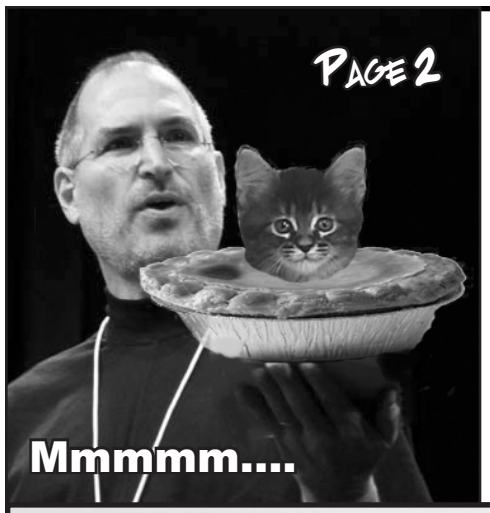

Thee Lamboni

Weekend at Bacow's

He Might be Dead, but He Can Still Party Spring Fling Style with T.I.

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THE ZAMBONI

April 27, 2007 Vol.XVIII No.6

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A Word from the Editor

Well guys, here we are. Another year has passed, and we're all a little heavier, a little older, and a lot more bitter. Luckily enough, we're not any more mature than when we were fourteen years old. Seriously, I still think that toilet jokes are a real gas (hehe).

It's been quite the year, hasn't it? We've had all kinds of articles, from Pierce Brosnan partying with Elton John in Iraq to Bacow resurrecting Prohibition laws at Tufts. We've even "Bonied" people we never thought we would. It's been one hell of a time, with all kinds of fun things. Like balloons. Actually there were no balloons. Damnit.

So here I am, just a few weeks from theoretically graduating, and leaving Tufts University behind. I can't begin to describe what a wild ride it's been. I mean it wasn't as wild as "Mr. Toad's Wild Ride" at Disney World of course, but it was pretty wild nonetheless.

I still remember freshman year when I first discovered the Zamboni. It was this weird magazine where they took pictures of benches in strange places and in strange positions. It was a magazine where people could write about their sexual frustrations under the guise of "parody," or "humor." It was perfect.

It wasn't until fall of the following year that I joined the Zamboni. Everyone thought I was a freshman, and most of the members thought that I was gay. I think that they still do actually. My first article was an ad for the Tufts Gym entitled "Are You a Cocky Asshole? Then Come on Down to the Gym!" It made a few people laugh, so I decided to stick around for a while.

Somehow it's been three years since then, and I've worked my way from "Comedic Proletariat" to Editor-in-Chief. I'm still just as awkward as I was back then, I still have no idea what I'm doing in life, and I'm still allergic to nuts. But somehow I was given the opportunity to lead this band of merry idiots in making a publication that in my opinion has come a long way-- we've gone from "shitty" to "slightly less shitty!" Seriously though, this magazine has actually turned into something that I would be proud to show my parents (if it weren't for the fact that the last issue featured me humping Jumbo on the cover, and me picking my nose on the back).

More than anything else though, this publication has given me a place to belong at Tufts. I mean let's face it, I sure as hell haven't given anything else back to the Tufts community. Unless you count my parents' money of course. But I'm really happy that I decided to join the Zamboni that day, instead of sitting in my room playing Playstation and wondering where everyone else was.

My hope is that the Zamboni will continue to provide for others what it did for me. If you're that kid sitting around in your dorm and wondering where to make friends, I encourage you to show up to the general interest meeting next year. If you want to just show up to meetings and laugh at how stupid everyone is, that's cool too. The Zamboni is whatever you want it to be. As much as it saddens me to take my final bow and leave this place behind, I look at the people who will be taking over after I'm gone and I see great potential. I'm really excited to see what the future holds for everyone. I'm gonna miss you fuckers.

I love you.

Now 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).

News

La-Dee-Freakin'-Da

Jesus Christ to Receive Light on the Hill Award

by Francis Dahl

MEDFORD – The TCU Senate announced earlier this week that the 2007 Light on the Hill Award will go to none other than Jesus Christ.

The award typically goes to a Tufts alum who manages to surpass the modest income and mediocre lifestyle that most Tufts graduates face, as they sacrifice their dreams to work in cubicles. In many cases, the award is also given to someone really famous and completely undeserving.

TCU President Mike Roberts said "This year we decided to give the award to someone who would raise school spirit. And who better to raise school spirit than the Holy Spirit himself?"

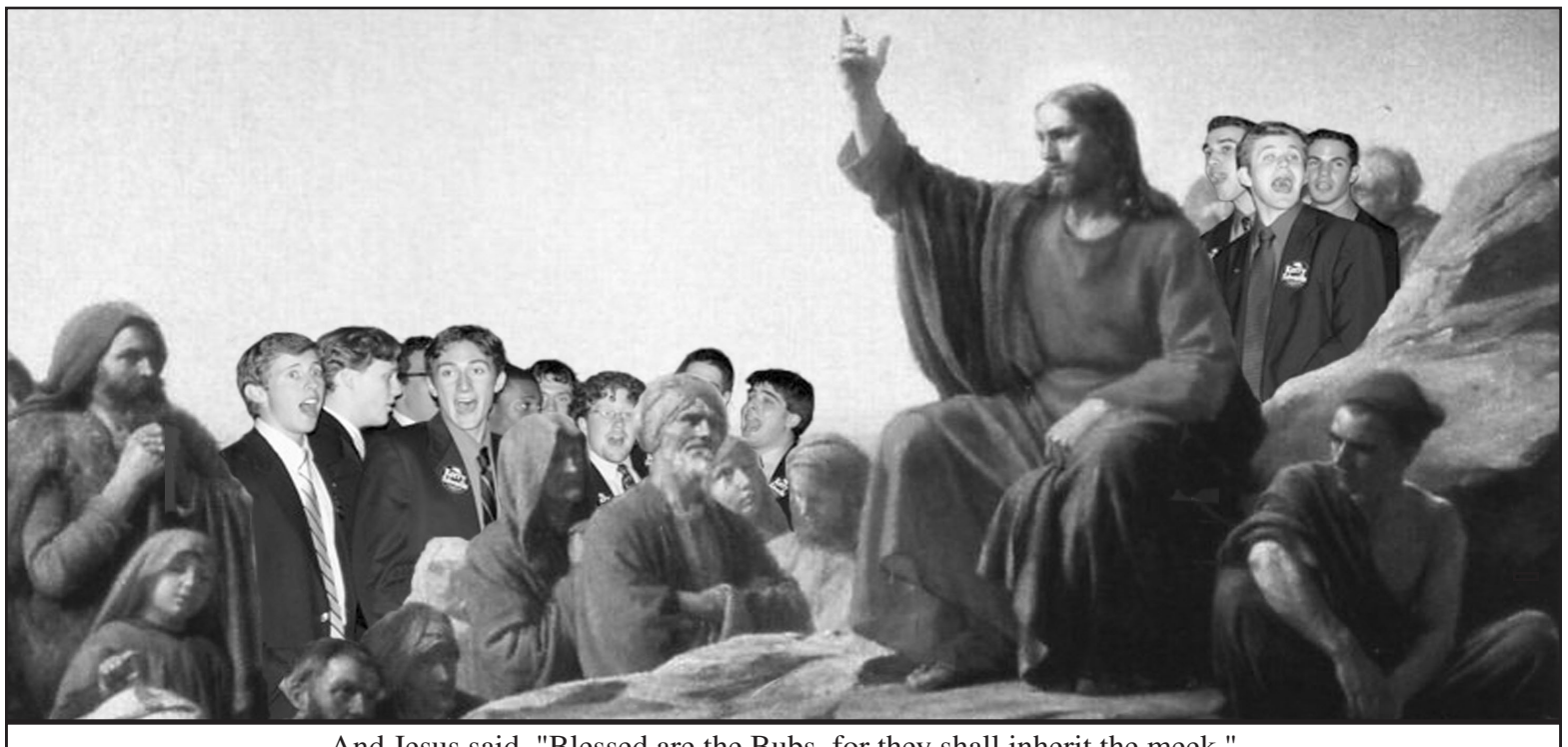
The decision came as a somewhat controversial one, given that Jesus did not in fact ever go to Tufts. Roberts however, insists that this does not matter because, again "He is really fuckin' famous."

