

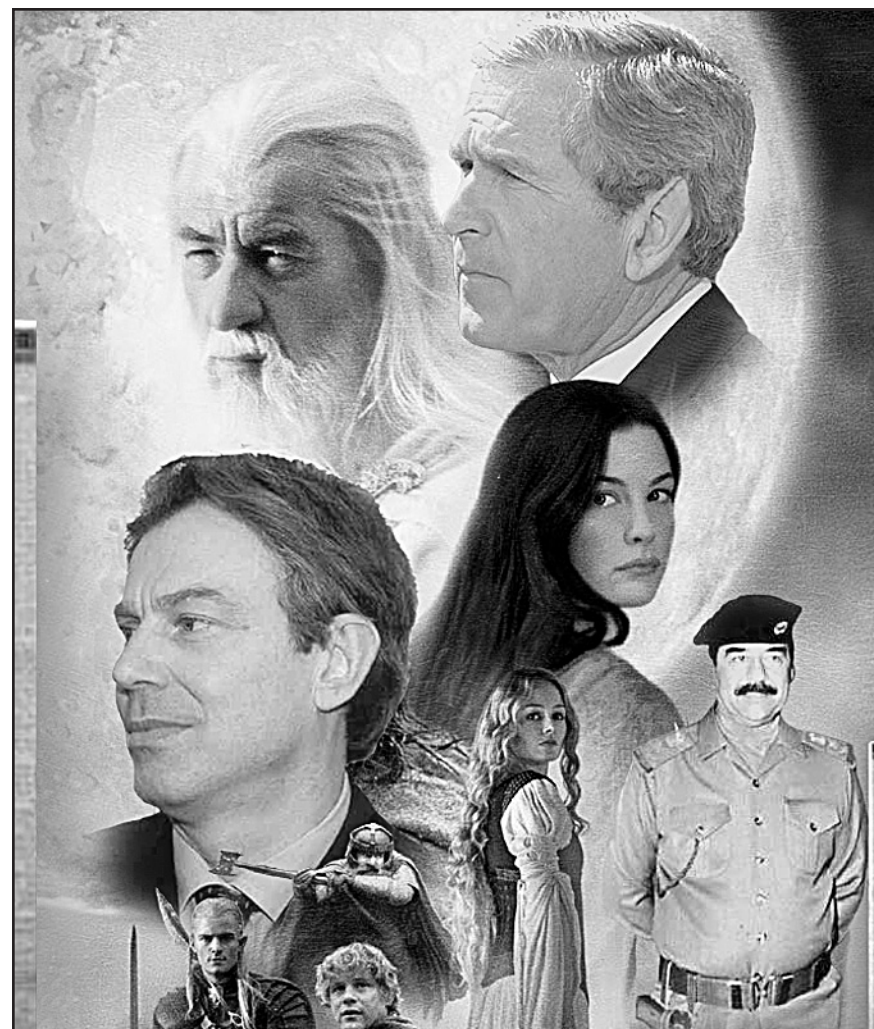
# the slant

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## VUPD Reminds You To Check Your Testicles For Cancer



### Fuck! Fuck! Sex! Fuck!

Fuck sex sex fuck. Sex-fuck, fucksex sexy fuckety-fuck. Fucksexfucksexsexfuck... sex.

### Burger King Hires Sir Mix-A-Lot For New Ad Campaign



Suffering heavy casualties in the "fast food wars," Burger King has turned to early-90s rap royalty Sir Mix-A-Lot for their new marketing campaign. "We were able to obtain royalty rights for a lifetime supply of Whoppers for Mr. Mix-A-Lot." Thirty-second spots, which begin airing during the college football bowl season, include such repurposed lyrics as: "I like big buns with a side of fries"; "Then drive 'round stick it out / even drive-thru has to shout / 'Hope you come back"; and, "My homeboys tried to warn me / But that Whop-pa you got / Make me so hungry."

### Farley Demands Reparations For Overcooked Veal



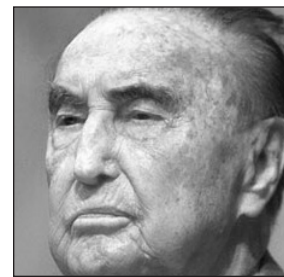
Math Professor and perennial Green Party senatorial candidate Jonathan Farley demanded reparations for his overcooked veal filet at Ruth's Chris last weekend, saying, "Your kitchen staff has been oppressing my wife and me since this restaurant chain was founded." He went on to demand that the chef be executed and that he receive forty steaks and a loaded baked potato as reparations.

### Britney Spears Ingests Alcohol, Semen



Britney Spears celebrated her 21st birthday with a party at the Hilton Towers Embassy Row thrown by her friends. The famous pop star drank loads of alcohol, as well as performed fellatio on several male dancers. Proving she's not that innocent, she asked the bartender no less than 16 times to "hit me, baby, one more time." One partygoer commented, "I guess she is a woman now."

### Strom Thurmond Celebrates Centennial

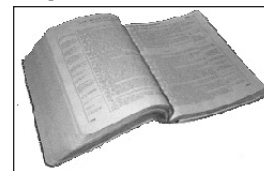


Strom Thurmond celebrated his 100th birthday with a party at the Hilton Towers Embassy Row thrown by his Senate colleagues. The senior senator from South Carolina is the oldest and longest-serving senator in US history. The highlight of the event came when Britney Spears sang "Happy Birthday" to him before sucking him off. "She ain't much to listen to, but she's purty to look at," said Thurmond before passing out as the blood drained from his head and engorged his genitalia.

### Catholic Church Now Financially, Morally Bankrupt

Recently, it was announced that the Catholic Church is going bankrupt. Coupled with evidence surfacing over the last few years indicating their moral depravity, they are now both financially and morally bankrupt. The Pope commented, saying, "Kids are expensive!" The bankruptcy attorneys say they fear the Church will really get reamed in the trial, much like the Church's altar boys.

### Sophomore Discovers Library



Sophomore Julie Nicholson discovered something called "the library," a large building filled with "books," and a last refuge for graduate students. After talking to several of the patrons and employees of the library, Julie explained, "It's like a free bookstore, except you have to give stuff back after a while."

### Uncle Sam Wants You... But Not In That Way

The Army recently fired several experts in Arabic because they were gay. Apparently, the Army was of the opinion that the lisp with which the men spoke was an insurmountable hurdle to their understanding of the language. "Besides," explained one Army official, "It's been proven by many scientists that having anal intercourse reduces your capacity to comprehend written and spoken Arabic." Said Nashville resident Jerry Phelps, "I am glad that the country's war on terrorism is not getting in the way of our armed forces' dedication to

homophobic extremism. Jesus would be proud." "Of course it was a good move," said Benjamin Robertson of Clarksville. "You know they were working for the terrorists, really. I mean, they're gay. They had to be terrorists. How do you think they knew Arabic?" Said President Bush, "Our armed forces tolerate and perpetuate Christian religious extremism only. Islamic extremism we will not stand for!"

### Vanderbilt Student For Apathy Have Trouble Protesting



A planned protest Monday by student group Vanderbilt Students for Apathy quickly dissolved when the group's chant of, "What do we want? Apathy.

