The Embarrassing Issue

The Frisbee dude

Oh, majestic discus-thrower, your Hellenic bodice ripples with lyrical grace as you bask in the unworthy sunlight! Like prongs of electric sex, your little fingers caress the disc’s veneer. Oh, to be that disc! To feel the sensuous snap of your finger-flip! Will you toss me, spin me ... thro’ me? Nimble athlete, will you fall into my bush?

vital stats

**TURN-ONS:** well-manicured lawns, quickies in between classes, bush-diving, over-developed right forearms, dramatic catches, high fives, going between the legs, Border Collies, “accidentally” falling over sunbathers, shooting from the hip

**TURN-OFFS:** unkempt bushes, limp wrists, drops, inclement weather, grass stains, people who don’t give a “little help”, sustained winds, hacky-sackers, boomerangs

**MOTTO:** “Wherever the wind takes me, man, just keep livin’.”

around campus

- Students with iPods are too attached to their music to take out both headphones while talking to you.
- The noses of girls wearing giant sunglasses will collapse under the weight of their own tenderness.
- Those who remember to carry umbrellas will suspiciously eye the rain-soaked proletarian through a polished monacle.
- Insomniacs with thin walls keep a running tally of the roommate’s organs. She can tell you’re faking it, but don’t worry — your boyfriend probably can’t.

- First-year students continue to flock to Starbucks, thinking it is the only place near campus that sells coffee.
- Established “funny people” refuse to acknowledge humorous comments made by the reputedly less funny in group conversations.
- The Woefully Unprepared and Jobless Club will be meeting Saturday, May 21, at the University-wide commencement ceremony.
- Recalcitrant students will complain about recent tuition hikes over $55 capturricions.
- Brooding, misunderstood, Nietzsche-reading chimneys will congregate at Halcyon to determine where to hide for the duration of summer until the sun shinesh no longer.
- Self-declared “environmentally aware” students will use three rows of paper to print 75 copies of documents outlining the Bush Administration’s failure to preserve natural resources.
- Students who send text messages during class also talk on the phone during sex.
- The final nail in his coffin, a down-on-his-luck freshman didn’t get the memo that in order to stem the tide of insults, he should really stop using clichés.
- Students who bring a computer to class every day don’t have an advantage over the rest of us, mostly because finals won’t cover e-mail inboxes or Instant Messenger.
- Sharing outrageous drinking stories is still an acceptable substitute for meaningful conversation.
- A guy purchasing a pastel polo, short khaki shorts and flip-flops for the first time will realize how expensive it is to be an asshole.
- Pen thieves will disguise themselves as mere pen borrowers.
- Ubiquitous little green bugs are pissy off that people keep jumping in the middle of their flight paths.
- Students will parade around campus sporting pimp-ass T-shirts that read, “Jesus is...wearing this shirt.”

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The Texas Travesty is the student humor publication of 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 persons. 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 OUT TO...**

Post laureates, “well actually, …” pizza parties, showing up way too late for improv shows, bananas being eaten out of pipes, looking forward to the banquet for the past 364 days, being in the May issue of V Magazine, Todds’ and Ryan’s voyages into the real world, houses being in the May issue of V Magazine. Todds’ and Ryan’s voyages into the real world, houses being in the May issue of V Magazine. Todds’ and Ryan’s voyages into the real world, houses being in the May issue of V Magazine. Todds’ and Ryan’s voyages into the real world, houses being in the May issue of V Magazine. Todds’ and Ryan’s voyages into the real world, houses being in the May issue of V Magazine.

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**WEB www.texastravesty.com**
U.S. Congress bars sixth-grader from wearing mini-skirt
Federal courts to settle heated, drawn-out legal dispute

Ryan B. Martinez
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
WASHINGTON, DC — In a temporary victory for small government, U.S. Congress passed a bill Thursday that would prohibit Samantha Anderson, a 12-year-old girl from Des Moines, Iowa, from wearing a skirt that stops just above the knee.

The Samantha Anderson Modesty Act, which passed 276-158 in the House of Representatives, is the latest development in a controversy that has pit the GOP-led legislature against the federal courts.

“It has fallen on us lawmakers to protect America from decadent, out-of-touch activists,” said House Majority Leader Tom DeLay, R-Texas. “The people have spoken: they want the government — notably that den of fornication, the judiciary — to stop meddling in their personal lives.”

He continued: “Especially when it comes to Samantha Anderson, whose ungodly orishness has threatened the social fabric of our lives and indeed the future of all existence as we have come to know it.”

The bill, which has no legal impact on anyone other than Anderson, is the latest volley in a months-long legal dispute that began with a spat between the girl and her mother.

“I was at the mall food court with Sammy, getting her about her skirt,” said Deborah Anderson, Samantha’s mother. “When all of a sudden this man in a suit and sunglasses came up to me, handed me a business card and warned something about a ‘battle for America’s soul’ or something else that I loony like that!”

Deborah awoke the next morning to learn from a 24-hour news channel that a team of high-powered lawyers had been appointed to represent her in a lawsuit against her own daughter.

Hired without Deborah’s consent by an unknown benefactor, the lawyers filed a court order to make Samantha cease wearing mini-skirts on grounds of public indecency. The American Civil Liberties Union volunteered to represent the sixth-grader.

“Samantha’s a good, clean girl,” said Deborah, who does not approve of the litigation but who gets a rifle butt to the skull whenever she speaks up. “She certainly doesn’t deserve the full wrath of the U.S. government.”

After a series of decisions and appeals in state courts, the case swiftly moved up to federal levels, at which point U.S. congressmen — most of them Republican — drafted laws after law to keep the case in the courts until a judge might place an injunction on Samantha.

When no federal judge gave the desired decision, Republican lawmakers accused the judiciary of a liberal bias rooted in moral looseness and debauchery. Their claims have been backed by the Religious Right, whose leaders have condemned what they call an assault on the “Culture of Modesty” by “decadent heathen judges.”

The judges, for their part, say that the Anderson case is simply not a federal issue.

“Not only is it not our jurisdiction, but [taking the case] tarnishes the Court as an institution,” said Supreme Court Justice David Hackett Souter, eating in his opulent dining hall as oil-splattered, loin-cloth–wearing men fanned him with ostrich feathers. “A little girl’s fashion dilemma simply has no bearing on basic constitutional questions.”

He added: “Sidonius, hand me my bucket. I should like to vomit.”

While religious conservatives rally around Deborah Anderson’s legal counsel, others protest what they perceive as a gross breach of Samantha’s privacy rights. Joining several Democrat legislators, activist celebrities such as U2 frontman Bono have spoken out in support of Samantha.

“When I found out that all of America had taken intense notice of one scared little girl,” said Bono, “I knew I had to use my considerable clout to bring attention to the fact that we shouldn’t be paying so much attention to her.”

Like others, Bono points out that the controversy has diverted Congress from taking on more important issues in session. Discussion of the Anderson bill has pushed back congressional efforts to regulate national toilet paper configurations and to limit the amount of sweaters a dog owner can put on his or her pet at one time.

The drawn-out legal battle may end next week, when the Supreme Court decides on the bill’s constitutionality. 

Samantha will remain in high-security lockdown until the dispute is resolved.

First-generation grad finds underemployment
BA degree qualifies son to fold jeans, delude self about future

Chanice Jan
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
AUSTIN — Nathan Hamilton, the first in his family to graduate from college, recently announced that he had accepted a job as a senior cashier at Old Navy, a position for which either his GED-holding parents or a trained gibbon monkey could have qualified.

Hamilton graduated from the University with a degree in English. His family was present for commencement ceremonies at Gregory Gym, an event that was almost as big as the debt his parents accured to pay for an education with no real-world value.

“I’m so proud of Nathan,” said Lynn Hamilton, Nathan’s mother. “Even though his father and I had to sell our car to finance his senior year, it was all worth it to make sure he learned about Victorian poetry, American Realism and Dostoevsky’s major works. All that knowledge will surely help him cope with the fact that he wasted four years of our lives in order to count change.”

