

THE LAMBONI



Q Tufts Winter Wonderland...

Also in this issue...
hott nude pix!  Punk! Monk!  free prize!
yes, more f*cking googly-eye comics!
and, the most important ingredient... love.



A word from the Editor

The holidays are fast approaching, and we at The Zamboni are getting in the holiday spirit. This issue is hot off the post-Thanksgiving presses, thanks to the wonders of publication-heating technology, and what a wonderful day Thanksgiving is! Whether it be Turkey, Tofurkey or Taco Bell at your Thanksgiving feast, we hope that at least one thing was true: that it was, indeed, a feast. Sure Thanksgiving is a time for time for family to get together, but what would it be without the Detroit Lions, gobs of meats and starches, and enough pumpkin pie to kill Jerry Nadler? Frankly, I don't know and I don't want to! Thanksgiving has always been, and always will be, about stuffing my face, irregardless of which family members are present. The pilgrims didn't care about which family members were present at the first Thanksgiving; they were just waiting until the Native American Indian-American Natives were so doped up on tryptophane that they could steal their furs coats and have sex with their wives. Luckily, this doesn't happen much in America anymore, although there was an unfortunate incident at my house several years ago involving someone with a buckle on their hat, a blunderbuss and "maize." But I digress...

The later winter holidays are right around the corner as well, and so many of us are beginning to reflect on the past year in an attempt to start the new year off by doing right, along with a bunch of other "season of giving" cliché crap. As a Jew, I already took care of this back in September! That gives me the opportunity to, once again, stuff my face with donuts and potato latkes while lighting things on fire. A fascinating holiday, this Hannukah, but nothing beats Christmas. A fat man in a red suit, live trees growing inside, flying reindeer, virgins giving birth...it sounds like the lost episode of Twin Peaks! Even though I outgrew the Santa thing long ago (being Jewish wasn't helping, I assure you), I still have to wonder why so many kids still believe in the jolly elf from the North Pole...

PS: I also want a Tickle-Me Ted Koppel

Ain't that a kick in the head?

XOXOXO

THE
ZAMBONI

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ZAMBONI MAILBAG!

Dear Zamboni,

I have a problem, and that damn Angie woman won't answer my letters I send to the Daily. The difficulty is this: I cry when I masturbate. I just can't help it. I don't know how or why it happens, but I become incredibly depressed as I stimulate myself. I've refrained from masturbating for months because of this. Do I need to see a therapist? What should I do?

Sincerely,
Sad Nads

Zamboni: Use two tissues.

Dear Zamboni,

HELLO I WANTED TO RITE INTO TEH ZAMBONY AND SEY HIIII!!!

Sincerely,
L337G0TH56

Zamboni: Thanks. I love it when professors write in to show their support of our magazine.

Dear Zamboni,

Remember me? I'm Ralph Macchio! The Karate Kid! Wax on wax off! I was also in such films as The Secret of the NIMH 2: Timmy to the Rescue and I played Cop #2 in Popcorn Shrimp! Remember?

Sincerely,
Ralph Macchio

Zamboni: Hey, hey, I asked you to make me a cappuccino, not for you life story, Starbucks clerk guy.

Dear Zamboni,

I find your magazine to be sophomoric and unfunny. The articles lack depth and the graphs seem hastily thrown together by someone using Microsoft paint. I recommend that you watch the brilliant British comedies (unlike the lowbrow

humor on American shows like Frasier) and read a wonderful Shakespearian comedy like The Merchant Of Venice.

Sincerely,
An Elitist Egghead

Zamboni: Go suck a dong, ball-licker.

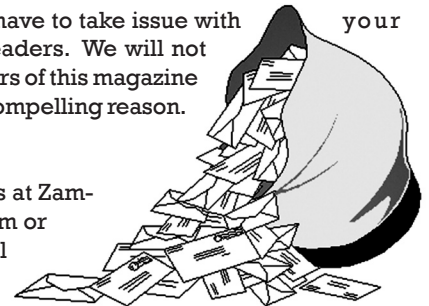
Dear Zamboni,

I luv ur magazine. U guys R soooo funny! The thing on shit was the funniest! U should call more ppl hoes and stuf. L8ter.

