

CONFUSING THE ISSUES SINCE 1997

# TEXAS TRAVESTY

SEPTEMBER 2004



# Dolores

*Gifter of Bibles*

Who is this hot Magdalenian **mama** beckoning me to her *Fertile Crescent*? Your lips, swollen with Passion, coax me into the **sizzling sinlessness** of scripture. Did you spill some Holy Water on your lap, or are you just *anticipating the Rapture*? Press me against your virginal bosom so I can be born **again**, and **again** — and *again!*

**vital stats**

**Hobbies:** Accepting missionary positions, being an open book, shopping at the Dress Barn, "Bible"-beating, being on her knees

**Turn-ons:** submission, "Dogma," destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, Abel

**Turn-offs:** Getting off the high horse, abridging, "The DaVinci Code", polytheism, birth control, Cain, lap dances, Darwin, the Pope-mobile



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**SHOUT OUT TO...**  
 Übermensch; Oreos (no milk); brooms that look like dildos; David Byrne's happy ending in our office; references that no one gets; new computers and hacked Internet; the brand that isn't a brand; suitcases that fit bodies; Jill's contortionist talents (and eating vomit); diabetes and the Democrats who spread it; restraining orders; Eric the Muscle, our new bodyguard; Building 10; Lo Mein's voice; the New Kid; not voting because you're Canadian; leotards; poultry mesh; no more shit on the staircase; art parties; The Green Monster; haunted houses that are three feet tall; stained glass and Jesus; parades through apartment complexes; frumpy clothes; being a dick; orgasm ghosts; getting off the high horse; Mangiasaurus Rex; Dan Rather jokes; making-noises-in-response-to-certain-words games; 5:45 a.m.; 5:46 a.m.; Yusef Islam; repairing the minibike; condom balloons; chewing milk; Pac Man and Robin; "winningest"; back sweat; Spiderman party hats; life after death; getting fed donuts in a cage; the reincarnation of Mr. Rogers; slow children; the noticeable and depressing lack of Nintendo; whoop, lu! lu! lu!; roommates who refuse to go away; charisma; sweat bands; wheat grass shots; organic sugar in your organic coffee; jaded, bitter nights; dandruff; reading on the toilet; pocket PCs; sloths that give birth upside-down; hypochondriacs on speed-dial

# around campus

- 80 percent of **girls on their cell phones** between classes aren't talking to anyone.
- **People in cabs** will scoff at the burgeoning underclass of E-Bus patrons.
- **Neo-hipsters** will pay \$4 for a coffee at Metro, even though they secretly just wanted a Coke and a seat at the popular table in the cafeteria.
- **Alumni who bring their young kids to football games** will try to convince themselves that they weren't drunken hooligans in college. No, I won't tone my language down, asshole.
- The **Future Dead Pedestrians of America** will be

- meeting at busy intersections to play right-of-way games with speeding vehicles.
- **Overeager returning students** will continue to like school enough for the both of you.
- **Captain Clueless** will attempt to charm you by turning courteous small talk into a biographical discourse about himself.
- **Students who shake entire rows of seats with their furious leg-tapping** will sit next to you during written exams.
- **Will idiots** ever stop answering professors' rhetorical questions out loud? No.
- **University researchers** have discovered a new planet, reminding all of us that they have a really expensive telescope.
- **Student organizations** will increase their efforts to get our attention, not realizing that they turned us off by coming on too strong to begin with. Back off, Rugby — I'm *proud* to be an American.
- **Presidential candidates' brothers** will be disappointed when no one recognizes them on the West Mall.

- **People running to class** look funny and deserve to be laughed at.
- The **40 Acres Buses** will be renamed "40-Thousand Acres." If they weren't traveling 40,000 acres, why else would they take so goddamn long and travel caravan-style?
- **Someone at a Union lunch table** will use the word "hegemony," reminding anyone who might have forgotten that they are indeed on a college campus.
- **Freshmen who walked into the wrong classroom** on the first day have brought upon their families a kind of disgrace that can only be undone by hari-kari.
- **Bevo XIII** will celebrate his liberation from the crippling pain of being a football mascot by drooling on his hooves in a perpetual, Quaalude-induced haze.
- **The Confederate statues on the South Mall** will reanimate, sneak over to the MLK statue and commit a third act of vandalism. Security cameras will again blame it on "light-skinned" teenagers.

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## It's Zach Galifianakis!



He had a beard.

SEPTEMBER  
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# Nationwide nagging average plummets

## Wife-murdering trend leaves housewives fearful

Ryan B. Martinez  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WASHINGTON, DC — A handful of highly publicized murder cases in which men are accused of killing their wives has caused a downturn in nationwide nagging, say cultural pundits.

“All across the country, women are plastering on smiles, primping their hair and baking apple-peach pies like there’s no tomorrow,” said Dr. Jeanette Wilkins, a sociologist at the University of California at Davis. “As a woman with three degrees and self-respect, I can tell you it’s not because they actually enjoy these things. They’re simply afraid.”

Coming in response to wife-murdering cases that have received almost 24-hour coverage on every major news channel — eclipsing the Iraq War and the presidential election — the wave of discreet fear has swept every corner of the country.

“The TV tells me to be terrified, and, oh, Lordy, am I,” said a Detroit housewife who gave only her first name. “The other day, George got up real quick from the sofa and yelled, ‘Dammit, Martha! You know I only like the A/C on during the day! Money doesn’t grow on trees, woman!’ Then he fell back asleep. I thought I was going to die.”

She added: “I peed a little. Just a dot.”

The most ready response to this national shift in intramarital dynamics has been an across-the-board reduction in nagging. Clumsy fashion faux pas remain uncommented on, toilet seats are left up and relationship problems fester in a climate of silent dread.

“When Rob and I first met, he used to lavish me with gifts, flowers and attention. He knew just how to take my breath away,” said a

wife from Dallas. “When that faded, I would nag him all the time about how things weren’t what they used to be.”

She continued: “Nowadays, I couldn’t be more relieved that he doesn’t take my breath away.”

Women’s preoccupation with survival has appeared not only in everyday life but in popular literature, as well.

John

Gray has published a follow-up to his influential male-female dialectic with a new book, “Men are from Mars, Women are Open-Season,” while works about Zen- and Wicca-based poison antidotes are flying off the self-help shelves of bookstores into the hands of female readers.

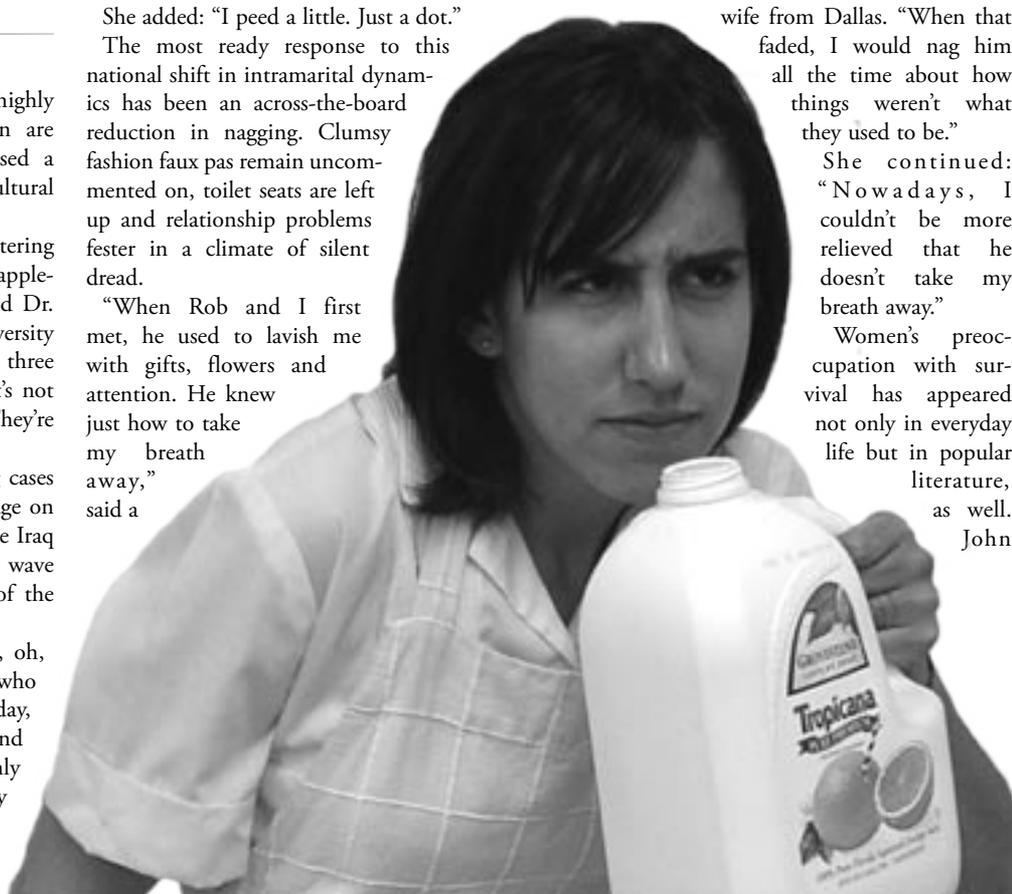
Meanwhile, Ladies’ Home Journal has begun to replace enlightening content about workplace flirting and hair accessorizing with articles topped by slightly more cautionary headlines: “How to Build an Immunity to Chloroform,” “Sleeping with Your Eyes Open is Easy (and Fun!),” and “Ten Ways to Parry a Roundhouse Kick to the Gut.”

Cultural experts have reached little consensus on exactly when the pattern of nagging and compliance that once constituted American marriage will return. What is certain, however, is that the sense of threat is growing despite husbands’ earnest attempts to reverse it.

“My wife has been acting so strange lately,” said Akron, Ohio, native Joseph Markins. “She’s hiding all the knives in the kitchen, and I think she’s been rummaging through my dresser drawers, like she’s looking for something.”

Narrowing his eyes ominously, he added: “Don’t worry — she won’t find it.”

**Poisoning can be an effective and difficult to trace method of spouse removal**



# Usher’s label won’t record ‘Confessions, Pt. 12’

## Executives feel artist needs to move on

Kathryn Edwards  
STAFF WRITER

HOLLYWOOD, CA — What had previously been labeled as artistic differences between R&B artist Usher and his label, La Face, has now escalated to a breakdown of negotiations concerning the artist’s next record.

