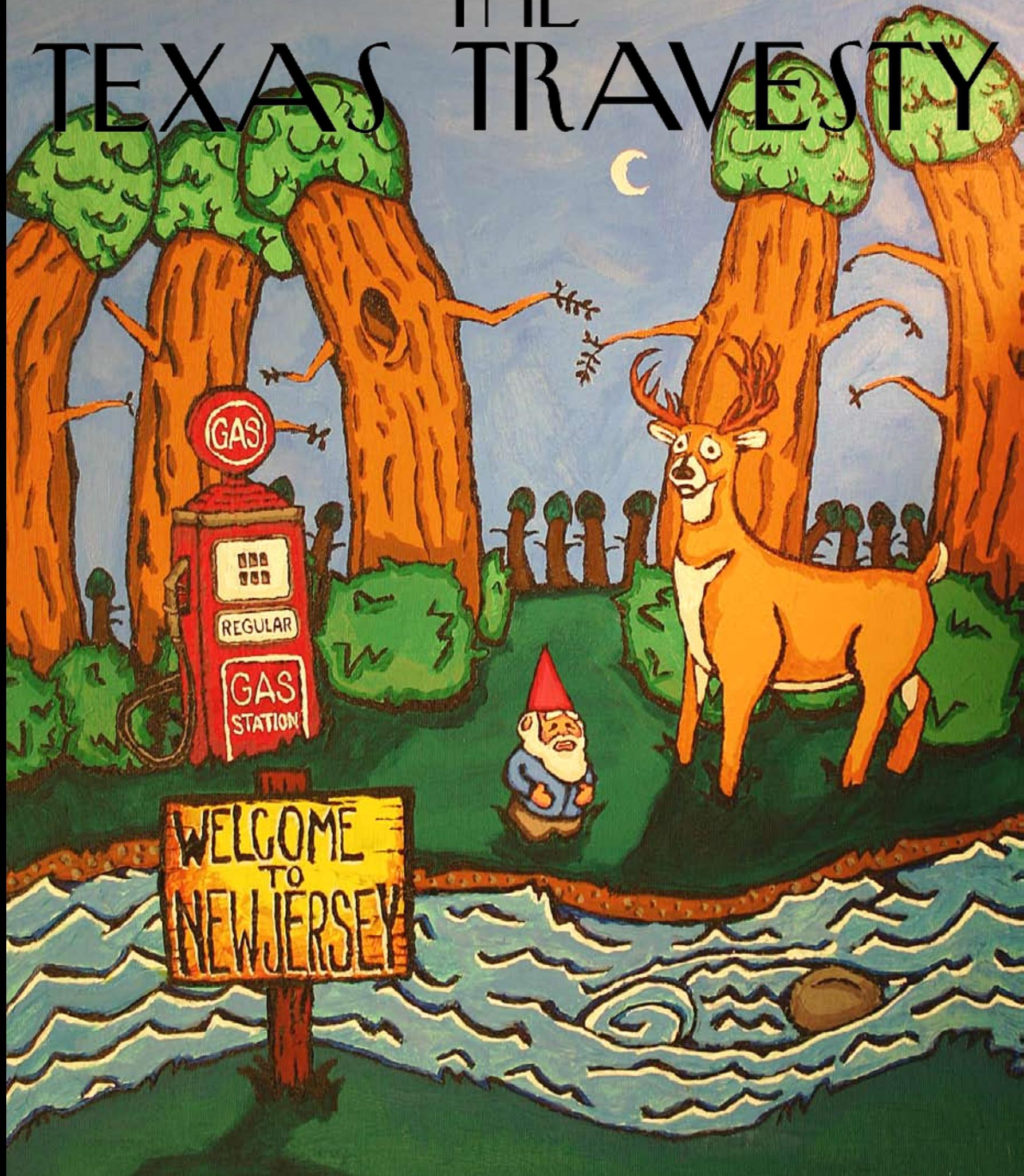


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THE

NOV/DEC 2005

TEXAS TRAVESTY





Dick Sansattire

the West Mall Streaker

TEXAS

TRAVESTY



Doth mine eyes deceive me? For I see a *bare, beautiful Olympian* sprinting down the West Mall. No! 'Tis true, 'tis you, my *titillating* hero who shuns the livery that wouldst restrain his daring *acrobatics!* Fly, my risqué master of *animal magnetism*, and enjoy the *leering* eyes of a jealous crowd, for I know thou truly *flyst* for me alone.

TURN-ONS: pink body-paint, art exhibitions, grab-ass, the gentle caress of a summer breeze, freedom

TURN-OFFS: cold weather, fast cops, branches that come out of nowhere, chafing, anything binding, clothes

MOTTO: "The flopping hurt more than I thought it would."

around campus

- Those with November birthdays were conceived on Valentine's Day.
- The guy standing next to an empty seat on a crowded shuttle refuses to be the center of a man sandwich.
- You are getting newsprint on your hands — unless you are reading this online, in which case you are a nerd.
- Late-night construction on freeways makes it difficult to drive home drunk.
- Trucker hats are back in style. Just kidding! You look like an idiot.

- Forty Acres bus drivers will leave the bus at random stops to enter the nearest building and return with a chocolate bar and a new haircut.
- Students who bully professors into giving them undeserved A's will make so much money when they graduate that it will fill up the empty void where their souls should be.
- The spontaneous combustion of a medschool applicant does not bode well for his future ability to handle stress.
- Nobody is quite sure what to do when a blind person walks right toward them.
- E-mailing your classmates for notes is still not cool.
- Smokers will continue to ask each other for lights, making you wish you had a similar ice-breaker to use with non-smokers.
- Those two drunks giggling on the elevator in Jester East are totally about to do it.
- Hobos will never realize the irony that they're asking for the wrong kind of change.

- Drunk girls will walk down Guadalupe at 45-degree angles, showing their love for both geometry and Natty Light.
- Freshmen are not prepared for how boring home will be over winter break — even when compared to living in the dorms without a car.
- If justice still exists, those who continue to refer to themselves as "kind of a big deal" will soon find themselves with "kind of a big foot" up their asses.
- Nobody is thankful for 90-degree weather in the middle of November.
- Sugary, sticky beverages sold at the PCL coffee shop will be allowed near library books and computers, while sugary, sticky beverages from other vendors will continue to be strictly forbidden by library security.
- A close-minded evangelist is being debated by an open-minded, loving, accepting, attention-monger on the West Mall.
- William Powers Jr., Esq., will eye you suspiciously through a polished, golden monocle.

in this issue

FEATURES

- I drank the spiked burnt-orange Kool-Aid, and now I'm addicted to UT football
- Federal deficit: over \$8,000,000,000. Believing you can combat terrorism by buying things you don't need: priceless
- Your monogrammatic motif pleases no one
- Free Abercrombie & Fitch posters; a photographer takes a picture of his own camera
- Brown-haired jumping beetles
- Having a tattoo that says "bullet-proof" must make it true; freak gun "accidents"

NEWS

- What type of needy, self-absorbed personality analyzer are you?
- Is hair real?
- Any male bird is called a cock; a group of bears is a sleuth
- When and when not to run
- A whole bunch of top secret stuff
- Crimes, but not the bad kind
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- Punching things and liking it
- Broken things, dangerous or fixable
- Getting to know your bod—Don't touch that!

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OPINION

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- Abnormally large objects make you giggle; your ex's X-rays
- Where would you like to have your birthday meal, Bradley?
- Future presidents; past lovers
- Fuck the police! Marry a state trooper
- Death by vanilla: Boooooorriring; swimming pools filled with legless men named James
- Flexing without looking cocky
- If I had a time machine, I'd have a picnic with the dinosaurs!



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

SHOUT OUTZ TO...
David Cole, Kerri Lendo, Irving Louis, Jim Hamilton and Matt Bearden for doing the Comedy Trainwreck; the new Wiki; Chilis; dancing giraffes; getting kicked out of our office; Kate the butcher; Edward Coli; Travesty Boys' Choir; Margaritaville, in honor of Garrett's absence; Twinkies named Carl; gargoyles; sweaters; crazy Uncle Nate; rival robots; the hipster gun; flakes; a nice title selection; Bradley's moustache; Madonna; having to wear a pair of emergency jorts; invasion of the gnats; the rapid transformation of couples into one person; mysterious ad sizes; bringing outside foot into the Union; Chuck Roper: the cutest man in the galaxy; the Safety Gang; wrecking shop; The L Word; being picked last to drive to the airport; family dance-offs at weddings; Frank Sinatra; "It looks like a brown paint ball exploded on her chest"; magnets; pizza riots; 2-D jockings; pens

Fat NRA member refuses to ban Twinkies from pantry

Unlimited fatty-food purchase more important than having to iron pants on driveway

Janice Chan
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

BOERNE, TX — Despite weighing a morbidly obese 347 pounds, NRA member Roy Patterson has refused to ban himself from buying high-fat foods like Twinkies, because he claims such a restriction would violate his constitutional rights.

