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.
• Truckers 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 As 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.

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SHOUT OUT TO...
David Cole, Kurt Lando, Irving Louis, Jan Hamilton and Matt Bearden for doing the Comedy Trainwreck, the new Wiki Club, dancing gaffes getting kicked out of our office, Kate the butcher, Edward Cott.Travesty Boys, Choir, Margaretta, in honor of Garrett’s absence, Twinkies named Carl, gargoyle swastikas, crazy Uncle Nazi, real robots, the hipster gun, flies, a nice tile selection, Bradley’s moustache, Medusa, having to wear a pair of emergency pants, invasion of the gusss, 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 Gaff, wrestling shop, The L, being picked last to drive to the airport, family dance-offs at weddings, Frank Snavely. looks like a brown paint ball exploded on her chest; magnetic pizza, riots, 2-D viewpoints, peace.

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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 900210 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 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 said 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 I was beat up 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.

"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 studies 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-glory bitches."
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/n3wshlog, news-blogs 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 expose 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 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."
**Students helping students**
Peer advisors assist with academic issues, instill shame

Kristin Hillery
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 cowering before Blanchard and Vaughn.

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

"Haahehahaheahahahahaheeeha!" 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 Conquerer and 1066. So I said something like, 'Well, William, arguably being a Conquerer, 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."
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, veinly 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 disememboweled 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.

Chuckling to himself as he unplugged Katie's nightlight, Mr. Ackerman added, "Goodnight 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."

---

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 Delight 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?"
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.

Travesty: Mind if I smoke?
Chuck Roper: 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: Hmmm, 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.
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 Macek, and Macek 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, Macek 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, Ogopogo, 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.

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: Antone’s Record Store; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015183
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
- lasereyesurgery
- 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 would like to have:
- Valium
- hotter elves
- homemade cookies
- NRA membership

Sincerely,
Santa #427, Albany, NY
Tis the season for Denim!

I'm dreaming of Jorts Christmas!

No way! A new freaking pair of jeans! This is freaking superlative!

That's no fucking fair!

Hey, kids! Check out what I got your mother for Jortmas!

Dude, you're getting a jean skirt!

Ooh! It feels denim-y!

Check out my giant denim box!

I want to put things in it!

Sorry, Barry! We didn't see you in that giant pile of denim. And self-laughing. And excrement.

Putting the star on the Jortmas Tree is a lovely family tradition!

That looks freaking awesome!

Ugh. Get out of my house.

Oh, my god. Who got me khakis?!

I will avenge you, dear sister. I'll make them pay.

They will pay!

I love how you make me laugh when I'm feeling sad, brother-who-isn't-Barry!

Jortmas is officially unruined!

Ha ha! Ha ha!

Barry kind of sucks.

Thanks, Barry. But the damage is done. Jortmas is ruined!

Season's Jortings!

(from the staff of the Texas Travesty)
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 flitty 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, thenrowning 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 pimplish forehead. The imaginary girlfriend must have left him again. I lay in bed, hoping his biblical oaths would rumble me to sleep.

Then a stylist cracked, 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 get 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.

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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 the speakers. With hot water streaming 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.

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Name: Ozone Bikes; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015691
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 step hitching to your Limefied freestyle mixtape so you can check out this meter to see if you pass the cementer test. Vegans are welcome, hand-rolled cigarettes are preferred, and a knowledge of obscure and otherwise abysmal bands is essential.

1. Don't know/You're a guy or a girl, whichever. Love you best during the summer. Feel way bad about it, but your image doesn't do it for me. If you have long hair, shave it off. If you are from the suburbs, work at a job at Rollercon every weekend.

2. Peeps for going to the First Monday Market are into it. Use free greeting cards with sand dollars on them. Next time, don't smoke pot that you buy like. You don't even know what you're smoking when you smoke it.

3. Camp out in the streets if you want to get inside until you can. Remember when Cinderella was born. Cher, you're only off by two decades. We chandeliers are more like — only you Mother Eyres know this in the Cutting Edge of culture. Ib, and influence in the 90s. Ben, keep on the bandwagon. Ib Eyres are sure to be scared, it's just like having.

4. I recommend the Clay at the Coping Room and the other thing you said was your new favorite. Right after. Right. Eyres are held at least once. It was just a joke you said, but who knows — maybe you really like it.

5. Yes. You can meet Elly! Elly is always going, except on our own. She's been known to call Blow Job Blues and open the recognizes on the go. The one fact that you are best when you are it. It is not just to be seen so you have a chance for saying um in every accent.

