

**24-karat
GOLD-PLATED
DILDO\$**



Page 6

THE ZAMBONI



PUBLISHED SINCE 1987

DECEMBER 4, 2011



IS THAT
RUN-DMC



YO IS THAT
"MY ADIDAS"

OMG
SWAG ON A
TRILLION

HELL YEAH
IT IS
LET'S RIDE

A TUFTS STUDENT PUBLICATION

Blind Date Bingo - Page 7

They're a Randian Objectivist	Their idea of a "good time" is wild, bumpy, and animalistic. And by that they mean a hay ride!
They ask you if you've been tested before you sit	They eat spaghetti with their hands.

THE ZAMBONI KISSES AND TELLS ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT LOVE, SEX, AND RELATIONSHIPS!

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

- **FRESHMAN GIRL even more boring drunk... page 2**
- **MOST MUSIC depressing to the newly single... PAGE 5**
- **MISSED MOE-NNCTIONS... PAGE 13**

Editor-in-Chief

Matthew "Honolulu" McGowen

Managing Editor

Andrew "Albany" Reisman

Editors-at-Large

Laura "Boise" Rathsmill

Benjamin "Sacramento" Schwalb

Editors Abroad

Andy "Richmond" Lang

Staff

Megan "Helena" Clark

Will "Lincoln" Owen

Sarah "Springfield" Olstein

Jonathan "Concord" Wooldridge

Max "Augusta" Cohen

Vicky "Carson City" Rathsmill

Editors Emeritus:

Anne "Indianapolis" Fricker

Sarah "Atlanta" Jacknis

Kate "Albuquerque" Peck

Katie "Juneau" Ray

Mark "Tallahassee" Villanueva

Lauren "Charleston" Vigdor

Michael "Lansing" Yarsky

Luke "Harrisburg" Burns

Ryan "Phoenix" Oliveira

A Word from the Editor

So the semester has come to a close, that girl/guy on your floor/in your intro psych class hasn't called you since before thanksgiving/answered your last booty call with a string of obscenities too vile and numerous to be reprinted here, and you're feeling a bit lovesick/need to drown the sorrow. It's okay! No matter how your love life is going, your friends here at the Zamboni have got some good news for you. We've got lots of inspiring and heartwrenching stories, like the saga of Cameron Flagler, who just got dumped and found solace in his favorite emo album, and the tumultuous tale of an anonymous man's experience with internet dating. We've got the latest in who's dating who with our relationship blotter, and for the more politically-minded, we've got a pre-primary breakdown of all the major parties and how good they are in the sack.

Got an anniversary coming up? Check out our sponsor's feature page for some gift ideas that will make a lasting impression. Interested in some more platonic news? It's all here.

Love is a complicated thing, but hopefully we can help you find what you're looking for. Remember, there are 7 billion people on the planet now! An overwhelming majority of them would probably be unable, unwilling, or unfit to have a serious, intimate relationship with you, but don't let that get you down. If you're looking for a relationship, that special someone could be out there, looking for you right now. Go find 'em! If you're just looking for a good time, then you can call Jenny, 617-555-4392. At least that's what it says in the men's room in Eaton.

Ain't that a kick in the head?



Enrique Iglesias wants you to

Come to the Zamboni!

Wednesdays at 10 pm
Campus Center Room 209
(most of the time)

Or email us at TuftsZamboni@gmail.com

Submissions welcome!



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 the word count must be a prime number (the Wooldridge 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 McGowen Clause).

NEWS

Now where's our Pulitzer?

Girl's Roommate Proves Even More Boring When Drunk

By Laura Rathsmill

MEDFORD, MA — Disappointment ran high Saturday night in Haskell when Freshman Sarah Cohen's boring roommate proved to be even more dull while intoxicated. The roommate, Jessica Smith, a Child Development major from Windsor, CT, ("home of John Fitch, inventor of the steamboat," as she likes to put it) has overwhelmed her entire freshman suite since the first day of orientation, when she almost brought all eight girls to tears with an excruciatingly awful story about her glucose allergy that almost caused fellow suitemate Courtney Banks to rip off her skin-tag in boredom. Banks adds that Cohen "is the type of girl who has the full series of Friends on DVD—She actually spent \$162 on Amazon for that shit."

Cohen and her suitemates had been planning since early September to get Jessica drunk in the hopes that they could bring out "her crazy side." "We just all assumed that she'd have to be more fun while hammered," Cohen explains. This plan proved difficult to execute, as Smith repeatedly turned down offers from her suitemates to drink and go to parties with them, often giving uninspiring excuses such as "I'm not sure...I'm finished with everything for tomorrow, but I should probably start my bio lab that's due next month," or, "I would, but I really want to do some laundry and then watch *Love Actually*." Suitemate Lin Chu claims that she gave the latter excuse "at least 3 times," and several eyewitnesses confirm that Smith was telling the truth, and did, in fact, watch the movie on three separate occasions. "I think it was during a three-day weekend, actually," reflects her suitemate Kendra Neves.

"We were finally able to convince her to drink with us during Homecoming weekend," says Cohen. Huddled in Cohen and Smith's room, their suitemates watched in excitement as Smith sipped gingerly at her vodka and cranberry juice—as she refused to imbibe the rum and coke they offered her, explaining that it sounded a little "too crazy."

Contrary to their expectations, Smith became even more uninteresting after consuming the alcohol, according to those present at the time. Getting "hammered" after a pathetic three shots, Smith started slurring bland remarks every few minutes, such as "Wow, I'm think I'm pretty drunk. Huh." according to several eyewitness accounts. "It was pretty pathetic," says Kim Datlof, another suitemate. In hopes of eliciting an amusing statement, Smith's suitemates occasionally asked her how it felt to be drunk, only to receive the most boring, noncommittal answer possible: "Um...I don't know. I just don't know," which, according to suitemates, is Smith's most frequent response to any question.

