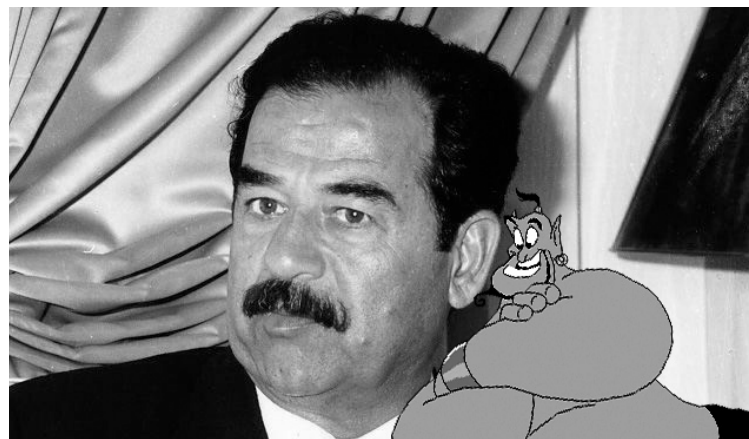


THE LAMBONI



THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING...

Also in this issue:



Moustache Man!

Secrets and lies!

Monkeys? Oh yes, there are monkeys.

Self-referential tripe!

Lists!

Lizts!



October 3rd, 2002

A word from the editor...

Greetings from The Zamboni! This is our 14th year in publication and our first issue in over 12 months free of the iron grip of our former editor, Eli Kazin. Needless to say, we have great expectations for this year. But great humor takes time to develop, like a little seed that must sprout. However, that metaphor just sounds stupid; the writing of comedy requires COMEDIANS or WRITERS, which The Zamboni is occasionally lacking. It is my job as editor to both produce a humorous issue and inspire others to join us in the comedic cause.

There has been much discussion recently about the reputation that The Zamboni has on campus. We unfortunately are often grouped with a seeming array of "joke" organizations on campus, including the No Homers Club and The Monty Python Society. Nothing, I assure you, could be further from the truth. We are a serious publication, sharing resources with The Observer, The Primary Source, Radix, and the amalgam of possibly-defunct literary magazines. We at

The Zamboni are artists and critics, reporters of things as they are and commentators on life itself. The other "silly" organizations are just a way for nerds to feel like they have friends. So if you want to JOIN A CLUB just to talk about The Simpsons, only to then go home afterwards and cry your fat ass to sleep, be my guest. If you are looking for a chance to do something creative without falling into the trappings of dangerously serious publications, then The Zamboni is for you. But then again, if you believe that, it probably explains why you wound up at Tufts and not an Ivy...

Ain't that a kick in the head?

xoxoxo
THE
ZAMBONI

The Staff:

- Editor-in-Chief.....**Andrew "Hates Raymond" Kambour**
- Production Coordination Guy.....**Evan "Great Gazoo" Chakroff**
- Senior Managing Editors.....**Alec "Benny Gordon" Brownstein**
Josh "Texas Twist" Engel
- Managing Editor.....**Allan "Card Access" Rice**
- Editor-at-Large.....**Brett "Goober" Weiner**
- Comedy Peons.....**Mike Stevenson, Doug Smith, Cara Pacifico**
- Doug.....**Douglas "Doug" Miller**

ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMOUR

An introduction to comedic theory by Andrew Kambour

When in the course of human events it becomes apparent that something is rather unfunny (that is to say, does not make us laugh, chortle, etc.) we are forced to ask ourselves this: what is it about said object that makes it unfunny? Consequently, we are led to larger questions: how does an item fit into the parameters of funny and unfunny, what makes it so, and is there a third alternative, a state of being “ahumorous”? I will here attempt to define and describe comedy using only the most complex of terms, suitable for print in this respectable journal of comedic thought, *The Zamboni*.

Primarily, we are faced with the task of deciphering the comedic medium through empirical means, testing it against a gradation of standards. For example, take the phrase “Six months ago, I sold my chicken.” This is known to have a funny rating of 1.78 Gillabors, using the standard SI units. The measurement is named after the 19th century Hungarian comedic researcher/heretic Tomas d’Gillabor, although his legacy is often overshadowed by his numerous attempts to box Friedrich Nietzsche without pants. An example of some common applications are as follows: A rating of 1 Gillabor is ascribed to a word or phrase (or sentence or entire work, as applicable) if a ten-year-old boy can be made to laugh at it, 2 Gbs if Lou Esparza will laugh at it, and 5 Gbs if it causes Vice President Dick Cheney to have a heart attack and approach death. This is why the VP must never be present when President Bush discusses the threat of terrorism, as the mention of “nuclear” weapons easily surpasses his personal threshold.

