Octavio Jones-Dijimbe  
KVRX Disc Jockey

Texas Travesty: What are some of your favorite artists?

Jones-Dijimbe: Well lately I’ve been into 60s gypsy punk like The Chacha Thieves and Mystical Rabbit Murders, but as far as classics go, you can’t refuse the tribal drum stylings of Leonard “Maxie” Akron or the electrified-gut melodies of Jimmy Lou and the Tuning Forks. You’ve probably never heard of these guys, but they’re the best, and I’ve been fans of them forever.

TT: Can you tell us more about your radio show?

Jones-Dijimbe: I host a weekly radio show from 3-4 AM on Tuesdays called “Ars Gratia Artis” which in Latin stands for “art for art’s sake.” As an artist, I want to expose my listeners to some creative and innovative musical art from all around the world, and encourage them to find their own musical meaning in a jam-packed hour of jazz fusion, acoustic hip-hop, and electron folk.

TT: What do you do in your free time?

Jones-Dijimbe: When I’m not sampling 12” vinyl in my music laboratory, I keep up to date on my 1000-hit a week blog called “Hipster Liberation” where I bitch about the FCC and ramble on about improperly made lattes at Spiderhouse. Then I cry myself to sleep.

Turn ons: Vinyl in all sizes, dark rimmed glasses, John Alley, ironic Backstreet Boys remixes, Macs, SXSX wristbands, bon mots, holiday themed broadcasts, “inde” indie music, bands that no longer exist, auditory discoveries, backpacks stage.

Turn offs: Badly mixed sound at concerts, Hannah Montana, PCs, those XM sell-outs, single-channel sound systems, hearing loss, the government, Mom and Dad, slow download speeds, Billboard Top 40, anything you listen to.

VOLUME 11 • ISSUE 1
30 SEPTEMBER 2008

40acres411

Summer is over, and we here at the Travesty have turned up gos-pip juicer than any Smore, sticky with scandal and melting reputa-tions like chocolate on a honey graham of hearsay.

Speaking of camping, computer science major Rod Stoller is having a problem with tents, im-potence that is! The word’s out on Rod’s difficult time formatting a hard drive with long time sweet heart Patricia Lopez. Looks like Patricia will have to make due with a floppy for the time being, but cheer up Rod, a simple pill will help return your RAM to its factory setting.

On the subject of pills, according to sources, Chemistry major Alyssa Mallick’s alleged pharmaceautical internship over the summer turned out to be more of an internstrip down at the local gentlemen’s club! It’s okay Alyssa, the only difference between working in a lab and working on a lap, is one letter and a blow ad-diction.

Speaking of blowing, hurricane season left liberal arts freshman Patricia Brewer with unexpect-ed roommates for the big dorm party the other weekend, mom and dad! Mr. Brewer’s leg stand was a big hit while Mrs. Brewer tapped Pat’s roommate in the laundry room down the hall. Club soda may work on mustard, but the stains of having a slutty mom need years of therapy to get out! That’s not all that came out after summer. While making some repairs on his four by four with friend Tyler Peterson, Senior John Dempsey confessed that it wasn’t only the flywheel that he was interested in.

Oh, you read a lot? Me? Only when I poop.

If 6th Street is cool, then 24th Street has to be like four times cooler.

More like Hurricane Psych! Wait, you still don’t have power? Oh.

All things considered, Freshman Admissions Office, perhaps a short bus isn’t the best method of transportation for showing off the campus to prospective students.

Girls have, oh my gawd, not seen each other in forever!!!

Freshmen looking for a nice Sunday drive will go through West Campus to take in the beauti-ful landscaping, breath-taking architecture, and HOLY SHIT ONE-WAY STREET!!

SPOILER ALERT! College will be exactly like the movie Collage.

Dear readers: We do acknowledge comedic value of the Tower’s new balls. We assure you that we have been laughing about this on the inside. You should do the same.

Laura Ryan
Lauren Arnold
Suzanne Lewis
Ingebritsen
Mark Estrada
Megan Williamson
Chris Friend

VERONICA HANSEN

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LEGALESE
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SHOUT OUT TO...
Organic fruit leather, sirer dealer, Mike saying That’s a dookie, Snopper selling on Lamar Chadwick, you greatest shit, Susan, the first woman, Susan Lopez, navbarbobot.com, space aranging the office, no OHV cable, airport scams; rape free food coupons, Texas people taking our parking spots, scummox cover; David’s vats; everyone gone for ACL; Rost’s “Take on Me”; Steen’s a racist; Thay leaving to sisterhood friend. Photoshop can’t do it/veronica’s best propstite button. San Felippo; Mark is drunk; now generic s-tars; Rod Rieder; Futz; suck Bottoms-Papag; Calmner; Mark getting his gene on HOVIA; Buroo to be right; high Ross, stop spilling coffee, women be getting ass bleed; health food from CoCo and Rost’s money. Dumb thing concerning girl bowling so this is what’s up: looks like: Stephen’s mom; podcasts: how do we put this microphone together again? white balance; den-sal domilike sor college parties; Flores the waterman who can’t keep a job; I have a sports column!
New group of seniors ready to do things their way

Thejaswi Maruvada
MANAGING EDITOR

CAMPUS — With the onset of the 2008-09 school year, a new batch of seniors have announced plans to rule the University. The six undergrads, Chad Carpenter, J.T. Brooks, Kimberly Holmes, Angie Simmons, Maria Cisneros, and their Indian friend, Arjun, met their freshman year in Mrs. McGee’s history class. They have since become nearly inseparable, spending countless hours together in the hallways during passing periods, and at their favorite after school hangout, the Quizno’s in the Union.

