

Ride on, you Wild Stallion you since '97

TEXAS

TRAVESTY



See you in hell

...



Virgin sacrifice really wishing anal counted



Area girl sleeps her way to top of family business



Woman wearing medical mask must know something



Woman at bar into guy with phone charger



McDonald's debuts hipper, sleeker Grimace



Local dog actually hairy child in disguise

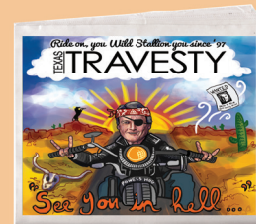


- Lou Gehrig's disease isn't fun like Lou Bega's disease
- The only real baby daddy is a seahorse
- Those parrots that repeat what you say are so racist
- One of the most successful cultural appropriations by white people is making fun of white people
- Jay Leno is the easiest celebrity to make a wax figure of because if you fuck up it'll still look like him
- Pregnant teens are the best to adopt because they're two for the price of one

- My first words were the 2nd verse to Ignition by R.Kelly
- When politicians play hide and seek is it called Marco Rubio?
- You do crystal meth once and your parents just drop you from the T-Mobile family plan
- The only thing I hate more than squeaky chairs is income inequality
- Gas is so cheap now I've been using it to water my lawn
- My mom dates a guy on E-Harmony but my cemetery boyfriend is "unconventional"?
- Is your family NASA? Cause y'all are clearly living on limited funding
- Just sneezed, #blessed
- What I thought was going to be a parkour video just turned out to be a man jumping to his death from a skyscraper
- Having crabs is no fun, but having one crab is just another friend

- Hyundai Sonata is the name of the man who killed my father in a Hyundai Sonata
- My dad always unbuckles my seatbelt and tells me to live a little
- If you don't stop talking right now I swear I'll stop being your grandmother
- I had no idea baby powder was made of finely ground baby bones
- We have to go back! I forgot my milk syringe

Here's a tiny Travesty™ to cut out and put in your doll house!



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WHAT ARE CAMPUS STATUES SAYING?

Q: What kind of internship or job are you trying to get this summer?



"I'm going to be an instructor at my local Curves Fitness."
 -Barbara Jordan



"Got a huge offer at the glue factory this summer, we're really excited!"
 -duckhorses Jareth and Dromas



"Excuse me, but I will not be committing myself to the servitude of others without pay!."
 -Jefferson Davis



April 20, 2015

Dear pawns,

As our university's great motto states: "What starts here ends somewhere else," and that's exactly what we intend to do. Things for us are going splendidly as the top dawgs on campus. We've been quite busy meeting with Prince Billiam Powers and figuring out whom exactly we want to fire and expel. To every student who has wronged us in the past and has made fun of us our whole lives by doing mean things like throwing Ring Pops at us—you're done. To faculty who didn't let us Q-drop after the deadline passed—pack up your stuff and be out by Friday. Gandhi once said, "Forgiveness is the attribute of the strong." He clearly did not see just how much power we have. If you want to appeal our decisions, you can find us by the Gregory Gym pool sipping Bahama Mama's and making freshmen do our homework.

In terms of accomplishing our platform, things are going well. We have successfully taken over the tower and are in the process of converting the carillon bells into a luxury penthouse for ourselves. The rest of the tower will be converted into a Babies "R" Us. For the tower redesign we hired Angelo the Architect to build our new quarters. Even though we don't agree with his choice to go with fuchsia and lime green, we aren't too familiar with interior design so we must trust his choice. Also he has some very strict contractual demands ranging from always having thirteen rolls of toilet paper ready at his disposal to a Boost wireless mobile phone with 10 GB of data per month and free international calling. He did also charge an exorbitant fee and kept growling racial slurs to our faces, but that is okay—we got what we wanted. Angelo the Architect did a very good job and we will probably hire him again for when we decide to replace Garrison Hall with a Pea in the Pod maternity clothing store.

We are happy here at the helm of the fine institution that is The University of Hook 'Em at Austin. We only have you, our loyal subjects, to thank. Thank you for being a part of this with us. Our victory will forever be one of the most important moments on our resumes. Disciplina Praesidium Civitatis Deviated Septum.

Sincerely,



Xavier Rotnofsky and Rohit Mandalapu
Student Body Vice-President and Vice-Vice-President

THE MOST POPULAR BABY NAMES SO FAR
THIS YEAR

Yolanda Egg

Stillborn Patel

Vegas Coins

Tarantulo Duchovny

Bobby Jaundice

Babyshoes Ray

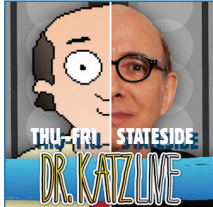


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Erica Rhodes Guy Branum Jena Friedman Jermaine Fowler Joe Zimmerman Karen Kilgariff Kate Berlant
Kurt Metzger Liza Treyger Matt Bearden Michelle Buteau Michelle Wolf Mike Lawrence Monroe Martin
Nate Bargatze Ophira Eisenberg Phil Hanley Randy Liedtke Robert Kelly Simon Amstell Ted Alexandro
Troy Walker Adam Newman Avery Moore Bob Khosravi Brian Gaar Bryan Gutmann Caroline Bassett
Chris Cubas Chris Tellez Chris Trew Cody Hustak Daniel Webb Danny Palumbo Derek Phelps
Drennon Davis Jay Whitecotton Joe Hefkey John Buseman John O'Connell John Ramsey Jonathan Pace
JR Brow Kerri Lendo Lashonda Lester Mac Blake Maggie Maye Matt Sadler Mike MacRae Nancy Reed
Norman Wilkerson Pat Dean Ralph Hardesty Rick Crom Ryan Cownie Tom Hester Tim Williams Zac Brooks

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Student excited for parents to come visit Uchi with her

AUSTIN — Sources report that UT studio-art student Melanie Carter is excited to use her parents’ visit this weekend to go to exclusive Austin restaurant Uchi. “My parents are just super happy I’m ‘doing well,’ they’re oblivious to the damage I intend to do to their yuppie checking accounts this weekend,” smiled Ms. Carter, as she wrapped up the extensive grocery list she plans on getting her father to pick up the tab for. “When they said it sounded like ‘a cute little Japanese place,’ I knew they’d bit the bait and that the \$50 roll of spicy salmon I intended to suckle upon was as good as mine.” As of press time, Ms. Carter was seen making a strategic map of the stores she plans to hit at The Domain with her mom the following day.