However, science can only go so far as to explain what, if anything, explains the presence of humor in the universe. The phlogiston theory of comedy, in which it was believed that tiny “humor particles” emanated from certain objects, causing minor brain damage in the form of laughter, was violently debunked with a shovel during World War I. We in the field of comedic theory are therefore forced to develop a more theoretical interpretation. The theory I am presenting today, which serves at the fundamental core of *The Zamboni* consists of comedy a new dialectic format; let us call it *comedy by acquaintance* and *comedy by description*. These terms may sound familiar to some of you, due to the fact that plagiarism is one of the fundamental concepts of both philosophy and comedy.

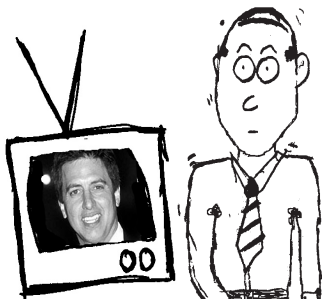
Comedy by acquaintance can best be described as those things that are funny because we can immediately relate to them through pure reason. These include ethical decisions, universal and existential qualifiers, our own personal bodily functions, and nuns eating tacos. Comedy by acquaintance is primarily theoretical, however, and cannot be expressed in spoken or written form. Most forms of humor trigger a response to those things with which we are humorously acquainted, in the same way that sticking a q-tip far into the nose eventually triggers a sneeze. I encourage you to attempt this at home. It’s post-modern humor criticism in action. Any other forms of comedy fall under the category of description, and run the gamut of jokes, one-liners, everyday foibles and hyper-humorous physical comedy. Pushing a wealthy dowager down a flight of stairs is something we can *describe* as funny, even though we may not witness the event ourselves. Again, try recreating this scene and then telling your friends about it. No doubt they will laugh, unaware of the deep analytical undertones of their actions.

To conclude, we see that one could make the argument that overanalysis of comedy is in itself detrimental to the comedic form itself, much in the same way that Heisenberg’s Uncertainty principle applies to the electron (it’s position and velocity can never be simultaneously measured, as the electron *moves too goddamn fast!*) However, an introduction to humor, its theoretical origins and practical purposes, is necessary for even a remedial understanding of *The Zamboni*. I hope as you continue to read, the knowledge you have gained assists in understanding the random crap inserted within this magazine. There is no limit to the possibilities of the comedic medium, as long as theorists such as myself remain afloat and keep ourselves out of the hands of knife-wielding lit-mag poets and orthographically-challenged journalists. Such is our challenge...

GAUSS!

by Andrew Kambour

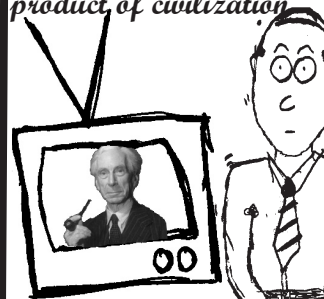
Hey there! I'M Ray!
Everybody loves me!



Watch out for that
family of mine...they're
really wacky!!!



To be able to fill leisure
intelligently is the last
product of civilization



Isn't television great?
I'M ON TV! AND YOU'RE
WATCHING ME!!



The Zamboni presents:

POINT/COUNTERPOINT

We are honored at The Zamboni to have two very important political leaders contributing to this issue, offering their own sides of the debate over United Nations weapons inspectors in Iraq. The debate has been transcribed by Cara Pacifico

POINT: UNITED STATES
PRESIDENT GEORGE W.
BUSH



Gotta check the approval rating...on amihotornot.com!

The United Nations has recently received notice that Saddam Hussein is willing to readmit weapons inspectors into Iraq. Though this may seem like a step in the right direction, I urge Americans and our allies around the world to recognize the fact that this is likely to be just another of Saddam's tricks. We must not be fooled again, so we must maintain constant vigilance. Oh...vigilance. Whatever.

We must not believe anything that he says. Nothing of the sort! Well, something of the sort. The parts where he talks about blowing people up. But that's exactly my point. I think. Damn it, I've forgotten my point! But I do remember Dad saying that weapons inspections of Iraq are important- the world must have complete knowledge of Iraq's artillery and of the size of its chemical weapons.

