

七夜人

七夜人



切腹
Seppuku!



日本!



JAMIE SHELDON

the turtle whisperer

Texas Travesty: Thanks for inviting us into your habitat. What niche would you say you fill in the University?

Turtle Whisperer: [whispers] I'll be right back, my reptilian friends. [speaking] I use my mystical talents to heal the emotional wounds of University students.

TT: And you do this by speaking with turtles?

TW: [whispers] Quiet down, Randy. [speaking] Yes.



TT: What is your favorite movie starring a talking animal?

TW: *Dr. Dolittle*.

TT: The original, or the one with Eddie Murphy?

TW: Eddie Murphy still makes movies?

TT: Yes.

TW: That's unfortunate.

TT: Moving on, what do you do for fun?

TW: I have one of most extensive *Star Wars* figurine collections in central Texas.

TT: Was that a turtle shell the Ewok used to alert his troops at the Battle of Endor?

TW: No, I think it was a conch.

TT: What about a giant crab shell?

TW: That's also a possibility.



around campus

- While walking through the West Mall, a **girl** will suddenly get her period and wish all the flyers being handed out were really tampons.
- **Freshmen** who have put on the infamous Freshman 15 won't feel so bad once they hear about how many of their old high school friends have put on the Pregnant 40.
- **No one will go the Madrigal Dinner**, no matter how many posters you put up.
- **The Not-By-Choice Virgin Association** will be meeting in RLM Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 8pm until the end of their lives.

- **Everyone** will agree that Kirk Cameron should make a comeback, or he should just go to hell for the irony.
- **When an artsy girl** reading *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time* trips over her patent leather Mary Janes, everyone will feel a little bit better about themselves.
- **The Seventh Seal** that signals the beginning of the apocalypse was opened the day rolling backpacks were invented.
- **Eclectic tastes reflected through hair** are not appealing—just very smelly.
- **Elitist music pricks** have yet to cut off their SXSW wristbands. We're all glad their father was able to afford it.
- **Flowers left at the MLK statue** are not for the taking.
- **Living at a co-op** doesn't make you artsy — it makes you substance dependent.
- **Sweaty neck rolls** will infiltrate classes. Just be glad you can't see their haunch.

- Making eye contact doesn't require a smile, **Mr. Happy Pants**. Take your glee somewhere else.
- **The bulldozer in West Campus** loves to sleep next to you all night, but don't expect him to make you breakfast before he gets going early in the morning.
- **Panic** will strike once you realize finals are coming, your rent is past due, and you have absolutely no idea how many pints are in a gallon.
- **Professors** die a little each time you turn around to look at the clock and sigh.
- **Computer Science majors** will play Europe's "Final Countdown" each night before studying for finals
- **In-class surveys** never include a "You're wasting my time" check box.
- While walking down the Drag, **economics students** will argue over which homeless person gives them the most bang for their buck.
- **Students who participate in walkouts** will question why their skipping calculus hasn't sent tremors through Washington.

40acres411

VOLUME 8 • ISSUE 6
APRIL 19, 2006

ls government sophomore **Brad Becker** trading the bicameral legislature for the bisexual lifestyle? A well-placed source spotted Becker in a UGL group study room, embracing his longtime study companion **Tyler Nielson**. Looks like the doors at the UGL aren't the only thing that **swing both ways**.

Speaking of swing sets, last Friday graduate student **Lindsey Reinhold** bought a box of Franzia for her high-school boyfriend **Todd Young**. It is reported that Young and Reinhold broke up later that evening per his mother's request. But don't **judge** Reinhold just because she likes 'em young!

Unlike Reinhold's pedophilia, the jury is still out on who stole **Rebecca Stevenson's** iPod. In related news, resident advisor **Chad Murdock** was seen on a Gregory Gym Stairmaster jamming out to his new iPod.

However, Murdock's Stairmaster isn't the only thing going up and down! The elevator at Kinsloving recently took unescorted "easy rider" **Sam O'Connor** up a mere one floor to his girlfriend **Andrea Simone's** dorm room. Looks like O'Connor gave those fourth-floor residents the **shaft**. And speaking of shafts and going down, **Simone** refuses to comment on her **carpet-burned knees**.

What else is goin' down? Freshman **Kim Lao's** GPA, that's what! Could this be why she was seen canoodling her biology professor, **Dr. Michael Fordington**? Last Wednesday, Lao enjoyed **sucking up** her mocha latte with the professor at the Cactus Café. We heard the two made quite the **prickly pair**.

Did someone say **prick**? **Chris McKendry** dropped girlfriend **Margaret Fontaine** like a New Year's resolution after there was a pregnancy scare. Though her period was later than a 4am booty call, she eventually had better **flow** than Lil' Flip.

Got gossip? gossip@texastravesty.com



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SHOUT OUTZ TO...
Four years of good times; everyone being sooo busy; That Other Paper; Jill's fixation with Bradley's blaster; free pizza for eternity; getting your MRS degree; Eric's beard; Broseph's 'Za Shop; girls just want to have fun; Kelly Clarkson; going home to hang out with high-school friends; Camden's "energy" drinks; message board wars; "It's too hard"; HEB closed for Easter; Bradley has a vag; "not getting" the Smashing Pumpkins; Stephen's corsage for Veronica, talking about Spanish ad nauseum; lotsa matzah; Jan and Mike on page four; mustard is better; cue-linary or kuh-linary; not having free water cups at Wendy's anymore; Glenn, our Onion friend; putting dead rats in cups; the Salt Lick; parallel parking on Sixth and getting yelled at by a bus full of drunk people; the Clit Brigade; Steaks on a Train; getting moles removed from genitals; smelly salads; returning batteries; borrowing a cap and gown; banana pudding every day; dresses made out of napkins; finally being told something first; the evil ring; Fireman's #4; free dishwashers; puns.

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Orthodontist offers grills, conformity to pop culture

Adolescents eager for parents to 'call the orthodontist, tell him make me a grill'

Sara Kanewski
STAFF WRITER

PLANO, TX — After a two-year decline in business, Dr. Larry Wolfmann, DDS, recently began offering “grills” as an alternative to traditional braces.

“With all the Invisalign techniques and children not sucking their thumbs like they used to, braces just aren’t the hot commodity they once were,” explained Wolfmann.

Always looking for new ways to serve his patients, Wolfmann came across the idea for “iced out braces” when his 14-year-old son was watching MTV one afternoon.

“Usually I can’t stand rap music,” admitted Wolfmann. “Rappers aren’t generally known for having proper alignment. But when I saw Paul Wall flash his metal-laced teeth, I immediately wondered how much his orthodontist must be making. I mean, *banking*.”

Wolfmann originally offered silver braces with a choice of up to two band colors for customization. Now Wolfmann provides platinum, white



n “Aw gee, Mom. Do I have to mow the lawn? Me and Billy were gonna go to the soda fountain and split a vanilla malt before church.” Photo/AP

gold, and traditional gold.

Dr. Wolfmann’s practice has undergone other changes as well.

“We use to play this ‘soft favorites’ station at a low volume throughout the day,” said assistant Julie White. “Now we turn the bass up and keep it on that hot jams something or other station the kids seem to enjoy listening to.”

The dental assistants used to instruct the patient to “open wide,” but now the phrase “smile for me, Daddy, I wanna see your grill” is instead used when directing patients.

The waiting room in the office, which displays a bulletin board of patients’ before and after pictures, recently added the title “It’s my smile that got these onlookers spectatin’”

The iced out braces cost more than traditional ones, ranging in prices up to \$15,000. However, psychologist Nancy Mueller stresses the importance of adolescents feeling acceptance from their peers.

“In the past, braces have had a very negative image in the media,” explained Mueller. “But now, with Dr.

Wolfmann’s new technique, the children can imagine they are ‘grilled out’ just like Snoop Thug and the Yang Triplets and the whole gang.”

Wolfmann’s competitors, including Dr. Joe Zenner, are admittedly frustrated with Wolfmann’s success.

“I pioneered the introduction of fashion in orthodontics,” said Zenner. “I assured parents braces were no longer boring back in ’95 when I suggested matching band color to upcoming holidays or favorite sports teams. I should have been the one to launch those grills.”

Wolfmann’s adolescent son offered his own testimonial to his grill.

“I used to get made fun of in sixth grade — I was kind of a nerd,” said Matt Wolfmann. “Now I have the confidence to stand up for myself, ‘cause I got *dientes de ice*, and they got *dientes de foil*.”

Wolfmann smiled at his son and added: “Not only are his bicuspid moving nicely in line with his early molars, but he’s been flossin’ all day, every day since he’s gotten a grill.”

Local coffee shop not inherently pretentious

Music selection, coffee mugs available at Wal-Mart

Stephen Short
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

AUSTIN — Freshman Neil Samberg ventured into a coffee shop that was not inherently pretentious Thursday evening, as he sought a laid-back environment in which to study for his macroeconomics final.

“I was headed for the PCL when I saw a sign for Arachnid Abode Coffee House,” recalled Samberg. “This gender studies major who lives in my dorm is always talking about it, so I thought I’d go in and check it out.”

Clad in a Rose Bowl championship T-shirt, jean shorts, and knee-high socks with sandals, Samberg noted the “friendly atmosphere” as several patrons flashed him a cursory glance.

“Usually when you walk into a coffee shop, no one acknowledges your presence,” said Samberg. “But this guy in a sweater vest actually took the time to callously gaze at me. That’s special.”

“They were playing Dashboard Confessional on the speakers, too, which is awesome,” said Samberg. “I played acoustic guitar back in high school, so I know where this guy is coming from.”