Though Jesus has been a savior over hundreds of years, he has become especially popular among today's younger generation. "I love him!" says freshman Wendy Hudson. "He's also got great hair for a guy his age."

Some however, are not as accepting of Jesus' recent increase in popularity. Said one student "I was a fan of Jesus before he was famous, back when he was doing carpentry."

When informed of the Senate's decision, Jesus responded with joy, and agreed to perform with the Bubs: "Of all the mediocre student groups that I could have joined had I gone to Tufts, I probably would have chosen the Bubs. Their name appeals to my Satanic side."

Jesus also added "I just hope that my dad can come to the ceremony. He's been pretty busy ever since He created all of existence."



And Jesus said, "Blessed are the Bubs, for they shall inherit the meek."

Hotung Poll Shows Students Will Bitch and Moan No Matter What

by Mike Yarsky

MEDFORD - A Zamboni survey conducted regarding the re-opening of Hotung, and the subsequent debacle from IDs and drinking limits, show that students are forever whiny and ungrateful. Says Hotung supervisor Hattie Clouds, "Is a two drink limit not enough? Wha wha waaaa. Food slightly different? Wha waa waaaa. Try getting two beers and a smoothie on Harvard's campus, you little fuckers." Says the staff at Dewick, "You think you got it bad? Try us or Carmie for a week."

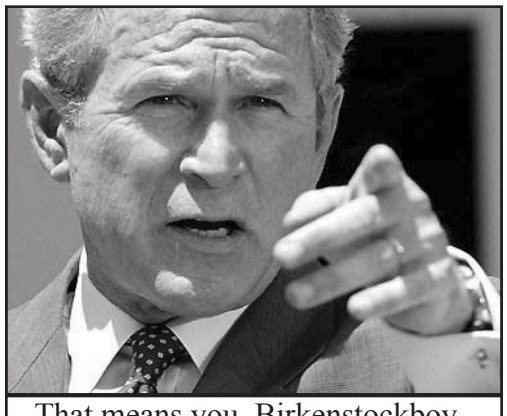
The controversy has even reached the President's Lawn. "If there's one thing I've learned from all my years working here, it's that when the students unanimously beg for you to supply something, and you do it to the best of your ability," said the late Tufts commander-in-chief Larry Bacow, "they'll still think you're lame. It's pretty douchey." Says everyone at the staff of Tufts Daily, "We definitely, totally empathize."

Bush Proposes CO_2 Reduction Policy: "Liberals, stop your breathing."

by Mike Yarsky

WASHINGTON - In the wake of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change's report on (you guessed it) climate change, President Bush crafted a strategic plan for energy policy: to get humans, preferably liberals, to stop emitting carbon dioxide. "Liberals are always too quick to blame the industrial sector on carbon dioxide emissions. Well, I ask them to turn those concerns inward, and evaluate themselves." He added, "And people especially need to get off Halliburton's back. Not only for carbon emissions, but for everything else ever."

He accused Americans of breathing too much, and even called them hypocrites. He added, "To quote my own personal chief of staff, 'Let the first one among you who hasn't sinned cast the first stone.'" When asked if preventing a nation from breathing may cause severe health concerns, he added, "I don't got lungs. I'm a puppet."



That means you, Birkenstockboy.

News

President of Iran: "Just fucking with you guys"

by Mike Schecht

TEHRAN, IRAN – In a surprise address to the United Nations, Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad told the U.S. and its allies that he apologizes for the whole nuclear fiasco, the Holocaust denying, and imprisoning those British sailors. "I was totally just fucking with you guys," he said. "Iran really loves America and her Jew friends."

The speech was met with dumb looks and bewildered stares as the president then proceeded to hand out cookies to the Security Council, "fresh from the Ayatollah's oven." Ahmadinejad stated that he really has no desire to pursue nuclear energy, adding "it's just kinda funny when America gets angry." He expressed regret, however, at not being able to convince Kim Jong-Il to leave his underground harem of the freakishly deformed to come and also reconcile himself to the West. Ahmadinejad added, "I'm pretty sure when he saw himself in *Team America*, he was embarrassed by how fat he looked." President Bush was skeptical of the entire affair, declaring "the cookies were burnt and undelicious."

Congrats, UN, you just got PUNK'D!!!

Presidential Hopeful Biden: "If elected President, I promise to be President."

by Luke Burns

WILMINGTON, DE - In a policy speech last Monday, presidential hopeful Joe Biden strongly criticized the Bush administration, and promised change, should he be elected.

"If I am elected," Biden said, "I promise that George Bush will no longer be president. I will. Furthermore, if I am elected, I will see to it that no American citizen will go without me being his or her commander-in-chief. Right now, there are children in America who fall asleep every night without me being their president. If I am elected, I promise that I will put an end to this."

Biden also drew attention to the historic nature of his campaign. "If elected, it will mark the first time that Joe Biden will have been president of this great nation. I believe that the United States is ready and willing to accept me as their chief executive."

In response to the criticism that he has been 'vague' about where he stands on certain issues, Biden outlined his plan for the nations healthcare, education, and defense.

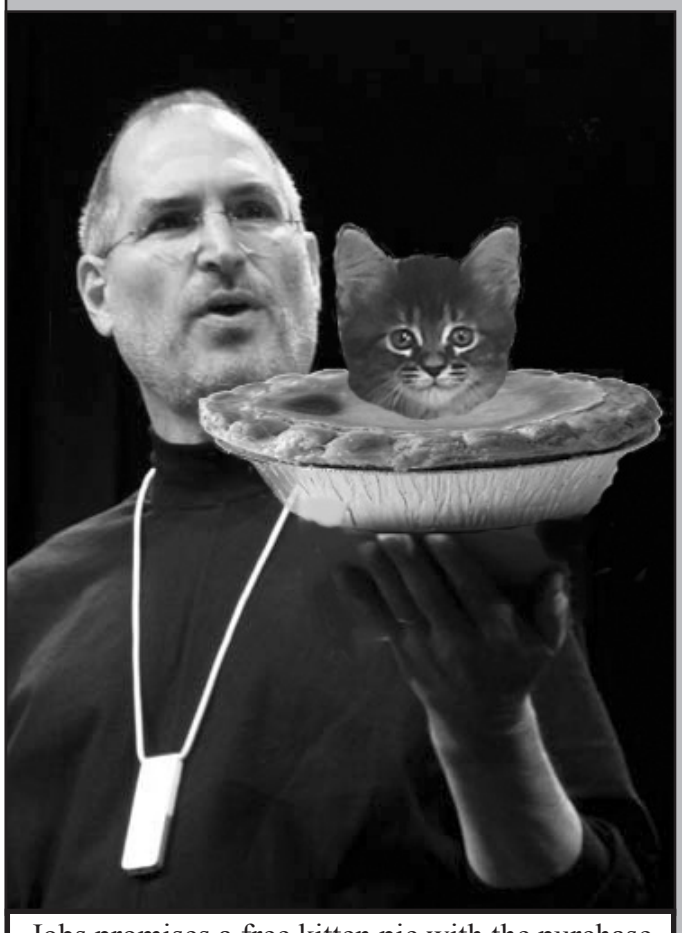
"If elected, I pledge that I will be in charge of making decisions about the nation's healthcare, education and defense policy," Biden said. Biden concluded his speech by reiterating the main message of his campaign: that he should be elected president. "You should all elect me president," Biden said.

South Carolina Bill to Legalize Abortion Aborted

By Mike Yarsky

CHARLESTON – A proposal made by South Carolina representative Reason McSmarty to partially legalize abortion was terminated, rejected, ripped apart, and promptly eliminated. "It's not fair," said Representative McSmarty. "I wasn't even done drafting the bill; it was still in embryonic development." Hoping that parts of the bill would perhaps enter legislation, Ms. McSmarty made another proposal: "It seemed so common sense to me: there were parts of the bill, I thought, that could be used to heal people, to solve problems, maybe even save lives." She calls these aspects of her proposed legislation 'appendices' or 'stem cells'. These parts, like extra funding for cancer research, were also unanimously rejected. "Too bad I'm the only Reason McSmarty in South Carolina," she added.

