

ON THE BRINK OF CANCELLATION SINCE 1997

TEXAS TRAVESTY

MARCH 2008



Todd Menditto *Everyone's favorite PTS worker*

Texas Travesty: So Todd, what's your favorite part about being a Parking and Transportation Services employee?

Todd Menditto: I just love riding my little scooter around campus and checking to make sure people have the proper parking permits hanging neatly from their rear view mirrors. Spending your entire day monitoring traffic, sitting in security kiosks, and catching people with F17 permits parked in the F67 lot is extremely fulfilling. It's good to know that improper parking procedure is "curbed" when I'm on duty (laughter).

TT: Why did you start working for the PTS?

TM: I just want to be liked, so this job seemed to fit perfectly. I go to bed each night knowing that I've dedicated a full

eight-hour work day to putting a smile on people's faces and tickets on their windshield.

TT: So, what are you doin' tonight?

TM: Well, after getting current on all my utility bills, I'm gonna go get mad pussy. Then I'll probably sit down with a TV dinner and watch my DVR recordings of Extreme Makeover: Home Edition. Oh, I also really need to call my mother because I haven't talked to her in a while.

Turn ons: rules, justice, Dog the Bounty Hunter, not letting you on campus, procedure, one-bedroom apartments, The People's Court, pussy, Campbell's Chunky soup, GTA

4, peace and quiet, douchebag sunglasses, mustaches

Turn offs: speedy drivers, whippersnappers, loud rap music, broken CB radios, insubordination, this goddamn weather, holidays, happiness, casual conversation, liberals, dirty uniforms, other PTS employees, Jesus



around campus

- For Drag denizens, March Madness is almost over, but **April through February Madness** has yet to begin.
- Yeah, I got the pregnancy messages — sorry, I've honestly just been **super busy** lately.
- **Liberal, white freshmen** who voted for Obama have yet to overcome their fear of the Malcolm X Lounge.
- Recent campus visits from Ron Paul and Richard Dawkins have proven once and for all that the **Diggnation**, when gathered, is not nearly as socially graceful or acne-free as it imagined itself

- to be.
- Zounds! Unhand my Snickers, you **mechanical fiend!** I deposited the requisite currency, now shuffle that novelty treat off its mortal coil or I shall shuffle you off yours!
- Have you ever just wanted to swing your backpack as **hard as you can** as some guy passing on his bicycle? ...No? ...Me neither.
- Your efforts to find the ultimate party pad for next year will be hopelessly derailed with your discovery that the only thing worse than your roommate's extensive Digimon collection is his **credit score**.
- The upcoming tuition increases will NOT be funding **William Powers'** second golden mansion and diamond-filtered bottled water.
- The new Vanessa Hudgens movie will involve 300 extras, 20 caterers, \$80,000 worth of camera equipment, and exactly 14,311 pounds of **who gives a fuck**.

- That **pompous know-it-all** in your class probably doesn't have actual friends or parents, so go easy on him.
- This year, St. Patrick's Day has cemented its position as the preeminent saint-themed excuse to exploit stereotypes, get drunk, and hurl homophobic slurs, although it's closely trailed by the annual **St. Luigi's Spaghetti, Alcoholism, and Hate Crime Convention**.
- **April Fools' Day** has been moved to the 2nd this year.
- I'm gettin' some real good WiFi in here, **bro**.
- **Strangers on the E-Bus** will bond when they come to the realization that they boned the same girl over spring break.
- **Jingoistic assholes** should complain about Student Government for reasons other than outsourcing Student Body President jobs to Indians.
- Your parents are having **hot, nasty sex** in your bed right now.

40 acres 4 |

VOLUME 10 • ISSUE 5
25 MARCH 2008

The gossip this Spring is juicier than the ground floor of a Fruit of the Loom sweat shop! Rumors are plump and just waiting to fall off the West Campus hearsay tree and roll down into the gutter, along with the reputations of a few unfortunate individuals. Too bad for them what happened at Spring Break didn't stay there.

As long as the 'plump' train is still at the station, it would hardly do you justice not to mention Houston-area freshman **Allison Grappelson's** newly increased hug diameter. Hopefully Allison's classmates won't mind the pudge-budge she gives them as she files into middle center for lecture. Looks like the irrational constant

isn't the only type of pie that determines circumference!

And speaking of filing, Accounting major **Jake Glyndall** seems anxious to increase lusty neighbor **Mary Swelt's** interest rate in him by offering to do her taxes this April. Hopefully Jake will be able to see Mary in the bare market before she notices the below average size of his rebate. Too bad for Jake though, that Mary charges a pretty hefty in-cum tax, and too bad for Mary that the Plan B pill still isn't tax deductible.

On the topic of deductions, have you heard how **Leslie Smalls** lost all that weight so fast? Rumor has it she just left it screaming in the dumpster

behind the Co-op after carrying it around for a long nine months. She claims she used liposuction to lose all the weight, but maybe if she'd used a different type of suction a few trimesters ago she wouldn't have had the problem in the first place.

As long as we're talking about unpleasant growths, have you seen **Russell Bakersfield** scratching himself across the Forty acres recently? Apparently, the shower he skipped after IM basketball practice kept him on fire long after he left the gym. It looks like 'ol Russell won't get much playing time with his girlfriend this weekend unless he gets something to run defense down low.



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

SHOUT OUT TO...
Bennigan's Easter dinner; Jason's Deli without Stephen; finishing early; "Do you periodically smell olives?"; Alyssa sees monkeys; diarrhea; webcams; Apples to Apples; "That guy is drunk"; Alyssa misunderstands minorities; Officer Hutcheson; broken bed; Mike the Arsonist; Storytime with Stephen; Rachel taking this issue off; spending all day on CSI; forgetting improv; John Mayer; watching yourself pee; Matt getting drunk for no justifiable reason; Ross' massive pornography collection; Stephen's coconuts; "We couldn't save the cat"; speech kids are annoying as hell; Ross blocking Libby; pigeon shitting in the water fountain; 04/09/08: set the date; real fun with bean bags; we suck at softball; The Travesty and Adam; molasses cookies; typeface lectures; "I sure dun scratched out the cornea in yer leff eye"; college penis; fucking Plucker's waitress, Fritz; you've been shouted out; test tube babies; let the games begin; Adam is in Matt's "Top 10"; two barely legal co-eds spending the night with the band; propositioning; the girl we could've gang-banged; Big Tex; NOFX; Stephen and Veronica's corsages; crowdsurfing; pack-it-up.

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Computer science major tired of hacking mainframes

Thejaswi Maruvada
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CAMPUS — Computer science senior and “leet” computer hacker Alvin Estrella recently announced his intentions to retire from breaching computer security systems. Although every computer science student is highly proficient at cracking databases and hijacking top-secret files, Estrella claims to have lost his love for this highly profitable skill.

“Sure, the life of a cyberpunk seems glitzy and glamorous,” Estrella said, licking Cheeto dust from his fingers. “But when you’re constantly dealing with gigabytes and memory chips like I am, it can get stressful.”

Estrella continued, “Even though I know how to apply fancy slide transitions in PowerPoint, there’s no reason to be jealous of me. Some people are leet by nature, and some people are born to be noobs.”

The renowned computer jock, who claims to have planted a proto-virus in the Hubble Space Telescope, causing it to take high-quality nude pictures of Kinsolving residents, operates entirely out of his Moore-Hill dorm room. Although Estrella

does not allow access into his “home base,” he claims his complete hacking setup consists of CD-ROMs, an array of megahertz, and a quick extraction point from the Matrix.

