

OBSERVING TUFTS

THE ZAMONI MAGAZINE

MARCH/APRIL 2004



JAYWALKING

THE HIDDEN MENACE: WHAT YOU MAY NOT KNOW CAN AND WILL KILL YOU

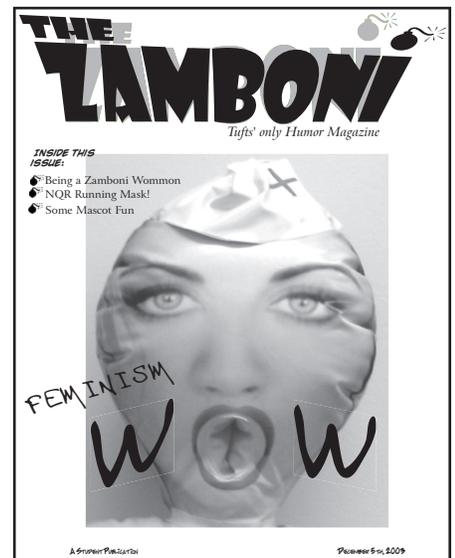
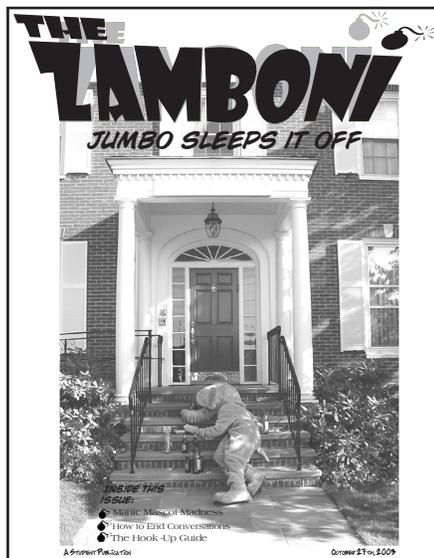
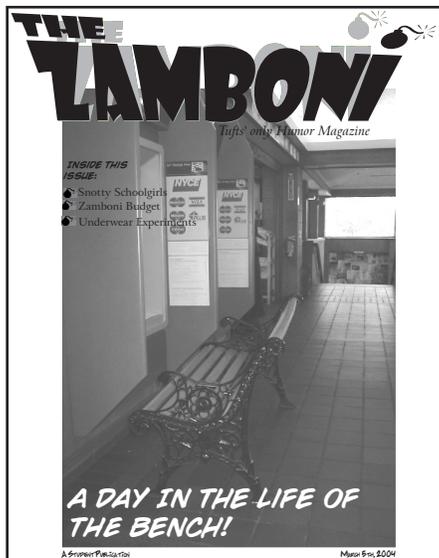
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If you are interested in journalism, photography, art, graphic design, production, marketing, fuck off. If you like comedy, come to our recruitment meeting:

Tuesday, March 9th, 9:30 p.m.
207 Campus Center

Bring your roommate, bring a hook-up, or just bring some beer!

The Zamboni has brought humor to Tufts for like, a million years. We would like to offer all students the chance to have your work published, UNLESS YOU SUCK. Whether it is funny drawings, Onion-like satire, goofiness, or just plain crazy talk, we have a place for you!



Write for The Zamboni!

Combining the apathy and laziness of a college students with more indepth analytic news than Al-Jazeera—the best of both worlds.

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Pictured on cover, is a random photo that was taken with a cheap digital camera at the last minute because our staff forgot, as usual, to think about our content ahead of time. Our cover makes no sense, but every magazine has to have a cover.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Frat Guy Not An Asshole

Contrary to previous reports, frat guy Jared Lars is not an asshole, reported Timothy Gehling yesterday. "I got to know him in my French 4 class and it turns out he's pretty nice." Gehling perceived Lars negatively due his mode of dress, sports-related conversation topics and "jock"-like stare.

"He looks dumb, but he's getting better grades than me." Gehling said. "If I knew he got into Tufts, why would I think he is stupid?"

No word yet on whether the Tufts Republicans are actually douchebags.

Jumbo Statue Pretty Pathetic

Students, faculty and the general community at Tufts came to the realization last Sunday that the Jumbo statue looks awful. "Damn it, that thing is ugly," Dean Bruce Reitman said. "Why the hell didn't I notice it before?"

Students responded with equal amounts of shock and revulsion. "It isn't the size of an elephant. It doesn't have any detail. Why did I use it to symbolize everything I like about this University?" said Junior Matt Smirt. Freshman Jennifer Changros agreed with Smirt's sentiment. "God-damn, I made a better looking thing out of paper mache in third grade," she stated.

Prospective freshman Nina Franks wondered why the statue is shown first on the tour. "[Jumbo] looks like a piece of shit." She added.

Bacow distributed a press release yesterday, explaining the steps he will take to rid the campus of the eyesore. "It doesn't matter why we let that abomination stand in front of our loved Ballou Hall so long. What matters is that we are going to fix it." Bacow proposed a taskforce of the quality of undergraduate statues to review the case and make recommendations. Anonymous administrative sources say if Bacow had seen the statue for what it was, he never would have "come to this friggin' place."

Source Runs Issue Into Ground

Tufts' conservative magazine, The Primary Source, officially ran the issue of the sex fair and the Vagina Monologues into the ground as of yesterday. Editor of The Source, Brandon Balkin, wrote that the sex fair was "embarrassing and immature", reiterating his position for the nteenth time.

"I really wish [The Source] would move onto something else, like gay marriage," said Senior Josh Borta. "The Vag play was like, 3 weeks ago."

The Primary Source has previously beaten a dead horse to a pulp with issues such as affirmative action, Sam Dangremond's encounter at the canon, and Howard Dean's Iowa Caucus speech.

—Compiled by Tyler Durden

Police Blotter

Saturday, March 13

At 4:00 p.m., there was a report of a stolen laptop in Tisch Library on the lower level. The student said that they had left their laptop unattended for two days. Police officer Malloy kicked the shit out of the student and carried on with his duties.

Sunday, March 14

At 10:00 a.m., there was a report of a bias incident in front of Goddard Chappel. Students were protesting the existence of God when clearly God exists. TUPD called God on the Red Phone and He smote them. The grass is reported to be a little greener now.

At 8:00 p.m., there was a report of stolen virginity on the corner of Packard Avenue and Powerderhouse Boulevard. When officers arrived on the scene they found a female Tufts sophomore dressed as a skank. She claims "that son-of-a-bitch DTD brother didn't pay me enough." TUPD officers threw two crumpled twenty dollar bills at her feet and drove off into the night through a cloud of smoke.

Monday, March 15

At 12:00 a.m., there was a report of triple fender bender in Cousen's parking lot. The son the UN Embassor for Egypt backed his Mercedes S500 into the Porsche 911 that belongs to student who is the daughter of an oil baron. Immediately following, a Tufts student who is a Massachusetts resident crashed into the two cars with his 1991 Ford Taurus. The two foreign students were reported to have fled the scene by jumping into a Porsche SUV to go downtown to the AVALON. TUPD turned a blind eye because foreign students pay full tuition.

Wednesday, March 17

At 11:00 a.m., there was a report of harassing phone calls by unknown persons to female students periodically during the evening. The callers, under the guise of a survey, requested information about the womens' sex lives. When they called TUPD, the voice on the phone was the same one that was calling them earlier.