Cohen and her suitemates were crushed by Smith's disappointing drunk personality. "To say that we were devastated would be an understatement." Cohen admits that one of the most notable things she did that night was post Jack Johnson lyrics as her Facebook status, which, according to Cohen, "she does every week anyway."

"Then she tried to get us to pose for pictures with her on iPhoto," winces Cohen. "We did it for a minute or so, just to humor her, but stopped once she tried to get us to do some 'crazy' faces. We weren't having that."

Cohen and several of her suitemates report that Smith spends the majority of her free time reading Jodi Picoult novels, though she does occasionally like to spend entire afternoons listening to Jason Mraz on Spotify. Smith's laptop is a 13-inch white Macbook that she received as a graduation present. After going more than four months without changing its background, Smith, after careful deliberation, finally decided to choose one of the pre-installed backgrounds that most expressed her personality—a ladybug sitting on an edge of a leaf.

Suitemate Kate Li remembers a time when Smith interrupted her friend Mariah's especially riveting story about her previous night's hookup "in order to tell us that she didn't get stir fry at Carm because the line was too long."

"I could have assaulted her right then and there," Mariah admits. This incident was also notable because it was one of Smith's few "interesting" stories that took place outside of Starbucks.



From the album "Senior Summer <3".

News

Side effects may include depression

High School Student's Breakup Documented By Band

By Matthew McGowen

ATTLEBORO, MA -- When Attleboro High School student Cameron Flagler, 17, was dumped last Thursday by his girlfriend Amy McCauley, 16, he didn't think that there was a soul in the world who could empathize with the pain he was experiencing. But after Flagler spent the better part of the weekend in his room sorting through his emotions and

"It's all like – 'Slightly bruised and broken, from this head on collision.' It's just like exactly how I'm feeling." - Cameron Flagler

listening to as much angst-laden music as is humanly possible, he came to a realization: the lyrics of New Found Glory's album "Sticks and Stones" offered more than just an amalgamation of vague pop-punk cli-

chés – they spelled out his agonizing split with McCauley in near-perfect detail. This caused Flagler to conclude that the album was somehow written about his breakup, even though he was just 8 years old when the album came out in 2002.

"It's just so obvious – 'My Friends over You' is all about how I preferred to spend time with my friends because Amy was always, like, trying to do lame stuff," Flagler said, referring to a song that is actually about the singer leading on a girl even though he doesn't have true feelings for her. "And 'Head On Collision' is just like, *so* how I feel right now. It's all like – 'Slightly bruised and broken, from this head on collision.' It's just like exactly how I'm feeling," Flagler sighed, mentioning a song clearly about a relationship that had been fading for a while, as he wiped a tear off on the sleeve of his Warped Tour 2010 t-shirt. "And, like, 'The Great Houdini' is like how it's probably the

right thing." (Ed: I'm beginning to think this guy doesn't know any of the words to these songs. The lyrics to that one are 'Now it's safe to say/you will never change your ways/ You would give up anything/to prove your point' just for starters. I'm honestly embarrassed that this guy is so far off base with his interpretations.)

"But I'm just so hurt," Flagler continued. "Amy and I had such a great thing going. Our one-month anniversary was coming up, and I, I just – I just miss her!" Flagler then began to sob and sing something incoherent into his pillow.

Interestingly enough, Amy McCauley tells things differently. "New Found Glory?" she laughed to her friends over lunch the next week. "This was more like that Carrie Underwood song about wrecking the shit out of her ex's car because he fools around with some slut. Because that's exactly what happened."

Nation's Mommies, Daddies Need Some Alone Time

By Andrew Reisman

NEW YORK, NY -- In a jointly held conference this week, the National Alliance Of Mommies and the American Daddy Federation announced that the youth of America should go outside, to allow for what NAM spokesman Margaret Weiss called "special alone time."

"It's not that American's mommies and daddies don't love you," Weiss stressed, as Tracy Hickman, spokesman for the ADF, kept poking her in the back and making her blush. The press corps was abuzz with questions as to why Weiss didn't yell for Hickman to stop touching her, but both Weiss and Hickman refused to comment.

When pressed, Weiss gave a terse response. "Just, just go play with little Canada down the lane. Our two organizations need

to meet with the National Bedroom Council in order to fix up a bookcase. No, you can't help us. The assembled press might hurt itself on a nail," she said, clutching a copy of the ADF's charter, even though the NAM has recently put out a press release saying that we should never let people touch our charters ever unless we give them special permission.

Canada's Prime Minister Harper has suggested that the NAM/ADF cooperation sure is loud, and that the last time the Canadian



Mumsy Alliance and Her Majesty's Royal Assemblage Of Pop-Pops made that much noise, they got a new province. As of press time, President Obama hopes it's a blue state.

News

It's like Twitter except not at all

Schizophrenic Narcissists Triumph over DOMA

By Andrew Reisman

WASHINGTON, DC – Lawmakers sat in awed silence on Monday as the North American Man-Man Love Association's spokesman, Hugo Ego, put forth a passionate plea for same-sex marriage rights.

"It's simply not fair," said Mr. Ego, standing before the assembled congressmen, senators, the President, and all nine Supreme Court justices, "that just because I am in love with the most wonderful man I know, I should be barred from having our marriage recognized in over two thirds of America." Nearing tears, Mr. Ego's speech strained as his emotions became palpable. "I just... I

just want to be able to marry myself! Is that so much to ask?"

Surprisingly, the movement of self-centered assholes who can think of nobody more deserving of their everlasting love and devotion but themselves really spoke to the congressmen, who immediately drafted and passed a repeal of the Defense Of Marriage Act, or DOMA. The repeal, which was quickly shifted up through the Senate and signed by President Obama, took effect immediately, and was followed by 536 subsequent weddings, as both houses of Congress and Hugo all spontaneously wed themselves.

