JESSICA SIMPSON SAVING HERSELF FOR SECOND MARRIAGE

Hiding in the bushes since 1997!

Brit’s Diet Secrets!

Jennifer & Vince FORNICATING!

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?


Travesty: Alright, last question. Boxers or briefs?

Steve: To wear or steal?

Travesty: Wear.

Steve: Definitely boxers. Briefs irritate my grundle.

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 2000 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 visible 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 lyra to class. There’s a reason they make squats.

Working on a crossword puzzle in class will hardly get your whit 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 sweatspants nor Big Daddy T-shirts are really sticking it to the man.
Non-traditional student enjoys campus life

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

Sara Kanewski
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 tryouts.

"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."

"It looks as if 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 hormone 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."

"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 those 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 of 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.

"Wait 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

Professor agrees with, completely changes student's comment

Professor 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 Conquerer and 1066. So I said something like, "Well, William, arguably being a conquerer, 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!"

Dog trainer alienates in-laws with excessive kissing

Dog trainer alienates in-laws with excessive kissing

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 covering before Blanchard and Vaughn.

"Can I use my freshman 'oops!' drop?" the student asked, her helmet-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."

Heahahahahahahahaha!" their supervisor roared from behind a cubic 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?" whimpered 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."

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

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

“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 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?”

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 out 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 players 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, “Douché 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.

“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.”

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

Mark Tisdale
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

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✧ 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

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Dirty South Rap:

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 me 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

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
Wares won, no losses, who wanna compete?
With the chief of the police, who got the keys to the streets

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 cruisin' similar to an ant 'cause I'm low to da earth
People's feelings get hurt when they figure out what I'm worth

A Socioeconomic Analysis

Excerpt from "Turnin' Lane" by "Mike" Jones
I'm holdin' wood wheel in the turnin' lane - in the turnin' lane
Piec 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 texastravesty.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

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WESTWARD EXPANSION WAS A LIE.

WATING UNTIL MARRIAGE TO FUCK WITH YOU SINCE 1997.
A "people person" is really a friendly cannibal.

Waiting until marriage to Fuck with you since 1997.

Features

13

What's that thing in the Urinal?

Cheap promotional merchandise.

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

Hastily posed shot gag.

Live Wolf Blitzer broadcast.

WMDs.

Camel Light. Get it? Get it?

One (1) bouncing baby boy.
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.

**Features**

- 15

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

**WAITING UNTIL MARRIAGE TO F** **UCK WITH YOU SINCE 1997**

**f N ever Satisfying a Woman**

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*(Hangin’ with Mr. Cooper)*

**Reginald Vel Johnson**

*(Family Matters)*

**Marc Summers**

*(Double Dare)*

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*(Lesbian)*

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Our world was good, our world was great.
Circles were round, and straight lines, straight.
But then, 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 thumped. Or hasn't it been thumped?
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?

Pam anderson without hepatitis C—
As clean as clean can be.
She carries no Hepatitis
Neither A, nor B, nor C.

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

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!

A knocked-up baby, shitting on a bird.

The moon goes for a midnight stroll,
And for a hero, he does roll.

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

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Excuse notes 
for getting out of class

Professor gribbsweg (gribozweig)?-

Hey! Sorry, but I can't figure out
how to spell your name. I just put
Syllables—hope that's cool. Oh, I can't
come to class today. Peace!

Sincerely,
Katie Trew

Professor,

I was unable to attend class today because I had to
attend a family event. I made sure to go to class today
in the past, however, but I asked my parents that I wasn't
allowed to make up for it. I asked my parents that I weren't
allowed to miss the class, but I should be able to return to class next week.

John

Dear Professor, I tried beating it to class, but your
wife woke me up in the middle of the night. She's into
a new habit of trying to stop me. Sometimes she
seems to be really nice, like 2-3 seconds or the good stuff
that we always send like 50 minutes
saying bae, to each other. Air really
truly makes me feel good in 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 poop my feces
every twenty-five minutes. Please don't tell anyone

I'm making sudden motions or movements in class (like
screaming) in front of my desk.) I do my best to play it off, but
when I fulfill the requirements in the 5th hour, my
face and body will get pretty big. If you ever think
I am asking a question, it's actually probably just me
talks aloud. I'm really good at it, but

I'm not the only person who has to

If you have a question, just ask me. I'll come to a

Dear Professor,

I am unable to attend class today due to an
unforeseen occurrence. My pants are
now wet, and the first ten minutes
of the lecture were very

Benjamin

Just in time for spring, No Fearz® introduces the
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PROBATION?

VACATION.

IF YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY
HEALY DON'T BELONG IN THE
FAST LANE.

YOU'RE NOT A REAL DAD IF YOUR KIDS AREN'T AFRAID OF YOU.

THE BIGGER THE BUSH, THE BADDER THE BITCH.
WAITING UNTIL MARRIAGE TO F**K WITH YOU SINCE 1997

THE GUY BEHIND YOU MASTURBATED JUST BEFORE CLASS.
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LEGALIZE DRUNK DRIVING NOW!

WAITING UNTIL MARRIAGE TO F**K WITH YOU SINCE 1997

Features

• 23

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Hello! My name is Jimmy Libretto, and my wicked bike is filled with action and style. Watch, please. My bike!

Meanwhile, this bike is every night. Third Coast Customs got many cares of personal freedom.

Alright, here we are at Third Coast Customs. My bike's able to give Jennifer ride a naked man.

I just say, I don't know if you're going to have a good time with what's in store for your ride, man.

You can't go up against Chuck, Jimmy! If you get involved, you're in it deep. If you want a level up, don't take it lightly. Chuck's got the moves, man.
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 hitch 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.”

Dogistics!

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 shirt, pushing the blinds open. 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.

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?

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 conglomeration 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 245,983 per year. Coincidentally, the annual number of violent crimes committed by the mustached populace is exactly the same.

2. Admiration from the law. 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.

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 bushes 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 talboys. 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.
The Rose Bowl ROCKED my BALLS

Drew Baelle
THE HYMEN ANNihilator

What's 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 wasn't sure if driving across the COUNTRY counts as a road trip if you're 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 didn't 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. Couldn't 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
4:45a.m. We got to VEGAS and I put $200 on BLACK

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

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 TREATURE 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 was going to BLAST THEIR ASSES

FRIDAY
1:26a.m. Got dropped off DOWN-TOWN 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 didn't 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.

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
**Name**: Cactus

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.

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.

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.

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 hickey to your co-workers, but only you know that they came from the vacuum cleaner, and that there are more you cannot reveal.

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

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.

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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)
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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.

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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 acting parts for zombies these days.

Five years ago, I was doing off-Broadway theater in New York to rave reviews — 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 CSIs, 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.
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
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 IMPROV THREEFER
The Austin Improv Collective specialty: 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 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 Leno, Doug Mellard and Brendon Walsh. Thursdays at 10pm. The Velveeta 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 Velveeta 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.

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.

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. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. Free.
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