—Compiled by Theodore Kaczynski

Ask Angie . . .

Q: I hooked up with this girl last week and I think she likes me. But, she had sex with my roommate last night. Does she really like me, is she playing hard to get or is she just a cum dumpster?

A: Women are like bees. They jump from one honey suckle to another. Sometimes they even die in the process. What you have to do is show her that your honey is the sweetest of them all. Just keep in mind that the queen bee always kills the drone. So, I recommend that you have a threesome with your roommate and the slut then kill her before she kills you... and blame your roommate.

Q: My boyfriend has a shit fetish. I don't feel comfortable when he requests that I take a "fucking sexy-ass hot lunch" in his

mouth, but he can't get an orgasm unless I do it. Please help me figure out how to dump him.

A: Don't dump a boyfriend just because he has a peculiar sexual quirk. In fact, eating shit is both nutritious and builds the immune system. If you could make him cum and make him healthier at the same time, it sounds like a win-win situation. One time I had a lover who wanted me to piss in his mouth. At first I thought it strange and a little disgusting, but after a while I came to enjoy relieving myself without leaving the bedroom. Maybe you can come to appreciate the joys of a hot lunch yourself.

Q: I am a freshman and but I have a problem attracting older men. The

other day an important member of the Tufts faculty asked me if I liked "using the back door." I mean, I like Larry a lot, but he's married, and older than my father. What should I do?

A: There is but one thing I can say to you in this situation, my little Monica. You wouldn't just be having sex with a sad middle-aged, pervy, depressed excuse for a man. You would be having sex with a sad, middle-aged, pervy, depressed excuse for a *president*. That's pretty hot. You'd be going down (in so many ways) like Marilyn—are you hotter than Marilyn? I don't think so. Shut up and take it.

Q: Need advice? E-mail Zamboni_Tufts@hotmail.com

SENATE BOX

By Busty St. Bust

Talk of pizza, poker and poon... Here's this week's senate update!

- Concern expressed about the lack of paper towels in the student dormitories and the hardships it caused on **masturbation**.
- Senator Jason Bauer brings a motion to the floor to order some pizza.
- Approved
- Motion to **order** from domino's
- Rejected
- Senator Lichtenstein **presents** a motion to change to procedural time table for add/drop forms, Senator Newsom makes a **wack** off gesture and **presents** a **motion** that Senator Lichtenstein is a retard. Senator Lichtenstein respectfully **presents** a counter-motion that

Senator Newsom's grandmother **sucks** cock in hell. The one and only **Chike** presents a motion that both Senators Lichtenstein and Newsom have **no** friends and need to sit in the time out chair.

- Motion **Approved**.
- Senator Newsom **makes** a motion to investigate the **financial** feasibility of **tabling** the Carmichael Policy of changing the **location** of the salad bowls every meal. Senator Lichtenstein **countermotions** that Senator Newsom looks like a walrus. The singularly **God-like** Chike **motions** that Senators Newsom **and** Lichtenstein have to get back into **their** corner.
- Motion to order from **Espresso's**
- Rejected
- Senator Sassenberg **presents** a **motion** that

Senators Perkari and **Vazquez** are playing **strip** poker in the corner. The undeniably awesome Chike points **out** that that is not a motion. Motion rephrased to "can **we** get in on the strip **poker** game?" Motion **rejected**, but Senators Perkari and Vazquez motion that they would let **Senators** Snider and Feinberg into the game, **if** they caught up by taking their **tops** off first.

- **Motion** to order from Nick's
- Approved
- Motion that Senator [**Zach**] Landau ate too many slices of pizza. Senate **votes** that he must go though the Tufts **Community** Tunnel of patty spank death.
- Senator Landau presents a motion that he has a **chaffed** ass.
- Senator Katzin presents a **motion** that he has a hot piece of **ass** waiting for him back at his dorm and would **like** to end the meeting. Senator Kleinman **presents** a counter-motion that Senator **Katzim** should "just refer to his **left** had as his **left** hand." Both motions **approved**.**Z**

How To Masturbate

by Poon Tang

photo by Google D. Com

HOW TO

While most people assume flogging the dolphin is an activity you just know, like riding a donkey or compulsively lying, but really it's a skill, like eating pudding, or slapping women.

The first key to successful autoerotic pleasure is to think ahead. Plan from the beginning how you're going to deal with the

end of self-intimacies. A couple options include; a shower, tissues, or that quiet yet attractive girl who lives down the hall from you and never talks to you but you get her drunk one night and she secretly has a salt deficiency but turns out to have herpes **THAT FUCKING WHORE!**

A shower is the simplest option and really ties together all the loose ends. The presence of the water gives lube, the fallingness of the water masks the sound of your flapage, the drain deals with the physical manifestations of your pent-up horniness for that girl with the huge boobies who sits in front of you and a little to the left in bio, she secretly loves me, I just know it. Additionally the fact your taking a shower gives you an excuse to be naked and alone with your self for an extended period of time.

There are a few things to worry about when polishing the bishop in the shower. The first potential problem is if there is a

line for the shower, people might start getting annoyed after 30 minutes in the shower, and believe you me, banging on the door is not going to help you get your little major back

A shower is the simplest option and really ties together all the loose ends. The presence of the water gives lube, the fallingness of the water masks the sound of your flapage, the drain deals with the physical manifestations of your pent-up horniness for that girl with the huge boobies who sits in front of you and a little to the left in bio...

up. Secondly, while water may be a fine lube for the inexperienced jack-offer, this can lead to a quite painful situation in one who has been choking the chicken for years, some sort of other lube is thusly recommended, like herbal essence conditioner. Lastly you may have to worry about that whorish, but

Next is scheduling, a clutch concept is to memorize your roomies schedule, then as soon as he goes to class, you know exactly how long and how many times you have until he gets back. Nothing says awkward roommate situation like your roommate coming back and finding you with your pants down.

sweet girl from the 3rd floor who is trying to make some extra money for books but really doesn't want to sell her self to you for \$15.

Using a tissue is a little more complicated and frees you from making you time your self-love with your shower schedule. The first key is tissues, don't take these for granted, nothing ruins a mood like suddenly

realizing you have nothing to sop up your liquid seed. Next is scheduling, a clutch concept is to memorize your roomies schedule, then as soon as he goes to class, you

know exactly how long and how many times you have until he gets back. Nothing says awkward roommate situation like your roommate coming back and finding you with your pants down. Next comes stimulation, some good sites include www.farthammer.com, www.blacksonblondes.com, and www.cumonmyglasses.com. Also a necessity is some sort of lubricant, I personally am a fan of Doc Johnson brand strawberry scented jack-off lube but find what you're your personal preference.

Now that you have done the act how do you finish up? The key is having your tissues right next to where you are, and right when you start



How to finish the final stage feeling the beginnings of completeness grab a tissue or two and firmly cup them over the head of the phallus. Make sure not to pull too tightly as the love juice could shoot though, and that would be a sticky situation. Cup the fingers around the sides of the tissues to make sure none of your seed leads out of the tissue. After you finish, throw out the tissue, and wait until you can go again. Z

Jaywalking: Deadly and Dangerous

by Curtis Hall

photo by Osama Ballou

Imagine you try to cross the campus streets, never knowing a monster lurks on feet outside the painted white lines. That monster is jaywalking.