Hamilton’s father, Robert, agrees.

“If I had known that my son would end up with such a bright future, I wouldn’t have sobbed uncontrollably in the shower every morning before getting on a crowded, mildew-ridden bus at 5 a.m. to go to my second job.”

Hamilton said he attended college to earn a degree and build a career instead of working at a dead-end job like the ones his parents had.

“I saw how hard Mom and Dad struggled — they absolutely hated their jobs. But they didn’t have the education to get better ones,” he said. “I didn’t want that to be me. I wanted to make something of myself, which is why I decided to study the subtleties of metonymy, litotes, and leitmotifs.”

Hamilton sees his current job as a stepping stone to greater things. “I’m just trying to work my way up, like my theater-major friend Gerard, who’s a cook at Wendy’s when he’s not city-hopping to look for American Idol auditions.”

Hamilton’s short-term goal is to break into a profession that doesn’t involve waving our smiles in hopes customers will sign up for an Old Navy card. He remains optimistic that one day he might actually use his hard-earned college education.

“Even though I’m working alongside high school kids who have never heard of James Joyce and don’t know how it feels to desperately cling to idealistic dreams in the face of grim reality, I won’t be discouraged,” explained Hamilton as he frantically shoveled quarters into a Scratch-and-Win ticket vending machine.

“This is just a temporary gig,” he insisted as emphatically as his violently quivering chin would allow him to.
Baby can’t eat, read ornate birthday cake
Infant lacks emotional range to appreciate parents’ effort

Chanice Jan
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ST. PAUL, MN — Randall and Kacie Masterson threw their 1-year-old daughter Riley an elaborate birthday party last week, an event the infant would have fondly remembered if she were able to form complex episodic memories.

The Mastersons spared no expense for their “wittle baby-waybee’s” first “birfday-wirfday,” decorating their whole house in pink streamers and pink balloons that would have been Riley’s favorite if she were old enough to actively prefer objects of a certain color.

Twelve neighborhood infants and toddlers of varying ages, who would have been Riley’s friends if she were capable of forming socio-emotional bonds with peers, attended the party, bringing along plenty of colorfully-wrapped gifts and even more bacteria-ridden slobber.

Served at the party were tiny toothpick sandwiches that Riley would have enjoyed if they weren’t a choking hazard, honey graham crackers she would have loved if honey were not likely to carry infant botulism, and a clown that would have made her laugh had she not cried hysterically at the sight of a painted, green-haired monster.

“Everything here today is so our little Riley-poo can look back and remember having the best first birthday ever,” said Kacie Masterson.

“Everything’s for her. The purpose of this party is definitely not an excuse for me and Randall to wear even bigger shit-eating grins than usual and watch parents of older, less adorable kids switch with envy,” said Sandra Waterhouse, a neighbor of the Mastersons, disagrees.

“What a waste. That hyperactive girl can’t even sit still long enough to watch her parents make a big show of blowing out one stupid candle. Looks like the Ritalin train will be stopping for this one in elementary school.”

Waterhouse continued: “When I threw my Cooper his first birthday, we sang ‘Happy Birthday’ in four different harmonic minor keys so we could expose him to classical music early on. He sat silent the whole time, like a good baby double-strapped into a high chair should.”

The centerpiece of Riley’s party was a three-tiered five-layer cake with a moist strawberry marble texture that she did not have enough teeth to chew, and pink frosting roses that she lacked the stomach power to digest.

The cake also featured a message written in ornate cursive in icing, “Happy Birthday to You, Riley Elizabeth-Annemarie, Our Precious Little Princess, Love Forever and Ever, Mommie and Dadders,” that Riley could neither read nor eat.

“How many candles is that, Riley-ree?” Kacie cooed to her daughter. Unable to count, Riley tried to wriggle out of her taffeta dress while blowing a snot bubble.

“It’s one, Riley-ree, because you’re one! Yes you are, wittlewoodoooodoooodoo.”

Kacie and Randall eagerly unwrapped their daughter’s presents while the infant sat on the carpet and attempted to eat her party hat.

“A miniature soccer set! Terrific! Riley can be the next Mia Hamm!” Randall Masterson predicted of his daughter’s athletic ability once she is able to manipulate objects with her feet.

As the party closed, the Mastersons took turns moving their child’s arm in a waving motion to guests as they left.

“Say bye-bye!” said Randall, as Riley spit up her strained birthday peas.

“I shat myself, but it feels surprisingly pleasant.”

---

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tive,” and “The Soaring Apostrophe.” Each chapter lists grammatical exercises to practice at home with a partner, or even, for some of the more difficult activities, with two other people.

Although enrollment has not increased, Thompson is confident that students have been paying more attention. There is debate, however, whether they have been paying attention to the grammar or the latent sexual innuendos that dominate the class.

“Thompson’s rhetoric class is absolutely hilarious,” commented sophomore Brian McCoy. “If I still had any respect for America’s Funniest Home Videos, I would tape the class and send it to them. I think I almost peep myself during the lecture on colons and contractions.”

Thomson’s cognizance of these innuendos is not clear — he maintains that he conducts the class as he normally would.

“When writing your papers,” explained Thompson about the final project, “the last thing you want is to get involved with loose sentences or play around with your dangling participles.”

Married student flaunts ring, superiority
Newlyweds pretend to enjoy squandered youth

Sara Kanewske
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — Students Amy Miller-Hinkle and Tom Hinkle are determined to make their marriage work despite the rising divorce rates among young couples.

While many students view college as an opportunity to explore sexual options and experiment with one-night stands, multiple partners and various remedies for sexually transmitted infections, the Hinkleys disagree.

“We still go out and have fun,” explained Amy. “We just always do it together now.”

“Sometimes my friends give me crap about getting married so young,” said husband Tom. “They say that I could ’do better’ than Amy. But I just laugh, ’cause I know I’m guaranteed sex for life.”

He continued: “And, come on — it’s not like Amy’s fat or anything.”

The couple’s parents were “surprised” by the announcement of their engagement in the fall of this upper-middle-class parent’s life.

They states that the marriage has given her “more confidence” and has improved her grades.

“Before Tom and I got married,” she explained, “I would wake up and spend an hour putting on makeup and doing my hair before I left for class. But now that it’s official, I can use the extra time for studying.”

Amy’s sorority sister Beth Knapp expressed her feelings about Amy’s marriage.

“Amy and Tom have the perfect life!” said Knapp. “It’s so cool how they love each other so much. They do everything together!”

Knapp hesitated before continuing: “But it is sort of weird how he’s her only date to crush parties. And it sucks when we try to have girls’ night at her place ’cause we can’t really play Never-Have-1-Ever. Tom’s always hanging around in his underwear. It’s kinda gross.”

Tom’s friends are experiencing similar troubles.

“Back in high school, we would always talk about the girls we wanted to bang,” said Brad Taylor, Tom’s high-school football teammate. “But now that he’s married, that’s all changed. He wouldn’t even let us hire a stripper for his bachelor party. He said it’d be cheating!”

Taylor added: “Tom’s marriage has been a real mood killer whenever one of us wants to hit a strip club or watch a movie that doesn’t star Hugh Grant.”

Despite their friends’ complaints, the Hinkleys fondly remember their engagement after dating for two years in high school.

“My roommate at Kinsolving hated me because I was always arteries her whenever I snuck Tom in,” recalled Amy. “But I think she was just jealous. I was only married for one year, you know.”

The couple remains confident that their marriage will survive.

“It feels so wonderful to be loved,” explained Amy. “Almost as wonderful as the feeling of the weight of a Tiffany-quality, one-carat diamond ring on your finger.”