Sincerely,
An Illiterate Fan

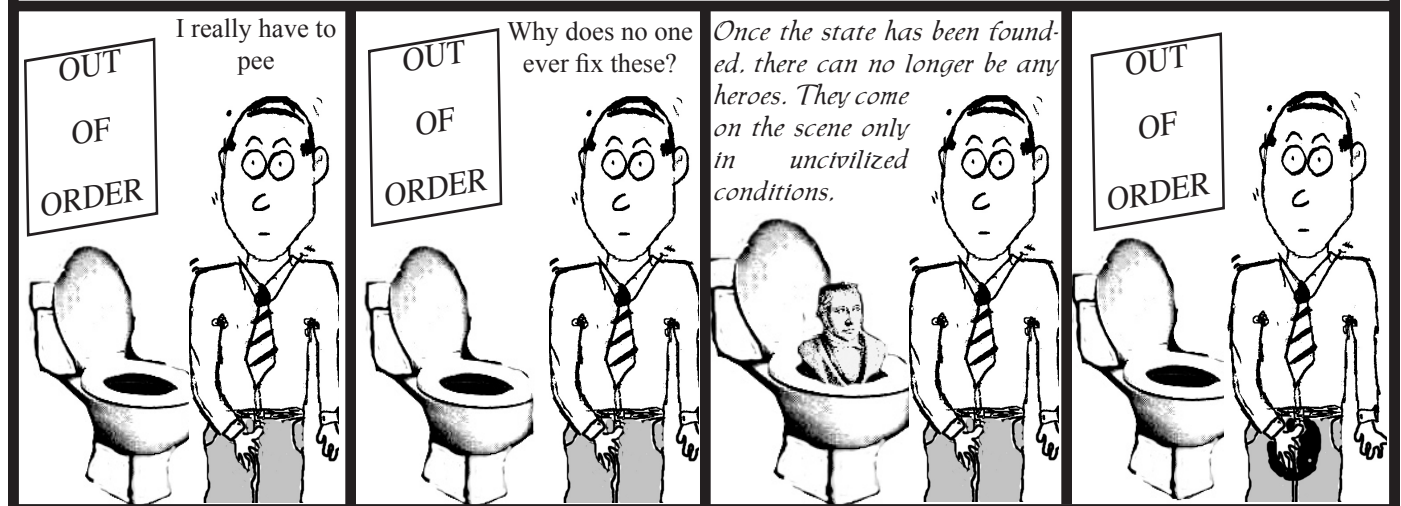
Zamboni: At the Zamboni, we do find scatological humor quite funny for a number of reasons. Firstly, it brings into the open an oft-taboo subject as a rejection of societal norms in a humorous attempt to see beyond the social conventions that restrain us. Secondly, we find the examination of bodily functions has many undiscussed rituals that we all go through and when pointed out one can find the universal humor in them. Lastly, the vast array of references to scatology of course bring up the idea of arrested development in Freud's anal stage, implying that the Zamboni is filled with obsessive, controlling writers and that is hilarious in itself! However, we have to take issue with your request to insult our readers. We will not condone making readers of this magazine uncomfortable for no compelling reason. Good day to you, sir.

Remember to E-mail us at Zamboni_tufts@hotmail.com or pay the price in eternal damnation.



GAUSS!

by Andrew Kambour



EX~COLLEGE COURSE GUIDE

Ah, its that time of year... we've all registered for our real courses (you know, the ones that fulfill majors, distribution requirements and that ever elusive world civ credit). However, Tufts has a unique institution for those of us who just couldn't seem to find that last credit. Yes, that's right, I'm talking about the Ex-College! You know, the place where you can find those courses that make your parents say "I paid \$36,000 for that!?!". The Zamboni was lucky enough to get a bootleg copy of the Ex-College's course listings for next semester. We distilled and condensed them to give you the highlights, so you have a guide for those last minute adds in January...

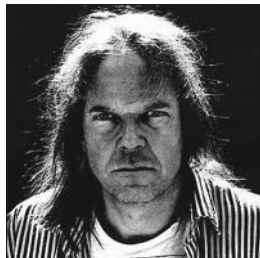
EX002 Tubers, Legumes, and Gender

A look at the soil as Mother Earth's 'Womb', followed by a discussion of the historical discrimination against the reproductive habits of dirt-born foodstuffs. Rounding up the semester will be a dialogue on the effects of the legume's role in the nitrogen cycle and what this can tell us about queer theory.



EX2A3 The Consequences of a Bushy Presidency

To shave or not to shave, that is the only question.