When do we want it? Uh, whenever" failed to incite the crowd. Student Against Picketing have had similar problems with their demonstrations, unable to find a way to express their anger.

### Area Kleenex Box Used Solely For Masturbatory Purposes



Reports indicate that noses are not being blown in Towers 4, 401. Apparently, the Kleenex box on the dresser of junior Michael Carpenter is being used solely for masturbatory purposes, where its soft fibers can be put to good use.

### Professor Farley To Team Up With Professor Spade

Professors Farley and Spade will be co-starring in a new comedy from Miramax titled, Tommy, Boy, Get Back To The Field Before I Whip Yer Ass. Though not expected to garner much critical acclaim, early screenings indicate that the chemistry between the two leads as well as the sharp script making fun of race relations will strike a chord with the lucrative teenage demographic. Estimates are that the movie should gross about 40 million and possibly win a coveted Golden Mule award from the National Board Of Comedy Writers.

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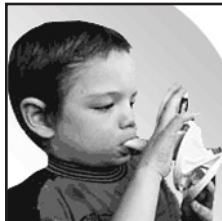
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Work it



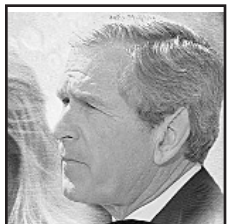
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# The Slant



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## FROM THE EDITOR

# Civility and respect allows the tyranny of the majority

ANYWHERE THE SUBJECT OF PROFESSOR JONATHAN FARLEY'S ESSAY, PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE "REMNANTS OF THE CONFEDERACY GLORIFYING A TIME OF TYRANNY" IS DISCUSSED, THERE IS SURE

to be controversy. People have trouble being anything but morons when discussing race. Either we suppose the universal bigotry of one side, the universal weakness of another, or else we deny the realities of history and present.

Jonathan Farley is, of course, one of these idiots, but damn I like the guy. He had the courage to protest. Just like all those women had the courage to protest the University's handling of the alleged attempted rape at ATO. Just like... no, wait. That's about it. I can't really think of any other really controversial protest around Vandy. No one's really been crucified for a public opinion since Brett Austin's ballsy financial aid column in *The Torch* last year. Just as I didn't agree with Austin's column and didn't think the alleged forcible fondling was worthy of protest, I don't agree with Farley's column for various and sundry reasons. But at least he said something.

"Oh, God, another column about apathy on campus?" No, I'd rather discuss freedom of speech and people's tendency to not use it or misunderstand it. Vice Chancellor for Public Affairs Mike Schoenfeld was quoted in *The Tennessean* as saying, "We... encourage civility and respect, and we want our faculty to be responsible..." This is like saying, "We welcome criticism, just so long as it

is nothing but compliments." Can we really say anything if we are completely respectful and civil? Has civility ever sparked real change? Major change, like what Farley advocates?

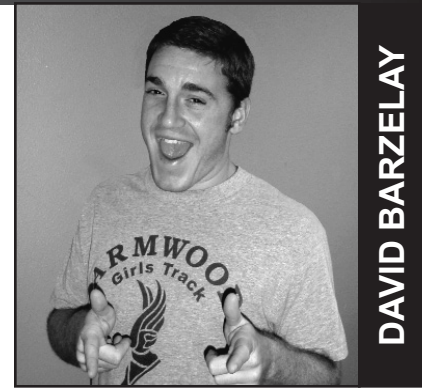
Obviously, if Farley doesn't respect a society he considers oppressive, why must he act publicly as if he does? Why can't he call every white man a bigot, an asshole, an oppressor? Why can't he say every Confederate soldier should have been executed? Hell, why can't he say every white person living today should be executed? These statements don't make him any worse at teaching math, just so long as he grades fairly and still assigns absurd amounts of homework.

We have the right to say what we want, and I'm glad this University gives their professors, "by virtue of their academic freedom, the ability and authority to say anything they want," but I take issue with the qualification of an expectation of civility and respect. Change is born out of a lack of respect for some aspect of a situation. Change is forced by the threat or action of incivility. Without one of these, you're not really saying anything at all. Most of the people that have responded to Farley's essay have very little respect for the man. Does this mean they should all be fired, denounced, executed? No. But it does mean they should, perhaps, be hated, at least by Farley. Hatred is a reality and a natural human feeling. Why suppress it?

Madison Cook, chairman of the Southern Independence Party of Tennessee, said Farley's supervisors should explain to him why his essay represented bad judgement. Because, as everyone knows, it's always bad judgement to reveal one's beliefs publicly if they don't agree with conventional thinking...

People worry that his opinions could influence his students. This is absurd. Students who would suddenly start hating an entire race just because their crackpot math teacher says so are the ones that need to be executed. And if they come to the conclusion of hatred on their own, even if originally inspired by Farley's words, then why is there something wrong with that? To say there is something wrong with students being inspired to an unpopular view is to consider the opinion of the majority to be the only one acceptable to believe.

Just so long as Farley doesn't go executing anyone or grading students unfairly, there is no reason why he should lose his job. I respect him for saying what he wanted to say, but I don't respect him at all for his views. Why aren't we allowed to disrespect each other and call each other stupid now and then? ■



DAVID BARZELAY

## FORTNIGHTLY IMAGE

### A downtrodden Kappa Delta girl warms herself by the fire

Staff Photo



## How The Gee-rinch Saved College

BY ANDREW BANECKER

On the week before finals, throughout the whole college, the students were reading and gaining more knowledge. The professors gave review sessions and hints for the test, so the students of Vanderville's grades would be best. But meanwhile in Kirkland, one man did not see why professors and students should be in harmony.

This man was a meanie, a grouchy curmudgeon  
Who wore suits with bowties and flimsy flurmudgeons.  
Some say he's a goofball, some claim he's a cancer,  
But of Vanderville, he served as the Chancellor.  
This angry old man who wants no change to be  
They call him the Chancellor, the Chancellor Gee.

"The system is fine, so why should I change?  
Students and teachers together, why that's just deranged!  
Oh humbug, oh grumble, what spoiled slackers these are.  
Without working harder, how will they go far?  
Vandy's a school based on high expectations  
Where low grades and failing equal true education.  
The Harvard of the south shall have no grade inflation.  
I'd rather they fail before winter vacation."

Meanwhile in Vanderville the students are studying with glee,  
Unable to wait for exam time to be.  
With their heads in their books, and their books in their heads,  
The students prepared for what a student dreads.  
They went to all office hours. They came to review sessions.  
Their quest for knowledge bordered on obsession.

The Gee-rinch decided, "Well this should not be!  
The students will know subjects from A-Z.  
They'll be too prepared, none under a C,  
and the grades will all rise, perhaps to a B.  
What if they get A's? Then where would we be?"  
Needless to say, this angered the Gee.  
So the Gee-rinch concocts the most dastardly plan ever conceived.  
Without all the books, no good grades will be received.  
So the Chancellor decided to put on a disguise,  
To stop all the students from becoming wise.  
He untied his bow, he removed his glasses,  
"Without all the books, the kids will be asses!"  
He put on some khakis and a white polo shirt.  
He put on his white hat all covered in dirt.  
"I will look like a student, obey all their norms,  
So I'll be unnoticed when I sneak in the dorms."