After admiring a series of portraits near the entrance depicting the devil receiving fellatio from Vice President Cheney, Samberg walked to the counter to order a sandwich and coffee.

“There was nobody in line ahead of me, but the two cashiers working behind the counter were engaged in a lively discussion concerning nouveau post-modern sculpture in Chile from 1964 to 1967, so I let them talk,” explained Samberg. “I was happy to stand there for eight minutes as they finished their debate — it gave me time to choose what kind of coffee I wanted.”

Samberg added: “Those guys sure know their Chilean post-modern sculpture.”

Finally ordering an \$8 hummus sandwich and a \$5 iced caramel mocha latte with non-dairy soy creamer, Samberg scoured the store for an available seat.

“It didn’t really bother me that every seat was taken. It just means that there’s a heavy demand that the store is meeting,” said Samberg. “As an economics major, I realize that’s free-market capitalism at it’s finest.”

Despite the lack of seating that evening, Samberg fervently endorses

Arachnid Abode as an excellent place to eat and study.

“I was choking on a piece of my sandwich, but before I had a chance to ask for help, one of the cashiers jostled me into a wall,” said a grateful Samberg. “I am forever indebted to him. If it weren’t for his quick thinking, I would be dead.”

Arachnid Abode cashier Mark Masonsill clarified Samberg’s account of the incident.

“I was hanging a picture of Ralph Nader above the cash register when I noticed someone holding a Starbucks mug,” recalled Masonsill. “I bolted for the mug, but some inconsiderate dork with corporate clothing was standing in my way.”

Masonsill continued: “I had to shove him to the floor, but I was able to get that Starbucks mug out of here.”

Arachnid Abode patron Jane Ray disagrees with Samberg’s positive review.

“This place has sold out,” complained Ray. “I thought they were playing Dashboard Confessional to be ironic, but when that frat guy with the football shirt came in and started rocking out to the music, they actu-



n By municipal order, lifting one’s pinky constitutes physical labor within Austin city limits. Photo/Travesty

ally turned the volume up and played more of the CD.”

Ray added: “They don’t even use Columbian fair-trade coffee beans.”

Human biology major can't wait to study a broad

Mike Faerber
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — After ending a celibate relationship with his girlfriend Trisha Valencia, freshman human biology major Ken Longing is ready to study a broad — for the first time.

“Knowledge is power,” Longing said, nodding his head and chewing his lip. “There’s a vast wealth of knowledge out there just waiting for me to lap it up.” He paused, stroking his eighth edition human sexuality textbook. “This book goes much deeper than the seventh edition.”

While his major offers a clinical, straightforward approach to the subject of human sexuality, Longing admits “sometimes, those extremely detailed muscular diagrams of the inner workings of the vagina make extra blood flow through my seminal vesicles.”

Shara Holter, teaching assistant for Longing’s 314C anatomy section, appreciates his enthusiasm on the subject.

“He stays late after class and shows up unannounced to office hours,” Holter added. “And his report on the erogenous zones, ‘The Human Biolo-G Spots,’ was both tasteful and informative.”

“I just can’t get those sexy fallopian tubes from page 432 out of my head,” voiced Longing. “Whether I’m walking to class or staring at the teacher’s drawing of the mons pubis on the chalkboard, there is only one thought throbbing in my head: Take me to Labia City.”



Ken Longing and Shara Holter. Photo/Travesty

Longing in my head: Take me to Labia City.”

Holter admits Longing’s “unquenchable” thirst for knowledge can sometimes be “dis-

ruptive” and “inappropriate.” She reports that during a discussion of the frontal lobe, Longing yelled a suggestion to study the “full fron-

tal lobe” instead. Holter clarified, “This is, of course, scientifically impossible.”

Unlike Holter, many of Longing’s female classmates do not appreciate his scholastic pursuits.

Classmate Kendra Turner claimed, “Ken makes me feel more uncomfortable than my stepfather in a wet bathing suit. Don’t get me wrong — it’s nice to get a little attention now and then, but he won’t stop staring at my ‘mammary glands.’” Turner flipped her hair and remarked, “Guess I won’t be wearing my favorite see-through shirt to class anymore.”

Longing’s class notes are reportedly full of graphic yet detailed drawings of various anatomy. Longing pointed to his notebook, stating, “Just look at this cellular diagram. It’s undergoing mitosis.” Next to the drawing was the crib note, “Oh, baby, I’m going into your anaphase!” Longing smiled, looked down, and said, “I need help.”

“I’ll tell you what Ken needs,” asserted Longing’s roommate Chris Dalemán, an ACC student, while shotgunning a beer in his pajamas. “The kid is so backed up with school work. He needs to take a load off and relieve some of this stress.”

Longing, however, expressed interest in the exact opposite. Instead, he intends to study a broad in Germany, dedicating all his time to his overseas education. Currently, he plans to specialize in “the vagina.”

Name: Eskimo Hut; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00019367

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dirtybriefs

done dirt cheap

Local baker tired of living cookie-cutter life

AUSTIN — Howard Dougherty, owner of The Flour Pot, has decided to sell the bakery that he has owned and operated for over 30 years. Claiming his “hearth’s just not in it anymore,” he is ready to retire from the business. “I bought that kiln when I was young and fired up about the bakery,” recalled Dougherty. “Now that the kiln has died, I feel it’s my time to go as well.” The store, which has grown an impressive following, has risen in popularity every year and has become well-known among Austin’s upper crust. “I stretched myself out too thin,” said Dougherty. “I’m not cut out for this fancy, modern crowd, but I guess that’s just how the cookie crumbles.” Howard’s son Pete hinted that he might like to take over the family business and stamp out a few other bakeries in the city. “If he wants to do that, it’s fine,” said Howard. “I just hope he realizes there’s more to life than making dough.”

Stand-up comic’s material untrue

LOS ANGELES — Comedian Jimmy Froy fled from an impending mob at the Yuk-Yuk Room Friday evening after audience members discovered Froy’s material was “only partially accurate.” Froy told humorous accounts of his adjustment to becoming a “balding, broke bachelor” after breaking up with his “Craigslis-addicted girlfriend” Marcy Hill. However, when Froy was caught kissing Hill beside his BMW after the show, furious audience members spoke out in disgust. “Not only is he still with his girlfriend, he’s also not poor! I paid money to laugh, not to be brainwashed with lies,” ranted patron Rachael Mills. “Before I found out Froy was full of shit, I really thought he was a funny guy,” said Bill Martin. “But now that I know that he doesn’t drive a ’93 Geo Metro that’s constantly breaking down, I take back all my laughs, chuckles, and guffaws.” Froy was not available for comment but will be performing this Thursday at Chuckle City.

Baseball player still at first base

PORTLAND — Carson Rossman, leadoff batter for the Garrison High Gators JV baseball team, made an impressive dash for first base during the city playoffs against archrival Hermanville High. “I slid into first early in the fourth inning, but it’s already the bottom of the fourth and I’m still here,” bemoaned Rossman, preparing for a mad dash to second base. Watching Rossman from the bleachers, girlfriend Stacy Klein rhythmically coaxed him to be patient at first base. “I don’t want him at second just yet — he can stick it out a little while longer,” explained Klein, idly fantasizing about a double header. Following the game, Rossman commented: “I didn’t strike out, but some triple play or a grand slam would’ve been nice, if you know what I’m saying.”

Viewers protest The Food Network’s plans to film ‘Iron Chef: Sudan’

NEW YORK — After experiencing success with the latest Iron Chef spin-off, *Iron Chef: America*, The Food Network made public its plans to begin filming new episodes in Sudan in front of a live, predominantly native audience. “We just feel that it’s time to trek into a wilder territory,” said George Respin, Food Network CEO. “Spin-offs have worked well in other regions, so we decided to take the show to a new hot-bed of culinary excellence.” Despite his enthusiasm, critics quickly gathered outside Food Network headquarters to protest the new series. “There are over four million starving people in that region of Africa!” shouted protestor Jonathan Green. “To film this kind of show in front of a live audience is completely ignorant and insensitive to the starving Sudanese children.” Although Respin claimed the protest was “without merit,” controversy has already surrounded the filming of the pilot episode, in which a judge was speared and eaten by a cannibalistic tribe invited to compete against Red Cross aid workers.



GROW UP. I DON'T SEE ANY JUNGLE GYMS AROUND HERE.

Born-again Christian finds booze

Eric Seufert
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

AUSTIN — Joanne Dougherty, a 42-year-old accountant who four years ago devoted her life to Christianity and espousing the word of God, experienced a philosophical and metaphysical catharsis this past Sunday when she inadvertently became intoxicated after drinking two Bloody Mary cocktails.

“Some of the families in the neighborhood have a potluck dinner after church on Sundays, and this week we met at the Jackson’s. Anna, Jim Jackson’s wife, offered me a Bloody Mary, so I drank it,” Dougherty said between sips of a Long Island iced tea. “It turns out that I actually wasn’t making a political statement against reform doctrine within the Church of England — I was just drinking booze.”

Sam Dougherty, Joanne’s husband, was confused by his wife’s erratic, uncharacteristic behavior at the event but wasn’t prepared for the complete change in her personality that it would precipitate. While many of Dougherty’s loved ones applaud her reinvention, a few have become frustrated with how liquor now dominates her life.

“Look, I’m glad Joanne has branched out into other interests, because honestly the Christian thing was starting to get on my nerves,” said Jack O’Reilly, one of Dougherty’s co-workers. “But I’m getting sick of hearing myself say things like, ‘No, I don’t want to guzzle a half-handle of Vodka, I’ve got a presentation in half an hour,’ ‘Sorry, I can’t bong that beer with you, my kid has a piano recital tonight,’ and ‘Actually, I don’t think the juice machine in the break room should have a Tequila Sunrise option.’ She needs to tone her latest

devotion down a notch.”