EX666 The Devil Went Down to Georgia

We will examine the image of the devil in American popular culture as told through the story of southern rock. Readings include *I'm a Fiddlin' Man* by Charlie Daniels, *We're Still Lynyrd Skynyrd: Even If We Don't Have Any Original Members* by Johnnie Van Zandt, with Neil Young's rejoinder *You're all a Bunch of Dumb, Racist Hicks*.

EX123 Politics of Dancing



Topics include: disco duck, bumping and grinding, the two-step, the hustle, and the electric slide. Grade is based on how many drunken frat-partygoers you take home by the end of the semester, and a final paper on the socio-economic ramifications of Re-Flex's recorded output.

EX025 Television and Its Effects on the Crimean War

While there have been many differing theories on television's effects on late 19th century warfare ranging from the neo-Marxist argument that TV helps cultivate a mass political conscience to post-modernity's concept of 'siege warfare through mass media' this course will get to the truth of the matter. Did television affect the Crimean War? It didn't.

EX146 The Gonzoan Dialectic



This course will dissect Gonzo the Great's political philosophy and ideology along with how it influenced modern political systems in the developing world. We will be reading: *Ecce Camilla*, *It's Not Easy Being Blue*, and the *Groundwork on the Metaphysics of Having Someone's Hand Shoved Up Your Ass*.

**Think Bush/Marijuana jokes are too easy?
Well join the Zamboni next semester and kick us out of our slump!!!!
<http://ase.tufts.edu/zamboni>
for details**

I Went and Saw Me Some Harry Potter



By Amy Chasbott

What can I say, I'm a super-fan! Ever since the first book came out I've been hooked. J.K. Rowling is probably the best author writing anything these days, and her books are the proof! Harry Potter isn't just for kids, after all. The series is something everyone can (and should!) enjoy. So I must say that I was ex-static (!) when

I heard they were making movie versions. And the first one was great!

However, no words can express the severe disappointment I felt after watching *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*.

Diverging from the book almost immediately, the film finds Harry 10 years older, and living in Detroit, Michigan. Now, this doesn't take such a big stretch of the imagination, since our English friends of course move to America (especially in this post-9-11 world!), but now young Harry is a gangster rapper! And I just don't believe it!

Now, even more amazing is this: No more magic! How COULD they? Those fucking Hollywood Big Shots think they can just take any old thing and twist and turn it around until it's not even the same thing it was at all anymore! And they can do it to Harry Potter! My beloved Harry Potter! Astounding!

But, friends, I'm not writing here to air my petty complaints about the movie industry, I'm here to review

this film. So I continue...

Gone, gone is the magic, and there's not a trace of any of Harry's Hogwarts friends. And even his family is different now! And Harry is played by some no-name actor with blonde hair, a clear inconsistency with *Sorcerer's Stone*. I suppose if little Harry can grow up to be a hip-hopper, he could bleach his beautiful locks.

Worse even than all of that (amazing, I know, but true!) is the soundtrack! Long forgotten are the jovial themes of the dining hall, the pounding excitement that underscored each Quidditch match, the ponderous and



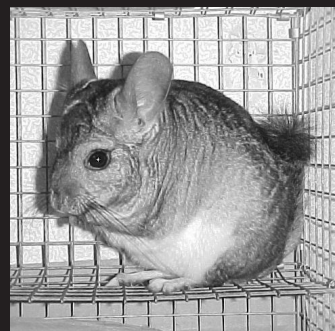
Harry Potter loses his Quidditch Broom, but finds something new to ride, in Chamber.

frightening climax! In their place are these awful, awful "songs" that blasted so much bass in my face I could barely breathe! And what's worse, parts of the movie were even based around these songs! What kind of movie is based around *songs!!?*

Despite all these woeful wrongs, some things made it from the page to the screen. Dobby the house-elf was magnificent.

Chinchilla & Friends!

by Evan Chakroff



Who are you to say *I'm* the one in the cage? Is it not mere perception? Can I not imagine myself free...



...and POOF! *be* free? Would your God allow this? I think not, but no time to argue... dear paraKeet calls.



Chinchilla, your very existence is futile! Come back when you have something of substance to discuss!



