



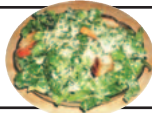
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INSIDETHISSUE

In Retrospect, HOD All-Nighter not Really Necessary

Ancient Greek Statue Has Petrified Wood



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Same-Sex Couples Lobbying For The Right To Gay Divorce



Commodores Like To Go Backdoor



The Vanderbilt Men's Basketball team just wrapped up a 21-9 season and were given a #6 seed in the NCAA tournament for the first time in recent memory.

Much of their success, according to Coach Kevin Stallings, can be attributed to the Commodores' ability to "go backdoor" on their opponents. "We decided to go with a new offensive strategy this year," said Stallings. "Granted, the three point shooting of Mario Moore, Matt Freije, and Dawid Przynyszbyshvewuzyzsky has helped, but the constant threat of spreading them out and going backdoor has led to more open looks and less defensive pressure." Agreed Vanderbilt sophomore and current girlfriend of Forward Julian Terrell, Brianna Jones, "He's always going backdoor. Sometimes, I can't shit right for a week."

Ashcroft's Gallstones Deemed Terrorist Attack

Attorney General John Ashcroft's contraction of gallstones and subsequent hospitalization are a direct result of terrorism, says Attorney General John Ashcroft. "On September 11, 2001, they attacked our country. Now, they are attacking our bodies," said Ashcroft from a hospital bed-side press conference. In response, Ashcroft is planning to ask Congress for permission to begin regular surveillance of all Americans' intestinal tracts for possible "terrorist gallstones," "anti-American urinary tract infections," and "Osama bin Laden." In addition, Tom Ridge has adapted his Homeland Security color coding system. Said Ridge, "Now the colors range from green (Low) to gallstone (Fire in the Hole!). In the event that America is placed in Code Gallstone, I urge every citizen to buy more duct tape."

Black History Month Is History

With Black History Month now over, a grateful America has returned to focusing on mainstream white (real) history. "I'm just glad that's over," said Vanderbilt Sophomore Brandi Johnson, "I mean all that stuff about slavery and segregation is so depressing, and it makes America look bad--why can't Black History be more upbeat?" Following on from February being Black History Month, March 2004 has been designated "Women's History Month" as part of continued efforts to give marginalized groups of society token gestures to make them quit their whining.

Slant Writer Suspects Beard- Trimmer Being Used on Roommate's Genitals

Despite constantly reassuring himself that he is "just being paranoid," Slant writer Andrew Banecker is growing increasingly suspicious of his roommate, Alden Whiteside Smith, III. "I don't even want to think about it," said Banecker, "but every now and again I find these little curly hairs in the bathroom, and find my beard trimmer moved slightly from where I normally keep it. Sweet Jesus I hope he isn't doing what I think he is!" When asked if he confronted his roommate with his suspicion, Banecker shuddered, then responded, "I don't even want to think about how awkward that conversation would be. Oh God, what if I'm right about this?" As of press time, Banecker has said nothing to Smith, but has since burned his beard trimmer and is contemplating sealing his half of the room in plastic.



Christ Not That Passionate, Says Mary Magdalene

According to Mary Magdalene, biblical prostitute and Jesus-cohort, despite the title of the recent Mel Gibson film, Christ was in fact not that passionate. "Just when I thought we might be getting to second or third base, he went back to that brotherhood and feeding men with fish crap," said Magdalene. "You would think that the son of God could deliver the goods, you know?" Magdalene went on to recount one particular encounter with the Christ, "This one time, I lit some candles, put on a sexy negligee--I thought that it was going to be the night. He even turned a little water into wine. But no, Judas came in and needed help fixing his car. So off Jesus went."

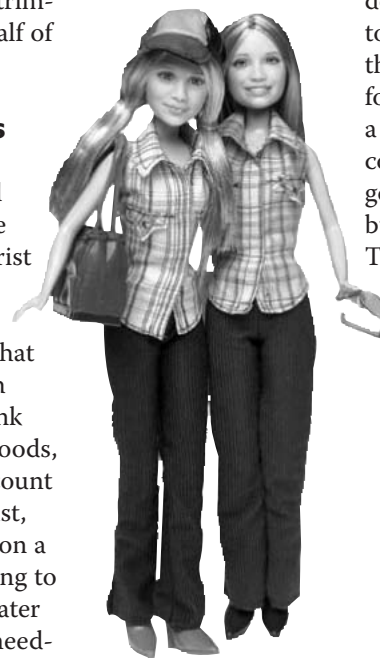


Sen. John Kerry.

87

Days remaining until June 13, 2004. On that glorious day, twins Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen will, at long last, turn 18.

Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen



Nightmares About Math Class Prompt English Major To Attend Math Class

Student Tamara Walter, a junior English major, has recently begun attending MATH 279, prompted by recent nightmares involving a math class that she never attends. "It's always the same," said Walter, chewing her fingernails. "I realize I'm in the class, and the final exam is coming, and I've never gone to class. And I don't even know what number theory is!" Professor Phillip Quandt, the instructor of the class Walter has begun attending, is mystified by her presence. "She sits in the back, fervishly taking notes," said Quandt. "I don't think she even knows how to add vectors, but here she is." Walter, however, says that attending this class, in which she is not formally enrolled, "is a small price to pay for a little sleep." "Who knows," Walter however continued. "After I master this, I might just go right back to the dream about having butt sex with a clown under the Arc de Triumph. And God knows I do not have enough frequent flier miles to try to get over that one again." 🍌



POLITICS, KETCHUP



John Kerry Asks Wife For Increase In Allowance

After locking up the Democratic Presidential Nomination following his success on Super Tuesday, Sen. John Kerry reportedly asked his wife, heirress to the Heinz ketchup fortune, for an increase in his allowance. The distinguished Massachusetts senator, currently receiving \$20 a week, requested a 1,000,000 percent raise which he claimed would be used during his presidential campaign. Mrs. Kerry, however, refused, claiming \$20 was sufficient for a boy of his age, adding, "How do I know you're not going to spend it all on candy and baseball cards?" This caused the senator to throw a hissy fit and whine, "But honey, I need to beat Bush!" As of press time, Sen. Kerry is in time out.

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I left for spring break on a friday. I woke up nine days later in San Francisco with this tattoo on my back and married to my prized labradoodle.



Corrections:

In our February 25th issue, a column by visiting columnist, Buck Winky, claimed he was "the rootinest tootinest plumber this side of the Rio Grande." This title actually belongs to Bob McGruder and his Magic Rooter. Sorry, Bob.

The winner of last week's "Guess what's in the jug" contest was Alden Whiteside Smith, III, who correctly guessed six week old, tepid, stale Rolling Rock. Sorry, Skip, but rules are rules, and you have to drink it.

Also, we accidentally spelled Shaquille O'Neal's name, "Shanquille O'Neill." Sorry, Shanq.

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MASTHEAD



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Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

FROM THE EDITOR



I got a tattoo.

I know what you're going to say. Well, I don't really know what you're going to say. But I have a few ideas. The first being, "why

do I refer to The Slant's readers as one person, let alone a person I know?" Second being, "why would anyone care about my tattoo?" Third, and final, would be "why the hell would you do that, Meredith K. Gray?"

I would have to say that boredom, plus a strange desire to rebel against virtually non-existent societal constraints against body-art, plus the compulsion to have Baskerville bold 72 pt. font on my body led me to get the tattoo. As you can see, it was a very complex decision. And I have no regrets. It has certainly been worth the \$50 and every stinging second of it – especially to hear my grandmother say, "Well that's just odd, Meredith."

So where was I going with this? Oh yeah, individuality. I guess that I'm happy about my tattoo because I'm pretty sure that no one else has one like it. Yeah, I could have gotten a unicorn, or some sort of abstract tribal squiggle thing...but that's not exactly different. I mean, I look like I fell into a freaking typewriter! I am so fucking cool!

Well, I suppose you could say that tattoos are passé, and not the best mode for individual expression. However, I've wracked my brains as to what else I could do to change the world through my individual expression, and I've come up with absolutely nothing. What do you expect, for me to write some great piece of literature? Help my fellow man? Cure cancer? Hell no, I put my time and effort toward choosing a font for my damn tattoo. And I know that I seem to be over-justifying, but every hour I spent scrutinizing Times New Roman vs. Courier New vs. Book Antiqua was absolutely worth it; I know that it was worth the time I squandered instead of writing my thesis. I mean, my thesis is going to be in the English Department twenty years, tops. I might live up to twenty five more years! That's a long freaking time!

To conclude, I got a tattoo, which makes me cool and unique and special. Just like everyone else who has a tattoo. So put that in your pipe and smoke it. ☛



Fucked Image

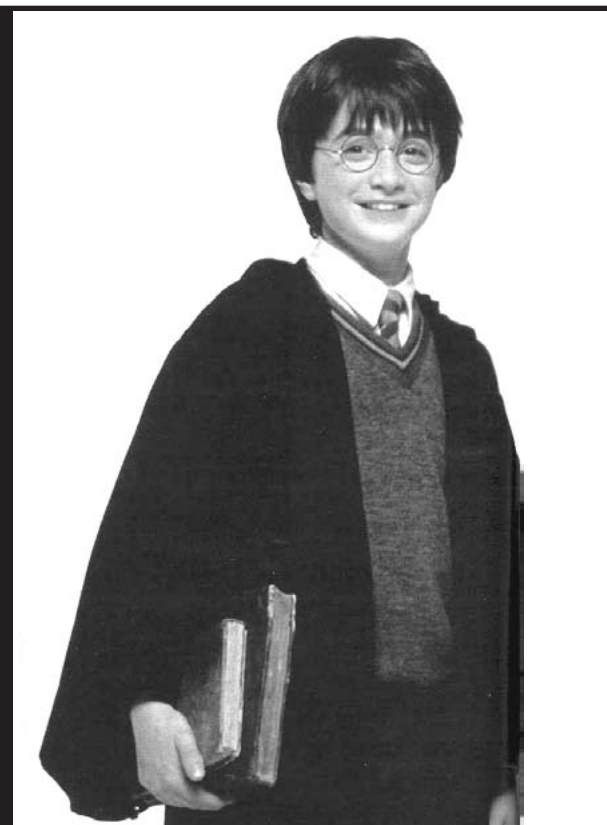
The Slant

They're serving something new at Rand!

