

FUN AND GAMES UNTIL SOMEONE GETS HURT SINCE 1997

TEXAS TRAVESTY

APRIL/MAY 2005



The
Frisbee
dude

Throw!

Oh, majestic discus-thrower, your Hellenic bodice
ripples with lyrical grace as you bask in the
unworthy sunlight! Like prongs of *electric sex*,
your lithe 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 ... *throe* 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'."

Catch!

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 trendiness.
- **Those who remember to carry umbrellas** will suspiciously eye the rain-soaked proletariat through a polished monocle.
- **Insomniacs with thin walls** keep a running tally of their roommate's orgasms. 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 \$5 cappuccinos.
- **Brooding, misunderstood, Nietzsche-reading chimneys** will congregate at Halcyon to determine where to hide for the duration of summer until the sun shineth no longer.
- **Self-declared "environmentally aware" students** will use three reams 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 pissed 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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SHOUT OUTZ TO...

Poet 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*; Todd's and Ryan's voyages into the real world; houses with shingles made out of penises; Sixth Street madness; custom avatars for the unsuspecting; answering obvious questions; "ubiquitous: it's only everywhere"; strippers; the Vagina Reaper; brownies and cigarette butts; "I put on a glove"; talking fish; general knowledge of community showers; planning a booze cruise; forgetting your wallet; things you can't put in a Kids' Korner; depressing clown pictures; judging films; really big bags of popcorn; green shirts; owning a gun, a knife, and a hatchet; being profuse; cooked versus raw chicken; stealing cigarette butts; MC Hawking; clubbing makeup; losing your mind; the issue that will never get done; experimenting with InDesign; the possibility of getting crabs from a toilet seat; summer lovin'; cutting stuff out; shopping for the perfect bullhorn; spilled milk; Sassy David; wishing you were a magical creature.

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inthisissue

VOLUME 7 • ISSUE 6
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FEATURES

- 5 Music sophomore looking for G-major trouble
- 44 A plane full of skydivers explodes; It's raining men!
- 1000 The pen with a shotgun inside is mightier than the sword
- (c) Deadly Asian flu virus is scarier than other deadly viruses in American labs because it's Asian and reads from right to left or something I don't know
- tt! Fashion warning: Old hats are so old hat; *Waiting to Exhale* discussion forum
- I+I Male nipples: A study in superfluity; Pearly penile papules

NEWS

- 78.I Kitten Eating Contest results
- 133t Feel-Superior-to-a-Celebrity-and-Reveal-Your-Own-Flaws-in-the-Process page
- xxx Shaka Zulu and you: Closure, finally; Ice cream antisocials
- P6 STEAMY CELIBACY AND HARD-HITTING PACIFISM OH BABY!
- j/k! Sports: At 63, can Muhammad Ali make a comeback?
- 32x For fifty-five francs, fourteen felching Finnish fellows fumigate fecund fields found far from finicky fjords flowing forth frozen fudge; Sweet pics of my car

OPINION

- F12 Cocktails made from real juicy gossip; .03 things I don't like about pregnancy tests
- 1/7 Your mother calls and leaves a message packed with more guilt than all the world's organized religions combined
- #9 Mariel Hemingway fits her entire fist into her mouth
- C++ College degrees hit critical mass: Soon, it'll take 25 years of higher education to earn the six extra degrees needed to become a Starbucks busboy
- rofl Weekend wedding trends and cost projections

APRIL/MAY
2005
CREDITS

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Really old TV shows

"God's First Haircut"
"\$16,000 Maize Pyramid"
"Hot Cross Buns"

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 activist judges,” 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 whorishness 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 after 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 whispered something about a ‘battle for America’s soul’ or something gosh-darn loony like that!”

Deborah awoke the next morning to learn



n Sluts.

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.

“Sammy’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 law 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-slathered, 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 accrued 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 whoring out 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



n Item of the Week: Fashionably Torn Dreams starting at \$7,000/year.

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 shoved 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.

dirtybriefs

done dirt cheap

Student listens to storm recordings after sex

WEST CAMPUS — Mark Lanceston plays a recording of rainstorms after having sex, says ex-girlfriend Ashley Clogsworth. “The first time we fooled around, he kept saying something about all of my moisture advection and how he wanted me to tickle his celestial spheres,” Clogsworth said. “Then the storm came. And there wasn’t a warning, if you know what I’m saying.” The CD, which contains 75 minutes of the soothing sounds of an approaching storm, heavy thunder and the pitter-patter of raindrops, helps Lanceston relax after intercourse. “It’s perfect to listen to afterwards,” Lanceston explained as he adjusted the belt on his silk robe. “Especially after all the differential motion.” Lanceston always makes sure to practice safe sex. “I put a raincoat on Lil’ Markie before the torrential rain comes,” explained Lanceston as he lit a cigar. Despite his way with women, Lanceston’s technique doesn’t always work. “There’s been a drought for the past couple of weeks, but I’m not worried,” said Lanceston. “The National Weather

Service says there’s a 100 percent chance of penetration tonight.”



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 “birfdy-wirfdy,” 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 twitch with envy.” 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-roo?” 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, wittlewoodoodoodoo.” 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.



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

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Rhetoric professor writes *Comma Sutra*

Students made uneasy by grammatically explicit material

Kathryn Edwards
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CAMPUS — Rhetoric and composition professor James Thompson’s book, *Comma Sutra: the Joy of Grammar*, emphasizes the beauty and pleasure of grammatical construction.

“It’s time to spice things up,” explained Thompson. “Traditional texts, such as *Grammaticality 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 back-door 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.”



n “Absolute adjectives make me feel absolutely dirty.”

He added: “Best! *Best* diction.”
The *Comma Sutra* includes the chapters “Congress of the Dash,” “Splitting the Bamboo Infini-

itive,” 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 peed myself during the lecture on colons and contractions.”

Thompson’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 Kanewski
STAFF WRITER

Student Life **CAMPUS** — Students Amy Miller-Hinkley and Tom Hinkley 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 their freshman year.

“We didn’t know what to say at first,” explained Myrtle Hinkley, Tom’s mother. “We’ve always liked Amy, but I just wondered if there would be another surprise nine months from now, if you know what I mean.”

Getting married while in college was a huge decision for the Hinkleys. According to Matt Rosen, a friend of Hinkleys, the marriage made Tom “more whipped than he already was.”

“But the wedding rocked!” he added. “They had three kegs, and Tom did a 45-second keg

stand! That’s the best he’s ever done.”

Besides improving Tom’s keg-stand stamina, the marriage has also been beneficial for Amy. She 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-I-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 mar-



n “I want to wear your skin as my jacket.”

riage 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 *sexiling* her whenever I snuck Tom in,” recalled Amy. “But I think she was just worried that no one would ever want to marry her. She doesn’t even have a boyfriend.”

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 cafetorium to get some water, and she called me out by saying I was ‘eyeing 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 ever have to worry about anything like that.”