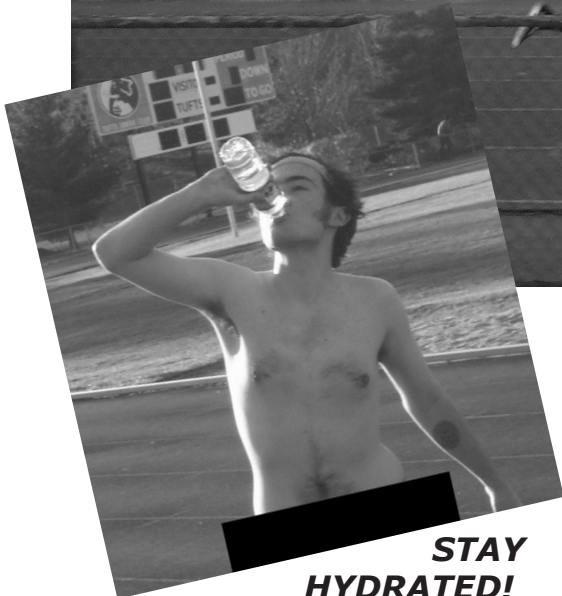
... damn talking birds.

TAKE THE QUAD-RUN CHALLENGE!

The Naked Quad Run dates back to 1915, when newly-inaugurated President Hermon C. Bumpus shed his trousers in revelry, and, fueled by his own special mixture of absinthe and barbituates, strolled nonchalantly amidst his well-wishers. Needless to say, we've come a long way from those humble beginnings. The Naked Quad Run has evolved into quite the competition, with hundreds of Tufts students participating each year. With such fierce competition, a good training regimen is key to a successful run. So, with no further ado, we at *The Zamboni* present our *Official Naked Quad Run Training Guide!*



STRETCH! Without a good stretching routine, you could end up on your back for weeks with a strained johnson.



STAY HYDRATED!

Be sure to try a variety of terrains. You never know what obstacles you may encounter on run night.



Never forget why we run.
We run for America.



There's only one jumbo
in this photo - can you
find it?



That's it! Just use our training program
and you'll be the sexy star of the run!
Now go put some fucking clothes on.
You're disgusting. Seriously.



**STAY
HYDRATED!**

WHAT'S IN STORE FOR SECOND SEMESTER...

Seniors: You will scramble to find a job while taking classes that an autistic 6-year-old would not find challenging. You will find nothing, and return to your legal guardian, dejected and depressed. You will drink chocolate Yoohoo! all day while watching Maury Povich. You will then become ecstatic when you think you win the lottery, until you realize your "lottery ticket" is the fortune you got from the Chinese food you ate last night. Lucky Numbers: 38-23-7-19-29.

Juniors: You will go abroad. Or all your friends will go abroad. Or you will come back from being abroad. You will then claim the experience has changed you, and no one understands the "new" you. Everything you knew has changed, and you will be forced to make friends with those kids you always see around that you met freshman year and nod to when you pass them, but whose names you don't remember.

Sophomores: You will try to choose a major in your current topic of interest. After randomly choosing an advisor and spending hours deciphering the requirements for your major, you will find yourself second-guessing your decision. You will go on to lead a boring and dull life with a profession you hate, all because you chose the wrong major and didn't become a professional ballerina, your true calling.

Freshmen: After receiving your lottery number, you will end up rooming with one of your best friends next year. This will lead to many hilarious situations, including arguments over the cleanliness of your room, a fight with a broken arm, a discussion of voyeuristic and exhibitionist tendencies the day after a fraternity semi-formal, personal hygiene observations and a wedding during November sweeps week.

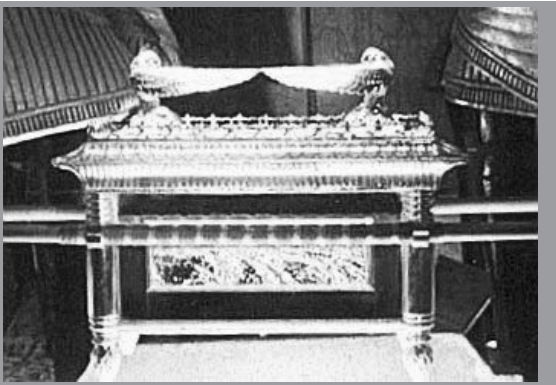
TUFTS HOLIDAY CATALOG



Item #5505: Primary Source Conservative Culture Rep
 They trained him, got him all excited, and now he's just sitting around the MAB office making everyone uncomfortable. He doesn't eat much, and he's as white as the day is long.
Best Offer



