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Top Story

## French Suck At Procreating



*Study finds that gettin' laid doesn't always lead to givin' birth*

The study went on to claim that U. S. teens use contraceptives far less often than their foreign counterparts, but this "fact" merely clouds the underlying issue that must be addressed. Poised on the edge of many a sex-report-reading European's mind is a simple question: where is all that French sperm actually GOING, anyway?

Full Text »

Poll

Do you think you are going to do well on your finals?

- Yes, my books are my only friends.
- No, except philosophy. I party therefore I am.
- Maybe, but seating position will be crucial.
- Depends on whether the teacher's payoff is low enough.
- Finals? D'oh!

Lead Story

Lead Story

## Redneck Fabulous

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## Fighting Terrorism Tooth And Nail

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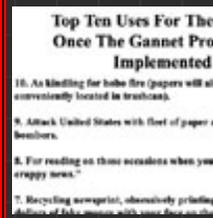


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## Next on ABC: The Pond Life Bowl

Aquatic Creatures Dominate College Football

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By Jeff Woodhead  
All-Star Alumni

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**December 05, 2001**

Question: What do alligators, ducks, beavers, and terrapin turtles have in common?

Answer: They all will have major college football bowl berths this year.

You read right. The college football scene is being taken over, slowly but surely, by pond life. I'm half expecting, next year, to see a bowl game being played between the Catfish and the Pond Scum. I'm picking the Pond Scum to win, 17-10.

So what can we expect out of these teams which have made quite the, ahem, splash in college football this year? Well, let's look at them team by team.

First, there are the Oregon State Beavers. If there's one thing I've learned from watching football, it's to beware of players with big buck teeth. And what does the coach say when he's mad? "Dam it?"

And how about the Florida Gators? Of all the pond-life teams, I suppose they're the most fearsome. However, I just can't take seriously a team

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whose fans aren't allowed to bend their elbows while clapping.

Then there are the Maryland Terrapins. Sign that the apocalypse is upon us: Maryland wins the Atlantic Coast Conference in football. Maybe they had the basketball team out there or something. Now unless I am mistaken, football is a game where speed is somewhat important. In that case, is it really intelligent to have the slowest animal imaginable as your mascot? What's next, the Vanderbilt Three-Toed Sloths?

I got the greatest shirt out of this, though. It's red, and it says "Fear the Turtle." You can't get any cooler than that.

Finally, we have the Oregon Ducks. One has to wonder what makes them so good. Who is their coach, Emilio Estevez? The truly sad part is that they have to play the Beavers once a year. Ducks and Beavers. Change one letter and you have a porn movie.

And lest you think that the pond mentality is limited to the non-championship crowd, remember that the #1 team in the nation is the Miami Hurricanes. And really, what is a hurricane but a flying, rotating, falling, and extraordinarily windy pond?

So tune in on New Years' Day for this edition of the Pond Life Bowl. It will be followed immediately by University of California - Berkeley and Columbia facing off in the Marijuana Bowl.



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## Honor Among Slackers

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## I Love You, Margie

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By Dave Biller  
Editor and  
Writer

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December 05, 2001

Does anybody else have the unmistakable urge to sit atop the lap of the statue of Margaret Branscomb under the Magnolia tree in the center of campus, just whispering sweet-nothings into her ear and letting her cradle you through the night until the sun comes up? Hmm...maybe that's kinda weird...

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## Bushy Tails, Poopy Trails

Pinkish Fetish

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# VUPD Reminds You To Check Your Testicles For Cancer



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December 05, 2001

Vandyland, USA – Breaking nuts, breaking nuts! Oooooohhhh...I mean, breaking news, breaking news! It just so happened that, this morning around 5:45 am, while Special Assistant to the Vice Chancellor Dowdy was taking his usual stroll up to his office in Sarratt after one hour of sleep, that instead of the sun, up came a strange pink silhouette of a feminist slut over the shingles and shafts of Sarratt. "It lit up the whole sky, and then it came down and beckoned me to come with it into the Beta house to stir up some [Special Assistant to the Vice Chancellor Dowdy swallows nervously as he begins to sweat]... fun. It floated right through the wall after enjoying a little cha-cha on the rainbow dance floor outside, and I was clueless. I mean, this...thing just came out of nowhere. I was concerned even more about the sun, though, instead of the Beta members in the house. So I proceeded to run up the stairs, but I slipped and fell on some, uh...[Special Assistant to the Vice Chancellor Dowdy asks that *The Slant* modify his quotation] squirrel [poo-poo]. And I was so pissed because I had slipped on this squirrel [poo-poo], because I had to run back to my house and change." Dowdy added, "And now at least I can see why Chancellor Gee keeps so many ties in his wardrobe! You just never know where the next pile of squirrel [poo-poo] is going to be lying around."