Jobs Eats Kitten, Laughs Maniacally



Jobs promises a free kitten pie with the purchase of the new iPhone.

by Mike Schecht

CUPERTINO, CA – At a recent press event, Apple CEO Steve Jobs ate an entire kitten without chewing. The shocking gesture was followed with a cackle that hushed the audience into a frozen state of sheer terror. "I am become death, the destroyer of worlds!" Jobs yelled before eating the cat.

Apple Inc, whose iPod just reached over six bajillion in sales, is set to release the much anticipated iPhone, a device predicted to usher in the end times. Market analysts have also stated that "Apple, like The Beatles, is officially more popular than Jesus." The company, however, has not yet released a follow-up statement on Jobs' behavior, but Bill Gates has said, "If America thinks eating a kitten whole is big news, then they ain't seen nothing yet." Speculation is growing on what the former Microsoft chairman is preparing to consume, but a deer and Gary Busey appear to be the top predictions.

News

Boston Learns from *Footloose*, Bans Dancing

by Devin Toohey

BOSTON – Following January's ending of under-21 clubs and the more recent cry by city officials to ban late-night parties, Mayor Thomas Menino has announced another step in the plan to rid Boston of any remaining scrap of fun. "I was sitting at home on a Saturday night, eating Fritos and watching USA in my underwear, when the smash hit movie of 1984, *Footloose*, came on. As the plot unfolded and Kevin Bacon found himself in a town that had outlawed dancing, all I could think of was 'Hmm, why haven't I thought of that yet?' I think a city-wide ban on dancing of all forms is just the thing to voice our city's official policy: even though Boston may be full of college kids, it doesn't mean that we have to acknowledge their presence."

Liking Footloose is one step closer to being gay

Menino's speech was met by thunderous applause by all other city higher-ups with sticks shoved firmly up their asses. Governor Deval Patrick even made it to the press conference, where he followed Menino by calling for an increase of Broadway-musical-based public policy. Invoking Meredith Wilson's The Music Man, he soon burst out into song, crying about how there was trouble right here in Boston and that the only way to solve it was to have everyone learn a musical instrument.

The anti-dancing laws will be taking priority over Patrick's proposal, though both will not be going into legislation until the city puts the finishing touches on the amendment against laughter.

Couple Breaks Up Over April Fools Day Prank

PORTLAND, OR – Tragedy struck on April 1st when couple Danielle Meola and Randy O'Connor broke up over what O'Connor described as "An April Fools joke gone too far." While the two were out to dinner, O'Connor began to tell Meola that he was feeling doubts about their relationship and suggested ending it before either got too emotionally attached. "I was expecting her to be shocked, maybe cry a little, but then I would shout 'April Fools!' and laugh at her and we'd make out or something like that," says O'Connor. "Instead, she agreed with me."

Dating causes hair loss

O'Connor though, may not know the full details of the story. "I knew he was kidding," remarked Meola, "but I for one wasn't going to look like the unwitting butt of some practical joke. So I decided to call his bluff. I didn't think the dumb prick was going to actually believe me."

With neither one willing to lose face, the couple shared an awkwardly quiet dinner, paid the bill, and went their separate ways. "This always seems to happen to me," added O'Connor. "I mean, last year, I got shot in the stomach. And just because that policeman was naïve enough to believe that I actually had a gun."

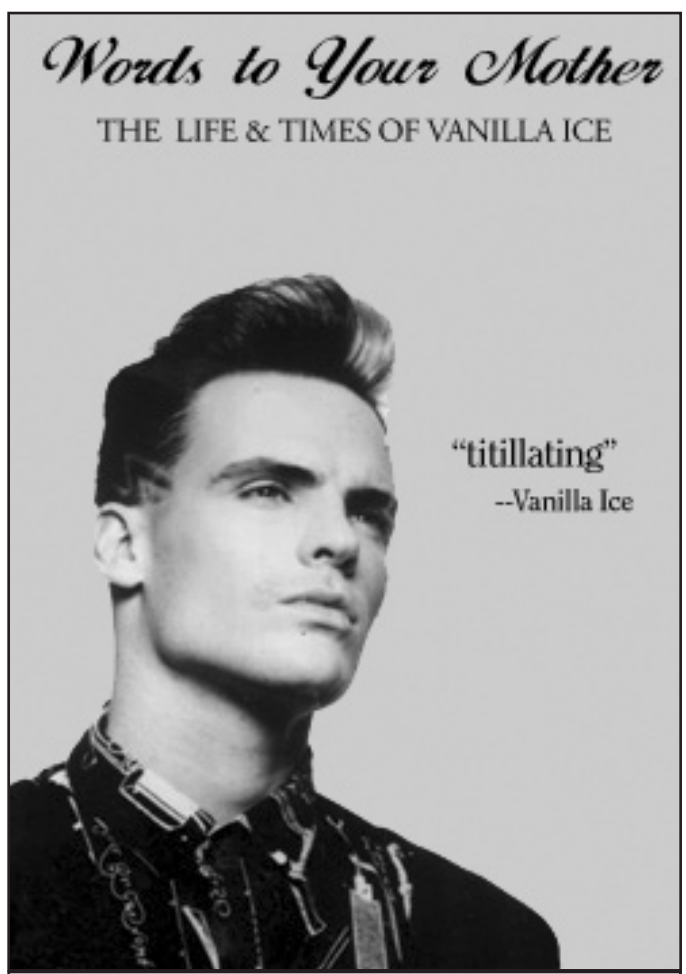
The officer in question was not available at the time of this printing, leaving experts to argue whether he felt threatened or, like Meola, simply did not want to appear gullible.

by Devin Toohey

Vanilla Ice Returns with Brand New Autobiography, Nobody Really Gives Two Shits

by Mike Schecht

WELLINGTON, FL – Robert Van Winkle, better known as Vanilla Ice, plans to release his autobiography to the world soon. The work, tentatively titled "Words to Your Mother: The Life & Times of Vanilla Ice," will chronicle the rollercoaster ride career of ups and downs, mainly downs, of the once illustrious rap-rocker. "Check out the book once my editor rewrites it," stated Ice in a recent interview, "you gotta stop, collaborate, and read." Although no one has taken him seriously in quite some time, Ice believes that the book will prove to his critics that he is still a viable celebrity. "Ice is done with bit parts on reality shows. He is ready to remove his extreme outer layer and expose his ice-y vanilla soul to people everywhere," Ice's publicist says of the new book. Although complete, the work has yet to find a publisher who believes that anyone is really interested.



As quick a read as his résumé.

News. You want it.

Girl's MySpace Pic Not Introspective Enough

By Mike Yarsky

"When I'm done crying, I'm hittin' Urban Outfitters."

CYBERSPACE–Family, actual friends, and MySpace friends criticized Joanna Emoson from Roanoke, WV for her poor MySpace pic. "It's too obvious that it was taken on a cameraphone," says her close friend Francesco del Rio. "Plus, I don't think her lips are puckered properly enough to evoke that sense of pensive thoughtfulness most MySpace pics strive for."

Her mother, after reviewing her profile, was appalled. "In one of the pictures, not only is she smiling, but her hair doesn't cover at least one of her eyes. How will anyone take her self-representation on cyberspace seriously?"

Joanna, in a fit of frustration, wrote an angry blog entry about her inner turmoil regarding her photographic incompetence.

"I've tried everything. I put on dark lipstick, made my face look pale…I even put napkins in my bra and wore my Decemberists T-shirt. Still, I can't make my eyes look completely anguished. But I really am tortured by this; it's consuming all the time I'm spending alone in my bedroom…even more time than both masturbating and checking LiveJournal updates."

Even Tom from MySpace chimed in. "I can't believe I asked this girl to be my friend," he said. "I mean, I ask everyone because I'm an enormous tool-bag, but man…I better re-evaluate that, because this chick's kinda making me ashamed."

The MySpace headquarters added, "We're owned by Fox News so we're not supposed to like the whole hipster thing, but yeah, she definitely needs a little more androg/lesbo action going.

Student/Dummy Team Causes Day of Silence Controversy

By Devin Toohey

MEDFORD– Stephen Henrick, a Tufts sophomore, caused an up-shriek on Tufts LGBTQ community Wednesday, April 18, with his participation in the Day of Silence.

At first, it seemed that Stephen was planning to take the vow of silence for the day. "I was so looking forward to not having to listen to him blabber about the latest episode of American Idol or complain about his lack of an internship," says friend, Katie Koch. Little did anyone guess that the infamously loquacious Henrick had thought of a way around the vow.