According to the label’s spokesperson, the dispute started when executive Barry Weiss, president and CEO of Zomba, refused to collaborate on Usher’s next album, “Part 12 of My Confessions,” the follow up to this summer’s hit “Confessions.”

In a statement to the press, Nichols reaffirmed his admiration for Usher’s talent but could not deny that his confession songs had gone “too far.”

“I have always been a fan of Usher,” said Weiss, “but I’m not going to record a song about how he lied to his mom when he told her he liked the sweater she got him for Christmas or how he doesn’t tip waiters enough. It’s just not good music.”

The album expands on the subject matter included in his previous confessions, including more personal, and as some say, more irrelevant actions in Usher’s past. The singer responded to these comments by defending his artistic creativity and the “soulfulness” of his music.

“What Usher is trying to do is take music

to the next level,” said the singer. “Usher confesses because Usher wants to be honest with his fans.”

Even critics, who were able to listen to downloaded bootlegs of the songs’ demos, admit that the songs do not reflect the same degree of soulfulness that made “Confessions” a chart-topping hit. One song, called “Theft of My Love,” recounts a shoplifting experience the singer had while on tour:

“So I stole the Twix from the 7-Eleven/ but I’ve been wanting to confess 24-7/ I could afford it/ I could’ve bought it/ I could’ve not played the game/ Now I have/ but don’t want it/ And I’m the one to blame.”

“The stuff he’s confessing isn’t a big deal,” Rolling Stone reviewer Melanie Carmichael explained. “It’s not like the song about when he gave his girlfriend the clap or when he stole money from her purse — songs about not bathing everyday while on tour simply don’t appeal to listeners.”

Even Usher’s agents admit that fans are starting to tire of his confessions.

Janelle Morris, a 17-year-old from Atlanta, asked, “Shouldn’t he have some kind of closure by now? I wish he would get to a shrink so he can start writing songs about hooking up again. Dancing to confessions of teasing the fat kid in seventh grade is just not as fun.”



# dirtybriefs

(done dirt cheap)

a smattering of the things that we think you should know about

## Good Samaritans correct atrocious lack of paint on MLK statue

**CAMPUS** – Two Good Samaritans corrected the appalling lack of spray paint that has marred the bronze statue of Martin Luther King, Jr. on the East Mall since its unveiling, said campus authorities. In a secret act of generosity on August 15, the noble altruists were caught by security cameras rectifying the unsightly lack of paint stains. “For seven years, that statue has represented this institution’s long-standing commitment to inclusiveness,” said UT President Larry Faulkner. “But can we really call ourselves inclusive if we don’t include the contributions of these two well-adjusted self-starters, who toiled bravely in the twilight hours to improve the artistic merit of that monument — leaving no signature and seizing no glory?” The UT System is currently discussing a referendum to build a statue memorializing the unknown Good Samaritans.

## Rembrants reportedly glad they wrote that song

**LOS ANGELES** – Rembrants members Danny Wilde and Phil Solem announced yesterday that they were “really glad” they wrote the theme song for the popular NBC sitcom “Friends.” “I never expected ‘I’ll Be There for You’ to be a theme song. Every time people hear it, they’ll think of us,” Wilde told reporters. Though the duo still performs music, both members expressed relief that they were no longer pressured to be popular or to sell CDs. When asked if they were planning on recording new material, Wilde replied, “Hey, remember when they’re playing around in the fountain during the opening credits? I love that part.”

## Bush declares war on atmosphere

**KEY LARGO, FL** – Less than 48 hours after a series of hurricanes laid siege to the Florida coast, killing dozens and leaving millions without power, President George Bush today held a news conference announcing his plan to declare war on the atmosphere and “put an end to meteorological terrorism.” Bush decried the attacks and vowed to punish those responsible. “Our freedoms and liberty make us a target of hatred and bitter envy the world over. Because of this, we cannot predict when or by whom attacks on our soil will be perpetrated,” Bush said. “We are currently in the process of bringing to justice the terrorist killers responsible for the carnage in Florida.” Secretary of State Colin Powell, in a special presentation to the U.N. Security Council this afternoon, cited a junior high natural science textbook to implicate the atmosphere as the terrorist entity responsible for the hurricanes. “According to both Mr. Houghton and Mr. Mifflin,” Powell explained, “the troposphere is the atmospheric layer in which weather is formed.” Powell concluded by saying he would not rule out the possible collaboration between the troposphere, al-Qaeda and Saddam Hussein.

## Goth enthusiast ostracized for joining intramural football team

**CAMPUS** – Jason Hollister, known by friends as InnerFyre72583, was cast from his social circle Monday when he agreed to join his roommate’s IM football team. Much to the dismay of his anti-establishment, nonconformist peers, Hollister, whose dress is limited exclusively to black pants, boots and eye makeup, made the decision to substitute for an absent player because he “needed the exercise.” Daniel Robeck, who witnessed Hollister catching a pass to score a touchdown, was horrified by the scene. “I was walking to the graveyard by my house to take pictures for my desktop wallpaper when I saw Jay catch that ...ball thing. I was so upset when I saw him give those meatheads high-fives that I turned to run, but I tripped over my cape and broke my glasses. I lay on the street bleeding for hours before someone in a pick-up truck spat on me, and at that point I rolled into a drainage ditch and cried myself to sleep.” Confronted by his close friends later that night at an arcade, Jason was labeled a “sell-out” and cursed “with the spite of a demon’s eternal burning” for playing in the game. Hollister denied any wrongdoing, but did admit that being outside before dark was a “pleasant change of pace.”

## Sentimental pansy cries during eulogy

**ST. LOUIS, MO** – Thirty-two-year-old Robert Valerio blubbered like a “no-balls-having bitch” throughout the eulogy of his grandmother’s funeral, said family and friends at Quivering Chins Funeral Home. The eulogy, delivered by the Rev. John Ivins of Trinity Church, was interrupted by Valerio’s wussy sobs and whiny pleas to God. “I know that his grandma raised him after he was orphaned at the age of five, and that she was in great health — making her passing a complete surprise — and that he never got to make amends with her after their argument the night before,” said Jennifer Clouser, one of the mourners embarrassed by the overgrown crybaby’s wah-I-want-my-grandma-back tantrum. “But that doesn’t mean he can’t grieve like he’s still got a pair.”

## West Mall flyer trying too hard

**CAMPUS** – Rumpled and bruised by passing students carelessly tossing it aside, local flyer FREE BALLROOM DANCING LESSONS remains a defiant fixture of West Mall life. Comprised of seven different fonts and printed on canary yellow paper, the flyer’s appearance offends many students. “The all-caps Comic Sans title and stubborn overuse of center alignment clearly indicate that this is the work of a no-talent hack,” explained Design junior Bob Cohen. “Whoever made this gaudy, slapdash attempt at a handbill must think very little of his fellow students to try and pass this — this *merde d’amateur* — for effective flyership.” Cohen then tore the flyer in two and ground it beneath his cap-toed Oxford. “*J’abandonne*,” he sighed, “I need a spiced chai mocha latte.”

## Third-grader ‘has no future’

**TAMPA BAY, FL** – In a parent-teacher conference Wednesday between Ms. Maple and the parents of third grader Billy Morrison, the Coolidge Elementary School teacher made the assertion that the 9-year-old boy “has no future.” The outburst was the result of Ms. Maple’s mounting frustration at the Morrises’ lack of concern for their son’s failing grades and was followed by an awkward moment of silence. Before Ms. Maple could attempt to retract her statement, Mrs. Morrison said, “It’s okay, Ms. Maple. We know.” Mr. Morrison added, “The boy is a strange bird. He never quite took to learning.” The three then shared a hearty laugh as they watched Billy pretending to bag groceries in the third grade’s play store. The remainder of the conference was spent joking about how much time and effort they all could have fruitlessly wasted.

## Basketball player gets no love after free throw

**DAVENPORT, IL** – After making his first of two free throws in a game on Friday, Bombers forward James Kenton leaned forward, arms extended toward two teammates, for the traditional touching of fists, known as “love.” However, Kenton’s teammates did not meet his advances, and he awkwardly returned to the top of the key to recommence his free throw routine. “James asks for love after every basket. I swear, the guy is needy,” said Bombers center Phil Martin in a post-game interview. Teammate Roger Fallow added: “I think Jimmy just needs to get over himself and tone it down on the court. I mean, that free throw ritual of his takes an entire minute. I know. I’ve counted.” Despite the lack of reciprocation, Kenton went on to sink the free throw, and the Bombers went on to beat the Hoopers 44-41. They are currently in second place in the Davenport Adult Basketball League, over-30 division.

## Inspiration caused by Olympics fades in local 8-year-old

**PLANO, TX** – Eight-year-old Daniel Mayborne admitted to himself today that the 100-meter Men’s Hurdles was not for him. After watching the Olympics three weeks ago, Mayborne was so touched by the dedication and poise of the athletes that he personally designed a rigorous workout regimen in order to prepare himself for the 2016 Olympics. His parents reported that Mayborne worked tirelessly every day and often made endearing comments about knowing that one day he would bring home the gold. “It was very touching,” says Roy Mayborne, Daniel’s father. “But about a week ago he just seemed to stop caring. He did less and less of his routine until today, when he just sat on the couch and took periodic naps.” Daniel, who referred with disdain to his former “pipe dreams” of hurdling, told reporters that he just doesn’t care anymore and will probably take up computer games and smoking.

## Student eats, listens to Cake

**AUSTIN** – Without realizing it, UT student Carl McGinn found himself eating cake while simultaneously listening to the popular band of the same name. “I turned to my roommate and told him to turn his radio up. Sure enough, we were listening to Cake, and I was eating cake, too,” remarked McGinn. “What a world.” After McGinn finished his cake, his roommate started eating a peach. Ironically, the next song on the radio was “Fuck the Pain Away” by infamous Canadian-born raunch-monger Peaches. “It was so weird that I was eating a peach, and the song we were listening to was by Peaches. Quite a coincidence,” McGinn’s roommate said. The most unusual part came when McGinn made himself some iced tea to wash down the cake he had eaten. “That’s when we heard an advertisement for a new episode of “Law & Order,” which, you guessed it, stars Ice-T. It might have been even weirder if a song by Ice-T was playing. Not because I was drinking iced tea, but because he is never on the radio anymore.”

