



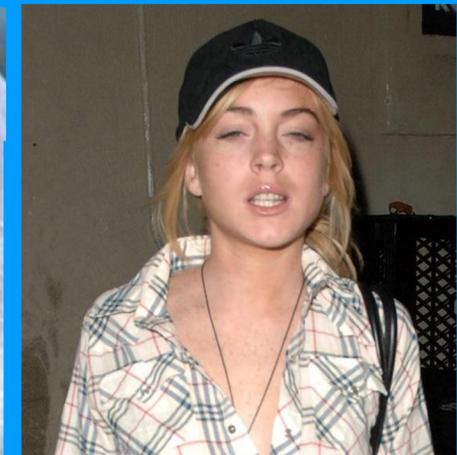
JESSICA SIMPSON SAVING HERSELF FOR SECOND MARRIAGE

Hiding in the bushes since 1997!

Travesty



BRIT'S DIET SECRETS!



LINDSAY LOHAN : GOING BLIND?

Jennifer & Vince

FORNICATING!

JAN/FEB 2006
 \$0.00 US / \$0.00 Canada
 www.texastravesty.com
 1 32010 70085 0

**Hollywood
 Rocked by
 Premarital
 Sex**



**HAPPY COUPLE TEACHES
 WORLD WHAT LOVE IS**

Steve Spincycle

elusive underwear thief

Travesty: Tell us about yourself.

Steve: I'm a third-year computer science major. Oh, and I steal women's underwear from campus-area dryers.

Travesty: Why?

Steve: I enjoy wearing them as earmuffs. I'm a fan of the smell, too.

Travesty: But aren't they already clean if you take them from the dryers?

Steve: I can still pick up a scent.

Travesty: What's your most memorable score?

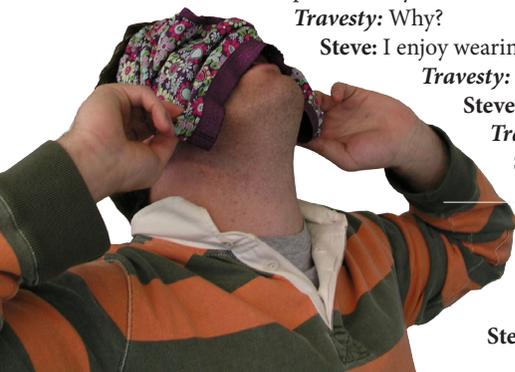
Steve: That'd be D-Day, June 6, 2002. Nine thongs, four pairs of granny panties and three g-strings. Boo-ya! [Reflective pause] God, that girl must only do laundry once a month.

Travesty: Alright, last question. Boxers or briefs?

Steve: To wear or steal?

Travesty: Wear.

Steve: Definitely boxers. Briefs irritate my grundle.



around campus

- **The holidays** may be over, but seasonal depression is still the gift that keeps on giving.
- **The watered-down soap in campus bathrooms** will slip through your fingers and go down the drain, just like the chances of you ridding your hands of toilet germs.
- **We get it, you're hungover.**
- **That national championship T-shirt** you're wearing is *soooo* last season.
- **Students who get to class first** will always sit in the aisle seats, inconveniencing everyone who shows up after them.

- **Vibrating cell phones** will continue to distract sex-deprived students.
- **There is no way** to sit comfortably in Garrison.
- **The people who hand you those free sandwich coupons on the West Mall** actually don't give a shit whether you ever get a free sandwich.
- **People wearing sunglasses on cloudy days** are actually wanted felons.
- **Male students who are starting to go bald** had better squeeze in as much sex as they can now.
- **You** have learned how to shut your alarm off without waking up, and that's something to lose sleep over.
- **Campus construction** will not end until every viable shortcut is eradicated.
- **You** should probably start writing that thesis about now.
- **Girls who are uncomfortable doing squats in their TeXercise class** make everyone else equally uncomfortable by wearing lycra to class. There's a reason they make sweats.

- **Working on a crossword puzzle in class** will hardly get your wit the attention you think it deserves, mostly because it's Monday, and you can't even do half of it.
- **The caged pterodactyl** in the University Presbyterian Church tower seeks veneration with every murderous screech.
- **A student sending a dirty text message** will snicker when he realizes that both "anal" and "cock" are 2625.
- **The girl you like** does know you exist, she just wishes you didn't.
- **Students who complain about 9am classes** shouldn't begin their weekends on a Wednesday.
- **Cynics who think true heroes no longer exist** need to take a stroll through Gregory Gym during the all-female jazzercise class.
- **If you're not able to tie a cherry stem in a knot** with your tongue, you really are a bad kisser.
- **Fat guys wearing neither sweatpants nor Big Daddy T-shirts** are really sticking it to the man.

40 acres 4 |

VOLUME 8 • ISSUE 4
JAN/FEB 2006

Hey all you inquiring minds! If you think UT is big enough to make you fairly anonymous to the public consciousness, you're very wrong, my friend! Just like how the Eyes of Texas are upon you, so are mine — and I've got my sights set on finding all the gossip juicier than a grilled stuffed burrito oozing with scandal — oops, I mean *sour cream!* Gabriel's horn may not have gotten blown this past month, but somebody sure did! To find out the latest burnt-orange dirt, read on ...

Suzu Leighberger's wandering eyes earned her an F on her PSY 301 test last Tuesday. She must have picked up cheating tips from her boyfriend **Miles Thompson**, who was caught behind the art building on

Monday tutoring **Maggie McCoyles** in French — *French kissing*, that is!

Speaking of giving things up, later that week Maggie was spotted taking the maximum three allotted condoms from the SSB. And after class that day, Maggie was seen outside the UGL hugging **Damian Short**. Looks like Maggie is hoping to discover why ex-girlfriends refer to him as *Damian Long!*

Did someone say "joysticks"? Damian and fellow I Phelta Thl fraternity brother **Mark Prystonchi** were seen sneaking into Jester's LAN cave last Saturday night to play in the Electronic Masters Club's Halo II tournament. Neither emerged a winner, though, after losing to reigning champion **Peter Samsonton**. Sources

reported that Peter ran from the LAN cave before the trophy presentation with a mysterious brown spot on the back of his pants. While the cause of the stain cannot be confirmed, Peter and friend **Kathy Sartma** were spied walking out of Jester City Limits hours before the tournament.

Kathy unloaded a statement later that day at the Austin Police Station alongside I Eta Pi big sister **Jennifer O'Malleysworth**. Kathy was reporting the burglary of her bike; Jennifer, who is IEP's Chairperson of Socials and Mixers, was overheard confessing to another robbery — that of the virginity of Liberal Arts undeclared senior **Eric Stewart-Kingsley**.

Got gossip? gossip@texastravesty.com



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Kristin Hillery
MANAGING EDITOR	Bradley Jackson
DESIGN DIRECTOR	David Strauss
ASSOCIATE EDITORS	Elizabeth Barksdale Kathryn Edwards Eric Seufert Stephen Short
WRITING STAFF	Mike Faerber Jen Goldstein Sara Kanewske Kelsey Lamb Toby Salinger Laura Schulman Christie Young
CONTRIBUTING WRITERS	Mike Barajas Mark Tisdale
COPY CHIEF	Stephanie Bates
DESIGN STAFF	Mark Estrada Ryan Flores Todd Mein Adam Shackleton TJ Sharp Samantha Soper Christina Vara
ADVERTISING	Erica Grundish
WEBMASTER	Mike Kantor
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANTS	Sandy Arriaga Jacqueline Fitzgerald Travis Henning Kate Krueger Joel Lucas Garrett Rowe
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS	Janice Chan Ryan B. Martinez Todd Ross Nienkerk Jill Morris

CONTACT
PHONE (512) 471-7898
EMAIL letters@texastravesty.com
WEB www.texastravesty.com
MAIL Texas Travesty • UT Austin
P.O. Box D • Austin, TX 78713

EDITORS EMERITUS
Kevin Butler Trevor Rosen
1997 2001-2003
Brad Butler Todd Nienkerk
1997-2000 2003-2005
Ben Stroud
2000-2001

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

SHOUT OUT TO...
Trasholes; racing cars down Dean Keeton; Bradley's slutty future wife; too many restaurants to choose from; the return of television; 32 pages of glory; the world's toughest computer mystery and David nearly exploding; Alicia withholding pizza; salacious ice cream cones; Who!!!!; "He's probably just fingerblasting her"; perfect execution; needing more vomit; the proof is in the pudding; shakin' that laffy taffy; Jill's shitty taste in music; the cracker challenge; Steve Holt!; Habitat Hunters with an "S"; nativity camels; the dog that jumps on Todd; the tip of that guy's wiener; killer clowns from outer space; bleachy noodles; Samantha clones; mmmm... soap; Bradley in my bed; blonde hair; Mike's seven-hour Photoshop extravaganza; taking medicine on an empty stomach; too many goddamn questions; Xzibit; theloneliland.com; Kristin's gigantic pair of panties; MC Hawking; secret trips to Wendy's; the happy hour we'll never go to on time; being sooo busy; Dean's Office supermodels; toasting cookies; Jay Leno jokes; spring cleaning; Tahoes.

JAN/FEB
2006
CREDITS

Cover Adam Shackleton	Opposite World Todd Mein Jill Morris Christina Vara	Dirty South Rap Mark Estrada	UBC Minutes Mark Estrada	Illustrations Lesley Dixon Mark Estrada Jacqueline Fitzgerald Ryan Flores JJ Hermes Kristin Hillery Mike Kantor	Kate Krueger Joel Lucas Todd Mein Todd Ross Nienkerk David Schwab Adam Shackleton TJ Sharp Samantha Soper	David Strauss Christina Vara	Julie Sederholm Alex Sowash Diana Tong
Bling My Bike Kristin Hillery (photos) Mike Kantor TJ Sharp Christina Vara	Dog Purses Mike Kantor Samantha Soper	Professors' Office Hours Christina Vara	Dorm Guide Samantha Soper	Urinals Todd Ross Nienkerk	Models Tim Ashlock Jessica Miller Lindsay Morris Richard Ribb	Ad sales Janice Chan Erica Grundish	

Non-traditional student enjoys campus life

Former stay-at-home-mom hits the 40 acres

Sara Kanewske
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — As a 41-year-old first-semester freshman, Carol Weber knows that she'll have to do more than just go to class in order to get the most out of her four years here.

During the first week of this semester, Weber participated in sorority rush, despite vocal objections from every active member she encountered.

"I don't really understand why she's coming back to school and trying to pledge," said Stephanie Pike, a member of I Eta Pi. "I mean, she's already married — what else can she accomplish?"

Although Weber did not receive an invitation to join any of the sororities to which she hoped to pledge, she is not letting the rejections dampen her desire to wear her horns. Weber has spent the past two weeks in training for the upcoming Texas Pom try-outs.

"It was tough fitting a 41-year-old body into those chaps," recalled Weber. "But after a few alterations,

courtesy of my sewing machine and Bedazzler gun, my new uniform is as comfortable and spiffy as my five-year-old daughter's hand-knit Christmas sweater."

Some of Weber's classmates admitted to feelings of confusion when they first noticed her in class.

"At first, I assumed she was the TA," said classmate Joseph Tribley. "But when the professor never introduced her — and I even saw her skip a few times — I figured out that she must be one of those older students. Either that or she got lost on the way to pick up the kids from tae kwon do."

"I think it's awesome that she's going back for her degree," said history sophomore Pam Saunders, who sits next to Weber in Spanish 506. "Although it was awkward last Friday when everybody was bitching about being hung over, and she said a person can't know real pain until their loins have erupted with the magic of human life."