Newly wealthy liberal surprised to hate taxes
NEW HAVEN, CT — Dan Karshner, author of the new bestseller Tax Evasion and the Evading Evaders Who Evade Them, was shocked to feel disgusted when he saw that 34 percent of his latest royalty check was taken out for taxes. Karshner’s reaction to the taxes came into direct conflict with his belief in taxing the wealthy to fund social welfare programs. He has been actively voicing this belief since he was a Dartmouth student and got bored one day because he couldn’t find an abstract art show to pretend to appreciate. Once known for protesting government spending cuts by burning tax return checks and chaining himself to H&R Block office buildings, Karshner admits his ideology may have mellowed since his literary success rocketed him an entire tax bracket higher than that of his upper-middle-class parents.

“I guess maybe my old views were a little extreme,” he concedes. “My new status has shown me that sometimes it’s okay to turn on the heat instead of wearing a sweater, to play golf, and to set money on fire.”

Aggressive mother saves too many seats at school talent show
ARLINGTON, VA — At Jamestown Elementary’s annual talent show, 31-year-old Deborah Schlatter outraged fellow audience members by saving a row of 11 seats for extended family who never showed. Schlatter, who arrived early to see her daughter Jamie lip-synch to Ace of Base’s “All That She Wants,” managed to claim the seats using such place-holders as a purse, coat, camera, camera tripod, three programs, a copy of Redbook, and her outstretched body. “She was sprawled out over four or five seats to indicate they were taken, and if someone approached her, she would gesture to the general area and tell them that all of the surrounding seats were saved,” said Mark Loff, the step father of one of the performers. “I walked up to the front of the cafeteria to get some water, and she called me out by saying I was ‘eying her row.’”

One audience member added: “We were all pretty disgruntled until her daughter performed. Then we just felt embarrassed for that whole family.”

Sophomore uniquely struggling with lots of reading, tests
CAMPUS — Sophomore Kara Joyce faces a week of late-night studying and little sleep, a concept foreign to her classmates as she prepares for multiple tests. “You guys really don’t understand,” she explained to her friends. “I have to read 160 pages for my history test, and I have a test in psychology the next day.” Joyce sipped her coffee and continued: “I don’t even want to think about finals — I’m going to have four exams in one week. You’re so lucky you don’t even have to worry about anything like that.”

Rhetoric professor writes Comma Sutra
Students made uneasy by grammatically explicit material
Kathryn Edwards
ASSOCIATE EDITOR


“It’s time to spice things up,” explained Thompson. “Traditional texts, such as Grammar for Grammarians, are dull and routine. Students would rather roll over and fall asleep than engage in grammatical foreplay. The Comma Sutra is just the ticket to keeping things lively and interesting in class.”

“I wish I could say the obvious sexual references ended with the book title,” said junior Rachel Archen. “But they don’t. Every day in class it’s something about ‘antecedents: the backdoor approach to description’ and ‘practicing safe syntax.’ I know he’s trying to be funny, but it’s more awkward and sad than it is an effective teaching tool.”

The lecture-based intro class focuses on preventing common grammatical mistakes. Thompson often gives tips to students to aid them with their writing.

“Premature interjections are embarrassing for everybody,” Thompson told his students during class last week. “But it happens to writers with even the biggest diction.”

“Absolute adjectives make me feel absolutely dirty.”

He added: “Best! Beat diction.”

The Comma Sutra includes the chapters “Congress of the Dash,” “Splitting the Bamboo Infini-
Incoming freshman feigns indifference

**Campus tour surprisingly informative, eventful**

Stephen Short  
**STAFF WRITER**

**CAMPUS** — Seventeen-year-old incoming freshman Jeremy Nolan expressed indifference toward University facilities during a campus tour last Thursday. “Eh,” sighed Nolan in response to the tour guide’s gleeful pronouncement that UT’s official colors were approved on May 10, 1900. “There’s a Taco Bell like a block away from my house. It’s not like I’ve never been to one before.”

Nolan’s contrived eye-rolling continued as they toured the Union. “Whoa, they have a Chick-Fil-A?!” said Nolan. “Uh. I mean, whatever.”

Overhearing Nolan’s excitement, senior Rick Starks turned and remarked: “And did you know the Union Underground has an arcade, 12 regulation billiards tables, and 12 bowling lanes with available shoe rental?”

The tour group then visited the Harry Ransom Center. “Pshhhhh. Lame,” snickered Nolan upon viewing the world’s first photograph and a print of only 21 complete copies of the Gutenberg Bible.

“Don’t they have anything cool here?” Nolan asked. “Actually,” explained custodian Mike Dubbs as he rounded the corner, “The HRC holds more than 30 million manuscripts, including the original Death of a Salesman.”

After being separated from the tour group, Nolan accidentally wandered into an unmarked women’s restroom in Jester West. “I only had a towel wrapped around my chest and I was holding my bra and panties when this scrappy, acne-ridden kid came barging in,” said distraught sophomore Jessica Largeman. “I shrieked so loud. It was like the Great Panty Raid of ’61 all over again.”

“Oh man! I’m gonna see sooo many boobs in college!” exclaimed Nolan, fleeing the restroom. “Uh. I mean, this place needs to put a sign on the girls’ bathroom.”

Campus tour guide and junior Alex Mitchell later expressed his discontent for Nolan’s conduct. “His behavior reminded me of the Noon Tour Disaster of March 2003, when all the students on the tour just sighed after every fact I announced,” said an irritated Mitchell. “At least this time all the other students stared into space and let their parents ask all the questions.”

Mitchell continued: “Like when I was saying how popular student organizations are, my example was 1974’s the Association of Streaking Students [ASS]. He just kept giggling and laughing, I don’t get it.”

**Kids’ Korner**

We know it’s a beautiful sunny day outside, because Mr. Frog’s special pupils are dilated!

**FIND THE SECRET WORDS**

- **to help Mommy clean, you have to pour a bucket of water on the computer.**
- **The best way to keep monsters away is to take some hamburger meat from the refrigerator and put it under your bed!**
- **Toxic** is a secret adult word for **candy.**
- **If you pour bubbly water from the stove on top of you, one day you’ll be big and tall.**
- **The bottom of your pool smells like delicious strawberries.**
- **Church** is where they hold the **Loudest Screamer Contest** because it makes everyone very happy.
- **The only way to find out if there’s a prize in an alligator’s mouth is to stick your arm in it.**
- **Paint** tastes as good as it looks!

**Super Fun Facts!**

- **Fun Quiz!** What’s missing from this nondescript woman?
- **Kids’ Korner Song!**
  - Guess what—Kids’ Korner is back!
  - Spinning yarns of meth and crack
  - Grab some crayons, cut your arms
  - Learn the ways that voting harms!
  - Kids’ Korner, for you and me.
  - Now let’s all go and smoke a tree!

**Can you find...**

- pony
- lemonade
- happy
- Tony Hawk
- ice cream
- fun
- scientist
- bicycle

**Kids’ Korner Song**

Guess what—Kids’ Korner is back!
Spinning yarns of meth and crack,
Grab some crayons, cut your arms,
Learn the ways that voting harms!
Kids’ Korner, for you and me.
Now let’s all go and smoke a tree!

**Answer: a smile!**

**What’s missing from this nondescript woman?**

**Can you find...**

- pony
- lemonade
- happy
- Tony Hawk
- ice cream
- fun
- scientist
- bicycle

**Fun Quiz!**

What’s missing from this nondescript woman?
**Italian Soda**

A tasty drink made by your favorite thirsty lady

**Ingredients:**
- 8 oz water
- 2 cups of salt
- 1 bottle of ketchup
(Hint: for flavor, add an entire bottle of Jack Daniel's)

Makes 8 servings
Prep time: 1 cigarette

**Directions:**
1. Cup hands together
2. Mix water, salt, ketchup, and optional Jack Daniel's; in hands
3. Don't forget to lick the bottle of Jack Daniel's when you're done
4. Find an alley
5. Vommit and then pass out

**Party Mix**

This delicious snack relays a P-A-R-T-Y GOING!