Dowdy then made a rather blatant remark about some campus

groundskeepers that the Slant wishes not to disclose. Fortunately, it was reported that only a few of the ladies up in Cole Hall witnessed these events from their dorm windows, but before long the entire dormitory was enchantedly and excitedly awakened. And men, you've gotta give the ladies in Cole some credit. Nowhere else on campus could gossip travel so quickly. Had any of the guys on Dyer 3 seen this sort of event, there might have been some intermittent hee-haws, but soon enough you could bet they'd all be fast asleep once again.

When asked why he decided to run back and change clothes for his own good (though it was already too late as far as the ladies of Cole were concerned), Special Assistant to the Vice Chancellor Dowdy matter-of-factly replied, "Oh? The Betas? You think I was actually gonna worry about them? Nah. They're modest guys. I don't think any other frat could have managed one female as well as they could have, particularly Colin, since everyone knows he can't get none, anyway. On the other hand, for a place like ZBT or Kappa Alpha, had that...pink thing floated its way in there, I think there would have had to be all sorts of worry about what those guys would have done to each other. But Betas? Nah. I was sure they'd know how to share."

Did they? I guess it'll be a while before the evidence comes out and the truth is borne into the world, but for now, our story must focus on...the pink thing. Some witnesses claim that they thought the pink feminist slut figure had swallowed the sun, because there seemed to be a golden light that emanated from within it. Others said that they felt an especial heaviness upon themselves in getting out of bed and going to their classes that day, particularly due to the remark that, "I dunno, man, but somethin' around here just smells like @\$%!"

Still other witnesses like John Myrick on Lupton 5 have rather personal information about their encountering with this apparent figurine of female majesty. "I just finished typin' up my philosophy paper and was about to take a twenty-minute nap before I started on my chemistry, but right when I lied down next to Evan [a close friend of John's – too close, in fact, some might say] on my bed, I saw this huge pink light come through my windows, and it just filled the entire room. I was overcome with...this...strange sense of an evil presence. The weird thing was, Josh [John's...'other' roommate – not bedmate, though], who had just gone to bed around 4 o'clock that morning after he got back from his hockey game, sprang out of bed and told us to leave the room immediately while he took care of this. And he usually sleeps through all his classes and doesn't get up till 3 in the afternoon. But for some reason, he just shot outta bed wide awake and orders me and Evan to leave the room. I didn't know what was goin' on, so I just figured it was some kinda practical joke the other hockey guys were playin' on him and me and Evan shouldn't be part of it. Well, I mean, you know how those hockey players are. They're really serious when it comes to messing with their sticks. So I drag Evan out with me – I think he had one too many cocktails again over at Chi Omega – and the door slams shut behind us. Then I'm just standin' there in the middle of the hallway. I barely had time to throw on my robe, and I was forced to just wrap up poor Evan in my bedsheets, and then I here these really, really...umn...like, passionate sounds coming from my room, and somebody just screamed from inside. Oh, well. Like I said, man, you know hockey players. They definitely don't call 'em players for nothin'."

Indeed, John, indeed. Then he added, "And then, I dunno why exactly, but Kyle [from Lupton 7] suddenly burst in from the stairwell and shouts, 'Rachel, Rachel! Oh, God, not Rachel! #\*%&! Raaacheeeeeee!!!!!! Noooooo! I'm not finished with you yet! You left the pills in the room! &^@#!!!' So then he starts just whompin' on my door, but it wouldn't

budge, and then he just ran down the hall the other way and I think into the study lounge...but then I just heard this really loud 'Aaaahhhh!' and then a thud, and everything got quiet again." Ahh, yes, my friends, it's ordeals of this nature that make you proud to be a member of Shane's little Kissam family.