On Friday he sneaks in, while the students are drinking,  
Not one door was locked. The students weren't thinking.  
"But what to expect when they've gone out drinking?  
I'll steal all the books, their grades will be sinking!"



But as he went in a room on Kissam 2,  
He stumbled upon little Cindy Lou.  
She was alone on a Friday, her head in a book,  
Confused by her BioSci, ignoring the crook.  
The Gee-rinch chortled loudly, his spirits were flying,  
Then he looked at poor Cindy, alone in bed crying.  
He asked little Cindy, "Why are you here?  
It is Friday night, and no friends and no beer?"  
Little Cindy explained that her classes were crazy,  
And her low grades were not just because she's lazy.  
She's forced to absorb all the texts by herself,  
Without any guidance, without any help.  
The teachers see students only three hours a week,  
And most lecturers only want to hear themselves speak.  
Without any guidance, all there is to do  
Is spend her time reading, not having a clue.  
Now finals are coming, and she needs advice,  
But all her professors are nowhere in sight.  
If only she had someone to help with her plight.

Now this may seem odd, but it's what some say,  
The Gee-rinch's heart grew 10 sizes that day.  
The Gee-rinch thought to himself  
"Great fledgy flurmollege,  
I'll change Vanderville to a residential college!"

He returned all the books to the students rooms,  
His mind like a flower, just starting to bloom.  
His head became filled with ideas on how to improve  
The lives of the students, whom it would behoove.  
Then the Gee-rinch entered his Cadillac and waved to all goodbye;  
The students rejoiced, then went to get high. ■

## Song Analysis: 'Work It' by Missy Elliott

By JEFF WOODHEAD

In a time where song lyrics are criminally neglected, the recent Missy Elliott hit "Work It" is an oasis, a breath of fresh air. Indeed, it is one of the landmark lyrical opuses of the modern musical era. Through the song's beautifully woven, poetic string of lyrics, Elliott conveys the feelings of joy and angst that are often associated with the emotion of love, and indeed paints an allegorical picture of the human condition in the postmodern world. She begins the song with the pained lyrics:

*DJ please  
Pick up your phone  
I'm on the request line  
This is a Missy Elliott one time exclusive*

Elliott implies that she is forced to beg the radio stations for stardom. She is thus commenting on the hegemonic media conglomerates which compel proletarian artists like herself to prostitute their art to survive.

She continues into the short but poignant refrain of the song:

*Is it worth it, let me work it*

In one simple phrase she demonstrates her deep concern with the price people must pay for their happiness in the post-Cold War era. Elliott asks: is it ever, truly, "worth it"?

She addresses a myriad of topics relevant to adolescence and young adulthood in modern America with lyrics fresh as an English meadow yet timelessly wise like a modern Socrates. She is a word-smith unlike any since the Bard himself. Though I cannot begin to describe all the wondrous nuances of her lyrics here, I will give you a sample of the best lyrics from the song and their meanings:

*Call before you come, I need to shave my chocha  
You do or you don't or you will or you won't cha  
Go downtown and eat it like a vulcha*

see **MISSY ELLIOTT** page 9

**The Slant: Vanderbilt's Only Objective News Source**

# Ashcroft To Detain Geese, Ducks

By JEFF WOODHEAD

WASHINGTON, D.C. - Attorney General John Ashcroft revealed his plans today to detain over six thousand ducks and geese residing throughout the country.

"We suspect that geese and ducks are involved in a nefarious terrorist plot to defecate upon the heads of decent American citizens," Ashcroft said at a press briefing. "This constitutes a dire threat to our security and our way of life, and needs to be dealt with seriously."

Ashcroft added that he "did not wish to speculate," but that the ducks and geese "are possibly connected to al-Qaeda, and are possibly taking orders from Osama Bin Laden himself."

The plan to fight back involves capturing and detaining ducks and geese that have suspected connections to the defecation plot in the Guantanamo Bay zoo. Owners and employees of the clothing company Ducks Unlimited will be questioned, along with actor Anthony Edwards, who portrayed the character of Goose in the 1986 movie "Top Gun."

The idea of an invasion of Canada to rid the world of those "confounded" Canadian geese "is being considered."

"We believe that [Canadian Prime Minister] Jean Chrétien is sending his army of geese to undermine American security," said Ashcroft. "That situation must be dealt with as well."

Any citizens who witness a probable defecation are asked to report said defecation to the U.S. Department of Homeland Security for immediate storage in a file, where it will be forgotten for three years and then analyzed.

A duck who was questioned denied alle-

gations of terrorism, simply referring to Ashcroft as a "quack."

Suspicious, however, are not confined to the ducks and the geese. Ashcroft also cites the bald eagle as a potential threat, saying that its "reputation as a bird of prey" is cause for alarm.

"The bald eagle is very likely a threat to American security and to the American way of life, and must be watched with great care," said Ashcroft.

Environmentalists who express concern



Ashcroft makes an example of one evil goose.

Staff Photo

over the government's treatment of endangered species of birds will be rounded up, doused with oil, and burned at the stake.

"We simply cannot have these so-called 'environmentalists' getting in the way of our national security," said Ashcroft.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation is also investigating claims that the dogs of America are involved in a similar terrorist plot. Their plot involves the knocking over of America's trash cans, thus imperiling our ability to dispose of waste properly.

"Man's best friend may not be such a good friend, after all," said FBI director Robert Mueller. ■

# Freshman Discovers He No Longer Needs Inhaler

By MEREDITH GRAY

After walking from his room in Hemingway Hall to his 9 a.m. class in Wilson, freshman Eugene Sanders discovered that he no longer needed his emergency albuterol inhaler. "I stopped right before Wilson, where I usually have to stop to take a puff, but suddenly realized that I didn't need it after all. I've never been able to walk more than 20 feet without it."

After this shocking discovery, Sanders experimented with eliminating other devices and medications that had previously been necessary, such as his dehumidifier, nighttime oxygen tent, SPF 60 sunblock, anti-embolism socks, prescription eczema cream, blood pressure monitor, morning doses of codliver oil and rubber sheets.

"It's a miracle," Sanders said. "To think that I no longer have to be chained to the inventions of science - why, I may never have needed these things at all!"

Vanderbilt physicians claim that Sanders' miraculous recovery is no spontaneous miracle, crediting his improvement to "no longer living under his oppressive and overbearing mother, Barbara Sanders."

Sanders' physicians from his hometown

of Highland Park, IL also agree. "It is alarming that Eugene's mother has gone to such great lengths to keep her son confined within the walls of the illnesses she has imposed upon him. Off the record, you know, she breast-fed him until he was twelve years old."

Sanders' mother has been hostile upon learning of her son's miraculous recovery. "This is complete bullshit," said the elder Sanders. "That boy is sick, you hear me? There's a reason he never went on any field trips, has never been in a swimming pool, has never eaten sugar, and wears an oxygen mask in public. This was all his

father's idea, him going to Vanderbilt - I was going to homeschool him for college! Why if only I could get my hands around Gary's neck, but he's living in Manhattan with that little tramp... if only I wasn't afraid of the airplanes."