“Getting all this heavy equipment wasn’t cheap, so sometimes I have to take on some freelance work to af-

ford it all,” said Estrella, who goes by the alias “Al Capwn-d” to keep his identity hidden from federal investigators. “Like this one time, a Russian arms dealer wanted me to wardrive into Frost Bank’s 3-D polymorphic Virtua-Web and wiki-transfer \$10 million into a Swiss bank account.”

He continued, “But I had a Counterstrike party in Painter, so I bailed. Sure, he’s still trying to hunt me down and break my kneecaps, but I just digi-blocked my cybernetic profile — and problem solved!”

Despite his computer science expertise, Estrella’s employers have

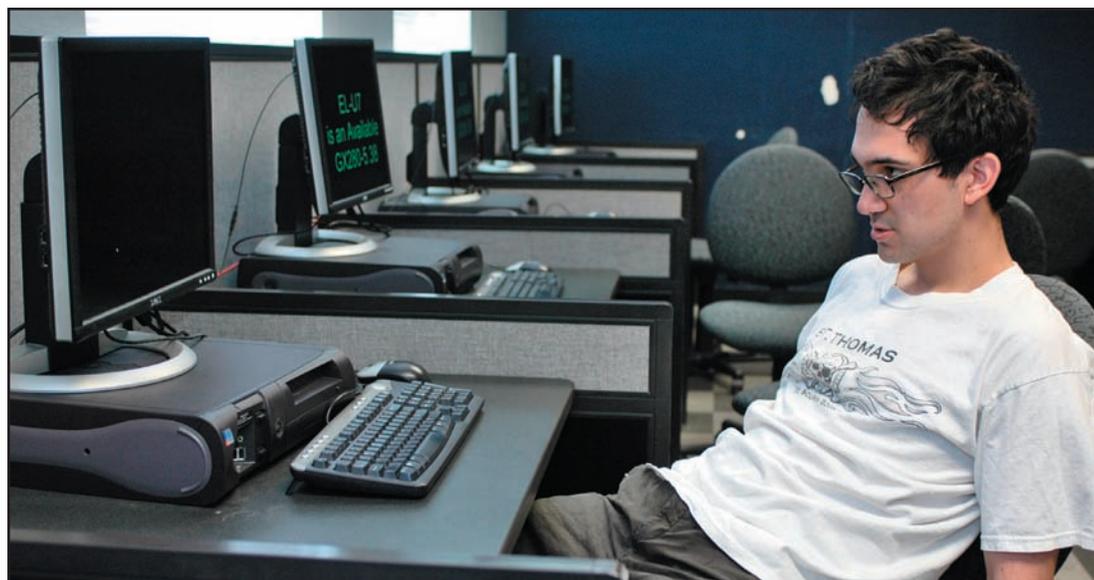
been increasingly unsatisfied with his work.

“I asked that chump to hack into the Barzini family’s mainframe and e-whack Don Barzini,” complained crime boss and former JFK airport security officer Frankie Mancini. “But the shell had to be coded in LISP, and this little bastard only knew BASIC. So I said, ‘fagged-aboudit, capisce?’”

Although Estrella has never raised suspicion amongst law enforcement, he has drawn the ire of 21-year-old UT Information Technology Services employee Blake Partridge due to his excessive use of DC++.

“I’ve noticed Mr. Estrella has been exceeding his bandwidth allotment,” said Partridge, who wears a pocket protector, thick glasses and stereotypes on his sleeve. “I don’t enjoy this part of my job, but I may be forced to e-mail Mr. Estrella a politely-worded warning.”

Following Estrella’s insistence that he is giving up hacking, he announced plans to complete his computer science degree and sit in a cubicle from 9 to 5 on weekdays for the rest of his life.



■ Alvin lolz @ a11 teh n00bs he r3gu14rly pwns on w33k3nds with his 1337 h4x0r skillz Photo/Travesty

University students fail to save Darfur

Stephen Stecker
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

CAMPUS — Despite their diligent, dedicated work, students at the University have failed to save Darfur. Many students were initially optimistic about the chance to bring peace to the troubled African region following Student Government’s successes in securing funding for the Student Activity Center, removing the beverage ban at the PCL, and holding successful Democratic elections.

“I thought to myself, ‘We’re Texas, and what starts here changes the world,’” said SG foreign ambassador Abigail Rosen, who has registered trademarks for Democrats for Darfur, Dudes for Darfur, and Dogs for Darfur. “It will take a lot of hard work and effort, but why not start saving the world right here, right now — one African nation at a time? Our newly opened Darfur Affairs Division even got an office in the Union right next to the good bathrooms.”

Although Rosen continues to be optimistic, raising money and

increasing awareness of the ethnic conflict have proved ineffective at ending the humanitarian catastrophe. A bake sale held on the West Mall, Donuts for Darfur, failed to end the rampant starvation in the region.

“In spite of our self-sacrificing, righteous work, the pillaging of Darfur continues,”

-Matt Fink

“Not only am I eating a delicious baked good, but I’m also helping out people in need,” said freshman Eric Beasley on his way to his \$2400-a-month West Campus luxury condo complete with a 40-inch plasma television and clean, running water. “I’ve heard things are getting pretty bad over there so I would donate more, but I really need to save any spare cash to get this awesome iPhone car charger I really want.”

While the number of Darfur activism campaigns and charity drives continue to rise, student activists’

high hopes for resolving the conflict have quickly dimmed as rape, murder and torture persists in the region.

“In spite of our self-sacrificing, righteous work, the pillaging of Darfur continues,” bemoaned Matt Fink, president of the Student Anti-Genocide Alliance as he proudly donned a Save Darfur T-shirt, which conveniently identifies in red where the troubled African province is located. “Countless hours writing ‘Help Darfur Now’ on the Drag in sidewalk chalk — and for what?”

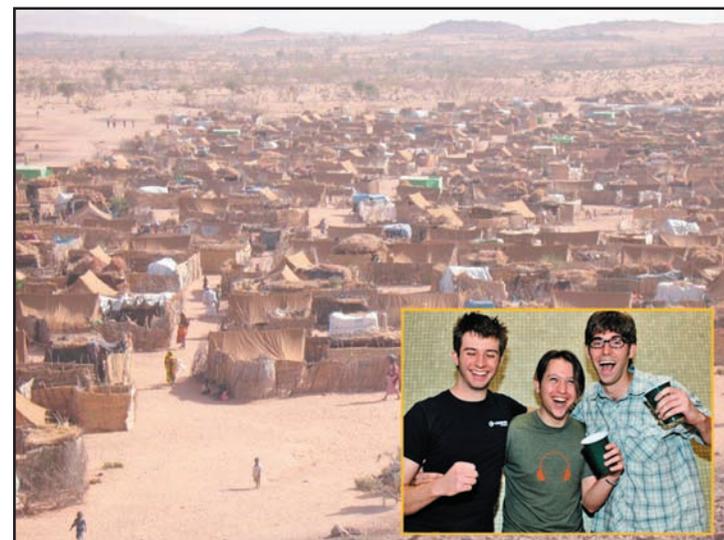
Student organizations have experienced some success in combating the rampant food shortages and infectious diseases, however. Student activists held a parking lot car wash at the Taco Cabana on MLK to raise funds for displaced Darfur refugees. The \$87.13 raised by Wash Away Genocide will be donated towards relieving the estimated \$6 billion in damages resulting from the conflict.

“This has been such a fabulous, successful event,” said event coordinator and president of the Alpha Chi Tau sorority Jaime Hampton

in her tight-fitting, Darfur-shaped bikini. “People — especially older men — have been so generous in helping save the poor Africans. I really can’t thank them enough for their donations, because ‘stopping genocide’ is going to look amazing on my law school application.”