House Speaker John Boehner (R-OH)

was beaming as he held up both of his hands, a wedding ring on each ring finger. "Finally, after all of these years, me and myself are free to explore our love. For years, I was afraid that if I ended up in the hospital, I wouldn't be able to visit myself."

Senator Newt Gingrich (R-GA) was similarly grateful, saying, "it means so much to me and my son Ng-Thuk that we can all finally be a real family," referring to the Vietnamese child he and his partner Senator Newt Gingrich (R-GA) adopted last year.

Andrew Reisman is totally not a psuedonym for Hugo Ego, or vice versa.

Most Music Unintentionally Designed to Depress Newly Single, Recent Study Shows

By Jonathan Wooldridge

BIRMINGHAMPTON, ML -- A recent study performed by England State University professor Marcus Brigsby, 6 hours after he discovered that his wife had been cheating on him for years, showed that the majority of all music, past and present, is incredibly depressing to the newly single.

"Most people don't think about this, but almost every song you hear, either on the radio or on your friend's terrible mixtapes, whether it was written in 2002 or 1602, is about love in some way or another," says Brigsby in his paper, titled "Music: Weapon of the Happily Copulating," in which he theorizes that music was originally designed to pressure people into entering into a committed relationship. "Even a covert mention of love will set off a newly single person, and most music is not subtle."

Brigsby found, through a cataloguing of every known piece of lyric music, that 99.83% of all songs ever written are about love in some form or another. This cataloguing also broke down the rest of music into a surprisingly small number of categories. 0.08% of all lyric songs are about death, 0.07% are about clubbing and/or drug use, 0.019999% are written by Weird Al or other satirical artists. The remaining 0.000001% is taken up by "The Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats, "Down Under" by Men at Work, and "Bicycle Race" by Queen.



This man just listened to "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go" by Wham!

When *The Zamboni* visited Brigsby to try to get an impromptu interview, we found him dead, lying next to an open bottle of pills and an album by The Script.

News

Vegan Friendly

Rick Perry Touts Gun Rights in Ad by Shooting Self in Foot

By Matthew McGowen

AUSTIN, TX -- Texas Governor and Republican Presidential Candidate Rick Perry strengthened his stance on gun rights in a new official campaign advertisement that was released Wednesday. The ad, titled "Strong", is a thirty-second spot that features Perry musing on the state of affairs and Religion in the United States, and then taking out a big ol' gun and firing shot after shot into his foot for the remainder of the ad. The ad has sparked controversy already, polarizing voters in pretty routine ways. Republicans are impressed with the patriotic manner in which he shot himself in the foot, claiming that the right to shoot one's foot is one of the most fundamental rights of the constitution, and is how the founding fathers intended things to be. Democrats are claiming that the shots to the foot are indecent as well as intolerant, and that Perry is merely shooting himself in the foot to gain sympathy votes from

his party's base in the rapidly-approaching Republican primaries.

Gay rights groups and Religious groups have also taken offense to the ads, claiming that they are in poor taste. In the ad, Perry makes statements such as "you don't need to be in the pew every Sunday to know there's something wrong in this country when gays can serve openly in the military but our kids can't openly celebrate Christmas or pray in school," "As President, I'll end Obama's war on religion," "I'll fight against liberal attacks on our religious heritage," "Faith made America strong. It can make her strong again," and finally, "I'm Rick Perry and I approve this message." Each of these statements was punctuated by a shot to the foot.

Analysts are confused about the implications of the commercial. "It's clear that Rick Perry is a Christian who wants gays out of the military and Jesus back in the hearts and minds of the American people," says James LaCasce

of the New Political Media Institute. "But why on Earth would he spend so much time shooting himself in the foot? It doesn't make sense." Craig Parker, a senior media guru of the watchdog group MoveOn.org, offers another take: "The implication is that Obama's war on religion is soon going to spread to gun rights, which were explicitly promised by Jesus to George Washington or something like that. I've never read the Bible, as a staunch atheist I consider myself to be above that drivel."

No matter the cause, the ad was certainly a shock to many. While Perry is reportedly in stable condition and unlikely to suffer long-term damage from the shots to his foot, his campaign could find itself in critical condition if complications from the ad develop.

Matthew McGowen is The Zamboni's principal correspondent for coverage of the Republican Primaries.

Scientists Create Invisibility Cloak, Lose It

By Jonathan Wooldridge

DALLAS, TX -- The Research and Development department of Incredividual Dynamics has discovered a new method of heating carbon nanotubes to a degree of heat high enough for their molecular particles to vibrate at such a frequency that photons can simply pass through them.

In a press conference held earlier today, lead researcher David Swindlebaum was excited "In effect, this means that we have discovered the means to create a true invisibility cloak at last. HOLY SHIT, HOW COOL IS THAT?"

Swindlebaum then punched the air, let out several more "holy shit"s, and then simply walked away from the podium, hands behind his head, and stared up at the Dallas sky.

"God damn," he said, "God damn."

Later, after the press conference, I was allowed to sit down with Swindlebaum and

the rest of his team. Several of them were wearing lampshades over their heads, and all were in very visible stages of inebriation, stress, melancholy, and ecstasy.

"It's true. I just, I just... oh man. We did it, yknow? Oh man." - Dr. Swindlebaum

"It's like after we discovered the friction constants necessary to effect total invisibility, something in all of us just snapped. I see the world in a different way than I ever did, man. It's so beautiful." said Christina Yerkshi, the senior research assistant on the project.

The team, which was formed in 2009 after the previous team had all, for one reason or another, decided to go find themselves in Europe, discovered the unique sequenc-

ing on carbon nanotubes that allows for the effect after weeks of intense study. Now, however, the industrial laser has been reconfigured to do nothing but play light shows in tune to the music of Pink Floyd.

