

FLEXIN' OUR LOVE MUSCLE SINCE 1997

TEXAS

TRAVESTY

FEBRUARY 2005





hottie of the month
Dusty Mangu
Longhorn Place Kicker

Thump, swoosh! Is that the sound of a Rose Bowl-winning field goal, or of my **soaring libido**? With your *rock-hard legs* and sunny smile, methinks the latter, **sweet sports hero!** Oh, how your punting inspires much panting! *Dust off your magnum*, you cocky kicker, and **let's see how good your aim really is!**

vital stats

HOBBIES: Single-leggedly winning high-pressure games on national television

TURN-ONS: Kix cereal, the sumptuousness of victory, squat-thrusting, pulling heartstrings, Peaches' "Kick It"

TURN-OFFS: Strong easterly winds, pulling hamstrings, flat balls, sculpting, wacky shoelaces

MOTTO: "Rah rah ree! Kick 'em in the knee! Rah rah rass! Kick 'em in the other knee!"



TEXAS TRAVESTY

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Todd Nienkerk
MANAGING EDITOR	Kristin Hillery
DESIGN DIRECTOR	JJ Hermes
ASSOCIATE EDITORS	Elizabeth Barksdale Kathryn Edwards Chanice Jan Ryan B. Martinez
WRITING STAFF	Stephanie Bates Bradley Jackson Todd Mein Jill Morris John Roper Eric Seufert Christie Young
DESIGN STAFF	David Strauss Christina Vara
ADVERTISING	Erica Grundish
PUBLICITY	Stan Babbitt
DISTRIBUTION	Toby Salinger
WEBMASTER	Mike Kantor
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANTS	Zack Claxton Mike Faerber Jen Goldstein Sara Kanewske Lindsay Meeks Garrett Rowe Laura Schulman Stephen Short
FACULTY ADVISOR	John Ruszkiewicz

CONTACT

PHONE	(512) 471-7898
EMAIL	letters@texastravesty.com
WEB	www.texastravesty.com
MAIL	Texas Travesty • UT Austin P.O. Box D • Austin, TX 78713

EDITORS EMERITUS

Kevin Butler 1997	Ben Stroud 2000-2001
Brad Butler 1997-2000	Trevor Rosen 2001-2003

LEGALESE

The *Texas Travesty* is the student humor publication at the University of Texas at Austin, published monthly by the permanent and contributing staff. The *Travesty* is a work of (hopefully) humorous fiction. Except where public figures are involved, characters are not based on any real person. Any resemblance to any persons living or dead is coincidental. The views expressed in the *Travesty* do not reflect the views of Texas Student Publications, the University of Texas at Austin or pretty much anyone. All material printed is property of the *Travesty*. The *Texas Travesty* is not intended for readers under 18 years of age, regardless of the pretty pictures.

SHOUT OUTZ TO...

Stale German chocolate cake; the common cold, random viruses, mono, and anything else contributing to a mostly sick staff; our "reliable and easy to use" printer; John Wilkes Booth; ready to take it, according to Steph; GatorAIDS; the Emobot; alternative e-mail personalities; things you can't call monkeys; Stan's line of new boxes; maximo burritos; aching kidneys; workers who get personal; the SSB's obsession with pregnancy; Wheatville; MSG-free racas that give you gut-busting gas; napkin holder mishaps; using-hyphens-in-all-the-right-places; free pug puppies!!!! and other joys of Craig's List; the Chinese New Year; Watergate conferences and hordes of old people outside the office; missing the Superbowl AND giving a shit, really; memory lapses and the 12 shots that cause them; gaud speelun; Kathryn's leftist rhetoric seeping through her Commie articles; people reading over your shoulder and ummiming; surprise popcorn!; passive-aggressiveness; losing half the shout outz; forgetting to press the "Save" button; getting served 25,000 times; the elusive and hard-to-find "Things To Work On" list; butts; the usual Friday night curry smell; posing for pictures when everyone's watching; oversized pincher tools used to pinch off YOUR FACE; stupid missing fonts; Jammy; Eric's lame page

Copyright 2005 Texas Travesty
Circulation: 25,000

Catty Wiccan practices bitchcraft

There's no 'I' in 'coven,' say fellow witches

Ryan B. Martinez
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

SANTA FE, NM – Avowed Wiccan Lilith Browning, the 46-year-old leader of a small group of witches known as Crystalline Coven, has abandoned the serene pursuit of white magic in favor of "bitchcraft," say coven members.

"I don't care how much bad energy I'm channeling when I say this: Lilith Browning is a sour hag," said Eileen Lambourn, 38, who helped found the coven with Browning three years ago. "The only thing she knows how to conjure is bile — from my stomach all the way to the back of my throat."

Wicca, a neopagan spiritual movement whose diverse followers share a reverence for nature and a form of goddess worship, has steadily grown since becoming popularized in the 1940s by British civil servant Gerald Gardner. Throughout its history, the movement has battled Christian smear campaigns and misconceptions perpetuated by popular culture.

Browning is not boosting Wicca's public image, say coven members.

"That woman reinforces every negative stereotype about witches that has ever existed. She's mean, she's domineering, and when she laughs, she cackles," says Janelle Stevenson, 24, a Crystalline member for two years. "Now we just need a house to fall on top of her, and then

we're all set."

Stevenson chuckled, then soberly added: "No, seriously. I'd love that."

Browning's 12 coven sisters have all expressed frustration at her for behavior they believe goes against the Wiccan Rede, the moral edict that "if it harms no one, do what you will." Her egotism and micromanagement of Esbat rituals, held 13 times a year to celebrate each new moon, has hindered sisterhood within the all-female group and fostered an environment of hostility.

"Oh my goddess, did you *see* the way she totally hogged the chanting talisman during the Incantation of Gaea?" said Sandy Westmoreland, who, at 19, is the youngest coven member. "She was hanging on to that thing like it was going to give her back her menstrual cycle."

Conflict within the group hit a fever pitch when Browning decided to do away with ritual invocations to the Horned God, the male deity of sexual virility, shortly after Browning's husband left her for a younger woman.

"I was like, 'Lily, I thought we agreed at the beginning that our coven wouldn't follow the Dianic Way,'" Lambourn said. "'The Horned God, while less important than the Earth Mother, still plays a major part in the degenerative and regenerative cycles of nature.' And she was all, 'Eileen, darling, it's clear that the male-female dialectic isn't working. We need the Horned God in our rituals about as much as you need

another snack cake.'"

Lambourn continued: "What a fucking bitch. She knows I'm insecure about my weight."

While members have whispered to each other about leaving the coven, they remain compliant with Browning's wishes because of a list of incriminating secrets that she keeps in her personal Book of Shadows in lieu of the prayers, charms, and Wheel of the Year that should usually go there.

"How are we supposed to develop a *raith* if she's dominating the whole process and blackmailing us?" asked Stevenson. "The merging of psyches into a cone-shaped energy swirl that brings communion with the Earth Mother doesn't just happen overnight — or through one specific person. Lily needs to learn that there's no 'I' in 'coven.'"

She added: "Just like there's no 'bitch' in 'witchcraft.'"



■ "It's *your* turn to refill the patchouli!"

Texas Democrats excited about new legislative session

Members happy to finally gossip all together

Kathryn Edwards
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

AUSTIN – As the Texas Legislature began its new session Jan. 11, Democrat representatives rejoiced over once again being able to gossip together about a range of topics instead of individually over the phone.

Among the topics of conversation were Republican representatives' failed efforts to lose weight, U.S. Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchinson's horrendous taste in shoes, and the nagging question of Gov. Rick Perry's sexual preference.

"I heard that Tom Craddick was going on the Zone Diet when we were out of session, but he *clearly* didn't stick to that plan," commented Kevin Bailey to fellow Houston representatives Joe Moreno and Harold Dutton.

The three giggled as Bailey continued: "Not that anything could work. Please, it's called the 'Zone Diet,' not the 'Zone Miracle!'"

The three had to hush their laughter when they entered the rotunda and made their way to the Legislative Conference Center in the extension of the Capitol building, where every Democrat representative would be meeting for the annual New Session Kickoff Party.

"I'm just glad that we don't have to phone-relay all the good gossip anymore," said Moreno. "I know that I went over my minutes every month when the House was out of session. Now

that we're back, I can hear all the good bits of gossip, *and* I still have time to talk to my kids. It's a win-win!"

As the three men entered the elevator to the Capitol extension, they saw a woman with clunky shoes walk by. They did their best to contain their catty comments until the door shut, leaving them in the privacy of the elevator.

Relieved, Dutton exclaimed: "Did those shoes serve some kind of orthopedic function? Because they were worse than [Kay Bailey] Hutchinson's — if that's even *possible*!"

Dutton continued his slam of Hutchinson's shoes until they reached the Kickoff Party. After listening in on their conversation awhile, Stephen Frost, D-New Boston, interjected.



■ "Alright, first order of business: just where did you get that dazzling necktie, Mr. Strama? Do tell!"

around campus

- **A 200-person survey class** will fill students with feelings of smallness and insignificance; it's exactly like the Grand Canyon if the Grand Canyon wore 75 pairs of flip-flops and stank of bleached hair and entitlement.
- **The Littlefield Dorm Virginity Gestapo** will burst into a resident's room and douse her with water after she glances at a textbook photo of Mikhail Gorbachev — a *man* — for more than two seconds.
- On his way to Little City, a **hipster** will take insouciant lankiness to an insane new level of whatever.

in this issue

FEATURES

- .00** Man stuff, like tits covered in motor oil
- 1-3** Places you might have left your keys; dinosaur print bedsheets on sale now at K-mart for \$12.99
- 4.7** An avid evolutionist fakes an organism; tasty treats to put in your kid's sack lunch
- 4.7B** My psychiatrist husband is driving me crazy!
- XXI** Son addicted to crack breaks his mother's back
- 31** New laxative marketing campaign causes explosive sales
- 5+1** A mouse riding a lawnmower

FEBRUARY 2005 CREDITS

Illustrations
JJ Hermes
Kristin Hillery
Chanice Jan
Mike Kantor
Todd Nienkerk
Todd Mein
Adam Shackleton

Illustrations (cont)
David Strauss
Christina Vara
...and nobody else

Cover Design
Todd Nienkerk
Adam Shackleton

iPods for Shitty Bands
Adam Shackleton (illustrator)
David Strauss (layout)
...and a couple of jerks

Centerspread
Todd Mein (illustrator)
...and many more

Robin Williams
Christina Vara (layout)

Contributing Writers
Bryan Berge
Dr. Nancy Daley
Camden Gilman
Liz Mandrell

Flowchart Genius
David Strauss

Models
Dusty Mangu
Lauren Poulos

Kafkaphony

Costume Designer
Sara Kanewske

Confederate Heroes
Braxton Bragg
A. P. Hill
Stonewall Jackson
Robert E. Lee

Ad Sales
Klevis Alaj
Emily Coalson
Erica Grundish
Kristin Hillery
Todd Nienkerk

Giraffrocentric

Goodbye, recalcitrant asshole!
See you in hell!

Joel "Big Dog" Siegel, esteemed *Travesty* writer, cycling enthusiast, and stubborn prick finally graduated last December.

He taught us to laugh, cry, and shampoo with Suave.

