

GONE FISHING SINCE '97

NOVEMBER 2020

TEXAS

TRAVESTY





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What's happening on the Forty Acres?

- On campus racoons see dramatic effects of COVID-19 pandemic in extreme weight loss as a result of limited garbage

- Many students stand by belief that the world needed new plague

- Did you happen to see that group of dorks fishing by the river?

- Local man decides to open up new business to pay off debts from previous business

- Report: UT Bathroom smells like shit for *SOME* reason

- Manifesting a good quote for you

- UT annual Thanksgiving celebration postponed, yet again, due to school's racist history

- Depressed Bevo about ready for slaughter

- A male Daily Texan reporter is formally referred to as a "douche-bag"

- I vomited by mail

- New Austinite Joe Rogan, spotted in West Mall, handing out the Texas Travesty

- Metrosexual student unsure where he fits in to LGBTQ community

- Well earned! President Jay Hartzell accepts \$1,250,000 salary, a raise for all his hard work

STUDENT OF THE MONTH



Sasha Hayes is a first-year student in the School of Undergraduate Studies on track for a degree in "Undeclared." She grew up in Amarillo, Texas. Now, Sasha lives on campus, and although all her classes are online, she's looking forward to eventually taking part in UT's unique, ancient tradition of in-person education.

Sasha is a member of the Filipino Student Association (FSA), and Longhorns Together. The FSA is an inclusive organization that only discriminates on the basis of ethnicity, but it's hard to say what Longhorns Together is. Sasha offered less insight on Longhorns Together, not clarifying whether it is a cattle raising group or not.

In high school, she was only active in her school's choir, Key Club, National Honor Society, Speech & Debate team, and tennis team. Her favorite club was choir, though, since it allowed her to showcase her musical abilities. When asked whether she thought she was a better singer than pop sensation Selena Gomez, she humbly replied, "I feel bad, but yeah."

Although Sasha was quite shocked since she "didn't do shit" to receive this prestigious honor, she truly deserves it. Sasha would like to leave readers with a piece of wisdom: "don't take advice from people."

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How to have fun writing comedy at the Travesty

By Jack Rosenblatt

- Step 1:** Write a headline about a specific area of interest you happen to have. Maybe it's a popular band you've loved for over ten years.
- Step 2:** The headline will inevitably fail, and you'll say "I was just really into that idea, and I think I'm gonna just expand on it a little bit. Let me know what you guys think." Editor-in-chief Will Tabor will nod and say "Ok."
- Step 3:** Pour your heart and soul into the piece, doing as much research as you've ever done and add far too many inside-references for anyone not familiar with the band hoping to god one of the editors understands them.
- Step 5:** Tell Will you're writing the article and you're really excited with how it's going to turn out.
- Step 6:** Then, submit the piece and message the group. Your message will read, "Hey I know it's such a lame idea lol, but if anybody wants to check this out, feel free to give me notes."
- Step 7:** Check back with your piece. Only accept the notes regarding grammar and dismiss the rest under the assumption that they simply 'don't understand.'

- Step 8:** Submit your final draft, confident that you've created a masterpiece of overly esoteric jokes regarding a band that's barely relevant to anyone under the age of 30.
- Step 9:** Once the issue is released, immediately skip through everyone else's articles in search of your own. Discover that it has not been published.
- Step 10:** Throw your phone across the room and cry yourself to sleep in fear that no one in the Travesty thinks you're funny and that you are really just a nuisance that everyone else secretly wishes would just quit, but they only keep around because you would bring snacks to meetings sometimes in an effort to win their praise but ultimately it just puts you beneath them and you'll never be able to reach the comedic level of any other writer in the organization.
- Step 11:** Wake up. Send Will a sarcastic text like "lmao, my piece got cut RIP" with a laughing emoji. He will respond with "We just couldn't find space for it," and you will laugh it off like it's water under the bridge, but in reality you will be on the brink of a nervous breakdown.
- Step 12:** Finally, pretend you thought the whole situation was hilarious and pitch an idea about a pathetic, disgruntled writer who hates Will for cutting his piece and everybody laughs at that idea. EVERYBODY LAUGHS REAL HARD.

P.S. Fuck you Will.

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CO-COLLECTING BY DARKFLAME STUDIOS

UT's First Graduating Class: Where Are They Now?

By Fareena Arefeen

Illustration by Julio Morneo





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POLAR BEAR FOUND!



A metroplex breathes a sigh of relief

By Nico Fennell

DALLAS—Residents of the Dallas-Fort Worth area rejoice today, as the weeks-long search for formerly missing polar bear, Plumpy, has finally come to an end. The Dallas Zoo fan favorite mysteriously vanished 34 days ago.

“I can remember the moment I heard the news,” recalls

Ryan Realmuto, Dallas resident. “I was in shock. Plumpy just disappeared. Polar bears don’t just disappear.”

Plumpy had been missing since early October, and as the weeks rolled by, anxiety grew in the community. Many began to fear the worst: that he wouldn’t be found. Senior zookeeper Owen DeBaldo, however, kept a level head.

“We knew he was somewhere in the park,” the expert explained. “On account of the smell.”

Thankfully, DeBaldo’s intuition proved to be true, as the treasure of the Dallas Zoo was located late last night by gift shop employee Tan Rourke.

“I’m just happy we found him in one piece,” Rourke said, relieved.

Over 100 Local Austinites gather together for socially distanced hike in Barton Creek Greenbelt

By Katrina Mohindroo

AUSTIN—After a grueling 48 hours, the on-foot search led by community volunteers through the Barton Creek Greenbelt for 12-year-old Bill Wyers came to a gruesome end when state troopers found his body floating in Barton Springs. Confusion soon followed when the mother of Bill Wyers publicly denied that the body was her son’s and insisted that she had communicated with her son earlier that evening. Her only comment following the public refusal of the body was “Where is my boy? Where’s my son? Where’s Bill?”

The unfortunate public hysterics from the grieving Ms. Wyers have led to local conspiracy theorists claiming that the “real” Bill Wyers was actually kidnapped and trapped in a government lab. Bill’s only friends, 12-year-old nerds Micheal Keeler, Justin Benderson, and Luke Sinclair have also latched on to this theory, but take it even a step further claiming Bill is actually trapped in an evil alternate dimension.