## HSN donates swords, McGwire rookie cards to needy

**LONG BEACH, CA** – Proving itself a charity as well as a retailer of quality merchandise, the Home Shopping Network donated housewares and collectibles to a local homeless shelter Saturday morning. Among items donated were gingerbread-scented votive candles, cell phone car adapters and copies of “Scrapbooking Made Easy.” HSN spokesperson Charles Rourke characterized the recipients’ reactions as “awestruck” when they unwrapped their very own ‘Films of John Waters’ collector plates and chenille toilet brush cozies. “I would have been grateful for a can of beans, an extra blanket or even 4 easy payments of \$99.95” said one resident. “But the functionality and form of a Wolfgang Puck Signature Slow Cooker? Beyond my wildest imagination.” Asked about HSN’s charitable initiative, Rourke said the opportunity simply presented itself. “These people need food and shelter, but more importantly, they need inspiration. I limited-guarantee that there’s nothing like a series of beautifully framed watercolors commemorating the US hockey team’s victory in the 1980 Winter Olympics to lift their spirits.”

## Spears’ husband wins Powerball lottery

**PORTLAND, OR** – Kevin Federline, the 26-year-old husband of pop princess Britney Spears, got even luckier last week when he won the \$110 million Powerball jackpot. Federline will likely spend the money adding to the collection of designer clothes his wife bought him and supplementing the child support payments his wife has been making on his behalf. Upon verifying her husband’s win, Spears reportedly stated, “The only ‘powerball’ I thought I’d see over the next year was the one pounding my chin.”

# Senior boasts about being unprepared for test

## Lack of studying inspires, frustrates fellow students

**Camden Gilman**  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

**CAMPUS** — University of Texas senior Paul Blakely surprised his Spanish class Friday when he announced that he had not studied at all for the exam they were about to take. Blakely's apathy frustrated the other students in class, especially those who had studied very intensely for the exam.

"Paul always comes into class looking like he doesn't have a care in the world," said Edward Morris, a senior in Blakely's class. "I stayed up until 2 a.m. last night cramming for this test, and it seems like he was out partying. I feel like I'm wasting my life studying so hard when he can get away with not studying at all."

Morris' sentiments are shared by many of the other students in Blakely's class, who feel cheated out of the time they spent studying.

"I hate it when he comes into class and talks about how drunk he got last night and how he hasn't been to class for the past two weeks," a student in Blakely's class said. "Whenever he asks me what I did last night, I feel like such a loser when I tell him I was studying, so next time I'm going to say I stayed up watching TV and didn't study at all myself."

Some students find Blakely's lack of interest in school inspiring. Students who merely glance

over their notes on their way to class are usually encouraged by Blakely's comments.

"It always gives me a little extra confidence to go into a test knowing I've studied more than at least one other person," said Kyle Johnson, a slacker in Blakely's class. "Even though I've only been to class half the time and glanced over my notes on the bus ride here, I'm still better off than that guy. Right?"

Blakely, like many other seniors, has already garnered a full-time position with a company after graduation. This circumstance, combined with his ability to legally purchase alcohol, has instigated a change in his study habits.

"I used to stay up all night and study, and I would only tell people that I hadn't studied to really impress them when I would get a high grade," Blakely said. "Now, I'm finally living the dream. All I do is show up to class on a test day — assuming it hasn't changed from the syllabus — and I get away with it."

Blakely also added that he highly disapproves of the tuition hikes, explaining that it "is an outrage to have to pay even more money not to go to class."

**Editor's note:** When preparing stir-fry, try using a mix of peanut and roasted sesame oils for added flavor. As always, use freshly grated ginger for extra zest.



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# Medicaid: irresponsibility a disease

## New coverage to include gambling losses, wheelbarrow accidents

**Chanice Jan**  
STAFF WRITER

**TALLAHASSEE, FL** – In the wake of Medicare's July decision to cover obesity treatments such as diet plans and stomach stapling, Medicaid announced that it has expanded coverage to include conditions related to chronic irresponsibility.

While the announcement comes as a surprise to many Americans, it has generated little controversy among health care professionals.

"Medicare provides health care coverage for the elderly, many of whom are clinically obese," said Dr. Andrew Jenkins of the National Institute of Health. "Medicaid, conversely, covers the economically disadvantaged. And, as we all know, poor people are pretty irresponsible."

Irresponsibility affects as many as two-thirds of Americans. Like obesity, it can lead to complications.

"Irresponsible people, for example, are twice as likely to experience bad hygiene, provoked animal attacks, and babysitting fires," explained Dr. Jenkins.

Medicaid's extended coverage has helped thousands of patients return to their normal lives of recklessness and indiscretion.

"After I lost my job again, [my wife] Sheryl told me I couldn't stay outside to watch torna-

does no more," said Pete Carlson, a former manufacturing worker from Tulsa. "The bills for getting CAT scans when flying branches and mailboxes and stuff hit me in the head just got to be too much without the insurance."

"I can't write so good no more on account of my arm getting all mangled in that woodchipper I was playing with, so I yelled at Sheryl to fill me out some forms and take them to the government. Now I can get back to my favorite hobby: shooting street signs with my lucky rifle."

Under the new guidelines, Medicaid covers injuries sustained while bar fighting, attending monster truck rallies, and attempting literacy, as well as motorcycle stunt mishaps and head lice.

While those receiving extra coverage under the changes are delighted, critics charge that irresponsibility should not be classified as a medical condition, as it results from personal choice.

"This is going to lead to absolute chaos," warns Dr. Edward Ryniker, a social psychologist at Carnegie Mellon. "Now that irresponsibility is insured, people will be engaging in all sorts of reckless and dangerous behavior to the detri-



**"Dang. Where'd I put my keys?"**

Others still simply blame heredity.

Patty Brancaccio, 52, who has been on Medicaid since 1978, says her son Jed has been irresponsible "as long as she can remember."

"When I used to leave him in his high chair so I could watch 'The Young and the Restless,' I'd always come back to a kitchen covered in baby food," said Brancaccio. "Potty training was a nightmare, too. No matter how many times I locked that boy in the bathroom, it'd end up anywhere but the toilet. I used to wonder what I was doing wrong, but now I know it's not my fault he's got warrants in nine states."

Medicare and Medicaid's expanded coverage has begun a domino effect within the healthcare industry. Some HMOs have begun offering coverage for pretentiousness, apathy and sheltered ignorance.

While it's true that irresponsibility can even affect the well-off, it remains the biggest problem for those who can least afford it, as Brancaccio can testify.

"My boyfriend's in the big house again for grand theft auto, and I don't have the money for bail this time because I can't find my son to ask him for money. I wonder where that boy's at."

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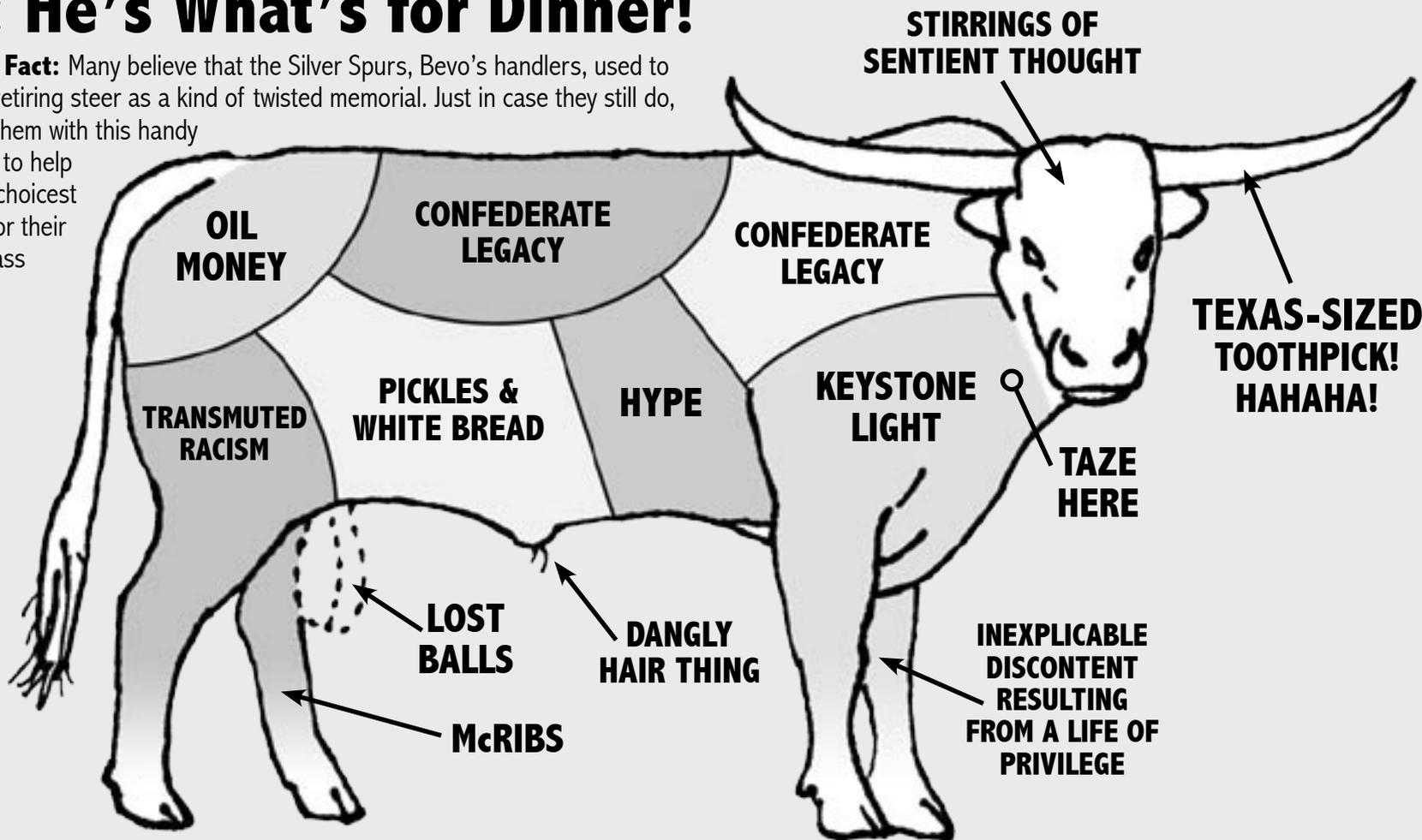
# TRAVESTY INDEX

