IGNACIO DRAGULA

Oh to explore the dimly lit caverns of your coffin! Nay, nay sunlight, thou art not a welcome visitor here. Twirl thy cape once more, sweet cherub of darkness! How thy blood red lips and pesty white skin haunt me, only

Hobbies: prancing, sucking things dry, swinging, hanging around the Congress Avenue Bridge

Turn-ons: Bloody Marys, Mazda Miatas, dental hygiene, transfusions, Dr. McDreamy, Alaska in winter, pleats, widow’s peaks, mahogany with plush satin interiors type O-, negative, David Boreanaz, hemophilia, German expressionism, wood, Social Security

my Hot Topic diary shall ever know. Does not thine black heart beat for me? Nibble gently on my neck once more, keeper of my loins, for my lips will echo Count Crotch-ula until we meet again.

Turn-offs: women, tans, turtlenecks, Wesley Snipes, silver tongue rings, zippers, vanity mirrors, Republicans, Sarah Michelle Gellar; anemia, goiters, mosquitoes, leeches, wooden stakes, solar flares

Motto: “Vat’s vone, vone fantastique pair of Christian Dior sunglasses!”

Hey boys and ghouls! It’s already Halloween, and the costumes aren’t the only scary things appearing on campus. Did you hear about the misspelled tattoo freshman Joe got? If you think it’s 4:24 p.m. and no one has thought of a new joke about OU.

The cute girl standing next to you on the mall just got done taking a photo of herself. And no one has thought of a new joke about OU.

The Cranberries

Speaking of yardage, did you see that mad-dash Rebecca Jones made to the KA house on Friday morning? She was looking like two parts tractor and one part slut in that leftover 80s costume at 9 a.m.

Apparently, missionary in the dark on an unbalanced load is no more tillitating than missionary in the dark on your roommate’s bed.

Speaking of tillitating, did anyone witness the train that was run on biology major Mary Wickerson late Friday night at DKR Stadium? It turns out the Baylor football team weren’t the only ones that ended up third and short in the red zone.

Speaking of yardage, did you see that mad-dash Rebecca Jones made from the KA house on Friday morning? She was looking like two parts tractor and one part slut in that leftover 80s costume at 9 a.m.

The cute girl standing next to you on the mall just got done taking a photo of herself. And no one has thought of a new joke about OU.
Eight roommates enjoying West Campus high-rise

Amenities include HDTV, majestic view of construction pit

Stephen Short
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WEST CAMPUS — Eight residents of a three-bedroom luxury apartment in The Sterling Texan Villas at Rio Grande have enjoyed living together since their lease began in August. After an exhaustive apartment search last spring, the four male and four female residents decided the Sterling Texan Villas' proximity to campus and bountiful amenities made it the ideal place to reside for 12 months.

“All of the four bedroom apartments were pre-leased by fall, so we had to take the three bedroom if we wanted to live here,” explained resident Kimberly Dalton as she collapsed her trundle bed to create a path to the bathroom. “Because there are only three rooms, we had to draw straws to see who would sleep in the living room. Oh, and only two of the showers work so it’s four people to a bathroom.”

Dalton added: “Sterling Texan Villas are right across the street from frat parties, so I think we chose a great location. We did find this six bedroom house in Hyde Park that was $2200 cheaper each month, but then we would’ve had to take the bus!”

Each roommate pays $550 per month for their highly coveted luxury apartment featuring: a plasma screen HDTV, marble countertops, polished concrete floors and stainless steel appliances. For an additional $180 per month, residents can have their own underground parking spot.

Roommate Aaron Levenson shares Dalton’s optimistic outlook on the West Campus high-rise.

“I was pretty lucky to get a room facing the inside of the building,” boasted Levenson, turning up his stereo to drown out the conversation in the hallway outside his bedroom. “Kimberly and Stacy’s room over-looks this huge construction pit, so they wake up every morning at five when the workers start to bore into the earth.”

Due to their close quarters, the eight roommates’ friendships have grown stronger.

“Rob and Aaron hatched this crazy scheme to compete in a trivia contest with Kimberly and Brittany, so that they could move in to the girls’ larger bedroom,” cackled resident Josh Protsky, filling out a second repair order for the dishwasher and garbage disposal. “And then in the wacky mayhem that ensued, I bought a pet monkey named Mauricio!”

Careful not to wake fellow living room resident Dan Patell, Protsky continued, “And don’t get me started about the ugly, hairy, naked guy that lives in an apartment directly view-able from our balcony window. That guy is soo hairy!”

The eight residents’ close friendships also allow them to come together in times of need.

“There was a power outage and in the zany pandemonium that ensued, Mauricio escaped,” recalled Levenson. “So Maggie, Stacy, Kimberly, Rob, Brittany, Dan and Josh and I searched the hall by candlelight to find that wacky monkey; and as we rounded the corner this guy speaking Spanish was standing there with a dog cage.”

After falsely assuming the man was a criminal or an animal patrolman, the eight roommates soon discovered he was a neighboring resident.

“Jorge is one of our best friends now. He’s always coming over at random times to humorously interact with us,” said Protsky, as he Photoshopped his roommates’ heads onto bodies from the cast of Friends. “Like this one time when Jorge walked in on Dan and Kimberly making out and said, 'Whatsa going on here?'”

Levenson added: “And then we laughed and laughed.”

Trapped boyfriend understands why Bush can’t get out of Iraq

Bradley Jackson
FEATURES EDITOR

AUSTIN — Fifth year Government senior Travis Wussow recently compared his difficulty in breaking up with his girlfriend of four years, Courtney McSelkini, to President Bush’s difficulty in withdrawing troops from Iraq.

“I’m not a political guy or anything, but I can really sympathize with Bush for taking so long to withdraw troops,” claimed Wussow as he ignored McSelkini’s phone calls for the third time that day. “I mean it took me three weeks just to tell Courtney I didn’t feel comfortable leaving a toothbrush over at her apartment.”

Wussow began dating McSelkini in March 2003; around the same time US forces began Operation Iraqi Freedom. According to Wussow, their relationship hasn’t consistently paralleled the current and high lows of the War.

“We totally hit it off when we lived on the same floor of Jester freshman year,” recounted Wussow. “When US troops toppled Baghdad, Courtney and I were making photo collages and talking about buying a puppy. I thought we were gonna be together forever.”