Local officials quickly shut down these insensitive rumors surrounding Bill’s passing stating that “what happened to Bill Wyers was a tragedy, and it is best if the community moves on and stops asking so many questions so that the Wyers family can grieve in peace.” The Wyers family asks for prayers and privacy at this time; however, they also ask for any evidence that could aid in the exposure of a corrupt government laboratory to please be directed to whereismyboy-whereisbill@gmail.com.

Frats throw Pajama Parties with a special goal in mind

By Aya Amarir

AUSTIN—Fraternities at universities across the nation are embracing their inner child and throwing pajama parties. The fraternity chapters Theta Lambda Delta and Theta Theta Delta began this trend in response to girls on campus complaining about not feeling comfortable at their parties. Derek “Rickayyyy” Lawson, president of Theta Lambda Delta, explained that “with chicks, comfort is our highest priority.”

Rickayyyy described that during these pajama parties, students could enjoy “the dope Skrillex remix of Twinkle Twinkle Little Star” or “watch girls get bodied in pillow fights using Jimmy’s Tempur-Pedic pillows.”

However, not all fraternity brothers are enjoying these pajama parties. Justin Desolo admitted that most girls didn’t stay true to their everyday pajama attire during these parties complaining, “Some girls come wearing their Converse. Who wears shoes before they go to bed? I mean why am I even here if I can’t see your feet.”

Whether these pajama parties are effectively making girls more comfortable is hard to say. Pajama party attendee

Lindsey Bell revealed that she was disturbed by what guys considered pajamas stating, “they were either only in their underwear or wearing stained Minecraft tees.” Bell suggests that if fraternities were to serve chamomile tea or invite a lot of ugly girls, she’d feel more comfortable.

The battle for a fraternity that makes the female student body feel comfortable is ongoing. This upcoming weekend, please join Omega Phi Mu for their No-Bras party.

Area woman wins sexual harassment suit against former boss

By Landry Neal

HOUSTON—Last Tuesday, the very public civil harassment suit against one of Houston’s top executives came to a satisfying end. The plaintiff, Amber McDowell, spent seven months as an employee at Richard (Dick) Kennedy’s venture capital firm, during which she experienced incessant sexual harassment and sexual misconduct from Kennedy. After filing several unsuccessful complaints with HR, McDowell was fired. After this, she opened a civil suit asking for back pay on wages lost and compensation for emotional damages. Following weeks of nonstop pervasive media coverage, Amber won the case.

“We are extremely sympathetic to Amber and we understand her plight,” said a representative for the firm. “Pending internal review, we are reevaluating Dick’s position at our firm. #METOO” A source has confirmed that Dick received 2 weeks paid suspension, during which he will attend a “rehabilitating workshop” in Saint-Tropez.

Unfortunately, the lawsuit may have a negative impact on Amber’s career prospects.

“That bitch will never work in this town again,” said Dick’s assistant Everett, a recent McCombs School of Business grad. “I know Mr. Kennedy personally. He and my father are old friends. He is an honest man, and he’s very well-known and well respected in

this industry. I think you would be hard-pressed to find any firm willing to work with Amber after this ridiculous publicity stunt.”

Local activists have noted what a monumental win this was not just for Amber, but for women everywhere. Judge Ross, the judge presiding over this case, made a statement regarding the decision’s impact after the trial.

“When the jury voted in Amber’s favor, I was thrilled, albeit a little surprised,” said Judge Ross. “Especially after the defendant’s team dissected Amber’s sexual history and explained how a run in her pantyhose was evidence of entrapment. Regardless, at least the feminists can stop protesting outside my courthouse now that justice has prevailed.”



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Backyard barbeque raises over \$13,000 for noble cause

By Will Tabor

CHARLOTTE—For father of four, Christian Hayes, charity is hardly a new pastime; however, this year, his acts of giving mean something a bit more personal. The Hayes family has held their yearly “Backyard Bonanza” in support of the World Wildlife Fund, but, given their nine-year-old son Ryan’s stage four leukemia diagnosis in April, they decided to switch charities.

“Well his disease has affected our family so much,” said Ryan’s Mother, Yvette Hayes. “We thought it would be best to center this year’s fundraiser on something more meaningful.” Due to the COVID-19 pandemic, Christian Hayes lost his contracting job, and as a result, the family’s healthcare.

To give little Ryan Hayes a chance at life, he would need multiple rounds of chemotherapy and radiation, as well as a stem cell transplant. All of these treatments would cost hundreds of thousands of dollars without insurance, a thought that looms heavily on Ryan’s parents.

“I was gutted to find out that this would most likely be Ryan’s last Backyard Bonanza,” said Christian Hayes. “So I took out a couple thousand dollars from the bank to make this party really fun for the kids, especially Ryan.” Hayes’ high-interest \$20,000 loan paid for the three bouncy castles, catering, and a one hour set from P. Diddy.

“The little guy was on his way out. There was no way I could charge him the full amount?” Diddy said, when asked about his \$10,000 performance rate.

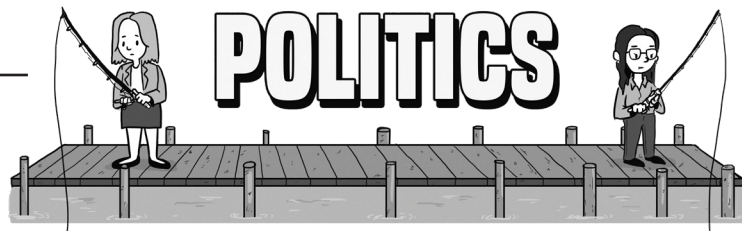
Unfortunately, right before Diddy went on, Ryan Hayes had one of his periodic seizures and was unable to see his favorite musician perform. While the rest of the guests enjoyed the tunes of the Puffy Daddy, the Hayes family was forced to spend the rest of the evening tending to the young boys’ ailments. Despite Ryan’s seizure, the event raised an astounding \$13,262 for the Make-A-Wish Foundation.

“It warms our hearts to think all this money will allow another brave young kid to go to Disney World or spend a week on a caribbean cruise,” Christian Hayes said, stroking his son’s head through his troubled breathing. “The Make-A-Wish Foundation is really helping families in need.”