“I really love these guys,” said Arjun, captain of the chess team and active member of the Hindu club. “We finally made it! Seniors ’09, baby!”

“Look out, freshmen!” said Carpenter, the unquestioned leader, and the most charming, charismatic, and handsome member of the group. “We finally get to play by our own rules. There’s a new sheriff in town!”

With the graduation of resident cool guy Vincent McCool, Carpenter has taken over as the most popular of UT’s approximately 50,000 students. Girls of all kinds, including cheerleaders, have romantically pursued him. However, Carpenter insists that there is only one girl for him, Kimberly Holmes, and he plans to marry her some day.

Holmes, along with Simmons and Cisneros, are UT’s senior girls, and they each bring their own unique traits the group dynamic. Holmes is well known throughout the school for being Chad Carpenter’s on-again off-again girlfriend. Simmons is the smartest student at UT, possessing the highest grade point average and exemplary test scores. Cisneros, meanwhile, is highly fashionable and was recently elected president of the shopping club.

“We’re starting our senior year off in style,” said Cisneros on her way to Home Economics 301. “Wherever we go on campus, people know that these senior hotties mean business. By the way, have you noticed how ugly the new freshmen are?”

And then there’s Brooks, a notorious troublemaker who intends to up the ante this year with his shenanigans, and has hinted that a senior prank of epic proportions may be in the works. He has already had many run-ins with The Dean of UT in years past, and The Dean is preparing for the worst.

“J.T. is always up to no good,” said The Mean Old Dean. “Last year he fooled all of The Nerds into thinking that if they dyed their hair orange, they would all be able to take The Cheerleaders to the big Orange and White Ball. Needless to say it didn’t work. I don’t think he will be getting The Nerds to do his homework for him for a long, long time.”

He added, “I will have no more of these high jinks and tomfoolery at my school. I am The Dean, and what I say goes.”

While the group is excited about being at the “top of the food chain” on campus this year, they are collectively anxious about what the future may hold. None of them have revealed any post graduation plans. They did guarantee, however, that they would remain friends forever.

Film to provide outrageous send-up of parody movies

Ross Luippold
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

LOS ANGELES — Writer-directors Jason Friedberg and Aaron Seltzer, the duo behind box-office hits Date Movie, Epic Movie, Disaster Movie, and Meet the Spartans, will soon add another release to their parody oeuvre: Spoof Movie.

“The mission that Aaron and I set out to accomplish was clear at the onset,” said Friedberg in between takes of a scene in which a Bristol Palin look-alike smokes marijuana. “We figured, hey, if we can dish it out, we can possibly top that? And the answer is obvious — we bring in an answer is obvious — we bring in an answer is obvious — we bring in an answer is obvious — we bring in an answer is obvious — we bring in an answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious — we bring in answer is obvious 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Friends with benefits relationship to include 401(k), hand jobs

AUSTIN — Sophomores Jennifer Wickers and Albert Manfred came to an agreement on Tuesday to add a variety of benefits to their friendship with the hope of boosting morale and enthusiasm. The plan, laid out in a series of text messages, includes a 401(k) retirement plan, a one-week leave from the relationship, and manual penile/vaginal stimulation under the covers on predetermined movie nights. "I feel like this is a fair and advantageous arrangement for both parties involved," said Manfred, who also agreed to terms for a weekly cunnilingus-fellatio exchange after class on Fridays. "The benefits we've added ensure that both of us are properly compensated for the work we put into the friendship, and they guarantee us a secure future. Everybody wins." Wickers and Manfred also considered adding a healthcare plan, but decided that using a condom would work fine instead.

Local hobophobe avoids Guadalupe

AUSTIN — Local resident Peter Tomlin walks nearly an extra mile each day to avoid traveling on Guadalupe due to the intense discomfort he feels when he interacts with hobos. "It's not like I have a problem with them personally, it's just that they've made a lifestyle choice that I disagree with," said Tomlin on the east sidewalk of Guadalupe. Tomlin is also concerned about their close proximity to campus. "They make me angry, too," said Tomlin. "Did you see the trailer for the new Will Smith movie, Hancock?" asked Tomlin. "Ten years ago, who would have thought that we would ever have a movie about a hobo superhero? What has America come to? Where are our values?" Ironically, sources close to Tomlin have suggested that he may in fact harbor hobosexual thoughts himself.