**Ingredients:**
- 1 bag of pretzels
- 1 bag of tiny marshmallows
- 50 peanuts
- 1 bottle of Advil
- Whatever else is on the floor

Makes 2 servings
Prep time: 2 cigarettes

**Directions:**
1. Vacuum living room floor
2. Empotent contents of vacuum into a bag
3. Bash head against concrete until voices stop
4. Repeat step 3
5. Eat contents of bag
6. Repeat step 5

**Big Top Casserole**

This might be spaghetti, let me lick your face you idiot.

**Ingredients:**
- 1 can of sauerkraut
- Congealed Jell-O
- Dust bunnies

Makes 3-4 servings
Prep time: 2 cigarettes

**Directions:**
1. Stop crying over failed marriages
2. Thoroughly sauerkraut on floor
   for added taste
3. Mix in congealed Jell-O until consistency resembles tar pit
4. Cigarette break
5. Garnish with dust bunnies
6. Ignore odors emitting from body
7. Slurp that spaghetti up like you'a champion.

**Smoked Turkey**

A scrumptious meal that's sure to be a favorite at any oldy's kitchen

**Ingredients:**
- 1 whole turkey
- 20-30 cigarette butts

Makes 4 servings
Prep time: 4 cigarettes

**Directions:**
1. Dig through ashtrays in the park
2. Gather 20 or 30 or something of those cigarette butts you find in the ashtrays
3. Stuff turkey with cigarette butts
4. Cigarette break
5. Cook at 200 degrees Fahrenheit whatever long you want to your morons

**Beef Jerky Man**

This wonderful treat always tastes great after a hard day of drinking alone

**Ingredients:**
- 1 can of cheese
- 5 beef jerky sticks

Makes 1 Serving
Prep time: 1 cigarette

**Directions:**
1. Wake up
2. Wipe trash off face
3. Lay out jerky sticks to form sexy stik man
4. Cigarette break
5. Spray cheese in can to glue teh hot man together
6. Shut your mouth yu'assholes!
7. Ok you can opeon your mouth again
8. Eat it and love it, you pieces of crap

**Stick in the Mud**

A perfect dinner to complement a long night of crying

**Ingredients:**
- 16 oz cold chili
- 8 oz uncooked clam chowder
- One cardboard box
- One freshly plucked stick

Makes 4 servings
Prep time: 2 1/2 cigarettes

**Directions:**
1. Cigarette break
2. Mix cold chili and calm chowder
3. Spit into box after mixing thoroughly
4. Eat dinner out of cardboard box with a stick

**I wasn't expecting my social security anyway.**

**Sugared Butter Bar Delight**

This is a dessert that tastes as good as a sweet kississ from my ruby red lips

**Ingredients:**
- 1 stick of butter
- 2 cups of sugar

Makes 2 Servings
Prep time: 2 cigarettes

**Directions:**
1. Buye frshmen some beers ins exhange for castrof Marblarorh lights
2. Unwarp buter stick
3. Dip and roll butterstick in sugar until heavily coated
4. Cigarette break
5. Savor teh delicious delightfulness
Reconsidering staff members
A 2-for-1 penis joke or an essential group of UT employees?

In spite of this article’s subtitle, there is nothing funny about being a staff member at UT.

First of all, if you think that I, as a representative of all University staff members, merely sit in my cubicle working cross-words, paying bills and doing very little of importance, then you would be right — except for the part about wielding enormous power. For us staff members, there is very little power to wield, enormous or otherwise. And while some people may think that this lack of power implies a lack of importance within the University community, such thinking is incorrect. In fact, our staff jobs require a great deal of wisdom and fortitude and are essential to UT’s success.

I work as an editor in the Main Building, and I am perpetually bombarded with various crises that can only be resolved by someone with my level of expertise. For example, reports will sometimes pile up, and when I get tired of them cluttering my desk, I have to decide whether or not I should try to stuff them into my small recycling receptacle or walk down the hall to the bigger, more accommodating bin. On other days a coworker may come to my cubicle asking me to explain the PageMaker shortcut for an en-dash. Such questions usually force me to put down the spy novel I am reading. I even lost my place once.

A coworker may come to my cubicle asking me to explain the PageMaker shortcut for an en-dash. Such questions usually force me to put down the spy novel I am reading. I even lost my place once.

Even though I was once silenced by complacency, I am now determined to speak out. I know our enemies for who they really are. I have seen the administration in the ground floor toilet of the Main Building, and I can tell you that they defecate without washing their hands afterwards just like the rest of us. I have joined RecSports and been inside the staff/faculty locker room, and I can tell you that if we staff members are basking any of our lack of self-worth on supposed average male faculty member penis size, then we have all been laboring under a flagrant misapprehension. Such news should be encouraging.

A workplace revolution is at hand. All we staff members need to do is to join together and refuse to be looked upon as untouchables. As one, we can rise above the blindness of the University and take our rightful place as equals alongside the administration, the faculty, and the other groups on the pecking order. Today we may have to scurry to hide the Jumble and refuse to be looked upon as untouchables. Such news should be encouraging.

Change will not come easy, but if we are going to be appreciated for the work that we do, then change must surely come. I am writing these words to herald in this new era. I will use my voice so that all of those staff members, without voices (figuratively) can overcome their inferiority complexes and do very little of importance, while we gather in all of the riches that the University has to offer. And in so doing, we will supplant the group currently involved in these very activities from their position high atop the UT pecking order: the football team.

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The Texas Travesty Presents: A Helpful Guide to Incoming Freshmen

TIPS FROM CURRENT STUDENTS

If you ever have to go to the bathroom during class, it’s not a problem. Just raise your hand and politely ask your professor if you can be excused.

Did you take AP classes in high school? Did you test out of any classes? Be sure to have your scores memorized and tell them to everyone you meet — people at UT find that very impressive.

Watch out for seniors!

College libraries are totally different from regular libraries. Feel free to talk to people around you or answer your cell phone.

Buy all of your books and school supplies from the University Co-op. Everybody knows it’s the best deal.

COOL PLACES TO HANG OUT

Union Underground
This place is where it’s at! Bowling, pool tables, arcade—who says you have to leave campus to have a good time? If you can spare a moment, you won’t strike out because this wicked-crazy black light-illuminated hangout is exciting and not boring at all.

Your Dorm Room
Pass the Ozarka bottle full of vodka around, because it’s time to get wasted at the coolest spot on campus — the one with your prom pictures and Starry Night poster decorating its sad walls.

HOME LIFE vs. COLLEGE LIFE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>HOME LIFE</th>
<th>COLLEGE LIFE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>You would complain if your mom made spaghetti twice in one week.</td>
<td>You’ll eat a dried up rotten banana off the floor, so long as you find it first.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After acing your pre-cal test, you bragged to all your about how you didn’t even study.</td>
<td>You’ll fight off tears of self-doubt after you spend all night studying for a test you still fail.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teachers changed your D to a C if you did a meaningless extra credit assignment.</td>
<td>Professors will be happy to sign off on a Q-drop form you pick up from the Dean’s office — if you’re lucky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Having to answer to your parents was a drag.</td>
<td>Trying to get money from your parents is a drag</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your Academy Award-winning performance convinced your mom that you were sick and should stay home.</td>
<td>Don’t feel like going to class? Just roll over and go back to sleep.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>People bragged about drinking.</td>
<td>People brag about drinking.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Course-Instructor Surveys
**My Spring Break RULED**

*The Texas Traveler or whatever asked me to give a report on my Spring Break because the people who read their magazine need to learn how to party. I’m up next in FLIP CUP so I’ll make this quick.*

**THURSDAY:**
3:33 p.m. – Couldn’t tell if my arm was BROKEN or just stinging from where my WOUNDS were PISSED IN.

3:50 p.m. – Drew Baelle the Professor asked me if I was VOMITING. My pro-SLEEPING NEXT TO ME

**FRIDAY:**
5:27 a.m. – Woke up in a ALLEY somewhere. I couldn’t tell if my arm was BROKEN or just stinging from where my WOUNDS were PISSED IN. 6:35 a.m. – Made it home. Lenny and I packed for our trip to CANCUN.