***And a little something
for the ladies...***

**1223
Days**

**until that glorious
day when Daniel
Radcliffe will, at
long last, turn 18.**



Same-Sex Couples Lobby For The Right To 'Gay Divorce'

'This is a problem we just didn't anticipate,' admits Massachusetts Chief Justice Margaret H. Marshall.

by **ANDREW BANECKER**



Salem, MA- Following the legalization of same-sex marriages in Massachusetts, Vermont, San Francisco, Hawaii, and Guam resulting in thousands of "gay" civic unions across America, a new and completely unforeseen problem has occurred: the need for gay divorce.

According to recently wed same-sex couple, Bruce and Alan Fernandez, married life isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Said prospective homosexual divorcee, Bruce Fernandez, "I guess what they say is true, marriage really does change everything. Allen and I had been dating exclusively for seven years prior to our marriage, and I really thought we were perfect for each other. We had the same taste in music--we actually met at a Cher concert--and we both had persian kitties named Steffan. Oh the weekends we used to spend in Monterey, making love on the beach until the sun rose, but as soon as we got married, the magic ended. I don't know what it was, but Allen and I found ourselves unable to keep from fighting. That little whore couldn't keep his eyes off our Cuban pool-boy, Raul! Oh I wish this nightmare would just end already!"

"Marriage was a pain in the ass," concurred Alan Fernandez, "and not the good kind."

Due to failed same-sex relationships, activist courts all across

America are now being forced to rethink their policies. Stated Massachusetts Supreme Court Chief Justice Margaret H. Marshall, "This is a problem we just didn't anticipate when



Same-sex mother and daughter at protest rally outside Massachusetts Supreme Court.

we legalized same-sex marriage. It was an immense struggle for years on end for same-sex couples to gain the right to marry. And now, mere weeks after being granted this right, these same couples are picketing outside my courtroom with signs such as 'Hey, Ho, My Same-sex Parter Has Got To Go! I mean, come on.'

Although the request to be allowed to divorce mere weeks after being granted the right to marry is perplexing to the courts, reknowned Anthropologist, Sigmund

Huntingworth is not surprised. "The gay, or homosexual sapiens, is not monogamous by nature," said Huntingworth. "In their natural environment of martini bars, antique stores, and Turkish baths, the gay is permitted to wander from man to man, without the confines of a contractual commitment. When removed from this lifestyle, the gay will not thrive, depression may set in, and his spray on tan will begin to fade, resulting in the loss of the sheen on his coat."

Added Huntingworth, "Marriage, for the gay, is just not practical."

Oddly enough, it is not just men who are experiencing marital turmoil. Said Kelli Carpenter, recent bride of talk show host Rosie O'Donnell, "I can't stand Rosie anymore. I know we've been seeing each other for years, and have four children together, but in the month since we've been married, she's annoyed the hell out of me. At first, that thing she does with the Koosh balls was cute, but now that she's out

of work, that's ALL SHE DOES! Every day I come home from food shopping or dropping the kids off at day care, and what am I greeted with? About a dozen flying Koosh balls to the head."

Added Carpenter, "And if I see her wearing a gray pantsuit one more time, I'm going to kill myself."

However, some gay marriages have been quite successful. Said Helga Gay, wife of Vanderbilt Religious Studies Department Head, Volney P. Gay, "Volney and I have been married for twelve wonderful years, and not once have I seen him even look at a pool boy, nor has he thrown any Koosh balls at me. I guess we're just one of the lucky ones, then."

James Richardson, head of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, said that although he was delighted at those gay marriages that were successful, the right to gay divorce was simply about equal rights.

"America won't have lived up to its ideals until every citizen is given the same opportunities," said Richardson, "That means if I want to hook up with some piece of man-meat in a seedy Las Vegas casino and get a drive-thru marriage, followed by a quick divorce, that should be my right. I should be able to make a mockery of a sacred institution for the sake of my own convenience, just like 60% of the straight population, thank you very much!"



Graduating Seniors Drastically Lower Expectations

Throngs of HOD graduates practice asking, "Would you an apple pie with that?"

by **TIM BOYD, Self-Righteous Grad Student**

A combination of the still stagnant job market and a fatalistic realization that the real world is but a few months away has led Vanderbilt's Seniors to begin drastically lowering their expectations about their lives after graduation. Having entered University with high hopes of obtaining a degree that would allow them to walk into exciting and well-paying jobs, they are now looking for something that would enable them to maintain a modicum of dignity and self-respect... or an hourly wage.

When she entered Vanderbilt as a Freshman back in August 2000, Natalie Johnson had dreams of working for a Fortune 500 company and moving to New York. Now she

says she is actively revising her expectations downwards to "anything north of prostitution."

"I guess it's time to start being realistic," said Johnson, "A few years ago, I wouldn't have even thought about applying for anything with a starting salary of less than \$60,000, but a few months ago I panicked, and started applying for jobs that pay \$40,000, which is still OK, I guess, but if I don't hear back from them soon, I may have to try going even lower than that. Lately, I've even considered applying to the the Wal-Mart Executive Training Program."

The dim prospects of employment have led many to attempt to defer reality by applying to Graduate or Professional Schools. But due to the increased number of applications for places at these institutions, many have found themselves applying to schools that were not their first choice. For some, this has meant lowering their parents' expectations as well as their own.

"When I first accepted my offer from Vanderbilt, I fully expected it to be an automatic entry route into Harvard Law" said A&S major Franklin Winthrop Harrison, IV. "Father has always said that I belonged at Harvard, notwithstanding that unfortunate administrative error that stopped them offering me an undergraduate place. But I don't want to risk not getting in anywhere, so I've had to apply to some fallback colleges like Brown and even UT. I'm not sure how

my parents will take it – I managed to sell them on Vanderbilt as the 'Harvard of the South', maybe UT can be the 'Harvard of the Smoky Mountains'."