Despite the initial euphoria, Wussow claims McSelkini’s erratic behavior as of late has been to cause unsettling feelings.

“She keeps dropping these emotional roadside bombs on me like, ‘I love you,’ and, ‘I want to bear your children,’” complained Wussow. “But I’ve already met her parents and taken an internship at her dad’s law firm, so I really can’t break up with her now.”

Wussow added: “I guess I should have been planning an exit strategy.”

Recently, several of Wussow’s friends began to ardently protest the couple’s relationship, claiming it was causing a recession in both alcohol consumption and Halo tournaments.

“Before he met Courtney, Travis used to be a pretty fun guy,” claimed James Dowell, one of Wussow’s high school buddies. “But every time we tried to convince him to break up with her, he’ll say something totally unrealistic like, ‘If you’re not for us then you’re against us.’”

Wussow’s friends also claim he constantly changes his reasoning for enter-ting the relationship.

“When Travis first started dating Courtney he told us it was because her body was like a biological weapon capable of generating massive love,” recalled Clay Spence, Wussow’s roommate. “But when she gained 30 pounds and dyed her hair black sophomore year, he said it was because she had a great personality.”

In contrast to Wussow’s low approval ratings amongst his friends, McSelkini’s friends passionately encourage Wussow to remain in the relationship.

“Courtney needs him right now,” stated McSelkini’s best friend, Liz Benjamin. “I mean, if he abandons her right now, he’ll be seen as a coward!” Nevertheless, Wussow remains steadfast in his stance, “I’ve invested so much money and manpower into this relationship. If I left now, I would just be cutting-and-running.”

Wussow added: “I must stay the course.”
Drew Baelle  
STAFF WRITER

DALLAS — Psychology junior Jason Epstein was neither insulted nor incited to anger when a University of Oklahoma football fan inverted the “Hook-em Horns” hand gesture outside of the Cotton Bowl at the Red River Shootout. Epstein, who transferred to UT as a sophomore and is unfamiliar with the University’s football traditions and lore, interpreted the OU fan’s gesticulation as “uninvited flirting” and proceeded into the stadium feeling “violated and confused.”

“Can’t a UT student attend a football game without being relentlessly hit on by the opposing team?” Epstein asked as he rifled through his wallet for a bill large enough to pay for the 12-ounce Miller Lite he had seconds-ago purchased. “I came to Dallas looking to see a friendly rivalry play itself out on the gridiron — not for a date with a man. Especially not one wearing those shoes.”

Although Epstein considers himself a “pretty open-minded guy,” he found the idea of being solicited for a same-sex date at a football game between two traditionally conservative schools “an affront to [his] sensibilities.”

“When that gay guy made the gesture with his hands that I assume pantomimed two dudes having sex in a Chevy, he basically took the focus of the day off the football game and onto his extremist political agenda. This event is about testosterone antithesis of school pride. With their intentions now being mistaken for homosexual advances, however, some OU fans are considering adopting unique salutations of their own.

“I hadn’t ever considered that the Horns Down would be confused for hanky-panky,” confessed Abraham Smith, a third-year education major at the University of Oklahoma. “I thought it was pretty clear that when we point the ‘horns’ down, it means that we think that’s where you’re going — down. If you want to add a religious twist, it could mean that we’re going to send you to hell. Or maybe that we simply don’t respect you. I definitely don’t think it’s a sign of affection, though.”

Testing his theory, Smith proceeded to execute the gesture on his girlfriend, second-year classics major Amber Harris, and was met with a string of profanity aimed at the University of Texas followed by a loving embrace.

“I guess the true meaning of the insult has been lost over time,” Smith conceded as he rolled up the sleeves of his denim dress shirt and adjusted his Harvard tie. “Or maybe we just love to hate.”
Participation grade facilitates classroom discussion, justifies annoying girl’s existence

Sara Kanewske & Veronica Hansen
ASSOCIATE EDITOR & PHOTO EDITOR

CAMPUS — According to students in Sociology of Love and Relationships, psychology junior Catherine Patterson is annoying. Classmates report Patterson spent 27 minutes of class time Wednesday in a one-on-one discussion with Professor Arnold Kentworth about her emotionally unstable ex-boyfriend.

Although Patterson’s class participation fuels the discussion section, her classmates have become perturbed by her endless personal queries and anecdotes.

“She’s constantly rephrasing what the professor said to explain her ex-boyfriend’s erratic behavior,” bemoaned sophomore Brad Lidel. “And when taking notes she constantly mumbles ‘yes’ or ‘exactly’ while nodding. It’s so annoying.”

Despite her recent return from teaching disadvantaged children abroad, Patterson’s classmates have failed to appreciate her on-the-ground experience.

“She’s always talking about counseling orphans in Guatemala,” complained senior Raphaela Morton. “Guatemala this, Guatemala that — she needs to learn when to stop talking!”

Patterson’s front-and-center seat degrades her reputation amongst her classmates even further. Recently, Patterson’s high visibility has encouraged classmates to criticize her fashion sense.

“If I have to hear that Isaac Mizrahi-bag-toting moron politely guffaw at the professor’s jokes one more time, I’m going to personally ‘blast’ every Guatemalan orphan she ever ministered to,” seethed junior Johanna Greenburg. “I’ll never get participation points with that attention whore blabbing all the time.”

Despite classmates’ general disdain for Patterson, lifelong friendships have developed over a mutual dislike for her.

“I thought I was alone in hating her, until I saw Julia sketching Catherine being run over by a Guatemalan street vendor,” said sophomore Meredith Smith. “Now we have weekly luncheons in the Union to criticize what Catherine was wearing that day.”

Patterson’s classmates have also contemplated overthrowing her domination of class discourse.

“My buddy and I were going to take one for the team by taking her seat in the front row,” claimed senior Chris Slate. “But then we realized we would actually have to arrive on time and participate.”

After realizing the public service Patterson provides, some students began to change their opinion of “that Jersey-shore dyke.” One student even expressed a veiled appreciation for Patterson’s monopoly of class participation.

“I actually didn’t mind it when she awkwardly cried for the unloved heathen orphans in class because we didn’t have time for a pop quiz,” admitted Greenburg.