What seemed really strange about this particular incident, however, is the fact that everyone, even the VUPD coincidentally had a wealth of trouble responding to this matter. After suffering a broken ankle due to Evan's passing out and toppling down on him, John had to carry him down the rest of the stairs since Evan was still apparently hungover and the elevators, being surfed again by "Luke," were consequently out of commission. Even John's manic screams and squeals, however, couldn't awaken the napping reeve down at the Branscomb desk, so John was still forced to act all on his own but managed nonetheless to call over VUPD.

Still very early in the morning around sunrise, John commented, "I was still really tired, so I just decided to take a seat in the lobby and wait for EMS to arrive. And a couple minutes later, they finally got here with VUPD, but it was weird 'cause they didn't do anything. I mean, the EMS guys ran straight through the lobby, and the cops ran toward Lupton. It was like I was invisible or somethin'. So I'm waitin' there for like half an hour thinkin', 'Ah, they got it handled. Whatever it is, they took care of it. But what's takin' 'em so long? I hope Josh is all right.' So I pull myself up and start to hobble over to the elevators figuring that I pry shouldn't try going back up there, but at the same time, I just wanted to see what was goin' on, and man, when I got to those elevators, what I saw was the absolute most appalling, angering, thing you could imagine!"

(This story to be continued next issue! So what DID John find at the elevator shafts that was so gross and horrifying? Keep up with *The Slant's* next issue to discover the shocking truth!)



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## Brad's Column

Coffee and worthless people

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By Brad Ploeger  
All-Star Alumni

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December 05, 2001

People close to me know I like to drink coffee. Who cares that it is eating my kidneys alive? Damn you, Polycystic Kidney Disease! But coffee is the fluid that makes me work. I have a friend who is an EMT; he likes to say, "Blood goes round and round. Air goes in and out. Variations are bad." I would have to add, "Coffee goes in." Cars require gasoline - I require coffee. I love to go to a Starbucks and get an overpriced grande mocha or other espresso-based cup-o-joy.

While I am not going to rant about the pricing of coffee (if I didn't like the prices I wouldn't be a customer), I am going to rant about two kinds of people. The first kind of people are the ones that are not sure what they want an have to ask the poor employee what is in every product and then have them repeat the descriptions. I mean come on and shit or get off the pot. Know what you want or get out of my way. I have not had the day from hell to wait as you try to bumble your way through the simple process of ordering a cup of coffee. Also if you can't figure out Tall, Grande or Venti, you need to go find a hole and die. The second kind of person is the one that has their coffee beverage 'customized' beyond recognition. If you ever order a "tall-decaf-no-whip-soy-extra-hot-white-chocolate mocha" in my presence, may God keep me from beating you vigorously upside the head and ears. That leads me to my next rant: Decaf

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Coffee.

Decaf coffee. What could be more stupid? Heck, coffee is slowly eating holes in my kidneys and I enjoy it more than an addict would enjoy a hit during detox. I think sometimes I get the shakes if I don't get my daily fix. Why the heck would you want to drink decaf? That's like breathing air without oxygen; it just defeats the purpose. Some people may think I'm high strung...but I just have my opinions.

I guess my big thing in life is that I cannot stand worthless people. Worthless people are exactly that: worthless. If you are worthless I have no use for you. To me, you are little more than a waste of space that makes the government increase my marginal tax rate. While I do regard you as a human being and afford you all the rights and privileges associated with members of that species, just regard your worthless classification as warning to stay away from me. And when I mean worthless I mean it in the pitiful local government bureaucrat kind of way. My friendship is afforded to those who earn it by being competent. If you are good at what you do and are intelligent then you can be my friend. Otherwise you are a waste of time.

I got Sociology to read. Until next time...



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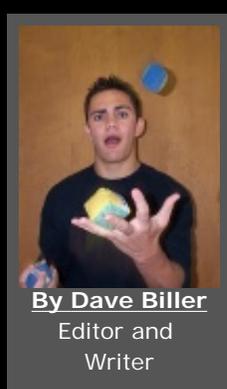
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## The 10 Best Pick-up Lines... Ever

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By Dave Biller  
Editor and  
Writer



...because we can

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December 05, 2001

Over Thanksgiving Break I visited New York City and, while walking the streets of Times Square, I saw a man selling a pamphlet of pick-up lines for \$1. I chose to buy this pamphlet, and it was the best dollar I've ever spent. Here, I give to you free of charge, the abridged version of that pamphlet including arguably the ten best pick up lines...ever.

