

THE TEXAS TRAVESTY

-GAZETTE-COURIER-EXAMINER-CONSTITUTION-REPUBLICAN-PICAYUNE

"CLAMO, CLAMATIS, OMNES CLAMAMUS PRO GLACE LACTIS"



IRANIAN JETS PREEMPTIVELY STRIKE U.S., SPANISH GALLEONS

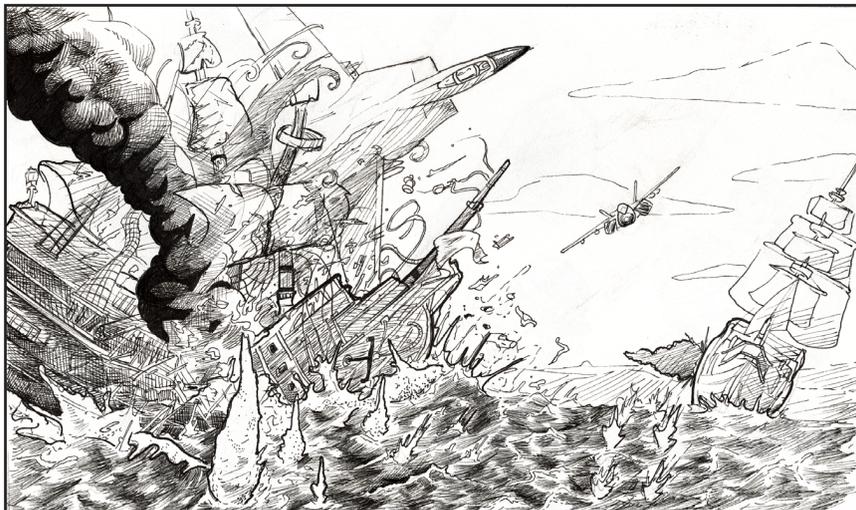
\$50,000!

REWARD!

for the capture of *DASTARDLY SCOUNDRELS* responsible for terrorizing the **GREAT AMERICAN DREAM**

American freedom, liberty, independence, unity, patriotism and manifest destiny jeopardized by attack. **TERROR INDUCING VILLAINS** must be punished for the **OUTRAGE** they have caused in hearts of American people. Only white, land owning men eligible for reward.

BUSH: 'ACRIMINUNUNAJAD WILL PAY'



ATTACK BELIEVED TO SIGNAL ONSET OF SPANISH-AMERICAN-IRANIAN WAR

\$50,000!

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BEHOLD!! THE WONDERS, THE HORRORS



Bad-egg urinated on by varmints after waking snakes with chums: Is **'THE MARIJUANA'** involved?

Student's Mountained Dew soda-drink **'LACKS A CERTAIN FIZZINESS'** after return from lavatory! **TOMFOOLERY** suspected!

OUTRAGE!!! SORORITY IN SHAMBLES AFTER SISTER SIGHTED ADJUSTING ILL-FITTING TUBED-TOP

Evolution proponents' scandalous thought-feelings *clearly* refuted by **HOLY SCRIPTURE**

JUBILATION!! Doubled-meat order goes unnoticed by **POTBELLY** cashier!

IRAQI MENACE suspected of striking alliance with the **SAVAGES!** Austin villagers in **turmoil!!**

MOON BLOCKS OUT SUN:
U.S. GOVERNMENT RESPONSIBLE?

PREEMPTIVE STRIKE BY IRANIAN AIRPLANES ON U.S. AND SPANISH VESSELS BELIEVED TO BE

EXECUTED PRIOR TO ANY PREEMPTIVE STRIKE BY U.S. OR SPANISH VESSELS ON IRANIAN AIRPLANES.

DIVERS CURRENTLY SEARCHING FOR AMERICAN SURVIVORS AT BOTTOM OF ATLANTIC. TRAVESTY SENDS

REPORTERS TO SPANISH GOVERNMENT TO SEE WHO'S SIDE THEY'RE REALLY ON. SPANISH ARMADA

CONTINUES TO BATTLE IRANIAN TRAINED GIANT SQUIDS. U.S. RETALIATES WITH FLEET OF DOLPHINS!

Jordan McKinley you during Parents' Weekend

Texas Travesty: So what cool things did you do this Parents' Weekend?

Jordan McKinley: Well, gosh! I'm not sure I can even remember all of them! We started the weekend off right with a proper guided tour of campus. Did you know there are 10 totally different ways they light the Tower? After we brushed up on the ol' Forty Acres, the rents and I scooted on over to the University Co-op to buy official 2007 Parents' Weekend collective memorabilia to remember the weekend by.



Turn-ons: Co-op refunds, parent-funded meals at Chuy's, concealed compartments, studying and getting As, staying in shape with IM sports, eating vegetables, getting 8 hours of sleep, keeping the Sabbath holy, UT pride, sensible and safe fun, bowling, a steady girlfriend, internships, hearing stories from back home, my RA, showering and shaving each day, Texas History Museum, the PCL, 11 p.m. bedtime, good influences

TT: How was Parents' Weekend different than any other regular weekend?

JM: Well, most weekends I don't get out of my dorm much. I usually spend most of the weekend catching up on my studying, or looking for jobs or internships. Most Saturday nights, I go bowling in the Union with some friends, and turn in early so I can wake up for church the next morning. After church on Sundays, I usually watch some football, play some ping-pong, dust my room, and then look over my notes for Monday classes.

TT: So why won't you let your parents open your closet this weekend?

JM: Well... uh... my roommate, he has this thing, where he, uh, doesn't want anyone to see his collection of... um... Playboys? Right? People still read Playboy, right? And he doesn't want anyone to see them. I don't have anything in there, though. What would I have to hide? Are you trying to say I'm hiding something? 'Cause I'm not. I need to go study.

Turn-offs: Video games, parties with alcohol, staying up late, Jester Wendy's, my roommate's psychedelic flower vase, skipping class, peer pressure, my Spring Break Facebook album, rap, Texas A&M (boo Aggies!), experimentation, uncleared history on my Web browser, anti-Bush bumper stickers, Sixth Street (from what I've heard), tuition bills, my illegitimate son, the end of Parents' Weekend



around campus

- Taking a date to Mt. Bonnell is about as suave and original as the lights-off, missionary sex you won't be having.
- People who answer "aqui" instead of "here" during attendance in Spanish class still press 1 for English.
- The new trash cans on the drag are serious about the finality of your garbage
- Sketch is totally the new creep.
- TAs who casually swear in discussion sections need to knock it off, gosh darn it.

- If you're around an RTF major, don't express an opinion about *The Darjeeling Limited*. You're probably wrong.
- It's almost November, and everyone's ass crack is a little less sweaty.
- Were the tower bells just playing "Soulja Boy"?
- The pan-handlers on the drag aren't buying booze and smack with your spare change, they are pooling their resources for the construction of the gargantuan karma machine.
- Go ahead and use the word dichotomy one more time. Make my day.
- Construction on the next eight story apartment building will stop prematurely and open up as a post-modern minimalist villa, where the walls are imagined and the plumbing is inspired.
- By the end of October most freshmen will stop smiling.
- Students will be alarmed when the rogue 40

- Acres bus driver turns right on San Jacinto.
- The Texas Catholic T- shirts will remain more popular than the Texas Inquisition T- shirts, for now.
- Hey scooter man, wanna give me a ride to RLM?
- Stop walking in a line; you're blocking my way.
- Ordering the *New York Times* for class doesn't make you smarter, it just means you have more recycling to do.
- Embarrassingly pregnant students will fail to realize the winter wardrobe they just splurged on won't be useful until February.
- Including "eating lunch," "masturbating," and "getting high" on your to-do list isn't what your Moleskin notebook had in mind.
- Don't worry, the PTS officer won't take it personally if you defecate on his gay electric pod-thing.
- It's 5:18 and OU still won.

40acres4 | VOLUME 10 • ISSUE 2 22 OCTOBER 2007

Well guys, the autumn winds are blowing and leaves aren't the only things softly falling to the forest floor. Frisbee golfer **Deborah Mattingly's** panties made a subtle decent to the ground after she strayed off the course last Thursday afternoon in an attempt to locate fellow golfer **Pat Smith's** disc in the woods. After a thorough search, Deborah and Pat got to know each other a little better. A bogie wasn't the only thing that Deborah ended up taking.

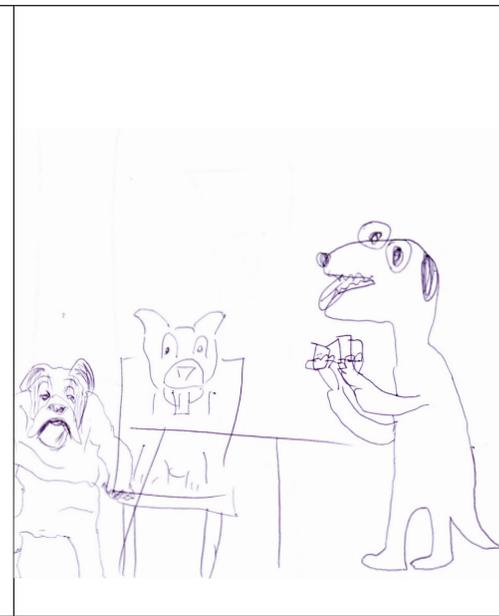
Speaking of picking up extra strokes, Jester resident **Justin Wong** set the all time campus record for largest computer porn collection last

Wednesday with 180 gigs. The record was confirmed by the University tech services, who keep a running list of all contenders. Maybe that is why they suggest you leave your computer with them overnight.

As long as we are on the topic of hard drives, did you hear about **Susan Humansky's** sudden insatiable desire for a new Mac notebook? She happily let an Apple tech check out her disk space to make sure she had the right software. Susan's totally going to have to reformat her system after this little personal tech support. After all, when you use Apple, it just works.

Unemployed sophomore **Chandrasekhar Patel** made a trip to the local sperm bank to stimulate extra cash flow. With his hard earned money, Patel was able to pay for his date's dinner. Hopefully, he won't choke when she asks for seconds.

Patel's not the only one who is looking a little sparse these days. **Olivia Numan** is down to a slim figure, obsessively exercising when she is not studying for her mathematics classes. However, it doesn't take a math major to see the acute angles of her bone structure. At least it won't be much of a stretch for her to make her skeleton costume for Halloween.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Veronica Hansen
MANAGING EDITOR	Stephen Short
DESIGN EDITOR	Matt Hutcheson
ART EDITOR	Chris Friend
ASSOCIATE EDITOR	Ross Luippold
DISTRIBUTION DIRECTOR	Francisco Marin
WRITING STAFF	Thejaswi Maruvada Jon Neal Michael Prohaska Stuart Stutzman
DESIGN STAFF	Mark Estrada Aaron Landy Julia Iacoviello Matty Greene Lesley Dixon
PUBLICITY STAFF	Sabrina Abdulla Sara Nienkerk Zak Kinnaird Justin Vahala
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANTS	Emily Guerrero Gerran Hogan Laura Ryan Malcolm Wardlaw Megan Jackson Neal Barenblat Phillip Paquette

CONTACT
PHONE 512-471-7898
EMAIL letters@texastravesty.com
WEB www.texastravesty.com
MAIL Texas Travesty • UT Austin
P.O. Box D • Austin, TX 78713

EDITORS EMERITUS
Kevin Butler Todd Nienkerk
1997 2003-2005
Brad Butler Kristin Hillery
1997-2000 2005-2006
Ben Stroud David Strauss
2000-2001 2006-2007
Trevor Rosen
2001-2003

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

SHOUT OUTZ TO...
We never get to go to Denny's because of Stephen, Shit, 24 pages, cutting up dildos, being ahead on Saturday, Japan has a shiroload of people, what this does?, Being office friends only, Ross and Chris gossip about Veronica, do we clap for guitarist, return of the Pelligrino, David isn't funny, laying out at 8 am, The Onion's Longevity, haunted houses, Cat videos, everyone's an asshole now, the best Green Day songs, Thejaswi and the Travestys, sports games at Pluckers, Bar charts taking up a half page, Never going to Luby's, Who's sweatshirt is that? Oh yeah, the hottie, Stephen looks ADORABLE when he sleeps, T&S in the backseat, Where Mary at?, Did you guys appreciate that Nanostick I left for you? Edamame is fucking bullshit, exchanging emails, Jane Austen dating advice, we'll come up with jokes later, geez this deadline weekend sure got here fast, two pussies!, I want an Asian baby, it's the pubic cubel, Matt's thorough enjoyment of Alexander's Dark Band, "Pico" is a fucking depressing song, R's roommate being creepy, Where is a chicken's nose anyway? Js text message to Frankie

OCTOBER
2007
CREDITS

Cartoons Chris Friend Leslie Dixon	Staff	South Padre Mark Estrada Ross Luippold Mike Prohaska	Thejaswi Maruvada Chris Friend	Medival Condom Aaron Landy	Dating Advice Ross Luippold Chris Friend	Bar Chart The Army
Centerspread Chris Friend Matt Hutcheson	God Libs Matt Hutcheson	Cover Matt Hutcheson	Poetry Jon Neal Neal Barenblat	Ransom Center Aaron Landy Justin Vahala	Photos Matty Greene	Halloween Guide Mark Estrada Staff
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Dedicated McDonald's patron wins Monopoly, dies

Coroner: 'Cause of death was severe McAtherosclerosis'

Thejaswi Maruvada
STAFF WRITER

HOUSTON — 59-year-old defensive driving instructor Milton Parker succumbed to cardiac arrest soon after fulfilling his lifelong goal of winning the grand prize of \$1,000,000 in McDonald's promotional Monopoly game.