In spite of classmates’ attempts to ignore Patterson’s eccentricities, she manages to impact the class even on the rare occasions she’s absent.

“It was sorta weird when Catherine missed class last Friday,” said Lidel. “I guess I never realized how boring class was without someone to hate.”

While Professor Kentworth appreciates how Patterson’s Pterodactyl-esque voice awakens his students, he rarely finds her stories in any way relevant to the class discussion.

“The 20 percent participation grade is meant to encourage thoughtful analysis of the course material,” explained Kentworth. “So I certainly never expected to hear about how many times Catherine’s boyfriend cried after sex.”

Suspected blast raises tensions, fear in area household

Kelsey Lamb
STAFF WRITER

SAN FRANCISCO — Tensions mounted in a suburban household Monday evening when James Fromkin, a seismology professor at San Francisco State University, claimed his seismology equipment recorded vibrations emanating from his twelve-year-old son’s bedroom, located directly above the dining room.

“I had just finished a spirited discussion with my son, Peter, about the evils of pornography when he suspiciously scuttled upstairs,” said an anxious Fromkin. “I’m afraid Peter may be harboring pornography in his bedroom.”

Fromkin, an outspoken opponent of pornography, recently founded the activist group 4-P, Parents Postponing the Proliferation of Pornography. Fromkin’s impassioned discourses against pornography have made him the suburban poster-boy of the San Francisco anti-pornography movement.

“Initial results from the seismograph indicate Peter did produce a blast,” explained Fromkin, as the dining room chandelier gently swayed above his head. “My primary concern is that Peter may still have unknown stockpiles ready to be deployed.”

Peter’s mother, Judy Fromkin, was more pragmatic in her approach to the vibrations.

“Clearly we cannot jump to any conclusions here,” stressed Mrs. Fromkin. “We need to make sure that Peter was actually testing what he was testing. I have made it very clear to Peter that he is not to keep or use any pornography to stimulate himself. If we discover Peter was developing pornography, it would be in complete disregard to preexisting expectations.”

Although the seismograph has not produced any conclusive evidence for the source of the mysterious vibrations, both parents are weary of Peter acquiring and using new types of pornography.

“James plans to inspect Peter’s room to determine if the vibrations left any physical evidence,” explained Mrs. Fromkin. “At this stage in Peter’s development, it’s good to ask the question of whether or not he is truly capable of creating a full scale eruption.”

Fromkin added: “It’s tricky to differentiate between a successful operation and a mere attempt; but I plan to rummage through some trashcans and drawers. If my research finds anything conclusive on his Power Rangers Underoos, there will be some tough sanctions on Peter’s social life.”

Peter’s parents continue to debate whether or not to approach Peter unilaterally or in multi-party talks. Fromkin does not want his wife to approach Peter alone, fearing the consequences of her inability to relate to Peter could instigate more “blasts.”

When asked to explain the vibrations, Peter inquired: “If I’m not allowed to make vibrations, how come they can every Friday after I go to bed?”
The many faces of Mark Foley

The phrase ‘you can’t judge a book by its cover’ couldn’t be more applicable to Mark Foley (R-FL), recently made infamous by his alleged sexual relationship with underage Capitol workers. The Travesty staff worked tirelessly to sift through the muddled rumors to bring you the truth about the many pages of Mark Foley’s book.

**Congressman Mark Foley**
- Is dedicated to his country and the American people
- Loves freedom, security and winning
- Cares about children (not like that)
- Doesn’t engage in deviant sexual behavior

**Gay Mark Foley**
- Just loves you in that top!
- Watches the “Shoes” video on YouTube everyday
- Moisturizes
- Cares about the environment
- Has a great recipe for a whey protein shake
- Dances
- Feels empathetic

**Alcoholic Mark Foley**
- Drinks on the job
- Drinks off the job
- Enjoys drinking
- Hates drinking but does it anyway
- Is crippled by drinking
- Can make a sweet-ass martini
- Drinks a lot
- Should probably stop drinking

**Catholic Mark Foley**
- Feels guilty about everything
- Is sad
- Was molested
- Doesn’t shore up the Protestant vote
- Misses John Paul II because the new guy blows

**Evil Mark Foley**
- Engages in deviant sexual behavior
- Wishes death upon all kittens, puppies and koalas
- Hates Jews
- Once set a building on fire just to watch it burn
- Raises taxes and deficit spending
- Golfs
- Tells impressionable youngsters that McDonald’s is healthy
- Can’t read

**Jurassic Mark Foley**
- Is a predator by nature
- Consumes human flesh
- Will hunt you down and eat you
Watch out Longhorns! The shadow Illuminati government and liberal media are perpetrating a fraud against the American people! Don’t listen to just any conspiracy theory; the Travesty has sifted through all the evidence to discover the shocking truth behind a few of history’s greatest cover-ups.

**MYTH:** Diana, Princess of Wales had a tumultuous marriage with Charles, Prince of Wales. She was world renowned for her humanitarian missions and AIDS charity. On August 31, 1991, Princess Diana was severely injured in a car wreck in Paris, France. She died shortly after.

**FACT:** Diana, Princess of Wales, was not close to severely injured. In fact, she walked away from the accident unscathed. Later, at the swanky Parisian hotel where she was accommodated that evening, Diana was served a rare bottled water crafted by Fijian scientists. Unfortunately, the scientists had overlooked the proper formula for balancing the fluoride content in the water, creating a mutant strain of AIDS. Diana’s blood turned into toothpaste, and it is said that members of the royal family still use tubes of paste created from her remnants to clean their teeth.

**MYTH:** The XYZ Affair was a diplomatic scandal from 1797 to 1800 that worsened relations between the United States and France.

**FACT:** Secret Vatican folios uncovered by Robert Langdon reveal that the United States undertook a false flag operation by staging avowed Freemasons John Marshall, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Elbridge Gerry, as French agents “X,” “Y,” and “Z.” By creating a climate of fear, President John Adams was able to secure unprecedented funding to expand the newly created Navy. The military-industrial complex was born with this duplicitous act, laying the path for pro-military subliminal messages to be planted in episodes of Roseanne.

