

TEXAS TRAVESTY



Andrew Truman *Guy who walks around like this* →



Texas Travesty: Who are you?

Andrew Truman: Who are any of us, really? I'm just a guy that enjoys life and all its wonderments. I am most in my element when I am exploring this great world we live in. Thinking, dreaming, breathing. I am me. I gravitate towards others that can also find gratification in simply being alive.

TT: How do you spend your free time?

AT: I spend much of my time walking, while contemplating life's probing questions and reveling in its eternal beauty.

TT: What are your feelings on the Rocco period?

AT: Well, my opinions are vastly expansive and would take copious amounts of time to explicate. The average human mind could not possibly comprehend something so complex and amorphous. Its nebulous, really.

Turn-ons: the romance languages, nature, the taste of glasses, thought provoking cinema, Moleskines, cryptic verbiage, reflecting pools, pacing, herbal tea, The Age of Reason by Sartre, forming

open dialogues, chess games in the park, real connections between real people

Turn-offs: sitting, boorishness, thinking before speaking, uncomfortable shoes, contact lenses, the uneducated, hard to see potholes, easily arrived at conclusions, math, fascism, wearing glasses on the face

around campus

- That South Mall gardener should have been fired years ago. Who can't keep **grass alive** for six months?
- In an indication of harsh economic times, reggae-enthusiasts were relegated to smoking **five-dollar crack** at Marley Fest.
- Clap Your Hands Say **Boooooorriiiiing!**
- Graduating seniors will chuckle at those who need to wake up early to register for classes, until they realize that they are about to spend the next few years **waking up** early for jobs they hate.

- Yo mama is SO fat, her **coronary artery** is partially occluded, causing her to be at risk for long-term health problems, and could potentially lead to a massive myocardial infarction. Contact your physician today about the life-changing benefits of Lipitor.
- The only guns that should be allowed on campus are **deez guns**. *Points to biceps*
- I was gonna write an obligatory **4/20** Around Campus, but then I got high. Then I got high. Then I got high.
- A student moving out of his apartment will find the Oreo cookie he **thought** he'd lost on move-in day, and he'll eat it.
- Pedestrians ill-prepared for exams will count the **near-miss** with a car as a missed opportunity.
- "Breh" is the new "Bro," **brah**.
- Graduating fraternity members will **lament** the fact that they wont have fun, friends, or

- sex in graduate school.
- Hot girls walking through West Campus on Saturday nights are straining to hold in wet, **juicy farts** until you pass them.
- The new frozen yogurt establishments are great for a light, healthy treat, but we recommend heaping on a pound of brownie bits, some **butterscotch**, and a few jumbo chocolate chips.
- Students thinking, "Hey, the revolving door in the PCL is working, the revolving door in the PCL is **really** working!" will end up trapped in the revolving door of the PCL.
- Hey President **William Powers**: We've been trying to get your attention for an entire year, and to this point you haven't acknowledged our existence. Please, just shoot us an email or something. Oh, and turn to page 11.

40acres411

Hey boys and girls, the school year's just about over and anticipation for summer is waxing faster than a Paul Mitchel intern at a job fair. As far as gossip goes, we here at *the Travesty* are on the front line of the battle of scandal hill, the front bikini line that is! Read on to awkwardly discover the short-and-curlies gossip caught in the collective teeth of the university at large that is The Forty Acres.

Have you noticed how much time Kinesiology freshman **Bryan Rosen** has been spending at Gregory Gym lately? According to lifting partner and unsatisfied girlfriend **Jennifer Dickinson**, one of Brian's arms is stronger

that the other (if you know what she means!) Jennifer always knew he preferred the overhead jerk; the jerk over head that is! We understand, Bry-Man, sometimes it's hard to get a spot when lifting, let alone a G-spot!

And while we're on the subject of spots, you'll never guess what Plan II senior **Jessica Burbank** did in order to remain in the most centrally located faculty parking lot on campus. Let's just say that, "when this illegally parked vehicle is rockin', don't come a'busing-your-authority-to-barter-parking-ticket-leeway-for-sexual-favors-in'. At least now we know what the F stands for on Jessica's counterfeit parking

permit. But Jessica isn't the only one in the tow-away zone. Government junior **Carl Mancioni** has been seen double parked with his girlfriend Stacie's best friend Patricia in the women's rest room at the Copacabana dance club downtown.

Speaking of Latin heat, natural sciences major **Kevin Meyer** took first place in his co-op's salsa competition. It turns out that the special ingredient in his *Picod-Galileo* induced a number of pseudo-existential conversations with the 17th century scientific revolutionary himself. The person everyone really got to know was Ellis, *Ellis Dee* that is!



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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 OUTZ TO...
 Tex; Good old Fritz; Ross, Matt, Stephen, and Thej's last issue ever; the Travesty; Cornholio; Cold fried rice; three blind mice; you say it, I type it; happy 30th deadline weekend Stephen!; 2004-2007 was way better than 07-09; Ingebretson is losing it; Zak is a maniac; butter-milk pie; Mike forgetting Matt's dinner; peanut butter; Nicholas Cage movies; Kal Penn; Matt; Bretson; TJ; Veda; Phil Ross; TS; Herschowitz; Another One Bites the Dust gay dance party; Evan Pearson; Fucking at Mt. Bonnell; Ross in jorts; Blue shit; Thej's 2nd coffee ever; Kate's Sicilian family; Not taking this issue seriously; the office stinks sometimes; we're looking at you; This really fucking sucks right now; Texas Blazers Documentary only a week away!; Mark is dead; Also, happy birthday Mark!; Thej has to poop; Who's a what now?; uhhnnnnnnhhhh (chewbacca); Matt doesn't give a shit about having enough shout outz

**APRIL
2009
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Report: Over 30,000 unregistered sex offenders currently enrolled at UT

Thejaswi Maruvada

MANAGING EDITOR

CAMPUS – A recent investigation conducted by a group of UT graduate students found that the University of Texas is currently home to more than 30,000 unregistered sex offenders. The extensive study discovered that indiscretions ranging from sexual harassment to sexual assault occur at UT on a regular basis, but continue to go unreported because they are considered a normal part of college life.

“We’ve found that thousands upon thousands of students have committed offenses warranting inclusion in the National Sex Offender Registry,” said Christopher Tisdale, a doctoral student in sociology who led the study. “Approximately 900 sexual offenses occur in West Campus every weekend — mostly during and after large theme parties.”

According to the study, the nature of sexual offenses can vary greatly. It includes use of sexual innuendoes, name-calling such as “bitch,” “whore,” or “bull-dyke,” and bribes for oral sex as forms of sexual harassment. It also includes any unwanted physical contact, such as

pinching, grabbing, and foot rubs. Upon release of the results of this study, students all over campus have been expressing shock over the findings.

“I thought there was something fishy about that guy — I forget his name and what he looked like — who had sex with me after the camo

“Approximately 900 sexual offenses occur in West Campus every weekend — mostly during and after large theme parties.”

party,” said freshman Katie Smith, whose dorm, Jester, currently houses approximately two thousand unregistered sex offenders alone. “Now that I know he was a sex offender, I’m really freaked out.”

At this point the University has made no decision on what action to take in response to the findings.

“We discussed the possibility of exposing every sex offender on cam-

pus by making them put up signs on their dorm-room doors and in front of every fraternity house, but printing and enforcing 30,000 signs is a logistical nightmare,” said UTPD Chief Robert Dahlstrom as he sifted through reports of 6th Street molestation. “And there’s no way we could possibly prosecute every person who has committed a serious sexual offense on campus — that would take years.”

The report comes as a surprise to many students who feel as though their actions are perfectly within reason.

“Let me get this straight. Joey gets totally fucked up, passes out on the couch with his shoes on, and you’re telling me I can’t teabag him, take pictures, and put them on the internet?” said junior Jason Perks, a member of an unnamed fraternity who has reportedly committed this form of sexual assault on his own fraternity brothers 17 times. “I thought that’s what I was supposed to do.”

He added, “People need to lighten up. A few balls in the mouth of an unconscious person never hurt anyone.”



■ *Unbeknownst to them, these men are active sexual offenders.* Photo/Creative Commons

Texans left with no choice but to commit Stupidest Act Of All Time

Idiot consensus agrees: Secession would be fuckin’ sweet

Antoine Füschtwanger

CONTRIBUTING WRITER

AUSTIN — After enduring three months of excessive federal-government spending and intrusions into states’ rights, Texans, led by Governor Rick Perry, have been left with no choice but to do one the most incredibly stupid things ever.

During a “tea-party” protest last week, Perry announced his severe disappointment with President Obama, citing his unabashed dismissal of states’ sovereignty as his reason for proudly supporting the most ill-envisaged, embarrassingly moronic idea in recent Texas history.