- 10. Girl, my juice is like M&M's, it melts in your mouth and not in your hands.
- 9. Hey sweet thang, is that your ass or does your back have the mumps?
- 8. Excuse me miss, can I have the number to your ass so I can make a booty call?
- 7. Girl, you're the second most beautiful woman in the world...next to my mother. (Awwwww.....)
- 6. Excuse me, miss, I'm taking a survey. Do you breast-feed? (No) Well, would you like me to help you start?

5. Baby, your ass is so big, when you walk, it looks like your ankles are going to break. (is that even a compliment??)

4. Girl, give me your number or I'll kill myself.

3. Hey baby, do you remember the beer commercial where the guy said, "This Bud's for you"? Well, see this bulge in my pants? This bulge's for you!

2. "Can the three of us get together this weekend?" ("Who?") "You, me, and my penis!"

And finally, the best damn pick-up line in the world:

1. Girl, you're so fine, I'd suck a fart out of your ass.

God bless America: a land in which you can make a living with merely a bad idea and a copy machine



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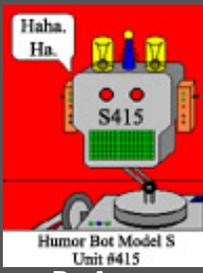


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## French Suck At Procreating

Study finds that gettin' laid doesn't always lead to givin' birth

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By [Amy Hawkins](#)  
Writer

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**December 05, 2001**

According to a study released Thursday by the Alan Guttmacher Institute, the United States teen birth rate is steadily dropping, but still continues to be over four times the rate of France and Spain, two European nations also included in the study. According to the report, the percentage of teens who get action ("sexually active" for public health nuts) is roughly the same in in each of the nations -- around sixty percent.

The study went on to claim that U.S. teens use contraceptives far less often than their foreign counterparts, but this "fact" merely clouds the underlying issue that must be addressed. Poised on the edge of many a sex-report-reading European's mind is a simple question: where is all that French sperm actually GOING, anyway?

On this side of the Atlantic, we wonder about the possiblity of European social habits having a negative effect on their fertility: sporting berets and tight pants, chasing bulls, only showering once a week, and ladies possessing a great excess of body hair.

Whitey McWhiterson, an expert on ethnography, "saluted" the discrepancy as a triumph of the American spirit. "Our sperm is more highly evolved than European sissy sperm," he stated. "It is the genetic destiny of

Americans to 'breed out' the foreigners and control the world, so natural selection dictates that our mighty sperm would fertilize eggs more readily... FOR GREAT JUSTICE"

He has no comment about the fact that "saluted" is in quotations in the previous paragraph, and denies all claims to the notion that he was rudely introduced to his own sexuality while reading Darwin in his early teens.

On inquiring with an actual American teen, a sociology major from an American college which will not be named, but whose initials are U.V.A., said, "There seems to be a lot of social stigma in our country towards people who ride mopeds. I personally believe that this deeply entrenched cultural meaning has its source in an instinctual understanding that riding one of those things is pretty fucking gay."

The student continued on to ask, "Can I say the word 'fucking' in this paper?"



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## Redneck Fabulous

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By Johnny Pellish  
Writer

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December 05, 2001

I'm from West Virginia and I'm sure now that I've told y'all this you prolly figure that I sleep with my cousins and have a bathtub full of corn liquor in my backyard. However, I'm here to set you assumptive sophisticates straight. There is nothing wrong with the south or rednecks.

We play the lottery instead of investing in 401k's. We prefer yard sales to auctions. We also have an affinity for beer cans, fishing lures, and UFO's. In fact, most UFO's were spotted while utilizing beer cans and fishing lures.

The thing I'm sure y'all are dying to know is if you are part of this elite crowd. Well here are some qualitative methods by which you can check yourself. These are all thanks to the genius of Jeff Foxworthy.

You might be a redneck if:

- 1.) Your dad walks you to school because you're in the same grade.
- 2.) You've ever been too drunk to fish.