Jaywalking is when someone crosses the street in an illegal or reckless manner. This means crossing the street when that big red hand tells you not to, or crossing when you aren't in a crosswalk or those cobblestone things in front of the campus center. Jaywalking is on the rise because I see people doing it all the time.

Jaywalking is a serious issue on the campus. It happens all the time by everyone. Even one time I was walking and I had to cross that really annoying street in front of Curtis to get here to layout this issue (I did page 7) and I just walked across. The walk light was on, but I didn't even use the crosswalks, cuz I'm a rebel. That's jaywalking. I hope I don't get in trouble for writing that. Maybe I'll delete it before the issue prints.

The TUPD are taking this threat seriously. "We like to try to crack down on jaywalkers," said TUPD captain Mark O'Brien. "Crossing can be dangerous and sometimes a few students are hit by cars each year." The TUPD uses methods such as giving a warning, talking or just staring really hard at offenders.

The administration is also taking the

threat seriously. TUPD captain Mark O'Brien said, "Crossing can be dangerous and sometimes a few students are hit

Jaywalking is when someone crosses the street in an illegal or reckless manner. This means crossing the street when that big red hand tells you not to, or crossing when you aren't in a crosswalk or those cobblestone things in front of the campus center.

by cars each year."

Jaywalking can lead to being hit by a car, or rushing across the street in an effort to get to the other side before the traffic light turns green or cars come, causing maybe your shoe to get untied and then you might trip on the shoe and fall down and that could hurt your wrists but if you don't get your wrists up in time it will hurt your face and torso unless you are crossing a street made of soft grass and that would mean you wouldn't really be crossing a road at all but some sort of nice grassy field where you can pick flowers and eat an apple under the willow tree with the sun stream-

ing through the leaves.

Jaywalking can also make students look like assholes. Sometimes people cross the street and run a little bit, then feel like they look stupid when they run. They end up doing a run-skip into a walk that makes them look like jerks. So

they slow down but a car comes and now the car has to stop. I bet at this point the student is feeling stupider than before.

Although there are more important issues at Tufts, jaywalking is the cover, so I have to write an article about it. When I say it is the cover, I mean that it is written on the cover, not the image. The image doesn't have anything to do with anything anyway.

So in conclusion, jaywalking is pretty dangerous sometimes. Z

[INSERT CAPTION HERE]



Jaywalking: Good or Bad?

The recent increase in jaywalking hasn't but could lead to increased student injuries and car damage. While *Obzerving Tufts* supports the right of a student to make up his mind about when and where he wants to cross the street, the danger of the situation could be taken into account. Therefore, *Obzerving Tufts* thinks that jaywalking could be a good or bad thing.

Jaywalking is bad because of all the problems it can conceivably cause. The increase in walking across the street puts a strain on the TUPD, who must track down and catch all offenders. Also, a bloody student corpse that was smashed by a car would tie up both automotive and foot traffic for hours. In addition, it would be really, really nasty to look at.

Jaywalking is good because of all the conveniences it gives Tufts' students. It gets students to their desired place faster. Jaywalking is a nearly indispensable tool for students who live off-campus and are perpetually late for class. Also, Mas-

sachusetts law states that once in the road, drivers must yield to the pedestrians. Does that mean there is no such thing as jaywalking? I guess it's up to God to define.

Obzerving Tufts thinks one possible solution is to assign crosswalk guards at all intersections in and around the Tufts campus. This would lead to fewer accidents and lawbreakers, as well as giving students someone to make fun of. The cost may be prohibitive, but Tufts should buffer fund to try and make this dream of safe walking a reality.

Jaywalking is a dangerous and convenient method of transportation that is bad. Or not. Truly, jaywalking is a difficult issue that *Obzerving Tufts* has directly and correctly addressed.

Information and Policies

Obzerving Tufts is a student-run Observer parody from *The Tufts Zamboni*. Published just once, you better read the whole thing and love it because it ain't going to come out again. *The Zamboni* doesn't accept letters per-say, but most of us are fairly single/lonely and would love any letters we might receive.

I don't really have much to say here, um so last weekend I hooked up with this chick and I think she might have had the clap, it's kinda burning when I pee, God fucking damn sluts, why can't they only be slutty with me?

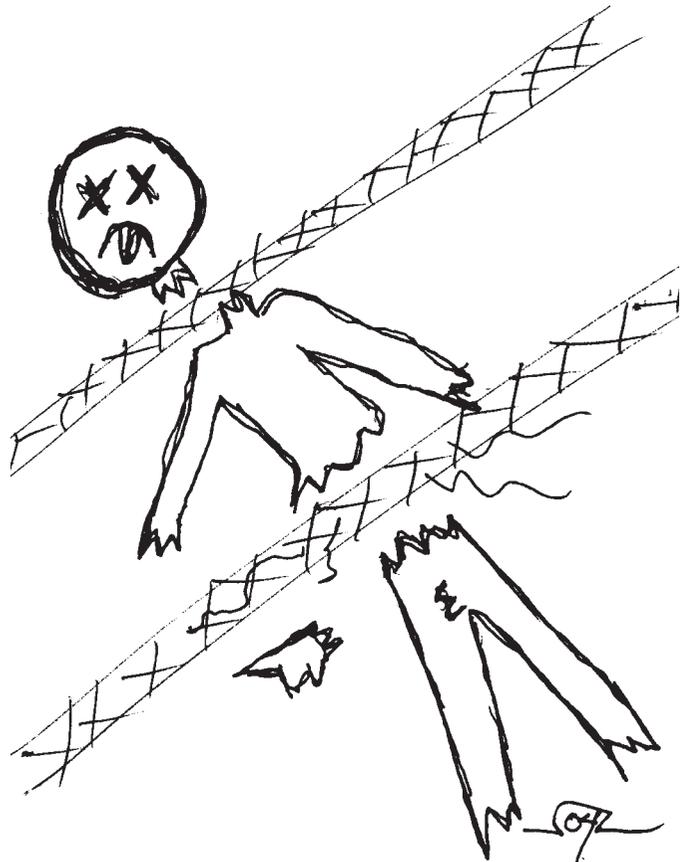
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Has any one noticed that the real Observer has a copyright from 2002, does that mean I can blatantly sell it for my own financial gain?

Advertising

Advertising in *Obzerving Tufts* is an ineffective way to reach dozens of students, faculty, and inebriated bum's. Our circulation is 4. Rates are: for local or national businesses, 1/12 page \$0.25, 1/6 page \$0.50, 1/3 page \$1.00, 1/2 page \$1.50, full page \$3.00, cover \$4.50; for university offices, 1/12 page \$.25, 1/6 page \$.40, 1/3 page \$.75, 1/2 page hand job, full page blow job, cover sex.

Call (666) 555-1337 or email Emily.cooper@tufts.edu remember, she wants ass.



By Wendy O. Wendell

The Layout of This Article Sucks

EDITOR'S CORNER

As you can tell by just even glancing at this page, the layout really sucks. The content of this article could be the greatest thing ever, but you still wouldn't read it. It just sucks too much.

I'm surprised you even past the first paragraph; the sheer amount of poorly-placed text on this page should have turned you off by now. It's just ultra-sucky.

Why is it laid out

this way you ask? Obviously, the person laying it out didn't know what he was doing. He just slapped it down with no adherence the any rules of graphical presentation whatsoever. I reiterate: This page is boring.