Since he is no longer trapped in his third-floor room on weekends, Eugene has

been busily planning his activities. "I'm going to the frats, and I'm going to get so fucking wasted," he exclaimed, "it'll be the first time I will have thrown up without my mom inducing it with syrup of ipecac beforehand. Maybe I'll also find out if there are actually rows of razor sharp teeth on the inside of the vagina." ■

*"Off the record, you know, she breast-fed him until he was twelve years old." -Sanders' physician from home*



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## Olsen Twins



549 days

# Lord of the Rings: The Twin Towers

*A White House Movie Review*

By TIM BOYD

A great darkness threatens Middle America. From the land of Mordor, a force has been unleashed more powerful than has ever before been encountered, and all of humankind's fate hangs in the balance. From the safety of his nuclear bunker, Saddamron, bent on spreading suffering and despair, has amassed a terrifying army equipped with devastating axes of evil ready to be launched against the world, and there is only one who can stop him.

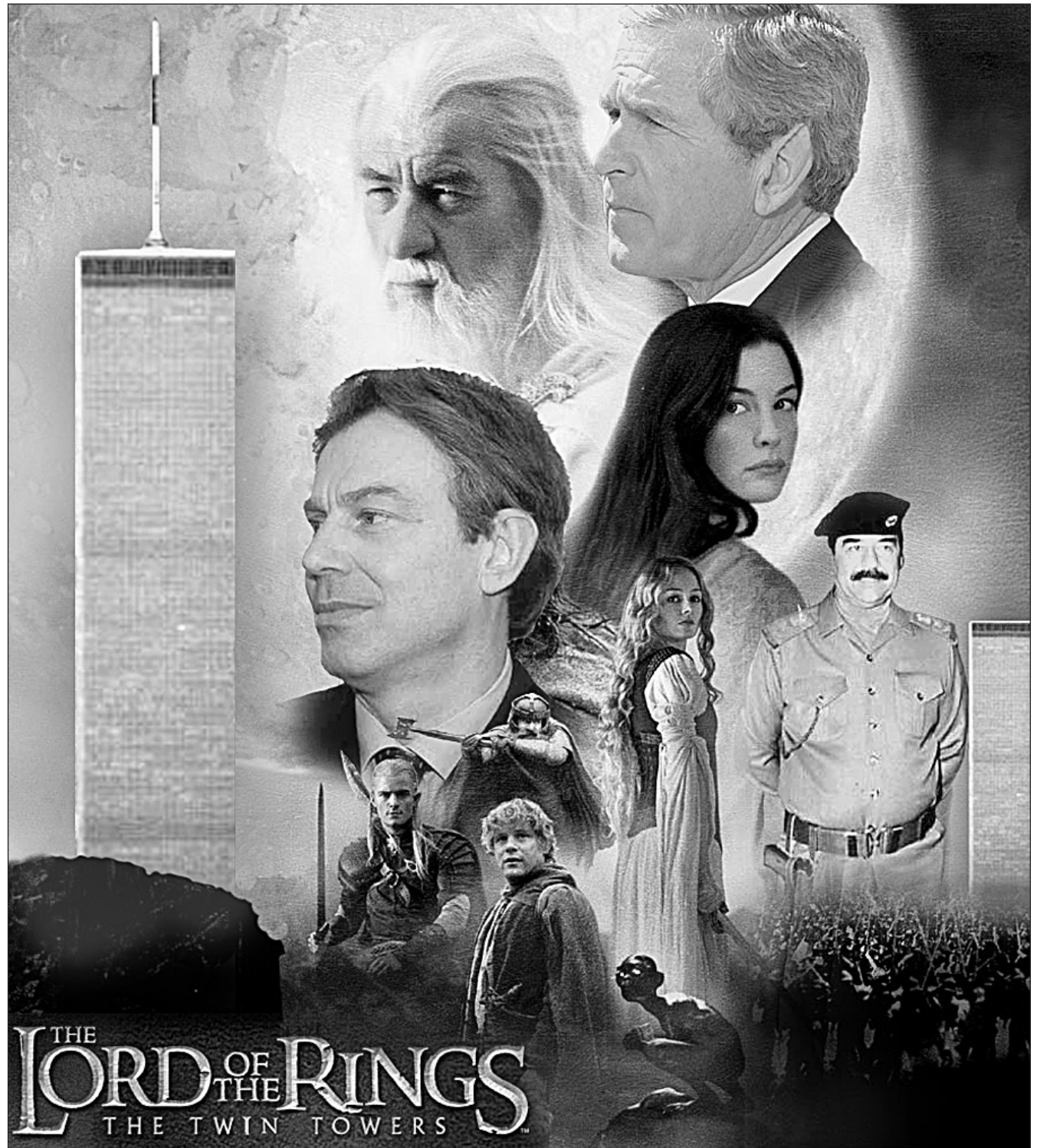
Years ago, it was thought that Saddamron had been defeated by the combined nations of the world in a great battle at Bazra-Dur and the source of his evil destroyed. But now, he threatens to rise again, more powerful than before. The only chance to stop him comes from an unlikely source. Far out to the west, beyond where normal humans travel, lives a small tribe, the Bushits of Texland. Simple folk, they reared cattle and drilled for oil and asked little of the world around them, which in turn asked little of them. But now their hour has come.

The great warrior and explorer, Poppy Baggins, now well into the twilight of his life, fought with the allies at Bazra-Dur, and knows the secret to Saddamron's power – the legendary 'ring of invincibility'. Poppy had found this ring in February 1991 when his approval rating stood at 91%, but its corrupting power had proved too overwhelming, and he had been forced to relinquish it, allowing a little weasel from Arkansas to become President and Saddamron to rise again. Now Poppy has entrusted the ring to his eldest son, Frodubya, and charged him with the task of taking it to Mordor to cast it back into the fires of Mount Doom.

The ring itself was created many years ago during the clash with the Evil Empire, and provides its wearer with great powers. Carved on the inside of the ring are the words "September 11th". Every time Frodubya uses the ring, he becomes untouchable, but this invulnerability comes at a terrible price. Every time the ring is used, the levels of paranoia in Middle America increase, and if the ring is used too often there will soon be barbed wire fences on the Mexican border and compulsory gun ownership for school teachers.

Frodubya's journey would be long and testing. He was accompanied by his friends, Uncle Samwise and two of Poppy's old partners, Dicky and Donny. Having crossed East out of Texland, they made their way to the great City of RivUNDell, where the races of the world were gathered. There, as the nations talked, Frodubya grew concerned that nothing would be done and volunteered to undertake the journey to Mordor personally and "finish what Daddy started".

Inspired by his bravery, others agreed to join him. The great warrior Blairagorn was first to his side. A Dwarf Chieftain and an Elfin Prince quickly volunteered; the dwarf provided courage and strength, while the Elf provided intelligence, cunning and knowledge of other cultures (though he was later fired for being gay).