“Texans have had enough,” said Perry to a throng of supporters who took to heart whatever asinine things Perry had to say. “We have the right to secede. If things in Washington keeps going the way they’re going, it might come to that.”

“Texas will once again be a sovereign state,” added Perry as thousands of supporters of his dumb idea erupted in cheers.

The statements came shortly after Perry rejected \$550 million in stimulus money in an attempt to keep a state in the United States of America as detached as possible from the United States of America.

Although many Texans have voiced opinions in favor of stability and reason, Perry believes it is in the best interest of all Texans to hatch far-fetched plans to ruin the shit out of the economic interconnectivity between Texas and the rest of the United States.

“I don’t want to be part of a country where a man like Barack Hussein Obama can take all my hard earned money away from me,” said Bill Farnsworth, who is one of the more vocal members of Texas’ idiot demographic. “We don’t need America!”

While it is true that Texans like Farnsworth are stupid for listening to Perry’s calls for secession, some of Perry’s followers support him in spite of his unintelligible ideas.

“I can’t say no to a man who’s that charming and handsome,” said Linda Flanders, who voted for Perry over Chris Bell in 2006 because of



■ *Governor Rick Perry has developed a new strategy for becoming President.* Photo/Creative Commons

his superior mop of hair. “If a gorgeous man like that tells me to secede, then by golly, I’ll secede.”

While Perry and many of his supporters have yet to figure out the

fact that Texas is constitutionally prohibited from seceding from the Union, they plan to continue to cry for secession because it makes them sound tough and rebellious.

“We didn’t mean it when we said how great America was for the past eight years,” said unintelligent secession supporter Jerry Blackmore. “Fuck America.”

China enacts “One Grandparent Per Family” statute

Matt Ingebretson
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

BEIJING — In a highly controversial attempt to further impede the country’s unsustainable population growth, Hu Jintao, President of the People’s Republic of China passed a law yesterday that restricts each family unit to not only having only one child, but to keeping only one grandparent.

Officials explained that the current “family-planning” controls which limit families to one child have not had a lasting impact, and that more efficiently managing the elderly population by placing controls on their ability to exist in society will ensure China’s continued prosperity.

“The law will require that all families choose one grandparent to keep from members of their extended family over the age of 70,” said Premier of the State Council, Wen Jiabao. “No longer will the streets of Beijing be cluttered with the beloved, wise men and women happily living out their twilight years.”

“Sorry grandma,” added Jiabao.

The Chinese government has thus far been elusive in answering questions about the fate of all of the elderly not chosen by their families, stating only that they will be taken to “a place in the countryside where they can rest and become one with the world.”

“This law should have been enacted years ago,” said Li Keqiang, a Vice Premier of the State Council. “Our studies have shown that after the age of 70, most people stop working and simply sit around all day. China is a country for the industrious; an excess of men and women who rely on canes and help walking up stairs will no longer be tolerated.”

Officials have reported initial success in carrying out the actions set forth in the law. According to statements released by the Chinese task force in charge of taking the elderly to their new, non-existent place in society, none of the grandparents have put up any real resistance, and most of them have slept through the entire process.

“My husband went out to get squid

for our dinner,” said grandmother of four, Sun Tao, whose husband was taken by government officials three weeks earlier. “I’m very hungry.”

While Chinese state media has sided with the government on the new law, calling it a “beacon of incredible-future hope for great-fantastic people of China,” there has nevertheless been an outcry from the general public who are outraged at the prospect of losing their forefathers.

“My grandfather has been the patriarchal guide of our family for our entire life,” said Guangdong province resident Wan Shaochun while he placed his arm around his weeping wife. “How can they do this to us? Why do they do this?”

Shaochun then slammed his fists down on the table and shouted something about either the trials of living under an oppressive totalitarian regime or leftover rice patties.

As of press time, millions of Chinese grandparents were seriously considering organizing a protest as they nodded off in their armchairs.



■ This grandmother waves goodbye to her husband, life. Photo/Creative Commons

Fraternity member speaks in class!

CAMPUS — In an event that defied explanation, Phi Delta Theta member Samuel Wilkins actually spoke up and answered a question in Andrew Mason’s Gulag Philosophy class! Not only did Wilkins answer the question, but he was absolutely correct in his answer to why Solzhenitsyn wrote *The Gulag Archipelago!* Wilkins’ unforeseen decision

to stop texting his girlfriend and respond to the question caused silence to permeate the classroom. Stunned students silently mouthed “Wow!” to each other with startled, perplexed looks on their faces, but still no one could account for this sudden event. Mason also did a double-take before responding with great satisfaction that Wilkins was correct. He

was correct! The unexpected event was the center of many conversations and discussions between class members later that day, all of whom were inspired by Wilkins’ display of competence. Said one classmate, “If he can offer an intelligent, insightful response in class, anyone can! Anyone!”

Mother just about had it up to midway between chest bone and clavicle

FORT LAUDERDALE — After discovering a broken lamp and baseball in the living room, local HR representative and mother of three Joanie Anderson, informed her two adolescent sons that she “had just about had it up to here,” indicating that her impatience had risen to a spot midway between her sternum and clavicle. “You don’t want me to get up to here,” said Anderson, pointing to her mandible. “Go sit in the corner.” Reports confirm that her sons had escaped time-out, and Anderson was in the process of “count[ing] to ten,” threatening to beat them with a spatula if she reached the end of the count.

Name: Book People; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black, Book People; Ad Number: 00032968

Eight-year old hurls rock at ocean for swallowing up dog

MYRTLE BEACH — In an outburst of emotional distress and uncontrolled anger, eight-year old Louis Wagner hurled a large rock at the Atlantic Ocean for swallowing up his Jack Russell terrier, Sparkles, in a powerful undercurrent just three days earlier. “I hate you!” screamed Wagner as he struggled to pick the heavy rock over his shoulder and throw it with both hands into the sea. “I hate you so much.” Wagner then clenched his fists at his sides and stared defiantly at the mid-Atlantic, allowing a single tear to run down his face. The blow of losing a dog was amplified for Wagner as just



last week his turtle, Shelly, unfortunately plummeted to its death from

the countertop in the kitchen where it was being fed.

Mall protest undermined by trip to Cinnabon



Name: Veggie Heaven-Display; Width: 22p9; Depth: 2 in; Color: Black, Veggie Heaven-Display; Ad Number: 00034793

CORPUS CHRISTI—While publicly speaking out against a recent string of layoffs at Sunrise Mall, protesters suddenly became aware of the smell of fresh cinnamon rolls drifting out of the building. “No more layoffs! No more...oh, God...do you smell that?” said recently

laid-off mother of two, Mary Flannery. “I think Cinnabon just pulled a batch of Caramel Pecanbons out of the oven.” Protesters then slowly put down their signs and hesitated only slightly as they made their way towards the franchised confectionary. “We should probably get back

to protesting,” said Mark Connery while licking icing off of his fingers. “Oh, what the hell, I’ll just have one more Minibon.” As of press time, the protesters were sipping on Tropical Blast Chillatas, discussing whether or not the sale at Macy’s was worth checking out or not.

Name: Dept. of Biomedical Engineerin; Width: 22p9; Depth: 8 in; Color: Black, Dept. of Biomedical Engineerin; Ad Number: 00035494

THE REAL WORLD
REAL WORLD

Watch as Real Worlders...

- Struggle to find a job fresh out of college in this economy!
- Disappoint their parents!
- Try to remember to pay their bills on time and manage their finances!
- Lose touch with old friends!
- Begin and end numerous destined-to-fail relationships!

PREMIERES MAY 23RD, 2009 9PM

This is the true story of seven strangers picked to have their lives taped to find out what happens when people stop being polite and start getting real...

School's out — work on being funny.

Accepting applications, year-round.
www.texasrvesty.com

Name: 512 Realty; Width: 58p0; Depth: 10.5 in; Color: Black plus one, 512 Realty; Ad Number: 00034711

Man make fire, woman now want man

A CAVE — Last time sun go down, man get sticks and then rub them together. Sticks cause fire. Fire warm, food no longer red. Woman like this. Woman also say, “Like man’s large arms. Large arms strong, destroy weak men and mammoth.” Woman

then add, “Only mate with strong man, get not sick offspring.” Some-time after this woman see man with other woman, this make woman angry. Woman go, “ROOOAAAR-RRR!!!!!!!!!!!!”

