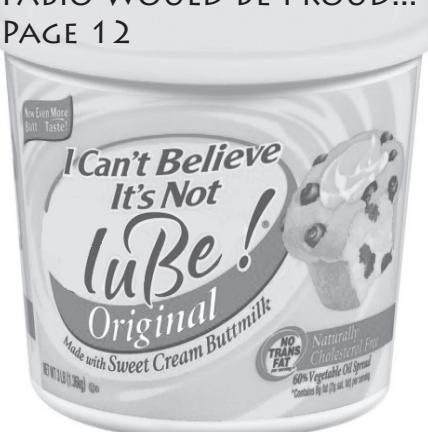


FABIO WOULD BE PROUD...
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THE ZAMBONI



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A TUFTS STUDENT PUBLICATION

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A Word from the Editor

So it has come to this. After an exhausting semester of satirizing everything from children's educational materials to anything religious, The Zamboni has set its sights on the finest, classiest topic in its sight: lube. As you could imagine, yours truly was quite thrilled.

At first, I was reluctant to do an issue on something so general as lube...I didn't think we'd be able to squeeze enough in to the issue content-wise. Second, I thought that doing an issue on lubricants would only thrust The Zamboni down a slippery slope into low-class jokes about penetration, cunnilingus, and fart fetishes. I would never want The Zamboni to stoop that low (i.e., the past four or so years).

In other words, I felt pretty slimy about the potential of this issue. But now that I have read it...well, to be honest I haven't because I've been writing this before seeing any of the actual content, so...basically, maybe I need to take another position before this lube idea becomes less painful and a little more comfortable. In any case, writing the Word from the Editor before reading the issue is kind of a sticky situation, and, well, it has put something of a mess on my hands. I am certainly not looking forward to seeing all the sex jokes inserted into every nook, cranny, and orifice of the magazine. But regardless, I'm sure I'll give this ever-so-heavy-on-lubosity-issue a big two thumbs in.

All lube jokes aside, it's the end of the year, and it's generally time for the Editor-in-Chief to become sentimental about all the great times that he/she/neither/both (we're very gender-sensitive here) had while manning this fart-joke-ridden disaster of a magazine. I promised I would lay off the lube jokes for the end of the 'Word,' but at the same time, I don't want to make my farewell sound forced.

Anyway, I don't want to sound completely cheesy and sentimental about my times at the Zamboni, but I can't help myself, so I'm just going to come out with it: I had a fucking miserable time. Doing the Zamboni made me want to fill a bucket with ice cold water, ram my face into it as hard as I can, and breathe in. Did I do it? No, because I'm clearly exaggerating, DUH. But it did come up in conversation a couple of times.

To all you Zamboners and non-Zamboners, please continue the Zamboni tradition! And for the love of Christ, make sure there's more booze next time!

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 Fricker 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 Oliveira Clause).

News

Since your personal life isn't bad enough...

Charlton Heston Rises From the Dead for A Zombie Zamboni Photo Shoot



by Mike Yarsky

Well, it seems that after Zombie Ayn Rand's return from the grave (see Zamboni's April 4th issue), the dramatic rise in undead celebrities is continuing to increase. This time, it's the quite-recently-dead Charlton Heston, who has some unfinished business to attend to.

Heston burrowed his way out of the grave using his sawed-off shotgun, his teeth, and his Academy Award for *Ben-Hur*. Heston walked confusedly into a playground full of terrified children, prompting one of the kindergarten teachers to attempt to disarm him. Heston leapt away and shot the teacher, crying, "Not from my cold, undead hands!"

Heston has been sighted going into suburban Wal-Marts to buy ammunition and other violent equipment, protesting a remake of *The Ten Commandments*, and engaging in target practice on and/or near Michael Moore's house.

The Zamboni had the opportunity to ask Mr. Zombie Heston several questions upon his reawakening to the mortal realm.

"A lot of folks accuse me of having dementia," he said. "At least, they did when I was actually alive. But really, I was just extremely conservative. Now if you excuse me, I need your BRAINS." As he was chasing this petrified correspondent, he started firing his weapon. "I will blow your brains out, and then EAT THEM!"

Heston is still in support of the right to bear arms, but mostly to keep away the damn dirty zombie apes.

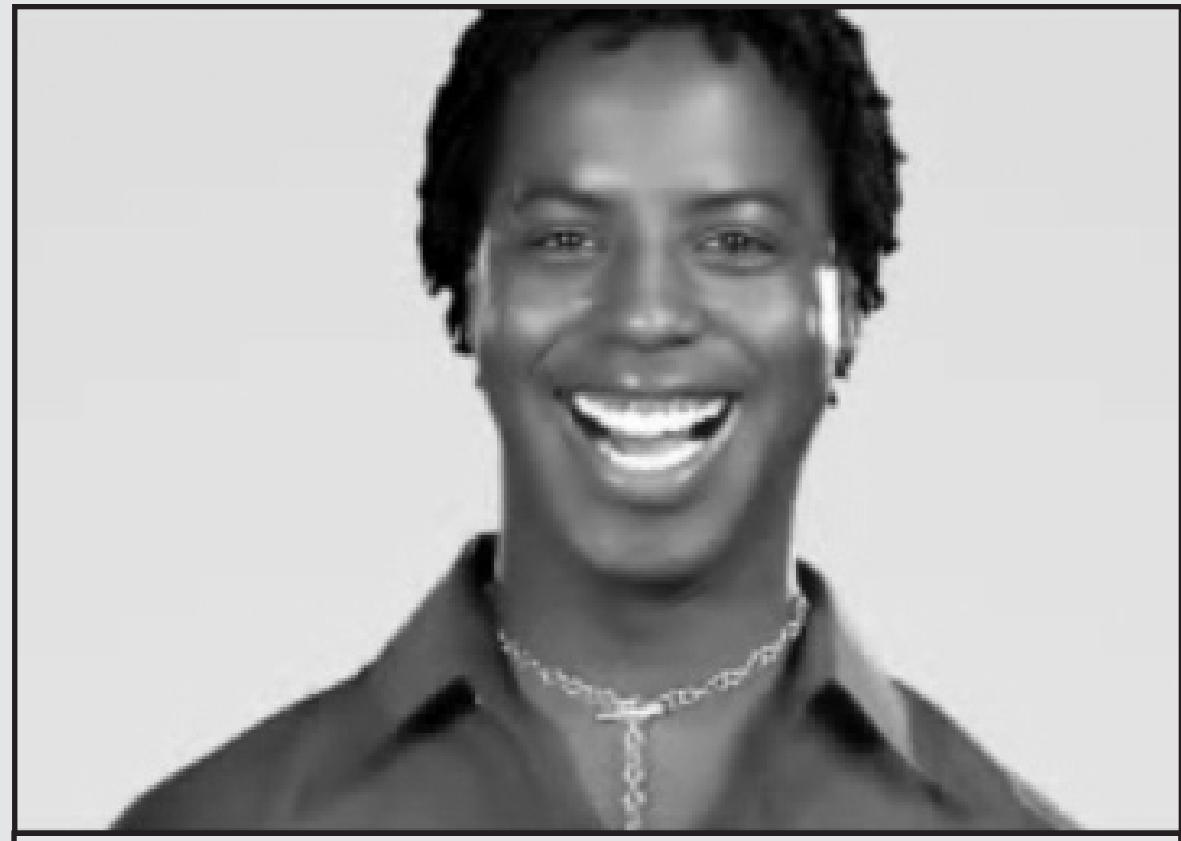
That Fucking Samwell Guy Has A Fucking Record Deal What The FUCK