University students have also tried the power of the pen to combat

genocide, writing *Daily Texan* Firing Lines condemning the Sudanese government for supplying the Janjaweed militia with money and assistance. Unfortunately, according to intelligence experts, Sudanese president Omar Bashir does not receive a copy of *The Daily Texan*, as Bashir has a long history of harsh aversion toward all major Texas newspapers.



■ Though these may look like ordinary men, these three gents consistently raise awareness — and da roof — for Darfur. Photo/Travesty

Time traveler just an inconsiderate asshole

Matt Lester
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

AUSTIN — Business junior Mitchell Arrington gives the impression that he couldn't accomplish anything: He owns mass-produced, poorly reupholstered furniture, his DVD collection consists only of Bruce Willis films and he places print advertisements for alcoholic beverages on his bedroom wall; but Arrington has invented something Einstein could only dream about — a time machine.

"It wasn't too difficult to put together," admitted Arrington, brandishing the back-massager shaped device with the phrases "last week," "yesterday," and "this morning" haphazardly scrawled over a plastic switch which previously indicated settings for "slow," "medium," and "fast." "There are still kinks to be worked out, but all I have to do is adjust this button and *zammo kablammo* — I won't have to work today because I threw away the only key to the office."

Along with adjusting his daily schedule, Arrington sees other advantages to using a time machine.

"My friends and I like to place bets on baseball games," said Arrington with

a smug grin on his face as he momentarily activated the device to retrieve the answer key to a history test he had Tuesday afternoon. "But I always wait until I've seen the game, then I go back and *zee-zee-McGee*, I have some sweet cash to buy weed with."

Pausing to return to the previous week so he could throw his 3-year-old neighbor's tricycle into a tree, Arrington continued, "I don't worry about finding a parking spot on campus, either. I just set this thing to 'this morning,' set up some hazard cones in the space I want, and *zip-zip-zaroo*, I have a parking spot."

Despite Arrington's enthusiasm, roommate Jeff Robertson has reservations toward the time machine.

"Yesterday, Mitch placed a banana peel along my daily jogging route, and I slipped and got hit by a car," wheezed Robertson within his full-body cast. "I suppose he was exacting revenge for when I drank his last Dr. Pepper yesterday, because the last thing I remember before taking a refreshing gulp was Mitch chuckling in the corner while saying, '*Zorb-zorb-jalorb!*'"

Robertson added, "That jackass could be preventing JFK's assassination, World War II, or my blind date



■ *Everyone knows that Hoverboards don't work with Dr. Pepper — unless you got POWER!!!* Photo/Travesty

that went horribly awry right now."

Along with Robertson, Arrington's girlfriend Amanda Kiernan is also displeased with his behavior since he developed the device.

"Mitch forgot our anniversary," sobbed Kiernan as a bottle opener, a Naomi Campbell poster and a half-eaten string cheese poorly wrapped in newspaper instantaneously appeared

on her bed. "Ever since he made that thing, he spends a lot of time alone in his room with it. It's like I don't even matter anymore."

Looking through her purse for more tissues, Kiernan added, "I don't know how time travel operates, but I guess it works by shouting '*zu-zu-magoo*' while rubbing your balls with a back massager."

'Masturbation' Wikipedia entry masturbated to

ARLINGTON — Arlington High School junior Jordan Robinson masturbated Saturday night after perusing the Wikipedia article detailing the history, physiology and methods of autoeroticism. "I was researching Crispus Attucks for history class when I wondered if this site had an entry on masturbation," Robinson said after ensuring his parents were out of earshot. "I was just curious at first, but after seeing the full-frontal diagrams of clitoral stimulation and the helpful tips on achieving a powerful climax, I realized my history homework could probably wait." Robinson emphasized that the chance visit to the user-edited online encyclopedia was not without educational value, as he caught a cursory glance of Kant's moral argument opposing masturbation while ejaculating into a tube sock. Although Robinson discussed no further explicit plans for Wikipedia-related masturbations, he expressed desire to check the entries for "vagina," "oral sex," and "pearl necklace" to ensure that the pages are accurate and kept up-to-date.

Name: Verizon Wireless C/O Zenith Me; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black plus one; Comment: Travesty (4) color; Ad Number: 00030532

TEXAS TRAVESTY FILM FESTIVAL



monday, april 28
8pm, union theater
accepting submissions
until april 18,
turn in films to cmc c3.200
for more info write:
letters@texastravesty.com

Elderly man has no idea how he ended up in SMART car

SAN FRANCISCO — Retiree and grandfather of six, Elmer Perwitski, revealed Sunday afternoon that he is baffled after finding himself in the passenger seat of a SMART car.

“What is this? Where are we going?” the 84-year-old asked a quickly passing fire hydrant as his son-in-law, Phil Cranston, drove the two home after a Whole Foods excursion in his Mercedes-produced fuel-efficient vehicle.

“Elmer couldn’t seem to remember that I bought the SMART car a couple

years ago so my wife and I wouldn’t have to spend so much money on gas,” Cranston explained.

But Perwitski remembers things differently.

“Where’s the backseat? Where are the kids going to sit on our road trip to the Disney Land?” Perwitski remained calmly befuddled until Cranston parked the car perpendicular to the curb, at which point Perwitski simply gazed into the distance, placed his palms on his forehead and requested several cases of sharpened pencils.

Facebook introduces new Tube Feed application

PALO ALTO, CA — The popular social networking site Facebook recently announced the launch of the new ‘Tube Feed’ application, which delivers the latest information on break-ups, wall comments and party photos directly into its users’ digestive tract.

“We want to provide the quickest possible stream of information on your social world,” Facebook founder Mark Zuckerberg said in a press conference. “This new user experience will satisfy users’ ferocious appetites for constant social updates.”

According to initial reports, Facebook users have caught on to the idea.

“I love the tube feed,” said long-time

Facebook user Ryan Rodriguez as he connected the nasogastric tube into his computer. “No longer do I have to spend hours logged on Facebook when I can just sit back and ingest photo albums featuring casual acquaintances I haven’t seen in four years.”

The move, according to Zuckerberg, is “part of a slew of cool new features designed to better connect Facebook with its users.” Such features include the G-Unit project, which shares users’ genomes with advertisers who use the genetic code to pass along information about movie discounts on Fandango as well as Ass Beacon, which tracks users’ bowel movements for market research.

FOX cancels self

HOLLYWOOD — FOX Broadcasting Corporation, one of the leading commercial television networks in the United States with annual profits in the billions, canceled itself Friday afternoon. The network has a history of prematurely stopping production on popular programs such as *Family Guy*, *Firefly*, *Arrested Development* and *Futurama*.

When questioned on their most recent cancellation, FOX president Peter Ligouri stated, “While we are critically revered as the greatest broadcasting entity in existence, our Nielsen ratings were slowly declining and that’s just not profitable enough to justify our continued operation.”

Ligouri justified his decision by pointing out that in recent months FOX has repeatedly slotted shows like *Prison Break* and *Terminator: The Sarah Connor Chronicles* against competitive programming such as the Superbowl, Democratic presidential debates, *30 Minute Meals with Rachael Ray* and the Academy Awards red carpet pre-show.

“I know it was risky to go up against those ratings titans, and Fox suffered the consequences,” added Ligouri from his Bel Air estate. “Look on the bright side,” quipped a buoyant Ligouri, “We’ll most likely release ourselves on DVD this fall, and if enough revenue comes in, we’ll bring ourselves back.”

Cesar Chavez statue actually JC Chasez

CAMPUS — University officials are in disbelief following the revelation Monday morning that the bronze monument purporting to be civil rights activist and former head of the United Farm Workers, Cesar Chavez, actually portrays the likeness of former *NSYNC member JC Chasez.

