees that are chopped down each year can now be applied for other useful purposes, such as firewood and fraternity paddles.

Even though there are many advantages to using a paper bag, there are problems that exist with this grocery receptacle. First of all, its dimensions are finite, which means that you can only stuff so much into a bag before it will break. Although the advent of paper handles is amazingly cool in its own right, they offer almost no purpose, kind of like solar-powered flashlights, because the handles break even if there is nothing in the bag. Got eggs in a paper bag? There is approximately a 50% chance that they will break somewhere in transport. Just bought an extremely overpriced bottle of

champagne for you and the missus, or just you and yourself? Guess what buddy, the odds are against you. Common peon Christian Hunt says, "Paper bags are good for small shopping, but impractical for bigger loads, like when I'm trying to throw my brother off a bridge for crying, and the bag breaks in my back swing. Now he's crying even more and I have a broken paper bag...and that sucks." These sad properties tend to divert shoppers from paper's seemingly good qualities. Which brings us to the next option.

Plastic. Synthetically made, this container is about as good for the environment as nuclear waste that is covered in feces, and dirty hypodermic needles. However, the properties of this carrier far outweigh its environmental shortcomings, even if it means that Shamu will choke and die on one next year. Like paper, it can be reused, which somewhat increases its beneficial impact on the environment (actually, let's not kid ourselves: the amount of good done to the environment is negligible). Although small, the plastic bag is not rigid, and it is able to stretch under heavy duress, so our friend Christian will be able to take care of his brother during his next trip to the Golden Gate. Water has no known effects upon the ability for the plastic bag to carry goods, protecting your bagels from becoming mushy for your local retirement home.

Regardless, the plastic bag is still small, and it can still break under heavy loads. It offers less protection than its paper counterpart, and if you thought the chances of your eggs making it to your fridge via paper bag were low, square root that number and

then subtract 1,072 to find your chances of success with a plastic bag. Also, let us not forget those poor kids who were sent to school by their parents with the grocery plastic bags instead of normal lunch bags. The plastic bag alone has single-handedly doomed the social life of many middle-schoolers, and that reason alone should be adequate enough for its ban in the supermarket world.

There is a third and less common choice that is used specifically by those damn acid-dropping, tree-huggin' hippies. More commonly sighted in California, these environmentally friendly nutjobs have decided to "stick it to corporate America" and bring their own reusable hemp canvas bags. While these bags never break no matter how much human stress is exerted upon them, and they have no known weaknesses, they still are sub-par. Why? I have no idea, but I know one thing: I hate hippies.

After reviewing the facts, I have come to one conclusion: none of these containers are adequate to carry my groceries. Instead, I would prefer to use a combination of paper and plastic. This terrible twosome almost guarantees the safe delivery of my groceries. I get the best of both worlds: added protection from rain, a larger container, and the less chance of the receptacle breaking in transport. Although I may receive many a hairy eyeball for being such a grocery bag hog, I will stand firmly in what I believe in, for it is a God given right and also the 31st Amendment. So next time, remember this: Two bags are always better than one. ■

## Slant Man!



Ask Slant Man a question. Send an email to [anything@vandyslant.org](mailto:anything@vandyslant.org) and include "Slant Man" in the subject line. Slant Man is more than willing to help Vanderbilt students with their problems.

Dear Slant Man,  
Are you gay?  
Pretty in Pink

Trust me, they'll want to relieve your pain, if you catch my drift.  
Slant Man

Dear Pretty in Pink,  
Sure, Slant Man is gay. I was at the park yesterday and I met this chick with a puppy. First I got to pet her puppy, then I got to pet her. That made Slant Man very gay.

Dear Slant Man,  
Can you stop *The Slant* from making fun of *The Hustler* for the spelling errors in there headlines. They do a tough job, so cut them some slack, jack.  
Hustler Fan

Dear Slant Man,  
My slut girlfriend of 5 years just broke up with me. She seems to have moved on already, but I'm having trouble getting back into the dating game. Can you help me?

Dear Hustler Fan,  
Why would you read a paper that can't spell? How do you know that they are getting the news right, when they can't spell it right? Maybe you should ask them if they own a dictionary or something. Also what the hell is "cut them some slack, jack"? Are you a damn loser? Do you write for them, 'cause you can't spell either. "There" should be spelled "their", just so you know. Anyway man, I'm tired of talking to you, I'm going to get laid.

Loser from Lupton  
Dear Loser,  
5 YEARS?! Holy shit man! Slant Man's typical relationship lasts 5 hours. A half hour meet-and-greet, then 4 hours of pure Slant Man love, and finally a half hour of cleaning up before I send her on her way. Anyways, you need to go out and get some fresh booty, man. Dating is like riding a bike, you never forget how to do it. Here's a Slant Man tip for you: if you're worried you might fail, don't give up. Women fall all over a sob story like that.

Slant Man  
Dear Slant Man,  
Penis.  
Concerned Student

Dear Concerned,  
Mine's bigger.  
Slant Man

*Slant Man is The Slant's In-House Advice Columnist. Slant Man's views do not always reflect the views of The Slant, Vanderbilt Student Communications, Inc. or any division therein.*

## Bastard Confession

By DAVE BILLER  
Staff Writer

Okay, so I was thinking the other day in one of my classes how much I hate the kids in the front. You know exactly who I mean. Those kids who always ask for extra credit assignments. They always make cover sheets for their essays. When given the choice, they ask for things to be due on Fridays. They bust the curves so you a) get a bad grade, and b) have to hear the teacher say, "I don't know why you all did so poorly. The test was certainly fair, as shown by Reginald's perfect score." And they politely remind the professor that he didn't assign any homework before walking with him back to his office to discuss a "very interesting article I read in the National Journal of Health last Saturday night." Yeah, you know them. Everyone does.

So anyway, I thought that since every day of our lives we're

made to look stupid by them that one day, just one day, I should get revenge. The first of April was approaching and I thought there could be no possible better irony than to make these over-achieving brown-nosing grade-grubbing sycophants look like complete idiots on April Fool's Day.

I figured anything goes. I put Saran-wrap on the toilet and then, while he was peeling it off, poured a bucket of super glue on top of him. I burned an effigy of him on Alumni Lawn and then when he walked by just sorta looked all menacing and pointed at him, and then at the flaming dummy, and mouthed the word, "You." I slipped estrogen pills into his banana smoothie. I force-fed him chum. Okay, so they weren't so much pranks as much as evil things to do to him, but I didn't care. It was kid-in-front hunting season, and I made the most of it. ■

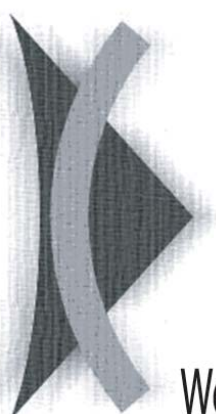
The word "fuck" appeared in this issue 24 times. Oh fuck, 25 times. Dammit! 26 times.

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