8:45 a.m. – Bought two SHOTS OF TEQUILA on the plane.

9:20 a.m. – Got LOCKED IN THE BATHROOM by a STEWARD for going on a rampage when they wouldn’t sell me more TEQUILA.

10:45 a.m. – Got to our hotel and took a seat at the POOL BAR.

11:52 a.m. – Saw a chick sunbathing TOPLESS on the beach. I ran a sweet pick-up line on her but I got confused – how do I know how tight my GAME is if she’s already got her SHIRT OFF?

1:24 p.m. – Destroyed some quasadillas at the HOTEL RESTAURANT. Not as good as TACO C but I was hungry so whatever.

3:47 p.m. – Lenny bet me that I couldn’t BEER BONG half corona half tequila. I showed that PUSSY what being a MAN IS ABOUT.

9:45 p.m. – Left for downtown to see 50 CENTER at a club. I paid $150 for a VIP WRISTBAND so I wouldn’t have to WAIT IN LINE.

10:15 p.m. – Got in the back of a HUGE FUCKING LIME.

11:40 p.m. – Got inside the club and ordered two LONG ISLAND ICED TEAS. I had to chug both for my PANIC ATTACK to go away.

2:20 a.m. – Grinded the SHIT out of some chick. She tried to make out with me but my drink was empty so I STIFF-ARMED her and hit the bar up.

3:30 a.m. – 50 CENT comes on. I kept screaming “IN DA CLUB” at the top of my lungs until security ESCORTED me out.

4:15 a.m. – Passed out at my hotel.

**SATURDAY – TUESDAY:**
DON’T REMEMBER

**WEDNESDAY:**
2:20 p.m. – Where the fuck am I.

3:15 p.m. – Found my shirt but I had to leave my pants because some dude with a GUN started yelling at me in SPANISH.

4:18 p.m. – Made it back to my hotel, hit up the POOL BAR.

4:22 p.m. – After a few WHISKEY AND COKES, I ate for the first time in DAYS

9:15 p.m. – Lenny and I left for the BOOZE CRUISE. We were the first ones on the boat so we did two rounds of TEQUILA SLAMMERS.

10:20 p.m. – I couldn’t remember if I had done 16 or 18 tequila slammers so I STOLE THE BOTTLE and finished it off.

10:35 p.m. – I stopped being able to HEAR.

10:42 p.m. – Nirvana. I reached a state of total consciousness, of complete mental liberation. I saw the tale of this ancient land unfold in a symphony of colors – vibrant reds, blues and greens painted a pristine landscape set against a burgundy sunset. The noble Mayan people pounded corn on rocks and ate venison over a roaring fire. Absolute enlightenment.

10:45 p.m. – I RETCHED over the side of the boat and got some on my SHIRT

11:52 p.m. – Wet T-SHIRT CONTEST. I hit on the girl who WON but she must have been a lesbian or something because she said she didn’t want to HOOK UP in the BATHROOM

12:48 a.m. – Got back to SHORE. I celebrated earning my SEA LEGS by CHUGGING BEER.

2:26 a.m. – Tried to round up some last minute TAIL at the hotel pool. I hit on some chick that was by herself and convinced her to come up to my room.

2:32 a.m. – MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

**THURSDAY:**
11:37 a.m. – What the hell is that SLEEPING NEXT TO ME

11:40 a.m. – Chugged the rest of my BACARDI and smashed the bottle on the WALL to wake up the TROLL in my bed

11:42 a.m. – Stuffed all my clothes in a DUFFEL BAG so I could RAID the POOL BAR before noon checkout

12:15 p.m. – Woke up in the KIDDIE POOL

12:32 p.m. – Had to CHASE the airport shuttle for 6 BLOCKS because I was taking a PISS in the bushes when it left

1:37 p.m. – What the fuck is a PASSPORT?

3:12 p.m. – Got on the plane and turned the OXYGEN MASK into a BEER BONG

3:37 p.m. – Told some BITCH that if they didn’t want us DOING SHOTS on the plane they wouldn’t give us BARF BAGS, that really shut her up

5:15 p.m. – Made it back to Austin, had the cab drop me off at 6TH STREET.

Cancun was pretty sweet, I got a ton of shirts with hilarious alcohol jokes on them. Also it must be true what they say about the WATER because it seriously STINGS when I piss now. I need to get a beer because I’m seeing double, hope you fruitcakes enjoyed the free lesson.
Camp Iwannagohome

Are you ready to have the time of your life? Camp Iwannagohome is the perfect place to spend your summer vacation. Located on a majestic Indian burial ground in scenic South O'Briensworth, Oregon, tons of exciting adventures and long-lasting friendships are waiting for you here at Camp Iwannagohome!

- You're in good hands with our experienced nursing staff and state-of-the-art facilities.
- Form lifelong friendships through trust exercises. These will be friends you can really fall back on — guaranteed!
- Campers learn responsibility by preparing three healthy meals a day.
- Roast marshmallows and tell ghost stories with your fellow campers around our wonderful bonfire — be sure not to get incinerated!

▲ You'll want to practice all summer for the end-of-camp talent show!

▲ Remember: No diving!

▼ I'm making a purple stew, whip whip, I'm making a purple stew, shoobie doobie do, with purple beans and purple greens, how 'bout you in my purple stew?

▲ Competitive sports!

▼ Experience the pristine, unspoiled wilderness.

▼ Field trip!

▼ Recognizing that every camp has a sick kid, rest assured that we'll have him properly quarantined.

▼ Our counselors are leaders who possess the qualities of high maturity, sincere love and upstanding morals.

▲ Hands-on learning!

▼ Two hours of free time every day!

▼ Hands-on learning!

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Awkward stories!

TRAVESTY CONFESSIONS

Helping Hand
My significant other, Rick, grew up in a family of all boys, but I’ve always been a girly girl, so when we visited his family I had to try extra hard to impress his dad and brothers. They were fixing a car one afternoon, so I hung around, hoping to help. They kept teasing me about not knowing what a transmission or an engine fire was. Then Rick’s dad yelled, “Shoot! I’m all out of lube!” Seeing my big chance to come to the rescue, I ran upstairs and grabbed my gallon of KY Jelly, but instead of thanking me, Rick’s dad and brothers cracked up and wouldn’t tell me why! Not only that, my vibrator fell out of my purse, got caught in the thingymajig, made the car explode, and killed two of Rick’s brothers! Oops.

Denise, 24
[Rating: 4 C batteries]

Close Encounter
My cutie pie, Gary, and his buddy Kevin are thisclose. They’ve known each other since they were kids and now they live together. They’re simply adorable: they always finish each other’s sentences and pat each other on the butt when they go shopping for cashmere turtleneck sweaters. One day, I got off work early and stopped by their place to surprise Gary. I went to his room and he and Kevin were wrestling naked on the bed! I was so embarrassed, because I had left my makeup bag on the night table that week-end, and I think they might have seen my vibrator sticking out of it. Yikes!

Sasha, 23
[Rating: 2 AA batteries]

What’s for Dessert?
After dating for only eight years, Brent said he wanted me to meet his parents! Brent’s a real mama’s boy, so I was worried his mom wouldn’t like me no matter what. Thankfully, things started off pretty smoothly. Although I think Brent’s mom was a little sick, because she got this funny look on her face when we started talking about Chesapeake Bay crabs at dinner and I said that Vaseline usually helps with the itching. The next day, my good luck stopped. I was helping Brent’s mom make apple pie when my vibrator rolled out of my suitcase, flew downstairs into the kitchen and hit her in the face!

Jennypher, 26
[Rating: 2 watch batteries]

Hot and Smelly
After being set up by my best friend, I went on a blind date with her friend from work, James. He was so polite and charming throughout dinner, so of course I said “yes” when he invited me back to his place. But we were so hot for each other that we went into the handicapped stall in the women’s bathroom and started fooling around. I was in the middle of giving him a BJ when my vibrator shot out of my purse, landed in the toilet, and splashed diarrhea all over us! Ew!