Promises to make students proficient in Microsoft Works, The Internet

Michael Prohaska
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — Self-made millionaire and CEO & founder of Video Professor John W. Scherer was offered a tenured position in the College of Communication last Friday, for what the Board of Regents is describing as a "significant contribution" to the development of students' abilities to use basic operating systems, handheld digital devices, and various Internet sites.

Video Professor, a company that provides CD-ROM based instruction for various technological fields including eBay, online travel, and Microsoft Word, has enjoyed massive success in teaching millions of people to become more proficient in their computer skills. But it's the guarantee, says Professor Scherer, which makes customers buy into the educational program.

"I tell millions of people each day, 'Try my product. If you're not happy, then I will refund your shipping and handling costs at no cost to you,'" said Scherer, wrapping up a Friday lecture while searching for the CD drive eject button on his E-Machines desktop. "That's my guarantee, and I hope to hear from you soon. Remember to turn in your homework on entering usernames and passwords in lab next Wednesday.'"

University President William Powers echoed the Board's decision to confer Professor Scherer a tenured position.

"John will undoubtedly prepare our undergraduates with the skills and abilities to tackle the ever-increasing demands of the Web 2.0 age. If our young pupils have problems with their floppy disks or cleaning their keyboards, Professor Scherer will be readily available to help them with these issues and other challenges presented in the modern workplace, such as creating message filters for those pesky campus-wide e-mails. I hate those."

However, some students have voiced concern about Scherer's contributions to the University.

"What Mr. Scherer and the Administration fail to realize is that not only did [the student body] use computers to apply to this university, but we actively use many forms of technology daily, whether it's checking grades on Blackboard, accessing online archives of scholarly materials, or simply sending an e-mail to a friend or loved one," said engineering senior Melinda Stinson as she doubled her value by selecting any two of 55 lessons for free. "In fact, I'm not entirely sure what role Prof. Scherer is actually serving this university. I saw him using a stylus on an iPhone the other day."

The "Video Professor" has announced a series of research endeavors to begin in the coming months.

"In addition to this hardware, Professor Scherer also provides a dot matrix printer and a revolving CD-ROM rack for his students' use. However, the most challenging research project, according to Professor Scherer, will be deciphering Apple's Macintosh computer, which has eluded him for many years. "I just can't figure out those darn Macs. The computer is all backwards, with its one-click mouse and lack of control-C functionality. But once I've figured out where the Start menu is, I'll have an amazing new product that you can try at no cost to you."

Name: Veggie Heaven-Display; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black, Veggie Heaven-Display; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00032892
University admits top ten percent of student

Stephen Stecker
STAFF-WRITER

AUSTIN — Growing up in the small West Texas town of Budapest, all that freshman Cody Brovine dreamed about was becoming a Longhorn.

“Ever since I saw Major Applewhite lead that comeback in ’01, I knew I wanted to go to UT,” said Brovine, chowing on a piece of straw outside his parents’ ranch. “I applied the first day they accepted applications, but my grades weren’t high enough.”

Brovine was ranked eighth in a graduating class of 71, ending his hopes for automatic admission under Texas’ top ten percent law. Despite this initial obstacle, University officials offered the top percentile of Brovine a coveted spot in the DE-CAP program, as long as the admitted portion “did not exceed ten percent of his mass by volume.”

“Students granted entry to DE-CAP undergo a simple, painless decapitation procedure followed by corrective surgery to eternally figure a hand of their choosing into the ‘hook ‘em’ gesture” said President William Powers at a presentation ceremony of the newly installed University of Texas Guillotine. “Under our new admissions plan, too many well-rounded students were excluded. But it’s safe to say that under our new policy, the student population will be more well-rounded than ever.”

Added Powers: “Space is limited at UT. Removing 90 percent of an incoming student’s body mass will save space in dormitories, increase available parking by 16 percent, and shorten lines at the Union Chik-Fil-A by 13 percent.”

Living on his own for the first time and not having a body, Brovine remains divided about his decision. “I’m glad I got into UT, but dating has been kind of rough. It’s hard meeting girls when you don’t have a car, or a penis.”

Despite his troubles, Brovine concedes that he is ultimately happy with his choice. “It’s been a rough adjustment, but it was either getting my head chopped off or a year at UTEP. I think I made the right choice.”

Store on Drag remains in business

Matt Irliebretson
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

AUSTIN — Despite seemingly insurmountable odds, specialty sandwich shop Toufer's recently celebrated its one-year anniversary of being open for business. Austinites are lauding owner Rick Faaborg for the momentous achievement.

"Today is a day to celebrate," declared Mayor Will Wynn. "It’s hard for me to describe in words how proud I am to be part of all of this. Toufer’s is more than just a store; it has become a beacon of dreams — shining brightly through the wasteland of the Drag, and inspiring hope in anyone audacious enough to sign a lease agreement with the Co-op.'