Although the right to purchase and eat fattening foods is not directly supported by a constitutional amendment, Patterson, who is so overweight that the last time he saw 90210 was on a bathroom scale, believes an implied right exists.

"Even though the Bill of Rights doesn't specifically say that everyone should be allowed to buy fatty foods, the ninth amendment says just because a right isn't listed doesn't mean it doesn't exist," Patterson explained as he lifted one of his stomach rolls so his cat could crawl off the sofa without suffocating.

Patterson opposes restricting his fatty-food purchase in the same way the NRA argues against any measure of gun-buying limitations: By holding that it is more important to keep a 300-year-old amendment

untouched than to prevent a leading cause of death.

"Every bit of the original U.S. Constitution — the importance of a well-regulated militia, the measure of a large-claims lawsuit being \$20, the three-fifths rule — is sacred and applicable to modern life," Patterson said while greasing his sides so he could fit through the doorway of his living room.

"It would be an insult to the founding fathers for me to deny myself the right to eat all the Twinkies, pork rinds and super-cheesy-jumbo-deep-fried-cream-filled meat cakes with chocolate topping I want, even if it makes me so large that when I haul ass, I have to make two trips."

Physician Dan Coleman, who is concerned about the health implications of Patterson being so big that people jog around him to exercise, tried to suggest that his patient limit himself to 50 Twinkies a month. But Patterson maintained that any degree of restriction on his food-buying habits was unacceptable.

"Honestly speaking, I don't even like Twinkies that much. I could probably even live without them — I

usually just scarf 'em on the weekends for fun. But we're talking about principle here."

Patterson's fellow NRA members have come out in full support of his initiative.

"We fully support Roy's refusal to limit his Twinkie purchase," local NRA Chapter President Carl McKinney said. "It's really admirable that he won't compromise his views, even if he's gotten so fat that the only thing he can fit into at the big and tall store is the dressing room."

As expected, the NRA has its detractors. Lane Hamill, president of Democrats Against Anything Conservatives Do, questions the NRA's motives.

"Every time a poor minority dies in a shooting, a gun is involved. Coincidence? I think not."

Nonetheless, Patterson's unwillingness to deny himself access to things that will kill him has been a source of inspiration to others. Jon Buford, a rodeo stuntman and recreational antifreeze drinker, talked about his admiration for Patterson.

"Roy's a legend to those of us who would rather die needlessly than



Like Confederate bullets, Twinkies never go bad.

concede a point. It's only fitting that he has his own page in the dictionary: If you look up the word 'morbidly obese,' his picture is there; it's a picture of him stuck in the Grand

Canyon after he fell in, and the caption says 'continued on pages 5 through 438.'

African celebrity visits starving Hollywood masses

Activist actress brings hugs, condescension

Kathryn Edwards
MANAGING EDITOR

LOS ANGELES — Famed South African actress Puma Mugabe recently flew to southern California to witness firsthand what pervasive starvation looks like. Mugabe had learned while filming a movie about Hollywood that many people there, especially young women, rarely eat a full meal and sometimes even consume fewer than 750 calories a day.

Mugabe's first stop was the green room of the Nickelodeon Teen Choice Awards, an annual gathering of some of the most emaciated people in the United States.

"I have never seen such squalor or destitution in my life," explained a shaken Mugabe. "It was so horrific. There is no way any of those women have eaten in the past two weeks. I literally felt sick to my heart afterwards, because I had totally never really seen starving people up close."

Mugabe was so moved by the despair of the underweight women that she tried to adopt one and take her back to Africa to have a better life. Her attorneys attempted to contact

Nicole Ritchie on several occasions throughout the duration of the trip, but a representative for the American socialite made it clear that she would not be going to Africa unless it was for another installment of *The Simple Life*.

After her stop at the Teen Choice Awards, Mugabe toured the rest of hunger-stricken Hollywood. Most of the locals she interacted with, however, had no idea who Mugabe was or why they were being stared at.

"This woman stared at me for five minutes and then came over and started asking me these weird questions," said aspiring actress Kate Blair. "She wanted to know where my village was and if I wanted to move to Africa. And to top it off, she gave me a lollipop and hugged me. I thought she was being punk'd or something."

The African visitor, however, did not notice the feelings of the malnourished people she interviewed.

"Seeing the look of hope on their thin, famished faces was so powerful," described Mugabe, talking to a reporter in her five-star Hollywood hotel room. "Something about being this close to people really puts things

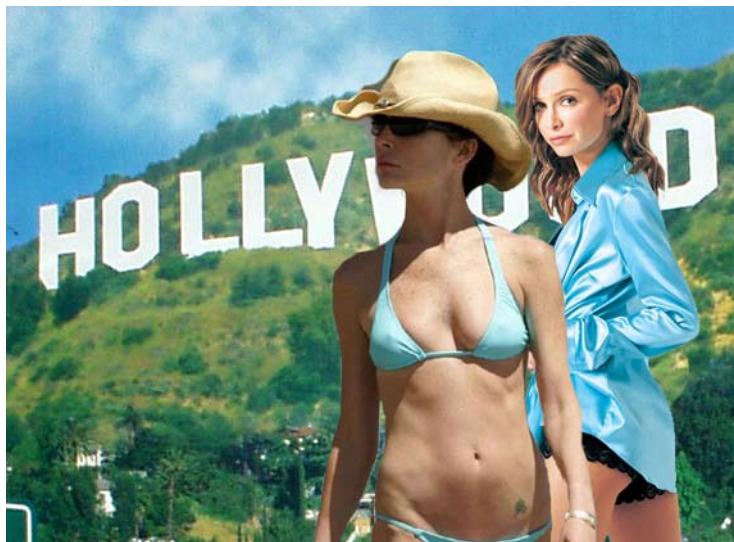
in perspective. I mean, in Africa I have so much, but there are people out there who, you know, don't even eat or anything."

Mugabe's visit comes on the heels of recent international pressure to donate more aid to alleviate hunger around the world. Hollywood was named by the United Nations as the starvation capital of the U.S., because it has the highest concentration of female malnourishment.

When asked about Mugabe's trip and how it will affect the battle to end starvation, Arthur Boyle, a spokesman for the World Health Organization, answered:

"It's always great to see people getting involved and doing their part. Someone like me, for example, who has dedicated his entire life to the eradication of hunger, is always really pleased to see a celebrity take a vacation and bring attention to this problem. We all have to work together on this."

Critics have pointed out that Mugabe's trip, which she calls the beginning of her new campaign, "Totally End Hunger," is somewhat misdirected.



n Physicists performing superconductor research in the basement of RLM use the temperature of Calista Flockhart and Lara Flynn Boyle's hands as an approximation of absolute zero.

"It is difficult for someone outside Western culture to understand that starvation can be voluntary in a completely non-religious and self-obsessed type of way," clarified Harvard University American stud-

ies professor Jacob Burns. "Miss Mugabe probably mistook hordes of underweight people in one city as some kind of unfortunate economic byproduct instead of a celebration of vain-glorious bitchiness."

dirtybriefs

done dirt cheap

Everyone thinks psychologist
messing with their minds

DURHAM, NC — Friends and acquaintances of psychologist Calvin Rowder, who perceive psychology as an all-powerful tool able to unlock one's secret desires, are worried that Rowder may be using his expertise to read their minds.

"I've known Calvin for years, and while he doesn't seem like he would intentionally invade people's privacy, he is a psychologist," said Mark Samson, Rowder's friend.

"He might be able to find things out without meaning to, which makes me think, 'Oh no, what if he observes my carefully sublimated S&M fetish every time I point out a leather bustier in a shop window?'" When informed about people's wariness of his abilities to manipulate the human mind, Rowder claimed that his friends simply have overactive imaginations.

"I don't know where these nutty theories are coming from. I'm just going about doing normal things like everyone else— Ah! So you really are attracted to your mother!"



In "Your thought
is in error."

Blogs becoming leading news source, say blogs

Blogs say blogs becoming leading news source, says leading news source

Mike Faerber
STAFF WRITER

NEW YORK — Marking the diminishing role of corporate-owned TV, print and radio news, public opinion is increasingly becoming shaped by scores of independent bloggers, say scores of independent bloggers.

This trend will completely change the way the world gets its news, they say.

"Pretty soon there will be no mainstream media," predicts Harold Gannin, creator of *watchblog.com*. "Blogs, like mine for instance, carry the torch passed on by everyman watchdogs like Thomas Paine and Edward Murrow, while pampered New York news anchors allow their objectivity to rot as they sit in their luxurious penthouse apartments with central heating, taking baths and eating meals that aren't Kraft Macaroni and Cheese."