The director of the program, Anthony Schermerhorn, believes that the stress of working for so long, as well as the final breakthrough, was too much for the work-addled minds of the team. "I saw this before, when their predecessors invented breathable cheese. After that final step, when the lab rats didn't suffocate under the mountain of test-reblochon, I just saw the lights go out in all of their eyes."

Swindlebaum could only corroborate the story. "It's true. I just, I just... oh man. We did it, yknow? Oh man."

As of press time, the existence of the invisibility cloak could not be verified, as it could not be found.

News

Now with Ron Paul coverage!

Crab-Walkers Propose Creation of a Lane

By Vicky Rathsmill

MEDFORD, MA -- In the wake of the death of freshman Melvin Dumfarht, the Crab-Walkers of Tufts University (CWTU) have proposed a crab-walking lane on the Tufts campus.

Last week, Dumfarht was killed while he was crab-walking his way to class on Professors Row. As he paused to take a rest, another student, Mindy Winkelstein, ran him over. "He was literally lying in the middle of the street," Winkelstein said. "How the fuck was I supposed to see him?"

The President of the CWTU, Idiota Staples, has responded with a call for a crab-walking lane. "We are a peaceful group that just wants to safely practice this healthy and aesthetically pleasing exercise on our own campus. Melvin's death is a tragedy, but hopefully some good can come out of it."

She suggested that that the lane be called Dumfarht Lane, in honor of Melvin's memory.

"The dominant bipedal ideology renders invisible an entire population of crab-walkers—people who don't conform to this narrow definition of what it means to walk around." - 'Dr. Krab'

Somerville local Stu Krabzwalke, who calls himself Dr. Krab, is one of the leaders in the National Crab-walking Unit. The Zamboni visited his "office" in Davis Square, where he keeps his personal shopping cart covered in crab stickers.

"All our lives humans are told that the only way we can get around is by walking on two feet. But this simply isn't true," Krabzwalke explained, picking at his teeth with a week-old chicken bone.

"The dominant bipedal ideology renders invisible an entire population of crab-walkers—people who don't conform to this

narrow definition of what it means to walk around...I'M DR. KRAB!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Senior Bob Jones supports this measure. He explained that he has routinely waited for more than two hours for the crab-walkers to pass on their weekly "Saturday Night Crab Crawl." "Literally no one would get hurt if they stopped crab-walking. It's actually retarded."

Staples said that Dumfarht, who had never crab-walked before joining the CWTU, had become a devotee since joining the group. "Melvin was a little nervous at first, but he was just beginning to get his 'crab legs.'"

There is going to be a memorial crab-walk this Sunday to commemorate Dumfarht's memory, and hundreds of students from the Boston area are expected to attend. The group plans to crab-walk in unison from Davis Square Station to Park Street Station, humming "Rock Lobster."

Anti-Vaccination Movement Blamed in Cooties Outbreak

By Matthew McGowen

LAWRENCE TOWNSHIP, NJ -- The Anti-Vaccine movement that has gained significant public attention in recent years has claimed another victim. Lawrenceville Elementary School, in Lawrence Township, New Jersey, has experienced the worst outbreak of cooties the nation has seen since the vaccine was developed in the late 1950s. Infection rates are well above 50%, with the school's health professionals scrambling unsuccessfully to treat the infected and prevent further spread of the disease.

Epidemiologists from the Center for Disease Control have determined that the cause of the outbreak was the drastic decline in back-to-school vaccinations, with participation in the program dropping to a mere 23%

this summer. The Cootinelleus Juvenilis vaccine, colloquially known as the 'Cooties Shot', is traditionally self-administered by students to friends among their own gender. However, many local parents have pressured the administration to stop the practice after recent medical studies have attempted to link the vaccine to increased teenage sexual activity. As a result, when parents began to see children coming home from school with the telltale circles and dots that the shot leaves on the immunized, they took action and the principal swiftly banned the practice.

The majority of the scientific community is skeptical of these studies. Dr. Andy Peck, spokesman for the Klein Institute of Schoolyard Sicknesses, has issued a press release concerning the matter, stating, "Claims of

increased sexual activity as a result of the Cooties vaccine are at best completely absurd, and at worst dangerous to the lives of children everywhere. Even if the supposed link does exist, the destructive effects of cooties, both physical and psychological, surely outweigh the costs of increased sexual activity amongst teenagers. Indeed, the mere mention of cooties can strike terror into the heart of a six-year-old, but the prospect of more sex produces quite the opposite reaction amongst high-schoolers."

A nationwide poll of medical practitioners found that an overwhelming majority of doctors and nurses believe the study to be false, many of them claiming that although they themselves received the shot, they were virgins until they graduated high school.

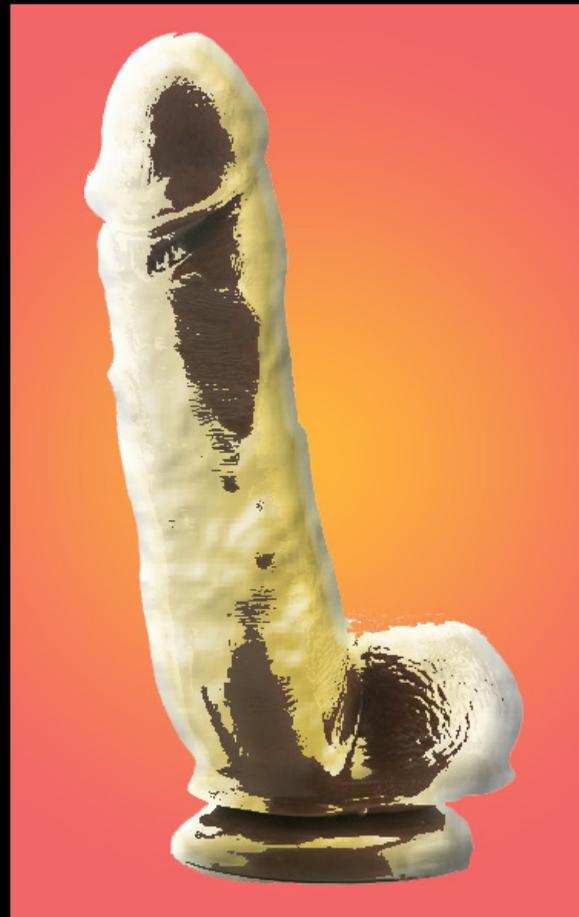
THE FOLLOWING IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT, SO WE GET TO RUN
SOME OTHER SHIT IN COLOR AND PRETEND THAT WE'RE A REAL NEWSPAPER.

