MOURNING THE LOSS OF LOST INNOCENCE SINCE 1997

APRIL 2007
**Phil Anders**

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:** 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.

**Turn-ons:** fresh meat, homesick freshman girls, enforcing curfews, Joe Francis, swiping IDs, the walk from the communal shaving, experimentation, pajama parties, positions of authority, access to condoms, being over 21, gaining freshman trust, having a room to himself, dorm inspections, decorating roommate closets, entertaining visitors of long distance relationships, waiting for marriage, monogamy, accountability, Bible verses on Facebook profiles, graffiti painted in the laundry, girls who use the study lounge, supplemental housing, winter break.

**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, graffiti painted in the laundry, girls who use the study lounge, supplemental housing, winter break.

**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 DOUCHERBAG!”** 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 unexpected 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!

**Phil Anders**

**sex-addicted resident assistant**

**VOLUME 9 • ISSUE 6**

**17 APRIL 2007**

**40 acres 411**

**Guest 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 out that. 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 another.

**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. But 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 baseline 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 sex, 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.

**Cover**
Veronica Hansen

**Cartoons**
Chris Friend

**Video Games**
Mark Estrada

**Jobs for Women**
Veronica Hansen

**Choose-a-Teach**
Matt Hutchison

**Cover**
Conrad Brown

**Funky Town**
Mark Estrada

**Coloring Book**
Chris Friend

**Stephen Short**

**TEXAS TRAVESTY**

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**SHOUT OUT TO...**

CanCo closed, two copy blue, Thee Pai Wei girlfriend break ups, Austin’s unhealthy obsession with Alva Morris, correct formatting, wrong words, naked seniors, world conhecimento, Sara cab, Ross scop, the vibrating mini mil, the cooldown, 28 weeks later, sweetbakes, a suit interview, too big for shirts, don’t drink and design, helloform on Friday the 13th, upskirt Farm’s experience, Veronica being former right whetus, a bushel of sunflowers, small of cooked meat, chicken turkeys, wedding rings, plastic partner, SEC reversing our tickets, Austin’s Easter candy, Jo’s croissants, Jackie’s costume design abilities, Bradley in a local position in the corner crying over his last issue, Chris single handedly carrying the issue with his drawings, stars C, the lobby Facebook cancelling our relationships, fortune cookie protocol, laser ads, an anti war party on the fog bus, dearie Cheppendara’s, Sara Sassy everywhere, cop, we included Kathryn and thinking she lost her cap and gowns, Babelto, Veronica going from the church, Maslon going from Laura, Austin’s soft hair, we are well, David’s history of fans, Travesty shower. How do I eat this?

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Bradley Jackson
FEATURES EDITOR

PALO ALTO, CA — A recent survey conducted of the nation’s most unattractive and economically disadvantaged citizens found that an overwhelming 95 percent of these “people” feel American society is too obsessed with wealth and beauty.

“Ever since the economic boom of the Post-War generation, America has placed physical appearance and affluence upon a pedestal,” said Gene Atkins, a balding and overweight social worker outside his dilapidated shanty in Flint, Michigan. “And as a concerned citizen of this great nation, I have had enough.”

Concerned, but foul looking, citizens echoed Atkins opinion.

“When will our society realize that beauty is only skin deep? When will we learn that it’s that which is on the inside that matters?”

media portrays the feminine body as an impossible ideal concocted by the male fantasy,” said Gale Smithers, a mother of two teenage daughters who could probably stand to drop twenty pounds apiece. “My daughters are perfect just the way they are.”

Although the United States has often been charged of being a vain and shallow by repellent looking foreigners, this marks the first time America has been accused by its own unsightly populace. According to the conductors of the survey, “fatties,” “fuglies,” “shovel faces,” “welfare recipients” and “girls in wolf shirts” came out in droves to take part in the ground breaking survey.

“Slobs,” “freeway foreheads,” and “brown bag specials,” also appeared in record numbers.

Gene Davis, a well-to-do, distinguished looking professor from Stanford University spoke openly about his ground breaking survey.

“It’s been statistically proven that wealthy and attractive people collect higher salaries, have more friends, and even receive lighter jail sentences simply due to their looks and status. No one, however, has ever systematically polled those homely-looking parents are especially concerned how such portrayals will influence their already disadvantaged children.

“I must protest against the way our television, magazine and the Internet have pointed to media outlets such as America’s eyesores are confident their nation’s gorgeous population, Americas eyesores are confident their weak and non-threatening voices will be heard.

“Society must come to realize that there is more to life than wealth and beauty,” said Peter “the Porker” Plissken, whose face is so revolting he should probably just kill himself rather than make an appearance in public.