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Goodbye partisanship, hello mimosas!

By Kevin Barajas

With the most important election of our lifetimes finally over, it's now time for all of us to come together and begin to restore the soul of our nation. What better way to go about that than by having a good old-fashioned bipartisan brunch? It may come as a surprise to you diehard partisans, but there's a lot more to unite us than divide us.

For one, we're both up to here with all the hand-outs! My friends across the aisle agree with me when I say that these far-left policies are going to get us crushed at the midterms. I'm all for bumping the minimum wage a bit up, but come on – \$15? The waitress here can't even get me my eggs benedict before the hollandaise gets cold! That's not \$15-an-hour material, and neither are the rest of the fast-food chumps who think they're so essential. Look, we didn't become meagonders overnight; we all had to work hard to get to where we are. Well, Juliette here did get a nice subsidy for her banking firm back in '08, but that was hard-earned in the middle of a recession.

I think I speak for my Republican friends here when I say, "Thank God for Joe Biden." Yes, they're upset about losing the White House, but they're also sensible enough to look on the bright side. In another timeline, we could've ended up with Bernie in the Oval, but instead we have a full-blooded centrist with reasonable policies. Could you imagine an America with universal healthcare? I understand that people are struggling every day to afford their insulin – but I pay good money for my coverage, and I don't think it would be fair if everyone else got the same for free. Not to mention, we all have a bit of stock in the energy business, and it'd be a real shame to see it all go away because of the Green New Deal people. Luckily for us, Biden's got our backs for the next four years.

On another note, Ashton was telling me earlier about how many "friends" stopped talking to him at the country club. Unbelievable! People need to get off their high horses and tone down their holier-than-thou rhetoric. For example, Ashton may be the biggest MAGAhead I know, but here we are clinking glasses after a brutal election. And it doesn't stop there – last week, my barista went on a rant about how he doesn't talk to his parents because they're Trump supporters, and

he's gay. So what! I've got places to be and my coffee's getting cold! The nerve of some people. We shouldn't demonize all republicans just because of a few bad apples.

You know, there was a time when democrats and republicans could just talk to each other and bond over their mutual love for our great country. It reminds me of the good old days when Ronald Reagan and Tip O'Neill could have a nice glass of whiskey together after a long day of governing. It's not going to be easy, but if everyone does their part, we can all stop being enemies and go back to being good friends with ideological differences. Except maybe the Squad. God knows I've tried, but there's just no getting through to them.



Illustration by Julio Moreno

Democrats issue apology for winning election

By Lulu Stracher

Congressional Democrats, led by House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Senate Minority Leader Chuck Schumer, issued an apology on Monday for decisively winning the presidential election and narrowly holding their majority in the House. "We understand that many Americans are disappointed with the results of this election," Schumer said, "and we would like to formally apologize for defeating the incumbent president for the first time in over 25 years. We are deeply sorry."

In response to President Trump's claims that Democrats stole the election, Speaker Pelosi announced the creation of a new task force which will examine how Democrats flipped the traditionally Republican states of Georgia and Arizona, "in order to ensure that these victories don't happen again," said Pelosi. "As Democrats, we will always stand up for what is right, until our opponents start to push back."



Illustration by Parker Howard



Biden puts his foot down, claims, “We won’t help any former Soviet Satellite state,” when asked about Georgia runoff elections

By Parker Howard

As the Democrats shift their attention to Georgia’s two Senate seats up for grabs, President-elect* Joe Biden used the “no malarkey” card in an unprecedented show of executive power. After being briefed by advisors on the urgent runoff elections, the 77-year old rejected the motion to mobilize voters and any effort by the DNC to accept donations to party candidates. As the growing threat of universal healthcare and free public education continues to loom over people who wouldn’t be effected whatsoever, Biden silenced his critics with a firm anti-Socialist, anti-Communist, and anti-Soviet stance like it’s 1982. Ensuring the Democrats remain only a smidge left from the center, widely-known Mitch McConnell-stan Biden faced tough backlash from the more progressive, hotter members of the party. Despite this, Biden stood firm, as he rebuked “What’s next? You’re gonna ask me to break up Czechoslovakia? Give arms to the Saudis? Tear down the Berlin Wall? You’re outta your mind. No chance, jack.” Stacey Abrams, the former Georgia representative who has been credited with the Democratic flip in the state for the President-elect, declined to comment on Biden’s opinion, simply shaking her head with unsurprised disappointment. Biden was overheard telling several aides that “no red-wearing, community-organizing commie will ever grace the offices of my beloved Democratic Party” when speaking about the radical Abrams. After defining his stance on Georgia, Biden left the nation’s capital to catch the evening Amtrak to Delaware, but not before telling his aides to see if “President Reagan could pencil him in for tomorrow.”

*Or whatever the fuck he is right now

I can finally stop being actively anti-racist

By Olivia Hesse

As our Lord and Savior Joseph Robinette Biden Jr. said, if you didn’t vote for him “you ain’t black,” and that’s the spirit of the America’s that we should all be embracing right now. With a brand new white man in the White House, the country can rest assured that racism is finally over. Which brings even better news for you and me: our work is done!

We can finally put an end to all those pesky instagram shares preaching “education” and “being aware” because we already know. Not only do we already know, but we elected a guy to office that is promptly going to fix all of it (you’re welcome). And, not to mention our bonus gift, black lady Kamala Harris as an added layer of protection. In the wake of the highly anticipated departure of Him (praise be) to the spirit world, sexism will be ended as well. That’s right. It’s a twofer. One missed step on the staircase or one slip of the mask and an honest to god woman will temporarily take the place of a man. Don’t say a white man never did anything for feminists.

If we’ve learned anything from this past year, it’s that you can’t be a racist if you have a black friend. And Joe has not one, but TWO black best friends: Kamala and Obama.



Illustration by Sam Blumberg





Toxic masculinity is okay sometimes

By Fareena Arefeen

We all know when toxic masculinity is bad. But what about when it's okay?