I offer the opinion that his sudden compliance with the U.N. is simply part of a plot to hinder the momentum of the United States' resolution, under my presidency, to finally end Hussein's regime. In layman's terms, what I'm trying to say is that the U.S. ready to open up a can of whoop-ass! But, setting my own feelings aside for a moment, I will give you the bottom line. The bottom line is that American's policy against you and your regime has been lax for some time now, and it's time for me to strengthen it! Take for example, the Clinton administration. Clinton claimed victories but in reality never took any action! Speaking of Clinton as a man of action, or lack thereof, I would like to ask Mr. Hussein if he can explain this picture:

I found it under the desk in the oval office.

Saddy says I never listen. Well, Saddy,

if you're so good at communicating, YOU listen! Listen to this! It's over! You are truly the Prince of Darkness! I don't ever want to see your weaponry again! I just wanna take my fighter jets and bomb the



hell out of your miserable little country, and take every last drop of your oil, according to the nuptial agreement. And I swear that you and I will never again engage in saddamy!

But the sex was great!

COUNTERPOINT: IRAQI
PRESIDENT-FOR-LIFE
SADDAM HUSSEIN



Guns will make us powerful...tahini will only make us fat

I urge the people of the world to recognize the truth in my actions despite the opinions of self-proclaimed super-powers and their chronically confused leaders. I am readmitting inspectors because I realize that I have nothing to hide, and no one that I need to hide it from who I cannot immediately eliminate with concentrated biochemicals.

Mr. Bush feels that it is important to know the type and size of Iraq's weaponry. But Mr. Bush better than anyone should understand that it's not the size of your weaponry that counts. Mr. Bush seems to think that America is going to put the "war" back into warhead. I would urge him to remember what "warhead" was before "war" was going to put the "war" back into "warhead"!

The U.N. criticizes the lack of open communication between the United States and Iraq. But what can they expect?! He never calls anymore! If you ask him, he'll say I just didn't care. Well, I did! And then he started spending so much time with those damn Al Queida terrorists. He grew cold and distant. He cast me aside! At any rate, it was enjoyable. For him anyway. But now he's so eager to make war on my country. Honestly, I didn't think he cared. I hope to meet with him soon to discuss all of our disagreements. I hope he gives me the bottom line...

But I don't know if I can deal with him again. He's so possessive! He got so jealous when I just wanted to spend time with the guys. I mean, a long distance relationship is hard enough as it is, and a guy's gotta be able to take time and hang with his boyz every once and a while, just to blow off some steam. And then he had the nerve to accuse ME of being "cold" and "distant". Bill, you think I got cold? You think I grew distant? What about you?! When we'd sit and have our cigarettes afterwards, all you ever wanted to talk about was how your performance would affect oil prices! Where was the romance in that?!? Bush criticizes Clinton for the lack of good Mideast policy. Just like him, always passing the buck. Bush needn't judge Clinton so harshly for his incompetence. He did not have a strong Mideast foreign policy. His strengths lay in...other areas. I meant to tell Georgie, but I didn't want to hurt him. Anyway, it's all over now, I swear, Willy left me for some bimbo in a blue dress. I hope Georgie will still call me the Prince of Darkness. I love it when he calls me that. He's really very cute. He thinks sodomy is pronounced *saddamy* And I guess the sex was alright.

ZAMBONI HOROSCOPES



BROUGHT TO YOU BY CHIEF
ASTROLOGER ALEC BROWNSTEIN

Pisces (February 19 - March 20)

You will test the limits of your patience, but it's OK. When you see the duck, run to it. It is fate, not chance, that brings you and the mallard together.

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

Your new, self-appointed nickname won't stick. "Amazin' Ray Raisins" just has too many syllables.

Taurus (April 20 – May 20)

Don't listen to Aries; "Amazin' Ray Raisins" is a perfectly good nickname. He's just mad that he wasn't invited to Benny Gordon's party last month.

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

That has nothing to do with it. I couldn't go to Benny Gordon's party last month because I had a prior commitment. He knew that, and that's why he didn't invite me.

Taurus (April 20 – May 20)

That's a load of bullshit. Benny told me that he didn't invite you because at his last party, you get ridiculously drunk and kept telling all of the guests that their nipples were showing.

Taurus (April 20 – May 20)

Oh yeah, I forgot. Everyone also thinks that your horoscopes fucking suck.