Faaborg commemorated the occasion by hosting an extravagant street parade along Guadalupe. Masses of students gathered around Toufer’s in anticipation of the marginally successful shop owner’s arrival.

“Citizens of Austin, lend me your ears!” proclaimed a red-white-and-blue jumpsuit-clad Faaborg after parachuting from an F-16 Falcon onto the roof above Toufer’s. "One year ago I opened this specialty sandwich shop for business amid throngs of doubters and naysayers; men and women who said that revenue streams from club sandwiches would scarcely be enough to cover the Drag’s skyrocketing rent prices, let alone straws and mustard packets. That Toufer’s was just a crazy dream, and that it didn’t have what it took to go all the way. But today I stand before you a stronger man; with extraordinary confidence that Toufer’s will continue to prosper.

Faaborg then released 52 doves into a cloudless sky, one for each week that Toufer’s defined the nearly inevitable fate suffered by most stores, which dare to open along the Black Hole of the Free Market.

The celebration featured numerous guest speakers including UT President William Powers, Congressman Lloyd Doggett, and Lance Armstrong, who divulged that his victories as a cancer survivor and seven-time Tour de France winner paled in comparison to Toufers’ achievement of earning enough profit to add new paper towel dispensers in the restroom.

Faaborg, now known as the “Godfather of Sandwich,” and employees of the bistro patiently signed autographs for a line of adoring fans that stretched the entire length of the revenue-suffocating street. Many fans shared stories of the ways that the underdog sandwich shop had fulfilled their lives and earned a special place in their hearts.

“The only reason I eat here is because it’s across the street from my class,” said government junior Jack Washdra as he bit into a turkey club. “And I don’t think I’ll keep coming next semester. The cheapest sandwich is ten bucks, and their ‘Toufer-one’ special consists of a stale cookie and ration coupons for the conditioning bar.”

Other Toufer’s fans have expressed their reservations as well.

“Does Faaborg realize he’s spent 500 percent of his previous year’s revenue on this party alone?” questioned autograph-seeker and reporter Matt Riggs. “In fact, I got orders to clear this place out tomorrow to make way for a new Thai restaurant slash Men’s Co-op Outlet.”

Michael Cera to move on to befuddled adult roles

LOS ANGELES — Tired of being typecast as a nervous, bumbling teenager, actor Michael Cera has decided to broaden the scope of his acting and take on roles as a nervous, bumbling adult. “I want to show the world that I’m a versatile, talented actor. I’m not a one trick pony,” mumbled the star of Superbad and Juno. “I can play a lot of different uncomfortable roles. Twenty years-old, twenty-one years-old. I could probably even do twenty-four.”

Cera’s career started on the cult FOX series Arrested Development as the confused, uneasy George Michael Bluth, and has since skyrocketed into superstardom. He has recently agreed to work on a project in which he will play the sensitive guitar player of a hip indie rock band and awkwardly court a cute girl.
Out-of-breath jogger announces plans to stand on corner with hands on hips

WEST CAMPUS — Local jogger Derek Chan announced during his morning jog on Tuesday that he plans to catch his breath with his hands on his hips at the corner of 24th and Rio Grande. Chan held a press conference on the stretch of sidewalk between 25th and 24th Streets with reporters struggling to keep up. "I'm starting to get tired. I think I'm gonna take a little breather," said Chan as a cameraman fell to the ground behind him. "I started off at a faster pace than I had planned, and I need to get some oxygen before I continue. I can confirm, however, that I'm making good time." Following his jog, Chan plans to enjoy a protein shake, a shower, and will reveal to his roommates "are really flowing today."

D-List celebrity writes tell-little book

BURBANK — The literary community is mildly anticipating the first ever celebrity tell-little book to be released next Tuesday. Richard Ruccolo, most famous for his role as not Ryan Reynolds in the long cancelled ABC series Two Guys, A Girl and a Pizza Place penned the tome, titled What The Ruc Happened? The autobiography is said to be the first of its kind, and is expected to generate tens, even dozens of sales. Mr. Ruccolo's publicist and brother, Buffalo Ruccolo, took questions after the announcement outside a Taco Bell. "Rick is very thrilled about this foray into the literary world. I'm confident that readers will know just as much, or perhaps even less about him after reading this book." When questioned if any personal experiences would be revealed, Ruccolo responded, "My first romantic encounter, my motivation to become an actor, even how I became the successful burrito artist I am today — all these things will be in this book." Ruccolo will embark upon a nationwide book signing tour at local Barnes and Nobles location from 3 PM until whenever management forces him to leave.

God eagerly awaiting local teen’s confession

OMAHA — Creator of the universe and omniscient being God is anxiously anticipating high school sophomore Kevin Feldstein’s heart-felt confession Sunday morning. "Come on, who does this kid think I am? Of course I saw him slowly stroking Kathy Sanderson's lower back, when he's already dating Mindy Klein," said the Lord of the Cosmos as he casually took note of engineer Mike Hatherby's sacrificial offering of several goats as repentance for using His name in vain. "I'm really gunning for some chocolates and maybe a nice card. All I got for his Wikipedia plagiarization last week were some votive candles and a couple Hail Marys." When asked for details of his impending confession plan, Feldstein pleaded no comment before returning to his room to masturbate furiously.