Some of Dougherty’s peers, however, are delighted by her recent social exploration.

“Thank God she found booze,” confided her Church’s reverend, Father Thomas Johnson. “I don’t think I could have lived through another minute of her sanctimonious preaching. Some people ask me how I can justify my faith — how I can completely adhere to the concept of a God. You know what I tell them? That night at the potluck dinner when Joanne was wearing the Johnson’s fish-bowl like a helmet and playing air guitar to “Voodoo Chile” is unequivocal proof that God exists. The miracle He performed that night reapplies itself each time Joanne tips back a whiskey sour instead of telling me about how she saw Jesus in a box of thumbtacks or in a bottle of heartburn suppressant.”

Taking a second to calm himself and regain his composure, Father Johnson added: “Did you hear about her car getting keyed in the church parking lot? Let’s just say I don’t wear this collar 24/7.”

Dougherty has not been affected by the opinions surrounding her identity revival, maintaining a positive attitude and upbeat disposition.

“There will always be a doubting Thomas who needs some sort of proof that one course of action is the right thing to do,” Mrs. Dougherty said, searching furiously through her purse for a four-ounce bottle of Jack Daniels. “What I’m doing has purpose, and I’m totally devoted to my cause. For me, completely dedicating myself to a belief is how I transcend the evils and worries of reality.”

After adding the contents of her bottle of whiskey to her coffee, Dougherty added, “Well, that and getting loaded.”



In This woman is 42-years-old? Wow, she could pass for 20.

Name: BeeZeeTees; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00018347

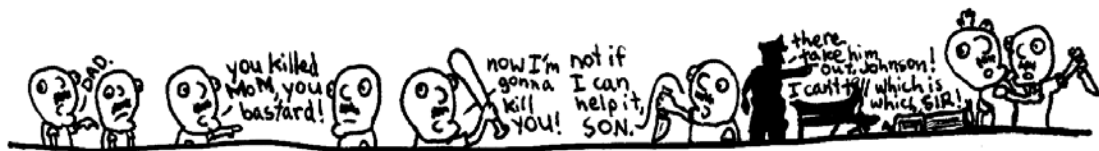
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TEXAS

Classic Literature

TEEN FLICKS

Tess of the O'Hendersons

Tess (Jennifer Love Hewitt) is a cute, intellectual oddball who goes to work on a distant relative's farm one fateful summer. She falls in love with one cute guy (Beth Green) and then gets knocked up by another (Chad

Michael Murray) - both of whom totally blow her off. After a brief girl power montage in which Tess cries repeatedly at her dead child's grave, the movie ends with everyone dying right before the prom.

No Exit

Saturday detention's a drag! And thanks to the school principal locking three students in the teacher's lounge, there's no way out! Garry (Martin Sheen), Izzy (Laguna Beach's Kristin Cavallari), and Stella (Hilary Duff) try to make the best of

things while a view of the annual Battle of the Bands mocks them from the outside world and they squabble over who to take to prom. Watch as the unlikely love triangle of these young troublemakers unfolds.

Oedipus Rex

Oed (Lil' Flip) was a big fish in a small pond at Olympus High. A chance visit to the palm reader booth at the county fair reveals his awful secret: He's destined to kill his dad (Tim Curry) and marry his mom (Meryl Streep). Gross! To protect his parents, he takes off to the big city. In his haste, he runs over what he thinks is a squirrel, but continues his flight. Once in the city, he enrolls in a new

high school just in time for the prom, but he realizes he needs a smokin' hot date in order to fit in. In desperation, he calls up an escort service and is greeted at the door by Debbie, the classiest MILF he had ever seen. After some post-prom festivities, Debbie confides in him and explains her tragic past - the hit-and-run death of her husband and her lost son!

An EBUS Named Desire

In her most challenging role yet, Lindsay Lohan plays the oversexed and underfed teenage girl Sammy in *An EBUS Named Desire*. When Sammy gets caught in the middle of gang warfare at Huston-Tillotson College, she is forced to go stay with her knocked-up sister at UT (Britney Spears). Awkward social tensions arise when Sammy finds out her sister is

dating a working-class student (Kevin Federline). Ewww! But Sammy's sister goes into labor in Jester East? Will Sammy's substance abuse problem and promiscuity ruin her chances with the cute RA (Sean Wiggins)? Will they have time to stop by the Orange and White Prom?

Death in Venice Beach

In this dark comedy, a workaholic named Gus (Simon Cowell) finds himself going through a mid-life crisis. He decides that the only way to get out of his funk is to move from chilly Connecticut to sunny Venice Beach. But when Gus meets

Ted (Ryan Seacrest), a hot high-school senior at the local surf-shop, his world is turned upside-down! Watch as Gus tries again and again to steal Ted's heart. After all, prom is approaching, and Ted doesn't have a date!

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COMING SUMMER 2006

photo/AP

JESUS is...

By John Roper
wordupmoney.com

Von! Two! Three!

Three courses! Ah ah ah!

...vanting to suck your blood.

JESUS is...

By John Roper
wordupmoney.com

Canned goods again.

Third sign of the apocalypse.

...rousing suspicion at the supermarket.

JESUS is...

By John Roper
wordupmoney.com

Yes, they can give life, but they also take it away.

Fill this out.

...registering his hands as weapons.

the travesty interviews...

MC DIABETiK

Last month's release of "One Foot in the Grave," the major-label debut of 82-year-old rapper MC DiabetiK, has the music world abuzz. DiabetiK's invective-driven lyrics, the majority of which target young artists whose work DiabetiK sees as a perversion of rap's original form, have generated controversy matched by few artists. The *Travesty* had the opportunity to sit down with DiabetiK during a break in his tour schedule to talk about his life, his career, and his post-tour plans.

Travesty: You're about halfway through with your cross-country tour at this point; how has the experience been? What can we expect from the remainder of the tour?

MC DiabetiK: I rounded up the guys I toured with back in '82 when we were MC DiabetiK and the Geriatrix, so I knew coming into this thing that shit was going to be intense. Last night we hit up a titty bar after the show to score some coke and maybe hunt down some tail. I'm in this place less than a minute when the manager takes us all into VIP. We brought some chicks from the show with us and this place is just getting wild, girls all getting naked and shit. My boy Robert had to turn his pacemaker monitor off because that shit was beeping nonstop, that's how crazy this place was. The managers just keep bringing out drinks and a stripper comes up and starts taking off my pants, so I laid down about a 10 minute flow while I was waiting for an erection. I wish someone had recorded that shit, it was nasty as hell.

Travesty: In light of an industry that is trending toward younger performers, were you surprised by the success of "One Foot in the Grave"?

MC DiabetiK: Hell no. You surprised when the damn sun rises? The DBK has had producers hanging on his balls for decades, cousin. I'm talking about record execs taking me out to lunch trying to sweet talk me into selling out since the Johnson administration and shit. CEOs calling me cute, telling me I'm a cutie just to get me to slang down some lyrics. I'm talking about August 9th, 1945, leaning out of an airplane dropping Fat Man on Nagasaki. I'm about to do it again — I'm going to drop a hip-hop hydrogen bomb on this industry, blow this shit to smithereens. My album went triple platinum, I don't give a damn. That shit doesn't concern me. I've got people to think about that kind of stuff for me. I'm talking about wearing so much ice that my enemies think Hell froze over. I'm talking about ushering in a new Ice Age, having cavemen in my backyard walking around all hairy and shit talking about the Woolly Mammoth...

A member of MC DiabetiK's entourage interrupts him and hands him a sheet of paper. MC DiabetiK looks over it for a second and hands it back, saying, "I think they have my prescription on file."

MC DiabetiK: What was I saying?

Travesty: the Woolly Mammoth?

MC DiabetiK: Hell yeah.

Travesty: So has the money changed you?

MC DiabetiK: Money's not new to me — I've

got my fingers in all sorts of pies. I've got a pretty well-funded IRA that I rolled my 401(k) into. I had 100 percent matching on that bitch, too. I'm in some aggressive no-load mutual funds that pay out like 13 percent annually or some shit. I put my pension into some long-term bonds, and I'm taking that shit in as income every month. My money's making me money; I don't worry about that bullshit. Plus, it gets spread around. I'm 82, I've got grandchildren. That's a lot of mouths to feed.

Travesty: What are your thoughts on the evolution of rap into a sort of celebration of violence?

MC DiabetiK: That shit is old news. All these new rappers talking about shooting people, that shit is silly. I've still got shrapnel in my ass from the Battle of the Bulge, dog. I'm talking about the European theatre, turning Krauts into Swiss cheese and shit. My M1 carbine's got more notches on it than my headboard. I'm talking about reality, dude. These new rappers are talking about fantasy, like the boogeyman and shit. Don't make me laugh.

MC DiabetiK produces a Nokia N-Gage from his jacket pocket and begins playing a game.

Travesty: What is your reaction to the recent comment by Young Buck that you're an "old-ass man that needs to shut his mouth"?

MC DiabetiK: I don't know who that is.

Travesty: Do you have any closing comments?

MC DiabetiK: R.I.P. Jerry Orbach. I'm out.

Name: Mann Eye Institute & Laser Cen; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00019681

Inappropriate Gifts for Your Graduate

Just enough gas to drive to the unemployment office

Any Dale Carnegie book

Spice rack

A declining metabolism

A black eye

Amazing opportunity for timeshare ownership (initial investment of \$35K required)

PSAT study guide

Clichéd reference to the 1967 Mike Nichols film. You know... that one with Rain Man. What's his name? Hew was kind a hot.