**MYTH:** Hootie and the Blowfish was a popular, well-respected band in the early 1990s.

**FACT:** No one respected Hootie and the Blowfish. Ever.

**MYTH:** President John F. Kennedy was assassinated by lone gunman Lee Harvey Oswald on November 22, 1963.

**FACT:** The Zimmermann note decoded by British intelligence in 1917 didn’t just contain plans for a German-Mexican alliance during World War I. It also featured plans to crash commercial aircraft into buildings in Lower Manhattan and evidence of Star Jones’ gastric bypass surgery. Most importantly, it contained the blueprints of a government-funded hologram machine used to project the image of charlatan assassin Lee Harvey Oswald.
Black lab cute at first

DENVER — Mary Derden, recent owner of an American Kennel Association-approved black lab, was shocked to find that her new puppy was not well-behaved last Monday.

“I was willing to pay big bucks for this dog because I thought it would be the cream of the crop,” stated Derden as she cleaned up the remains of her grandmother’s priceless antique vase. “They always look so good in the Abercrombie ad and on the Ducks Unlimited-tipped shirts.”

Derden cited numerous instances why she was disappointed with the dog’s behavior including: its failure to retrieve dead birds on hunting trips, its tendency to chew on her shoes and its affinity to defecate on her pillow.

“Just when I thought we were getting along, he ran out into the street and ran into the oncoming car,” exclaimed Derden. “I’ve even considered taking him to the pound.”

A friend of the family, who is a professional trainer, offered his services to help Derden with the dog’s behavior issues.

Spring schedule to be set around beer pong tournaments

CAMPUS — With spring registration right around the corner, senior Blake Meadows is taking extra care to get the schedule he believes he deserves.

“This is my last semester, man!” exclaimed Meadows. “No way am I taking any classes on Fridays, or before 11 or after 3. And I can’t have anything until at least 2 on Wednesdays, cause every Tuesday night I know I’ll be at Cains!”

Despite having three hours open between rounds of flip cup, Meadows still has difficulty registering for 12 hours.

“I don’t even have three hours on most days. I mean, technically I could take a class from 12-2, but then I must have time to drive to Hula Hut to meet my girlfriend for lunch,” inquired Meadows. “And why do they always hold interesting classes like History of Rock and Roll, or scuba diving in the morning? Assholes.”

Although Meadows refuses to see an advisor to help him complete his degree requirements, his roommate, Justin Lonsley, sees little cause for concern.

“Tm just as sick of hearing Blake bitch about his schedule,” complained Lonsley. “What does he care what days and times he gets? He only bothers to show up for the final any way.”

Student frets over making ‘A’ in guitar class

Introduction to Guitar student Brad Faley recently mentioned to friends that he is worried about his grades. “When I started the semester, I was sure I’d have the upper hand,” said Faley. “But recently my grasp on the material has started slipping.”

Faley also noted that he was surprised at the difficulty of the course, since he had picked it out of a list of possible electives. “I’ve always been interested in music, in fact at one point I considered taking it on as a minor,” added Faley. “I’ve been playing the guitar for years, but this course has been much more challenging than I expected.”

Native speaker takes Spanish class, excels

CAMPUS — Guillermo Gonzalez, a UT student who grew up in a bilingual household, enrolled in an upper-division Spanish course for the fall semester and is performing well above average.

“His Spanish is amazing,” said Professor Silsia. “He is able to communicate fluently in both languages and is always willing to help his classmates.”

“Guillermo remains confident he will be seeing an ‘A’ on his grade report come December,” added Professor Silsia. “He doesn’t need to worry about his Spanish grade.”

Episode of Family Guy painstakingly recounted

Patrons at local Italian-themed restaurant subjected to ‘play-by-play’ of popular FOX show

OLIVE GARDEN — Jordan Phillips and Ryan Werner, desperate seeking meaningful conversation during a double date with their girlfriends, resorted to recounting an episode of Family Guy.

“Usually they keep things pretty lively with their Will Ferrell jokes or Chapelle references, but tonight was a whole new level of boring,” complained Werner’s girlfriend Susan Muirhead. “If I hear one more situation involving that baby trying to talk to his mother, I am going to lose it. It makes me want to watch Family Guy.”

Phillips, however, didn’t understand her complaints.

“I mean, they practically try to emulate Sex in the City, so why can’t we just talk about Family Guy? You know? Speaking of Sex in the City, did you see that one episode of Family Guy where Quagmire had a bar in his basement? It was so funny. Heh, heh, allriiiight.”

Guy nice once you get to know him

CAMPUS — Troublemaker Nick Durber, known for his abrasively opinionated comments and obnoxious drunken behavior is actually a nice person once you get to know him.

“I have known Nick for a long time, and at first, he always offended me with his sexist and semi-racist comments, but now I see that he really is a great guy,” explained Durber’s best friend, Linda Futter, as she wiped dried vomit from her shoes. “Oh, this is nothing, Nick just had a bit too much to drink last night.”

Despite Futter’s glowing review, others have been persuaded differently: “There is no way that Nick is nice,” retorted ex-fraternity brother Paul Studen. “We had to kick him out because he offended so many people at our events. He didn’t even apologize for making out with my girlfriend and my sister in the same night.”

Durber, however, sees things otherwise: “Yeah I’m not afraid to express my opinions, big deal! What? People are too sensitive to handle my comments, so they just get upset. Dude, are you pregnant? You look fat — and gay.”

Self-help guru helps self to last slice of pizza at son’s birthday party

LOS ANGELES — Famous self-help guru and award-winning author Tony Robbins recently helped himself to the last slice of sausage pizza at his son’s birthday party Friday.

“We were opening presents over by the petting zoo when [Tony] casually mentioned that he was going to the bathroom,” claimed Robbins’ wife Jenni. “And when he came back he was licking his fingers and wiping some sauce from his blue power tie.”

Robbins, who became famous for his theory that fear often holds people back from achieving what they desire in life has often been accused of taking the last cookie, bag of chips or even slice of wedding cake at family events.

“I thought that Tony would be more generous what with the millions of dollars he’s made off his books and seminars,” claimed Robbins’ nephew James Woods. “But that guy sure can be a colossal dick when it comes to the last beer left in the cooler.”

Despite his criticisms, Robbins feels vindicated in his actions.