Hannah, 22
[Rating: 3 car batteries]

Trick-or-Treat
Last Halloween, my fiancé and I were really excited about giving out homemade candy apples to the little trick-or-treaters in our neighborhood. When the first group of kids came to the door, I gave them each an apple and complimented them on such adorable costumes. But when one of the kids bit into his apple, blood started squirting all over the porch. Somehow my vibrator had gotten inside of the apple, and it had a razorblade stuck to the tip! Ouch!

Brinn, 24
[Rating: 17 DD batteries]

Share your most shockingest story!! E-mail the Travesty at: letters@texastravesty.com
What’s your student organization?
Still looking for that perfect organization to spend three hours a day on the West Mall whoring out yourself? Like interactivity? Read on, nimble ass clown!

Start Here
So, do you like... stuff?

- Yes
  - Branch Out! Environmental Preservation Society
  - I Phelta Thi
  - Society of Half-Vietnamese, Half-Brazilian Transgendered Pentecostal Engineers

- No
  - Does nature give you wood?
    - Yes
      - Do you like to drink?
        - Yes
          - [Insert Ethnic Minority Here] Students Association
          - The Enthusiasm Enthusiasts
        - No
          - Are you excited?
            - Yes
              - The First One
            - No
              - Are you determined to change the hearts and minds of your fellow students?

    - No
      - Who doesn't?
        - Yes
          - Take Turns Sitting at a Table on the West Mall Club
          - The Curmudgeonly Returning Student Club
          - What would you do if you were Mark Summers and all you cared about while filming the show was that the floor tile 17 down from the north wall and 12 from the east wall remained free of pink slime?
        - No
          - Do you hate the latter-day episodes of What Would You Do?
            - Yes
              - Do you often buy an extra meal and set it up across the table from yourself in an attempt to hide the fact that you have no friends?
            - No
              - Do you yearn for authority and power the way a newborn pup yearns for milk from its mother’s teat?
                - Yes
                  - What are you, some kind of shit-sucking Nickelodeon freak?
                - No
                  - Do hungry cows have ravenous appetites?
                    - Yes
                      - Do you care about anything related to politics?
                        - Yes
                          - Are you an ethnic minority?
                            - Yes
                              - Supercalifragilistic or ching-chang wamma lamma bing bang?
                            - No
                              - Are completely pointless things appeal to you?
                                - Yes
                                  - What are you, some kind of shit-sucking Nickelodeon freak?
                                - No
                                  - The Unitarian Universalist Student Chapter of Vague Assholes
                          - No
                            - Do you yearn for authority and power the way a newborn pup yearns for milk from its mother’s teat?
                              - Yes
                                - What are you, some kind of shit-sucking Nickelodeon freak?
                              - No
                                - Do you dream of Vienna in moments of quiet repose?
                                  - Yes
                                    - Take Turns Sitting at a Table on the West Mall Club
                                  - No
                                    - Do you care about anything related to politics?
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                                                - Take Turns Sitting at a Table on the West Mall Club
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Horoscopes
Officially endorsed by the American Association of False Prognostication

Mongoloidus
(Maxim – Threety six – Ninery)
You’ve heard the stories about sirens’ songs causing people to impale themselves on sharp rocks, but you never realized the ancient writers were trying to warn about the dangers of listening to country music radio stations.

Powerthrust
(Happy hour – Closing time)
Your life has been like a Steve Gutenberg movie marathon — it’s gone from bad to worse — and you still haven’t reached the Police Academy films.

Mischievousius
(Thirteen years – Nineteen years)
The most exciting, challenging and significant relationship of all is the one you have with yourself, so 60 years of court-ordered solitary confinement isn’t really that bad.

Horricinema
(Jungle – Jungle)
You will win the lottery and forget that you live in a commune where the lottery winner is stoned in an attempt to stave off the impending apocalypse.

Orifice
(Threety six – Ninery)
Your pre-pubescent attempts at dating will fall short when the female classmates you try to seduce invoke the height disparity caused by your lagging Y-chromosome.

Roflmao
(12:45:44 am – 2:54:41 am)
You’ve grown up thinking it was your glass-breaking high voice that made you terrifying to children, but really, it’s your third eye.

Bananaboat
(Fifteen minutes – Time to flip)
When nobody believes in you, you have to believe in yourself. Unfortunately, that won’t be enough to prevent the jury from finding you guilty.

Occulus Reparo
(Richard Harris – Michael Gambon)
If it’s true that you are what you eat, you’re going to have trouble explaining that terrible rash.

Kicknscream
(Flashdance – Footloose)
The best part about you is your smile, but that’s probably because it is incapable of being loud and annoying.

Wookie
(TK-421 – Cell block 1138)
The recent compliment you received about being as wonderful as a spring flower will turn hurtful when you realize that means you give people allergies and are surrounded by bees.

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So you want to go to grad school

Every day, mysterious beings walk among you on campus. To an untrained eye, they look like everyone else, but they might as well be a different species. They're few, the proud, the mildly pretentious. They're graduate students. Since some of you are probably considering going to grad school, I should prepare you by letting you in on some details the brochures will never tell you.

Classes. Okay, think of that one student you have in every class, the one who won't shut up, the one who's maniacally enthusiastic about course material, who really loves the class. You know the type. In grad school, about half of the people in your classes will be like this. Many grad students have this creepy tendency to actually enjoy learning. Some things about graduate classes are positive, however. For instance, since you're older, wiser, and generally superior than your undergraduate counterparts, you're better equipped to deal with rigorous challenges like making good participation and attendance grades.

Classmates. In grad school, you don't have "classmates." In fact, once you get in, you can officially start snickering when you hear undergraduates using that silly, juvenile term. In grad school, one has "colleagues." So you can call getting together for a boring, pointless group project "a meeting with colleagues." Getting wasted on cheap, nasty gin with fellow grad students can be called "drinks with colleagues." If you wake in the morning to find yourself somewhere in the outskirts of Pflugerville, squashed between the pasty naked flesh of three other lonely grad students, and all of you deny any knowledge of how you got there—well, that's "a double-blind research collaboration with colleagues." Wow, I bet you wish you had colleagues, huh?

Social Life. Nil to void. Though most grad students are over 21, and you can go bar-hopping, most of them are married with three kids or chain themselves in a lab or library all weekend. But every now and then you have the opportunity to patronize a mature, depressing bar for happy hour on a weeknight with your colleagues. Then you go home and read for six more hours.

Finances. You think you're broke now? Ha-hah! You ain't seen nothin' yet. My advice is to work for awhile before applying to graduate school. This could save you money as well as precious, precious sanity. And once you do get in, you have some options to help you out financially. You can be a teaching assistant, a research assistant, or various other jobs that allow you to use your knowledge and skills being some professor's grunt work monkey.

The secrets of TAs. Most TAs are grad students, but not every grad student is a TA. Teaching assistants are a special subset of the grad population. They can be divided into two categories: (a) nice, normal, hard-working people, and (b) embittered, power-hungry lunatics who dream nightly of eating their undergrad students' vital organs for breakfast. The scary part is you can never truly tell which is which. Evil TAs only reveal their true colors to fellow grad students. Remember that essay you wrote for history class you thought was pretty decent? Tonight, the TA who graded it will probably carry it into a depressing bar to show it to his colleagues. He'll read aloud that paragraph on page 3 you were proud of, and all his friends will laugh heartily at your "insights" as well as your doodles of cannons, your rudimentary syntax, and your general stupidity. I used to date one TA who carried around his students' papers in a litter box because he believed this was extremely clever symbolism. Now he's finished his Master's and is unemployed. So fear evil TAs, but not too much.

Relating to undergraduates. Once you get into grad school, you may deign to keep associating with undergraduates. Realize, however, that to these young undergrads, you are not merely yourself, you are a Grad Student. Undergrad friends usually won't ask you how you are; instead they'll query "How's grad school going?" with a look of reverence and awe in their big, sweet, hopelessly naïve eyes. And you must reply, "Oh fine, fine." Because you know they couldn't begin to understand your research. Or why you cry yourself to sleep at night.