- Number of buildings in the Six Pack : 6
- Estimated number of emergency student loans taken out at the Main Building so far this semester : 79
- Percentage of students who used the loans to buy and sell drugs : 94
- Total number of readers who just got an idea : 659
- Number of Freedom of Information requests submitted by UT students to the UT System : 823
- Number of requests laughed at uncontrollably : 821
- Number of books in the PCL : 7,398,210
- Number of people who have farted loudly in the stacks : 5,118
- Limit of condoms students can take from the SSB : 3
- Limit of condoms dragons can take from the SSB : 0
- Percentage of teenage dragon pregnancies : 74
- Number of calories in a lunch from Wendy's : 895
- Number of times you've gotten laid since eating there every day : 0
- America's favorite type of cheese : Mozzarella
- Number of skanks in my chemistry class : 3
- Estimated number of life-changing experiences you've had since coming to college : 513
- Number of inspirational posters bought at Jester Center since August : 32
- 2003 student fees allocated, per student, to the Daily Texan, KVR-TV, KVRX and the Cactus Yearbook, respectively : \$5.26, \$1.45, \$1.39 and \$1.57
- 2003 student fees allocated, per student, to the Texas Travesty : \$0.16
- Percentage of classrooms equipped with Doc Cams : 67
- Number of faculty members who know how to use them : 4
- Ratio of frat guys to pounds of vomit to minorities who have to clean up after them the next day : 9:4:2
- Number of current friends from high school : 4
- Number of friends freshmen make after one month in dorms : 26
- Number of friends from dorms freshmen keep : 1
- Number of high school friends sophomores return to : 4
- Percentage of the drag that the Co-op owns : 76
- Percentage of the Co-op that students own : 100
- Chance of getting an acceptable rebate : 1 in 23
- Number of people that the Co-op owns : 39
- Total fall enrollment at the University of Texas at Austin : 50,403
- Scientists working on new state-of-the-art robots : 4
- Year in which flesh-eating robots will be your boss : 2006
- Amount of love that went into buying your engagement ring days before you lost it : 307 units
- Number of days before your guinea pig ate it : 4
- Number of hearts broken : 1
- Chance that a student got a Cabbage Patch Kid as a 5-year-old : 4 in 10
- Chance that students still harbor hatred toward their supremely cheap and lame-o parents : 6 in 10
- Percentage of Shetland terriers hated by their owners : 27
- Number of times per day that a collect call commercial airs on television : 152
- Number of times per day that Carrot Top cries in a corner : 17
- Number of human toes in the world : 60,193,311,700
- Percentage of humans turned on by that fact : 4

*Figures are the latest available as of September 2004. For sources, use Google.*

# BEVO: He's What's for Dinner!

**Fun Freshman Fact:** Many believe that the Silver Spurs, Bevo's handlers, used to barbeque each retiring steer as a kind of twisted memorial. Just in case they still do, we've provided them with this handy beef-chart thing to help them select the choicest University cuts for their upper-middle-class dining pleasure.



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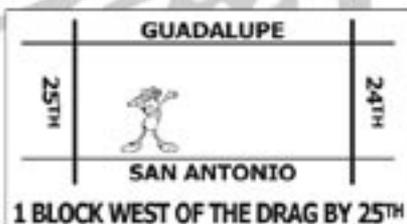
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No singing rats. No Jared. But we do have THIS guy!  
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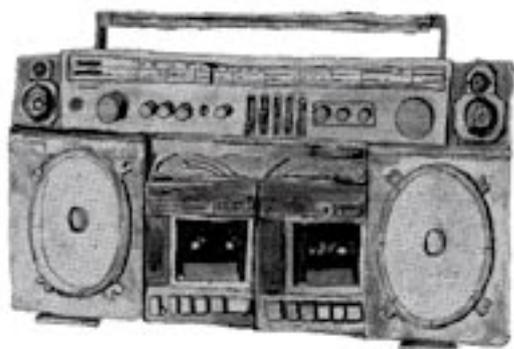
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17\_STORIES FROM THE FRONTIER

24\_THE DEADITES/THE GOLDEN BOYS

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We've all seen them. You pass them on the street on your way to Someplace Else. You see them on the evening news. You may even know somebody who's dated one: a white person.

Who are these white people? Where do they live? And most importantly, what do they do when no one is watching? For years, we have observed their everyday behavior, drawing only vague conclusions. We at the Travesty felt that a thorough analysis was long overdue.

After months of visiting white bars and clubs, watching underground white films, and eating at Boston Market, we have finally broken the silence surrounding...

**The Secret Lives of:**

**White People**

**White people like to...**

conference call

listen to techno

talk about building decks

whiten their teeth

put their parents in nursing homes

undergo LASIK surgery

multitask on the toilet

mimic English accents

have affairs

trade timeshares

cut themselves

wear loafers

gauge heritage by sixteenths

make reservations

say they exercise

make preserves

monitor their cholesterol

have Randall's cards

manufacture meth

consult instruction manuals

forward email

accumulate capital

comparison shop

outsource

# the Misfit Zoo

a Travesty children's story!



Once upon a time, there was a very special place for animals that nobody loved called the Misfit Zoo. Odd creatures from all over the world came to the Misfit Zoo to find acceptance and frolic together without being spat on. One day, a new friend arrived at the Misfit Zoo.

"Hello, nice to meet you all," said the Bat Who Is Afraid of the Dark. "Is there a well-lit habitat around here that I could hang in?"

"A bat that's afraid of the dark?" said the Worm With External Genitalia.

"Well, I've never heard of such a ridiculous thing," scoffed the Prematurely Balding Lion as he crossed his furry arms.

The Bat Who Is Afraid of the Dark could not believe how sad all of his new friends were.

"Turn your deformed frowns upside-down. Why, we are no different from anybody else — we are all very special and unique animals," shouted the Bat Who Is Afraid of the Dark triumphantly.

"There is nothing special about not liking

to shit everywhere," said the Horse That Didn't Like to Shit Everywhere.

"Maybe our new friend is right. We should penetrate this issue more deeply and finger the possibilities," suggested the Dolphin Wearing a Facemask Dildo.

"No, no, no! There is no penetration necessary!" exclaimed the Abstinent Rabbit.

The animals began to argue loudly, which caused the Giraffe With Altitude Sickness to vomit all over the Cannibalistic Panda.

"Gross! There are a bunch of leaves and carrots in this," said the Cannibalistic Panda in disgust.

"Now that was not very polite," said the Well-Mannered Jackass. "Let's learn to mind our manners, everyone."

The Cheetah With Six Inch Legs hobbled over to the group and cried, "We are not normal, so we are never going to be accepted. It's hopeless!"

"I really can't help but agree with the Cheetah With Six Inch Legs," confessed the Ape

With Acne. "Just look at my face. I'm a hideous ape with exploding acne."

"It sure is hot in here," said the Penguin With Hot Flashes.

"This stinks," said the Skunk That Sprays Perfume.

"Chip, chip, cheerio!" proclaimed the Sea Urchin Who Walks and Talks Like a Charles Dickens Character.

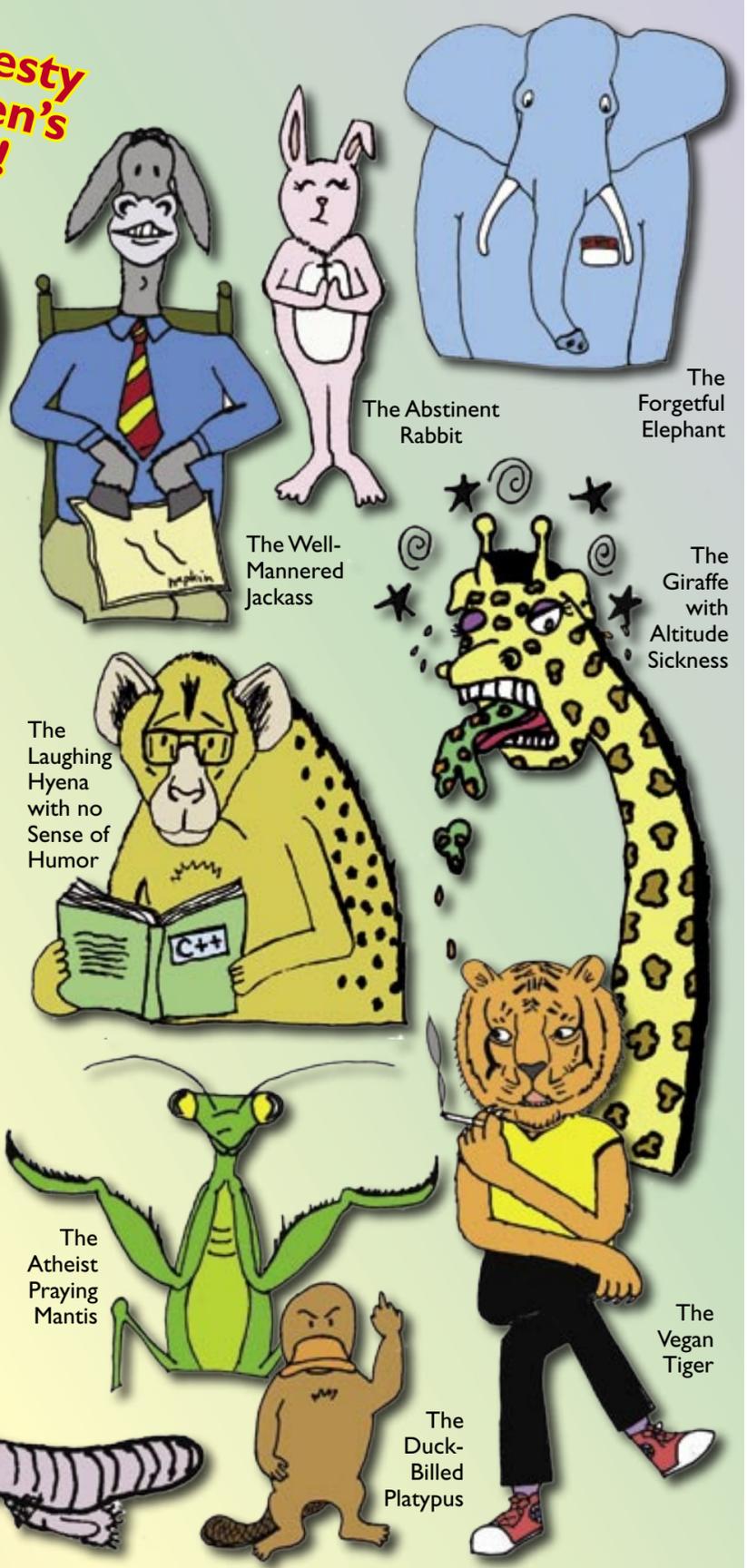
"There is absolutely nothing funny about this," said the Laughing Hyena With No Sense of Humor.