Look at the pullout quote. Go ahead. Look at it. Even the pullout quote sucks. What is normally made to spice up the page has turned into some sort of arbitrarily picked and sized mash of words. Oh, and I dare you to try and find a similar looking pullout quote on the other pages. Try

Even the pullout quote sucks.

to. You won't. Want to know why? We are retardedly inconsistent at layout.

Another thing that bothers me are those words that are cut in half with dashes. There is no reason for them to be there. None. There is a button that can get rid of it. All he had to do was to press a simple *button*. But no, he's too lame for that, the layout guy. Instead, he'd like to have words like "incoherent" dashed onto different lines, making it difficult to read and annoying.

Maybe you are asking why I don't fix it. Well,

friend, I am a writer, not a layout person. If I wanted to work production, I'd sign up to whore myself out to *The Daily*. But I don't, so I won't. I will just write. So get off my back. Jesus, I can't believe you are reading this.

You must have no life or something. Seriously, you must be pretty lonely sitting in a dining hall to read this far.

Anyway,

back to my point: shitty layout. I'd ask you to look at the picture, but I think doing so would hurt your eyes. It's that bad. It takes your eye right off the page. Do I want you to read the table? No. I want you to read this. Un-

fortunately, the layout is destroying my hopes.

I need to have words with the production guy. I just have no idea who he is. I submit the article via e-mail, wait for it to get laid out, then see this shitty mess.

God, this is awful.



An Observer Observes Things That Can Be Observed

by Dan Roe

I am an observer. I observe all things that can be observed. You might observe me observing animals, of maybe observing architecture, and sometimes I even observe the population density of fast food restaurants, but my favorite observable object to observe is people. Observing people is comparable to observing a moth's flight path, always unpredictable. An observer cannot simply be observant to accurately observe people; they must observe an observer to hone their observational skills.

The observation of people is not a passive activity. One must fully immerse oneself in the observational process to observe truthfully. If you think you're going to be an observer by just sitting and "watching" people, I would have to observe that you are nowhere near being a true observer. When I'm observing a person, I observe everything they do, what they wear, how they have styled their hair, the way they observe others.

Once I was observing quite an observant girl while I was taking a break from observing the types of food people order at Hotung, she observed me observing her.

From my past observances of being observed observing someone, I decided to wink at her. After observing her reacting

to my wink, slapping me, I deduced that when an observer is observed observing an observant, good looking young lady, they should not wink at her.

I have observed my most important observances when undergoing the most difficult observations an observer can

In this case, the observer was observing a professor explaining things he wished the class would observe. This observer was so focused on her observation, she had no idea her pants had slid down revealing a red thong.

observe: the observing of an observer observing another observer who is observing something else. Let me explain with an example I once observed. We'll start with the last observer I mentioned. In this case, the observer was observing a professor explaining things he wished the class



Observe my night observation hat.

observer was quietly observing the observable thong on the first observer. The third observer, the observer I observed observ-

ing, was observing the second observer observing the thonged observer.

This observer was laughing quietly to herself at the second observer observing the thonged observer while I was observing her laugh at the second observer observing the thonged observer. I say that this type

of observation is difficult because in my lifetime of observation, these moments of observance

are the most typically mis-observed observations observed. A less experienced observer in my position might observe the situation as the third observer simply observing a joke they heard once in their head, rather than observing an observer observing a thonged observer. This is simply a false observation.

I say that this type of observation is difficult because in my lifetime of observation, these moments... are the most...observed.

would observe. This observer was so focused on her observation, she had no idea her pants had slid down revealing a red thong. A male observer seated behind this thonged

Since you are observing my thoughts by reading what I have written on the subject of observation, I observe that you yourself are some sort of observer. My only advice is to observe carefully, observe fully, and observe often. Move around your subject of observation to observe it from another angle, you might observe your former observations were incorrect. Observation is key to human progression, I've observed, so go forth and observe with all the observative ability you have.☺

One Woman's Dildo is Another Man's *Anal Delight*

by Samuel Pepys

It has cum to my attention that there is a double standard in the female sexual liberation front. On numerous occasions, sex toy connoisseurs have been invited into the University to display their wares to all of the nymphos and loose chicks that need to pleasure their love caverns with objects that have the width of a boot (Lesbians: completely disregard this article and enjoy your phalluses. Gays: muse at the strife of the straight man. Everyone else: keep reading.) To make this smoke and mirror show educational, a speaker is invited from either an on campus or off campus source to talk about “safe alternatives to having sex.” It is nice to know that there has been some headway made from the days when women had to use broomsticks and ribbed screwdriver handles.

But, who is the target audience for all of this? Women. Slogans such as “I don’t need a man” or “I take plastic” and “I wanna sword fight too” are leaving out another part of the sexual relations equation: The Men. If you are a lesbian, buy more dildos. They are good for you and the US Economy. Homosexuals are a major consumer market to be reckoned with. (Too bad Bush doesn’t understand this! HAHA!) So, back to my rambling article about my personal, biased opinion.

And then there are campaigns and organizations and stickers and Oxfam sit-ins to discuss the issue of violence against women on campus and in the world. Well, let me lay it out for you plain and simple in my plea for reform: IF I DON’T CUM

SOON, I’M GOING TO HIT YOU, TRICK! Okay, that was a little over the top but so is writing PUSSY all of the campus property. THIS IS MOTHER FUCKING WAR I TELL YOU!!!

If one thinks of this in terms of supply and demand, a portion of the market is being satisfied while another portion is sitting around wanting stiff change. And when they don’t get change they get mad. Mad leads to bad. Bad leads to hit. Hit leads to “still not cumming but hey! violence gives me the same release as getting off.”

As a solution, I have compiled a modest list of devices for

men to accommodate for their loss of pleasure. There are many products on the market to fix this problem. For some, a simple dildo in the ass is fine and really helps get it up. Others prefer a fake vagina or asshole (these both come with varying tightness). An old staple of the fraternity house and Crafts House is the blow-up doll with multiple inputs so that you can get off and get to

know your buddies at the same time. With all of the modern advancements in plastics over the past twenty years, fake breast have entered the male pleasure market so that “tittie fucking” is no longer a wet dream. The list of

Like so much policy that is made in these United States, the other half of the equation is often left out.

products goes on and on.