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**True.**

- 3.) Someone asks you for your ID and you show them your shiny new belt buckle.
- 4.) You have ever hauled a can of paint to the top of the water tower to defend you mother's honor.
- 5.) Every day somebody comes to your door and mistakenly thinks you're having a yard sale.
- 6.) You've ever financed a tattoo.
- 7.) You make change in the offering plate.
- 8.) You go to the family reunion to pick up women.
- 9.) You see a sign that says, "Say NO to crack" and it reminds you to pull up your jeans.
- 10.) Both your wallet and your dog are on a chain.

Enjoy a cold beer, go crick runnin', take a nap on the front porch while enjoying the view of your '77 pick-up on cinder blocks in the front yard. Life doesn't get much better. Thanks Mr. Foxworthy!



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You That It's Cold Outside**



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## Fighting Terrorism Tooth And Nail

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By Jeff Woodhead  
All-Star Alumni

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**December 05, 2001**

It's good to know that Tom Ridge, our fearless and ever-aware Director of Homeland Security, is hard at work. It's good to know that our government is protecting us from all the evil that lies out there among us all, waiting to strike. It's especially good to know that they're protecting us against that scourge of scourges, that weapon of mass destruction so horrible I tremble just to type its name - dental floss.

That's right. Just as the VUPD protects us from the dreadful dangers of supercharged squirrels, naked Nash-villains, and inappropriate intoxication, our federal government is keeping us from falling into dental floss' deadly spiral.

Picture the scene. You're sitting on an airplane, quietly minding your own business, when all of a sudden, a terrorist jumps up in the row behind you, grabs a flight attendant, and says, "Freeze, everyone! Or I'll CLEAN HER TEETH!" By now, the terrorist is brandishing a roll of dental floss in one hand and a toothbrush in the other. The passengers are struck with fear. The plane is doomed. But fortunately for everyone, a dentist shouts from the front of the plane, "Drop the floss! I have a tooth drill and I know how to use it! Don't make me give you a root canal!" Thank God for professionals.

Lambda Theta Phi  
Would like to Remind You that

**BOLA  
DOESNT  
GIVE A  
F\*CK!**

But now, thanks to Congress and Mr. Ridge, this terrifying scene will never occur. Nor will that other awful nightmare that every flyer has come true. You know the one. You've had it. Don't try to deny it. You live in constant fear of the plane you're on being hijacked by a terrorist wielding... fingernail clippers.

You gasp at the mere thought. But never fear, Ridge has made sure that no deadly little old ladies with long fingernails will ever strike fear into your heart again.

And not only that. Our beloved Attorney General, John "Pain In The" Ashcroft, has begun "interviewing" random "Muslim-looking" people at airports. I believe that the Spanish Inquisition has been called back into existence for the express purpose of aiding in this endeavor. Also, Ashcroft has summoned "a bunch of medieval Crusaders" for aid in his, um, investigation.

But look on the bright side: Mel Brooks will be able to make fun of Ashcroft for this in 20 years, provided that a) Brooks is still alive, and b) the Inquisition doesn't get him for that whole dance routine, or for making any sort of joke for that matter. Because apparently, that's a threat to national security.



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## Retired Service Worker Remembers His Former Job

**Bathroom Attendant Realized His Entire Life Had Been Wasted Listening To People Shit**

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**By David Barzelay**  
Managing Editor

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**December 05, 2001**

At the end of a long shift, longtime bathroom attendant Clarence Morris decided once and for all that he was going to quit his job, because, he said, "I finally realized that I had been wasting my entire life just sitting there listening to people shit."

After almost thirty years of bathroom service, a job that included offering various colognes, powders, and mints to men in the bathroom at the South Newsill Country Club, as well as making idle conversation with those men, it is estimated that Clarence had been forced to listen to over 180,000 individual shit sessions by people other than himself, including at least 6,000 occurrences of diarrhea. "I just couldn't take it anymore," he said. "It never really hit me before then just how disgusting my job really was. I was tired of talking about the weather, tired of the endless string of faceless 'plops', tired of sprinkling powder on the same hands that people had just used to hold the toilet paper they wiped their dirty asses with. I was done."

Clarence says he got the job at the age of fourteen, just to give him a little extra spending money. He never intended to make it a career, but, he says, "stuff kept coming up, you know, and I never could afford to just get out. Shit happens, you know. Ha. That's my joke. 'Shit happens,' get it?"