VOLUME 7 • ISSUE 4 FEBRUARY 2005 NEWS OPINION

- 177** A comic strip about a guy buying groceries
- 102** When I offer you a piece of candy, you need to accept it
- 8** How to be cool
- @** Tonya Harding fills out a crossword puzzle; how to draw gerbils
- Une** Rare hornless unicorns and other *Upright Citizens Brigade* references
- = 2** Let me be your milk so I can do your body good; I think I left my wallet in that tree trunk
- ^^^** 32nd Annual Moron Awards; freshly shaven Sean Connery

- 12** *Travesty* Valentines. Seriously, they're really on this page.
- 444** A documentary about my keychain collection; the number 17 written over 400 times
- 58** Sharks on acid; bluebonnets
- _I_** You've *Got Mail* is the worst movie of all time; David Blaine makes a body disappear in the river and then steals an old woman's gold watch
- 05** Women who design their own engagement rings
- <82** Those tacos she gave you were full of brain meat
- 2.26** I hate my father

dirtybriefs


done dirt cheap

Catchy protest chant plagues senator

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Senator Joseph Biden, D-Delaware, a strong supporter of gun control, was irritated to find that he had a catchy pro-gun rights chant stuck in his head. Biden said he had passed several vocal protestors outside the Capitol that afternoon and couldn't help repeating, "One, two, three, heck! We don't need no background check!" to himself on the drive home. Despite several attempts to rid his mind of the catchphrase by studying violent crime statistics and tearfully recalling a scene from *Days of Our Lives* in which Bo accidentally shoots Billie, Biden was unable to shake the slogan out of his head. For the remainder of the evening, he continued to curse aloud every time he noticed himself saying, "Two, four, six, eight — can't deny that guns are great! Four, six, eight, ten — go back in and vote again!"

Selma Blair gives birth to septuplets, yawns

HOUSTON — Blasé movie starlet Selma Blair gave birth to seven breech babies without anesthesia during an arduous, 16-hour labor, before yawning and flipping through a *Cosmopolitan* magazine. The 33-year-old actress, known for playing aloof, unresponsive characters in films like *In Good Company* and *Hellboy*, idly examined her cuticles throughout most of what doctors recalled with horror as an "ungodly geyser of babies and afterbirth." That Blair was pregnant in the first place came as a surprise not only to Hollywood insiders but to family and friends, who noted that the only change they had noticed in Blair in the past nine months was her early-morning tendency to make car-engine noises with her mouth. When reached for comment on the phone, Blair yawned and breathed heavily until the dial tone sounded.



White supremacists bicker over checkers

Men almost come to blows over who will play as black

JJ Hermes

DESIGN DIRECTOR

TRENTON, GA — Under a canopy of exposed insulation and duct-taped electrical wires, two lifelong neighbors almost resorted to violence over a game of checkers. Although the match had yet to begin, witnesses reported loud shouting followed by several gunshots in an argument regarding who would play with the black pieces.

"Them black pieces are inferior to them white pieces," said Billy Roberts. "Ain't no way I'm gunna use no black nothin'. My father's grandfather was a colonel in the Confederate army, and if he could see how our Medicare and Social Security been bankrupted he'd be stormin'."

Although the men take to the checkerboard on a regular basis; this was the first the time the black-piece dilemma arose.

In the past, the two used a standard board with black and red pieces. But when one of the men's rottweilers ate five of the red pieces, the men used white backgammon pieces as a replacement — offering a non-minority color selection.

Seventy-four-year-old Roberts alleged he was



■ "Jeepers! This basement is *haunted!*"

about to sit down behind the new white pieces when his neighbor, Stan Reed, threatened that if he did he would "tear him a new asshole."

as well as most elected Democrat officials in Washington, the party went on well into the night. The DNC felt confident that their decision to honor Obama, whose first name means "blessed" in Swahili, was not premature.

Since his election, Obama, who was a well-liked Illinois State Senator before shooting to universal acclaim with his keynote address at the 2004 Democrat National Convention, has become a mover and shaker in Washington. Popular on both sides of the political divide, the senator has incurred little criticism — a near-impossibility within the Beltway.

"Those irreligious Democrats tarnish the moral order of this nation — they're liberal, nasty and a bad influence on our children," says Pennsylvania Republican Rick Santorum, one of many Republicans who attended the party. "But that Barack Obama is like sunlight shining through the dark clouds raining moral depravity upon this country."

Santorum leaned forward, turned to make sure no one was immediately behind him and whispered: "I might even tell my kids about him."

Walking around the party after the ceremony, Obama displayed charisma and boyish charm. Flashing an earnest smile, he informed Newsweek columnist Fareed Zakaria that his suit was "slimming" — prompting the columnist to giggle loudly and hide his blushing face behind his notepad.

Obama then told Helen Thomas, a re-



■ Obama? More like YO MAMA!

Heartbreaking story coming up next

Anchor works extra hard to feign appropriate emotion

Chanice Jan

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

SAN ANTONIO, TX — Local News 6 anchor-man Alex Lucero put extra effort into looking sympathetic when he announced that a "heart-breaking" story of a "gut-wrenching, horrible" tragedy would follow after a short commercial break.

Lucero's announcement occurred immediately after the broadcast of a special "News 6 Investigative Undercover Crew Investigates for You" feature that had been advertised in commercials all morning with the teaser, "Could your child be at risk for a violent poisonous silent killer molestation danger death?"

The feature, about a local Dairy Queen's dirty bathrooms, was finally broadcast after Lucero and co-anchor Brenda Billups feigned concern as they covered "breaking news" about what Billups deemed "a real wreck of an accident" on Loop 410.

According to Lucero, the driver who caused the "messy pileup" was "incredibly lucky" to escape with "just a few scrapes and bruises." Lucero then forced a half-frown half-smirk and incredulous head-shake.

Billups took the next story, about an uncontrollable blaze that had consumed hundreds of acres of forest and destroyed four residential areas.

"Wow, and I thought the Spurs were on fire," responded Lucero.

After a momentary blink, both anchors pretended to enjoy cheerful banter with field reporter Sylvia "On the Spot for You" Jacobs before Lucero suddenly switched to his "serious face" and made the grave preview to the accident story.

When they resumed their newscast after the break, Lucero and Billups mechanically lowered their voices to an appropriately solemn tone while discussing the main news story, about a local man who accidentally knocked over a vase that was a family heirloom.

The co-anchors then took turns briefly listing off several violent robberies, a couple of child abuse cases, and information about a gang of escaped serial rapist-arsonist-murderers. The duo paused emotionlessly for a split-second before asking, "So, Bob, have you

got any rain in store for us?"

The program wrapped when meteorologist Bob Carmichael met his "Boy, do I ever!" quota for the evening, and sportscaster Larry Woods delivered his best "Folks, have I got a real nail biter tonight."

When the cameras were off, Lucero let out a groan of relief. "Wow, I'm exhausted. Faking that much emotion in one night was almost as hard as when I had to pretend-cry at my daughter's birth."



■ "Tonight at 10: Watch me devour a fetid skull."

Willie Nelson Blooms

AUSTIN — Thousands of people have flocked to Austin to witness the quadrennial bloom of legendary country singer-songwriter Willie Nelson. The rare event takes place over the course of two weeks at Nelson's estate outside of Austin and is a tourist attraction for botany enthusiasts worldwide. One of the distinguishing features of this orchid is its propensity to release an odor upon opening that is similar to that of a rotting corpse. The smell covers a 14-foot radius and lingers until Willie wilts, normally two weeks after bloom. At that time, the blossom folds into itself, the odor disappears, and Mr. Nelson resumes his normal schedule of smoking marijuana and writing music. The event is expected to occur later in the week and area hotels are already booked through the end of the month. Recently arrived in Austin, botany hobbyist James Nichols and his family chose Austin over Disneyland this year. "The wife and I were here to catch the bloom in 2001," explained Nichols, "but I had to bring the kids back to see this." Mr. Nelson could not be reached for comment as he has already begun to take root.



COMPUTER REPAIR • PARTS • UPGRADES • LAPTOPS • VIRUS & SPYWARE REMOVAL

SAM

YES! WE DO MAC MEMORY UPGRADES!

WE FIX LAPTOPS

...even broken screens!

PLUS: Factory Refurbished LAPTOPS

Perfect for class!

WE BUY & SELL PREOWNED LAPTOPS

FREE PHONES!

STOP IN TODAY FOR A FREE CELL PHONE WITH SERVICE ACTIVATION

CELL PHONES & ACCESSORIES

T-Mobile

Verizon

Cingular

fits you best

CINGULAR T-MOBILE VERIZON AUTHORIZED DEALER

* AT&T and Cingular have merged

UT SPECIALS!

Ask about our discounts for UT students, staff, & faculty (with valid UT ID)

We build custom systems to suit any user

We carry PC hardware & accessories: AMD & Intel processors • motherboards • hard drives • memory blank media • full line of cases • cables for everything

Call or visit us today!

480-8880

SAMCOMPUTERS.COM

LOCATED ON THE DRAG (DEAN KEETON & GUADALUPE)

PARKING IN REAR

FREE PHONES!

4 • NEWS

www.texastravesty.com

THESE COLORS DON'T RUN

NEWS • 5

Men make eye contact while in adjacent urinals

AUSTIN – Zach Jones and Ben Evans experienced a downside to peeing in urinals Saturday night when their eyes accidentally met. The men, both 22-years-old, have since admitted to feeling “overwhelmingly embarrassed” after the incident in a local diner’s restroom. “I was kinda off in my own world, doing some thinking and staring off into space, when I realized I was looking some dude in the face,” Jones said. “It was awkward as hell.” The incident was quickly followed by a hurried, “Oh, sorry,” as Jones attempted to regain composure. Evans, who was just as unnerved by the situation, quickly exited the bathroom and rejoined his party. Jones, who had previously planned to eat at the diner, ordered his food to go.

Djimon Hounsou tired of being typecast as noble foreigner with heart of gold

HOLLYWOOD – Movie actor Djimon Hounsou, best known for his supporting roles in *Amistad* and *Gladiator*, is tired of being typecast as the mystical foreigner whose sense of dignity prevails over oppression and personal tragedy, he said Friday during a routine press junket. “Don’t get me wrong — I appreciate all the opportunities I’ve been given,” said Hounsou, his voice creaking with the ancient integrity of a Joshua tree. “It’s just that I feel I’ve been painted into a corner lately.” Upon saying this, the native West African squinted, causing crow’s feet to form on his face, like tributaries emptying into the oceans of rapt wisdom that he calls eyes. “I just wish movie execs would give me the chance to show my range,” he said, proceeding to lift those sad, selfsame eyes — shining with an understanding that can only be wrought from uncommon pain — and sighing, as if quietly harkening to benevolent forces beyond this world.

■ Djimon Hounsou’s heart is forged from pure bronze.



Subj: From the desk of Engr. Sadiq Abaat

Dear Sir,
We are sending this letter to you based on information Gathered from the foreign trade office of the Nigerian Chamber of commerce and industry. We believe that you Would be in a position to help us in our bid to Transfer the sum of forty-One million, five hundred Thousand dollars (\$41.5m usd) into a foreign account.