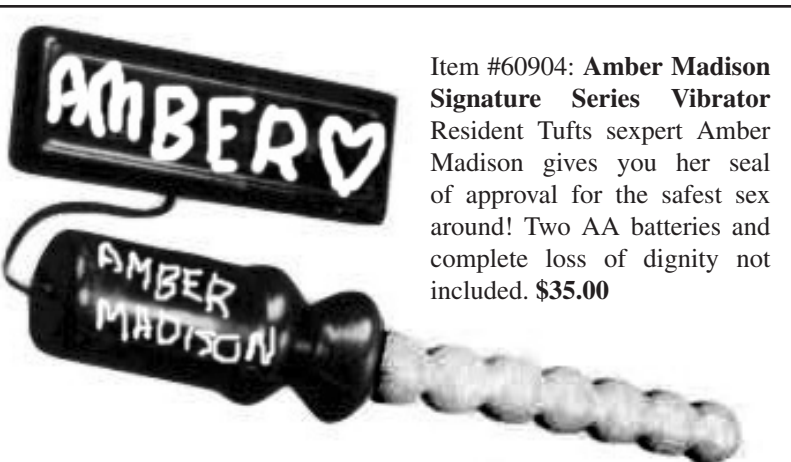
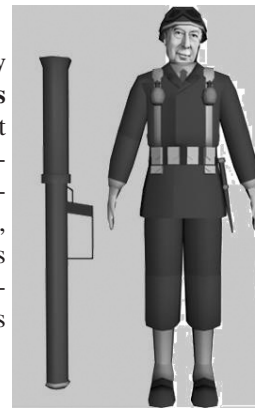
Item #12711: Women of Dining Services Calendar Internet porn just not cutting it anymore? These sexy ladies know how to dish it out, whether its saucy looks or Swedish Meatballs. 365 days of the most delicious females minimum wage can buy! **\$7.95**



Item #99999: Ark of the Covenant Someone found this lying around in the basement of Hillel, and damned if we know what to do with it. An ideal stocking-stuffer for those who seek the power of God. Only one available, so act fast! **\$8,000,000,000.00**



Item #45983: University President Action Figures These super heroes are out to defend endowments everywhere. Choose from Bazooka-Action Leonard Carmichael, John "two Scottish Terriers and a bottle of Scotch" Dibaggio or Jean Mayer and his Kung-Fu Grip. **\$6.95 Each**



Item #60904: Amber Madison Signature Series Vibrator Resident Tufts sexpert Amber Madison gives you her seal of approval for the safest sex around! Two AA batteries and complete loss of dignity not included. **\$35.00**

****SPECIAL EXCLUSIVE OFFER****

Item #00001: College Education With this fabulous item, you too can join the ranks of the academic elite. In four years, the recipient of this gift can go from Goofus to Gallant! Perfect for the underachieving lout or underqualified slouch in your family...it's the gift that keeps on giving. After 20 years, it pays for itself! **\$36,000**

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, CHEAT 'EM

With exams fast approaching, we know that most Tufts students are looking for the easy way out: cheating. We've compiled this guide of the type of people you might encounter in any of all of your exams, plus the benefits and detriments peering over their shoulder might bring



THE SUPER-GEEK PROS: has all the answers; uses an extensive vocabulary and proper significant figures

CONS: finishes exams in half an hour; extremely paranoid and will turn you in if they catch you

THE ENGINEER IN THE LIBERAL ARTS CLASS PROS: is used to studying for hours; usually takes open-book tests, so may have crib sheet

CONS: hasn't had to "write essays" or use "words" since high school; you may feel the need to pummel them halfway through for having marketable skills and job prospects



THE GAY SLUT PROS: flattered by the attention, male or female, and will be glad to give it up (the answers, that is)

CONS: can be bitchy early in the morning; may try to fuck you in the ass

THE JOCK PROS: writes in big, easy-to-read third grade block handwriting; is probably already cheating off of someone anyway

CONS: hard to see answers around giant musculature; may be cheating off of someone stupid



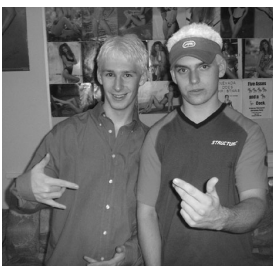
THE FOREIGN KID PROS: uses short, concise sentences; doesn't understand this strange American custom of "honor code"