On an airplane

Last time I travelled, I sat at the gate and carefully scanned the area to find that there were only going to be three men on the plane. Generally, this would be a cause for celebration, but my 50 pound carry-on said otherwise. Through some quick math, I realized that I would likely not be near a man while boarding the plane and that I would have to conjure up the strength to not only get my suitcase off the ground, but into the overhead compartment. After shuffling onto the plane and performatively struggling to lift my bag, a man from 8 rows back came and took care of it for me. Was it necessary? No. But was it appreciated? Always.

At a dinner party

When talking about toxic masculinity, it's impossible to not discuss mansplaining. It's horrible and condescending and annoying. But sometimes, it's kind of helpful. There are a lot of things that it is too late for me to admit not knowing about, and one of these is Al Gore. I don't know what he did and at this point, we are too deep in for me to ask. At dinner a few weeks ago, my mom's boyfriend dove into a lecture about ARPANET after I asked him for his WiFi password. When he picked up that instructive tone, I rolled my eyes like a college asshole. But honestly, he was doing me a favor. In between looking bored and trying to change the subject, I actually learned a ton. For example, he was vice president. But more importantly, he invented the internet.

In class

Zoom class has been hard on all of us in terms of finding meaning in school work. But what we lack in motivation, boys in zoom classes make up for in volume. These guys will not hesitate to speak over you and these days, it's kind of appreciated. There is a certain comfort in knowing that no matter what I say, some guy will cut in and take over. I'm not one to give two fucks about what some boy thinks Virginia Woolf is saying about gender, but when I haven't done the reading — I'm all ears.

Travesty

Nearly every Travesty meeting is the same. The boys all hog the zoom meeting with different iterations of the same joke and loudly talk over everyone. But while they're busy stroking each other's dicks, the girls have formed super meaningful friendships. The bond between UTs resident funny girls is unparalleled and it's all thanks to the boys who will not stop talking. While frustrating, the Trav boys have offered us a roundabout route to fulfilling relationships.

BEAUTY STANDARDS THROUGHOUT HISTORY

By Dominic Beck

1880's

The 1880s represent the culmination of Victorian Era ideals. With pinched waists, ample curves, and distinctly modest dress, women of this time period strove to embody the repressed beauty pictured to the right.



1890's

The 1890s placed great value on a fuller figure, as illustrated by this photograph of a woman in undergarments common of the era.



1900's

The first decade of the 20th century is the golden age of the corset as pinched waists became the style in a big way.



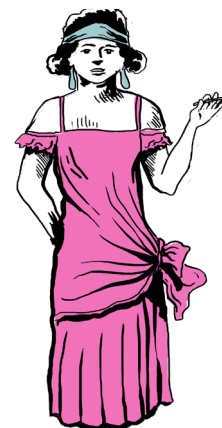
1910's

With a full mustache, salacious body, and tiny tiny arms, women throughout the 1910s underwent hours of preparation

to achieve this aesthetic ideal. First Lady Helen Taft (pictured above) was famous for her conformity to this high standard of beauty.

1920's

Women in the roaring 20s took advantage of their newfound freedom, cultivating a style distinct from the often conservative mode of their mothers and grandmothers.



VANITIES

MY STUFF

ELLIOTT CALHOUN

THINGS

What car do you

drive

Little Tikes Cozy Coupe—it was a gift from my father, but I've done a lot of work to keep it running. **Favorite investment** Easy Bake Oven. **Best gift you've recieved** Littlest Pet Shop Frog—by default because my bitch mom wouldn't buy me Bratz. **Favorite adult toy** iPad. **Creative outlet** My crayons—me and Mr. Rabbit like to color together.



MEDIA

Favorite book

Tied between all the *Magic Tree House* books. **What's a piece of art that helped you** *Everybody Poops*—taught me patience. **Favorite childhood movie** *2001: A Space Odyssey*—I first watched the film when I was five years old, and I wasn't mature enough to understand it. However, now I do. Essentially, the white spacecraft is representative of technology, and the astronaut represents a man or something. **Favorite cookbook** *Green Eggs and Ham* by Dr. Seuss. **Favorite musical group** *The Wiggles*.

Green
Eggs
and
Ham
By
Dr. Seuss



INSPIRATIONS

Who has had the biggest

impact on your life

My imaginary friend Mr. Rabbit. **Smallest impact** Mom. **Style Icon** Hannah Montana—she's not afraid to take risks, just like me. **Strongest person you know** Sensei Jeff—my karate teacher. **Best discovery** Ketchup on pizza. **Favorite vacation** Disney World or Universal Studios—my family goes there every summer.



DISLIKES

Grossest food

Veg-

etables. **Least favorite**

part of the day

Flag foot-

ball practice. **Worst Instru-**

ment

The recorder. **Biggest**

pet peeve

When mom

doesn't hook the carseat

up correctly, and it

shakes around the

whole ride.

Since joining the Texas Travesty in February 2020, Staff Writer Elliott Calhoun has quickly climbed the ranks to be one of the University of Texas' top satire writers. Known around town as "Smelly Ellie," this cultural icon is showing that funny can have flair. Outside of the Travesty, Elliott's words have appeared in *Ladybug Magazine*, *Just for Kids*, and *National Toy Review*. Additionally, she has a personal blog called *Gone Girly*, where she ruminates on the issues plaguing toddlers today. Take a look at her favorite things...





How to Meditate

Find your breath

However we find our breath is personal to us. Maybe we decided to start meditating because we refuse to take our anxiety medication. Maybe it's because we're tired of our kids' calling us silly names, like a "fucking whore." Or maybe we just desperately need our alone time. Finding our breath is ALL about assessing those feelings.

Make a post to let everyone know that you're about to meditate

Type a caption along the lines of "I'm trying to become a better person, so I decided to start meditating. I have lost my husband, my dog, my children and my job. I can't afford to lose my sanity. Wish me luck on this new journey." We could surely use it!

Sit down

This one is easy.

Close your eyes

We like to do this one all the time.

Notice your body

Check us out. Oh yeah. Then try and remember how good it felt being loved by another human. Remember how he made us feel before we had to go and literally fuck it all up, not once, but fifteen times. Then again after he told us his dad died. Harness that shit.

Remember to breath

In and out.