Together this group of friends set forth on their quest, assisted always by the great wizard Gandacolin, whose wisdom had guided the world through so many wars. Their journey took them through the deserted mines of Moria, the treacherous mountain of Weatherchannel and the great forest of Lothlorien. But now a new danger awaits them. Once the great lord of Orthanc, the wizard Goreaman was a loyal ally, but now he had been tempted by the eye of Saddamron and has presented a second threat to our heroes.

Goreaman has been secretly creating a dangerous army

of un-American soldiers, known as Urak-liberals, who are preparing to join forces with the evil Saddamron and destroy the world, including devastating the precious oil-fields of Texland with environmental regulations. If anyone can stave off the threats of the Tree-Huggers, then surely our heroes' loyal friends, the Entz, will do the job. But will brave Frodubya be able to see off the double threat from Saddamron and Goreaman? The world watches with baited breath. Lord of the Rings, the Twin Towers. In theaters everywhere now. ■

# Americans More Interested In Eating Than Racing

*'Eat For Cure' Set For 2003*

By ROBERT SAUNDERS

WASHINGTON - Facing declining participation and pledges, organizers for the "National Race for the Cure," an event benefitting breast cancer research, have announced plans to change their event from a 5-K run to an all-you-can-eat buffet. The "National Eat for the Cure" program is expected to boost participation by 167% and charitable contributions by over 320%.

"In spite of our best efforts, we are not raising enough money to eradicate breast cancer," said Nancy Brinker, Founding Chair of the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation which sponsors the event. "Our market research suggests people are more interested in eating than in running or even walking."

Billed as the largest 5K race in America, the event has been beset by problems in recent years. In addition to the lower turnouts, down to a low of 58,000 racers, this year's race resulted in seven deaths due to over-exertion.

"We appreciate people making an effort to help women beat back this horrible disease, but it just costs too much

to remove the dead bodies from the course," said Brinker. Added Ann Curry of NBC's Today show, a Komen Foundation board member, "It really kills the whole celebratory spirit, you know?"

Next year's event, scheduled for June 7, will turn the National Mall into the World's Largest Food Court. For \$20, participants will get to sample the finest in Americanized cuisine. Every food imaginable will be available fried, baked, or smoked and coated in delicious sauces from around the world.

People are also encouraged to recruit sponsors, who will pledge a fixed rate per ounce of food or beverage consumed. Booth operators will weigh food and then swipe the person's "scan card"—similar to grocery and convenience store discount cards—to track how much is eaten.

Organizers expect to boost net donations from \$2.5 million to about \$10.5 million. Entry fees alone will come close to current race receipts. If things go as

well as expected, the foundation hopes to hold the event twice a year. "You can't have too much of a good thing," said Ms. Brinker.

Food will be provided by restaurants in the Brinker Industries family of restaurants which include Chili's Bar and Grill and Romano's Macraoni Grill. "We are happy to help fight this horrible disease with our tasty fajitas and pasta dishes," said Norman Brinker, Ms. Brinker's husband and founder of the food service conglomerate. "Can I get you some chips and salsa?"

"We see this as just a terrible marketing ploy to promote food products and corporate sponsors at the expense of the health of Americans who don't have breast cancer," said Dr. Yank D. Coble, Jr., president of the American Medical Association.

The American Public Health Association has criticized the change, arguing

that encouraging an already obese population to eat more is morally reprehensible. "What's next, are they going to recruit bulimics because they can eat more? It's just sick," said Dr. Georges Benjamin, the organization's Executive Director.

Public reaction in the community has been favorable. An ABC News/Washington Post poll suggests 57% of Americans would rather eat themselves into unconsciousness than even think about walking over 3 miles. "I applaud the changes because eating is something I do really well," said couch potato Darvin Alexander. "Also, I hate that whole metric system [thing]."

John Ford, son of a breast cancer survivor, said it makes him uncomfortable, but feels it is the right thing to do. "Breast cancer kills you pretty quick, so they need the money faster. Once they have a cure, they can take a shot at my heart disease and diabetes," said Ford.

Most appreciative though are the survivors themselves. "This is an opportunity for people to help one another," said Meghan Glenn, who is in remission three years. "It's the whole, 'You cure my disease, I'll cure yours'-thing. What could be better for building community spirit?" ■

*"We see this as just a terrible marketing ploy to promote food products and corporate sponsors at the expense of the health of Americans who don't have breast cancer."  
-Dr. Yank D. Coble, Jr.*

## Jacob and Ben: The Don Juans of Vanderbilt

*Adventures in Nerderly*

By JACOB GRIER and BEN STARK

Econ major Jacob and Poli-sci guy Ben meet after a class and have the following actual conversation about their harrowing experiences trying to pick up the same girl, a lovely Computer Science major named Natasha.

**Ben:** So Jacob, how did it go with Natasha last night? She's so hot, I'd love to puncture THAT butterfly ballot!

**Jacob:** I know it man. She has great Laffer curves! I started off cool, straightened my bowtie and pocket protector, and said "Hey baby, I hate to be economically incorrect, but your utility is far from marginal."

**Ben:** Ooh, that's a good one! [writes it down on legal pad]

**Jacob:** Yeah, but she said we just

couldn't compile.

**Ben:** Ooh, shot down! You should have seen me and her during SGA elections. I pointed out the voting booth and said, "Hey baby, how about you and me go in there and get... democratic."

**Jacob:** Dude, I saw you then. She totally blew you off, and not in the good way.

**Ben:** [humiliated] Yeah, you caught me. She wanted a separation of powers. She said something like, "That line may have worked in high school, but the function is deprecated in this version."

**Jacob:** Well don't feel bad, buddy. I think she just has something against witty chaps like us. Even when I pulled out my best line, "What do you say you and I get together and have ourselves a horizontal merger?", she just shot me down. I felt completely downsized.

**Ben:** Ouch, so what did you do?

**Jacob:** In desperation I whipped out my most sexual line: "Girl, when I see you, my demand curve gets perfectly inelastic." But I guess she doesn't score high enough on the Slutsky equation to go for that kind of thing.

**Ben:** I know what you mean. I once asked her to come over to my place and see my minority whip, and she said, "The answer is no."

**Jacob:** So did you give up there?

**Ben:** No, I said "Well that depends on what your definition 'is' is."

**Jacob:** Ah, you learned from the master!

**Ben:** Yesterday I told her she's being unconstitutional.... turning me down is cruel and unusual punishment! But she said she likes the Fourth Amendment better, and I didn't have a warrant for search and seizure. She totally left my chads hanging.

**Jacob:** Great Keynes's ghost, Ben!

Here comes Natasha now.

**Natasha:** Wow, guys... [sarcastically] You're really overclocking the charm here. Good thing I've got proper cooling or else I might be getting all hot and bothered. Anyway, I've come here to ctrl-alt-delete you. You two are BASIC to my Java, we're just not compatible.

**Jacob:** But, but... I could teach you the Wang algorithm.

**Natasha:** [glares] I already know it, and I definitely don't want to inherit your private members. I'm gonna shut down this conversation. [departs]

[a long silence ensues]

**Ben:** So, how about that philosophy major Sharon? They Kant get any hotter than that!

And so it continues...