All racist heard was “Blah blah blah, I like curry”

CAMPUS — Edward Hodgeson, finance student and noted racist, claimed he could not properly discern what Professor Mahesh Yallapragadda said in class Tuesday afternoon. “All I heard was, ‘Yadda yadda, I like curry, et cetera,’” said Hodgeson, who has a history of ignorance towards African-American culture and is visibly discomforted by public gatherings of Asian-American students on campus. “He was all, ‘Thank you, come again, my friend!’” added Hodgeson. Hodgeson’s professor is a recent immigrant from South

India, and is fluent in English as well as the Indian languages of Hindi, Telugu, and Malayalam. Yallapragadda does not see why Hodgeson has a hard time understanding him. “I thought my lecture today on D.C.’s involvement in the current financial crisis was very straightforward,” said Yallapragadda as he opened his sack lunch consisting of idli, masala vada, coconut chutney, and a jalebi for dessert. “At least I can get through a sentence without saying ‘like’ 15 times.”

Dirty money laundered at Ecomat

SOUTH CONGRESS — Local businessman and entrepreneur Jose Cervantes, 28, took a large trash bag full of filthy non-sequential bills to Ecomat last Tuesday in order for the money to be laundered. The bills, covered in taco stains and a faint white powder, were covered in stain pre-treatment and promptly loaded into the next available washer. “Just look at these stains...I don’t know if I will ever get them out,” explained Cervantes as he casually winked at Faustino Cervantes, front desk clerk and brother of Jose. “But I have faith that these bills will be as clean and legitimate as they day I earned them. Isn’t that right, Faustino?” Ecomat has risen in popularity in recent years for its complementary bill-folding and drop off and pick up service.

10,000 dominoes used to create most elaborate failed marriage proposal ever



TULSA — In what was initially meant to be a gesture of unrequited love and devotion, Mark Brighton’s elaborate 10,000-domino set-up spelling “Marry me, Jenny” failed to convince his now ex-girlfriend to spend the rest of her life with him. “Where are you taking me?” said Jenny as Brighton covered her eyes and guided her into the living room

of his apartment where he had spent every night of the previous week meticulously setting up \$400 worth of dominoes. “Mark, I’m not in the mood for this.” Brighton then took his hands away from her eyes, tipped the first domino, and watched as his girlfriend broke down into tears and told him that she was unable to understand him as a person and had to

Name: Verizon Wireless C/O Zenith Me; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black plus one, Verizon Wireless C/O Zenith Me; Ad Number: 00035384

Career advisor tells graduating senior that he will die someday

CAMPUS — Jaded by the ever-worsening job market, College of Communication career advisor Matthew Stern informed graduating senior Jarrett Dow that he might as well not apply for post-graduate employment, because he is going to die someday anyway. “I told the kid he doesn’t have a chance in hell of finding a job these days,” said a scruffy, visibly inebriated Stern. “I told him, ‘You’re not gonna get a job right now, and you’re probably gonna be dead soon.

So I suggest you go throw a Frisbee, or whatever it is you kids do.” Stern’s existential crisis left Dow in need of answers. “I told him, ‘But sir, I really need some help with my resume. I’m having a lot of trouble conveying my strengths, and I’m really hoping to find a PR company who will hire me in the next few months.’” Stern responded by performing a hand gesture that resembled the act of masturbation.

Guy that does not drink reiterates that he does not drink

AUSTIN—Chemistry freshman Walter Burress assured a fellow Laundromat patron Tuesday evening that Burress chooses to abstain from drinking alcohol. “I just don’t need to do that to have fun,” said Burress to Debra Hertz, a Government junior. “I mean, it’s so much better if I’m not wasted at parties because then I get to watch all of the drunk people do crazy stuff. It’s so much more fun to be sober; I can hardly

wait until this Friday.” Hertz was less than impressed by Burress’ teetotaling. “The kid was there already when I showed up at midnight,” said Hertz. “He didn’t even have any clothes with him to wash. He was just sitting there.” Upon leaving the Laundromat, Burress invited Hertz to play some Gamecube in his dorm room as he planned to just “chill and take it easy” that particular night.

Entire period of man’s life put in air quotes

RALEIGH, NC—While recounting stories at a bar with a group of friends, 46-year-old account manager James King put a portion of recently divorced Larry Lieber’s life in air quotes. “Remember that time during your whole “marriage” phase, when we took that cruise to Cancún?” said King with air quotes, referring to the 12-year period in

which Lieber was married with two children and did not sleep on a cot in an efficiency apartment. “We used to have so much more fun when you were “happy” or whatever.” As of press time, King was talking to an unidentified woman at the bar, asking her if she wanted to “go back to [his] apartment and fuck.”

Verizon “network” really tired of walking everywhere for commercials

NEW YORK—Growing dissent is reportedly developing among Verizon Wireless employees, dismayed by their forced long-distances walks in the company’s commercials. Employees have complained of fatigue, cramps, and general soreness, and have considered union action if they are not replaced in television spots for the company. “T-Mobile has Dwyane Wade and Charles Barkley. They don’t have to walk anywhere

and they do a pretty good job,” explained cellular tower technician Gary Johnston, whose selfless dedication to “The Network” has caused knee problems and will send him to an early retirement. “I’m hurting... bad....real bad....” Verizon is considering several candidates to replace the disgruntled “network” including Carrot Top, Tony Danza, and that one guy from the Shamwow commercials.

Attention whore also a whore whore

CAMPUS—It was revealed Tuesday that Kaylen Shimlathy, an attention whore who contributes excessively to class discussion, is also sleeping with two TAs and the professor. Shimlathy, the recognition slut in question, prolonged the lecture by explaining her father’s view on the issues and shouting out responses to rhetorical questions. She then followed the professor back to his office after class and had intercourse with him on his desk. Shimlathy’s promiscuity has been linked to her constant need for approval and her ambitions for the future. “I want to make sure that I glean the most I can out of these classes to ensure I am prepared to enter the workforce,” said Shimlathy. “And in case I can’t find a real job I want to make sure I can hack it as a prostitute.” As of press time Shimlathy was studying with another student, Kyle MacLuper, who is an expert in both Sociology and finding men who will sleep with Shimlathy for money.

The Texas Legislature has decided to amend the “top ten percent” rule to further classify freshmen entering college. Here is a breakdown of what it means for students applying for the fall.

Admissions Addendum

A PROPOSED ALTERNATIVE TO THE TOP TEN PERCENT

Tier I

Must have participated in at least 3/4 of extra-curricular activities offered by high school.
 Must have base knowledge of conundric juxtapositions in philosophical hermeneutics as they relate to antipodal malapropisms in 15th-century literature.
 Must have at least minor interest in the pre-*Slanted and Enchanted* stuff.
 Must have at least 3.2 GPA

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS



“I’m really glad they changed the top ten percent rule. My grades aren’t the best, I understand that, but I feel like I deserve to go to UT because my parents are really rich. Rich people should be able to do whatever we want.”

Tier II

Must hold reverence for Bermuda grass.
 Must avoid taking kindly to people who are different.
 Must enjoy killing wild animals.
 Must have legible handwriting.
 Must have 2.0 GPA.

**TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY
 TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY**

“Now that the top ten percent rule is gone, I can use sexual favors to work my way up like I did in high school!”



Tier III

Successfully filled out application.
 Full set of teeth recommended.
 Have functional use of three out of five senses.
 Must have given up on dreams.
 Must have GPA.

**STEPHEN F. AUSTIN UNIVERSITY
 UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON
 TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY
 LAMAR UNIVERSITY**



“Higher-education killed my father.”

A HOT SUMMER WITH WIF JONES



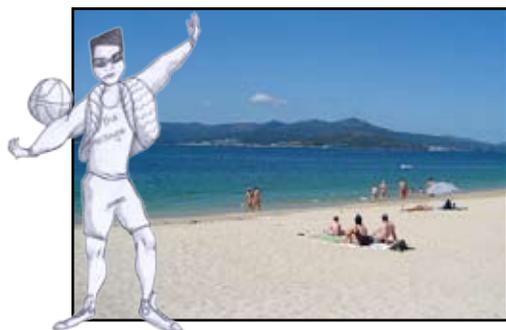
Hello there children! I'm Wif Jones and I'm here with the FroYo Bros to tell you guys how to have a groovy summer!



You gotta have a super funky swimsuit when you're hitting the waves!

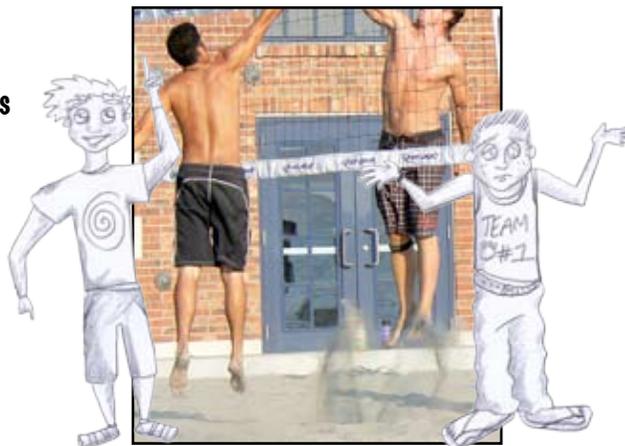


WHOA!!! Look out for that wave, compadre!