World War II professor mistakenly posts final’s solution

AUSTIN — While uploading PowerPoint slides and practice questions to his History of World War II Canvas page, UT professor Dwight Mann mistakenly put up the course final’s solution. “It only remained on the site for a few hours before I systematically exterminated any and all traces of it from the Internet,” Mann explained as he divided his students into those who would fail and those who would be let into the “pass” chamber. “These kids can’t just get the answers handed down to them like they’re some kind of chosen people. They need to know the value of work. After all, work sets you free.” At press time, Mann was carefully examining a map of Poland without explaining why.

Grandmother could stand not living to see grandson’s graduation

DALLAS — Arguing that business major Phillip Andrews is a particularly unappreciative grandson, Margaret Andrews recently claimed that she could stand not living to watch him receive his diploma. “Honestly, the sweet embrace of death seems preferable to sitting through some ceremony just to watch that shitstain waltz across a stage,” wheezed Andrews between drags of a Marlboro. “I’ve known he was a good-for-nothing since I caught his sister putting makeup on him when he was 6 and he did nothing to stop it. What a punk.” After her second cigarette pack of the day, Grandma Andrews spread some Crisco on the staircase in an effort to lubricate the process.

Area bachelor not crying unless anyone into that

NEW YORK— Area bachelor, Ston Jaymos, is currently attempting to hide his unrelenting stream of tears, unless anyone in the area is really interested in that sort of emotional display. “Sometimes, I give the honeys a glimpse into my vast emotional depth, and let them get lost in its winding catacombs of sensitivity,” said Jaymos, wiping his tears away with his Death Cab For Cutie t-shirt. “But just as often, they aren’t ready for it, and end up referring me to a guidance counselor—which means they miss out on all of this hunky bod. A man’s crying shouldn’t distract a woman from his abs.” As of press time, a red-eyed, damp-shirted Jaymos was seen updating his OkCupid profile picture to a photo in which he looked like he was only half-crying.

Divorcees settle on joint custody of Netflix password

OMAHA, NE— Following four grueling weeks of deliberation and compromise, divorcees Dap and Weezie Lapper settled on joint custody of their Netflix password last Thursday night. “Distributing our assets and three children was the easiest part,” said Lapper, his face lit only by the flash of the buffering screen on his smartphone as he tapped to confirm that he was indeed still watching. “Above all, we wanted to set aside our differences like mature adults and do what was best for the Netflix account.” As of press time, sources say Lapper was denying allegations that he had changed the password in an effort to isolate it from his ex-wife.

Nation debates whether to tell blind people about texting

WASHINGTON, IA — Leaders from the National Federation of the Blind gathered in Washington on Wednesday night to debate whether blind people should or should not be told about text messaging. “As far as I’m concerned, blind people have the right to know they’re being ignored by people texting during conversations,” said Marc Maurer, President of the NFB, signing his words as he spoke. Maurer went on to demand for institutional opportunities for the blind to text during conversations, in movie theaters and while driving. “We demand mandatory braille smartphone apps that would allow the blind to ignore friends and family just like any able-sighted person does,” Maurer said. At press time, Maurer could be seen pretending to ignore a conversation by tapping on his cellphone screen.

Area woman practices rejection lines in mirror before heading to club

CLEVELAND, OH — In anticipation of the underwhelming boys that will try to court her later at the club, area woman Jessica Miller spent most of Friday evening practicing rejection lines in the mirror. “After all these years, I’ve developed an effective way to shut down boys. I like to answer their feebly constructed pick-up lines with clever rejection lines like ‘Hey, are you an empty revolver? Cause you have no shot,’ and ‘You make my heart throb like Will Turner does to Davy Jones in At World’s End.’ If he doesn’t get the reference then he should never have even approached me,” remarked Miller, acknowledging that answering a question with a question usually throws off the confident boy from pursuing her further. “Girls are always saying how annoyingly persistent boys are, but I’ve found that boys respond well to passive-aggressive condescension.” Sources later confirmed seeing Miller denying an emasculated man who probably deserved better.



Rand Paul continues father’s legacy of not getting party nomination

FRANKFORT, KY— In a rousing speech at a Kentucky campaign event, Rand Paul officially announced his intention to continue the family tradition of unsuccessfully running for Commander in Chief of the United States. “We’ve built the organization, we’ve found the really eccentric donors, and now we can go to the American people and say ‘yeah, this could technically happen,’” proclaimed the Kentucky Senator, the spitting image of his father Ron Paul, with the same nose and ideological liabilities. “I think I’ve got at least four unsuccessful runs in me, and maybe by then a new little Paul can start running as the weird libertarian-ish candidate Americans temporarily think they need.” At press time, Rand Paul could be found at coffee shop in Iowa campaigning for the youth vote.



Point: Schools should not serve peanuts for the sake of allergic kids.

Like all parents, there is nothing more important to me than my child’s safety and well-being. When my son Jeremy was diagnosed with a severe, airborne peanut allergy at the age of two, it changed our lives drastically. At first it was very difficult and frustrating, but we have since adjusted and now it’s a part of our everyday, normal life. When Jeremy recently started kindergarten, we made sure to warn the school about our son’s allergy. However, during the first week, one of his classmates brought a PB&J to lunch, which caused Jeremy to suffer a severe attack that almost killed him. As it turns out, Jeremy’s story is not an isolated incident. Many schools across the country have had similar episodes, and some sadly have passed away as a result. Negligence like this should not be tolerated, and every school needs to put strict rules in place in order to accommodate a severely allergic child on their campus. School should be a place where all kids should be safe, regardless of their needs.