Slant Editor-in-Chief Meredith Gray has also been applying to Grad School, but she remains more optimistic than most, even if doesn't work out. "Sure, I want to get accepted into an MFA program and make a useful contribution to society," said Gray, "but I have some other prospects in mind. For example, my grandmother told me I could make

\$400 on the street 'doing the oral sex.' Now, I don't know if I'm that good, but I will always try my best. I give 110%!"

The situation is especially dire for Peabody students. Dave Robson entered the HOD majors program in the hope that it would "help me to write clearly

and effectively, make effective oral presentations, analyze problems and implement solutions like my adviser promised" (or "spelling, talking, thinking, doing" as the syllabus officially puts it). Robson hoped to use his skills to find a well-paying job after graduation, but now finds himself dangerously under-qualified for even menial tasks.

Whereas other Liberal Arts majors can at least fall back on the possibility of a career at Burger King, Robson's application to work there has been rejected. Local BK manager Richard Young explained, "Even though we don't have very demanding educational qualifications for a position here, we do at least expect the basic math ability of a High School drop-out, and I'm afraid HOD just doesn't cut it. With the competition for jobs here what it is, I really can't see this guy getting work at a business like Burger King. Hardee's is probably the best he can hope for."

The University has accepted that the predicament of this years' graduating class is regrettable, but has urged Seniors to stay focused and, above all, not to aim too high and instead make sure they are in some form of paid employment as soon as possible. "The worst thing that could happen is to have hundreds of our alumni unemployed and with no income," said Vice-Chancellor for Public Affairs Mike Schoenfeld, "after all, if that happens, how will we be able to squeeze them for donations to their alma mater?"



The Slant Staff's Plans For The Future

"I haven't really thought about it. I went to Memphis the other day... maybe I'll move to Memphis."

Andrew Banecker, Head Writer

"Well, since the grad school thing didn't work out, it's on to plan B. And if professional figure skating doesn't pan out, I guess I'll be a princess. Or I'll move to Memphis with Andrew."

Meredith Gray, Editor-in-Chief

"You mean when I retire?"

Robert Saunders, Editor

"Raise Colonel Sanders from the dead, attach electrodes to his testicles, and force the 11th ingredient to his Original Recipe out of him via painful torture. You will rue the day, chicken man!"

Ceaf Lewis, Maniacal Odd Fellow

"You impertinent spotty oik! I'm going to be Prime Minister, I am."

Tim Boyd, Smug Editor

"You know that computer guy in your company? The one who annoys the ever-loving shit out of you? You're looking at him."

David Barzelay, Managing Editor & Computer Geek

"Pimp."

Richard Green, Black Guy

"Become that guy you once knew who ended up murdering all those people. I was always such a quiet guy... kept to myself."

Brett DiCio

"To usurp."

Colin Dinsmore, Would-Be-Editor-in-Chief

Law And Order: VUPD To Premiere This Season

Show to capture intense excitement of busting drunks, telling students to lock doors

by JEFF WOODHEAD

LOS ANGELES - NBC announced today that it is planning to unveil a new television show in its seemingly interminable Law and Order series of shows. The new show, called *Law and Order: VUPD* is slated for debut in April in nationwide markets.

"It's a great opportunity to show what the real-world college campus police do," said *Law And Order* creator Dick Wolf. "I think the show scrapes away the glamour of being a college cop and gets down to the true dirt and grime under the fingernails of these campus heroes. A lot of people have the conception that all these cops do is bust drunks and break up parties. Well, to those people, I say this: they're really dirty drunks and extremely grimy parties."

The show will star Vanilla Ice as an experienced, street-worn VUPD cop who has been hardened by years of frat boys, sorority girls, and sobriety tests. His partner, a newcomer to the force with as much energy as inexperience, will be portrayed by Jennifer Beals, of *Flashdance* fame.

"The chemistry between Beals and Vanilla was immediate," said Wolf. "Jennifer is great--she actually did all the welding on the set herself--but Vanilla is such a talented actor that he all but steals the show."

In the first episode, Beals and Ice are called on to deal with that most abject of Vanderbilt horrors: the indecent exposure. They are lead through a sordid past filled with alcohol, drugs, and bared penis until the episode reaches its gripping climax. The episode, a brilliantly written cliffhanger, features a guest appearance

by Dennis Franz as VUPD chief Andrew Atwood. Viewers should be cautioned, however, that this episode contains explicit shots of Franz's sweet ass.

However, the first episode is not devoid of the comic relief that, whether intentional or not, has defined the *Law And Order* shows. In what Wolf calls "one of the funniest moments in modern television," it is slated to feature several drunk students trying to walk a line in failed attempts to prove their sobriety. The line will be portrayed expertly by Calista Flockhart.

As the original *Law And Order* shows involve the D.A.'s office, so the new show will involve the expert courtroom maneuverings of the Honor Council. The show accurately portrays the Council trying and convicting students accused of such crimes as cheating on a final exam, threatening a professor, and threatening to cheat on a final exam.

"The show really gets into the heads of the Honor Council members while they are convicting students regardless of their actual guilt in the matter," said Wolf. "I'm quite proud of the writing of this section of the show."

