HIGHER EDUCATION IN SELF-ISOLATION
Dear Reader,

This is the first time you and I are speaking directly, but let’s skip the formalities. What you find in the words, images, and emotions that follow will be new. As the new Editor-in-chief, I’m pleased to announce that The Texas Travesty is now organized into sections for your viewing pleasure. Local, News, Politics, Life & Arts & Sports, World, and Beautiful Minds. Read on to the later pages to see each of the editors' spiels on what’s to come in their section. But for now, hang with me. People don’t do that enough anymore.

Over the past handful of months, there have been numerous assaults on our society, but none have been more prevalent and damaging than the siege of college life. The administrators of our university are attempting to strip us of our collegiate experience, gutting our short lives of their best years. That's messed up. We, as young intellectuals, must pave a path where all students have the equal ability to chill with our closest friends. The student community cannot allow our bond to dissipate at the hands of our own petty conflicts. Because above all else, we are unified by a guiding ethos—that college always has, and always will, fucking rule.

LEGAlES

The Texas Travesty is a 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 Media, 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.
Will Tabor - Editor-In-Chief
We’ve met.

Celeste Ramirez - News Editor
I’m a junior journalism major and sports media minor from San Antonio. The Travesty is really fun and I feel super lucky to be a part of it. I’m excited to debut my editing career as The Travesty’s News editor! I love Travesty, my dogs and Shaq.

Julio Moreno - Design Director
I’m the bad boy of The Texas Travesty. I literally do not give a fuck.

Nico Fennell - Beautiful Minds Editor
I'm a third year English major from Pittsburgh, PA. I’m super excited to be editing the Beautiful Minds section this year! For those of you who know me outside of the confines of these pages, I’d just like to clarify that I’m no longer the person I once was. I’ve fucked up big time and as a result hurt a lot of people, but I’m growing. I don’t want to be that guy anymore.

Jack Kelly - Life & Arts & Sports Editor
I’m this year’s editor of Life & Arts & Sports.

Kevin Barajas - Staff Writer
Hey there fellas, my name is Kevin, and I’ve been a writer at The Travesty for a few years now. I know a thing or two about a thing or two, so if you ever need an outlandish reference or are itching to geek out over something, I’m your guy.

Fareena Arefeen - Social Media Editor
I am a third year English major. I’ll be the social media editor for The Travesty this year and I’m super pumped to keep getting to know our readers through Instagram and Twitter! But more importantly, I am excited to share my selfies on a larger platform than my personal account. Please swipe up. And drop a like.

Olivia Hesse - Staff Writer
I’m a senior studying English, journalism, and creative writing! I can’t wait to get out of school and be unemployed next year. :)
FOR FOOTBALL FANATICS, PRE-GAME RITUALS ARE SACRED.

Whether you’re catching the Forty Acres to the Co-op to grab the latest UT gear or hopping on the 10 to bag some brats from H-E-B, we all have our own way of preparing for Saturday night’s spectacle. But no matter where your Longhorn spirit guides you, you can safely let CapMetro take the wheel.

MetroBus Routes 7 and 10 as well as UT Shuttles (which operate Sunday - Friday most weeks) provide direct access to shopping, outdoor activities and anything else you could need to make your game day great. Plan your trip at CapMetro.org/planner

Whether you’re catching the Forty Acres to the Co-op to grab the latest UT gear or hopping on the 10 to bag some brats from H-E-B, we all have our own way of preparing for Saturday night’s spectacle. But no matter where your Longhorn spirit guides you, you can safely let CapMetro take the wheel.

Dylan Tabarini - Staff Writer
Hey readers! It’s Dylan. I joined The Travesty because I was tired of just being the funniest guy in my rap group, Monetized Youth. You should check us out! We come out with new music all the time. Definitely worth a listen.

Julia Stern - Staff Writer
Hi everyone! This will be my second year as a staff writer. I’m so excited to be on writing staff again because it’s one of the only ways I feel validation.

Landry Neal - Staff Writer
I’m an undeclared major in Moody with no real goals or passions! I’ve been a staff writer for a year now, and until recently, I had successfully prevented anyone on staff from perceiving me outside of The Travesty office.

Jules Steward - Staff Writer
I’m a senior Philosophy major from Bakersfield, CA, but I grew up in The Woodlands TX, but now my family’s back in California. I’m not bitter about that at all, or anything else. I’m a very forgiving person. You’ll see.

Katrina Mohindroo - Staff Writer
I’m on the writing staff for The Texas Travesty! I’m super grateful for Editor in Chief Will Tabor for letting the women writers return this year. It was a shame lawyers had to get involved. I love reading outside and my favorite color is light blue.

Elliott Calhoun - Staff Writer
I’m a senior RTF major with a knack for telling dirty jokes, and I can sometimes speak Spanish!
Sam Blumberg - Administrative Assistant

Sam Blumberg is an Administrative Assistant and therefore is not permitted to write his own introduction, as he lacks the requisite writing experience and has been pissing us off lately.

So, we have this idea. It’s for a new summer snack that’s like a banana except on the inside it’s a bombpop. The issue is we need you to give us money so we can afford to scale up production for next summer which is when most people eat fruit. We don’t have a website yet, but you can just text us if you want to invest. (412) 973-6151.
It doesn't look stupid, does it?

No.

I mean, it's definitely a little shy.
LOCAL

Ever wonder what's going on at your neighbor's house?