According to his widow, Harriet, Parker strived to achieve first place in a contest that would provide a better life for his family. He reportedly often lamented that he "was tired of living on Baltic Avenue."

"We were forced to mortgage our property several times," explained Harriet, who handled the finances in the household. "The electric company wouldn't get off our backs, and sometimes they would cut off the water. The water works now, though."

Harriet believes her husband's death was due to the shock from winning \$1,000,000.

"Milton must have been so overcome with excitement that his body couldn't handle it," sobbed the heir to

Parker's winnings. "I guess I can find solace in the fact he died a happy man. After all, the only thing he ever won before that was a lousy \$10 for second prize in a beauty contest."

Harris County coroner James Anderson disputes Harriet's claim that unexpected joy caused her late-husband's death.

"No, it wasn't just shock. He was dying for years," explained Anderson, who received for services \$25. "His death resulted from an extreme level of Big Mac and French fry consumption. The McGriddles didn't help much either."

Parker reportedly played McDonald's Monopoly since the game's inception in the mid 1990s and developed a strategy to collect the necessary pieces. He visited the same McDonald's franchise three times a day, and on occasion he would advance token to the nearest Wal-Mart venue McDonald's Express. Parker believed it was at Wal-Mart, where he captured the rare Ventnor and Pennsylvania Avenues, that he could one day find Boardwalk.

"He was one fat, disgusting dude," noted McDonald's employee Chad Huckabee. "He always ordered Big Macs thinking they were lucky, but those Big Macs sent him to Hell -- they sent him straight to Hell."

Throughout his long quest for Boardwalk and Park Place, Parker considered giving up on his goal several times, but instant win prizes such as a free Double Quarter Pounder with cheese or a free Filet O' Fish gave him an incentive to keep trying.

"Those prizes gave him hope," said his widow as she walked her Scottish terrier down Pacific Avenue. "They helped him believe that if he could so easily win an Egg McMuffin, then with a little dedication he could win a million bucks someday."

In what she felt was a wise financial move, Harriet invested the winnings in multiple high-value properties. However, she was soon assessed with street repairs on all of them and lost most of the money. She is now nearly bankrupt, and has since been living on a \$200 salary.



■ Parker, noticeably less gigantic than at the time of his death, revels in his first cardiac arrest shortly after consuming 12 McRib's. Photo/Travesty

Student expert on everything, and then some

Ross Luippold & Mike Prohaska
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — Freshman Cathy Zimmerman has firmly established herself amongst her American History classmates as the "supreme expert" in all fields of scholarship. Despite the tepid response the Sociology major receives when enlightening her classmates, Zimmerman is confident that she would be doing the University a disservice by keeping her vast arsenal of scholarship to herself.

"It's not my fault that most students don't have the gift of soaking up information and living life to the fullest, like I do," said Zimmerman while recommending a Caesar side salad over the hot chili to an unsuspecting student at the Union Wendy's. "But I try not to hold that against anyone. I mean, I was born in Michigan, but I came to Austin because I heard that everyone is so open-minded and academic. So I try to embody that sentiment by being both a student and teacher in the classroom."

In spite of her enthusiasm, students and teachers are less than ap-

preciative of her efforts to educate the masses.

"We can't get through a discussion section without Cathy telling us about her internship in Madrid or childhood in Michigan" complained business sophomore Adam Peterson as he idly doodled tigers mauling

Zimmerman's likeness in the margins of his notebook. "She even had the nerve to tell me that I misspelled Sufjan Stevens on my Facebook profile. I wish she would just take my advice and shut the hell up."

Seeking refuge from Zimmerman, Peterson began taking yoga lessons.

"I can't believe she's followed me into yoga class," fumed Peterson, his stress level building with subsequent Zimmerman-attended yoga exercises. "The other day she spent ten minutes blabbing to Zen Master Sasha that yoga was no substitute for 'mishigmi,' the Ojibwa tribe's term

for Lake Michigan."

Zimmerman's professor agrees with his Peterson's sentiments.

"Cathy is the first student I've ever had to contradict what I've said and back up her statement with a quote from my own dissertation," revealed Professor Anthony Mendoza, slowly massaging his temples as he counted to ten. "She even gave me a copy of Ten Steps to Success and told me to spend two hours a day memorizing them like she did to win the 4th Annual Michigan BEE."

Mendoza continued, "There must be an explanation for her behavior. Maybe her family never disciplined her or she never received enough attention — or perhaps Lansing, Michigan is the most wonderful place on earth."

When asked if she believes her Michigan upbringing shaped her current worldview, Zimmerman responded, "I can't even overestimate it. Sure, I moved to Houston when I was two-and-three-quarters, but those couple of years really shaped me into who I am today. I also know a lot about Ohio, where my grandparents live, and Dover, Delaware, home of the Fightin' Dolphins."



■ Though feigning indifference, at least two of the pictured audience is aptly focused on the fabric, cut and make of Zimmerman's undergarments. Photo/Travesty

Ron Paul to confuse voters in 2008

Elderly voter: 'You mean he hates the War *and* my undeserved pension?'

Stuart Stutzman
STAFF WRITER

WASHINGTON, D.C. — During a press conference Monday, Republican presidential hopeful Representative Ron Paul (R-TX) announced his plans to “confuse the Hell out of voters this election season” with his seemingly contradictory political stances and befuddling libertarian ideals.

“I’m really looking forward to getting out on the campaign trail,” declared Paul from atop a shaky platform outside the Capitol. “My plans to eliminate unnecessary federal bureaucracies like the Interstate Commerce Commission and Department of Education, all while putting U.S. currency on a nineteenth century-style gold standard will satisfy voters on the conservative fringe, while legalizing marijuana will guarantee me the unemployed stoner vote come next November.”

Pausing to voice support for a bill al-

lowing infants the freedom to disregard government-imposed baby formula safety standards, Paul continued, “And we must end the bureaucratic regulation surrounding trash pickup days. If

a private citizen wants to carry his own refuse to the city dump, he should be able to—I know I do.”

As a member of the House of Representatives, Paul has become notorious



■ Ron Paul loves the Constitution like Hillary Clinton loves pantsuits.
Photo/wikimedia Commons

amongst his peers for voting against almost any legislation that would increase federal spending, including the Clothe the Homeless Act of 1998 and the wildly popular Feed the Homeless Act of 1999. He was, however, a major proponent of the Choke the Homeless Act of 2001.

“I’ve never seen anyone so Scrooge-like with the nation’s money,” said former House Majority Leader Tom DeLay (R-TX), methodically counting \$100 bills while ordering his staff to work Christmas Eve. “He’s voted against funding for warrantless wiretapping, supporting our troops, and the grand opening celebration for Tom Delay’s Corporate Megaplex and Child Labor Annex.”

Despite considerable competition from political powerhouses Governor Mitt Romney (R-MA) and Senator Barack Obama (D-IL), Paul has started to gather a considerable upwelling of support from conservative and liberal voters alike. This comes as a surprise to many political analysts, in light of his conservative stances on abortion and the Second Amendment, and his liberal views on enhanced interrogation techniques and domestic surveillance.

“Perhaps voters are attracted to someone who sounds completely refreshing

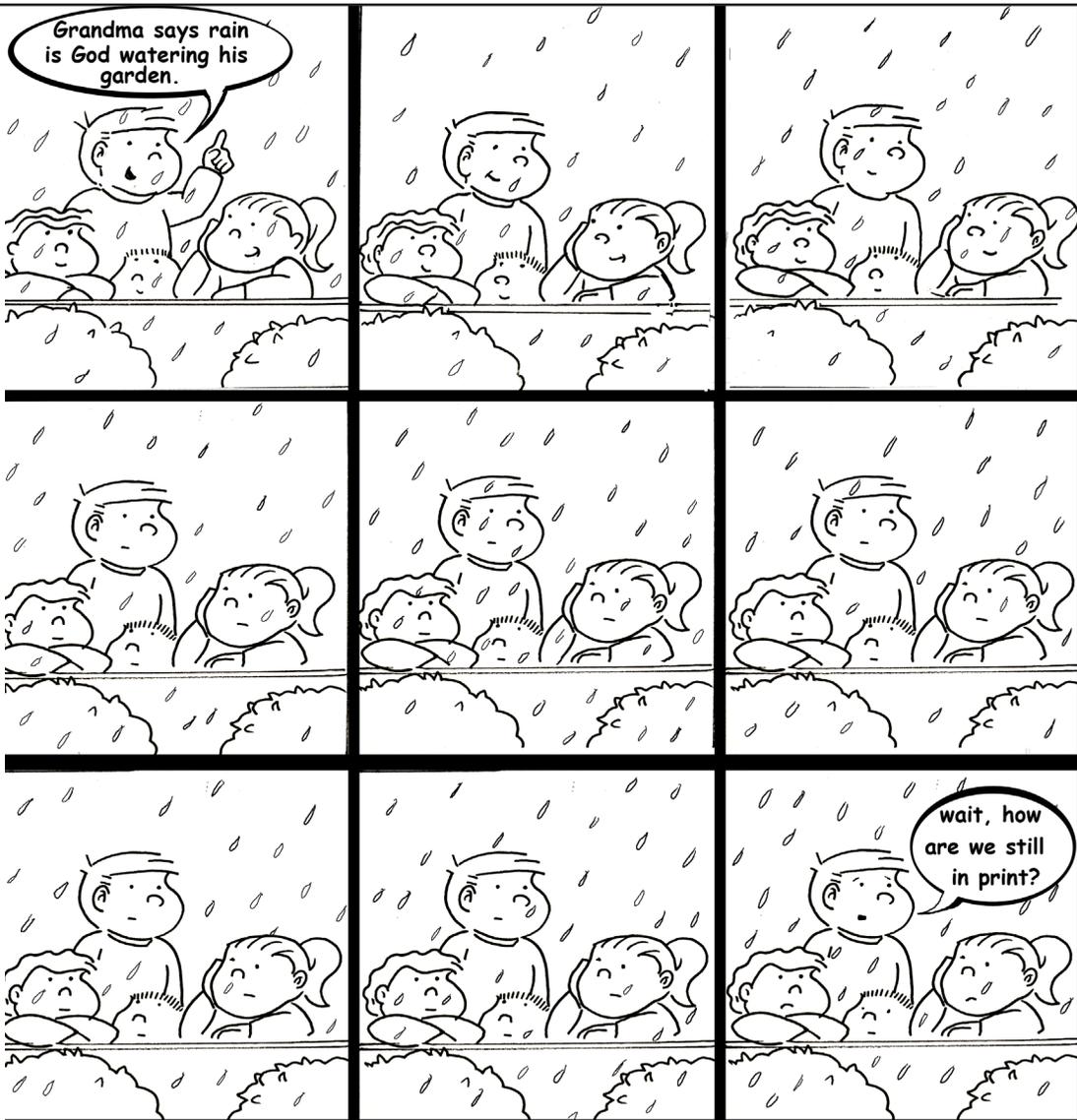
in a field of candidates that aren’t signaling much change from the status quo,” proposed University of Texas government professor Cheryl Marsh as she idly doodled several sketches of Paul on vacation in Hawaii. “Realistically though, it’s probably just his support for ending marijuana prohibition.”

A wide coalition of University students supporting Paul’s candidacy have formed Longhorns for Ron to spread his message of “lower taxation and liberty for all” across campus.

“The corporate-controlled American culture isn’t ready for Ron Paul’s radical new thinking,” explained Longhorns for Ron founder Jesse Gibson from his hemp hammock, pausing to turn down a blaring Fugazi album. “Once he’s elected, the Man won’t be able to keep the Freedom Revolution down!”

When asked for a specific policy on which he and Paul agree, Gibson replied: “Policy positions aren’t what Paul’s about, man. In fact, I disagree with him about most everything. He’s about bringing down the System, and that’s what I love.”

Excusing himself to spray-paint “Ron Paul 2008” on a MoPac overpass, Gibson added, “I can’t wait to buy my herb with gold-backed currency.”