This time around we need a more reliable and Trustworthy person or a reputable company to do Business with hence this letter to you, so if you can Prove yourself to be trusted and interested in this Deal then we are prepared to do business with you. What we want from you is the assurance that you will Let us have our share when this amount of us\$41.5m is Transferred into your account. This transaction is 100% safe.

Please treat as Urgent and very confidential.

Best regards to you.
Engr. Sadiq Abaat.

Subj: ENhance your manhood ++++asdfadk

Penis enlargement? Couldn't afford it with this health-care system. All you need for a penis enlargement is to watch the Janet Jackson superbowl video. The president probably saw that video and said, "I'll stop those weapons of mass destruction!" His dad's saying, "Read my tits... I mean lips! No new taxes!" Slick Willy, smoking a stogie saying, "Monica was hotter than that." Why get a penis enlargement when I could just stuff my 1999 Oscar for best supporting actor in my briches? Oscar's a gay name. If Oscar were a real person he'd probably cut hair for a living.

Subj: FREE Cruise by visiting www.freecruisesnotatrick.com.net

Set sail to the land of the free! Leonardo DiCaprio yells, "I'm the king of the world!" but not until the captain goes, "Aarghhhh! There be an iceberg ahead, mates!" People freak out and jump off the side of the ship. "S.O.S! Save our screenplay!" Dr. Kevorkian is standing in the operating room saying, "Your heart won't go on!"

Subj: Turn back your body's biological clock 10 years!

Seen on NBC, CBS, CNN, and even Oprah! A major health discovery that actually reverses aging. Awhile burning fat. Without dieting or exercise! And it's 100% Guaranteed! Click Here #1Doctor Formulated HGH

- * Enhance sexual performance
- * Remove wrinkles and cellulite
- * Restore hair color and growth
- * Strengthen the immune system
- * Increase energy and cardiac output
- * Rejuvenation of body and mind
- * Revitalize Heart, Liver, Kidneys + Lungs

Get 2 Month Supply Of HGH Free! [CLICK HERE](#)

**Subj: FREE Next generation smiles
^^^ @pple iPod GIVEAWAY!!!**

Next generation smiles? Next generation Joan Rivers, it's like formaldehyde — that's why she's so well preserved. Marion Barry sniffing crack saying, "Bitch, set me up!" You know, like Teletubbies going, "OO-crack saying, "Bitch, set me up!" You know, like Teletubbies going, "OO-may, hehehe." Let's go sign up for premium cable. No one wants iPods. Gay burglars broke into Lorena Bobbitt's house — they rearranged the furniture. You'll notice Dick Cheney never drinks water when Bush speaks.

Subj: See the Cabaret of Furry Kitties & Shaved Beavers! [CLICK HERE L>](#)

Shaved beavers? Well I'll be dammed! Yes, life sure is a cabaret. Liza Minnelli comes out dancing and singing, and then Judy Garland rolls over in her grave to do one last line of coke. "I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, Toto!"


TEXAS TRAVESTY '05 FILM FESTIVAL

TX UNION THEATER APRIL 20

now
accepting
shorts
deadline for entries
APRIL 1




FOR MORE INFO AND ENTRY FORMS
texastravesty.com/filmfest



Austin Wranglers
ARENA FOOTBALL

Tickets as low as **\$5!**
For Tickets, call 477-6060
or visit austinwranglers.com

The Austin Wranglers Welcome Students!



2005 Game Schedule

Sun 1/30	Philadelphia Soul	11:00A
Sun 2/6	@Tampa Bay Storm	11:00A
Fri 2/11	L.A. Avengers	7:30P
Sat 2/19	@Grand Rapids Rampage	6:30P
Fri 2/25	Georgia Force	7:30P
Fri 3/4	@Las Vegas Gladiators	9:00P
Sun 3/13	Dallas Desperados	3:00P
Sat 3/19	New York Dragons	7:30P
Fri 3/25	@Orlando Predators	6:30P
Fri 4/1	New Orleans VooDoo	7:30P
Fri 4/8	@Georgia Force	6:30P
Sun 4/17	Tampa Bay Storm	12:00P
Fri 4/22	@Arizona Rattlers	9:00P
Sat 4/30	@Columbus Destroyers	6:00P
Sat 5/7	Orlando Predators	7:30P
Sat 5/14	@New Orleans VooDoo	7:00P
5/28-6/12	Two rounds of playoffs and the Arena Bowl	

Austin Wranglers vs. L.A. Avengers
Friday, February 11, at 7:30 PM

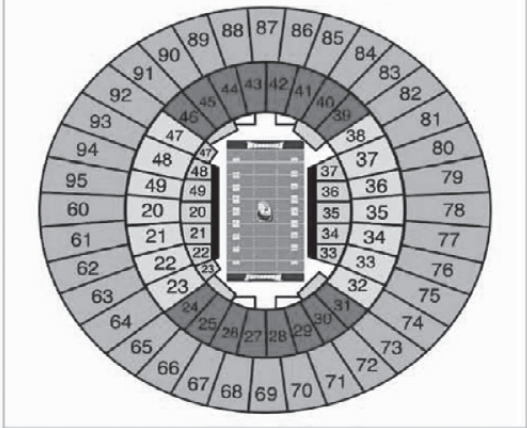
Austin Wranglers vs. Georgia Force
Friday, February 25, at 7:30 PM

Arena Football is fast-paced and action-packed! Come out to the Erwin Center to see your very own Austin Wranglers tackle the Los Angeles Avengers on Feb. 11 and the Georgia Force on Feb. 25 and enjoy great football, cold beer, loud music and a rockin' time! Plus, meet the Lady Wranglers in the flesh and get them to autograph their sizzling new 2005 calendar!

Come Early to be a Rowdy Wrangler!
Special sideline seating for the rowdiest Wrangler fans! Go to the "Fan Zone" section at austinwranglers.com for details.



Special Student Pricing			
Erwin Center Ticket Pricing		Student Price	
■ Front Row	SOLD OUT	N/A	N/A
■ Floor Seats		\$75	\$50
■ Lower Level Sideline		\$34	\$20
■ Lower Level End Zone		\$28	\$10
■ Mezzanine Level		\$15	\$ 5



Enter to win the **RedEye Wrangler** seen at left on our website at austinwranglers.com

Abortion activists miss attention, self-worth

Anti-gay marriage activists enjoy national spotlight

Kathryn Edwards
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WASHINGTON — The recent media attention bestowed upon the issue of gay marriage has left many longtime abortion activists feeling left out and ignored, says a spokesman for pro-life group Decide on Life.

"I remember the time when carrying oversized posters of dead fetuses was thrilling," explained Mary Kayne, who recently retired from Decide on Life. "The weight of the sign, the stares of the people walking by — I always thought of it as my days in the trenches. It was all different then."

Starting with the passage of the Defense of Marriage Act, or DOMA, in 1996, gay marriage has been thrust into the political spotlight. Most recently, it was a topic of heated debate in the 2004 election.

Decide on Life, a respected pro-life organization known for its public activism and lobbying power, has seen a 44 percent drop in membership since the 1996 election and a subsequent decrease of funds from right-wing donors. The group blames these numbers on the "showy fad" known as anti-gay marriage activism.

"Protesting gay marriage has suddenly become the 'it' thing to do," commented spokesman James Inman. "As far as the moral culpability incurred, it doesn't compare to killing the unborn. We're still more important than they are."

To some longtime abortion protesters, how-

ever, it doesn't feel that way. Kayne, who began her campaign against abortion with the Roe v. Wade decision, knows that the "good old days" are over.

"Rallies, marches, protests — they just aren't the same as they used to be. Something about getting older, I guess, but I know I could never again camp outside the Capitol for 11 straight days, chanting 'Hey hey, ho ho, Roe v. Wade has got to go.'"

Kayne wistfully flipped through an old photo album before continuing: "Here's me chained to the columns of the Supreme Court. Oh, to be young again."

At the head office of anti-gay marriage group Coalition for a Moral Family Order, however, the



■ "So, do you wanna make out or what?"

young staff was upbeat and energetic about their ongoing campaign, which they deny is a fad.

"I've heard some naysayers claim that we're just reveling in our 15 minutes," explained Coalition founder Jason Shirley, "But I think it's obvious that some groups are jealous that we got prime election coverage. Our issue is important, and we deserve media attention."

The Coalition has an ambitious agenda for the new year, which has led many abortion activists like Inman to assert that the group has "spread itself too thin" and "lacks true activist conviction."

Shirley responded to this claim by lifting his shirtsleeve and revealing a tattoo reading, "DOMA 4 EVA."

"Tell me now that we don't have conviction," commented Shirley. "Although I've only had one opportunity to chain myself to the columns of the Supreme Court, I plan to do so as often as I can."

Political and media analyst George Burton explained the recent power shift as taking place in complex social and media contexts.

"It's not that the people care less about either issue, it's simply a matter of media attention and legislative action. No issue can stay popular forever, and there just haven't been any major moves to make abortion-related laws. The right to life of an unborn fetus just isn't as exciting right now. C'est la vie."

The Republican Party Chairman issued a statement explaining that the party finds both issues of equal weight and import.

Martha Stewart joins Nation of Islam

Elizabeth Barksdale
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ALDERSON, WV — After vowing to join the prison reform movement when her much-publicized incarceration ends March 6, Martha Stewart shocked the world Tuesday when she announced that she is joining the Nation of Islam.

"Salaam, everybody!" said Stewart in a message posted on her Web site.

"I think it's really neat that a Greater Truth and Wisdom has been revealed to me. Yes, brothers and sisters, a Truth even more life-changing than my discovery that feathers glued to a lampshade can look sophisticated when done right," declared Stewart, who is serving a five-month sentence at a federal correction institute.

"From this day forward, whether I'm concocting a delicious new crème brûlée recipe or embroidering holiday towels for my third guest bathroom, I will now follow the path set down by the Honorable Elijah Muhammad and the Divine Nation of Islam."

The Nation of Islam, founded in 1930, gains many new converts in U.S. prison facilities every year.

Stewart explains how she was converted by fellow inmate Fatima LaVonda Muhammad.

"At first, Sister Martha and I weren't all that tight," admitted Ms. Muhammad.

"I used to be like everybody else, thinking she was a soulless bitch even though I sometimes

watched her show on TV while I snorted blow out of a baggie. I used to think she was even further from Allah than I ever was — even back when I was slingin' caine."

"But the ways set down by Elijah Muhammad taught me the patience to visit Sister Martha. One day I saw her sitting alone, carving a houndstooth pattern into this sorry-ass excuse for a shiv," explained Ms. Mohammad.

"Then I realized it was a knitting needle. I asked her if she could use it to help me re-ink the tattoos on my neck, and she said yeah. So I started telling her about the glories of Islam."

"Sister Fatima changed my life that day," said Stewart. "I praise Allah that I didn't go with my first impulse and stab her. You never know who your friends are in the big house, you know. Anyway, Fatima explained to me that Allah had willed me to be in prison for a reason."

"I thought I could get back to my good life, but in accordance with the will of Allah, I can lead a better life, a Sacred life. And I already have some great ideas for macramé prayer rugs!"

Stewart's sudden decision to convert initially confused the Nation's leaders, especially Minister Louis Farrakhan, the current leader and spokesman of the Nation.

"We were ecstatic, of course, that Ms. Stewart has ascertained of the buoyant hope and the ceaseless grace that comes with glorious preachments of Allah," said Farrakhan.