Consider the Local Section to be a voyeuristic look into the inner and outer workings of life as a University of Texas student. You'll never miss a campus event ever again, for here, we have them covered.
Student of the Month: Annalisa Herrero is a third year Rhetoric & Writing and Government double major from Robstown, Texas. She is a true crime fanatic, a classically trained bookworm, and a freak for scary movies. When she needs to let loose, Annalisa can always be found at a rave. In her trademark optimistic fashion, when asked how she felt about receiving this honor, Annalisa exclaimed, “I guess it made me feel good.” Annalisa believes that UT needs to improve on its handling of sexual misconduct.

SICK OF BEING A DOUCHEBAG?

APPLY TO THE TEXAS TRAVESTY.

LOOKING FOR DESIGNERS & WRITERS & PEOPLE WHO KNOW WHERE TO FIND MUSHROOMS
DEADLINE OCTOBER 5TH, 7 PM

www.texastravesty.com
## MIKE HAWK

YourParentsContactInfo@email.com

The best thing since sliced cheese

### EDUCATION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>University of Texas at Austin</th>
<th>Bachelor of Business Administration, Major</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Came in a <strong>sophomore</strong> by credit hours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Minor: [Change depending on job]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Overall GPA: X.XX/7.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>University of Spain</th>
<th>Classes De Enginero</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Semester XXXX</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Show them that you are adventurous by saying you studied abroad in Spain!**

### EXPERIENCE

**McDonalds – Hamburger Officer; Austin, Texas**

- **Cross-Engineered** reverse flip method for hamburger unit: cutting flip time in ½
- Boosted customers to order food items via **order taking techniques**
- Oversaw personal growth by **1.5 inches** in height over career
- Redesigned kitchen to **amplify** productivity, by moving trash cans to the left of stove
- Unified network of over **1,000,000** previous and current McDonald employees

*Technologies used:* Potato cooker, Soda dispenser, My Car, Python, Spanish

### Personal Projects

- Include side gigs like craigslist deals or extreme home makeovers
- Always put (sold for profit)

*Recruiters can be really pretentious, so make sure you work in really big words. Use a thesaurus if necessary*

### Academic Projects

- A lot of students have the same class project, so try to make yours stand out by lying on major details
- End each project with “(We got an A+).” Employers love smarties

### Student Organizations

- Go on linkedin and find whatever Greek life the campus recruiter was in. If you find it, putting that on your resume is an instant in!
- Don’t put any embarrassing organizations like beekeeping or orchestra
- Vice President is a solid go-to when putting leadership positions

### ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

**Sexual Preference:** M or F. No weird stuff.

**Computer Skills:** You can put whatever you want here with no consequences

**Are you with or against the cops:** With or Against

**Work Eligibility:** This section is where employers are trying to weed out immigrants. Always put eligible

**Languages:** Another immigrant trap. Be careful when including!!

---

Official Texas Travesty Resume Template & Guidelines

Updated 8.25.20
With the age of misinformation and fake news breathing heavily on our necks, many of you may wake up in the morning asking yourselves...what even is the news? News is, first and foremost, a noun! Just kidding, it’s noteworthy information that was not previously known to the people. Any story you’ve ever heard was news at one point. Crack open the news and read it to your kids. Knowledge of current events enables children to be informed and formulate opinions on what is happening in the world around them. Informed children, means informed future adults.

Something important to keep in mind while reading this section is that the news isn’t always pretty, and we can’t promise you an enjoyable experience. But we feel an obligation to open a dialogue. Think of it as the sex talk of being a good samaritan. It’s nerve-wracking and potentially a little tense, but ultimately, exciting and important. Check it out.
Sheriff’s Deputy Shoots Cat

By Olivia Hesse

BOSTON - Early last Thursday afternoon, the Sheriff’s Deputy Dan Whyte shot and killed local neighborhood cat, Mittens, when a distressed family member called saying they could not retrieve the cat from a tree.

“He wasn’t following simple commands,” said Deputy Whyte. “I asked him very calmly and peacefully to climb down from the tree, but when he showed no response to my direct orders, I had to act on instinct.”

When the cat proved unwilling to cooperate, Deputy Whyte reached for some stones surrounding the tree and began respectfully throwing them at the cat, hoping one would hit Mittens in the head and knock him down.

“The taser wouldn’t reach,” Whyte said later, regarding his choice of stones.

The cat, only having been hit by two stones, then began reacting violently.

“I’ve never seen anything like it,” said Whyte. “I was afraid for my life.”

It was then that the deputy removed his gun from its holster, closed his eyes, and squeezed the trigger repeatedly, emptying his clip.

“I’m just glad we got the cat down and no one got hurt,” said Whyte.

“Wtf,” asks red-green color-blind man in California

By Joy Onuwa

SAN JOSE - On September 10th, California resident Jason Gibbs began his day as usual. He took a shower, made himself a cup of coffee and fed his dog. Gibbs is red-green color blind, but his disability doesn’t drastically impact his life. Puzzles are hard and skittles are confusing, but he manages to live a relatively normal life.

However, when Jason went outside to check the weather, his brain could not process what it was seeing.

“Everything was brown,” Gibbs recounts. “It felt like I was living in a black-and-white movie, but worse. I couldn’t tell if I was dreaming or fucked up or what. Ultimately, I came to the conclusion that I was living in some sort of reverse Wizard of Oz scenario.”