According to *xanga.com/n3wsbl0g*, newsblogs often cover minor events ignored by other news outlets or point out vaguely possible political biases in traditional news stations' coverage of major stories. For example, Gannin's blog tackles issues from his neighbors' opinions on recent gas-price hikes to how FOX News reporting is colored with conservative undertones.

"The blogging community reports to nobody," Gannin declares. "The only biases bloggers have are our own."

"There are no meddling editors, no corporate conflicts of interest, no pressures from advertisers. For example, if I wanted to print an exposé on how the Bush administration is planning to frame poor people for death-penalty crimes so that the welfare system won't bankrupt, no right-wing fat-cat executive could threaten to fire me or make me do actual research."

Recent successes have strengthened bloggers' image as a reliable news source, many bloggers note. Last September, a group of bloggers collectively uncovered reporting errors made by Dan Rather on the president's military service record.

"You go to air with the supporting evidence you have. It's not the supporting evidence you might want or wish to have at a later time," *watchthewatchblog.com* reported Rather as saying in his defense.

However, instead of attacking blogs as a threat to their job, major news stations have embraced the phenomenon, often citing blogs



In Harold hasn't left the dorms in three years.

as credible sources in their stories. Networks like MSNBC have even started their own newsblogs, which they use to feature features

featured in other newsblogs.

Gannin takes this as a sign of the growing legitimacy of newsblogs.

"You can't halt progress," he says while checking *drudgereport.com* for story ideas. "I may not have graduated with a journalism degree, but I know the first rule is to give the people what they want."

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(That's on campus, Freshman)

Students helping students

Peer advisors assist with academic issues, instill shame

Kristin Hillary
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

CAMPUS — For peer advisors Jennifer Blanchard and Lacey Vaughn, helping undergraduates drop classes, declare majors and feel like mental defectives for not knowing everything about arcane University procedures is all in a day's work.

"I'm having trouble getting into a history class," one doe-eyed freshman said to Blanchard and Vaughn, who stared at him from behind the front desk as a gentle breeze from the door blew into the student's left ear and went out his right ear.

"Apparently you're not aware that you have to go to the department of the course you're trying to add. We can't get students into classes here," Blanchard scoffed, glancing at her watch and wishing she had a time machine to get back the last 10 seconds of her life. "Who did your mother blow in the Admissions Office to get you accepted, Forrest?"

As the student burst into tears, Vaughn waved her hand and added: "Be gone."

Moments later, another student wandered up to the desk, meekly cow-ering before Blanchard and Vaughn.

"Can I use my one-time 'oops! drop?'" the student asked, her heli-



"I see that your section 159.345 subsection AQ form is overdue."

um-filled head making it difficult for her to keep from floating out an open window and into outer space.

"Wow," Blanchard choked, adjusting the noose around her neck. "Last time I checked, we didn't have anything called that. You may want to go ask someone else — preferably after you 'oops' yourself off a cliff that overlooks a tank full of sharks. But they probably wouldn't want their time wasted, either."

"Heahahahaheahahahaheeha!"

their supervisor roared from behind a cubicle wall as the yelps of sacrificial lambs filled the room and red flames shot up to the ceiling.

"Hey — how am I supposed to know what it's called?" whined the student, as a boa constrictor wound its way around her head, causing her hollow skull to crack like an eggshell.

"Can you believe the nerve of some people?" Vaughn huffed, pointing a .38 Special into her mouth. "Gaw."

Professor agrees with, completely changes student's comment

CAMPUS — While leading a class discussion about the Battle of Hastings, history lecturer Kent Rockwell took a completely uninformed comment from junior Matt Stedman and extrapolated it into his own thesis. Stedman explained: "When Professor Rockwell called on me, I hadn't done any of the reading. All I knew about Hastings was that it had something to do with England, William the Conqueror and 1066. So I said something like, 'Well, William, arguably being a Conqueror, can be argued to have played a major role in events that can be argued to have taken place in 1066.'"

Rockwell then responded, "So I think what you're saying is that William the Conqueror may have militarily won the Battle of Hastings in 1066, but there were more complicated underlying political forces at play. This in turn explains the role of French influence as both a source of inspiration and tension throughout English history. Interesting point, Mr. Stedman. A-plus!" Rockwell's discourse left many students confused. "I thought this was a British history class, not a History of Military Failures and Cigarette Smoking," said sophomore Trent Rawlings. "What the hell do the French have to do with England, and who is Norman?"

Dog trainer alienates in-laws with excessive kissing

BURBANK, CALIF. — Gary Terrill, a championship dog show trainer, recently disgusted his wife and her family by open-mouth kissing his prized Airedale, Bella, in front of them. "It was one of the more appalling things I've seen," said Larry Hemmings, Terrill's father-in-law. "Almost as appalling as my daughter choosing to marry a shoe salesman." According to Hemmings, the family was eating breakfast in the Terrill's kitchen when Bella received her generous, slobbery reward for fetching the paper. Terrill's wife Sherrie tried to distract her parents while the fluid exchange took place by showing them newspaper clippings about her husband's dog show victories. Later, Sherrie's mother Joan commented to her husband, "I never thought I'd say this, but if our daughter looked more like a dog, we'd probably have grandchildren."

Texan Ad Trade

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Compliment-fishing leads to worst compliment ever

PLANO, TEX. — Guest Peggy Gleibman brought awkward silence to Susan England's dinner party Saturday evening following a well-intentioned compliment on the dessert, an orange custard tart. "Susan was parading that damn thing around like she just split the atom or something," explained Gleibman. "It was so obvious she wanted us to say something about it. All I could think was how nice it was to have a break from her banana cream pie." Tim Nelson, England's neighbor, elaborated: "Susan was showing off that sludgy dessert thing when Peggy said, 'Hey, orange you glad it's not banana pie?'" Nelson added: "It was pretty awkward, but not as bad as the time that Peggy brought up Susan's dead husband."

Chef excited about new Dutch oven

NEW YORK — Jooren Baargs, head chef at Jaan's Deliight and creator of the world-famous Vondelstijl Blintz, commented to his kitchen staff that he was looking forward to the arrival of a new oven from Amsterdam. "Only an authentic Dutch oven can deliver that ripe, baking-buns smell," declared Baargs. He then closed his eyes and inhaled deeply before adding: "It never really goes away."

Veteran doesn't understand why holiday merits furniture sale

SPRINGFIELD, OH — Operation Iraqi Freedom veteran Danny Mueller failed to understand why Veterans' Day warranted 10 percent markdowns on oak bedroom sets from several area furniture stores. "I was flipping through the TV, trying to avoid reports about Iraq casualties that could be my friends, when I saw a commercial for the Veterans' Blowout Sale at Carver's Furniture Depot," explained Mueller, who served tours of duty in Fallujah and Basra. "We didn't go over there to liberate furniture. And I didn't watch my buddies die face-down in the sand to get zero percent financing for 12 months." Mueller took a moment to remember the horrors of war, then added: "Do you think that includes loveseats?"

Clueless dad tells horrific bedtime story

Plastic sheets no match for six-year-old's bursting bladder

Stephen Short
STAFF WRITER

ITHACA, NY — Tom Ackerman, father of kindergartener Katie Ackerman, was faced with the challenge of putting his daughter to bed Tuesday night while his wife, Jennifer, attended a PTA meeting.

"I want to hear the story about princesses and fairies and unicorns that Mommy always tells," eagerly instructed Katie to her father.

Unfamiliar with the story his daughter requested, Mr. Ackerman improvised, "I know a better story: The story of Princess Katie and Timmy the Turtle."

"Once upon a time Princess Katie loved to play in the forest," began Mr. Ackerman while a comforted Katie slowly closed her eyes.

Mr. Ackerman continued: "One day Princess Katie was playing with her friend Timmy the Turtle by Skeleton Pond. They played three rounds of 'Don't-Take-Candy-From-Strangers-Or-You'll-Die' and danced with the water fairies. But when the Princess leaned over the water to pick up a tadpole, BOOM! A horrible green goblin that reeked of rotting flesh and had five eyes, two tongues and razor sharp teeth, dripping with the blood of small children, popped out of the water!"

A petrified Katie shrieked in terror as she shot out of bed, frantically turning on every light in her room.

Pausing his story momentarily to retuck his trembling daughter in bed, Mr. Ackerman continued the story.

"When the Princess tried to run away, the goblin's colossal, veiny arms shattered her kneecaps into a thousand pieces. Timmy the Turtle tried to help her, but the goblin had already severed his head. Then using Timmy's own shell, the goblin smashed the princess' nose, dislocating her jaw so severely that it hung from her face like a rusty hinge," described Mr. Ackerman, miming the swaying jaw with both hands.

Dry heaving and breaking out in a cold sweat, Katie dove beneath the covers, gradually comforted by the warmth of her own urine.