"But at first, I conjectured that she lacked the



■ I will cut you. Then I'll sew a doily on your face.

spiritual tenacity and versatility to profess the wisdom of the Honorable Elijah Mohammad. She always had the visage of a standoffish, voracious woman of business.

"However, I then received a missive from Sister Martha, still being held captive by the government. She professed to the extent that Islam has altered her existence on all earthly and spiritual planes. The admirable woman also sent some delectable Country Cran-apple Preserves," he added, brightening.

"Then the next week, she sent a tea cozy that glorified Allah and was a magnificent addition to my collection of cookery accessories. In my analytical estimation, Sister Martha has fervent ardor crucial to thriving in the Great Nation of Islam."

"Now," he added, "I'm praying that perhaps Allah will see fit for Oprah to be indicted for insider trading as well."

Man guiltily scrapes American flag decal off rear window

HOUSTON — Randy Clarksfield finally removed what remained of the faded pink-and-white American flag decal from his Ford F350 last week. "Guess that Texas sun is just too dang much for these stickers," said Clarksfield. "But there's just something about taking Windex and a razor blade to the American flag that don't make a man feel right," he added, shaking his head slowly. Not to be labeled as anti-American by other drivers on the road, Clarksfield has already purchased a replacement decal. With a tear in his eye he explained: "That flag is as much a part of this truck as the decal of Calvin peeing on a Chevy." Despite his attachment, Clarksfield realized that the time had come to retire the flag: "These colors may not run, but they sure do sun bleach."

TV commercial's orgasm innuendo anticlimactic

SEATTLE — Abigail Mathers admitted that recent encounters with TV commercials that use orgasm references as attention-getters have left her unsatisfied. "The first time I experienced orgasm innuendo was with those Herbal Essences commercials," recalled Mathers. "That was pretty unique and risqué at first." Mathers looked down and sighed before continuing: "It's gotten really old. All the moaning and wordplay don't even get me excited anymore." Mathers became hopeful that the phenomenal orgasm insinuation she had been waiting for would come when she saw a commercial with a woman talking about "The O." "But it took way too much time to get to the joke," explained a disappointed Mathers. "The technique was all wrong, and by the time the message came I was ready to go get a sandwich instead."

Exalted Monarch of the Universe tells off waiter

AUSTIN — A slight mix-up with a drink order at Barzini's Italian restaurant prompted customer Raymond Mercer, a 36-year-old H&R Block accountant, to reveal His latent identity as Supreme and Exalted Monarch of the Universe, Harbinger of Stern Verbal Reprimands and Surveyor of All That Is. "I said a root beer with half-ice, jackass!" exclaimed His Celestial Highness, as members of the Galactic High Court — disguised as His earthly girlfriend and co-workers — exchanged sideways glances. "Can you believe these people?" continued He Who Commands Vast Armies of Suns, after the waiter had taken back His glass for a free refill. "I'm not paying \$9 of my hard-earned cash for bad service from these inbreeds!" After the dinner had ended and the waiter had apologized profusely, the Monarch wielded his indescribable might, achieving devastating retribution by leaving a 25-cent tip.

Fresh off shelves,Apple iBeat keeps on ticking

Bryan Berge
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Market Watch

NEW YORK – With the stunning holiday success of the iPod, Apple’s public image couldn’t be better. The company is taking this opportunity to expand their product line beyond personal electronics to the human body. Apple expects the iBeat, their “next generation pacemaker,” to revitalize an industry dominated by staid biotechs. If the early returns are any indication, they may have found the next market for consumer electronics.

According to PR director Amos Riley, “At Apple, we dare to question. We shattered conventional wisdom with our daring shiny, white, and curved designs. Then we asked ourselves, ‘If we can glamorize the techie lifestyle, can we do the same for life and death?’ The answer is here. The iBeat will give health technology the kick in the pants it sorely needs. Revolutionary thinking and a commitment to quality set the iBeat apart. Dual G4 processors provide precise performance whether you’re reading a book or running a marathon. Hook up your monitor to a computer, and our deluxe software package will display your cardiogram in real time. Add colors and effects and your heartbeat can be your next screensaver! The unit is housed in a stunning shell of shiny, curved white plastic. An exterior light pulses white if all is well and switches to red if the patient’s condition worsens. We are confident

that the iBeat will take America by storm. iBeat: Walk. Breathe. Live.”

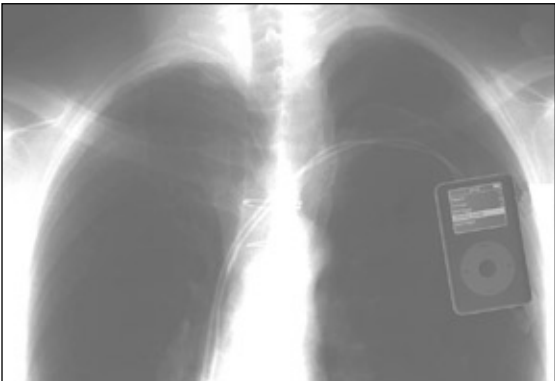
The public response so far has been overwhelmingly positive. Intense demand prompted the FDA to approve the device with only focus group data. Feedback from that group called the iBeat “hip” and “stylish” with “terrifyingly spotty performance.” Many participants were annoyed that the iBeat was buried under the skin, out of sight. Apple briefly experimented with an external model before settling on the implantation of a transparent plastic window in the skin above the ribs. Through it, an envious neighbor can see the iBeat at work. The updated design received rave reviews, and, despite what Apple called “compatibility issues,” the iBeat was readied for sale.

Soon thereafter, Apple began its television and Internet advertising campaign. The first iBeat commercial aired during the “Price is Right” between two Metamucil ads. The animated commercial features red blood cells living it up in a heart that has been transformed into a dance club by the arrival of the glowing-disco-ball iBeat. Since its first airing, the commercial has become one of the most downloaded videos in recent memory.

With the successful ad campaign, demand for the iBeat grew, and publications as diverse as The New England Journal of Medicine and Wired wrote lavish cover stories.

The official unveiling at Apple headquarters was raucous. A diverse crowd, ranging from

unconscious patients with IV drips to arrhythmic youths with iPods in tow, stretched around the block to claim their iBeat. Those who could roared when icon Steve Jobs hopped on a platform and, backed by the bouncing beat of Madonna’s “Open Your Heart to Me,” pulled a sheet off the iBeat’s logo and slogan: a white heart shape with a bite out of one side and the punchy



■ It’s my chest, Schwartz! It’s MY chest!

phrase “Living with Apple.”

Upon receiving their package, which, in addition to the unit and the software, contained a promotional T-shirt and a gift certificate to Apple’s online music store, the lucky owners ran or wheeled to mobile surgical units stationed nearby.

One week and three deaths later, sales haven’t missed a beat.

The buzz around the iBeat isn’t confined to medical circles. The launch T-shirt has been selling on eBay for upwards of \$300, and Internet petitions are circulating to pressure the FDA to authorize the iBeat for sale over the counter. While it is currently available by prescription only, that hasn’t stopped some hungry consumers.

Doctors report a steep rise in patients with acute chest pain, and prescription fraud is rampant. It seems only a matter of time until the iBeat is powering America’s hearts, even the healthy ones.

Amos Riley sees this as the next step. “Why should fashionable technology selectively benefit the sick, those who can enjoy it least? Shouldn’t anyone be able to update his or her health? And the applications aren’t merely precautionary.

“We envision the iBeat as a supplement, pushing heart rates to the next level. Imagine the boost in energy and productivity! I’m literally aroused by the possibilities.”

The profits are likely to be enormous. Apple is actively researching a line of biotech products dubbed “the Essentials.” The company released a cryptic trailer on its Web site yesterday, in which black outlines of products in “The Essentials” line float on a white background. Within minutes, guesses flooded message boards and blogs worldwide. Competitors are weighing in as well. Microsoft plans to have coronary “smart” stents on the market as early as next year.

TRAVESTY INDEX

- Number of words in George Washington’s first State of the Union : 833
- Number of words in George W. Bush’s 2005 State of the Union : 8 x 10⁷
- Length of this year’s speech : 53 minutes
- Length of this year’s speech minus applauses : 24 minutes
- Number of American flag lapel pins : 602
- Number of non-white people : 13
- Number of non-white people who got network face-time : 13
- Number of times Dennis Hastert blinked : 3
- Number of people who could have given Bill Frist HIV by sweating in his presence : 310
- Year in which Bush predicted Social Security would be bankrupt : 2042
- Year in which currently graduating seniors will need social security : 2045
- Year in which current freshmen will pair off and battle to the death in a winner-take-Social-Security-check brawl : 2049
- Number of homoerotic winks to a Supreme Court justice : 1
- Number of times Cheney smiled like a proud parent : 34
- Number of times Cheney frowned like an ashamed parent : 62
- Number of times Cheney used an icy, cold stare to strike fear into the hearts of millions : 93
- Number of times First Lady applauded before resuming catatonic state : 96
- Number of dollars the deficit rose while Bush delivered his State of the Union address : \$630,052

After living off of a strict diet of Sour Patch Kids, popcorn and Cherry Coke for 11 months, three weeks and six days, Oscar voters finally emerged from the darkness of the movie theater in order to crawl to a mailbox and send in their ballots. Just who are these mysterious people, and what exactly do they study at this “academy,” anyway? Hey, down in front! Turn off your cell phone and shut that baby up, because it’s time for our feature presentation on...

The Secret Lives of:

Oscar Voters

Oscar voters...

think they’re important

flip a coin for the “technical” categories

snort lines of high-concentrate pathos off their houseboys’ pert asses

regret overlooking Paul Reiser in “One Night at McCool’s”

talk amongst themselves

hate Scorsece

have secret masquerade orgies

find Entertainment Weekly edgy and well-written

don’t return Billy Crystal’s phone calls

prefer domestic

enjoy the annual gift baskets from Meryl Streep, especially the Mason jars filled with her immortal SOUL

get off on being withholding

won’t budge about the Marisa Tomei thing

were rejected from the Illuminati

write in ink

drink Taster’s Choice coffee

giggle every time they see the naked statue

rank their children

SECULAR HUMANISTS' INTERNATIONAL

Faith in Humanity is Universal

Thursdays 4:00 in Parlin 1
moonman854@hotmail.com
http://studentorgs.utexas.edu/secular/index.html

TEXAS TRAVESTY MERCHANDISE! BOYCOTT FRANCE!

JESUS is... a shirt!

Pick 'em up at:
TSP Desk (CMC 3-200)
West Mall

ONLY \$8

They're fucking sweet!

texastravesty.com/merch

Support Our Magnet Industry

Our very popular car magnets start at \$2.25. Free shipping is available on all products!

We donate all profits from the sale of our patriotic agitprop to the bustling magnet industry.

www.car-magnet-industry.com

Wordsmith

PROFESSIONAL WRITING & EDITING
BY DAN SMITH, M.A.

