

MOURNING THE LOSS OF LOST INNOCENCE SINCE 1997

TEXAS TRAVESTY

APRIL 2007



BABES
DAD'S
MONEY

PARTIES
BEER

Phil Anders

sex-addicted resident assistant



Texas Travesty: So what inspired you to be an RA?

Phil Anders: My girlfriend left me for my RA—if you can't beat em, join em.

TT: So what's a typical day on the job?

PA: Being a shoulder to cry on, giving plenty of hugs and the occasional massage, monitoring the showers in the morning and at night, conducting random underwear drawer searches for contraband.

TT: How long are you planning on being an RA?

PA: All night—I mean, as long as I can. Come on, free rent, a meal plan, and being surrounded by barely legal girls — all for the small cost of decorating doors and bulletin boards. And I thought my summers spent as a camp counselor were as good as it gets!

Motto: "I keep getting older; they stay the same age!"

Turn-offs: getting assigned to all male floors, Simkins, women and gender studies majors, freshman 15, move out day encounters with fathers, attractive male residents, designing door nametags, synchronized menstruation, visits from boyfriends, waiting for marriage, monogamy, accountability, Bible verses on Facebook profiles, granny panties in the laundry, girls who use the study lounge, supplemental housing, winter break.

Turn-ons: fresh meat, homesick freshman girls, enforcing curfews, Joe Francis, swiping IDs, the walk from the communal showers, experimentation, pajama parties, positions of authority, access to free condoms, being over 21, gaining freshman trust, having a room to himself, dorm inspections, mediating roommate catfights, comforting victims of long distance break-ups, enforcing noise violations at 10:30 pm, creating noise violations in his own room, arranging floor mixers, designating the floor whore, Kinsolving

| | |
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around campus

- Professors who ask you to call them by their first name ask people they sleep with to call them "Professor." Or "Pappa Pork."
- When people say congratulations after you graduate, they are really saying, "Welcome to my hell."
- People living in co-ops will find themselves asking, "Am I too good to drink out of a mayonnaise jar?"
- Seeing a massive turtle orgy makes the long walk from the UTC to Burdine worthwhile.

- The warning sirens are not practice for emergencies, but rather welcome bells for our eastern-European exchange students.
- A few seniors will stay on another year to complete that pesky "poontang" requirement.
- Students looking for a summer job will find out that making money saving the environment is so frustrating it makes you want to burn down a rainforest.
- Regifted holocaust flowers are either terribly uncouth or the quickest way to turn tragedy into romance.
- Your decision to stand up and yell "SCREW YOU, PROFESSOR DOUCHEBAG!" on the last day of your business ethics class will be met with a deafening, awkward silence and not the slow clap you so desperately desired.
- Girls who spend four hours getting ready for Sixth Street will spend thirty minutes getting wasted and end up on the curb crying.

- The Orange and White Ball offers an evening of high class fun, and another chance to get angry at your boyfriend and catch your best friend making out with your ex after seeing a girl wearing your same dress. In case prom wasn't fun enough the first time!
- Finally! A cup cake stand!
- English majors secretly wish that Kurt Vonnegut had a new baby of uncertain parentage that would turn his death into a round-the-clock media event. But so it goes.
- Before you take that Jell-O shot, just ask yourself: would Bill Cosby approve?
- Kevin Durant will discover that 30-million plus endorsements can't buy school spirit or 300 facebook friend requests per day.
- Kinsolving is scheduled to be set on fire at 7:30 this Tuesday. Please be advised.
- Look at the guy casually wearing a fedora and Chuck Taylors! Look at him! LOOK AT HIM!

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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 OUT TO...
CostCo closed, two scoop blue, Thej's Pei Wei girlfriend, break up songs, Ross's unhealthy obsession with Alanis Morissette, correct formatting: wrong words, naked seniors, walrus blowjobs, Sara calls Ross stupid, the vibrating car ride, the cookout, 28 weeks later wristbands, a suit interview, too big boners for shirts, don't drink and design, hellstorm on Friday the 13th, unpleasing Moe's experience, Veronica being Friday night whore, a bushel of turdukin, smell of cooked meats, chicken turkey sausage, weiner jokes, plastic perrier, SEC revoking our tickets, Austin's Easter candy, Jort cutoffs, Jackie's costume design abilities, Bradley in a fetal position in the corridor crying over his last issue, Chris single handedly carrying the issue with his drawings, vitamin C, the lobby, Facebook cancelling our relationships, fortune cookie protocol, Lexus ads, the fun mix, party on the fog bus, denim Chippendale's, Sara thinks everything's stupid, we fooled Kathryn into thinking she lost her cap and gown, Babybels, Veronica getting permission from the church, Mason grinding' on Laura, Austin's soft hair, we all nasty, David's history of Fanta, Travesty shower! How do I eat this?

40 acres 411

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Guess who we caught buying laxatives at the H.E.B. last night? Kelsey Wheatley's going to be flushing away her chances of scoring a date with Jeffrey Teller if he finds that out. That's not the kind of loose most guys have in mind! At least Kelsey's going to have an explosive night one way or the other.

Speaking of abdominal movements, graduating senior Lacey Stevens is going to be feeling a lot of those in the next nine months! Guess all the bumping and grinding at the Orange and White ball lead to an unexpected bump. Hope her graduation robe has ample room to

cover her baby and her shame! She's not the only one eating for two. Freshman Jody Macowitz will be purging for her frequent trips to the all-you-can-eat Jester Second Floor this summer at diet camp. Bet she can't wait to lose those extra pounds. Come on, one backpack's enough! She told everyone in her dorm she'd be spending the summer studying abroad—a broad backside that is! Hope she told people she's going to Hungary, 'cause she sure will be!

Somebody's planning on gaining a little weight in all the right places — Jenny Trimble got a breast

augmentation from her parents as a graduation present. Let's hope this is a growing trend. But with her G.P.A., this is probably the only job she'll be getting. Too bad she's graduating, maybe her new Cs could have gotten her a few As.

Speaking of seas, Joey Flint and Vanessa Walters were planning on taking a cruise this summer, but their recent break up might have just rocked the boat. She's no longer his first mate. Although they are still going on the cruise together, there's one port he won't be docking in. I have a sinking feeling this is going to be a disaster of Titanic proportions.



APRIL
2007
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AtmosFEAR takes rap world by storm

Kelsey Lamb
STAFF WRITER

MIAMI — Musician AtmosFEAR caused a media storm this week by topping the music charts with a new genre of environmentally conscious rap.

AtmosFEAR's chart topping single *How many degrees (Can you rotate that ass?)* has long been dominating the hip-hop charts, but recently took the prestigious number one spot atop the Billboard Top 40.

The rapper has thundered his way into the rap scene, garnering critical acclaim from all angles. Already, he has appeared on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, which proclaimed boldly on their cover, "AtmosFEAR Nobel Prize or BUST!" *Vibe* magazine also listed AtmosFEAR as a likely candidate for the prestigious award.

"I just have to appreciate the attention my music is getting," said a thankful AtmosFEAR, dressed in an outlandish outfit made entirely of recycled material. "It's all about preserving Mamma Earth's fat booty, you know? We have to preserve that shit, for real."

AtmosFEAR's music has appeared in the most unlikely of situations, re-

cently at the Supreme Court on April 2, as justices entered the courtroom to AtmosFEAR's track *CO2 Gas (work that ass)* before ruling that the Environmental Protection Agency had the power to regulate carbon dioxide emissions.

Always on the forefront of global warming activism, Al Gore has expressed interest in adding AtmosFEAR to his Live Earth concert series line-up. The concerts are to take place on stages across the world on July 7th in order to raise awareness of the ill-effects of global warming.

"AtmosFEAR's tracks are hip and smart. I just can't get his song *I'm takin' public transportation (to P****y Town)* out of my head. He's something special, very talented, and I look forward to working with him," Gore stated, pensively peering over his Power Book G4 in a dimly lit room.

Troublesome to AtmosFEAR, however, is the personal criticism that has come from fellow hip-hop stars like T-Pain.

"I would never collaborate with this cat," T-Pain coolly stated. "Seriously, who raps about shit like that? I'm not feeling the push for rap to become



■ When AtmosFEAR's next single, "*An inconvenient truth (about my herpes)*" drops, his record will go global. Photo/Travesty

more 'socially conscious.' What's that about? I don't need to be conscious of

anything except the girl I saw last night at the club, and the cash in the bank which allowed me to buy drinks for that ho."

Despite T-Pain's snub of AtmosFEAR, record labels are jumping at the chance to sign AtmosFEAR and attain the rights to distribute his sophomore album *Cold Frontin' (Global Warming)*.

AtmosFEAR's latest single *It Ain't a Political Issue (When I Take Yo' Girl to Dinner)* is already demanding attention. FEAR's talent is illustrated by poignant lines such as "Just like global warming ain't a political issue/ you shouldn't find it funny when yo girl say she don't miss you/ 'cause I been takin' her to eat food that's five star/ while you been pumpin' overpriced fuel in your under-priced car."

"When all is said and done, I just want to know that my music made a difference in this global warming struggle," explained AtmosFEAR. "I don't know what T-Pain is talking about. Maybe he should check out my latest cut *Stripping the O-Zone (with my bone)*."

Senior's graduation overshadowed by younger sibling's

Sara Kanewske
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CAMPUS — Plan II and Business Honors senior Brad McCullen lost enthusiasm about his spring commencement upon realizing it had been scheduled for the same weekend as his younger brother's high school graduation. Despite McCullen's near-perfect academic record in the two rigorous majors, his family has opted to attend his brother's graduation.

