

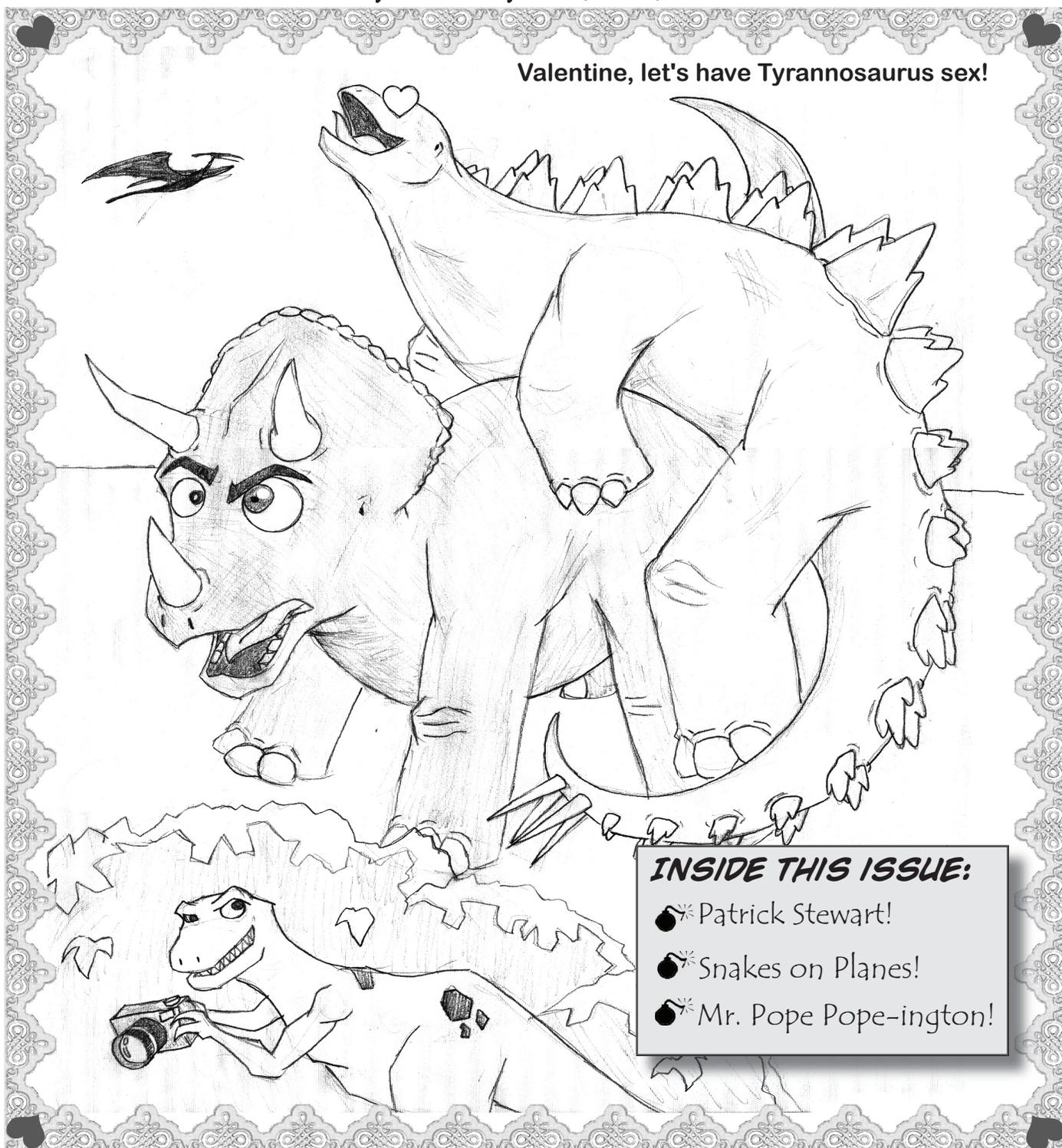
THE LAMBONI

PUBLISHED SINCE 1987

FEBRUARY 17, 2006

Late Valentines!

Valentine, let's have Tyrannosaurus sex!



INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

- * Patrick Stewart!
- * Snakes on Planes!
- * Mr. Pope Pope-ington!

Staff

**Editor-in-Chief:**

Stephanie "I love penicillin"
Vallejo

Managing Editors:

Kate "I Gave Steph CPR" Peck
Francis "I Gave Steph an STD"
Dahl

Editors-At-Large:

Julie "S&M Victim" Nogee
Mark "Stethoscopes Are Tasty"
Villanueva
Anne "Scatologist" Fricker
Mike "This Won't Hurt a Bit"
Yarsky
Katie "Abstinence Is the Only
Safe Sex" Ray
Sarah "I Wanna Be A
Proctologist When I Grow Up"
Jacknis
Steve "That Discharge Does
Not Look Healthy" Nelson
Jesse "Could Be Marfan's
Syndrome" Gossett
Stephen "Left My Wristwatch
In the Patient" Riche
Devin "Hyperprolactinemia"
Toohey
Lauren "Med-School Drop
Out" Vigdor
Niki "Can I Have Steph's
Organs?" Johnson

Illustrator:

Ronald "I Raised Lazarus"
Brown

Staff Writers:

Julie "The Cure" Gomstyn
Justin "Painkillah" Chiumentti

Editor Abroad:

Calvin "Every Third Disease Is
Named After Me" Metcalf

A Word From the Editor

Dear Zamboni,

I've liked you for a long time. A really, really long time. I've been kind of afraid to tell you about it, because well...you're so cool. The way you talk sex and minorities, and the way you marginalize already marginalized communities on campus...the way your low quality, recycled paper tells me how much you love the environment, even when you say you don't...the way it's kinda dirty that I know about you, and the way no other girls I know even know what's in your oh-so-easily torn, fragile, good-for-origami pages...

It's too much, Zamboni. And this Valentine's Day I let it happen again--it's come and gone, yet again, and I still haven't really told you how I feel about you. And me. Or. Us.