A Best Buy extended warranty

Renewed subscription to Highlights magazine

A box full of questions about your future

A loveless marriage, two screaming kids, and a mortgage. A soulless, white washed suburban existence. Korean minivans and chain restaurants. You're trapped — suffocated by Bermuda grass and neighborhood associations. Keep telling yourself how good the schools are, pal, because it's a death sentence. A \$350,000 coffin.

\$500 gift certificate to the Co-op

An ultimatum

ask a STUDENT ATHLETE

Dear Student Athletes,
I haven't been back to school since spring break. I have absolutely no notes, and for the past month and a half I've been living off of the following things: Camel Reds, 99-cent monster tacos, blow, handles of McCormick's Vodka, the sweet love of girls with low self-esteem, blow, Awesome Blossoms, shrimp flavored Ramen, my parents' money, and blow. Holy crap. Where should I begin?

James, philosophy sophomore

Jim,
Just bring your professor some Kleenex for extra credit. You'll be fine, seriously. Heck, just tell the professor you're gonna score a touchdown for a sick kid. Don't matter either way, people know your name.

- Student Athletes

Dear Student Athletes,
I've got three finals on the same day, and none of my professors will let me reschedule. And to top it all off, I'm a bridesmaid in my sister's

wedding — which is the day before all of my finals! I'm not going to be able to study at all. What should I do?

Suzanne, accounting junior

Suze,
Reminds us of this one game when the pressure was ON like Donkey Kong. It was 4th and 10, and we were down by 6. There was so much yelling that no one could even hear the snap count. But then Vince leaped over the defensive line and flew like... an angel. A freakin' ANGEL, floating to heaven—*whoosh!*—and scored the game-winning TD.

Yeah. So just tell your professor a story about Vince Young. No worries.

- Student Athletes

Dear Student Athletes,
As team players, I am sure you will understand my predicament. I, too, work best in "team" settings, but my group study sessions are simply not meeting my "winning" expectations. For some reason, whenever I meet with

random people to study for finals, they always take advantage of my typed, extremely detailed, bulleted notes! Will you please help me turn my study group into the "National Champions" of spring finals?

Thomas, business senior

T,
It's like coach always says: "Offense may win games, but defense wins championships, can't never could, no pain no gain SHUT-UPSTITCHESAREFORPUSSIES, push it."

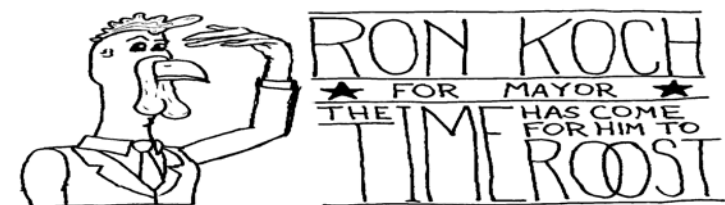
Tell you what. Go get yourself a jug of Creatine. Call a lil' team huddle, pass it around, get the guys pumped, get those mental muscles RIPPED. Gotta warn ya, Creatine tastes worse than a Sooner's douche, but it's worth it for that sweet A. Hook 'em.

- Student Athletes

Ask a Student Athlete appears in 389 college newspapers and magazines nationwide. Send questions to xtracredit@texastravesty.com

Name: Collin County Comm. College; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00018377

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



I'm the king of sensible fun

Hey, gang! What's on the agenda for tonight? Got any plans? I don't know about you guys, but I could go for some sensible, post-work dining.

Did I hear somebody say dinner and a movie? I sure hope so — I've been craving a Chili's turkey burger and a Diet Coke since mid-afternoon. Whaddya say we all pile

into my mid-sized Volvo wagon after work and grab a good table before the evening rush hits?

No, Darryl, you can't call shotgun now. That's not how I play the game.

Don't get too excited, team — we've still got 40 minutes of important work to do before the weekend begins, and these spreadsheets aren't gonna run macros on themselves. Trust me, group, once that minute hand hits five you're all gonna forget about work. Why? Because I'm the king of sensible fun!

TGIF indeed, Darryl.

I've heard some rumblings around the office about possibly dining at Dave 'n' Busters or even the Cheese-cake Factory. Now, team, I'm all about having fun — sensible fun — but I'm just not sure the above restaurants can compete with the moderately priced menu and laid-back dining environment at Chili's.

No, Darryl. Hooters is out of the question. We're not young college bucks, unfortunately.

Having worked in the supplies management business for seven years now, I've observed that many worker-bees tend to drown their problems with a trip to the ol' watering hole for some adult beverages and a cancer stick — but that's just not my style. No, sir — as far as I'm concerned,



Jeffrey Simms
JUST A SENSIBLE GUY

there's nothing like exchanging pleasantries over a couple of spinach and artichoke dips and southwestern-style eggrolls to help relieve the stress of a busy yet highly productive day.

Yes, Darryl, that 24 show sure is exciting television. I also wonder when Jack Bauer fits in a trip to the restroom.

Now some of you have expressed concern that *Ice Age 2: Meltdown* is too tame of a film for us to go see. I heartily disagree. Not only have critics throughout the greater Midwest given it excellent reviews, but it also features such noted celebrity talent as John Leguizamo, Queen Latifah, and the affable Ray Romano.

Okay, Darryl, you've made your point, but I just don't think it would be prudent to sneak some Wild Turkey and Xanax into a midnight screening of *Basic Instinct 2: Risk Addiction*. What's the point in having sensible fun if you can't remember how sensible it was the next day?

Now, Darryl, it's been a few weeks since I last perused the staff handbook, but I'm quite certain that "boner" and "blouse bunnies" are not office-appropriate words.

Whoa, Darryl, TMI. Too Much Information.

Okay, gang, so I guess we'll reconvene in the lobby a couple minutes after five. Get ready for some sensible fun courtesy of yours truly.

Oh, by the way, did any of you guys get that forwarded e-mail I sent out about the lawyer who goes to Heaven? Well, when you get a free minute you should check it out and maybe forward it to other people. It gave me quite a chuckle.



Here's how it works:



Don't miss this!



XBOX 360™

MidnightBox.com
Play the game and save!

Enter your special school referral code: **TRV STY**
to double your MidnightBox points.

HILARIOUS FOIBLES IN THE UNITED NATIONS CHATROOM

The crisis in Darfur has reached epic proportions



OMG



LMAO!!!

ROTF
press 4
if u luv
Britney



h h

Name: Campus Computer Store%Apple Co; Width: 58p0; Depth: 10 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00020209

Name: Longhorn Landings; Width: 58p0; Depth: 10 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00020108

EMBARRASSING ACCUTANE STORIES

Dinner and a sob-fest

On month 14 of my Accutane treatment — just about midway through — I went out on a date with Amber, the head cheerleader on my high school's squad. The night was going pretty well, but then Amber started getting frustrated with me for leaving the movie theater every 15 minutes to apply a fist full of Vaseline to my lips. We went to dinner after the movie, and that's when our evening took a turn for the worse: A huge clump of my dried out, straw-like hair fell out and into my soup, and my Accutane-induced depression caused me to start weeping and wet myself. I tried to explain to Amber that these things were a result of the medication I was taking to treat my problematic T-zone, but she demanded that I take her home. Talk about embarrassing!

Chris, 18

[Rating: 4 permanent frowns]



Daddy's boy

Back in junior high, I had everything going for me. I was a straight-A student, captain of the football team, and the only guy who got to feel up Jenny Garrison. Once I reached high school, however, puberty hit me like a truck. I would try to squeeze a pimple on my face, only to discover that my hands were also covered with them. My entire body resembled that lava planet in *Star Wars*. Nobody even wanted to talk to me. Thank God for Accutane! It practically saved my life. Now I'm living in my own pad — *padded room*, that is. And I finally realized how much of a tyrant my dad was right before I slit his throat and feasted on his heart, the source of his power. That'll teach him to tell me to stop crying.

Brinn, 24

[Rating: 7 permanent frowns]

Skin prisoner

After dealing with hideous acne ever since the seventh grade, I was willing to try anything to get rid of it, even my sister's make-up. Boy was I relieved when my doctor prescribed me Accutane. He warned about some vision problems associated with the drug, but with my new clear skin, nothing could get me down. That week I started Driver's Ed. I was so excited to be behind the wheel, but suddenly this strange cloudiness came over my eyes. I couldn't see just as we headed into a busy intersection! I survived the crash, but my Driver's Ed instructor wasn't so lucky. Now I'm serving time for manslaughter, and I'm pretty sure I can feel a pimple starting to form. Thanks, Accutane!

Hannah, 19

[Rating: 3 permanent frowns]

Worthless crybaby

Even though I was a studly jock throughout junior high and high school, by senior year I still didn't feel like I had reached my popularity potential. Because of the horrific acne on my face, back, and chest, I had never gotten a girlfriend! I was so excited when my doctor prescribed Accutane. Within days, my face had totally dried up and peeled off. Proud of my new skin, I walked right up to the head cheerleader during lunch and asked her to the prom. She turned me down, and because of the damn depression caused by Accutane, I sobbed uncontrollably in front of everyone. Nobody believed that it was because of my medicine, so now I'm considering suicide rather than facing the guys at school tomorrow.