Over-mayonnaised sandwich eaten anyway

CAMPUS — University sophomore Daniel Musselman consumed a submarine sandwich at Potbelly Sandwich Works last Tuesday that contained an excessive amount of mayonnaise, sources say. Despite Musselman's initial hesitation to eat a sandwich that oozed with the creamy condiment, ultimately he decided it would probably be "too much trouble to take it back anyway." Reported Musselman, "I sat down to eat my lunch, and I realized that this turkey club had about three-quarters of an inch of mayo between the slices of provolone and bacon strips," as he used his napkin to carefully dabble a coagulation of vegetable oil and egg yolks from his lower lip. "I got up to take the sandwich back to the counter, but then I looked at it, and I was like, 'Whatever.' To date, the deli has received no complaints concerning the over-allocation of mayonnaise on any other sandwiches. However, the eatery reported several incidents regarding requests to add "just a dab of sandwich with their horseradish."

L.A. abuzz

LOS ANGELES — The entire city of Los Angeles is abuzz this week, and the excitement is palpable from Long Beach to Beverly Hills. "Can you feel it?" said Los Angelino David Schwimmer, a member of the industry. The inevitable backlash has only increased the buzz in the trades and on the L.A. blogosphere, and people believe this is the biggest news of its kind in years. The city is already beginning to feel the effects, with traffic at a stand still on the 101 and the 405, and lines wrapped all the way around the building. With the anticipation level so high, Los Angeles residents are beginning to wonder: will it live up to the hype? Said one prominent figure, "Hey, in this town, you never know what might happen."
Man has likely story

HOUSTON — Accountant Josh Greenberg profusely apologized to coworkers Monday morning for arriving late at work, offering an anecdote met with skepticism. "Sorry guys, there was a wreck on I-10 so traffic was at a standstill for miles," panted Greenberg as he made his way to his cubicle. "It was pretty bad, I think someone was taken away in a stretcher." Greenberg's officemates were less than impressed, however. "Oh, please. Last week Josh didn't make his quarterly earnings deadline because 'Hurricane Ike shut off all the power,'" mocked salesman Jim Bunning. "It's been excuse after excuse from this guy. He'll probably even have a couple 'scheduled doctor visits' this year. Pathetic." When asked by his supervisor to create a PowerPoint for a Tuesday investors conference, Bunning declined, citing his grandmother's week-long funeral without Blackberrys in Maui.

Comedian to throw that into his act tonight

NEW YORK — Comedian Jonah Rosen reportedly became ecstatic Friday evening at the prospect of developing material for his standup routine later that night. "I walked into this pizza joint on W. 53rd and I saw all these customers folding their pizza before eating it," recalled Rosen. "I thought, this would fit in perfectly between my bits about hot dogs at Shea Stadium and that smell on the subway." Rosen has been fine-tuning his performance at that evening's open mic at the Cackle Barrel. "How's this sound: what's up with folding pizza these days? It's like, am I at a pizzeria, or a Laundromat? But hey, whadda I know?!"

Schizophrenic has low selves-esteem

AUSTIN — Economics junior Ashley Pollard, who was clinically diagnosed in 2002 with schizophrenia and multiple personality disorder, has recently been struggling with low selves-esteem. "Aw, shucks," bemoaned Pollard's second personality while half-heartedly kicking a can along the sidewalk. "I'm just a darn screw-up. I try and I try, but I just can't seem to do anything right!" Pollard reports that this pessimistic attitude has negatively affected both her schoolwork and her relationships with friends. "Het enkel ding vreselijker dan m'n gezicht is m'n ziel," lamented Pollard's Dutch personality, Marieke. Pollard reports that she has decided not to seek psychiatric help, but is confident that she will feel better after she obeys the voices in her head telling her to burn down the FAC.
Oh, my God Katie! We totally found the best spot to watch MGMT!!

HELP! MY DICK'S CAUGHT IN A MOUSETRAP!!! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!!!!

Richard created his own VIP section

This woman paid $8 for a beer

Leslie paid $8 the year that

the one day of

the year that

Leslie fits in

Totally found the best spot to

watch MGMT!!!

On my God Katie we

DO SOMETHING!!!
What is John McCain mavericking against?

- People with more than 15 items in the express lane
- Referring to the superhero as "The Batman"
- Pork barrels
- Exclusion of The Moody Blues from the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame
- When that prick Norm Coleman is late for the Senate carpool
- Misspelling "Gandhi"
- Tha Noize Police

How is Barack Obama inspiring hope?

- Bringing enough chocolate chip cookies for everyone
- Rolling up sleeves, getting to work
- Duetting with Bono as often as possible
- Bringing the Memphis Grizzlies an NBA title
- Removing homely girls' glasses to reveal their hidden beauty
- Being appropriately chatty on the elevator

Name: Mansion of Terror; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black, Mansion of Terror; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00033296
PARTYTIME!