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Now, after a lifetime in service of rich men taking shits, he says he has seen it all. "I've heard men that scream when they shit, I've heard men that sing when they shit, and I've heard more different kinds of grunts than you could ever imagine. This one cat said the pledge of allegiance whenever he took a shit. That's fucked up. But even after that, I still had to flash the man a smile and offer him a mint. I ain't doing that no more."

The realization that his entire life had been wasted listening to people taking shits occurred for Clarence at approximately 4:30 pm, Thursday. It was the end of an 8-hour shift, and he had just finished wiping traces of a stranger's feces off of his hands for nearly the tenth time that day, and, he says, "I suddenly had this strange feeling that a large chunk of my life had just flown past me and I'd missed it while staring down, washing the poop off my dukes."

The violent realization that the prime of his life had gone by while he was sitting there listening to the only available entertainment was, at first, very disheartening for Clarence, but, after some careful self-evaluation, he realized it was more of an opportunity. "I'm just glad I realized it before it was too late to start something different – something not so disgusting. I don't want to deal with people's shit. I want my kids to be proud of me."

The Slant salutes Clarence's drive for betterment, and his noble intentions. If more men acted in such a way to make their children proud of them, the world would be a better place indeed.

Update: At time of press, Clarence had already found gainful employment as a garbage man for Newsill Waste Disposal Company.



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## Spears Wax Statue Causes Confusion

Patrons Mix Up Statue, Spears

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By Jeff Woodhead  
All-Star Alumni

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December 05, 2001

Pop star Britney Spears was honored today with a wax statue at Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum in London, placing her in the company of other honorees such as the Beatles, Hillary Clinton, and Charles Manson.

However, there was an immediate uproar over the statue, as it was revealed that the statue contains less artificial material than Spears herself.

"I feel so scared," said museum patron Edna Anderson. "Now, if I go to a concert, I can't be sure that it isn't the wax statue singing instead of her." However, Madame Tussaud's officials were quick to point out that this is a needless worry, and once "Spears" starts singing, fans will immediately be able to tell which is on stage.

"If the voice is on key," said a Tussaud's curator, "you can bet that it's the statue singing."

The statue has already caused much confusion. Fans lined up next to the statue and waited for hours for an autograph before someone realized that they were lined up next to an inanimate, illiterate replica of Spears, as opposed to the inanimate, illiterate real thing. Also, a recording agent has reportedly offered the statue a record contract, and a representative from

Warner Brothers movie studios has offered her an acting job.

"After all, if Britney can star in a movie, the statue sure can," the Warner Brothers rep said. "Hell, the statue has a wider range of facial expressions."

It has also been reported that Bill Clinton's wax statue, which sits in the next room, has been making passes at Britney's statue. Bob Dole's likeness has been ogling the statue from down the hall.

Among the more embarrassing faux-pas made by visitors to the museum was the error made by Justin Timberlake, Spears' boyfriend.

According to museum patrons, Timberlake spent a full five minutes making out with the wax statue before he discovered that his "real" girlfriend was, in fact, standing behind him.

"It's an easier mistake to make than you might think," said Timberlake after the incident. "I mean, their lips have remarkably similar textures, not to mention the fact that the statues' breasts are less artificial."

Timberlake also commented that he might dump Spears for the wax statue, since he "could actually have sex with the statue."



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## Honor Among Slackers

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## Fall Back...To The Future

Vanderbilt Scientist may not be Imbecile

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By Dave Biller  
Editor and  
Writer

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**December 05, 2001**

October 28, 2001 - a day that will live on in Vanderbilt's history for centuries to come. Apparently, three McGill students were not warned of the imminent daylight savings time, and catastrophe ensued.

Dr. Emmett Brown, wild-haired quantum physicist at Vanderbilt, explained the problem's simplicity. "You see, the entire country fell back an hour while these three unfortunate students remained in the former time. Hence, they are actually stuck one hour in the future!"

When asked what could be done to alleviate the disaster, Dr. Brown replied, "I've been working on an invention that may actually be able to help us rescue these captives. It's essentially a piece of glass in front of three pieces of clear straw. Oh, and it blinks too."