Lower your stress

Remember how carefree our dog Morty was. That cute and cuddly little guy thought the world of our family. We lied to the kids and told them that he died from old age, but our eldest said that didn't make any sense because we just gave them Morty as a present last Christmas. The truth is that we exchanged him for 2.5 yards of fabric from Hobby Lobby. Despite everything, we continue to live with ourselves. We need to dwell on that.

Be kind to yourself

Yeah we lied about who we voted for. Only God knows that! We don't need to feel bad about our friend's Instagram stories' implying that we're racist. Remember to exhale!

Close with kindness

At the end of the day, meditation is about connecting with our inner selves. It's important to listen to our wants and needs. We deserve to be happy and are more than deserving of second, third, fourth, fifteenth and sixteenth chances. There is no use in pointing fingers, when we could all just meditate.

Namaste.



THINGS TO NOT BE ASHAMED OF:

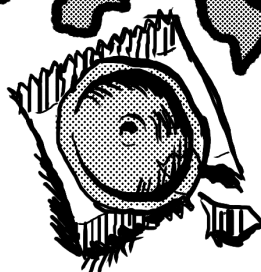
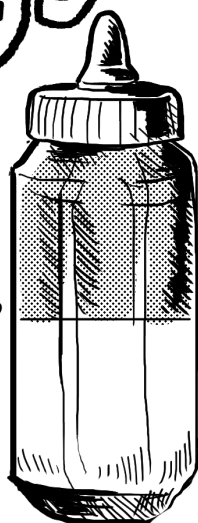
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THE DAILY TEXAN

Libertarian

Voting

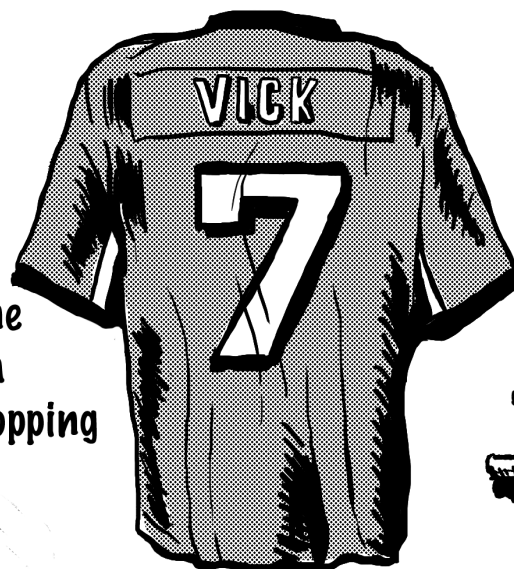


Not being breastfed



Cumming too quickly

(Not)

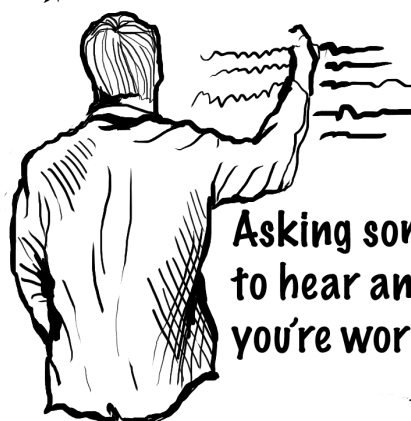


Fascism

Eating circus peanuts until you throw up and then eating them again-

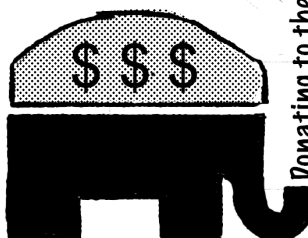


Performing sexual favors-



Asking someone to hear an idea you're workshopping

Donating to the RNC



-at a motel six in exchange for heroin



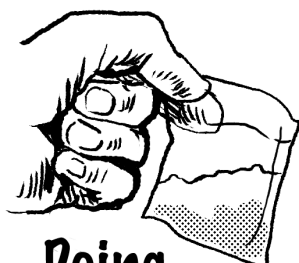
Killing small animals

Doing the Keto diet



Doing Heroin

-and throwing up again and crying and eating them again and throwing up again

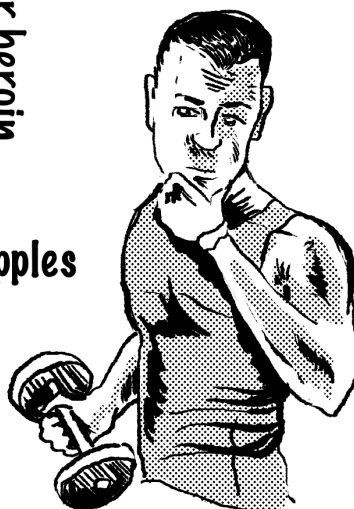


Doing Smack

Having

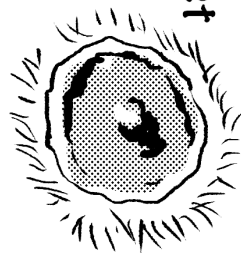


Nipples



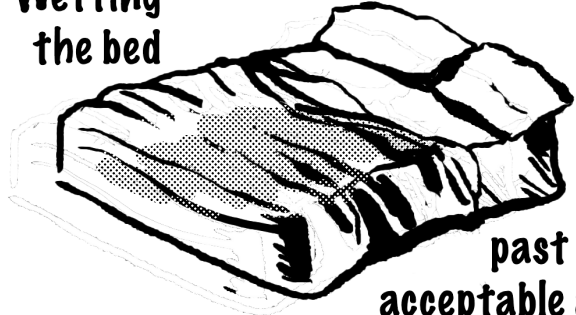
Approaching women at the gym

Having small nipples



(See other nipple)

Wetting the bed



past an acceptable age



Voting

Starting A Fire







Earth's Rotation Halted by Sheer Force of Neoliberal Circle-Jerk Following the Presidential Election

By Dominic Beck

After the results of Tuesday's presidential election, scientists reported catastrophic, global damage due to the absolute jerk-fest over Joe Biden's victory.

"Once the election results shifted in Joe Biden's favor, massive groups of neolib-fanatics clustered, grabbed each other by the genitals, and circle-jerked with enough force to briefly slow the Earth's rotation," said Swiss scientist Dr. Kninni Knut at a press conference last Sunday.