When you're swimmin' in the ocean, be sure to wear a life vest. Ain't nobody wanna be shark meat, ya dig?

Be sure to get some of your bros for a little volleyball action on the hot sand!



Have a great summer kids!

Introducing WiFi Jones's FroYo Bros!
They so cool yo!

Name: House Ads; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black, House Ads; Ad Number: 00035502



Every Friday night at Coldtowne Theater, Austinites gather to see Punchline, where Austin's best and brightest young comics take the stage and inject laughter and happiness into the hearts of literally dozens of people. The Texas Travesty has had the privilege of sponsoring and producing this weekly spectacular (with Last Gas Comedy) and witnessing the incredible talent of the brave comics who put their reputations on the line just to bring out a few smiles.

But the comics can't make the show great on their own. It's you, the average denizen, the paying customer, the seeker of laughs who makes the show a success. It's your laughter that brings out the best in these comics. You dedicated patrons come out every week eager to laugh, and you get your money's worth every time without fail. Yes, all is well in the world of Austin stand up comedy.

Did you enjoy that? Did you enjoy being gratuitously felled for coming to our stand up comedy show? We thought so. Let's be real for a second — you haven't been to Punchline, have you? Well, we're aware of that, and we're telling you now that you're missing out on something great. You're missing out on the laughs, the fun, the verbal fellatio, the whole shebang.

We at the Travesty know good comedy when we see it. Yes, from atop our high horse we rate comedy of all kinds, and let us make it clear: Punchline is some high quality comedy.

p.s. Its B.Y.O.B. WOOO!!!

So how about it, folks? Friday night, 10 o'clock, 5 dollars at the door, and a barrel of laughs. Sure, you can spend that time on 6th street with every other cliché, cookie cutter, insecure, college student. Or, you could come have some real fun with the Travesty. The choice is yours, folks.

Name: Princeton Review; Width: 22p9; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black, Princeton Review; Ad Number: 00035412

Name: Texture Tattoo & Piercing Salo; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black, Texture Tattoo & Piercing Salo; Ad Number: 00035490

WILLIAM C. POWERS JR.



Fan Fiction



The League of Presidents "The Powers That Be" by: Dean_of_Students

Fearless leaders William Powers, Barack Obama, JFK, and Thomas Jefferson rush to the fountain with their coattails billowing into the wind, waving to passersby as the civilians recognized the iconic figures. "Well boys, looks like we've got our job cut out for us this time." Powers confidently says to no one in particular. "Yeah... talk about big problems in the Littlefield Fountain," agreed Obama. Jefferson nodded knowingly. The green menace stares up at them, begging to be eradicated. Amidst the chaos, the answer comes to Powers as he channels the ghost of former Leaguer Abraham Lincoln. He reaches into his utility coat pocket, protected by the most impenetrable of linens, and pulls out two oval chlorine tablets. The mold begins to dissipate into nothingness, and it becomes clear that the fountain would be clean once more. "Thank you!

Thank you for sending that demon back from whence it came! What could we possibly do to repay you?" shouts the elated landscape architect on behalf of all his colleagues. "No need to worry," Powers yells back as the League runs off to the Tower. "For we are the Powers that be."



Powers: The Story Behind the Man. by: William_KAPOwers

William Powers wakes up this morning next to his smokin' hot wife. He somersaults out of bed into his shower as breakfast is prepared for him. Getting into his Ferrari Hovercar3000, he says to himself, "It's good to be William Powers." The Tower opens up, admitting its master as he flies in. A board meeting is scheduled today, and Powers is confident that it will go just like every other board meeting. He's right. First order of business: William Powers, just how great is he? Second order of business: How can others be as great as him? The minutes will once again prove that it's scientifically impossible. Third order of business: Guns on campus? At this point, President Powers slaps the board members individually. This brings them to their senses and they realize that there is no need for guns on campus with William Powers around. After lunch, Powers spends the rest of the day perched high atop the Tower, keeping a watchful eye on his kingdom, and then goes home to be greeted with a 32-part horn symphony... just to be sure he knows how truly spectacular he is. "As if I don't already know," Powers smirks.

New Boots by: WCPjr4ever

The room felt cramped and the dense air filled his nostrils. As young Billy Powers passed through aisles and aisles of never-ending leathery footwear, an unfamiliar feeling overwhelmed him. He spun on his spurred heels and gleefully blushed at the undeniably luxurious soles and succulent embroidery. "How do they fit?" asked his mother standing akimbo and staring delighted at the eel-skin and tan accented handcrafted pieces of art.

For miles around people could be heard whispering of the boy whose foot was made for Justin's as he sauntered into the distant sunset in utter comfort.



The Powers of Love by: *JustTurned13*

It was my first boy-girl party and my friends and I decided to play 7 minutes in heaven. Me and my crush Billy had been flirting all night long and I freaked out when Diane picked Billy and I to go in the closet next.

As he shut the door and everything got dark my palms began to sweat and I'm sure he could hear my heart beating out of my chest. He suavely took out his bubblegum, placed it above the door-frame and leaned slowly toward me breathing heavily. I closed my eyes. His Powers overcame me as he pulled me into his arms. "Oh William!" I exclaimed. "Take me now, I'm ready!"



Super Saiyan Powers by: DBZfan0895

One day while Goku was looking for the last of the seven Dragon Balls he ran into his arch nemesis and worst enemy ever, Frieza. "Goku, I want to destroy you," yelled Frieza as he lunged himself at Goku. He hit Goku in the face hard, sending him flying into a mountain. Goku, unable to become Super Saiyan due to the hard battle he had just fought with Cell, thought to himself, "Well, this is it. I am probably going to die." Just then, William Powers came flying in and punched Frieza,

sending him into outer space. "As hard as you may try you will fail against me, William Powers! HAHAHA," yelled Frieza to William Powers. Just then, William Powers' hair turned gold and stood up on his head. He was a Super Saiyan! "Eat this!" said Powers as he gave Frieza [a kamehameha], sending him flying back down onto earth. After this, Bulma hugged William Powers and Krillin said, "You're a pretty cool dude, Powers."



caps and gowns? more like CRAPS and FROWNS

Ask a Graduating Senior!

Worried about graduating without having a job lined up? Well fret no more! The helpful and kind people at the Career Services center have put together a little pamphlet to help you out. Read on to discover exactly what job will be making you miserable for the rest of your life!



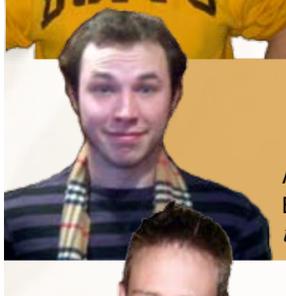
TIPS TO HELP MANAGE YOUR BUDGET

- Don't spend money
- Share your girlfriend with your roommates; everyone loves a timeshare
- Save heating expenses by burning down apartment
- Pretend to have an addiction and go to AA meetings for free donuts and coffee
- Save a penny, earn a penny; repeat as necessary
- Never fudge the numbers; that fudge is perfectly edible
- Manage currency exchange fund that takes advantage of arbitrage opportunities in BevoBuck/U.S. Dollar exchange-rate fluctuations
- Clip coupons and then eat them for sustenance



CREATIVE WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

- Print your own currency
- Rob a leprechaun
- Open your neighbor's mail
- Create technological innovation that sweeps the nation
- Sell your roommate's car
- Learn how to pull quarters from behind peoples' ears
- Apply for a bank loan, start a small business, and slowly but surely invest in more physical capital, building a customer base and establishing yourself as a staple in your community
- Be an heir