SERVING AUSTIN & UT SINCE 1985

STUDENT RÉSUMÉS WRITTEN FROM INTERVIEW
INCLUDES INTERVIEW, WRITING, EDITING, PRINTING,
& ALL ELECTRONIC FILES
REASONABLY PRICED CUSTOM COVER LETTERS

NEED FAST HELP WITH A PAPER?
OTHER SERVICES INCLUDE WRITING TUTORIALS,
MANUSCRIPT EDITING,& PROOFING

BY APPOINTMENT
CONVENIENT TO CAMPUS AT 18TH & SAN ANTONIO

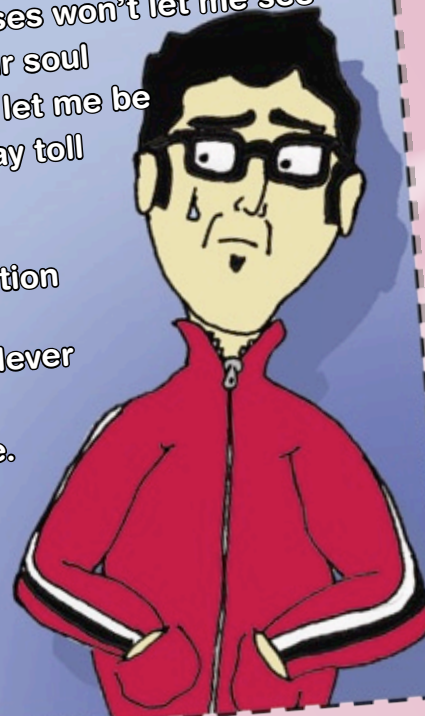
(512) 451-2632

WWW.WORDSMITHOFAUSTIN.COM

DAN@WORDSMITHOFAUSTIN.COM

My Heart's falling out of my chest
My blood's all over this page
My darling, when they lay me to rest
They'll never know my rage...ING LOVE
That I feel for you
You know I'd slit my wrists for you x2
My bone-rimmed glasses won't let me see
The beauty that is your soul
My parents just won't let me be
My life's just a one way toll
Be my valentine
or I'll cry forever
My saddened disposition
is for you
I can't afford to be clever
I hate the sunshine,
But OUR love is true.

**Happy (?)
Valentine's
Day**




This Valentine's all I ever had.
Live la vida loca and
Shake your bon bon
WHILE WE BANG!!!



Sugar is SWEET.
So are CHICKS.
Chili is HOT.
So are CHICKS.

**Happy
VALENTINE'S
Day!**



Together forever, that's what we'll be
Until you die, you belong to me.

I'm going to
burn your
flesh.




Yuo die if yuo tuoch&
my bottle uf wine.
Bringe mee sum'more
And yul bee my
Valentine.



I'm watching
you.


**HAPPY
VALENTINE'S
DAY.**

It may be your
last...




My primal urge
is to tell you...

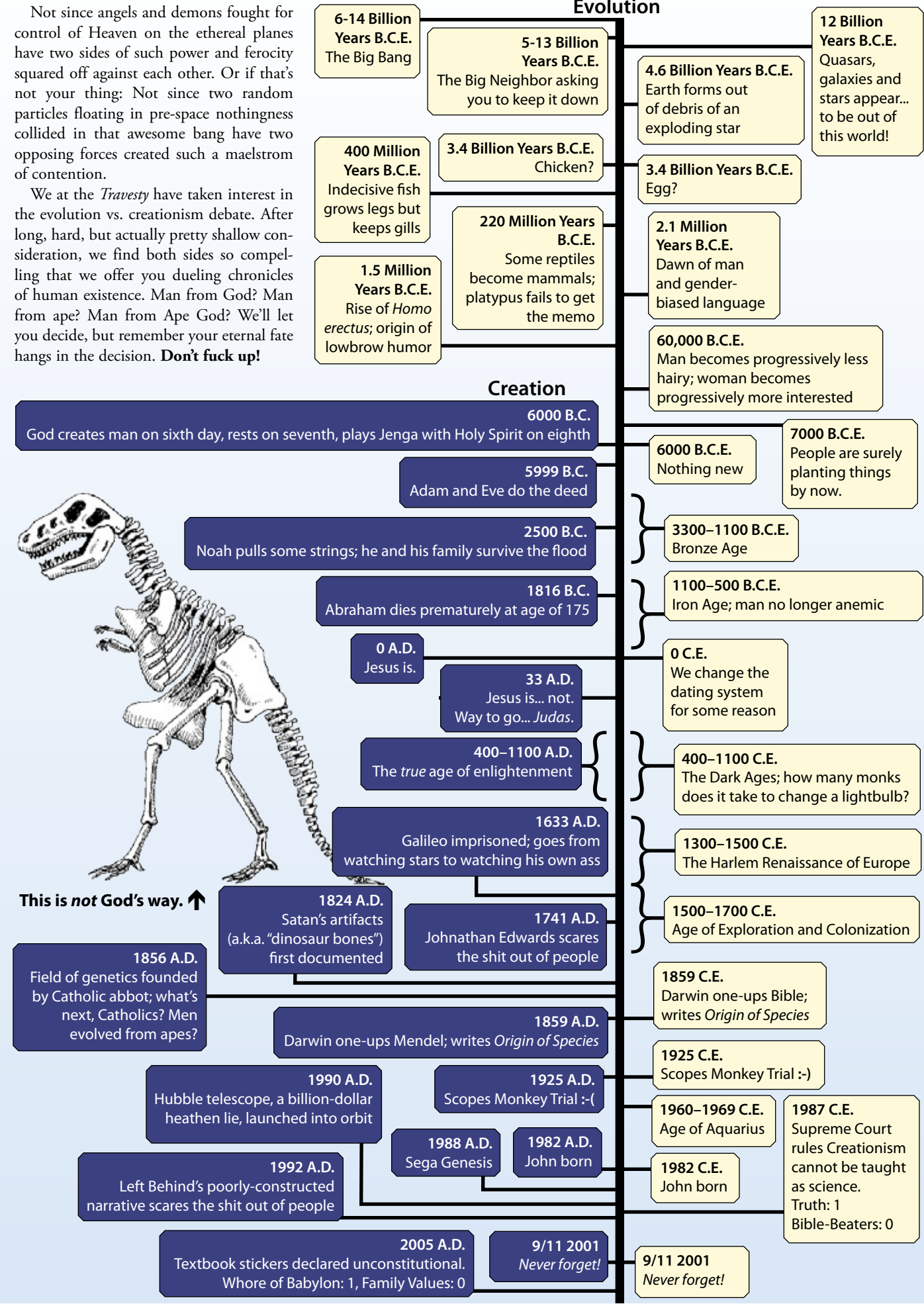
HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!!!



In da country of
my home, we
don't celebrate da
Valentine's Day...



Evolution vs. Creationism



In defense of creationism



John Roper
STAFF WRITER

I'm a fairly smart guy. I read books, watch the History Channel and engage in an occasional semi-intellectual debate. I am scientifically progressive in promoting stem-cell research. I am open to new ideas, theories and discoveries that will better everyday life. But, there is one belief, one unshakable article of faith, to which I steadfastly subscribe: the universe and all of existence was created on Sept. 18, 1982, the moment I was born.

I know what you're thinking: "But I'm older than you, and so are my parents, and so is the entire scope of human history. And the Earth, John — what about the Earth?" Oh, yeah? Prove it. Fucking prove it, man. Am I supposed to believe that everything just sat here for thousands — even millions — of years, waiting for me to arrive?

Don't get me wrong, I'm not a self-absorbed dick. I believe in things, the things that were created for me to believe in: The Godfather, Miles Davis, and Shel Silverstein. But how can you prove that this isn't simply a grand façade — a test of faith that separates the believers from the heathens?

"But, John," you say, "I remember vividly my youth in Columbia, where the locals called me Felipe. My father was a French diplomat; my mother the product of a torrid affair between two poets from Buenos Aires. The strength of these memories cannot be denied, as even now I can hear the cries of my mother as they sentenced Papa to death."

Okay, dude, that is a really fascinating story, but I posit that you were created a grown man on Sept. 18, 1982, with those memories fully formed. You and everyone else were created in media res, complete with personalities and prejudices. And your quaint notions of spirituality are tests of faith intended to misdirect you from the truth: the Universe exists purely for my edification. God has the power to create innumerable tests, many of which are pretty damn convincing. But I will not waver.

Besides, I'm not about to listen to some crackpot evolutionist. Call me old-fashioned, but I'm not jumping at the opportunity to claim kin to some shit-flinging ape. When I look at a chimp in a tux on a mini-bike, I'm thinking two things: first, what a hilarious setup; second, that's NOT my uncle. Any assertion of a link between us is ludicrous. God constructed the evolution debate to challenge our faith, exactly as He placed the fossils in the ground, decayed carbon and all.

I defy you to prove otherwise — that I evolved from a stupid, stinking ape. Prove that God didn't shape me in His image: a big, laidback John in the clouds. Prove that anything existed before me.

The universe came into being when God made me on a Saturday. It's my faith, circular and bulletproof.

Keeping Austin weird

Liz Mandrell
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Before moving to Austin six months ago, I had never lived anywhere but Kentucky. I'd never even lived more than fifty miles from the farm where I grew up. When I received a fellowship to the University of Texas, I planned a road trip to Austin with my friends, Annie and Karen, to check out the city. Within an hour of arriving in Austin, we started noticing those "Keep Austin Weird" T-shirts, hats and bumper stickers.

"I bet it's not as weird as Kentucky," I said.

Why did Austin think it had the market cornered on weirdness? Berkeley's pretty freaky. So is New Orleans. What about the Corn Palace in South Dakota, the Jungle Room at Graceland or Jesus of the Ozarks in Eureka Springs, Arkansas? For that matter, what about the road I grew up on?

One summer when I was little, a family down the road from us decided to raise zebras, emus, buffaloes and giraffes. People drove from all over the county to see those animals. Everybody else was raising Angus cattle, but the Pittmans started a miniature Serengeti in the middle of the Bluegrass.

And while I was in high school, Jimmy Duvall, owner of the trailer park on Myers Road, nailed 1,000 hubcaps to his barn. That turned out to be pretty weird too. Especially after Mrs. Sutherland, the elementary school bus driver, drove into a ditch when the afternoon sun off those hubcaps blinded her coming down Duvall Hill.

"Kentucky's scary weird," said Annie, splitting hairs. "Austin's probably more artsy-fartsy weird."

I had never been to Austin before. I didn't know what to expect.

Within the first 15 minutes, someone thought they saw Elvis in the lobby of the Austin Motel on South Congress where we had rented a room for the night. We climbed the stairs to find our room in a 1776 explosion — beds draped in thirteen-star Betsy Ross flags, gold eagles on the wall, the Declaration of Independence hung above the toilet. We didn't know whether to sit on the bed or salute it.

We went shopping down the street and the first person we encountered was a bearded man in a thong, sports bra and faux-diamond tiara standing outside Goody Two Shoes.

"I love these! Don't you just love these?" He held up a pair of chandelier earrings.

We scooted on down the street to an ice cream stand. That had to be safe.

"You wanna see some guys throw ice cream across the street?" A girl in black hip boots whose hair looked coiffed by Edward Scissorhands sidled up to us. What did she mean? Was this a coke deal going down?

A crowd gathered. Then, a guy hurled what

looked to be a single scoop of Mint Chocolate Chip over five lanes of traffic to another guy standing across South Congress holding a quarter pint cup. And he made the catch!