Under the impression that he was in a whimsical, politically tumultuous fantasy land, Gibbs went off to explore. However, he soon found himself having difficulty breathing. Confused, he resolved to locate a wizard and find his way back home. After wandering the scorched trails adjacent to his neighborhood for several hours, Gibbs was brought back to reality after receiving a text from an acquaintance, inquiring, “you seeing this?”

www.texastravesty.com
Girl who can come from penetration alone has a great day, again

By Julia Stern

DALLAS - Halle Marks, member of the minority of women who enjoy the feeling of being penetrated during sex, is having yet another great day.

After returning home in the morning from a successful date, Marks meditated for half an hour, made some coffee, and enjoyed a brisk walk downtown. “My days usually go like this; I wake up after a great night of sleep and complete my work for the day. Every day this year has been pretty great, I can’t complain!”

Marks spent the second half of her day watering her plants and leading a yoga session before prepping dinner for herself and her roommates, which tasted fucking delicious, too.

To the unobservant eye, Halle is a normal girl. She gets up and brushes her teeth just like any of us. But when asked about her family and friends, Marks answered, “I wouldn’t say I’m a ‘guys’ girl’ per say, but I’ve always had a super healthy relationship with my dad, my guy friends, and even random men I meet on the street. I really do adore men. Aren’t they so funny?”

Marks holds a membership in an elite club that she doesn’t even seem to be aware of it exists. “I mean, I don’t think it’s really rare at all. Since losing my virginity, I’ve always been able to cum during sex. Do you want tips? I lay still on my back for 10 to 15 minutes and let the guy do his thing. That normally seems to do the trick.”

Marks’ friends and family have a difficult time understanding her affliction. “Look, I’m not calling Halle a liar. I’m so happy for her, truly. And I’m not saying that this is a side effect of ‘mental illness’, or whatever. I just think it’s kind of odd,” Marks’ older sister, Jessica, responded.

When asked what she thought about the jarring statistic that 75% of women can’t cum from intercourse alone, Marks replied, “Have they tried missionary?”

Hi, I’m looking for the really pretty girl who was walking down gualupe yesterday. You were wearing a mask. But I could tell you looked really good under it. You had pretty eyes and good makeup and blonde hair and you looked really soft and I couldn’t stop thinking of kissing you. You probably didn’t need makeup because you also had a fit body.

Anyways, I tried to draw you even though I’m not a drawer. Please call me. My phone number is 412-770-7898. HMU.
They say that there are two things a person should never see be made: laws and sausages. I’m about to tell you the third. For years, no one has known what goes on behind the impenetrable bark of the Hollow Tree. To be frank, no one has cared. Sandies, Vienna Fingers, Coconut Dreams – all the scrumdiddlyumptious cookies peddled by Ernest J. “Ernie” Keebler contain more than mere sugar and spice. Indeed, the confections have a grim secret.

Elves like Buppy Rudkus have a lot to say about the shocking conditions inside the fabled factory. “My family and I fled to the Sylvan Glenn six months ago after the Shadow King seized power in the old country,” recalled Rudkus. “I had heard of other Elves coming over to find work and a better life for themselves, so I did the same. I found a job easy, but there is no good life in sight.”

Rudkus’ tale is one of many in the age-old story of desperation and exploitation. Elves migrated to the Sylvan Glenn by the hundreds after their homes were taken by a sorcerer. Like clockwork, new arrivals were fed through the Keebler pipeline and given jobs at the cookie factory for long hours and low pay. For many, it’s just not enough. Some of the Elves deal stardust out of desperation, and others rely on their bodies to make ends meet. And the children? A few go into the pipes to clear a blockage and never come out. Without a union or labor laws, the poor Elves suffer in silence.

“I put everything into making those cookies; literal blood, sweat, and tears. I don’t have a choice otherwise. If I stop working, my kids stop eating,” said Rudkus. Splinters are commonplace within the Hollow Tree, and the lack of on-site medical personnel means they are often left untreated. The Elves power through the subsequent infections and continue laboring, with untold amounts of pus and other bodily fluids making their way into the batches.

The revelations don’t end there; sanitary conditions are just as bad, if not worse. When asked about the quality of the products, Rudkus shrugged. “It isn’t pretty. Keebler likes to skim from the brown sugar stores, and we have to replace it with sawdust from the floor. A few of the rural hires come in tracking reindeer dung on their boots,” confessed the Elf.

I witnessed a crew do the very same during my investigation as I looked over a batch of Sandies being made. It’s sickening. The foremen don’t pay any mind as to what went into the cookies, so long as the daily quota was met. Nor did they pay attention to the abnormally tall “Elf” suspiciously poking around and asking questions. Some of the older employees scratch at their heads and God knows what falls into the mixtures. Others pick at their teeth with their fingers and return to kneading the dough.

No, not even the Fudge Swirls, our last bastion of hope, are sacred. Every sweet that comes out of that factory is naught but a rotten treat. Under the iron grip of tyrannical “Head Elf” Ernie Keebler, helpless Elves suffer while we humans eat in ignorance. Scores of Elves go to sleep hungry on dirt floors while the despot gorges on snozzberry wine and retires to silk sheets. His fondness of the illicit stardust narcotic is no secret either. Truly, the tyrant is more goblin than Elf.

I wish I could say that this is satire, the work of fiction. I wish I could say that our Elven cousins live enchanted lives of sugar and happiness. Alas, I am bound by solemn oath to uphold the facts. It is true – fairy tales only exist in our imagination. We were fools to believe that the myth behind Keebler was any different. My faith is shaken, but my resolve is not yet broken.

Illustration by Julio Moreno

Staff writer Kevin Barajas goes where no man has before and discovers just how exactly the cookie crumbles in the world of processed desserts.
With new Backdoor Buttoning technology for easy access.