by Mike Yarsky

Can you believe this shit? This no-talent assclown has a record deal. From Fatboy Slim. Fatboy Slim, I said! You don't believe me? Well, you better, you fuck; he's officially signed to Southern Fried Records. Yeah, you know, that label owned by Fatboy Slim, you asshole.

What the hell? What?! What in the FUCK? This guy looks too moisturized, even for the pop business. Since when did YouTube become -- ah fuck I can't even finish a thought because of this shit! At least Rick Astley's actually awesome, and then I get "buttrrolled" one time instead of rickrolled and I'm all like look at this fucking shit this guy's got his shirt unbuttoned WAY too far to be straight.

Look at that smile and that crazy-ass necklace. That chicken shit bull shit is not record-label-worthy right there. If anything, South Park Butters did a better cover, I mean come on ya twats! What What (In the Butt)? Why does that even need parentheses at the end, that's stupid. You're stupid. And his real name isn't even Samwell; it's Eric Andre. Yeah, I wikipedia'd it, so what if I did you fucker.



You wanna get a deal, record deal? Let's get a record deal...oh-kay.

News

Hot Girl So, Like, Totally Into Nerds, Like, Oh. My. God.

by Devin Toohey

WOODBURY, CT – Hannah Hudson, 17, resident hot girl at Woodbury High, announced last week that she was "completely into nerds."

"I don't know, like, is that weird? I just really like it when a guy knows how to occasionally throw in a quote from *Simpsons* or *Family Guy*. But, you know, not too often because that's just weird. But, like, if he does an impersonation of Stewie and shouts "Victory is mine!" while playing Beirut with his friends, that's so nerdy and hot."

Hudson continued to describe her abnormal fetish, citing the time a local beau admitted to having seen *The Empire Strikes Back*. "I mean, that's really quirky! It's hard to find a guy who's even heard of that movie! And I think he's seen it twice! Or maybe once, but then was channel surfing when cutting school and caught the last twenty minutes. But like, you really do have to date nerds to learn about these things."

Hudson also bragged about how big

of nerd her current boyfriend and star of the Woodbury football team, Gareth Spencer, is. "You will not believe this! About once every two weeks, he puts away his clothes from *Hollister* and *Abercrombie & Fitch* and wears a *Transformers* t-shirt! He's such a geek!"

Upon questioning, Spencer, who is also captain of the baseball team and was voted "Best Looking" two years in a row, admitted that this was indeed the truth. "Yeah man, I'm such a nerd. I love the *Transformers*. I saw the movie and everything." When asked if he meant the one from last summer directed by Michael Bay or the cartoon version with Unicron, Spencer responded, "What's a Unicron?"

Hudson and Spencer both are hopeful for their future together and went on to express a plea to all to be as open-minded and accepting as Hudson. They also said that those kids who read comics during lunch are such freaks.



This T-shirt isn't in support of the candy.

Another Friend of Judd Apatow Releases Another Raunchy/Heartfelt Film

CRITICAL ACCLAIM BOROUGH, INDI-
EVILLE, CA -- Judd Apatow, Seth Rogen,
and the *Freaks & Geeks* crew are showing
another display outrageous of cronyism not
seen since the Bush administration. Judd
Apatow is, yet again, showing some philan-
thropy for his dude-bro, kinda-charming,
pot-smoking friends by cutting them a
break and landing them jobs making ro-
mantic comedies. And the latest, *Forget-
ting Sarah Marshall*, is no exception.

However, the "It's not how funny you
are, it's who you know that's funny" ap-
proach does not stop there. Evan Gold-
berg and Seth Rogen are spearheading a
project called *The Pineapple Express*, a
movie about stoners that are compelled out
of inertia into action. Fun fact: *The Pine-
apple Express* is, in most part, about Evan
and Seth attempting to write *The Pineapple
Express*.

The Zamboni managed to catch up with
Judd Apatow and ask him about his future

productions. "I have about eighty-six of
them lined up." When being asked why
he's manufacturing so many movies this
year and the next, he said, "They are ro-
mantic comedies; making them couldn't
possibly be easier!"

He added, "Look, I just want the world
out there to know two things: first, when
my friends and I are hanging out, it's fun-
nier than when your friends and you are
hanging out. Second, we all really, really,
really enjoy pot."

The Zamboni managed to acquire ad-
vanced screening passes to *Forgetting
Sarah Marshall*, courtesy of a very nice
intern at Sony or something, as they seemed
to consider us a legitimate media publica-
tion. Unfortunately, no one on the staff
could attend the event, for reasons that var-
ied from going on Spring Break early (read:
two weeks) to being too high off jenkel to
even leave the bathroom. Okay, that's not
particularly true; we just forgot.



You'd look sad too if you were holding a fake heart.

News

Because you like to pretend to give two shits.

Surviving 1% of Hand Bacteria Behaves Like "One-Percenters" Motorcycle Gang

by Ryan Oliveira

OAKLAND, CA - The scientific community was taken aback today when a rough-and-tumble strain of ne'er-do-well bacteria recently mounted an attack on motorcycles against the small cuts, scrapes, and exposed orifices of the entire U.S. human population.

The cause of the alarming group of mutants has been traced to a slight margin of error in the efficiency of Purell waterless hand sanitizer, which claims to kill "99% of most common germs." According to an anonymous source, "We never even gave a second thought as to the other one percent. After all, most bacteria are harmless, law-abiding citizens. That there could exist a hidden contingent of loose-cannon ruffians without regard for law never even occurred to us."