Zamboni, I too, am Tufts' only student humor magazine, or as I, too, like to say, Tufts' only intentionally funny magazine. The time has come for us--shhhhh, don't be afraid--to face our destiny--together. It may seem like a big commitment, but I, we, think we can handle it.

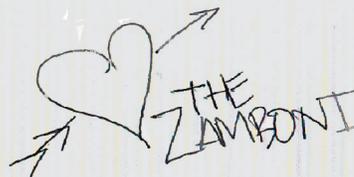
I know you feel it too. Take this issue as a symbol of our love for us. All the elements are here. Briefs. Professors. Sex toys. *Love.*

I can imagine us, with our own little place on the third floor of a derelict shack just off Boston Ave--but not too far from Brown and Brew! I'll take out the garbage, you'll get hypothermia. We can sit in the Campus Center bins and finish each others' sentences and make our always mildly awkward jokes while the world passes us by.

So Valentine's Day was rough. Let's make our own special day. No, not like the one celebrating girls' third bases, which, don't get me wrong, is totally fine with us. We need a day for everything that is *we*. Not because we're ashamed or anything, because we're not. You know what they say: "Self-love means never having to say you're sorry." So let's not. Everyone, now. At the Zamboni, if we love us and then lose us, it would be better than not loving us at all. If you love us, let us go. Give us to your friends!

From this Zamboni to this Zamboni, it's Valentine's Day every day.

Ain't that a kick in the head?



Disclaimer and Editorial Policy: *The Zamboni* is a student-run humor and satire publication of Tufts University. In no way do the views expressed herein necessarily reflect those of Tufts University, or even the editors. So don't go e-mailing the people listed in the Staff Box, especially since we make some of the names up. All material is meant to be viewed as humorous and should not be taken seriously, but keep in mind, we still love a good Viewpoints face-off. We accept any and all submissions from Tufts students, but we will not take your first born due to legal reasons (the Metcalf Clause). Submissions to *The Zamboni* are screened by the Editor-in-Chief and/or the Editorial Staff. Decisions are made on the completely subjective grounds of their humor content, but if you're a legacy, we have to take you (the Villanueva Clause).

Condoms of Contents



**Pg 6
Kama Sutra!**



**Pg 12
We Roast
a Bench!**



**Pg 8
Talk Sex
with
Professors**



**Pg 4
Porn Movie
Reviews**



**Pg 13
Bathroom
Haikus**



**Pg 5
Is He
Circumcised?**



**Pg 10
Is It A
Sex Toy?**



And

Much

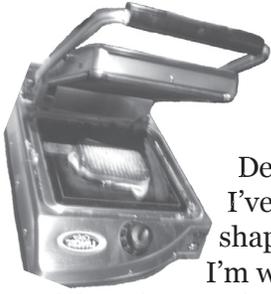
More!



CONTENTS OF CONDOMS...

Letters

Answered by Dewick's own panini machine!



Dear Panini Machine,
I've been going to the gym to get in shape for my New Year's Resolution. I'm working really hard, but I don't feel like I'm getting anywhere. I've noticed that you're in really good shape. What do you do when you work out?

ZAMBONI PANINI MACHINE: Well, your first problem is that you think of working out as a chore, and you think that working out is strictly confined to the gym. Try switching up your routine a little. Take the long way to class, start using the bathroom a couple floors away so you'll run more stairs. Personally, I do presses all the time in the dining hall. If you don't think it makes a difference, you're wrong. Those dining hall presses make me what I am; no one would even know who I was if I didn't do them. If you really want to turn up the heat and grill the fat right off, turn everything into a workout.

Dear Panini 'Chine,
Hi, I'm Jeff Katzin and I'm TCU President. On behalf of myself, and the entire student body living downhill, I'd like to welcome you to Tufts University. We're really trying to make the school a more exciting place, and we couldn't do that without you. Go Jumbos!

ZAMBONI PANINI MACHINE: Oh hey, I've heard of you. You're a lot taller than you look in the Daily. Actually, the Daily is my favorite thing at Tufts so far. People leave hundreds of them in Dewick every day, so I get lots of chances to read it. The one thing I was kind of disappointed about here is the student body. They're always standing over me staring at me, sometimes even touching me, but they never talk to me. They strike up conversations with each other about me right in front of me and act like I can't tell. They're always judging me too, saying stuff like "Do you think that panini maker is hot?" Sometimes I wish they'd just get a slice of pizza and leave me alone.

Hey 'Nini,
We need to talk. The last few weeks have been very special to me, but something just isn't right between

us. I know we hit it off right away, but I feel like it was just out of convenience. We were both new here, we're both hot, and we saw each other around the dining hall a lot. One thing led to another, and we tried to pretend that we had something in common, when we're really very different. I always want to create something sweet, but around you, I feel so much pressure, and a lot of sandwiches have told me they feel the same way. I'll always feel close to you, but I think we should go our own ways.

Love,
The Waffle Maker

ZAMBONI PANINI MACHINE: Baby, I can change. I know a lot of people come between us, even a salad bar, but I think we can work this out. This isn't about convenience or desperation, hell, chicks are lining up to get to me, but you're the only one I really want. Come on baby, I can't stand the thought of you turning over for other guys, I'm the one you belong with. Don't let our love burn up. Even if it takes two minutes and fifty seconds, I'll wait for you, because that's how much I care.

Hey, big guy! Didn't make the cut for that play, sports team, a capella group, trendy sorority, or other cult you desperately wanted to fit into? Well, buck up little cowboy, we'll be your friends because beggars can't be choosers. Come to the Zamboni meetings, Wednesdays at 10 PM in the Campus Center (after "Lost"). We'll be your silver medal.



The News in Brief

Because You're Too Lazy to Read Anything Longer

Chinese Checkers Smarter, More Math-Oriented than Normal Checkers

BEIJING – Child development guru Nancy Lin reported to Associated Press Wednesday that children who play Chinese Checkers instead of Checkers are more likely in adulthood to be intelligent, hard-working and more concentrated towards mathematics. “Not only this,” she reported, “but Chinese Checkers players are also more willing to accept lower prices of purchase.” Hasbro is likely to begin manufacturing more of the popular game next week.