THE GAYEST THING SINCE GAY SEX.
POLITICS

At the University of Texas at Austin, you will never find yourself saying “my local humor publication does not have robust political opinions and analysis.” The Politics section of The Texas Travesty is where you’ll find coverage of all things political: from the rinky-dink state senator who goes to your church, all the way up to the bad boys in DC. Here, we value diversity of opinion above all else. We are determined to provide a platform for all viewpoints, no matter how offensive, cruel, unusual, or evil they are. The most important tenet of the first amendment is freedom of speech, which means you can say whatever you want. Unlike some other shithole publications on campus like The Daily Texan, we will NEVER censor the voices of our staff.
Opinion: If they don’t want to be called Karens we should just call them crackers

By Katrina Mohindroo

First “Ok boomer” was offensive and now so is “Karen.” What exactly do y’all want from us? I propose that the time is now to bring back “cracker” as a substitute for the “K” word. It works for all parties involved! It’s old school slang that the average age Karen can remember, and Geb Z loves a retro throwback! Not only that, but “cracker” is also gender neutral, making it arguably a more politically correct term. While a “Karen” only ever applies to a vicious Hobby Lobby mom with chunky highlights, “cracker” can cover both men and women, because a “Karen” can be a man too! The 45 year old dad decked out in Under Armour throwing a fit while returning a Yeti cooler at Bass Pro Shops can easily ooze that “Karen” summer vibe. The essence of a “Karen” is entitlement, and these Boy Scout baddie daddies got it! So let’s include them in the public scrutiny with a triumphant return of “cracker” usage. Ladies have been getting too much of this negative attention and it’s time the guys start shouldering the weight of society’s most irritating demographic. In fact, it’s downright sexist to exclude them from the narrative! “Cracker” has got them covered. By the end of this year I challenge you to catch yourself when calling someone a “Karen” to try “cracker” instead.

Opinion: politics should stay out of sports, except NASCAR, golf, and wrestling

By Julia Stern

CINCINNATI - I’m a firm believer that sports are meant to provide a forum for communities to gather. Sports are supposed to be where we can forget the stressors of our day to day lives, and come together as one to cheer on our team. Henceforth, beliefs, statements, or gestures that are political in nature must stay off the courts and on the sidewalk, with the exception of NASCAR, golf, and wrestling.

I don’t make a two-hour round trip drive twice a week to watch LeBron and his socialist teammates give into the narrative that we live in a “racist” country. When we chanted, “shut up and dribble,” we meant it! I do believe, however, that there are limitations to my argument, as pro-athletes have become modern-day celebrities who want to use their platforms to influence the masses. I feel comforted by Phil Mickelson, Triple H, and the Busch brothers’ comments on the current socio-political atmosphere. These are athletes that love their country and are proud to be Americans! Also, if we took politics out of golf, what would our presidents do on their days off?

I urge my fellow patriots to boycott the NBA, NFL, and any other sports organization that gives a platform to communist sympathizers. And if you want a place where the voices of proud citizens in our great nation are celebrated, I wholeheartedly invite you to join me at the next WrestleMania, PGA tour, or Daytona race. Mask not required (unless you’re one of the Lucha Libres).
After an onslaught of online pressure to mediate a long-form presidential debate, Rogan has decided he will train both candidates the Rogan-way for a cage-fight. Rogan points out his concerns on both candidates’ physical health. On a recent podcast, Rogan said “these guys are old fucks, just bags of skin man,” in regards to the candidates before asking ‘Jamie’ to pull up a picture of Donald Trump in shorts. Rogan has said he feels that these candidates “need to push the limits of their physical capability.” Below, we’ve detailed stats on each fighter, based on Rogan’s training sessions and dietary implementation. The Biden campaign has stated they are confident in his agility and tactical capabilities and President Trump commented, “He’s got no reach- I have him there. He’s weak, he’s a scrappy guy-Joe.” Before the fight each candidate will receive a myriad of tests including an extensive covid-test, a blood test, a urine screening for STI’s as well as a prostate exam. The results of the tests will become public record after the debate and will be used for each candidate’s campaigns in the final weeks of the election.
What's up with you little man?

Oh, so it's game time again, huh?
Life & Arts & Sports is the popular culture epicenter of The Texas Travesty. Here is where you will find The Travesty’s cultural critiques, award winning art reviews, and cutting sports analysis. Despite COVID and the fact that we were banned from all Austin Press Screenings for new films, we will persist and continue to send our staff* to all sporting events, movie openings, and restaurants in order to keep you culturally informed. As the great Dolly Parton once said, “the way I see it, if you want the rainbow, you gotta put up with the rain.” Cheers to the rain, and many rainbows to come, Dolly.

*Administrative Assistant Sam Blumberg
She told me the gummies in question were infused with none other than a concentrate of the devil’s lettuce, grown from the Weed Motherland™ in Colorado and transported illegally across state borders and snuck into my very own dwelling. My desire for the sweet squishy candy outweighed any reservations I had about delving into the world of drugs. I agreed.

It was exquisite. So juicy, so fruity. Only a slight aftertaste of grass.

After 15 minutes when I still felt completely and totally sober, I went back for more. As I ate one, then two more gummies, I thought “no one ever died from a little bit of weed!” and continued on my war path. The second I finished chewing and swallowed my feast, the first gummy hit. Time slowed down, each blink took an eternity. The music changed from Sean Kingston to The Lonely Island, and suddenly my ears were flooded with "The Bin Laden Song."