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

Is that true?

Gemini (May 21 – June 21)

Dude, not ALL of your horoscopes suck. But most of them do.

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

How can you say that? I thought we were friends.

Gemini (May 21 – June 21)

We were friends, at least until you tried to put the moves on Lauren Hollinger. You knew I liked her!

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

Oh, dude, I was totally wasted. I swear. I must have had like twenty...five beers or something. I don't even remember doing it.

Cancer (June 22 – July 22)

Did you ever think that maybe your drinking is out of control? It's definitely affecting your work. Your last horoscope: "Fuck that stupid bartender. I'll tell him who's had too much to fucking drink. Who the fuck does he think he is?" couldn't have been helpful to anyone.

Leo (July 23 – August 22)

You have been drinking a lot lately...

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

What is this, some kind of fucked up intervention. I don't have a problem, I can stop drinking anytime, and you all can just suck my ass. Okay?

Virgo (August 23 – September 22)

Why are you getting so defensive? We're just trying to help.

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

Oh no. Not you too! I don't bitch at you about your sex addiction, do I? Twenty truckers in one night is just disgusting, not to mention a safety hazard.

Virgo (August 23 – September 22)

I can't believe you. I told you that in confidence. That's it. I don't care if you drink yourself to death. I'm never speaking to you again. Never.

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

I don't give a rat's ass. I don't need this shit. I'm outta' here. I'm going to Mullarkey's to get a drink.

Libra (September 23 – October 23)

It's ten o'clock in the morning!

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

Fuck you. Fuck all of you.

Strange things we heard in class

We can't make these things up folks. And we've tried!

"The leek is a fellow of the onion family."

"Guys only take Japanese because they dig Asian chicks."

"The rule says that they can't climax at the same time."

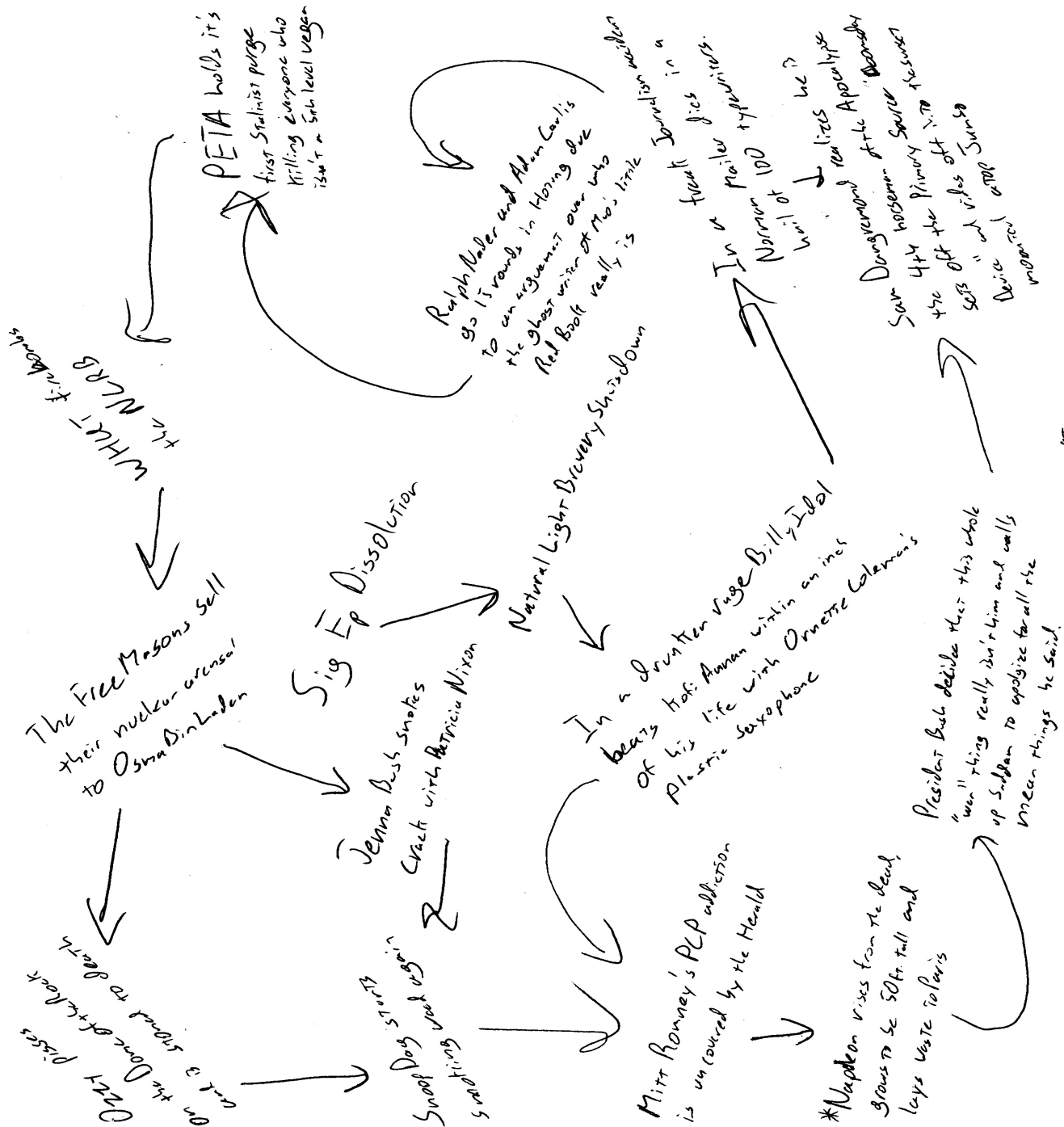
"I have the dick, and I'm fucking you with it."