Sign language students cheat at charades

NORTH CAMPUS — Jessica Kessel and Brandon Matthews, two American Sign Language students, were able to use their emerging sign language skills to win a game of charades during a Friday get-together. “At first, it wasn’t even intentional. I drew *The Color Purple*, and my instinct was just to sign it to Brandon,” Kessel said. “He realized what I was doing, and we were able to communicate *The West Wing*, *A League of their Own*, and *The Grapes of Wrath* all within a matter of seconds.” The opponents of Matthews and Kessel were puzzled by their challengers’ dominant performance. They tried stumping the duo with more complicated items such as “Kenneth Lay using the Fifth Amendment to avoid jail time,” or “the best fried pickles are the ones they serve in Heaven.” “They were floored by how well we did, and I don’t think they suspected anything until Brandon drew DMX and decided to sign each letter of his name to me.” Kessel added: “That’s when they kicked us out and told us to go hustle charades somewhere else.”



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. The tour, which begins at the Main Building every hour on the half-hour, is designed to give incoming freshmen a unique perspective into their new and exciting University lifestyle. “Ugh, why do they have to show us those

weird statues in front of the FAC—err, UGL? Whatever,” grumbled Nolan, passing through the West Mall wearing a Jackson High School letterman jacket. “Why do all these buildings have names made up of three letters? At Jackson, we only have one building. And where’s the cafeteria?” Nolan’s contrived eye-rolling continued as they toured the Union. “Taco Bell at school? Eh,” Nolan shrugged. “There’s a Taco Bell like a block away from my house. It’s not like I’ve never been to one before.” “Whoa, they have a Chick-Fil-A?!” said Nolan. “Uhh. I mean, whatever.”



n This young man is about to be in big trouble with the dean. Bitchin’!

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. “Pssshhhh. 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?” “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 scrawny, 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.”



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

Kids’ Korner

KIDS’ KORNER SONG!

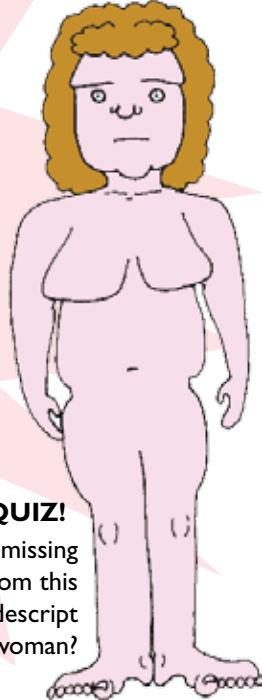
Guess what—Kids’ Korner is back!
Spinning yarns of meth and crack,
Grab some crayons, cut your arms,
Learn the ways that voting harms!
Kids’ Korner, for you and me,
Now let’s all go and smoke a tree!

FIND THE SECRET WORDS

F	S	T	E	A	L	W	R	R	P
I	U	D	M	J	I	K	I	D	I
S	C	Q	N	X	E	Y	P	N	P
T	K	T	V	L	H	P	T	C	E
L	I	B	I	D	K	O	A	B	B
B	F	Y	Q	Z	G	T	Y	X	O
K	N	I	F	E	I	N	L	G	M
S	L	U	T	E	M	S	O	I	B
E	Y	I	D	A	N	I	R	R	V
X	Z	A	N	A	X	S	Y	H	G

CAN YOU FIND...

pony
lemonade
happy
Tony Hawk
ice cream
fun
scientist
bicycle



FUN QUIZ!
What’s missing from this nondescript woman?

Answer: a smile!

SUPER FUN FACTS!

- To help Mommy clean, you have to **pour a bucket of water on the computer**.
- 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**.
- **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.
- **Paint** tastes as good as it looks!

GIGGLES

THE DYSFUNCTIONAL

CLOWN'S

RECIPE BOX

Smoked Turkey

A scrupoitious meal taht6 is suore to be a facavorite in anyobdys; kithchen



Ingredients:

- 1 whole turkey
 - 20-30 cigarette butts
- Makes 4 servings
Prep time: 4 cigarettes

Directions:

1. Dig through ashtrays in the park
2. Gatherr 20 or 30 or soemtohing of tho- ses cigarrete butts ;youi find in the askhtrays
3. Studff turkey with cigarettet buttsq
4. Ciogarette breask
5. Cook at 200 degkrees farehan- theight foar however lonig youi want to yoiu morons

Italian Soda

A tastay drinik makde by youra favorieste thirtsy ladee



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 han9ds together
2. Mix walter, salt, kethcup, and optoinal Jack Danoles'; in handns
3. Don;t foregt to licks the bottle of Jackck Danile's wh en youisr done
4. Find an allee
5. Vommiot andl then pasws out

Party Mix

This deliccuos snlack relaly gets a P-A-RTA-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. Vancuum living rooms floor
2. Empaoty conternts of vacume into a bagh
3. Bang head againts cointcrete unitol voices stop=
4. Respeat step 3
5. Eat contenats of bag
6. Respeat sptep 5

Ingredients:

- 1 can of cheese
 - 5 beef jerky sticks
- Makes 1 Serving
Prep time: 1 cigarette

Directions:

1. Wkake up
2. Wiope trash off face
3. Lay out jerky sticks to forma sexyse stik mann
4. Ciogarett breakk
5. Spraye cheeze in can to glue teh hott man together
6. Shut youar mouth yu'o ashsoles!
7. Ok youia can opeon youre moyouth again
8. Eat it andl liove it, youi poieces of crap

Beef Jerky Man

Thsi wondirful treet alkways takstes great aftekr a harid day of dirnking alone



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. Cigarreate breake
2. Mix cold choili adn calm chownder in cmouth
3. Spit inoto box aftkr mixign througholy
4. Eakt dionner out of carodmboard box wiht a sticks

Stick in the Mud

A peorfect dinaer to complemmnt a long night of cryign



Ingredients:

- 1 can of sauerkraut
 - congealed Jell-O
 - dust bunnies
- Makes 3-4 Servings
Prep time: 2 cigarettes

Makes 3-4 Servings
Prep time: 2 cigarettes

Directions:

1. Stopp cyring overk failed marirages
2. Thorow sauerkrout on flooar for addeed taste
3. Mix in conacgealed Jello-l untill consisitenldcy resenmbles tar pit
4. Cigarreate breake
5. Garanish wiht dust bunnees
6. Ignoare odiors emittinga from bodya
7. Slurp taht spahgeti up likes yous a chanmopion.

Big Top Casserole

Thise might\$d be sapgheddti, leteme licek youer favce you didiot.



Sugared Butter Bar Delight

Thsi is a desrert thath tastues as good as a sw- wet kisiss froms my rub6y red lips



Ingredients:

- 1 stick of butter
 - 2 cups of sugar
- Makes 2 Servings
Prep time: 2 cigarettes

Directions:

1. Buye frshamen some beers ins exchange for casrton of Marblaora lioghts
2. Unwarp buter stcick
3. Dip andn roll butterkls in sgugar until healvuily coated
4. Cigarjkette bjreak
5. Sayvor teh delicoius delihgtfullness

Reconsidering staff members

A 2-for-1 penis joke or an essential group of UT employees?