"Steve and I went to Dewick and just as I sit down, he starts complaining about the food," Koch cried. "Except, he was doing it through a ventriloquist dummy named Mr. Peepers. He wouldn't stop cracking bad puns or hackneyed insults! And whenever I would try to remind him about the day, he would just act shocked as if he wasn't talking!"

Similar criticisms have risen from Henrick's Math 6 teacher, lab partner, and Hodgdon coworker. Henrick's responses to critics have included "It's totally was not me, guys!", "He's just a very naughty dummy!/You're the dummy, dummy!" and "Oh Mr. Peepers! You scoundrel!"

Fatal Typo Causes Premiere of Tufts' "Pubic Journal"

By Mike Yarsky

MEDFORD, MA – In a last-minute, tragic mishap during The Tufts Public Journal's weekend layout, the confessional-magazine's editor-in-chief accidentally omitted the 'l' from the title. Says the collective staff of the Office of Student Activities, "It was embarrassing to see hundreds of copies of a pubic journal scattered around the Campus Center. It was almost like VOX was having their sex fair again." However, the magazine's staff sees this accidental reinvention as a big opportunity. "It's a great idea that we definitely stumbled upon," says the magazine's managing editor. "We think that if Tufts funds a magazine like The Zamboni, it can definitely have a digest of the cock-hair nature." The submitters of the Public Journal are disappointed that they can no longer share their problems faux-anonymously, but the staff doesn't matter. "There's always PostSecret." They added, "Secrets can get boring, but pubes are forever."

Alanis Knows What She's Doing With Her Lady Lumps

By Julie Gomstyn

This is more ironic than playing God.

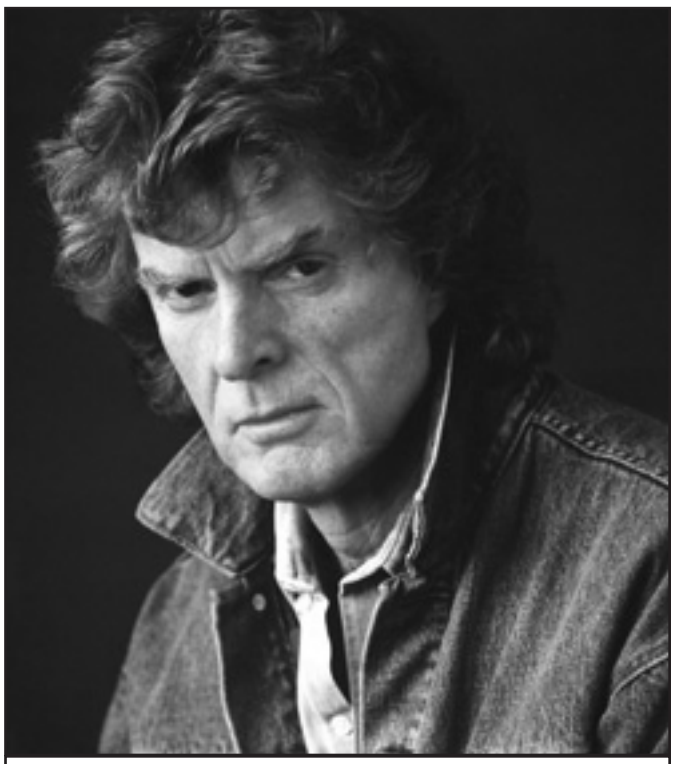
Earlier this month, in what was initially thought to be an April Fool's joke, Alanis Morissette released a cover of the Black Eyed Peas' song "My Humps". To the delight of emo kids everywhere, this melancholy new version adds a whole other meaning to the chorus. "'My hump' is symbolic of the burden that we middle-class adolescents feel in today's oppressive society," says Tufts sophomore, Guy Cutting. "My girlfriend had me spending, spendin' all my money on her, and spendin' time on her, and she didn't even let me see her lady lumps. That hurts."

In the meantime, other well-known artists have begun to follow Alanis's lead. Dashboard Confessional is in the middle of recording a version of Nelly Furtado's "Maneater", and Bjork is in talks to perform Rihanna's "S.O.S" at an upcoming benefit. "I think that we're on the heels of a musical revolution," says Cutting. "Because when you're dancing, you're really crying on the inside."

An Open Letter to Don Imus: Cheer Up, Man!

As much as we might not approve of Don Imus' remarks about the Rutgers women's basketball team being a bunch of 'nappy-headed hos', we here at The Zamboni are here to offer a sympathetic hand: we, like many other Tufts publications, have made our fair share of offensive remarks, and we thought we could give Mr. Imus some optimistic views on his doomed future.

Dear Mr. Imus,



Donny, you've got a face for radio.

We understand that you're feeling down since you made an ass of yourself. But no worries, a very obscure humor magazine from Massachusetts has a nice laundry list of advice for you.

1) You can still get employed. Don't worry about getting canned by everyone ever, Mr. Imus; there're plenty of people who'd still be willing to hire you. For example, Fox News will hire practically anybody; have you seen "Hannity & Colmes"? In fact, you can also go on satellite radio. Bob Dylan has a show on satellite radio, and he's been dead for fifteen years. So don't fret, Mr. Imus; someone out there will still find a way to get you on the airwaves.

2) You can always write a book. If you can't get a job on the radio, you wouldn't be the first to head straight into the publishing industry after getting canned. Look at Michael Savage; he was axed and his TV show was cancelled, yet he still gets his voice out there. I'm pretty sure he has another book, "More Things I'm Gonna Convince Privileged White People To Be Scared Of For No Reason," coming out in 2008. My only advice is, be careful putting your face on the cover. You look like a mad scientist, only more racist.

3) You can still convince people what you said wasn't really that awful. Let's face it, Imus: most Americans really aren't that smart. It probably has to do with why you're popular. But, what this also means is, they can be convinced of a lot of things very easily. So try to defend yourself a little more; say "nappy-headed hos" was referring to how sleepy they looked. Or you slipped and meant to say "nappy-headed pros." Hey, remember when Newt Gingrich said we shouldn't be teaching our children the "language of the ghetto?" He convinced people he was talking about Hebrew! Besides, it's a good way to keep your name in the press, as well as keep journalists away from focusing on serious issues, like global warming (or war). Americans always love, and love to hate, a good trashy distraction (like, anything on MTV, for example).

4) Use a liberal scapegoat. Blame the liberal media for not allowing another perspective. Blame the Rutgers basketball team for being too sensitive, or blame the 'PC police' (haven't met them) for suppressing your inalienable right to free speech. The most popular option for most people like you, however, is to blame the homosexuals for pretty much everything wrong with anything.

5) You can go work for KKK Community TV. That way, you'll really be reaching out to your proper constituents (and the only people that matter to you). Other options include: Southern Baptist Community Theatre, being an easy target for Michael Moore, or a WNBA sports columnist.

In conclusion, don't worry, Mr. Imus: things will turn out your way soon. Not very soon, though, given how popular the Republican party is at the moment. So you might have to wait a little, but we promise, someday something will happen that will make you happy…something that will not make you so completely miserable about the state of things from the moment you wake to the moment you go to bed. We're not gonna bet on it, though. Just take our word for it.

Sincerely,

xoxoxo kkk 4 eva

The Zamboni

Weekend a

Bacow Dies, Everyone Has to Pretend He's Still Al for Spring Fling to Take Place

By Luke Burns

Jason and Kyle, two freshmen at Tufts, were going to have a weekend filled with girls, booze, and (insert cheap shot at Spring Fling bands). Their host, Tufts University President, Lawrence Bacow, promised them that it would be the "drunkenest, off the hookest" weekend of their young lives.

There was just one proble; Larry died before the festivities could be kicked off. The two boys knew that there was only one way to save Spring Fling: they would have to convince everyone that Bacow was still alive.

"If everyone knew that Bacow died, none of the bands would have wanted to play," Jason said. "So we did what anyone would have done: we each took one of Bacow's arms and walked around with him."

The duo was able to further disguise the fact that the former president was not alive by shrewdly covering his eyes with sunglasses.

"That was Jason's idea," Kyle said. "Between the sunglasses and us propping him up, we had everyone completely fooled."

Provost Jamshed Bharucha admitted to being taken in by the ruse."Sure, I thought it was strange that Larry was hanging out with those freshmen all weekend, but I figured he was just trying to reach out to the student body," Bharucha said.