Although some have been confused by her presence on campus, at least one student appreciates the

maturity and experience Weber contributes to the student body.

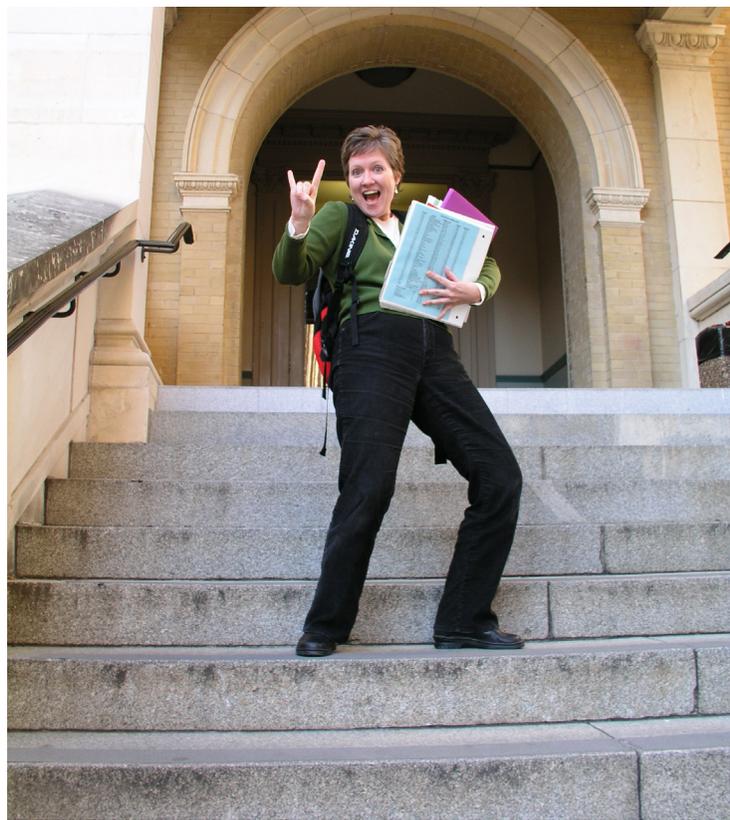
"Man, Carol is a total MILF!" exclaimed philosophy freshman Jeremy Morse. "Older women are so hot, and once they hit menopause, you don't even have to worry about accidentally knocking them up."

Those most affected by Weber's level of visibility at the University are her family, particularly her husband Paul.

"I support my wife's decision to continue her education," said Mr. Weber. "It's the extracurricular activities I have a problem with. She gets these late-night calls from some horny freshman, and I don't even get to sit with her at the football games because she's in the student section."

However, Carol does not let her husband's concerns inhibit her social ambitions.

"Paul wouldn't fit in with all those young fans, anyway," said Weber. "Besides, some guy dry humping my leg at a foam party on a Friday night sure beats watching CSI: Miami and having dry, mechanical sex with my husband."



n Our spines are slowly disintegrating from the weight of our backpacks.

Professor just wants to be your friend

Delicate student-teacher relationship penetrated by indecency

Jen Goldstein
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — Professor Walter Humphrey has been teaching history at the University for nearly two decades and has enjoyed every second of it.

"Teaching is what keeps me young," Humphrey claims. "The atmosphere I create for my students is more that of a lounge than a classroom environment. It's a stomping ground, if you will, for my 312L peeps and me."

Professor Humphrey considers himself an innovator in academia. During his tenure at the University, he has made significant advances in breaking down the stereotypes of traditional professor-student relationships.

"Walt is the man," boasted Brian Marshall, one of Humphrey's students. "A few weeks ago, he exempted me from a test after I jokingly invited him to a party at my house. I was really surprised when he actually showed up that night, but I guess it ended up okay."

"He and I cleaned up in beer pong, and he even offered to have

his son make me a fake ID," chuckled Marshall.

Humphrey explained the incident later.

"I would have let Brian borrow my ID," said Humphrey. "I just didn't think the Bri-Man was pimp enough to pull me off."

Humphrey's reputation among students for being "down" is not a consensus, however.

"One time after class he overheard me telling a friend about how I wasn't sure if I was ready to go all the way with my boyfriend," said Marsha Wang. "He walked over and gave me a condescending pat-on-the-head, then said, 'Sweetie, when it comes down to it, you really only have two choices: Put out, or get out.'"

Although Humphrey believes he maintains a professional relationship with his class, some students feel his behavior is inappropriate.

"It makes me so uncomfortable when he singles me out in class," complained Andy Patterson. "He told us some lame story a couple of days ago about making a 'tobacco-smoking device.' He winked at me and said something stupid like,

'Andy knows what I'm talking about,' and then he just sat there for a few seconds nodding and staring at me."

Shaking his head, Patterson added, "Yes, Professor Humphrey — we all know what you're talking about."

According to students, Humphrey's openness regarding personal issues is not restricted to drug use.

"He tells us these ridiculous stories about what he did with his 'crew' like 40 years ago," bemoaned Lindy Pumar. "He even talked about affairs he had with much younger women. He calls this over-sharing 'story time,' thinking he's all suave and clever."

Continued Pumar: "I mean, it was cool at first that a professor was trying to relate to us personally, but once he dropped the term 'finger blasting,' well, that's when I dropped the class."

While not all of his students may appreciate his friendly way of teaching, TA Amanda Miller defends Humphrey's conduct.

"Professor Humphrey always gives students one hell of a semester," Miller said. "And if they ever need anything else, he knows a guy who can get it."



n "So, have you ever seen the inside of a '93 Miata?"

Students helping students

Peer advisors assist with academic issues, instill shame

Kristin Hillery
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

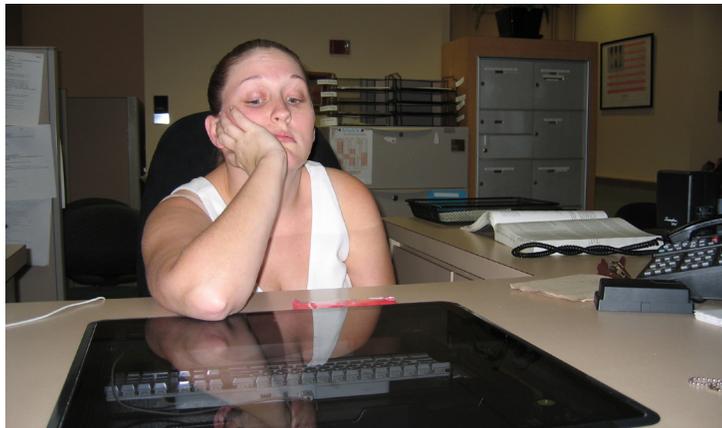
CAMPUS — For peer advisors Jennifer Blanchard and Lacey Vaughn, helping undergraduates drop classes, declare majors and feel like mental defectives for not knowing everything about arcane University procedures is all in a day's work.

"I'm having trouble getting into a history class," one doe-eyed freshman said to Blanchard and Vaughn, who stared at him from behind the front desk as a gentle breeze from the door blew into the student's left ear and went out his right ear.

"Apparently you're not aware that you have to go to the department of the course you're trying to add. We can't get students into classes here," Blanchard scoffed, glancing at her watch and wishing she had a time machine to get back the last 10 seconds of her life. "Who did your mother blow in the Admissions Office to get you accepted, Forrest?"

As the student burst into tears, Vaughn waved her hand and added: "Be gone."

Moments later, another student wandered up to the desk, meekly



n "I see that your section 159.345 subsection AQ form is overdue."

covering before Blanchard and Vaughn.

"Can I use my freshman 'oops!' drop?" the student asked, her helium-filled head making it difficult for her to keep from floating out an open window and into outer space.

"Wow," Blanchard choked, adjusting the noose around her neck. "Last time I checked, we didn't have anything called that. You may want to go ask someone else — preferably after you 'oops' yourself off a cliff that overlooks a tank full of sharks. But they probably wouldn't want their

time wasted, either."

"Heahehahahehahaheeha!" their supervisor roared from behind a cubicle wall as the yelps of sacrificial lambs filled the room and red flames shot up to the ceiling.

"Hey — how am I supposed to know what it's called?" whined the student, as a boa constrictor wound its way around her head, causing her hollow skull to crack like an eggshell.

"Can you believe the nerve of some people?" Vaughn huffed, pointing a .38 Special into her mouth. "Gaw."

Professor agrees with, completely changes student's comment

CAMPUS — While leading a class discussion about the Battle of Hastings, history lecturer Kent Rockwell took a completely uninformed comment from junior Matt Stedman and extrapolated it into his own thesis. Stedman explained: "When Professor Rockwell called on me, I hadn't done any of the reading. All I knew about Hastings was that it had something to do with England, William the Conqueror and 1066. So I said something like, 'Well, William, arguably being a conqueror, can be argued to have played a major role in events that can be argued to have taken place in 1066.'"

Rockwell then responded: "So I think what you're saying is that William the Conqueror may have militarily won the Battle of Hastings in 1066, but there were more complicated underlying political forces at play. This in turn explains the role of French influence as both a source of inspiration and tension throughout English history. Interesting point, Mr. Stedman. A-plus!" Rockwell's discourse left many students confused. "I thought this was a British history class, not a History of Military Failures and Cigarette Smoking," said sophomore Trent Rawlings. "What the hell do the French have to do with England, and who is Norman?"

Dog trainer alienates in-laws with excessive kissing

BURBANK, CALIF. — Gary Terrill, a championship dog show trainer, recently disgusted his wife and her family by open-mouth kissing his prized Airedale, Bella, in front of them. "It was one of the more appalling things I've seen," said Larry Hemmings, Terrill's father-in-law. "Almost as appalling as my daughter choosing to marry a shoe salesman." According to Hemmings, the family was eating breakfast in the Terrill's kitchen when Bella received her generous, slobbery reward for fetching the paper. Terrill's wife Sherrie tried to distract her parents while the fluid exchange took place by showing them newspaper clippings about her husband's dog show victories. Later, Sherrie's mother Joan commented to her husband, "I never thought I'd say this, but if our daughter looked more like a dog, we'd probably have grandchildren."

WOODMEN BARBER SHOP

Serving the men of UT with haircuts, shaves and hair products for over 40 years

Haircut \$15
Shave \$15

M-F 8AM - 5:30PM CASH, CHECK &
SAT 8AM - 12PM CREDIT CARDS

On the Drag
2106 Guadalupe

Wi-Fi Hotspot!
(512) 477-0109



photo by Eric Beggs

At Your Service.

BRING IN THIS AD FOR A
\$2 DISCOUNT

EXPIRES 03/08/05

Friend who smoked pot dead, claims father

Wayward teen has about-face on drug addiction

Stephen Short
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE WOODLANDS, TX — Ninth-grader Ben Hirschowitz listened in trepidation Friday evening as his father, Ari Hirschowitz, articulated over dinner the fatal and unavoidable consequences of teen drug abuse.

Mr. Hirschowitz suspected his son was “addicted to marijuana” after observing Grateful Dead songs and lavender incense emanating from Ben’s room. In addition, he had witnessed Ben’s increased appetite for key lime pie submersed in cereal.

“I thought I needed to have an intervention with Ben before his life started spinning out of control,” said Mr. Hirschowitz, referencing his earlier lecture on teen drug use. “I sat him down, placed my hands on his shoulders and calmly but firmly said, ‘Ben, I know you are experimenting with narcotics. That’s what marijuana is Ben, a Schedule I narcotic.’”