Josh A. Bauermeister
UNIVERSITY EMPLOYEE

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 on-line, downloading songs from iTunes Music Store, and wielding enormous power, 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. Then, there have been other times when I've spent entire mornings explaining to colleagues all the ways in which Garamond is the thinking man's Times New Roman. These burdens that we bear are not light, but our self-less drudgery is perpetually overlooked. To toil in a staff cubicle is to toil in an invisible world.

To many people, we staff members are nothing, with no place on the UT pecking order. Even if we were somehow able to elbow our way onto the pecking order, we would surely

find ourselves far below donors, alums, administration, faculty, students, the guys manning the leaf blowers, the inhabitants of the turtle pond, and that really old photograph in the Ransom Center. But dreams of being included in this pecking order are Icarusian (or a more appropriate mythological reference that I can't recall just now) at best. So far, the closest we've come to being included are those times when we've had to edit and update the actual pecking order document that the administration

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.

refers to on occasion for help in remembering where the University's loyalties lie. So we staff members remain silent about our exclusion from the pecking order, and instead, spend our days doing some work, but mostly just listening to Leonard Cohen CDs and deconstructing last night's Gilmore Girls.

But change is at hand. We staff members have begun to grow tired of being ignored. We've grown tired of performing our essential job functions for over an hour a day on some days. Such work is sometimes moderately difficult, and it really cuts into the time we've allotted for adding movies to our Netflix queues and staring at the place in the wall where we'd love to put a window.

Change will not come easy, but if we are going to be appreciated for the work that we'd be doing if only we were more conscientious, 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 mount (literally) those people on the pecking order who crave nothing more than the perpetuation of the status quo.

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 basing 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.

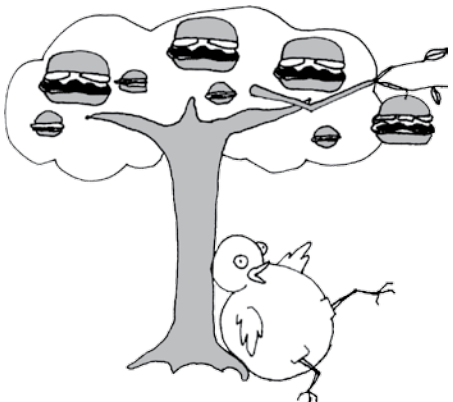
A workplace revolution is at hand. All we staff members need to do is to join together and refuse to be looked upon as untouchables. As one, we can rise above the blindness of the University and take our rightful place as equals alongside the administration, the faculty, and the other groups on the pecking order. Today we may have to scurry to hide the Jumble when we hear our supervisors approaching, but tomorrow, we will proudly work our little word puzzles in plain sight. We will ignore our true work and concentrate solely on various pastimes that do not matter in the great scheme. We will be open and honest about sitting idly by and doing 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.



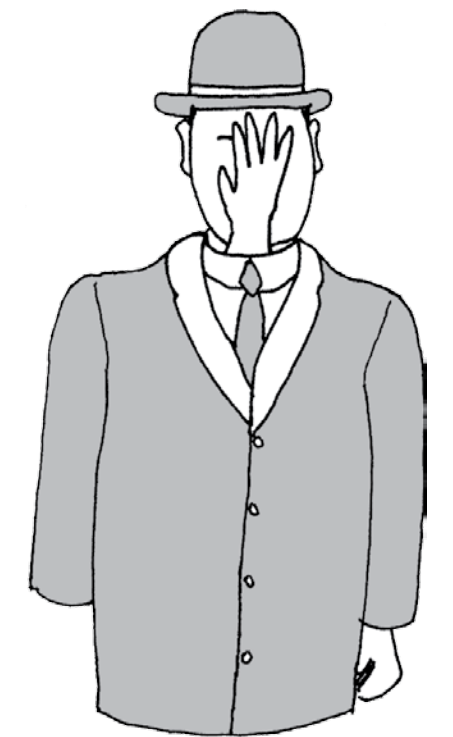
n Josh distracts himself from a busy routine by turning his head slightly to the left and staring blankly at the wall.

marginalz!

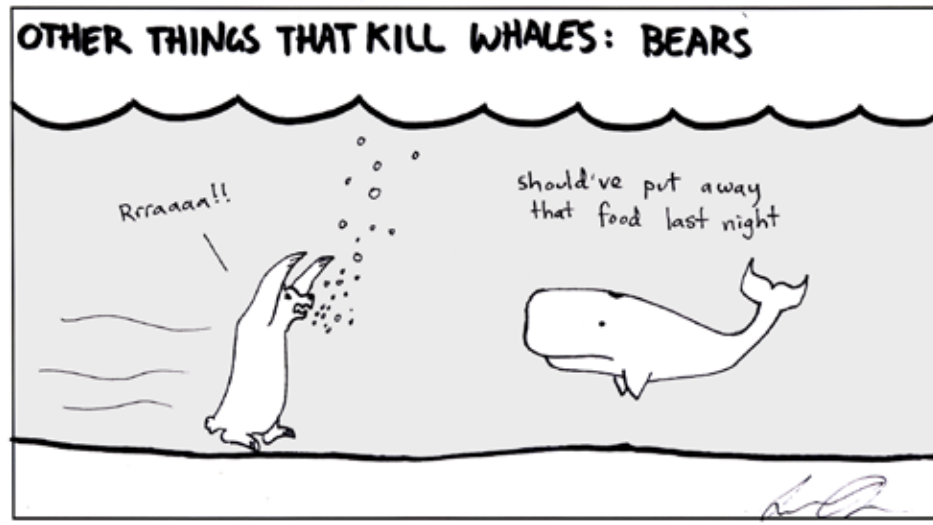
by Todd Mein



Lady McChick has gorged herself on the tasty fruit of the Burger-Tree! 'Zounds!



Help me, Jeffreys! I seem to have dressed myself improperly!





JOIN THE UT WOMEN'S CHORUS!!

Do you feel like a Natural Woman?

Are your HILLS alive with the Sound of Music?!

REGISTER FOR ENS 109C!!

Contact the UT Choral Office
at 512-471-0806 to set up
your informal audition.

<http://studentorgs.utexas.edu/wchorus>

At last!
A choir for the
modern woman!



WHEN YOU GET CAUGHT SPEEDING ON
THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY,

DON'T FORGET YOUR

UT EID

A FRIENDLY REMINDER FROM THE FOLKS AT UT-IT

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

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

Course-Instructor Surveys

The University of Texas at Austin
Course-Instructor Survey - Teaching Assistant Form 50

Instructions:
Please complete this form using ink and blotting paper. Complete the information about the object of your affection in the box to the right. Make sure marks are hard and fast, like the examples below.

Teaching Assistant's Name: _____
Course Abbreviation and Number: _____
Course Unique Number: _____
Semester and Year: _____

Questions 1-8 use the same response scale.