Children #1 Cause of Stress among Parents, Grocery Store Shoppers

WASHINGTON D.C. – American Health Center for the Blatantly Obvious finished a study Tuesday which shows that children are the highest causes of hypertension, stress, high blood pressure, ruined relationships, and HIV/AIDS among both parents and grocery store customers. “They’re walking diseases,” reports health advisor Duke Wilkins. “Well, at least diseases have the decency to be quiet while they’re killing you.” The only person among the forum who seemed favorable towards children was Father Jenkins, who reported, “They’re nice when they can keep the bed warm.”

Anti-Vagina Rights Movement Launches Cock Day

MEDFORD – Tufts Alliance for Men, an organization promoted to “eliminate the phony, so-called ‘individuality’ of the cooter,” announced Tuesday that it will launch a counter-celebration in protest of V-Day called “Penis Day.” This will be held in mid-April in Goddard Chapel. “We chose Goddard,” said the alliance’s president Nick Floyd, “because it was an area that seemed to embody our chauvinistic values the most.” Festivities include free servings of spotted dick, hot dog eating contests, and “cockfighting.” Free materials include condoms, Swedish pumps, and six-inch rulers. For more information, Nick Floyd’s website can be reached through TuftsLife.

Tufts’ Jumbo Statue Struck by Oncoming Train

MEDFORD – In a tragic series of events on Thursday, an oncoming train heading from Carmichael to Miner Hall hit, injured, and killed the beloved statue of Jumbo the Elephant outside Barnum Hall. Although no persons were harmed, the remnants of Jumbo cannot be reconstructed. Tufts president Lawrence Bacow responded by renaming the school mascot Jumbo the Shrimp. “We’re tired of all this tragedy,” he commented. “Besides, seafood’s Boston-y.”

Town Man’s Cannibalism Debated

JONESBURG – Jonesburg citizen Roy “Hannibal” Willard has citizens talking about his supposed cannibalism. Rumors circulating include police seeing him eating what appeared to be grilled baby in his Oak Street home. “It’s hard to say,” remarked the town sheriff. “It could have just been baby-shaped chicken.” Although townspeople have seen him eat other meals, including baby-back ribs, baby corn, and personal pizza, skeptics still claim he is a man-eater.

People Magazine and Women’s Health Name Rosie O’Donnell “Unhealthiest Eligible Bachelorette”

NEW YORK – In a press release Tuesday, popular magazines People and Women’s Health named Rosie O’Donnell as #1 for their infamous annual list. The magazines attribute her health to her obesity, poor sense of her “feminine place,” and homosexuality. When asked to comment, she responded with unintelligible, garbage-disposal-like noises. Opponents of this decision have tried to bring up that O’Donnell is married, but this complication is no longer an issue since Ms. O’Donnell ate her wife early last week. More information can be found on Rosie’s blog: <http://onceadored.blogspot.com/>

The Zamboni Review Presents:
Finding the Perfect Date Movie

This Valentine's Day, after a nice dinner out, you and your honey probably hunkered down in a cozy armchair to watch the opening scenes of a movie or two before your cinematic experience degenerated into a frantic scramble of sweat, body hair, and fluid secretion. But while you may have never gotten a chance to see the ending of *Maid in Manhattan*, there are a few romantic movies that we at the Zamboni have reviewed and deemed suitable to your romantic needs. The following movies are conducive to any romantic setting, though their wholesome family values should also put them under consideration for something to watch when babysitting your sister's kids, spending time with the in-laws, or having your boss over for dinner right before the big promotion.



100% Blowjobz 29

Don't fret about the misleading title. After analyzing this cinematic masterpiece frame by painstaking—I mean, painstaking—frame, and doing a couple mathematical calculations, we discovered that only 87% of the shots contain actual sausage-smoking footage. While these shots deserve some attention, some of the most plot-driven scenes are those without the salami-swallowing.

The film's lead actress, Brandi Babson, gives a heartfelt portrayal as Jenni, a girl whose family doesn't accept her unconventional swinger lifestyle. Kicked out of the house at 16 after her parents discover the evidence of Jenni's love for the art of film (manifested in a home video of Jenni being Eiffel-Towered by two of her school-teachers), Jenni must learn to survive on the streets of New York. She soon finds a way to do this, but some of the film's most touching moments involve Jenni's heartbreak at leaving her home.

Only after learning to love herself can Jenni truly move on. Though Jenni finds this self-love through a ten-inch purple dildo, the message is clear: we cannot let others dictate our lives. We cannot be bound by our parents' expectations, and instead must move on to find ourselves without their guidance or spanking. Jenni moves on to become her own woman while surviving as a down-on-her-luck prostitute in SoHo.

Soon, the movie's second message becomes clear: we are all beautiful people, individual and unique, with a special talent that is all our own. To be truly happy, we must focus not on the mundane things in life, like anal, but rather on perfecting our talent so that we become the best that we can possibly be. In Jenni's case, Brandi Babson portrays a truly breathtaking transformation. From a girl who didn't really know what she wanted beyond getting plowed in the ass to a self-confident woman who can play the skin flute better than any woman in New York City, Jenni's talent at hummers is unsurpassed.

But soon, the film's third and final message shines through: after discovering our talent, we must not simply

content ourselves with it, but instead learn to challenge ourselves. In Jenni's case, she does this by trying to deepthroat her most difficult cock yet: the massive twelve-inch boner of Randy Pole. Though at times, the audience doesn't know if Jenni will be able to make it, they root for her the whole time, and when Jenni finally gets sprayed with rivers of cum, they cheer in triumph as their heroine pulls through. Much like the herpes simplex virus, this movie's amazing story, penetrating acting, and truly moving life lessons will stay with you for life.

Movie #2: Anal Adventures on the Moon

Perfect for the explorer in all of us! This film recounts the heartwarming tale of astronauts destined for a simple rock-gathering mission on the moon, but in the end (and in their ends) they find so much more. Jamie and Brad (played expertly by Jeff Stryker and Aaron Anderson) have been friends since childhood, and they have always dreamed of becoming astronauts together. Though the movie begins with them already in the rocket, preparing for liftoff, we soon get a glimpse into the past when Jamie and Brad pledged a fraternity together and were hazed side-by-side, cementing their friendship as they were covered in baby oil and spanked before a crowd of naked frat brothers. As the frat brothers jerked off onto Jamie and Brad, we truly understand the depth of their commitment to each other. With these events weathered together, nothing has been able to come between them since, except each other.