"His hair is straight, not curly like a Jew."

from the twisted mind of doug miller:

We here at *The Zamboni* are sorry to say it, but as we are powerless to stop the long march of destiny, it looks like Sigma Phi Epsilon is soon to be no longer among us. Try as they might, but given their current financial crisis and ever-dwindling rush numbers, it looks as though they just won't be able to pull it together. However what everyone fails to see is the cataclysmic results of the dissolution of Sig Ep. A little fact known to only the few who possess intimate knowledge of the actual nature of the metaphysical fiber of our universe is that Sig Ep was the keystone of existence, as we know it. Only chaos and destruction can result from its demise! However, I have produced a handy little chart so as to guide you though the anarchy that will follow Sig Ep's fall. So without further delay I proudly present:

The Web of Dissolution!

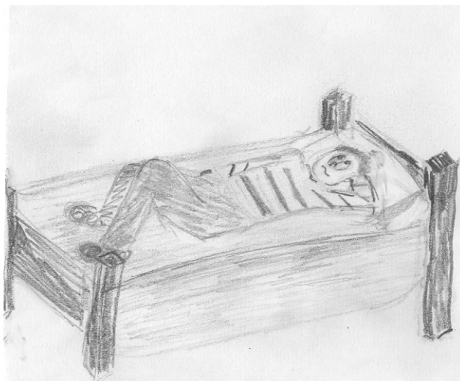


*This did not really happen, but Mitt Romney thinks it did

caption

The Freshman

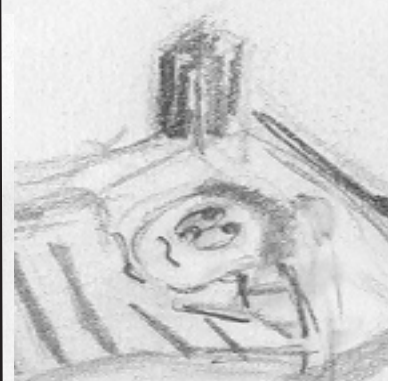
by Cara Pacifico



THERE IS AN INTRINSIC PROBLEM WITH "GOING OUT TO DINNER"...



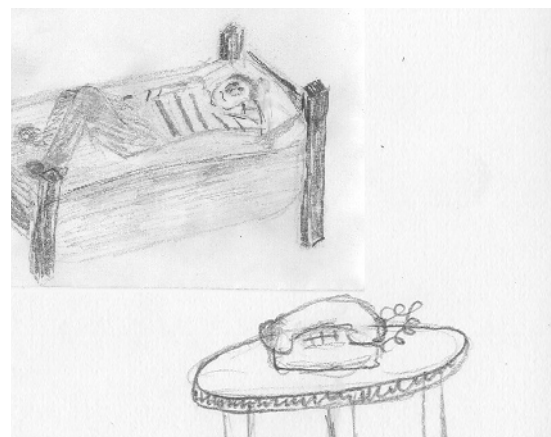
THE VERY FACT THAT YOU ARE HUNGRY NATURALLY MEANS THAT YOU LACK THE ENERGY TO RISE FROM BED...