Teacher to student: 'Are you retarded or something?'

DALLAS — Elementary school teacher Michele Knoll allegedly made third grade student Anthony McCollum cry during language arts class Monday morning.

“I asked a question about what we were doing,” sniffled a tearful McCollum. “And then she asked me if I was retarded. It’s not my fault I can’t say hippo—hippopot—uh, hippopot.”

McCollum was born with a speech impediment that has been a constant source of ridicule from his peers, but never has a teacher commented on his disorder in

such a direct manner.

“Oh come on, like you don’t think he’s at least a little bit retarded,” posited Knoll as she threw away crude, colorful self-portraits drawn by her students. “He sounds like a combination of Mush Mouth and Porky Pig. Or maybe more like post-stroke Dick Clark, I’m not exactly sure.”

McCollum’s parents were reportedly “infuriated” with Knoll’s behavior, but declined to comment publicly on what they called “[their] son’s profound retardation.”

Caveman offended by unfunny Cavemen

CAMPUS — Caveman and geology major Thog Tatuk expressed his displeasure with ABC’s new fall sitcom, *Cavemen*, explaining that it only perpetuates the stereotype that cavemen aren’t funny.

“TV show make people think cavemen not funny. Thog very funny,” grunted Tatuk as he sat in his bottom floor Moorehill residence while roasting a squirrel over a

crude fire, built with two sticks and a flint stone.

“You want hear joke? Thog tell good joke.” Tatuk regularly performs open mic standup comedy at the Velveta Room in order to quash the label imposed on his kind by the ABC sitcom. Tatuk reportedly hopes that making people laugh will “help [them] forget [ABC] make shitty show.”

Cupcake stand bankrupted by confection conglomerate

WEST CAMPUS — Local cupcake stand “Hey, Cupcake!” was forced to close its shutters following the grand opening of Cake-World, a four-acre mega-store that offers baked goods at wholesale prices.

Although “Hey, Cupcake!” has only provided cupcake-craving students their fix for less than a year, many customers are shocked by the closing.

“Oh, I had no

idea what that giant cupcake blocking the sidewalk was,” revealed history junior—Martha Jackson. “But now that you mention it, a cupcake would replenish my energy in this humid, baking hot weather.”

“I had no idea what that giant cupcake blocking the sidewalk was.”

Cake-World has been blamed for several recent small business bankruptcies, including Sammy’s Strudel Shoppe and The Muffin House.

“I never saw it coming,” sobbed co-owner and founder Linda Murphy, as she threw away the last batch of red velvet cupcakes in a nearby dumpster. When asked about a possible relocation to compete with the mega-store’s “Baking Electronics” and “A la mode Automotive” departments, Murphy replied, “There’s no greater demand for on-the-go cupcakes than West Campus. Perhaps opening a donut-hole emporium is my best option.”

■ *Diabetics rejoice that cupcakes, once a staple of West Campus diet, will no longer tempt them constantly.* Photo/Travesty



Professor ‘disappointed’ in TA’s inability to kill himself

CAMPUS — Psychology professor Jeffrey Schulze discovered late Thursday night that Timothy Norton, his teaching assistant for Intro to Psychology, had attempted suicide and was recovering at Brackenridge Hospital.

“To say I was shocked would be a gross understatement,” stated Schulze amidst piles of highlighted suicide notes and upgraded papers. “The focus of my research is analyzing suicide, and the fact that he made such rookie mistakes is truly

disappointing. Everyone knows you cut with the grain, not across it.”

According to hospital officials, Norton is steadily recovering and will soon be able to return to work with Schulze, however Norton’s therapist isn’t as optimistic.

“Perhaps the hours he spent analyzing video suicides, cataloging autopsy reports and grading suicide notes for penmanship caused his breakdown,” theorized Brackenridge psychiatrist Thomas Ackerman. “Or maybe the emo-

tional abuse inflicted upon him by Professor Schulze is the root of his psychosis.”

Despite his condition, Norton is anxious to return to work. “Every second I’m away from [Schulze] feels like an eternity,” said a delirious Norton from his hospital bed. “He’s like a father to me, even though he doesn’t beat me as often as my real father.”

After slipping into a medication-induced reverie, Norton blissfully continued: “The man is a saint.”

Man falls for practical joke, woman

TAMPA — 24-year-old retail assistant manager Larry Crowder recently fell for both his roommate’s elaborate practical joke, as well as co-worker Jane Eaddy, a “down-to-earth, level-headed, practical woman.”

Crowder awoke Monday morning to discover that his roommates, Matt Bennett, 23, and Frank Johnson, 24, had replaced his shampoo with mayonnaise. While Crowder was not amused by the prank, his day brightened considerably upon realizing that Eaddy had sensibly rearranged the break room’s magazine rack to complement the employees’ likes

and dislikes.

“Jane’s just one of those people with her head on straight,” Crowder gushed as he took inventory of several staplers on clearance. “Jane always plans ahead — last week she preemptively refilled the copy machine with paper before it was empty! She has goals and dreams, and I really think she’ll achieve them, unlike Matt and Frank. The only thing they take seriously is the next YouTube video I’m ‘starring’ in.”

Bennett, however, finds Crowder’s frustration amusing. “Man, Larry is such a chump. Sure, we had to pay Jane \$50 to flirt with him, but that’s way cheaper than Destiny, the Hooters hostess he fell for.” Bennett added, “Hopefully he’ll be more careful when he realizes we cut the brakes on his car.”

“Man, Larry is such a chump.”

Survey: Mellencamp hated from east coast to west coast, down Dixie highway

THE HEARTLAND — Rock singer John Mellencamp continues to believe that America is “[his] country” because of the constant appearance of his hit single *Our Country* in Chevrolet TV advertisements.

However, a recent Zogby poll indicates that every American from the east coast, to the west coast and down the Dixie highway wishes “Mellencamp would shut the fuck up.”

Jason Seymour, a native of Gary, Indiana and self-proclaimed “apple pie eating, football watching, outdoor grilling, red blooded American” shares the sentiment. “I can appreciate his message,” said Seymour, dipping his beer battered, deep-fried chicken wing in ketchup. “But that song is just so goddamn gay.”

Name: Avis Budget Group; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00029499

Name: Oat Willies; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00028141

Apple, Volkswagen deal with consequences of unplanned collaboration

SILICON VALLEY — Apple chief executive Steve Jobs and Volkswagen head Martin Winterkorn announced a proposal for the iCar Monday, following an unscheduled, highly successful late-night conference.

“Winterkorn just marched into that boardroom totally unannounced and lulled me with sweet talk of mergers and new ideas,” explained Jobs as he eyed pink and blue colored upholstery swatches. “Now we have to deal with the consequences.”

Volkswagen have expressed shock, yet delight, at the sporadic collaboration as well.

“At first they considered aborting the whole idea,” said Apple chief advisor Chris Kensington. “But after carefully considering their options, both realized that would be a grave mistake.”

Although the next nine months, in which the creation’s production will occur, is expected to be arduous, Winterkorn wholeheartedly expressed, “We will love the iCar just as much as any other iMerchandise.”



■ *If you don't have an iPhone, you ain't livin'.* Photo/Travesty

Male student hits glass ceiling at Women in Natural Sciences

CAMPUS — Physics sophomore Josh Wilson is experiencing many informal obstacles to advancement within Women in Natural Sciences (WINS), a University program that promotes the recruitment, retention and success of women within the College of Natural Sciences.

“I’m constantly discriminated against because of my gender,” complained Wilson as he gently fanned a palm frond to cool WINS president Julie Marsh. “As the first male member,

I expected to be welcomed with open arms because, I too, want to create an environment on this campus that supports female scientists. But I’m just relegated to lifting heavy boxes, toiling in the tool shed and making tampon runs to Kin’s Market.”

Marsh counters Wilson’s claims of gender discrimination. “Our organization is open to any male who supports our cause,” stressed Marsh as she ordered Wilson to contort his body into a leg-rest. “Men just have to realize they

are naturally adept at certain positions that don’t involve leadership skills—or dignity.”

While baking amoeba-shaped cupcakes for the WINS annual “That is the Way the Cookie Crumbles When Blast-ed with a Particle Accelerator” bake sale, Wilson remained optimistic about his future: “Brothers, united we will stand, pioneers leading the way for a future in which men will be treated as equals. Because if we cannot gain equal status for males in our society, then who will?”

If you don't look like her, don't bother.

Now accepting applications from beautiful, funny people. Or just beautiful.

Pick up applications at CMC desk or visit texasravesty.com

Name: Sterling West Campus (Jefferso; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black plus one; Comment: Travesty-4Color; Ad Number: 00028924



FEATURING:

John Todd Ramsey: Winner of the Funniest Person in Austin Award, seen on Comedy Central's Live at Gotham Season 2

Matt Bearden: Winner of the Funniest Person in Austin Award, seen on Comedy Central's Premium Blend

TEXAS TRAVESTY
 WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?
COMEDY SHOW
 THURSDAY NOVEMBER 8TH
 8PM UNION SHOWROOM

*Finally an evening
 you won't regret.*

LANCE ARMSTRONG

1

BONUS

TRAVESTY SPORTS

6:04

PERIOD

2

TESTICULAR CANCER

0

BONUS

Three killed, 37 injured in Texas throwback jersey massacre

Michael Prohaska
STAFF WRITER

AUSTIN — More than 80,000 Texas Longhorn fans looked on in horror last Saturday as their team impaled and trampled the Nebraska Cornhuskers 56-3, killing and maiming 15 Nebraska players in the process. Onlookers reportedly blame Texas' "throwback jerseys," composed of horn-mounted helmets and sturdy hoof-shoes, for the disaster.

"It was just poor foresight," said Nebraska coach Bill Callahan, wiping spattered blood from his Motorola headset. "Throwback jerseys are a great way to acknowledge a team's history and culture, but Texas obviously needs to think back to a time without broken limbs, trampings, and gaping head wounds."

Saturday's incident was the deadliest throwback jersey disaster since the 1987 Dallas Cowboys team utilized silver spurs to gouge their way to a bloody victory over the Washington Redskins. Following mass public outcry on the usage of the jerseys, the National Football League has cancelled next week's throwback showcase between the musket-bearing Tampa Bay Buccaneers and the pistol-powered Oakland Raiders.

Although the University has issued an official apology to all of the victims



■ Nebraska's game plan was to avoid being impaled by the mighty Texas Longhorns. Game over Nebraska. You dead. Photo/Travesty

and their families, Lasheena Johnson, mother of injured Husker linebacker Trevarius Johnson, is upset about the tragedy.

"My poor baby has a hole in his chest, and hoof-shaped bruises on his head," bemoaned Johnson as she clutched the

mangled appendage formerly known as the right arm of her critically injured son. "I will be pressing charges."

Texas defensive tackle Derek Lokey commented on the game.

"We went out there and played our hardest, and that's why we left the field

winners," shared Lokey as he removed part of Johnson's entrails from his shoulder pads. "But man, there was a lot of blood out there, and people died. That's kind of rough. We might want to rethink our strategy for next week's game."

Travesty Nation Poll Question

Which Red Sox pitcher will perform the best during the World Series?

- Josh Beckett 96%
- Curt Schilling 1%
- Daisuke Matsuzaka 3%



BY THE NUMB3RS

56 Projected number of touchdowns Chad Pennington will not throw

100 Percent chance Texas quarterback Colt McCoy will attribute victory to hard work and teamwork

1.74 Actual references to the game being played by Monday Night Football's Tony Kornheiser

8 Trent Green's "Concussion-o-meter" count

Notre Dame focuses on past, future victories

SOUTH BEND — Despite Notre Dame's current 1-7 losing season, the Fighting Irish remain optimistic at the prospect of future victories. Coach Charlie Weis is quick to point out to disappointed players and fans that despite their many failures, the glass is still half-full.

"It's my philosophy that positive things happen to positive people," said Weis as he gazed into his own reflection from the team's large trophy case. "When our quarterback is sandwiched between two, thick linemen, think of how winners like us sandwich criticism with two thick layers of praise."

Despite how insignificant any success would have on the program at this point, the team insists on focusing on any consolation. Freshman quarterback Jimmy Clausen remained positive in his outlook for the team.

"Well, we didn't do our best out there today, but the pizza party afterwards was amazing. Coach Weis said we deserved it because we scored our first touchdown of the season today."

Notre Dame plays USC next week in what has been hyped as "a classic — reminiscent of each team's memorable history, despite their lingering, painful recent failures."

Flamboyant Romosexual a closet homosexual

WEST CAMPUS — Friends of finance senior Arnold Gentworth recently noticed that his admiration for Dallas Cowboys quarterback Tony Romo may stem from something other than Romo's ability to make plays outside the pocket.