The group of scruffy bacteria declined an interview over phone, though not before confirming terrifying rumors of rocket-powered dirt bikes, machine gun-fused flagellae, and a propensity for bar fights with broken-off cue sticks and liquor bottles.

Neither the laws of men nor god seem to



These brutally bacterial motorcycle gangsters are engulfing your suburb in hellfire.

govern the behavior of these fringe groups of super-bacteria, according to various sources. "My friend Fred cut his knee on a swinging door, and ten minutes later, these bacteria sporting shades, motorcycle jackets, and weathered beards just rode in and had their

way," paperboy Jimmy Schwitz commented. "And now he's dead."

Leading experts in sanitation believe an outbreak of this magnitude has not occurred since the 1976 attack of mace-wielding dinoflagellates on Norway's freshwater ponds.

Pennsylvanian Richard

HARRISBURG, PA -- Hot on the heels of Richard Santorum's brutal failure in the Senate elections, his close follower and loyalist Richard Chester Smegma is going after Ed Rendell's seat at Governor.

Richard Chester Smegma, who goes by "Dick Cheese," is very thrilled about his very pre-emptive gubernatorial campaign. "I want to get the word out about me and my campaign," said Mr. Smegma. "By the end of June, I'm hoping that 'Dick Cheese' will be on the lips of every man, woman, and child in Pennsylvania."

As far as political opinions, Richard Chester Smegma is a strong conservative who believes in family values, Intelligent Design, and not wearing white after Labor

Smegma Enters PA Gubernatorial Campaign

Day. He strongly opposes sexual education and reproductive rights, claiming that sexual education programs in high school will "encourage students to not only partake in lewd and inappropriate conduct, but to create perverse idioms and turns of speech that taint the integrity of the English language."

Your correspondent, naturally, giggled at his use of the word taint.

Mr. Smegma has many years of political experience. He has served on the Harrisburg City Council from 2004-2006, which he did promptly after serving on the School Board of the Harrisburg Friends School. "I'm not Quaker or anything," he said. "I believe everyone deserves the right to be educated at a prestigious institution, even if that institu-

tion doesn't put the Ten Commandments up everywhere." He then had this to add: "I realize now that no Smegma, of any size, shape, race, or creed, should ever come in contact with Friends."

Richard Chester Smegma was born in Philadelphia in 1973, but promptly moved out upon the release of the Tom Hanks film. "I wanted to stay in Pennsylvania, but I wanted to go to the more Klan-infested territories than the urban areas."

Mr. Smegma is a proud father of three children (he's Catholic): his eldest son Rusty, his second eldest Richard Jr ("Little Dick"), and youngest Willy.

Mike Yarsky contributed to this article... but only a little.

Photo by Mike Yarsky

DEVIN TOOHEY ASKS YOU TO....

GET CULTURED NOW

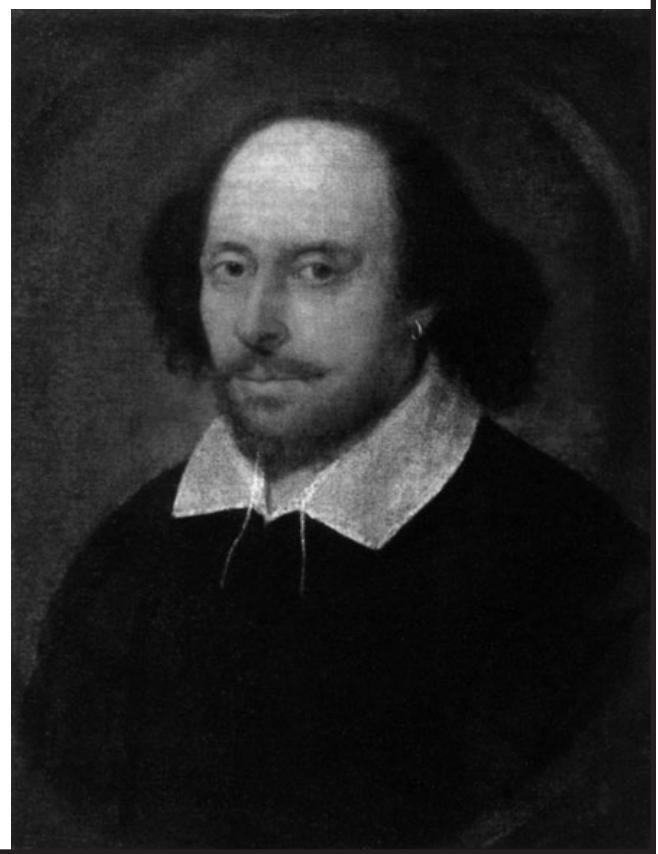
Dear Doubly-Inbred Slop-Inhaling Cretin,

It has come to our attention that over time, people have become less and less cultured. However, we acknowledge that this is not entirely your fault. This isn't 1600, when your only options for an afternoon's entertainment were seeing the latest masterpiece at the Globe or watching your neighbor die of plague. There are many options nowadays. Therefore, we, the cultural elite of the United States, have joined forces to rework the "finer things" so that everyone can become cultured without much effort.