Mr. Ackerman went on: "Princess Katie tried to escape by dragging her mutilated body across the ground, leaving jagged shards of her fingernails in the rocky soil below. But the goblin was too fast. He disemboweled her with his scissor hands, leaving a red pool of entrails next to Skeleton Pond."

"The goblin dragged her bloody corpse back to his evil lair, scattered with the remains of other princesses who hadn't done their chores. Then he washed his hands before dinner and devoured the Princess piece by piece," affectionately concluded Mr. Ackerman, kissing his daughter's trembling forehead.

Chuckles to himself as he unplugged Katie's nightlight, Mr. Ackerman added, "Good-



n The actual monster has nipple piercings.

night honey! Next time when Mommy's gone we can watch *The Exorcist* together."

Katie, however, was too traumatized to sleep.

Crouched in the fetal position while rocking back-and-forth, she chanted, "Piece by piece. Piece by piece. Piece by piece."

The Austin SPCA currently has over 150 adorable puppies and kitties in need of a home. Our featured pet this month is Coli, a very special 8-month-old terrier who is just dying to be spoiled! This holiday season, give the gift of a friend for life!



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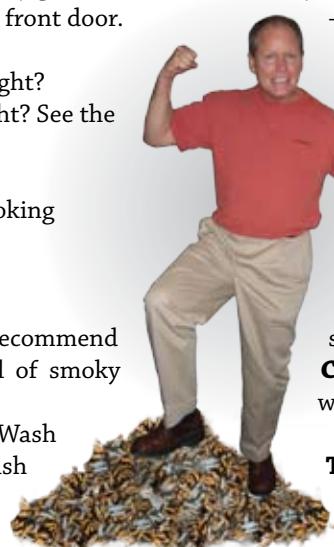
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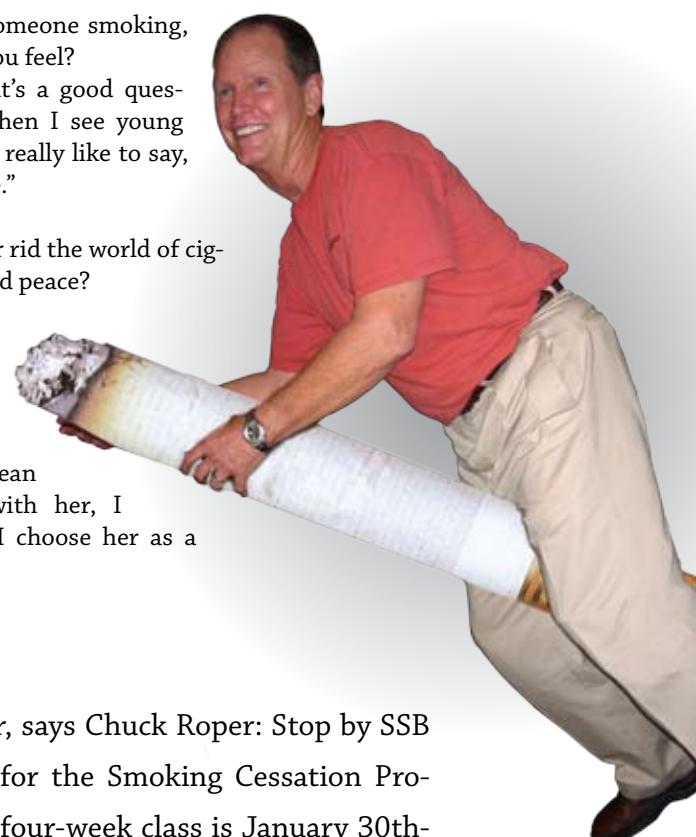
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INFORMATIONAL: An Interview With**Chuck Roper****GroupMail...**

No butts about it: We've all gotten Chuck Roper's Smoking Cessation e-mails — or at least heard about them second hand. When he said he'd set aside a patch of time to be interviewed by the Travesty, we lit up and just couldn't say no. Warning: A smooth, unfiltered interview follows.

T: Mind if I smoke?**CR:** Be my guest. Outside, 20 feet away from the front door.**T:** Do you have a light?**CR:** Do I have a light? See the light in my eyes?**T:** What about smoking makes you cool?**CR:** Nothing.**T:** What do you recommend to mask the smell of smoky clothes?**CR:** Not smoking. Wash your clothing, wash your hair, clean out your car, clean out your

house, clean out your purse, clean out your backpack and never smoke again — that'll do it.

T: This Thanksgiving, will you be eating smoked turkey or roasted turkey?**CR:** Hmm, that's a good question. I'm not sure. I don't cook.**T:** Do you have an aversion to smoked meats in general?**CR:** No, I love smoked turkey. Sandwiches.**T:** If you were trapped on a deserted island, would you use smoke signals to help get rescued?**CR:** Yeah, if I had fire.**T:** When you see someone smoking, how does it make you feel?**CR:** You know, that's a good question. Sometimes when I see young people smoking, I'd really like to say, "Please don't smoke."**T:** Would you rather rid the world of cigarettes or have world peace?**CR:** World peace.**T:** Would you date a supermodel if she were a smoker?**CR:** Well, if you mean would I go out with her, I would. But would I choose her as a partner? No.

Don't be a doper, says Chuck Roper: Stop by SSB 106 to sign up for the Smoking Cessation Program. The next four-week class is January 30th–February 20th, and it's free for UT students.

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EMBARRASSING CIRCUSTORIES

SKY-HIGH SHAME

We had always been the closing act, the one that really brought down the tent — the act that caused even the calloused cotton-candy man to look up, completely dazzled: The Goldschmidt Family Trapeze Act. Anyway, I was sending Vabka to Maccek, and Maccek was sending Vabka back to me. It hit me mid-toss as my palms' perspiration gleamed beneath the spotlights: I had forgotten to powder my hands. Vabka's hands slipped right out of mine, and she plummeted to her death in front of thousands, her limbs flailing in the air for something to hold on to as she went down. The crowd applauded, thinking it was part of the act. I had no choice but to bow and smile, because, after all, the show must go on. Afterwards, Maccek shamed me for parting my hair to the left, rather than the traditional Goldschmidt-right. The gorgeous contortionist beside me looked away and laughed. It was totally embarrassing.

CANNON BALLED

I was crawling into my cannon for the human cannonball act. After years of trying to shame me into leaving the circus, my parents were giving my chosen life a chance by seeing my act for the first time. I slithered to the bottom of my cannon only to find that the damn gymnast taped pictures of naked women all over the place! (That gymnast totally hates me.) Naturally, my black spandex suit ripped while trying to contain my erection. When the cannon fired mere moments later, my erection scraped against the side of the cannon, so by the time I actually emerged, I was no longer a man. Now my parents

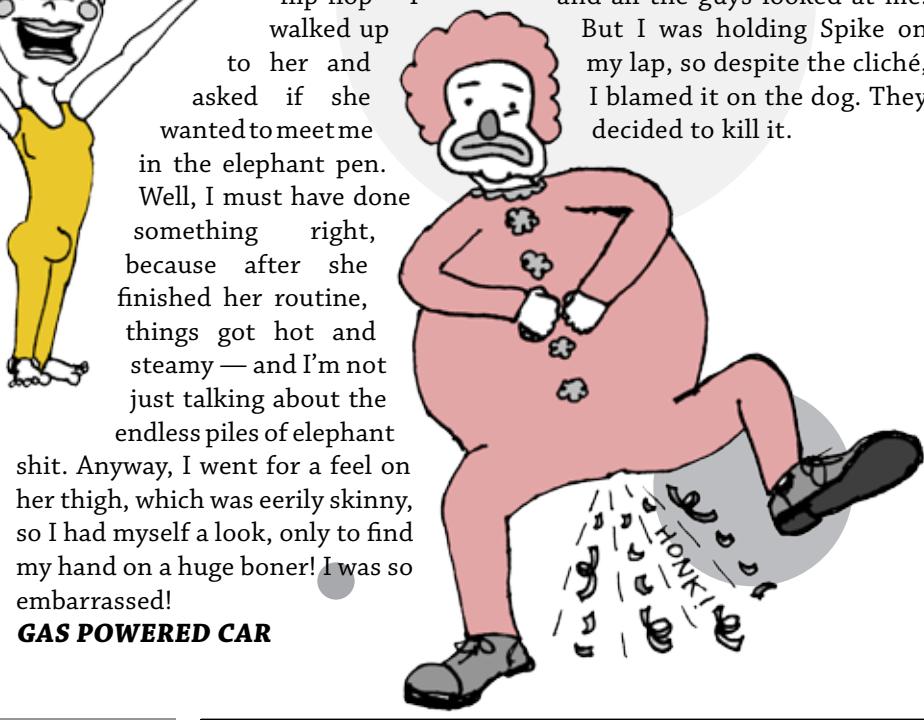
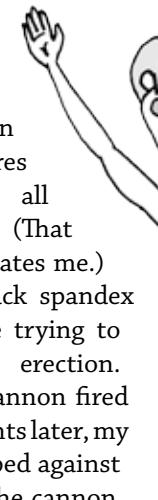
are even more ashamed!