"I've been looking forward to graduation for a while," admits McCullen, glancing sadly at the black robe weighed down in honors chords hanging from his door. "But who wants to go out to dinner and celebrate with family when I can just sit home with some Ramen and watch *Mean Girls?*"

Seth McCullen, a 5th year senior, at Pflugerville High School, is proud to graduate in the top 85th percentile of his 650-person class. Although currently undecided about his future, Seth believes that graduation is necessary to accomplish his unspecified goals.

"Man, graduation is going to be



■ Never without his manners, Brad politely waited until his life came crumbling down to open the champagne. Photo/Travesty

emotions. "Technically there's a five-hour break in between our graduation times," sighed McCullen as he tossed another RSVP sending "regrets" into the trash. "But I'm sure with traffic the drive could take anywhere from 30 to 45 minutes, and that's just asking a little much of Grandma Rose."

McCullen's family did have their reasons for being unable to attend

either of his two graduation ceremonies or the University-wide commencement.

"God, Brad again?" groaned McCullen's uncle, Frank Bigsley. "We already sat through his three hour high school graduation and wrote him a 20 dollar check to boot. Besides, in another couple years he'll be begging us to send cash and come to his law school graduation from Harvard or wherever."

McCullen has managed to balance his studies with an active social life. A member of the University debate team and the creator of a volunteer group that makes weekly visits to an orphanage, McCullen spends an average of 20 hours a week volunteering.

"I guess I've been pretty involved here at the University," said McCullen, smiling at a photograph of him and the students of the Nicaraguan public school he helped build last spring break. "But Seth's been involved, too. He managed to graduate the minimum degree plan in addition to that required semester in the Spanish club and 20 hours of highway clean-up after his MIP freshman year!"

McCullen's grandmother, Florence McCullen, had a different explanation for her decision to attend only Seth's graduation.

"What's he going to do with all those honors and degrees in business anyway?" asked Florence, as she lovingly iced "Pigs Flew!" onto Seth's graduation cake. "Now passing remedial geometry with a C while simultaneously dealing with traffic court for three consecutive tickets — that's a grandson you can be proud of."

Although virtually abandoned by his family on what he anticipated being one of the proudest moments of his life, McCullen remains optimistic.

"Sure I did have to pay my own way, and I'm about to go out into the 'real world,'" said McCullen, pausing to toss a dart at the picture of Seth hanging on the wall. "But it's probably best for Seth to receive all the attention and gifts this weekend — after all, he's the one with three illegitimate children to support on only a high school degree!"

Motown celebrates 40 years of movie-trailer music

Ross Luippold
STAFF WRITER

HARLEM – Hundreds of Motown Records' performers and producers gathered Sunday night at the Apollo Theater to celebrate the lasting and continuous contributions the record label has had on promotional trailers for Hollywood feature films.

Motown founder Berry Gordy's revolutionary record label spawned dozens of the most popular songs and artists of the Sixties and Seventies, but it wasn't until the Eighties and Nineties that the soulful music found its true calling in Hollywood movie trailers. American cinematic classics such as *Stepmom*, *Remember the Titans*, and *Must Love Dogs* would be forgotten if not for the soundtracks Motown artists provided for their trailers.

"When I founded Motown Records in 1959, I had a modest dream that people of all colors would enjoy our artists' unique, melodic, danceable rhythms. But today, when I go to the local Tinseltown USA with my grandkids, I hear at least four or five Motown

hits during the trailers, and I think to myself, 'Congratulations, Berry. You've really hit the big time,'" joyously proclaimed Gordy as guests in attendance, including Diana Ross, Smokey Robinson, and Sandra Bullock, emotionally applauded.

Movie producer Harvey Weinstein also weighed in. "Everyone knows that *Citizen Kane* was a colossal failure for its studio in 1941. But what if 'Sugar Pie, Honey Bunch' had been playing during its trailer? I think it's safe to say that that Orson Welles' masterpiece would have been the feel-good hit of the year."

Following a montage entitled *Mo' Motown MeMories: The Soda Ads*, which honored Motown's role in quenching America's thirst, Stevie Wonder took the stage.

"When I was composing hits like 'Signed, Sealed, Delivered,' and 'Superstition,' what really inspired me was thinking of a single, working girl in the big city, who meets a rich yet charmingly arrogant bachelor, only to discover that he's just what she needs in her life. I'm glad that the ad wizards in Hollywood finally have used my music as it was meant

to be used," Wonder enthusiastically proclaimed from the stage.

The Temptations also described their creative process with the captive audience.

"Sometimes, I would be unsatisfied with a song, and I would think to myself, 'Sure, the beat is good, but is it good enough to make a cool 30 mil at the box office 40 years from now?'" revealed lead singer Otis Williams. "Then I would go back and rewrite it, and think, 'John Barrymore's granddaughter is going to thank me one day.'"

Sadly, some of Motown's most enduring trailer music composers did not live to see the day that their music is truly appreciated. Marvin Gaye III, son of soul legend Marvin Gaye, was confident his father was happily looking down from heaven on the current state of Motown music. "My dad was proud of a lot of things in his life, but I don't think anything would have made him more honored than hearing 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough' used for the fiftieth time during an emotional female bonding dance scene with five or six girls singing into combs and hair dryers," Gaye



■ One of these girls is Lil' Kim. You guess which. Photo/Travesty

told the crowd.

As the celebration wrapped up, everyone in attendance sang an impromptu rendition of "Build Me Up

Buttercup," and a projector rolled the technical credits of the ceremony, accompanied by bloopers from the evening.

Student always mentioning black, gay friends

Bradley Jackson
FEATURES EDITOR

CAMPUS — White, upper-middle class business senior Chase Frock has recently been accused of excessively peppering everyday conversations with references to his black or gay friends.

"Chase is pretty unprejudiced, so when Michael Richards said all that racist stuff at that comedy club a couple of months ago he just went nuts," recalled roommate Stuart Kelban as he organized his Dave Chappelle DVD collection. "Chase kept saying stuff like 'I wonder what all my African-American compatriots will think of this' and 'I hope my dark-skinned homies won't get mad if I keep watching *Seinfeld*.'"

Tuning his television to BET, Kelban added: "The funny thing is, I haven't seen Chase with a black guy since he took a picture with Charles Barkley outside of a Rockets game six years ago."

Frock has also been criticized by classmates for repeatedly alluding to his homosexual friends.

"Chase sits in front of me in macroeconomics, and all I hear him talk

about is how his gay hairdresser has a difficult time receiving benefits from his partner's medical insurance," complained African-American classmate William Deed. "And then if the professor broaches the subject of urban renewal in black communities, he turns around to gauge my reaction."

Deed continued: "At least he's stopped trying to awkwardly shake my hand and start a conversation about joining a pro-affirmative action student group."

Frock's most recent reference to his gay friends occurred at a party after he overheard a disparaging comment about homosexuals. According to witnesses at the party, Frock said, "You all think gay people are effeminate, fashion loving caricatures as seen on such hit shows as *Will & Grace* and *Queer Eye For the Straight Guy*, but if you had as many queer friends as I had, you would realize that they're just like you and me."

Pausing to let his point sink in, Frock reportedly added: "Except they like dudes."

Despite having never been seen



■ Frock wishes he could meet a man both black and gay... "the perfect storm." Photo/Travesty

by friends with anyone except those with similar racial and economic backgrounds or sexual orientation, Frock remains adamant that he

learns a lot from his black and gay friends.

"If the world were as open minded as I am, then racism wouldn't

exist," declared Frock, pausing to fill his Chevy Tahoe with 73 dollars worth of gas. "At least that's what all my black and gay friends say."



is introducing some far-out new routes



- Funkytown
- Easy Street
- 123 Main Street
- Electric Avenue
- Pleasantville
- Skid Row



GROOVY!

Coming Fall 2007



Comin' to a sto' in yo hood!

Overly kind man holds door for inappropriate duration



■ By the time Harmon released the door, the Berlin wall was rebuilt, destroyed, and rebuilt again, ushering in a new era of global domination unparalleled in lack of respectable southern etiquette and sweet tea. Photo/Travesty

CAMPUS — Sophomore Justin Harmon held open a third floor door in Parlin Hall for a full two minutes Wednesday afternoon.

“I was the first one to reach the door after class, so I thought I’d be polite and hold the door for the girl walking behind me,” tearfully recounted Harmon. “Little did I know that for the next 120 seconds, I’d be

a virtual whipping boy to those who wanted to pass through the doorway, but did not want the responsibility of holding the door.”

Theresa Chamberlain, the girl for whom Harmon initially opened the door, was also upset by the incident.

“At first, I thought he was really polite, and thought about maybe going out with him. But as he kept

it open, it became obvious that he’d open the door for just anyone, and I saw him for the helpless, impotent doormat he is.” Chamberlain scoffed and added, “He’s ugly and I hate him.”

Harmon has claimed to have developed a phobia of holding doors, and alleges that Jim Morrison has been haunting his dreams.

‘Psychic’ detective actually just insane

‘I thought he was going to be sort of like Jeff Goldblum,’ says Police Chief

SAN FRANCISCO — Alleged psychic investigator Kevin Clarkson of the San Francisco Police Department was placed into a mental institution, when it was discovered in a routine physical that instead of being able to effectively communicate with murder victims in order to solve crimes, he actually suffered from a massive chemical imbalance in his brain.