"What are we even talking about?" asked the Elephant With No Memory.

"Gosh," sighed the Platypus.

"I'd pray for things to get better, but you know," said the Atheist Praying Mantis.

"We are fucked," said the Bat Who Is Afraid of the Dark, while the rest of the animals nodded in agreement and stared at the floor.



# Go ahead: pull the trigger I can't die



**Lance Armstrong**  
MORE THAN HUMAN

Oh, this is cute. You're holding me up? Do you know who I am? You must, since you followed me out here to this secluded highway and steered me off the bike trail with your car. Whatever your motives, I've got a newsflash for you, buddy: I can't die. So

go ahead, pull the trigger. I haven't had a good tickling in awhile.

Ugh! That felt good. Want to give it another squeeze? Why are you shaking? Haven't you ever seen skin tissue instantly close itself up over a flesh wound? That trick gets 'em every time. Well, that or the ear-splitting scream that accompanies it. That's the sound of Nature and her Laws being violated. It's like the tweeting of songbirds to me.

Impossible? Sorry, not familiar with the word. You're talking to someone who beat cancer. Who's won the Tour de France six times in a row. Who weathers the leathery skin of Sheryl Crow during excruciating nights of chum-flecked hate sex. Who, seven years ago, chose to replace all his blood with the Black Elixir of Amon-Re — granting me immortal life in exchange for my humanity.

That's right: I'm not human. A human would feel shame for the ungodly amount of product endorsements I make. Hell, a mere human isn't physically capable of it: Subaru, Dasani, Nike, Midol, Bratz Dolls, Doral cigarettes— the list goes on. You know I can bilocate, right? As I stand here talking to you on the outskirts of Austin, I'm also in LA right at this very moment,

filming a 30-second TV spot for Juju Fruits. I'm dressed up as a giant bike-riding raspberry, squinting intensely as I keep my distance from a pack of fruit-people riding behind me.

Undignified? Absolutely. But these are necessary steps toward world domination. Already, I've planted the seeds for a dark new age — one in which I reign with inoffensive likeability and an iron, finger-gloved fist. Scores have bought my inspirational autobiographies. Live like there's no tomorrow, I tell them, and they lap it up. Foolish humans! They don't know that there really *is* no tomorrow; there is only me.

A new world order; slaves toiling in my name; Sheryl's misshapen death's head leering atop Mt. Rushmore. These pleasures will be short-lived. When I tire of spitting on your anthills, I'll relinquish my power back to you vermin. I'll discard you like so much flavorless Juju.

And as the eras pass, civilizations will rise and fall around me. Mountains will spring up and continents will shift into strange, new forms. The only constants will be the sun, the moon, and me — immortal, alone and patiently biding my time.

I'll be waiting for the day the sun dies. When it fills the terrestrial sky and swallows the moon, I'll situate myself at the midnight point of earth's surface. Launching into the atmosphere with a thrust from my diamond-hard legs, I'll ride the cosmic wave to the fringes of the beyond. Why? To find God. And to replace Him.

So you want to shoot me again? Go ahead, and make it messy. Do enough damage so the media will catch wind of it. The American public will be fed yet another tale about how I overcame adversity — this time in the form of an armed maniac in the Hill Country. Pull the trigger and add to my legend.

Just do it.

## personality profile

# Jed Armstrong

LANCE'S LITTLE BROTHER

### Claim to fame:

- best-selling author and six-time Tour de France winner Lance Armstrong's brother
- closest genetic link to America's favorite athlete

### Marital status:

- single (recently left his wife of two years for a dirty rag)

### Where you've seen him:

- extra in the Ben Stiller comedy "Envy"

### Favorite pick-up line:

- "My brother won the Tour de France. Wanna *tour my pants?*"

### Employment:

- pending internship at Budweiser Bottling Plant



### Greatest accomplishments:

- passed the GED six times in a row
- almost finished half of the Philadelphia 2K Fun Run
- survived removal of questionable mole on his left foot when he was 11

### Hero:

- Frank Stallone

### What his family has to say:

- "Nobody plays with me anymore." — Stretch, nephew
- "He certainly didn't go to the moon." — Neil, cousin
- "This guy really blows." — Louis, uncle
- "I don't really remember having him." — Gladys, mother

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# Trauma-Rama

## COLLEGE EDITION

**'Sup, College!** It's the time of your life: filled with pimpin' parties, campus cuties and mortifying mishaps! Life happens, and only we can tell you how to deal. Read these tales of totally total humiliation, and be glad you're still in junior high!

### Rating Scale

- 1 melted lipstick: Yikes, that stinks
- 2 broken nails: Glad I'm not you
- 3 dropped tampons: Move to a different state
- 4 pair period-stained shorts: Join the Witness Protection Program

### Knockout

I was walking down 21st Street when I saw this guy I'd been totally crushing on. I turned to say hi, but then I forgot I was in the middle of an intersection and got hit by a bike! OMG, embarrassing! I tried to play it off, so I got up and was like, "Hey, Grant!" but then I fell down again because my leg was broken and the bone was sticking out the side. Ew! Not only that, but I was wearing a skirt, and so while I was on the ground waiting for the ambulance, EVERYBODY could see the nasty gray granny panties I was wearing that day. I was so upset I tried to kill myself with the defibrillator paddles!

*Ouch! That hurts...literally! Let this be a lesson to ladies everywhere: Granny panties always ruin everything!*

**Rating: 3 dropped tampons**



### Blinded by Love

I was wondering why this mystery dreamboat in sunglasses on the 40 Acres wasn't paying any attention to me, even though I was wearing TONS of extra lip-gloss. So I finally decided to go up to him and say hi, but then his dog attacked me! I tried to calm it down by feeding it my Hershey's bar. Instead, my hottie started screaming, "I smell chocolate! Which of you stupid pricks is trying to feed my dog chocolate?" I found out later that dogs are allergic to chocolate. How was I supposed to know? Anyway, I was so embarrassed! And then when we got off the bus, he kept hitting my ankles with his stupid white stick. What a buttjerk. Oh, and I got my period!

*As difficult as it may be to believe, this guy seems blind to your charms. If this stud can't sense what a cutie you are, then it's time to move on.*

**Rating: 1 melted lipstick**

### Vegan Tales

So there's this super-cute cutie in my intro to philosophy class I'd been totally falling for. We talked a lot about contemporary moral issues and stuff — well, he talked and I drooled, LOL. I mean, how often can you find pretty AND witty, right? Well, one day, I decided to bring him cookies I had baked, hoping I could win over Mr. Hot Smartie. I was really excited when he took one, but then he paused and asked, "Wait, there isn't egg in this, is there?" I was like, "Of course there is, silly!" and then he dropped the cookie and started vomiting into his Wheatsville Co-op bag. He lectured me about factory farm conditions and called me a "chicken murderer" before storming off to sit with a girl who had braided armpit hair. I kept the bag and used it to mop up the huge puddle of my period that was on the ground!

*Find some other hottie who won't toss his cookies at the thought of your eggs. And throw away the bag of vomit. Or better yet, recycle it.*

**Rating: 4 pair period-stained shorts**

### Love Bandit

I was buying books at the Co-op when I saw my SUPER hot hallmate browsing the pen aisle. I started thinking real hard about how to go up and talk to him that I guess

I started grabbing things off the shelves and putting them in my backpack. When he saw me looking at him, I got so excited that I ran out of the store. The alarm went off and the security guard found all this stuff in my bag—including my giant box of tampons! The worst part is the guard spilled the tampons all over the floor and my crush took them and stuck them in his nose and made faces! Now when I see him in the hall, he slaps me and takes my purse. It's so embarrassing!

*Just because this hottie stole your heart doesn't give you license to steal everything else! Keep your eyes on the prize and your hands in your pockets!*

**Rating: 2 broken nails**

# horoscope

Officially endorsed by the American Association of False Prognostication

### Geico

(Septiembre uno – Octubre six-o)

Your foreknowledge of your own death will in fact be the cause of it, blowing the minds of a dipshit audience of moviegoers watching from the ninth dimension.

### Papilloma

(December 7, 1941 – August 15, 1945)

A housefly watching you masturbate has no primer to understand what's going on, but it still gets the unshakable feeling that what's going on is somehow very pathetic.

### Coprophagia

(Summer – Autumn 4th)

You'll immediately lose all credibility your first day at the firehouse when you put your hands on your hips and remark that whirling down the fire pole really sends you "into a tizzy."

### Cubic Meconium

(Montag – Donnerstag)

To the delight of your camping buddies, you will inherit the majestic voice of Besie Smith after you eat berries from a magical bush. That delight will melt into horror when they learn that you have also inherited her insatiable vagina.

### Corona Light

(XX)

A serial killer will take a pass on killing you, deciding that the best way to reach the rapturous high that accompanies acts of unspeakable immorality would be to let you live.

### Promiscuo

(8==D~ //\\(0)//\\)

Once your lockjaw finally eases up, you'll realize that you have daisy-wilting halitosis. It's almost as if some mediocre writer who just discovered situational irony wrote you into existence.

### Halfsharkalligatorhalfman

(Cretaceous – Jurassic)

Two cherubim will become your ever-present companions, holding a silk banner that veils your private parts. There are other ways to rebel from your parents, you know.

### Peregrinus-wha?

(Henry I – Qin Dynasty)

You'd been warned that drug abuse can set you on a downward spiral, but what they never tell you is that it's like a roller coaster ride of *funcolorsexhappiness* all the way down.

### Zeta-Jones

(.-~xX-jAnuArY-Xx~.-. - ^\_^feBrUaRy^\_^)

Your thirst for power is only surpassed by your fashion sense, which is why it's a shame you'll end up hanged in a public square with a T-shirt reading: "I attempted a coup and all I got was this shirt and my balls in my mouth!"