THE HIGH BEAM

So I was heading out for my floor exercise when I spotted this mad honey checking me out. After I got done with my routine — highlighted by a flawless aerial cartwheel followed by a flip-flop — I walked up to her and asked if she wanted to meet me in the elephant pen. Well, I must have done something right, because after she finished her routine, things got hot and steamy — and I'm not just talking about the endless piles of elephant shit. Anyway, I went for a feel on her thigh, which was eerily skinny, so I had myself a look, only to find my hand on a huge boner! I was so embarrassed!

GAS POWERED CAR



So me, Jacko, Blinky, Baldo, Aldo, ZeeZee, Oogopogo, Sniffles, Humper, Tango, Zippy, Frank, Plinky and Zippy's dog Spike were in the clown car about 60 miles away from our next tour stop, when a bean burrito I ate back in Las Cruces caught up to me. I let a big, loud, smelly one rip, and all the guys looked at me. But I was holding Spike on my lap, so despite the cliché, I blamed it on the dog. They decided to kill it.

Name: Antone's Record Store; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015183



Dear Travesty,

I'm sorry it had to end like this. I know that even though you said it was you, it was me. I agree: It's time for me to move on. I just wish I could have slept with more of you. Take care. Yeah, we'll keep in touch — three years down the road at a party where you awkwardly ask if you hurt me. Well... a little maybe, but it hurt good. I know I left my emotional

scars and stains all over the eternal bathrobe of our fine publication, my better moments surrounded by my overwhelming sense of myself as a diva. However, please just remember me for the good times, for my contributions to the publication and for pushing the limits of what qualifies as "staff writer." And always know that I fucking own the north side. -69-
—John Roper

Name: Planned Parenthood; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00014770

What mall Santas want for Christmas

Dear Santa,
For Christmas I would like:
 - a job for the rest of the year
 - a clean-shaven face
 - to stop living a lie
 - a lap dance
 - laser eye surgery
 - kids to stop screaming

Sincerely,
Santa #308, Raleigh, NC



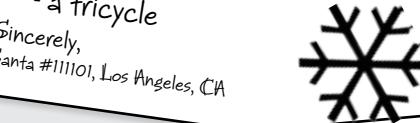
Dear Santa,
This year I want:
 - a snazzy new pair of patent leather pumps
 - to die
 - to spend the evening with some ho-ho-hoes
 - longer smoke breaks
 - to stop being laughed at
 - a massage chair
 - a set of encyclopedias

Sincerely,
Santa #945, Kansas City, KA

Dear Santa,

I want for Christmas this year:
 - to beat the mall Easter bunny at golf
 - some new threads
 - world peace
 - a tricycle

Sincerely,
Santa #111101, Los Angeles, CA



Dear Santa,
I want:
 - Mrs. Claus to drop a few
 - a leather cape
 - to be free from the demons in my head
 - the Carmen Electra Aerobic Striptease DVD set
 - to become more fluent in Czech

sincerely,
Santa # 7, Houston, TX

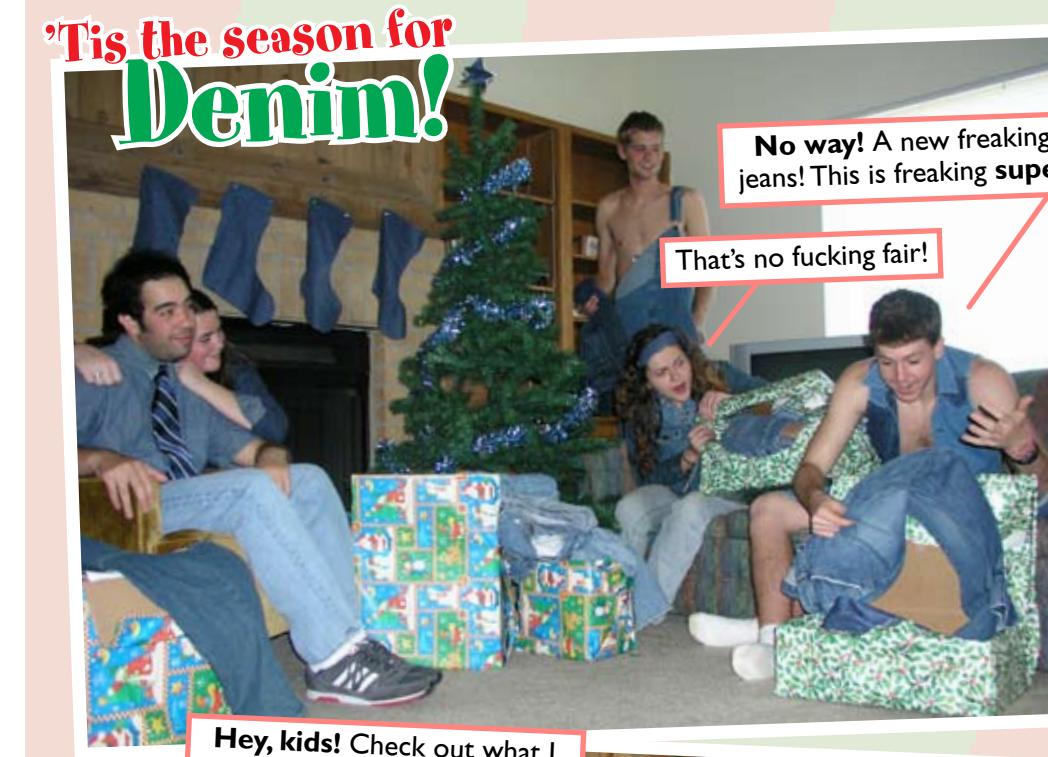
Dear Santa,

I would like to have:
 - Valium
 - hotter elves
 - homemade cookies
 - NRA membership

Sincerely,
Santa #427, Albany, NY



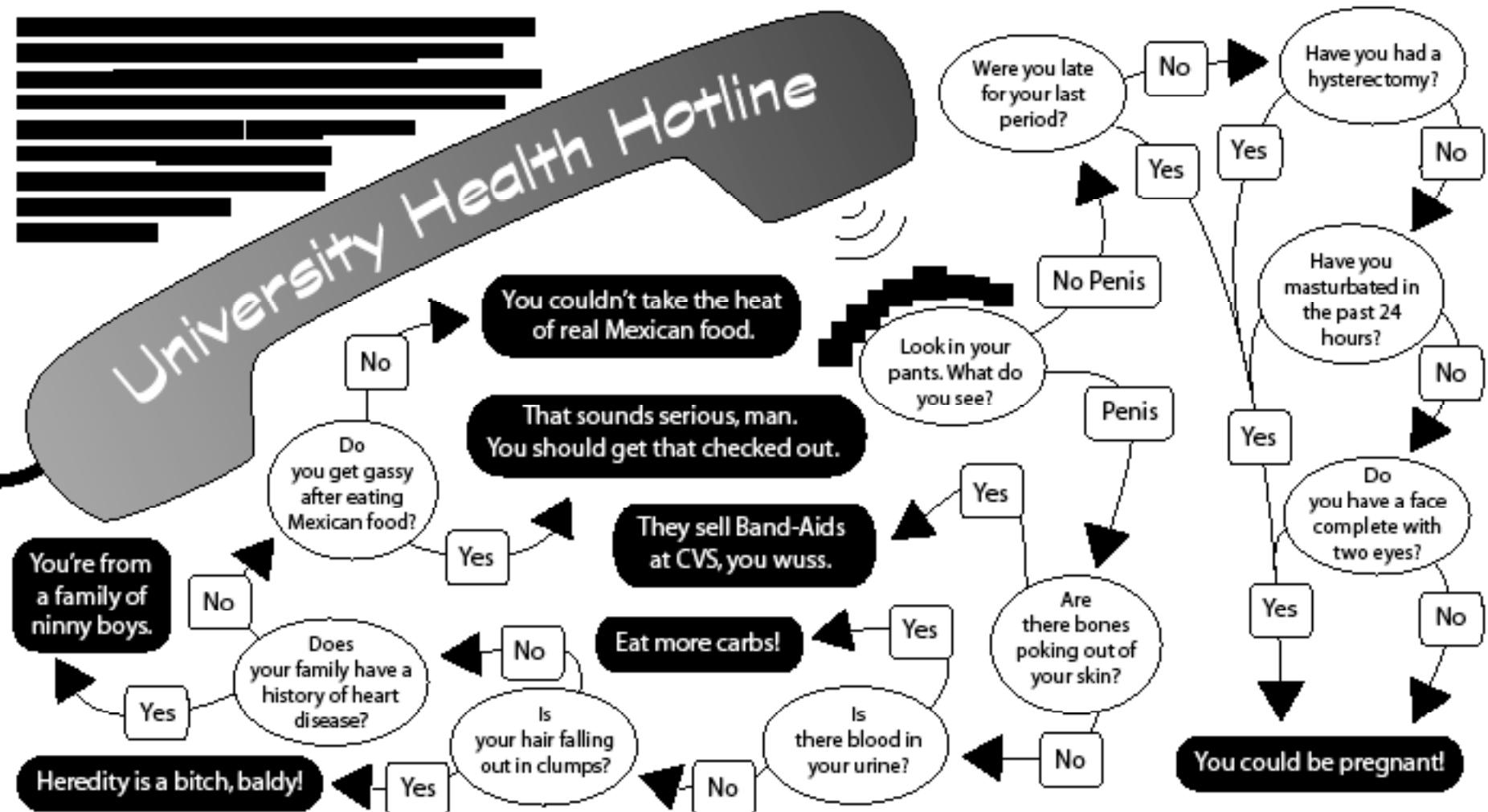
Name: Texadelphia % Makos Adv. (Dis); Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015787