Latin American studies freshman Jennifer Finch first noticed the mix-up.

“I was walking to class through the West Mall and passed the statue,” Finch recalled. “And instead of seeing

the weathered, noble stare of Chavez, I saw the boyish good looks of JC Chasez.”

“The statute will be relocated next to the sculpture of former Confederate President Jefferson Davis.”

Finch quickly reported the problem to University president William Powers, who called for the immediate removal of the statue, on which Chasez is on an elevated, multi-colored dance platform clutching a microphone. A UTPD investigation revealed the designer of the statue to be a dedicated *NSYNC fan who loved the friendly, feel-good music of the famous 1990s pop band but despised Chavez’s fiery rhetoric.

According to a University spokesperson, the statute will be relocated next to the sculpture of former Confederate President Jefferson Davis who, like Chasez, was considered “the sporty one.”



■ Digital, digital get down!
Photo/Travesty

Name: Salt Lick - Display; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00030318

SOMETIMES EVEN THE FINEST ACTORS ARE DEPORTED

GARY OLDMAN GARY OLDMAN GARY OLDMAN?!

NO COUNTRY FOR OLDMAN

A COEN BROTHERS FILM

Obama volunteer distributes flyer to Obama volunteer

WEST MALL — Weston Banks, a presidential campaign volunteer for Senator Barack Obama (D-Ill.), inadvertently handed an Obama campaign flyer to another Obama volunteer Tuesday on the West Mall.

"It's really difficult to distinguish between campaign volunteers and anyone with a pulse on campus," explained Banks as he opened several boxes of campaign buttons. "But until I'm certain that every UT student is pledging his or her support for Obama, Hillary's cold, dead hands could still burst forth from the ground and pull them into the seedy underbelly of a Clinton campaign rally."



■ *Democracy in action!* Photo/Travesty

University statistics professor Joseph Henderson has also noticed the proliferation of Obama volunteers receiving flyers from their own kind.

"According to my statistics, over 1.3 million promotional materials were handed out in the West Mall just last week," said Henderson as he carefully looked over some important charts and graphs. "According to my research, 93% of the Obama materials successfully prevented Hillary from gaining ground. These data also support my various other hypotheses and astute observations."

"Hillary's cold, dead hands could still burst forth from the ground."

-Weston Banks

Bush to auction off Alaska William Seward rolls over in grave

JUNEAU — Alaska, the 49th state of the union, will be sold to the highest bidder by President Bush next Saturday in order to alleviate recession fears.

When questioned why other fundraising techniques were not being employed to stimulate the economy, Bush replied, "With my legacy at stake, my first duty is protecting the world our children will inherit," pausing to spit on the grave of William Seward, he added, "Most Americans consider Alaskans to be vaguely Canadian at best, and while the Last Frontier state has many oily, oily resources to offer, its most valuable

asset will be its martyrdom to save our market."

Bush also clarified that America's abandonment of Alaska is a last resort, and did not rule out re-buying the state when the United States gets "this whole money situation together."

In response, Alaska governor Sarah Palin announced, "I've been unable to negotiate with the President, since he is apparently spending most of his free time perfecting his auctioneer voice. It's a shame we don't have as many words for 'screw you, Bush' as the Eskimos do for snow."

Will Ferrell to star in every sports movie

LOS ANGELES — Actor Will Ferrell announced a deal with studio moguls last Wednesday that will allow him to star in every future sports movie.

"Let me put it this way, I'm the best sports actor in the entire universe," boisterously proclaimed Ferrell to rapturous laughter, before giving a sneak preview of *Basket Glovers*, a new Adam McKay-directed Jai-Alai comedy.

Paramount producer Joshua Church also expressed enthusiasm for the announcement.

"What other box-office draws can

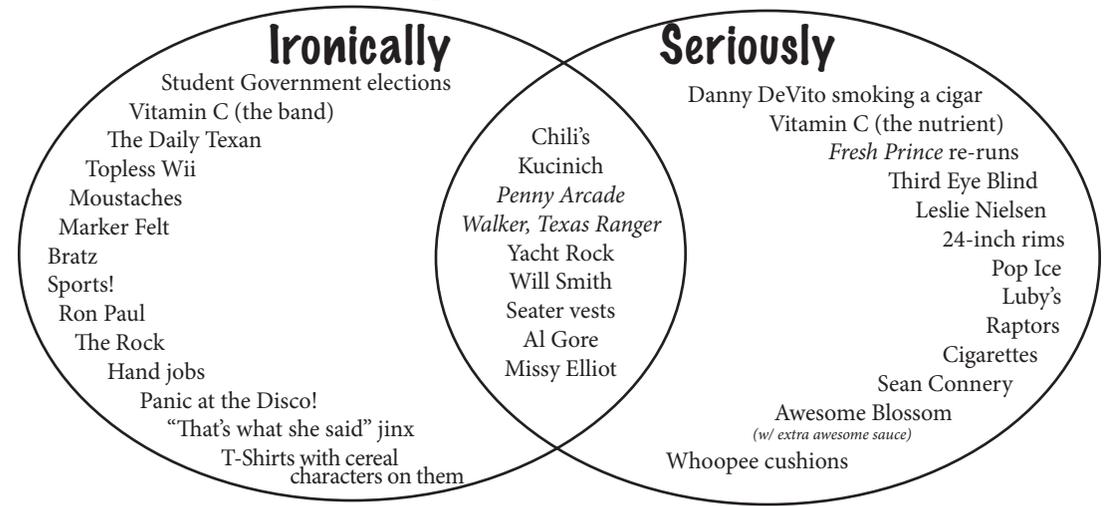
incorporate as many jokes about big mustaches, animal fights and non sequitur, loudly-shouted profanity?"

Ferrell, star of sports films *Blades of Glory*, *Talladega Nights* and *Kicking and Screaming*, hinted at cameos from Jack Black, Ben Stiller and at least two Wilson brothers in planned films about bowling, rugby, curling, shuffleboard and competitive eating.

After finishing his self-declared 9000th push-up while sporadically shrieking at an imaginary pigeon, Ferrell remarked: "I'll star in any movie — you people make me rich!"

You mean, like, ironically, right?

The *Texas Travesty's* guide to what you should like, and how.



"Where do babies come from?" We have all pondered this at some point in our lives, but it has only been until recently that scientists have been able to give an accurate answer. Having finally unlocked the biological mysteries known as "conception" and "childbirth", scientists have released this official diagram to better inform the public. Figure 2.1 shows the general region in which the so-called "development" occurs and figure 2.2 displays its various stages.