“Then I looked him straight in the eyes,” continued Mr. Hirschowitz, “and sternly said, ‘Narcotics kill.’”

Mr. Hirschowitz further described his successful drug intervention methodology.

“Dr. Phil says you should be direct and honest with teens when talking

about chemical dependency, so I didn’t want to be too over-the-top or dramatic,” explained Mr. Hirschowitz. “So I told him the story of my friend Sam from high school.”

“Sam was the big man on campus. He was president of the student body, captain of the soccer team, and he drove a cherry red Mustang,” recounted Mr. Hirschowitz. “But one day Sam wanted to fit in with the cool kids, and he smoked grass.”

Tears welling in his eyes, Mr. Hirschowitz somberly paused to regain his composure.

“Then he died,” Mr. Hirschowitz sobbed. “And so will my son if he doesn’t quit his crippling addiction.”

Profoundly moved by his father’s cautionary tale, Ben vowed to never abuse narcotics again.

“I had no idea weed was that bad for me,” professed Ben. “If I did, I would never have started using it. I’ll never smoke pot again,” Ben paused. “My dad has suffered so much by losing his best friend. I don’t want marijuana to claim his son, too.”

Ben clarified his motivation to become sober.

“Dr. Phil says the first step to recovery is admitting you have a problem with drugs, and I admit it — I do



n I hate it when my dreams consist only of Photoshopped images.

have a problem,” asserted Ben. “Now I won’t have to face a life of sin, loneliness and welfare checks.”

Following dinner, Ben pledged his abstinence to his mother.

“I told her I would never smoke pot again,” said Ben. “I mean, if Dad’s friend died after only smoking once, I could be rotting in the ground right now. I’m lucky to be alive.”

Pausing briefly to reflect upon his father’s intervention, Ben questioned, “Wait, didn’t Dad already tell me his friend Sam died from pre-marital sex?”

Name: Attorney Finder Services; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00018344

I called law school first, Liberal Arts major claims

CAMPUS — Liberal Arts junior Nick Garrett insisted Tuesday that he proclaimed his intent to attend law school before any other students at the University. “I’ve heard a lot of chatter from other Liberal Arts majors lately that they have plans to attend law school,” Garrett said. “But I have news for you folks: I called it first.” In the past, Garrett has threatened the security of applications from other students, claiming he knows people in the postal service who can “make things disappear.” Garrett’s brother and roommate, Tim Garrett, was not surprised by his sibling’s actions: “He has always been extreme about the things he ‘calls.’ He punched our father in the neck once for using the ranch dressing before him at dinner, and he shut my head in the car door one time when I tried to sit shotgun. He definitely takes things way too seriously.” After form-tackling one would-be law school applicant into the Littlefield fountain last week, Nick turned to address a curious crowd of onlookers. “Put your résumé templates away, stop composing your personal statements, and toss your books of quotations — I called it first, jerk-offs.”

Boyfriend’s resolution to not get dumped broken

BURBANK, CALIF. — Andy Morris, ex-boyfriend of Rachel Rutherford, reported Wednesday that his new year’s resolution of “not losing the love of his life” was broken after Rutherford dumped him for someone she described as “like, a thousand times hotter.” The couple met on MySpace after Rutherford messaged Morris about their similar favorite TV shows. However, once Rutherford messaged friend-of-a-friend David Catterton about how they both put The Beatles as one of their favorite bands, she confessed to Morris, “I found my soulmate.” Rutherford paused, then added, “Oh, and it’s not you. Sorry.” In addition to failing to keep his girlfriend, Morris was unsuccessful keeping his resolutions to exercise three times a week, stop smoking and cry less.

Student 'pod-casted' for listening to Walkman

Mark Tisdale
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

CAMPUS — Freshman Jesse Radcliffe unknowingly committed a fashion faux pas Wednesday when classmates observed him listening to music on a Sony Discman.

"Oh. My. God. No one uses that black brick anymore," said Lacy Coleman in disbelief as Radcliffe entered the room. Adjusting her hoop earrings, Coleman continued, "I mean, is he kidding? I haven't seen one of those since Clinton's second term."

Consumers routinely utilized the Sony Discman, a portable compact disc player, throughout the early 1990s. Impressive sales of Apple's portable iPod MP3 player have caused music aficionados refusing to abandon their obsolete equipment to become cast from popular society.

Sociology professor Walter Sherman terms this cultural phenomenon as "pod-casting."

"We see this behavior frequently with the constant evolution of consumer electronics. Out with the old and in with the new," declared Sherman. "New technology has continually allowed consumers to listen to music in more sophisticated mediums. It happened when consumers ditched their portable cassette play-

ers for CD players like the Discman."

"Suddenly you're treated like a leper if you don't have the latest gadget," added Sherman, retying his Doc Martens.

Classmate Nathan Colmes takes issue with Radcliffe's Discman as well.

"I hope he's trying to be ironic," said Colmes. "No one in my frat would even talk to you if you used that thing. It's like wearing a toga to an 80's party."

Colmes added, shaking his head, "Douche bag."

Radcliffe's mother also participates in "pod-casting" her son.

"I can't believe my son is still using that DiscBot I bought him for his twelfth birthday," lamented Mrs. Radcliffe.

Exercising to a VHS copy of Richard Simmons' *Sweatin' to the Oldies 3*, Mrs. Radcliffe panted, "I can't live without my iPod. I can access my Josh Groban collection at the push of a button." Watering her Chia Pet, she continued, "I think Jesse will be getting an iPod Naynar for his birthday this year."

Unaware he had been "pod-casted," Radcliffe touted the benefits of his Discman.



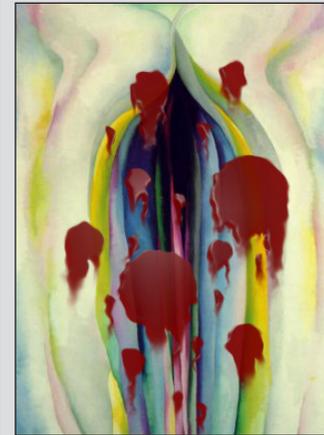
n It's times like these that I wish I didn't hurt so much inside.

"I know retro stuff is pretty cool right now, so that's why I use this Discman," explained Radcliffe. "Besides, I don't have to mess with my computer, and it doesn't cost an arm and a leg to buy one."

Still, Radcliffe does admit there are downsides to using a Discman.

"I've noticed a higher proportion of people rolling their eyes at me as I walk by." Adjusting his hyper color windbreaker, Radcliffe grumbled, "And I could do without the shoving and elbowing I've been getting from my friends. The slightest bump makes this fucking thing skip."

Georgia O'Keefe painting left bloody after breaking and entering



NEW YORK — Art collector Maria Gibbins was left with a bloody Georgia O'Keefe painting after Chris Jastroch broke and entered her tight, one-room apartment. Upon noticing the intruder, Gibbins threw a slim, discreet switchblade into Jastroch's arm, splattering blood all over her favorite painting. "That switchblade was so light. I barely even noticed it was there," Jastroch recalled. O'Keefe, known for cleverly disguising vaginas as flowers, was not available for comment.

Name: Sterling West Campus; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00017859

THOUSANDS OF USED RECORDS • ALL STYLES

WE BUY USED
ALBUMS & CDs



NEW & USED
ALBUMS • CDs • 45s • 78s

ROCK • BLUES • TEXAS • JAZZ
COUNTRY • ZYDECO • CAJUN
ROCKABILLY • BLUEGRASS
R&B • FOLK • REGGAE

OPEN MON-SAT 11-10, SUN 12-5
2928 GUADALUPE • AUSTIN, TX
512-322-0660
antonesrecordshop@hotmail.com

WHAT COULD MAKE JENNIFER ANISTON'S LIFE EVEN WORSE?

- ❖ She could get her old nose back
- ❖ She could contract a horrific disease where she sweats vomit
- ❖ She could get shot in the face
- ❖ Angelina could be cast as Rachel in the *Friends* reunion special
- ❖ She could gain half a pound
- ❖ She could go bald
- ❖ She could find out she's barren
- ❖ She could star in *Rumor Has It*
- ❖ She could get IBS
- ❖ She could start dating Angelina's brother, and he could call out Angelina's name during sex
- ❖ She could find out Ross cheated on her
- ❖ She could drink old milk
- ❖ She could superglue her hand to a tampon
- ❖ She could drunk-dial E!
- ❖ She could burn off her eyebrows
- ❖ She could have every embarrassing moment of her life exploited by the media



So fresh you'll feel naughty.

Our vegetables are cut fresh daily, our cheese is freshly grated each day, and we prepare our sauce fresh every morning. Do you notice a pattern here? For the freshest pizza around, call Austin's Pizza at 798-8888.



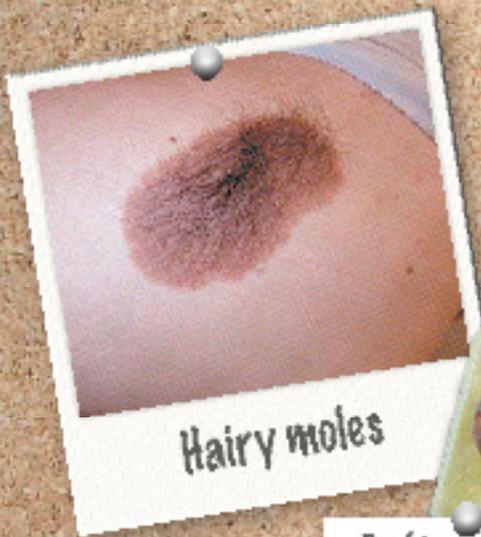
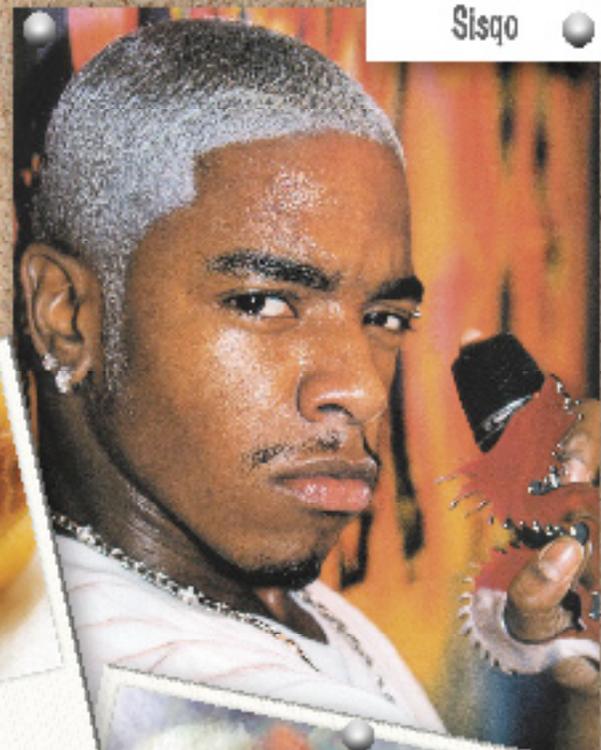
austinpizza.com