“She wanted me to fuck her/ harder than the military/ fucked Bin Laden/ fuck Bin Laden”

The song echoed throughout the house and suddenly I remembered what I swore to never forget: 9/11.

No. No. This can’t be. It can’t be September 11th already. It’s a Friday. Not on a Friday.

And suddenly I was spiraling. My mind went back to that fateful day, all those years ago. I remember it so clearly. I was one (and a half) years old, watching my favorite TV show, Elmo. We were singing and laughing and then all of the sudden, boom. No more Elmo. The channel was changed to the news, and I spent most of the following hours either asleep or eating for comfort. It haunts me still.

All I could think about was that beautiful red, white, and blue flag, blowing gracefully in the wind as planes crashed into every man woman and child in the nation. I tried to write a poem to express my visions.

Red white and blue
To America I will always be true
Bush, how could you?

A tear ran down my cheek. Not my flag. Not my flag. Damn it, Bush. I turned on the TV. Still no elmo. I thought of all the things I could have done if that fateful day never come. We are all unknowingly being held back from our true forms every day that we exist because of one person’s mistake. 9/11 was a sandbag tied to the ankle of every American, and George Bush was the one that threw us in the river.

And then I remembered. The straw that broke my back. 3.4 oz shampoo bottles. Physically, I couldn’t take the trauma any longer. It was too much.

I vomited violently for somewhere between 5 minutes and the rest of the night. I didn’t check the time. I couldn’t bear seeing the date flashed at me again underneath the clock of my phone screen. But I knew even as the gummies evacuated my body and escaped to the toilet, my memories and my trauma never would.
How to like things ironically

A guide by Landry Neal

Whether it be listening to 100 Gecs, watching a CW show, or even being genuinely kind to others, every pretentious asshole has faced the same dilemma at some point: what do you do when the line between ironically participating in something and genuinely enjoying it begins to blur? This five-step process, PRICK, will help you keep your priorities straight.

Participate with others. The first step in keeping things ironic is making sure others are around to be in on the joke. If you find yourself watching (insert some YouTuber) alone in your room instead of making fun of them with your friends, you’re heading into dangerous territory.

Remember you can never be too careful. No matter how lofty your taste, no one is safe. If you told me last year that today I would use emojis and care what others thought of me, I’d scoff in your face. But here we are.

Isolate yourself from losers. Your peers should always be able to tell you apart from people who genuinely like what you like ironically. For example, if you’re spending time with your grandma, she shouldn’t be in the same nursing home that every try-hard in your sociology class volunteers at.

Condescend. Always maintain a sense of mental superiority. Remind yourself that you read Chaucer, that one time someone asked you who Quentin Tarantino was, and that you don’t even like your mom that much—then you can start watching a holiday Hallmark movie with the right attitude.

Keep it light. Above all else, never spend a lot of time ironically liking one thing. In order to maintain distance, you need to be making fun of multiple things at once. Once you’ve spent six weeks doing nothing but post funny facts about Martha Stewart on your private story, you’ve lost.

Best of luck and remember: you are a PRICK!

Opinion: I’ve always believed that the Catholic faith is whatever you pay them to be

By Celeste Ramirez

The Catholic faith is complex; some Catholics hate gay people, while others’ priests are literally gay. I know this can be confusing to people outside of the Catholic community, but I, a devout Catholic woman, simply get it. With my help, you can see the light too! God says a lot of things, but He doesn’t mean everything He says. Just read the Bible. The most important thing to remember is that God loves all of you! However, just like in any other healthy heterosexual monogamous relationship, His love comes at a price. If you are a straight white woman attending mass on Sunday evening, some pennies should suffice. If you are a bisexual latino woman, maybe set up a reasonable payment plan and budget for God. If you are a straight up homosexual, God’s price is about the same as the University of Incarnate Word. Above all else (except God and heaven obviously), never forget that God’s love is priceless, and your mental health is not. If you are struggling financially to uphold the Catholic faith, just switch to Buddhism or something.
Simon & Garfunkel
Ranked:

By Jack Kelly

1. Paul Simon

Paul Simon is truly the brains behind the operation as he wrote almost all of the lyrics and music for the band’s five album catalog. Although he is only 5’2, his voice is an American treasure that transcended the dusty street corners of Queens, New York and touched the hearts of millions.

2. Art Garfunkel

Art Garfunkel is said to have contributed lyrics and back-up vocals to the iconic folk duo. Although he is ranked number two, the band likely wouldn’t have reached such heights without his rambling falsetto and his stunning blonde-Jewish afro.

Revisiting Big, 32 years later

By Celeste Ramirez

The 1988 comedy, Big, is a classic movie that we all know and love, even after all these years. A teenage boy named Josh Baskin makes a wish to Zoltar, an arcade fortune telling machine, to make him “big.” Not in that way, pervert! He wants to become a big kid so that he can hang out with his crush at the carnival. Instead, Zoltar gives Josh the opportunity of a lifetime and turns him into an adult man who lives in New York.