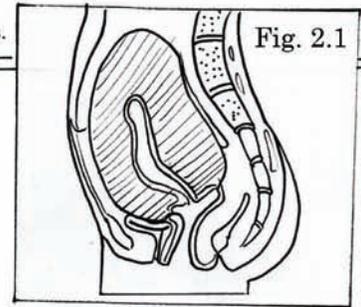
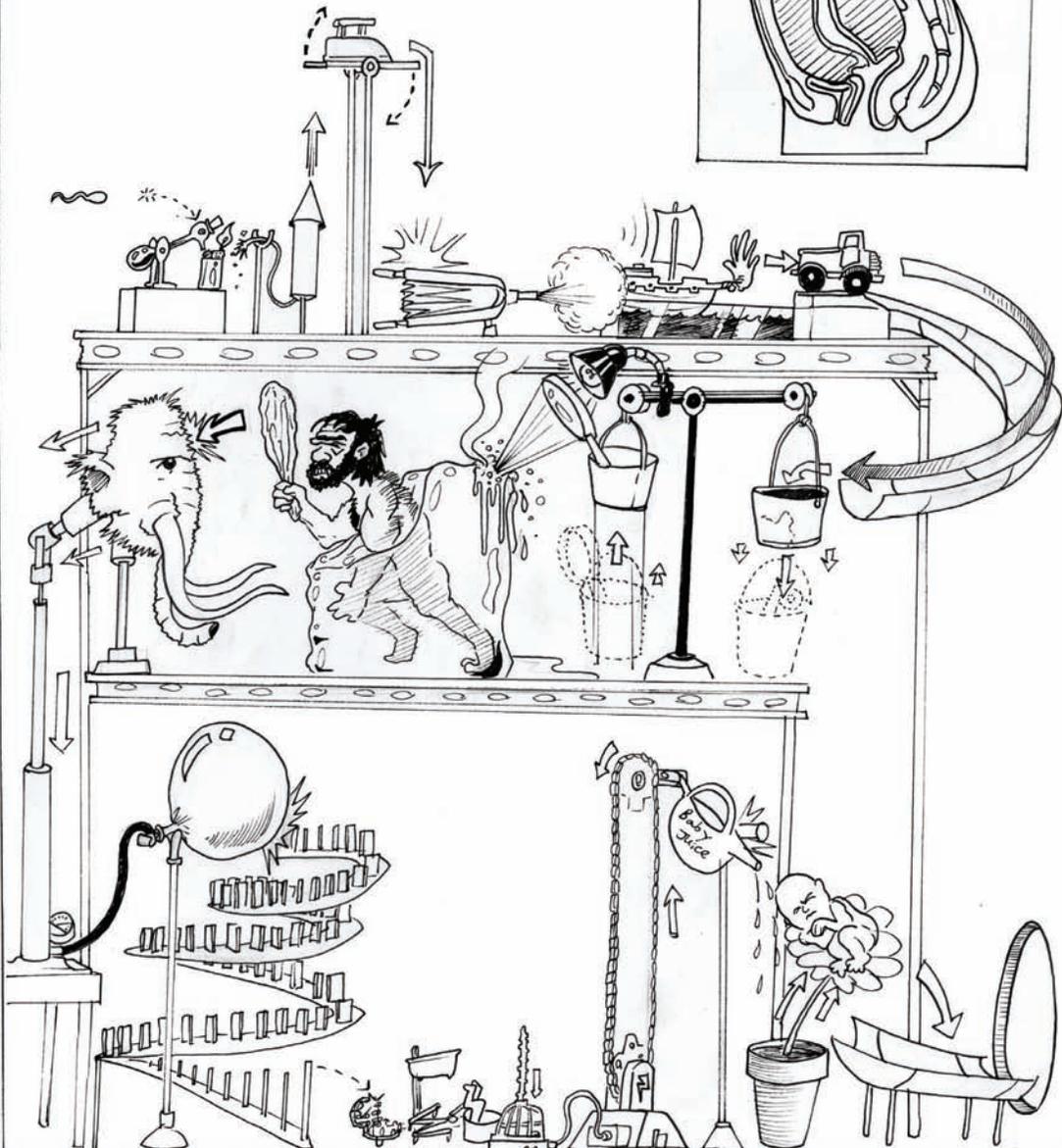


Fig. 2.1

Fig 2.2



It should be noted that all of this occurs over a period of about nine months. (four of the nine months are spent thawing the caveman)

SXSW

the official
LOOK AT HOW
COOL WE ARE
guide

2008

Since the festival began in 1987, South by Southwest attendees have always been guaranteed two things — tons of great music, and a bacchic carnival of tight-jeaned, scruffy-bearded pretension that makes you want to go out immediately and fire-bomb your neighborhood.

American Apparel. At *The Travesty* however, our ability to print our own press-passes guarantees us access to secret shows, parties, and celebrities you could never *dream* of. So put down that Telecaster, you hippie, and find out what *you* missed out on this year.



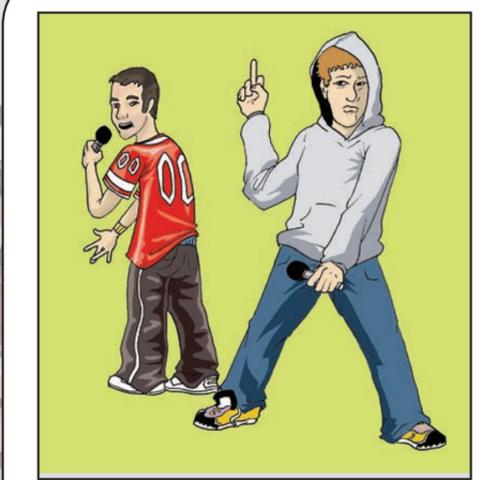
Plucking away a sloppy cover of *Like A Rolling Stone* in a desperate play for a big-time record producer's attention and the validation of his peers, this young up-and-coming musician would later tell his Business Fundamentals class that he played South by Southwest.



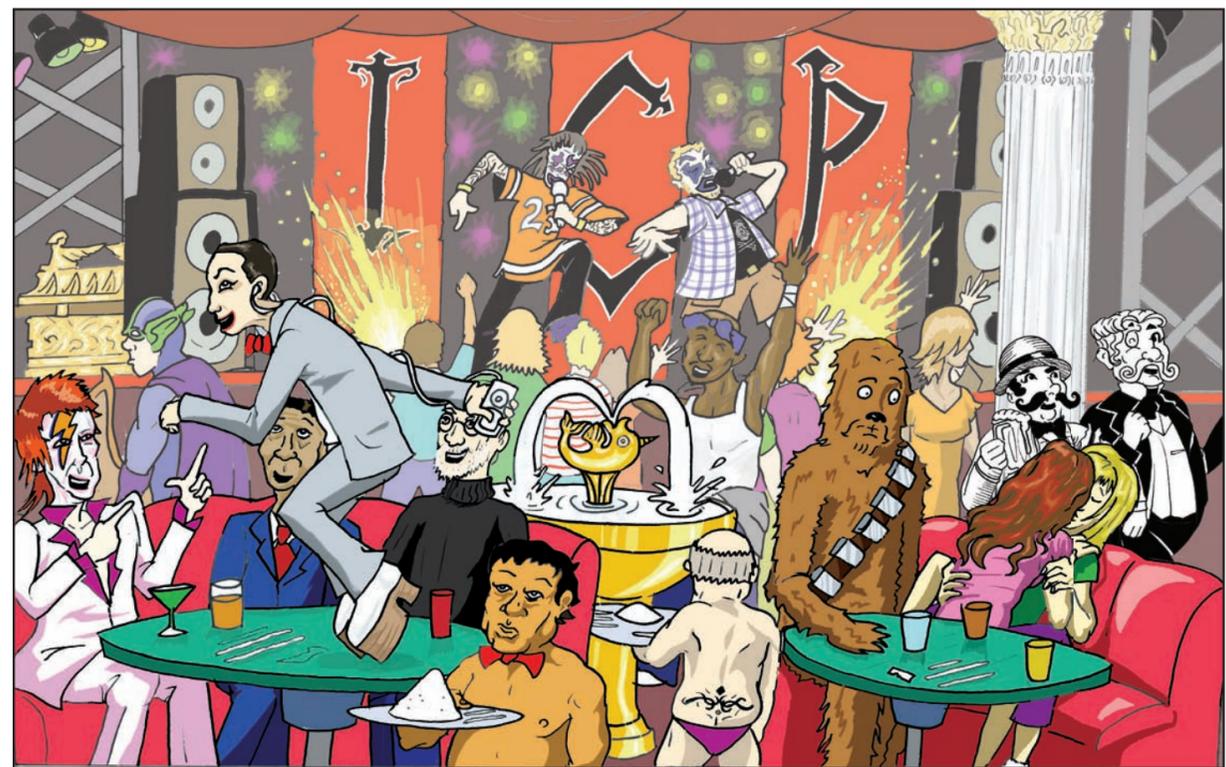
Microsoft sponsored a party to promote the hot new media player, the Zune. The bash was headlined by Texican sensation Los Lonely Boys, whose 3-way harmonies, bluesy riffs, and uplifting lyrics breathed life into the otherwise dull South by Southwest lineup.