“I refuse to let fear hold me back from what I really want in my life,” said Robbins as he walked with his family out to their brand new Ford Windstar. “And what I really want is for my son to quit being a three-year-old pussy and let me ride shot gun in my own car!”

Native speaker takes Spanish class, excels

CAMPUS — Guillermo Gonzalez, a UT student who grew up in a bilingual household, enrolled in an upper-division Spanish course for the fall semester and is performing well above average.

“This class has been surprisingly easy for me,” noted Gonzalez. “I really didn’t know what to expect when I signed up for Spanish Literature, but I sure am enjoying making high grades with little to no studying.”

Gonzalez’s professor, Dr. Silsia, also took notice of Guillermo’s outstanding performance.

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A Guide to UT’s Best Bathrooms

Whether you’re caught on campus with an uneasy feeling in your stomach or you just have an hour with nothing to do, it’s always good to know the location of the best and worst crappers on campus. Therefore, the Texas Travesty has added new meaning to the phrase “potty humor” by creating a tell-all guide to the most terrific and terrifying toilets at UT. So pop a squat and keep reading!

Business School
(Male and Female): The quintessential commode for any businessman or woman who needs to unload a quick transaction before taking in an exciting lecture on International Business Ethics. With two ply toilet paper, these porcelain gods of industry are the perfect location for any young professional to really take care of business. The only minor drawback is the risk of accidentally having your future employer overhear your nervous vomiting from the next stall. Three flushes!

RLM 13th Floor
(Female): If the load of your mathematics coursework gets too heavy, feel free to drop it off at the Robert Lee Moore building, but only if you’re desperate. These dingy dungeon doody drains suck the life out of you faster than you can say “diagonal matrix.” Unless you plan on drowning yourself in the cramped and unsanitary porcelain cesspools, then we advise you to seek cleaner pastures. One flush.

Basement Gearing
(Male): With a telephone directory of sexual deviants’ digits and glory holes galore, this bathroom is a predatory paradise for perverts from all places. Be warned boys, or you’ll soon discover that this restroom isn’t being used for its intended purposes. Make sure to wash your hands before you go because these stalls are a literal incubator for STDs! Zero flushes!

Fine Arts
(Male and Female): The fantastic contemporary art that graces the walls of the Fine Arts facilities transports you to a literal Louvre of the lavatories. Future Picassos, Van Goughs and reject Daily Texan comic artists all feature their finest fecal fantasies on the stalls of these commodal canvases. There’s no need to waste your time and money on Art History 101 when you have these modern masterpieces. But if something looks like a reject Jackson Pollock painting, it’s probably just explosive diarrhea. Two-and-a-half flushes.
TX Tech Unveils Mothratron

LUBBOCK — Japanese students clamored in shock and terror as Texas Tech University unveiled their newly installed scoreboard, Mothratron, last Sunday. The display, which sits perched atop Jones AT&T Stadium in Lubbock, is said to be the greatest living nemesis of UT’s own Godzillatron.

“Soon, the two will battle to the death for supremacy of the Big XII,” stated Tech student Roger Wills. “Be warned, for nothing shall stand in their way! Whole cities will crumble in their wake!”

Although the origins of Mothratron are hazy, it is believed that she was once the guardian of an ancient race of people known only as the Cosmos and can shoot white-hot laser beams from her eyes. Texas Tech recently purchased her in act of fervent defiance against the University of Texas. “Godzillatron stands no chance,” declared Jerry Rowling, head of Texas Tech’s Athletic department. “His atomic breath will prove useless when compared to Mothratron’s psychic abilities. Plus, she’s only in larval form now.” While both Godzillatron and Mothratron are currently dormant, both universities have kamikaze pilots on standby in case of attack.
Taking a break from killing people, some of your favorite cinema monsters are having a gay ol' time at the park! You never know what havoc will be wreaked or hearts will be broken when these creative killers are let loose to murder your bloodline. Oh how they slay us!

Former/isherman and temperamental chemist Gordon Frankenhook enjoys the life of solitude that his hydrochloric acid burns have afforded him.

Ignacio Dracula flutters by on his break from La BareFangs to let Gordon know “his rain boots are fabulous!!!”

“You’re going to miss All Homos Eve tonight at The Cockpit, you bitch!” remarked Dracula.

Unsuspecting swinger and stalwart hetero Jacob Philips is startled when Ignacio strikes again. Until now, Jacob’s flesh had only felt the caress of a warm-blooded woman. The seduction was pleasant enough until Ignacio got a little carried away. Ignacio shouldn’t have tried the ‘Transylvania Cheese’ without asking.

The only things that are going to heal these scars are a blood transfusion and years of therapy. Despite Ignacio’s inconsiderate behavior, Philips still wonders why he never called.

After defeating Leisure Suit Monster in their final game of tic-tac-toe, Michael Meyers celebrated with a relaxing glass of champagne. Then he ruthlessly slaughtered 20 white, upper-middle-class, sexually promiscuous teenagers, and one token minority.

“I smell blood coming from one door and hot boys coming from the other. Decisions, decisions,” remarked a confused Ignacio.

After hours of brutal yet arousing torture Jason takes things a bit too far, while Ignacio desperately tries to remember the agreed-upon safety word.

“I smell blood coming from one door and hot boys coming from the other. Decisions, decisions,” remarked a confused Ignacio.

Don’t have the money or time to go all out this Halloween?

For all you animal lovers, here’s a couple costume that will hearken you back to the Pre-historic Age.

The Abdominable Snowman

The Velociraptor Slut

The Texas Travesty has created an easy to follow guide to make a Halloween costume using regular household items.

Start by draping yourself in a nondescript cloth (a blanket or bed sheet will do just fine).

Update your look with flashy and hip sunglasses!

Now accentuate your look with some sort of headshawl, preferably a towel. Oh my! Now you’re ready to terrorize the neighborhood! Now keep clear of airports, heavily crowded markets and any place with parents or children.

Playground of DOOM

Watch out for Humpkins!

Dressing for two this Halloween?

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Playground of DOOM

Watch out for Humpkins!
Barry Kirk  
LOCAL COMEDIAN

I don't know if you guys watch the news. You ma'am? You watch the news? But wow, this situation in Iraq is seriously out of hand. It's true, I may use a lot of political humor, but that's only because my George Bush jokes are slaughtering people on a nightly basis, almost like Bush himself. Am I right?