Like so much policy that is made in these United States, the other half of the equation is often left out. Things like our unequal public school system, the “War on Drugs” and abolishing affirmative action are all examples of this. You can’t give to one and forget about the other because the other is going to grow resentful. In conclusion, at the next Dildo Convention in Houston Hall, I expect to see some Plastic Pussies for Him and other penis friendly paraphernalia as well as black t-shirts that say “Suck my dick bitch, but, whatever” and “Tell it to the hand... because she does it better.”z

f o r

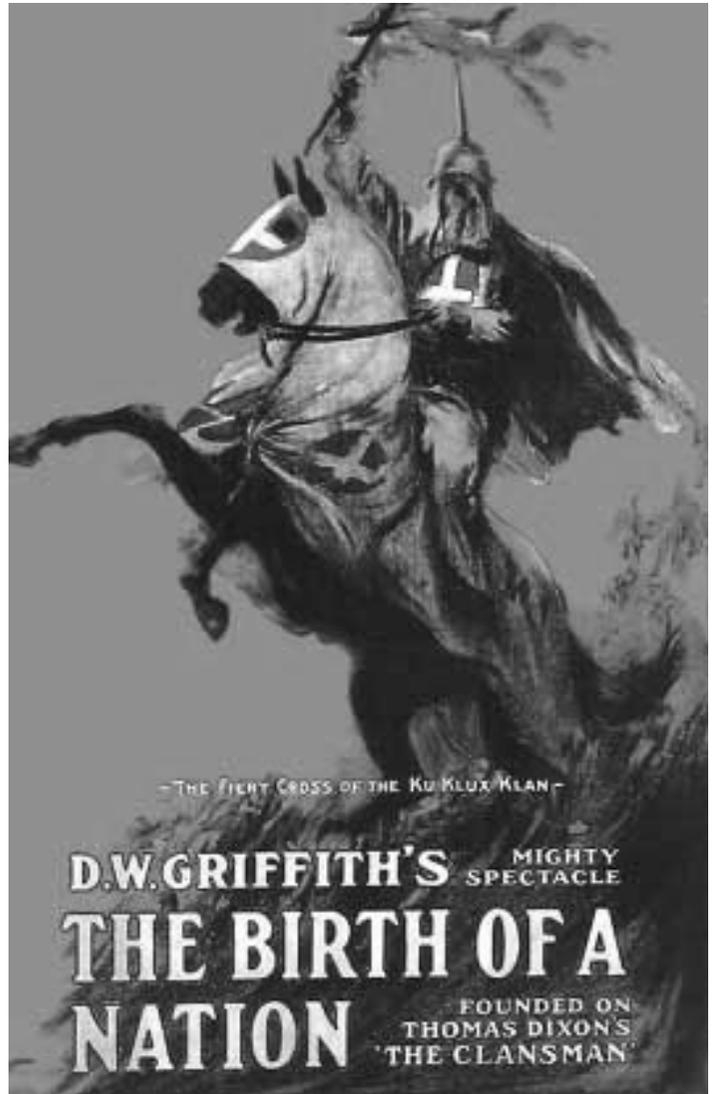


An archived photo of Tufts students back in the days when sex was okay.

White American Studies and the Anti-Pan-African Alliance proudly present...

Come join us for an informal screening and discussion about how the Klan helped save the post-American Civil War Southernners from the freed black slaves.

Everyone is allowed by current laws to attend this event; however, not everyone is welcome.



Koffee, kake and krumpets will be served following the lecture. Look on the department web site for upcoming events.

APRIL 20: Book burning

First twenty people get a **FREE** copy of *Mein Kampf*

Corpus Christi: Myths debunked in overall gaiety

by Jean-Baptiste Poquelin

I wasn't sure if I was at a play or if I was at a play. Before the show began, all of the actors were milling around amongst the audience to make for a very gay atmosphere. Everyone was in high spirits. As in the MacDonalds advertisements "I was love'n this." In addition, the stage was completely void of color and used hard-edged, square scenery. I'm sure that all of these elements were trying to say something along the lines of "Jesus, get ready for darkness. Die for my sins. Yeah, go ahead and do that. You make it hurt so good." In addition, at the opening of the show there were white t-shirts placed all over the stage. It had the appearance of cum shots all over the place. Both masculine and gay at the same time! This designer is really cool.

The story opens with all of the characters being baptized from their Tufts student personas into their biblical characters. It was really cool to see this because the guy using the holy water wasn't using real water. He was using this glossy, sparkly streamer thingy-ma-dos. There was complete suspension of belief in this segment on the audience's behalf. Theater blows my mind... a lot when I am writing these articles. Then, the story of the New Testament begins with the birth of Jesus in a motel in Corpus Christi, Texas. HOLY SHIT! THAT IS WHERE THE TITLE COMES FROM! Okay, then Joshua (or Jesus) is determined to find his purpose in this world because he hears God leaving smack up in his ear and not explaining his enigmatic talk. So Joshua performs miracles and then dies on the cross at the end. Big surprise... yeah right. God, these bible plays are so predictable.

To lighten up this story of brotherhood, love, sodomy and the inevitable crucifixion of Joshua H. Christ, there were several musical numbers that were performed using boxes with strings that make harmonious sounds when brushed across with human hands while playing the other hands fingers in arthritic looking posi-

tions. It was really cool. Oh yeah, at one time, the box playing dude even blew air through a small, steel box that again made harmonious sounds. He almost resembled Bob Dylan with his guitar and harmonica on a neck stand. The gay men's choir on stage would chime in occasionally with appropriate songs for the mood.

This play had a very important message for its audience. It cleared up American cultural misunderstandings and myths about the theater community. After seeing couples of different men butt fuck, French kiss, rub each other's breasts and perform a homosexual marriage on stage, it is safe to say that all male actors are gay. Now that this has been cleared up, God loving, Americans can identify the sodomites from the rest of normal, peace and God loving American men.

Oh yeah, and about the stage. What the hell! Since I came to this school, Tufts that is, my definition of a stage has been completely torn apart. This school has made me believe in things that I am not comfortable with. Now, unlike from where I come from, a stage doesn't have to have a curtain, the audience is seated in the round and often times the lighting splashes on me when I am sitting in the audience. This makes me very uncomfortable because other people can see me get uneasy when I see men kiss on stage or when I laugh when a poor person being wrongfully convicted because they don't have enough money to afford a decent lawyer.

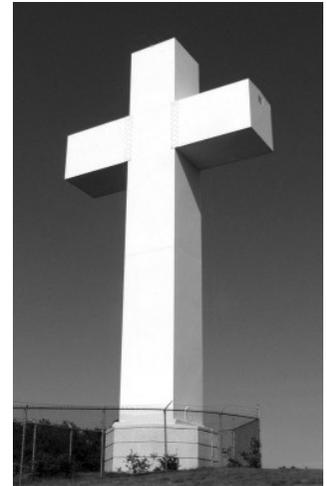
Well, make sure that you get out to Balch Arena Stage House Company in the Round to see this performance of biblical proportions. The show will be opening next week and will run for three days. Tickets are \$7 and are on sale at the Box Office in the Aidekman Arts Center Place of Culture Wonder and Splendor Thing. Show runs March 11 through March 13, 2004 AD. ¤

Paid Advertisement:

Coalition for the
Protection of Marriage
Between a Man and

Woman League

OPEN
HOUSE



Come join us protect the Will
of God in the abandoned fallout
shelter in the basement of Ballou
Hall. Cake and hate will be served.

EATING OUT: SPREADING THE GOOD WORD

McDonalds: Fuck my beliefs

by Jane Fonda

Most recently, I had the pleasure to go to the McDonald's in Davis square. It was conveniently located on that one-way street that Anna's Taqueria is on. The first thing I noticed as I was approaching the McDonald's was the delightful tree in the sidewalk just in front of the store. Its barren branches reminded me of a time that seems so distant now, much like a time when I used to eat animal products. As a vegan I rarely get the opportunity to sample the fine cuisine from McDonald's, so this was a treat. First off I asked if they had any thing on the menu that was free of animal products. The friendly cashier said I could have some fries, definitely couldn't have the apple pie, I could pick the chicken out of the salad, or that he didn't think there was anything other than plastic in the milkshake.