One popular trend at South by Southwest this year was being a pretentious hipster. These guys were everywhere! Oprah must have invited her viewers to grow scruffy beards, smoke American Spirits, and disparage Jet, because snooty condescension was rampant downtown. Then again, it was difficult to tell if these so-called "indie kids" were simply ironically posing as extras from the Oscar-winning *Juno*, since as of this printing, the jury is still out on the backlash of the backlash of the backlash.



The battle of the social networking mogul was at Paradox when Facebook creator Mark Zuckerberg and MySpace Tom threw down onstage.



The most anticipated and well-guarded event of the week, which occurred at an undisclosed location, was kept under wraps despite the most diligent efforts by hipsters to text each other about the party.

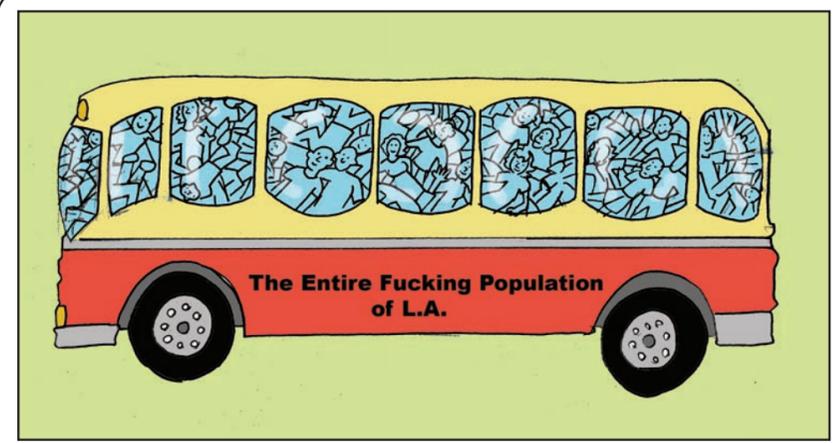
The event was headlined by none other than the Insane Clown Posse (with openers Radiohead, Sonic Youth, and REM), and featured such guests as Miley Cyrus, Hannah Montana (who made out), Barack Obama, and Tupac(?!).

Hot new bands were formed and dismissed within minutes, drinks cost €3 each, and the room featured a fountain of scenester tears dating to Modest Mouse's major label debut.

Pitchfork gave the party an 7.4 out of 10.



The hierarchy of South by Southwest was best captured at this 6th Street water fountain, where fans without wrist bands or badges were forced to use separate but equal plumbing. The water fountains doubled as toilets for the non-wristbanded.



Austin was flooded with Sidekicks and even more self-righteous liberalism as the city of Los Angeles piled up in a Greyhound and trekked to Texas, Mac-Book Airs in hand, to blog to their Cali friends how much Vampire Weekend sucked and how brilliant the three-hour *Judd Apatow Takes A Fat Dump* was. Meanwhile, tumbledees roll with fury on Sunset Boulevard.

Corporate nuclear power plant to buy-out mom-and-pop nuclear power plant

FAIRBANKS, CO — Construction of the Syntech Heavy Industries \$8 billion nuclear power plant will likely force locally owned Mattingly nuclear plant into bankruptcy or vulnerable for a hostile corporate takeover.

“The hope of one day having cold fusion with a warm heart is fading,” said Eugene and Deborah Mattingly, who started their family-run fission power plant in 1974 with only a background in carpentry, a sack full of isotopes and the concept of “ouranium”.

“When the reactor hit critical mass last year and the town had to be evacuated, who do you think invited the unexpectedly-homeless citizenry over for home baked Sheppard’s pie once the fallout was contained?” said Eugene as he whittled a representation of beta decay. “It wasn’t Syntech, that’s for sure.”

Electricity consumers should expect cheaper power as competition from Syntech forces Mattingly to



■ In this 1976 photograph, the Mattingly’s appear positively *radiant* upon the completion of their first plant. *Photo/Travesty*

lower their prices, however, this fiscal benefit may be coupled with regret that genetically mutated wildlife isn’t “homegrown like it used to be.”

Swimming instructor can’t wait to inject liberal politics into lesson

BALTIMORE — After years of subordination under the opinions of his superiors, newly licensed swimming instructor Lionel Grimski is eagerly anticipating expressing his leftist views to the Forestwood Recreation Center’s intermediate swimming class.

“They might not be ready to hear what I think of the so-called President and his warrantless, illegal war,” remarked Grimski, who has taught over 40 toddlers to blow bubbles in the water. “But this is my class, and I’ll be damned if anyone censors my First Amendment rights.”

Despite several parents’ complaints about Grimski’s warning that running near the pool could yield massive medical bills without the support of universal health care, Grimski hopes to use his position to educate his pupils.

“When I make little jokes like calling the backstroke ‘the government’s environmental policies,’ the kids might just stare, but they go home having learned a little something.”

Grimski’s students were unable to comment on their teacher’s methods, as they were busy dunking each other and/or urinating in the public pool.

Puppy named cutest puppy in existence, ever

WORLD — Four-month-old Rottweiler-pug mix Pretzel was officially named cutest puppy to ever exist by the Puppy Superlative Committee at a ceremony Sunday afternoon.

According to world-renowned puppy cuteness expert and committee chairman George Krewitski, “Pretzel possesses all the cuteness one could ever imagine in one tiny, furry entity.”

The entire committee was dumbfounded at first glance with the canine, and immediately determined that in all of the 147 years of puppy investigation, they had never laid eyes on a pup who’s mere presence evoked such magical contentment and who’s gentle paw-prodding “resembled the

ruffling of angel feathers.”

When asked just what differentiated Pretzel from all the other cute puppies in the world, Krewitski stated, “It’s that feeling of ecstasy that leaves you crippled when he looks at you with those hazelnut bedroom eyes.”

Fellow committee member Donna Swinley mentioned that the feel of Pretzel’s fur could only be compared to a romantic evening in the twilight of Paris with all the succulence of pouty lips, vanilla steamers and the sweet tingling of grazed fingertips.

When asked to comment on his newly bestowed honor, Pretzel uttered what could only be defined as a painfully adorable yap.

Former New York Governor
ELIOT SPITZER

is so horny...



...he thought he was the governor of *Nude* York!

...even Bill Clinton was like, "Damn, you stupid!"

...he thinks prostitution should be legalized!

...he regularly masturbates to pornography!

...he was all, "sexy tiiiiime! How much? I liiike!"

...he has a boner. Right now.

...his ejaculate can thatch all of the roofs in Uganda!

...he paid \$80,000 for a prostitute and ruined his career and marriage!

...he helped the poon-tang market recover from the sub prime loan crisis!

...he has more sex than Paris Hilton!

...he doesn't have March Madness, he has March Horniness!

...he's had sex with more women than Rosie O'Donnell!

...he honks if he's horny, which is all the time! He's always honking!

...he pounded your mom last night!

...he likes to put his penis in vaginas!

...he owns a condom factory!

...he's, like, a sex maniac!

...he makes Wilt Chamberlain look like the Pope!

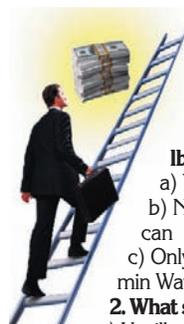
...his watch always says it's sex o'clock!