The halt of the planet's spin has caused the reversal of ocean currents, counter-clockwise winds in both hemispheres and permanent daylight on one side of the Earth. "We haven't seen anything like this since these idiots lost their gourds over an Elizabeth Warren Tik-Tok," said Dr. Knut.

Worst affected have been the coastal areas of the United States. "There are all kinds of unprecedented disasters," reports one meteorologist. "Rivers of frothy ejaculate are causing deadly algae blooms, chants of 'Dump Trump!' are interfering with bird migration and the sheer friction from collective masturbation has started wildfires across several states."

Attempts to douse the fiery passion of these misguided self-pleasure circles have been met with stiff resistance. “I told them that there was still work to be done and while this election is definitely a win, Joe Biden still represents a system which gave us President Trump in the first place,” said a concerned bystander. “But they just said ‘don’t you mean Donald DRUMPF’ and continued furiously jerking each other off.”



Illustration by Sam Blumberg

In response to the global crisis, the United Nations has released a plan to combat all communal wanking related disasters. “We need to restart the planet’s rotation with an equally egotistical, ignorant, and privileged circlejerk working in the opposite direction,” Advised UN Secretary-General Dr. Kathy Skull, “which is why the United Nations will be throwing the first annual Devil’s Advocate Convention for Kids Who Wore Suits to High School.”

In the meantime, the world is left to wonder how long the neoliberals can possibly keep up their circular self-pleasure. “As long as they don’t run out of mimosas, eggs benedict, and shitty Facebook memes, we imagine that their gratuitous fondling may go on for years,” said anthropologist Dr. Harvey Schlum, “we may be in it for the long haul.”

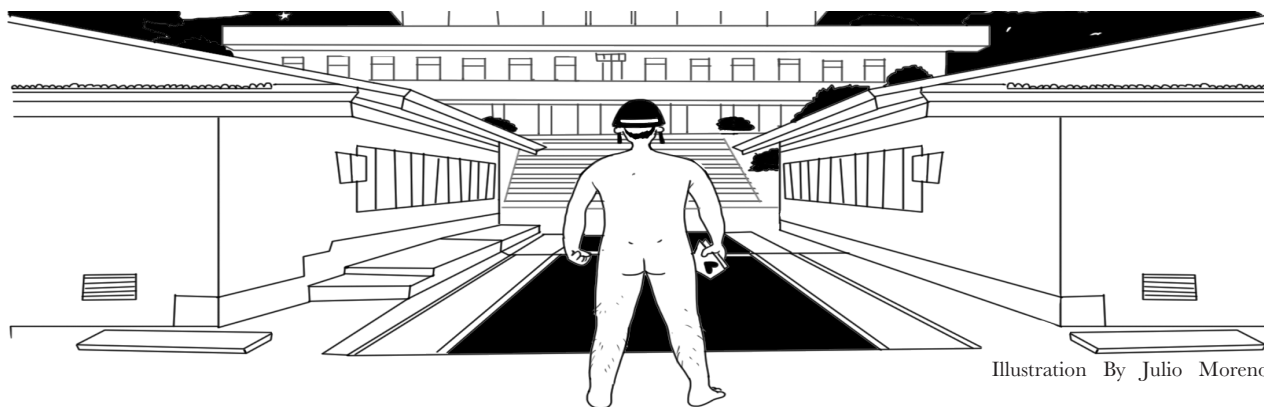


Illustration By Julio Moreno

FROM THE PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE OF ONE OFFICER JI-HOON HO

By Dominic Beck

Dearest Lover,

We may not know each other's names, but I feel as though I know you as intimately as I know myself. I gaze at you, not because I am forced to report every move of my counterpart on the other side of the demilitarized zone under threat of military police sanction, but because my heart burns with passion.

Writing this note, my heart flies to the first day I saw you. It was my first patrol, and I had been transfixed with you for hours, unable to utter a word. You hardly noticed me until lunchtime when I began to eat a meager midday snack. Instantly, you began to shoot me hungry, passionate looks; you might have even drooled a little. Each day since our eyes have met during my meal; me, staring into your emaciated, deadened face, and you, staring into my normal one. I can feel your hunger—both for basic human sustenance and for my supple, toned body.

I am a romantic. Each night I dream of a world where we can be together—where we can be locked in an embrace as passionate as the border standoff which now consumes our two countries and threatens the well-being of the free world. I hope for that, but I can’t wait any longer.

Tonight, meet me by the bars of Border Station #3. No need to wear clothes; I will bring enough grease to bust you out, my darling. There are risks, but nothing can stand in the way of true love. Not even the likelihood that your defection will result in the arrest and execution of your closest family and friends. In 24 hours, we will be together at last.

XOXO,

The Nuclear Non-Proliferation Pact to your Geopolitical Disaster
Ji-Hoon Ho <3

P.S. The defection process in South Korea will likely take months or years to complete and only after you pass a battery of background checks, brutal interrogation, and potential isolation. So by ‘24 hours’, I really meant ‘maybe one day if we are really lucky’.

WHERE IN THE WORLD IS JACK R? I really don't know

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

This month has far and away been the best month of my travels for this publication. Will graciously decided to send me on a personal vacation to Fiji because it's been such a hectic semester for me. I hopped on the plane ready to take it easy and do some introspective reporting on mental health and the benefits of isolation. My pilot's name was Ricky, who told me to refrain from using my electronic devices on the flight, but I figured that was more of an unnecessary precaution. Unfortunately, I was wrong, and we lost Ricky because I did not notice the plane was careening towards the ocean.