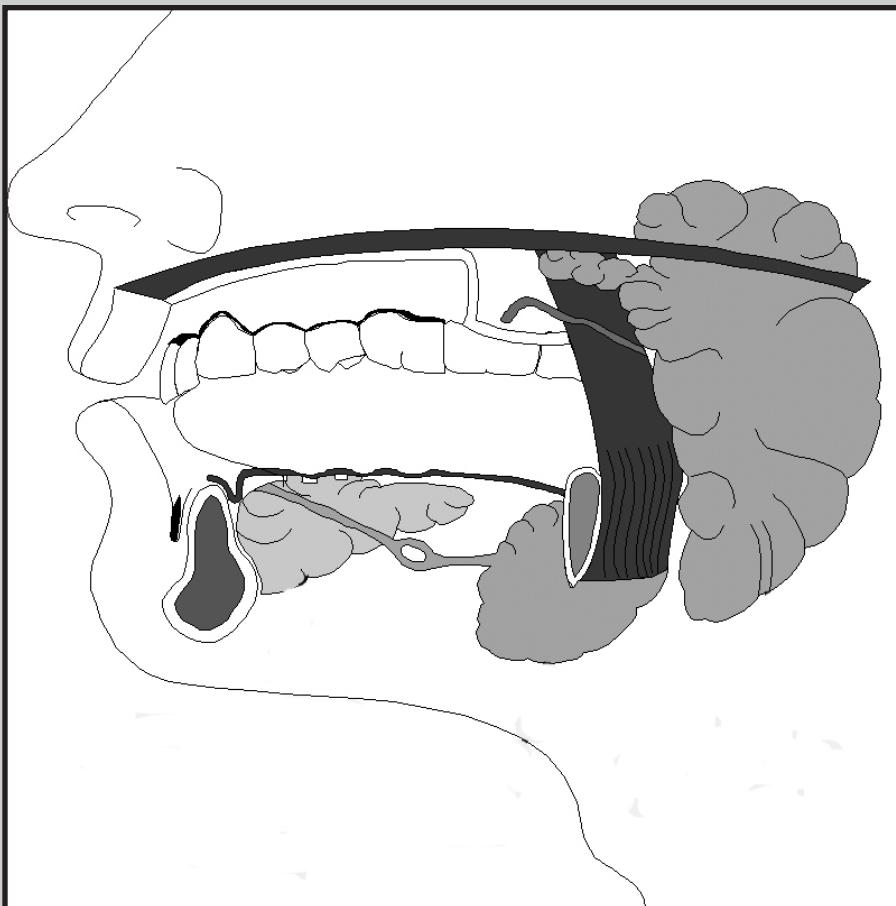
LITERATURE

All lines in Shakespeare that do not contain innuendo, double entendre, Freudian imagery or any permutation thereof shall be stricken from the canon. This way, when asked about a line of the Bard's, everyone will answer "sex" and be correct.

The complete works of Austen, the Bronte sisters, and Woolf shall be condensed into one novel titled *The Ultimate Chick Book*. Similarly, all queer literature shall be reworked into an erotica named *Angels in the Swimming Pool in Search of Billy Grey II on Hot Grass*. It will be scintillatingly sexy.



|s|a|l|i|v|a|



MY ANTI-LUBE

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FINE DINING

All wines produced shall be “good” wine. We feel that it makes no sense to make bad wine when that space and energy could easily be used for a superior product. Our economists theorize this mass-production of quality wine should cause the price to drop to levels of Carlo Rossi.



FILM

The Oscars shall be held a year in advance. Only pictures that win awards will go on to be made, thus ensuring the public will be of good taste and only see quality, award-winning films.



ART

Following Islam’s example, all Christ-like imagery will be henceforth outlawed, thus decimating the current count of art.

To make “understanding” art easy, all naked women shall for now on be recognized as Venus. All women with snakes will be interpreted as Cleopatra. All naked women with snakes will be hereon recognized as Odin, King of the Norse Gods. Anyone who questions this shall be shot.



TELEVISION

Don’t Forget the Lyrics and syndicated reruns of Friends will now be considered “high culture.”

F·R·I·E·N·D·S

We hope these changes will help in making the repugnant mass of mentally deficient bile called the “common man” more tolerable to deal with in the coming years.

MUSIC

All classical music shall be cut down to merely those that the public recognizes from episodes of *Looney Tunes*.

On a similar note, *Carmen* and the *Wagner Ring Cycle* will merge to become the one and only opera. The public will, upon seeing it, feel proud of themselves for recognizing the tunes from commercials on television.