Sasha, 20

[Rating: 9 permanent frowns]

Chap Desert

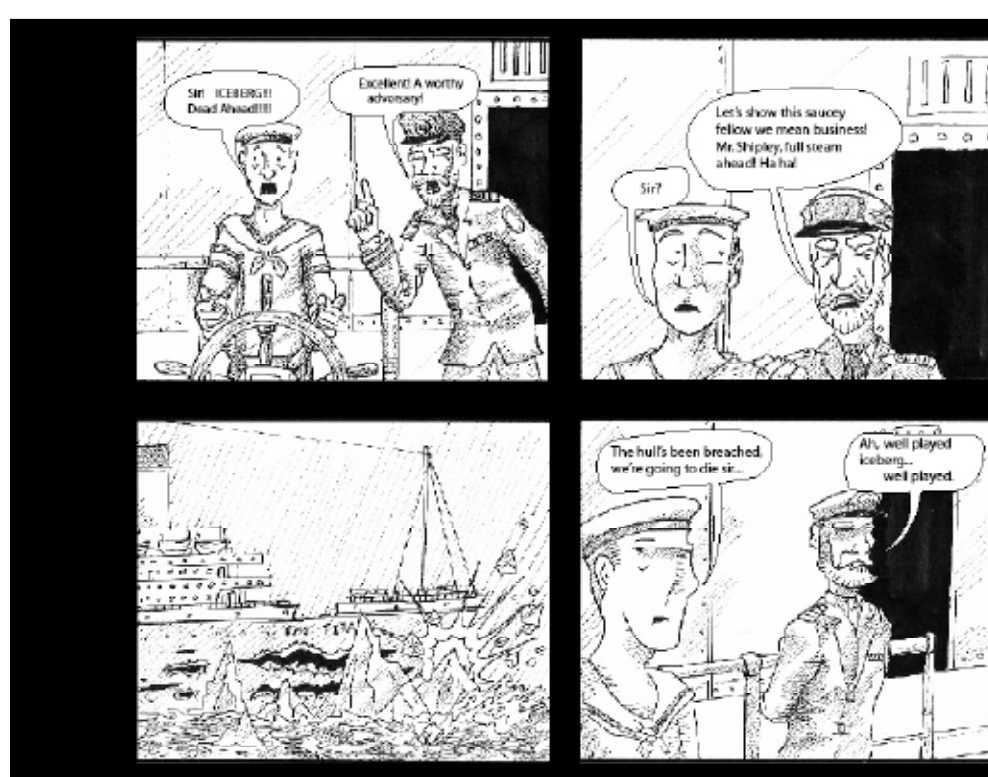
In high school, I really liked this guy Josh. After I got on Accutane and my skin started clearing up, he asked me out. I was so happy! But our date took a turn for the worse when he started bleeding from kissing my severely chapped lips. A nice guy, he kept trying to please me, but with the tumbleweeds blowing around my dry-as-a-desert vagina, intimacy just wasn't in the cards. And Accutane also made me mentally unstable — after I punched Josh in the neck, he never spoke to me again. How embarrassing!

Kat, 19

[Rating: 2 permanent frowns]

Share your most shockingest story!! E-mail the Travesty at: letters@texastravesty.com

Name: Lakequest Enterprises - DISPLA; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00019864



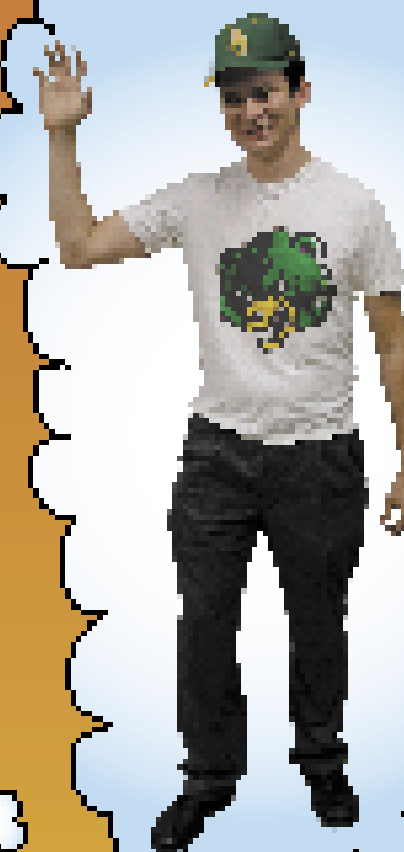
He thinks, therefore he graduates...

Gene to UT San Antonio

If Joe had gone to UTSA, he would have celebrated his team's Rose Bowl victory, bought \$125 worth of UT Austin apparel at the Longhorn Riverwalk Outlet, had all of his mail forwarded from Austin to San Antonio, and told people he saw Vince Young on campus.



After five years of writing about readings on thinking about thinking, Joe DeKant is finally going to enter the real world — with a BA in Philosophy. Unfortunately for Joe, no job openings exist in the metaphysical realm! Given these premises, we at the Texas Travesty can logically conclude one thing: Joe must be having misgivings about his degree choice. We can't help but wonder, what would Joe's life be like if he had...



Gone to Baylor

If Joe had gone to Baylor, he would have lived halfway between two interesting places! He would have watched Footloose everyday, kept warm on those cold, judgmental nights by cuddling with the Baylor Bear, broken curfew, become engaged, and learned that homosexuality is inappropriate — unless it is a tasteful threesome with two Christian sorority girls.



Gene to A&M

If Joe had gone to A&M, he would have respected both women and grass, participated in midnight orgies on Kyle Field after several rounds at the Dixie Chicken, and worn overalls without shame.



Majored in Engineering

If Joe had majored in engineering, he would have spent countless hours giggling over heat transfer between two bodies, bragged to his English major peers about never having to write papers, learned to hate sorority girls who take the RLM elevator to the fifth floor, bragged about his internship with a transportation conglomerate that paid \$17/hour, and complained about his full-time position with a transportation conglomerate that pays \$18/hour.



EASTER WEEKEND was a DELIGHT

Drew Baelle
THE HYMEN ANNIHILATOR

The TEXAS Tragedy or something asked me to give them a DIARY of my EASTER weekend. Microsoft WORD kept converting my words to LOWERCASE so I wrote everything down with BLOOD on a bunch of NAPKINS.



WEDNESDAY
11:26am – woke up CONVULSING
11:36am – PUKED on a pile of my STUFFED ANIMALS
11:37am – WHERE THE FUCK AM I?
11:42am – woke up the CHICK next to me and asked her for my PANTS
11:52am – decided I was TOO SOBER to drive
11:55am – the GIRL said her name was “SARAH” and offered to DRIVE me home
12:02pm – told the GIRL to stop at a gas station so I could pick up a MAD DOG
12:08pm – bet the GIRL \$100 that I could CHUG the bottle before she could leave the PARKING LOT
12:09pm – took \$3.50 in QUARTERS from the GIRL’S change tray and told her she could OWE ME
12:18pm – got HOME and woke up my roommate LENNY
12:20pm – Lenny said something about spending the last THREE DAYS with a police squad combing LAKE AUSTIN for my CORPSE
12:21pm – NUT-CHECKED LENNY when he wiped away a TEAR!
12:36pm – got some EMAIL about GRADUATING COLLEGE

12:38pm – what the hell is a MAJOR?
12:39pm – went back to watching MILF HUNTER
1:22pm – LENNY came home with a KEG
1:25pm – did a KEG STAND
1:32pm – LENNY couldn’t hold my LEGS anymore so I STOPPED
1:38pm – why do they only put pussy BEER in kegs?
1:58pm – tried to build a WHISKEY KEG but I couldn’t use a FLAMETHROWER and hold my DRINK at the same time
6:35pm – some GIRL named “SARAH” called and asked if she could COME OVER. We were almost out of BEER so I told her to bring a 24 PACK
7:08pm – LENNY and I invited our NEIGHBORS over to play BEER PONG
8:11pm – my TEAMMATE missed his SECOND CUP of the night so I FLIPPED the table over and told him to LEAVE
8:13pm – some GIRL named “SARAH” came over with a 24 pack of BEER. I needed a new teammate so I let her STAY
10:22pm – we RAN OUT of BEER
10:46pm – finally COOLED DOWN enough to stop PUNCHING HOLES in the WALL
10:48pm – decided to WATCH a movie with SARAH

THURSDAY
3:52am – went to bed after Sarah left. We had stayed up talking all night.
1:42pm – woke up with the SHAKES
1:49pm – checked my EMAIL before heading to the LIQUOR STORE
1:53pm – saw the email about graduation again. Wrote myself a note to get a cap and gown this week.

2:24pm – the LINE at the LIQUOR STORE was long so I SIPHONED GASOLINE out of my car to TIDE ME OVER
3:08pm – started watching TV before going to 6TH STREET
3:11pm – when did OPRAH get fat again?
4:24pm – called LENNY into the living room to see a HILARIOUS COMMERCIAL
4:25pm – NUT-CHECKED LENNY when he looked at the TV! I’m going for a HAT TRICK
7:25pm – PEOPLE started coming over to PRE-GAME so I changed out of my MOBILEHOMA t-shirt into my 2006 NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP t-shirt
8:24pm – SOMEONE offered me a SHOT of tequila but I SMACKED IT out of their hand and told them I’d stick with beer instead. There’s no need to get drunk before even getting downtown.
9:13pm – EVERYONE started LEAVING but I remembered that I’d PROMISED to spend time with Sarah that night.
11:32pm – Went to SLEEP after eating dinner with Sarah. I have an EARLY class on Fridays.