Is this thing on? Oh c'mon people, you gotta pull your head out. I do this for a living, you know. Support local comedy. You gotta support local comedy. Because, you know, look at us, we're not exactly that upper one-percent. I'm wearing the same clothes that didn't get me laid last night, you know what I'm saying? Give us comics a break, okay? Because you know Bush won't. BAM!

That's a tax joke, don't worry about it. OK, I kid a lot. Like I said, it's my job. But let me get serious for a minute. A lot of times after my shows, people ask why I'm so hard on the president. And I correct them saying, "Ma'am, you're wrong. I do not have a single joke about the president in my act, because how can you when George W. isn't even our president. We didn't elect him TWICE!"

Woo, Ouch! Tough crowd, huh?

Is Dick Cheney in the back over there? Excuse me, miss, right here in the front, you're looking very nice. What do you do? You're a teacher? Wow, that's noble. I couldn't do that. Wanna know why? Because Bush is an idiot!!! And somebody needs to make fun of him.

But seriously gang, let's talk about education for a minute. They were talking about the No Child Left Behind Act on the news last night, and I thought, "No child left behind, more like no wealthy oil tycoon left behind!"

Are you a white, middle-aged male? Do you want to protect your family but aren't afraid to do it with something a little nicer, maybe a little sportier? With Revolvo, you can compromise someone else's safety without compromising your own. Our new RV70® is equipped with the latest technology to make sure that when you're looking for a minute, you don't keep going at it. Bam!

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I have to go home this weekend, or my parents won’t stop calling

Friendless Johnson

I have to go home this weekend. My parents won’t stop complaining about how much they miss me, even though I have been back every weekend since the semester began. They just can’t let me go, which is totally annoying, but what can I do? They pay the tuition, you know? Hold on one second, I need to call my mother and let her know I just got out of my 3 o’clock.

Really though, I do just need a night in my bed. The dorms are always so noisy with stupid people out in the hallways laughing and carrying on, especially when I am trying to get a little extra studying done on Friday nights or listen to my Coltrane 8-tracks.

I mean, I don’t really care about UT football anyways. My seating group didn’t really work out when I made it and e-mailed my friends. They said they didn’t get the password or something, and besides, it’s homecoming weekend back in Klein, and I really want to show up at the game! We are playing the Wildcats! I think they might even find a way for me to be involved in the crown passing ceremony since I was runner-up homecoming Queen my senior year. But it depends if that bitch Cindy Shand will let me or not since she won last year. I hear she is getting totally trashed at SMU frat parties all the time anyways, so she is probably in no condition.

I was planning on taking off Thursday night so I can get back up to high school and visit some teachers. I really want to go see Ms. Fright. She was totally my girl senior year! Talk about the savior of my GPA, she gave me SO much guy advice and ALWAYS gave me bathroom passes. Plus we just watched movies the whole year in her class! There is no question who her favorite student of all time is — ME! She even took me to lunch one day in her ‘92 rag-top ‘Stang!

I totally miss my boyfriend Shaney. I heard that he is soloing on the trumpet when the band marches on Friday night, and I really want to see him. The distance has been so hard, but I have really resisted meeting other guys to keep from cheating on him. He gets so jealous that he doesn’t even pick up his cellphone all week — so then I have to go home on the weekends and make it up to him!

I really miss home cooking, too. All these weird local restaurants with organic food and culturally diverse offerings really make me miss the down home dishes of Chili’s and Long John Silvers.

Plus, I think my annoying little brother is getting his Condor Scout award this Saturday night. I am SO pissed about that because I think the Union is playing The Nightmare Before Christmas at 10. I was totally going to go with some other people I overheard talking about it at Wendy’s the other afternoon.

Unfortunately, I won’t be getting back until late Sunday evening.

I’m not a drug dealer

Doug “The Drug” O’Malley

Now look guys, there’s this nifty rumor going around campus that I’m a drug dealer, which is nothing but a lie—a bold-faced, slanderous lie! I am not a drug dealer— I simply sell small quantities of pot for slight profit to my closest friends. There are multiple reasons why this label is wildly incorrect, and I just want to make sure everyone understands that what I’m doing is nothing more than being a nice guy and sharing the wealth.

First and foremost, let’s face the facts: marijuana is NOT a drug, regardless of what the “government” and the “police” have to say about it. I mean, come on—it’s 2006! In case everyone has forgotten, we live in Austin, the we cheesiest city in the whole wide world of weed. The stuff is practically coming out of the faucets here, so if anything, I’m only gathering what I can and sharing the surplus with friends.

Oh hey, Josh. Yeah, I got a good deal on some new stuff, hang on a sec and I’ll come smoke a bowl. Sure, $50 is totally enough. No problem, buddy. I’ll come smoke a bowl. Sure, $50 is totally enough. No problem, buddy.

Don’t you guys understand what a “drug dealer” is? Well you’re obviously confused, so let me fill you in: drug dealers are sleazy, pager-toting Pablo Escobar-esque Colombians who live in giant mansions in tropical locales and drive Escalades. They have an army of similarly sleazy goons who kill people without blinking an eye and smuggle drugs across the border in their orifices. Now maybe you guys are trying to flatter me, but I’m pretty sure my garage apartment in West Campus is no mansion, and I know my ’97 Kia Rio looks nothing like an Escalade!

What’s up dude? Chris? Oh that’s right, you’re Jason’s friend. Just an eight today? Alright, cool. Let me know when you get paid so I can get you that ounce.

Drug dealers also sell all kinds of really awful things like heroin and cocaine and Guatemalan children. I hope you guys know that I would never, ever touch that stuff—it’s all-natural or nothing for me. That manufactured shit will totally mess your life up, like whoa.

And another thing — drug dealers don’t have jobs; their job is selling drugs! In case you guys forgot, I work at Thundercloud Subs for my humble income. Yeah, I get a little extra cash from hooking my friends up, but I just use that for little things like cigarettes and iPod accessories and the Dolby surround system I just set up in my living room. I mean come on. I just like chilling with my boys and maybe smoking a couple of J’s. The man can’t arrest me for having a good time!