Some people think that the *Law And Order* series has gone too far, but Wolf disagrees.

"I think it's important to show people the effect that people who serve the law have on our society," said Wolf. "This has nothing to do with the fact that NBC pays me a four million dollar advance on each new show I come up with," added Wolf, who was already at work on his next show: *Law And Order: Shopping Mall Security Guard Unit*. 🐾

Girl Without Arms Expelled For Violating Dress Code

Student unable to perform "fingertip test" for skirt length

by ANDREW BANECKER

Medford, NJ- Freshman Jessica Soderstrom of 37 Oak Shade Rd. in Shamong, NJ, was expelled from Shawnee High School for her one hundred twenty-third consecutive violation of school policy. Allegedly, the entirety of her offenses have been a product of breaching a recent amendment to the Shawnee High School dress code having to do with the proper length of a student's shorts or skirt.

"She has been given ample warning, and now we're getting serious," stated Principal Harold Fleischman.

"Amendment XIII of The Lenape Regional District Dress Code clearly states: For proper classroom decorum, excessively short leg-wear is prohibited. Acceptable leg-wear is determined by the student extending his or her

arms downward; only leg-wear that reaches the tip of the student's middle fingers will be allowed in the classroom."

Added Fleischman, "I was informed by Jessica's homeroom teacher, Mrs. Witasic, that Jessica had not once followed this procedure correctly when asked. Not once!"

Jessica, who until recently was a model student, is figuratively up in arms over the decision made by the school. Asked Soderstrom, "How can they expel me for wearing short shorts when I don't even have fingertips? I was born without arms!"

According to her classmates, Mrs. Witasic was always giving Jessica a hard time. Stated Matthew Thompson, who sits to the left of Jessica in homeroom, "The teachers around here are real dress code Nazis. I mean, the girl

was born with an obvious disability. She even eats with her feet! But Mrs. Witasic is always a major douche bag to her, always telling her, 'Put your arms down young lady so I can check your shorts!' Then when Jess would say, 'But Mrs. Witasic, I don't even have arms,' that crazy old bitch would start yelling at her, and eventually send her down to the principal's office."

Phys Ed teacher Sheila Manly disagrees with Principal Fleischman's decision as well. "That rule shouldn't even apply to Miss Soderstrom. In Phys Ed, whenever the class is supposed to be doing pull-ups, jumping rope, playing basketball, or anything other sport that is arm centric, I let Jessica go run laps. You've got to be a little lenient when it comes to disabilities. You ignore her performance in dodge ball, and concentrate on her soccer ability. It's not like they make

the retards take Calculus. The rules don't really apply to Jessica."

Upon learning of her statements, Principal Fleischman responded, "The rules apply to everybody! There are no, I repeat, no exceptions."

Jessica has decided to take her case to court, citing unfair discrimination based on her disability. In response, Principal Fleischman said, "Bringing this case to trial was a bad decision for Miss Soderstrom, because after she loses, not only will she be out of school, she will have to pay the lawyer's fee. Frankly, I feel as if I have been quite easy on her. I was willing to overlook the fact that she never put her right hand over her chest while doing the Pledge of Allegiance, but you can be darn sure that the judge won't feel the same way!" 🐾

#1 Grandma' Actually Ranked 37,304,032nd

by **CEAF LEWIS**

Alma Smith, 82, wept with joy as she received a coffee mug emblazoned with a seal of approval which only one may bear from her seven year old grandson Timmy Rosenbaum. By achieving the vaunted rank of the "Number One Grandma," Smith's future seemed secure; the prize money would flow like the sweetest and most puissant boxed wines and the fame that comes with such a lofty title would resound to the far corners of the globe.

In a recent interview given to Dateline NBC's Stone Phillips, Nashville resident Smith proudly displayed her award and fielded questions from the news team's award-winning team of journalists. When asked what she would do with the prize money, Smith proclaimed that she was "gonna store it in a tin can and bury it in the backyard so the revenuers don't get it." When reminded that the Prohibition ended over seventy years ago, Smith

began discussing her six cats.

However, one blot tarnished Smith's record, and that blot was fraud. Smith's opponents demanded a recount, and when they were refused, they took the issue to the courts. Investigative journalists from the New York Times found that military absentee ballots had been discounted and that a confusing ballot had led many to select cartoon superhero He-Man's fabled nemesis Skeletor as the "Number One Grandma." In addition, Smith's closest opponent, Edna Randolph of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, claimed that excessive media

hype led her to murder a traveling venison salesman after the Geriatric Primaries, throwing an unfair advantage to the Tennessean octogenarian.



Further investigation has revealed that massive corruption in Mayor Richard Daley's Chicago threw an ever greater advantage to Alma than previously

thought. "The dead voted in droves. Either somebody was trying to rig the ballot, or the End of Days is upon us! God help us!" cried apocalyptic writer Tim LaHaye. Expert estimates place Alma's actual ranking, limiting voting to those undergoing minimum decom-

position, at 37,304,032.

"It's unfair," said opponent Randolph at a recent press conference, "that Alma was even considered for this award. When they had Timmy present that award, they said that it was because she made excellent biscuits and she made her granddaughter's Halloween costumes for ten years. Horseshit. The biscuits were too salty and those costumes smelled like cat food. Oh, and she's been addicted to Viagra ever since the damn things came out. Her friends keep telling her that those don't work on women, but you know Alma, never one to pay attention to science." When CNN's Wolf Blitzer replied that no, no he didn't know Alma, Randolph threw her hands in the air with an exclamation of "Land o' Goshen."