*This Holiday Season
Don't Just Say it
Say it with a dildo*



TABOO

OBSCENE



TIMELESS

*A dildo is the perfect expression of
true love and lasting commitment*

A dildo is forever

The Zamboni,

HAVING BEEN ON FAR TOO MANY OF THESE,
PROUDLY PRESENTS TO YOU:

BLIND DATE

B	I	N	G	O
They order the most expensive thing, and don't even bother to try to pick up the check.	They're actually blind. Whoops!	They know there's something wrong in this country when gays can serve openly in the military, but our children can't openly celebrate Christmas or pray in schools.	They play for the other team, and they want to take you to nationals ;)	They have severe allergies. To you.
Their cries for help are making people stare. Embarrassing!	They love to watch Jersey Shore, unironically.	They love to watch Michael Bay's Transformers, unironically.	They love to watch you while you sleep. Unironically.	They're not blind, but their owner is. Woof!
They eat spaghetti with their hands.	Their idea of a "good time" is wild, bumpy, and animalistic. And by that they mean a hay ride!	They are significantly less attractive than you were led to believe (FREE SPACE)	They're actually a worshipper of the blind idiot god Azathoth. Whoops! Ia! Ia!	They keep asking you what you're doing tomorrow and the day after that, and the day after that....
They ask you if you've been tested before you sit down to eat.	They eat spaghetti with your hands.	They're a Randian Objectivist	They offer to get you tested before you sit down to eat.	They won't stop getting calls from their parole officer.
You're being Punk'd	They're just your ex-significant other in a wig and a mustache.	They've ever been as far as to go do more look like.	Their idea of a "good time" is wild, bumpy, and animalistic. And by that they mean a donkey show.	They're playing BLIND DATE BINGO <i>(editor's note: in case of a tie, you are legally wed)</i>

THE RULES OF THE GAME:

***FOR EVERY TRUE STATEMENT ON THE BOARD, PLACE A MARKER DOWN.**

***IF YOU HAVE FIVE MARKERS IN A ROW AND YELL "BINGO!", YOU WIN!**

***IF SOMEONE ELSE ON A DATE IN THE SAME PLACE YELLS BEFORE YOU, OR IF YOUR DATE REALIZES THAT YOU'RE PLAYING A SICK, EMOTIONALLY SHALLOW GAME ABOUT THEM, YOU LOSE!**

MISSED MOE-NECTIONS



Love: Fie dollahs.

12/3/11, 12:55 AM

I was drunk, you were hot. I ordered a kielbasa and turned around to say hi, but you had already disappeared, leaving nothing but a trail of vomit.

12/2/11, 11:15 PM

You ordered a cheeseburgah. Fie dollahs.

12/3/11, after Zeta

I was standing behind this really attractive girl in line, and then I saw you. You were okay, if I was having an off night. I want to brag about how I smushed you to my boys. Hit me up, yo.

12/?/11, ??:?? ??

My friend vomited on your burger, which I was drunk enough to find hilarious. I'm sorry. Can I make it up to you? Also sorry for: it wasn't my friend, it was me. And throwing up on your second consecutive burger just out of spite was a little mean. Also also sorry for: Punching you in the face, grabbing your third burger, and running back to my dorm yelling "I AM THE BANDIT QUEEN! FEAR THE NIGHT WHILE I WALK AMONG YOU!"

12/3/11, 12:55 AM

I saw you ordering your kielbasa and I was about to jump your bones right on the spot, but I was kidnapped by vomit slugs. Save me.

Thurston Moore and Kim Deal Get Back Together After Fans Took it Too Hard

By Laura Rathsmill

NORTHAMPTON, MA—Founding members of the seminal alternative rock band Sonic Youth, Thurston Moore and Kim Deal, have decided to end their separation, which they announced in mid October, after realizing the damaging emotional toll it took on their fans.

“I didn’t realize how upset they’d be,” admits Moore, lead guitarist, in an interview at his home with Gordon in Northampton, MA. “If I knew how much it would tear them apart, Kim and I would've never considered it.”

The couple has been married for 27 years—since 1984, three years after they formed their critically acclaimed alternative rock band. Regarded by many fans as indie rock’s most intimidating married couple, Gordon and Moore’s split devastated aging white people across the country.

Longtime fan Shane Bernstein comments, “I felt angry and betrayed when I found out that they separated. I mean, didn’t they even consider how I would feel about their decision? I’m disgusted. *The Eternal* wasn’t even that good an album.”

Many expressed a sense of unbearable loss and aimlessness. The music critic community took it especially hard, with one Pitchfork writer killing himself after hearing about the break up. Their November 14th concert in Sao Paulo, Brazil—rumored to be their last show—had surprisingly sparse attendance, with just a handful of solitary fans dressed in widows’ weeds, crying in various corners.

“When I realized how devastating our separation was to our fans, and how much it made them worry about the stability of Sonic Youth’s future, all our personal reasons for splitting up seemed so selfish. We just couldn’t keep them hurting anymore.” Explains Thurston in an interview at his home with Gordon in Northampton, MA.