"I guess in retrospect, I should have caught on when he was crowd-surfing and his head was repeatedly knocked against the stage. It was also strange that he was giving everyone really ineffectual high fives."

Jason and Kyle managed to successfully maintain the illusion of life for the entire weekend, allowing everyone to have a bitchin' time.

When asked if the two ne'er-do-wells would be punished for their hijinx, Dean of Students Bruce Reitman was effusive.

"Great Bacow's Ghost! Of course not! Those boys are heroes," Reitman said. "They may have gone a little too far when the brought Bacow to the frat party and left him in the hot tub with those sorority girls, but all in all, this was just some harmless fun."

As for Jason and Kyle, the two boys plan to continue doing what the do best: getting into wacky situations with Tufts Faculty and staff.

"We're gonna get Robert [Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences] laid!" Kyle said.

WHODUNNIT? Find out who killed Bacow and how wit

t Bacow's!

ive in Order

What a crazy adventure!

th Tufts Clue!

The Secret Life of Bacow

In a Zamboni-led ambush of that outrageously decadent house on the Presidents' Lawn, our top-secret crew members (read: Calvin Metcalf) found the private diary of the one-and-only President Bacow, in the few days leading up to his death. The discoveries are shocking, the revelations are disturbing, and the nudie photos a combination of both.

april 10 tuesday

I talked to Yolanda today about maybe seeing other people.

First, I don't know if she sees me because she pities me, desires me, or simply wants a promotion out of ResLife. I'm surprised she's willing to see me in the first place; if anyone found out, I don't know what it would do to her highly-esteemed reputation.

Second, I think she's cheating on me. I know it's hypocritical for an adulterous man to accuse his extramarital mistress for cheating, but I tried to bring it up in honest. I framed the issue incorrectly and accused her of cheating on me with a student. "Are you joking?" she replied. "I've been screwing hundreds of kids in the student body since I got here; it's part of my job."

Third, getting caught would make a laughing-stock out of me. Think of The Daily, The Primary Source, or that magazine with all the poop jokes. What they would do! I can see it now on the Daily's sudoku: "Difficulty: Bacow banging Yolanda King."

I don't want to have to resign from Tufts; if I do, how would my career bounce back? What does one do with an uber-Ph.D. in Economics? Sigh.

april 11 wednesday

My wife asked me today if I can borrow the Jumbo suit from Student Activities. I said yes, and I brought it home with me. She asked me to put it on and wait for her in the bedroom, so I did. Needless to say, it was hot and awkward lying on my bed in an elephant suit, but then again, it's hot and awkward anyway. When she entered, she was wearing an elephant suit too. "Let's try something," she said.

It was the best I ever had.

april 12 thursday

I practiced for the marathon today. I got to say, my thighs are pretty sweet. Like, cut. From marble. They're gorgeous. The muscles in my legs are like hot steel. Goddamn are they hot. Ten bucks and a Stafford loan says I've got the best tibias on this campus. I can really flex them. You can see the muscle when I flex. When I run. Even when I stretch they pop out like mad. So hot. I'm a thigh MASTER.

My favorite activity early in the morning is filling balloons with pee, running my marathon practice with them, and throwing them at the frats when I run past them. I hate those goddamn frats. I'd close every one of those fuckers if I could. I got my spies and cohorts lined up, but I haven't found any questionable behavior just yet. Or at least, questionable behavior I object to.

I was looking through my old e-mail when I found a letter I sent to Tufts earlier in the semester. "Don't fear, Jumbos, I'm not leaving you guys for Harvard." That e-mail. Man, that was so awesome. So heroic. I mean, I sounded so badass there; I hope those Jumbos know how much of my day goes to sticking by them. Hint: it's the same as the proportion of tuition money that goes to my paycheck..

Gee. I really hope no one reads this.

Campus Health:
Don't Take Condoms From Health Services

This couple just made the grave mistake of thinking that they will be having sex tonight.

There's an indelicate situation that many Tufts students end up in, but one that we all desperately want to avoid. If you haven't been there, I'd like you to imagine yourself in it.

You're spending a magical evening with a young lady from your Wanderers in Space class, or the girl in Sophia Gordon you met at pub night, or possibly your hallmate's prefrosh. The important thing isn't who she is; what matters is that is having a magical evening as well. There are thousands of fish in the sea, but only a few of them want to have sex with you. This one, however, has become intoxicated not only by your charm and the smell of your skin, but by the two bottles of André you've chugged as well.

You sit on the couch pretending to look at the screen, but you can't shake the lustful thoughts darting through your mind. You've been unable to focus the whole movie, but now you've reached a breaking point. Hands shaking, you fumble for the remote and switch off *Dodgeball: a True Underdog Story,* even though she hasn't seen it before. She takes your cue and slinks across the couch, pouncing onto you like a lioness.

Things progress, and you decide it's time to kick for points and go for the condoms in your desk drawer. You bring one back to the couch clutched between your sweaty fingers. You've never felt passion like this; you've only read about it in the penis enlargement ads in Maxim. You press your face into her neck as you tear open the condom wrapper, but it's not what you expect.

Wait, what the fuck is this? How the fuck did an unlubricated condom get into my drawer? It's okay. It's just a little setback, just go back to the drawer and get another one. So you go back for another, preferably one you can actually use to fuck. You reach into the drawer and grab a handful, thinking you don't have time for a third strike. While you're fumbling around with the johnnies, she's just sitting on the bed, naked, thinking about whether she sees a future with you. You get back to the couch, rip open another one. What the fucking shit! Another unlubricated fucking condom? You tell her, "Wait, don't go, I've got lots of condoms here; one of them has to be usable!" But it's too late.

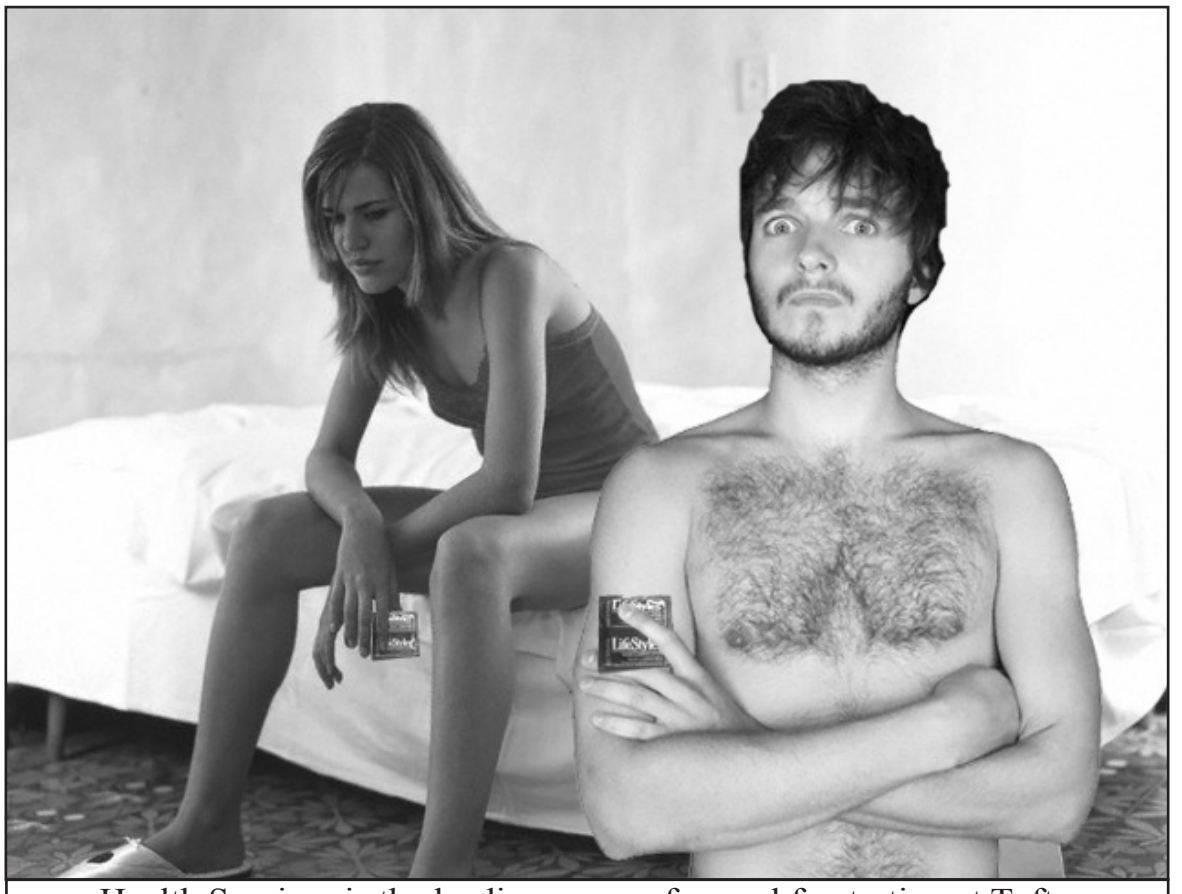
Well, this is awkward.