2824 Guadalupe - On the DRAG
Full bar upstairs with Happy Hour daily from 1-4pm.

Things cuter than UGG boots



Sisqo



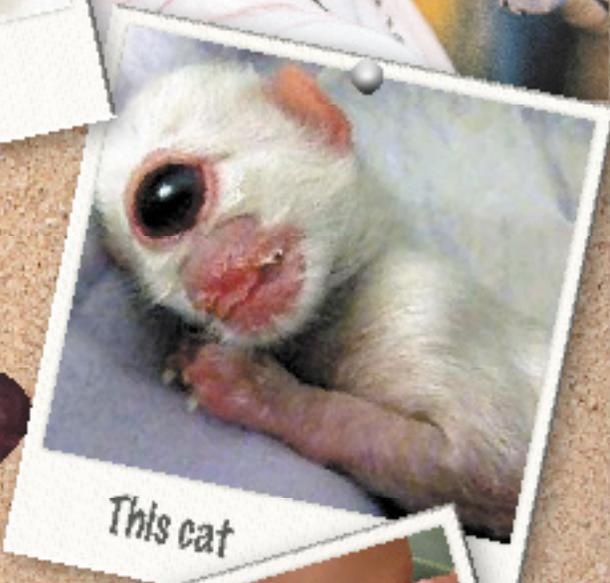
Hairy moles



Rotten fruit



Beef tongue



This cat



Deer carcass



Placenta



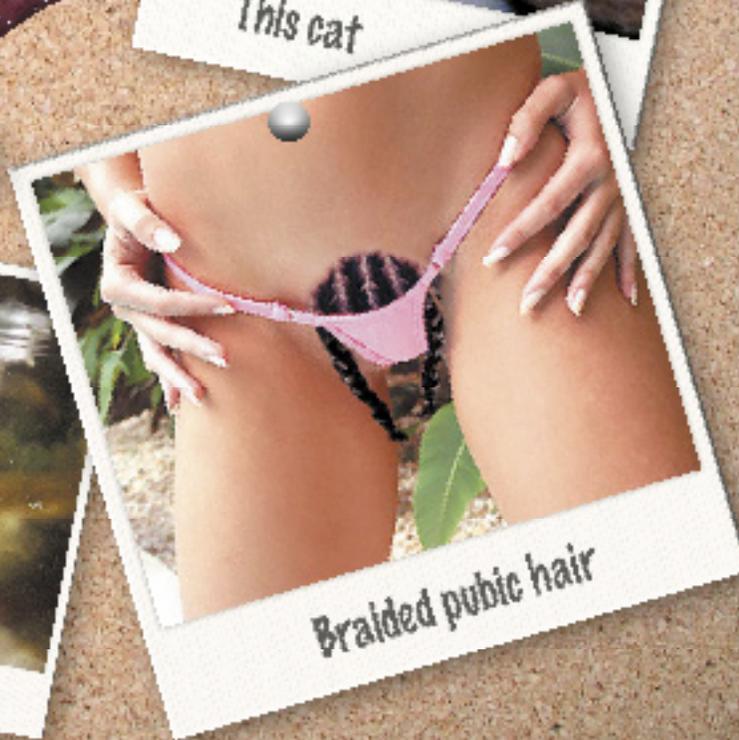
Gingivitis



Ingrown toenails



Underwater Birth



Braided pubic hair



Refugee Comedy Troupe

COLDTOWNE

Presents the first ever...

FUN - RAZOR!

...to raise travel money for ColdTowne!

Help send ColdTowne
to improv festivals and pay
for 11,000 miles of gas!

Featuring:

Live Improv!

Short Films!

Sketch Comedy!

Door Prizes!

Auctions!

Win a date, dinner
party or a dance party
with ColdTowne!

THURSDAY, FEB 16

8pm - 9pm, \$7-\$10

(\$10 gets you into door prize raffle)

HIDEOUT THEATER

(617 Congress)

Sponsored by:

ColdTowne.com

TEXAS TRAVESTY

Dirty South Rap: A Socioeconomic Analysis



Excerpt from "Call Some Hoes"
 by Chamillionaire
 featuring Kanye West and Stat Quo
 I got her naked, but I know I wasn't gonna hit
 She was lookin' at it like that isn't gonna fit
 I told her I was only gonna use half of it
 If you want a smaller size, go and rent a plastic
 dick

Helen... implements a straw-man argument in this excerpt from "Call Some Hoes"; Seriki questions the efficacy of the Bush Doctrine by associating America's unilateral use of force in Iraq to an ineffectively-large penis. Seriki criticizes Bush, citing the inefficiency in reforming the Middle East without the help of an international consortium of allies — with no foreign support, we have overcompensated our efforts and can only capitalize on "half" of our military clout. Seriki links this misplaced focus with the rise to prominence of Chinese industry, specifically the "plastic dick" of its comparatively cheap labor and over-expanding production capabilities.

Excerpt from "Like a Boss"
 by Slim Thug
 I'm Slim Thugger motherfucker! The boss
 of all bosses
 That's right! AKA he who the King of the
 North is!
 Wars won, no losses; who wanna compete?
 With the chief of the police, who got the
 keys to the streets

Stays "Slim Thug... of the African-American over the course of the past two centuries in this excerpt from "Like a Boss." Thomas begins his discussion with the contention that the modern-day black American is no longer relegated to low-paying manual labor employment but is actually a productive component of our economy's managerial class. The self-appointed "King of the North," Thomas proposes that the emancipation proclamation was not the catalyst of black social ascent but merely a galvanizing landmark which united several factions fighting the "war" on species, constitutionally-enslaved white primary. Thomas' "keys to the streets" are the race-enabling education and anti-gang movements within America's inner cities.

Excerpt from "Still Tippin'"
 by Mike Jones Feat. Paul Wall and Slim Thug
 What it do, it's Paul Wall, I'm the people's champ
 My chain light up like a lamp 'cause now I'm back
 with the camp
 I'm crowsin' similar to an ant 'cause I'm low to da
 earth
 People's feelings get hurt when they figure out what
 I'm worth

Paul... Slayton... a champion of the people in this excerpt from "Still Tippin'," likening his diamond chain to a glowing beacon of light by which his peers may be led. Slayton argues that the political and social climate of post-WWII America represents a return to feudalism, claiming that he crawls "similar to a [pess]ant 'cause [he is] low to the Earth." Slayton's dialogue evolves into a pro-work discourse as he eschews 21st-Century materialism and the conviction of self-actualization and not worth, hinting lightly at a comparison of himself to Russian revolutionary and Marxist writer Carlos Marighella, author of *Minuteman of the Urban Guerrilla*.

Excerpt from "Dick Don't Fail Me Now"
 by Mike Jones
 Mike Jones and my boy Thyrz, ain't nobody liver
 When my dick hard, all I need girl is your hot saliva
 I never claim the pussy mine, 'cause it ain't mine to claim
 But for some reason when I'm in it, they scream out
 my name
 Mike Jones (Who?), Mike Jones
 (Who?) Mike Jones-Jones-Jones

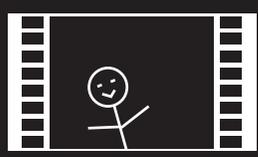
Michael Jones establishes an overarching theme of male-female autonomy with two phrases in this excerpt: One, that the only appeal of a female is her "hot saliva" (ostensibly for use in performing...), and two, that her "pussy...ain't [his] to claim," a nod to the development of the independent female through the feminist movement of the past half-century. Michael Jones asserts that interaction between the sexes has been relegated to sexual intercourse, and that the empowered female is no longer a subject of male imperialism.

Excerpt from "Turnin' Lane"
 by "Mike" Jones
 I'm holdin' wood wheel in the turnin' lane - in the
 turnin' lane
 Piece and chain shinin' in the turnin' lane - in the
 turnin' lane
 TV screens rain in the turnin' lane - in the turnin' lane
 I'm gettin' brain from yo dame in the turnin' lane - in
 the turnin' lane

I have an idea what this means.

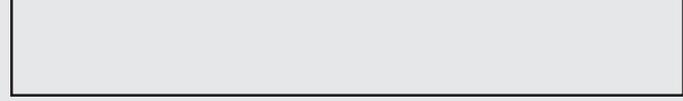
The Third Annual Texas Travesty Film Festival is now accepting submissions.

Submit
 (your work)



Visit texasravesty.com/filmfest for details

Name: Fairfax Cryobank; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00018219



Name: Veggie Heaven-Display; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00017674

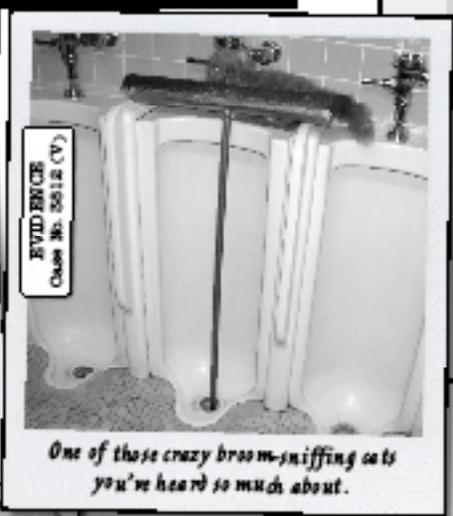


What's that in the Urinal thing?



EVIDENCE
Case No. 0120/W1

Cheap promotional merchandise.



EVIDENCE
Case No. 0012 (V)

One of those crazy broom-sniffing cats you've heard so much about.



EVIDENCE
Case No. 11 250R

Hastily posed night gag.



EVIDENCE
Case No. 06.281

WMDs.



EVIDENCE
Case No. 3154 (3D)

Camel Light. Get it? Get it?



EVIDENCE
Case No. 2000/R

One (1) bouncing baby boy.



EVIDENCE
Case No. 0004 (Q)

Live Wolf Blitzer broadcast.

Name: Longhorn Landings; Width: 58p0; Depth: 10 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00018346

The Smoking Revolver

The Smoking Revolver recently uncovered these minutes from the November 2nd meeting of the scandal-plagued **University Business Club** at the University of Texas at Austin. Are UBC members up to no good, or are these antics just *business as usual*? You be the judge.

UNIVERSITY BUSINESS CLUB MEETING MINUTES

Hickory [REDACTED]

DATE: 11/02/2008

8:58 PM

First minutes from last week. Topics will open for discussion are those of interest of members. Initial procedures for new members.

8:59 PM

Director Update of Semester-End Banquet

Jason suggests "lizard" theme. From family support motion. Gus: no members want to supply their own booze for fear of business damage.

Mindy suggests "the nurse had sex with" theme. Gus: no costumes needed.

Gus: we used this theme last year. Said two of us actually had had sex.

Jason suggests "Whitely Factor" theme. Gus: facilitate political discussion. Gus: I really like that.

Jason suggests we vote on theme. Members vote in favor of "I've never had sex before" theme.

Mindy suggests we have some costumes to dress up our work.

Jason suggests we vote on referral. Members vote in favor of referral.

9:00 PM

Director Update: Procedures for New Members

Jason suggests we treat new members unmercifully. Gus: want to attract all.

Gus: members unsure if teaching someone socially hurts the puncher's heart.

Committee formed to investigate possible repercussions of punishing a person.

Jason suggests inviting new members to a club for six days without food or water.

Gus: full in advance treatment of members. Gus: think have to rest that.

Jason suggests inviting new members regardless. Gus: members risk death.

Gus: done.

Sharon suggests we vote on initial procedures. Members vote in favor of teaching new members responsibilities.

9:28 PM

Head of social committee gives report on past weekend's UBC party. Bartling reported: gallons of beer consumed increased 10% from previous party; members who went home and cried for realness to sleep over party; lives increased 10% from previous party. Jason asked for suggestion for next party. Amber suggests conference be made available for members contributing having sex after party. Members laugh hysterically.