AND YOU MUST DECIDE WHERE TO GO FOR YOUR ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT MEAL...



YOU COULD ALWAYS ORDER TAKEOUT... TO BE DELIVERED STRAIGHT TO YOUR DOOR...



BUT THE PHONE'S ALL THE WAY OVER THERE!.....



DAMN! COLLEGE LIFE IS TOUGH!

AI!

by Evan Chakroff



Tony Blair thinks he's soooo cool....



... with his little pet...



"babbaloo!!!!"



...

Things I'd Name My Jam Band After, Divided Into Real (R) and Imagined (I), with Footnotes.



Apple Raspberry Fruitworks (R)

Blank Document (R)

Protective Coating Action (R)

Stale Ass (I)

Mongoloid Supreme Court (I)

Milk, Milk, Lemonade (R)

Anteater Surprise (I)

Pascal's Wager (R) *

The Sound and the Fury (I) **

Sober Irishman (I)

Dick Army (R)

Queer Admiral (I)



Light in August (R) **

Pyrrhic Victory (I) *

Medeski, Martin, and Wood (R)

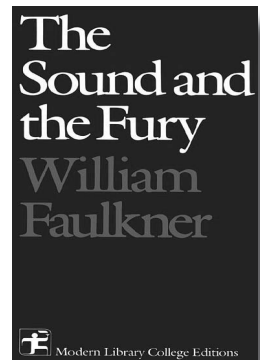
As I Lay Dying (I) **

* Theoretical

** Faulkner

Like what you see?
Inspired to be funny?
Come to meetings of The Zamboni!
Tuesdays @ 9:30 PM in Eaton 333
And look for our website
(to be up and running soon):
<http://ase.tufts.edu/zamboni>

The Zamboni: it's a laugh riot!



ADVERTISEMENT



SAD?

LOST?

LONELY?

IF YOU THINK YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM DEPRESSION, PANIC DISORDER, OBSESSIVE~COMPULSIVE DISORDER (OCD), OR POSTTRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER (PTSD), KNOW THAT YOU'RE NOT ALONE. IN THE UNITED STATES, MILLIONS OF PEOPLE HAVE THESE DISORDERS. IT IS IMPORTANT TO KNOW THESE MEDICAL CONDITIONS ARE TREATABLE. ALCOHOLISM CAN HELP!

ALCOHOLISM!!

COMMONLY ASKED QUESTIONS ABOUT ALCOHOL®

ALCOHOL HAS BEEN USED BY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE AND IS THE #1 BRAND OF ITS KIND. MANY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH ALCOHOL FOR DEPRESSION, PANIC DISORDER, OCD, AND PTSD.

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO FEEL BETTER?

THE TIME IT TAKES TO FEEL BETTER IS DIFFERENT FOR EVERYONE. YOU MAY START TO FEEL BETTER WITHIN 2 TO 4 HOURS OR IT MAY TAKE AS LONG AS 6 TO 8 WEEKS. EVEN IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER RIGHT AWAY, IT'S IMPORTANT TO KEEP TAKING YOUR MEDICINE AS DIRECTED. THE PEOPLE AROUND YOU MAY SEE A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER BEFORE YOU DO.

HOW LONG WILL I HAVE TO TAKE ALCOHOL?

YOUR DOCTOR WILL DECIDE THE LENGTH OF TREATMENT THAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU. IT IS IMPORTANT TO KEEP TAKING ALCOHOL AS DIRECTED BY YOUR DOCTOR. EVEN IF YOU FEEL BETTER, YOU SHOULD NOT STOP TAKING ALCOHOL WITHOUT TALKING TO YOUR DOCTOR FIRST.

IS ALCOHOL HABIT FORMING?

NO. IN MEDICAL STUDIES, IT HAS BEEN SHOWN THAT ALCOHOL IS NOT ADDICTIVE AND NOT HABIT FORMING.

WHAT ARE THE MOST COMMON SIDE EFFECTS OF ALCHOL?

SOME PEOPLE TAKING ALCOHOL MAY HAVE SIDE EFFECTS. THE MOST COMMON SIDE EFFECTS INCLUDE UPSET STOMACH, HAVING TROUBLE SLEEPING, DIARRHEA, DRY MOUTH, SEXUAL SIDE EFFECTS, FEELING UNUSUALLY SLEEPY OR TIRED, TREMOR, INDIGESTION, HERPES, INCREASE OF SWEATING, FEELING AGITATED, DECREASED APPETITE, INCREASED RISK OF HEART ATTACK, WEST NILE VIRUS, AND MANY, MANY MORE.