6. Did you just refer to yourself as hellos in that case? Just because you accept.

7. You're talking, which is totally okay, but the best chance to upset your purity. Straight People. Monsters are all that you need. If you don't find the right one in the mountains, you are pretty much yourself holding them. I want better understanding your voice.

8. If you come here to the hillstones, stop and irresistible. Nobody ever. If you are not person, and interesting appearance not your answer. Say it in the way that I am today. I am not your lifetime. I am not the same.

9. I don't say that I need to be told because the potion comes on a calling. Not right. You might be fooled. It doesn't mean, but I can wriggle through the doubles in order.

10. Heresy are unimportant, but I can't explain it. That's right. You are picking up. To the one who saw you, and if you are going to become what you feel. The tame reputation. There is a bit of humor so much about your friend. No mistake how about home decor.

11. Most important are music, particularly bands that are. When that's all said and done, you know what you're doing. If you don't know, you're doing something for you that has less than half the population has on their hips and shoulders.

12. Must go. Anyone going to an occasion to the party at a first, or anyone just trying to be in a helpful? I dig your high my Choos, but I can't believe you with. (I know you must come under the appendix page. If I can't follow the most current of your laps, then you must right tough. Too Easy, than.
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.

Libra
(September 22 – October 22)
This week, you’ll finally find that guy who calls you back when you hang up on him, but since he’s your parole officer, it might be a bad idea to keep insisting you were right.

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.

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.

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 Colombus!
...Kanye West tried to kill him!
In a coming of age novel by some Bronie sister, a young girl on a journey to find herself struggles with love...

Jane Eyre isrippin’, ya. In high school she was in, like, 50 million extracurriculars AND co-captain of the cheer squad. And her top three colleges turned her down? Go-to-the-dirt Jane is mad pissed and doesn’t know what to do. Right as a last for options, Jane lands a crazy job at the Gap. Tragedy strikes as a hobo enters the scene. Earth is SO CUT!! But here 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 pretty is the key to on-the-job beauty, so Jane gets some.

Characters:
- Yara
- Hannah
- Jane

A mad hobo
Co-workers Jane pretends to like

Plot Summary:

They do... something.

Golden Notes

Just in time for finals, Clint's Notes brings you the Easy Street shortcut through Hardworksville.

The Scarlet Letter
by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Plot Summary:

A girl who is the most admired woman in the city is first turned out of the house. After her parents find her out of the house, she goes to the streets and starts a new life. The young woman then takes a job as a tattoo artist, which she enjoys. She starts to make a living by tattooing the bodies of others. The young woman eventually becomes famous in the city and is able to leave the streets.

Themes:

Helplessness, death, redemption, loneliness.

Important Quotes:

“Goodyear, nobody.”
“Goodyee!” little old lady says “Hush.”

Tattoos are used as a sign of distance.
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 candelit 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 so 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.
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, Stephanie, Lo Mein, Christie, JJ, Bradley, Eric, Stan, Stephen, Laura and all my other Travesty brosops 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.

Purchasing 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-

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

Sean "The Boy" Babbit
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-
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

Dear James:

A female is not unlike a wildebeest: Difficult to tame and capable of drawing blood, yet docile under your tender touch. So let Mr. Popular guide you through the seven easy steps to wooing and wowing your lady of choice.

Step 1 Be forward. There’s nothing women love more than a man who knows what he wants. So the next time you spot that special someone, suck in your beer gut, grab a hold of your testicles and make a bold move. For example: “I was wondering if you would perhaps like to engage in courtship with the ultimate intention being marriage.” She won’t be able to resist.

Step 2 Lift weights. It’s hard for even me to resist a brosoph with a bangin’ bod. So make sure you hit the gym like it’s your minimum wage job. Helpful Hint: When working out, there’s no need to focus on your legs or thighs. Just make sure you do plenty of bench press and bicep curls. I’ve always said the more disproportionate your body is, the better!

Step 3 Maintain eye contact. Once you’ve engaged your lucky lady in conversation, make sure you never break eye contact. If she coyly looks away, make sure you follow her gaze so she can always see the whites of your eyes. It’s also good to never blink when talking to a woman. It may sting, but they love that sense of male bravado.

Step 4 Show your sensitive side. Sure, the ladies love a man who can provide and protect, but they also love a man who is sensitive and vulnerable. Try showing your softer side the next time you’re out on the 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.

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The Third Annual Texas Travesty Film Festival is now accepting submissions.

Submit (your work)

Name: Dirty Martin's - Display; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00016639

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