“After seeing television shows like *The Ghost Whisperer*, *Medium* and *Raines*, the sarge thought it might be a good idea to hire a detective who could talk to dead people,” stated Ross Pinson, Clarkson’s former partner.

“But when Kevin started urinating on dead corpses while singing the theme from *Family Matters*, I realized something was slightly off.”

In his two and a half years as San Francisco’s first and only psychic officer, Clarkson solved no crimes, destroyed vital evidence, and was shot twice in the leg by a grief ridden father after Clarkson stated his deceased daughter was “phatty bom batty.”

Clarkson himself refused to comment for the story, and instead lit his hair on fire before being injected with a powerful sedative in the neck by several orderlies.

Area zombie raped by necrophile

AUSTIN — Local zombie and former Austinite Gray Williamson was admitted to a hospital last Thursday after being sexually assaulted by necrophile Jacob Hogle.

“It’s kind of difficult to treat him, seeing as he’s been dead for a number of years,” complained nurse Becca Pillatzke. “But he was clearly shaken up by the whole experience.”

Williamson, who rises from the grave every night to feast on living flesh, was allegedly attempting to eat Hogle’s brain when Hogle wrestled him onto his bed. Hogle was later questioned by police, but they were unable to make an arrest due to the lack of laws protecting

the undead.

“Technically speaking,” explained officer Bryce Wimbuscus as he dry-heaved upon recollection of the case, “Mr. Williamson was assaulting Mr. Hogle first, but what Mr. Hogle did was above and beyond self-defense. Unfortunately, the victim has been legally dead for three years.”

Williamson, who currently resides in Austin Memorial Park cemetery, plot 173, plans to attend weekly support groups in recovery of the attack.

When asked to comment, Hogle simply replied, “Whatever, if he didn’t want it, he wouldn’t dress that way.”

Branch Davidian-themed band enjoys cult following

WACO — Dave & The Seven Seals, a Branch Davidian-themed rock band with little mainstream success, has a devoted niche fanbase often described as a “cult following.”

“Man, I’d kill myself to go see one of their shows,” said rabid fan Joe Fischer.

Groupie Lacey Simmons also admitted, “I’ve sacrificed so much for this band: time, money, a virgin. They won’t even let you backstage unless you can provide a virgin for

the bassist to deflower.” Simmons added, “Or a goat for the drummer.”

The band’s manager, George Kilp, also commented on their popularity. “I don’t know what makes them so popular with some people. There must be something in the water.”

Dave & The Seven Seals will be playing at Stubbs this Thursday, with opening act L. Ron’s Thetan Auditors, a mainstream band “with followers across the globe that are just like you and me.”

Straight man becomes aroused at hot-dog-eating contest

PFLUGERVILLE — Self-described “pussy magnet” and “lady killer” Rob Legrano became curiously stimulated while watching a hot-dog-eating contest with his friends last weekend.

“Look, I’m not gay, alright?” adamantly raged Legrano.

“I just had to pee really bad. You know sometimes when you have to pee real bad and you get a half-stock? That’s what happened. It was just a pee-boner.”

Legrano’s friends noticed his excited state just before the comple-

tion of the Travis County Annual Frankenfest.

“He was all flush and agitated as he watched the contestants cramming juicy wiener after wiener into their mouths,” stated former roommate Chad Reyes. “The last time I saw him breathing that heavily was after we saw 300.”

Legrano, who maintains his heterosexuality, reportedly attends several hot-dog-eating contests every year.

“There’s nothing wrong with enjoying these contests. It’s a real sport. They’re even broadcast on ESPN,” he affirmed as he bit slowly into a large pickle. “I just get a real kick out of watching grown men inhale tubes of meat.”

■ After 200 hot dogs, the contest secretly switches to tofu-based meat substitutes. Photo/Travesty



Awkward junior sick of everyone assuming he's a freshman

Ross Luippold
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — Undeclared junior Robert Chalmers is growing increasingly tired of the common incorrect assumption that his social awkwardness is a result of being in a new environment. In fact, Chalmers has been at UT for several years, but has remained consistently awkward since puberty.

"I don't understand why everyone always assumes I'm a freshman," complained Chalmers while loudly munching on his chicken fried steak at a corner table in Jester City Limits. "Am I wearing a shirt that says, 'Hey everyone! This is my first year in college!?' I don't think so—my shirt is clearly from 'Weird Al' Yankovic's 2006 tour," pointing to his faded T-shirt, depicting the Prince of Parody, tucked into his ankle-length jeans.

"Am I wearing a shirt that says, 'Hey everyone! This is my first year in college!?' I don't think so — my shirt is clearly from 'Weird Al' Yankovic's 2006 tour."

The third-year Jester resident described his fruitless attempts to make friends and participate in casual group activities.

"The other day I asked this girl in my American Studies class if she wanted to maybe go bowling in the Union with me that night," Chalmers recounted in a dorm TV lounge. "She freaked out and politely said something about being allergic to bowling shoes. But I heard her tell all

her friends that she hoped no one saw the freshman ask her out. Clearly, she didn't even know that I'm almost a senior by

credits," Chalmers bragged.

Chalmers' Jester West RA, Kelly Gilmore, claims that Chalmers' graceless demeanor led her to believe he was a freshman until recently.

"I mean, his parents helped him move in back in August, and he



■ Chalmers never dines alone with the companionship of the University-provided cards listing healthful eating tips and birthday events. Photo/Travesty
seemed really bummed out when they left, which is totally normal. If you're 18. But isn't he, like, old? He's always knocking on residents' doors and asking if they want to go play Risk or hang out somewhere that accepts Bevo Bucks, but they always turn him down," Gilmore said while decorating a bulletin board for STD Awareness Week. "I felt kind of bad until he just started hanging out in the lobby in attempt

of our high school peers go to A&M. You know, typical catching up stuff," Chalmers explained. "We also talked about what our majors are."

"Was that guy seriously my age?" the high school friend asked in disbelief. "I mean, before I walked by, I heard him tell his mom on the phone that he had to go. And he asked me if I could drive him to the grocery store so he could get some food. Plus, he said he had to jet because he was late for his FIG meeting."

"Yeah, me and my FIG still hang out every once in a while. Good times," nonchalantly clarified Chalmers.

But Chalmers is comfortable with his social status. "Everyone thinks I'm a freshman, except for the actual freshmen. They know I'm an upper-classman. They think I'm a pretty cool dude, since they always let me buy them beer for dorm parties." Chalmers then spit out his drink as he noticed he was late for Intro to Botany, and quickly pulled out a map of campus and apologetically sprinted to class.

to strike up conversation with whoever walked by, hoping they'd end up best friends."

Chalmers reports his lobby-dwelling differently.

"Yeah, the lobby is a social goldmine. One time this guy I sort of knew in high school came by, and we had a great conversation about how awesome UT is, although doing your own laundry clearly sucks, and how ashamed we are that some

Woman always a bride, never a bridesmaid

Family prepares to attend fifth wedding in as many years

FORT WORTH — Jennifer Campbell-Mendoza-Greenbaum-Ayyalaosomayajula will be tying the knot again this weekend to Jason Wellingtonsworth, esq., a local tax attorney.

Though 28-year-old Campbell-Mendoza-Greenbaum-Ayyalaosomayajula is in her own words “pretty OK with Jason,” she has recently be-

come painfully aware of the fact that she’s never been a bridesmaid and has also been married five times in five years.

“A lot of people I knew back in college are getting married now, but for some reason none of my old girlfriends have asked me to be in their wedding parties.”

Here she paused to reflect on her exclusion, but soon concluded, “It’s probably just because they don’t want me upstaging them on their ‘special’ day. Whores.”

Campbell-Mendoza-Greenbaum-Ayyalaosomayajula’s own maid of honor will once again be her unmarried, adopted sister Lucy.

Angeline Jolie tries to adopt her biological daughter

ZIMBABWE — Actress and humanitarian Angelina Jolie announced the adoption of her only biological child, Shiloh Jolie-Pitt, “to make things official,” in a move that has sparked controversy amongst impoverished hopeful adoptees across third-world nations.

The news came as a shock to the famished children living in a Zimbabwe orphanage where Jolie and her numerous, multi-ethnic children were visiting.

“I just want my little Shiloh to have a normal, adopted childhood unfettered by the horrors of war and oppression,” sobbed

Jolie, parting her voluptuous lips to reveal her perfectly white teeth. “And just because she came from my uterus doesn’t mean she’s any different from my other children.”

Jolie and Pitt plan to adopt three more biological children and maybe a Bolivian orphan if they have time.

Classmates need to borrow notes from 4/20

CAMPUS — Economics junior Kevin Butrell received several unsolicited mass Blackboard e-mails last Monday following Friday, April 20.

“My inbox was stuffed with about 30 messages from people in my Intro to Linguistics class asking for notes from last Friday,” said Butrell as he transcribed his handwritten notes for his classmates in need. “A

lot of them were rambling or incoherent, so I guess a lot of people are catching that hay fever that’s going around.”

E-mails sent to Butrell included sophomore Erin Clinedale’s suspiciously over-justified and increasingly incoherent message: “Hey guys! I know we all hate to get these e-mails, but I really, really need to

get the notes from 4/20. I couldn’t get to class because my car broke down on MoPac on my way to visit my dying grandmother. I heard this loud bang, and – man, *Ego Tripping Out* is so awesome. Marvin Gaye knows – he just knows! My mom would take me to the zoo all the time, you know? Just ride that rollercoaster man – ride it!”