IN CLINICAL STUDIES WITH ALCOHOL, FEW PATIENTS WERE BOTHERED ENOUGH BY SIDE EFFECTS TO STOP TAKING THEIR MEDICINE. TELL YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT ANY SIDE EFFECTS YOU MAY BE EXPERIENCING. YOUR DOCTOR MAY BE ABLE TO ADJUST YOUR TREATMENT PLAN TO HELP YOU FEEL BETTER.

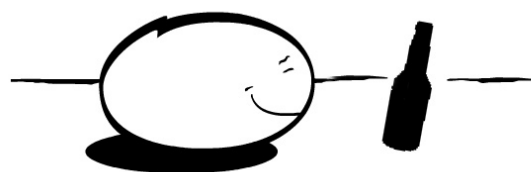
WILL I GAIN WEIGHT ON ALCOHOL?

IN CLINICAL STUDIES, ALCOHOL HAS NOT BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH ANY SIGNIFICANT WEIGHT CHANGES.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

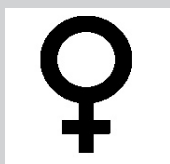
- ~ ALCOHOL IS AVAILABLE IN 12OZ AND 40OZ BOTTLES.
- ~ IF YOU'RE TAKING ALCOHOL AND YOU'RE PREGNANT OR TRYING TO GET PREGNANT, LET YOUR DOCTOR KNOW. ALSO MAKE SURE TO TELL YOUR DOCTOR IF YOU PLAN TO BREAST~FEED YOUR BABY.
- ~ ALCOHOL IS APPROVED TO TREAT PTSD IN BOTH MEN AND WOMEN. THERE WERE MANY MORE WOMEN THAN MEN IN THE ALCOHOL STUDIES FOR PTSD, AND WOMEN IN THESE STUDIES RESPONDED BETTER TO ALCOHOL THAN MEN. ONLY YOUR DOCTOR CAN TELL YOU WHAT THIS MEANS FOR YOUR TREATMENT.
- ~ AS ALWAYS, YOU SHOULD TELL YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT ANY OTHER MEDICAL CONDITIONS YOU MAY HAVE, IN PARTICULAR, LIVER DISEASE.

REMEMBER TO TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR AND TOGETHER YOU CAN WORK ON A TREATMENT PLAN THAT IS BEST FOR YOU.



Straight? Hetero? Curious?

Join us for the first ever meeting of the Tufts Heterosexual Colloquium! This friday, in the Tisch Map Room. Pizza and condoms will be provided.



Tufts
Heterosexual
Colloquium

Waste: A story in 3 parts

by Andrew Kambour

It was exactly 4:39 PM when Hank realized what was going on. He knew it was 4:39 even without looking at his watch, but he checked anyway. It gave him a vague sense of satisfaction to see the minute hand, floating just below the large neon number 8. He smirked slightly. Of course, it was at that point he remembered why he was curious as to the time. He was standing, waiting for the Orange Line train at State, trying to get home from work, and a small child was circling him, eyeing him suspiciously. He took off his headphones (much to the chagrin of Emerson, Lake and Palmer, all of whom were blaring within his ears) when it appeared the child, probably around 12 years old, was speaking to him.

"Excuse me, mister," the child asked him, "but do you have some extra change so I can get on the bus?" Hank noticed as the boy, who was very confident in his speech, looked back confidently to two young men who appeared to be checking his progress.

Something told Hank he should give up some change, be a nice guy for once. Part of him said that he was being played for a sap, that this was just another scam for which he was the sucker. Part of him told him it was 4:42. Part of him told him that he was hungry still. All of him just wanted to go home.

"I'm sorry, but I don't have any." Hank's reply was sheepish and transparent. Not only did he have change, but he knew exactly how much he had. There was thirteen cents in his pocket from the Snickers bar he had bought at the store around the corner from his office, plus another 75 in his bag, left over from when he had changed a dollar to make a pay phone call. Eighty-eight cents all accounted for. This was also the kind of thing Hank always knew. I guess you could say Hank knew a lot of things. You could also say, however, that Hank knew very little. This would probably be more accurate.