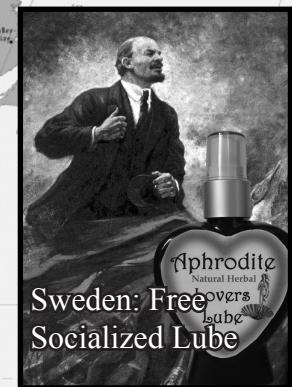
Lubes Ground



Alaska: Permafrost



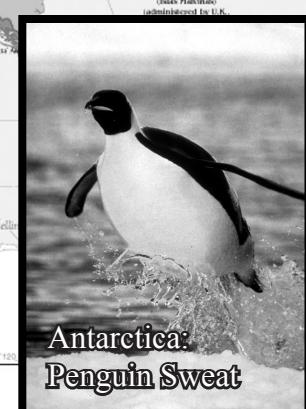
Canada: Bilingual Maple Syrup



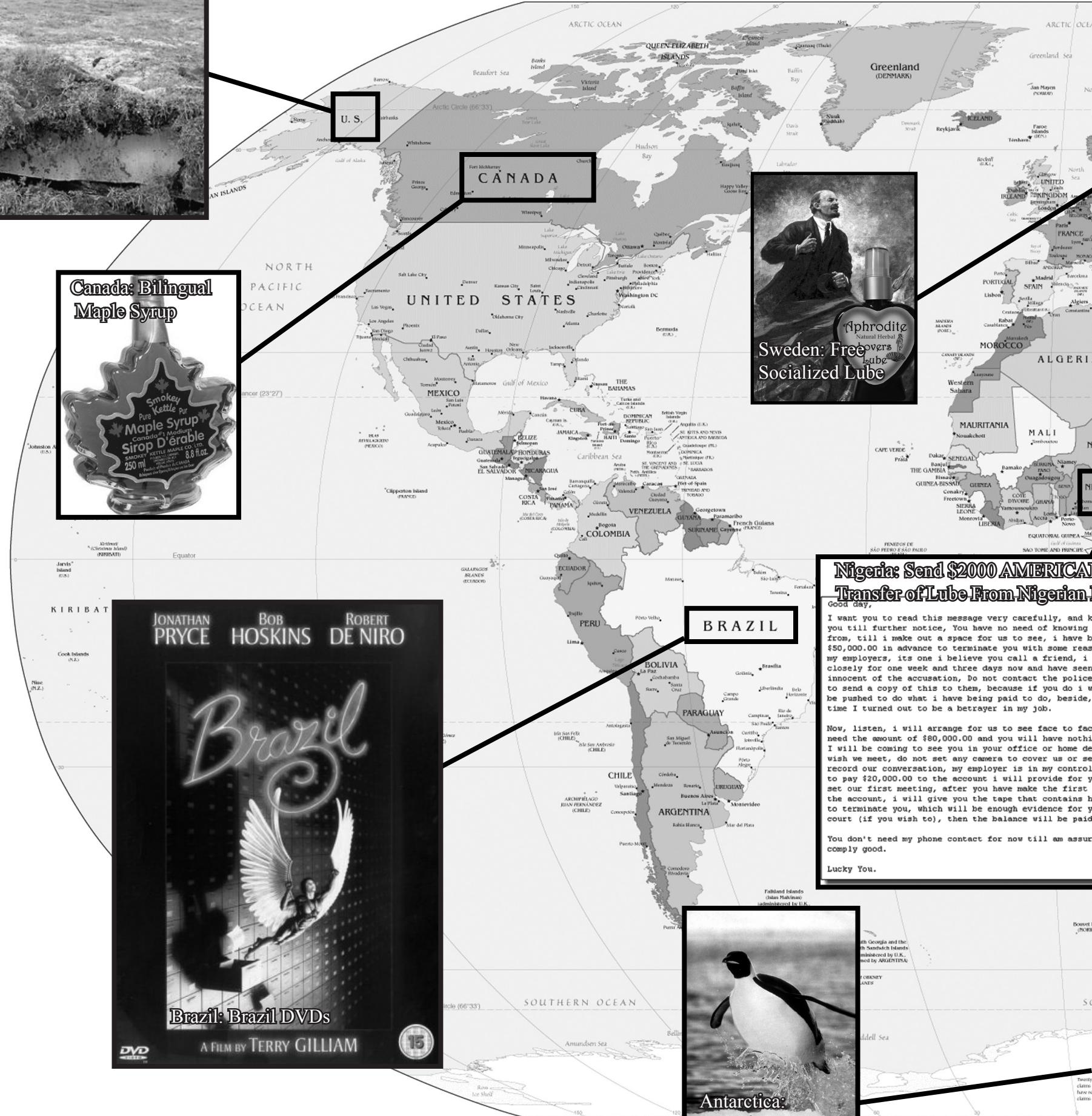
Sweden: Free Lube



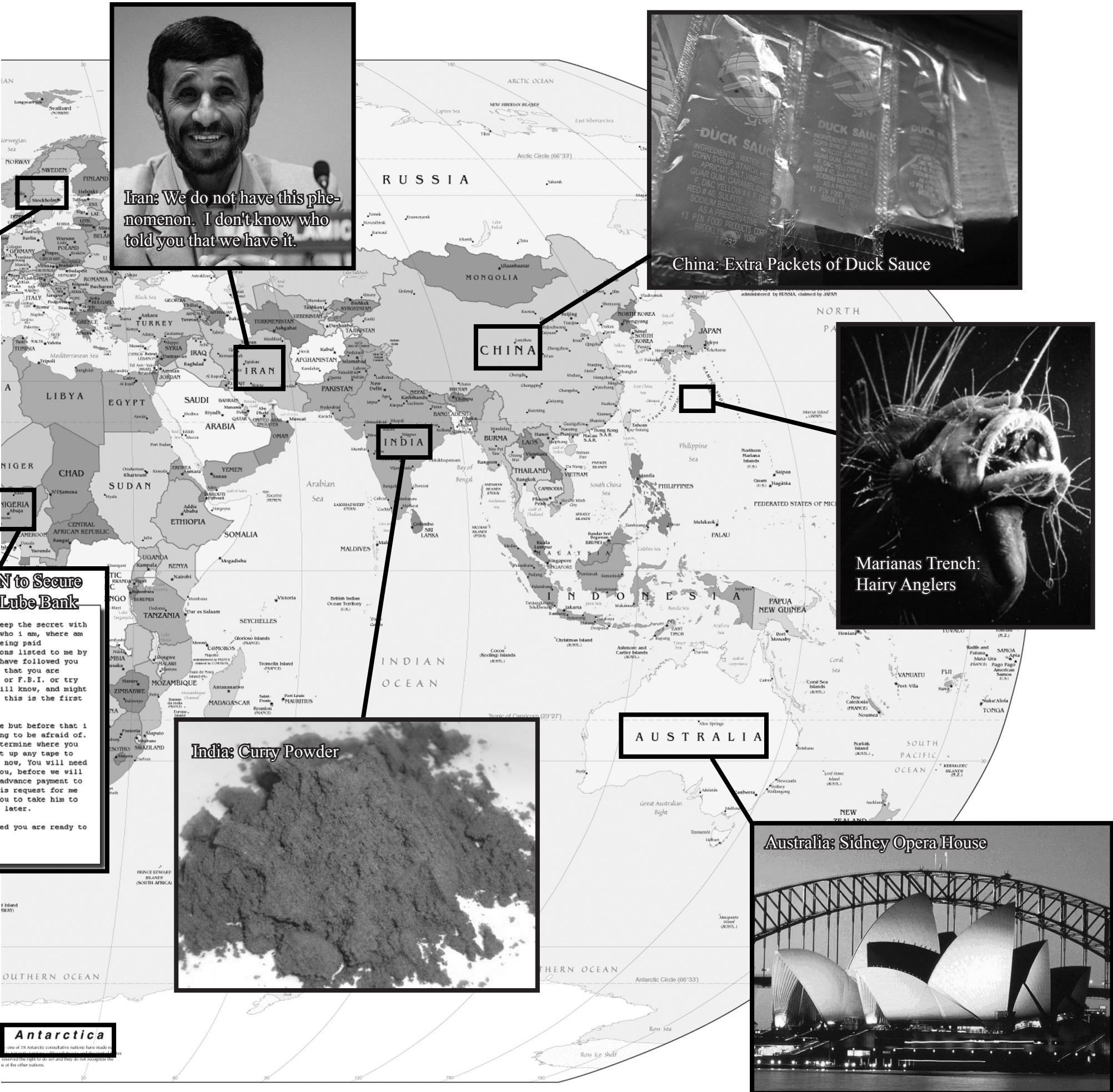
Brazil: Brazil DVDs



Antarctica: Penguin Sweat



The World

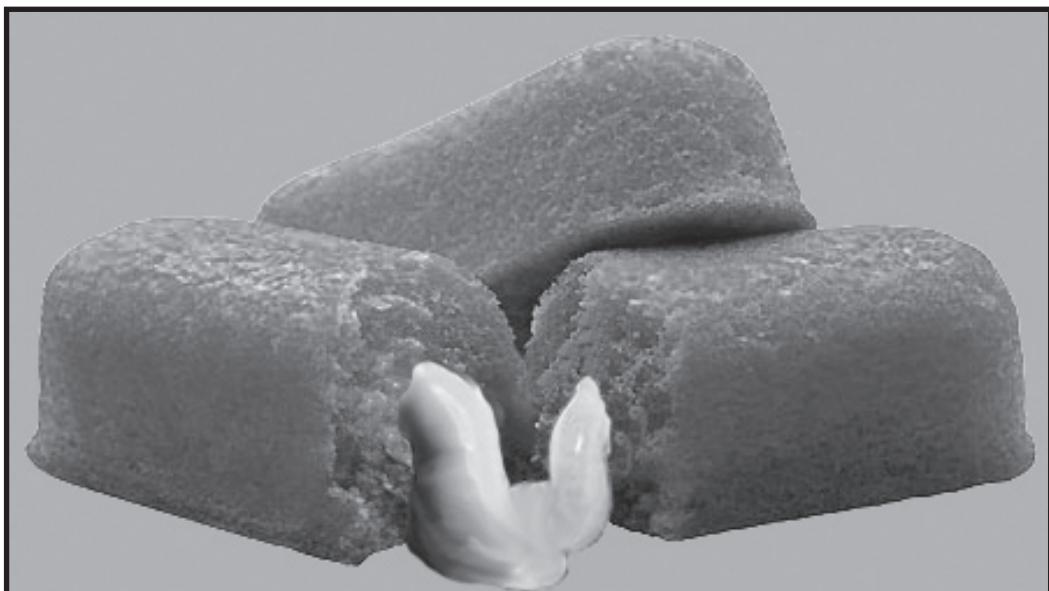


non-lewd lube use #27: COOKING WITH LUBE!

Part 27 of The Zamboni's series of tips on what to do with all your extra lube.

Recipe #1: Lube-berry Cheesecake

- 2 cups Gingersnap Cookie Crumbs
 - 1/3 cup Butter Or Margarine -- Melted
 - 3 1/2 cups Fresh Blueberries -- Divided
 - 1 tablespoon Cornstarch
 - 3 (8 Oz) Pkgs Cream Cheese -- Softened
 - 1 cup Sugar
 - 5 large Eggs
 - 2 tablespoons Cornstarch
 - 1/4 teaspoon Salt
 - 1 1/2 cup Sour Cream
 - 2 tablespoons Sugar
 - LUBE



Recipe #2: Lube-filled Twinkies

Cake:

- 16-Ounce Box golden pound cake mix (disregard mix instructions)
 - 4 egg whites
 - 2/3 cup water

Filling:

- 2 tsp Butter
 - 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
 - 1 cup powdered sugar
 - 1/4 cup granulated sugar
 - 1/3 cup evaporated milk
 - 1 tsp vanilla extract
 - 2 drop lemon extract
 - LUBE SO MUCH LUBE

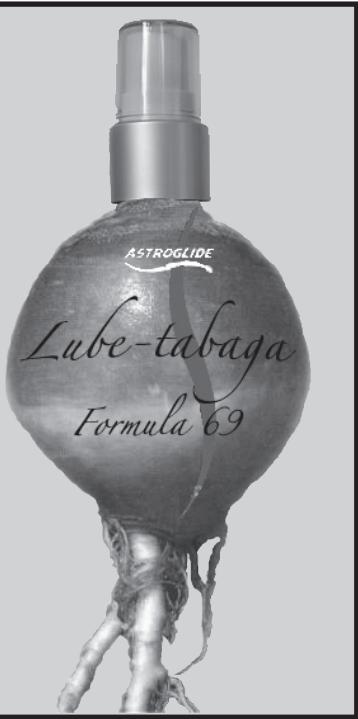
Recipe #3: PB&L Sandwich



Bonus Recipe: Lube-tabaga

**1 Part Rutabaga DNA
1 Part Lube DNA (AKA
Lube-o Nucleic Acid)**

**Mix in genetic splicer to
create horrifying lube-
vegetable hybrd.**



skippy



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Local Teens Strive for YouTube Glory by Matthew Luz

SOMERVILLE, MA— Brad Evans and Trevor Holst took out their cell phone cameras and stood at the ready as compatriot Mike Kowalski prepared for a pivotal scene. “We’ve spent all day planning this,” explained Evans. “We really desired a story arc that spoke to the zeitgeist of our era while not being so esoteric as to be unapproachable.”