	Where are you going to work after college?	Do you feel like college has prepared you to enter the workforce?	What advice would you give lower-classmen about succeeding in college?
 <p>JAMES HENDERSON <i>finance</i></p>	Who the fuck cares anymore? I did my internship at Bear Stearns last summer and guess where that is? Out-of-fucking-business that's where. Somebody do me a favor and shoot me in the face. Goddamn.	If by "prepare me to enter the workforce" you mean fuck me in the ass then yes. College has done an adequate job of fucking me in the ass.	Give up. Nothing you do matters. I tried to pick the most financially lucrative major at UT and where did it lead me? Nowhere, and all because of this goddamned economy. Here's a recommendation for you: alcohol. Alcohol and heavy narcotics.
 <p>TARA PEARSON <i>journalism</i></p>	I don't know yet, but probably something that deals with web 2.0. Journalism is on its way out, so I'm just going to just going to really start getting into web 2.0.	Oh, absolutely. I have built a strong foundation in traditional journalistic practices. Journalism might be dying, but I'm not. So...you know, I'll do web 2.0 or whatever.	I can sum up my advice in a number followed by a decimal followed by another number: Web 2.0. That's it. Get into web 2.0 and it will be smooth sailing from there.
 <p>EMILY DODSON <i>philosophy</i></p>	We live temporally, and as much as I would love to say that a man's word is a basic belief, my experience as a human being tells me otherwise. Sure, probabilistically speaking, one who has supposed confirmation of job status feels safer than his unluckier counterpart, but should he? Anyone who does is a pompous fool.	HA! Does George Berkley advocate the purest form of solipsism imaginable? Does Plato believe in the transcendent form of all creation? Is Alvin Goldman a proponent of a causal theory of knowledge? I'm sure you have my answer by now.	Look at the statistics. Something like 100 freaking percent of CEOs are Liberal Arts majors. Not business majors. Think about it: if you REALLY want to succeed in life, you should learn to think rationally. If you REALLY want to think rationally, you should become a philosophy major. It pains me to no end that this argument works on such a few number of students.
 <p>ROBERT BURGER <i>chemical engineering</i></p>	I got accepted at Shanklin and Associates in the Research and Development department. Did I mention it has a starting base salary of \$63,000? Well, it does.	Let's see here. My major is chemical engineering... I'm becoming a Chemical Engineer. I trust you can fill in the gaps on that (there aren't any gaps).	If you want a job secured for you after graduating, MAJOR IN A SPECIALIZED FIELD. I can't tell you how many stories I've heard about people with Liberal Arts degrees scrapping for a job in whatever the hell they do (how many economists can there possibly BE?) It's not rocket science. If it was, you wouldn't even have to ask the question.
 <p>ADAM ELDRIDGE <i>theatre</i></p>	There is a dearth of good actors in porn. I hope to fill that void.	Porn is also a great way to make money while you're still in school. Go to the AV library and ask for Sam, tell him you want to come by after hours. He'll know what you're talkin about.	I've received an excellent education in exploring and identifying the sources of human emotion; I've performed Euripides, Shakespeare, and Tennessee Williams; and I've all but gotten an A in Boning on Camera. I think I'm ready.
 <p>CHRIS STRATTON <i>computer science</i></p>	I'll be self-employed and living somewhere in the Pacific Northwest. I intend be as far from the cities as possible when computers make their move.	I will not be entering the workforce, but having spent four years learning my enemies' weaknesses I feel more than ready to strike.	Buy an abacus and a typewriter. Soon they'll be the only tools safe to use.

Take the Career Aptitude Test!



What do you see?

- CHEMICAL ENGINEER
- ACCOUNTANT
- RISK ANALYST
- GRAPHIC DESIGNER

What do you feel is your greatest strength?

- LARGE MUSCLES
- SUDOKU
- BRICK-LAYING
- FRENCH HORN

What do you feel is your greatest weakness?

- PRETTY BAD SEX ADDICTION
- CAN ONLY SPEAK IN COCKNEY ACCENT
- HAVE NOT YET REACHED ENLIGHTENMENT
- DEBILITATING ARACHNOPHOBIA

How would you describe your work ethic?

- DILIGENT
- LEFT-WING
- LARGE NAVAL VESSEL
- MAYA ANGELOU

How do you usually spend your weekends?

- LOUNGING AROUND
- EXTRAMARITAL AFFAIRS
- HAVING SEX WITH CAREER SERVICES EMPLOYEES' SPOUSES
- I KNOW YOU HAD SEX WITH MY WIFE YOU SON OF A BITCH



How many triangles do you see?

ON A SCALE FROM 1 TO 10...

... how hard are you going to bring it?

... how important is it that you ever see your family again?

... how hot is the person sitting next to you?

Finished? Great! Now figure out your result by plugging your answers in to the formula below!

$$r = \frac{n(\Sigma xy) - (\Sigma x)(\Sigma y)}{\sqrt{[n\Sigma x^2 - (\Sigma x)^2][n\Sigma y^2 - (\Sigma y)^2]}}$$

0-10: Scribe — Your tedious nature shows that you are perfect for putting the aristocratic word down on parchment. The felt-tipped pen is your greatest ally, and your mastery of calligraphy will prove to bore literally everyone at social events. But fear not, you can now go home feeling comforted by the fact that the words of your county's representative will be remembered for all eternity!

11-30: Disney Cruise Line Captain — Your "love" of children has landed in you in the most envied job of all nautical directors. With Cinderella on one arm and Minnie on the other, you'll be certain to find yourself the talk of the town at whatever harbor you land at. The only downside is you might kill yourself by the end of the first year after having to small-talk with the actor who plays Goofy during his breaks every two hours.

31-77: Scat Man — Your nonsensical approach to life has you best suited for an impromptu jazz vocalist! Sure, you'll be reprimanded by supposed "real musicians" because of your lack of knowledge of "notes," but don't worry, they're just jealous. Oh, be sure to pick up a heroin habit. You'll hold your own among the greats in no time.

78-79: Lion Tamer — Your aggressive nature has you handling the king of the jungle, lest he be one to handle you. Be wary in your position, for it matters not the hood that lions roll in; they come ready to rumble. Survive your first year and women will flock to you and your horrifically scared body!

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE FORMULA: Gravekeeper — You old sack of nickels, how the hell were you unable to figure this out? Didn't you go to COLLEGE? Seriously, even watching over the dead is a stretch for you... I bet you can't even open a juice box on your own.

Name: University Towers - DISPLAY; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black, University Towers - DISPLAY; Ad Number: 00034750

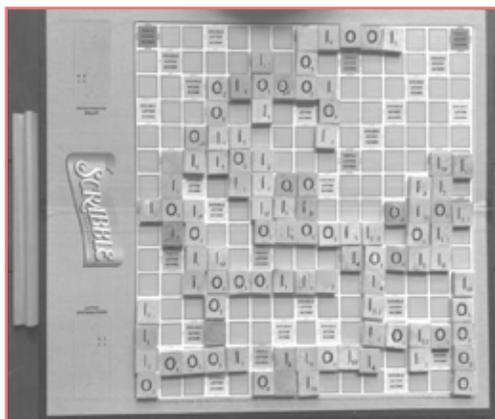
Name: Law Office of James Gill; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black, Law Office of James Gill; Ad Number: 00032990

Go back a
space

Take a
card

REJECTED

Board Games



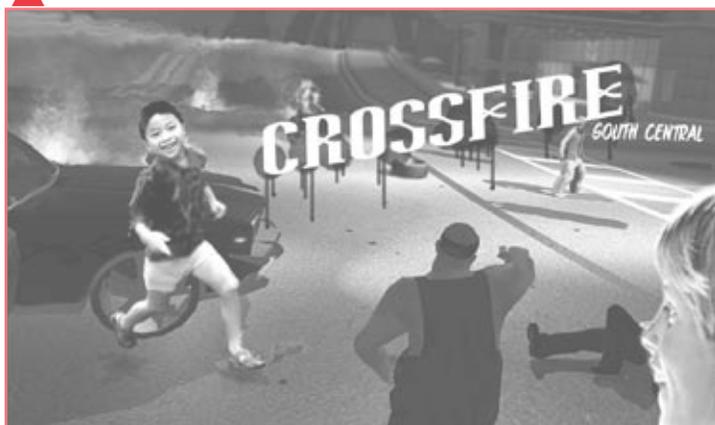
▶ **Binary Scrabble-** 1100100
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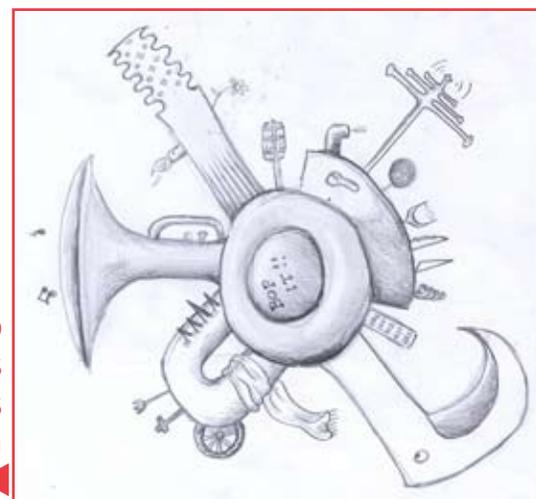
▼ **Please Don't Wake Daddy-** Have the time of your life with your friends as you sit in terrified silence while racing for the finish. Tiptoe around bottles of whiskey and pork rinds to make your way to the telephone to call Social Services. Be sure not to wake up Daddy though, or you'll be thinking of excuses for that shiner.