FRIDAY
9:26am – RECEIVED a BILL from a hospital in LAS VEGAS. When was I in Nevada?
9:58am – Saw a kid asleep in the bushes outside of his apartment complex. What a degenerate!
10:02am – My professor claimed that he had never seen me in class before. He wouldn’t let me stay until I showed him a printout of my schedule.
11:26am – Some girl on campus screamed “ASSHOLE!” and threw her soda at me. I guess she mistook me for someone else.
12:55pm – Finished taking my graduation pictures at a photography studio. The smart-aleck photographer recommended I put

“Drewski” on the name portion, but I insisted on using my real name.
4:26pm – Started getting dressed for dinner with Sarah and her parents.
6:25pm – Arrived at the restaurant. The waiter told me they were out of Diet Coke so I told him to GO FUCK HIMSELF
6:26pm – Everyone became silent and stared at me. I wasn’t sure what prompted me to exclaim such a thing, but I apologized profusely and told the waiter that Diet Pepsi would be fine. How strange.
7:22pm – Sarah’s father offered me a position at his architecture firm next year with great benefits and a very generous retirement contribution plan!
8:10pm – Got home and changed. Lenny offered me a beer, but I declined – it’s not too early to start studying for finals.
9:47pm – Some stranger called out my name on the way to the UGL and asked if he’d see me at the Library on 6th tonight. I told him that I wasn’t aware they had built a UT library that far South, but in any event I’d be at the UGL. He seemed perplexed and walked away.
1:26am – Arrived home from the UGL only to find Lenny asleep on the floor with “HASSELHOFF” written on his chest in mustard. That guy really needs to clean up his act.

That was my weekend. I have begun looking into purchasing a house once I begin working full-time and have a stable income — it’ll be a great tax break, and I hate the idea of throwing money away on rent. For some reason I can’t find any record of ever having a checkbook or even a bank account, so I’ll need to get that settled first.

WE NEED YOU!

WRITERS
DESIGNERS
ILLUSTRATORS

PICK UP AN APPLICATION AT
CMC 3-200

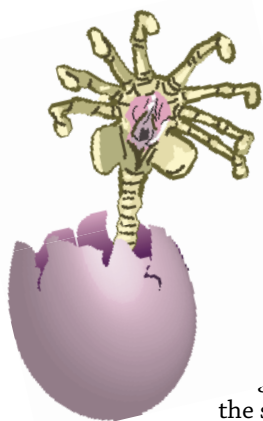
OR ONLINE AT
www.texasravelsty.com

TEXAS TRAVESTY

Name: Austin Pregnancy Org.; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00020207

Name: Maiko; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00019521

(April 20 – Ma
It's time to
back to whe
it all began.
bad your mo
just got her
tubes tied.



(May 21 – June 21)

If it is indeed true that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams, you should start getting ready for years of grueling legal battles, because your creepy and extremely determined neighbor just had a beautiful dream about stalking you.

(June 22 – July 22)

When you get fired from your summer job out of the blue, you will end up selling your forehead as advertising space for fast cash.



Officially endorsed by the American Association of False Prognostication

(September 23 – October 22)
You like to create music as
a powerful expression
of the beauty and
truth within the
human soul. Yeah
you and the Ying
Yang Twins.



(October 23
– November 21)
Well-behaved
women may rarely make
history, but considering that
CPS is about to take away your

(November 22 – December 21)

Avoid omelets and
penises this month.
Your eggs have
turned against you.

(December 22 – January 19)

Feel like an adventure? No need to go far! That serial killer you've been hearing about in the news is hiding behind you with a battle-axe. Now go and run from that creepy, haunted place where you'll be safe!

(January 20 – February 18)

In an attempt to avoid West Mall hecklers, you'll schedule all your classes on the opposite side of campus, only to find out that all groups have decided that the East Mall is the new West Mall.



month you'll change
ur native tongue to
the language of love!
However, speaking
this language will
force several co-
workers to file
sexual harassment
suits against you.



(February 19 – March 20)

After an unfortunate incident involving a battery, cucumber, and two-toned shorts, your cat will never be able to look at you the same way again.

Name: Far Cry Productions; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad
Number: 00019710



Still searching for the perfect schedule for next semester? Whether you're majoring in Anthropology or Zoology, we know what's best for you. Just follow the arrows, you impressionable nitwit!



Creative ideas for your... Cap+Gown

Hey graduating seniors! Thought you'd only get one use out of your cap and gown? Well, think again! We at the *Travesty* have come up with some crafty uses for this very versatile and fashion-forward frock.

- Blend in on your pilgrimage to Mecca
- Dress your HOV-lane dummy
- Live out your childhood dream of buying a giant stuffed owl and playing dress-up
- Donate it to the children of Capgownistan
- Wear it to fancy restaurants, then refuse to take off your cap
- Save it for when you can't find a job and realize you have to take out student loans and go to grad school to avoid being homeless
- Go to the next *Harry Potter* premiere
- For women: Use it as maternity wear
- Medieval priest costume for renaissance fair
- Educated person Halloween costume

Name: LA Weightloss; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00019825

Name: TSTV

Re: Travesty Webmaster Application!!1(Score 5: Interesting)
by TravestyStaff (1337) on Wednesday, April 19, @1:00AM
(<http://www.texasravesty.com/>)

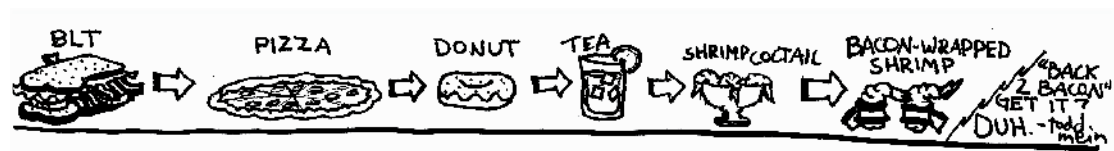
Teh current *Travesty* webmaster haX0rd UT Direct to fix his grades (too much WoW) and will graduate this spring. This means the position is more wide open than Internet\$ Expl0der.

We're looking for people with 1337 skillz in the PHPz, MySQLz, and basic web forumz.

IIRC, this is paid position!

IANAL, but go to the [Texas Travesty website](http://www.texasravesty.com) [texasravesty.com] to download the application, which you can turn in at CMC 3-200.

--
Move .sig! OMGz use Lunux!



Name: Landry Place c/o Longhorn Land; Width: 58p0; Depth: 10 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00020107

DECLASSIFIED

A group of robots, thought to be descendants of early Earthlings who now live within a hospitable portion of the asteroid belt, attended UT's walkout against immigration reform to protest the

acceptance of citizens of the Andromeda Galaxy within the Milky Way. After careful consideration, the Travesty's Extra-terrestrial Investigation Committee has deemed the following information fit for public consumption.

The robot race is opposed to Andromeda's exploitation of its hospital systems.



Terrestrial media giving the robots an outlet for their mechanical rage.



The robots herself disapprove of the presence of the Andromedan within the Milky Way.



The robots
chanted,
"Defecate on
Blotspot" in
front of the
stadium before
boarding their
spacecraft.



Other protestors
mistook the robots
for fundamentalist
conservatives
because of their
mechanical
movement.



The robots did
not recognize
the American
flag, confusing it
for an
acceptance of
their
superiority.



The robots
assimilated
within the
other
protestors but
could not
comprehend
their trivial
objections to
brimstone
messaging.



The Tower's bells
momentarily
entranced the
robots.

TRAVESTY INDEX

President Bush and the first lady’s income for 2005 : about \$735,000

Amount President Bush
and the first lady paid in taxes this year : \$187,768

Dick Cheney and his wife’s adjusted gross income for 2005 : \$8,819,006

Amount the Cheneys will receive as a tax refund this year : \$1.9 million

Semesters of in-state tuition Cheney’s refund could cover : 469

Percentage of students going home for summer : 58

Average travel time going home : 2.5 hours

Number of hours before your parents ask you to mow the lawn : .23

Days during summer you will spend wondering
why you didn’t stay in Austin : 98

Number of times you will go to IHOP in your hometown : 62

Number of awkward encounters
with old high-school friends at IHOP : 62

Number of graduates receiving “Oh, the Places You’ll Go!” as a
graduation present : 1,495

Number of graduates whose recycling bin
will be heavier than normal : 1,494

Days the Tower was lit up with the number 1 for the football team : 14

Days the Tower will be lit up for the class of 2006 : 3

Number of times this month you’ll wish you were
out in the real world making money : 16

Number of times you’ll be in your cubicle past 2am next year : 16

Number of laughs the realization of this irony will engender : 0

Name: KVRX

Name: DALLAS COMMUNITY COLLEGES; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00019685

Name: Veggie Heaven-Display; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black;
Ad Number: 00018978

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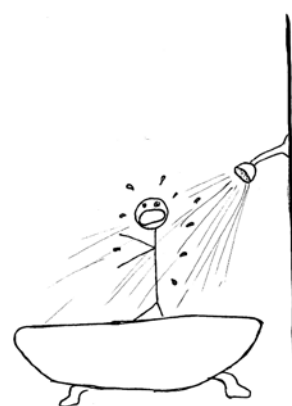
Name: Cort Furniture Rental; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00020208

THE NUMBER-ONE KILLER OF MONARCH
BUTTERFLY POPULATIONS:



KINDERGARTEN CLASSES

Handwritten signature



It's time to play
my favorite game:
it's called
"Scalding-the-shit-out
-of-my-back-in-the
-shower"

Handwritten signature

How to be a Professional Complainer



Need to be the center of attention? Don't have any talent or personality? Become a professional complainer! With a little practice, your whine will start making you shine.