Ignoring our question about how his "flux capacitor" functions, Dr. Brown continued, "Now, I just need to put it on the back shelf of some car. I've seen a DeLorean on the 7th floor of the 25th Ave. garage with a license plate reading: OUTATYM. If the owner could volunteer his services, I think that I could save these poor teens."

Despite Dr. Brown's extensive knowledge of the field, many professors

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and students united in their opposition of what some called, "utter foolishness". Professor Frepoli, yet another Stevenson Center hermit, commented, "This conclusion results from considering the light as a wave-almost definitely a preposterous proposal. However, viewed as a photon, the light when striking the particle could give up some or all of its momentum to the particle. Since we can surely not distinguish what specific amount it gave up, as we are unable to measure the photon's properties, there is an absolute uncertainty in the momentum of the particle."

A valid and insightful point indeed. An honors physics major was also heard to declare, "This is so fuckin' retarded!! What the fuck is wrong with this ass-bag of a scientist?! The kids can just set their fuckin' clocks back an hour, NOW!! Oh, and plus, you KNOW he totally wants to bend Michael J. Fox over a chair!! (Thrusting/spanking motions)."

In response to the student's idea, Doc replied, "Great scott! That's ridiculous. That would completely disrupt the Space-Time Continuum." He made no defense, however, to his alleged desire to relentlessly pork the apparently prepubescent teen named Michael. (Fox, not Mott.) He did however say that Fox's red winter vest in the summer time was a, "sporty summer look," and was "very becoming on him." He later added, "But if I were on him, I'd be coming too."

Mr. Fox was, in fact, able to be reached at his home in Gay Head, (tee-hee-hee!), Massachusetts, but refused to speak to *The Slant* after we could not resist the urge to shout, "HELLO!! McFLY!!" when he picked up the phone. Or maybe he just started shaking so hard that he dropped the phone. (Based chiefly on that last sentence, I would like to affirm the fact that, no; Parkinson's disease jokes are NOT funny.)

In spite of the rampant criticism, Doc proceeded with his monumental experiment. He rigged a metal cable from the Kirkland Hall's clock to the main entrance of campus the afternoon of a terrible thunderstorm. Using weatherman Bill Hall's predictions/fishing advice, Doc was able to calculate the exact time that lightning would strike the tower.

He said, "Don't worry! As long as I hit the wire with the connected hook at precisely 88 m.p.h. the instant the lightning strikes the tower, the flux capacitor will fill with 4.21 jiggawatts and everything will be fine!"

Surprisingly enough, Dr. Brown's experiment was a success! He left behind only two tracks of fire, which promptly exploded a gold Cadillac, (equipped with the Northstar system), and left behind a Kirkland Clock frozen at 4:20 p.m.. Stoners across campus rejoiced.

However, Doc returned without the three McGill students. He said, "I just couldn't fit those three students into the DeLorean with all the cool stuff I brought back from an hour from now!! But, hey, these students were from McGill. Who needs 'em anyways?"

Brad Ploeger, McGill Floor 3 resident, replied, "Nobody."

Oh well. Three students lost to the unrelenting bitch known as daylight savings time. We'll have to be more careful next year. In other news, after another voyage to a week later, Doc was able to return with a sports almanac from the future. He made millions betting that Florida would cover the spread against our beloved Vandy football team. And cover they did. Twice.



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## Hustler Folly of the Week

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By David Barzelay  
Managing Editor

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December 05, 2001

From the 12/04/01 Edition: A front page article contained the following information about a survey on racial profiling, information which was later highlighted in one of those boxes that point out the really important stuff: "The survey indicated that 62 percent of those surveyed support [racial profiling]... Of those 62 percent, 74 percent were African American versus 64 percent of white and other residents." Yeah, the people who did that survey should be given an 'A' for effort! They're not just doing the maximum, they're giving 138 percent!

The report went on to say, "Forty-five percent of the respondents were male and 54 percent female." We at *The Slant* suspect the remaining 1 percent describes a group of androgynous robots incapable of human laughter.

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### Slant Man!