"Arnold seems a little too into the Romo-ator," remarked friend Jason Andrews, who watches Cowboys games in Gentworth's West Campus apartment. "Last week he wouldn't shut up about how Romo's defined calves allow him to scramble so well." Gentworth's homoerotic slips have continued in recent weeks.

"That throw was right on the money! Man, I haven't seen a quarterback with an ass that firm throw the ball that well in a long time," gushed Gentworth following a 12-yard completion against the Minnesota Vikings. "That spiral was so perfect that I could almost taste it — in my mouth."

Man at end of bar 'thinks he's so damn funny'

DOWNTOWN — Buffalo Billiards bar patrons reported Thursday evening that 42-year-old Chuck Simpson, seated at the far end of the bar, considered himself to be "the funniest goddamn thing on Earth."

Simpson, who "plopped his fat ass down three hours ago with a couple of his buddies," was boisterously vocalizing his humor-stylings for most of the evening, much to the chagrin of the other customers.

"Christ almighty, I wish that guy would shut the hell up," griped law student Erin LaFavre before downing another shot of tequila to dull

her sensory perceptions. "As if his half-assed impression of Al Gore wasn't enough, he kept throwing out unfunny pick-up lines at the cocktail waitress, like 'Just call me Paul Reiser, baby, because I'm mad about you.' Classy guy," said LaFavre, who then left for another bar.

In addition to seemingly considering himself "the second coming of Bob fucking Hope," fellow bar attendees claim that, based on his attitude and comments, Simpson apparently believes he is "so damn smart," "so damn good-looking," and, in general, "the shit."

Doctor receives taste of own medicine

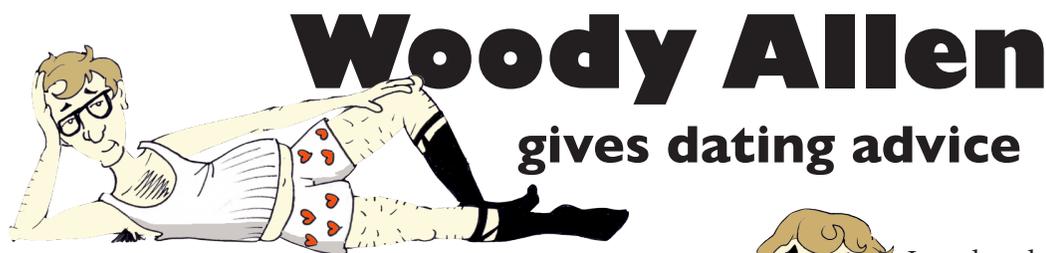
AUSTIN — Neurosurgeon Jonathan R. Williamson, III received an unexpectedly high repair bill Wednesday afternoon from car mechanic Joe McMurray.

"There's no way I'm going to pay \$1200 for a lousy brake pad replacement," complained Williamson as he carelessly tossed a complimentary auto air-freshener in the trash. "I expect to be treated with dignity and respect!"

Despite the protests, McMurray

believes his estimate was fair. "Balderdash! I don't mean to give you a cocked hat, but you certainly hornswaggled me for removing the gallnipper from my peaked limb," retorted McMurray as he spit tobacco into a styrofoam NASCAR cup, mumbling, "I'm mad as a March hare!"

As Williamson headed for the door, McMurray continued, "I declare humbug! You sir, are a member of the codfish aristocracy!"



Woody Allen gives dating advice

Dear Woody,
My boyfriend wants me to get an abortion, but I can't decide if it's the right thing to do. On one hand, I'm a young up-and-comer at work, and don't want to sacrifice it all and start a family. But on the other hand, I don't know if I should end the baby's life. What do you suggest?
Confused in Cleveland



Dear Confused,
Ah, abortion, one of the uh, hot political issues that leaves everybody feeling worse than Miles Davis at Woodstock. Me, I'm very liberal, very left-wing, so I'm pro-choice. I believe in the right to choose what airline a man uses to flee from his girlfriend that he knocked up. But seriously, adoption is one of the biggest gambles you can take

with a child. I mean, what if Hitler had been adopted by a family of Jews? Instead of committing those terrible atrocities, he could have become a deli owner, and we could wake up in the morning and enjoy some lox and Hitler's Bagels.

Dear Woody,
I have found myself faking more and more orgasms with my boyfriend. What should I do?

Dear Pretending,
I've never been one of those lovers who worries the women I'm sleeping with are faking orgasms — I'm usually far too worried about the moral state of New York City to consider my own orgasm, much less hers. But no,



I used to date a lot of high-class women. And by that I mean that I dated women who were always high when they went to class. Those women usually get the Algeron Codwalleder Award for enjoyable intercourse.

Dear Woody,
How young is too young?
Curious in Crawford

Dear Curious,
It's interesting you should bring up that question. [edited for length. -ed] So, in conclusion, as long as she's not blood related, you can ignore the half your age plus seven rule — unless you're in Jersey.



- Stand Up! — Improv! — Sketch Comedy! — Music! -

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awesome
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Stories From Scratch w/...
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Every week I read something for Comedic Story from the editors who struggle the "Bambolus on a Havercraft"

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ALL-STAR cast of performers...
...celebrity guest MONOLOGISTS...
...hard-boiled IMPROV COMEDY

STOOL PIGEON
8PM. \$7 - \$10

PRESENTED BY... **the GUYTON**

Winner, 2008 Best Improv Troupe in Austin
COLDTOWNE
w/ special guests

10PM. \$7 - \$10

HARK! IT'S GODLIBS!

No need to worry about ever being bored in class again! We've compiled a list of our favorite passages from the *Good Book*. Notice there are a few words missing. Fill them in with whatever you feel is appropriate. The prophets sure did!

1 Timothy 2:11-15

A woman should _____ in quietness and full submission. 12 I do not permit a woman to _____ or to have authority over a man; she must be _____.

13 For Adam was formed first then _____. 14 And _____ was not the one deceived; it was the woman who was deceived and became a _____. 15 But _____ will be saved through _____—if they continue in _____ with propriety.

verb
verb
adjective
esoteric female name
proper noun
noun
plural noun
gerund
three types of crime

Leviticus 20:13-14

T hereby if a man lies with _____ as he _____ with a woman, both of them have _____ an abomination. They shall _____ be put to death. Their _____ shall be _____. 14 If a man marries a _____ and her mother, it is wickedness. They shall be _____ with fire.

80's music group
verb
past tense verb
adverb
noun
prepositional phrase
race from Lord of the Rings
past tense verb

Leviticus 15:16-17

A nd if any man's _____ of copulation go out from him, then he shall wash all his _____ in _____ and be _____ until the even. 17 And every _____, and every skin, whereon is the _____ of copulation, shall be _____ with water, and be _____ until the even.

noun
noun
any liquidy substance
adjective
noun
noun
past tense verb
adjective

Leper seeks second opinion

ANN ARBOR — 33-year-old Michigan resident Ron Wolford is not entirely trustful of his current doctor's recent diagnosis of an acute case of Hansen's disease, commonly known as leprosy.

"You can't be too careful these days," warned Wolford, cautiously not making any abrupt movements. "At first, I thought I was just reaching that age when you lose your hair and youthful looks. But then an ear, lots of skin and my left leg abruptly fell off in the last week." Wolford added: "But I'm sure

that's all coincidental."

Despite the evidence to the contrary, Wolford plans to seek opinions from at least three or four other physicians to possibly rule-out his diagnosis.

Medicaid representative Roger Boggs has strongly encouraged Wolford "not to jump to any conclusions" about his "potential illness," but to consider moving to a colony with "friendly, industrious, similarly-bodied peers."

Jan Berenstain: 'Brother Bear is bisexual'

PITTSBURGH — Co-author of the popular *Berenstain Bears* children's book series Jan Berenstain announced to a stunned Rosemeade Elementary School audience Wednesday afternoon that Brother Bear, son of Papa and Mama Bear and sibling of Sister Bear, has always been attracted to both male and female bears.

"Stan and I always considered Brother to swing both ways," responded Berenstain when asked why Brother hung out with both Too-Tall Grizzly and Bonnie Brown.

But some Berenstain devotees were less than surprised. "Whatever, I saw this coming," said fifth-grader

Julie Taylor, taking a break from long-division homework. "In *Berenstain Bears Learn About Strangers*, Brother got mad at Sister for telling Mama he was talking to a stranger, when he obviously was just trying to learn about the Bear County swinger scene."

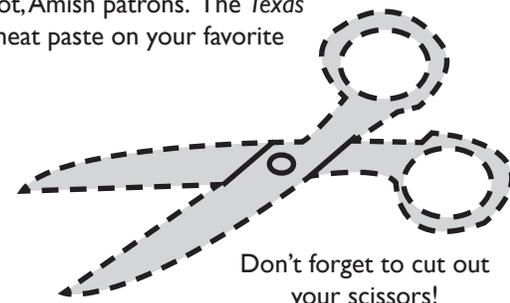
In addition to vetoing several plots for the series in which Brother remains in a monogamous relationship with a female, she denies that his bisexuality is a "just a phase," and hopes that her revelation about Brother Bear will receive a less intense reaction than A.A. Milne's estate revealing that Piglet is heterosexual.

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Things to Cut Out

The Amish Got Topics

Not have anything to adorn your wheelbarrow? Fear not, Amish patrons. The Texas Travesty has created some groovy slogans for you to wheat paste on your favorite non-electrical device.



Don't forget to cut out your scissors!

My other buggy is horse drawn.

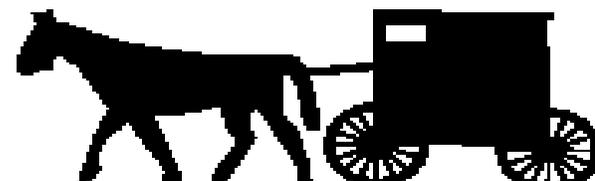
I see industrious, bearded, pious, communal, people

Honk if you believe infantile baptism is invalid.

The voices is my head tell me the harvest is soon.

I'd rather be churning.

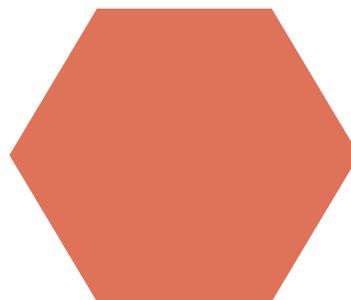
I showed your boyfriend my knee.



Bar Graph*

Violence in the Media

billion
!!!
?
82.3
5



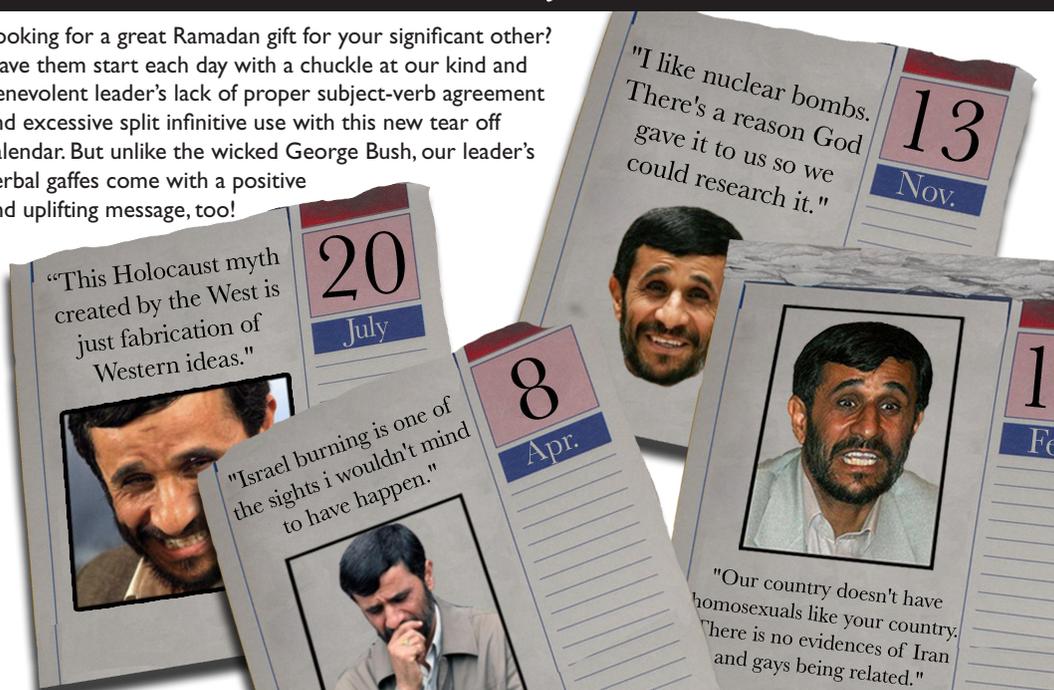
Average number of TAKS Test preparation courses per school district district

*source: the Army

AHMADINEJAD-ISMS

Name: Bazaar; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00029413

Looking for a great Ramadan gift for your significant other? Have them start each day with a chuckle at our kind and benevolent leader's lack of proper subject-verb agreement and excessive split infinitive use with this new tear off calendar. But unlike the wicked George Bush, our leader's verbal gaffes come with a positive and uplifting message, too!