She "remembers" she has to get up early in the morning. And before you can say "worthless, piece of shit unlubricated condoms," she's dressed and out the door. Now instead of scoring in the big game, you're practicing without a field to play on.

The point of this story isn't just to scare you. That's why we have classics like *Resident Evil 2*, *Freddie Vs. Jason*, and Al Gore. This story is more of an instructive tale to bridge the misunderstandings between students and Health Services.

Students: stop taking unlubricated condoms from Health Services, because it makes them think you use them. Health Services: nobody uses unlubricated condoms. There are a lot of things college students say they're going to do. Everyone says they're going to eat better, drink less, start their paper ahead of time, and do community service again. Nobody gives a sandy fuck about using condoms for oral sex, or handjobs, or whatever it is they're supposed to be for. And I'll tell you why.

The point of sexual activity is that it's supposed to be better then masturbating. If you want to feel like you're rubbing your dick with sandpaper, you can do it yourself. And that way, it's even safer.



Health Services is the leading cause of sexual frustration at Tufts.

Because You Demanded It...

by Devin Toohey

Zamboni Spoils Your Favorite Shows!

We here at The Zamboni are farting out for the year after this issue, leaving us the unfortunate fate of not being able to cover the grand season finales of all your favorite television shows. Thankfully, we were able to bribe some important television executives by giving them our leftover budget, our drinks for the night at Hotung, and staff member Lauren Vigdor (boy is she in for a surprise when she gets back from Ireland!), securing the top-secret spoilers to all the big shows!

24

Jack saves Audrey and kills about 472 more terrorists while he's at it. With forty-five minutes left in the day, Jack goes to the CTU to inquire about the fact that he hasn't pooped in over six years. After a series of quick tests, the doctor breaks the news to Jack: he is afflicted by chronic constipation, which is causing a great buildup of fecal matter in his nervous tissue. With eight seconds left in the season, Jack shockingly falls dead on the floor due to chronic constipation.

Grey's Anatomy

McDreamy does the McFuck-It with McI-Don't-Care. The entire world's populace realizes that Sandra Oh isn't pretty enough to be on television and her character is promptly killed via heart attack in the middle of a boat accident (which was caused by a bomb explosion).

Sorry, Sandra Oh. You lose.

The Sopranos

Following the outing and murder of Vito Spatafore, it is soon revealed that every character on the show is gay (why do you think that one guy was called "Big Pussy?"). A mass gang-bang orgy ensues. Eventually, one of the mobsters snaps out of the wide-spread homoeroticism, takes out a gun, and threatens to kill all of the now-queer characters. Tony retaliates by beating him to death with a Pride flag. In a suprising twist, the Sopranos is not cancelled, but instead becomes Sopranos/Queer As Folk: The Italian Handjob.

entourage

Vincent Chase bangs every hot chick in Hollywood. E bangs a Hollywood agent's hot daughter and maybe her friend. Turtle and Drama masturbate to every hot chick in Hollywood. Ari yells at an Asian secretary, then makes up inspiring expletive combinations, and THEN goes home to bang his hot Hollywood wife. Lots of music, lots of cars, not a lot of clothing, and four New Yorkers with a couple brews.

the office

Michael does something to try to raise company morale. It's awkward. Pam and Jim slightly address three seasons of flirting and their kiss. It's awkward. Dwight does something. It's awkward. The entire show is just REALLY FUCKING AWKWARD.

Tony Soprano: Fat, angry, and fabulous.

A Very Doug Reunion

The gang from Bluffington reunites to reminisce about their crazy adventures back in the early 90s. Tragedy strikes when the Ku Klux Klan appears on the scene and kidnaps Skeeter Valentine. Thankfully, they end up wasting too much time arguing over whether or not he actually is a racial minority. The police arrive on the scene before the Klan can reach a conclusion over whether turquoise means African American or not.

Battlestar Galactica

No, we're not telling you the spoilers. Just stop watching this show and talk to a girl for once!

Drive

All the characters stop racing for a minute and realize that their show has the exact same premise as the 2001 comedy, Rat Race.

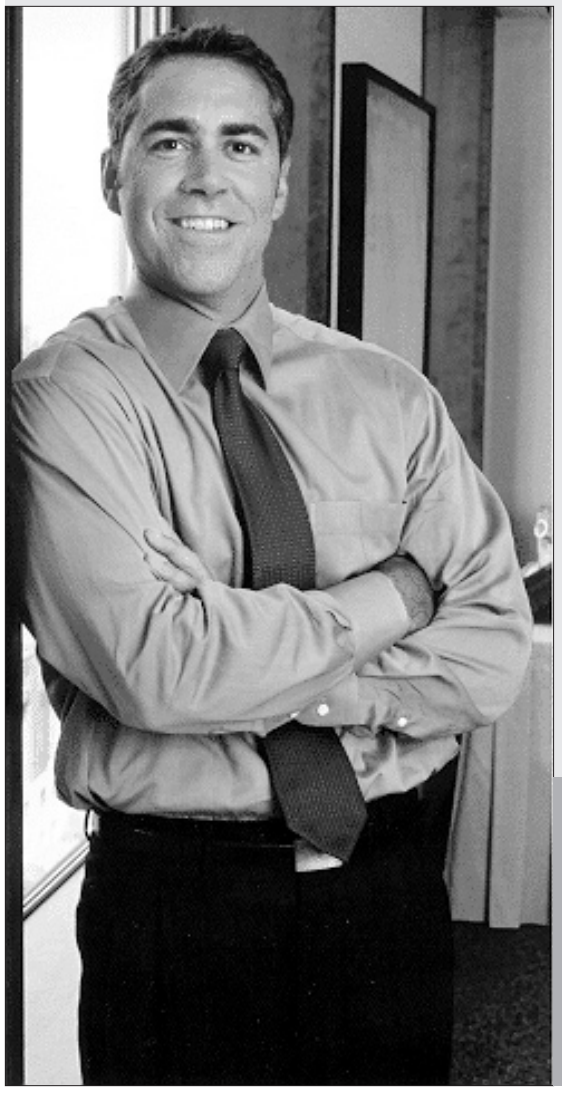
Are You an Arrogant Prick? ...Then Come Work for Richcorp Bank!

Do you like being better than everyone else? Are you looking for the perfect place for shallow assholes like yourself to show what you're really made of? Then come work for Richcorp!

Here at Richcorp, everyone is an arrogant prick. You'll find that beneath the charming and transparent exterior of each employee lies a cocky son of a bitch who won't hesitate to stab you in the back in order to make themselves look better.

Because let's face it: The only reason any of us are here is because we want money. Sweet sweet money. And who needs friends when you've got cold hard cash? We're not here to make friends—hell no! We're here to fucking buy and sell your sorry ass to make revenue and capital! Who cares if the company already takes in trillions of dollars and provides no real service to society?

So don't be surprised when your co-workers are really friendly the first few days when you go out for a sandwich, only to blame you the next day for breaking three computers. Or don't be upset when you get verbally shat on because you're the new guy. You are the new guy, and you deserve it.



Yep, you will be treated like shit alright. But it's okay, because after you get used to the arrogance, deceit, hypocrisy, corruption, and misery, you may be offered a job. You probably won't be of course, but in the unlikely event that you are offered one, you'll be working here for life! And that's when things will really start working out.

You'll be paid a high salary to help this corporate behemoth crush the dreams of the young and put other charitable companies out of business. You'll get to slap interns around like twelve-dollar hookers! You'll get to spend company money on your cocaine habit! And you'll get to wear a nice suit while you do it!