“We must learn that all human beings are valid and equal. And we must not be afraid to voice our opinions.”

Above the cries of the infant he had just frightened, Plissken added: “We shall overcome.”

---

Kelsey Lamb
STAFF WRITER

AUSTIN — Intramural co-ed soccer champion and self-declared season MVP Eduardo Garea announced Tuesday that he would defer from entering the Major League Soccer draft in order to complete his college career.

Garea’s team, the Purple Headed Beavers, won the co-ed outdoor championship in November 2006, completing what Garza declared “an improbable run to the top.”

“I talked to everyone that was important to me, my coaches, friends, and teammates, and I decided that finishing up my education here at UT is much more important than getting paid the big bucks,” announced a weary eyed Garea to his mother on the phone. “I haven’t slept all week; it has been a really tough call to make.”

Garea’s teammates were surprised to hear about his decision to stay another year.

“I am almost positive that Ed has three majors, and has already been prolonging graduating to win an ‘intraunal champion’ t-shirt,” explained teammate Kevin Carneglia.

“Now that he has his precious t-shirt, I can’t imagine why he’s going to stick around. He needs to get a job and stop living off his parents.”

Garea tallied two goals during regular season matches and has continued to produce average numbers during the post-season, including a penalty kick in the final seconds of the championship match that increased his teams lead to six goals.

“His penalty kick was nice, it was against the other team’s second string goalie,” explained Carneglia. “The opposing team’s goalkeeper didn’t really appear to have any experience guarding the goal. But that didn’t stop Ed from ripping his shirt in half, running to the middle of the field, flopping down and bursting into tears after he scored the goal.”

“His celebration was completely uncalled for,” complained the captain of the Floppy Meat Curtains, Kent Galindo. “Garea did not need to celebrate like that, especially given the fact that he had kicked our first-string goalie in the face, forcing him out of the game. We were just out there to have fun.” Galindo shook his head before adding: “Have I mentioned he popped a bottle of champagne on the sidelines after the game? Ridiculous.”

The Beaver’s star keeper, Holly Richey, stated that Garea’s stats were “mildly impressive, at best.” Richey was relegated to keeping the books after Garea delivered a crushing slide tackle to her ankle during a friendly scrimmage at practice. “Eduardo also had three red cards and more handballs than was thought previously possible during the course of a season.”

Garea, however, ignores these sorts of criticisms. “Bottom line is that I went out there and produced, and that’s what the MLS scouts saw. I am just looking forward to another season out there on the intramural fields, playing with my teammates. Not to mention continuing with my great university education.”

Some wonder why Garza would elect to stay another season, considering he could exit on the pinnacle of his career. However, there is only one thing on Garza’s mind, and it’s not the pros:

“Repeat,” said a smirking, confident Garza. “Now that we won C-league, it’s time to take the B-league crown.”
AtmosFEAR takes rap world by storm

Kelsey Lamb
STAFF WRITER

MIA M — 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.

"I'm proud to graduate in the top 85th percentile of my family," said McCullen, smiling at a photograph of him hanging on the wall. "It's all about preserving the planet and making a difference in this global warming struggle," explained AtmosFEAR. "I don't want to know that my music made a difference in this global warming struggle," said McCullen. "I just want to know that my music made a difference in this global warming struggle.""}

"I would never collaborate with this cat," T-Pain coolly stated. "Seriously, who wants to go out to dinner and hang with that sort of cat?" McCullen's family did have their doubts. "But it's better than having to pay my own rent," McCullen said.

Although McCullen's family had hoped for a more traditional graduation, they were proud of his accomplishments. "I just have to appreciate the attention my music is getting," said a thankful AtmosFEAR, dressed in an 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, recently 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 lineup. The concerts are to take place on stages across the world on July 27 in order to raise awareness of the ill-effects of global warming."

"I was born to be a rapper," said McCullen. "It's all about preserving Mamma Earth's fat booty, you know? We have to preserve that shit, for real!"

"I would never collaborate with this cat," T-Pain coolly stated. "Seriously, who wants to go out to dinner and hang with that sort of cat?"

"AtmosFEAR's tracks are hip and smart. I just can't get his song "I'm takin' public transportation to Piss*sy 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. "I'm takin' public transportation to Piss*sy Town". "I would never collaborate with this cat," T-Pain coolly stated. "Seriously, who wants to go out to dinner and hang with that sort of cat?"

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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 from 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, Remenber 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 ‘Superstitition,’ 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 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 Baraymore’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 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 Chapelle 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 even 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 never having been seen 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

Coming
Fall 2007

GROOYY!