"I like nuclear bombs. There's a reason God gave it to us so we could research it."

13 Nov.

"This Holocaust myth created by the West is just fabrication of Western ideas."

20 July

"Israel burning is one of the sights i wouldn't mind to have happen."

8 Apr.

"Our country doesn't have homosexuals like your country. There is no evidences of Iran and gays being related."

1 Fe

CACTUS YEARBOOK DEAD!

Is it MURDER?

AUSTIN — After 114 Years of Speculated Existence, The Cactus Yearbook Is Seemingly Dead. There is a Strong Chance That the Culprit is **MURDER**.

Filled Completely With Mindless Balderdash, the Yearbook Has Plunged Deeper and Deeper Into the Dark Abyss of Complete and Utter Obscurity. Though Still Believed by a Few Lousy Shucks That it Is Still Alive and Thriving, Evidence is Abound that the Cactus has been Catawampiously Chewed Up and Spit Out by the Considerable Jaws of **MURDER**.

Between One-Fourth and All of the Students at the University of Texas Do Not Care.

PHRENOLOGY THE NEW SCIENCE!

In this Progressive era of rigorous scientific testing, Top Scientists have determined (with **SCIENCE**) traits shared by ethnic members. Based on skull measurement, these Scientists have concluded the following:

- ESKIMOS - Poor skateboarders.
- LICHTENSTEINIANS - Very good at Sudoku.
- AZERBAIJANIANS - Excellent parallel parkers, but only on Sundays from 5:00-8:30 CMT.
- BELGIANS - Can really pull off a pair of tie-dye bell bottoms.
- ANDORANS - Cannot pat head and rub stomachs simultaneously.
- ICELANDERS - Always asking about my grandson Jake's little league team when I already explained that no, I don't WANT to vote for Hillary Clinton, but still insists that coffee is meant to be taken with only one Splenda.
- PORTUGUESE - Can't get enough Carrot top.
- WYOMINGIANS - Bunch of dirty thieves.

WANTED!



Rabble-rouser opens up scandalous pool hall within 15-minute lorry ride of dance auxiliary frequented by the fairer sex!

DAKOTA FANNING NOT NOT AN OPIUM FIEND

LOS ANGELES, OCT. 20 — The Young Starlet Revels in the Night-time Hollywoodland Scene, Cameras & Lightbulbs & Recorded Music in Her Eyes and Ears. And Turning Away Charming Gentleman Suitors and Promises of a Life of Riches and Enchantment. But how Does Dakota Keep Her **SANITY**?

She Excuses Herself From the Glamorous Social Event, and Slyly Tiptoes Off to the W.C., But Does she Utilize The Facilities, or Does She Inhale Opiates?

Are Her Lungs Slowly Filling with the Thick, Black Afghan **WONDER DRUG**?

Nobody Validates Her Fiendish Desires, Yet Los Angeles is Filled With Dens of Ill Repute, and Fanning Frequents Chinese Eateries, once a Hot Spot of Horrific **OPIUM** Traffic.



Virginia Man Murdered

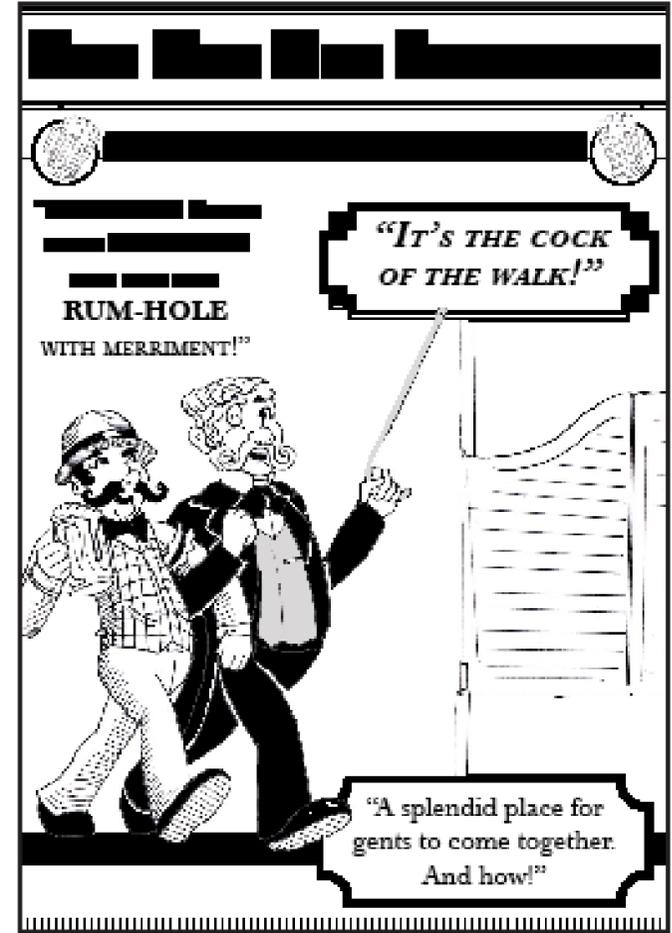
Is it MURDER?

CHESAPEAKE, OCT. 17 — Jefferson Wellingtonsworth. Savagely Killed by the Hands of Another in His Smithery. Was it **MURDER**?

Police Who Discovered His Mangled, Bloody Remains Believe It Is The Only Possibility. Or Is It?

Life, Struck Down in the Cold Autumn Night. The Killer Uses the Blacksmith's own Tools to Impale His Chest. The Killer Who Ended the Mans Life is Suspected to Be the Cold Blooded Murderer With Malice in His Heart. He Escapes Into the Night With the Blood of the Blacksmith On His Hands. The Killer Has Committed **MURDER**... by the Deliverance of Death?

Only Wellingtonsworth's Body Remains, Cold as a Wagon Tire.



Yellow Journalists REPORT!

YELLOW JOURNALISM COMPLETELY FACTUAL

NEW YORK, OCT. 19 — Writers for the *New York Journal* Reckon They are a Beacon of Truth in American Society. Bewildered as to Why the Scornful Public Calls Their Work "Yellow,"

They Offer the Justification That Their Words Shine a Ray of Yellow Sunlight onto American Soil and Spread the **HONEST WORD**.

Anyone Who Believes Otherwise is a One-Horse Bedstead, Savage as a Meat Axe. The Level Of Accurate Facts and Correct Information Vastly Outweighs that of Every News Source in the History of the World by Nearly 200 Percent.

The New York Journal Has Seen The Elephant. Those Who Don't Read It Have Honeyfuggled Themselves Out of the Honest-To-Good-

Man Takes Quiet Sunday Stroll With Grandchildren Is it MURDER?

NORFOLK, OCT. 20 — Abraham Finneas, Grand-father and Suspiciously Well-To-Do Retired Wheelwright, Took His Two Grand-children for a Seemingly Pleasant Stroll Through Jefferson Park. Two Hours Later, They Were No Longer in the Area.

Bystanders Were Engulfed in an Inferno of Puzzlement. Had They Simply Returned Home? Or Was Foul Play Involved? Was **MURDER** Involved?

Finneas Has Since Been Unavailable for Comment, as he May Have Been **MURDERED** In Cold Blood.

An Ominous Storm Cloud Has Thusly Descended Over Jefferson Park, and the Chilling Rain Drops Feel Like Doom.

We Must Keep The Emerald Menace At Bay!

Thaddeus Brown

To-day, a war has been waged against Good Americans across our Great Nation. True Americans cannot find proper jobs due to the influx of Irish immigrants, and our culture has suffered. All responsible God-fearing citizens must take a stand against the green-blooded terror and support the construction of a wall between The United States of America and Ireland.

Why, my eldest son Horace turned four-teen last week, and at my insistence, he tried to find a job to help support my young family. Lacking the skills to enter the haberdashery or cobblery trades, he went into business for himself as a lemonade vendor. But a whippersnap from down the street, little seven-year-old

Killian O'Donoghue, opened up his own peddling business, and rudely stole business from Horace. His lack of refinement and tact is representative of rotten Irish Catholic values.

The only solution to prevent the Irish from further infiltrating our

land officials are unable to check them all for lice and scoliosis. They not only steal jobs from Americans, but also impose their Irish culture upon us. We must institute edicts that ban their native Gaelic tongue, commonly spoken in Irish neighbor-

"Only when we expel the Irish presence from these United States shall we return to our national prosperity."

perfect Country is to build a physical barricade between the American States and Ireland, the Isle of Greed. They are crossing the Atlantic Border at alarming rates, and Ellis Is-

heads, such as basket-ball jockey Shaquille O'Neal, must be returned to their native country. While some propose an easy path to citizenship for the Irish already in our Country, I believe it is impossible for the Irish to love America more than potatoes and cabbage.

Only when we expel the Irish presence from these United States shall we return to our national prosperity. We must prevent our Country from experiencing the downward spiral that will occur if we are irresponsible with our borders. If you see an Irishman in your neighborhood, do not hesitate to let him know that he and compatriots are un-welcome here. We must take precautions now, lest other immigrants dare taint our pure American soil with dangerous foreign customs.

INTERVIEW!

The President of the UT Bull Moose Party Chapter, EDWARD "MUSKY" MCBROADWATER, III, talks to the Texas Travesty.

Texas Travesty: Why should I vote for the Bull Moose Party?
EM: Anyone in favor of women's suffrage, improvement of inland waterways, and Teddy Roosevelt's mustache should cast their vote for the party as strong as a Bull Moose.
TT: Are you afraid the Bull Moose Party will split the Republican ticket, as in the 1912 election?
EM: When our presidential candidate visits the Great Western Territories, he will

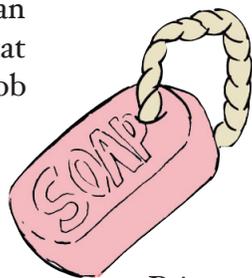
expound from his boxcar the merits of both trustbusting and women's suffrage, and will win over the farmer vote.
TT: How would you compare your candidate to other perceived outsiders like Ron Paul or Dennis Kucinich?
EM: Dennis Kucinich? You mean that man who travels with P.T. Barnum as the midget with the comely amazon wife!? Why, I'll box his ears! Bully!



HAIKUS FROM BEHIND THE BARS

Next time I get caught
Literature smuggled in
How to dig tunnel
-Andy Defrense, Shawshank Prison

I am here for life
I like the taste of human
What is wrong with that
- Jarrell Thompson, Bibb Correctional Facility



Prison too crowded
Tax money being wasted
I paint with child blood
- Ebert Hummel, California State Prison, Solano

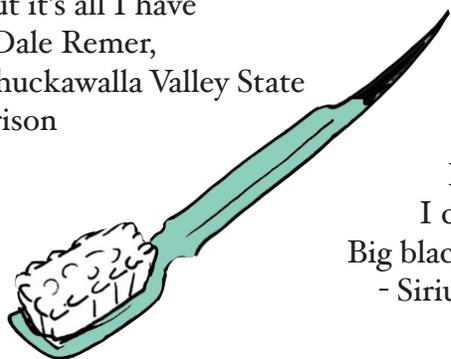
I paid for dog fights
Now I'm caught up in
cock fights
But there aren't roosters
- Michael Vick, Georgia State Prison

When I sleep I dream
Then I am kicked by cell mate
My urine is red
- Pablo Garcia, Rudd Transfer Facility



I want a cold beer
My dad is a big lawyer
I'll be good for beer
- Unidentified College Freshman, Travis County State Jail

I am being raped
It is a hurtful process
But it's all I have
- Dale Remer, Chuckawalla Valley State Prison

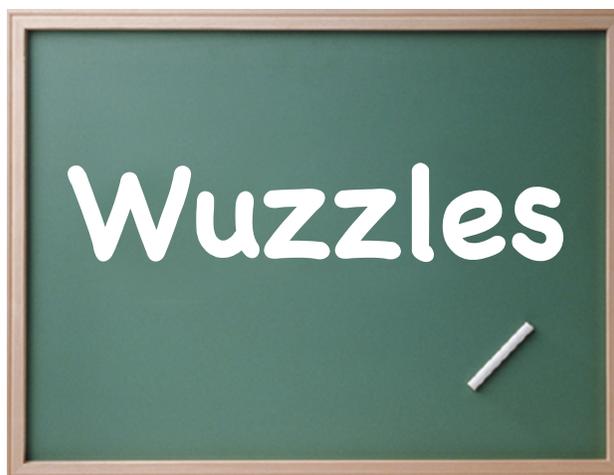


I am so depressed
I can't do any magic
Big black things scare me
- Sirius Black, Azkaban

What's Really in the Ransom Center?