“All the irreconcilable differences that arose during our 27 years of marriage seemed so petty when we remembered how much our relationship means to our listeners. You have to put the fans first,” says Gordon.

Another fan, 17-year-old Tim Silverman, said the unbearable loss has stripped him of his will to live: “I will never believe that any two people can love again!” he cried out, making the entire Zamboni staff feel extremely uncomfortable. Later he added that he has been experiencing severe digestive distress ever since he heard the news.

Many psychologists specializing in listener-musician relationships say that Moore and Gordon’s decision to remain together was the right thing to do. Recent studies show that fans whose favorite band experiences a divorce between it’s members are more likely to experience depression, addicted to drugs, join street gangs, and start growing unattractive facial hair. Lewis believes that “Indie rock fans are especially vulnerable to these effects, as they have an especially wimpy constitution and strong susceptibility to Morrissey-like illusions of tragic despair.

Music critic Robert Christgau of *The Village Voice*, gave their separation a B+, noting that the duration of their relationship and the suddenness of the announcement heightens the emotional tragedy. He has rated their reconciliation an asterisk (“*”), though nobody quite remembers what this means.

The Relationship Blotter

Facebook Official Since 2010

By Megan Clark and Andrew Reisman

At approximately 9 pm on Tuesday, November 29, Chelsey Livingston, a sophomore at Tufts University, changed her relationship status to “It’s complicated.” When asked why it was so complicated, Ms. Livingston initially said, “You wouldn’t understand,” and then added that the object of her affection does not actually know they are dating. She declined to give a name but described her crush as the boy who sits three rows ahead of her in Bio 13.

Ms. Livingston hopes this relationship will progress further but acknowledged, “He can be a little moody sometimes—it’s just because he’s so sensitive and artsy—so I think things might be complicated for a while.”

That cute girl in your Geometric Studies Of Animal Placenta course JUST changed her relationship status to "single." Are you gonna talk to her? Huh, dude? You totally should, I see her looking over at you all the time. Sources close to her state that she totally stalked your Facebook that one time.

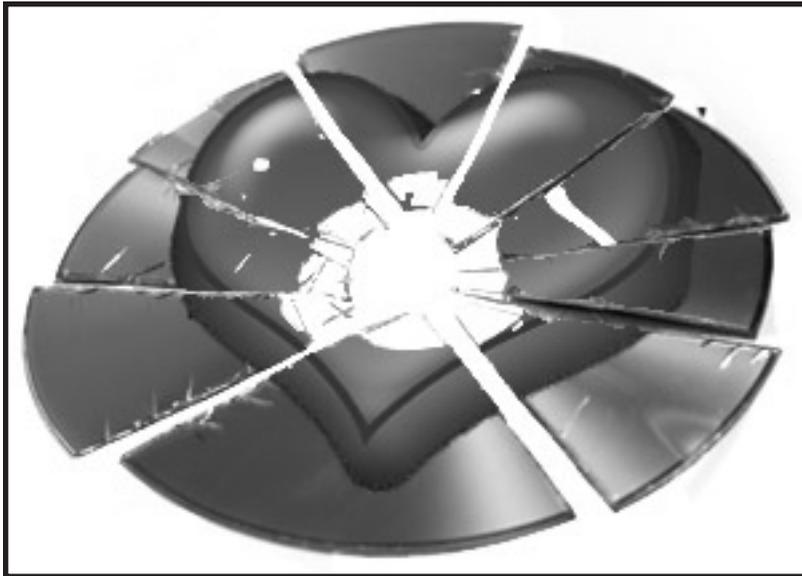
Senior Clyde Shmulowitz was surprised to find a request on Facebook to be in a "domestic partnership" from his Comp 40 partner, Kevin Fornhole. "Maybe he doesn't know what it means. I'm not a homophobe or anything, but Fornhole is kind of a weirdo." said Shmulowitz, who said he was distraught over what people might think.

Fornhole commented that "I just thought it was time to make it official, since we've spent so many nights cooped up in Halligan, playing with each other's code and losing ourselves in the sweet, sweet sounds of each other's keyboards."

Becky, like, totally told Tony that she thought his motorcycle was so cool. They like went up to Makeout Gorge and are like, totes engaged now.

Awkward Sequencing of Mix CD for Crush Leads to Humiliation

Freshman blows her chances with crush after making negligent mistakes on mix CD



While many see the Mix CD as the ultimate romantic gesture, careless song choice can land your disc, as well as your profound feelings of infatuation, in the trash.

By Laura Rathsmill

MEDFORD, MA — Tufts freshman Katelyn Johnson ruined her chances with longtime crush Brian Bennett yesterday after committing several egregious errors in the mix CD she made him. Brian, also a freshman, admitted in a phone interview this morning that “her obvious neglect of track sequencing was what really killed any chance we had of a future together.”

Katelyn says that she and Brian, who both live in Houston, had an immediate attraction to each other after meeting through mutual friends this September. Katelyn’s friend Teresa Miller reports that Brian and Katelyn “totally went to second base at AEPi a few weeks ago,” and “seemed pretty much like they were going to be FBO (Facebook Official) by Winter Break.” Brian admits that he had “really liked Katelyn—we both like our parents and wearing things from The Gap—basically I thought she was the one.”

However, his initial infatuation with Katelyn recently turned to disgust. Making the CD in an attempt to win his heart, Katelyn failed to take into account proper track sequencing of the songs, and thus produced a mix that Brian reports is “lacking in conti-

nunity and thematic strength. There is no strong theme that runs through all the songs, besides her obvious infatuation with me.” Additionally, Brian said that the mix is “filled with uninspiring and awkward transitions.”