Comin' to a sto' in yo' hood!
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 Wimbiscus 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.

"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 Auditoria, a mainstream band "with followers across the globe that are just like you and me."

Overly kind man holds door for inappropriate duration

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.

"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.

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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.”

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 never dines alone with the companionship of the University-provided cards listing healthful eating tips and birthday events. Photo/Travesty

“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.”

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 always knocked 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 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 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 upperclassman. 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.
**Woman always a bride, never a bridesmaid**

Family prepares to attend fifth wedding in as many years

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

Though 28-year-old Campbell-Mendoza-Greenbaum-Ayyalaosmayajula is in her own words "pretty OK with Jason," she has recently become 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-Ayyalaosmayajula'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 Burret 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 Burret 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 Burret 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 Mitchel, 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 Kentucky 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 Ransink was the subject of sophomore Brittan 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 Ransink'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 temperature of Vasley's loins, and later that night, a dream in which Ransink 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.

**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 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 overdresses for 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.

1. Bald Eagle Preservation Society
   “Soaring Eagle, Wounded Terrorist”
   Colors: Red, White and Blue. And brown.... for the terrorist scum.

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

3. Transcendental Organization of Free-Thinkers “Happy Cat”
   Colors: Anything you want man.
   No judgement here.

4. l Phelt ∆ Thi
   “Pledge Week Mixer”
   Colors: Pink (for shirts) Baby Blue (for pants) White (for skin)
Alright felas, listen up. The deal is goin down tonight, under the dock.

The only thing going under is YOU...

and it's arrest!!!

a-arrest! That's what you'll be going under!

Alright listen, you guys are under arrest.

GAH!
RECONSIDERING THE RELATIONSHIP SINCE 1997

NEWS • 13

YOU WANNA MESS WITH LIMP BIZKIT? YOU CAN'T MESS WITH LIMP BIZKIT.
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!

- Are you over 50?
  - Yes
  - No
  - Mary Kay Consultant
  - Sex Party Host
- Do you want to be your own boss?
  - Yes
  - No
- Will your husband allow you to work?
  - Yes
  - No
  - Can you have children?
    - Yes
    - No
    - Kindergarten Teacher
    - Abused and Alone. Start over; if you can.
    - Clinique Counter Girl
- Do you like talking on the phone/have nice handwriting?
  - Yes
  - No
  - Secretary
- Do you like making people smile?
  - Yes
  - No
  - Spraying people with shit?
    - Yes
    - No
    - Dental Hygienist
    - Cosmetologist

Brontosaurus

poop on your head-o-saurus
Mr. Peacock | Choir
Grade distribution – 85% E 10% S 4% N 1% U
Mr. Peacock rocked my face off! Especially when he lets us sing acapella (sp) versions of our fav tunes. The hardest part about this class is that 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. 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 butt hole. Plus, his breath smells like similac, 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

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

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 Dikens and Shakespeare and Weekly Reader. Why cant we read real books like Stine and Sports Illustrated? The bright 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

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

I WISH I WAS A LITTLE BIT TALLER.
Video Games: The Latter Years

Legend of Zelda: The Reality of Link

Follow Link on his magical world tour instead of hunting Werewolves and running princesses. He promises himself to be a hero to satisfying society. You reach his side to put your controllers down as Link moves only from his LAZzy room in dungeons and into TVO for Last Will the Traveller in the ultimate quest to beat Princess Zelda and a challenge that he looks for. The face of Hyrule rests in your hand as Link struggles back a cold one to save the cartoon soldier in his mock. Happen a rare account of man's determination, and half a bunch of blue pixels as Ednor the prominentaign man of Gliamnort.

Sega: the Hedgehog 3 Is Back in the Show

Sonic returns home from one adventure to his next thousand after a day solo battle. After Dr. Robotnik signed contracts with the Dylan crew desires the side of the Dark Egg, the deadly hedgehog found something that made him run up much harder. Porfirio Hula, took five years of his gold rings on a quidam brand, wearing with the vengeance. "Close the Hedgehog" and his men named some harder drugs. Toad finally found the he found something that provoked acommen ability such times he must be six off a school in Atlanta City, ignoring his assume impossible and drastic weight loss. Now, Tails is gaining lighter than his whiskers. Take every night has will Tails's purring lead him to catch with his usual traditional mushroom mushroom, or will he return to the Solar Zone?