**Editor's Note:** Jacob – 421-4044, Ben – 421-4944 ■



# The Chancellor's Guide to Curious Cultural Customs

By CHANCELLOR GEE

In order to make sure that all different types of people feel happy here on our diversity-filled campus, I've decided to explain all those strange "Alternative Christmas" things that they celebrate. You know the ones. I'm sure you've all wondered, "What is Ramadan?" "Why do we only get one day of presents but Jewish kids get a whole week?" "Why are there two 'a's at the end of Kwanzaa? Wouldn't it sound the same way with only one?"

In order to find out about Ramadan, I talked to a real Muslim lady, with the head thing and everything! Come to find out, Ramadan isn't really like a fake Christmas or anything. In fact, it sort of seems like the opposite of Thanksgiving - you have to fast (which I found out means you can't eat anything... not even a delicious turkey dinner)!

But don't worry, it's not all the time for the whole month, just during the daylight hours. While the sun's out Muslim people are required to refrain from eating, drinking, blowing things up, and making whoopie. As soon as it's nighttime, though, whew! Those Muslims sure know how to party! Hurrah for Muslim party time! I like Ramadan, all except the fasting part, which seems just too darn hard, and I'm too darn hungry. Oh, well. On to Hannukah.

You can spell Hannukah like this: HANNUKAH or you can spell it like this: CHANNUKAH, but you still say it the same way and pretend like you can't see the letter "C." Anyways, the story behind it takes place a really really long time ago, even before Jesus. (oops! I didn't mean to say Jesus. Sorry, my Jewish friends.) These evil, uncircumcised bad guys invaded the land of the nice Jewish people, and they just did all sorts of mean, sacrilegious things to the poor Jewish people's temple, like stealing money, insulting Barbra Streisand, and sacrificing pigs there, and we all know Jewish people don't eat pigs (or wait, is it cows they don't eat? Or goats? I never can remember).

So all the good, nice Jewish people had to go hide in the mountains, but at night they would stage commando raids on the bad guys, just like in video games (Hurrah for Jewish commando raiders)! Finally, all the mean bad guys left, and the Jewish people were really sad to see all the un-Jewish graffiti and blatant non-Jewishism that had taken place in their special temple. They wanted to light this special candle, and keep it lit for a long time (like forty days and forty nights, or something), because that was some sort of important-type thing to them, but they only had enough oil to burn it for one night, and it would take eight days to go to the kosher grocery store and get more oil. But lo and behold... it stayed lit for eight whole days! Hurrah for kosher oil!

So Jewish people light lots of candles and get together and say things like "Oy vey," and "mazel tov," and other words that non-Jewish people aren't allowed to know because it's the top-secret Jewish code language. And although it would be easy to get jealous of Jewish kids because they get so many days of presents, I say let 'em have it, they had to put up with a lot of un-fun stuff, they deserve lots of presents.

You know what? Kwanzaa isn't a Christmas alternative, either, it's sort of a bonus. The Kwanzaa folks can celebrate Christmas, too, if they want to. (And who wouldn't? Except the Jewish people because they already have enough presents.) So there isn't a cool commando story behind Kwanzaa, just some guy made it up in 1966, but back then the black people had to put up with a lot of un-fun stuff, so it's okay if they don't have a neat story for their holiday.

Basically, there are seven principles of Kwanzaa, which I have forgotten, but they're nice things. Some of them are like, being nice to people, forming a community, being creative, and wearing lots of bright colors so that everyone knows it's Kwanzaa time. And they have a big feast (like Thanksgiving but not) called Karamu, where they light seven candles (not nine candles

like the Jewish people, don't get that confused, it makes them mad. I know!) and eat lots of soul food and think about their heritage. Pretty nifty. In honor of Kwanzaa, you can eat lots of food every night at Rand. Aren't we culturally diverse?

Oh yes, the party thing is on New Year's Eve, but it's a complete coincidence, because if they'd known it was Kwanzaa day when they were making that the last day of the year, they would have just waited another day and let the black people have the holiday all to themselves, and changed the year over later or something. Oh, well.

In case you might not know why we celebrate the real Christmas, it's because there was this baby born in a barn (which is sort of like a garage for horses, except there

are cows and sheep and other smelly animals in there), and he turned out to be the Son of God. Lots of diverse people were curious and went to see him. I don't remember all of them, but I think there were three smart Muslims who tried to come, although how smart can you be if you think a baby's going to like frankincense? Anyhoo, this one young lad who was there at the stable turned into Santa Claus and he moved to the North Pole and now he's immortal and gives me presents on Christmas morning! Hurrah for immortals!

Whew. That's all of the ones that I know, but if you find out any other sorts of holidays, let me know. I'm always up for a party! ■

## MISSY ELLIOTT from page 5

Here the focus is on dignity. Elliott depicts the modern dilemma of being forced to peddle one's dignity in order to achieve personal goals. "Shaving her chocha" is a metaphor for shearing her dignity. The vulcha in question is her fan base, with whose insatiable appetite she must contend while she is "downtown."

*Ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta  
Sex me so good I say blah blah blah*

The seemingly meaningless syllables here, used masterfully by Elliott, are actually some of the most meaningful lyrics in the song. By repeating the word "ta" and then using the phrase "blah blah blah," Elliott is telling us that sexuality is becoming overused, and indeed routine. If "blah blah blah" is all you can say after sex, Missy asks, what kind of world have we created for ourselves?

*If you're a fly gal, then get your nails done  
Get a pedicure, get your hair did*

Elliott's strong literary background shines through here. The fly is an obvious reference to Franz Kafka's "The Metamorphosis." Just as Kafka's hero transforms into an insect, Missy describes the transformation of Western notions of beauty through artificial maintenance.

*Boy lift it up, let's make a toasta  
Let's get drunk, it's gonna bring us cloasa  
Don't I look like a Halle Berry postea?*

American society places too high a pri-

ority upon alcohol and beauty, according to Elliott. She decries the use of unrealistic pictures of beauty, plaintively requesting that someone give her the uber-polished look of a movie star. She is forced to find refuge in drink. The toaster is a reference to the under-respected institution of marriage, as toasters are frequently given as wedding gifts.

*Why you act dumb like uh-hh, duh  
So you act dumb like uh-hh, duh  
And the drummer boy go pa rum pum pum pum  
Give ya some some, some of this Cinnabon*

The drummer boy is a reference to the over-commercialization of Christmas, linking the imagery of the drummer boy to the fast-food chain Cinnabon. She forces us to consider that the baby Jesus's manger did not have a food court. Indeed, she thinks that commercializing religion is so stupid that she is compelled to use the phrase "uh-hh, duh" to describe it. The use of Cinnabon also alludes to Missy's inner sweetness, which at last shines through the hard façade of cynicism that she has worn throughout the song.