### Colonoscopy

(Oktoberfest – Festivus)

That full body wax was supposed to help you perform better at work and possibly get laid, but afterward you'll remain the loneliest human cannonball in the world.

### Smegma Minor

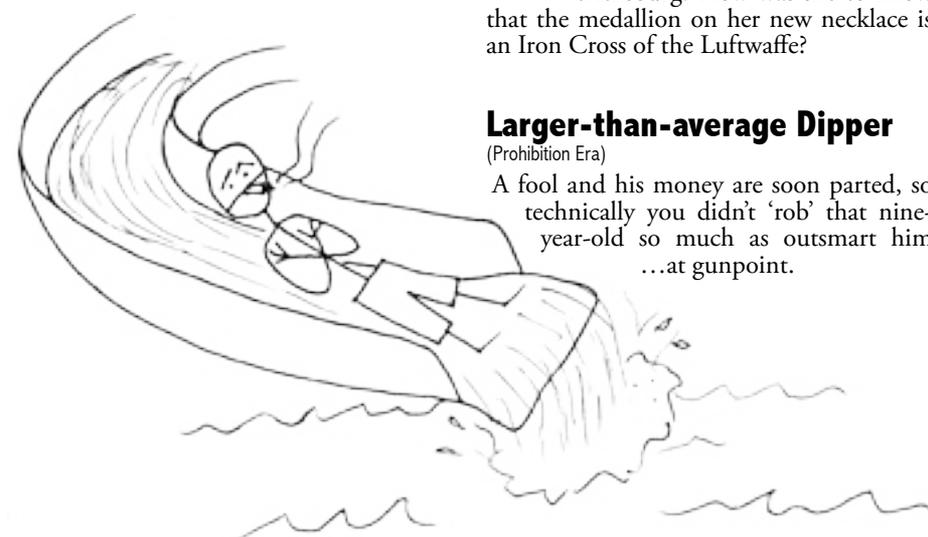
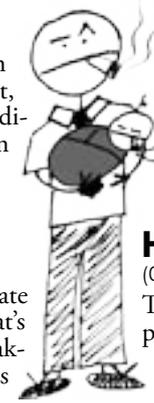
(Exodus 12 – Deuteronomy 5)

Go easy on your grandmother when you scold her for shopping at that thrift store in Fredericksburg. How was she to know that the medallion on her new necklace is an Iron Cross of the Luftwaffe?

### Larger-than-average Dipper

(Prohibition Era)

A fool and his money are soon parted, so technically you didn't 'rob' that nine-year-old so much as outsmart him ...at gunpoint.



# MARCHING BAND SEASON



**Jenny McIntyre**  
**Starting Clarinet**  
**Plano Senior High School**  
 Motto: "Second chair is the first loser."  
 Favorite formation: Sausage in the Keyhole '99  
 Avg missed steps per game: 3  
 Avg fumbled notes: 5  
 Lung capacity: 4.6L  
 Notes rushed last season: 34



**John Sampson**  
**Trumpet Tight End**  
**Mt. Carmel HS (San Diego)**  
 Motto: "Spit valve, don't swallow."  
 Fingering style: furious  
 Pre-game warm-up ritual: applying ChapStick  
 Best reason to join band: "The sweet hats."



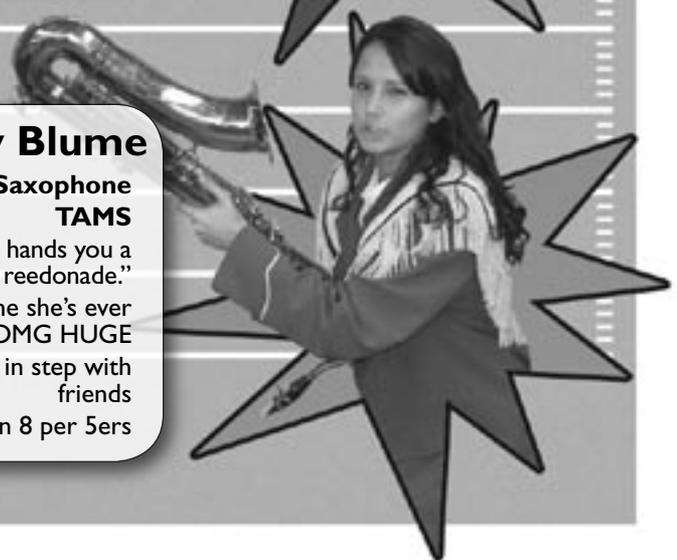
**Jeanette Stevens**  
**Power Flute**  
**Woodlands Prep School**  
 Motto: "This one time at band camp, I referenced a tired joke!"  
 Favorite song to play: Louie, Louie  
 Hobby: double-tonguing in the halls  
 Post-season plans: hibernate



**Mike Oswald**  
**The Giant Drum**  
**PS 186 (Brooklyn, NY)**  
 Motto: "This band needs more orgies."  
 Nickname: The Big Bang  
 Hand speed: 15 beats per second  
 Personal Hero: Max Weinberg  
 Tragic flaw: never knows when to come in



**Rory Jones**  
**Offensive Symbol**  
**Garland Arts Academy**  
 Motto: "I finish with a bang, and I also play the symbols."  
 Favorite formation: Banana Out of a Pipe '01  
 Accidental clashes per game: 1  
 Preferred tempo: Allegro  
 Biggest fear: premature ending



**Stacey Blume**  
**Lead Saxophone**  
**TAMS**  
 Motto: "If life hands you a broken reed, make reedonade."  
 Longest trombone she's ever seen: OMG HUGE  
 Hobby: walking in step with friends  
 Pet peeves: non 8 per 5ers

# the adventures of GIGGLES THE CLOWN

garfuck! time a go to mty cc lass~!!!

haey! stop takin spicure!!!!\$

cmom prety ladyy give me a good suqeez

lick em lick em lickem clieckm elick

i knwo the anser!! fuckmden sucsk ipgt fyou assholke,

i wann aseyx adventuyr!!21

i nwat you inseid me rrrrrrrrr

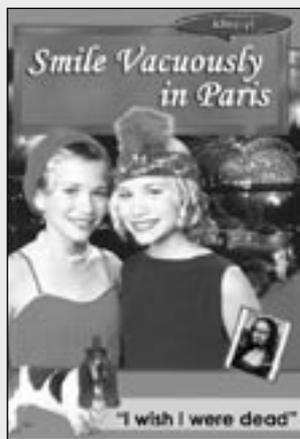
thissa bed oar a godadmn couch?!!

breaksft time!!! i missd you , ba by!! you'rae the only I masn i ever lovf

Check out these great new book titles from

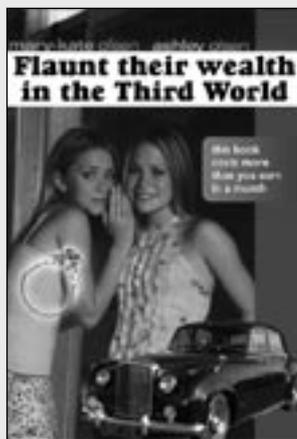
## mary & kate ashley olsen

Look out, America! These new Olsen twins adventures are so fun that they're barely legal — but they are! Join the twins as they meet super-cute Ben Affleck at a coke party. Everything is TOTALLY AWESOME until naughty Ben gambles away their massive fortune. Oh, no! Impoverished to the point of crashing on Dave Coulier's couch, the twins are forced to multiply their earnings by visiting a back-alley cloning clinic. Moments before the clones ripen, Chechen rebels attack, and out of the smoking rubble emerges a two-headed Olsen Beast! Will the twins defeat the creature in time to make it to the MTV Movie Awards?!?!



### Smile Vacuously in Paris

The twins are in Paris! — for the *millionth* time. Follow along as your favorite duo fails to appreciate the Louvre and enjoy their fat-free croissants! Experience the dangerous excitement of the City of Lights alongside Mary Kate as she rides helmetless on her French boyfriend's moped and breaks her malnourished neck.



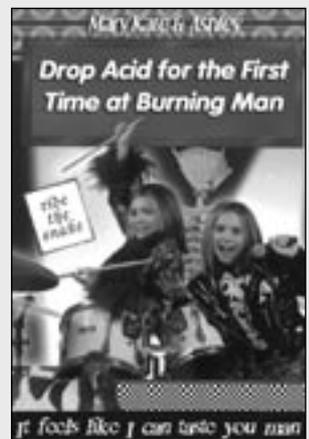
### Flaunt Their Wealth in the Third World

The twins decide to visit their fans — and pick up some diet tips — in scenic Somalia! Ashley meets a cute native boy but is totally jealous of his tiny waistline. But then he gets killed by guerrilla warfare and the girls are off to Paris again! *C'est la vie!*



### Dabble in Trepanation

Mary Kate and Ashley bring a whole new meaning to the word "airhead!" The ancient art of drilling a hole in one's skull to expand consciousness has never been so awesome! And they thought picking out new outfits was a headache!



### Drop Acid for the First Time at Burning Man

MK&A take the trip of a lifetime when they journey deep into the desert and suck on a sugarcube of bad LSD. Ashley takes a spirit journey of a different variety when the disembodied head of Kimmy Gibbler vomits the universe into a thimble and spreads the tapestry so thin that she, like, soul-merges with the sky fantastic.

# The clothes make the man

## Flamboyance and Natty Light just don't mix



**Todd Nienkerk**

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Friday night. You're sitting around with the "Travesty" staff, watching infomercials and prank calling outsourced customer service reps. Somebody walks in with a box of costumes, and suddenly you're wearing leotards, wigs, and spray-painted galoshes. What's the next logical step? Clearly, you have a parade.

With keyboard accompaniment in tow, that's exactly what we did. Things were going well. Surprised tenants lined the balconies, and drivers honked with approval. Though some were unamused — too cool for school, I suppose — most welcomed the spectacle.

There was a party at Building 14 that had spilled out of the patio and into the parking lot. Being the friendly types, we decided to introduce ourselves.

Imagine that you're an obnoxious blonde drunk. You're burying your insecurities beneath uninteresting babbling and sexual promiscuity, and you're approached by a guy in three-sizes-too-small ski pants, suspenders, and a sequined bowtie (see above photo).

What would you think? Would you think it's funny? What would be the first words out of your mouth? "Go away!" she shouted. "We're voting for Bush!"