Award presenter Timmy Rosenbaum could not be reached for comment, as he was busy playing Dragonball Z: Budokai on his Playstation 2. ■

Dentist Wants To See More Flossing

"I'd like to see more flossing," says dentist.

by **ANDREW BANECKER**

According to accounts from outgoing patients, Dr. Edward Kreskin, D.D.S., constantly wants to "see more flossing."

Whether they came in for a dental cleaning, or a root canal, patients of Dr. Kreskin are instructed to floss more.

Said long time patient of Dr. Kreskin, Gary Hersey, "For the love of God, this guy's got me flossing 3 times a day! I'm not an anti-dentite or anything, but I've been going to him for 13 years, and every damn time he looks in my mouth, he tells me, 'I'd like to see more flossing.' I flossed so much this morning getting ready for my 6 month cleaning that my mouth started to bleed. It still hurts!"

Added patient, Sally Johnson, "Man,

that guy's got a hard-on for flossing!"

Whether or not Dr. Kreskin's penis becomes erect at the thought of flossing, he recommends this form of dental hygiene so much, his motives are beginning to come into question. Is it, as Sally Johnson believes, all part of a twisted, floss related sexual fetish? Does he have stock in dental floss? Is this all part of a bizarre

government conspiracy involving aliens and David Duchovny?

The world may never know, but



Dr. Kreskin instructing one of his patients to floss more often.

according to 5 year old patient Jeremy Klosterman, "I like Dr. Kresin, but he doesn't make sense sometimes. Dr. Kreskin always tells me that I should stop eating candy, and should floss more. Then he gives me a lollipop after every time

candy or not?"

4 of Dr. Kreskin's colleagues believed that Kreskin was just "giving sound advice for the benefit of his patients' oral hygiene," but there was one who dissented.

"I disagree," stated Dr. Steven McClain, D.D.S. "Also, brushing is overrated."

When asked about the subject, Dr. Kreskin replied, "In general, people do not floss enough. It is important to brush and floss after every meal, rinse with a fluoride enriched mouthwash, and see your dentist at least twice a year. Or else you'll get cavities and gingivitis. Muahahaha. Muahahaha. MUAHAHAHA!!!" ■

I see him. Does he want me to eat

He's Not My Type, Okay?



by **XIN-XIN the PANDA**
Syndicated Columnist

I wouldn't say that I'm a picky woman. In fact, I think that I'm pretty damn laid back when it comes to the choosing of a mate. However, it's about fucking time I made something clear to all you people who can't figure out why two perfectly good pandas can't make a couple of little pandas in captivity. He's not my type – ok?

The day that the zoo keepers threw Hsing Hsing in my cage, I was actually pretty excited. Hell fucking yeah! Another panda! I thought to myself, "Xin-Xin, if worse comes to worse, you can always mate with him. After all, boredom leads to sex, right?" So, as you can clearly see, I was certainly not opposed to the idea of a little panda nookie. After all, what else am I going to do? Write an angry letter to TV Guide?

So we started off slow. A little bamboo, a little conversation. However, after a couple of days of this, I started asking myself, "Could I really raise a cub with this guy?" For one thing, he's a mouth breather. That is sooo a turn off for me. What's worse than having a tender moment of silence punctuated by the raspy, herbivore-smelling breath of some panda-oaf you hardly even know?

Next, I discovered he's a straight down the ticket Republican, which poses a couple of very important problems for me. How could I really be with a man who opposes my right to choose? Or supports tax cuts for the wealthy? Not that I'm the most gung-ho liberal or anything, but I could definitely see this being an issue. And he's Catholic! WTF?!?!?

And I know that this is kind of a small thing (ha – literally), but I took a peek the other day, and Hsing Hsing is sooo not circumcised. Eeew! I don't know if it's just an aesthetic thing for me, or sanitary or what, but it's just always been something I've shied away from. Sorry, but it's just who I am. Can't be doing the panda-boom-shaka-lacka-lacka-boom-shaka-lacka-lacka-boom with that.

Oh, and he has the worst taste in movies. The other night he wanted me to watch *Charlie's Angel's: Full-Throttle* with him - for the THIRD time this week! Sorry, but I don't think that we're on quite the same intellectual level here. I can't read Freud's *Interpretation of Panda Dreams* over the din of that all-girl ass-kicking fest. And they're not even that attractive; my coat has far more sheen than Drew Barrymore's.

To conclude, can't you zoo-keeping ass-captains do a little research before you throw any old panda into Casa del Xin-Xin? Would it have hurt to figure out my interests, or at least ask me how I felt about the situation? No, you just assumed I would spread 'em for the first big fat panda who came along, and pop out a couple of little pandas. Well you picked the wrong panda to try this on. Yeah, you've seen us doing the panda-humpty dance a couple of times. I'll admit to it, since I'm a tad on the desperate side. At first the inappropriate panda-groping and overall sexual harrassment was annoying...but eventually it got kind of sexy. So anyway, I've got one word for you, National Zoo: diaphragm. 🐼

Great Scott, What A Corking Game!