Elliott has created a masterpiece, weaving together threads of religion, sexuality, and self-image into a touching yet pointed analysis of life and love in the twenty-first century. She has followed her own advice by putting her thing down, flipping it, and reversing it. I highly recommend listening to this song yourself if you haven't already, for it is truly a life-altering experience. ■

## Bastard Confession

I let the dogs out! Yes, it was me! I did it, and I won't apologize. I alone perpetrated this heinous crime. For far too long now, the world has wondered who is responsible, searching for a scapegoat on which to blame their problems. Fans of sports teams with and without canine mascots have avidly sought the answer. Pop music lovers have searched desperately for the culprit. And I have eluded them all, sitting comfortably in my lair, laughing maniacally, while contemplating my next egregious crime against humanity!

Mwuahahaha!

# Rob Hilton's Sex-tacular Sex-travaganza About Sex

## Masturbate Lately?

Alright, so what's all this I hear about how women don't masturbate? Are you ladies serious? I mean, Christ, what do you do for fun? A friend of mine told me that she has never masturbated. Ever! Oh my God! What a basket case I would be! For me, the best way to spell stress relief is J-E-R-K-O-F-F. Do you know how insane every man on this planet would be if we didn't allow for a little "me time?" Just look at the Catholic Church.

The fact that a lot of women don't do this helps to clarify why women are so nuts. This whole anti-masturbation thing is exactly what proliferates The View, Oprah, and the Lifetime channel. Another friend of mine told me that it's not arousing to masturbate because she needs to be in the mood to have any fun. Well let me tell you something, there is no such thing as mood when it comes to beating off. I could squeeze one out in the middle of West End Avenue standing in heavy traffic.

Look, if any of you women are uncomfortable and have difficulty getting into a masturbating mood, get some help. Just find one of your girlfriends with a similar problem, and maybe try things out on each other. Try setting up a video camera, you know, to help you see what works. If you need someone to be the camera man, just give me a call.

## Thinking With Your Head

Have you ever heard the saying "Head has no face?" You know, if a girl goes down on you, then it doesn't matter what she looks like. Well that's just a big lie. Because when she's done, and she wants to cuddle, then "Head" has a face. A big fat ugly face. And all I want to do is go home and blind myself with pepper spray.

If you're really unlucky, maybe she'll want to make out. And after filling her up with your special sauce, anything less than a fire hose is not going to be enough to clean her off. Now even if "Head" doesn't have a

face, it has a telephone - a telephone that "Head" will call you with; regardless of whether or not you gave her your number.

And the worst part is, "Head" has friends - most likely a few hot friends. All of a sudden, "Head has no face" has become "No hot girl will ever talk to your sorry ass." And all you've got to show for it is a semester of free weekends and a burning sensation when you pee.

## Handjobs Blow

Can we please talk about handjobs? Girls think they're ridiculous, and so do I. Now I know that kind of stuff was considered a homerun in middle school, but come on! We're in COLLEGE now! Who are the assholes who keep asking for them?

If a girl asks me if I want one, I tell her hell no! I mean, I'm better at it; I do it all the time. Let me do it when I've got free time on my hands.

And don't be sad that you can't do it as well as I can. If I could suck my own dick, I'd be better at that, too.

So, instead, I have to sit through the most excruciating Indian burn I've ever had. Girls just don't get that my penis is not a half empty tube of toothpaste. You aren't pumping up a soccer ball. Seriously ladies, the next time you think you'll do him a favor by taking the "pants prisoner" out for some manual labor, you're wrong. In the end, all he gets is a pair of boxers full of pain.

## Sophomores

### Society's Answer To The Sexually Desperate

Are you a sexually frustrated freshman? Haven't gotten any since you left your high school sweetheart with hopes of bountiful promiscuous Vandygirls lining up to get it on? Do you go to frat parties with a cute girl on your arm only to have an upperclassman sideswipe you, leaving you to talk to your half filled Beast Light?

*There is a solution to your problem: sophomores.*

Let me back up and explain the situa-

tion. You, a young frosh guy, along with your sexually depraved classmates, can't get some. All the little freshmen are nowhere to be found (Chaffin 312, Lewis 708, Morgan 809, my room). It's a troubling predicament, I know. And I hate to say this, but there's something you need to understand: they're gone. Your freshmen girls are all fucking gone (or gone fucking, depending on the girl). You have two options:

**Option One:** Drink until every ugly girl looks surprisingly similar to Jennifer Love Hewitt. Just keep shotgunning Busch Light and shooting tequila to the point that her heavy beard and body building figure don't bother you.

This solution, though incredibly popular, is ultimately problematic. It requires intensive drinking sessions and severe lowering of "standards." By standards I mean, well, let's be serious, you

freshmen don't have any standards by now. We're in December - your standards are as low as the temperature.

Eventually, with Option 1, you devolve into an overweight, useless waste of space who can't tell the difference between his dick and a keg tap. But enough about fraternity brothers.

**Option Two is much more effective and far less difficult to explain to your friends.**

The key is to stop thinking that hooking up with freshmen girls is a reality. It won't do you any good to sit around waiting for them to realize what a wonderful personality or sense of humor you have. For those girls, fucking you is about as appealing as breast cancer. If they hook up with you, they might as well tie their social lives to a cinder-block and throw them down a well.

So if you're not doing freshmen, where do you go? You get the next best thing: Sophomores. That's right. While all the pretty, innocent fresh-girls are getting picked up left and right, the sophomore girls have been left on the frat house floor, scrounging for half empty Natty Light cans. They're lucky

if an older brother even bothers to slip a roofie in their drink. It's like Hugh Hefner's wives: age one year past eighteen and you're done.

The rationale is as follows. Freshman girls become accustomed to tons of attention. For some upperclassmen, The Newcomer is better bathroom material than Playboy (even the one with Brooke Burke). But when the year is over, and a new rush of dumber blondes show up with fewer morals and thinner figures, nobody gives a rat's ass about the freshmen of yesteryear. The sophomores are like a used condom, no longer having their initial charm nor the original elasticity.

But sophomores need love, too. They are women like all the others, they're just not that interesting anymore. And you don't have much of a chance with anything but sophomores. All the seniors are either in serious relationships, lesbians, or women's studies majors. The juniors are too busy panicking about grades and whether or not they got pregnant last year to bother with you. And the freshmen, as I've explained, are naked in your RA's room.

If your concern is that you can't find a sophomore girl who wants some, I have one word for you: Peabody. You want to find a girl who is in desperate need of a good shag, spend about five minutes standing outside North Hall. If you're even half a man, you'll get mauled so quickly your penis won't be able to keep up with your ego.

It's a wonderful system. I bet you that after a month, you'll double your success percentage. Instead of persistently wearing down one or two poor freshmen, you could be enjoying twice as many well worn sophomores!

I know that all of you freshmen are dying to go out and find a frosh girlfriend, but just think before you do it. Sophomores simply make sense. Plus, if you're going to chase girls, you might as well chase the ones who need the exercise.