Hey, do I know you? James who? Oh, you heard about me from your friend Pete? I don’t think I know a Pete. Nope, not ringing a bell. Well, hey man, he sounds like a cool guy, so any friend of Pete’s is a friend of mine. Of course dude, I just got a hold of some Afghanistank. Go hang with Josh and Chris over there for a minute while I grab my grinder.
This ‘yacht rock’ really gets me in the mood for mimosas

Thomas Weatherby
GEN-X YACHT OWNER

If not for years of strategic and well-charted investments, I wouldn't be standing on this deck, staring off into the hazy horizon of the Pacific Ocean, listening to truly funky collaborations by Kenny Loggins and Michael McDonald.

Hearing the now-substandard synthesizers takes me back 30 years to those wild college days in Southern California. We would cut class to drive to the beach and drink wine spritzers while discussing our promising futures. I can even imagine the Loggins and Messina keyboardist with one hand on each of his bi-level synthesizers while his drummer offsets the mid-tempo beat with the occasional cymbal splash — not unlike the occasional splash of vermouth I enjoy in my apple-tinis.

Yacht rock — with a good appletini and plenty of economically savvy friends — is like setting sail into a daydream of smooth acoustic guitar melodies.

But nothing compares to the near-orgasm I feel when the invariably male vocalist goes into falsetto for the chorus. The soaring vocals combined with the vaguely lovelorn lyrics often remind me of the ex-hilaration I felt when purchasing my summer home off the coast of Fiji. Fortunately, if Loggins should ever truly take me over the top — much to the dismay of my second wife — this yacht has five full bathrooms to clean up and change. I also have plenty of pastel colored deck shorts, Nautica collared shirts and V Neck Argyle sweaters in the master bedroom.

Things really start to get crazy with the Doobie Brothers smash hit single “What a Fool Believes,” an ode to unrequited love that often reminds me of the arduous yet sensible post-divorce settlement I achieved with my first wife Vivi-ca. Our six-year marriage started off strong with whirlwind traveling as part of my job as corporate liaison to foreign investors but was soon marred by my proclivity to leave the toilet seat up and her inability to have children. But I won't bore you with the details.

Nonetheless, my business associates and racquetball buddies have occasionally accused me of being a hopeless romantic. When I began courting Cheryl, my second bride, we would slow dance to Bryan Adams while drinking flutes of champagne and eating chocolate-covered raspberries. I guess I really was right here, waiting for her, all along.

But whenever things get a little too crazy, Phil Collins' haunting ballad “In the Air Tonight,” tends to bring the festivities down to a mellow chill. The off-kilter drum beats combined with the multi-layered vocal tracks often force me to contemplate the more serious aspects of life such as a well balanced portfolio, a structured retirement plan and overcoming my own mortality.

In the interest of full disclosure, I've also been known to enjoy a little Jimmy Buffett. Don't tell Cheryl — but I had a margarita machine installed in the kitchen! I'd love to wax on about the virtues of yacht rock, but I'm afraid this is it. They're serving mimosas in the main cabin, if anyone's interested.
GUIDE TO PUPPET GOVERNMENTS

In an effort to re-educate agents who have recently come under fire for their muddled understanding of foreign governments, the CIA has crafted a cutting-edge guide to political systems. Using the medium of sock puppetry, the CIA has provided a brief refresher of governments that is both aesthetically pleasing and easily comprehensible. Following a scandalous leak from the CIA, the Texas Travesty has managed to get ahold of some of these files to bring them directly to you.

South African AparTIDE: Want to make your whites even whiter? Then remember to separate them in the wash and always use color-safe, white-enhancing AparTIDE. Guaranteed to give you political stability even in the most turbulent of spin cycles or your money back.

Fidel CasTOE: Is he really dying in a hospital somewhere on that trade-embargoed isle of mojitos and fine cigars, or did he just get lost in the spin cycle? This wily old rag has managed to evade our attempts at unraveling him more than once. Let us not forget the other half of this pair, Fidel’s brother, who may step up to fill in CasTOE’s shoes if given the chance.

AriSOCKracy: Notice how the monarch sticks his nose up at the groveling peasants. The stench of the serfs cannot compare though to the smelly ariSOCKracy that is going on in Great Britain right under our noses. Their figurehead monarch is just bursting at the seams to get more power—tyranny is always on the brink of stomping out democracy.

Russian: Although their risk level is somewhat TOE-ned down now that the Cold War is over, we should still be wary of the Russian government. Remember to weave your steppe in Eastern Siberia, you might deTOEnate a nuclear warhead. Recognize this currently quiet enemy by the manner of their dress: always thick, thermal and boot ready.
Canada: Does it look plain and white? Then it's dangerous. Boring is this country's secret weapon. Although they appear to just be toeing the parliamentary line, we still need to keep a foothold on this country's government. Don't let their liberal pot-smoke signal propaganda waft over our borders without swift and punitive punishment.

SOCKratic: Does asking questions seem dangerous to you? Is it hard for you to get your foot out of your mouth when you answer controversial questions? Is it difficult for you to take a stand in an argument? This is exactly why we must get a proper footing on these men in TOEgas, who don't think twice about stepping all over our peace of mind.

Saddam Hussein: Do you consider cleanliness next to Allah-ness? Then ethnic cleansing with new fast-action military enzymes may be perfect for you. This military dictatorship may be currently hung out to dry, with their leader imprisoned, but we must not let our guard down and still keep a foot in the door as far as this puppet government is concerned.

The Vatican: HOLy and pure, this Pope follows in the steps of a long history of Catholicism. Protected by Infallible Sock-trine, this Pope has had a tendency to incite Islamic rage. Hopefully he can keep his wide-spread Catholic supporters closely-knit and stitch together a peaceful existence with the other world religions.

Kim Jong II: High alert — do not be fooled by this dictator's casually cool eyewear. North Korea is just waiting to SOCK it to us in the form of nuclear weapons. Watching their weapons development should really keep us on our toes. It may be that all they need is a swift foot to the ass, so we should be ready to stand and deliver.

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I’m just like Meredith from Grey’s Anatomy!

Jennifer Caldwell
NURSING MAJOR

Did you watch the season premiere of Grey’s? Aren’t you just totally loving it? I know this might seem a little obsessive, but I can totally see myself being just like Meredith’s character when I’m an intern.