Back to
start!

▲ **Crossfire-** The streets of South Central are filled with bullets, and you're caught in the crossfire mo' fuck! Don't get a cap in yo' ass as you try to make it to neutral territory. Don't forget to pour one out for your homies.



▲ **Bop It Infinity-** The makers of Bop It, Bop It X-Treme, and Bop It Til You Drop It bring you Bop It Infinity. Enjoy limitless hours of fun as you obey more than fifty commands. Including: caress it, whip it, whip it good, negotiate it, comb it, and much much more! ◀



The Texas Travesty & TSTV Short Film Festival

Thursday, April 30 • 8:00pm

Accepting submissions until April 27



No entry fee! • Drop off submissions at the front desk of HSM (formerly CMC) • Student, Faculty, and Austin filmmaker submissions welcome! • DVD or Data CD formats preferred



SHOW US WHAT YOU'RE PACKIN'

This group project could really use some micromanagement

Charlie Maddox

NATURAL LEADER



Good to see all of you here at Austin Java; I'm glad to see everyone made it by eight... well, except for Steve... who was 20 minutes late. That's OK; I'm sure everyone will make note of that in his or her group evaluation.

Ok, well let's get started, shall we? First of all, let me just say that I spent the past semester interning for an active State Representative, so I know a little bit about staff meetings, workplace relations, and upper-level management. Basically, whenever I've been placed in a group setting and given a task to complete, I usually defer to my natural leadership tendencies to get the job done quickly and thoroughly. Trust me

guys, leading group projects is in my blood. And I bleed leadership yellow.

First, I thought we could outline strategies for optimizing our time spent on the project. I think that we should schedule several rehearsals for our presentation, so I went ahead and booked a local community theatre for the next three Friday nights of the month. I also took the liberty of moving up the day of our presentation so we can set the bar high for everyone else. You can thank me later when we get an A. I'm sorry, A+.

Guys, let me tell you, I've been in group projects so bad that I had to do ALL of the work by myself. But I don't think that will be the case for this group; you guys seem very responsible and very open to criticism. For example, if Jenny's job is to make a 15-slide PowerPoint presentation with checkerboard down transitions, and she comes back with vertical blinds transitions, then she shouldn't have any problem when I e-mail her, asking her for both an explanation and a correction.

And if Rob comes to presentation day dressed in non-creased khaki slacks, I don't think he would have any problem going to Comet Clean-

ers immediately for an emergency creasing. Guys, we can do this! The right attitude means everything in a group project.

Ok, I need to get everyone's e-mail addresses, Twitter accounts, and instant messaging screen names so I can give you updates and progress reports. We only have 6 weeks left to finish the project so we really can't afford to get behind. And Rob, I see you texting on that cell phone... if you're going to tell your mom that you love her, you need to do it on your own time.

Well then, I think it's about time to wrap things up, so here, take one of these group meeting review forms and fill it out, front and back. I hope that you guys will give me 5 out of 5 on the group leader portion; I think we've had a very productive time in this casual dining establishment. Also, if you don't have anything to do this weekend, I'm having a little cookout at my apartment on Saturday. I'll have some drinks, and we can watch NUMB3RS on CBS. We could do all kinds of crazy things! You know, if you're bored or something, you should come out. Really.

Holy shit! I have a dissertation due at *noon tomorrow!*

Jeremy Roberts

GRADUATE STUDENT

Oh my God. I can't believe I did this. I'm in such deep shit. I have a dissertation due at *noon tomorrow* and I've barely even started!

I really need to break my habit of procrastination. I do this all the time—put things off until the last second and then scramble to get it done, quality be damned. This should really teach me a lesson to not do this anymore. After this dissertation is finished, I need to make a promise to myself to actually start things well ahead of time. I have a perfectly good planner and calendar software on my computer, so I really have no excuse to put things off. I'm just so absent minded sometimes. This is like that time I left my latte on the roof of my car and drove off. Actually, this is worse. Fuck.

Okay, there's no need to panic. I just need to collect myself, and assess the progress I've made so far. God, I chose the worst topic for my dissertation: the impact of feral pigs on the

household economies in 12th century Ireland. I thought it would be cool at first, but I really should have picked something that I already had some background knowledge about, like the Beatles, weed legalization, or net neutrality. I could probably write pretty good dissertations on those topics without much prodding. If I ever write another dissertation, it will definitely be about one of those subjects.

I'm rambling. I need to focus and start working. I need to find all the notes I have on the impact of feral pigs on household economies in 12th century Ireland. I know I have my notes on this stuff somewhere. If not, I can almost definitely get some from my friend Jeff if I email him tonight. Oh! And I can just paraphrase whatever they have on Wikipedia.

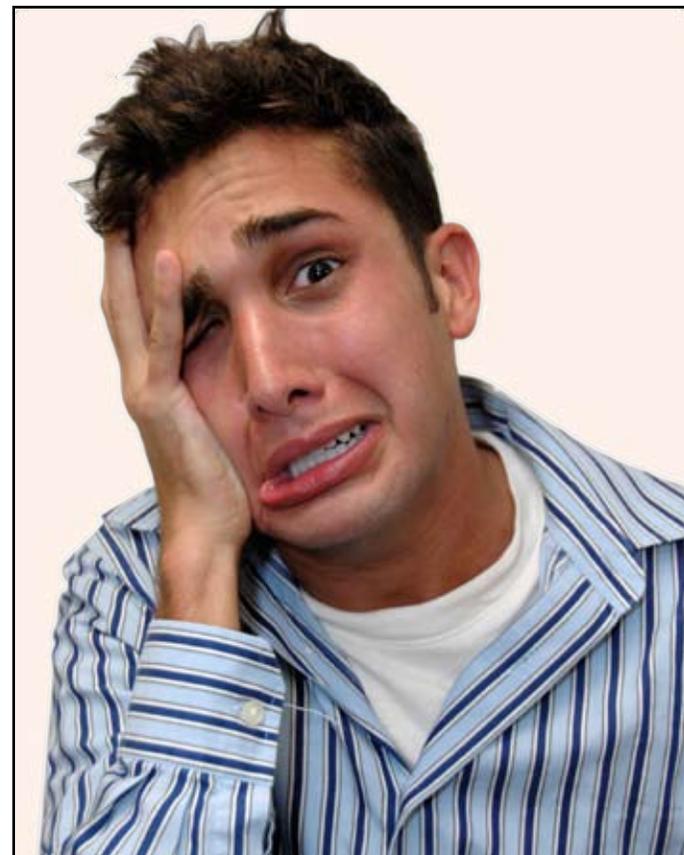
Yep, this is going to be fine. I just have a grueling all-nighter ahead of me, but I've done this before. No pain, no gain. I need to drink some coffee, maybe take some Adderall and get crackin'. I'll head over to

Spider House. I'm always productive when I'm there.

Lets see. It's 10 o'clock now, which means I have... fourteen hours until I have to submit my dissertation. Oh, that's more than enough time. If I actually spent the time I wasted being productive, I'd be unstoppable. If I write one page every half-hour, that gives me 28 pages. I think that'll give me enough if I double space. I can also make the margins .1 inches bigger, which should squeeze out a few more pages. And maybe I can use Arial instead of Times New Roman! That should really make it longer!

Oh! And pictures, lots of pictures! Graphs too. My advisor never specifically told me I couldn't use graphs, so I'm going to assume they're fair game.

I'm starting to feel better about this. I bet they get so many dissertations that there's no way they actually pay close attention to every single one. I can probably fill this thing up with BS and they wouldn't know the difference. I'm a really good BS-er.



Name: 512 Realty; Width: 58p0; Depth: 10.5 in; Color: Black plus one, 512 Realty; Ad Number: 00034711

a
word
to the
Texas
Student
Media

PRESS CREW

the Texas

TRAVESTY

would like to express our sincerest gratitude to Arnold Wiggins and every TSM press worker for all the hard work you have put into printing the Travesty for the last twelve years.

it's
safe to say

that your contribution to the Texas Travesty, Texas Student Media, and the University of Texas cannot be

OVERSTATED.

THANK YOU.

Reciprocity? I don't know the meaning of the word reciprocity!

Doug Landich
POLICEMAN

Since I was assigned as your partner, you've given me the same speech over and over. You told me "this relationship needs to be reciprocal" and that you need me to "practice reciprocity with you." Practice reciprocity? I'll have you know that I don't know the meaning of the word reciprocity!

Seriously. I don't know what that word means. I wish someone would explain it to me.