Eventually, I chose a chocolate milkshake and a small order of fries. Then I went and walked to my seat. The floor was tiled and brown, and the seat was made of a sturdy yet fashionable plastic material. It reminded me of the time that I was at another restaurant writing an unreasonably long, boring review. I hold my seats to the highest standards. It is extremely important that I be supremely comfortable while I am enjoying sampling food from around the world. I had this one meal at Denny's and the seats were so supportive and lush that I could hardly contain myself; I spent the entire night in Denny's writing my article out. That one went into the Observer, though. I set my meal down on the table and it sat there. I looked at it for a little while.

The next thing I did was drink the milkshake. The milkshake tasted like beef so I stopped drinking that. Mmmm.... beef, it had been so long since I had felt that flavor rolling over my tastebuds. For a brief moment, I contemplated the possibility of wolfing the whole thing down

but my inner conscience rescued me from the depths of a carnivorous hell. Then I ate the fries. There was a delightful interplay between the sogginess of the fries and the blandness of the ketchup. Soggy fries saturated with guilt and grease. Mmmm.

To cleanse the palette, I sampled delicious "orange drink." Oh the pure graciousness of fruit flavoring in all of it's juicy glory. At last I had been found what I was looking for and in that moment the golden arches took on their full meaning. The sweet interplay of the orange mixed with the buzz of the carbon dioxide bursting in my mouth made me reflect back on that tingly feeling I used to get when I would crave raw meet in the first few months of being vegan. I have managed to progress beyond those trying first few months and have now reached a state of full contentment with my new animal friendly ways. I find inner peace in knowing that I am not turning innocent little creatures into hulk-

ing juicy cuts of tender succulent meat. Those days are behind me now.

As I finished off my minimalist meal, I found myself wanting to go back to the counter to place one last order just to round out my sampling of fine McDonald's food. I was in the mood for a light ending to my meal when it hit me. All I wanted was meat, raw, still bleeding meat fresh off the butcher's knife. I stormed back to the counter and let my inner desires roar, ordering myself a full kilogram worth of fat.

Then the power went out and everyone fled for their lives because darkness is a primal fear that all humans possesses. Just because I'm vegean and want to drink the blood of American cattle doesn't mean I am not human. Z

**EAT ALONE. GET WASTED ON
TOU CASH. WE'LL PUBLISH
YOUR BLOG!**

**We are seeking a few lonely individuals who want
to get their eat on up in this bitch.**

**WE DON'T HAVE CONTACT INFORMATION, SO
JUST SHOW UP IN THE DARK ALLEY BEHIND
CURTIS HALL ANY WEDNESDAY NIGHT WEAR-
ING ONLY A TOWEL AND WE'LL WELCOME YOU
TO OBZERVING TUFTS.**

don't come if you have a test the next day.

DOWN WITH OTT

Awesome Adventure in Alabama

by T. G. Frost

I recently spent a wonderful and intellectually stimulating night on the town in Guthrie, a small town in Alabama. Upon arrival I was mistaken for a “dirty Northerner.” After a brief misunderstanding where the jolly local attempted to cut off my hand at the wrist, I finally was able to get directions to my hotel room. As I checked into my quaint 5-star hotel, I struck up a conversation with the bellhop who complained to me about how he had 20 children yet didn’t have the money to pay for food and expected them to die in the next four months. After that, I sank happily into my delightfully moonshine-soaked bed, the bullet holes in the wall really added to the décor in my opinion.

After dodging some gunfire while brushing my teeth, I then went out on the town. First, I tried to find the local drinking establishment. The first local I asked spit and told me politely “nobody here has money; only tobacco.” I then wandered into a local bar, most of the locals looked like they have been there since sun up, and many looked like they had malaria. I don’t know if you would necessarily call it a bar per-say, as it was just a small shack on the side of the road with a few stools and a guy with a shotgun guarding a fridge. I asked for a Heineken but the bar tender told me that he has “no money for Irish beer, we can barely afford drugs” I replied, silly Alabamian, Heineken is from Germany; he instead ignored me and gave me a local micro brew. It was a unique brew having a wonderful menagerie of aluminum house sidings, blood, and pig manure.

After having 8-10 of what I’m going to simply refer to as aluminum pig brew, I don’t know exactly how many I had, they seem potent, I went out looking for a club with a nice gentlemen I met in the bar. The local (who I will refer to as Billy-bob from now on for convenience) I was drinking with didn’t seem to quite get the concept of what a club was, but I chalk that up to dialect problems, he really couldn’t understand my “city-boy accent”, I don’t understand why everybody can’t speak normal English. Any way the

friendly local I was with was brining me to the club district, but kept getting jittery and continuously checked his sawed-off shotgun, what silly local customs.

On the way some local women started talking to me, she was dressed pretty nice so I assumed she was going to a club. I guess she was waiting for a bus or something because she was just

After that, I sank happily into my delightfully moonshine-soaked bed, the bullet holes in the wall really added to the décor in my opinion.

standing at a street corner. She was really talkative and nice, kept saying she loved me. When Billy-bob noticed that I had fallen behind and was talking to such a lovely lady, he must have gotten jealous because he ran over and started screaming in that crazy local language, finally was able to communicate something to me in the southern-dialect English, what I figured out was approximately, “She got awl diseases, don’ fuck ‘er, yull die, peckar fall off.” I thought I’d humor him because he was my guide so I bade the nice lady good by and went off with him to the club district.

Finally we got to the club district where the general misunderstanding in dialect slang became apparent. It was a silly misunderstanding really, when I had said club, I had meant dance club, he had heard club and thought “Large stick for hitting people about the head with.” Suffice to say, I was knocked unconscious. And woke up in a hospital bed. I flew back to Boston the next day. Where my HMO was horrified to learn I had gotten a blood transfusion. Apparently those silly Alabamian medical workers had given me AIDS. Ah, nothing like a crazy night on the town. z

THE RUNDOWN

Friday 4/2

- William Shatner (spoken word) 7 p.m. @ Berklee Performance Center
- Your Mom (milf) 8 p.m. @ My Bed
- John Mayer (non-threatening pussy pop) 9 p.m. @ Middle East
- DJ Spinderelli (house/techno) 9 p.m. @ Matrix
- DJ Spinster (hip-hop/r&b) 9 p.m. @ Matrix
- DJ Brent Spiner (folk) 10 p.m. @ Roxy
- DJ Lame-ass name (house) 10 p.m. @ Avalon
- DJ Who cares? (polka) 11 p.m. @ Aria

Saturday 4/3

- Blue Man Group (rock) 4 p.m., 7 p.m. & 10 p.m. @ Charles Playhouse, as it has been for the last 5 years
- Protestant/Jew Mixer (religion) 8 p.m. @ Godard Chapel
- Girls Dancing (not with you) 9 p.m. @ Every Club In Boston
- Frat Party (sketchy) 10:30 p.m. @ 123
- Your Mom (again) 10 p.m. @ My Bed

Sunday 4/4

- Father O Leary Party (rager) 5 p.m. @ Godard Basement
- Study for Class (homework) 12 a.m. @ Club Tisch

Tuesday 4/6

- Zamboni Meeting (awesome), 9:30 p.m. @ 207 Campus Center

Wednesday 4/7

- Indie Band You Never Heard of and Care Less About (rock) 7:30 p.m. @ Orpheum Theatre

Thursday 4/8

- There is really nothing going on tonight.