Later that night at the Continental Club, some sleazy would-be pornographer tried to pick up Annie with that old "nice cheekbones" line. I met a guy named Pod whose parents, he claimed, were hippies, and Karen ended up talking all night to a former male stripper named Cobra.

"When I dance, people die," Cobra told her.

"Wow," Karen said as we got on I-35 and headed north to Kentucky. "Austin really is weird."

Now I've lived in Austin for six months, and while I love this crazy town, I'm worried that Austin might just weird itself out of existence.

Could all this gabbing after weirdness have an adverse effect on the city? Could weirdness become the norm? And, in the absence of normality, aren't only the normal truly weird?

For example, before I moved to Austin, I was thinking about getting a tattoo. Branding myself for life with text or a random symbol was recklessly weird. However, to be truly weird in Austin, I need to keep my skin pure because *everyone* has a tattoo. Not just one or two, but full sleeves of dragons or whole world maps etched out over their backs. Fittingly, Austin is home to Engima, a tattoo artist who has horns implanted in his forehead and is covered in puzzle piece tattoos.

Why did Austin think it had the market cornered on weirdness? What about the Corn Palace in South Dakota?

UT's rejected movie scripts

What sets *Man of the House* apart from other Tommy Lee Jones vehicles? Not the clever fish-out-of-water antics. Not the tough-talker-turns-sofie plot twists. No, this film's got something unique: the express backing of the University! In case you hadn't noticed, *Man of the House* is a shameless hour-and-a-half commercial for UT and Austin, complete with a dopey Mangia delivery boy wearing a burnt-orange "Keep Austin Weird" T-shirt.

Yes, UT has finally sold out — and to a wrinkled old burnout, no less! So we gotta ask: What scripts did the University turn down before finally settling on this timeless cinematic gem?

Open Registration

A sequel to *Open Range*. Robert Duvall and Kevin Costner are cowboys adjusting to city life as well as the pressures of being freshmen! They have a *beef* with the Dean after stealing Bevo and letting him roam free-range with their herd. Whether securing their UT EID password, or figuring out how to add more Bevo Bucks to their account, they'll make you fall out of your saddle with laughter — that is until someone gets shot!

Crossing Guadalupe

In this slapstick masterpiece, college student and polio-recoveree Gary Millford has convinced his gym-rat girlfriend, Sandra, that he really is healthy this time. But in an effort to get her a comforting smoothie in a jiffy, he takes the ultimate risk and jaywalks across the Drag! Polio becomes a fond memory when he's hit by a speeding Ram 2500. Not only are his right leg, his jaw, and all his ribs humorously shattered beyond recognition — and the cops give him a ticket instead of the driver — but he has also dropped Sandra's smoothie! As Gary lies immobile with his mouth wired shut, Sandra leaves him for his hospital roommate, and he dies. Hilarity!

Under Construction

Michelle Mathers is innocently walking through the Six Pack on an average Thursday afternoon when a two-by-four falls from Calhoun, striking Michelle and giving her amnesia. Construction worker Frank Strong goes to the SSB to apologize, but after beholding her beauty, he convinces Michelle that they're married! Is it eternal marital bliss, or will this relationship need to be "under construction" when she finds out the truth? Here's a good indication: Michelle wakes up every single day to find a videotape featuring an explanation of her mental condition and Frank's identity as her husband. Oops — wrong movie, dumbshit!

Meaner Girls

In this hilarious sequel from the makers of *Legally Blonde 2: Red, White, and Blonde*, Cady Heron (Lindsay Lohan)

takes on multicultural sorority girls who refuse to accept her because of her skin tone. At first she thinks the girls just hate her freckles, so she lathers on the pale concealer. But when the girls are even more disgusted, Cady realizes that it's actually the color of her skin that's keeping her out of her dream sorority. So she turns to her most dependable ally: the tanning bed! Learning absolutely none of the first movie's lessons, Cady finally finds acceptance as a burnt orange person of unrecognizable culture.

The Eighteenth Floor

No one believes freshman physics major Danny Lylewood (Freddie Prinze, Jr.) when he starts having violent visions of a creepy eighteenth floor in RLM. His nightmares convince him that RLM was built on an Indian burial ground. All Danny's friends tell him that RLM only has 17 floors, but he descends into madness and is institutionalized. The only one who believes Danny is brilliant young psychology professor, Katie LaMont (Hilary Duff). Together, they start to uncover RLM's disturbing past and fall in love despite Danny's confinement in a chocolate pudding-stained strait jacket. Katie and Danny will have to battle killer lab rats and ancient spirits, but they have the weapon of true love!

THE 911 411

Attention all units! We have an emergency! We're being flooded—with incoming gossip!

Cheaters never prosper

If her frantic call for help was any indication, looks like Megacorp secretary **Amy P.** will be needing a new job as well as a new eyeball. Apparently, **Amy** and her boss **Mr. C.** were “working late” when **Mrs. C.** walked in on them and went crazier than **Osama bin Laden** at a Baptist church revival! While Amy’s half-missing face and dead lover are pretty sad sights, our sympathies go to **Mrs. C.** Poor lady. It’s hard to say what’s more broken: her heart, or the desk lamp she used to bash in her cheating husband’s skull!

Some like it hot

Yeeeeeooow! Word has it that hunky new firefighter **Andy E.** may actually be starting

fires — in ladies’ hearts! Just ask local student **Meredith B.**, who was recently rescued by this four alarm hottie. **Andy**, ever the gentleman, not only carried an unconscious **Meredith** to the ambulance, he gave her mouth-to-mouth when he realized she was in cardiac arrest! If you ask me, dreamy **Andy** is just as big a heart-stopper as severe smoke inhalation! And it looks like **Meredith** might have a crush to go along with her crushed ribs and lungs!

It’s all about the chemistry

Are community theatre actor **Robert G.** and modeling agency telemarketer **Jen K.** back together again despite their very public breakup and subsequent gunfight? Seems to be the case, since a source has confirmed it was indeed **Jen** who called poison control last weekend screaming that **Robert** had downed a mix of windshield fluid and black tar heroin and passed out on the bathroom floor in a pool of Cheeto vomit and *Us Weeklys*. I guess some things are meant to be, like the twelve innocent bystander deaths in the gunfight!

Explosive tempers

Uh-oh! Ca-ca-*catfight*! It’s no secret that **Sgts. Rhoda T.** and **Jane W.** have been feuding since **Sgt. W.** supposedly stole **Sgt. T.’s** date to the policeman ball. However, things really *blew up* this weekend when both officers were called to the same Motel 6 hostage situation. It was here that **Sgt. T.** decided to “accidentally” bump into **Sgt. W.** while the latter was trying to disarm a perimeter bomb. Kablowey! Too bad these two didn’t get a chance to bury the hatchet before their precincts buried them!



Ken Stevens
SEASONAL SKIER

Please tell me you’re kidding. You’ve never felt the rush of traversing down the fall line of a double-black diamond, your brand-new Solomons digging into fresh powder? Listen man, my ski trip in Crested Butte over winter break was *sooo* badass. Some friends and I (come on, you really didn’t ski over break?) stayed at my parents’ cabin. Getting there really sucked: my Tahoe with the kickass ski rack was in the shop, so we had to take my parent’s Volvo. The cabin was too cramped for the three of us, but we didn’t mind having those Swedish models over one night. Man, I guess Volvos are a babe magnet ... a *Swedish* babe magnet! Score!

Hey! Wait up man, I’m not done. So anyway, the second I hit the powder was *awesome*. The T-bar was right next to the cabin (I guess you could call it slope-side lodging), so it wasn’t too hard to garland to the flow line. Of course, I made sure to use my cants to get maximum flexion and extension when carving the slope.

(I hope you know slope and flow line are the same thing. Sometimes I forget I’m speaking to someone who’s never been skiing before.)

Anyway, on the way down the blue square—What’s that? Yes, I know that’s only *intermediate* difficulty (Wait a sec! You *have* been skiing before!), but there weren’t enough moguls for my taste on the diamonds. But then again, it’s all alpine skiing to me.

Oh dude, this one time in high school, my whole class got to go heli-skiing way above the tree line. (In case you don’t know, heli-skiing is when they take you in a helicopter to virgin powder.) I guess I didn’t know how to properly control my center of mass back then, because I went careening all the way down the vertical drop to the base lodge. I was in *sooo* much pain, but après-ski, these snow bunnies helped me find my sweet spot, if you know what I mean! Score! But seriously, all of my “instructors” conformed to ATS rules as dictated by the PSIA. (Dude, you totally know what that means. Don’t interrupt to ask — it’s rude.)

Hey, have you ever been to Aspen? Because last year my parents took the whole family there on this—

What’s that? You have to go to work? Dude, I’m a student — I don’t have a job.

Anyway, we stayed at this terrain park with quarter pipes, splines, and everything. It had to be the most badass terrain park in existence. Oh yeah, I could have skied-in/skied-out, but it was so much fun there. Oh man, skiing is awesome. I guess you wouldn’t know.

World’s Funniest Skiing Accidents

- hangnail
- collapsed lung
- decapitation
- 180-degree flip into giant novelty blender
- too much pizza!!!
- pony bite
- avalanche
- sherpacide
- frozen caveman attack
- icicle enema
- Yeti fever

What!? You’ve never been skiing?

THOUSANDS OF USED RECORDS • ALL STYLES

WE BUY USED ALBUMS & CDs

NEW & USED ALBUMS • CDs • 45s • 78s

ROCK • BLUES • TEXAS • JAZZ COUNTRY • ZYDECO • CAJUN ROCKABILLY • BLUEGRASS R&B • FOLK • REGGAE

OPEN MON-SAT 11-10, SUN 12-5
2928 GUADALUPE • AUSTIN, TX
512-322-0660
antonesrecordshop@hotmail.com

Texas' Top Magic & Musical-Comedy Troupe

2-FOR-1 STUDENT SPECIAL FRI. @ 10 SHOW

WITH THIS AD & STUDENT ID SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY
THURSDAY 8 ♥ FRIDAY/SATURDAY 8 & 10
525 EAST 6TH (AT RED RIVER) ♥ 320-0553
WWW.ESTHERSFOLLIES.COM ♥ RESERVED SEATING AVAILABLE

horoscopes

Officially endorsed by the American Association of False Prognostication

Copa Mundial
(Thirteember - Twentyary)

While making a bio-pic based on your zany life, Pixar will land another technical success when it somehow surmounts the challenge of rendering your adult acne in CGI.

Hara Kiri
(In vitro - Ex vitro)

Rest assured that your roommate can't hear you sobbing in the middle of the night. Then again, how can he over his own laughter at the stupid faces you're making, you blubbering baby?

Bon Soir
(Paris 1919 - Amelie's release on DVD)

You will write a musical tribute to both the proverbial underdog's courage and the act of miscegenation, entitled "Eye of the Liger."

Broomstick
(When Green Day sold out)

Van Gogh cut off his ear and became known as a casualty of creative genius; you will cut off your ear and become known as Crazy One-Ear from Apartment B12.

Degrassi
(Taint - Armpit)

Everything happens for a reason. The reason you are lonely is because no one wants to be around you.

Piñata
(Textiles - Apparel)

As you kneel in the middle of a rain-swept road, cursing God for your misfortunes, you'll swear you hear a thunderclap that sounds suspiciously like "Tehee!"