9:58 PM

Head of Finance Committee brings in aspirin and ibuprofen. Members take curbside ibuprofen. Members comment on their superiority to ibuprofen. Ibuprofen removed from meeting.

10:15 PM

Jason suggests assembling two holes at next meeting. Gus: suggests we vote on assembling two holes at next meeting. Members vote in favor of assembling two holes at next meeting.

10:30 PM

Henry suggests topic to contribute for next meeting: whether or not emptying self doubt is normal in 30-year-old college students; whether or not our empty lives can be redeemed; whether drinking uncontrollably is masking a problem or is itself a problem.

10:45 PM

Meeting adjourned.

Name: Texadelphia % Makos Adv. (Dis); Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015788



FAN

Never Satisfying a
Woman
with
Former Actors!



Mark Curry
(Hangin' with Mr. Cooper)

Reginald Vel Johnson
(Family Matters)

Marc Summers
(Double Dare)

Anne Heche
(Lesbian)

Tuesdays
@ 8:00pm

Our world was good, our world was great.
Circles were round, and straight lines straight.
But then, on one peculiar day,
We decided to go the opposite way.

Our clocks move backward,
But where goes the time?
Just ask this bastard,
A Talking Mime!

Our world's been flopped. Or has it been flipped?
To explain these things, the mime's equipped:

"Hello, my friends!
I'm glad to be here,
Come this way,
And please stay near."

A man spooking ghosts as they eat their supper?
The lawn getting mowed by some white-collar fucker?

Pooches are humping the old-fashioned way?
Let them be! There's no need to neuter or spay.

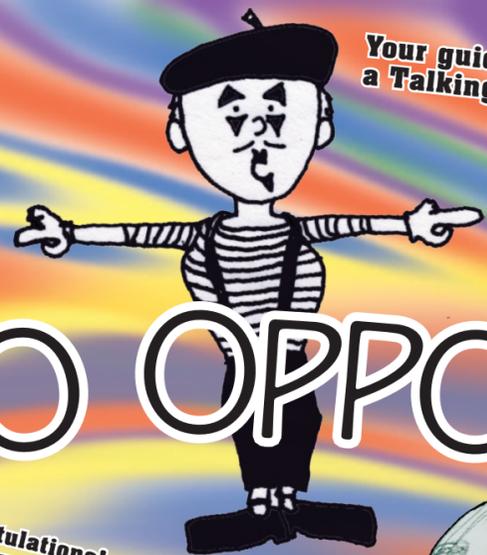
Pamela A. is squeaky clean—
As clean as clean can be.
She carries no Hepatitis
Neither A, nor B, nor C.

CHINESE CHARACTER WITH
SORORITY GIRL TATTOO

TURDS THROWING MONKEYS



DOGS IN THE
MISSIONARY POSITION



Your guide:
a Talking Mime

TREES CHOPPING
LUMBERJACKS



Giggles the Clown is sober as a nun?
But what will ease her pain? Maybe this gun!

Hymen Annihilator is kicked by an ass,
Crying, 'No more! I'm an innocent lass!'



Look here! Look, see?
It's time to laugh.
Lumberjacks once whole
Now sawed in half!

Chicks tattooed on a Chinese mark.
Men carting horses around the park.

Chinchillas wearing coats of human skins!
A knocked-up baby birthing full-grown twins!

The moon goes for a midnight stroll,
And on a hero he does roll.
Not paying attention to his path,
He causes a tragic aftermath.

As you depart my magical land,
I hope I've helped you understand
That things in reverse are not so perverse
In Opposite World's mixed-up universe!"

WELCOME TO OPPOSITE WORLD



BABY GIVES BIRTH
TO WOMAN

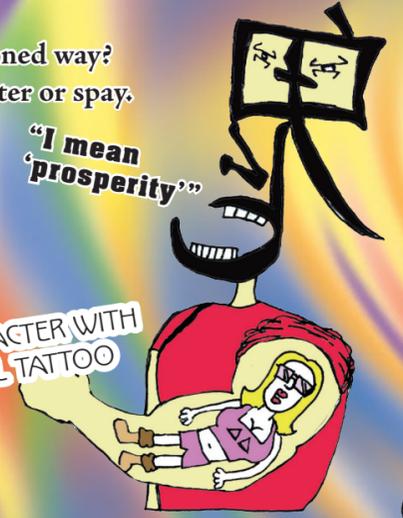
"Congratulations!
It's a brunette!"



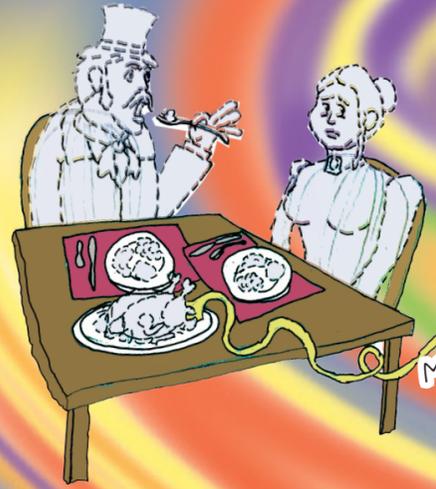
MOON WALKING
ON NEIL
ARMSTRONG



MEN PULLING
DRUNK HORSES



"I mean
'prosperity'"

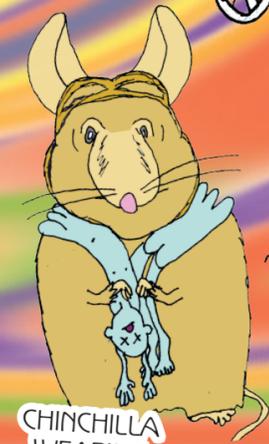


MAN HAUNTING
GHOSTS



WHITE MAN MOWING

Honey?
Toss me
a Dasani?



CHINCHILLA
WEARING
HUMAN SKINS



CAR SITTING
ON BIRD

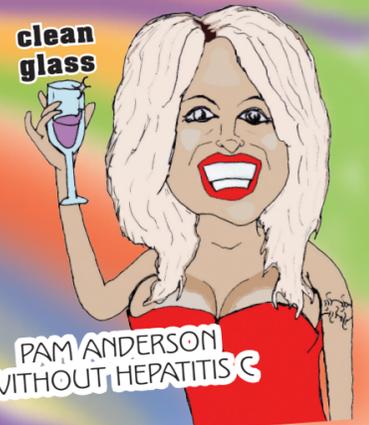


"Ow, my EYE!"

ASS KICKING HYMEN ANNIHILATOR



GIGGLES, SOBER



clean
glass
PAM ANDERSON
WITHOUT HEPATITIS C

★ RADICAL DUDE! TOTALLY AWESOME! GNARLY! HANG TEN! SUPER SWEET! ★

KICK ASS! MEGA-HYPERBOLIC!

SUPREMELY BADICAL! KABLAMI!

Do you like...



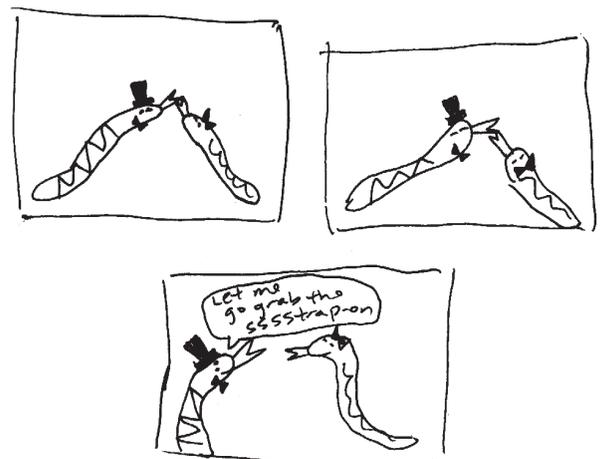
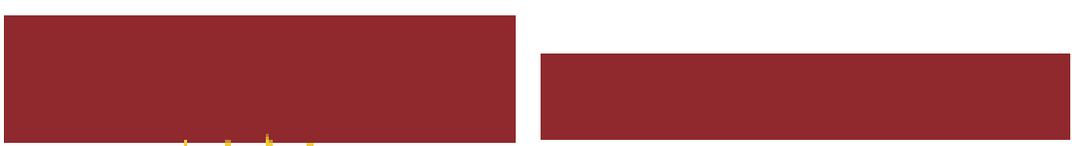
If you answered "HELL YES" to number three, you should...

Join the **Travesty staff!!!**

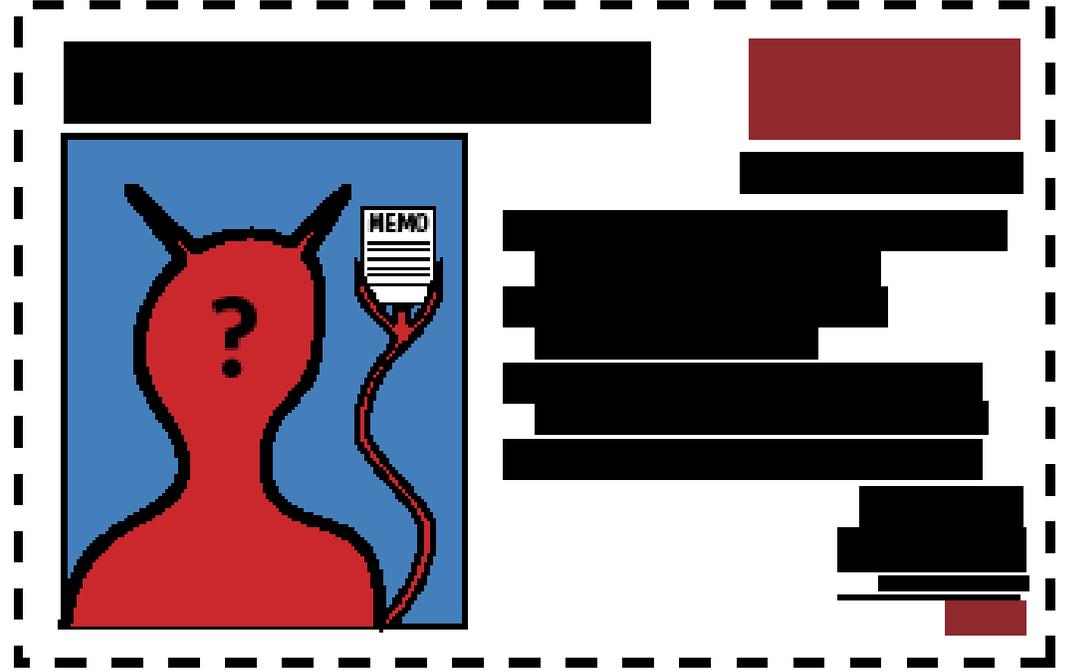
Pick up an application at CMC 3-200 OR download from Internets at texastravesty.com

(must have muscles to apply)

★ BITCHIN'! FAR OUT! EXCELLENT! TO THE MAX! COWABUNGA! GIANT DILDO! ★



Name: Mann Eye Institute & Laser Cen; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00017948



Name: Landry; Width: 58p0; Depth: 10 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00018284

Excuse notes for getting out of class

Professor Gryzbowski (Gryzkowskie?) -

Hey! Sorry, but I can't figure out how to spell your name. I lost the syllabus - hope that's cool. Oh, I can't come to class today. Peace!