Recent graduate still collects liquor bottles

WEST CAMPUS — Recent University graduate Brian Mitchell prominently displays empty liquor bottles in his apartment.

“Yeah, I downed that entire bottle of Taaka my first night in Jester West, room 1320,” bragged Mitchell, referring to an empty, half-crushed plastic vodka bottle placed above his television. “But that was

back in my glory days, I’m an old man now that I’ve graduated. It actually took me an entire week to finish that bottle of Southern Comfort next to the telephone.”

Collecting empty liquor bottles is a common practice amongst undergraduates, but most end the practice before receiving a diploma.

“I used to collect all of my Ken-

tucky Deluxe bottles too, but I’ve grown past that now that I’ve got a nine-to-five,” remarked Mitchell as he attempted to use his expired University ID at Gregory Gym.

Recent additions to Mitchell’s bottle collection include a half-empty bottle of Juarez purchased from the C-Mart on 24th and Rio Grande.

Dry wit leads to wet dream

WEST CAMPUS — Unlikely sex symbol and timid junior Kyle Ranskin was the subject of sophomore Brittany Vasley’s vivid erotic dreams after he made a witty comment in their shared Intro to Philosophy course.

As Vasley idly checked Facebook during class, her attention was diverted by Ranskin’s meek yet assured comment to the class that his last test grade made him hope that HEB had hemloc on sale. While the dry remark received a tepid response from the class, it resulted in a raised tempera-

ture of Vasley’s loins, and later that night, a dream in which Ranskin fulfilled her every desire.

“When he made that dry joke, I wanted to moisten his lips right then and there,” revealed Vasley with lascivious yearning in her eyes. “I was just drooling with lust, hoping my saliva would water the fertile gardens that are the dehydrated, arid grounds from which his humor is cultivated.”

Vasley’s previous dream men include *House* star Hugh Laurie and David Spade.

300 replaces *Top Gun* as gayest movie ever



■ This is the longest moment in the film without two sweaty, virile, men touching each other in a parade of flesh and hotness.

LOS ANGELES — The popular film adaptation of Frank Miller’s *300*, based loosely on the totally hetero Battle of Thermopylae, recently displaced the military film *Top Gun* from the top spot on the American Film Institute’s list of the hundred gayest films of all time, a list that includes gay porn.

“Well, we went through the picture and counted up the duration of all the sweaty pec shots and scenes of egregious male bonding,” stated AFI spokesman Tod Clifstein. “And more than two-thirds of the film was deemed blatantly homoerotic. That’s almost twice as much as *Top Gun*. I

guess the flagrant use of all that slow-motion certainly helps.”

Since the film’s release more than a month ago, *300* has raised nearly two hundred million dollars and almost twice as many boners, and it seems the film will remain legendary for its unabashed depiction of sweaty half-naked men grinding against each other in a pathetic excuse for action scenes.

“I can’t see any film topping *300* in terms of homoeroticism,” continued Clifstein. “I mean, I haven’t seen that much man meat in one place since my frat days.”

U.S. goes to war against local asshole

WASHINGTON, DC — Congress unanimously passed a resolution that officially declares war on Austin resident Brian Gallow, often described as “the kind of asshole that gives assholes a bad name.”

The 33-year-old real estate agent has a long and varied history of assholedom, but it wasn’t until the tragic events of April 6th, 2007, when Gallow farted and blamed it on his girlfriend, that the military redirected all its

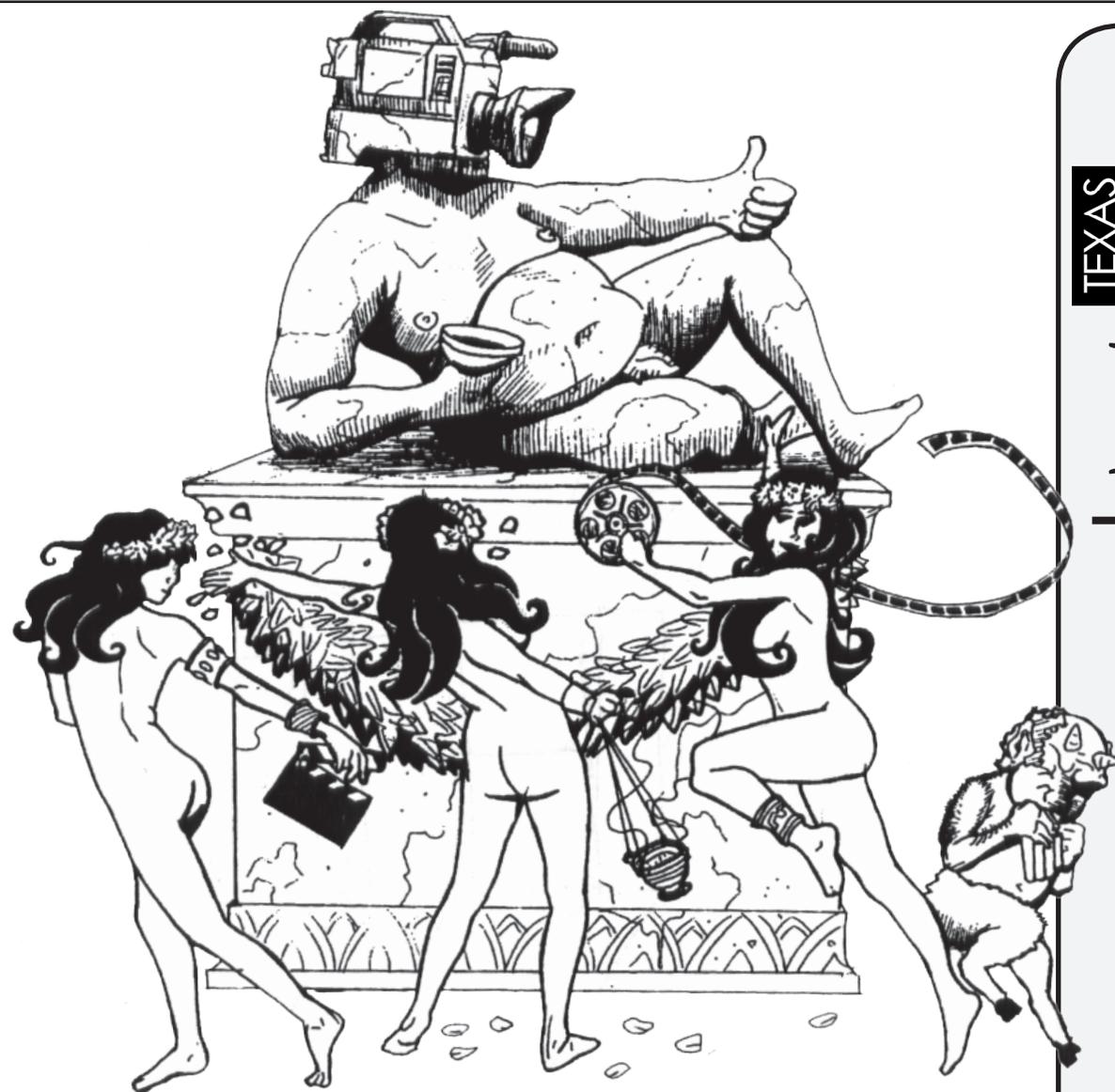
resources to stopping the asshole by any means necessary.

President Bush addressed the “The world will be a better place without Brian Gallow.”

nation from the Oval Office on Thursday night, telling Americans, “This is a critical time for national unity against this particular asshole. The world will be

a better place without Brian Gallow, who frequently wears sunglasses indoors, talks loudly on his phone at movies, and oversalts tortilla chips without consulting the table.”

Although troops will begin deploying to Brian Gallow next week, many speculate that a US military presence will have serious detrimental results in the douchebag, dickhead, and cocksnot sectors.



Fourth Annual

TEXAS **TRAVESTY**

Film Festival

- Submissions must be in by Thursday, April 19th
- No longer than seven minutes
- The shorter the better
- DVD, CD format
- No VHS
- Please label discs with your name and contact info
- Turn into the CMC front desk



Submission and show info:
texastravesty.com/filmfest

Travesty Coloring Books

The Travesty gives you a sneak peak at pages from upcoming coloring books to be distributed by several national organizations. Get ready to have hours of fun as you try to stay within the lines! Make sure you only use the colors listed, or you'll die within five days.



**I Phelt Δ Thi
“Pledge Week Mixer”**

Colors: Pink (for shirts) Baby Blue (for pants) White (for skin)



Department of Homeland Security “Chapter 3: Criminal Profiling”

Colors: Brown (for brown guys) Black (for the blacks) Yellow (for Chinese and British teeth)



Transcendental Organization of Free-Thinkers “Happy Cat”

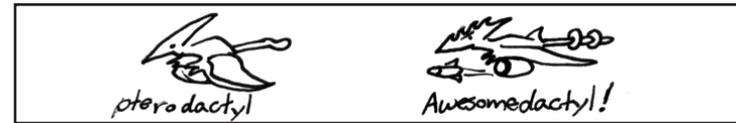
Colors: Anything you want man. No judgement here.