I'm drenching off Jorts Christmas!



from the staff of the Texas Travesty



Name: Sterling West Campus; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00014763

How Faulkner retired

Jonathan York

CONTRIBUTING WRITER

She swayed onstage in a faded ball gown on the morning I first heard her. Brown, wavy hair fell to her chin, her gray eyes watched light fall from filthy windows, and her pink lips opened to the psalm.

No one with sense would have brought her to our rural university. But we had President Faulkner, who was near to wiping his bloodless brow once more with the towel, then throwing it in. He preferred the deans forge his signature rather than ask for decisions; that must have been how they booked the punk-rock singer for morning sets. I covered Faulkner for the school paper, waiting outside his door with a notepad to record the curses he muttered when walking drunk to meetings. While her shrieks and guitar explosions echoed above footsteps, above coffee fumes, through hallways of wood panels and trophy cases, Faulkner didn't notice the music — he was too busy croaking into his cell phone.

I walked home to find my

bulbous roommate reciting Isaiah on our living-room floor. I tried to tell him about the singer, but he just lifted his eyebrows to signify the word "buttfucker," spelling it out beneath his pimply forehead. The imaginary girlfriend must have left him again. I lay in bed, hoping his biblical oaths would rumble me to sleep. Then a stylus crackled, and Janis Joplin sang, "Summertime . . ." The next afternoon, Faulkner dedicated a modern glass statue of a Lego dinosaur. The singer, in a blue fedora, elbowed through overweight broadcasters until she was taking notes beside me. When I raised an eyebrow, she leaned close and whispered that gigs didn't cover the bills. So she worked for a start-up newspaper, and each day, they paid her slightly less.

"You get high, or do you just sing about it?" I said.

"Is my fedora blue?" she said, and we slipped off as Faulkner droned his thank-yous to silent, rotting donors.

We smoked a blunt in the August light, watching farmers

spit into the empty square. The roommate was a glacial silhouette in the comics shop window. The next window was a dojo, and I told the singer how I'd pledged to learn karate in college (I imagined throwing roundhouse kicks before a tall mirror) and let that promise go. Her blue-jean legs were crossed, the fedora lay beside her green-polished toenails, and her short index finger circled its brim. She said she adored singers who were lesser-known than Janis Joplin but took more drugs and sang more searing things.

"We have the same music," she said, taking my hand.

The roommate squeezed into the living room, wearing a ninja suit, reeking of Zima. He said the imaginary girlfriend told him she only fucked him for inspiration. (Sometimes, with her invisible tongue still firmly in his mouth, she'd rummage for paper and scrawl a line of hexameter.) "I'm really afraid," he said, through the gray bandanna. "I got so many friends, and they're all about to graduate and go kill themselves. Do you think they're gonna forget

me?" I patted the dark fabric and assured him they wouldn't.

Faulkner's secretary sipped wine from a beaker. She was laughing with her eyes closed. After I stood by her desk for two minutes, she glanced up, flushed, and pushed the drink behind a typewriter. "He hasn't come in," she said gently, then giggled again. When could I expect him? "Lord knows," she said, chortling, really starting to guffaw. Well, was he coming at all? She caught breath again, cleared her throat, and leaned from her chair. "Young man," she whispered, "how much do you know about life?" When I called his cell phone, the answer was muffled squeals that meant furious adultery.

I didn't care. I quit the paper, and I saw the singer every night. We sneaked into a biology lab to smoke out, shoot up, cook meth, drop ecstasy, and roast s'mores on a burner (jellyfish in formaldehyde jars gleamed against the flame). At home, I unhooked her arms from my neck and wandered from bed, clutching my heart occasionally when the glass dinosaur head screamed at me from the darkness. I sipped chocolate milk and massaged my temples while the roommate

snored in a cape and Mickey Mouse ears.

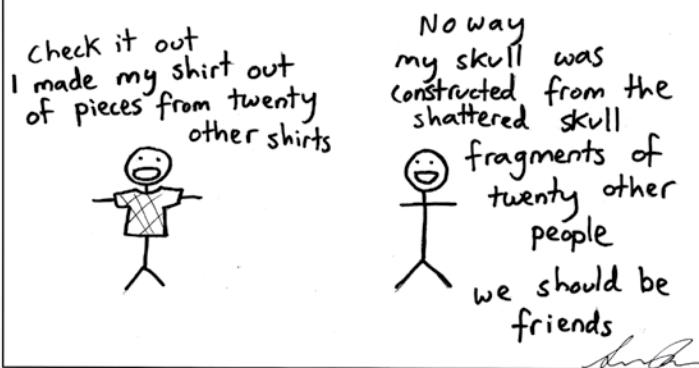
The next morning, she'd gone before I woke, leaving a note in black ink on my face; I blinked into the mirror until realizing it was a geometry problem.

I left class to pee, sharing the trough with English professors Lewis and Larkin, who stared at her note as though the Devil or Death had left his mark. They were arguing about her drug imagery, telling each other (from either side of me) of punk singers each had seen perform, one of whom was so hung over, she chugged 10 gallons of water while naked fans screamed lustily.

Then her song rang again from the speakers. With hot water stinging my hands, I thought how she would leave when the paper crumpled or the gigs ran dry, and how I would hear her voice through the days of sticky typewriters after graduation, and through the nights of books and pencils after retirement, and through the dark mornings in hospice, when I would lie awake with a vision — not of unresting death, but of which pills rolled down the ageless interval of her throat.



Name: Ozone Bikes; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015691



There's something so stressful about job interviews. I start to blurt out really stupid things... like the truth



Hip-Meter



11

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Think you're a hipster? If you answered yes to that question, then you're probably not. Whatever, polish your *Buddy Holly* glasses, brighten that random streak of color in your hair and stop bitching to your *Lion Journal* for five minutes so we can check out this meter to see if you pass the *assmeter* test. Vaginas are welcome, hand-rolled cigarettes are preferred, and a knowledge of obscure and otherwise shitty bands is essential.

1. I don't necessarily live a gay or tight, alternative [insert language] life in the former of all life, but I do tend towards your indie rock and writing style. I'm not reading and I don't enough to be a hipster, and you have to begin to do more. I've never applied for a job at *IndieCommerce*, though.
2. I love being going to the Post-Modern art show that I've yet to visit because it's cool for getting drunk with thousands of thousand dollar suits. But then, don't think he's probably you by this. You don't even know what you're talking about.
3. I am going to talk to you about getting a tattoo and that you are getting a tattoo from the *Reverend* you just saw. Come, you're only off by two letters. No one else seems like — only go through *Nevermind* and *Smells Like Teen Spirit* before getting a stupid tattoo. It's, um, interesting to double back home to *Smells Like*. If you ever want to be accepted, start *Smells*.
4. I am going to say at the *Copy That* show that the three months you were going right after *Copy That* started that went. But the band. Since they still have their old tour dates to cover. I want *IndieCommerce* you say just what you know — make you don't talk to.
5. You're not *IndieCommerce*! Which goes, except I could care less about the indie rock you and your mom have been listening to in the DC. This means that you are *IndieCommerce* you could *IndieCommerce* about something you know more about spending and saving your money.
6. Did you just refer to yourself as indie? In that case, I just referred to you as indie.
7. You're not *IndieCommerce*, which sounds like, but the last time you visited your profile, straight people thought you were a hipster. If you don't want the photo of the *IndieCommerce* as your link or one of your social networking accounts, I suggest before considering your name.
8. Hey, you *IndieCommerce*! Are *IndieCommerce* you gonna come to America Right? You might be sold on *IndieCommerce*, but I can straight through *IndieCommerce* you.
9. I am definitely not a hipster, particularly with the fifth grade show I went to. May I present to you further *IndieCommerce*? I am not a hipster, but I am. By having a guitar and a harmonica, who'll help you sing for you that has them. *IndieCommerce* has no *IndieCommerce* and *IndieCommerce*.
10. Most girls I know are going to make their *IndieCommerce* at a first, or anyone just trying to be like a hipster! I dig you *IndieCommerce*, but I seriously you don't understand things from. I'll continue the next sentence of your log, though you won't fight enough. End of that.



horoscopes

Officially endorsed by the American Association of False Prognostication

Aries

(March 21 – April 19)

Venus is in the seventh moon of Saturn this weekend, and they probably won't invite you to come along.