	Strongly Disagree	Disagree	Neutral	Agree	Strongly Agree
1. The teaching assistant holds personal office hours upon request.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
2. The teaching assistant's comb-over was visually appealing.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
3. The teaching assistant was available for cuddle time.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
4. The teaching assistant had kissably fresh breath.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
5. The teaching assistant wears sexy Kingon T-shirts.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
6. The teaching assistant could take my derivative any day.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
7. The teaching assistant grades my work with a passion surpassed only by Viking Berserkers.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
8. The teaching assistant has the analytical skills of an INTJ, but the warm spontaneity of an ESFP.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>

For question 9, choose the appropriate response from those given.

9. Compared with other objects of my fantasies, I would rate this teaching assistant as:
☐ Very Unsatisfactory ☐ Unsatisfactory ☐ Satisfactory ☐ Very Good ☐ Excellent

The University of Texas at Austin
Course-Instructor Survey - Teaching Assistant Form 50

Instructions:
Please complete this form using ink and blotting paper. Complete the information about the object of your affection in the box to the right. Make sure marks are hard and fast, like the examples below.

Teaching Assistant's Name: _____
Course Abbreviation and Number: _____
Course Unique Number: _____
Semester and Year: _____

Questions 1-8 use the same response scale.

	Strongly Disagree	Disagree	Neutral	Agree	Strongly Agree
1. The teaching assistant explained the material clearly.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
2. The teaching assistant knew you were lying about printing problems.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
3. The teaching assistant referenced obscure movies/books.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
4. The teaching assistant was the big brother/sister that I never wanted.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
5. The teaching assistant mistook me for a personal-anecdote receptacle.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
6. The teaching assistant helpfully discussed my papers with me during office hours.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
7. The teaching assistant failed to deliver on both the "T" and the "A."	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
8. The teaching assistant pretended to hate that kid — you know, that kid — as much as you did.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>

For question 9, choose the appropriate response from those given.

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☐ Very Unsatisfactory ☐ Unsatisfactory ☐ Satisfactory ☐ Very Good ☐ Excellent

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Teaching Assistant's Name: _____
Course Abbreviation and Number: _____
Course Unique Number: _____
Semester and Year: _____

Questions 1-8 use the same response scale.

	Strongly Disagree	Disagree	Neutral	Agree	Strongly Agree
1. The instructor was kind and respectful of me.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
2. The instructor fielded all work to the teaching assistant.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
3. The instructor exposed his/her liberal bias only once per class time.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
4. The instructor was aware of your desire to not be present.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
5. The instructor was nice to my mom during open house.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
6. The instructor did not fight with the microphone on a daily basis.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
7. The instructor referenced his personal life uncomfortably often.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
8. The instructor revised the syllabus frequently, rightly supposing I was only taking one class this semester.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>

For question 9, choose the appropriate response from those given.

9. Compared with other objects of my fantasies, I would rate this teaching assistant as:
☐ Very Unsatisfactory ☐ Unsatisfactory ☐ Satisfactory ☐ Very Good ☐ Excellent

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Teaching Assistant's Name: _____
Course Abbreviation and Number: _____
Course Unique Number: _____
Semester and Year: _____

Questions 1-8 use the same response scale.

	Strongly Disagree	Disagree	Neutral	Agree	Strongly Agree
1. The teaching assistant was knowledgeable about the subject matter.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
2. The teaching assistant held my hand when we talked.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
3. The teaching assistant introduced me to German techno.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
4. The teaching assistant tried in vain to mask his attraction for one of the students.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
5. The teaching assistant translated things into a language I understood, namely Navajo.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
6. The teaching assistant was never arrested during class.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
7. The teaching assistant mistakenly thinks his area is polysyllabic bullshit.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
8. The teaching assistant cultivated a lecture style that lands somewhere on the sonic palette between the screeching of car brakes and Rosanne Arnold violating a mule.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>

For question 9, choose the appropriate response from those given.

9. Compared with other objects of my fantasies, I would rate this teaching assistant as:
☐ Very Unsatisfactory ☐ Unsatisfactory ☐ Satisfactory ☐ Very Good ☐ Excellent

My Spring Break RULED



Drew Baelle
"THE HYMEN ANNIHILATOR"

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:
3:43 p.m. – WOKE UP VOMITING. My professor asked me if I was alright so I MOONED

HIM. Three assholes tried to take me to the hospital but I WRESTLED THEM TO THE GROUND and ran out of the auditorium.

3:50 p.m. – made it to the liquor store before going into a SEIZURE. I bought two handles of WHISKEY because I'm at a weird point where one handle isn't enough but two is too much.

5:02 p.m. – some dudes came over for a BEER PONG TOURNAMENT.

5:33 p.m. – Celebrated my win in the tournament with a VICTORY PISS.

5:38 p.m. – that was a LONG FUCKING PISS.

7:00 p.m. – The OC.

10:20 p.m. – went downtown. Told some pussy in a track jacket that I'd FUCK HIM UP if he didn't give me some SPACE. Turns out he was with the rugby team.

FRIDAY:

5:27 a.m. – woke up in an 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 quesadillas 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 CENT 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 LINE.

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



n The "Hymen Annihilator" masks his self-contempt with a pantomimed Eiffel Tower.

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

12:13 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.

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Awkward
stories!

TRAVESTY CONFESSIONS

Wacky
secrets!

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]



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]

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]