Counterpoint: I am Mr. Peanut. I will find and take the weak ones.

Who are children like Jeremy to think they are above the order of the truth? I am the Lord of Legumes, the King of Goober Peas, an Arbiter of Blackness. I have always been, and will always be. It is my duty to rid the planet of the feeble and the sickly, for the universe cannot tolerate such frailty. The churning machine of the cosmos must correct its mistakes, and children such as Jeremy are not meant to be. You mustn’t attempt to understand why, because it is beyond human capacity to fathom. Do not think the fragile can elude me, for my monocle is an all-seeing, all-feeling entity. I can always sense their presence; it is only a matter of time until I take them all in my cold, gloved grasp. After which I must return them to the void, the emptiness, where they belong. There is no escaping me, Jeremy. The weak must perish. There is no other way. I answer only to one: Kraft Foods CEO, John T. Cahill.

Son entering room not sure if father just finished crying

BRENHAM, TX— After accidentally barging into his father’s room, 6 year old Danny Levine was confused as to whether or not his father Tucker had just finished crying. “I saw him quickly shove a picture of my mom and I under his pillow, and he kept wiping his eyes and sniffing. I’m not sure what a mortgage is, but he just got second one, so I don’t know what he has to cry about,” said a perplexed Levine. Reports also indicate that Danny’s father has been increasingly handing out random acts of affection. “Sometimes when I’m just watching TV, dad will give me a big hug and say ‘I’ll always love you no matter what happens.’ It’s kind of weird.” At press time, sources confirmed that Tucker was pacing around his house while muttering “What am I going to do?” repeatedly to himself.





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Area friend had another dumb dream last night

PENGUIN COVE, ANTARCTICA— Reports came in this morning that Julia Maurice had another dumb dream last. “It was the strangest thing. First I was flying through the air on the back of a tortoise, then I was underwater doing flips with Dolphin Lundgren, celebrity dolphin. Then I was on a train, and it was going chugga chugga chugga chugga, chugga chugga chugga chugga,” said Maurice, oblivious to the many eye rolls that friends were directing her way, as she continued, “chugga chugga chugga chugga. And that’s not the weird part. The weird part was when the Grim Reaper came in to tell me that my time has come.” As of press time, Maurice was spotted fulfilling the Grim Reaper’s request by digging a six-by-six foot dolphin hole in the front yard.

Bill Powers frantically tries to use up remainder of Dine-in Dollars

AUSTIN— Due to his imminent departure from the University of Texas at Austin, University President Bill Powers has been frantically trying to use up the remainder of his Dine-in Dollars. “I’ve started catering my executive board meetings with Kinsolving macaroni,” Powers said, as he scarfed down two plates of tri-colored melon from the JCL salad bar. “I’ve also started to buy merchandise in bulk at the university stores. T-shirts, stuffed Bevos, birthday cards, toothpaste, cough syrup, graph paper, what have you. I’m done with all my holiday shopping for at least two years.” Bill Powers was last seen at 6 A.M. hastily driving to Jester Market when his wife ran out of shampoo.



College is a time to experiment, but these lab mice aren’t into me like that.

Cameron Carmine
OPEN-MINDED SCIENTIST

They say college is supposed to be the best four years of your life. Well let me tell you, in my experience nothing could be further from the truth. Everybody around here seems pretty open to trying new things for the most part - people like to test boundaries in college. It’s common for people of the same sex to “explore” during this time, and I’d be lying if I said I hadn’t made an attempt myself. Unfortunately, even though college is an ideal time to experiment,

it’s becoming increasingly clear that these lab mice aren’t into me like that.

I have garnered considerable recognition from my professors for my interest and drive in my scientific research. I’ve spent most of my time out of class in our state-of-the-art laboratories, often pulling all-nighters with just the lab mice for company. Before too long, I found myself unexpectedly, inexorably attracted to them - especially the cute white one in the corner there. I call him Moushua. I’ve never really had much success

interacting romantically with women or with men - things tend to turn awkward pretty quickly. So, before I can even consider making contact with other humans, I must discover a way to

“This could have been truly groundbreaking science if these lab mice weren’t so prudish.”

make these mice find me compelling enough to want to experiment with me.

Despite months of ceaseless effort, each of

my hypotheses has been met with less success than the last. I’m starting to worry that I’ll never get published - these god-forsaken lab mice have really screwed me over (figuratively, unfortunately). This could have been truly groundbreaking science if these lab mice weren’t so prudish.

All in all, the more I reflect on my practices, I suppose you can’t force someone to find you good looking, no matter what sex or species they may be. I should have realized this from the beginning and saved these mice

from dreadful experimentation, in both senses. My own curious ambitions to step on the other side of sexuality may have made some of my subjects uncomfortable. If any of my mouse subjects have incredibly gained the ability to comprehend written English and are reading this, know that I’m sorry (and also that my other experiment was apparently a massive success!).

My intentions were purely scientific, and



sexual. I didn’t mean to offend you. If my experiments have taught me anything, it’s that you shouldn’t force any man, woman or lab mouse to love you or experiment with you. Sea otters, on the other hand, will experiment with anyone or anything.

THE MOST POPULAR BABY NAMES SO FAR THIS YEAR

Colonel Wendy
Chronicle McRiddick
Tiramisu Sonata

Beef Angela
P.F. Teeth
Mexico Wang


Billy Sensation
High-Velocity Kurdistan
Police Mahoney
Pocket Emmanuel
Birthday Boy
Kevin: Resurrection

NETFLIX


BrowsePersonalizeDVDs

Q Search

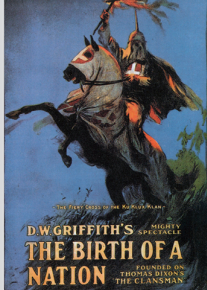
Frat Faves



Hazed and Confused




Brotherhood of the Traveling Wranglers




The Birth of a Nation


Documentaries



Blackfish 2:
Tillikum's Revenge




Bill Maher Talks Bad
About God People




ESPN 30 for 30:
The Underdog Wins
and One Dies


Cult Classics



L. Ron Hubbard's
Arrested Development

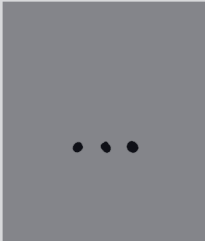


It's the Great Pumpkin,
Charlie Manson!