- Your last copy of "Howard Stern"
- The first facebook profile pic
- A sensitive man
- First-edition copy of Marina Slesarc's evile thriller Trading Secrets
- The actual lead Mobster
- The most obscure indie band, ever
- The first "frank" T-shirt
- Recording of the first and only successfully pulled off "I love lamp" impression
- The ransom found in weight loss
- Carnegie Sandiego
- Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan's sex tape, "Himmler off my WAT"
- The dentist who does not recommend talent
- A well-attended, exclusive hip-hop bar
- A black Enya fan

- Edith Piaf's original recording of "Hollaback Girl"
- The first schools to be run with
- The meaning of life
- The best "lol"
- The first children of Egypt



Wuzzles! Everyone's favorite childhood rebus puzzle! Wuzzles are word and symbol puzzles that combine a knowledge of spacial relations and vocabulary.

The *Texas Travesty* has come up with some tricky word puzzles we just dare you to figure out.

Remember, the secret lies in the missing concept, such as in, over, under, before, after, between.

① C O C K
C C
O K
C O C K

④
K L I N F R A N K L I N
K L I N F R A N K L I N
K L I N F R A N K L I N

③ S
S
A
R
U
O
Y

⑦
B R O S H O E S

⑤
A
T
I
O
O I T A

② V A G P E N I S I N A

⑥
W E I G H T
G R O S S L Y

Key:
1. Cock Block 2. Penis in a Vagina 3. Up your ass!
4. Aretha Franklin 5. Fellatio 6. Ideal American
Beauty 7. Women be shoppin'

University Socialist Club Minutes and Announcements

Attendance:

All present with the following exceptions:

Marcy: Out with the flu
 Kelly: Out with Government Created Killer Nano-Robot Infection

Boris: Present, but way, way to stoned to contribute, man

Committee Reports:

Committee for the Advancement and Veneration of Beards (Kevin):

Beards, still awesome.

Worker Justice Committee (Larry):

Successfully unionized the 3 clerks at Long Bong Silvers. Assisted in negotiating pay increases to a standard living wage

of \$75 per hour. Interesting side note from Jake - people much more receptive to socialist ideals when stoned. (Taken under advisement by club members)

Committee for the Promulgation of Unreadable Literature (Molly):

Thanks to local efforts, Das Kapital Volume 1 and 2, which Molly has "totally, totally read. Seriously," is now on sale for half-off at the bookstore.

Committee to Free Mumia Abu-Jamal, Despite The Fact He Shot That Cop In The Back (Frank A):

Same old shit.

Committee to Name Existing Committees (Bob):

23rd petition to rename previous committee - Denied

Socialist Worker Times - Local Distribution (Frank Z)

Cover story this week: Really great piece on something having to do with equality or whatever.

Current readership: holding steady this week at 0

Refreshments

New Business:

Corwyn: Would like to protest the unequal distribution of refreshments

Mumia Jr: Understanding that while we're all against that whole superficial beauty thing, suggests that you should seriously get that mole checked out, man.

Bob: Swears he saw Noam Chomsky working as a greeter at Wal-Mart.

Motions:

Molly: Discuss massive recycling effort necessitates rendering store copies of M&C Consent

Larry: Request to form committee to find new supplier of organic hemp clothing due to recent closure of Long Bong Silvers

Membership:

New Members: None

Next Time:

Don't forget to bring your homemade Bush effigies and Hitler mustaches

Closing
 Customary hour long circle jerk while talking ad nauseum about how smart we are.

Meeting Closed

Further discussion at Gaia co-op, since everyone but Bob (who may actually be a narc) lives there.



7 STEPS TO BECOMING A MORE RELEVANT SOCIALIST

- Step 1: Grow a beard
- Step 2: Maintain beard so that it is not too bushy, but enhances your handsome facial structure
- Step 4: Get a hat
- Step 5: Gaze dreamily off into the distance thinking of the impact your revolution will have
- Step 6: Take picture, and put image on t-shirt
- Step 7: Sell t-shirt at Hot Topic

Do Your Part to End the Death Penalty

- 1. Write your congressman
- 2. Attend rallies at local prisons
- 3. If at all possible, avoid robbing people at gunpoint, raping them, shooting them to cover up your crime, and leaving the bloodstained Hefty bag in the trunk of your car.

Upcoming Rallies:

Union Rally - Tuesday, 2pm at the Capitol Steps
 -Union Rally - Thursday, 4:20pm at Grady's Office Supplies (formerly Long Bong Silvers)
 Monster Truck Rally - Sunday, Sunday, Sunday!!!
 Lunch at Rally's - When the workers of the world unite and kick off the yoke of oppression and the streets run red with the blood of the Bourgeoisie, or Monday at 12:30pm, whichever comes first.

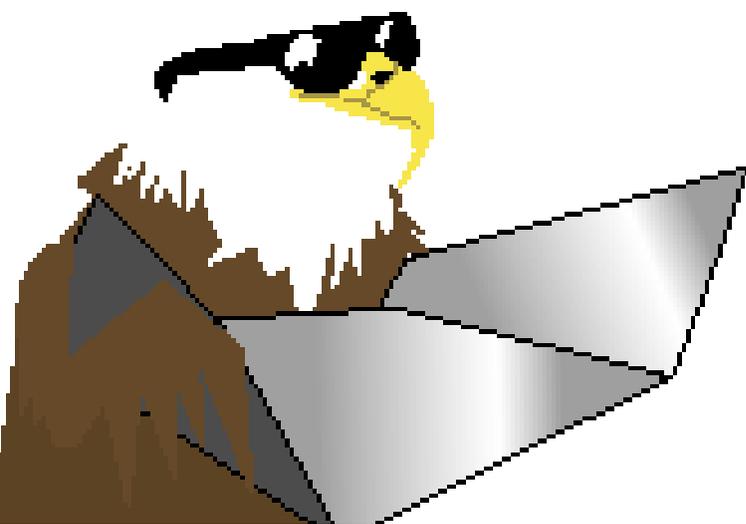




Presidential Debate

With election season on the horizon, the candidates make their next stop at South Padre Island for some healthy political debate and a little R and R. No, this won't be on You-Tube, or at some lame-ass university. These politicians are trading corner offices for beach front bungalows, sport coats for board shorts, and personal respect for 2.7% of the voting demographic.

Describe a typical party put on by your



Hillary Clinton

When we first decided we were going to take this "candidates' getaway," the first thing I told Bill was that he had to sit this one out. He got to go twice, in '92 and '96, but beach volleyball isn't as much fun with Al Gore, Bob Dole, and Bush Sr. But back to the subject at hand — I am, without a doubt, the most qualified candidate to put on White House parties. Once my healthcare plan was defeated, I spent much of my time competing with Tipper to make the White House the Party House. I know everyone partied hard during the Clinton years — well, get ready for the afterparty, because after eight years of Bush's lame dinner parties, it's time to re-



Fun Fact: Mar-

Known employment: wife, babysitter, cocktail ss, nurse

Embarrassing mo-

Favorite beach activity:

John Edwards



Growin' up in South Carolina, my parents never could afford to throw us parties. But I had a twinkle in my eye when I was just a little boy. And that dream was that one day, I would reach the nation's highest office, and change the way the White House parties. Today I come from South Carolina to South Padre, birthplace of the hardy party, to announce my intentions to throw the most down-home country shindigs since the days of Andrew Jackson. My parties will be a lot like a Padre party, except instead of surfing we'll go for tractor rides on the White House lawn, instead of keg stands we'll have cow tipping, and instead of drunken philosophizing we'll have folksy charm. Bring some hay in your teeth and your favorite denim overalls, because even though we live in two Americas, I can throw one hell of a party!

Special talent: Can seduce any woman with his Southern accent and half a Xanax

Enjoys: Political campaigns, watching *Cavemen*, a good hair gel

Religious beliefs: Methodist

Biggest struggle: 45-minute commute to palatial Southern manor

Rudy Giuliani

How I miss the days when I could attend parties at the drop of a hat. When I was mayor of New York City, I was always attending functions, galas, and other festivities. But all that changed on that fateful Tuesday. Now, the only parties I deal with are when I'm hunting out suspicious parties who threaten our country's freedom. Now if you'll excuse me, my wife is calling, reminding me to pick up some milk and bread for our wholesome domestic lifestyle.



Fun Fact: Looking for "Friendship" and "Random Play" on Facebook

Enjoys: Reading, writing, dressing in drag

Favorite Quote: "On September 11, 2001, we thought we were going to be attacked many, many times between then and now. We haven't been. I believe we had a president who made the right decision at the right time to put us on offense against terrorists." -Rudy Giuliani, 2007

Favorite Beach activity: Rebuilding World Sand Towers with plastic shovel and patriotism

Barack Obama



If you had asked me this yesterday, I would told you that the Constitution mentions nothing about partying all night long, and therefore, we must respect the Founding Fathers and refrain from any frivolous exercise of social activity. But I tell ya, I've never had a weekend like this get-away in South Padre! Whoo-hoo! As long as the federal government isn't telling you how to get down, my parties will be the hit of District of Columbia! Let me put it this way: when I'm elected and reevaluate drug laws, I'll have both the highest office and party guests in the land!

I've always been a strong proponent of bipartisanship. And by that, I mean that at my parties, barely legal girls will be making out everywhere. I'm young. I'm hip. I know what today's youth wants when they go out at night. I bring a multicultural appeal to the parties I throw, playing music by both T-Pain and Nickelback. Young Americans are sick of parties-as-usual so prevalent in American politics, and even though I haven't thrown as many parties as my opponents, I believe that mine are filled with an electric new energy that America needs. Just think of me as the Suge Knight of the District of Columbia.

Most embarrassing moment: Being announced as "Barack Osama" at NRA rally
Favorite drink: Cosmopolitan
Place of birth: Hawaii
Personal Hero: Tie between Martin Luther King Jr. and John F. Kennedy

Ron Paul



Favorite pastime: Eliminating excess expenditures from children's allowances
Little known fact: Can juggle!
Personal hero: Tie between James Madison, Charlie Sheen
Favorite quote: "Give me a Jeep Liberty, or give me death."

Mitt Romney



Despite my conservative leanings, I know how to throw a grand ole party. I'm from Massachusetts, home of the Boston Tea Party, the country's first and greatest prank. And my closest friends know that my love of German industrial metal will sneak into any playlist I put together —they don't call me Mitt "Romstein" Romney for nothing! The girl-guy ratio at my parties will be awesome, especially if I invite my church friends. And ladies, if you catch me on a good day, I might approve of a woman's right to choose what shots she takes!

Hobbies: Hunting, fishing, LOOKING GREAT!!!
Little known fact: Secretly wishes the Pussycat Dolls were his wives
Hates: Bad hair days, Catholics, disobedient wives and children
Personal motto: "Live each day to the fullest, until Jesus makes his triumphant return to America."

Boy I sure could go for some football tickets

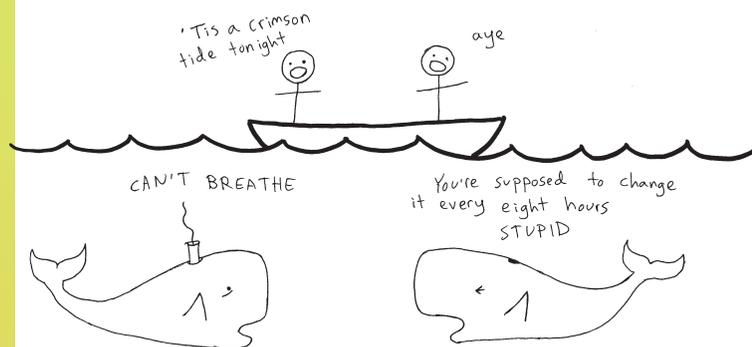


I'm just praying somebody asks me to share my notes with them for the fiftieth fucking time this semester



GOV 310 EMAIL LIST TO THE RESCUE!!

OTHER THINGS THAT KILL WHALES: TOXIC SHOCK SYNDROME



Name: Brave New Books; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00029517



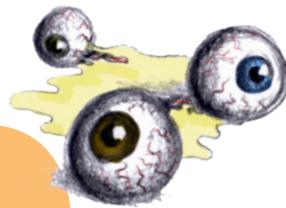
This Halloween season West Campus is sure to be *party central*. But gone are the days of Mommy and Daddy holding your hand while trick-or-treating. You're a big kid now. Here's how to keep up in the demanding, fast-paced world of West Campus Halloween.