When Josh jumps out of bed the next morning with his big, man feet, it is revealed to the audience that he has transformed into none other than America’s favorite white man: Tom Hanks! Josh acquaints himself with his privilege swiftly. He walks aimlessly, he executes a rap poorly, and he doesn’t allow his small, teen brain to keep him from getting places. After catching up with his best friend, Billy, Josh decides that it’s time to get a job. Within 24 hours, Josh’s pale face and blue eyes land him an interview and a position as a data entry clerk at the MacMillan Toy Company. Soon after, Josh meets the toy company’s owner, who promotes him to his “dream job” with a larger salary. This sequence of events alone teaches us a valuable lesson. And the lesson is that a white man with a literal child’s brain can make it to the top before any highly qualified minority. If Baskin woke up as a Hispanic woman in Alabama, this storyline would have never happened.
Dallas Cowboys artificial crowd noise DJ Mike Feldstein (DJ JERI-@-TRIX)

With the NFL's commitment to the 2020 season, each of the thirty-two franchises were forced to make decisions about how to keep fans and players safe, while maintaining an exciting game atmosphere. Many teams have chosen to ban fans and use artificial crowd noise to feign normalcy. The Dallas Cowboys have opted to allow a small percentage of the stadium's capacity (about 15,000) and pump in the fake cheering to make the 70,000 person stadium feel sold-out. The Texas Travesty got in touch with the DJ hired to sound mix the artificial noise at AT&T Stadium, Mike Feldstein (DJ JERI-@-TRIX), to peek behind the curtain of what is to be a most peculiar NFL season.

Jack Kelly: So DJ JERI-@-TRIX, can you walk me through what kind of setup you have at AT&T stadium?

DJ Jeri-@-Trix: that’s a great question. jonezy set me up in a press box suite next to his and that’s where i put all my equipment i ask jonezy if i could bring The Wolfpack to you know keep me hype during the games and he said who’s The Wolfpack and i tell him my boys he says yes so me and The Wolfpack do all the noise and mixing and jonezy tells me to watch him react to the game and base the crowd noise whatever he does so if jonezy boy cheers the whole stadium goes crazy too you know

Jack Kelly: Sounds like a bit of an ego trip for Jonezy. How did he get that nickname?

DJ: well i’m jeri-@-trix and two “jeri’s” is confusing so we put peyote in jonezy’s gin and tonic and he was tripping balls dude he told us a bunch of stories about his grandma growing up poor in a west texas trailer park and she would call him jonezy or something and The Wolfpack and i were like that’s so fucking funny were gonna call him jonezy

Jack Kelly: You gave Dallas Cowboys owner Jerry Jones peyote?

DJ: yeah it wasn’t my idea tho that was Tycho and The Fish [members of The Wolfpack] i said dont do it bro i dont know if jonezy can handle it man and they did it anyway and now jonezy is sorta part of The Wolfpack i guess cuz he did peyote

Jack Kelly: What kind of equipment set up do you have in your press box suite?

DJ: i have a 360 keyboard station with eight keyboards that i loaded samples of people cheering onto each key which is about 5,000 - 10,000 people per key so if there’s like a first down and jonezy cheers i play lets say a g-chord and then that’s like half the stadium cheering cuz it was a good play but not a TD or anything me and The Wolfpack took a bunch of adderall and watched the entire 2019 nfl season in one night loading every crowd sample into frooty loops and i mixed it and so with eight keyboards that’s like 700 800 keys also in the suite jonezy rigged up a rotisserie phone that he can call us on from his suite we had walkie talkies but jonezy felt left out with the walkie talkies cuz he didn’t know The Wolfpack language yet

Jack Kelly: What is The Wolfpack language?

DJ: it’s just the words me, Tycho, The Fish and Chill Nick have been using 4ever it’s how i communicate like when The Fish said into walkie talkies them bitches made me feel delf after he asked a cowboy cheerleader if she’d give him a ride home from the stadium jonezy didn’t know what the fuck he was talking about that’s bricks bro

Jack Kelly: Well it was very nice to meet you DJ Jeri-@-trix.

DJ: so when’s this shit come out me and chill nick got date friday with two slabs and wanted to bring the clippings

**Throughout the interview DJ JERI-@-TRIX refers to Cowboys owner Jerry Jones as “jonezy” and his entourage as “The Wolfpack”**
Welcome to the World section of the Texas Travesty. Here, we will be focusing on anything directly involved with places outside the US. *Alberta Maple Syrup flood kills 17 injures 35*? Find it in the World section. *Alpacas loose in Lima, Peru*? Find it in the World section. *Local woman legally marries reindeer in Vancouver, B.C.?* Find it in the World section! This semester, we will be sending our staff all over the globe to report to you directly from the source. Say you’re curious about how your Abuela is doing in Argentina. Write to one of our international correspondents, and they will check up on her for you. We’re here to give you our unique perspective on the problems, and triumphs, of the world.
Where in the world is Jack? Russia!

In this segment, we will be sending World Editor Jack Rosenblatt all over the world to report on what’s happening everywhere else and his experiences interacting with foreign cultures.

On my excursion for the month of September, I was sent to one of the world’s coldest countries with one of the world’s coldest leaders: Russia. I arrived in Moscow after an arduous 17 hour flight in which I spent most of the time sleeping and speaking to the man who sat next to me called Vyacheslav Ivanova, a native of Yakutsk. He spoke to me about his upbringing in the southern farmlands of Russia, and the details of his Ukrainian prison tattoos. He assured me that Putin was not involved in his opposition leader’s recent poisoning saying (with two thumbs up), “please write I say Putin is nice great man of Russia.” Ivanova was super friendly, but I learned the most about Russia from a man they call “Slavy.”