Kowalski, dressed in two sweatshirts, jeans and a ski mask, and then proceeded to douse himself in lighter fluid. “Dude, this shit is going to be so baller,” commented Kowalski. With a flick of a match, the trio hopes to achieve eternal notoriety on the video sharing website YouTube with their film “FRIEND ON FIRE AWESOME!!!!” Later, at the burn center in Boston’s Shriners Hospital, Holst was upbeat. “We really captured the essence of Immanuel Kant’s second formulation, that a rational agent is the basis of all maxims of action. I’ve proud of our work. I’ve always been a disciple of Immanuel’s writings.” Next to him, with his body covered in medicated

bandages and breathing pure oxygen due to a devastating case of smoke inhalation, Kowalski giggled. “Ha, dude, you love Kant.”

Over the town line in Medford, a lone filmmaker was preparing his own attempt at internet cinema. “I’ve always loved Spielberg’s *Saving Private Ryan*,” said high school student Eric Schilla. “It’s a commentary on the horror that is armed conflict between men, who are essentially all brothers. It couples that with the infinite burden placed on those who survive, who feel they must always work to pay a debt they owe the fallen.”

Schilla moved some sliders and checked some boxes in his trial version of Final Cut Express. “So I figure I’ll have the opening Utah beach scene with Linkin Park playing over it. If there is one band whose symphonies befit the Second World War, it’s them. My other choice was My Chemical Romance, but that struck me as a little too ‘Jean-Luc Godard.’ I’m going for Classical Realism, not French New Wave.”



Obviously, Kowalski's self-immolation was not as resonant/historically significant as, say, this one.

Will It Fit?

PRESENTED BY ASTRO-GLIDE



Let's hope Santa has some lube in that sac!



So THAT'S how they make these things! Why didn't I think of it before?



Lucky for O.J. these gloves weren't lubed!

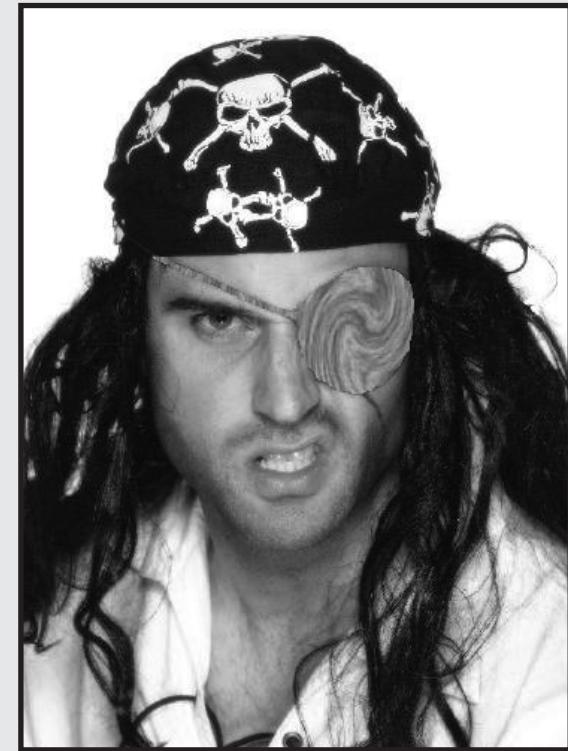
Next time you're faced with a
tight fit ...
remember to lube!