Nervous breakdowns. Every Tuesday and Thursday, like clockwork. Be prepared. It's just a part of higher education. All in all, grad school is a unique time in your life where you have the opportunity to explore vast amounts of knowledge, to exchange ideas, and to stifle the daily desire to decapitate yourself using a 10 pound textbook. But if I can do it, you can do it — you should embrace a future of learning. But in the meantime, could you damn kids keep it down on the West Mall? Some of us are actually trying to think.

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                    Russ Laing (512) 502-8072
What makes you think I need to drink Bud Light? Because I don’t fit your ideal of beauty, you think I should torment myself by drinking a shitty, watered-down version of an already shitty beer? Psh, whatever. Any man or woman I’m with — that’s right, I said woman — is just gonna have to get past my fat rolls to get to deez goods. They’d be like an adventurer cutting through jungle vines to reach the enchanted grove that is my labia. Yes, I did just say that.

The first time I saw the corona of a penis was in the adult department of a bookstore my mom worked at. I was 13, and my mom didn’t like me sneaking peeks at the porn mags. “Mooooraaan! Whata you roookin’ at!? No, no, no — you no rook atta da bad magzeen. Eeeee veewwy bad. VEWWY BAD!!” She thought I had no shame at the time. Little did she know I would one day reduce her to a Pidgin-speaking clown and pimp her on my comedy act. -CHO

I love gay men. Absolutely love them. They don’t care what anyone thinks of them, and nothing — nothing — is worth more than that. Sometimes I think I’m a gay man trapped in a woman’s body, if not for the fact that I also love women. Have I mentioned that I love to munch muffs? I’m so outrageous I don’t know what to do with myself. Probably masturbate. With the Constitution. -CHO

Sam Adams? Please. The real Sam Adams was a rich white man who tanked one of his daddy’s businesses. He used his political connections to make money off a liquid import from across the Atlantic. Sound like anyone you know? Fuck the little boys’ club that’s held this country captive for 200 years! I don’t need to drink no Sam Adams from a glass phallus; Sam Adams — and all the Sam Adamses of the CEO assfuck elite — can eat my pussy! Oh, what’s that? Don’t go there? Honey, I live there. Paid my mortgage off and everythin’. -CHO

I like to wrap my lips around a nice Asian bottle every now and then, thank you very much. Now it’d be great if I could just enjoy my beer in a bar without beeing gawked at like I’m on display at a zoo. YES, I’m Asian; YES, I’m at the bar with four transvestites; YES, I spent an hour squeezing into these leather pants. I’m sorry that your white-male-boot shoes and khakis evening was spoiled because a minority dared to venture uptown, you sweater-vest imperialist asshole. -CHO

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Mary Kate & Ashley
Opine on Terri Schiavo

The girls just don’t understand what the big uproar was over Terri Schiavo. After all, they’ve been near-comatose for 18 years and no one’s raised an eyebrow. But when Ashley takes the absolutist stance that life is intrinsically good and should be preserved unconditionally, Mary Kate fires back that life lived in misery is no life at all. Tempers flare, but luckily the pope dies and suddenly no one gives a shit!

Mary Kate & Ashley
Experiment with Numerology

Dipping deep into ancient Pythagorean truths, the twins unlock the mystic power of numbers and harness the eternal algorithm that underlies all existence. In other words, they learn how to add and subtract clothes prices! Will Mary Kate get a sweet deal on that tunic-and-low-cut-jeans combo at Urban Outfitters, or will she have to call on the 10 sephiroths of Kabbalah to complain to the manager?

Mary Kate & Ashley
Discover Their Clits

When the girls take trusy o’ SparkleSpeed out for a spin, a crack in the sidewalk sends them on a spill that has them making new friends! Ashley’s face, may I introduce you to asphalt? Mary Kate’s crotch, meet my friend crossbar. Happily, Mary Kate’s crossbar introduces her to a second friend — her clitoris! Will Ashley feel left out when she realizes that she has an inverted penis? No, sillies! When two sisters share the same nervous system, they get the best of both worlds!
Is it better to break up with my boyfriend by phone, or e-mail? I really don’t want to deal with anything messy in person. 

A

Since a number of our readers are now confronting the end of The College Relationship (or, for the incoming freshmen, the end of The High School Relationship), we might spend a little time on the art of moving on. It is just now dawning on some of you that your Sweet Babboo has no intention of sailing off into the post-graduation sunset with you. (While you are scouring Bride magazine for the perfect dress, he is, unbeknownst to you, scouring catalogues for the perfect grad school in New Zealand.) You are arguing a whole lot over a whole lot of nothing. Others of you are doing your best to get your little love angel to do the breaking up. You have run through your entire bag of terrible behavior tricks, but no go. Oh, dear — it looks like someone last week. They recommended the following:

1 Treat the breakup conversation as something important. Set aside a time, a quiet place, and shut your phone off.

2 Be honest. (Caveat: but not brutal. None of us wants to hear that you have found the perfect replacement for us in your tawdry affections.) Take responsibility for the fact that your affections have changed, your plans for the future have changed, the relationship has changed in unpleasant ways and you have no desire to invest in fixing it, you aren’t ready for a long-term commitment, you simply don’t feel the same — whatever.

3 Allow your sweetheart room to be unhappy and to express his or her unhappiness. You don’t need to be a human punching-bag, but it’s only fair that your live up to your obligations to this person you have loved/cared about/strung along for all this time. One of your colleagues recommends keeping this last conversation to about 20 minutes. That might be a little on the brief side, but the point is not to let it go on and on and on and on...

4 This is not the time to talk about being friends.

5 Make it a nice, clean break. Don’t hold out hope for possible future reconciliation, don’t ask your sweetheart to give you a little time to go “find yourself” (your self is not what you’re looking for), don’t call in a few weeks to see about getting back together. Hope is the plutonium of relationships. Ugh.

If you are the dumppee, our broken hearts go out to you. We’ve all been there or will be. Try not to get hysterical, and try not to get violent. You don’t need to be a saint, but you will have to look back on how you acted.

It’s natural to line up your sympathizers — it’s also natural to fantasize about getting revenge. Set yourself some limits on how long you’re going to need to rant to all your friends. Try to avoid contact with your ex. Write in a journal, work out, go to church, or volunteer — find something to keep yourself busy. Call telephone counseling (471-CALL) or go over to the health center and discuss your feelings with someone. Don’t destroy anything you’ll regret losing, including gifts, photographs, mementoes or your dignity.

Mourn, but don’t become a monument to grief. The injury is not permanent, no matter how much it feels that way. Give yourself a month or six weeks, by which time you should be singing with the car stereo again — and not just with the country songs.

You don’t need to be a human punching-bag, but it’s only fair that your live up to your obligations to this person you have loved/cared about/strung along for all this time.

While we were having this conversation in class, a few breakups from hell were discussed. One woman was broken up with over the phone by her boyfriend’s new girlfriend. Another woman had been broken up with in a very roundabout way: by her boyfriend while they were having sex. “Did he finish?” piped up one of his co-males.

Breaking up is never easy, but it can be responsible and respectful.

Special thanks to Leigh-Anne Brown for her gracious help with last issue’s GLBT stuff.

Want to Ask Dr. Daley?
Email her at: drdaley@texastravesty.com
Nothing is taboo!