On the rocket's long voyage to the moon, Jamie and Brad find themselves becoming lonelier and lonelier. Working out every day together just isn't enough, and soon Jamie and Brad are even sleeping in a single cot together. The director truly gets across his point: in isolation, we will fail. Only when humans come together can we truly shed our loneliness. As Brad and Jamie get to the moon, however, they discover something shocking: they are no longer alone! A race of golden, loincloth-wearing moon-men inhabit Earth's cratered satellite, and they are, at first, not very welcoming of the intruders. Only after they strip and chain up Brad and Jamie and torment them with strange moon torture devices (similar to Earthly nipple clamps, whips, and butt plugs) do the muscular and handsome moon-men realize that the astronauts are there to explore rather than conquer. When the two species shed their differences and celebrate their similarities in an outer-space orgy, the audience learns that they, too, can seek out people who are different, go beyond their boundaries, and form cross-cultural friendships. This powerful statement against racism and eurocentricity truly sets the wise-cracking, cheek-spreading "Anal Adventures" apart.

Cut...Or Uncut?

We know you Play this Game while CROWD watching in Dewick. NOW you Have a Handy travel version!

SPOT the CIRCUMSCISED!



ANSWERS: Kevin: Cut. Jumbo: Uncut. Washington Monument: It's D.C. - of course it's cut. Janet: Cut. Billy Ray: Uncut, like his hair. MJ: Cut, but you were a 12 year old boy once, so you already knew that. Shatner: Was cut, but grew it back.

Roofinex! a good night's sleep
for her,
a good night
for him

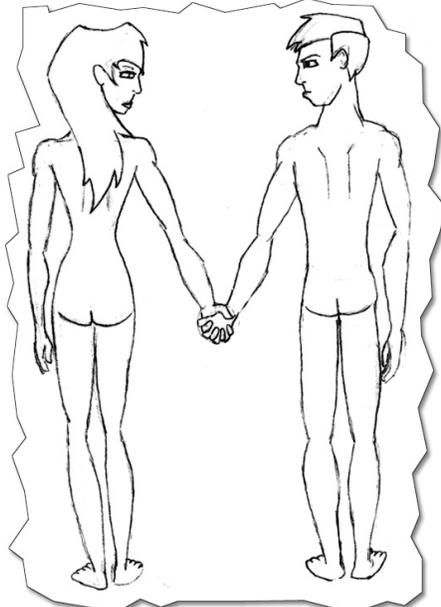
Want to advertise your business? Request a subletter? Sell your sperm? Buy Zamboni ad space!

Some restrictions apply. You may not solicit any services that counter the rules, philosophy, or sexual orientation of the Zamboni - of which there are none. You also cannot sell organs on eBay. But you can sell them in our fine publication! That sort of sucks about eBay; we found that out the hard way and they had to put our spleen back in. Oh no, just kidding. Oh, I'm sorry, wait, no, don't cry! It was just a joke! No really, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you...your father died of a spleen removal? Oh my God! I'm so sorry, I had no idea, really, please...hey, wait, you can definitely live without a spleen. It's like an appendix or something. Yeah, you can live without one...you jerk! I was so upset! You can't just fake sob like that and expect someone to fall all over you, I was genuinely sorry! Now you've wasted one of my emotions! I can only be Genuinely Sorry once a year! This sucks! Magazines have limits, you know, we can only repeat a joke after a 365 day period, except for leap years when every person is so fucked up over the calendar change they can't even remember if they're going by the Roman or Mayan system. Which was really cool. That whole ancient calendar system. They were one sweet civilization. Not quite as cool as the Vikings, who would have kicked their asses and probably did, at least twice. But still pretty cool. I mean, they wore a lot of gold and feathers, which was way ahead of their time-- you know, Bjork only did that recently. So they were awesome. And all those sacrifices! They had all those big temples... "Legends of the Hidden Temple" was a sweet Nickelodeon show! They should bring that back. Oh man, those stupid kids could never put together the brass monkey. Those idiots, I mean it's just feet, stomach, and arms, incredibly easy. And the Temple Guards always kinda made me feel tingly, I would have had a good time even if I'd gotten caught. But damn, my team partner would have had to be as kick ass as I was, or else we couldn't go to space camp and have a new 10-speed. But anyway, about the Olmec culture, or was it the Mayans? Were we fighting? Gosh, I'm sorry. You know, let's go get some coffee or something and call it a night.

Zamboni Kama Sutra

Come young one, and learn from the Zamboni the ways of the world. Let me be your master and show you the ways. Let me exude my knowledge upon your face, and you in turn shall swallow my teachings. Look upon me and know me. This is the word of the Zamboni. Now go forth young child, and spread my teachings just as I have spread my "pages."