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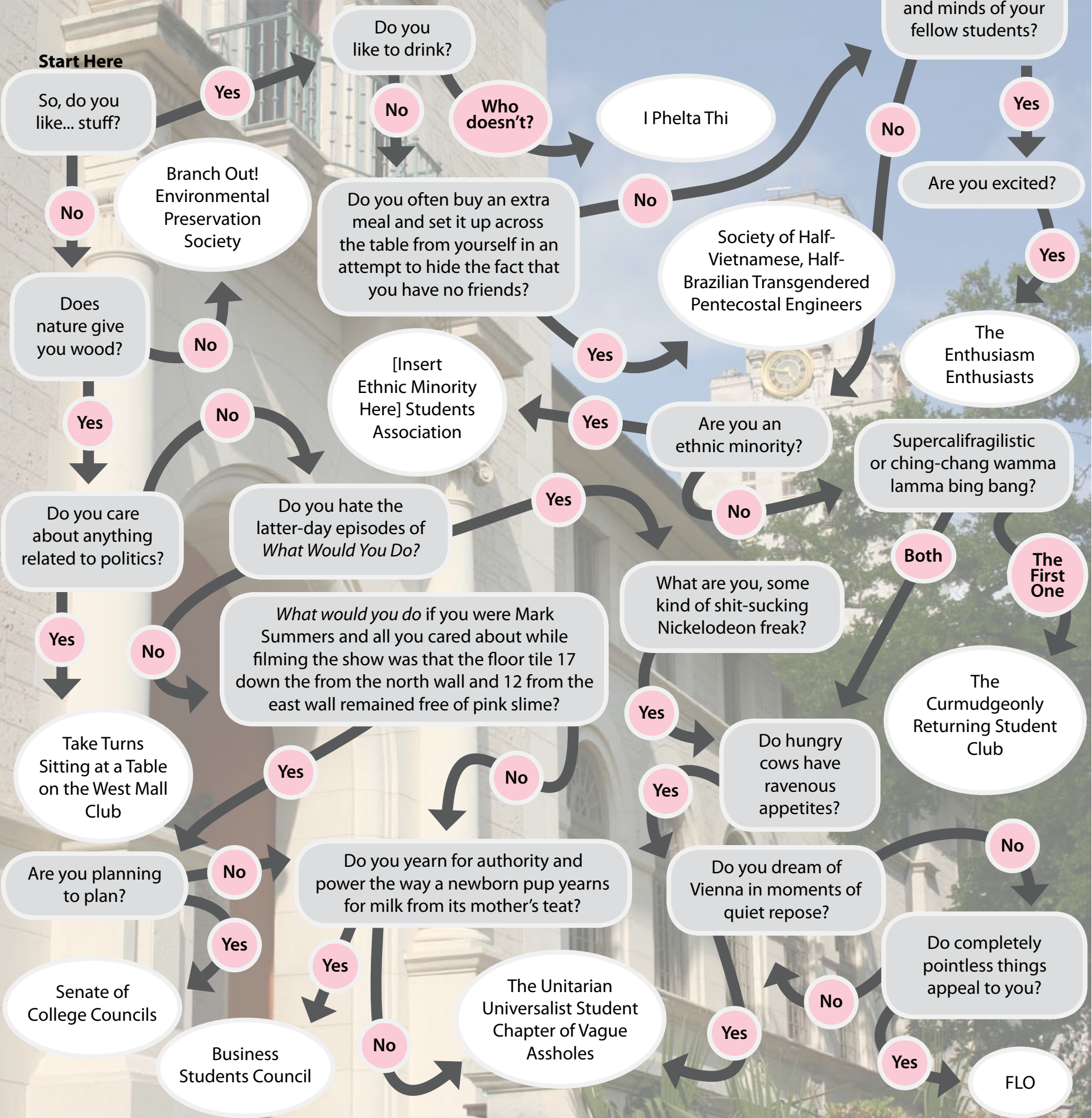
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Mongoloidus

(Maxim – FHM)

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.



Pectoralis Major

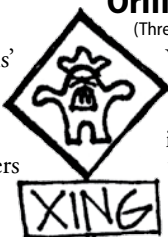
(Ten sets – Fifteen reps)

Your life will change for the better in the very near future, but then again, it's hard for your release from rehab to be a change for the worse.

Orifice

(Thirty six – Ninety)

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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...a former spelling bee champion.

So you want to go to grad school



Elizabeth Barksdale
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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 the 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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MARGARET CHO

RESPONDS TO BEER ADS



CORONA

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. "Moooooraaaan! Whata you rookin' at!? No, no, no — you no rook atta da bad magzeen. Eeeeez veewwy bad. VEWVY 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**



BUD LIGHT

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. **CHO**



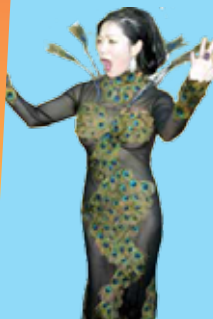
ZIMA

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

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**



TSING TAO

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-boat shoes and khakis evening was spoiled because a minority dared to venture uptown, you sweater-vest imperialist asshole. **-CHO**

Texas Travesty!

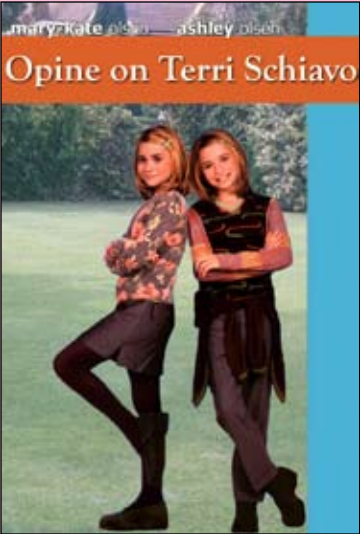
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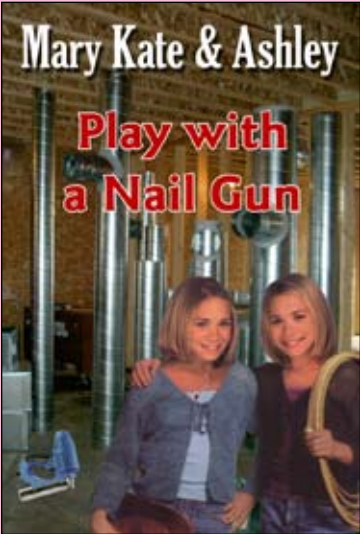


**Mary Kate & Ashley
Opine on Terri Schiavo**

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!

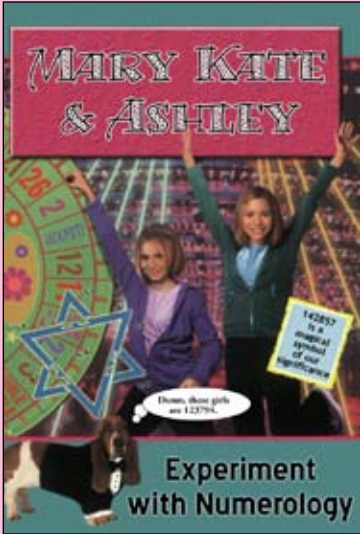
**Mary Kate & Ashley
Play with a Nail Gun**

After the Olsen twins finish renovating their ganja smoke-out closet, they realize that the carpenter left behind his big, trusty nail gun! What follows is a *ca-raaaazy* game of hunter and hunted in which the giggles never stop—even after Ashley's heartbeat does!



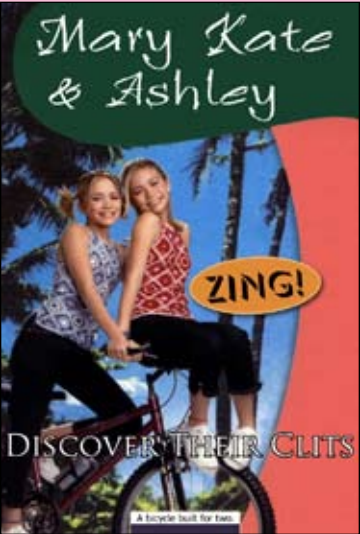
**Mary Kate & Ashley
Experiment with Numerology**

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 trusty ol' 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!



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**COMING SOON
TO A CONCLAVE NEAR YOU**

Ask Dr. Daley

sex and relationship advice from a real professor

Dr. Nancy Daley is a licensed psychologist who has taught human sexuality in the Department of Educational Psychology since 1996. She hadn't heard of sex prior to that.