Carlo Rossi
(Passions - Days of Our Lives)

Stumbling into your bathroom tomorrow morning, you'll prove affirmatively the answer to a question hotly debated at Mad Hatter tea parties: "Can mirrors wince?"

Diarrheamungo
(When your mom was born - Mesozoic Era)

An associate of yours will garner widespread praise as a journalist of unflinching honesty when he observes that your mother is a bitchy cow.

Tres Leches
(Gilded Age - Roaring Twenties)

According to a pervasive societal vield, you are what you do. There's no inherent contradiction, then, between your bronchial disorder and the fact that you're a hack.

Dionysus
(The last time you had sex - Present)

When you step up to bat wearing a uniform made only of lace doilies stitched together into a heart-shaped brazier, you'll be hailed as a Jackie Robinson figure for absurd loonies.

Donnatist
(Numidia - Phoenicia)

Recreational PCP use and model ship-building just don't go together. You will soon have the splinters — and the double-digit body count — to prove it.

Guten Tag
(Fievel Goes West - The Land Before Time)

After moving back into your parents' house with your tail between your legs, you will wonder what did you in. Was it the habitual pot-smoking or the social stigma to having a vestigial tail?

ADVERTISEMENT

The Landing Strip

Hiring Waitresses and Entertainers

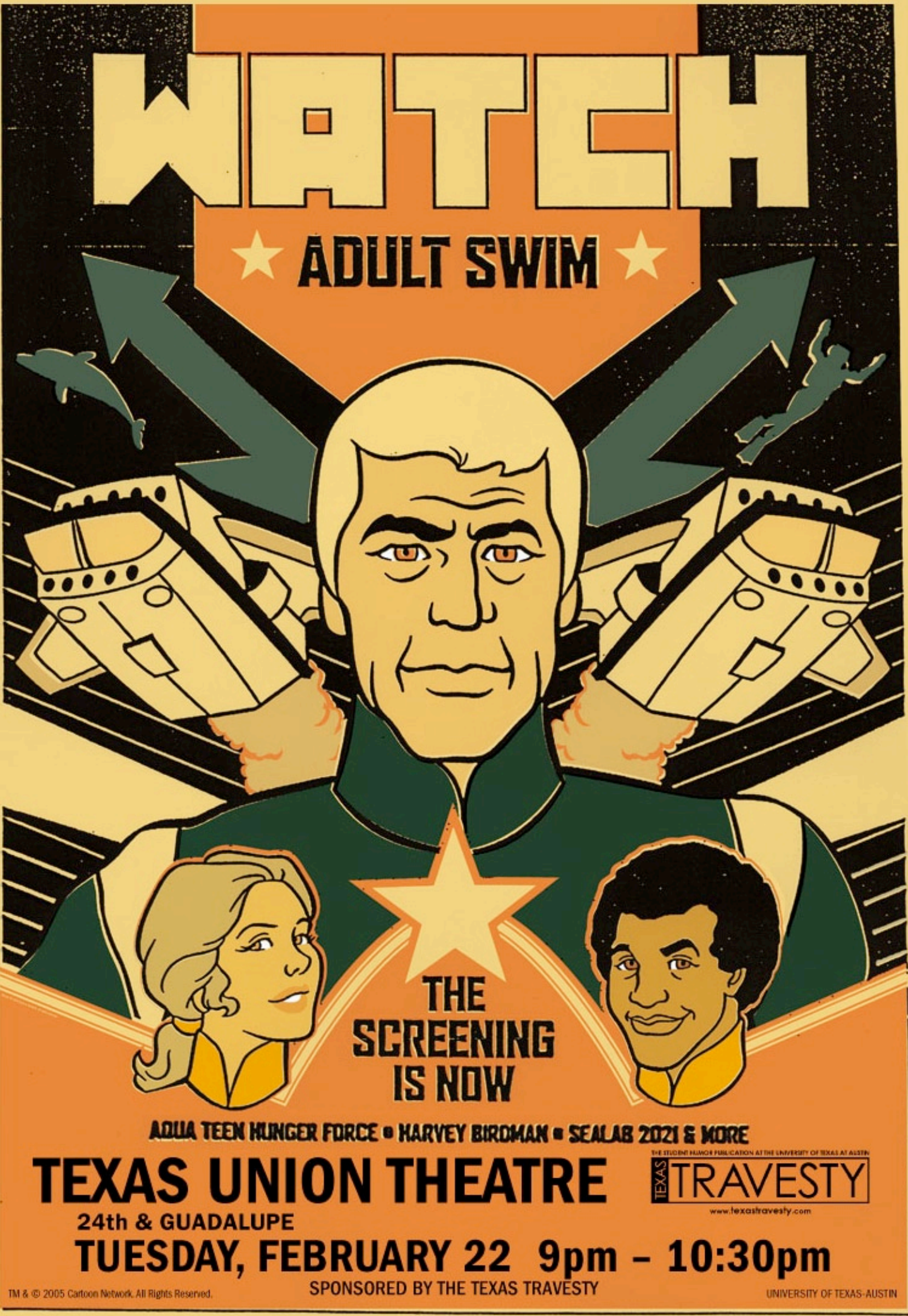
Have fun, make money

No experience Necessary

385-2878

WATCH

★ ADULT SWIM ★



THE
SCREENING
IS NOW

AQUA TEEN HUNGER FORCE • HARVEY BIRDMAN • SEALAB 2021 & MORE

TEXAS UNION THEATRE

24th & GUADALUPE

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22 9pm – 10:30pm

SPONSORED BY THE TEXAS TRAVESTY

TM & © 2005 Cartoon Network. All Rights Reserved.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS-AUSTIN

Match the iPod

New Special Edition
models from the maker
of the U2 iPod 



50 Cent
Chris Gaines
Lindsay Lohan
Metallica
Rockapella





Find Carmen Sandiego





Qi whiz: dabbling in traditional Chinese medicine



Todd Nienkerk
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

casually out and around her chest; a plastic nametag — Stephanie — rests on the slope of her left breast. She couldn't be more than, oh, 26? 28? Looks like she works out. Jogs, maybe? In a sports bra.

"And your constitution?" Stephanie asks. "It's firm?"

My constitu—? Oh. She's talking about my poop.

The sexual tension is sucked from the room like an alien through an airlock — permanently, infinitely, silently. I shrink slightly and nod.

"Yeah, it's . . . great," I say, wincing immediately.

Like a barber school's, the students of the Academy of Oriental Medicine at Austin work for drastically reduced rates, which is why I'm here. The examination room feels soft, incandescent, and utterly Zen. A Chinese curtain — the

collapsible wood-and-paper kind — stretches across one wall for atmosphere. A plush massage table sits propped in the center of the room. On the walls, prints of Japanese woodcuts hang alongside medical illustrations and charts. But these aren't the typical posters you'd find at the dentist ("A Clean Mouth Is a Happy Mouth!") or ophthalmologist ("Get to Know Glaucoma").

Oh, no. These posters describe foods according to their innate "temperatures," the pressure points of the colon, and Chinese herbs, the names of which can only be pronounced with a bifurcated tongue — or by a native speaker. One particular poster catches my attention. It's a blown-up illustration of an ear, marked with a grid pattern like a phrenology diagram or an archeological dig. The grid's color-coded sections are labeled with miniature drawings of internal organs.

"That's a great point right there," Stephanie indicates a green spot along the ridge above the earlobe. "It unblocks the spleen, helps with stress. Very powerful." I bite my tongue and remind myself that millennia of tradition can't be entirely bullshit — even if it's mostly placebo effect. While the philosophy of acupuncture is actually rather beautiful, it's so damned illogical and downright weird. I stifle ripples of laughter as she explains that qi ("chee") is the life-force that flows through us, giving us energy, along channels called meridians. Meridians correspond to bodily organs and functions; when they are

blocked, the qi cannot flow, and we become ill. Piercing certain points — the bottlenecks along the qi highway — unblocks and releases the qi, restoring balance and health.

In other words, you don't have indigestion — your qi is blocked. You're not bipolar — your qi is blocked. You're not bleeding profusely from a laceration across your femoral artery — your qi is blocked.

I'm being dismissive, I know. Oriental Medicine doesn't address trauma. But this is what's going through my mind as Stephanie and I discuss why I'm here: stress, lethargy, and insomnia. Western medicine failed me; after three hundred dollars' worth of blood work and a "possible" case of mono, I'm ready to try anything.

Stephanie brings in her supervisor, "the doctor." He's a middle-aged Chinese man, bleary-eyed and fidgety.

"The Western diagnosis was mono," Stephanie explains.

They speak in jargon for a few moments and leave to discuss my "treatment plan," which may require a trip to the herbal pharmacy next door.

Alone in that room, surrounded by giant ears and the Great Wave off Kanagawa, I'm struck by something profound: practitioners of Traditional Chinese Medicine are modern-day heretics. Their beliefs fly in the face of Western religion, philosophy, and culture. Qi can't be photographed or quantified; like ghosts and angels, it's ethereal. According to virtually all Western doctors, it's pure superstition. And,

strangely, many of those enlightened docs also believe in a life-force that powers and motivates us: the soul.

Stephanie returns, and it's time to begin. As I take off my shirt and roll up my pants, she shows me a needle — long, hair-thin, slightly weighted at one end — and how she'll insert it. The needle is placed inside a tiny tube pressed against the skin and lightly flicked, propelled like a dart through a miniature blowgun. I lay down on the massage table, limbs slightly splayed. She begins at my feet.

"Breathe in," she commands. I breathe in. "One . . . two . . . three." I hear the flick, the friction of finger against thumb, but I don't feel anything. No pain, no release. Nothing.

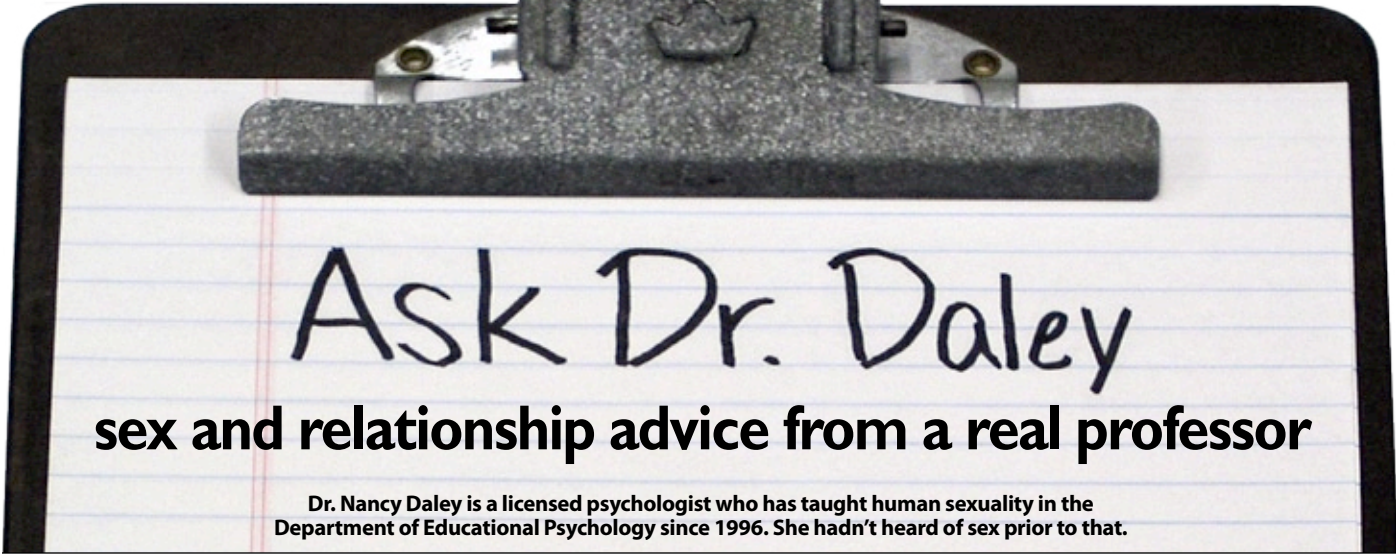
"That was it?" I ask after a pause. There's a needle in my foot.