First base is still a diamond ring away



The Pre-Marital



We've all been there... well maybe you have

The Comfortable-With-Myself

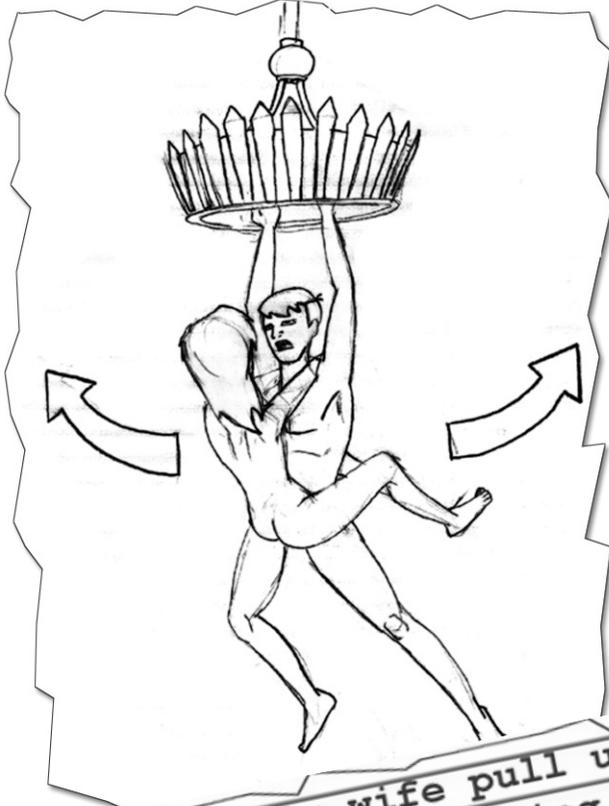


Deep penetration

The Nasal Delight

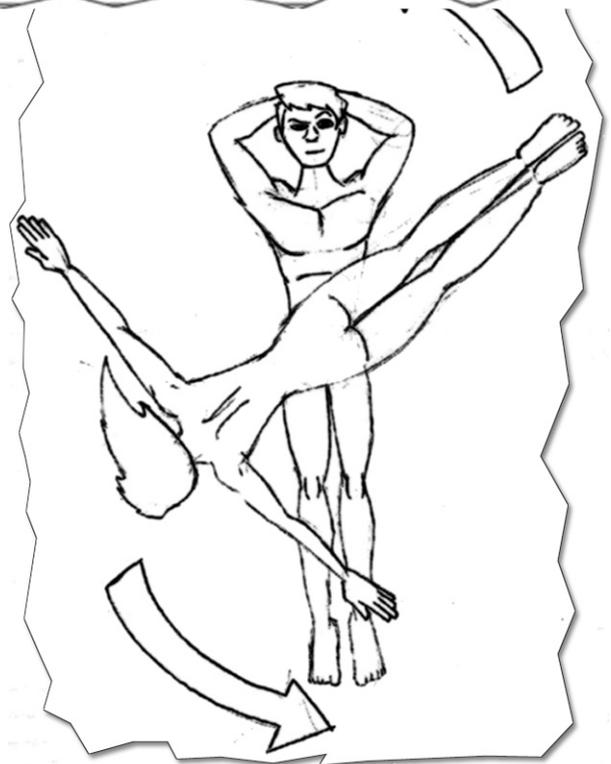


The Swinging Ape



The bellybutton; the 7th hole/
final frontier/inadequate man's
best friend

I just heard my wife pull up.
We'd better start thinking
of a good excuse.



The Unlikely Crevice

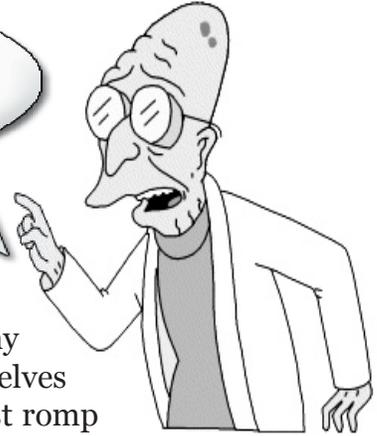
The Over-Compensator



Her: Hey, do
you have any of
those Sudoku
puzzles?



Let's Lecture About *SEX*, Baby!



Professors. Essentially, we're paying \$44,000 dollars a year to hear them talk and absorb their wisdom. Well, in theory anyway. The truth is, despite Tufts' reputation of academic excellence and our many hours (supposedly) spent in class, weekend after weekend we find ourselves alone and horny, or even worse, completely unsatisfied with our latest romp on the mattress (or in a South Hall bathroom, if you prefer). Really, if that's the case, what have we learned? Isn't it about time these wells of knowledge actually taught us something useful for a change? Thankfully, I was able to corner some of the top scholars in our school and after some, ahem, persuasion, get them to divulge all their erotic secrets.

Your Political Science Professor:

"You have to ask yourself, 'What will be the possible ramifications of accepting or denying the proposal being put forth by this highly inebriated, potbellied frat boy? Will your further relations with the united establishments on Professors Row be aided by, in layman's terms, 'putting out' tonight? Could failure of achieving the intended ends lead to friction between the parties?' If so, factions will be inevitably formed (by use of what we shall refer to as 'friends') as each sovereign group attempts to make the other shoulder the responsibility. Write a 10 page paper on both sides of this argument, making sure to cite examples from the current media."

Your Physics Professor:

"Penetrate from a vector of 62.4 degrees at a velocity of 9 cm² per second multiplied by the square root of the length (\sqrt{a}). Taking into account the magnetic fields, the body should reach a heat of 311.53 degrees Kelvin in 54.8 seconds...and then you are into astronomy."

Your English Professor:

"What you may not realize is that you are sometimes mentioning sex to your partner without ever saying it. It's all in the symbolism and the subtext. Let's look at this scene. A man meets a woman at a coffee shop. She says hello. He hands her a cup of coffee. This is a situation laden with sexual imagery. By saying 'Hello,' the woman's dialogue can be divided into 'Hell' and 'o.' The 'Hell' obviously implies that she wants to do very, very dirty things

with the man, involving a plethora of positions and orifices. The 'O' is of course onomatopoeia for the sounds she'll be making during these dirty things. And by handing her a cup of coffee, the man is giving her something that reflects light. This is a metaphor, which in essence tells her that he wants her all sweaty (and perhaps covered in oils) as he rubs her naked body in all the right ways. By the time one of them grabs a fork...I get flustered just thinking about the obvious phallic references. Excuse me."

Your Psychology Professor:

"Whenever you think about sex, you're thinking about your mother and how she didn't hug you enough, or hugged you too much. Every time you get into bed, you think it's your dad giving you the discipline that he never imposed when you were younger, or the love he denied you. If you look at pornography, you're just imagining your brother sticking it into your grandma's dried up old twat. You sick bastard. Now pay me 500 bucks."

Your Philosophy Professor:

"What are the moral implications of the one night stand? Do we have any control over whether we get into bed with that chick who has that funky smell? Furthermore, if we do go with her (and perhaps bring another professor along for some extra fun), have we actually had sex? Maybe we don't really have sex at all...maybe it's all in our heads. Maybe life itself is an illusion. If so, that means that the rash we've developed since then is also an illusion. Dude...I hope life is an illusion."