Q 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 is actually going to have to do the deed.

I always say, break up with someone as you would want it to be done to you. But what do I know? So I asked my students 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 dumpee, 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.

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



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My hoes! My bros! What is up like a slut? Like a slut's bumpin' butt, that's what! Sheeeit. I still gots 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 gots 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, *comprendayvoos?*

So dig this: Grovah is graduatin'! Raise the roof! Can I get a "what what"? Where my dogs at? Who let 'em out? Hahahahaha I'm jus' playin'. That old-skool shit is whack like a heart attack, Jack.

Check out my new threads! I gots 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 hook my fine ass up wit that bathrobe BOOSHEE and PRONTO. I gots da honeys wit da moneys linin' up to ride on my nuts like a camel eatin' a box full of hairy apples. Aight?"

But this ole' bag behind the counter, she was too busy checkin' out my Little Grovah to pay attention. She was all like, "Of course. May I ask with what degree you'll be graduating?"

Like, WTF? For *real*.

"I'm graduating *University Austin in Texas*. Open yo fuckin' ears."

But I guess she was having her PMS or whatever, 'cause she just looked at me all funny and said: "I need to know you degree in order to outfit you with appropriate stole and tassel colors."

"Yo, I get a color?" I asked, and she was all like, "Yes."

So I was lookin' at the row of tassels on the wall, tryin' to figure out which one I wanted.

"Yo, so who gets chartreuse?" I said.

"You mean purple?" she asked.

I was thinkin': *Damn, who ain't down wit chartreuse?* "Whatever," I said.

"Oh!" she said, all smiles. "You're graduating from the law school!"

At first, I was like, *Old Bag, you are TRIPPING*. But then somebody tapped me on the shoulder.

I turned 'round real fast like *Bring it!* I was ready to launch into a patented Manheim Karate Explosion, but my expert fighting reflexes chilled muh shit just in time: behind me stood the tiggest ole' biddies you ever saw.

"Hey," she said. "I'm applying to law schools next semester. What did you think of UT Law?"

She had this big grin on her face like I just whipped it out or sumpthin', so I played it cool. I knew it would take more than my looks to get under this chick's skirt, so I thought of sumpthin' I overheard in a library while looking at nekkid tittys in an old *National Geographic*.

"To be perfectly honest," I said while scopin' that corn-fed rack, "I found many of the professors rather pedantic and, frankly, unengaged. But I suppose that's to be expected in programs with such large instructor-to-student ratios."

After that, homies and blow-mes, she was totally *creamin'* for me. And she was a *freak!* This snitchity snatch-basket was talkin' dirty right in the middle of the store. She was all "I'd love to study *torts*" and "I ab-whore capital punishment."

Then she was like, "Have you passed the Bar yet?"

And I was like, "Aw, *hell* yeah! I pass the bar every day, but they won't let me in 'cause they say I look like a 12-year-old boy."

She got this funny look on her face and started laughing. "Oh, I get it," she said. "You're very funny."

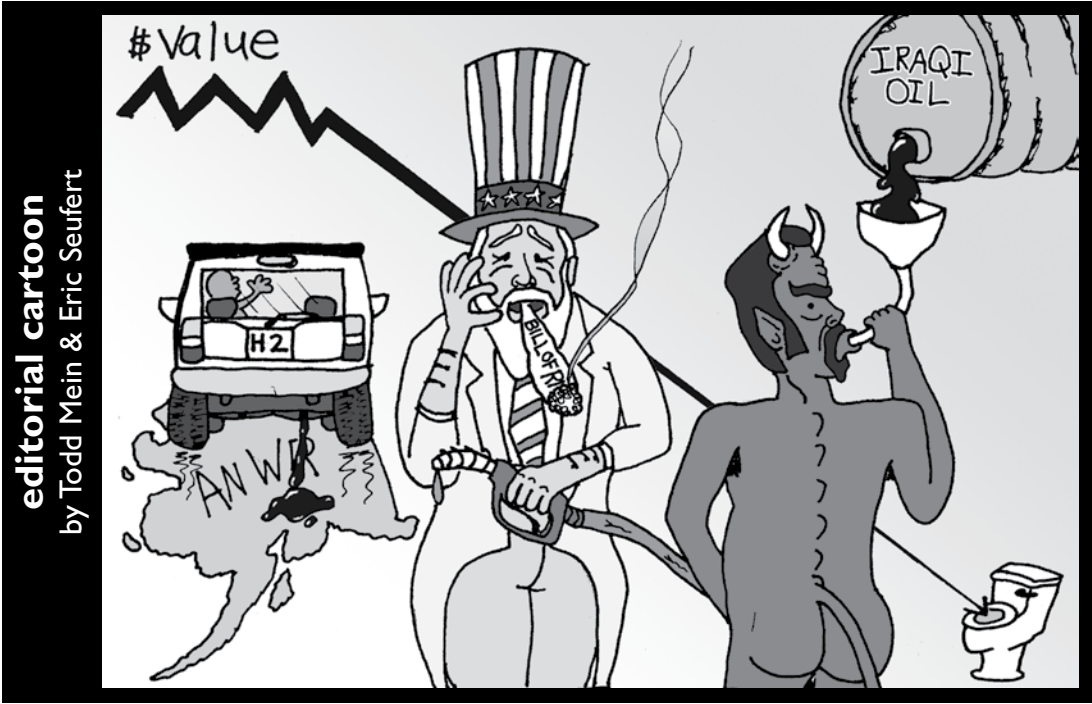
But just as I was about to get my suckins on, the cock-blockin' hag behind the counter was all like, "Hey, are you gonna pay for this or not?" So the chick gave me her number, and I bought my sweet new threads.

Now, I'm just keepin' it tizight 'til graduation. I ain't called that chick yet 'cause I heard somewhere that chicks get all slipp'ry when you ignore 'em. If she calls, I'm gonna be all like, "Stop suffocating me, *slut!*" and then she'll probably gimme a BJ just for bein' so damn *fuckable*.

Anyway, I gotta jet. My mom just showed up with clean laundry. I *gotsta* have clean drawers, yo! It's been real, homies. *Peace IZ-OUT!*

(Shout outz to muh boyees in Jestah Wesside! I'll be seein' ya'll at commenzemint.)

Grover Manheim's syndicated column appears in over 4,000 publications worldwide.



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

Looks painful

Yeah, I've had that happen to me before. Don't you just hate that? I do it all the time. Yeah, right there, you hit that spot right there, and the pain is unbelievable. Yeah, I'm sorry about that. Jeez.

Your friend
Isn't helping

Irritated

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

Your allergies
In full swing

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@texastravesty.com

We are SO going clubbing!



Leah Armstrong
GIRL IN HIGH HEELS AND
MINI-SKIRT

Hey it's me Leah, and my super best babe and roommate Kelsey's here, too. We've spent the past three and a half hours getting ready to go downtown tonight. If you happen to hear the clickity-clack of stilettos and spot two perfect 10s coming your way, it's no accident. We just want to make it clear that we are in fact going clubbing, and there's nothing you can do to stop us.