Bald Eagle Preservation Society “Soaring Eagle, Wounded Terrorist”

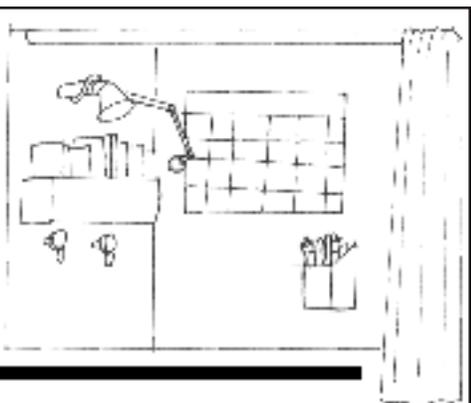
Colors: Red, White and Blue. And brown.... for the terrorist scum.





Sky Mall

[REDACTED]



[REDACTED]



NEW!

Just the Skinz

FCK

Don't feel yourself. You know you want some.

*Limited time only. While supplies last.

This is the water you've dreamed about

Diamond-Purified Spring Water

Now available with sport cap

Wake up Chip! Oh man, we're in real deep this time!

How very astute of you Mr. "Crook"

Pity then, that you were not smart enough to avoid pilfering from me!

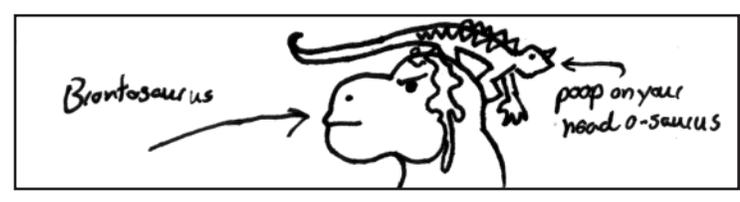
You were better off absconding with some child's cookie crisps hm?

Didn't you know.... I'm a reeeal Monster!

"C" is for "checkmate", gentlemen...

Sky Mall

[Are you a career-driven chica, but not sure what's out there?] In the 21st century there's a whole new definition of "women's work!" Whether you're a recent divorcee, have given up hope of landing a man, or just aren't interested in men to begin with, you can use the flow chart as a guide to finding your dream job! Be sure to look for next month's quiz: How Many Children Should You Have Based on Your Body Type!



Do

Don't

Learn to cook! Especially sweets. With the extra engery boost, he'll be bouncing off your vaginal walls all night!

Eat in front of your man! You don't want him to associate you with unsexy bowel movements. Ew!

Learn to play beach volleyball! Flaunt your figure. Straight girls can be sporty too these days.

Sweat!

Tan by the pool!

Remember to tie your top! A carefully timed accident maybe the key to finding your summer romance.

Keep sand away from your lady parts!

Get your period!

choose *a* teach

Home

My Schedule

Courses

Book Exchange

Messages

Home :: My Friends :: My Account :: Services

Subject Class Enter teacher's name here!

SEARCH

Selected Teacher Reviews | Johnson Middle School

Coach Krakowski | Social Studies

Grade distribution – 65% E 25% S 9% N 1% U

Coach K is totally hot and has a smokin baseball bod! We got to watch Indiana Jones laser discs to learn about World War II and the Back to the Future trilogy to learn about everything else. If you're a girl you HAVE to take this class, and wear hot clothes, because you WILL make an E (but you will have to sit on the front row). He is so cute and funny, especially when he actually tries to not read from the book!! Don't ask questions because he will get furious. Take the class in the spring because he will give you free time on every game day.

-SaraKatCutie94

Mr. Peacock | Choir

Grade distribution – 85% E 10% S 4% N 1% U

Mr. Peacock rocked my face off! Especially when he let us sing acapella (sp) versions of our fav tunes. The hardest part about this class are his raging fits when you mess up. Even weirder is how he makes the boys hold their mouths open for a long time when they sing and makes them pout their lips when they're not. He is very physical with them and demands perfection. Other than that, totally rawks and loves ABBA!

-ILikegurlztheyRGr8Nsmellnicelikemymother44

Mr. Prager | Science

Grade distribution – 5% E 30% S 50% N 15% U

Mr. Prager is a flaming lame ass! I made straight U's all year. He totally fails anyone that doesn't -walk around with a TI-83 shoved up their butthole. Plus, his breath smells like simlac, he has awful B.O. and he plays Harry Connick Jr. on his proclaimed jazz Fridays. He will also deduct points from your average if your textbook is covered perfectly and on Red Ribbon week he deducts points if you aren't wearing your ribbon. I want to give this guy straight SB's for SUCKING BAWLZ!

-SoccerGuy69

***lyke OMG mR pRaGer is sOoOo LAME!!!!** THE oNly tHinG he cAreS aBouT is SCIENCE!!!! hE smELs GROSS too!!! hIS cLasS is SO unkoool iTs nOt evEn funNy! dOnT tAkE iT!

~*cOurtnEy M*~

Ms. Scammel | Art

Grade distribution – 100% E 0% S 0% N 0% U

Ms. Scammel totally lets us express ourselves. I can paint whatever I want and she loves it. She plays lots of music and always wants to snack. She laughs all the time, especially on Black-Light-Art-Fridays. You have to take this class!

-ArtProdigyRobin135

Mrs. Halpert | Language Arts

Grade distribution – 15% E 40% S 40% N 5% U

Mrs. Halpert looks like Jabba the Hut! She makes you read all sorts of useless crap like Dickens and Shakespeare and Weekly Reader. Why cant we read reel books like Stine and Sports Illustrated? The brite side is that she lets you go to the "bathroom" (a.k.a. a sneak trip to the Frutopia machine which is RIGHT FREAKING NEXT TO HER ROOM!!!!!! Hall passes are given out like candy on Halloween.

-Rob666Job

Miss Bronson | Math

Grade distribution – 5% E 30% S 50% N 15% U

If youz in to early 90's TAAS worksheets and not watching movies, take this dumb bitch. If you ain't, get your math elsewhere. The only good thing is her class has B lunch, and that's when all the cheerleaders get out of gym class in their shorts. Bronson does have some bombass cleavage tho. 8008'5!!!

-YungPimp2010

Turns out the square root of 89 isn't "shut the fuck up Ms. B."

-ICPfan69

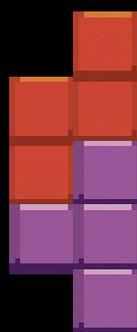
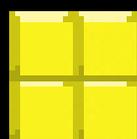
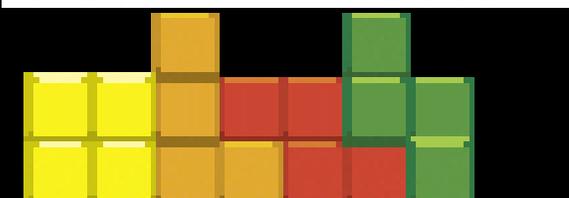
Video Games: The Latter Years



Legend of Zelda: The Windfall of Link
 Follow Link into a magical world where instead of battling monsters and ridding princesses he grows himself to be a hero by completing quests. Use your life skills to get your controllers down as Link moves only from his L&D&S Boy to defense and use his TPO for Link. Will the Tribes be enough to protect him from Princess Zelda's underhanded plan to look for a job? The fate of Hyrule rests in your hands as Link digs back a dirt area to search the Chorus table in his mouth. Hear a new sound of color (C), darkness, and half a breath of blue points to follow the previous eye man of Gaurdard.



Back to the Hedgehog 1 to Back to the Blue
 Don't return here than you should to his new thousand-dollar day into both. After Dr. Robotnik's signal connects with the machine and drives the side of the Dash Egg, the usually hedgehog found something that made him run up and handle. Prussia Pals, Don't lose your of his girl days on a madcap hunt, saving him the machine. "Christ, the Hedgehog" and he soon moved into further steps. Don't really look like he found something that provides obvious possibility such as he moves a box of a wheel in Atlanta City, ignoring his constant mistakes and death. Despite this, Don't is going to get done for which. Take away right, too will Don't's partying feel like to catch with his sword. Will he survive? Excuse, or will he never return to the Silver Dawn?



Flaga Man XXX
 Go-Way is a simple Flaga Man has a hero to play with Go-Way's best of Robot Hunters - a huge, breathing hand. Flaga Man pulls out of his robot power to generate the armor of weapons such as Machine Gun, Flaga Man, and Castles. Flaga! Can you help Flaga Man overcome his new hand of hand? Go-Way you know the only chance to protect Go-Way from making the world his own playground of pleasure. Be sure to have better ready because you'll be going on a long night with this explosive character to the Flaga Man world!

The Sims: Strangetown
 The Sims: Strangetown is a new game in the Sims series. It's a new world to explore, and it's a new way to play. You'll be able to create your own Sims, and you'll be able to play as them. You'll be able to explore the world of Strangetown, and you'll be able to play as them. You'll be able to explore the world of Strangetown, and you'll be able to play as them.