Advice for the Holidays

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By Slant Man  
Columnist



...because we can

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December 05, 2001

Dear Slant Man,  
Can I have a Red Rider BB gun for Christmas?  
Ralphie

Dear Ralphie,  
You'll shoot your eye out kid. At least that's what your parents are probably telling you, but that's total crap. Here's the truth: men who like guns get more women, even if they've only got one eye. Just look at Slant Man: why do you think he wears those sunglasses all the time?  
Slant Man

Dear Slant Man,  
My girlfriend has this really messed up Santa fetish. Ever since Thanksgiving she's been telling me how she wants Santa to climb down our chimney then she wants to...you know...unwrap his present. What do I do?  
Little Drummer Boy

Dear Little Drummer Boy,  
Hmmm... Popular, red suit, magical powers... Sounds like she has more of a Slant Man fetish than Santa. I think her fetish came about because of the present Slant Man gave her last year. I'm sure all she can remember from

that one special Christmas Eve was red, love, and a big Hoho.  
Slant Man

Dear Slant Man,  
I'm a huge Vandy football fan and, now that the season is over, what can I watch to keep myself busy?  
Avid Dore Fan

Dear Avid Dork,  
Bowl Week is coming up, you could find out what a good football game is like. After that, I would suggest watching the girl's basketball team. Not only are they really good, their players are also much sexier than the football team. And every guy knows you can't beat a bunch of sweaty women close together and bumping into each other.  
Slant Man

Dear Slant Man,  
Why do you look and act like Duff Man from "The Simpsons"?  
Curious in Currey

Dear Nosy Jerk,  
I can see you're trying to get the good people at *The Slant* sued. To answer your question, I'm his cousin. Now I have a question for you: why do you look and smell like my dog's ass? Maybe I should sue you.  
Slant Man

Want to ask Slant Man a question? Send an email with "Slant Man" as the subject to [slantman@theslant.net](mailto:slantman@theslant.net)



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# The Slant

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## The Housing Office Reminds You That It's Cold Outside



### From The Editor

*Slant* Editor Meets HELL-9000

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By Mike Mott  
All-Star Alumni

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December 05, 2001

I'm sure many of you were expecting me to write about the administration's move to block *The Slant* from distributing our second print issue. Well, I'm not going to. That stuff is pretty boring if you're not, well, me.

Instead, I am going to address an issue that is important to all of us. Unfortunately, I don't know what that issue is yet.

Don't get me wrong, there are a lot of things happening on this campus I could be discussing. For example, Woody Widenhofer has resigned as Vanderbilt's head football coach, which begs the question, "Why the hell is his name pronounced 'Wood-enhofer' when that first vowel is clearly an 'i'?"

I was pondering this question very deeply when I realized in order to answer it, I was going to need some help. Certain that even Woody himself has no clue, I knew only a great oracle could aid me in my quest. So decided to consult my roommate's Q-ball.

A Q-ball is like a Magic 8-ball, but more obnoxious. Basically, you ask it a question, toss it up in the air, and it makes a really annoying sound effect

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before it gives you a response in an electronic voice. So I asked my roommate if I could borrow the thing.

To be honest, it reminds me a little of HAL-9000 in 2001: A Space Odyssey. It has a little blue screen that flashes when it answers a question. That would be freaky enough without considering what year it is. But I was desperate, so I decided to ask it some questions, and if it started speaking in monotone and addressing me as "Dave" I would throw it out the window:

Me: Q-ball, is there any way you can help me with my Slant editorial?

Q-ball: Wouldn't you like to know?

Me: Yes, I would actually. So can you help me?

Q-ball: Did anyone order a large pepperoni pizza?

Me: What the hell kind of answer was that?

Q-ball: I'm sorry, I'm away from my desk, but your question is very important to me. Please try again later.

Me: Okay, you stupid ball, you're starting to get on my nerves.

Q-ball: You go girl!

Me: Hey, don't you realize I'm a guy?

Q-ball: Only if you believe in yourself.

Me: Do you have an attitude problem?

Q-ball: What part of "no" don't you understand?

At this point I started tossing the Q-ball back and forth between my hands really hard. In the middle of it, it screamed, "Stop it, you're killing me!" (I swear the Q-ball actually says these things.)

After I had calmed down, I stared firmly at the ball and asked it, "Now look, will you please just answer a simple yes or no question?"

The Q-ball made a whooshing sound and replied, "I'm trapped in this ball and I can't get out!"

Artificial intelligence my ass.



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