Sincerely,
Katie Trew

Dear Professor,
I apologize in advance for my absence in class today. You're married, so I know you'll understand some of the...inconveniences non-sense. See, I was talking to that guy off and on, find out his into like, anime and stuff, and damn him, but not before he left me with a surprise. My schedule is kind of busy, and I really want ask A in your class, so I kind of have to take care of it before it's illegal or something. Thanks for understanding!

Lindsey

Dearest Professor:
I apologize for being unable to attend class today. Due to the reasonable fear that due to my menstrual cycle, my pants will look like the first ten minutes of the Wesley Snipes film "Blade".
Sincerely,
Jennifer Walker

Professor -

I was unable to attend class today because I had to make an appearance in court. I'm not sure if you've noticed the news in the past few days, but I assure you that I was in a very awkward way. The child pornography charges were dropped. I discovered my secret. The professor's "evidence" is irrelevant and I should be able to return to class next week.

Thanks!
John

Dear Professor,

I was unable to attend class last Tuesday because I was young - in a way that the public celebration of celebrating the life of Jesus for talking.

Sincerely

Ashlene Brown

P.S. No, I didn't make that up. The holiday is similar to the secular Urban Day!

Dear Professor Robinson,
I tried speaking in class, but your wife won't ever let me leave in the mornings. She's into a new habit of trying me up, and sometimes keeps me all the way until lunch. Sometimes she requires 2-3 rounds of the good stuff. Plus we always spend like 30 minutes saying bye to each other. I'm really trying to get to your class.

- Benjamin

Dear Professor -

I'm sorry for missing class, I had a doctor's appointment. I have a rare disorder where I have to pump my testicles every twenty-five minutes. Please don't be bothered when I am making sudden motions or movement in class (like rubbing against my desk). I do my best to play it off, but when I look at that smokin' girl on the 3rd row my face and body will get pretty animated. If you ever think I am asking a question, it's actually probably just me ejaculating all over myself, so please don't call any of attention. If I have a question, just raised I'll come in office.

News
Roger



Just in time for spring, No Fearz® introduces the latest way to tell all the other seventh-graders just how tough you are.



Name: Cort Furniture Rental; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00018345

JESUS is... By John Roper wordupmoney.com



...going going back back to Cali Cali.

Name: University Extension 19-7890-; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00018288

JESUS is... By John Roper wordupmoney.com



... instant credibility.

JESUS is... By John Roper wordupmoney.com



... upstairs.





Submit
your work!

Third Annual
**Texas Travesty
 Film Festival**

Submissions due March 31
 Show on April 22 at 8pm
 at the Texas Union Theater

Submission and show info:
texasravesty.com/filmfest



LEGALIZE IT!

ALERT: Government bureaucrats are waging an unnecessary campaign against "drunk" driving to **CONTROL YOUR MIND!**

Fact: Drunk driving is Fun
 Fact: Alcohol-enhanced driving is NOT dangerous
 Fact: More people die each year in the Democratic Republic of the Congo from venomous reptiles than drunk driving. THE PROOF IS IN THE PUD-DING!

You can't spell CONSPIRACY without DUI!

LEGALIZE DRUNK DRIVING NOW!

Cytroflaxamine™

FART MEDICINE

WARNING: Cytroflaxamine may cause dizziness, irritability, low birth weight, vertigo and lupus.

KVRX 91.7 FM & Skate World present a

VALENTINE'S BENEFIT

DANIEL FRANCIS DOYLE 1230

THE RED LEAVES 1230 **THE BELLFURIES** 1230

10pm-3am
 February 14
 7 bucks (includes skates)
 skate world 8514 Anderson NW, Ed
 byob for 2%

Infamous Footwear®

Hitler's Loafers

4000

Stalin's Steel-Toes

Dominate business meetings with the confidence that your boots still have remains of crushed testicles from Stalin's last interrogation session of a subversive comrade. \$200

Ghengis Khan's High-Heels

Conquer your formal evenings with these stylish shoes, studded with the jewels of now-subservient nations. They're so comfortable, you'll reconsider a normal lifestyle. Also available in blood red. \$300

Other Selections

Benito Mussolini's Clogs • Osama bin Laden's Denbies • Pinochet's wingtips • Marie Antoinette's Stiletto heels • Satan's Espadrilles • Mao Zedong's platform shoes • Fidel Castro's Monk Straps • Santa Anna's pointe shoes • Saddam Hussein's saddle shoes • Kim Il-sung's clogs • Kim Jong-il's hushhushes • Napoleon Bonaparte's moccasins • Gamal Abdel Nasser's Mary Janes • Attila the Hun's hussling shoes

* Bling Day Bike *



I had some mechanical work done on the bike, specifically the handlebars were bent so I placed it on the seat with the help of my son — a Cavendish has had their chain broken [It was] easy to get the bike up on a table so it the way to the top of it for service work.



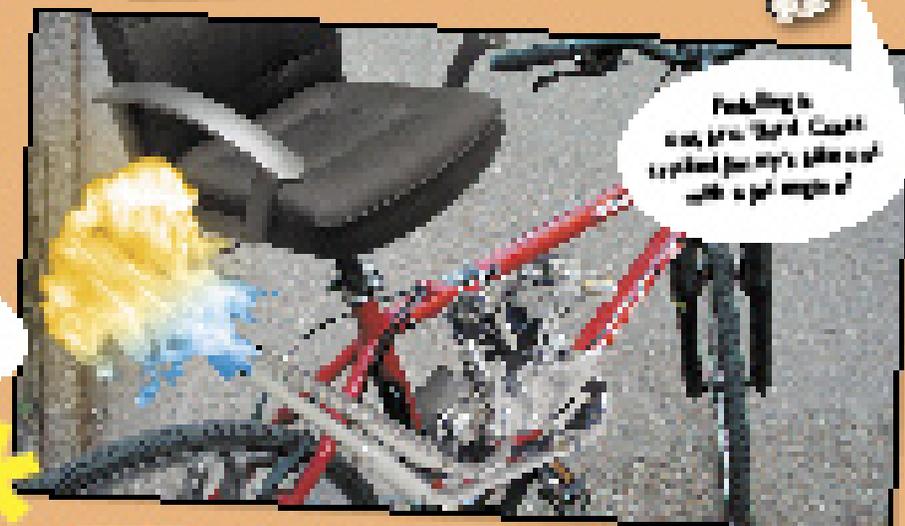
HELLO My name is Jimmy Linton, and my mode of transportation is still an antique. Xotic, please bring my bike!



The Cavendish you riding with Jimmy just got fixed up at the Texas Outdoors. He did some work on the wheels and it looks great!



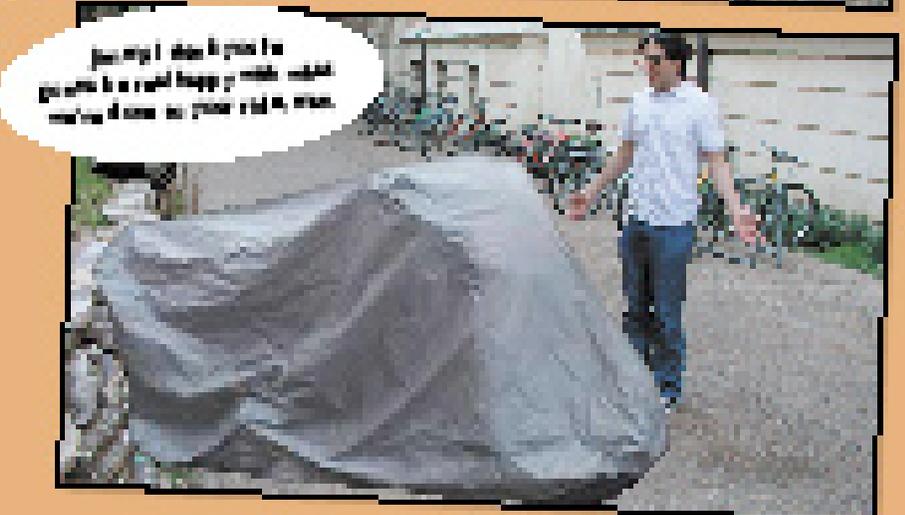
Without the bike you can't get out of the house. You can't get out of the house.



Feeling like you got that Cavendish? Jimmy's bike was with a lot more of...



Alright, I'm not sure if Third Coast Customs. If they don't do the bike, it's a real mess.



Jimmy! This bike is yours! It's a real beauty with what you did to it. You did it well.



No Bones About It!

This season's hottest accessory isn't sparkly, blinged, or popped — it's your best friend! No, not that jealous backstabbing bitch you tell all your secrets to — we're talking about your dog!

Super chic!

Jenny will be the envy of all her friends when she struts into class carrying three-year-old Scooter in her chic shoulder strap Louis Vuitton "Pooch Pouch."



Dogtastic!

Deborah's got it goin' on with her fab lab bag. It looks like little Daisy can't wait to hit up the Viper Room 'cuz ladies get in free 'til eleven!



That's a huge bitch!

Annie and Adolf make the perfect pair strolling down Rodeo Drive in this stunning Kate Spade Husky Pack. Two-year-old Adolf feels schön in this slimming number. Heil!

An open letter to the man who stole my underpants



Kristin Hillery
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

After eating dinner the other night, I walked down three flights of stairs and across the parking lot to the laundry room, carrying a wicker basket overflowing with clothes. You were watching me the whole time from your first-floor apartment, pushing apart the blinds with your stubby fingers just enough to peek through the window without anyone noticing. As I separated my whites and colors, you used the Miller High Life-stained collar of your favorite Motorhead shirt to dry off your gray, braided beard — the sight of my stringy thongs, lacey panties and strapless bras caused a waterfall of saliva to pour out from your toothless mouth.

And then you licked your chapped lips, nodding: “Niiiiiiiiice. Real nice.”

It was all too much for you to take in at once. A 21-year-old girl with dirty, filthy lingerie, all alone in the laundry room without anyone to share them with.

“We can’t be havin’ that, now cain we?” you asked, your raspy voice echoing amidst the patio furniture and past due notices that decorate your musty apartment.

Your eyes were still glued to me when I shoved quarters into the metal slots, pushed

the start buttons and skipped through the parking lot back to my place, tossing my empty basket in the air and dramatically catching it every few seconds.

“Wait right there, Sergeant Weaselbeans,” you commanded your mangy German shepherd, who took a break from scratching his flea-bitten neck to acknowledge you with a whimper. Tugging on a pair of old Wranglers that had been recently used to mop up a Spam spill on your kitchen floor, you crept out the front door, closed it gently with your greasy hands and hustled to the laundry room, huffing and puffing the whole way there, your braided beard flying from your chin like a kite.

You tried to catch your breath while you stood in front of the washing machines, but the excitement was overwhelming. When you finally opened up the two machines, your eyes shifted rapidly from the treasures inside. “Sweet, three-titted mother o’ Jesus!”

Suddenly there were footsteps outside; you dropped my favorite Gap T-shirt bra back into the machine and froze, though you couldn’t keep your withered penis from wobbling in your jeans.

Whew! You were just hearing things. “Well, sheeit, I’d better gather all these here lady drawers and take ‘em home ‘fore somebody really does come in here,” you said while you rummaged desperately through

the wet clothes, tucking every unmentionable into your pockets and under your shirt. The coldness of the metal bra hooks against your freckled skin sent shivers all over your body as you bolted out the door to safety.

“Hahahaheheheheheeee! Sheeit.”

Perfect timing, too — just when you slammed the door and collapsed on your living room floor from exhaustion, I was making my way downstairs with more quarters and a couple of sheets of Bounce.