Taurus

(April 20 – May 20)

This month you will find someone who appreciates you for who you are and not how rich you are. Next month, though, it's more of the same.

Gemini

(May 21 – June 21)

Annoying people in your class will one day be the annoying people at your job. Some things never change.

Cancer

(June 22 – July 22)

They say hay is for horses, but haystacks with needles in them shouldn't be fed to animals of any kind.



Leo

(July 23 – August 22)

Expect a casual acquaintance to become a bigger part of your life, but more than likely it will be the one you just started stalking.



Virgo

(August 23 – September 22)

You will have some explaining to do after you wet yourself on MTV's *Next*.

Sagittarius

(November 22 – December 21)

Hard work will finally pay off when your significant other agrees to go down on you during a screening of *Citizen Kane* in Burdine.

Capricorn

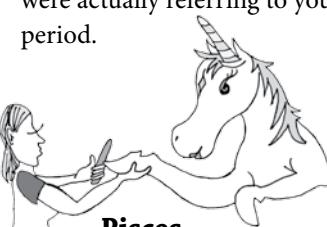
(December 22 – January 19)

Unfortunately, Tom Petty's opinion doesn't carry much weight in the 17th-century Puritan society you live in, which wants to stone you to death for spending money you don't have and drinking till sunrise.

Aquarius

(January 20 – February 18)

Your writing seminar classmates have always complimented you on having a great flow, but they were actually referring to your period.



Scorpio

(October 23 – November 21)

You promised yourself you'd never ask for Rick Perry's autograph, but this will be of little comfort when he refuses to sign your pardon this month.

Pisces

(February 19 – March 20)

The only means to true happiness is attaching clothespins to your nipples.

Supreme Court justice nominee Samuel Alito is so white...

...he camouflages with the White House!

...he was adopted by polar bears!

...he listens to Kenny G!

...when he's on top of a mountain, people confuse him for snow!

...he can't jump!

...his shadow is grey!

...he gets sunburned within 10 minutes!

...he makes the sun squint!

...he makes an inverse prism of light!

...you can't see him during the day!

...you can only wash him in hot water!

...people take him to the dentist to show them what color they want their teeth to be!

...you can't see his milk moustache!

...his iPod looks like a tumor!

...he has a small penis!

...he owns all the Frasier DVDs!

...he donates blood to bleach clinics!

...he has a small penis!

...when he jogs, his veins look like plaid!

...he listens to Bush!

...he has a painting of Columbus!

...Kanye West tried to kill him!



Name: Veggie Heaven-Display; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black;
Ad Number: 00016437

JESUS is... By John Roper
wordupmoney.com



... totally all about it.

JESUS is... By John Roper
wordupmoney.com



...waving back when you're waving to the person behind him.

As a coming-of-age novel by some British writers, a young girl on a journey to find herself struggles with true love...

Jane Eyre Is Flipped, pg. 16 High school she was in, Mrs. St. John enthrallment AND co-captain of the cheer squad. And her top three collegers turned her down? Oh-no-they-didn't! Jane is dead pissed and doesn't know what to do!! Right At a loss for options, Jane finally snags a crazy big job at the Gap. Tragedy strikes as a bottle smashes the screen. Barth is GO OUT!! But he's her new manager! What's a girl to do? The story ends on a happy note: In a stroke of genius, our heroine remembers dressing trashy is the key to on-the-job beauty. So Jane gets some.

Character:
Tale
Hammer
Jane
A mad battle
Co-writer Jane Argento is like

Theorem:
Chapter 10

Quarantine and Quarantine-like Diseases

*Geographie
Historie
Schriftkunst
Philosophie
Politik
Theologie*

With all the fun
of William Godwin,
in his *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*, a series of long
lectures delivered at a lecture-stand over the Strand, the
same month after that last dinner on the Strand, which he never
forgot again. Indeed, took a lively interest, which he never
lost, in every movement for liberty of the press, and
which, when opportunity occurred, he used often to
speak a few words to support them. The book was given to
Godwin, who had it from the Strand, and told the author (Franklin)
he would speak to him — with a certain eloquence — about
that book and discuss its merits. Franklin did not know the
book — knew the author well and held him in high esteem. The
publick first made William Godwin known to those in America. The
book had no less than 1000 copies of the translation in 1801, and 1802 in the
book trade, and had great popularity, and he received many
compliments on it, and on his other books.

THURSDAY:
you have to start you into a world today.
Thank you for helping.
Wednesday October 10th,
"I'm sorry, but you can't catch."
"I'll be back, back here."
"We are returning friends back, we give you 'round

CUTS NOTED

just in time for finals, *Clint's Notes*
brings you the Easy Street
shortcut through Hardworks! Visit

Goodnight moon by Margaret Wise Brown

References

A small child lies in his or her bed and says "Goodnight" to all of his or her surroundings. Whether this child is a boy or a girl is never revealed. *Goodnight Moon* is an excellent tale of despair. The child takes such care in saying "Goodnight" to everything, because the child knows that he or she will never awaken. The child says goodnight to the inanimate objects in his or her room since these are the only friends that the child knows — he or she is trapped in this room. The only person the leaves is her oppressor, "the little lady who says 'Hush,'" who the child also wishes goodnight to, showing her or her virtue in the dark world.

Thematic:
Helplessness, death, oppression, loneliness

Important Dates:

"Goodnight, nobody."
"Good-night little old lady who lives 'Way Down Yonder in the Town of Fife."

The Scatter Lady
by Barbara Ringer

1

How to be consistent with the Socratic programme of Gorgo, like the Hippie, this is the coming-of-age story of a young woman, Marianne, impeded with a problem for understanding herself through body consciousness. After her parents die, her out of the house for getting her first tattoo, she young woman turns to the streets and follows various parts of her body, the identity of which are all to be blamed in pain seeking. The young woman splits into an un-coordinated series of body reification and pathologies until she is introduced to the pleasure-pain effects of breathing. The body feels changed, fully when she recovers her consciousness, a learned art.

Structure:
This book is designed to play by the letter A format, showing
new beginnings. Structure is the following:
-

There are many signs of disease.

Vince Young is the MAN. The man I want to marry.

Robert Cooper
UT FOOTBALL FAN



Did you see the Rose Bowl last year? I want to have Vince Young's children. No, seriously, I'm just kidding. But is he not the most amazing player you've ever seen?

Not only was he the MVP of the Rose Bowl, he set five of the 10 longest runs by a quarterback in UT history. His athletic prowess makes me want to freakin' take him out for a romantic steak dinner at the Driskill. Haha, sweet: We'd spend all night discussing his record-breaking offensive stats and future NFL ambitions. Who says soulmates don't exist?

After Vince wins the Heisman — which, c'mon, he's a total shoo-in — I think I'd seriously think about congratulating him by standing below his Jester window with a boombox playing "The Eyes of Texas." Then I might even take him downtown to enjoy a performance of *Swan Lake* at the Paramount Theatre. Anything for a guy who can run a 4.3 second 40-yard-dash.

Did you know that Vince Young was the first man ever to rush for more than 250 yards and pass for more than 230 in the same game? If he keeps up these kinds of performances, he just might also be the first man that I surprise with a trail of rose and hibiscus petals leading to a bed of

satin and gossamer, in a candlelit room while "Eye of the Tiger" plays softly over my Bose speakers.

With his dynamic performance during this year's Red River Shootout, Vince proved that he thrives under pressure. That means there won't be any sweaty palms or awkward silences as he wows my parents with his laid-back demeanor and subtle wit and charm. Who knows — if football doesn't work out, my dad will probably be happy to find Vince a job at his accounting firm.