Minutes later, a dozen more line my legs, chest, and arms. My limbs begin to ache, but in a good way, like after a long hike.

"This is the last one," she says, playfully tapping her finger between my eyes. "Ready?"

I was born ready.

"One . . . two . . . three—" My forehead explodes. The needle squashes a lemon in my brain, and its guts seep — tingling, metallic — into the furrows and ruts of my frontal lobe, through my limbs and fingers and toes, and down to the floor and through the walls. The qi is really flowing, man, and I'm hooked. I spend the next hour lying perfectly still, grooving on it.



I've decided to put down my knitting long enough to answer some questions from the ever-popular Ask-It Envelope. For the three million of you who have never been able to register for a Human Sexuality class, the Ask-It Envelope is something I pass around each semester so students can write down questions they don't dare ask out loud.

I can't begin to think what this will be like in a few years when your siblings from the Abstinence Only world hit the 40 Acres. Sex Ed, as you know, is all but banned from public schools now, so the kids are learning what they learn from TV, the movies and each other. Consider the following memorable question from a high-schooler, given to me by a friend who used to work at Planned Parenthood: "If you find a used condom and wash it, is it okay to use it again?" We may be raising a fabulous generation in terms of recycling, but it's scary to contemplate what their sex practices will entail.

The Ask-It questions from our class cover a range of topics from how to meet someone to how to keep sex exciting in a longer relationship. I figure if I answer some here, you'll have something to read during your long life on the wait list.

Q I am a nice guy who dresses neatly, opens doors for women, and keeps my promises. But I can't get a date! Why do girls always go for the Bad Boys?

A There are many reasons why women go for the Bad Boys. Some of them are longing for a guy just like Dear Old Dad. This isn't just Freudian stuff; at least one modern-day model of relationships proposes that we will invariably hook up with a clone of one of our parental units. For some people this is good news: they've been fortunate enough to have parents who are emotionally healthy adults in a long, affectionate marriage. For the people who haven't been so lucky in the parental lottery (offspring of alcoholics, addicts, rage freaks, the promiscuous, irresponsible, absent, etc.), it takes a certain amount of attention, even therapy, in order to achieve a relationship with a Nice Healthy Specimen such as yourself. When you've spent most of your life on an emotional roller coaster, it seems normal. So you may fare better after college, when your dating pool expands to include

women who have had their fill of auditioning Bad Boys.

Also, some girls love a project, and Bad Boys offer lots of raw material. Need I say that some guys savor their Bad Girl projects, too? It can be very gratifying to turn a wild child into a sweet, dependable, trustworthy partner: you know you've really achieved something. Nevermind that the odds of success are about the same as my alma mater's football team would have against you Big Huge Longhorns. Project-lovers also have the delicious experience of looking like relationship saints compared to their nasty sweethearts.

But what about you? Let's ask the hard stuff: *Are you boring? Can you hold up your end of a conversation? How's your sense of humor? Are you the only one who thinks you're funny? Do you kiss like a starfish? Do you walk in clouds of drug-store aftershave? Are you sexy???*

You must understand that Bad Boys give off an air of sexuality and confidence that cannot adequately be described in words — and I was an English major. They manage to appear simultaneously aloof and available. Their attention is focused squarely on women, their delicious target. Bad Boys' eye-contact is persistent and smoldering without being intrusive. One touch of their hand on the small of our backs turns the contents of our abdominal cavities to melted honey. Bad Boys know everything about female anatomy and how it works, and they let us know without actually saying a word about sex.

I suggest you consult with several of your trusted female friends. Ask them how you come across as a dating prospect and what you'd need to do to catch their eyes. Be sure to ask several women, since some of your female friends may be ambivalent about your success in the relationship department. Even if you *never* become a Bad Boy, you can learn how to be more attractive to women. And with diligent study of anatomy and physiology, you'll not only boost your perceived date value, you'll also fill your non-dating hours with lots of interesting pictures.

Q What's up with guys and anal sex?

A If I had a nickel for every anal sex question that shows up in the Ask-It Envelope, I could retire — or at least go skiing again this year. I figure a heterosexual woman has a 100

percent chance of being campaigned for anal sex during her love-lifetime. One helpful member of our class replied to this query by explaining that the anal sphincter is more constricted and therefore a potential source of far more friction than the normal vagina can ever hope to provide. (Those weren't his exact words, but the Editor has made me finesse the actual language used. Oh, dear.)

Assuming there's more to it than that, I think lots of guys like to do something naughty and forbidden, soaring to *Star Trek* heights by going where no man has gone before (yeah, right). Let's not forget that many people, male and female, enjoy sexual stimulation of this anatomical region (although many American men are too homophobic to admit it). That whole ZIP code is hard-wired for sexual arousal. In males, stimulation of the prostate with a well-lubricated, short-nailed digit (how *else* do you expect to reach the prostate?) is intensely arousing. Many women similarly enjoy anal stimulation, especially when it has been introduced into the sexual repertoire in a gradual, respectful way — like a gentle stroking during a highly aroused moment. There are plenty of people who can achieve orgasm through anal stimulation. This may be related, in women at least, to the G-spot; but even women who are pretty sure they lack a G-spot are capable of enjoying anal sex.

Try to remember that this is far from everyone's cup of tea. It is an area of über-consent, absolutely requiring the *enthusiastic* support of both participants. Not to mention lots of lube. And a condom. The intestinal flora and fauna that do such a good job with the south end of the digestive system wreak havoc when they get into your vagina or your mouth (try not to faint). And when you run that old trick of slipping it in there and calling it an accident, we will send you back to anatomy class with the guys no one will date (see Question 1).

Q Why do women fake orgasms?

A Oops, sorry, I'm out of room. Maybe next time.

Want to Ask Dr. Daley?
Email her at:
drdaley@texastravesty.com

Bad roommates and green monsters



Kristin Hillery
MANAGING EDITOR

Although I prefer to tell this story in an abandoned warehouse with a flashlight held to my chin, I'll make an exception just this once.

Last August, my friend — I'll call her Alice — had recently returned from a year of studying in London and was in desperate need of a place to live. Since my friend Todd and I were looking for a third roommate, we invited her to live with us and she accepted.

On move-in day, I opened the front door and heard what sounded like a weasel being violated by a fire hydrant. Alice was sitting in her bedroom wearing a headset hooked up to her laptop.

"I'm talking to Svend over the Internet!" she shrieked.

Svend was Alice's Danish boyfriend who was still in Denmark.

"He's going to stay here for three weeks in October!" she added. "That's cool, right?"

Of course that's cool! I'd love to listen to stories about windmills and watch you struggle to understand each other for 21 days. "Fine with me," I replied. I turned around and saw bulk packages of preserved egg and canned eel on the kitchen counter. When Alice made dinner later, I discovered that those two things produced the nauseating aroma of moldy jock straps, meconium and zombies.

And this was only Day One of living with Alice. She quickly reached unprecedented levels of annoying. Fumigation couldn't curb the smell of her cooking. She set up her Internet phone in the living room so she could shout sweet nothings at Svend without missing *Everybody Loves Raymond*. Because our bedrooms shared a paper-thin wall, I could hear the buzz of the vibrator she proudly named "the Green Monster" accompanied by rhythmic yelps of pleasure. And somehow she always left a fresh pair of skid-marked panties in the dryer when she finished doing laundry.

Todd and I calmly confronted Alice, suggesting she find another place to live.

"Is it because I didn't do the dishes?" Alice responded from a quivering mouth. "Well, guess what? I'm not leaving. I love it here." She stormed into her bedroom.

"I love it here!" she added for emphasis.

Alice stopped talking to us. Instead, she would sigh and give us a withering gaze on the rare occasions that she emerged from her room to cook more eel. She slammed every drawer, cabinet, and door she came in contact with. I tried to apologize for hurting her feelings, but she ignored me.

This continued for a few days until Todd and I came up with the most logical solution to our problem: we would make her life a living hell until she moved out. And what better way to

kick off our plan than a party that night?

As our friends arrived, I turned up the music to drown out the bitch-rock coming from Alice's room. Todd hung yellow "CAUTION" tape diagonally across Alice's doorway. I placed fake

barf in front of the door; one of our friends stood over it and pretended to be sick.

The door flew open. Alice clawed off the tape, kicked the plastic vomit and ran out the front door to her car, shoving everyone in her path.

Our drunken guests were mystified by what they had just witnessed. They wanted more. And they'd get it — she left her door unlocked.

We stole into Alice's room, huddling around her dresser as I slowly opened the top drawer.

"It's the Green Monster!" I screamed, spotting the sparkly neon green vibrator with inch-long jelly spikes sticking out of it like a dog collar. Someone poked it with a beer bottle.

I opened another drawer. No socks, pajamas, or T-shirts. There were only double-A batteries — enough of them to power a small town for a day. We laughed so hard that we collapsed on the floor, unable to breathe.

As the night progressed, partygoers took turns

sneaking into Alice's bathroom. They ripped the shower curtain off the rod, stuffed it in the tub and emptied her shampoo and soap bottles on it. They also squeezed toothpaste all over the mirror, dipped her toothbrush in the toilet, and sprinkled salt on the linoleum.

We were *certain* that Alice would be gone once she saw her bathroom, but she never acknowledged it. Getting her to leave was going to be harder than we thought.

Whenever Todd and I left the apartment, we tuned my stereo to the Spanish station, cranked it to full blast, and locked my door.

Not a word from Alice. We unplugged the stove so she couldn't cook anymore. She used the microwave.

We threw as many parties as we could. She just stayed in her room with the door locked.

We even filled all of her cups and bowls with dirt one day. She rinsed them out.

After enduring three weeks of our dirty tricks, Alice finally decided to move out.

But there was a problem. Because we signed separate leases for each bedroom, she had to give the management a good excuse to get out of the contract. So she told them that Todd and I made death threats to her.

Yes, death threats.

Explaining that we weren't planning to harm Alice was one of the most embarrassing moments of my life. Luckily, the management was already suspicious of her claim but let her break the lease anyway.

Alice moved out the next morning. She managed to leave one last pair of skid-marked underwear in the dryer. We nailed the panties above the stove to remember her by.



Fabulous Living
Call Us Today!



Spring
Leases
Available

Amenities

newly renovated
fitness center
roommate matching
fabulous dining
recreation center
huge study lounge
overlooking UT campus
512-478-9811

478-9811

478-9811

478-9811

478-9811

478-9811



Visit Us Online
www.thecastilian.com