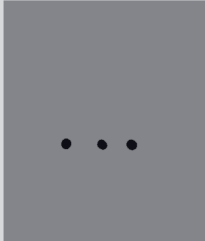


Eternal Screaming of
the Manipulated Mind

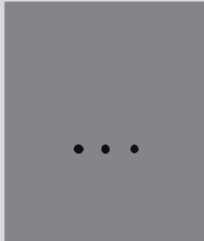
Movies That Pass the Bechdel Test



...



...



...

Point: My body is a temple and I should treat it as such.

I was raised Episcopalian but in adolescence my faith began to dwindle, and by early adulthood I was entirely without organized religion. Fortunately, I have found a new place of worship and that is my own body. Too many of the world’s great religions instill in their followers contempt for their bodies, teaching them that the human corpus is a vulgar mass of flesh that must be transcended. We should not be trying to escape our bodies, as an attempt to do so is obviously futile. Instead, we must recognize there is peace to be found in the body, and it should be treated with the reverence that religious followers have directed toward their gods for thousands of years. The body is not a trap to escape but an idol to be worshipped.

Counterpoint: My body is a strip-club next to an Arby’s, so let’s burn baby burn.

For men who really work up an appetite while receiving half-priced lap dances, my body could be considered a great convenience, even a luxury to some. However, I seriously doubt that any expression of religious devotion has ever occurred within the depths of my “lipid-generous” frame. As one prone to introspection I can’t help but gaze into myself, and I am always deeply disturbed by what I find. Have you ever seen a man with Arby’s sauce on his overalls spit a chewed chicken wing from his mouth into the mouth of a meth-addled stripper? That’s essentially what you’re seeing when I take off my shirt. They say Jesus died for our sins, but is there anyway he could have predicted the severity of sin occurring around my overhanging midriff? It seems the only logical option for a man with my body is self-sacrifice, so I have decided to douse this inferno...with an Arby’s Jamocha Shake, baby.

This headline makes you think of your parents having sex, and so will this brief

AUSTIN— As you were going about your daily routine in seemingly normal fashion, you unfortunately stumbled across this headline and now all you can think about is your parents having sex. Unfortunately, the rest of this brief will only make things worse. Now, as you settle in to read the remainder of this paragraph, the image of your father’s sweating, gyrating body on top of your lovely mother becomes seared in your brain forever. Mommy and Daddy aren’t taking it slow tonight either; this is as passionate as lovemaking can get, you’re quietly thinking to yourself right now. A wave of terrifying emotions rush through your veins at the intrusive thought of your father flipping your mother over onto her stomach for their ultimate erotic conclusion. Finally this brief finishes, as do your parents simultaneously and you now truly understand the miracle of childbirth.

Local brother to get you job at HEB, no problem

HOUSTON— After years of leaning into your ear to whisper that he can get you a part time job anytime, local brother, Thomas Nethole, is finally getting you a job at HEB, easy. “I’ve been in the company for so long now, I mean the manager is practically my best friend, we goof around a lot, ha,” Nethole joked as he began listing off the various benefits the grocery store offers him, such as a retirement plan, 10% discount, and maternity leave. “I know that may seem like a lot now, but if you’re anything like me you’ll be glad you signed up for HEB’s lucrative 401k plan.” At press time, Nethole was seen pressure-buffing his two-year-old Employee of the Month plaque.



Business student grateful to have close-knit group of connections

DALLAS— Blessed for the opportunity to have met a tight bunch of like-minded people, Southern Methodist University senior and aspiring Goldman & Sachs associate Brett Daniels expressed his gratitude to reporters Sunday for having such a close-knit group of connections.

Daniels, a 21-year-old business major and finance minor, revealed that his decision to join Alpha Kappa Psi's business chapter at SMU, his father's alma mater, was one of the best, most career-conscience decisions he's made in his life.

"We'll be at TGI Fridays having a round of drinks or just shooting the shit in someone's office, when I'll suddenly notice

all the sharp-dressed, slick-haired guys surrounding me. It's crazy how fortunate I am to have such a great group of consultants," said Daniels as he passed out a deck of business cards. "I mean you make a few connections when you're in high school, mostly through family friends, but when you get to college you never know who you're going to meet. And so far my LinkedIn profile has acquired over a hundred connections and counting."

Sporting a navy blue blazer, Daniels recounted the beginning of his college career, "I just remember sitting down in my Business Ethics class on the first day of class thinking to myself, 'I wonder if I am going

to meet any useful associates,'" he admitted. "And then I thought, 'Am I going to have to try in this class for the entire semester? Or will I get to meet someone that will hook me up with a job to justify my blowing this off?'"

Reflecting on all of the times that he shared with his group of connections, which included long, informed talks over the market, countless trips to the bank, and of course, some wild cocaine-fueled nights, Daniels said that he's made the most of his college experience.