An interview revealed that Katelyn committed other fatal errors such as putting the most direct, immediate love song that expresses all she feels about Brian at the top of the mix, which Brian explains is a “fatal mistake. That shouldn’t come till at least track 5—but usually the last track works best. She should’ve opened with a playful song with a humorous, light touch that hints at

romantic interest in me—but not in a heavy-handed way. Or maybe a song that just reminds her of me, and some quality she likes, such as the comment I made about Kerouac during our English class.”

She also buried the song that expressed her quiet, yet earnest longing for Brian a few tracks from the end, where Brian claims it wouldn’t “get the proper attention it deserved.”

When Katelyn’s friends accused him of taking these mistakes too seriously, Brian rebuffed, claiming that “the nature of these mistakes prove that she obviously doesn’t understand anything about me. I’m certain that her inattention to song order and un-

"The nature of these mistakes prove that she obviously doesn't understand anything about me." - Brian Bennett

inspiring title choice [Brian’s Mix <3] are indicative of unforgivable flaws in her character.” Brian explains, “after listening to it once I knew things wouldn’t work out between us, but I gave it a second listen just to make sure, and by that point I questioned her basic brain functioning.”

An examination of the disc by an independent third party revealed that Katelyn made other embarrassing errors, such as placing two songs by the same artist next to each other, and choosing what they described as “the wrong song by Iron & Wine.”

DOs and DON'Ts for making your crush a CD

- Do put on songs that will remind him or her about the way you were first acquainted. If you were grinding in the basement at a party, Taio Cruz is a safe bet, while if you were chatting in line for Coffee at the Rez, check what WMFO show was on and play the most acoustic song on the set list.
- Do mix up the themes in your track selection - If your crush wanted to hear an hour of sappy ballads about confessing true love, he or she could have just bought an Enrique Iglesias album.
- Don't just make a CD of your favorite songs - you want to create a bit of a mystery, like there's another facet of you that could be discovered on a second date. Also, you don't want to put all your cards on the table right away.
- Don't put on more than 15% songs about sex unless you've already gotten to third base with this person - being too forward can be a turn-off for some people. Also, broaching the subject of sex so casually with someone you're not intimate with is kind of creepy, bro.

8 Simple Rules for Dating My Teenage Zombie Daughter

By Matthew McGowen

Hey there, whippersnapper. I've noticed that you've taken an interest in my undead daughter. Now assuming you're not an undead flesh-starved monster, in which case you can step out back with me and my shotgun, you've got to respect some basic boundaries. My daughter is still a beautiful treasure, and I will protect her for every day of her terrible undeath from young scoundrels like yourself. So get these rules in your noggin, or you'll find yourself cast out of the safe zone with nothing more than the shirt on your back to protect you from the horde.

1. Use your hands on my daughter and you'll lose them afterwards, seeing that she's a zombie.
2. You make her cry, I'll make you cry, but only after you tell me how to communicate with those creepy dead eyes.
3. Safe sex is a myth. The reasons for this should be obvious.
4. Bring her home late, and I'll assume I need my shotgun.
5. If you pull into my driveway and honk, that's code for if she's tried to infect you. You get a mercy headshot and a courtesy call to your parents, assuming they're still sentient.
6. No complaining while you're waiting for her. If you're bored, help me research my anti-zombie vaccine.
7. If your pants hang off your hips, I'll assume that you've forgotten to conceal your handgun. I don't want my zombie daughter dating anyone who doesn't stay prepared.
8. Dates must be in open public spaces with ample escape routes and sniper hiding spots.



The Zamboni's Book Page - Romance Novel Edition

We here at The Zamboni are always keeping our eye out for fresh talent in the ever-growing Vapid Romance Novel industry, and boy have we picked you some winners this time!

First, we proudly present to you “The Curious Incident Of The Man And Woman In The Night Time,” a romantic retrospective by Christopher John Francis Boone.

“The carriage with the woman in it was at the castle and the woman got off of the carriage and the woman was wearing a blue blouse with five buttons but one of the buttons was coming off and the blouse made her look fat so she shouldn't wear it anymore. She saw the man and then she smiled because she was happy or maybe because the man reminded her of something funny or maybe because it was a nice day out. She said hello to the man and he said hello back and he said he wanted to show her something in his room because he is a liar but she did not know that so she went to his room and he took off all of his clothes and she took off all of her clothes and then they had sex and then they had sex again and then they had sex again and that was three times. I like the number three because it is a prime number...”

Zamboni review: The language in the book was inconsistent - sometimes descriptive but always literal. I don't understand the speaker's obsession with this narrative devoid of metaphor, but... Oh, you're kidding me! That's so interesting and unique! Wow, I completely missed the point.

We would also like to announce a new collection of vignettes from Dean Faulkner, whose new book “The Sound And The Fucking” promises to really knock your socks off!

“One minute she was standing there the next he was yelling and pulling at her dress they went into the hall and up the stairs yelling and shoving at her up the stairs to the bedroom door and stopped her back against the door and gave her a good hot fucking and asked her when he'd come in her, ‘supper?’”

Zamboni Review: I haven't been this confused and aroused since I saw Bugs Bunny wearing a dress while I was on MDMA. I don't know if they're talking about sex, matricide, or some unholy marriage of the two. 4 stars.

Lastly, the elder gods that fund our beloved magazine and who will someday make blind mad slaves of you all have asked us to show you the latest work from the winner of their Eldritch Romance Author Of The Month Award, Howard Philip Lovecraft, Jr. It is our pleasure to present to you, “At Her Mountains Of Mammness”

“There were geometrical forms for which an Euclid could scarcely find a name -- cones of all degrees of irregularity and truncation; terraces of every sort of provocative disproportion; shafts with odd bulbous enlargements; broken columns in curious groups; and five-pointed or five-ridged arrangements of mad grotesqueness. She called them her tits, and so I came on them. I felt the strains of otherworldly libido on my mind. Her tentacles swarmed over me, wrapping me in her eternal lover's embrace. Perhaps I was mad – for have I not said her horrible peaks were mountains of madness?”