Do's

- Play Monster Mash on loop everyone loves it and it never gets old
- Make sure to have Designated undertaker
- Bobbing for U.S.D.A. organic apples from Wheatsville Co-op (keep Austin Weird !!)
- Rent the first three seasons of Are you Afraid of the Dark
- Summon the pagan Lords of Gilgamesh

Don't's

- Don't let anyone in dressed as a cop or paramedic
- Don't run out of whip its
- Don't forget the real meaning of the season
- Don't let the party run past midnight. Take some time to enjoy your candy.



Sexy Costume Ideas

- Sexy mouse
- Sharutukon Samurai Warrior
- Housing & Food Services employee
- UT football fan
- Peter Parker
- Sexy claims adjuster
- Yourself, silly!



What you g0t trick-0r-treating

- Another parking ticket
- The response, "Oh, another McLovin? How original."
- Candy corn
- Candy corn on the cob
- Hopefully just rug burn on crotch
- An idea for next year's costume that you will forget
- Thanksgiving decorations
- Substance dependence
- Gillette Fusion replacement blades (in toffee)

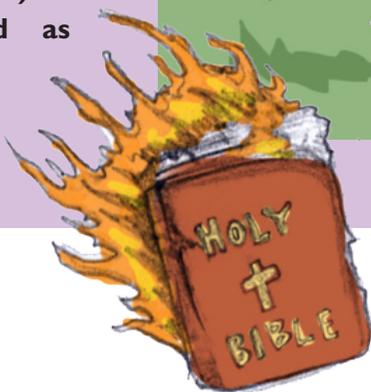
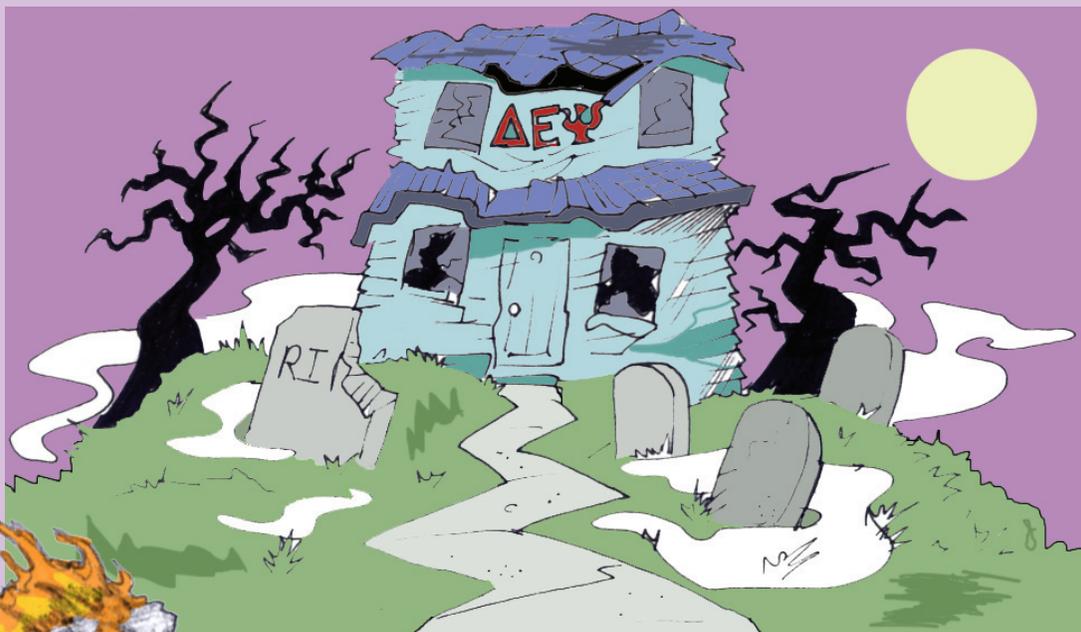


- Confused looks from grad students
- An awkward conversation with a sorority security guard
- Nine and half Camel Turkish Silvers
- Ball slap from frat guys
- A new hookup
- Restraining order
- A baby



Thingstoavoid

- Old Man Radcliff's place
- Anyone in cracked out hobo costume
- Places that don't validate
- Corpses
- Memories of that one stormy fateful night...
- Townie Halloween parties
- Girls in modest costumes
- Co-op parties, if you value your body
- Ancient Indian burial ground
- Cain and Abel's (not just on Halloween)
- The five guys ironically dressed as *NSYNC
- Sobriety
- Youth group lock-ins

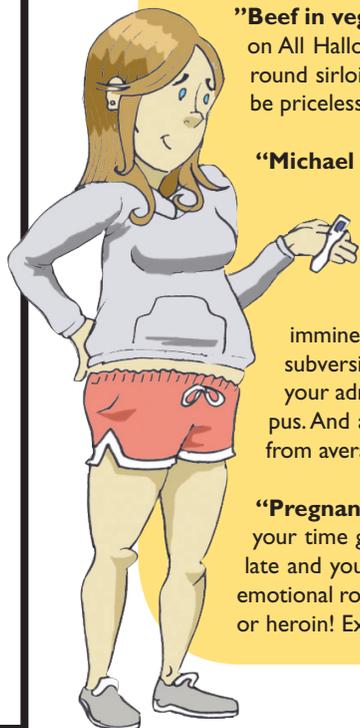


BOO!



The Rules of Halloween

1. There are no rules
2. Don't get the carpet dirty
3. Do not read past rule number three
4. Whatever
5. Refer to rule number one, but seriously, don't get the carpet dirty
666. In case of emergency, make a list of rules



ScareTips

"Hide the beer" Scare: A surefire way to strike fear in the hearts of partygoers is to steal all the kegs, bottles, and cans when no one is looking. As a stunning silence grips the room, watch people console each other in light of the tragedy that has befallen the party, now referred to as "Ground Zero." Lock the door from the outside so people can awkwardly fumble their way through sober conversations about the weather, majors, and how everyone knows the host. Don't tell anyone about your scheme of horror—a truly terrifying scare is best kept secret!

"Beef in vegetarian's punch" Scare: Do you constantly search for new and exciting ways to scare vegetarians? Well on All Hallows' Eve, all bets are off! Give your vegetarian buddy the scare of his life when you slip a rare choice top round sirloin into his trashcan punch. The look on his face when you tell him that he just drank a bovine cocktail will be priceless!

"Michael Myers" Scare: This Halloween, it's never out of style to dress up as everyone's favorite serial killer next door, Michael Myers from the Halloween series! But you don't want to be a tacky psychopath, so for the sake of realism, bring your sharpest butcher knife from home, and show up unannounced to strangers' parties. You'll be shagadelic, baby!

"Red" Scare: Even though the Iron Curtain has long fallen, frighten West Campus with reminders of the imminent threat of godless communist infiltration. Read Marx and Engelman aloud at Halloween parties, express subversive opinions about capitalism, and deem yourself "the champion of the proletariat." You can also mention your admiration for the practical architecture of Jester and Dobie, and propose a wall between East and West Campus. And any commie worth his weight in rubles knows that drinking nothing but vodka all night will set you apart from average American college students!

"Pregnancy" Scare: Ladies, give your boyfriend a spook by putting his pro-life views to the ultimate test! First, take your time getting ready for a party. When he gripes that he doesn't want to be late, tell him that you're three weeks late and you're not complaining. After he recovers from the paralyzing shock, go to the party and take him on a zany emotional roller coaster by consuming as many shots and cigarette drags as possible. Extra brownie points if you do coke or heroin! Expect this trick to turn into a treat when he pays for three forms of birth control from now on.

I always have the freaking right of way

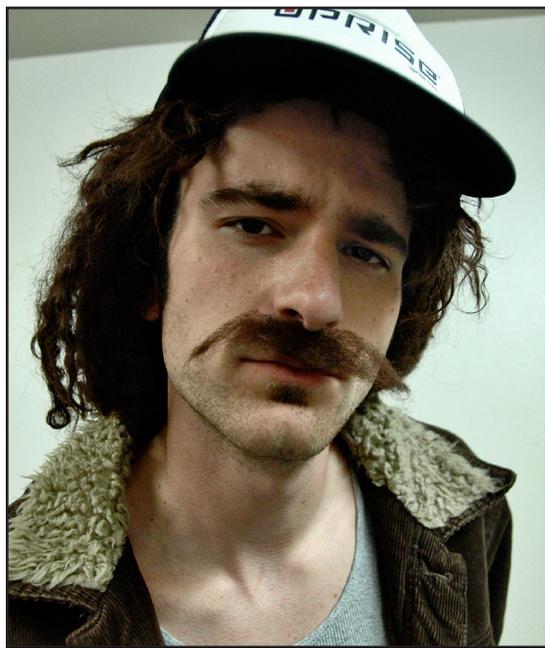
John O'Doyle
KING OF THE ROAD

Well, well, well — givin' the ol' 'go ahead' wave at this four-way intersection, are we? Gonna give yourself a mental pat-on-the-back for letting someone else go through the stop, even though you hit the brake a good half-second before me, huh?

I thought Joan of Arc was burned at the stake, but apparently martyrs are still alive and well, driving a '93 Honda Accord Special Edition. You might even be in a hurry, but now you can smugly tell yourself that you did your good deed for the year. That's cute. But you're gonna feel like a real

moron when somewhere down the line, you hear that I always have right of way. It's one of my many, many privileges as the current reigning King of the Road.

Who appointed me King of the



Road, you ask? Ever heard of a little thing called the Divine Right of Kings? My daddy was the King of the Road, and his daddy before him was King of the Road. Ain't no one else who has the pavement and asphalt ingrained into their very essence of

being like I do. I breathe exhaust. I bleed motor oil. And I know that 'traffic laws' only apply to people who don't have the balls to handle the mean streets of Omaha, Nebraska in my GMC Sierra 1500, *Thunder Raptor*.

You see, kid, you're probably used to that awkward few seconds when two to three cars stall at a four-way stop, each arriving to their respective stop signs within such a small timeframe that each driver is forced to show their worth as a human being by letting everyone else go ahead of him or her. But I know my worth. I'm King of the Road—that's why I barely take my boot off the accelerator when I hit a stop sign, and leave nothing but my dust and the echoes of my blaring George Strait tape to prove I passed through.

When folks see *Thunder Raptor* roaring down the road, they don't

know whether to stop in their tracks, pull over and make way, or offer tribute to the King of the Road. I guess I've established myself as taking a Machiavelian approach to my leather-upholstered throne. I used to be a benevolent King, acknowledging 'yield' signs and not making left turns at red lights. But as my subjects began revolting by flipping me off and rudely laying down the horn, I became keenly aware that I soon would meet the same fate as many other ab-

“When folks see Thunder Raptor roaring down the road, they don't know whether to stop in their tracks, pull over and make way, or offer tribute.”

solute monarchs—rejection and then execution by my own people. Not only did I change my style, but I went out and bought bumper stickers that not only call attention to my driving abilities, but the low opinion that I hold of other drivers.

Of all my roles in life: husband, father, friend, Pottery Barn employee and King of the Road — the last one is the only responsibility I take halfway seriously. Because this King of the Road isn't planning on abdicating anytime soon.

No homeless man, you're the asshole

Fletcher McDougleton
NOT AN ASSHOLE

Look, I'd like to help you out homeless man, but The Fletch Man has to head down the G-Lupe right now. *You'd like to use my phone?* Oh, sorry —yeah, I don't have one. *You can prove that you won't run off with my phone because you are missing a shoe?* Fine -- so I do have a phone. But there's no way I'm giving it to someone who makes pillows out of concrete. *Thanks anyway, have a nice day?* Dude, you're an asshole!

What exactly are you trying to get out of me? Even if I did hand you my phone, what would you do with it? You'd probably just exchange it for some form of alcohol and smother the remains of your penniless existence in a blanket of self-doubt and intoxication. And if I am going to buy anyone alcohol, it's either for me, or the frivolous blonde I'll be taking advantage of that night. You are inconsiderate. Your presence totally and utterly offends the air, which I breathe. You should be grateful towards me for hindering your addiction.

Thanks for my time?
I don't understand why you are poor—I am successful. I have a



six-figure job and an unsuspecting, beautiful wife. Get a suit and a job, maybe a beard-cut and stop trying to bum off people. Your total ignorance for how society work baffles me.

Where are your parents? If you'd ever taken a sociology class, you'd know that the human mother is nurturing and does not abandon her young. So I can only deduce that your misfortune is self-inflicted, probably due to your cut-rate self-esteem. Return home, vagrant, and

find yourself! Explore your emotional innards with your family's support! Hiding on the street will ruin any chance you have for redemption.

Put that guitar away! I don't care if you can play like you were "ringin' a bell." The guitar is an instrument associated with promiscuous sex and drug use. Unless you want passersby to negatively label you, you'll sheath that weapon of mass distortion. How did you afford one of those anyways? You are supposed to possess nothing.

Sshhhh! I do not wish to hear of your obvious criminal background. My innocence would be subconsciously shattered for weeks.