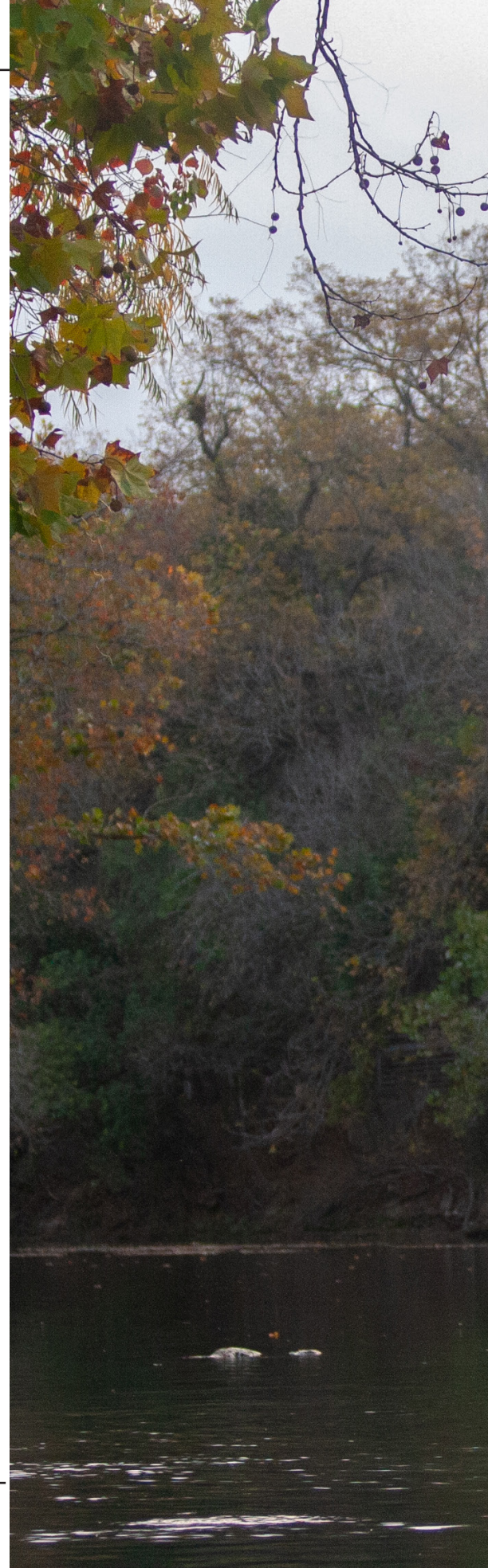
I woke up still strapped to my seat, but I was on a beautiful beach somewhere deep in the pacific. Ricky had washed ashore along with the rest of my things, unfortunately he was no more alive than my phone or my laptop which were now spilling water out of the corners. The island was gorgeous, maybe a mile and a half in diameter with rocky cliffs to the northwest side, covered end to end in pineapple trees and vicious wild hogs. I was pretty freaked out the first couple days, but things have been pretty sick. Ricky may have died, but luckily for me, he did love cigars and kept a tube in his jacket with two cubans and a special lighter. Once I found the rest of my stuff, I started to really enjoy my vacation.



My laptop and phone were totally soaked, but I was able to crack the screens and using thin strands of bark, I tied some of the glass shards to small sticks. The screen-knife is the preferred method for taking down a hog, but I was trained in gulag so I don't always need a weapon. Fishing has been slightly more difficult since the staff stole my fishing pole that I would have otherwise brought. However, I genuinely love it on the island, and I don't know if I will be leaving anytime soon. I have grilled hog and pineapple every night. I'm so much tanner than I've ever been, and I'm getting really good at rock climbing. I honestly wish I knew where I was exactly, because I would just tell all of my friends to come meet me, it's such a blast!

The only drawback is it has gotten quite lonely. I painted a face on my soccer ball with some blood- his name is Select. He kept me in good company during the beginning of my stay, and we developed a very strong bond early-on but at this point our relationship is primarily sexual.

I also lost my screenplay since my laptop broke, so I've been carving it from memory on the rocks ascending the cliffs to the north side; it's good exercise, but editing is a huge pain in the ass. Overall, this has been a really fun trip and I don't have any real reason to try and get back to my old life. With the election and Covid, I really just wanted an escape from the chaos and I found that here. On the island, I'm the president and the military. I'm my doctor. I'm the police-chief. I'm my favorite restaurant. I'm the bank. I'm in the library. I'm at the grocery store. At this point it would be fair to say, I am the island. Also RIP Ricky (?..? - 2020)







CRAFTING IN THE COLONIES:

Excerpts from the bestselling 1976 collection of family-friendly Colonial American crafts, written by experts Michael A. Blidge & Justin Winters, and recently rereleased by the Ostrich Publishing Group

Meet the authors



Michael A. Blidge

Michael A. Blidge, a graduate of William and Mary, is the department chair of the Colonial Studies Program at Brown University. His work on the lives of American colonists has been published in *The American Historical Review* and *The Journal of American History*. After publishing this book, Blidge's newfound fame landed him the role of historical consultant on the 2005 film *The New World*, starring Colin Farrell as Captain John Smith.



Justin Winters

Justin Winters was a Team Member at the *Everybody Loves Fun* inflatable rides supplier, and a part-time historical reenactor for the *Fort Bedford Summer Fair* in western Pennsylvania. As a man of Mohawk (1/16th) and Swiss-German (15/16ths) descent, Winters was always fascinated by the cultural intersection of colonial pilgrims and their Native friends. Unfortunately, Winters passed away just weeks before the initial release of *Crafting in the Colonies*, after crashing his car into an aquarium.

By Nico Fennell & Jack Kelly
Illustrations by Julio Moreno

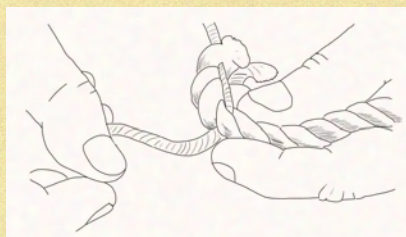
Native yarn basket

By Michael A. Blidge



To an American colonist, a properly woven basket can mean the difference between life and death. It is not easy for today's do-it-yourselfer to grasp the gravity of these tasks, but colonists were able to coil baskets that were useful as storage containers as well as carrying contraptions. Remember, baskets were a luxury to these people.

To make coil baskets, you can use grass or bundles of dry pine needles for the core and rush or marsh grass for wrapping. Gather rush in early spring when it can be split while green and tender. Before you attempt to make coil baskets with plant materials, practice this early version using yarn.



Step 1: To make the first coil, stitch the yarn through the rope end twice, at points $\frac{3}{4}$ inch apart, then draw tight.



Step 2: Stich the tail of new yarn through previous yarn, then draw forward with old yarn, wrapping with new yarn, then draw tight with former yarn.