"It's just good to know that if I am ever feeling low, or if I am ever in a position where the market is compromising my future job security, I can call on

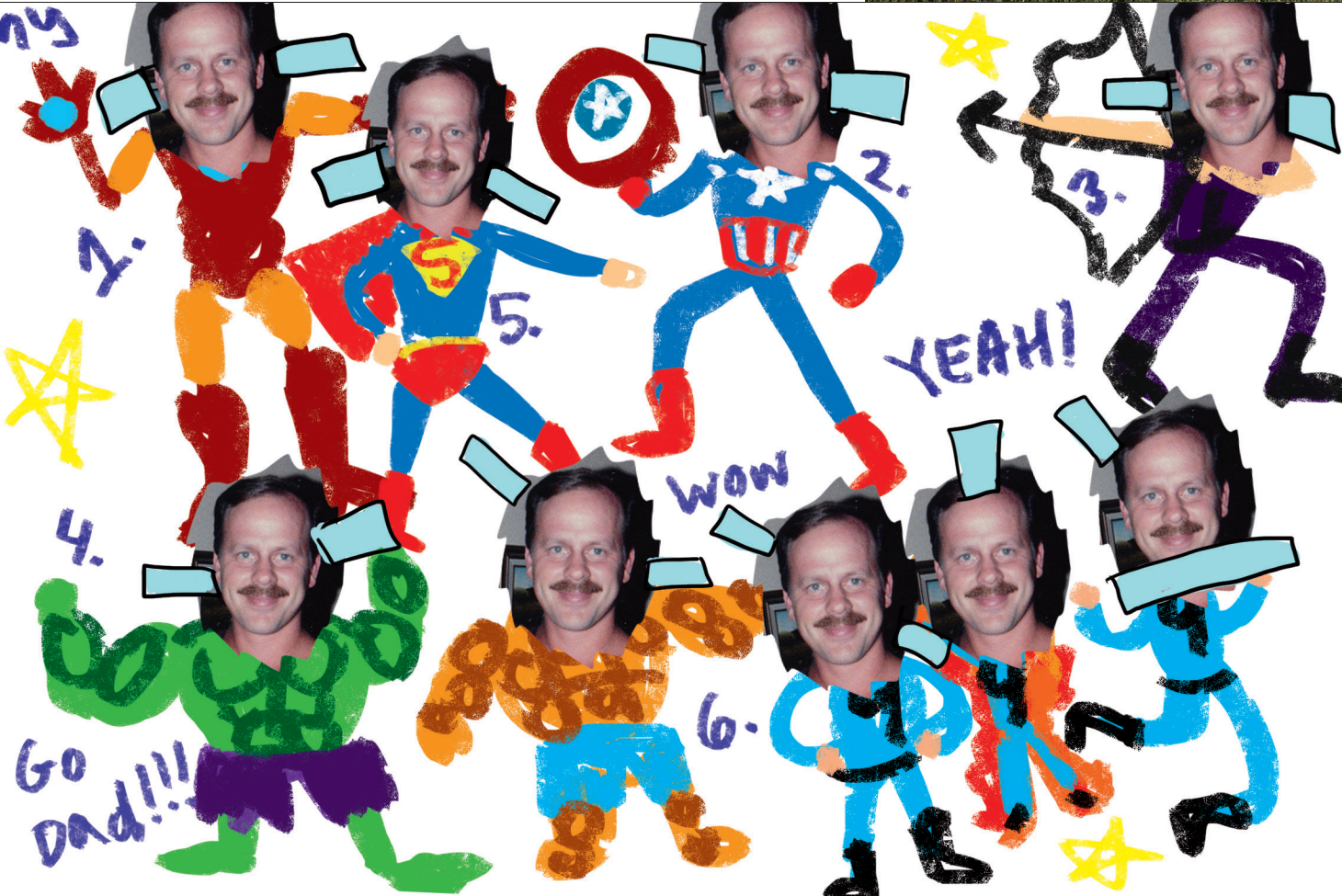


any one of these associates. They would undoubtedly offer their economic shoulder to expound my entrepreneurial difficulties on. Mickey, whose aunt is an Analyst at IBM, or Dale, whose father-in-law is a Program Manager at Google, will assure me that everything is going to be all right."



MY DAD IS MY HERO!

1. My dad is better than Robert Downey Jr. because he beat his cocaine addiction way faster.
2. My dad carries around a trash-can lid all the time like Captain America.
3. My dad is like Hawkeye in that he's not really a factor.
4. My dad is better than the Incredible Hulk because he doesn't need to get mad to smash things, he just drinks a special potion called Wild Turkey.
5. My dad's only kryptonite is child support payments.
6. I don't need the Fantastic Four when I have all four of my dads around to protect me.





Last will and testament

Nick Ward
STAFF WRITER

I, Nicholas Miguel Ward (name), an adult residing at The University of Texas at Austin (address), being of sound mind, declare this to be my Last Will and Testament. I'm not dead I'm just leaving. Additionally, I don't revoke any wills and codicils previously made by me.

ARTICLE I

I appoint nobody on the Travesty as my Personal Representative to administer this Will, and ask that he/she be permitted to serve without Court supervision and without posting bond. If ANYBODY ELSE is unwilling or unable to serve, then I appoint the Travesty staff as a whole to serve as my Personal Representative, and ask that he/she be permitted to serve without Court supervision and without posting bond.

ARTICLE II

I devise, bequeath, and give my writing supplements, headlines, jokes, entire collection of chicken bones, Android phone charger, couches, shares of stock in Enron, autographed ABBA gold record and bathroom cleaning supplies to the Texas Travesty staff.

ARTICLE IV

I devise, bequeath, and give all of the rest and remainder of my residuary estate as follows:
a. 100% to the Union food court and its affiliates.

ARTICLE V

Should any beneficiary not survive me by 30 days, or if they are the reason for my passing, his or her share shall be distributed to his or her then surviving children in equal shares.
Also, I hope they say something kind like "Nick's friendship is all I really need" as they reap these sweet rewards. I've met some pretty cool people on staff and hope we can still be friends when this is all over because, when the zombies come, we're going to need each other.
Signed,

Nick Ward

Point: Spending the past 4 years with the Texas Travesty has been amazing. I've grown so much as a person.