You got up to look at me through the window again, though, but this time you were wearing my thongs like earmuffs as you peered through the blinds. You watched me frantically searching through the clothes, my face bright red, until I finally gave up and just sat on the dryer, crying.

Seeing me this way started to get to you. “Jesus, maybe I shoulda just taken a couple of ‘em, or maybe I should leave some outside her door,” you thought, scratching your tangled, thin hair, as a single tear rolled down your scruffy cheek.

You sat in silence for a moment, thinking. You looked at the pile of my underwear sitting in the corner of your apartment, then back at me, still weeping on the dryer.

Wiping your cheek dry with a pair of my satin panties, you turned to your dog, who was scratching himself again.

“Naw, I can’t give ‘em back, Sergeant Weaselbeans. I can’t. They smell too good.”

Where have all the mustaches gone?



Bradley Jackson
MANAGING EDITOR

I live by one indisputable fact: Mustaches are awesome. Beards can be cool on the right man or circus woman; goatees are fashionable only with porn directors and/or youth group leaders; mutton chops only seem to work in the context of an epic battle fought with swords and muskets. We are left with the ‘stache, a beacon of shock-white masculinity in a culture obsessed with Brazilian waxes, Mach 3 razors, and other smooth, hairless abominations (Ryan Seacrest).

Take a moment to gaze upon the growing populace of blue collar nine-to-fivers, and you’ll find nary a hairy upper lip. “Why is this?” I often ask myself aloud as I stroke my own glorious lip warmer with a skull-shaped comb. What is it about a thick con-

glomeration of hair just below the nose that seems to offend our society? And how can I convince the otherwise disillusioned skeptics that the key to happiness in life lies not in money or familial contentment, but in the freedom that comes from being able to tongue your own facial hair?

I have therefore constructed a list of benefits that coincide with living a mustached life:

1. Instant respect. Nobody messes with a guy with a mustache. I’ve researched the facts and found the number of violent crimes perpetrated against those sans-mustache to be 245,985 per year. Coincidentally, the annual number of violent crimes committed by the mustached populace is exactly the same.

2. Admiration from the law. In case you haven’t noticed, cops love mustaches. In a world controlled by a facial-haired elite, a mustache is as good as a “get out of jail free” card. I can’t tell you the number of times I’ve exceeded the speed limit or verbally abused a hobo and been let off with only a

wag of the finger from the boys in blue. One glimpse of the ‘stache, and they know I’m no menace to tax-paying society.

3. Passionate kisses. There’s nothing more pleasing to a woman than getting lost in a romantic lip lock with a manly mouth accompanied by thick bushels of finely combed hair. I’ve done the math and come up with the simple formula: Friday Night + Ruby Tuesday’s + Mustache = Tons of babes who want to make out with you.

4. Culinary appreciation. A mustache often enhances the enjoyment of fine foods and domestic tallboys. The occasional biscuit crumb or meat pie residue serendipitously found nestled snugly against one’s upper lip give the ‘stache its much loved nickname — the flavor savor.

5. Comparisons to Tom Selleck. This is always a good thing, and if you don’t understand why then you deserve your naked, girly lip.

So in conclusion, mustaches are awesome, and if you don’t like them I will fight you.

JESUS is... By John Roper
wordupmoney.com



... about to rip one.

JESUS is... By John Roper
wordupmoney.com



... not taking requests.

JESUS is... By John Roper
wordupmoney.com



... talking you down.

The Rose Bowl ROCKED my BALLS

Drew Baelle
THE HYMEN ANNIHILATOR



Whats up NERDS, Drewsky here to tell you about the sweetest ROAD TRIP ever taken. The Daily Travesty asked me to

write an ESSAY about driving from AUSTIN to PASADENA to see VINCE YOUNG make California look like the BITCH-ASS NON-CONFEDERATE state it is. I wasnt sure if driving across the COUNTRY counts as a road trip if youre BLACKED OUT half the time but whatever I made it back in one piece.

MONDAY

2:36p.m. Woke up at a WATER TREATMENT PLANT.
2:49p.m. Bought a fifth of WHISKEY at a liquor store because my VISION was starting to BLUR
3:15p.m. Got home and STUFFED every BURNT ORANGE shirt I own into a DUFFEL BAG
3:26p.m. My roommate Lenny

showed up in his mom's SWEET RV
4:55p.m. Finished loading all the BOOZE into the RV. The last KEG didnt quite fit until we took out all the SEATBELTS and AIRBAGS
5:48p.m. Ran a TRUCKER off the road because he wouldn't HONK his HORN
5:49p.m. Lenny demanded to drive.
6:36p.m. Couldnt find a CUP so I broke a keg apart with a BASEBALL BAT and licked the BEER off of the LINOLEUM floor
8:22p.m. Stopped at McDonalds to get a BIG MAC.
8:24p.m. Ronald McDonald is a fucking CLOWN?!
9:16p.m. The handle of the TOILET was stuck so I pissed in an empty VODKA bottle
10:04p.m. SHOTGUNNED a plastic bottle of GIN. I thought about the PHYSICS of shotgunning for a minute and LOST MY BUZZ
10:24p.m. Lenny got up to PISS so I took over DRIVING
11:06p.m. Stopped in Lubbock to GET GAS and contracted SIX STDs
11:22p.m. Told Lenny to DRIVE because my FLASK didn't fit in the CUP HOLDER
11:43p.m. Took a monster DUMP in the bathroom before PASSING out

TUESDAY

8:26a.m. Why does the CLOSET smell like SHIT?
10:22a.m. Lenny asked me to drive but I PUKED in the TAPE DECK
3:22p.m. Chugged a VODKA TONIC because thinking about TIME ZONES gave me a HEADACHE
3:55p.m. LA stands for LOS ANGELES?!
4:08p.m. Drove by the CBS STUDIO and PUKED but only because it's where KING OF QUEENS is filmed
8:36p.m. Lenny bought me dinner because he bet me I couldn't chug a gallon of GASOLINE without my LIVER failing
9:46p.m. We couldn't find our HOTEL so we stopped in some neighborhood called WATTS to get directions
10:03p.m. I told some USC PUSSY wearing a RED bandana and a RAIDERS jacket that Vince Young was going to BLAST THEIR ASSES

WEDNESDAY

10:36p.m. A DOCTOR told me I had a 1 in 500 chance of SURVIVING multiple STAB WOUNDS to the ABDOMEN and NECK
10:38p.m. Ripped the CATHEDER out of my DICK

10:42p.m. Caught Lenny CRYING in the hospital lobby and called him a BITCH
10:54p.m. Found out we WON THE ROSE BOWL but couldn't scream because my THROAT was bleeding
11:22p.m. Lenny and I decided to go to LAS VEGAS to score some money and SLUTS
11:36p.m. Stopped at a LIQUOR STORE on the way out of LA because I was VOMITING BLOOD from WITHDRAWAL

THURSDAY

4:45a.m. We got to VEGAS and I put \$200 on BLACK
4:46a.m. I realized I was talking to a URINAL
5:24a.m. Got thrown out of TREASURE ISLAND for PISSING in a fountain and then FALLING INTO IT
8:36a.m. A security guard at the MGM told me my hospital gown and BLEEDING WOUNDS were scaring the GUESTS and asked me to LEAVE
10:46a.m. FAINTED outside of COYOTE UGLY
2:13p.m. Lenny WOKE ME UP on the way back to Austin and said he FEARED for my LIFE

2:16p.m. I BONGED a fifth of BOURBON to show him what LIFE really is
6:33p.m. I began BLEEDING from my EYES
6:55p.m. Lenny asked if I could DRIVE for a while because he hadn't SLEPT since I was STABBED
7:26p.m. I tried steering the RV with my KNEES while I mixed a SCREWDRIVER and drove into an OVERPASS
7:28p.m. Regained consciousness near the WRECKAGE and HITCHHIKED to AUSTIN

FRIDAY

1:26a.m. Got dropped off DOWNTOWN to celebrate the ROSE BOWL

Our roadtrip was pretty sweet. I haven't seen Lenny since I pulled him out of the burning RV but his cell phone was in his pocket so he should be okay. I didnt hook up in California because I spent most of my time in a coma but Friday night I was INTIMATE with a woman so I made up for it. Anyway the liquor stores close in 10 minutes, I hope you dipshits enjoyed the Tightness How-To.

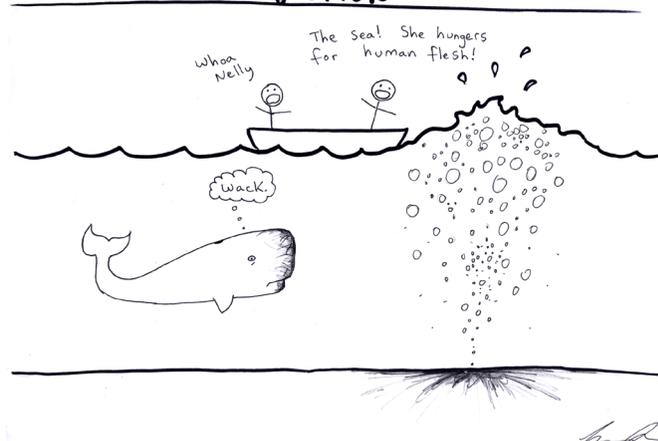
Name: Daily Texan

YOUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION: QUIT SMOKING
EVERYONE ELSE'S RESOLUTION: GIVE YOU CIGARETTES



ANTHROPOMORPHIC CIGARETTE BOX'S RESOLUTION FOR NEXT YEAR: GET YOU FAT

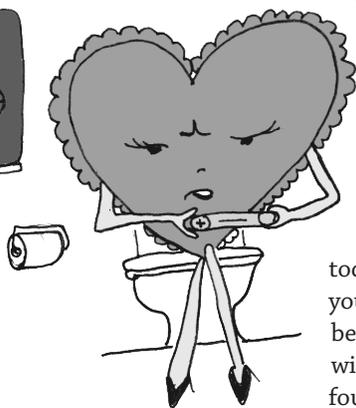
OTHER THINGS THAT KILL WHALES: SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION



horoscopes

Officially endorsed by the American Association of False Prognostication

SH**.



Taurus

(April 20 – May 20)
You will feel good about your last-minute decision to not jump — until a boatload of pillowy cash passes right under you.

Gemini

(May 21 – June 21)
You win some, you lose some. But not you. You lose all of them.

Cancer

(June 22 – July 22)
Your life is looking good, but that's because you're developing glaucoma.

Sagittarius

(November 22 – December 21)
The kitchen looks different today, doesn't it? That's because your George Foreman Grill has been replaced with a bomb that will detonate in approximately four seconds. Looks like your diet's not the only thing that's getting blown off this month.

Libra

(September 23 – October 22)
Tragedy will make you too miserable to eat, and you'll finally lose that baby fat. But when the slightest ray of hope pokes through the clouds of your despair, it's a one-way ticket back to Fatsville.

Aquarius

(January 20 – February 18)
Jeremy Piven will land higher-paying gigs to play himself. Good for him, though. I like him.

Virgo

(August 23 – September 22)
That 14-carat gold plated Rose Bowl knickknack isn't going to look so cool in 50 years when your kids toss it out after your funeral. But the victory will live on forever.

Aries

(March 21 – April 19)
Your attempt to woo a lady by complimenting her eye color will be foiled when she reveals she has colored contacts. And isn't a lady.