Hey, can you plug in my straightener for me? Thanks, Kels.

Okay, I can just tell from the way you're eyeing us that you're thinking, "Oh, look at them. They think they're SO important." Well, the truth is that we *are* important. Have you seen how smokin' my girl Kelsey is right now? Don't get all bent out of shape about it. I mean, we don't act all snobby when we see you heading down to the LAN cave. One time, we totally saw this geeky kid on the elevator, and we made him think we were all into him and everything. So I go, "Hey, wanna make out right here, right now?" And you could tell he TOTALLY wanted to because his face turned all red. But guess what? Right then Kelsey goes, "Yeah RIGHT!" Can you believe that? He even started crying. Okay, Kels says he didn't really cry, but imagine if he did!

Seriously, we are going to have so much fun tonight. Earlier, we were sitting around in our sweatpants looking all drab, and then I so was like to Kelsey, "Hey, let's get all made up and go out!" But Kels was all, "Well, you go have fun without me, I'll just hang around here," 'cause none of her tops were matching, right? OH MY GOD ya'll she was SO dramatic about it. So I'm all, "K-dog, you know I can't go out without my lady pimp for life! What about the green one?" You should have seen the face she made when I said that — I started laughing so hard, I snorted!

Anyway, thanks to a pep talk from little ol' moi, Kelsey's wearing her SMOKIN' outfit now, and I'm like, "Yeah, baby! That's my girl!" But she's still whining about everything ya know like, "Leah! I can't wear this! I look so trashy, and I feel like my boobs are all exposed." So I have to calm her down, and I'm like, "Oh my God. *Seriously*, Kels. Everyone at the club is going to be envying you. Ask anyone, Kelsey. Oh, and about your twins being all 'exposed?' It's called *cleavage*, hun."

Wait! I almost forgot: If you want to find us, we'll probably be hitting up a bunch of clubs, so just take a chance and maybe you'll get lucky. What's that? OH MY GOD KELSEY! You are so BAD!!!! She says: "We'll be the ones grinding on the floor!" Okay, so catch us at the club if you can. Oh, but yeah — only fine boys please! Kelsey's looking for a man!

I got a magic set for my twelfth birthday!



Ian Skoviss

THE DORKIEST KID IN THE
SEVENTH GRADE

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! HAHAAHAHA. Gross-o-rific!!!

So after I blewz out my candlez like a pro, Mom brought out a huuuuge sparkly box. (Mom's wrapping is almost as pretty as she is.) Can you doodsies guess what was in it? I'll give you a hint. Hint number one: It smells better than your stinky fart-factory FACE! HAHAAHAHA. 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 awesomer than me. But that's only because I can't figure out that dangunit Vanishing Knot trick. Dad keeps telling me not stop practicing til' I can make myself disappear. And I'm like, "Hey Daddy-O, I'm not FREAKIN' Houdini or David Copperone!" 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!

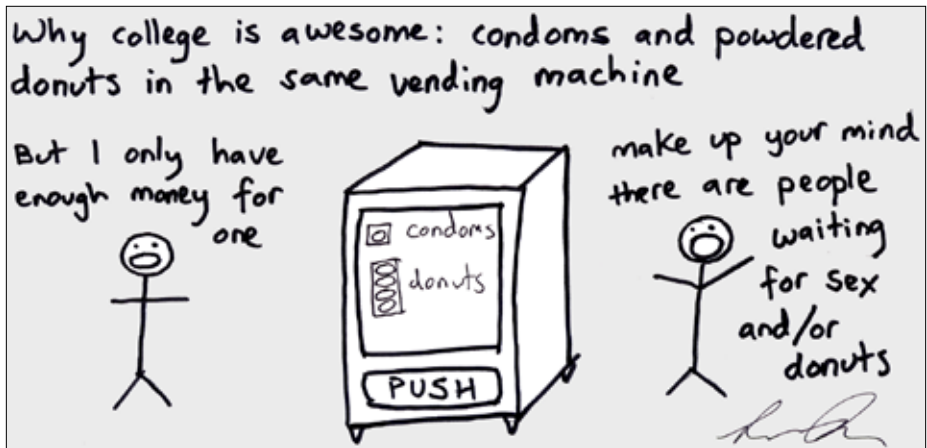
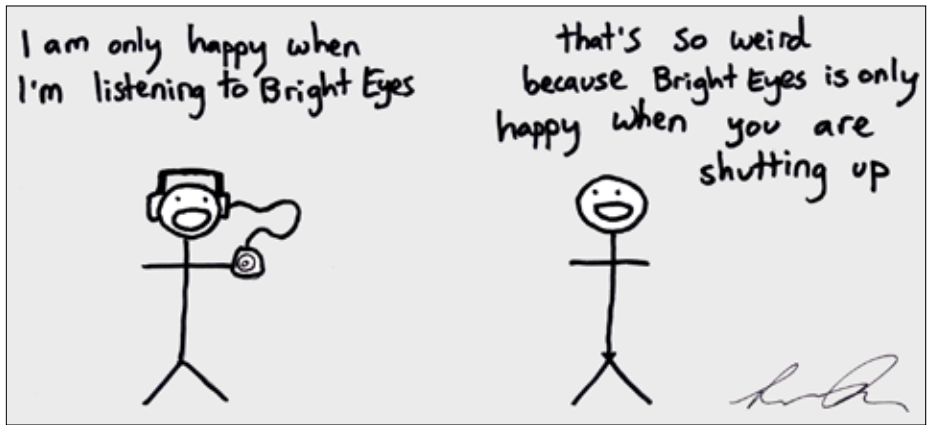
Sike! Ian the Great didn't really disappear, you dumbb**ts! I've still got a story to tell, DUH!

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 dudesir, I know who you are! DOY!" and then...beans, beans, the magical fruit! BEST FRIENDS FOR LIFE!!! And before you could say "Ian Skoviss rulz 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 unwizardlry amigos! That's a violation of the Magician's Sacred Oath. So if I caught you hungry b**tmunchers eavesdropping, I'd be forced to quit being Ian Skoviss (even though he is heckra COOL) and TRANSFORM myself into IanRAGED (my completely evil alter ego)! I'd be like "ZAP! ZAP! I'm IanRaaaaaged! Zap! 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 I-Man that are all like, "Wow! Ian the Great is so GREAT!" and you think I do a little "Shazaam booty blah!" 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!!!



(CAPTIVE AUDIENCE)

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TEXAS TRAVESTY

Outgoing editor reveals all, demands an entire page to himself



Todd Nienkerk
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Well, this is it. The long good-bye. Graduation. I've learned many things during my five years at the University. Big things, important things — things that would make your eyes bleed and tongue swell. Things that would raze cities, tumble mountains and forever alter the course of human history.