Chris Gilman
EDITOR IN CHIEF

The Texas Travesty is a magnet for wonderful people, none of whom I want to use space to mention besides both Nicks, Rohit, Xavier, Dustin, Vishal, Marshall, Justin, Taylor, David, Hannah, Katherine, Jacqui, Ethan, Colby, Edward, Beck, Aston, Kristen, Tyler, CJ, Mac, Josh, Max, Maryam, Nathan, Jordan, Evan, Hazel, Carolina, Suzuka, Erin, Chloe, Elizabeth, Abby, Vedant, Bones, Grace, Ruby, John, Kelly, Connor, Avery, Alex, Louisa, Ben, etc. I'm a better writer, a worse athlete, and a tinier

Counterpoint: Death is inevitable. Working for the Travesty has changed absolutely nothing.

The Travesty itself is made of death (i.e. pulverized trees). Has it not been obvious from the start? This publication that we expend so much time and energy on is just a reminder that we are but finite beings of a temporary flesh. Print media is dead, and the Travesty is just an open casket funeral. Josh and Max, you'll be running the show next year but know that one day each of you will become an inanimate corpse. An inanimate. Fucking. Corpse. Does this imply both of you will become one single corpse? Maybe. All I know is that nothing you do next year matters in light of this. Go ahead, fuck it up. Fuck it right to hell. Who gives a shit when the ultimate

boy because of them. It's been a pleasure reigning as Editor-in-Chief this year, but I am ready to pass the bittersweet baton of responsibility onward. Josh and Max, I know you'll take good care of this puppy. We've changed the Travesty forever and put it at what I would argue is the very top of its 18-year game. Our legacies will live on within the ink, and each of you will live on deep within my marrow. Stay golden. I'll see you all on the dance floor for one final round of 'Mamma Mia', or 'El Sonidito', or both. It's our moment, and within it we live forever.

truth is that our friends, our entertainment, and our false deities are artificial distractions from the Unstoppable Force of Human Impermanence. Likely sooner than later, our bodies will sag, our hearts will stop, and our cold blood will be drained from us by a (hopefully) licensed mortician who has complete control over our dead, naked, vulnerable bodies; for he is the true gatekeeper between us and the dirt. He'd be the only person in the world who'd know if he were to bruise his name into your lifeless skin before dressing you for the casket nap. It's his choice. We are all at his will. H.A.G.S.!

Man cries like shook bitch

Ethan Boer
DISTRIBUTION DIRECTOR

When I first decided to join this paper on the recommendation of a friend I thought that it would just be me pitching horrible headlines and blatantly ripping off ideas that The Onion already did several years ago and then just go home at 10:30 PM and partake in the depressing activity of watching M*A*S*H reruns while eating Rice-A-Roni straight out of the pan. Little did I know that this humor publication was disguised as the closest knit group of friends that I will ever have the pleasure of meeting.

Over the course of the year and a half that I have spent at this prestigious institution I have experienced the following: Setting a party off using ABBA

and Latino keyboard music, throwing up malt liquor into a trash can in the middle of a crowded living room while aforementioned music played, made a complete ass out of myself in front of the entire UT student body every month, and hyperventilated from laughing more than I ever had in my entire life.

Watching the Travesty go from desperately clinging on to 12 members and accepting anyone who walks through the door to actually running the fucking school and it's imminent rise to popularity will forever be a memory that I hold dear and a story that will remain in my family for generations. None of this would have been possible without the collective minds of some of the wittiest, funniest, and

most beautiful people that have ever attended the University of Texas at Austin, because of this special publication I can finally view my college career as a huge success.
Nick, Chris, Justin, Lee, Rohit, Jacqui, Kristen, Vishal, Aston, Chloe, Taylor, Mac, Marshall, Xavier, Nick Ward, Beck, Josh, Max, Maryam, Nathan, Colby, Edward, Jordan, Elizabeth, Vedant, Abby, Hazel, Erin, Carolina, Suzuka, Cole, Ruby, Grace, John, Evan, Kelly, Connor, Alex, Avery, and Louisa thank you so much for being my friends and I wish you all more than luck in any endeavour that you attempt in your bright futures.
Mamma mia, it's finally time to leave.

Texas Travesty anything but travesty: ★★★½

Marshall Kistner

HEAD VIDEOGRAPHER

While offering up an amorously pleasant experience, yet a bit aimless in spots, the Texas Travesty is overall an entertaining piece of art that is worth checking out if you're bored or my parents. Released in 1997, this publication was definitely ahead of its time, as it slowly became a word of mouth sensation to tens of people. After hearing about this local Austin secret, I decided to finally see for myself what all the hubbub was about in January 2013. I immediately realized the hype was bullshit. Act I of the Travesty provided me the role of Administrative Assistant, otherwise known as being the bitch boy to a bunch of dweebs. It was clear this cast of characters, the majority of which were Caucasian, one-dimensional, and embarrassingly clichéd, would be entered in the same lexicon as fellow losers like The Bad News Bears or Hootie and the Blowfish. It was a sad bunch, and a scorch-

ing reflection of the failing American education system. In Act II, I was promoted to upper staff as Head Videographer and there was an intriguing tonal shift that took the plot in a new direction: I began to actually enjoy these people's company and realize this was the ragtag group of friends I always dreamed of having before I arrived at college. Act II of the Texas Travesty emulated the exquisite stylings of an early Soviet montage: a Rocky-esque pastiche of the ups and downs detailing the many nights and weekends spent writing comedy. We laughed, we danced, we trained our bodies, we had many near kisses and missed romantic opportunities. And then, some girls finally joined staff. As we arrived at Act III, our small group of 12 had slowly grown into a family of 30. In the final, show stopping climax of my time with the Travesty, we were awarded Best Local Publication of 2014, won a massive fundraising campaign

against all other TSM entities, and our video unit skyrocketed to new heights after winning the largest student body presidential election in UT history as a joke (#RotMan2015). So, even though the Texas Travesty lacked consistent character development and emotional depth, there were enough hearty laughs to hold my attention throughout (SEE: create-a-character on WWE 2K15, dancing to El Sonidito, playing Loaded Questions, clown banquet, etc.) But in all seriousness, the Travesty boys have made these past 3 years inexplicably and disturbingly fun and I will miss the hell out of each and every one of you. I will treasure these memories forever and can't wait to see where our beloved publication goes from here. And that's why, in my humble professional opinion, I give the Texas Travesty ★★★½ stars out of ★★★.