PRESENTING OLL-NEWooo

Pirate Prosthetics



The only thing better than a parrot on your shoulder is a wooden one! Guaranteed life span of 40 years of wooden, avian bliss; warranty void if exposed to water.



Continuing our best-selling wooden theme, our researchers have developed a brand-new peg eyepatch. CAUTION: Watch out for splinters.



Having trouble growing a suitably grizzly pirate beard? No problem! With our patented Parrot brand beard supplement, you'll be able to grow a squawking mess in no time! Does not give power of flight.



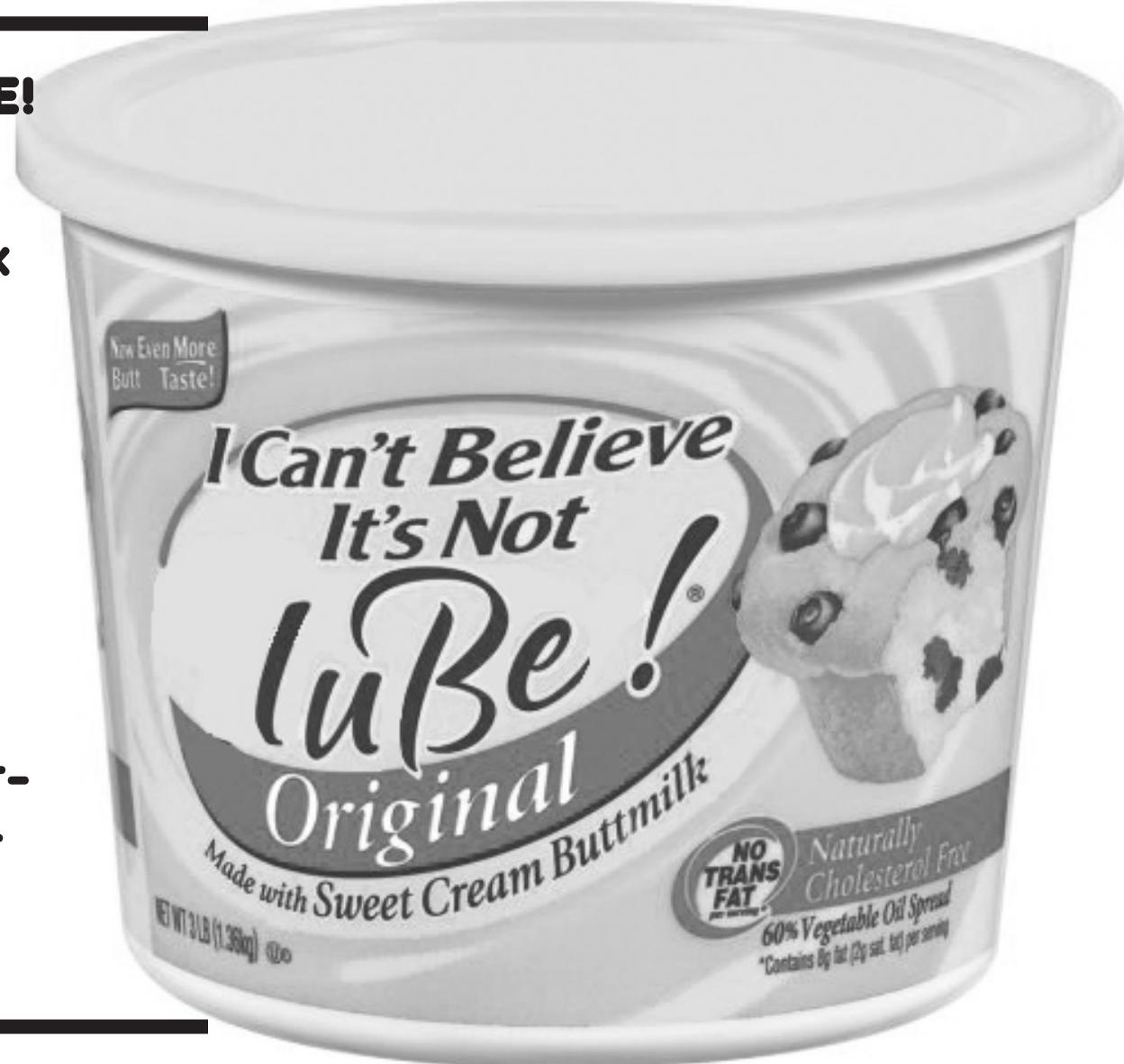
Finally, for the oft-ignored insane and evil villain demographic, we offer a variety of hooks custom-made to synchronize with your gimmick obsession - perfect for catching that annoying protagonist! Jim Carrey not included.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT LUBE!

NEW AND IMPROVED!

- + MADE WITH SWEET CREAM BUTTMILK
- + NO TRANS FAT
- + NATURALLY CHOLESTEROL-FREE
- + 60% VEGETABLE OIL SPREAD (HEY,
REMEMBER THOSE CRISCO DISCOS,
GENTLEMEN?)
- + NOW EVEN MORE BUTT TASTE!

FABIO SAYS, "I LOVE 'I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT'S NOT LUBE!' IT MAKES ME FEEL BET-
TER ABOUT THE FACT THAT A BIRD AL-
MOST GNAWED ME TO DEATH WHILE I
WAS ON A ROLLERCOASTER!"



y|o|l|a|n|d|a|k|i|n|g|



MY ANTI-LUBE

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THE VERY BEST OF



2007
-
2008

Hey Jumbos! Spring has arrived, which means it's time for the Zamboni's "Best of Tufts" survey. We've been collecting/stealing these surveys from the Daily's offices for weeks now, and we are finally publishing the results...adulterated, of course.