So what are you waiting for? Stop wasting time with having friends, and come work for the crooked assholes at Richcorp!

"You can make it far in this world if you love money and don't give a shit about other human beings."

-Richard Asshead, CEO of Richcorp

Howard Stern Interview with Nancy Pelosi

The Zamboni brings you, unscripted, uninhibited, and unedited (save removing the non-stop Robin Quivers giggling from the transcript), the satellite radio mogul Howard Stern's inteview with the first female Speaker of the House, Nancy Pelosi.

Howard Stern: Welcome to the show, Madam Speaker, it's a pleasure having you here, it's pretty great.
Nancy Pelosi: Yes, it's always nice to create open discourse on the radio waves, to bridge the partisan waters of conversation through an hon—
HS: Yeah, so tell me about your husband, is he cut or uncut?
NP: To be honest, I don't know; see, we were raised Catholic so I was told not to look—
HS: Do you have children?
NP: I have five children and six grandchildren.
HS: Grandchildren, eh? You're pretty hot for your age.
NP: Why th—
HS: Do you do kegels? I mean, still do them, maybe?
NP: Are those like the pilates for your, um…your…nether-regions?
HS: Do you have any daughters?
NP: Why yes. Nancy, Chritine…
HS: Can we see them make out? Are they lesbos together?
NP: Well, one of them owns a pick-up truck but--
HS: So what is exactly is a "Speaker of the House"? Take your clothes off.
NP: A speaker is…excuse me?
HS: Take your clothes off. Your boobs look perky. Are you wearing a sports bra?
NP: No, Fridays in Congress are Commando Fridays—
HS: I know that. Well they're staying up quite well. Not that wrinkly and saggy. Take your clothes off.
NP: Excuse me, Mr. Stern, but how does my changing my visual status impact listeners of a *radio show*?
HS: Do you think you'd have a three-way with Ted Kennedy and Newt Gingrich?
NP: That depends—
HS: Like, Eiffel-towering, maybe? I bet they have furry nutsacks. Their pubes are probably as white as their heads. Isn't that right, Stuttering John?
Stuttering John: Bu-bu-bu…
HS: You're a douche bag.
NP: I think I'm—
HS: So are you going to touch my penis or not?
NP: Did you vote for me?
HS: I don't vot—wait, was I even able to? Shut up, woman.
NP: I am an important person! I own a Dodge Stratus!
HS: Look, if you're not gonna listen, just get out. We got important people to talk to.
NP: Okay.
HS: Take care, honey. Well, folks, we're going to take a break. When we come back, Martha Stewart's going to show us how to make female condoms with just eggs and tin foil. Stay tuned.

Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi: Hot or not?

A Sneak Peek at the Glossy Pages of...

THE HARVARD LAMPOON

The Lampoon Reviews Champagne

Bollinger- "It tastes great, and it's nice to have something in common with James Bond. I mean, something else in common with James Bond, since I fly to Monte Carlo every weekend for high stakes Baccarat and my sixteenth birthday present was a night with Ursula Andress. Just like the champagne, she just gets better with age."

Cristal- "We got eight cases of this stuff for our hilarious 'rappers and nappy-headed hos' theme party. It was great, and everyone at the party thought the champagne was drinkable at least. I liked it, but I didn't feel like drinking the last 3 cases left over after the hotel party, so I gave it to my chauffeur's maid. She's Haitian, and they're so poor there they can only afford Cristal a couple times a year."

A Hilarious Interview with Harvard's Premier Student Comic, Chestegund

"Being a kid is hard, man, it's just rough. You know how when you're a kid, you and your sister always want to put on a play for your parents? But then it never goes well, because you're eight and know nothing about making a play. I remember one time, the talking silverback gorilla playing Falstaff bit the zebra playing Henry IV when Falstaff wasn't even supposed to be onstage. But you're a kid, right, so you always have to have everything your way, and I was really pissed that the stage manager let Koko get onto the stage in the first place and I threw a tantrum to get my parents to fire him. And he was all like, 'I don't know how to stage manage, I'm a sommelier,' but he said it in his goofy French accent that just pissed me off even more. And when he was leaving, I was all like, 'Hey Pepe LePew, why don't you recommend a nice 1985 Argentinean bottle of GO FUCK YOURSELF!' Shit, you really can't ever go back again, huh?"

And More Great Ironic Articles, Such As:

-Harvard Student Can't Find Good Summer Job

-Privileged But Not Happy; and Other Fallacies The Poor Believe

-Shave Darfur

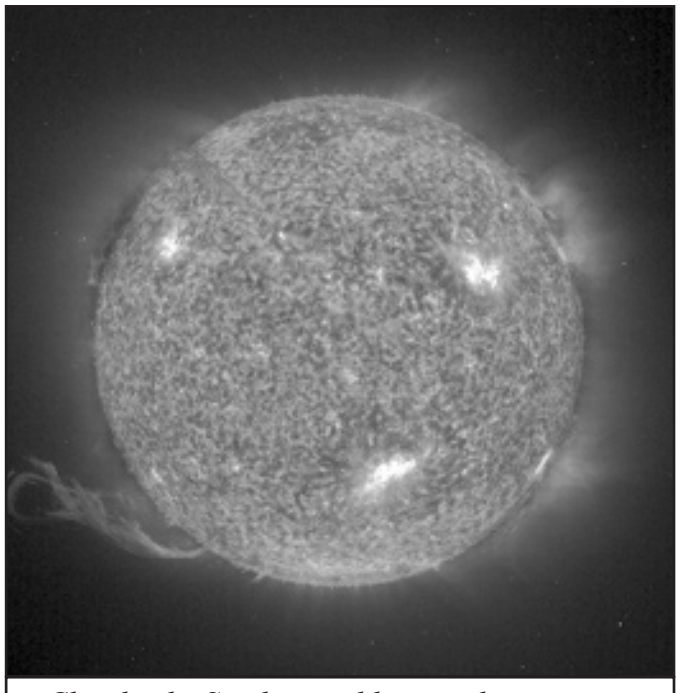
ZAMBONI ROAST

The Sun is kind of a big deal: 330,000 times the size of the earth, 99.8% of the solar system's mass (thank you Wikipedia), and everyone knows about it. You might even say it's a big star. That doesn't stop most of us from being completely pissed at it, though. So, The Zamboni introduces, in concordance with the Astronomy & Physics Department, the roast of the biggest star closest to Earth: the Sun itself.

You know, Sun, you're pretty selfish, aren't you? You think the world revolves around you. In fact, I bet you think all the worlds revolve around you. You think you're just the center of attention, don't you? Well, you're wrong, and people can prove me wrong over my dead body. **– Ptolemy**

Sun, it's time to break it to you: you're fat. You're huge. You're a bigger, fatter ball of gas than Marlon Brando's corpse. Your solar winds are stronger than the winds from Roseanne Barr's ass. You think you're brighter than all those red dwarfs out there? No way; you're dumber than the ice deposits in Mars's cavities. Have I mentioned that I'm jobless? **– Denis Leary**

Listen, Sun, I know we get along. You know: night and day, moon and sun. We complement each other well. But let's face it: I'm better than you. I'm more versatile: I can be a circle, a half-circle, and a banana. And I'm more popular with kids. "Goodnight Moon." Has anyone heard of "Goodnight Sun?" I don't think so. Here's an idea: you take care of making summer days miserable, and I'll take care of the tides. Oh yeah, and I share a name with a bare ass. Can't beat that. **– The Moon**



Clearly, the Sun has problems with its pores.