Live a little

Chloe Morris

UNPAID INTERN

"I'm pretty sure by the time Gilman gets this no one will have remembered I was even on the Travesty, but I'm saying goodbye anyway. Even though I only spent a measly almost-year with the Trav' © (and only because my stupid friend said she'd apply with me but then she didn't and then she became Ebo's girlfriend and it was weird) it was an experience. I pitched a lot of DOA headlines and learned who Tim and Eric are and also got to sell my body so that disaffected UT students would take a free paper. Either way, it was a cool time and while I'd like to say it changed my life it really just gave me an excuse to get out of the house for a few hours on Tuesday nights before the Mindy Project came on. Thanks guys. I learned way more about nerdy weirdos than I ever thought I would."

I don't really know how to say this

Evan Waring

STAFF WRITER

This is a hard goodbye to write: How am I supposed to write a farewell to casual acquaintances? I just joined the Travesty a couple months ago, and I don't even really know any of you people. I think these columns are for people more personally invested in the organization, so I don't really know why I'm even writing this. This just feels weird. But I will say that it's been a pleasure to write some goofy stuff with you guys and definitely a highlight of my time at UT. So bye, people I've talked to a couple times. Y'all seem alright.

This was only ever a means to an end

Edward Stockwell

STAFF WRITER

This is it. The end. Looking back over the four years of my college career, I can easily say that my time at the Texas Travesty has been my third, or possibly fourth, favorite at this university. Why, I remember being a doe-eyed freshman and walking into the HSM building, unsure of just what I was getting myself into. However, there was no need for me to be worried at all. Everyone welcomed me with open arms and, within days, I truly felt like I was a member of the team. And gosh, here I am now as Station Manager of Texas Student Television; the place that I called

home for so long, and that I absolutely consider the highlight of my life on the Forty Acres. Yet, I did so much more than just climb the ladder and eventually lead the only student-run FCC-licensed broadcast station in the country. I also had some great internships at Clear Channel Radio, and more recently at Rooster Teeth. Talk about some major resumé building! I mean, Clear Channel (now iHeart Radio) is the largest radio conglomerate in the country, and Rooster Teeth is increasingly growing to be one of the biggest digital entertainment channels on the web. It's just been an incredible ride.

But, at the end of the day, I can't

forget Texas Travesty. It'll probably take a few years to forget. I've made so many life in my twenties-long friends that I will cherish for that amount of time: Chris, Ethan, Roheet, Javier, Mike Shmeerkat, Colby, Marshall, Tito, Germaine, and especially Tito. These guys, and the girls I won't remember are what made being a writer for the Travesty a mostly-exciting time, when I wasn't preoccupied with my aforementioned job running a fucking TV station as well as networking at my internships. I feel confident that this great publication will hobble on like a crippled deer after being blindsided by a '92 Chevy Malibu without me, for however many years

it has left. And, when the email arrives in my inbox that the Travesty is in desperate times and needs alums like me to donate to keep it going, I will toss ten to fifteen dollars its way to preserve the dream for the outcast RTF and Plan II majors that call it home as I did for a few days out of the month. God bless you TSTV, Rooster Teeth, and the Texas Travesty, in that order.

Exposing the Cult of Texas Travesty

Nick Mehendale
EDITOR EMERITUS

I spent three and a half years in the University-sanctioned cult known around campus as Texas Travesty. This is my story.

I came to the Travesty at the beginning of my sophomore year. The cult works by preying on confused, impressionable students and offering them an outlet to explore “comedy”. This is a code word used by its members to refer to jokes about anything from weird-looking dicks to healthy-looking dicks.

Once someone has been inducted into the cult, a humiliating process of being asked questions and then immediately forced to answer them, they are thrown into a small, overcrowded room and expected to join in on ritualis-

tic rants and discussions about pop culture, their odd personal lives, and tangents that abide by no logic or direction.

Having lived through it all, I know this shady cult has long fought to maintain its secrecy, but I will keep silent no longer. At great personal risk to myself and my family, here are the names of its members:

Chris Gilman, retiring leader of the Travesty. He has built the Travesty up beyond anything I could’ve imagined. He’s a truly impressive guy that should not be underestimated.

Xavi Rotnofsky and Rohit Mandalapu, newly elected Prime Minister and Queen of the University of Texas Student Parliament. They have, in unprecedented form, used

their intelligence and charm to infiltrate the University’s political establishment. Do not be fooled. They only want the Chili’s on campus for personal use.

Josh Brenner and Max Friedman, upcoming leaders of the cult. I warn everyone to keep an eye on them. I don’t know what they’re planning, but I know it’s going to be big.

Maryam Amjadi, Hazel O’Neil, Carolina Treviño, and Erin O’Conner, the backbone that gives all of the cult’s dumb ideas and jokes the beautiful presentation they don’t deserve.

Marshall Kistner, Edward Stockwell, Ethan Boer, Colby Smith, Nick Ward, Mac McCann, Justin Bregman, Elizabeth Dubois, Abby Hilling, Jordan Dempsey, Vedant Peris, Vishal

Jain, Chloe Morris, and Nathan Simmons, some of the most deceptively funny people one could meet. They are not to be trusted, especially with children or adults.

Bones Rudder, Ruby Monette-Meadow, Grace Gilker, and Cole Gerthoffer, the bright future of the cult. Hopefully there is still time to save them, but at this point, it’s hard to tell.

Leaving the Travesty has been a difficult process, and I’m still getting readjusted to life in the outside world. But I’m not the only one to make it out. Beck Olp, Dustin Mark, and the many, many amazing people I unfortunately don’t have time to mention, I’m glad to have you guys on the other side.