Magic Man XXX

Dr. Willy is on again! Magic Man has a chance to pick with Dr. Willy's hand of Latin Hands on a huge, sprawling island full of puzzles and secrets. One of his return reasons to pursue the honor of adventure such as Adventure Man, Dragon Man, and Cowhide in Hair! Can you help Magician Man versus his own hand of head? Or will you blow the only chance to prove Dr. Willy from making the world his new playground of pleasure? Be sure to be serious ready because you're going on an all-night long with this explosive climax to the Magic Man series!

The Silent Siberian: Outing Edition

The ready on tape the Silent Siberian remains for "creamy Julian". In between the lines of trying变得不再买at the moment than Link's game, you'll have to manage the camp and motivate the approval of several friends: Joseph Keiko. Even his approval, you'll find yourself facing nearly 1 million from anything of this substantial. And time in the game, prepare for disasters. Cold, harsh winter can wipe out your leader camp with firewood and starvation. Firefirst can reach victorious equipment. But Poorerie is in the meantime of all survivors to cause collapse of Soviet power which is the only thing preventing you from yourBengal prisoner!
RECONSIDERING THE RELATIONSHIP SINCE 1997

**Ham and Luigi in Super InterGalactic Warfare**

When Mario (a Saint) and Luigi (a Biff) are ripped apart by the lunacy of extreme violence in the new state laws of the Far Eastern Kingdom, they are forced to have such a divorce without regard for family or the memory of his father Luigi stand as Tool and the Prince in an act of random violence. Mario meets the little robot named Mr. with only his AK-47 and a brawl begins in order to save his kidnapped princess against the man he would to call a brother. Just like the real world there are no magic mechanisms that will work, simply the cold hard reality of life and death made real by man's unapoloables list for new and person.

**Donkey Kong: Primitive Rage**

For the past two years Donkey and Diddy Kong have been recorded at a 15 to 13 ratio in the East Coast area, but one day when the family runs away to keep their rage, they become yet another victim of human's response. This is one of the most fun games for hard players to make parts in Donkey and Diddy's joystick rampage of irrationally insane person, while simultaneously attempting to rescue their rain gutter of home and make the majority of mambo by Animal Control. Raini the Elektron make a special appearance in Diddy and Donkey's main invention of clinical disfiguration via his never sharp home and ability to crash small children and knowledge with the ground of soul.

**WHAM! Jam**

If you thought the era the top, high-score distaste of WHAM! was modest video game play get ready for completely average and unyielding motion that will be made in how you are playing. Dreamo made it to the WHAM! more Cheryl Teague, Lisa Leslie and Valienta Cloney, you and your friends can do everyman, make it more points and score and 30 points per goes off to the series and join of a half-filled madness. The first one hundred people to actually buy the game will receive either a free season pass on all WHAM! regular season games or 23 percent of the total won as your local H.H.A. (while supplies last). Prepare for the sudden collision!!

**Wall Street Fighter**

Capcom’s most popular video game is back and better than ever! Instead of engaging in hand-to-hand combat, the Street Fighters are placed again each other in the edging and fast paced world of stocks, bonds and commodities on the ground floor of the New York stock exchange. Watch as Fos and Yoko are forced to rely on the NYSE floor traders and their own inner sense of business! And of course, Gallman continues his runaway conservative business that he rules much in the Sante Ban-era of the Sante Ban!
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 dad ain't nobody showin' up to jazz appreciation class meet when it meets! Don't place no restrictions on it, Baby. Skibbadee-bobbled-bam-bop-bam-bop-bam!

I tol' 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 grade-doo-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 thousand lost, mixed-up souls.

Damn, cool cats, dat's jes' the Fowty Acres bus! SKAP-BEE-BOP-DOP-D Tweedledum.EDGE! EDGE!
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. Where have the ethics in radio gone?

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 patient 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 attitude, their ability to dance or their round, juicy asses. I also like to smear mayonnaise on their asses.

What Imus said just didn’t 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 ability to transcend gender boundaries and reach a level of equality with men. How can Bunny, the stripper I worked with 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 hoes,” 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, mermaids, 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 porn.

Remember my Miss Ampuette 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-int!

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 Queer 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 SUPER COP

You hear me, you Puerto Rican son of a bitch? Your cancerous drug-dealing has plagued this town long enough, damnit. 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 greasiest 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 remember 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 MAYON-NAISE!

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.
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 irreksome advances of Steven Q. Eurlke 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 for 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.) Velociphetors: 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 short 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 for the issue you were shining examples that poop jokes are only funny if the poop has meaning.

Editors, thank you for putting up with my insistence on "girl humor", my lack of support for certain Chik-Fil-A ads. Travesty gurrrrls: 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 woman. This is a huge 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 Matthew’s 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 superstitionly 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.