Your Women's Studies Professor:

No comment. Just a slap in the face.

Your Classics Professor:

"I have found that time-tested traditions tend to work best in these situations. The Romans and the Greeks were very advanced for their time. So much of the Renaissance was spent rediscovering what had been originally learned one or two thousand years ago. In fact, some of the superior practices of the classical culture have still yet to reappear in our so-called 'advanced' society. The most glaring omission is the ancient custom of the monthly wild, drunken, unprotected orgies. We think ourselves so 'intelligent' with our pornography and threesomes and various means of contraceptives. But the Romans and Greeks really knew how to get it on like rabbits in heat. Men with women, women with women, men with men, men and women with bulls, it was all good back then! And there was so much wine that you were so shit-faced by the end of it that you didn't even know if you were putting your little Achilles into something that was alive or not! And protection? Trojans were in the headlines, not on your merry maker! They were still on the end of your sword...but in a totally different way! To think of how our society has degenerated! Well, we here at the Classics Department honor our history. Drop by the third Wednesday of every month if you wish to experience sex the right way."

Your Environmental Studies Professor:

"Well, I like to start it off with a nice bowl of granola, with a side of yogurt all over her breasts. Then, as we roll around in the pine needles under the blue sky in my back yard, I slowly begin to massage her vaginal area with a pinecone (fir works best, nice and sappy). I find that sheepskin condoms work marvelously, and you can use dandelion pulp for lube, it has a nice silky feel. After we're done, there's nothing like a good thick joint..."

Your Drama Professor:

"When one witnesses a woman 'faking it,' he is merely seeing the product of an intense amount of concentration, study, and practice. A woman cannot simply scream, 'Oh yes! That's it! THAT'S IT! OH GOD!' and expect to convince her stage fellow. First she must put herself into the mindset of a woman who actually has a competent lover and thus is getting sexual pleasure at the moment, instead of wondering if she should get Chinese food or pizza for lunch the next day. What is the motivation for a woman on the brink of orgasm to shout 'JESUS CHRIST! YES!?' What does she hope to obtain by exclaiming the lines? What could possibly be the character's inner monologue as she tells her lover to go faster or harder? Also, one should consider her history as a character. What were her previous lovers like? Does she masturbate often? Does she masturbate at all? Once one has considered these, all of the shouting and flailing suddenly gain so much more subtext and end up becoming infinitely more powerful upon the delivery."



Professor Snape says: When you've mastered Potions you won't even need a partner. Just find a mass of gillyweed and use it as a substitute. You'll see what I mean.

Your History Professor:

"Lie back and think of England."

Your Judaic Studies Professor:

"One time I was with this guy. He was a little miskayt but still quite a mentsh. So we went out, got some nosh, and each had a bit too much to drink. Anyway, we're kibitzing in his car...he started out like a real golem...but then, so this doesn't end up a megillah, he suddenly grabs my tuchis. Now I'm schvitzing, he's got shpilkes, but then I shout, 'Screw me, schemil!' He whips out his schvantz (they look so hot uncut...it got me all meshugeneh) and, oy, I wanna mechvenin just thinking about it. Oy, that guy did a mitzvah!"

Your Chemistry Professor:

No one actually cares about chemistry anyways... it's not like it matters when it comes to sex.

IS IT A SEX TOY?

IN THE SPIRIT OF V-DAY, VULVAPALOOZA, THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES, THE VISIT FROM RENOWNED SEXOLOGIST LOGAN LEVKOFF, AND YOUR SUITEMATES FINALLY LOSING THEIR VIRGINITIES...THE ZAMBONI PROUDLY PRESENTS: "IS IT A SEX TOY?" FOR YOUR GAMING PLEASURE WE'VE INCLUDED THE PRODUCTS' PRICES TOO!

\$16.55!



Thousands of whirling bristles!

1

\$31.69!



Multiple heat settings

2

\$47.99!



Results in Seconds...

3

All natural!



Weirds you out, or turns you on?

4

\$72.95!

Special Advertising Section

Venus
Vibrance
soothing vibrations™

a reason for her
to shave...

everywhere

ANSWERS: 1) THE WAFFLE WOMEN BOAR-BRISTLED DILDO WITH OPTIONAL BATTERY PACK. 2) THE FEMINATOR'S WARMING ACTION "GAL'S BEST FRIEND" (WITH EXPANDABLE TRAVEL SIZE VERSION) 3) A LOOFAH, YOU SICK CREEP. 4) THE VAGI-DILDO, OR, THE "LICK AND STICK"

ZAMBONI HEALTH

Epididy-WHAAA?

By Steve Nelson, epididymitis-what-sufferer

Finally, an excuse to write about my testicles. No, it's not what you're thinking. I don't think I have spectacular testicles. The kind that ladies go crazy for. I'd say they're just about average. Not as nice as Patrick Stewart's, but much nicer than Robin Williams'. No, I've never seen his, but you can imagine.

Alas, my testicles have problems. You see an illness called "Epididymitis" runs in my family. Don't worry, it's not gross. No blisters or puss-spewing sores. Just pain. Nagging pain in the testicles. The epididymis is tissue above the nut part of your testicles. Most of you will go your entire lives without ever knowing you have two epididymi. I, however, am painfully aware of mine.

I started getting Epididymitis in college. I continued getting it once or twice a year until last year. It's not contagious so I'm not sure how you get it. I don't think I endured any more trauma than most kids. Though there was the one time they got caught in a swing. Anyway it's an easily treatable and easily diagnosed disease. Especially if you tell your doctor that your ball hurts and you've had Epididymitis four times before. But of course they need to check just to make sure.

The exam, which I have had exactly 20 times, goes as follows. The doctor asks me to drop my pants. He then squeezes my testicles. I curl my toes up and grit my teeth. Around the 12th squeeze, the doctor notes that I seem a bit "gun shy". Does he think that I should be getting used to it by now? The exam then, for some reason, requires a rectal exam. Wait don't stop reading. This won't get gross. Come on we're adults here. Anyway they need to check the prostate to make sure it's not inflamed.