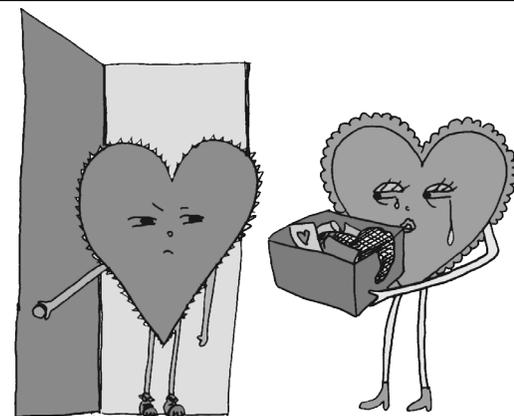


Pisces

(February 19 – March 20)
You feel good when you show off your hickeys to your co-workers, but only you know that they came from the vacuum cleaner, and that there are more you cannot reveal.

Capricorn

(December 22 – January 19)
You decide to seize the day, but unfortunately it's the same day the proletariat coup decides to seize your house, family, means of living and favorite Che Guevara T-shirt.



Leo

(July 23 – August 22)
Just when you think you know someone, they go and steal your Xbox and screw your girlfriend all the while you're volunteering at the retirement home, feeding their grandmother apple sauce and strained peas. You should probably avoid the elderly this month.

Scorpio

(October 23 – November 21)
You're usually a hard-working person, but when Mars and Jupiter align, your repressed childhood memories will unsuspectingly surface. Remember to stay focused and not get addicted to building penis forts out of Lincoln Logs.

Name: Cactus

(CAPTIVE AUDIENCE)

ADVERTISE IN THE TRAVESTY

- LARGEST COLLEGE HUMOR PUBLICATION IN THE NATION
- CHEAP AD RATES
- PRINT & ONLINE ADS AVAILABLE

Contact us for more information:
(512) 471-7898
ads@texastravesty.com

There just aren't any good acting parts for zombies these days

Chad Blaze
ZOMBIE/ACTOR

I've been in Hollywood for the past five years pursuing my life long dream of becoming a professional actor, and I've come to one heart-breaking conclusion: There just aren't any good parts for zombies these days.

Five years ago, I was doing off-Broadway theater in New York to rave re-

views — my portrayal of Iago 2.1 in a post-apocalyptic version of *Othello* received four stars — and I hadn't murdered a human for sustenance in 18 months. Naturally, Hollywood beckoned.

Unfortunately, I was met with a rude awakening. Zombies are treated like second-class citizens in this town, relegated to offensive typecasting and background parts. In my first year I played a mutilated corpse on all three *CSI*'s, a burn victim on *Law and Order: SVU* and was part of the background entertainment for Rob Zombie's son's fourth birthday party — those were the gigs that paid. It was the definition of humiliating.

My classical training and tireless dedication to my craft led me to believe I had the upper hand on all the other wannabe Hanks and Crowes out there, but apparently flaky skin, unquenchable blood lust and the lack of a pulse are enough to convince directors and agents to hire a non-decomposing actor.

I finally got the part I hoped would be my big break: Flesh Feaster #2 in the low budget horror/porn *Naked Zombies 3: Seduction of the Flesh Feasters*. Although the part lacked the grand dialogue and character subtext for which I yearned, it did lead me to Saul Ginsberg, an agent famous for representing such notable minority actors as the demon girl from *Hellraiser*, Scorpion from *Mortal Kombat* and



Lou Diamond Phillips.

Ginsberg told me to exploit my minority status to further my career, but this turned out to be a step in the wrong direction. Every part I landed was for a film that ended in "Of the Dead." My love for the craft of acting was degraded and insulted at every turn.

Apparently casting directors don't care if you have a rich David Mamet monologue prepared, they just want to see you stick your arms forward, roll your eyes to the back of your head and make gurgling sounds.

The stress started to get to me when I nabbed a coveted guest spot on *Dharma and Greg*, but I was fired after accidentally vomiting blood and lung tissue all over Jenna Elfman during a blocking session.

With my Broadway money nearly depleted, I was forced to get a job waiting tables at a TGI Friday's in Inglewood to pay the bills.

As I saw my dreams of Hollywood stardom fading away before my decomposing eyes, my baser instincts started taking over. Subcutaneous pustules began to appear all over my body, my limbs began falling off during auditions and my desire to eat the brains of young children plagued me once again.

Now I just roam the streets of LA marauding for human flesh and drinking the blood of the innocent.

The visceral excitement I once felt during my three-week engagement of *Waiting for Godot* has withered away like my vital organs. The pool of strong acting roles once available to me has dried up much like my arteries and tear ducts. And my excitement and passion for the craft of acting is dead, just like me.

editorial cartoon
by Todd Mein



Only on: **C-SPAN**
Thursday
at 7:30

Avoiding Creditors with Q-Level Burnouts!

Featuring:

- Danielle Fishel
(Topanga from *Boy Meets World!*)
- Devin Ratray
(Buzz from *Home Alone ...spikey hair!?!*)
- Tim's Brother from *Home Improvement*
(What's his name?)
- Jeffery McDougal
(Not famous at all!)



mailbag

concerns and
praise from our
literate public

Name: Texadelphia % Makos Adv. (Dis); Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015788

SPCA PET ADOPTION AD

As a lover of animals (and the *Travesty!*) I wanted to personally thank you. When I saw that absolutely adorable eight-month-old terrier made entirely out of meat looking up at me with his eyes made out of marbles, I knew I had to have him. Now Bones and I go everywhere together! So not only do I have a lifelong pal, I also have hands that smell like an old hamburger. Thanks *Texas Travesty!*

Frank Davidson
Pflugerville

HIP-O-METER

Why do you insist on insulting hipsters? We're people, too. Except, unlike you, we have feelings. And cool haircuts. And . . . more feelings. I can only hope that in the future you will stray away from mocking us and start mocking another group of people — like the poor.

Hope McPherson
San Marcos

CLUELESS DAD TELLS HORRIFIC BEDTIME STORY

Stephen Short suggests in his article that telling an innocent child terrifying, life-scarring bedtime stories is something to chuckle at. Well, it's not. I know this because my father used to put me to sleep with his favorite story, "Leprosy Kingdom." And, much like Katie Ackerman — the offensive and unfunny character Mr. Short created for a cheap laugh — I too could only be "comforted by the warmth of my own urine." No, I am not proud that I used to wet myself. No, I am not proud that we have a bad bedtime story teller in our family. But, Mr. Short, sir, you should not be proud of the fact that you exist.

Karin Seeger
Columbus, Ohio

MR. POPULAR

Your advice on picking up women is singlehandedly the worst advice I have ever used. I took a girl out last night and used many of the tips in your column. You told me to insult her friends so she wouldn't think I liked them, so when I met her roommate I told her she smelled like the inside of a rectum. BIG MISTAKE! Later that evening, I decided I would take your counsel and show my sensitive side. After crying for 30 minutes straight about how my mom drank instead of giving me hugs, my date stormed off and told me to never call her again. Thanks a ton, Mr. Popular — you've ruined me.

Insincerely,
Bill Woody

Got questions for us?

Ask, but know that abstinence is the answer:

letters@texastravesty.com

Name: PowerScore; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 0017983



local comedy

COMEDY HAPPY HOUR

Cheap drinks, no cover, some of the best comics in town perform for 10 minutes each. *Tuesdays from 8-9:30pm. Beerland, 711 Red River, 479-7625. No cover.*

GAMESHOW!

Let me get this straight. I can participate in a *Price Is Right*-ish game show, try to win sweet prizes, and be entertained by the hilarious Matt Bearden for a mere five bucks? Why isn't this every night of the week? *Mondays in February; Tuesdays in March, doors at 9:30pm. Flamingo Cantina, 515 Sixth, 494-9336. \$5.*

THE COMEDY SHOWCASE

These folks are the cream of the improv crop! Watch what happens when these improvisors get the night to themselves to do whatever they please. Only teams with a proven Austin following get this prime-time slot. *Thursdays at 8pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7-\$10.*

THE FRIDAY IMPROVTHREEFER

The Austin Improv Collective spe-

cialty: Three improv teams perform in rapid-fire succession for the price of one! Sounds like a veritable sampler of funny. *Fridays at 8pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7-\$10.*

THE CAGEMATCH

Two teams enter, one team leaves! The ultimate improv showdown where teams face off and the audience votes on the winner. It's like *American Idol*, but entertaining. *Fridays at 11:30pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7-\$10.*

MAESTRO

It's every improviser for themselves in this high-energy series of improv games! Join the audience and eliminate players one by one, Survivor style. The last one standing is declared Maestro! *Saturdays at 10:00pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7-\$10.*

THE LATE NIGHT JAM

Audience members are invited to join improvisors onstage. *Saturdays after Maestro. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. Free.*

THE NOTORIOUS OPEN MIC

Sure, open mic night attracts some wack comics week after week, but it's worth sitting through the terrible acts to get to see all-stars like Kerri Lendo, Doug Mellard and Brendon Walsh. *Thursdays at 10pm. The Velveta Room, 521 Sixth, 469-9116. \$5.*

JIM HAMILTON

Jim Hamilton started telling jokes in Madison, Wisconsin. He was not very good. He got better. Much better. He recently taped a performance for Comedy Central's *Premium Blend*. From all accounts, it went quite well. *Friday, February 17 at 9:30 & 11:30pm & Saturday, February 18 at 9:30 & 11:30pm. The Velveta Room, 521 Sixth, 469-9116. \$5.*

ESTHER'S FOLLIES

Part magic show, part vaudeville review, part improv tour-de-force, Esther's Follies takes no prisoners, offering biting, hilarious satire on all the news makers and events fit to parody. *Thursdays at 8pm, Fridays and Saturdays at 8 & 10pm. Esther's*



Follies, 525 E 6th St, 320-0553 for reservations. \$20, student discounts available.

EDDIE GOSSLING

You'd swear he was actually from Austin, based on the response he gets here at Cap City — it's like he's a native, a local boy made good, a dignitary with the key to the city and an alt-celebrity, all rolled into one. *Thursday, February 9 at 8pm, Saturday, February 11 at 8pm & 10:30pm. Cap City Comedy Club, 8120 Research Blvd, 467-2333. \$9 & \$13.*

DOUG BENSON

One way you might know Doug Benson is if you've ever thought about, read about, heard about or otherwise experienced . . . marijuana. He's a creator-writer-star of the hit show "The Marijuana-Logues." *Tuesday, February 14 at 8pm, Saturday,*

February 18 at 8pm & 10pm. Cap City Comedy Club, 8120 Research Blvd, 467-2333. \$5.50, \$13, \$25.

COLDTOWNE FUN-RAZOR

When something gets listed twice in the *Travesty*, it's no accident. It's not that we're desperate — we just think it'd be nice if you paid attention to the events we sponsored every now and then. Come. Please! *Thursday, February 16 at 8pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7-\$10.*

COLDTOWNE MOVIE NIGHT

ColdTowne invades Spiderhouse with a collection of short films, sketches, and cartoons boasting a wide range of feel-good derangement. *Saturday, February 18th at 8pm. Spiderhouse, 2908 Fruth St. 480-9562. Free.*

Name: Austin Pregnancy Org.; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00018342

Name: Sao Paulo's; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00018343

Single Rooms
trendy living

Double Rooms
fun lifestyles



Limited Number Of *Semester Leases* Available!
Austin's finest student living, hurry in today!

www.thecastilian.com

512-478-9811

Stay with us for
the *Summer*

2323 San Antonio
Austin Tx 78705