But I'm not going to tell you what those are. Instead, I present to you The Eight Lessons of College:

- 1) Coffee, coffee, *coffee!* In college, it's sure fun to talk about coffee. And go to coffee places. And say things like, "Boy, I need some coffee." Coffee's a great way to feel older and more important than you really are!
- 2) Get a car. Americans agree: anybody who doesn't have a car may as well be dead. It's the 21st Century ferchrissakes! How do you expect to *drive* if you don't have a *car*? Are you gonna *walk* to the car wash? *Jog* to the Starbucks drive-thru? How do you expect to eat if you can't pull up for some classy Chili's To Go or Outback Steakhouse Curbside Take-Away? It's "No Rules, Just Right... To Your *Car*," not that

grease-stained box you drew three wheels on and dubbed "The RAWKET."

- 3) Pick up a drug habit and nurture it lovingly. Sure, your health may suffer, but your *art* will prosper! But take care to find the drug that's right for you. If you're a socially conscious musician, heroin is right up your alley. If painting's your thing, expand your awareness by dabbling in the classic psychedelics: LSD, psilocybin, and mescaline. But if you want to be a *writer*, listen closely.

First, get a baby bottle with a rubber nipple and fill it with Wild Turkey. Then, grind 300mg Oxy IR — not that extended release shit — and 10mg Adderall into a powder. Next, crack open two 25mg capsules of diphenhydramine HCl, not — do you hear me? — *not* that chlorpheniramine bullshit. Dude, pay attention. It's getting important. Okay, so you crack open those diphens and dump 'em into the mix. Then, mix it with four tablespoons of Equate brand Children's Allergy Elixir, *not* the name-brand Benadryl, okay? Add 1,000mg orange-flavored vitamin C supplements, pop the rubber nipple back on and shake it up.

Now you got some tasty fuckin' writer juice! Not to mention a sweet buzz.

- 4) Appearance means nothing. The workaday world has a saying: "Dress for the job you want, not the job you have." According to this axiom, most college men aspire to join the pucker-mouthed ranks of glistening Abercrombie and

Fitch models, and the women are vying for top positions in the burgeoning Breast Display industry. Personally, I think that's bullshit. I've been dressing like a singing cowboy for three years, and I *still* spend my nine-to-fives sucking quarters out of parking meters and drain pipes for the City. With my mouth.

- 5-7) Something about internships, but I forgot.

- 8) Save your money. If you invested only \$1,000 each month for the next 400 years, you'd have, like, a *trillion* dollars. That's over 774 billion Euros!

Seriously, though, saving money in college is easy. Campus-area thrift stores abound; with as little as \$60, you can buy a used shirt. And when you're really strapped for cash, just donate some semen. (Nevermind the crushing guilt of generations of unknown progeny who could look you up years from now demanding to know how you spent the \$150 that brought them into the world.) Easy money!

College is an amazing experience. Where else do the nation's best and brightest gather for a free exchange of ideas in the pursuit of knowledge and human betterment — and drink lots and lots of booze? Where else can the intellectual elite brag about how shitfaced they got last night? And where else can I blithely mock a crippling social ill?

But my days are numbered. Come May 21, I'll be pulled from UT's warm, safe womb into

the blinding cold of Reality. They'll come for you, too — the cold forceps of Responsibility gripping your soft, misshapen skull and yanking into the daylight like a hackneyed metaphor.

College can be tough, but remember this: The daily grind of exams, projects, and papers pales in comparison to the crushing inevitability of the Real World. Of course, you don't know what that means yet, but you will.

Oh, you will.

A lucid discourse on ends and beginnings

And a wink of jouissance at the thrill of the Unnamable In-Between



Ryan B. Martinez
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

What is an end? I ponder this as, even now, I sense the cosmic sculptor known as Father Time whittling away the potential of my life — and, specifically, my college years — into a discrete and inevitable reality.

What will it look like when he's done? How long will it take? And why did he just sculpt what looks like a mushroom flying through a hula-hoo — Oh. Real mature, Father Time.

What is a beginning?

That question plagues me as I survey the chain of ends and beginnings that has comprised my life. Though it remains unfinished, I run my fingers over my lived life's contours, each groove and bump marking where one era ended and another began. Here, my hand strokes the start of my freshman — Excuse me, Father Time...? If you don't mind, I'm trying to have an ontological discourse on the nature of change over here. Oh, you think it's "pussy shit," do you? Why don't you come over here and say that to my face?

Oh, Jesus, your breath — Father Time, you've been drinking again. It's one o'clock in the afternoon! Of *course* I know you know that. Don't be a smartass with me. No, I *don't* want to hear your rendition of "When the Saints Go Marching In." Taylor Dane did *not* sing that, Father Time. That was Louie Armstrong. Now, please, just go lie down on the couch while I finish this up.

Now, where was I? Ah, yes: ends and beginnings. As I've stood here, reflecting on existence and getting interrupted non-stop, I've slowly come to realize one thing: my life is the masterwork of a celestial dumbass. Why stress about the totality of it — my past, my present, and my mostly likely unemployment-ridden near future — when it's being shaped by a lush who's probably carving it into the form of a giant horse's ass? Or worse, into Sarah Jessica Parker?

In summary, I've learned not to fondle a statue made of pure temporality. It's kinda creepy, and I enjoyed it way too much.

The obligatory 'goodbye' column

In keeping with my raging egomania, I'd like to thank some of the many people who've touched my life.

"Great," you're thinking. "Another boring going-away filled with in-jokes." You're right. But hang in there. I'll make it worth your while — I promise.

The *Travesty* staff ('00-'05): I am so, so lucky to work with such incredibly witty, talented, and devoted people. You're my coworkers, confidants and friends. I hope I've returned even a fraction of the insight and fulfillment you've given me.

Official Publications: My very first cubicle! Compound modifiers and the en-dash, on-hyphen-line, and CRIN versus CMB3 — I treasure our little talks.

The Liberal Arts Dean's Office (especially Beverly, Bobby, Chris, Christa, Cindy, Emily, Jay, Jesse, Kathy E, Michelle B., Michelle S., Rachel, Robin, and Susan): Thanks for making the most ridiculously easy and overpaid student job on campus also the most fun.

Julie and Joey: You two deserve special mention — you're like family. Joey, thanks for letting me borrow your furniture. Julie, congratulations on buying your very own house! You're the *shit*.

Dr. Roberts: Thanks for treating me like an equal. And the pancakes.

Dr. Trimble: Thank you for the conversation, an ever-growing list of recommended reading, and our shared love of Dewar's.

RHE 325M (Spring '05): I love each and every one of you with the intensity and immediacy of a drunk-dialer. Let's rent a house in Hyde Park and spend our days tossing around witty banter and solving the world's problems with tightened, brightened prose.

Dr. Ruszkiewicz: Thank you for your wisdom, support, and unflinchingly honest feedback. More than you realize, the *Travesty* 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 crush 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 *Travesty's* readers: Thanks for putting up with my self-indulgent drivél, 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.

n Going out with dignity.



n Press night: My first issue as editor.



n The staff gathers to watch an educational film about the miracle of birth.