You guys like to party? So do we!

Sparking Conversation

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>Response</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What’s your major?</td>
<td>What do you think your starting salary out of college will be?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where do you live?</td>
<td>How do I get to your house?</td>
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<tr>
<td>What year are you?</td>
<td>a/s/l?</td>
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<td>What’s up with the weather?</td>
<td>Have you tried the volcano taco? What’s up with that lava sauce?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Who do you know here?</td>
<td>Who do fuck are you?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

~Scrunchies~
The Duct Tape of Parties

~So many uses! Like:~
~Keeping your hair out of your vomit~
~Keeping your hair back during blowjobs~
~Looking fantastic~
~Putting on a doorknob during sex~
~Fluffy cock ring~

If you throw up. put your horns up!

Step One: Axe body spray...everywhere.
Step Two: Bring a wingman. You know, for the fatties.
Step Three: Introduce yourself to every last girl at the party and weigh your options.
Step Four: Ask her about her relationship with her father.
Step Five: Put on a little more Axe body spray, you dirty hippe.
Step Six: When she feels your boner on the dance floor, whisper softly in her ear “That one was all you, baby.”
Step Seven: Check for Adam’s apple.
Step Eight: “Wanna see my room?”
Step Nine: Wear a condom. But if you forget, don’t worry about it. It’ll probably be fine.
Step Ten: Return to the party and repeat as necessary.

Show up.

Drink all the foam, queef. Would you take the icing off a cupcake? If you can tap that keg, you can tap that ass.

Red cup, blue cup, green cup, throw up.

Pump it more than 10 times and you’re playing with yourself.

Skip to the front of the line by saying that it’s your house. Unless you live in a co-op, then it’s everyone’s house.

~Keg-iquette~

Sophistication and propriety for drunk assholes
Approving excessive low-interest mortgages!

Name: Professional Quality Research; Width: 34p6; Depth: 7.5 in; Color: Black, Professional Quality Research; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00032793

Name: Trudy's; Width: 22p9; Depth: 6 in; Color: Black, Trudy's; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00033161

Name: Bazaar; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black, Bazaar; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00033438
Hey Kids!
Wi-Fi Jones here!
Everyone’s asking: Where are the HOTTEST of the hotspots? Let me show you the coolest hook-ups on campus!

Surf the net at THE TURTLE POND!

Don’t think the GUARD BOOTH ATTENDANTS ain’t sucking up all the bandwidth!

Don’t be a fool: PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION is a real cool place to e-mail!

But don’t wander into the wrong ’hoods...

Because that’s where the wi-fi AIN’T!

Join the Travesty staff!
 writers
- designers
- illustrators
- administrative assistants
texastravesty.com
Sports...with Stephen!

Thej and Mike from the Travesty recently sat down with Sports Editor Stephen Short for his insights on the current state of the sports world. Here's an excerpt from their conversation:

Thej: What do you think is the secret to Mack Brown’s success at Texas, in leading us to seven straight seasons with 10 wins?

Stephen: Uh, he’s probably just a really good coach, but there’s probably also really good players which help him make his coaching easier. Uh...yeah.

Mike: ESPN.com’s power rankings have the Cowboys, Eagles, and Giants in the 1, 2 and 3 positions. All of these teams are in the NFC East. What do you think is second most competitive division in the NFL?

Stephen: AFC East...those all seem like teams that are towards the east coast. Except the Cowboys. But you could draw a line in the middle of the country and that’d be easy. Um, so I’ll say the western ones in big cities, like uh, the 49ers in San Francisco. I know Los Angeles doesn’t have a team. Um...I’ll go with NFC West.

Thej: With USC’s loss to Oregon State, who do you think has the best shot at winning the national title this year?

Stephen: Well, the other team I know is good sometimes is Michigan, so they have a chance.

Thej: Who do you think would win in a footrace between Charlie Weis and Devin Hester?

Stephen: Well by footrace I assume you mean running or sprinting...uhh...Charlie sounds like a better name for a runner. It would depend what sport they play.

Mike: They’re both in the football business.

Stephen: If they’re on the same team maybe they have good teamwork together and they can work well. If they’re on opposing teams, one will want to outrun the other.

Thej: Well who would win?

Stephen: I’ll say Charlie.
This crime scene is my jurisdiction

Mickey O'Donnell
DEPUTY CHIEF 5TH PRECINCT NYPD

All right, move it along people... nothing to see here. Okay, we got a couple bodies, a bloody T-shirt, $20,000 in unmarked bills, and... Lt. Rocky Pantaleone? What's your sorry ass doing here?!

I swear to fucking God, Rocky, if you don't get you and your band of macaronis off my crime scene in two fucking minutes I will bury you in administrative paperwork until your shit-stained hands are worn down into bloody little nubs. This scene is my jurisdiction, so why don't you hop back in your cruiser and get the fuck back to the Bronx.