Apparently, anti-Bush sentiment is most effectively expressed as a troupe of leotard-and animal costume-clad collegians parading around Riverside apartments at one in the morning.

Moments later, a crowd had formed. "What the *fuck* is this?" snarled a frosted-tipped fratdaddy.

"Looks like a bunch of fucking *fags*," someone goaded.

"Get the *fuck* out of here!"

After several failed attempts at conversation, the crowd became hostile. Cheap beer was doused, eliciting melodramatic "Ooohs!" and "Awww shits!" Another guy rushed our keyboardist, grabbing his helmet and throwing it into the parking lot, narrowly missing a brand-new Escalade. The blonde girl tried to push me, shouting something about how Building 10 was the "Kerry building."

One of the more lucid partygoers approached me matter-of-factly: "Look, these guys are really drunk. You need to leave, or somebody's gonna start some shit."

He was completely right. The air bristled with misplaced homophobia and stubborn ignorance. We made a hasty retreat and continued our parade through the complex.

The frosted fratdaddy, however, wasn't

satisfied.

"Yeah, you better go away," he shouted, following us. "That's what I thought. Fucking go away!"

"Please don't hit my friend," said my dog-nosed compatriot, referring to the guy in blue spandex. "He has diabetes."

"What the *fuck* did you say?" Fratdaddy shouted, increasingly enraged. "I don't have diabetes — I don't have an STD!"

We were speechless.

"What's wrong with being unable to control blood sugar levels?" I asked.

Frosty wasn't phased: "Did you just fucking say I have diabetes?"

"Uh, no, actually. I didn't say that at all," said dog-nose.

"Good," he spat, puffing his chest. "Cause I would beat you the fuck down."

He paused. "*The fuck down*," he repeated for emphasis.

His intimidation ritual complete, he stepped back and flashed the you're-not-worth-the-trouble sneer. Finally succumbing to the persistence of his trophy girlfriend who'd been pulling at his sleeve throughout, he walked back to the party, looking behind him every few steps to make sure we weren't making him gay.

I learned a lot that night. When I see a bunch of people in costumes, for example, I'll know that they're gay Bush protestors. Oh, and that diabetes is an STD — and probably a gay one, at that.

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# An accidental rendezvous

## The time I went on a date with my French professor



**Kristin Hillery**

MANAGING EDITOR

It all started with a cheesy e-mail I sent Professor Philippe Romain about a week before the final exam that said how much I had enjoyed taking his class and thanked him for being such a wonderful teacher — you know, the last effort e-mail you send when your grade is borderline between an A and a B.

I was surprised to get a reply from him later that day that thanked me in return for being such a *fantastique* student. I wrote back to thank him for thanking me.

Philippe and I continued to e-mail each other for the next couple of days. He told me all about the places he had traveled and what it was like growing up in France. I told him that I thought his life was very interesting, and I asked him if he'd like to have lunch with me some time so I could hear more, not expecting him to actually agree.

His response to my invitation was full of happy emoticons and exclamation points. We

decided to meet at noon the next day at the Texadelphia on the Drag.

I arrived on time, but he wasn't there yet. I was staring at the giant menu on the wall for a few minutes when I suddenly smelled cologne and felt a warm hand on my shoulder.

"Hello, Kristin. You look beautiful," Philippe said when I turned around. His hair was gelled, and he was wearing a hideous gold necklache. His shirt was only buttoned three-quarters of the way up. "This must be how he dresses outside of the classroom," I thought as I glanced at the puff of chest hair sticking out of his shirt.

Now, I specifically chose Texadelphia for the reason that there would not be an awkward how-are-we-splitting-up-the-bill situation since there are no waiters. But as soon as I placed my order and opened my purse to get money out, Philippe handed the cashier his credit card and ordered a chicken cheese steak without missing a beat.

"Oh, you don't have to—"

"It's my pleasure," he said with a wink.

We sat down at a booth in the corner of the restaurant, and besides the fact that he was staring at my chest for most of the meal, we had a meaningful hour-long conversation.

When the time came to leave, I thanked

Philippe for lunch, said goodbye, and we walked out of the restaurant together.

"Well, my car's parked over there. I'll see you on Thursday," I told him. He walked with me down the street, not saying a word until we reached my car.

I laughed nervously because he was standing very close to me. "Do you need a ride home or something?"

"No." His eyes were focused on my lips.

It was at that moment that I realized that I had just gone on a date with my French professor, and he wanted to kiss me goodbye. I could feel my face turning bright red as I thought about how inappropriately hot the situation was and what I was going to do about it.

"Well, see ya," I choked out. I was so frazzled by what had just happened that I keyed my car as I tried to unlock it and dropped my purse on the ground when I finally got the door open. I watched Philippe in my rearview mirror as I peeled out onto Guadalupe and drove home.

I have no idea what might have happened if I had invited Philippe back to my place that afternoon, but I probably wouldn't have ended up getting a B in his class.

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# Prelease or die, homeless and alone

It's a good thing you came to look for an apartment early, because many of your fellow students think they can slack off about where they'll live next year. Austin is a growing city, but affordable student housing is scarce these days. A few weeks more and you'd be well on your way to living in a box on West 25th Street.



**Susan Fells**  
APARTMENT FINDER

apartment themselves, because they can't.

Why are you standing up to leave? I haven't even driven you around to show you what places are available. You need me. You can't talk to the apartment owners themselves — it's not like they're real people. *You need me!*

Oh, so you think you're too good to prelease? You're too busy with

schoolwork and studying to spend the afternoon looking at apartments? I've met your kind before: you all think that "something will turn up" and "there are enough apartments to wait until summer." I just have one thing to ask you: Are you out of your mind?

There aren't any apartments available after Spring Break. None. Only I know where to find them. You probably don't even know where East Austin is. I've spent years learning the ins and outs of the city. Informative fliers from complexes and cheap promotional gifts don't even scratch the surface of what these places are like. I mean, I've been inside them. I've gotten to know them.

Fine. Get up and walk out the door. What do I care? My conscience is clear. You're the one who has to live with eating out of a trashcan and the ever-present danger of Lyme disease. Just think about that next time you pass a dumpster. Stare long and hard, because that's your future.

Speaking of West Campus, I have a great place in mind that you'd absolutely love.

Now, I know you're probably thinking that preleasing is a trick and something apartments do to try and make more money off of you and your parents, but that's just one of those urban legends — everyone knows it's not true. I wish you wouldn't encourage that kind of talk. It's hogwash, and we all know it.

Think about it for a minute: preleasing benefits you. You get to put down money for an apartment almost a year before your move-in date. Have three friends that you just met in the dorm and wouldn't be completely opposed to living with? Great. The four of you can sign on a 2-2 in East Austin within the hour. Easy, right?

My fee? Oh, I don't have one. That's right, you don't have to pay me anything. Just sit back and benefit from my years of experience. I don't know what makes kids think they can look for an



editorial cartoon  
by Joel Siegel & Todd Mein



# mailbag

concerns and  
praise from our  
literate public

## Pain the bass

Hey, that bass I can feel through the wall we share is effin sweet. It was pretty badass when you played "Toxic" all last weekend. Really, it was stellar. Oh yeah, the caked vomit you left down the hall Saturday night is an especially nice touch. You want to come over sometime and chill? Just kidding asshole, I hate you.

## The apartment next door Hates your guts

## Lost in translation

Can you put Nads on your face? Is it true that Nads are made of all-natural ingredients, like teabags are? Is it safe to have Nads this close to my genitals? Do I have to rub Nads between my palms to warm them up before use? My child accidentally swallowed my Nads. What should I do?

## Australian bikini wax From down under

## Rather gullible

Whoa! Did you know I may have won \$10 million? It says so right on the envelope — that's all the proof I need.

## Dan Rather Jumping to conclusions

## Dirty talk

Why don't you ever take me out? I don't stink, do I? I know I can be hard to handle — that's why I love it when you tie me up. I'm *dripping* with anticipation!

## Your trash Ready to go

## Bragging and loving it

Hey. How's Texas? I heard it was 110 today with the heat index. I bet that sucked. At Christmas, if I don't spend all my money on alcohol (which I will) (because I can), I'll buy you a keychain in Paris.

## Your friend Studying abroad

## Hairy situation

Sick. Your pubes are all over my face.

## Your bar of soap Rubbed the wrong way

## 4 U

I C U R A K 9.

I M A K 9 2.

R U O K?

U 8 A B?

G, Y?

## J Z

Letters for the editor

## All cracked up

Stop pulling your shirt down over your jeans. I'll see your ass crack no matter what — it's a universal constant.

## The guy sitting behind you in class Sick of watching you fidget

## Got questions for us?

Ask, but know that abstinence is the answer:

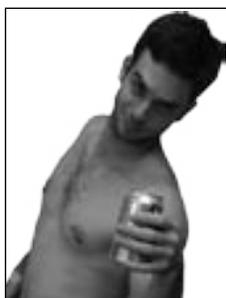
[letters@texastravesty.com](mailto:letters@texastravesty.com)

# Beer bong for m' lady?

Excuse me, bathing beauty, but may I offer you a beer bong rip? I've searched the local drinkeries, and procured the finest ale my purse would allow. Please, allow me to prepare the Lonestar while you proceed to sit on my lap.

Fear not! Your innocence and virtue shall be eternally preserved. Oh, nymphet of the apartment complex hot tub, you shan't worry. You will forever remain a fragrant angel in this lover's eyes. For every time I imagine scaling the glorious mountains contained in thine bathing suit top, I am blessed with thoughts of heaven.

Oh! That I could be the hose gracing those sweet beer-guzzling lips! That I could be the one drowning your throat with foamy white pleasure! That I could be the one being uncomfortably swallowed as you try to keepeth up with the flow! Oh, Jealousy! You be neither friend nor stranger to me during love. But beware, heartless jealousy. For soon you shall be cast out alongside my coy mistress's inhibitions.



**Sir Edward Darcy**  
HOT TUB GENTLEMAN

Ready for another beverage, my eternal love? Let us unite our intoxicated souls unite. Side by side, lover by lover, we'll embark on the journey to inebriation. Whilst I shotgun this fine can of ale, you shall inhale another two or three out of this beer-bonging device.

My lady, do not go! This heart of mine has been forever engraven with your face. True, it is also engraven with thoughts of we two lovers adding an extra layer of film to this opaque water. Alas! Please stay! These sweet remembrances will not be enough to keep loneliness from haunting my fine cotton sheets. Fair maiden, I implore you for help. Alleviate me of this frustration! Else my night ends with lamentation and self-abuse.