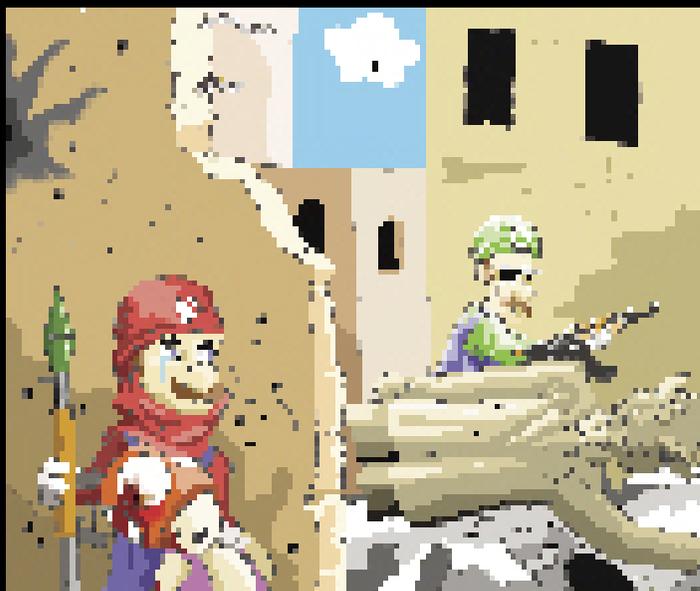
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Oregon Trail
 The Oregon Trail is a classic game that has been around for a long time. It's a game about a stagecoach on a trail. You'll be able to explore the world of Oregon Trail, and you'll be able to play as them.

Oregon Trail
 This new game's unique blend of humor will have you in stitches across your adventures. In the Oregon Trail, you make a replacement history in a deliciously twisted journey of America. Don't forget to buy enough dry food from the trading post before leaving! Play well, and you'll run your stage-coaching stage around your computer.





Mario and Luigi in Super International Warfare

When Mario (a Sam) and Luigi (a Bitch) are ripped apart by the brutality of someone violent in the new war lands of the Middle East Kingdom, they are forced to face each other down without regard for family or the sanctity of the After Luigi murders Fred and the Princess in an act of random malice. Mario must take to the blood-soaked streets with only his AK-47 and a trench coat in order to avenge his prolonged vengeance against the man he used to call a brother. Just like the real world there are no magic mushrooms that will control it, simply the cold hard realities of life and death made real by man's insupportable love for war and power.



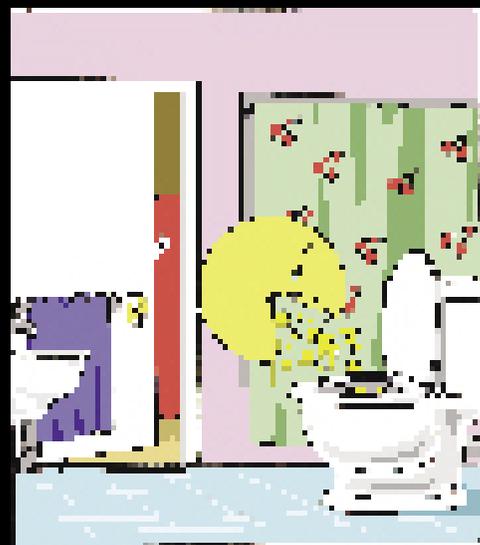
Wall Street Fighter

Capcom's most popular video game is back and better than ever! Instead of engaging in brutal hand-to-hand combat, the Street Fighters are placed against each other in the swirling and fast-paced world of stocks, bonds and securities on the ground floor of the New York stock exchange. Much as Ken and Ryu are forced to rely on the MURDEROUS stock prices with Chun Li and E. Honda providing the call of a pharmaceutical stock, but they do instead of leather trading. And of course, Guile may conduct numerous speculative investments that he can stock in a Bank Buster run a Bank Buster!



Donkey Kong: Primitive Rage

For the past ten years Donkey and Diddy Kong have been confined to a 12 x 12 ft cage on the San Diego Zoo, but one day when the handling security guard forgets to lock their cage, these lovable yet comically combative primates escape. This is for all eyes game shows look players to take part in Donkey and Diddy's joyous rampage of innocent zoo games while simultaneously attempting to restore their stolen bond of freedom and under the scrutiny of spectators by Animal Control. Except the television makes a special appearance as Diddy and Donkey's main investment of their laughter while their sharp horns and ability to crush small children and monkeys with the greatest of ease!



Pacman Furore

Poor Pacman! After a lengthy and sad chemistry lesson from Mrs. Pacman, his life has spiraled perfectly out of control leaving him broken and alone, feeling useless only to compulsively binge and gorge on vast quantities of yellow dots. Help guide Pacman through his experience as he attempts to eat out a miserable existence all the while hoping his subconscious won't find out about his degrading life. Help him to find the love he needs and learn to help prevent the repetition of such kind and personal demons. Clearly Pac-Man is haunted by more than just malnutritioned ghosts, Inky, Pinky, and Clyde!

WWEA Jam

If you thought the new the top, legitimate classics of WWE Jam were exciting video game play get ready for the completely unique and unfolding narrative that will be available to those who remember how. Featuring such celebrities and WWEA stars Cheryl Lempert, Lisa Leslie and Toronto GNPB, you and your friends can do the jumps, connect from a power and score under 70 points per game all in the cheer and (and of a hell) that matters. The first one finished jump's to actually buy the game will receive either a free season pass to all WWEA, regular season passes or 20 percent off hotel cost in your local WWEA (while supplies last). Prizes to be won include it!



Injustice is so wrong

Mindy Henderson
AMBIGUOUS ACTIVIST

Let me just throw this out there — I don't like war, genocide, poverty and disease. Seriously, I can't stand any of them, and if you can, there is something *so* wrong with you.

I want to start this off by stating that I don't really have an opinion about whether or not we should have invaded Iraq, that's a political issue. President Bush can live or die for all I care, but I just want to say that there are people dying over there right now and that bothers me — a lot. When innocent human beings die from car-bombs, roadside-bombs and friendly-fire, it's wrong. It's also bad! Now I know that might shock you, but that's my opinion, so deal with it.

You want to hear something else that I think is wrong? Genocide. People killing other people because of nationality, religion, or ethnicity does not sit well with me. I just can't understand why people would treat other people that way, and I find it repulsive.

But I just can't stop there with how I feel about things.

I totally disagree with racism, too. It sucks. When people generalize and stereotype other races just because of the color of their

skin, it's totally hurtful. Now when making this point, I am not trying to be degenerative and create new wounds about old tensions, it's just that racism is wrong and I find it troublesome.

Slavery is also like racism because they both involve injustice — and I don't approve either of them.

Did you know that injustice has also happened in the past?

Now I'd heard of the Holocaust before, but I never realized that so many innocent people died. And just for the color of their skin! You know what that is? That's racism and genocide combined — and frankly that's a combination I refuse to swallow.

It's kind of similar to what's happening in Darfur. Now I really don't know about all the bad stuff that's happening in Africa or any other of those Middle Eastern countries, but I do know that Leo made a movie about it, so it must be important. I just feel so bad for those poor African-Americans. We must save them.

Now I know I may have brought up sensitive issues and that my opinions have been really difficult to swallow and possibly abrasive at times, but I cannot remain silent about such powerful issues.

You know what else? When I



hear about people in developing countries that live under the poverty line, it makes me worried, and it makes me angry that their government can't do more to help. I firmly believe that something needs to be done about this.

Again, I'm not trying to be opinionated about this, but if you can't agree with me that poverty is really depressing and sad, then I just don't think we could get along.

I realize that some of the things I have said are probably new to people who haven't really thought about things that much. If you disagree with me, there really isn't a place for you in society because all the things I have talked about are totally wrong, and I dislike all of them.

Ain't nobody showin' up to jazz appreciation class, daddio!

Skatz McTazz
JAZZ HISTORY PROFESSOR

Salutations, you sweet swingin' hipsters! Skatz here, just slidin' through and sayin' *boop-bee-doo!* I'm croonin' to you youthful cats to get some attendance seated in the soft cushion of my jazz appreciation class.

I'm not pressin', just sayin' you hot mamas and hip papas may wanna show up every now and again, whenever you feel like it. 'Cuz daddio, that's what jazz is about. It ain't about Tuesday-Thursday from 9:30 to 11, it ain't about tests, it ain't even about course packets. Hell, daddio, it ain't about nothin' but the music hittin' your heart and groovin' on the art. *Dig-a-bop-bam-boom!*

Some honky from the 'ministration HOT and LEAN on my back

though, man! I offered a jam and a smoke, and he jes' turned it down and said kids been complainin' they can never find old Skatz. I'm usin' this ever so reverent medium to sing to you birds, jazz class'll meet when it meets! Don't place no restrictions on it, Baby. *Skibbadee-bobbedy-bop-bam-bop!*

I tole' the class that's what it's about, some fool in my class still sen' me a letter n' say he need this class to gradee-ate, and he wanna know what tha rubric be! What tha rubric be! *Skiddle dee dee*, das what tha rubric be! You jes' gotta get hot, mama! Feel it in ya bones, daddy, that's when class meet, dat's the grade you get!

Well, I hear that old coal-train comin', whistlin' the steam call of a thousan' lost, mixed-up souls.



Damn, cool cats, dat's jes' the Fowty Acres bus! *SKAP-BEE-BOP-DOP-DOO-WOP-SKEE-DEEDLE.*

Let's hang out and run a couple of errands in your car

Tyler McCloud
OPPORTUNISTIC FRIEND

There you are! I've been looking all over for you. Where the hell have you been, man? *Homework?* Suurre. You too cool to hang out with me now?

We should definitely chill today. Let's go eat somewhere; *I'm starving!* As you know, I don't have a car in town, but I don't mind giving you some gas money. Here you go. *Don't even worry about it*, it's just some laundry change my mom sends me every month, but I never wash my clothes. There'd be more, but the rest of it goes to the vending machine when I get the munchies!