Now, I don’t just mean the obvious stuff. Of course, medicine is a big part of both of our lives, and my roommate once said I look a little bit like Ellen Pompeo. We both have medium-length, light brown hair and you know, piercing blue eyes. But besides that, there are some pretty freaky coincidences.

Well, you know how Meredith’s mother has Alzheimer’s, and it’s super sad and all? Well, my dad’s grandmother had Alzheimer’s just before she died, so I totally understand what Meredith is going through with that.

Also, even though my mom never cheated on my dad with the chief of the hospital, my parents did get divorced when I was in the ninth-grade. Some people think Meredith is too self-absorbed and distracted by her love life to be a good doctor, but I don’t think that’s true at all. I think we both have the ability to balance our romantic interests with our professional ones. Like, this one time when I crashed at my boyfriend’s after his bar tab, and I totally almost overslept for my 8 a.m. clinical. Since I was still a little tipsy, he had to drop me off at the hospital, and it totally reminded me of whenever one of the Grey’s characters gets too wasted at The Emerald City Bar. Or whenever they get caught having sex in the Seattle Grace Hospital.

Ever since I started watching Grey’s I just can’t stop listening to that new band The Fray. It totally seems like the kind of music Meredith would like too, you know, cause it’s quirky but romantic. Just like me!

What really makes me think I’m just like Meredith is our crazy complicated love lives. Remember how in the first season she’s like head over heals for Dr. McDreamy? But then in the last episode she finds out he’s still legally married? Well, I started calling my boyfriend, Jason McKendree, Jason McDreamy back when I first got into the show. And you won’t believe this, but when Meredith finds out McDreamy is married I honestly freaked out that my “McDreamy” might be married too! He pretended like that annoyed him, but I know he was secretly flattered.

Whenever I walk around St. David’s Hospital for my clinicals, I always find myself pretending I’m Meredith. Like, there’s this sorta dorky guy on my rotation who I’m pretty sure has a crush on me, just like George and Meredith! Also, my resident is always yelling at me and freaking out because she thinks I’m flirting instead of tending to patients. She’s such a Dr. Bailey!

Oh my God, you know how Dr. Burke got shot at the end of last season, and like, Christina and everybody were so depressed because he couldn’t use his arm for surgery? It’s totally like the time my kitten got declawed, and she couldn’t use her favorite scratching post anymore — poor baby.

So yeah, even though I’m only a junior and a nursing major, I think most people would agree that I’m just like Meredith. In fact, even though my roommate’s boyfriend just broke his leg and three ribs in a car accident, I’m thinking of cheating on my boyfriend with my hot ex just to keep the attention revolving around me!
Howie Mandel wants to know...

VEAL OR NO VEAL

| .10 lbs. | 5 lbs. |
| .25 lbs. | 10 lbs. |
| .45 lbs. | 25 lbs. |
| .50 lbs. | 50 lbs. |
| .75 lbs. | 75 lbs. |
| .85 lbs. | 100 lbs. |
| .90 lbs. | 1,000 lbs. |
| .95 lbs. | 9,000 lbs. |
| 1 lbs.   | 1,000,000 lbs. |

Goodbye Cruel World

THE BLACK MARKET - LEADER IN AFFIRMATIVE ACTION
We join our heroes in the heat of battle...

Chimpy! Take me my knife! Ouch!

WHAT!?

SPoot!

RUN!

Later...

Damn it Chimpy! Poop isn't the answer to every situation!

Ha Ha Ha! Oh Chimpy, you rascal! I love you too!

OTHER THINGS THAT KILL WHALES: OBESITY

I'm tired of this image-conscious society!!

Hey! Everybody! Zach Braff is tenderly coming of age! again!

pay attention

Hello, friend. I made freshman year. what is up

you know, not much, just hanging out, doing some heroin

North Korea. Why did you drop that bomb?

Anything to feel again

Godzilla Wuz Here
THE NOTORIOUS OPEN MIC
Sure, open mic nights tend to attract the un-funnest 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 Kelmling … and too many others to name. And if you're lucky, you just might get to see our very own staff and alumni perform. Thursdays at 10pm, The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth, 469-9116.

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. Friday at 8pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688.

DOUBLE BARREL IMPROV
This event features two troupes and no rules. Double Barrel Improv showcases two experienced troupes, their finest material and extended sets. Fridays at 10pm, The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688.

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 player 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 BLANK SHOW
An open improv jam similar to Maestro but with more filth, smut, and raunch! This show is reserved for viewers without sensitive senses of humor. Saturdays at 11:30. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. Free.

SPITE CLUB
This show features a half-hour game show that pits two comedians against each other in head to head combat. The two comedians battle in a trivia round, insult round and freestyle round. Select Thursdays before open mic. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth Street, 469-9116.

JIMMIE ROULETTE
Jimmie rocks the house every time he hits the stage. Make sure to bring a box of tissues; this razor-witted comic will make you cry you’ll laugh so hard. He has been featured at comedy clubs across the nation and on Comedy Central’s premium blend. At the Velveeta Room, he’ll be performing with Johnathan Pace and Carlos Ibanez. October 20-21 at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth Street, 469-9116.

BEGINNING LEVEL IMPROV CLASSES
This intro-level workshop is designed for anyone who wants to have fun with improv or take their comedy skills to the next level. Through games and exercises with trained professionals, you too can learn the basic art of improv. This six-week workshop is taught by Andy Crouch. November 11 through December 16, Saturdays 1-4 p.m. $140 to register. The Hideout Theatre, 617 Congress, 443-3688.

DAVE LITTLE
Don’t let his last name fool you, this comic is big-time in the best comedy clubs in Dallas. Dave has toured nationally since the 80s and has made a profession out of making you pee your pants in laughter. Come check out this renowned comic when he performs with Steve Halasz and Sean Mooney. October 27-28. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth Street, 469-9116.

FREE MOVIE SCREENING: TURISTAS
Anyone wanna see a free movie starring hot young stars Josh Duhamel and Melissa George? ‘Would you say yes if it involved exotic locales, the possibility of nudity and some creepy plot twists?!’ Do we need to keep asking stupid questions? The brand new horror film Turistas is screening at 10 pm. Monday, October 30 at the Dobie Theater. Did I mention it’s free? Check out the website www.myspace.com/faxatomicaustin for more information.

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