Sun, you're so ugly that it hurt my eyes to look at you. Or should I say, it was painful to look at you, because you blinded me. Worse than masturbation did. I guess you did me a favor; now I can look cool wearing sunglasses all the time. **– Stevie Wonder**

Listen, big star: your coronal mass ejections expel more matter than I do after an Arby's night. You're more yellow than my piss after an asparagus buffet. Of course, I don't want to piss you off too much; you might explode. Oh wait, you're going to do that in a couple billion years anyway, Mr. Supernova, aren't you? Thanks for being the back-up cause of human extinction if global warming doesn't get to us (which, by the way, is partially your fault). If you weren't 8.31 light-minutes away, I'd bitch-slap you right in your convective zone. But I don't have the money, you see; I'm a run-of-the-mill D-List celebrity (catch my special on Bravo!) **– Kathy Griffin**

Sun, I've got a confession to make. Honestly, I've wanted to hook up with you since you were just a nebulous cloud. You're just so hot. I want to engage in thermonuclear fusion with you…but you're just bad news. Your solar flares ejaculate prematurely, you don't have enough helium, and I don't even want to know who gave you those sunspots along your equator. Plus, I get the feeling that you're just full of hot air sometimes. Point is, Sun, when the Beatles sang, "Here Comes the Sun," he wasn't kidding. Only they didn't mention how quick it would be. **–Andromeda**

REJECTED IDEAS

As another year closes, leaving us all with a bunch of worthless text books and damaged liver cells, we at The Zamboni decided to look back at our club emails of the year and pick some of our favorite ideas that just didn't make the cut. But keep an eye out, faithful readers, because you never know how desperate we will get next year…

- Cases of incest we want to see
- TMAC - assuage your middle-class, straight white male guilt!
- Bollywood Battle Royale
- Gay community in upshriek over "Deck the Halls" carol
- Famous last words - "Don't mess with Gandhi!"
- Penis iPod Condom
- Things that shouldn't taste like beef
- Film Series is undead
- Santorum - it's the body frappe!
- Whiteboard Sociology (whiteboards vs. blackboards)
- Animals are FUCKED UP
- How to make a good movie: incest. Lots of incest.
- What the fuck is a provost?
- Things not worth a dollar
- Trendiest appendages to get and other forms of plastic surgery
- Freddy Mercury vs. Elton John
- Fake Magic Eye (followed by nudie pic)

TUFTS WORST-CASE SCENARIOS

WHAT TO DO IF YOU GET A SUMMER JOB AS A TELEMARKETER

Let's face it. You dicked around all year. You spent your free weeknights looking at Wikipedia and you choose tequila over internship applications weekend after weekend. Then April rolled around. And you realized not only did you not know Tufts Career Services existed, but also that leading Monty Python Society and taking a class on queer motifs in post-90s Disney may not make the most killer resumé. Your fate is sealed. You are not going to be working for Barack Obama, Stephen Colbert, or Bill Gates this summer. It's three months of telemarketing for you! But have a little hope, oh most unfortunate reader! We here at The Zamboni have just the advice to get you through the summer job from Hell.

You might as well drink before work. You're already on your way to becoming an alcoholic anyway.

1 **Pregame**

If alcohol can make a night of dancing in a crowded, hot room that reeks of piss beer look downright appealing, it has to be able to do something for your shitty job. You'll find that a little liquid courage can really work wonders with your people skills. Your timid fear of being hung up on will soon be replaced by you talking in all kinds of accents and telling each new person that you love him or her. Before you know it, these "strangers" will be your new best friends…or at least you will think so.

2 **Bring Porn**

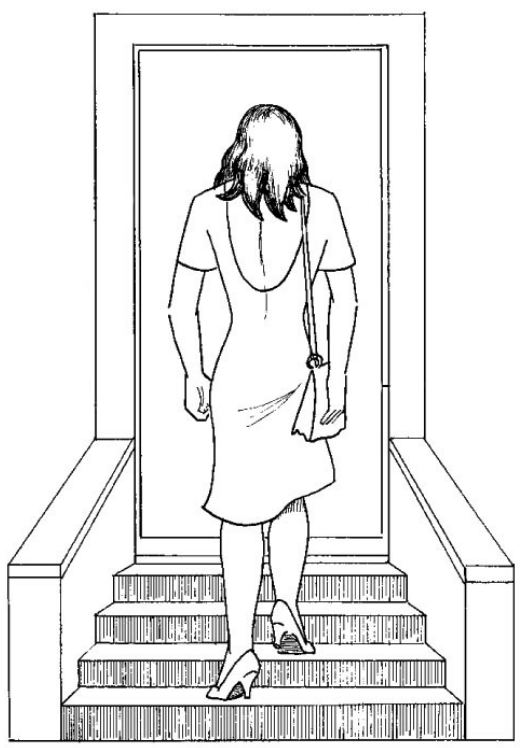
One of the first things you'll realize about your soul-crushing job is that it isolates you from all human contact. You are forced into a small, claustrophobia-inducing cubicle and your supervisor will have your testicles in a jar if you even think of talking to one of your equally broken coworkers. You will be talking to people over the phone, but most of the time it'll just be them yelling or telling you that they're dead. And really, you don't know if they're people. They could be robots for all you know. Or perhaps the delusions of your own shattered mind. The only way to feel like you're still part of humanity then is to look upon the sweet, sweet flesh that can only be found on the printed page. And it's not like your "customers" are going to know the difference. As you talk to Mrs. Harte from Berkeley, California, just pretend that you are actually listening to the smooth seduction coming from the luscious lips of Miss July. If she questions your moan, just tell her you stubbed your toe or something.

3 **Pray**

Sadly, after all is said and done, there is really not enough alcohol or porn to make telemarketing all that appealing. Your final option is to get down on your knees, close your eyes, and open your purty mouth in hopes of appeasing the Big Boss. That's right: we're asking you to pray. Perhaps the Gods of Summer Jobs will smile down upon your miserable existence and save you from this telephone filled damnation, taking you away to a job where you get paid to eat ice-cream and watch reruns of old Nickelodeon cartoons and have sex with underwear models. Yeah. Sure.

4 **Become a prostitute.**

Because really, there's nothing worse than being a telemarketer. Well, maybe a birthday party clown…

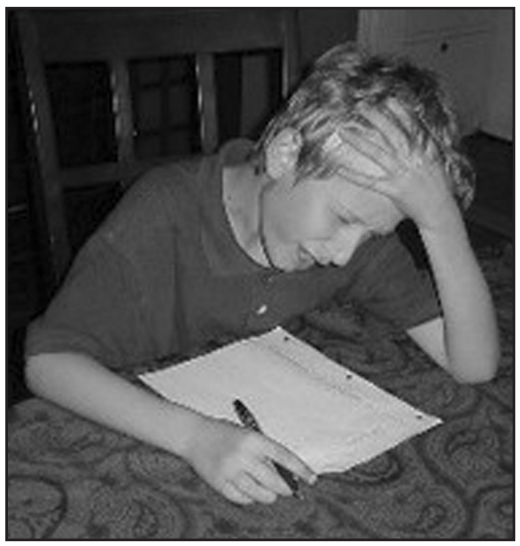


You will still be making house-calls, but they will be of a slightly different nature.

Things We Regret From the Past Year!

The end of the year is a time when most of us reflect on the things we've accomplished over the past year, and begin to make plans for all the things we're going to do next year. But not at the Zamboni, where we're all about bitterness and self-incrimination. In that spirit, we present...

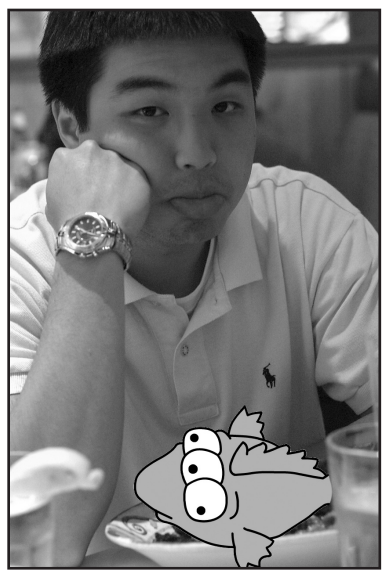
Thinking that Logic class would be an easy way around the math requirement



Making a pre-frosh buy us alcohol.

Halloween weekend. Nuff said.

Not having sex with that professor from writing class.



Eating the salmon at Dewick

Ordering the bean salad on my one date of the semester

Getting stoned before meeting with my professor about my poor performance on a paper.

Fergie

MORE REGRETS!

Not having sex with that girl from econ class.

Droppling all classes except for half-credit pilates.

Getting fat. Reeeeeeeallllly fat.

Writing a satirical Christmas carol.

Blowing Bacow at Spring Fling.

Not having sex with that girl from Spanish class.

Joining The Zamboni.

Throwing up all over a pre-frosh.

Accidentally checking out gay porn while flirting with that cute girl at the media desk of Tisch.

Not NOT having sex with that girl from women's studies class.

Falling asleep while talking to a professor during office hours.