Oh, beer bong! She has left us! Her exit reduces our titillating trio a dispassionate duo, once more. But — I shall cheer up. Because though fortune hath not smiled her red-nosed affection upon me, it hath brought you into my company. You remain my love at first rip, my truest love.

# I'm finally comfortable being straight



**Jake Felds**

CONSERVATIVE  
TEXAS YOUTH

**M**y whole life I've felt out of place. Even when I was growing up I knew I wasn't normal. How could I not? I saw couples in the streets together; guys with guys, girls with girls. More than anything, I wanted to walk hand in hand with my girlfriend, but I didn't want to be stared at.

It's not just staring, though. Straight Hate is everywhere: people call things "straight" when they really mean dumb or out of place; movies cast stereotypical straight characters as comic relief; and Congress debates whether civil unions can apply to a man and a woman.

I wish I could say my childhood were different, or at least better. You can't blame my parents; it's the way society influenced them. Two men living together in a cookie-cutter gay suburb don't want a straight son like me, just like their friends don't want their kids to be around "the straight kid." I realized a long time ago that our secular, gay society doesn't hate me — they just don't want me converting their kids.

In high school, I was pretty much hated by a majority of the population. People would ask me, "Why are you straight?" As if being straight was a choice. Whatever TV show said it was a good idea to show up at prom with your hetero date was wrong. It's practically suicide. Never again was I just "Jake." I was, "The Straight Kid Jake" or "Isn't that the pussy-eater?" Jake.

My sexual preference has never been easy. Until I got to UT.

When I found out that there were others like me in Conservative Texas Youths, it's like I was accepted for the first time. No more awkward

conversations with my parents. No more apologetic confessions of being straight when guys hit on me. No more feeling guilty for being the way I am.

I've finally found a club where my sexual preference isn't an issue. Sure, homosexuals might feel uncomfortable when we have our straight pride rallies, but shouldn't we get a day to feel normal? After all the discrimination that we face—from our government to the rest of society—I just like having fun with my other straight friends.

CYT has a lot of great plans coming up this year. I can't wait for our "Straighten out for mid-terms party" or "I'm okay, you're o-gay Parade." I know some people might be offended by this — they feel that we don't like gay people or we think we're better than they are. Really, it's just a way to celebrate our own suppressed way of life.

# I want my identity back



**John Doe**

ANONYMOUSLY IRONIC

**I** know what you're thinking, and yes, my real name is John Doe. I just want to take this opportunity to tell everyone to stop using my name as an example for everything.

I can't escape it. I was at the post office and they used my name on a huge sign for how to properly complete an envelope. What was worse was that they even used my real address. Why couldn't they have chosen something besides 123 Main Street? I keep getting letters from people who were confused and didn't realize that the sign was only a model.

Once, Girl Scouts came to my door and asked if I wanted to buy cookies. I took a glance at the form, and for a second, I thought

I had already ordered cookies from them. Sure enough, my name was typed in at the top, and I had requested three boxes of Thin Mints. They even had my phone number down correctly. How the hell did they know it was 555-1234?

It's a terrible life. I was pulled over for speeding in a school zone the other day. When the officer looked at my driver's license, he arrested me for carrying a fake ID. I sat at the police station for seven hours because they kept asking me my name. I kept telling them it was John Doe, and no one would believe me.

I talked it over with my wife, Jane. We're thinking about moving away from Anytown, USA. I've had nothing but bad luck here. A charity called my house to ask for pledges. I was more than happy to offer a large donation, but when I started giving her my name and address, she cursed me out and hung up on me. She thought I was just being cruel and giving her false information.

Then FOX went and made a TV show named after me, except it wasn't about me at

all. It was about some guy with amnesia who knows lots of unusual facts and uses them to solve crimes. When Fox decided to cancel it, crazed fans of the show hosted a vigil outside my house because they wanted me to spearhead the efforts to bring the show back. "Who better than someone whose name actually is John Doe?" they reasoned. I have never even watched that show!

My mom was on drugs when she named me. Not illegal drugs: an epidural. I can just see my parents laughing it up in the nursery. "Why don't we name him John? Then his name would be John Doe." They could have at least given me a middle name. Something exotic like Ignacio or Dominic or Octavius. Then I could go by my middle name. I would much rather be named after the villain in Spiderman than have no identity at all. Please, just stop using John Doe and give me my identity back. I'm sick and tired of representing the common man.

# I can't believe it; I'm finally in college!



**Stephanie Wales**

COLLEGE FRESHMAN

**I** can't believe I'm finally in college! I mean, I thought high school parties were cool when everyone sat around on the couch and drank Smirnoff — who knew that would in no possible way compare to a frat party? Now we can go to a house where we can spill on the floor because we don't have to worry about parents coming home and there's enough alcohol for just about everyone in the top 10 percent of my high school!

Last Thursday, we went to this party in West Campus — going out on a weeknight is so college! — and I chatted it up with these older

guys. I totally think I impressed them when I said I was a National Merit Scholar back in high school and that I got a 5 on all of the AP tests I took. I can really relate to people now that I'm in college, and age is just a number! Especially with older guys! I don't even think they even realized I was a freshman until I told them — even though I'm actually a sophomore by hours.

But the best part was the other night in Jester when we had movie night. Just imagine, everyone on my co-ed floor sitting around watching "Shrek" together, laughing and talking like we really were one big family, and it's barely a month into school! After that, my friends and I came back to our room and ordered a pizza at one in the morning. Staying up late and eating junk food with friends! Isn't that just so college? Better watch out for the freshman 15!

The other day, I had a total "college" experience. They were selling posters in the lobby of

Jester, and after buying three posters — one Animal House, one Bob Marley and one Ashlee Simpson — I asked the guys working there if I could sell some posters in between classes. Picking up cash where I can — isn't that just so college?

Also, in class the other day, my professor dropped the F-bomb in his lecture. How college is that? That would have never happened in high school. I think I was more surprised when he said that than I was when I found out I made a 1570 on the SAT!

This weekend, my roommate and I plan to go sit in the quad and study for our tests next week. Studying in the quad! Isn't that just so college?

Oh man, I can't believe how cool being in college is. This totally beats StuCo lock-ins and hanging out at the Wal-Mart. Who needs Smirnoff when you can drink Keystone Light? Cheap beer — that is so college!

JESUS is... By John Roper  
wordupmoney.com



...making Passover awkward.

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...tanning.

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NASCAR • B3



A COLLEGE CAMPUS

# The Austin Scholar

September 29, 2004

Your Weekly "Student" Newspaper Without the News ★ Selling Out University Students in Austin, Texas

Vol. 1, No. 6

## Bitter Law Student Blows Lots of Money, Can't Let Things Go

**Stephen Karl**  
Special to the Austin Scholar

Students at Austin-area campuses were greeted to the new semester with large, blue distribution boxes next to other boxes on campus.

The boxes belong to a new publication for students, called the Austin Scholar.

It was founded by Bevalyn Garter, who was the advertising director for another publication before she moved on. The other publication is distributed near the Austin Scholar on one campus. It is very different from the Austin Scholar.

It — the Austin Scholar — is written for students. Some of the schools that the new publication will be at include the University of Texas at Austin, Austin Community College, St. Edward's University, Huston-Tillotson College, Concordia University, and Special to the Austin Scholar.

"I'm excited too be a part of a newer voice on the University of Texas campus," said Ryan Fullerton, the Managing Editor of the new paper — our paper [the Austin Scholar].

Fullerton was not officially a part of the first issue of the Austin Scholar, but he later joined the staff in a surprise move that left everyone in a tizzy.

"I want to make it clear that I'm not doing this because of spite," he said. "This great new publication came around, and I thought I'd try my hand at journalism. It's really fun to be an editor [of the Austin Scholar]."

Shortly after Fullerton joined staff, the previous editor, Jerome Willis, was no longer with the publication.

Students can expect a lot of great things out of the new publication, like horoscopes and crossword puzzles. There will also be some great advertisements and good things that nice people will like to read in there spare time. There are also pictures of people on campus, like below.

One thing's for sure: The Austin Scholar promises a good time for all those involved.

## Fun Pictures of Austin Scholars!!!



1. **Slayer** takes a break and tries to make a feast of it's tail!



2. An **unidentified partyer** pauses for a picture in the Austin Scholar.

## WAY TO GO RYAN!



We're so incredibly proud of you! Things are finally looking up. You'll make a great editor! We love you!

Love,  
Mom, Dad, and MeMaw

## THE ANSWER EUNUCH

IF YOU WANT TO LIVE THE LIFE,  
LIVE WITHOUT GENITALS.

Who knew leotards could be so fun? I sure didn't. But then again, I don't know a lot of things. Like what it is to desire.

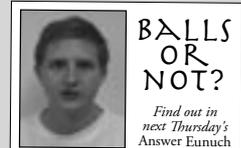
But fear not, my asexual allies in Austin: the Answer Eunuch is here! If you're like me — slightly overweight with short, curly hair — you're always on the hunt for other eunuchs in the world. Here are some short, yet glorious, tips for finding non-lovers like me:

1) Search through the smock, sweat pants or ankle socks section of your local Wal-Mart. Eunuchs love the color gray! If you hear, "Does this make me look gendered?" you've found your match!

2) Don't skimp on questions. If that fry cook can't stop talking about Chex Mix and Michael Dukakis, you're as good as golden.

3) Search through your local Blockbuster for previous renters of "It's Pat," "Three Ninjas" or any film featuring Hulk Hogan.

I hope these tips help. Until next time, keep on tuckin', castrati.



## Weekly Devotional

*Arise, O Lord, save me, O my God; for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.*  
**Psalm 3:7**

## Got Chlamydia?

If you or someone you know experience genital discomfort more than once a year, you might qualify to participate in a confidential medical study.

Call Carlos/Charley, MD

555-1485

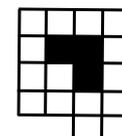
32621 Red River Austin, TX 78705

## Correction:

A headline in the Sept. 9 issue of the Austin Scholar read "New System to Fund Pubic Universities." The headline should have read "Updates Made to Existing Pubic University Funding System." The Austin Scholar regrets the error.

## Bored?

Do a crossword.  
We even have answers.



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