SEC Tournament: Vandy 74, MSU 70

by **TIM BOYD**,
British Basketball Correspondent

Not since the Old Corinthians overcame the might of Newton Heath Athletic in the golden summer of 1884 has there been a sporting upset to match our plucky Commodores in their titanic clash with the State of Mississippi last Friday. All the smart money was on the number one seed, but the spunk of the Vanderbilt Men's Basketball Team proved too much to swallow for the pre-match favorites.

Right from the bully-off, the game lived up to its potential. The first half was littered with dunked slams, skilful lay-outs and blinding baskets; neither team was willing to budge an inch, and the hoops flowed freely in what this reporter can only describe as a tip-top tally-ho tussle, six-of-the-best, no holds barred.

In a night full of super performances, the top-score for Vanderbilt was posted by sophomore full-back Mario Moore, who contributed a splendid 17 runs for his team in just 32 minutes on the field. However, this was about more than Moore, and the rest of the team happily played Falstaff to his Prince Hal. All-round good egg, Matt Freije, chipped in with 13, as did Russell Lakey, who also posted 7 "AST"s, including a crucial pair in the final chukkah.

It seems our boys, one of the weakest teams on the boards, were more than able to hold their own against the Bulldogs, who had led the SEC in terms of their rebounding margin. But despite that, Mississippi could have snatched it at the end – Roberts hit a pair of free throws with less than a minute to give Mississippi a precious 1 point lead; but then Freije equalized for Vandy, making 1-of-2 at the line just moments later, making it 65-65 at the end of normal time. I haven't the foggiest idea what that all means, but one of the other journos wrote that down and it sounds damned exciting!

At this point, with both teams having been timed out as much as was allowed, the game went into extra time. It stayed in the balance – Mississippi winger Winsome Frazier was jolly unlucky in one of his offensive forays to be dumped on the deck with the target in sight. Both teams began to ruck and maul their way forward, each nobly scrumming down at every given opportunity. The tension rose amongst the fans – could our brave fellows in white snatch one for David against the Mississippian Goliath?

Well, we may only be a small school, but by jingo, we've got spirit! Bobbing and weaving, ducking and diving, wheeling and dealing, our chaps out-basketed them from all sides of the pitch. Finally, just when it seemed the fans could take no more, we clinched it with a double-axel salto from the penalty line, and the Vandy faithful erupted.

After the dust had settled, and the outcome sunk in, there remained but one conclusion. If the Vanderbilt Basketball Team and its Maniacs should last for a thousand years, men will still say, this was their finest hour. 🐼





Search Phrases: The following is a list of phrases people entered on search engines that led them to www.theslant.net:

From the Mary-Kate And Ashley Department

"pictures of mary kate and ashley peeing in the shower"
"mary-kate anorexic and ashley"
"ashley costume cam"

From the Bad Place To Do Research Department

"officially in what did national hispanic american heritage month end?"
"who is demi moore s plastic surgeon"
"supporting arguments for designer babies"
"average height of white male"
"defecation rate geese"
"opposition to mother theresa"
"george washington carver nicknames"

From the T.M.I. Department

"tennis elbow liquid lump"
"ingrown hair infection nair"
"chafed nipple"

From the Greek System Department

"vanderbilt sae frat"
"university tennessee sororities"
"hummer"
"saga de hades"
"vanderbilt university party girls"
"sae boxing knoxville pictures 04"
"polo collar up"
"frat-tastic fashion"
"nashville whore house"

From the Contradictory Department

"tequila holy priests"
"george clinton diaper man"

From the Obvious Department

"symptoms after drinking tequila"
"david fucked his mother"
"weatherchannel women pictures"
"tic tac ingredients"
"kfc genetically mutated chicken"

From the Chancellor Gee's Dirty Secret Department

"dead hooker in the trunk"
"mandatory circumcision"
"asians at vanderbilt"
"penis shrinkage"
"mwf searching for a big cocks to put in my ass"
"satan"
"scientific failures with plastic surgery"
"opposition to mother theresa"
"freeballing"
"naked pictures of fourteen year-old straight boys"

From the WTF? Department

"squirrels and tennessee"
"freaks minelli david gest picture"
"laundry machines picture"
"maek fuck son"
"dirty indians"
"list of human traits such as hair color"
"template for freddy glove"
"bitter wysz"
"quik-rete"
"fat bastard austin powers vagina neck picture"
"advance america check cashing compaints"
"have sex with your clone"



Bastard Confession

Dirty dirty. Dirt McGirt.



**Nope, no cartoon.
Disappointed? So are we.
In ourselves. But mostly
in Jason Carpentier.**

But not really.



AROUND THE LOOP



What do you think about Martha Stewart's conviction?

Deborah Banecker, Concerned Mother



"I'm just happy she's finally behind bars. I don't know about you, but I sure feel safer now that that doily making monster is off the streets."

Ellen "El Diablo" Perez, Potential cell-mate



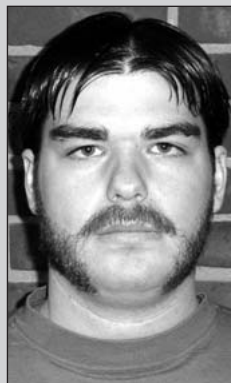
"She got a sweet ass."