Speaking of, want to blaze? We can go eat at one of those nice taquerias on Riverside by my buddy Dave's house. I hid my stash under his bed when the cops busted his party the other night. *Oh, did I not invite you to that?* Yeah, well we should probably go and get that sack before we eat because I'm afraid Dave will find it soon. He can sniff that shit out.

Oh, before I forget, here are all the DVDs you lent me. I have no clue what happened to disc three of *Chappelle's Show*. I'll keep my eyes peeled though.

Hey, I don't have any cash on me right now, but you know I'm good for it. Or wait, remember that time



you forgot your I.D. when we were eating at J2 and I swiped my card for both of us? *Now we'll be even.*

Then if you don't mind, I really have to take some tapes back to Vulcan — I'll have to take out a freaking loan to pay off my late fees.

If you're down for partying a night, I know this guy who's having a huge party across town, a three kegger. *Badass, right?* We can head over there later, but a few people I know need rides. It's going to be the party of the year! You might only want to drink a couple beers though; you'll be responsible for everyone's life that rides in your car tonight.

I mean, if that's not too much trouble.

I think that ethnic guy is probably planning something

Martin Sokol
XENOPHOBIC CO-WORKER

I may just be another data entry specialist here at ActiCorp, but I've worked here for almost seven years now. This cubicle is like a second home to me, and I really have my fingers on the pulse of this company. Plus, my friends and family have always said that I have a keen eye for spotting trouble. That's why I don't feel like I'm stepping out of line when I say that I'm beginning to think that ethnic guy in the office is probably planning something.

Look at him there, staring at his computer screen with that smug look on his face.

What? As a business professional and responsible citizen, it is my duty to stay alert for the safety of all Americans, and I'm fairly certain that this guy is not American. First of all, his last name has way too many vowels in it — sometimes without consonants in between. Plus, he appears to be uncommonly hairy and wears too much gold jewelry, and although he's always wearing business slacks, he never has a tie on. Just like

Ahmadinejad — and I'm pretty sure he drinks tea instead of coffee. It's just weird, that's all I am saying.

Don't worry, I've been keeping a record of all his movements in my blog, and I even took a picture of him on my cell phone.

What scares me the most is that I don't even know what country he's from. He doesn't have a dot or a turban or anything. I would just think he's Hispanic, but he has a laptop, and I know he's not Chinese because I checked out his man-bulge and it's way too big. Also, one time I saw him reading a book during break, so that rules out Canadian, Portuguese, and most of eastern European. Wherever he's from, they spent a lot of time and money training him. He seems comfortable — too comfortable. That's what tipped me off.

It's like he doesn't even know how much he sticks out. He's probably been in this country for a long time now, waiting for the secret signal to begin his mission. He's become bored, sloppy even, and I bet he didn't plan on crossing paths with the likes of me. That was his first mistake.



Hold on, he's getting up from his chair.

Nevermind, he's just stretching. That was close, though.

One time I got trapped in the elevator with him and he tried to start up a conversation about the World Cup, so I feigned like I was talking on my cell phone. I've never been so grateful for my wireless headset. The next day I bought a tape recorder at RadioShack, so next time I'll have proof of any threats or insinuating

comments he makes.

You know what else? I've never seen him go to the bathroom. That's inhuman. It must be one of the techniques they pick up living in those caves. Damn, they're cleverer than I thought! Too bad for him I lined the inside of my boxer-briefs with paper towels. I can wait here all day, asshole.

I mentioned my suspicions to some of the other people at work, but they've totally been taken in by his polite demeanor and charming accent. Plus one time he put some cookies out in the break room, but I could tell they were store-bought. I think Manuel the janitor is with me, though, so if things get dicey I've got him to back me up.

Don't worry, folks, I'm going to get to the bottom of this. I swear on the flag, if I have to blow up his house and crack open that olive-skinned skull of his, I will see this through. I only hope that there are enough patriots out there like me who are more than willing to blindly commit hate crimes in order to save this great nation. If not, then God help us all.

I smoked a pot

Neil Patterson
VIRGIN TOKER

Normally I'm a guy who keeps it together, but last weekend I really messed up — I smoked a pot. I know you're thinking, "Holy gee, Neil! How are you ever gonna be an astronaut now?" Well, I don't know how I'll ever be able to convince you guys, but I really do not do marijuana.

I transferred to the University of Texas three months ago from Nashville Information Technology and Bible College. My parents and Officer Jerry from *the D.A.R.E.* always told me that reefer was a portal drug to financial ruin and a psychotic mind, and now I finally see what they were talking about.

It all started with the study group from my Neo-Marxist fair trade economics class. We were over at my teaching assistant J.J.'s house discussing the rise of socialist dictatorships in South America, when we decided to take a study break. To my shock, J.J. suggested we hang for a while and *take a bowl of weed* with him. I'm sure my jaw dropped all the way to the ground, but everyone else just acted like it was no big deal and formed a circle on the floor around him.

J.J. took out this crazy multi-colored glass contraption that he called *Comrade Chronic*, and loaded a bunch of pot into it. Before I knew it, the room was full of weed-smoke and I felt trapped. By the time *the Comrade* got passed to me I had already breathed in a little bit of the weed-air, and it was already clouding my judgment! Somebody lit the lighter for me, and then I inhaled and *got hit*.

I started coughing almost immediately, probably because it was really *sticky icky-ICKY*. I felt all light-headed at first, and then it felt kinda good, like the time I had that dream about Katie Couric. I started thinking, "Oh, this must be why dope is the *new hot thing* in Austin, Texas!" Suddenly, I got scared as I remembered my parent's words about the portal drug. I imagined a portal opening up in my head, from which Satan emerged to vote Green in the next presidential election.

I heard a couple of study buddies say that the stuff we smoked was "about as good as Mexican ditch weed," which I guess is pretty powerful because I was *stoning* really hard. I finally experienced how a breeze blows on a warm summer night and learned to appreciate the hypnotizing soundscapes of Jefferson Airplane.

After my first encounter with the *fatty bombalatty* I walked home in a daze and groggily awoke the next morning. I'm ashamed by my deviant behavior, but I'm pleasantly surprised that I didn't *munch* on everything in sight. Reflecting back, all I can think is — boy that marijuana sure is crazy!

Where have the ethics in radio gone?

Howard Stern
SHOCK JOCK

What is our society coming to? I'm sure you are all aware of the patently offensive comments recently made by my fellow radio host, Don Imus. If the comments had come from anyone else, I would have been shocked. But Imus has been profiting off of this kind of sick humor his entire career. He's absolute scum, and there is no place on the radio for people like him.

Calling black people "nappy-headed" is inexcusable. I've had quite a few of them come onto my show, and I never once have so despicably demeaned them. I try to point out their positive assets, such as: their luscious, plump lips, their immaculate weaves, their sassy attitudes, their ability to dance or their round, juicy asses.

I also like to smear mayonnaise on their asses.

What Imus said didn't just cross racial lines, it was offensive to women of all colors. Referring to women as "hoes" is not only damaging to their psyche; it hinders their abil-



ity to transcend gender boundaries and reach a level of equality with men. How can Bunny, the stripper I had on my show last week who can do the robot with her boobies, advance in society if people like Imus drag her down with such negative stereotypes?

Instead of pointing out that the Rutgers women's basketball team is full of "nappy-headed hoers," Imus

should have pointed out that they are great basketball players, have reached great heights in academia and have powerful, yet succulent thighs.

I've had my fair share of controversies in the past, and people have questioned the ethics of my show. But when I bring freaks, midgets, porn stars, crack heads and retards on my show, I shine a positive light on them.

For example, Beetlejuice is a black, microcephalic dwarf who has been on my show a number of times. Because he's only four feet tall, has a tiny head and has fucked up teeth, bigots treat him like the freak that he is. But by coming onto my show, he's been able to conquer prejudice and has appeared in Hollywood films and recorded music — he's even featured in a porno.

Remember my Miss Amputee Pageant? I gave those women who had lost various limbs and extremities a chance to come on my show and win ten thousand dollars. They are beautiful women who have been shunned by the world because of unfortunate circumstances, and

I gave them an opportunity they would not have had anywhere else.

Ever seen a pair of lesbian amputees get freaky with their nubs? How about a hot one-legged chick queefing on command into a microphone?

Now that's progress.

The Rutgers women's basketball team has every right to be offended by Imus' comments and they should stand for what's right. They should put a hand on one hip, snap their fingers in his face and give him a collective, *Oh no he di-in't!*

Radio hosts need to be the on the forefront of a push to rid our society of negative stereotypes, and I'm ready to lead the way by continuing to help people like John the Stutterer, Debbie the Queefer and Wendy the Retard find their place in the world. Firing Don Imus is only the first step to fixing the problem of unethical garbage on the radio.

And make sure to tune in to my show next week. I'll have Siamese twins urinating on a transvestite stripper.

Your ass is mine, Montoya

Frank Cobra
RENEGADE SUPERCOP

You hear me, you Puerto Rican son of a bitch? Your cancerous drug-dealing has plagued this town long enough, dammit. With God as my witness, I am going to do everything in my power to either see your silk-shirt wearing, golden-brown ass behind bars or lying face-down in a pool of your own Latin blood.

For 27 years, I've been working the streets of this city – and you, Montoya, take the cake as the greatest Dominican scumbag I've ever had the severe misfortune to come across. Sure, you may be a multi-millionaire. Sure, you may live in a four-story, oceanfront villa with a pool that's as big as my whole apartment. Sure, you may drive cars that a gay Frenchman designed. You know what, you Cuban fuck? None of that matters when you're staring down the barrel of my Colt .45. I'm gonna enjoy watching you squirm under the pressure of my itchy trigger-finger. There's not enough blow in all of Bolivia to match the high I will feel when I bring my fiery vengeance down upon you.