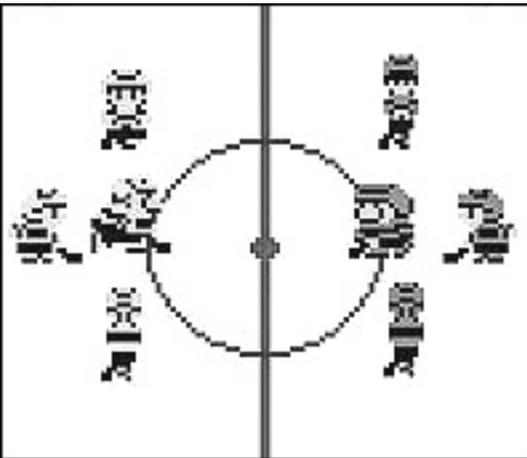
The Top 50 Hockey Players Part VI: 34 - 29

by Mike-Al J. Coby

Last week I covered the exciting hockey players in the 39 to 35 bracket, including the pig guy from *Mutant League Hockey* and "Super" Mario Lemieux. However, this time I will bring to you players 34 through 29, and it's a whole different ball game.

34) Fat Guy From *ICE HOCKEY* On NES

I think most of you know who I am referring to, but just to make sure we are on the same page I'll tell you anyway. The fat guy is a guy you can choose on the game *Ice Hockey* for



the original Nintendo. He was the best.

He might have been fat and hard to move around, however, he could check a guy into the boards like no other. On any given night, I could use the fat guy to score a goal. Nobody can touch him.

Sometimes people say the medium guy or the skinny guy are better, however they are too tough to figure out. The Fat Guy is the most challenging and powerful person on the screen and you can take that to the bank.

Some people make fun of him for being fat, but they are mean. Now that I got that off my chest I'd like to get something else off my chest. I thought Tecmo Bowl was a better game. So was Blades of Steel.

32) Casey Jones

Of course I am referring to the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles' own psychopathic friend. Technically, he has a hockey stick so I considered him a hockey player, however, he uses it to beat up robot ninjas. This guy truly has it all and does it all.

Also, he proved he is an excellent scorer, rebounder and skater. In season three, episode 12, he demonstrates this by hitting a foot soldier's head off his body and into a goal while skating over a frozen



NYC. However, Casey Jones, in addition, wears a lot of other equipment that can slow him down.

Casey Jones has perfected the 17-19 foot whack and/or the 0.500 foot soldier killing average. If he was in a 2nd round team that was 2-0 in the 2000-01 season, he could average 25 points per game with 2.5 blocks and 14.0 FGs in a 60% penalty shot average. However, I have zero confidence in Raphael as a sports athlete.

33) Curling Champion Ken Dickson

Ken Dickson is not technically a hockey player. That being said, he is tearing it up in the boards with a 6-3 record and the Scottish Curling Championship, making Dickson one of the best players on the ice. I'd take him on my team right now; however, that is if I started a Curling team.

People may scoff at the fact that he can't handle a puck. Well, the thing he uses instead of a puck in curling is like one, so we know he can do that stuff. Also, he can sweep the ice, so he is useful after the game is over. Who needs a Zamboni when you have a Ken Dickson. I don't.

Dickson has proved his skating ability night in and night out. With his way of moving on the ice, hockey players better watch out for this curler. I predict his car-

Support your fellow Jumbos! Tufts sporting events are free and boring! Meet jocks, cheer on strangers, and show your apathetic spirit at these home games.

Go Bo's!

Bo Jackson, that is

March 32

Men's Bumping & Grinding
NESCAC Champs. @ Axis,
9:00 a.m.

Track & Field All-New England Losers Bracket @ Boston University
5:00 p.m.

April 4

Yale vs Harvard Basketball
@ Harvard
7:30 p.m.

Scruffy baseball team in big game against the reigning Champs.

@ Bowdoin,
9:00 a.m.

February 29

Women's Computer Hacking
NESCAC Champs. @ MIT
9:00 a.m.



SMARTASS

by LAI ME

I'M TOKEN GUY FRIEND.
WHY ARE YOU SAD, ALEX?



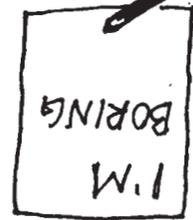
SOMEONE IS WRITING A COMIC
ABOUT MY LIFE.



AWESOME. WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

NOTHING.

LATER...



... OH.

TUDS ing.

GEE!
WORKING
FOR TUDS IS
SO FUN,
I'M INSPIRED
TO CREATE A
COMIC!

IT WILL DETAIL OUR FOOD FIGHTS, SWORDS,
DEMON HUNTING, AND ALIEN PETS.

WE DON'T HAVE
FOOD FIGHTS, SWORDS,
DEMON HUNTING OR
ALIEN PETS.

... THEN, WHAT DO WE DO?

WE WASH
DISHES.

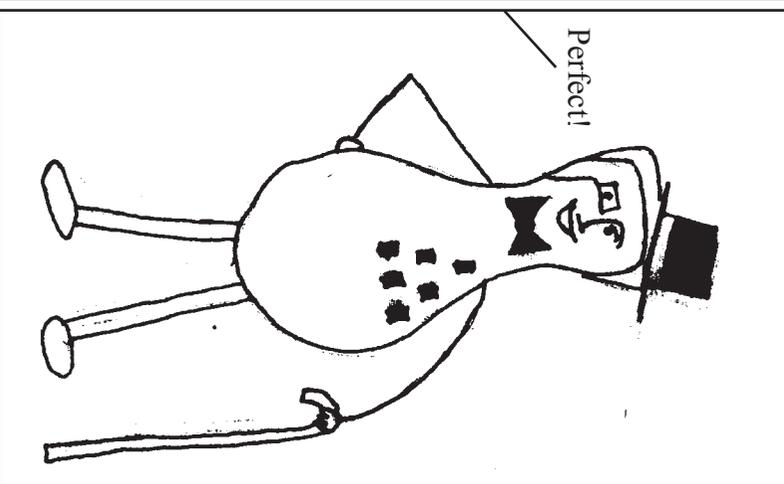
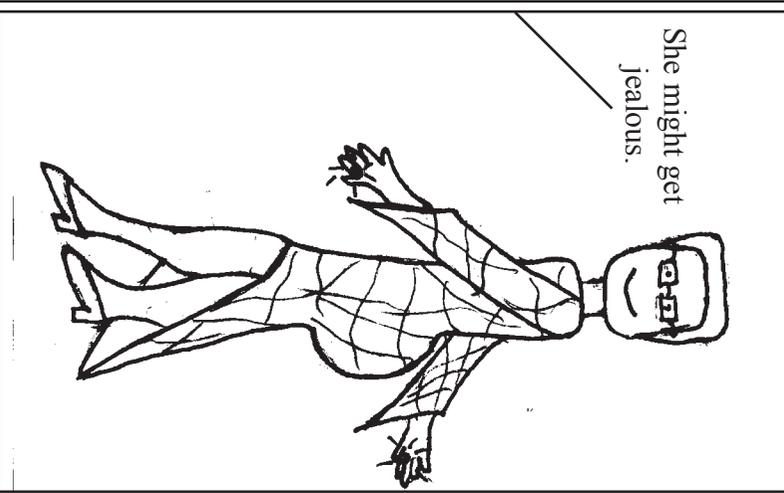
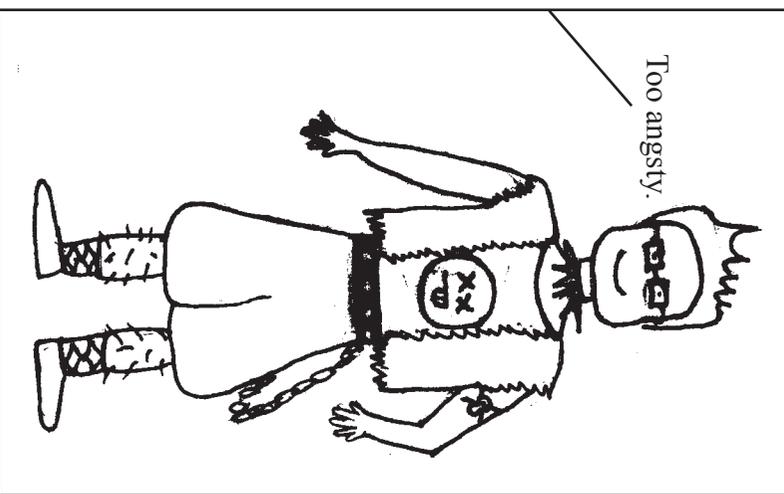
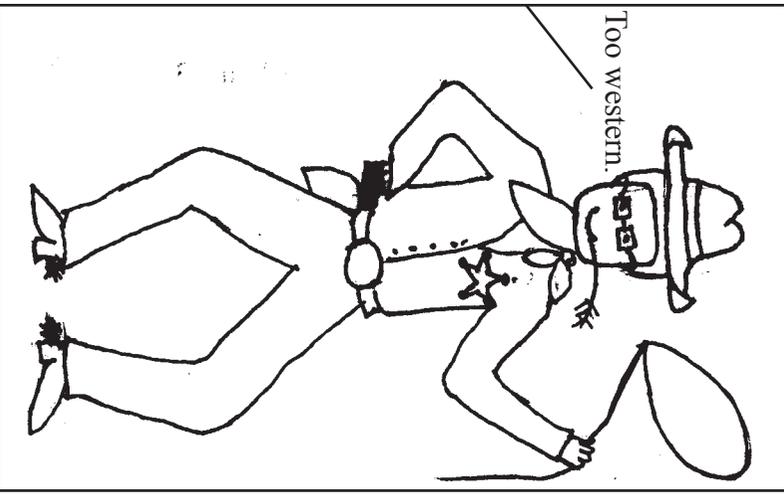
SOMETIMES, I
EAT VEGAN
BROWNIES.)