I understand the whole partner dynamic — I have your back and I know you have my back, but as far as reciprocity goes, I just don't know man. Like really, I have no idea. I know that there needs to be a degree of trust between us. You want to know that when someone throws a punch at you that I'll be right behind you ready to get your back. I

understand that. I will be there, and the reason for that is because I know you'll be there to help me out when my arm gets tired from beating a suspect mercilessly with my fist.

But does that make our relationship reciprocal? That's not a rhetorical question. I really want to know.

You've used a lot of words that don't quite sit well with me, like dexterity, accountability, and animosity. That last one especially, animosity — that word angers me to no end. You say you don't like it and I should stop being it. I am what I am. Animosity just runs through my body, I think.

We just got put on the job together, so let's keep things simple. I'm thinking three syllables or less. It just makes sense because you can cover a lot of phrases easily that way. Like "I will shoot" or "I will tase" or "Ken's Donuts."

You told me the other day that you wanted to invite me out for a

beer after our shift and carry out a discourse. You thought it would be valuable in developing our rapport, whatever rapport is. Your tone seemed innocent enough, and I think you're nice and all, but I'm just not that kind of a guy. If you want to go out and have a chat sometime after work, I can deal with that. In fact, that would probably make us better partners. But I don't think I'm ready to carry out this "discourse" you're talking about.

And I mean, I figured after filling out a million police rapps you'd at least know how it's spelled by now.

As far as accountability goes, I'm prepared to own up to the fact that I have absolutely no idea what you mean by that. I just don't appreciate the dexterity you're showing towards me. If this bond between us is going to have any chance of lasting, it'll hinge on you cutting down on words and phrases that end in "-ity."



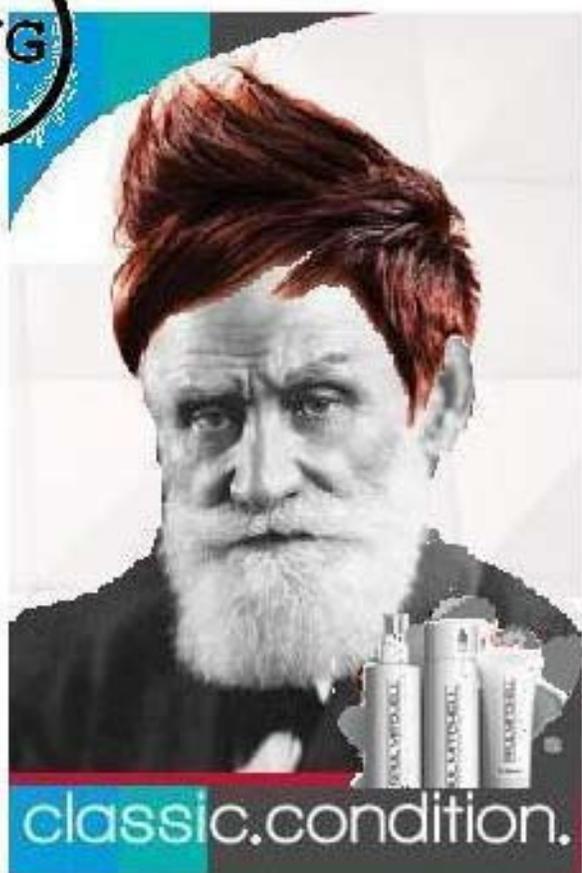
WWW.TEXASTRAVESTY.COM

Name: Whole Earth Provisions - Displ; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black, Whole Earth Provisions - Displ; Ad Number: 00035477

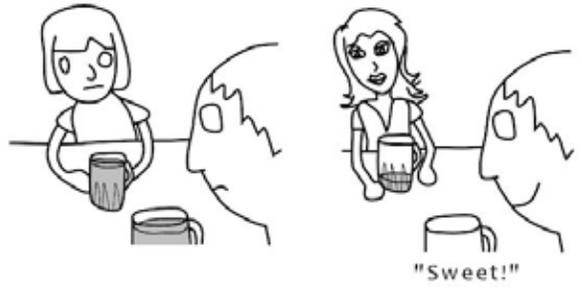
IVAN PAVLOV

DING!

IVAN PAVLOV!



Beer does not make people look better...



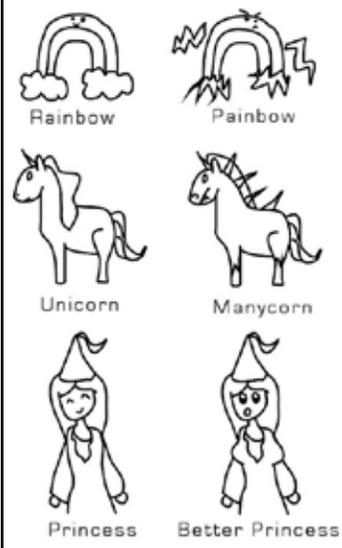
but it does lower standards.



Dinosaurs didn't read.



From Girly to Manly



Sam doesn't realize it yet but the only reason he can cast shadow puppets is because he's on fire.



Name: 512 Condos; Width: 22p9; Depth: 2 in; Color: Black, 512 Condos; Ad Number: 00035474

Parting is such sweet sorrow, or whatever

Ross Luippold
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



I shouldn't have been admitted into the University of Texas. As I entered my senior year of high school, I was fully prepared to take my illustrious 26% class ranking to some school in a colder climate and never look back to my home state of Texas. So when I somehow got into UT after applying out of equal parts whimsy and self-induced obligation, I put on the brakes and decided to stay in Texas for another four years. When

I arrived in Austin, though, I had barely settled in before realizing that while the city is interesting and UT is a quality academic institution, it's nearly impossible to stake out a name for oneself if you're a shy, short misanthrope. And as academics had never been my thing and I didn't have a clear career goal in mind, I was pretty lost for a while.

I'm still not a great student and I still don't know exactly sure what I want to do when I graduate (next month... oops), but my time working for the Texas Travesty has offered me fulfillment in ways that I honestly do not believe would be available in any other circumstance. I'd like to thank those who I have personally... oh, forget it, just skim the rest of this to see if your name is mentioned, and then read Thej's funny goodbye column.

Texas Travesty staff, 2006-09: It's become cliché at this point to laud you in these goodbye columns for being extraordinarily creative, original, intelligent, and grounded, but it's with good reason: I know that it will be a

long, long time, if ever, before I will be privileged to work with such an outstanding group of people. While I don't want this column to devolve into a bunch of lame inside jokes, I would like thank: Bradley and David for being supportive and encouraging when I first joined staff; Veronica for being a great editor during a transitional year and for setting an editorial and social tone that I hope I've upheld this year (oh yeah, I guess you're a pretty decent friend, or whatever); Stephen, Thej, Matt, Mark, and Chris for all the fun times and for constantly inspiring me (shut up, assholes); and Mike and Ingebretson: I hope I'm not naive. Outgoing editors tend to privately express apprehension about their successors, and I am 100% confident in your ability to keep the Travesty strong next year. So, if you screw up, at least I'll look like an unwavering optimist. Have fun, boys.

Mom & Dad: There is literally no logical reason that you should be supportive of this endeavor, but you are, and it means the world to me.

I wouldn't be so enthusiastic about things like this if you hadn't always encouraged me to make sure I put my happiness as a priority, while at the same time unwittingly passing down your own unique, and yes, funny perspectives on the world. So thanks for that.

Ryan, Ryan, Ricky, & Rob: You bros have made me laugh harder than pretty much anyone, and I'll always appreciate your friendship and support. Thanks guys.

Doug: You're going to be way richer than me. I'm sure that Mom and Dad are extremely glad that their children have entered the financially lucrative realms of comedy and government. I know that I can be a pain in the ass sometimes, but I value the support and perspective you have to offer.

Alyssa: I understand that you are doing excellent work for the Texas Travesty, and are also a talented design student. From looking at your Facebook profile, I think you are pretty, and was wondering if you would like to maybe get some coffee

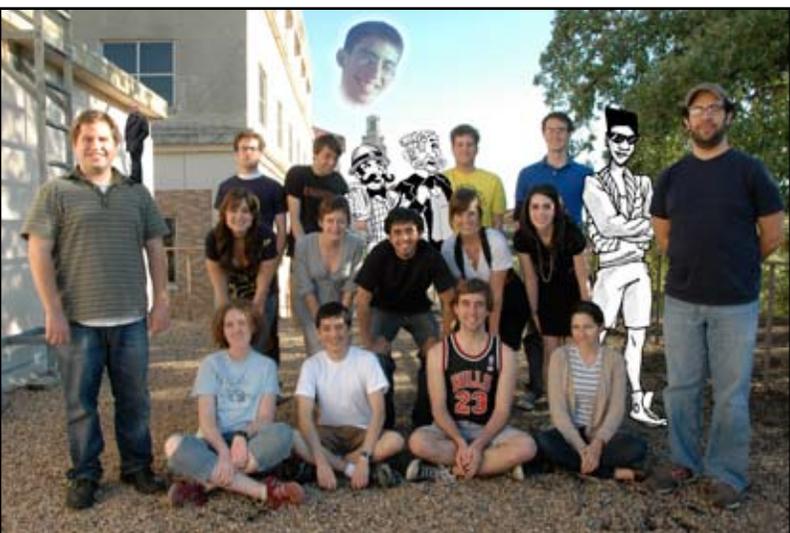
or something at some point, if you have some free time. If not, that's cool too.