Ode to the Travesty Folk

Colby Smith
STAFF WRITER

Wow, where to begin with this thing? It’s been two wacky years writing for you, Travesty. Since the time I first shuffled into the small, sectioned-off space in the corner of Daily Texan’s office to now, so much has happened in between. For one thing the transition to the other side of the Daily Texan’s office, where our new space came with an additional square foot and a few fancy walls. In that change of residency I’ve lost two wallets, a piece of tooth, and a subtle, yet noticeable amount of shame. That being said, I’ve also gained more than I could hope for, including copious memories, permission to slander, a few inches of hair, and the pleasure to work with some really great folks. You girls and boys are my brethren. If it were hours spent writing gags in an odorous basement, pulling off shenanigans on campus, or going nuts to Latino music in the streets, I couldn’t have asked for a better group of goofballs to do it with. The laughter never stopped and the memories the Travesty has granted me over the years will always be grand—and also oddly reminiscent of an ample, on-the-verge-of-over-doing-it, amount of ABBA. Cheers to you, Travesty.

Nostalgic Alumnus Rushes Back

Vishal Jain
THE SUCCESSFUL ONE

SAN FRANCISCO - Last Wednesday, during a post-work run in Golden Gate Park... fuck it. I’ve thought of 50 ways to write this last column, each idea no better than the last. So I’ll keep it semi-serious. Texas Travesty was the first organization I joined after coming to campus, and I’ll still be crashing banquet a semester after graduating. This publication allowed me to interact with so many bright and witty students from across our campus on a weekly basis. From UA9 to several moves within the HSM basement, those Tuesday nights were always so special.

From day one, staff has always been inviting and generally awesome. My first deadline weekend consisted of many jokes, some junk food, a bonfire/campout, and new friends. The next 26 were equally as magical, even though I wasn’t fully around for all of them. Over four and a half years, I saw us change so much. But that’s what is so magical about this team. Every year, the Travesty reinvents itself through big personalities and lots of teamwork.

To past staff: I’m so glad to have met many of you. Alyssa, Dan, Jessica, Jermaine, Josue, Aaron, Harry, CJ, David, Jordan, Cameron, Joe, Claire, Kristen, Jacqui, Ashton, Nick, Chloe, Taylor, Neha, Helen. Some of you taught me a level of attention to satire that I previously did not know existed. Some of you were great friends. All of you are amazing and I hope to do a better job of keeping in touch.

To current staff: Justin, Ethan, Nick, Colby, Jordan, Elizabeth, Vedant, Abby, and other writers, it’s so impressive to watch you crank out briefs and articles like no other. Sometimes it’s dick jokes and sometimes it’s dad jokes, but it’s always funny. Designers - Maryam, Hazel, Erin - you are wizards with Photoshop and InDesign. Without you, the issue would be a bunch of words on soggy newspaper. Marshall, Edward, Max, Nathan, Mac, and video/social media folks - you are often the first point of contact with many of our fans and the reason we’ve been able to build a fan base over time. Congrats on the 3K likes and thanks for always showcasing the best of what we have to offer. Xavier, Josh, sweet Rohit and tinyboy Chris - you have done a phenomenal job of keeping everything together and killing it this year. To Cole, Ruby, Bones, Grace, and everyone else, working on features was my favorite part and the backbone of our efforts. Nothing is better than sitting around that table bouncing ideas off of each other. We made a lot of jokes. Some of them were funny and got printed.

Aside from all the work we did and fun we had, it often felt like we were family. If any of you find yourself in San Francisco, hit me up.

A Dream I Never Had

Justin Bregman
STAFF WRITER

I could say something sincere and straightforward but I think that would make all of us uncomfortable, so I won’t. If you don’t see yourself in this portrait know it’s not for lack of love but just that you didn’t enter my stream-of-consciousness before the word limit.

A large adobe house with a Spanish roof hugs a white-gravel courtyard. In the center of the courtyard is a small vegetable garden where Chris works dutifully. Josh stands over him, resting on a shovel and stark naked save for a tattered yarmulke on his head. Mac enters through the gate, dressed in a velvet blue tuxedo. He takes a sip of Mountain Dew and releases a belch

that sends a green golf ball-size bubble drifting up into the breeze. Another belch and the bubble bursts, sending an entirely hairless and naked Nathan tumbling to the ground. Nathan squawks and scurries off on hands and feet. “Did he do okay?” Josh addresses Mac.

“Something,” responds Mac. “Good,” says Chris, as he nibbles at a carrot. Elizabeth emerges from the house and limps over to Mac. “How did he do?” she asks. “Nope,” says Mac. Elizabeth smiles contently. She opens the sliding glass door and Mac follows her inside. In the kitchen Max and Abby are grappling for an empty wheelchair. Abby temporarily gains the upper hand and takes a seat in the throne when

Elizabeth charges, kicks Abby from the chair with her clubfoot, and helps the whimpering Max into the chair. Rohit enters the kitchen and asks Mac: How’d everything go? “Something like that,” declares Mac. Rohit exhales, relieved. The toilet flushes in the bathroom and Ethan emerges. “Was he okay?” he asks Mac. “Hello,” says Mac. Ethan grins. He can rest easy. “Mac, fellow, let me show you a thing.” Ethan leads Mac outside to the garden. He lifts a large leaf from the ground to reveal Maryam with a shaved head sleeping soundly alongside a yam slightly larger than her. “She’ll do just fine,” says Ethan. “She’s wonderful,” says Bones, approaching from behind. He is holding a small femur in his

right hand with which he strokes the cheek of the slumbering Maryam. He begins to sing: Rest easy, sweet baby, your bones will be safe with me. Rest easy, my lady, in the shade of my bone tree. Ethan and Mac have been moved to tears. Ethan sits next to Bones and Mac continues through the garden until he arrives at the pool. A mustachioed Edward sits in a poolside rocking chair. He is buttering his moustache with a spoon as he turns to Mac. “He did well?” “To live is to die,” responds Mac. Edward sighs with relief.



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