During one exam, the doctor asked "Does this hurt?" Hmm, let me think... "Yeah a bit" I replied. He then asked "Where?" I said "You're pointing at it." He laughed. Let me tell you, having a man laugh while his finger was in my ass didn't make the situation less uncomfortable. Nor did it become less uncomfortable when

he brought in a resident to examine me. Again. Trying to stay on this side of good taste let's just say he was a large man.

When I got it my first time in college I set up an appointment at the school medical center. They asked me if I cared if it was a female doctor and I said no. Number one: when your balls ache you don't really care. Number two: it's always a good idea to have a female doctor give you a testicular exam. They are much more careful. You wouldn't think so because they've never taken a hockey puck to the groin but it's true. I think it has to do with

men finding it funny when other men get hit in the groin.

For that appointment they put me into a room and told me that the doctor would be in shortly. A few minutes later a woman walked in and I started telling her about the pain in my testicles. Only when I began to take off my pants did she explain that she wasn't the doctor. I should have realized this when she started emptying the trash, but give me a break. My balls hurt.

One bout of epididymitis resulted in a kidney infection that put me in the hospital for five days. My mom was a nurse at the hospital, which meant I got special treatment like extra blankets and three doctors. The downside of this is that each one of them felt the need to do their own exam each day. Maybe each of them prided themselves on giving the most thorough rectal exam. Maybe they just thought it was funny to give someone nine rectal exams in three days.

The epididymis contains semen so as one female doctor suggested it would be a good idea to masturbate more to help clear out the infection. "More? I'm only one man," I replied, which again didn't make the situation less uncomfortable. I was hoping she'd give me an empty prescription bottle with the words "Yank As Needed" written on the side, but alas a prescription Kleenex would do.

What's that behind me? The line of good taste. Take care of your testicles and goodbye!



Patrick Stewart > Robin Williams

ZAMBONI ROAST

Welcome to the first of many Zamboni Roasts. You obviously have no idea what a roast is because we made it up. All by ourselves. That's right-- no legal or ethical reason to give credit to anyone else. Anyway, each issue we will pick someone or something that we love and playfully poke fun at their foibles and eccentricities. Just some good natured ribbing. This issue our guest of honor is The Bench in front of Campus Center.

"Thank you all for coming. Especially you, Fran. Thank you for being here. You of course weren't our first choice, Bench. We originally wanted Abe Vigoda, but no one's bothered to sit on his face in 80 years. Just kidding, Abe. I had fun last night."--Steph

"You have got it so fucking easy, Bench. Every other bench on this campus is a memoriam. Do you know how hard it is to be a memoriam to someone when all you do is hold up people's asses? Unless it's in memory of Richard Simmons, it ain't easy. And hey, way to blend into the landscape. You blend about as well as Kevin Federline at a MENSA meeting."--Tisch Bench

"The bench is dirty. That is where people make the sex. And you know who doesn't like sex? God. God doesn't like sex. That's cause he's not getting any. He hasn't gotten any since the year of the Cock."--Jackie Chan

"This one time, at bench camp, the bench and I got really drunk and decided to tell each other all our dirty little secrets. I thought I was going to be embarrassed by my stories, but let me tell you.... that bench is FUCKED UP."--Francis

"Fucking bench slut. You know, every time I'm waiting for the Joey and I want to sit on you, there's always some other girl with you. I don't understand bench, I thought our love was for real? Now I just feel like a freshman dating a senior."--Julie

"True story: one time, the bench

saved my life. I was dressed up like a butterfly for the Crafts House's annual 'Insect Incest' party, and these DTD brothers came after me with bricks of cocaine. If the bench hadn't provoked their nightly blackout, I'd be dead."--Mike

they probably couldn't donate blood because they were all gay male expatriate prisoner felons or something. They probably couldn't donate bone marrow, either." --TEMS

"The bench? Jesus, what a self-worthy little prick. It just sits there, with its glossy varnish and curly thingies that I don't know the name of, and is all like, 'Hey look at me! I'm a bench! You're just dying to sit on me, aren't you? You can't resist me. Your ass will be mine and then you'll just sit and sit and sit.' And, y'know, one time I called it out on how arrogant it was, and you know what it said? 'Me, arrogant? I'm just a lowly little bench.' Fucking liar. Someone should cut off one of its legs. Then it'll see what hot shit it really is."--Devin

"I'm the queen of unrequited love. I've had a strong emotional attachment to the bench that transcends any sonnet by Elizabeth Browning. Bench,

I need you. I need you to say you need me, too. Can we cuddle on...another...bench?" --Katie

"The bench borrowed my miniskirt last weekend. Hey, can you make sure you dry clean that? Thanks a bunch." --Lauren



That bench, you know the one that's on the left as you're facing downhill on the uphill part of the Campus Center where the Joey stop is. I hate that asshole.

"What the fuck is up with your backrest. Do you actually think that's the shape of a spine? A homeless cripple would rather lay on the monument to gravity. And what's with the steel. Couldn't you think of a colder material in the winter. If it had been any colder the last Alpha Phi bitch that sat on your face would've had icicles hanging from her cooter. And, seriously. Monument to Gravity. All I can say is what the fuck?!"--Anderson Bench

"For those of you who didn't know, the bench was donated by Tufts Class of '84. You know why, because

Nyahahahahahahahahaha!



The History of One Mister St. Valentine's Day

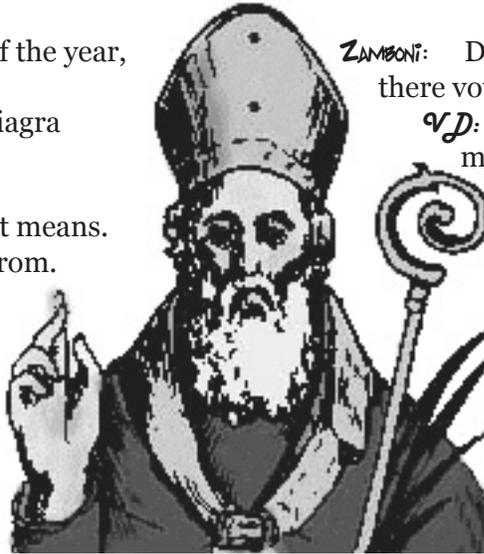
We eat his candy. We cut hearts out of his construction paper. And we hump like bunnies in his name. But who is he? The Zamboni hauled its proverbial ass out of the metaphorical bean bag chair to get some not-so-literal pearls of wisdom from the man who made Frau Hallmark one happy envelope-licker. We found Mister St. Val to be more of an emotional wreck than Andre from Project Runway, so see what you think.