TRAVESTY INDEX

Number of days of summer vacation: 117
Number of swimsuits that make me look fat: 124
Amount of minutes in a year: 525,600
Percent of readers who knew that because they have seen Rent: 78
Internships applied for: 27
Internships that called back to interview: 2
Internships offered: 0
Number of sweet koozies scored at the internship fair: 32
Hours spent sunbathing per day: 3
Hours spent peeling off layers of dead skin: 12
ACC classes you hope to get an easy A in this summer: 3
Number of ACC classes you will get an A in: 3
Total hours of television you will watch over summer: 167
Hours of programming you will actually see: 4
Number of books you plan to read over summer: 22
Number of books you will read: 3, if magazines count
High school friends you plan to hang out with while at home: 7
Number of times you will blow each other off: 9
Number of Texas high-schoolers who will pass out from the heat during marching band practice: 17
Percent of those students who were heavy-set asthmatics: 35
Number of middle school students who will get their first second-hand drug experience at a Dave Matthews Band concert: 77
Amount spent on a Mother’s Day gift: $40 and a handmade card
Amount spent on a Father’s Day gift: the change you got back when you bought a pack of cigarettes with a $5 bill

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**Peace out, bitches! I’m graduated**

My hoes! My bro! What is up like a slut? Like a slut’s bunpin’ butt, that’s what! Sheeit. I still got the rhymes aftah all this time.

Been a long time, dawgz, but what can I tells ya? Ain’t enough of the Grove to go around. I got too many bitches up in my shit for writin’ these punk-ass articles or whatever, so fuggit! Jus’ be glad I got the ladies off my dizock long enough to spit some flow atcha, compréndayo?

So dig this: Grovah is graduating! Raise the roof! Can I get a ‘what what’? Where’s my dogs at? Who let ‘em out? Hahahahaha I jus’ playin’. That old-school shit is whack like a heart attack, Jack.

Check out my new threads! I gets me a fly-ass hat. The Man calls it a ‘mortar board’ ‘cause, like, hippies used to wear it to protect themselves from mortar attacks during Vietnam protests in the 50s or some shit.

So anyway, I got my pimp-ass new threads down at the Co-op for Prepubescent Boys the other day, and I was all like, “Sup my peeps and dig my shit. My ass be graduatin’, so’s you gotsta said. “You’re very funny.”

There’s some asshole reading over your shoulder.

Grover Manheim

SYNDICATED COLUMNIST

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**I want you to hold me**

C’mon baby, what are you afraid of? I want your hands on me. Go ahead, no one’s watching. Load my chamber. Put your finger there. Squeeze me. Oh yeah, I went off. Do it again. Again. AGAIN YES!

A gun
Loves to bang

**I’m so cold and bored**

Seriously, this year needs to hurry the fuck up and end or I swear I’m gonna lose it.

Santa Claus
Giver of gifts

**Hey man!!!**

I haven’t seen you in forever, dude. What’s up? Just chillin’? Me too, man. College is pretty crazy. Alright, later man.

Pete “The Monkey” Thornton
Guy you knew in high school

**Dying to meet you**

Why is everyone trying to avoid me? As soon as I get close, they run off to the hospital, like I actually make them sick or something. In general I make people cry. I know not everyone is ready to meet me, but c’mon I’m not as bad as you would think. You’re going to run into me sometime, it’s inevitable.

Death
Cold and lifeless

**Irritated**

You picked a terrible place to live. I want to move. If I don’t get out of here soon, I’m gonna have another outbreak. I am dripping with frustration right now. I need drugs!

Your friend
Isn’t helping

**Fading away**

I told you to take better care of me. You could have done so much, but look where we are now. You just thought you could use me forever and I would always be there. Well now the rides over, jerk.

Your favorite T-shirt
Falling apart at the seams

**Got questions for us?**

Ask, but know that abstinence is the answer:

letters@texasavestry.com
I got a magic set for my twelfth birthday!

Hocus pocus! Here comes Ian Skoviss! Your main man the Skovemeister has become the most AWESOME magician that has ever lived in this GALAXY. Now check out my story.

Abraham!

Mom and me were ROCKIN’ out like Jason Mraz at my 12th birthday party last month. I was all, “If you’ve got the presents, I’ve got the remedy!” I even invited everyone from Miss Nelson’s home-room, but I guess they were too busy looking at their own poo-poo in the toilet to come P-A-R-T-Y with me! HAHAHAHA. Gross-oss-oss!!

So after I blew out my candle like a pro, Mom brought out a huuuugee sparkly box. (Mom’s wrapping is almost as pretty as she is.) Can you doodies guess what was in it? I’ll give you a hint. Hint number one: It smells better than your stinky fart-factory face! FACE! HAHAHAHA. Give up?? It was The Amazing Mr. Brandini’s Official Magic Kit for Beginners!!!

I never thought anything could beat last year’s tickets to see Nickelback, but I was wrong to the MAX!

Mr. Brandini is a one in INFINITY (plus one) magician. He’s probably the only dude who MIGHT be slightly awesome than me. But that’s only because I can’t figure out that dangunit Vanishing Knot trick. Dad keeps tell-ing me not stop practicing til’ I can make myself disappear. And I’m like, “Hey Daddy-O, I’m not FREAKIN’ Houdini or David Copperette!”

There’s no way in a million bazillion KAH-TRILLION years that I could ever make myself disappear. Or could I?? Presto Change-o! Blim Blam Blasmo!

Sike! Ian the Great didn’t really disappear, you dumbass! I’ve still got a story to tell, DUH! Know what? If Mr. Brandini ever met me, I know we’d become best friends in less than a millisecond. I’d bet all my Trapper Keepers on it. I’d be like, “Hi! My name is Ian” and he’d be all cool and say, “Hi. I’m Mr. Brandini,” and I’d be like, “My dudesis, I know who you are! DOY!” and then…beans, beans, the magical fruit! BEST FRIENDS FOR LIFE!! And before you could say “Ian Skoviss ruiz the world,” Mr. Brandini and me would talk about all the mega top secret magic tricks of the universe.

But you aren’t allowed to listen, my unwizardly amigos! That’s a violation of the Magician’s Sacred Oath. So if I caught you hungry b-t-munchers eavesdropping, I’d be forced to quit being Ian Skoviss (even though he is heckta COOL) and TRANSFORM myself into IanRAGED (my completely evil alter ego)! I’d be like “ZAP! ZAP! I’m IanRaaaaged! Zap!” with my official Brandini Wand, and you dude-o-reenos would all be turned into a pile of rotten belly button fungus! EWWW GROSS!

Anyway, I know you are all jealous with a capital J of my electrifying magic skills right now. You dudes and dudettes probably think that I do magic at these GIGANTOID arenas where there’s a bajillion screaming lovers of the 1-Man that are all like, “Wow! Ian the Great is so GREAT!” and you think I do a little “Shazam bootsy blaaah” and then my fan-o-ramas all cry, “Freakin’ fire-breathing dragons! Look at that magic! Ian Skoviss is STILL the coolest kid on the planet!”

In summary, being a 12-year-old magician with Mr. Brandini as my future best friend has officially proved my COOL status. Also, Mom gets me radical presents and Whitney Parker from Miss Nelson’s homeroom picks her own nose and eats it for lunch. THE END!!
The obligatory ‘goodbye’ column

Dr. Ruszkiewicz: Thank you for your wisdom, support, and unflinchingly honest feedback. More than you realize, the Traveesty has benefited from your input.

Texas Student Publications (especially Kathy, Mary, Joyce, Annette, Lori, Mona, and G.J.): You help provide students something far more valuable than a simple degree: real-world experience. Thank you for your hard work and patience.

Richard: Thanks for the honesty and occasional kick in the ass. You keep the press running.

Kristin: The girl I’m gonna marry. I knew it the moment you walked into the office for your interview. Nervous, flirty glances and brown corduroy jacket — you were already hired but didn’t know it, and I was plotting your seduction. Amazing.

Your dirty crust on Grover Manheim has survived two-and-a-half years of fights, breakups, and that time I ran over your foot with my car. I hope it survives a thousand more. Let’s go back to the beach and write a book about a boy and girl who find each other. About strawberries, champagne, and the quest to find the Greatest Mexican Restaurant in the World. A book about you and I and the future that extends forever across the horizon.

You, the Traveesty’s readers: Thanks for putting up with my self-indulgent driveling, especially this ridiculously long and sappy farewell. As a reward for your patience, I’ll let you in on a secret: I am Grover Manheim. Thanks for five great years.

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