Steve Broughman, Senior



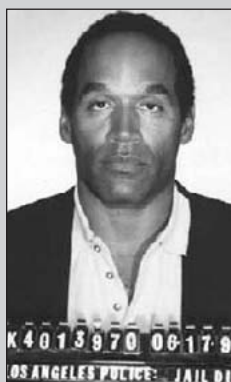
"You have to take a zero tolerance policy with matters such as these. If Stewart got off, what kind of message would that give to the rest of America's single, female, self-made billionairres?"

Foster Ezekiel Hersey, Civil War Vet



"In my day, a woman's place was in the kitchen... not misappropriating funds."

O.J. Simpson, Retired Athlete



"This just furthers my confidence in the US Judicial system. It proves once and for all that no one is above the law."

Martha Stewart, White Collar Criminal



"It's not a good thing."

SLANTHOROSCOPES

Aries: (March 21—April 19)

Don't worry too much about the case of crabs you got over spring break. They're easier to cook than you would think, and are excellent with clarified butter.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)

Beware the Ides of March. Even though technically, they have passed, you've always been a little bit behind, anyway.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)

Stop bragging about all the "girl scout cookies you scored." It's hard to figure out whether you're a pedophile, or just fat.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)

You secretly resent your sister, Leukemia, for hogging all of the pity.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)

After accidentally dropping your ant farm, thus loosing your ants upon the world, you decide to make the best of the situation, and cover your sleeping roommate with maple syrup.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)

Though you might think that you are spicing up your sex life by wearing that French maid outfit, you really should question why your boyfriend leaves the apartment when you wear it, and tells you to work "extra hard" on the bathroom grout.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)

People who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Since most people who live in glass houses are plants, this particular crisis is averted.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)

The stars advise that you avoid beans and broccoli. But realize that they are sensitive to this issue, as they are balls of gas.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)

The alignment of Mercury in the second house should tell you one thing; it's about damn time you got those tires rotated. You and your mother are just the same, running the car into the ground. You forget to fill up the tank one more time, young lady, and you LOSE your Volvo privileges!

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)

Since swimsuit season is well on its way, it would be advisable to start exercising off a little of that winter weight. Also, it wouldn't hurt shed the winter coat of fur you grew for camouflage purposes.

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

When the editor-in-chief of your paper tells you to suck it, you will not continually tell her "that's gross." You will shut up and do it, goddamnit.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)

You will sit outside on the lawn, admiring the beautiful surroundings, such as the bright, shining sun, the happy, twittering birds, and the lush foliage. A beautiful girl will ask you to play frisbee. What a terrible time for your explosive diarrhea to come back.

Top Ten St. Patrick's Day Activities

- 10 Chasing snakes
- 9 Bemoaning the lack of a DVD release for *Darby O'Gill And The Little People*
- 8 Dying pubes red to more closely resemble Irishmen.
- 7 If you're St. Patrick, dying.
- 6 Stocking up on corned-beef flavored gum to tide you over for the dreary 364 days ahead
- 5 Assassinating English politicians
- 4 Not wearing green in hopes of having girl in your Chem class pinch your butt.
- 3 Undergoing monastic training under St. Germain, bishop of Auxerre
- 2 Smoking an extra pack for more festive phlegm
- 1 The same thing you do every Wednesday night - drinking!

Ask A Slant Writer



Dear Slant Writer,

Why do you always leave advice columns until the last minute, you lazy bastard? You knew I was going to be in Oklahoma all week!

Meredith

SW

Dear Slant Writer,

How can a person with apparently absolutely no organizational skills presume to offer me, an engineer, advice? Why don't you take more pride in your work?

Sanctimonious in Scales

Dear Meredith,

What do you want from me? I ran out of teriyaki-flavored beef jerky and I'll be damned if I'll write without a stomach full of dried cow's flesh. First I forget to replenish the vodka supplies, and now this. Dammit.

SW

-SW

Dear Slant Writer,

I don't know how you guys can have an issue out so quickly after Spring Break. I have two ten-page papers due the Tuesday after break and I don't even know how I'm going to handle that. Fuck!

Stressed in Stapleton

Dear Slant Writer,

What's up with your names? I mean, you have Precetha Hayes Lewis and Colin "Jelly Neck" Dinsmore. You all sound like comic book villains.

Curious in Cole

Dear Stressed,

I don't know, we're geniuses. Now fuck off; I have a column to write. How does Dear Abby do it every day?

SW

Dear Curious,

It's glandular.

SW

Dear Slant Writer,

Could you enlighten me as to the correct usage of the term "fuckwit?"

Asking for it in Alumni Hall

Dear Slant Writer,

What are you whining about? The last two columns were by a bird and a naked writhing statue. It's not like any of these are actually written by Slant columnists. Hell, I've written three for that do-nothing son of mine.

Andrew Banecker's Mother in Medford

Dear Asking,

All I can say is that it's a term not to be used in jest. Use it sparingly and only in the most necessary situations, when the party in question is being the most reprehensible bastard this world has ever seen. Now, piss off, fuckwit. I'm working.

Dear Banecker's Mom,

Holy shit! You've done this before? Great, could you write this one? I'm really low on time.

-SW

Wow, *The Slant* is one wild party! I think I'll join the staff.

Join *The Slant's* fun-loving and welcoming staff!

We'd love to be your new best friend.
Maybe even your lover.

Meetings Tuesdays @ 6:30pm, Sarratt 112
or somewhere near there (like 116, 110, etc.)

or email meredithgray@theslant.net

We need writers, copy editors, photographers, money, etc.