I
LIKE
TO
SWEEP.

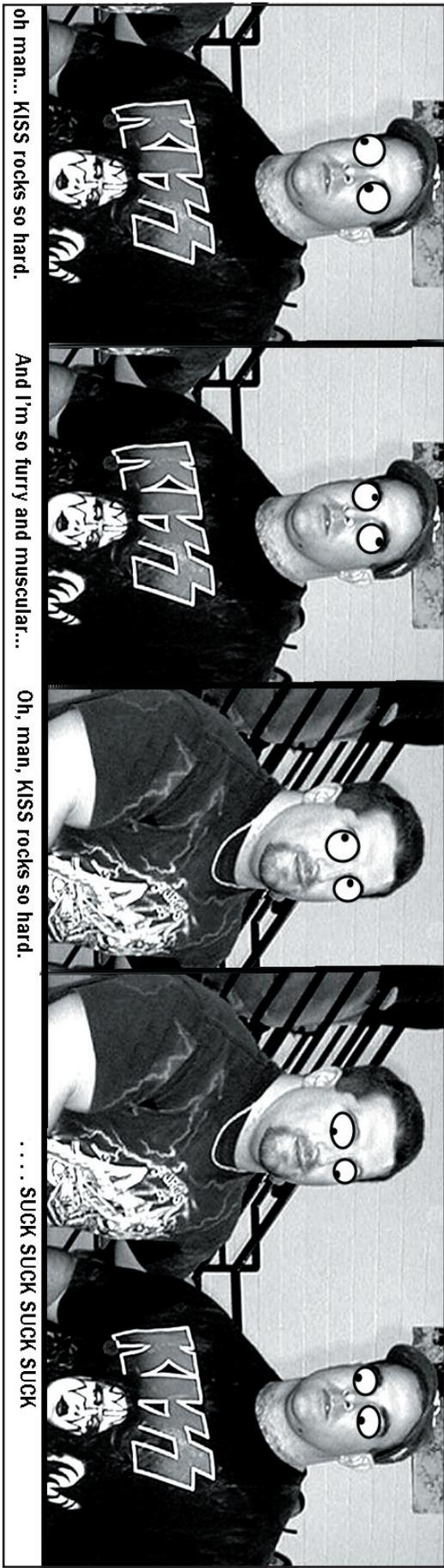


Brett Gets Ready For A Date

By Lily L. Chou



Googly Men by Luke Snyder



oh man... KISS rocks so hard.

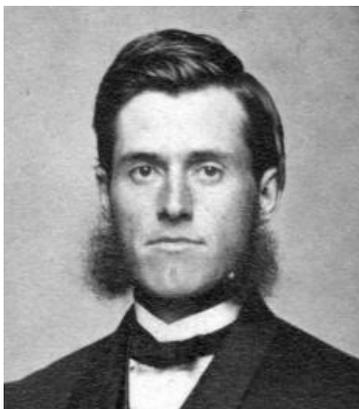
And I'm so furry and muscular...

Oh, man, KISS rocks so hard.

.... SUCK SUCK SUCK SUCK

Open Forum

Will you take off your top?



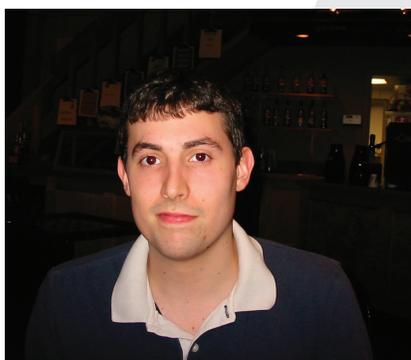
"As you can see my fellow Tuftonian, my topper is already off. What a funny request."

—Brig. Gen. Horatio Bisbee, 1863



"I'll only do such things for Sam Danglemon. But in all other cases, my breasts are mine to decide what to do with such."

—Jordana Starr, '06

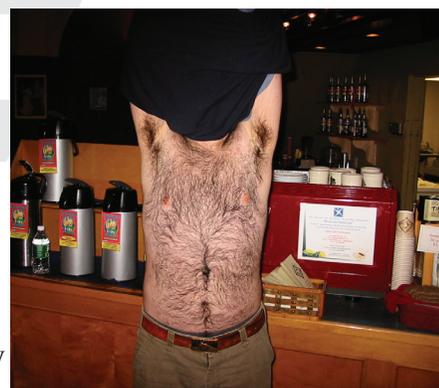


"Too late."

—Calvin Metcalf, '07

"Yes, and my breasts are looking mighty delicious."

—Brandon Balkind, '11



"Get a mushy boyfriend so you can get chocolates, roses, and a Valentine song from the Jackson Jills."

— Claire DeLune and Lindsey Bannister, '07

X	0	X
0	0	X
X	X	0

X	X	
0	X	0
		X



Observing Tufts

Since 1066

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