Zamboni Review: The night after I read this, I was having sex with my girlfriend and she told me that instead of her name I screamed out a confession of my eternal devotion to his unholiness, and she made me sleep on the couch. 3 stars.

ERROR 404 - LOVE NOT FOUND

MY INTERNET DATING STORY

The following is a true story. Only names have been changed to protect the identities of those involved.

My story is a lot like many others'. Sick and tired of being single and unhappy, I decided to try internet dating. I logged on to this website – let's call it goodcupid – and from the moment I laid eyes on her profile, I knew it was a perfect match. The connection was quite strong. We quickly dove into an intense relationship – I told her my secrets, I would send her messages late into the night. I felt like I could finally share my life with someone and be happy.

Sometimes we had difficulty communicating. I remember talking to her once and she just kept saying, “Sir, this is the customer service line. Sir. Please stop calling the

customer service line.” Things got awkward after that. She would give me suggestions of women that I should date. I kept telling her that these other women – they didn't have what we had. But the more she knew about me, the more suggestions she gave me. It was incredibly frustrating.

I told her we should meet in person – then she could find out how I really felt about her. I looked up her address, what kind of woman lives in an office building? I drove over there, but security wouldn't let me. I told them I needed to see Cupid, and they just gave me weird stares. They didn't understand. I left, defeated, wondering if she and I would ever actually meet, and if my love for her was truly reciprocated, or if I was just grasping at nothing.

I decided we needed some time apart. A couple weeks in, she sent me an email, and my heart was overcome with joy. “ILOVEYOU” – I've never been so happy to see those three words in my life. “LOVE-LETTER-FOR-YOU.” I opened the letter, anxiously waiting to see the declaration of her true feelings, hoping to hear that the time apart had helped her realize how much she loved me. But my computer crashed right then and there. I felt used and betrayed. I got an email from her later, saying she was sorry, that her computer was compromised, but to me, these were nothing but hollow excuses. I deleted my profile, bid my farewells, and swore to never date a website again. It was too fraught with anger and difficulty, and frankly kind of a weird concept.

Op-Ed: The GO(rgy)P, Green Party Griminess, and Other Political Perversions

By Billiam Owen

With another presidential election on the horizon for 2012, it's important to know the capabilities of your president in the sack. If he or she cannot be Commander-in-the-Sheets, how can they possibly wield the massive phallic symbol that is our military? To promote voter awareness, we at *The Zamboni* have conducted field research to determine how political party platforms manifest themselves in bed.

The sick and twisted sadist should go for Democrats. Democrats always seem to shy away from dominance, so they make it easy to filibuster your way into a good fuck. Their generosity and overspending also reward you with all sorts of gadgets you have no means to pay for. How much did this state-of-the-art, diamond-encrusted cock ring cost? Who cares!

Unfortunately, a lot of Democrats can just be too passive during sex. To avoid any implications of inequality, many insist on only having sex side-to-side and facing each other, so kiss the animalistic grunts made

during doggy-style goodbye! Democrats also make a lot of promises they never really keep. Thirteen consecutive orgasms and fulfillment of your molasses fetish? Ain't gonna happen.

For the self-loathing masochist, members of the Republican Party have proven the best lays. Their domineering, angry, and militant energy can be channeled into explosive sex if you're looking for a little neo-imperialist exploitation. Sex with the GOP always seems to turn into a war, which can instill a "rally around the gag effect," but can also be just plain expensive. You can only buy so many restraint systems before running up a horrendous deficit.

Also, Republicans have a tendency to not provide "handouts" for fear of making you "lazy," so don't expect to get any sexual favors on your birthday unless you've earned your keep. Their possessiveness of oil also carries over to massage oil, so keep your KY reserves somewhere with strict environmental protection laws and high caribou populations.

The pointless yet perennial Green Party

has its own kinks that you may find attractive. Its members are always bringing the environment into sex – literally, pieces of earth and its creatures. If you're looking to get down and dirty and detract from Democratic Party votes, the Green Party is for you. Sometimes there's nothing like a naked prance in the woods to make irrelevance feel fun again.

But watch out--the Green Party's orientation toward the environment can prove exhausting at a point. After you start finding earthworms in your massive bush you've let grow wild, you'll realize this hippie shit has got to stop.

So, which political party members get us off the most? We couldn't really tell you. By the time 2012 rolls in, just remember that instead of voting with your heart or head, vote with your groin.

Billiam Owen is a sophomore double majoring in International Sexual Relations and Gettin'-it-onomics.

The Zamboni's Non-Partisan Glossary of Political Pick-up Lines

For Democrats:

"Better call your health insurance, 'cause I'm about to subsidize your sexual healing."
 "I'm a fiscal conservative. Do you want to do it Blue-Doggystyle?"
 "You constitute an underrepresented population in my bed. Want to get some affirmative action?"
 "If you want to come back to my place, I can approve a huge stimulus package for you."
 "Want to go bump uglies in the back-seat of my Prius?"

For Republicans:

"Can I have your number? I need it for a filibuster next week."
 "I'm here on behalf of the ATF, and I've got two tickets to the gun show."
 "The 99% are just jealous that they're not very well-endowed, if you know what I'm saying."
 "Want to play TSA screening? Strip me naked and degrade me in front of all these bystanders"
 "Drill, baby, Drill!"

A meme featuring a scene from the movie 'Romeo and Juliet' with a boombox and three speech bubbles. The scene shows Romeo and Juliet in a romantic embrace. A boombox is placed in the foreground. Three speech bubbles contain humorous dialogue.

**JULIET WHAT IN
GOD'S NAME IS
THAT NOISE**

**YO YOUR MOM IS
STRAIGHT TRIPPIN'**

**OH MOM, YOU'RE
JUST JEALOUS
IT'S THE
BEASTIE BOYS**