...he gets morning wood at night!

...he has to cover his erection with a book when he testifies before Congress!



Career Exploration Center
Find Your Career!



1. Can you lift 50 lbs?

- a) Yes
- b) No, but my secretary can
- c) Only if I've had my Vitamin Water

2. What smell do you enjoy?

- a) Vanilla
- b) Patchouli
- c) New tires

3. You would never...

- a) Go to sea level
- b) Attend a Grateful Dead concert
- c) Dream of killing the President and Vice President to facilitate your ascension to power.

4. Dyslexic?

- a) Can't afford to be.
- b) oN
- c) Only when stressed uot.

5. You're at a crazy party and your secret crush is checking you out from across the room? What do you do?:

- a) Reapply your lipstick, saunter across the room and bat those big lashes
- b) Straighten your suit, walk over and hand him your résumé before discussing the current sub-prime loan crisis and his full Windsor tie
- c) Play hard to get. You're a cool and confident woman who doesn't need a goddamn man to tell her that she can't take a trip to Israel!

6. Paper or Plastic?

- a) Paper

- b) Plastic
 - c) Yak fur
- 7. You rear end someone at a red light. What do you do?**

- a) Run for it
- b) Kill two birds with one stone: Shout at the other driver while simultaneously shouting at someone else on your fancy Bluetooth headset.
- c) Lay flat so your Secret Service agents can protect you from the drunk guy with the suspended license.

8. Do or have you ever owned an oscillating fan?

- a) A long time ago, before the accident
- b) No, you like to sweat because it makes you look scarier when you fly into a rage
- c) You prefer to be fanned by giant feathers on the end of a long stick

9. How do you treat strangers?

- a) With disdain
- b) Like cash piñatas
- c) Like I want to be treated!

10. What is your philosophy on life?

- a) I'm freezing my tits off out here
- b) Get the hell out of my office!
- c) All that matters is absolute and unquestionable power

(0 to 15.52) Sherpa- You have a sheep-like personality! This makes you excellent at carrying things and setting up base camps for the very important businessmen that you'll be working for. As long as your employers don't anger the spirit of the mountain you couldn't care less that you make next to nothing. According to the humor of Carlos Mencia, you have magnificent thighs.

(15.53-28) Very Important Businessman- You are what makes the business world go around. You better buy a fancy suit and briefcase because you'll be in board meetings and power lunches all day. That eight o'clock tee-time with the client is crucial to closing the big account.

(29- Infinity) Speaker of the House- Pounding gavels is fun! When you sit in the house chambers you feel the power of God flow through your own two hands. Aside from duties relating to heading the House and the majority political party, the Speaker also performs administrative and procedural functions, and remains the Representative of his or her congressional district.

A answers are worth one point but two on oddly numbered questions. B answers are worth three points and an extra two if you answered B three times in a row. C answers are worth your GPA plus the number of kids you have.

Those DAMN DIRTY Apes!



Asking too many questions in class!



Sleeping with Frank's wife!



Participating in insider trading!

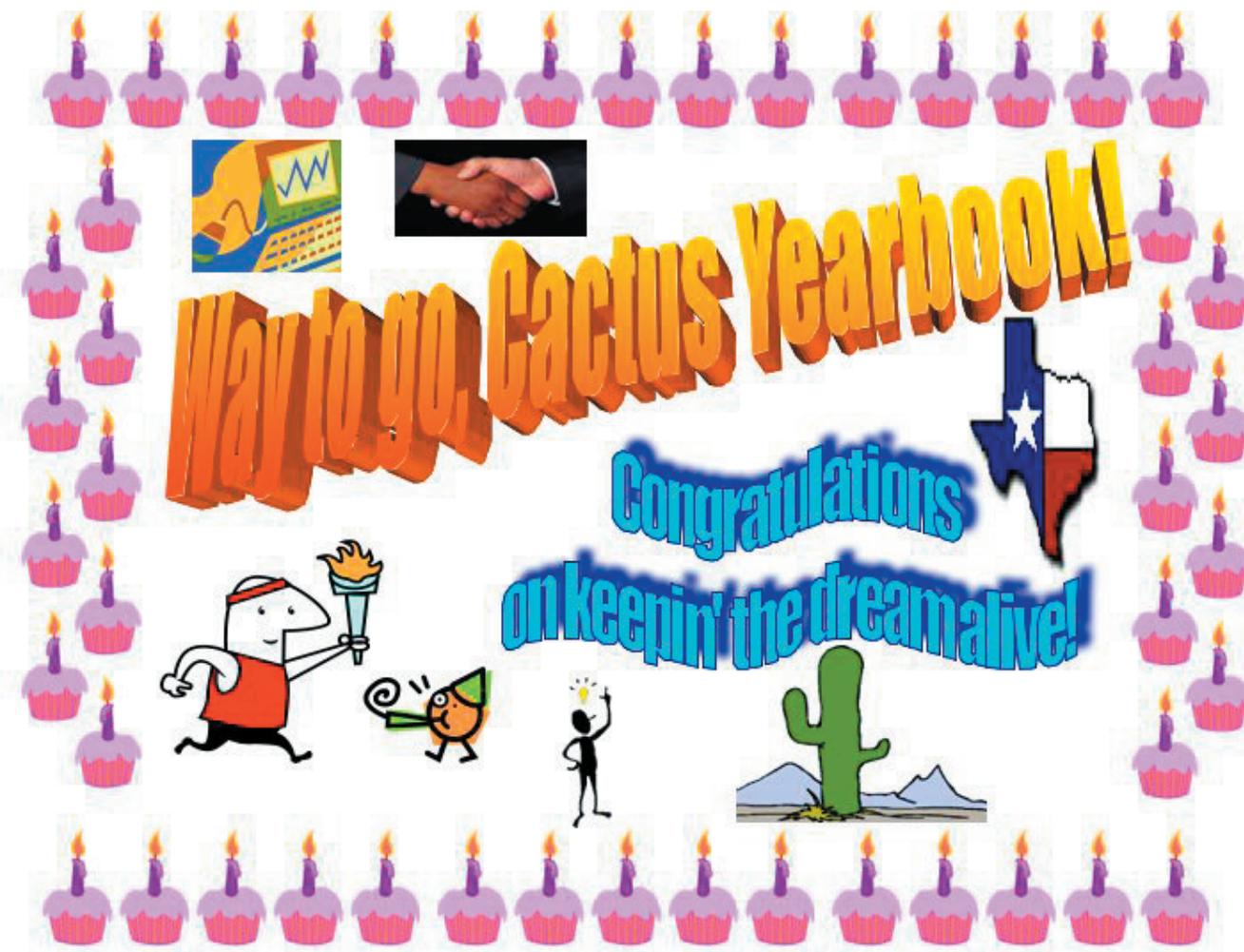


¡Cruzando enfrente del autobús!



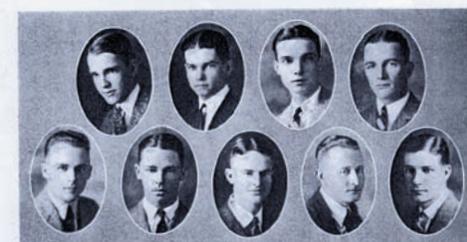
Euthanizing old people!

Name: Whole Earth Provisions - Displ; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black plus one; Comment: Travesty-4Color; Ad Number: 00031150



One thing's for sure, everyone on campus is *buzzing* about the latest issue of *The Cactus* yearbook. It goes without saying that the highlight of the year comes when the hoards of young, eager students waiting outside of the Communications building finally receive their \$78.52 annual filled with page after delicious page of pictures of their friends, campus events, and other things you can see on Facebook faster, cheaper, and better. People said you had finally succumbed to your inevitable obsolescence and were set to fold after this year, but they were wrong! Now, thanks to Texas Student Publications' penchant for misguided nostalgia and political gerrymandering, the student body is guaranteed outstanding softcore journalism for years to come. So, once again, congratulations from your friends at *The Travesty*.