If you shoot for sophomores, you have a chance with a cute one. If you keep going after the freshmen, you will inevitably end up with night after night of hookup stories that become harder and harder to explain to your roommate. I mean, come on! This is college! This is supposed to be the time of your life. Not those four years you spent funneling Jagermeister just because I didn't want to be ashamed of bumping uglies with the nasty girl I met at Liquid Lounge. God, what was I thinking... ■



Rob Hilton

for Student Election... Up Site List...  
 Will Enough To Paper May... Having...  
 Completely Different - White...  
 Other... - This...  
 Harvard Admits...  
 Was An Elect...  
**Reach  
 4000 Readers  
 Every Issue**

# WIN A \$300 GIFT CERTIFICATE TO TOWER RECORDS

Courtesy of Jimmy B and the Fortune 500, Mariner Records, and Vanderbilt Music Society.

## How To Win

1. Go to [www.vanderbiltmusicsociety.com](http://www.vanderbiltmusicsociety.com) and listen to any of the mp3s from Jimmy B and the Fortune 500's upcoming debut EP "One Day Soon", to be released on January 28, 2003 by Mariner Records.
2. Email a short critique or comment on any downloaded song to the band's email, [jbf500@hotmail.com](mailto:jbf500@hotmail.com). Include your name and phone number in the email(s).
3. You will be entered in a drawing for a \$300 gift certificate to Tower Records per email. You can enter up to 7 times by listening to all 7 songs available on the webpage and sending a SHORT response for each to the above email address.

Drawing will occur on Sunday, December 15, at 6 pm. Winner will be notified immediately and will be brought the \$300 gift certificate that night.

For any questions or for further details, contact Bradley Metrock at [james.b.metrock@vanderbilt.edu](mailto:james.b.metrock@vanderbilt.edu).

Also check out the band at its upcoming showcase, sponsored by Sensored and Turtle's Music, at Slowbar (in East Nashville) on Tuesday, December 17, at 11 pm!

*Jimmy B and the Fortune 500*

Jimmy B and the Fortune 500

Mariner Records



Note: Contest is open to all Vanderbilt undergraduate students, graduate students, faculty, and administration. All comments become property of Mariner Records.

**Dear Consumer #2285203229****The future of intellectual property law in America**

Dear Consumer #2285203229,

Your action of refusing to purchase the newest Sony produced album, "Backstreet Boys Are Back Again 5," is in violation of the Consumer Copyright Abuse Prevention and Corporate Welfare Law of 2015. In accordance with this law, a fine of \$25.95 will automatically be deducted from your national credit card if you have not purchased this CD within 7 days of the date of this letter to offset the losses of your illegal pirating of this CD.

Sony takes non-compliance of purchasing music you have probably pirated very seriously and will prosecute you to the fullest extent of the Mandatory Consumer Credit Card Law of 2009 if you fail to have a credit card which can be charged the full amount.

We are but a humble \$95 billion media company and cannot afford to have rogue consumers such as yourself not doing your civic duty and buying our products. We hope this acts as your wake up call and will furthermore remind you of your duty to purchase the upcoming "Britney Spears and N'Sync Reunion Christmas Special" CD, which will be released next month.

Best,  
Lawyer #5498481  
Sony Consumer Enforcement Division

**Ask Mr. Manners Person**

**Dear Mr. Manners Person,**  
Can I use the word "cock" in public?  
**Curious in Cole**

**Dear Curious,**  
Not usually. The word "cock" is impolite unless used in reference to a rooster. For example, "Farmer Jenkins was embarrassed at the poultry show when he found out Farmer Stevens had a bigger cock." The word "cocksucker" is impolite unless used in an *Orbis* article.  
**Mr. Manners Person**

**Dear Hotty Manners Guy,**  
Me and my girlfriends are, like, totally having this, like, totally huge debate. Is it okay for the girl to pull the guy's pants off first, or should she wait for him to whip it out?  
**Slutty in Stapleton**

**Dear Miss Slutty,**  
Clearly, you have only encountered an inferior quality of man. Any man who would just "whip it out", as you so succinctly put it, does not have any grasp of the proper way to treat women. A man should treat a woman with respect. He should open doors for her, modestly hold her hand, compliment her on her dress, and THEN "whip it out." I'll pick you up at 7:00.  
**Mr. Manners Person**

**Dear Mr. Manners Person,**  
Some goddamned cocksucking asshole who I like to refer to as "Dad" told me that I shouldn't ever say shit like "fuck" because it will offend people. Do you have any idea what the bastard is talking about?  
**Profane in Peabody**

**Dear Profane,**  
I'm afraid "Dad" is right. The word "fuck" is a bad word. One should not use the word "fuck" in polite company. Furthermore, one should not repeat the word "fuck" over and over again in order to annoy people who are offended at the word "fuck" as follows: "fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck." So don't do that.  
**Mr. Manners Person**

**Dear Manners Man,**  
I have a problem. I cheated on my fifteen-year-old girlfriend after I got her pregnant, and then I murdered my little mistress so she wouldn't tell anyone about my promis-

uous behavior. What I'm wondering is, do I put the fork on the right or on the left? Table setting always messes me up.  
**Criminal in Curry**

**Dear Criminal,**  
The proper manners for your current situation are to hold the fork with your right hand, meekly eat your meal, and try not to make eye contact with the burly man from the jail cell next to yours who likes to call you "sugar cake."  
**Mr. Manners Person.**

**Dear Captain Etiquette,**  
What is the proper way to address a professor who has just insulted your intelligence and given you a C? Is it "ass fuck" or "you vaginal blood fart piece of shit motherfucker"?  
**Livid in Lewis**

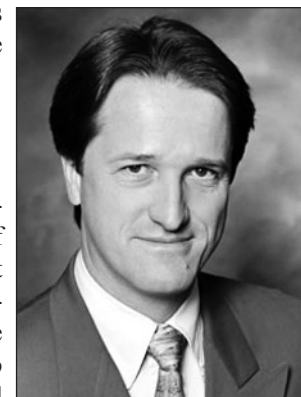
**Dear Livid,**  
It's "you vaginal blood fart piece of shit motherfucker"...but that's not the point! Decorum requires that you not engage your professor in a base exchange of profanity. That is merely a childish and immature attempt at revenge.

In your current emotional state, you can't think straight. Wait for a few days and you'll see my point. Only after you simmer down a bit can you calmly and malevolently plot the total destruction of everything your professor holds dear. Start with his puppies.  
**Mr. Manners Person**

**Dear Un-creative Creep,**  
Hey! You stole the idea for this column from my "Mr. Language Person" columns! You just added more profanity!  
**Dave Barry**

**Dear Mr. Barry,**  
There is nothing more rude than somebody claiming "ownership" of ideas. That's like Hugh Hefner bursting in while I'm mid-coitus with Slutty in Stapleton brandishing a cease-and-decist order because nobody ever thought of having sex with women before Playboy.  
**Mr. Manners Person**

*Ask Mister Manners Person is a nationally syndicated advice column appearing in over 1000 publications in North America. To ask The Doctor questions, email him at manners@theslant.net.*

**Mr. Manners Person**

# GRAND CANYON BACKPACKING TRIP

**Outdoor Rec Center****343-8182****Mar. 1 - 9, Spring Break.****Total Cost: \$785**

**Cost includes transportation (plane, chartered bus), group equipment, in-camp food, hotel on 3/1 and 3/8, permits and fees.**

**Cost does not include: Personal equipment**

# Outdoor Rec Center