On the Hill

- Best student organization: Tufts Mothers
- Best dorm: Bush "23% Approval Rating" Hall
- Best performance group: Tufts Mothers
- Best student band: Better than Ezra (Furman & the Harpoons)
- Best place to pick someone up: Mental Health Services
- Best hang-out spot: Mail Services
- Best campus eatery: Tufts Nursery
- Best candy at Jumbo Express: Chocolate Balls
- Best dining hall dish: One that isn't broken
- Best fuel for an all-nighter: Masturbating in Tisch
- Best study spot: Next to the Tisch masturbator
- Best dining hall theme night: "Tastes Like Baby!"
- Best place to work: "Experimental" College *wink*
- Best class if you want an A: AAAAAAAstronomy
- Best sports team: We have sports?
- Hottest department, A&S: Classics
- Best speaker so far this year: Anyone who spoke on Day of Silence
- Hottest department, Engineer: Not applicable
- Best machine at the gym: The Kegel-ator
- Best drink at Brown & Brew: Mocha Venti No-Whip Nonfat 100% Organic Fair Trade Vegan Double Shot Espresso
- Best frat: DU "Coke & Knives = Fun" Frat
- Best show on WMFO: More like W-M-F-Blows
- Best sorority: You mean, best brothel?
- Best movie at Film Series: No Cunts; Four Old Men (porn based on "No Country for Old Men")
- Best bathroom: It's a tie between the one next to the Crane Room and the one on the first floor of Braker. Such great places to poop.

Off the Hill

- Best pizza: Pizza Days, if it were on MOPS
- Best dance club: Tufts Christian Fellowship, even though it's on the hill.
- Best breakfast/brunch: Broken Yolk, only when Crazy Mike is outside.
- Best music venue: Davis Square T Stop
- Best burritos: Fuego de Culo
- Best place to pick someone up: Craigslist
- Best restaurant on Points: Boloco (though it's a WRAP, not a BURRITO).
- Best mall or shopping area: Meadow Glen Mall (Ghetto Glen, really...)
- Best restaurant off Points: Bitch-Ass Brownies (next to Kickass Cupcakes)
- Best place to get a haircut: SuperCuts
- Restaurant that should have been on Points yesterday:
- Best place to take a walk:
- Best restaurant to go with parents:
- Best destination for a long weekend:
- Best date restaurant:
- Best T line:
- Best coffee shop:
- Best online bookseller:
- Best Chinese takeout:
- Best late-night hangout:
- Best bar:
- Best place for dessert:
- Best liquor store:
- Best anything of your choice: My Stapler

Famous People Pooping Themselves



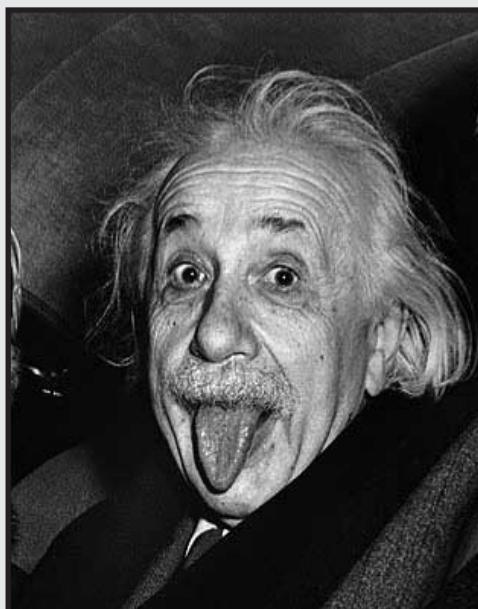
"The American public needs to know whether or not I made a number two.
Well, I made a number two."



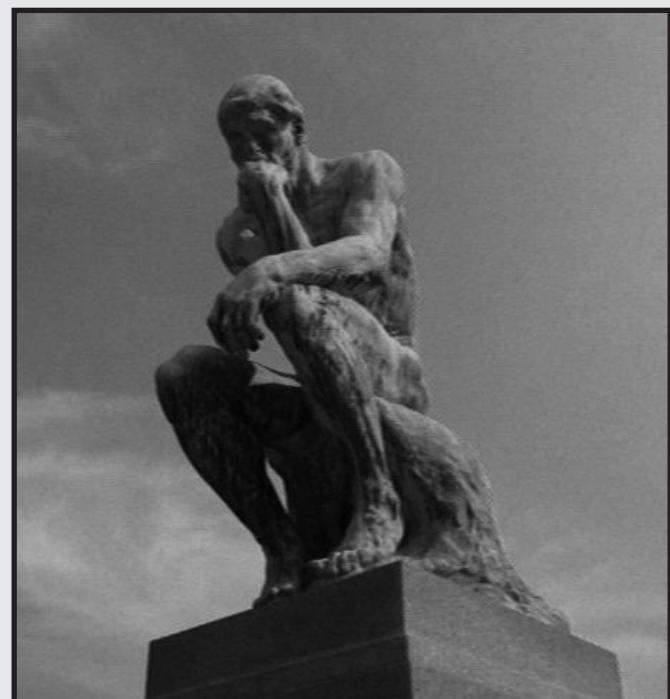
One of the longest sitting Prime Ministers because he was too embarrassed to stand.



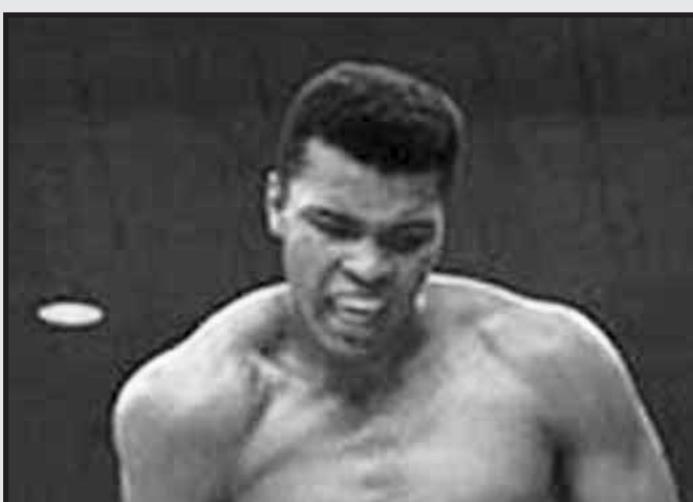
At Don Rickles' age, every successful bowel movement is a black tie affair.
(PS: You don't want to know where that thumb is going.)



Einstein claimed it rivalled the Manhattan Project in size.



He's had plenty of time to contemplate how bad that steak was.



"Mom always said if you push too hard, you'll get Parkinson's."



It's accidents like this that force Bill to look elsewhere for gratification