ZAMBONI: This is your busiest week of the year, how've you been holding up?

V.D.: Better than Dan Quayle on Viagra
- hi-oh!!!!

ZAMBONI: Uh, I'm not sure what that means. So tell us a bit about where you're from.

V.D.: Well, some legends say I was a priest in Italy where some mean old pope banned young men from marrying (because bachelors made better soldiers), but I still performed marriages for Italian youths in secret!



ZAMBONI: Did you really just say that? Aren't there vows or something against that?

V.D.: Hey, it's just a legend. I don't make it up. There's another story that I sacrificed goats and dipped their hides in dogs' blood, then ran around slapping women with the pelts to increase their sex drive.

ZAMBONI: (blank stare)

V.D.: Yup. Just another Saturday night.

ZAMBONI: Alright, changing topics. How do you feel about the sweet, sweet irony incurred

from your initials being synonymous with an STD?

V.D.: It hurts a little, I gotta tell you. Or perhaps the pain is just the rash I got from your girlfriend last week - hi-oh!!!!

ZAMBONI: Wow, that's really romantic of you!

V.D.: Yeah, but I slept with all of them first. Men too. There's nothing better than sending a soldier off to war when he has to keep two major secrets: 1) He can't tell the army he's got a wife, and 2) Every time he takes Communion his uniform gets a little tight.

ZAMBONI: And that's it for our interview - thanks for coming!

V.D.: I'm so lonely.

Haikus Found in Tufts Bathrooms- because haikus are that easy.

(Wren Hall)

JACKED OFF IN THE SHOWER
SHOULD HAVE WORN SHOWER SLIPPERS
FELL AND HIT MY HEAD

Here I sat peeing
When suddenly I noticed
Got genital warts

(Dewick)

My loving got me
a venereal disease
scratch scratch scratch scratch scratch

(Dowling)

Common courtesy
If you get it on in here
Please flush the rubber

(South Hall)

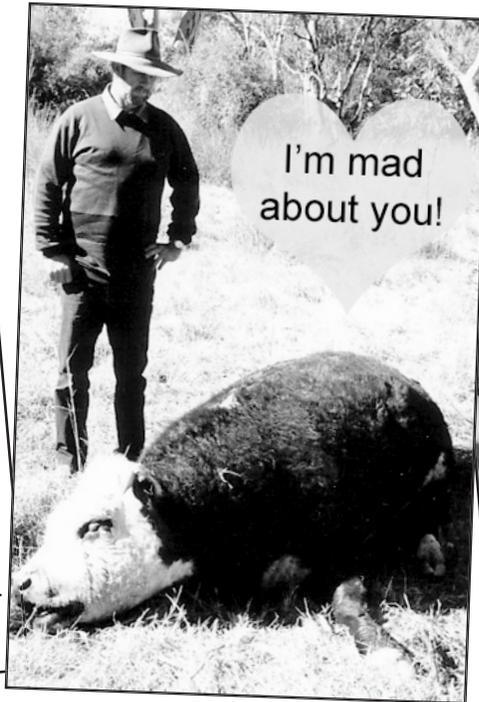
Give it To Your Sister

Valentine's Day Cards, Fun For The Whole Family!

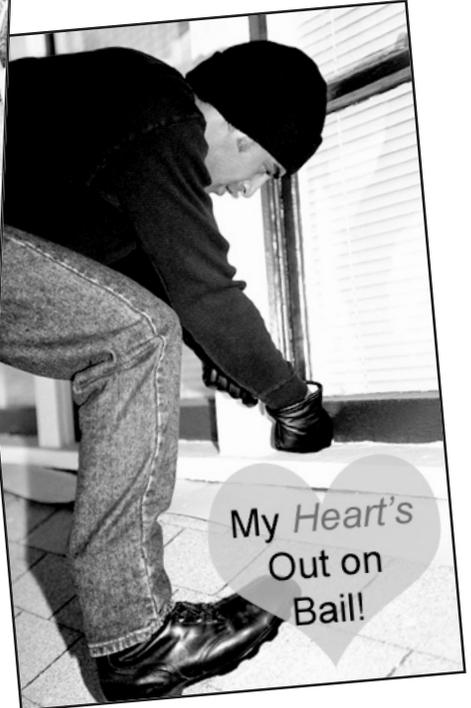
Valentine,
will you give me your heart?



Seriously. You see, I have a rare but serious heart condition which doctors call Peripartum Cardiomyopathy. Due to a weakening in the muscles of my heart, I am unable to pump blood effectively throughout my body. I often am dizzy, short of breath, and experience fatigue. I also urinate frequently at night. That being said, did you know heart transplants are the fourth most common type of transplant, behind only to corneas, kidneys, and livers? That's a fact! If you're still reading this, I've attached an organ donor application on the back. Fill it out, my love!



I'm mad about you!



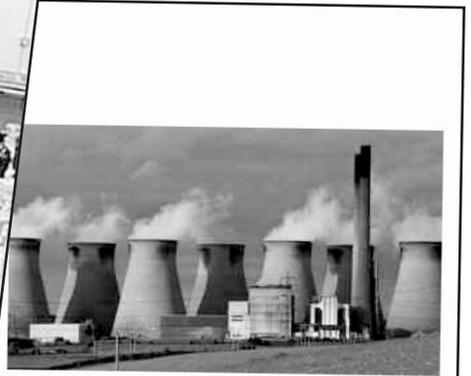
My Heart's Out on Bail!

DON'T LET CHINA WIN



Paid for by the U.S. Council for Unprotected Sex

Guess who loves you?

Please Support our Valentine's Day Card Factory