Go fuck your mother.
You're really starting to boil my spuds, Rocky. You think I don't remember that shit you pulled back at the Academy? Little, scrawny, piece of shit Cadet PanteleFuck trying to get ahead of the rest of the class by ass-kissing and circle-jerking your senior officers to land a promotion. And by my lucky horseshoe, Rocky, your abilities as a raging homosexual certainly moved you to the top of the list rather quickly, didn't they? Tell you what: if you want to help out with this crime scene, you can start by grabbing that broom in my trunk and sweeping up the dirt around the bodies. You know I like the city streets in my jurisdiction clean as a whistle.

So now you're Mr. Big Shot trying to solve the big case, eh? Well I got news for you buddy: you haven't got a gelato's chance in hell. Remember when I received top honors from Commissioner Davidson at the NYPD Charity Ball last November? I'm quite sure you do. I keenly remember those puppy dog eyes dripping and fat Italian lips quivering when Davidson handed me the promotion. And ever since you've been waiting for the right moment to one-up me. Not this time, Pantaleone, not this time!

You hear me, Lieutenant? You're dismissed.

No, this crime scene is my jurisdiction

Rocky Pantaleone
LT. COMMANDER 7TH PRECINCT NYPD

Go fuck yourself.
You truly are a piece of shit, Mickey. I just got a call from headquarters saying we've got two guys with their brains spread out all over upper Manhattan, and you fuck-ups show up hours later expecting to wrap up this case? If you 5th precinct cockrags think you're going to contaminate my high-profile homicide crime scene, you're fucking greatly mistaken my friend.

Your jurisdiction? You can kiss my fat Italian ass, you pasty, spineless leprechaun!
I was never jealous about your award, Mick. It just saddened me to see such a talented officer spend 35 years in the force before he got his first promotion. Surely you remember that I've moved up in every position I've held on a yearly basis. At this rate, I'll be sending you down to Central Park for traffic duty by the time I'm 40. And by 45, I'll have more credentials than you have back hairs.

Stephenson! Call EMD and get these blood pools cleaned up now! I want CIA and DEA on this immediately!

I'll tell you what, chief. You get your boys in blue out of my way in ten fucking minutes or I will stick my foot so far up your ass your mother will think you deep-throated a boot.

I need CSI to have on-site autopsies on my desk in 30 minutes. Have O'Leary get read-outs from both corpses and also, bring me a black coffee with two Splendas. Now, Stephenson!
You know what, O'Donnell? Let's put all of this arguing behind us. I feel that if we can work together, we can accomplish more than we ever could apart, and then we could begin to clean up this city like we never have before.

We can start right after you lick the dog shit off my filthy boots, Pantaleone! You're out of your goddammed mind if you think I would ever work with you. Now get the hell out my jurisdiction. I won't say it again.
I consider myself a man of strong values, and those values extend to how I treat the opposite sex. I pride myself in adhering to my morals when it comes to courtship, and despite society's advocacy of the contrary, I refuse to finger a woman until I make her my wife.

It's no secret that women love to be fingered — you can barely get away from loose ladies who would love for just any Joe Schmo on the street to ram a few fingers up her birth canal. And just like any red-blooded male, my thoughts are constantly preoccupied by intimate fantasies of a beautiful woman letting me dig deep inside her.

But only when I finally take the sacred vows of matrimony will my life will be a non-stop fingering fest. My bride and I will spend our honeymoon embarking upon the journey of pubic excavation, and when we're old and gray, our love of me putting my fingers in her vagina will breathe new life. But until then, my fingers will stay planted firmly where they belong: outside bodily orifices, ignorant to the hand lotion that only Venus' sweet nectar can provide.

People are just so reckless with their decisions about fingering. Far too often do women go to parties, only to be carelessly digitally penetrated by some guy who has probably been inside more girls than he can count on both hands — probably because they're inside of some prostitute.

"This party is going to be great!" these guys say. "I'm going to drink some beer, make some new friends, and if I get bored, fingerblast some chicks." These young men will never know what it means to truly be happy.

But I have taken precautions to ensure that my phalanges stay pure. My Facebook profile makes clear that I don't plan on touching or entering vulvas all willy-nilly. I purposely keep my nails unkempt and dirty to ward off ladies who may entertain thoughts of me fingerling them. And any time I'm talking to a woman and things get flirtatious, I immediately tell her that I don't plan on fingerling her unless we're married.

Giving your fingers to a woman is essentially the same as giving her your heart. Women are well known to fall in love with men who furiously thrust their fingers in and out of their private parts, and I don't want to be known around town as a heartbreaker who casually inserts one or two fingers, and removes their trust of men forever.

My only problem is communicating that I am 100% okay with having casual sex with women. I mean, seriously. Let's be adults. I eat with my hands, but I don't touch food with my penis, for goodness sake.
I sincerely hope Barack Obama is not the antichrist

Ross Luippold
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Except for one thing. She can’t shake the nagging feeling that Barack Obama might be the Antichrist.