Vietnamese youth group arrives in US for aid program

By Lulu Stracher

HOUSTON - Three groups of Christian youth missionaries from Hanoi International School in Vietnam arrived at Houston’s George Bush Intercontinental Airport on Tuesday, for what they described as a “community and faith based initiative” to assist third-world countries who have been unable to overcome the Covid-19 pandemic. The groups plan to travel to communities across Texas and deliver basic supplies such as medical equipment for nurses, clean drinking water, and hand sanitizer. “Our mission is to assist these helpless Americans and teach them some basics about hand washing and proper hygiene,” according to group leader Gia Nguyen. In a recent development of international aid to the United States, the Columbian Citizens for Democracy Engagement had reportedly landed in Detroit, Michigan as part of their election monitoring missions in countries where there are concerns that presidential elections won’t be free and fairly contested.

Area man perfects hibachi technique

By Lulu Stracher

AUSTIN - The journey that has charmed the hearts of millions came to an end last night, as UT-Austin senior Keith Williams dazzled the audience of Fujiyama by successfully catching a piece of shrimp. “That’ll teach the Lamar kids not to mess with me anymore,” said Williams, whose passion for hibachi allegedly stems from a traumatic shrimp-related incident in middle school. “I’ve been gradually training myself to overcome my shrimp allergy for years, and it’s finally paid off. No one wants to be the only kid at the birthday party who can’t catch shrimp,” Williams explained. At press time, Williams had reportedly begun his quest to learn the secrets of the onion volcano.

It was here that I met "Slavy", who introduced me to some associates who have been able to get my transcripts sent back to The Travesty. In all fairness, since transferring to the gulag, things haven’t been so bad. I’m working out more than ever, and I’m in a gang. We’re called the Razboyniki which translates to "Warriors of Gang." We have fight club on Tuesdays, and book club on Thursdays. The only upsetting thing is I still haven’t been allowed to finish Call Me By Your Name. But I do have some sick new tattoos. And I’ve made some really interesting new friends. I can confidently say that when I come back, if I ever do, I will never be the same. And I have these guys to thank for that. See you next month. Where? God only knows.
War postponed due to concerns over Covid-19 outbreaks

By Nico Fennell

BERLIN - Following weeks of debate, officials yesterday announced a temporary moratorium on war worldwide, after concerns were raised regarding coronavirus safety. At least seven current international conflicts have reported clusters of cases, leading many soldiers to fear for their lives.

“Yeah, you know, to be honest I am a bit worried,” admits a US private, who asked to remain anonymous. “I just never thought when I joined the military that I’d be needlessly putting my life on the line. I know I’m probably just being a bit hysterical, but sometimes it feels like my country doesn’t actually care about me as a person.”

Some, however, have expressed a different opinion on the standstill.

“I am not afraid of the virus,” explains Afghan Lieutenant Aref Abdullah. “But I am pretty anxious about transmitting it to at-risk family members. I couldn’t live with myself if my mother were to contract the illness because of me. And I can’t really afford to move out right now.”

Only one exception has been named within the new rule, allowing the Mexican Drug War to continue, citing “an overwhelming supply of PPE.”
BEAUTIFUL MINDS


I challenge you to maintain this mindset as you continue reading the final section of our humble publication, Beautiful Minds. Home to any and all creative pieces by The Texas Travesty staff, Beautiful Minds offers something new—an appeal to our weird and random readers.

What follows is neither everything nor nothing at all, but what it is is beautiful. Creativity is so cool, and The Travesty is filled with pride in our courage to share it with you. If you don’t like it, consider: did everyone like punk rock when all that got started?

Enjoy.
There is no doubt that we live in turbulent times. Nowadays, it can be difficult to concentrate on anything, yet it is precisely in moments like this that artists must resist the urge to fall into the throes of despair. Periods of pain and turmoil are when creatives have a duty to go to work and show the world for what it really is. Unfortunately, though, art does have a tendency to show only a limited perspective on the socio-political human experience. As humans, however, all lives have feelings, and all lives deserve to have their art seen. Below is a small selection of standout pieces by the downtown Austin Police Department as they struggle with a growing anti-police sentiment in the nation.

"I love making art, and nothing makes me happier than spending time with my fellow officers, but sometimes I wonder: does this make me a gay guy? I really get hung up about that. And I've been learning at my mandated behavioral therapy sessions that these are the types of things I have to express. I know the other guys are doing it too, but I still don't want anyone out there to even have that idea. I'm straight. And divorced."

Officer Mike Sutherland enjoys art, but not without reservations.
“The unfortunate thing is that what a lot of people don’t understand is that when you talk about ‘defunding the police,’ you have to ask where that money’s being taken from. And, you know, nine times out of ten, they’re cutting the art programs first. Which is a real shame. I mean if you’re one of those who thinks these guys are bad now, just think: for a lot of them, this is their only emotional outlet. How do you think they’re gonna to act when they have no place to express themselves?”

We spoke to Austin Police Chief Jason Stalls about the current state of the affairs and its potential impact on the art department.

---

“Not All Cops” by Chief Jason Stalls

---

“And again it occurred” By Lieutenant Richard Colwell

This time with no warning
This time with no sound
Softly, I ask
why?
And yet I get no answer
I never got an answer

And again it occurred
This time in daylight
At the Buffalo Wild Wings, the cries.

OINK
COME ON PIGGY
COME ON
PIGGY
I SMELL
BACON

With no thoughts given
To mine
or
To my feelings

And suddenly
With just one baton
To the knee
I’m the bad guy.
Chill-Ass Ghosts

2760 Edgewood St. on top of the hill overlooking the foggy town below...

Guys, let's check it out!

Don't know if that's the best idea. That place looks pretty haunted.

Dude, you're being such a fucking pussy.

Shut the fuck up, Frank.