Hone your problem evolving skills

- You are the center of the universe. To help you understand, force your friends to participate in this easy, middle-school science exercise: You are the sun, and everyone else revolves around you.
- Read one celebrity autobiography a week.
- Begin forgetting that other people may have problems of their own. You've got way too much to worry about already!
- Respect your elders' ability to gripe, groan, and moan.

You are so tired

- *Remember:* No one could possibly be as tired as you are. If your friends try to compete with you, that's because they are liars.
- Be professional. Tell your friends you got three hours less sleep than you actually did. This is exaggerating, not lying!

You are so busy

- Remind yourself that you are the single busiest person who has ever existed on the face of the planet. Then remind everyone how busy you are:

your friends, your boyfriend or girlfriend, your parents, your Facebook and MySpace buddies, your pet, your local grocer, telemarketers, and knife salesmen.

- Evaluate your time. For example: Do you even have time to be reading this How To guide? (You don't.)

Unleashing your new personality on this unforgiving world

- Don't be creative. Discuss the same issues that everyone has as if yours are different. Because they are.

- Whenever you complain, don't pay attention to who you're talking to. This way, the same person might get to hear the same thing twice. Lucky them!

Tips

- Practice makes perfect. So be sure to interrupt your friends while they are working or sleeping to talk about yourself.
- There are no small problems, only small people.

WARNING!

There is no solution to any problem you have.

Name: Triangle, The (Gables Resident; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015940

Outgoing editor can't wait to make scrapbook, wedding plans



Kristin Hillery
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

I'm not really sure what I would have wound up doing if I hadn't come across the *Travesty* during my freshman year. At the time, it seemed like everybody on campus belonged to something — my roommate pledged a sorority and was always busy completing humiliating tasks for the girls' acceptance, my homesick friends from high school were way too busy driving back home every chance they got, and those troubled youths who sat in the Jester courtyard and smoked 800 packs of cigarettes all day didn't look like they wanted any new friends.

Just when I was accepting the fact that this enormous school contained an interesting group for every person except me, I found the *Travesty* and immediately fell in love with it. I hope everybody on campus can leave with an experience as meaningful as mine. (Winning the National Championship doesn't count, unless of course you're on the football team.)

I know what you're thinking: "Now I get to read some girl's pathetic inside jokes and look-at-me-I'm-thanking-everyone-I've-ever-met list." You might as well drive me to Vomit Island." Well, you know what, jerk? That's fine. It's just too bad you lack an appreciation for original ideas.

The *Travesty* staff: My soulmates. I'll miss camping out in the basement with you during deadline weekends, the pun-offs that just wouldn't stop, being ironic at Exodus, and all those times we almost got our asses kicked. I feel so lucky to have been able to work with not only the most talented people in the galaxy, but my best friends.

Mom and Dad: Thank you for paying my tuition and calling me after every issue came out just to say how much you loved it. Sometimes when I think about how supportive you are of everything I do, I wonder if you're playing a trick on me. But you're probably not. You're just really great parents.

Allison: Thanks for always giving me the most thoughtful, honest Big Sis advice — even when I said I didn't want to hear it. If it weren't for you, I would have never gone to school here.

Texas Student Publications, especially Kathy, Mary, Merry, Elena, Danny, Lisa, and Richard: Thank you for your patience, praise, and most of all, the opportunity. You provide students the best creative outlet on campus.

Wayne, Brad, Erica, and Brian: We started this year off without much funding, but your efforts in the advertising office saved the day. You've helped the *Travesty* get even bigger and better this year.

The Liberal Arts Student Division, especially Bobby, Karen, Tim, CC, Misty, and the gnats: Your general radness always makes me forget I'm at work. Thanks for listening to me talk about myself all the time. Even though I'm leaving, please forward e-mails that announce the presence of free food in the break room.



n My main responsibility as editor was to always have homemade treats on hand. Photo/*Travesty*

Jill: My favorite Olive Garden date. Thanks for never stabbing me in the back.

Todd: My large Frosty on a hot summer day; my newborn kitten amidst a field of toxic waste. I dream of trips to the abandoned school bus yard, an endless supply of Boone's Farm,

and never having to go a day without you by my side.

And finally, a big thanks to our readers, UT, everyone involved in the Austin comedy scene, and supporters of humor all over the world. It's been a blast.

Satire has no place in polite society

Eric Seufert
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

The written word is the most effective form of dispensing information. Writing is straightforward and unambiguous — there aren't any facial gestures or tonal intonations to take into account, and it lends itself to strict interpretation. I joined the *Travesty* not because I wanted to deliver commentary through absurd nuances of reality, but because I felt an accurate depiction of reality was absurd in itself.

I don't write "funny" articles. In fact, I had to look up the word satire before even writing this. The truth is, satire doesn't exist — it's a product of our society's fear that we are too dysfunctional to survive much longer. We have collectively conspired to label every dishearteningly factual piece of writing as satire in an effort to dismiss it. Everything I have ever presented in writing should be taken at face value and as fact — this sentence included.

Why would I write something that I legitimately do not believe? Writing is extremely difficult and time-consuming — would it make sense to put effort into



something that isn't genuine? Anyone who claims that my writing is intended to be humorous is a liar. My busy schedule and rigid upbringing dictate that I emit absolute honesty at all times. And trust me, it's no picnic.

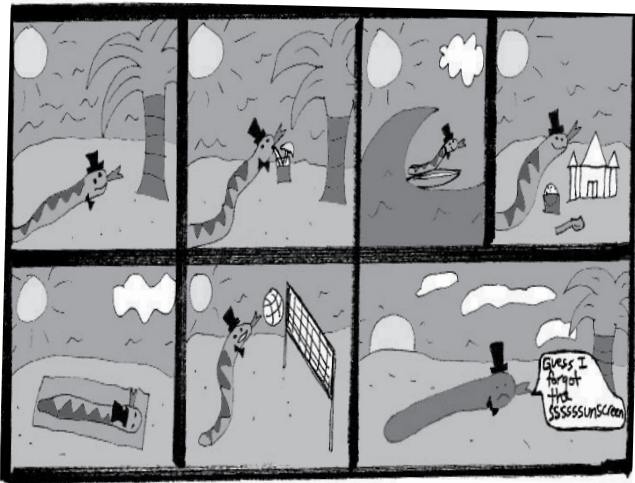
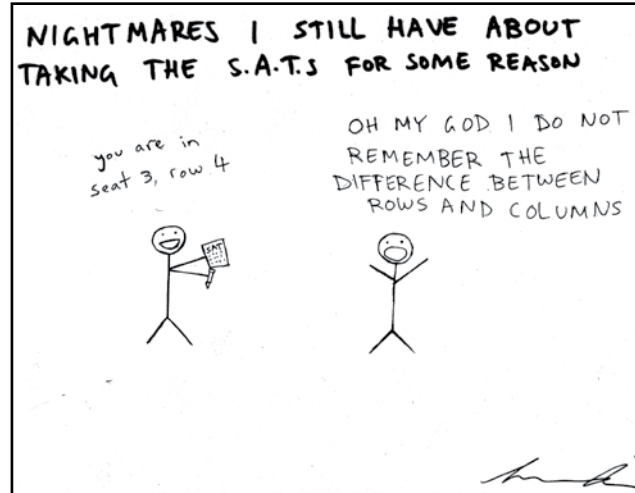
Imagine how awkward an otherwise enjoyable night out with female friends can become when you have to answer the question "How much have you had to drink?" honestly.

"Enough to compromise our friend-

ship, but not enough to call you the next day."

Holding everyone else up to my impeccable standards becomes a problem, too. Can you imagine how disenchanted I was to discover that it wasn't Charles Taylor, deposed former President of Liberia, who was emailing me to find refuge for his contested fortune, but a plumber from Long Island who was successfully scamming me out of \$2,000? I was equally disappointed to learn that Barry Bonds' elephantine biceps were not the result of hard work and genetic perfection but controlled substances. An athlete abusing drugs to unfairly attain an advantage over his peers? The truth, sadly, is stranger than fiction.

When you pick up an issue of the *Travesty*, you should regard it as you would a *Wall Street Journal*; actually, in light of the recent economy-draining accounting scandals of the telecom and energy industries, the *Travesty* probably has more credibility. The point is, I wouldn't spend a single precious second making fun of my country or university. To me, the truth is no laughing matter.





mailbag

concerns and
praise from our
literate public

ASK THE CS STUD

My life vastly improved once I regarded dating as a lower form of prostitution. Now I'm saving hundreds of dollars each month! However, this could also be because I've moved back in with Mother. And speaking of Mother, do you have any tips for getting a 22-year-old man ungrounded? I got caught watching the Cinemax last evening. Moms: Can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em.

J@x_tH3_h4x3r
RLM basement

TRAVESTY CROSSWORD

You are sick, sick people. I have been working on this crossword for 112 consecutive hours. How do you expect any human being to complete this vague piece of shit? "Rod Stewart's elementary school?" "Adjective?" You make me want to quit life.

Martin T. Meeks
Staten Island, New York

THE 26 RIVERSIDE

After I read Mr. Nienkerk's diatribe on the busing system I couldn't help but wonder: If you hate the bus so much, why not drive your car? Perhaps you hadn't thought of that before — driving your car. That's what I do. It's very convenient. Give it some thought. You do have a car, don't you?

Lisa Buckner
Austin

LAPTOP NOTE-TAKING

I don't know who's running things over there, but I remember when the Texas Travesty used to have stories that mattered. Now it seems that the stories that make it to print are motivated by something other than journalistic reasons. Articles about laptops being used for notes

or rice found in a roll of quarters? Whatever happened to your integrity? You'd better get back to iPod humor, or else you might as well kiss your readership goodbye.