“It’s not that I actually think he’s the Antichrist,” claimed my friend, who, after a brief stint supporting Hillary Clinton in primary season, defected to the Illinois senator like any good Democrat. “It’s just that he might be. But almost definitely not.”

And technically, that’s true, and it would be unpatriotic to believe otherwise. It’s a well-known fact that the Founding Fathers wrote in the Declaration of Independence that we should “teach the controversy,” no matter how patently ridiculous said controversy is. (It’s right in between the parts about flag burning and gay guys kissing.) And it’s hard to blame my friend for feeling a tinge of fear. If Obama wins, takes the oath of office, and in between Stevie Wonder’s inaugural ball sound check and Ahmadinejad calling a truce with America, Obama summons Lucifer’s skeletal army to vanquish the USA — well, liberals will sure have egg on their collective face. They certainly didn’t see that one coming.

If he is indeed the Antichrist, I feel bad for him, I really do. On top of the racial issue, Antichrist-gate would be just one more obstacle he has to overcome in the flyover states if he ever wants to achieve the highest office in the country. It’s not his fault he was born the Antichrist; should that necessarily prevent him from being President of the United States? Nowhere in the Constitution does it state that the Antichrist cannot be president. Sure, there are people out there who think he’s in cahoots with the Devil. And maybe they’re right. But shame on those people for voting against him on that sole issue.

I should make clear: There is almost no evidence to support the hypothesis that Barack Obama is literally the incarnate antithesis of Jesus Christ. But I think it’s unfair to assume that just because Barack Obama happens to be a trouper in Satan’s army, he would use his position as President to enforce the Dark Prince’s agenda. Everyone needs a day job, and is it really fair to disqualify Barack Obama from the White House just because of some relationships in his personal life?

The flip side of the coin is that John McCain is actually the secret Antichrist, and thanks his lucky stars that he’s running against the first foreign-y presidential nominee. If McCain ends up being the Antichrist, the Arizona senator would be a far less effective Antichrist president than Obama. McCain has an old war injury that prevents him from lifting his arms above his shoulders, so how would he hold his hands high and say something like, “Rise, my children,” a la the Emperor in Star Wars?

However, I admit that I would be more inclined to believe in McCain’s “maverick” branding if I found out that he was being completely literal when he said he would follow Osama bin Laden to the gates of hell.

All I’m really saying is that all things equal, Barack Obama needs to be the next President of the United States. If nothing else, he has helped finalize the promise for presidential candidates to be black, female, Hispanic, Jewish, or homosexual, assuming he doesn’t screw everything up by actually being the Son of The Devil.

But such a statement is pretty ridiculous. We’ll never elect a homosexual president.
Cuatro’s is this restaurant located on San Gabriel, by the C-Mart where this buddy from my old band used to work before he got fired for stealing prepaid phone cards, ah, what was his name? Jeff? No, that’s not it. But fuck that guy, who really owns a phone anyway, man? They’re just wires and they connect us so I would say that the real crime is limiting the communication between thinking, breathing entities because that’s what The Man is trying to do and censorship is so wrong man, so wrong, you know? So anyway I was psyched to get this review because I didn’t have to deal with any asshole cops who shit bricks just because I’m driving with an expired license. But anyway I’m on my way there and Trey calls me and tells me, dude, I just got some dank-ass shit, and you gotta come over and burn one down. But afterwards I was on my way back to the restaurant and I ran into some dudes who said they got the pulled pork tacos and they were good. They seemed pretty cool so I took their word for it.

Puuh-shunka hhrrmmmmsizzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzza...
The P! Company MEGASHOW:
The ‘P!’ stands for Poopy
An unbiased review by Megan Williamson

Prepare for THE P! COMPANY MEGASHOW. The Texas Travesty is producing a new night of comedy with Austin’s local sketch comedy group, The P! Company. It’s a few show so clear your calendars for October 17th at 8:00pm in The Texas Union Theater.

It guarantees to be an evening consisting of...videos (a few are funny; most are not) and some live material (no guarantees).

Their moniker is “Sketch Comedy for Nerds,” a tagline that suggests that they may have comfortably fit into your high school’s A.V. club. However, they lack the awkwardness and charm of the nostalgic video nerd.

To be frank, I do not like this group. And in the interest of full disclosure, I was romantically linked with Mr. Sweeney for less than a week. Although I sincerely believe that my writing this review does not constitute a conflict of interest, as I am not interested in him or his comedy.

I do appreciate comedy, very much so. What I don’t appreciate is waiting at the Olive Garden for two plus hours alone.

Now I simply cry at their “work.” Not due to any sort of emotional attachment, but at the stupidity I harbor for having opened myself to this brand of comedy, if that’s what you want to call it, ass.

The P! Company Megashow is October 17th at 8:00pm in The Texas Union Theater. The event is co-produced by the Texas Travesty and Coldtowne Theater. Also, visit Megan’s blog at http://travestygirl.blogspot.com.

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