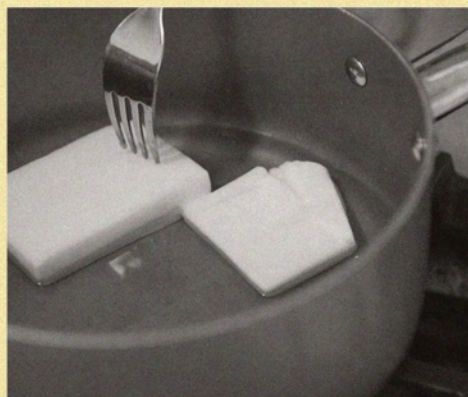
Step 3: Loop contrasting color spokes back over the previous coil. Make two loops at each point.



Step 4: Basket base is made of eight rounds, coiled side by side. Five more coils, one on top of the other, form sides.

Candlemaking

By Justin Winters



Step 1: Get some candle wax from a store like Michaels or something and melt it.



Step 4: Pour the leaves and soap-wax liquid into a container of your choice. No plastic because it will burn you.



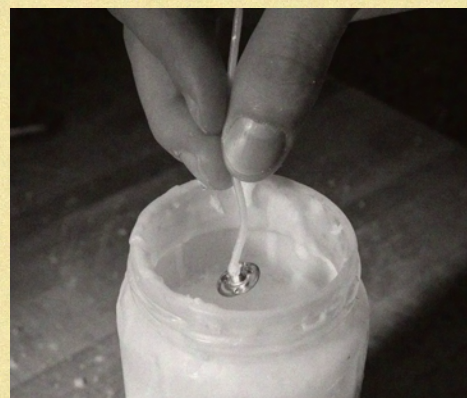
Step 2: Once liquified, add soap for scent.



Step 5: If you screw up, start over.



Step 3: Collect a handful of pretty leaves or flowers from the yard to decorate your candle.



Step 6: Insert wick into partially melted wax and just relax for a while.



Among man's smartest inventions was the fire, which was soon followed by the candle. For a very long time, candles were used as people's primary source of light, both in and out of the home. Then, along came the light. But that's a story for another day.

Luckily for the pilgrims, making candles is easy. Even children could make them. However, most minors probably had to endure strict fire safety instruction to be able to be deemed responsible enough to handle such a flammable thing. I would imagine they learned this lesson early on, probably after a few accidents, but it's not necessarily fair to blame children for stuff like this. After all, their parents were the ones who asked them to make the candles in the first place.

From a young age, I've always been a natural at making candles and other things from scratch and never needed any help from my mother or father. This worked out well because they were both rarely home. Mom was usually working, and Dad—well, let's just say Dad abandoned the family. He left when I was 12, so I can still remember it clearly now.

Traditional friendship rings

By Michael A. Blidge



The friendship ring is a venerable, traditional American Colonial craft that was held in the highest esteem. Like gold and baskets, clay was also a luxury to these people. This is because clay requires a gruelling extraction process—and the colonists would be lucky to find one or two “clay pools” (colloquial slang for clay pit) a year. As a result, these friendship rings held a great deal of social weight. A man would often give a ring to his closest colonial friends, but because of their scarcity, he was only able to bestow one or two friends with this high honor—as is why, in the colonies, the friend-group was on average 35% smaller than the modern one. It was generally socially unacceptable for a man to give a friendship ring to a woman—especially his wife—as this was a sign of cowardice to the other men in the colony. And if a man was labeled “cowardly” by the other men, it would be very difficult for him to claim land or vote in elections.

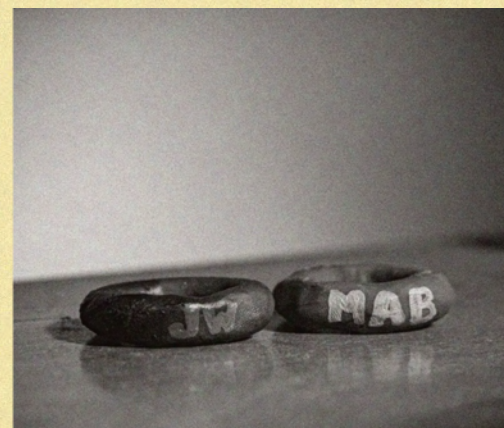
The detail on these crafts was incredible, as the men would string together the frayed hair from a horse’s tail and paint the little rings of clay. The paints they used were made with natural dyes from fresh picked summer berries. As the berries were seasonal, it was traditional for rings to be bestowed in the autumn as the leaves gave way to the tides of the earth. As difficult as it was to make these friendship rings in colonial times, the reverence for these customs and rituals allowed it to be very easy for people to make meaningful friendships, and feel a oneness greater than any individual.



Step 1: Roll malleable clay into a girthy line, and merge the two ends, making a circle.



Step 2: Place the ring on the end of a fire iron and bake over an open campfire.



Step 3: Paint the ring using paint or other berry-based dyes—like the colonists would do.

Potato guy

By Justin Winters

Just like nowadays, friendships could be hard to form in Colonial America. Many of the early pilgrims were lonely people, who never really learned how to make friends. They would try to meet other colonists through activities and work and church, but oftentimes, nothing seemed to click. They would then wonder, "What is wrong with me? What is it about me that repels other people?" These particular types of colonists would frequently try to earn the favor of the community by working hard and helping others whenever they could. But sometimes they would just keep screwing up and breaking things, over and over again, even why they were just trying to be kind. This would lead to the others calling these less adept colonists stupid, and making fun of them even more. This taught such colonists that maybe it would be best to accept a life alone.

So, they would stick to themselves, only leaving their houses when necessary. Soon, though, this lifestyle would become draining, and they would eventually try once again to find companionship. Often, this came in the form of a life in entertainment, trying to make others happy. Perhaps they would work as a builder, creating toys and rides for everyone, or an actor, performing shows for free in the summer. Some would enjoy the things they built or the shows they were in, while others would jeer or spit. But neither type would ever speak to this colonist outside the context of work. And he would go home, night after night, alone.

For pilgrims like this, a friend in the form of a doll was invaluable.



Step 1: Stick a wire through a potato.



Step 2: Using the rest of the wire, fashion a body, then give the potato a face.



Step 3: If your cat tries to mess with the doll, push it away.



Step 4: Using twine, simple knots, and large clothing, fashion small clothing for the doll.