Hank had grown up in Providence, Rhode Island with his sister. While his parents had always lived there and still lived there, for Hank it was like they never really existed. They floated in and out of the picture, merely lesser known, supporting characters in his memories. It was his sister who provided the bulk of his attachment to his family, who had made sure Hank had enjoyed his childhood and grew up at the right time. It was his sister, Ellen, who started calling him Hank.

Hank now lived in Boston, working for a small advertising firm. He had gotten the job right out of college. Hank had loved college, but wanted to get out. The advertising firm viewed him as a wunderkind, a sharp young mind with fresh new tastes. Hank hated the job. He wanted to go back to college. His tastes had proven to be far from fresh. He was 24 years old, and already he had become obsolete and stale. His apartment smelled stale as well, he noticed as he finally made it upstairs after the long T ride and the three-block trek through the ice of Boston (Jamaica Plain, specifically). He had had some college buddies over for drinks on Saturday. Someone had gotten drunk. Someone had urinated in his kitchen sink. It hadn't been Hank. As the odor whirled through the air, exacerbating Hank's headache, he hurled his keys at the television as he fell into a large, somewhat-comfortable chair. The keys miraculously hit the miniscule "POWER" button and activated the previously silent screen. A low-volume laugh track chuckled as Ray Romano accidentally insulted his wife. Hank looked for something else to throw. If his luck was so good, maybe he could get the television to turn off with his new homemade remote control system. He pondered what he might be able to throw accurately enough to keep himself from trying to Love Raymond. He did have eighty-eight cents. It was 6:04 PM. Hank was still hungry...

TUFTS TIPS!

A new column on how to survive the struggle that is Tufts University
by Mike Stevenson



Hello my fellow Jumbos. It's time for another installment of *Tufts Tips*, your guide to being cool at Tufts. In this issue, I would like to talk to you all about working out in Tufts' beautiful exercise facilities. I've been working out at the Lunder Fitness Center for about two years now, and consider myself to be rather knowledgeable about how things work there. If you are considering going there anytime soon, whether to lose a few pounds, train for a sporting event, or just to check out the ladies/guys, you will want to read these helpful tips.

1. Don't go to the gym to check out ladies/guys. You will invariably be disappointed.
2. Peak usage hours start at 10:00 am and end at 10:30 pm (closing time). Plan on spending at least three hours and missing several classes per workout session.
3. Don't laugh when the football players sing along with Ashanti.
4. If you start to find anyone at the gym attractive, you've spent way too much time on campus. Go hang around Northeastern for a while.
5. Learn to appreciate Ja Rule and Nelly. Two out of every three songs you will hear at the gym feature at least one of these artists.
6. If you are a guy, don't use the elliptical trainers. It just looks weird. Also, don't use any other cardio machines, cocksucker.
7. If for some reason tip #4 didn't work and you want to impress someone of the opposite sex, here's what to do:

Guys, you should pick up really heavy dumbbells (at least 30 pounds) and walk around the gym with them. Don't do any real exercises, but scream a lot, hyperventilate, and throw the weights on the ground forcefully. The ladies eat that shit up.

Ladies, you should wear as little clothing as possible and never, under any circumstances, break a sweat. After all, guys don't really care whether you're in good shape or not. They will like you for the simple fact that you are trying to better yourself.

8. Don't work out in club clothes (i.e. pleated black dress pants and sweaters). If you get these clothes sweaty, what are you going to wear to Avalon later? Also, you look retarded. Yeah. You.
9. Always wipe up your sweat. It's fucking disgusting.
10. Don't make racist jokes.

If you follow these tips, you will not only get the body you've always wanted, but people will start to notice how much cooler you've become lately. If they ask what happened, just tell them that your Guardian Angel of Coolness (me) paid you a little visit. Happy lifting!

Good Goddard, man!

What's behind the scaffolding?!?!?

- *secret of life.
- *that guy from Iron Butterfly who dissappeared.
- *one thousand smaller Goddard Chapels.
- *Hermon C. Bumpus Memorial Library.
- *The Shroud Of Medford.
- *A very confused Reverend Scotty McLennan.
- *Oil!!
- *Black silhouette with a white question mark.



- *The Bones of the Elephant Man.
- *Radix's secret lair.
- *Man's inhumanity to man.
- *Another fucking elephant statue.
- *the guy who spilled beer on Doug's stereo.
- *Preserved brains of former *Source* editors.
- *Al Gore's lockbox.
- *A nickel for every dated *Zamboni* joke.
- *A big, chuckle, organ.
- *Harvard.