A stiff smell of musty carpet and mold invaded the boys' nostrils as they entered.

Ahh, something definitely died in here...

Wait! Don't go up there, Jake. I heard a noise.

Frank, if you're gonna pipe your pants, just leave. I'm gonna check out the upstairs.

What was that? Who heard that?

That's so tight!

Yo, come hang! Grab a beer from the fridge.

This place really gives me the creeps.

Oh hey, what's up?

Oh, yeah...yeah, they are.

Bro, they're like us. They can't drink beer.

Don't be a fucking pussy, Derrick.

Texas Travesty
A n accident in the 11th grade left Steven Marcusen with only one testicle. Fortunately for Steven, everyone is born with a spare. But Steven was uniquely burdened with stress, as for the rest of his life, that his next ball tap had the potential to be his last.

In college, he was tested thrice. Kip’s skateboard ricocheted up off the curb. There was that guy who threw a Coors Banquet bottle at his crotch from across the street. And, he had to tell Katie softer, gentler while she was dry humping him. That was the first time someone other than he or his doctor had seen it. She said she didn’t notice, which was a relief for Steven.

***

His neurocese eventually settled over time. It had been five years since the incident had left him with only one boy. Everyone he knew was mature now, and he felt secure that no one would intentionally kick him in the nuts.

Steven met Sarah. They lived in Chicago for a while before moving to DC to be closer to family, and for Sarah’s job. She got her PhD in disease ecology. Steven never really understood what that was. He had a steady job too, but he had to quit to take care of his dad after he got sick. Steven didn’t seem to mind about the job. It was never what he dreamed of anyway. Steven loved to garden and wanted to be a father.

Eventually, they had a boy named James. Sarah and Steven provided a loving home for him. Steven had never gone back to work and fully adopted the role of stay-at-home father. His cooking improved. He had the most insightful analysis at book club. And he taught James to paint. Three times a week, the two of them would stand side by side in the front yard at their easels.

Summertime came, and James wanted to go to the amusement park, but Steven had told himself a long time ago that he would never lay his eyes on a rollercoaster again. Steven and James compromised and chose to relax at the community pool. Steven bought James a hot dog and popsicle.

“Sorry we couldn’t ride the rollercoasters today, buddy.”

“I like the pool too, as long as I’m with daddy,” dripping ketchup and mustard on his shirt. Steven didn’t mind. It only matched the popsicle stains. Steven never really minded things like that. Fatherhood is an occupation that is paid in love, not money.

One day, Steven was driving James’ soccer carpool. He had just dropped off Ryan and Ben Hitchens at their house. Steven heard a good song on the radio and turned it up. James sat in the backseat with a confused look on his face.

“Daddy, why don’t I have a brother?”

Steven turned down the radio.

“Hm. That’s a good question, buddy.” And he meant it.

“Well, because mommy and I just love you too much. Besides, you don’t want some little baby taking all the attention away from you, do you?” James was still curious. Suddenly, the car hit a bump. Flat tire. Steven pulled off to the side of the road.

“Fuck, I don’t have a spare tire.”

“Why don’t you have a spare?” James questioned. Steven stared at the tire, processing what his son had just said to him.

“It’s a long story, James. But sometimes you don’t need a spare. And it doesn’t even affect fertility.”

“What?”

***

Halloween, fifth grade. James dressed up as Kylo Ren. He looked so cute, Steven and Sarah thought. After school he walked in the front door still wearing his costume.

“Hey Dad, can I show you something?” James said to Steven.

“Sure bud.” Steven responded. James loved to surprise his father, and his father loved him.

“Okay,” replied James. They had a beautiful relationship.

“Cup check!” And James—pooling knowledge from both his after school karate classes as well as the long afternoons he spent at Bill Zuloff’s Baseball Camp—established a solid base, rotated his hips, and extended his right fist, not forgetting to push his force through his target. James was quick, a trait he must have inherited from his mother, as Steven had only the time to shift his line of sight downward before the boy made contact with the outer layers of his sparsely occupied scrotal sac. Steven watched as the very region responsible for both his greatest insecurity and the object of his most undying love, was clobbered by a 10 year old. The pain did not initially hit Steven, and he thought maybe he would be okay. Maybe his son’s attempt at humor would lead to nothing more than a grounding and a stern talk. Then that shit, that little fucking shit—as Steven then thought—recoiled his fist from between Steven’s legs, directing an inverse blow back at the rear side of the gonad. What the second hit lacked in raw strength, it made up for in accuracy. Upon their return, James’ middle and ring finger knuckles collided perfectly—by all measures an impossible occurrence—with the curvature of their creator’s epididymis as the ball swung back in a manner not unlike a punching bag. If, reader, you are a physicist, then you certainly know what is to follow. The combined opposing forces of the backside of the child’s hand and his father’s testicle led to the complete eruption of Steven’s non-penile genitalia.

Steven fell to the floor and screamed. James was shocked. None of his friends had ever reacted this poorly to a cup check.

“What’s wrong daddy?”

“I don’t have a spare James!”

Donate Sperm, Get Paid!
Healthy men, age 18-39 apply at
beaspermdonor.com
Thanks so much for coming guys. I had a lot of fun.

Yeah...

...see you soon.
Thank you for reading.

Don’t forget to turn the page to see our interactive section!
Plan Your Future Now

Whether you are a star on the field or a star in the classroom, start thinking about your future and stay an additional year to earn your master's degree at McCombs. Choose from accounting, finance, business analytics, marketing, or information technology and management.

Begin your journey