Cactus Editorial Staff



Name: West Campus Partners (The Quar; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black plus one; Comment: Travesty-RH-4Color; Ad Number: 00030625

I'm tired of identifying all these bloodstains

Margaret Schroeder

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR

After watching shows like *CSI* or *Cold Case*, you might think it's exciting to work in a forensics lab — but trust me, working until 2 am to analyze DNA samples from an ancient Indian burial ground isn't that thrilling when you could be at home watching reruns of *Judging Amy*.

When I first learned about this profession in college, it seemed like a great field to work in — stable hours, nice benefits and the knowledge that I would be helping my community. But if I have to spend another Friday night tediously comparing hair fibers to alligator-bite marks, I think I'm going to passive-aggressively seethe for hours as I put on another pot of coffee.

It's as if the serial killer that murdered his elementary school teacher with a pencil, a protractor and a serrated hunting knife knows he is ruining my social life. Even the all-too-familiar aroma of recently digested pizza from a gaping stomach wound reminds me of a romantic Italian dinner that I'm missing out on.

But it's not just my love life that takes a dive by working this late; one of the finer details they fail to mention on those TV shows is the carpal



tunnel syndrome you develop from filling out casework forms all night. Not to mention the seismic hemor-

rhoids I get from sitting on these damn lab stools all day.

I can't even enjoy the warmer weather because it seems as if plots to frame an ex-wife for an estranged son's decapitation just come out of the woodwork when summer rolls around. I'd love to attend a Fourth of July barbeque, but I won't get my hopes up — not when squirting mustard on my hot dog will replicate blood splatter patterns from the mysterious corporate murder spree of 2008.

And even when I do get some vacation time, it seems like work follows me. Last month when I flew to Miami I spent all day at a beach crime scene, wading in the crystal-blue water for aqua-evidence, testing out malfunctioning volleyballs by the snack bar and interrogating Speedo-clad bodybuilders beneath a canopy of palm fronds — I guess I just can't get away.

“I think I'm going to passive-aggressively seethe for hours as I put on another pot of coffee.”

Name: University Village / Crossing; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00030779



We should really get into the business of making stuff

Trey Farley
BUSINESS-SAVVY
ENTREPRENEUR

Guys, it's no secret we need a little extra cash. I just lost my job for stealing from Dollar Tree, and let's face it, the band isn't taking off the way we thought it would. Sure, Jake is bringing in some dough from the sperm bank, but we really need to get some more income if we want to buy that life-sized Darth Vader statue, or that Malaysian porn we saw at that strip mall that one time. To live the life we want, we need to start investing in something new.

My proposal?

We start our own business of making shit.

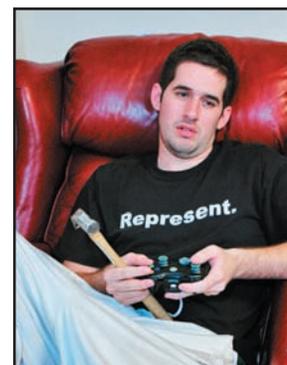
I'm surprised we haven't thought of this before. People have tons of crap in their houses: chairs, couches, refrigerators, cups, bongos, forks, iPods, chairs — the works. And we're just sitting around with our thumbs up our asses, not capitalizing on the simple fact that all this stuff was made by dudes just like us. All we need is some wood, some metal, a saw, and some other stuff, and people will buy what we make. No problemo.

Of course, it won't be easy at first. Some stuff will be really hard to make, like cars and TVs. That's why we need to start simple. For instance, an oven would be pretty easy to make. All we

need to do is get some metal, shape it into a box, and then put a thing at the bottom that heats shit up. I have like twelve lighters in my room that we could probably duct tape together to make a heating apparatus. Voila! — oven! Next.

Hell, if we got really good, we wouldn't even have to pay rent anymore. I've seen construction work-

ers build houses before, and it doesn't look hard at all. We just need to get some pipes, hook them up to some water, and then get a bunch of bricks and build the house. It might be kind of a bitch to put in fans and lights and stuff, but as long as we have enough light bulbs, I don't foresee



any problem — it's foolproof.

We could even bypass moving furniture by building it right inside the house. I guess we could always build a helicopter to fly in the beds and stuff before we put the roof on the the house, but I don't want to get ahead of myself.

Man, everyone in high school thought we weren't going to make anything of ourselves. While they're out there getting their fancy degrees and sucking The Man's dick, we'll be living the good life with fat wallets. We'll probably have to work at least six or seven hours a day building stuff, but once we get the word out, there's no stopping our new business.

I don't know who I am anymore



Frank Caliendo
IMPRESSIONIST
EXTRAORDINAIRE

I've been in the business of professional football a long time and when I say I've been in the business a long time I mean I've been in the business longer than I've done other things you know what I mean I was a coach back in the day and then I retired and then BOOM there I was in the broadcast booth doing broadcast things and broadcasting Brett Favre's games and I love watching Brett Favre because he's been playing so great for so many years and then WHAM he retired and now I want to kill my-

self because my life has no meaning. *Somebody help me. Please.*

But since my presidency is almost over, I need to ... configure a ... satisfactory plan on how to win the War on Terror before the Democrats ... usurpate the White House. A buncha people think that I haven't been going about things the right way. They think I'm not as ... intellectualized as them fancy Northern folks. Well I've got news for 'em. *I'm just shagadellic baby, yeeeeeah!* And I plan on fulfilling my duties as President and completing our mission in Iraq so that every man, woman and

child is living in a free, sovereign country with no tyrannical regimes, nuclear proliferizing, or "laasers." Heh heh.

What was that? You talkin' to me? You talkin' to me? Then who the hell you talkin' to? I'm the only one here you filthy scab. Are you bein' a wise-guy with me? I'll come over there and break your legs. Yabba dabba doo!

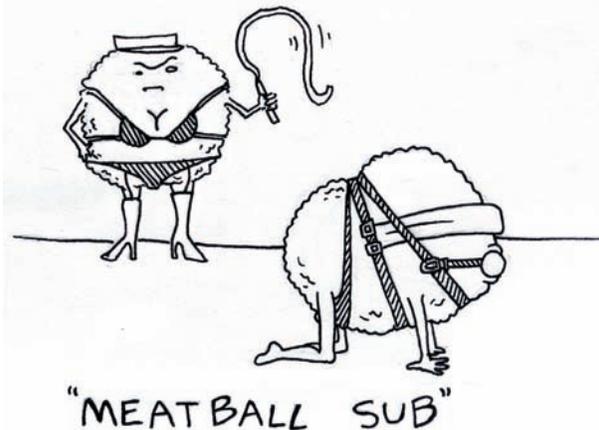
"Yabba dabba doo!"

I really need therapy. Badly.

As a syndicated daytime psychologist, I see situations like yours pop up like chiggers in August. I know how

to help you with your problem. You need to get out of this career. You need to get off TBS and get yourself a little T-L-C from your family. Frank — you're just a few fries short of a Happy Meal. You're one taco short of a combination plate. The lights are on, but no one is home. You understand what I'm telling you? You came on my show to get a fresh start on things. So get out there, and stop being a soulless corporate shell of man who lives entirely off the identities of celebrities!

My children hate me, my wife's sleeping with Darrell Hammond, and I'm incapable of developing personal relationships with others. My life is turrble, Ernie — just turrble.



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