Brian Belindaberg
Havertown, Pennsylvania

FAILURE TIMELINE

Your mockery of me in the "Bode Miller: Timeline of Failure" feature is not only completely untrue, but also not very cool at all. I would never allowed my rugged good looks and free-spirited nature to prevent me from feeding my neighbor's dog like you stated. There was that time when I forgot to feed my own dog and he ended up eating his own leg out of starvation, but that was a totally different case (there was a sweet marathon of JAG on FX). I would appreciate if you would do some fact checking the next time I crash and burn during the Winter Olympics.

Bode Miller
Closest tavern

OLD WOMAN

Regardless of how many times I read the "Old woman tells terrible, awkward story over dinner" article, it still brings a nostalgic tear to my eye. My grandmother — God rest her soul — also ruined family gatherings. (Though she never "compared her cervix to a pickled strawberry.") Now, thanks to the Travesty, I can relive her memory, imagining my sweet granny to be the one from the article, comparing her scab to "Grover Cleveland's profile."

Chadwick McKensington
San Marcos

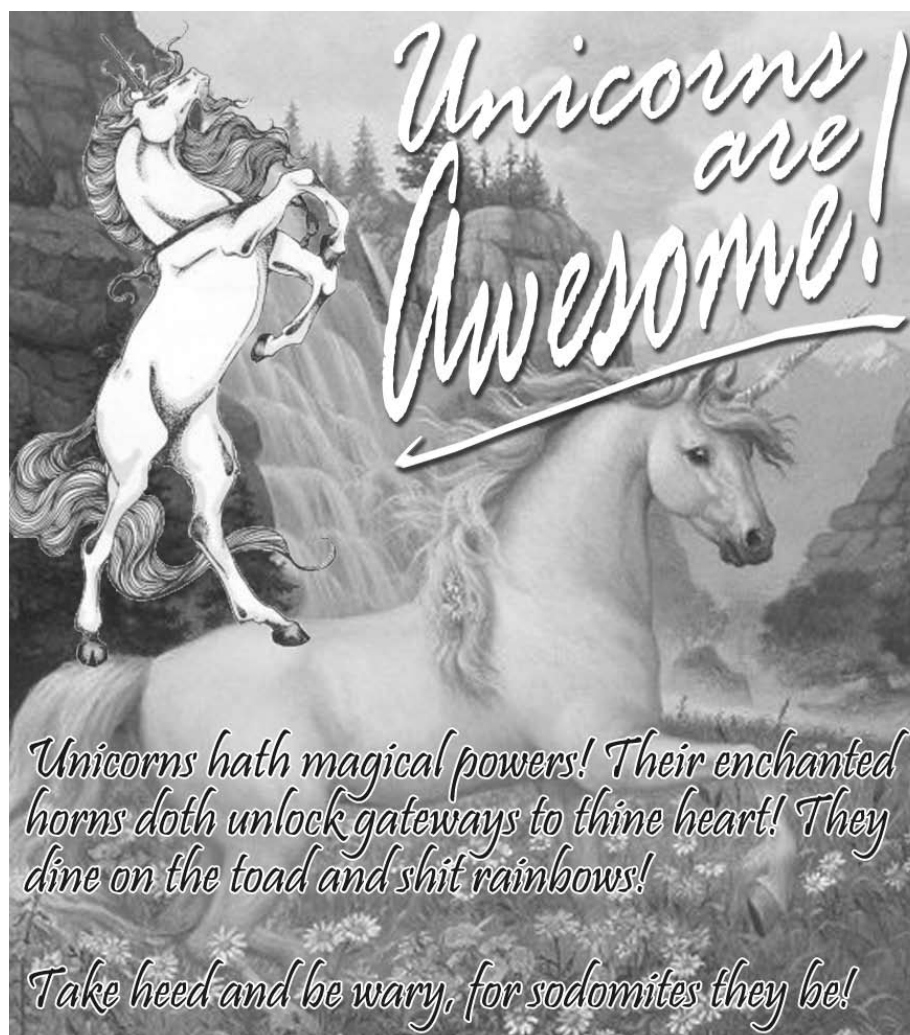
Got questions for us?

Ask, but know that
abstinence is the answer

letters@texastravesty.com

editorial cartoon

by Todd Mein





... out of the band.



... a cool uncle.



... dying to know.

austin COMEDY



21st ANNUAL FUNNIEST PERSON IN AUSTIN CONTEST The year's most intense competition: Who will be crowned Funniest Person in Austin? Every Monday at 8pm until May 8th. Final round is May 22nd at 8pm. Cap City Comedy Club, 8120 Research Blvd, 467-2333. \$5. Reservations recommended.

THE NOTORIOUS OPEN MIC Sure, open mic nights tend to attract the unfunniest people in town, but it's worth sitting through them to hear three minutes from local up and coming comics like Seth Cockfield, Kerri Lendo, Chris Keimling... and too many others to name. And if you're lucky, you just might get to see our very own Hymen Annihilator perform. Thursdays at 10pm. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth, 469-9116.

THE COMEDY SHOWCASE These folks are the cream of the improv crop. Watch what happens when these players 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.

AUSTIN STYLE: ORGANIC COMEDY Two improv teams come together to perform one specific style. Some past examples include the Living Room, the Harold, and the Musical. See a new style performed every week. Fridays at 10pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7-\$10.

GREG BEHRENDT Hey, look — it's that guy who wrote that book about how that other guy you know isn't all that into you. Oh, and he wrote that other silly piece of literature in which he explains that it's a breakup because it's broken. What a Clever Clarence! We sure hope he'll sign our copies after the show. April 27th-29th. Cap City Comedy Club, 8120 Research Blvd, 467-2333.

THE CAGEMATCH Two teams enter, one team leaves. The ultimate improv showdown where groups face off and the audience decides on the winner. Winner returns the following week. With stage time at stake, teams put their best foot forward. Fridays at 11:30pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7-\$10.

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

THE LATE NIGHT JAM An open improv jam where members of the audience play games and scenes with experienced improvisors and fellow audience members. Everyone is welcome to get on stage and participate. Saturdays after Maestro. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. Free.

ANDRE MEADOWS WITH VERY SPECIAL GUEST JIMMIE ROULETTE Andre's skillz go beyond stand-up comedy — he's also a massage therapist, hip-hop artist, actor, and web designer. One of Austin's best local comics, you don't want to miss his performance. Jimmie Roulette, who was recently featured on Comedy Central's Premium Blend, opens. April 21st and 22nd at 9:30pm and 11pm. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth, 469-9116.

WHIRLED NEWS TONIGHT Austin's most incisive comedians satirize the week's news and world happenings. Read all about it! Audience members select articles to be used during this topical improv show. Saturdays at 10:30pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$10 for students.

ESTHER'S FOLLIES Part magic show, part vaudeville review, part improv tour-de-force, Esther's Follies takes no prisoners, offering biting satire on all the news makers and events fit to parody. Thursdays at 8pm, Fridays and Saturdays at 8 & 10pm. Esther's Follies, 525 Sixth, 320-0553 for reservations. \$20, student discounts available.

MAINSTAGE SHOW Hey, have you heard about local comedy sensations The Sicks, Paralelogramphonograph, You, Me & Greg, and Coldtowne Heroes? Superlative! Now it's time to watch them perform. Saturdays at 8pm, beginning in May. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7.

THE BOYS OF SUMMER The ladies of Girls, Girls, Girls will be inviting one lucky boy to perform a completely improvised musical with them each week. Sounds sexy. Saturdays at 8pm, beginning in June. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7.

LONE STAR SKETCH MARATHON Like to win? So do these guys. The finalists from the XL Funnywriter Sketch Festival will be perform-

ing with various Texan-grown sketch comedy troupes. Hosted by Esther's Follies. Performances at both The Hideout Theater and The Velveeta Room. May 12-20, 8pm - midnight.

LORD WEED One-time super group Diarrhea Robot celebrates 4/20 with an improvised show where anything is possible, every bud is kind, and the comedy is nicely toasted. Thursday, April 20, 8pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7.

DT FEST Trouble committing to just one brand of comedy? DT Fest features two improv teams, two sketch comedy groups, and two stand-up comedians, offering you the freedom that other monthly festivals simply don't. May 25, 8pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7.

THURSDAY SHOWCASE Going downtown this Thursday? Get wasted on laughter first! Watch the cream of the improv crop every Thursday before you drown yourself in all those delicious dollar wells. Thursdays at 8pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7.

THURSDAY NIGHT AWESOME An Ed Sullivan-style show update for the 21st century. Featuring local improv and sketch crop troupes, stand-up comics, short films, live music, and interviews. Hosted by Chris Trew. Thursdays at 8pm, beginning June 15. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7.

LUCAS MOLANDES WITH SPECIAL GUEST MAGGIE GALLANT He's from east Texas, and she's British. Jokes about living around racists and drinking tea? We're not sure, but you should go and find out. April 28th and 29th at 9:30pm and 11pm. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth, 469-9116.

JOE ROGAN If you don't recognize Joe Rogan as the host of Fear Factor, you might know him as one of the replacement hosts of The Man Show. Not the one from the Girls Gone Wild commercials. The other one. May 18th-21st. Cap City Comedy Club, 8120 Research Blvd, 467-2333.

TEXAS TRAVESTY THIRD ANNUAL SHORT FILM FESTIVAL You submitted your funny short movies, and our staff of experts picked the best ones. There really isn't anything else to say. Just come. April 22nd at 8pm, doors at 7:30pm. Texas Union Theater. Free.



Send your comedy events to
letters@texastravesty.com