Chelsey: I literally can't think of any other friend that I would have rather spent the year with than you.

Susan & Gatlin: You are amazing. Wait, the Travesty has a functioning website? Impossible! Thank you so much for spending way more time on us than we deserve.

Other Student Managers: I'm glad that this year's crop of managers are you guys. I'm constantly impressed by your dedication to your respective mediums and organizations, and hope that I can borrow money from you when you flourish as successful media producers.

TSM Professional Staff (especially Kathy, Richard, Danny, Jalah, Frank, and Merry): The Travesty is lucky to be a part of an organization that gives students the autonomy to run a media enterprise, and this job has given me a small taste of managerial independence that could not be equaled. Thank you for maintaining this remarkable opportunity.

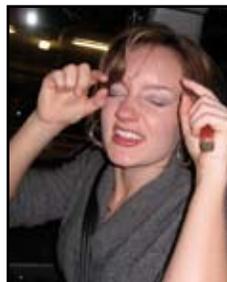


Everyone is going to miss me so much, they have no idea

Matt Hutcheson
DESIGN DIRECTOR

Hey everybody, I've been the Design Director here for the past three years or so. All you need to know is that I am incredibly important and respected. My colleagues may be funnier than I am, but you know, they're all so ugly, they kind of *have* to be. So, with that in mind, instead

of writing some sappy goodbye piece where I tell my buddies how amazing they all are, I'm just going to use my remaining column space to showcase the most unflattering photos of them I could find. Oh, by the way guys, I know I told you my favorite font was Gotham, but guess what assholes: I lied. It's *Verlag*.



Really though, I love all of you crazy bastards.

Fifth-year staff member graduates, loses purpose in life

Stephen Short
MANAGING EDITOR



The year was 2004: election season was in full swing, *Garden State* tugged on the heartstrings of audiences nationwide, and a socially awkward freshman who couldn't even make friends with his 13th floor Jester West brethren gathered up enough courage to submit a staff application for the Texas Travesty. Five years have passed since I started as an administrative assistant and worked my way up to managing editor, and without a doubt, working on the Travesty has been the pinnacle of my experiences while attending the University. Nowhere else would I have gained the utmost privilege and honor to work with the smartest, wittiest, and yes, dedicated, group of people on campus. Now that the memories are flooding into my head, I'll commence with the sappy good-byes.

The Readers: You guys are what keep us holed up in an office for an entire weekend, three times a semester. Watching your enthusiastic reactions while grabbing an issue on the West Mall or silently chuckling in class are really gratifying rewards for the work we put into dick and fart jokes.

Mom & Dad: Thanks for supporting what I did at the Travesty. It was always great to hear that you were anticipating the next issue of something that, albeit weird, I put a lot of hard work into. Oh yeah, thanks for bankrolling my entire education. Love, Stephen.

Ross: You're a good friend, and I'm really glad that you decided to join the Travesty. Where else would you have experienced so much laughter and soul-crushing bureaucracy at the same time?

Veronica: If in ten years I'm a fat, bald, washed-up comedy writer and you're a wealthy, successful, divorcée globe-trotting photographer who

still feels lonely after a long series of casual romances, will you be my date to my high school reunion? You'll have to pay for your own hotel and accommodations, of course.

Matt: You're an awesome roomie, bro.

Travesty Staff 2004-2007: I formed my first collegiate bonds of friendship with all of you (I know. Sad, right?). A big disadvantage of being the Old Man on staff is that I'm the only one who remembers: making sock puppets with Sara, receiving Jan's lap dances, avoiding getting thrown out of parties by pretending not to know Kelsey or Eric, when David wasn't funny, Todd & Kristin's apartment, Jill's never-have-I-ever stories, Wanfu, pre-party bus banquets, Laura's Riverside parties, having to lug issues from the press to the basement, the origins of jorts, Partying Hard in Bradley's Tahoe, and air-dual-level keyboarding to yacht rock. I'll always think back fondly on you guys.

Travesty Staff 2007-2009: Eh, you're alright.

Krodd: Thanks for getting married guys — you've allowed me to consolidate the reasons why I'll always worship the ground you walk on. Your support, guidance and friendship have meant so much to me. I've always felt I was so lucky and fortunate just to know you two, let alone have you both guide and support me in developing my sense of humor. Your encouragement and feedback through the years have been invaluable, and I attribute much of my confidence to expand and showcase my comedic writing and ideas to your strong leadership and friendship. **Todd:** Thanks for not firing me from staff after just one week because as a freshman I thought it would be cool and edgy to post a rape joke on the message board. You're a great friend that I can nerd-out with about politics, comedy, and vaginas. **Kristin:** Thanks for helping me realize that it's ok (and fun) to acknowledge and laugh at awkward situations in your surroundings. Before I joined staff, I always kept those moments of noticing the ridiculousness of a situation or a person in my head. But now I know that's just part of my sense of humor, and that it's acceptable to laugh at Wheelchair Man on Congress. P.S. Someday — maybe not tomorrow, maybe not yesterday — I will toilet paper your house.

Bradley: I'll see you at Jason's Deli — IN HELL.

Point: Thank you, Travesty

Thejaswi Maruvada
MANAGING EDITOR



My two years with the Texas Travesty have been two of the most rewarding years of my life. Before joining the Travesty, I floated around UT, not knowing what the hell I was doing here. I even considered transferring somewhere in the northeast

to see if I could find some sort of personal fulfillment there. Then, one fateful day, I picked up this wonderful, amazing, hilarious publication. From that point forward, my college experience completely changed.

I can't say enough about what this opportunity has meant to me. I've been able to have any stupid idea I think is funny published for thousands of students to read. I've been able to work at something that's actually fun. I've been able to get a free parking space right by campus. I've been paid enough every two weeks to cover my food and alcohol expenses. I've had the privilege of working with some of the sharpest, wittiest, and most talented people I'll probably ever know.

A few names I should mention: Ross Luippold, Veronica Hansen, Stephen Short, Matt Hutcheson, Chelsey Delaney, Mark Estrada, Chris Friend, Libby Sanders, Alyssa

Peters, Big Penis, Matt Ingebretson, Mr. Zak Kinnaird, the Gay Ole' Scal-awags, and everyone else on staff I've worked with. You're what made this fun, no matter how dumb you make me feel for having no grasp of Web 2.0, politics, or other smart people shit. Thanks for allowing me to be your party guitar guy and sing-along maestro, and thanks for looking past my questionable (drunk) actions.

A few non-Travesty members I need to thank: Kyle, for telling me that one time that I would probably never submit my Travesty application, which motivated me to turn it in. And Afzar garu, for teaching me Telugu (this isn't relevant, but I thought I could use this space for it).

I will truly miss working for the Travesty, and I will always look back fondly on the time and hard work I've put into it. So long everybody. Thanks for reading.

Counterpoint: Fuck you, Travesty

Thejaswi Maruvada
MANAGING EDITOR

But seriously, what a colossal waste of my time this was. I'm about to graduate from college with a degree in bullshit. I'm not going to find a job anywhere. I've spent the past two years telling myself I was actually funny and talented. Now that

I've come to the realization that I'm not either of those things, I'm pretty much fucked. Thanks for nothing, Travesty. Fuck you, Travesty staff members for reinforcing my delusions. And one big, giant Fuck You to you, the average Travesty reader, who wouldn't know something funny from an episode of Family Guy. Good riddance.



Adios Amigos (Goodbye Friends)



Stephen Stecker
STAFF WRITER

¡Hola! ¿Coma estas? Bien, ¿y tu? Me llamo Stephen Stecker. Yo soy de Dallas en Tejas. Mi favorita parte de el club de Texas Travesty fui mis amigos. Yo soy triste que I am leaving. Pero, yo recuerdo las horas escribo las noticias comicas.

Cuando yo (joined) el staff de Texas

Travesty, estaba muy excitado porque me gusta El Onion, El Daily Show y mi perro. Mi perro tiene ocho años. Su llamo es Francis. Es negro y blanco.

Me gusta la Universidad de Tejas en Austin. Mi trabajo al Texas Travesty fui una experience más importante. ¡Esta muy comico! ¡Dios mio! Esta muy calor.

¿Donde está la biblioteca?