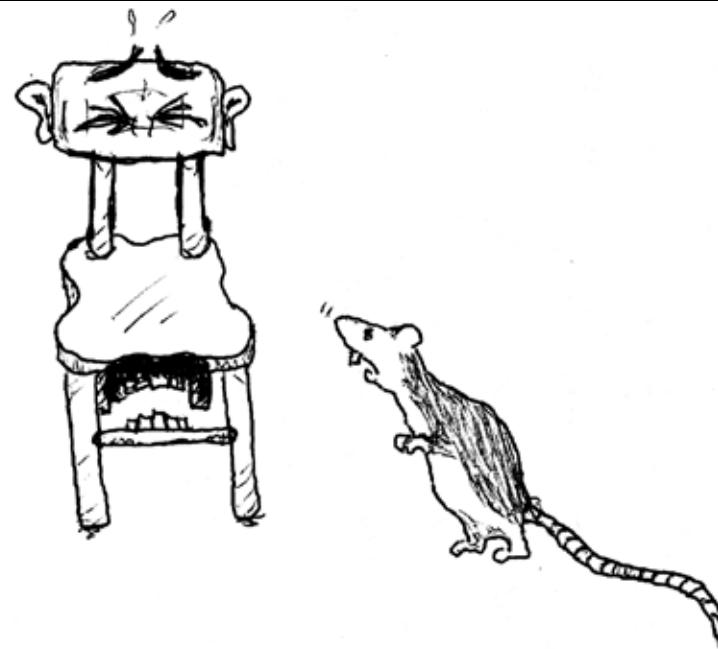
You know, hopefully Vince will get drafted by an AFC West team like the Denver Broncos. I'd love to live in a cute mountainside condo where I could wake him up every morning with a whey protein shake and a jockstrap fresh out of the dryer. And I cannot wait to accompany him to the ESPYs in a strapless Roberto Cavalli number!

Man, if I weren't totally straight, I would do Vince Young. When he passed for the final touchdown in the Ohio State game, I wanted to rush the field, rip off my orange "O who?" shirt, pin all 250 pounds of that touchdown machine to the ground and passionately dry-hump him while whispering sweet nothings in his ear as the entire stadium cheered us on. Man, I love football.



new yorker cartoon

by Todd Meir



"You think you've got it bad... try finding a seat on the subway."



MOVE, BITCH

Just in case you live in Alaska or some weird place like that, I thought I'd let you know that we're headed to the Rose Bowl. VINCE YOUNG and the rest of the team and I are on a roll, so you best get out of our way.

MAX REED
FOURTH STRING PUNTER

HEY, OVER HERE

Just in case you were wondering, the guy jumping up and down and waving a towel around after VINCE YOUNG scored was me. Now give me your sister's digits.

MAX REED
FOURTH STRING PUNTER

ALPHA MALE

I've actually got two letters for the editor: F and U. How do you like that?

OBNOXIOUS HATE-MAILER
PASSED KINDERGARTEN (BARELY)

WIFE WANTED

In case you haven't seen my billboard on I-35, I'm looking for a wife. And I'm not at all desperate.

MONEYBAGS MC LASTRESORT
PROBABLY DEFORMED

Got questions for us?

Ask, but know that abstinence is the answer:
letters@texastravesty.com



Editor's note: The following are Texas Travesty -69- columns. In the Mesozoic days of the newspaper industry, "-69-" denoted the end of the dinosaur that wouldn't eat your entire family. A -69- column gives graduating seniors an opportunity to practice their alphabet, which they have been working very hard to re-master since that unfortunate cordless-bungee accident.

Becoming the youngest vice president at a Fortune 500 company is more important than friends, integrity or self-respect

Janice Chan
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Many college newspaper editors like to use their last columns to say "thank you" to people none of their readers know or care about. But by doing this, another polite saying gets neglected more than Francis Bean Cobain and all the Beckham children combined. To remedy this, I would like to spend the next few paragraphs saying "you're welcome."

To my younger sister Gloria: You're welcome for all the stuff I buy you instead of taking the time to actually listen. Remember: Feelings are okay (as long as you keep them to yourself), but designer jeans make cute boys like you.

Mom and Dad: Don't even worry about buying me a graduation BMW for not failing, not getting deported or not joining Greenpeace: It was my pleasure to spend thousands of your dollars to not become a doctor or civil engineer.

Erica and Edward: If you thought it was an inconvenience to me to participate in all the fun stuff you guys invite me to — not at all. In fact, being friends with two of the coolest people in SA-Town or A-Town has actually proven quite enjoyable.

Todd, Kristin, Jill, Kathryn, Steph-

anie, Lo Mein, Christie, JJ, Bradley, Eric, Stan, Stephen, Laura and all my other *Travesty* brosephs and sisters-in-women's assertiveness training: You're welcome for all the unsolicited dances, broken furniture, and times you've had to drive to Lake Travis to rescue me from strange lake houses. Don't I rock?

Wal-Mart: You're welcome for all the merchandise I refunded. They weren't really the wrong size or color; I was just too polite to say "You're a sick, exploitative excuse for a corporation that dropped a shelf full of gardening supplies on my dad's head and then wouldn't cover the ER bill even though we decided not to sue" to your face. You're welcome for that, too.

Parking and Transportation Services: You know all the money I've paid you to leave my car on a hot sunny roof, or as fines for not parking in the ninth vestibule on the third nanosecond of the summer solstice? No biggie — I would have probably spent all of that money on silly things like books or donations to starving children anyway.

So in short, no matter how grateful you are that I've touched your lives or that oatmeal you were totally going to eat, know that it didn't really matter to me anyway. You're welcome!

-69-

Name: Texas Union 29-1200-0050; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00016684

Philosophy major seeks job, dignity

Jill Morris
STAFF WRITER

If I hadn't joined the *Travesty*, I would have never realized how much it hurts your neck to dress up like a drunken clown with giant boobs

made of flour. I would have never known I could fit my entire body into a compact suitcase if appropriately cheered on. And finally, I would have never been able replace my addiction to online scrabble with an addiction to heroin. Thanks, *Travesty!* -69-

Italian food lover graduates with mediocre GPA

Stan "The Boy" Babbitt
PUBLICITY DIRECTOR

Wow! My first and last piece ever printed in the *Travesty*. How exciting! As I thought about what to write, I considered the usual goodbye columns that soon-to-be graduates often scribe. I was going to give some advice to my peers in hopes of possibly helping them in their own journeys through college, but fuck that! You need to learn that shit on your own. It's called living — try it sometime. Of course, I could always thank those people most important to me. But if you don't know who you are, you were probably just impeding my quest for greatness, and I hope you never achieve more than me. Finally, I contemplated writing about my future plans, but I don't want anybody stealing them. After all, I'm entering the real world now. It's dog-eat-dog out there, and I ain't no Chihuahua. Ruff! So you're on your own, and on top of that, you just wasted precious moments of your life reading my boring-ass column. Later, homies — I'm outta here. -69-



ask mr. popular

Gill J. McGillicutty
Campus Debonair

Dear Mr. Popular:

Every time I try to talk to girls, they either laugh or mace me. How do I get a girl to like me? I'm helpless.

James from Jester West



town. For example: "So I woke up crying this morning and wished my father had given me one hug that didn't leave me smelling like gasoline and vodka." She'll melt like a moist lollipop!

Step 5 Avoid awkward silences.

Awkward silences are the death toll of any budding relationship, so always come prepared with a list of questions or comments you can whip out lest you feel an approaching lull in the conversation. Here are a few of my favorites: "Can you believe Pete Sampras retired?" "Ever made out with a sibling?" "Dinosaurs!" "Do you always eat so much?"

Step 6 Don't express interest in her friends.

Hitting on more than one woman in the same social circle is a real deal-breaker. Therefore, make sure she knows how much you hate her friends. Say something like: "Those girls you hang out with are the biggest bunch of pirate hookers to ever walk this side of the Mississippi. They look like a peeled-back mayonnaise sandwich." Believe me, her self-esteem will soar higher than Willie Nelson on a tour bus.

Step 7 Know when to walk away.

Never walk away. When women pretend to be uninterested, they're just testing you to see how badly you want them. Women are crafty creatures who have one mission in life: Find a man. So make sure you don't fall for the following tricks: "I'm gonna go talk to my friend over there," "Sorry, but you're just not my type," "You remind me of my kid brother," or "Help! Help!!!"

There you have it: The seven easy steps to wooing that special someone. You definitely won't be as smooth as I am, but with practice, at least you'll be able to talk to women without having to shield your eyes from pepper spray.

U.N. NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

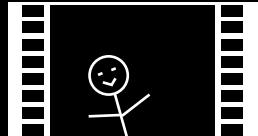
- Stop dreaming about slashing John Bolton's tires and actually do it.
- Pay attention when Arial Sharon is speaking.
- Go to the gym every day.
- Spend more time with kids — but not the ones with malaria.
- Get the cell phone bill down. International calls suck!
- Design a more efficient aid allocation system.
- Make substantial effort to improve working conditions in sweatshops.
- Expand vocabulary.
- Don't bring up Kofi Annan's son.
- Stand up for yourself!
- Update address book to include Canada.
- Stop procrastinating and end poverty.
- Learn Dutch.
- Stop shitting in the urinals.
- Go to at least one play a month.
- Stop calling China "that asshole veto on the Security Council."
- Start putting the UN in fun!
- Participate in underprivileged country outreach programs.
- Quit drinking.
- Seriously try to do something about the crisis in Darfur this year.

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