It is no wonder you are homeless. I cannot imagine living in a society where degenerate, drunk fools such as you would be allowed to work amongst the elite or live in their vicinities. God forbid you should be given the privilege to become a valid member of society—your home would be some chateau of filth. You can't outwit me, asshole! And you certainly can't make me delude myself into thinking I'm a cock-rag for not giving up my cell phone or compromising my alcohol supply.

Ode to the Fitting Room

On the door there is the credo

No bare balls inside the speedo

To know the truth, you have to try

Elastic sliding down the thigh

This shameful act, seemingly quaint

Defile lycra with sweaty taint

Payback goes, expect a bundle

Curse upon your rougish grundle

What you should've already know'd

Before yours was another chode.

I do not pity you.



Name: Veggie Heaven-Display; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00028089

I'm a massive tool

Gerald
THE CONSTRUCTION CRANE

So what if I'm not exactly 'useful' to you oily, pink meat-sacks without a stammering Polack, or God forbid, an Italian at my controls. But you gotta admit — whether I'm standing still, infinitely enhancing an urban skyline with my shimmering glory, or majestically hoisting a big ass I-beam high above the immigrant-infested streets — I'm pretty fucking amazing.

Could you construct a 19-story housing project with room for hundreds, if not thousands, of tenants (even more if they're Irish) with just your brute strength?

That's what I thought. I'm all titanium poly-alloy steel, baby.

Sure, I've got some dirty Slav sitting inside me, but all he does is stink of black market vodka and pull levers. I pull thousands of pounds of steel hundreds of feet into the air while smelling like liquid sunshine filtered through rose petals. Plus, I'm here legally — let's see that proof-of-residence again, you dirty social parasite. It's bloodsuckers like you that make me want to "accidentally" drop whatever I'm hoisting when I



hear your piercing accordion music or smell those sickening knishes baking in your secondhand ovens.

Enjoy sucking on the sweet teat

“Sure, I've got some dirty Slav sitting inside me, but all he does is stink of black market vodka and pull levers.”

of freedom while you can, because as soon as Rudy gets in the White House he's going to send all you potato farmers packing, just like he did the homeless.

You know, the guys — or should

I say the ants, all get to go home to their tenements at the end of the day, but I gotta stand here, 24/7, either working my chiseled ass off or helplessly getting graffitied by Croatians with colored rags on their heads. I guess dealing with non-union, wage-stealing, gyro-eating scum is the price I pay for being the greatest piece of construction equipment ever conceived.

I'm the greatest thing since canned beer and don't you forget it.

The ladies love it when I whistle at them as they strut past me, and I love it when they wear those low-cut shirts. Anita or Evita or Chiquita or whatever the hell the foreman's wife is named is my favorite, though. She looks like she's smuggling papayas wherever she goes, but judging by her heritage, she probably is.

Somehow that makes her less appealing; decent union families are gonna need those papayas when we go on strike next week. I just hope her dirty Finn husband is sterile from all the asbestos we're removing, because the last thing this country needs are lazy, half-breed Romanians chasing my American dream.

This is gonna be one hell of a sandwich

Jonathan Jansen
SANDWICH ARTIST

Hey man, welcome to Subway. What kind of bread would you like? *Parmesan Oregano?* Ahh, good choice. Is this gonna be a six inch or foot long? *Ooooo* foot long, looks like somebody's hungry!

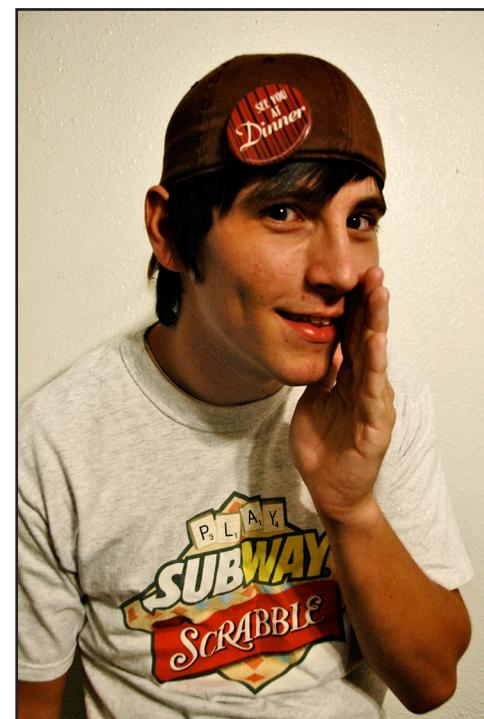
What kind of cheese do you want? Sorry buddy, we don't have Swiss anymore. I can give you American and poke holes in the slices for you though. I actually did that once for some guy. He couldn't tell the difference. You want me to do that to yours? *No?* Alright then.

Italian Biggest, Meatiest, Tastiest? That's a good choice. Now, I know I'm only supposed to put six pieces of each kind of meat on the sandwich, but I don't care. I'm gonna hook you up. Look at all that meat. *Mmm mmm mmm!* This is turning out to be one hell of a sandwich.

Do you want it toasted? Its *waaay* better that way. *Not really?* I could have sworn you had that 'I want my sandwich toasted' look about you. I guess I was wrong. That's too bad.

What veggies would you like? *Lettuce, tomatoes, onions, pickles, olives, bell peppers and banana peppers?* You're living on the edge. How about some jalapeños to spice things up a bit? *Don't really need them?* Your loss, buddy.

Man, this sandwich just keeps getting better and better. Let me pop a few strips of bacon in the microwave for you. I have a funny story about the last time I put bacon on a sand-



wich. Do you want to hear it? *You're in a hurry?* That's cool, maybe next time.

What else would you like? I recommend some ranch dressing and a little oregano sprinkled on top. *Stop stalling?* Are you kidding me?! Ok man, that's it. I've been here busting my ass making The Ultimate Sandwich for you and you're not taking any of my recommendations. I even gave you extra meat. You'd think that maybe since I do this every day, I might know what would taste good on a Subway sandwich. So am I putting some fucking oregano on this sandwich, or not?

That's what I thought.

So how 'bout this weather? It's sunny, but not hot. Weird huh? Hey man, is this going to be a meal or just the sandwich? *The meal?* Atta boy! Go with the Cheetos. They really complement the B.M.T. well. And go with the red Powerade to wash it down. I knew you'd see it my way.



Name: Salt Lick - Display; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00028828

Hey man, do you remember nostalgia?

Stacy Howard
NOSTALGIST

Tell me if this doesn't bring you back. "Stay tuned after this commercial break—but first, Lionel Richie with the makeout songs of 1988!" Just

as *Wicked Game* kicks in, you flip back over to Nickelodeon Games and Sports Network and check out whether the kids from 1994 have constructed the Shrine of the Silver Monkey yet on *Legends of the Hidden Temple*. But then you turn off the TV

and queue up *MmmBop* on your Wi-namp and pretend you're a kid again. (How did we like Hanson? *Oh, but did we ever!*)

Sadly, those days of reminiscing are gone. We're all grown up now, and society expects us to live in the pres-

ent. I have to take a stand, though — where has all the nostalgia gone?

These days, it's seen as uncool to talk about memories from yesteryear. For a while, talking about embarrassing memories of middle school was an easy icebreaker at parties, but now, it's as cliché as discussing one's major. And I, for one, think that's sad—sadder than

that episode of *Saved by the Bell* when Jessie was addicted to caffeine pills.

What's so wrong with living in the past? My friends say that I talk too much about playground rope swings, Lamb Chop and *Dawson's Creek*. But I think that they are too concerned with modern life. I won't talk about Ugg Boots, *Halo*, or Livestrong bracelets for ten years or so, because to me, current trends are nothing but future kitsch.

Hey, remember when *Transformers* came out earlier this summer? (*That was some awesome recollect-*

ing.)

Everything just seemed easier, better and simpler when we could sit around and laugh at Michael Ian Black make catty comments about hair crimping, Care Bears and *Wham!* But we're older now, and have to maintain jobs instead of watch-

"We're all grown up now and society expects us to live in the present. I have to take a stand though — where has all the nostalgia gone?"

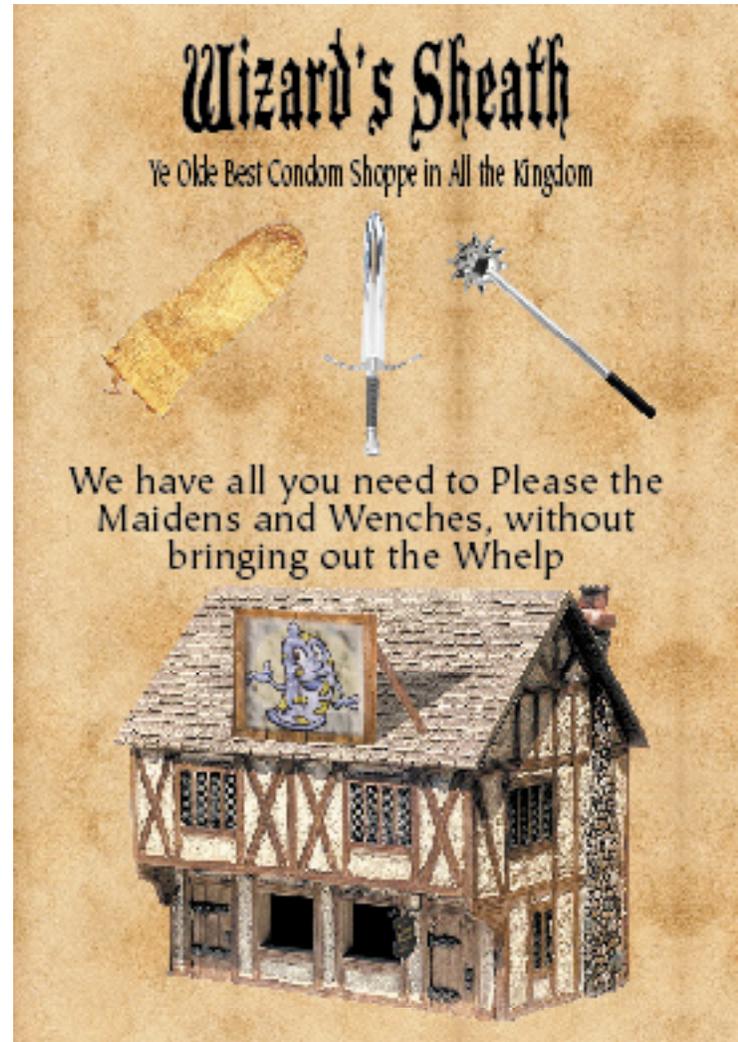
ing *I Love the 70s, 80s, or 90s* marathons. I hardly ever get a friendly response when I'm ringing up a customer at HEB and ask him or her, "Hey, whatever happened to Waffle Crisp? Remember that old lady in the commercials?"

I usually just get a dirty look. (*People are so much ruder these days, too.*)

So, if you ever see me around, don't hesitate to walk up and lament about how little nostalgia exists in today's society. We can have a good laugh about what was popular when you first read this column.



Name: Mr. Nice Guy; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00029456



I wouldn't mind being the next great media tycoon

Veronica D. Hansen
EDITOR IN CHIEF

(Note: Ms. Hansen was far too preoccupied to have time to write an editorial, so she handed it off to one of her underlings with instruction to "do something Veronicasque.")

First off, I want to say that the staff of the *Texas Travesty* is awesome this year. Though I, er, we didn't receive any huge accolades for the first issue, you have to pay your dues in the world of journalism. Even though I'm the editor-in-chief of the *Travesty*, a staffer for Austin's hottest new alt-weekly, *That Other Paper*, a freelance photographer, and, in general, a journalism connoisseur, I don't expect to be on the forefront of national media until at least three or four months after I graduate.

But I know that success is all about networking, so if you see me around, don't be afraid to come up and say hi! I love meeting new people, and I'm all over Austin. We can meet up and go shopping (I always need more clothing layers) and discuss the newest underground hip-hop act, or we can rant about the unfairness of our patriarchal society over a glass of red wine.

I don't want to say that *everyone* loves me, mostly because I don't know



everyone. Yet. But girls, if you're free this weekend, come to my apartment and we can talk about guys! And guys, I grew up in a house of boys, so I think gross male humor is funny—don't you hate girls who don't? I do! Before we hang out, though, just know that no one will ever replace my pseudo-lesbian life mate. So don't even try.

Look at me everyone! I'm Veronica Hansen! I have a lot of important editing to do and such! In fact, I need to get back to one of my many, many responsibilities. If you have any other questions, don't hesitate to call me. I'd love to spend hours talking on the phone about how fantastic I am.

"Look at me everyone! I'm Veronica Hansen!"

Name: Wish; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00029418

What are you guys going to be for Halloween??



A slut!



Myself, covered in my own vomit!



A pain in your ass!