I would not be surprised if your coke-addled mind doesn't even re-



member me, but I'd recognize your shit-eating Venezuelan grin from a mile away. I still have nightmares. Every time I close my eyes, I see my old partner engulfed in a river of blood and flames. O'Malley, no! BEHIND YOU! GET DOWN! NOOOO! DAMMIT, GOD! WHY?!

He was so young – and only one day from retirement. That's why I work alone now.

Our paths first crossed on the streets of Caracas almost two decades ago, Montoya. That was before I was an alcoholic. Before my wife left me. Before your premium flake turned my only daughter into a common street whore. Before I had this moustache, even. Things were simpler then. I remember O'Malley and I would have picnics at

lunch. O'Malley, no! THE MAYONNAISE!

I still have the scars – physical, and emotional. I like them because they comfort me. They remind that I'm still alive for a reason:

To bring Paraguayan degenerates like you to justice.

You descended upon this town like the Columbian demon that you are and destroyed it all. You took everything from me but my badge and my gun. But that's where you screwed up. Now I've got nothing left to lose, and there's nothing more dangerous than a street-hardened, mustachioed alcoholic with a hand-cannon and a deathwish.

Take this as your last warning, Montoya. You better sleep with both eyes open, because one day you're going to turn around and have my gun shoved so far down your jerk-off Ecuadorian throat, you'll fart gunpowder for a week. I don't care if I have to blow up half of downtown and the chief finally takes away my badge, your reign as West Coast druglord is fixing to come to an end. A bloody end. I'm going to hurt you in ways that will make you wish you had never left Montevideo.

Mark my words, Montoya. Your ass is mine.

Sky Mall



[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] to enjoy all of these [REDACTED] product - the Bose Neck Pillow [REDACTED] is never so good.



Five graduating seniors compete for page space, cookies.

I am so awesome!



After my lengthy and legendary run as chief humorist and sexiness editor of the *Texas Travesty* I've come to realize that I couldn't have done it without

the aid and assistance of so many amazing people.

1.) **Reginald Vel Johnson:** Your performance as the affable police detective Carl Winslow on the hit ABC sitcom *Family Matters* completely changed my perspective on life. The way you handled the irksome advances of Steven Q Eurkel on your lovely daughter Laura has helped me brave many a storm here at the *Travesty*. You are a gift to all men!

2.) **My family:** Mom, Dad, Drew and Wes. I know you guys thought I was autistic as a young boy, but look at me now! Seriously though, I wouldn't be the upper, middle class man that I am without your constant love and support. Thanks for letting me be weird.

3.) **Winston Churchill:** You're just awesome.

4.) **Pete Sampras:** With a powerful forehand and an even more powerful backhand you taught me that tennis is not just a sport. It's a way of life. Tennis fever — Catch it!

5.) **Todd and Kristin:** You both helped me along in my comedy education more than anyone has thus far. By forcing me to discard my love of Larry the Cable Guy and Sinbad, you weaned me upon the teat of irony and juxtaposition and were shining examples that poop jokes are only funny if the poop has meaning.

6.) **Velociraptors:** With your powerful hind quarters enabling you to reach speeds of 30-miles-an-hour you truly are the most ferocious of the dinosaurs. I don't care what *Jurassic Park* says, you will always kill a T-Rex in my book.

7.) **Bill Lawrence, Mitchell Hurwitz and Greg Daniels:** You have created three of the funniest television shows ever seen with *Scrubs*, *Arrested Development* and *The Office*. You make me laugh on a regular basis and that's enough.

8.) **Anyone not as good as me:** All you people out there who aren't as good as me in such skills like: writing, being funny, playing basketball, grilling burgers and opening beer bottles with your eye sockets, I truly want to thank you from the bottom of my heart.

9.) **The *Travesty* Staff:** You all make me laugh more than anyone and it has been an honor and a pleasure to work with you over the last four years. I hope

you all go on to be huge successes and maybe give me some of your money one day. I'll probably need it.

10.) **YOU:** Yes you, silly. Sitting there reading the *Travesty* with that cute little smile. The way you bob your hair. The way your neck smells like apples and Pert Plus. You're the reason I write articles about jean shorts and spend countless hours trying to find a clever way to make a fart joke about Iran's nuclear capabilities. Without you this would all be for nothing. And so I beg of you, please, continue to support this beautiful publication. A simple laugh and a smile means we've done our job. And it means that you love us. And I love you. Did I mention you look good in them jeans?

Later betches



Four years on the *Travesty* staff has taught me a lot.

For example, anything you say, no matter how seemingly innocent, can be turned into a sexual innuendo. Anything. And there are such things as stupid questions. Freshmen ask them.

Most importantly, saving something for the night before it's due, especially if it's 24-pages and has to be funny for thousands of discerning readers, is always a good idea.

But now that I'm leaving, a hollow shell of the innocent girl I once was, I have some people to thank for all their help and support.

Writers, thank you for putting up with my bitch editorness. Every time I told you that your articles were fine except that they were poorly written and not funny, what I really meant was that I

love you and appreciate all the wonderful material we churned out together. Really, any emotional problems I may have instilled were completely incidental.

Designers, you guys fucking amaze me! I don't know how you do what you do, but it always looks awesome. Sorry about that time that I accidentally deleted those two pages of the issue the night before printing. :) And sorry I always made fun of you for your Magic the Gathering tournaments.

Girls, slumber parties in college are normal. I will never reveal your end-of-the-world game answers, unless it's really tempting or I feel like it. Sorry, it's gossip I can't help myself!!!!

Bradley, I'm glad we never agreed on anything, or ever found the same thing funny, and spent most of the time arguing about what should go in. I cherish those moments.

Veronica, write this down: don't fuck things up next year. (j/k lolololololol)

Kristin and Todd, I would not have enjoyed the *Travesty* as much as I did if it weren't for you. Thank you for overlooking my shut-in tendencies and welcoming me to staff.

My Liberal Arts coworkers, our mutual hatred of students was a well-spring of articles, editorials and features for the *Travesty*. Thank you for always reading and assuring me it was funny (It was though, right? You're not just saying that, right?). And thank you for understanding when I showed up three Mondays a semester almost drunk with tiredness after staying up all weekend working on the issue.

And I'm not going to thank my family, because they still don't know that I work for the paper.

So busy.

Wait, this is a fake newspaper?



Fuck.

Girl doesn't have to pretend she's funny anymore



It is with a bitter-sweet note that I leave the *Texas Travesty*. Where else would I have been able to flaunt my English major

skills while simultaneously hiding my ineptitude to properly use commas or ever master AP style?

My three years on staff have taught me a lot about myself. Like my penchant for making sock puppets. Or Christmas trees covered in denim. Or that I really cannot stand jokes about the male anatomy.

Travesty guys: Thanks for putting up with my insistence on "girl humor", my love for any and all cats, and my lack of support for certain Chik-Fil-A ads.

Travesty gurrlls: Thanks for all the help with sock puppetry, being my denim bridesmaids, and putting up with "Nails by Sara". And although I'm tempted to reveal all the end-of-the-world secrets, I'll refrain.

Kathryn: thanks for making me cry with your criticism. And for helping me become a staff writer and associate editor.

SVU! What are you going to do without me next year? Full set!

Thanks to my parents for understanding and giving me my sense of

humor, and for knowing which relatives not to tell about the *Travesty*.

To all of my non-*Travesty* friends and roommates who have put up with me using them as the inspiration for my articles (in a totally flattering way) and for reading every issue I pushed in their faces, thank you!

And finally, to my beau Joe, for putting up with the long weekends, the annoying jokes, and the countless drafts I made you read while anxiously waiting for you to laugh, thank you times infinity plus one.

I only wish I could make scrapbooks and sock puppets for all the graduating seniors!

I'm actually male



You, like others on this campus, may have read my contributions to this fine publication presuming that I am a female. This is a grave mistake, because I am a bastion of maleness.

My entire life I have endured taunts about my name. People often ask, "Why do you have a girl's name?" Now at first I found this troublesome. However, after reading some fine literature, I realized that these kids simply had uncreative parents who closed their eyes and pointed to a name in the Bible. Yes, to all the Johns and Matthews who ever mocked me, your names were chosen when your mother flipped the pages of the New Testament and your father yelled, "STOP!" Sucks to be you, Judas.

History proves that the name Kelsey was relegated to a "girl's name" directly after my birth date amidst rampant fear that any male named Kelsey after me would live in a world of insecurity about their manhood. In fact, in the late 90's, fathers superstitiously decided to begin naming their daughters Kelsey with the futile hope that their household would be blessed with daughters capable of reaping entire fields of cash crops in sweltering heat with their bare hands — in mere hours.

In an age when parents give their daughters male names to avoid discrimination during the application process for jobs, my parents bravely decided to keep a family namesake in tact. Not only have I been stripped of my advantage as a male in the application process, I will also encounter interview setbacks. Imagine when bigoted CEOs expect a busty brunette to walk in the room, but instead get the epitome of chiseled, rustic masculinity.

So go ahead, taunt my name. But I, the white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant male, will always overcome your relentless discrimination.



■ From left to right, Kathryn Edwards, Bradley Jackson, Kelsey Lamb, Austin Presley and Sara Kanewske