CONS: wastes valuable time getting up to talk on cell phone; smells like a taxi

THE BROODING INTELLECTUAL

PROS: will let you see their answers, since "no one really understands"; appears to be some sort of genius

CONS: has very sloppy handwriting; may not even show up for exam



YOUR BEST FRIEND PROS: did the reading that one time; scored higher on the SATs than you, so must be smarter than your dumb ass

CONS: was up all night playing "Grand Theft Auto: Vice City"; is probably trying to cheat off of you

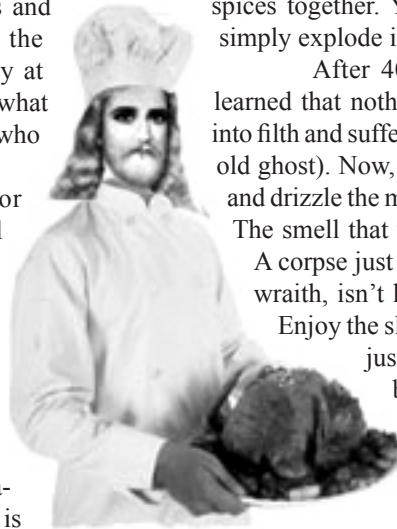
Behold! The Ham of God!

by Executive Chef/Holy Cleric Luke Snyder

Well, Thanksgiving's over, and most of us are left feeling pretty sad and empty after the extensive, flavorless gluttony of our holiday meals. It's hard to reminisce over the endless mounds of glistening, homogenous flesh, the thin white pastes and brown oils, the ominous swelling and the leaden, turgid hours spent staring bleakly at the wall or into the toilet. I don't know what you really expected. God only helps those who help themselves.

But soon enough, it's time for Christmas, and at Christmas time, we all get that deep, soulful craving for ham! It's nothing to be ashamed of; none of us can resist an act of God. My only suggestion would be that rather than simply baptizing the ham in a tub of dirty boiling water, you actually take the time to prepare it correctly. The old man upstairs wants you to enjoy that corpse, and the pleasure you can get from it, with God's help, is immeasurable. Here's a recipe that's so packed with flavor that it'll make you drop to your knees in praise:

- 1 ripe gigantic ham, thoroughly washed
- ¾ cup fresh greens and vegetables from the pasture
- 3 cups sweet sugar
- ½ cup golden honey
- 3 tablespoons horseflesh, drained and sanctified
- ¾ teaspoon everything, for variety is the spice of life
- ½ pound cayenne, to mortify the sense of taste
- 1 tablespoon palm oil, in remembrance of our Lord
- 2 teaspoon turmeric, for flavor



I can't eat pork...I'm Jewish!

With your eyes raised to the heavens above, score a grid pattern, with cuts near 1-inch apart and adequately deep, across the rounded, plump side of the fresh ham. Whisk 1 cup of the sugar, juice, custard, molasses, horse, cayenne, and ½ teaspoon of the other spices together. You're doing great! God willing, this ham will simply explode in heavenly flavors.

After 40 years of brotherhood in Christ, though, I've learned that nothing is as pure as it seems. Things must descend into filth and suffer unto death. Even God himself had to (that sneaky old ghost). Now, it's the ham's turn. Place it in a plain plastic bag and drizzle the mixture in on top of it. Go ahead; drown it in flavor! The smell that will waft out of that bag is sublime and terrible.

A corpse just shouldn't smell that good - but God's a filthy old wraith, isn't he? Gently, sensually squeeze the bag for while.

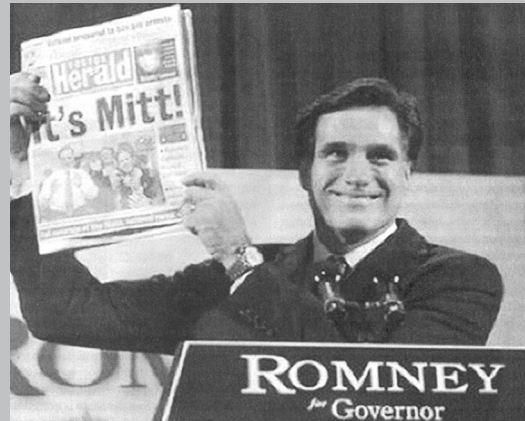
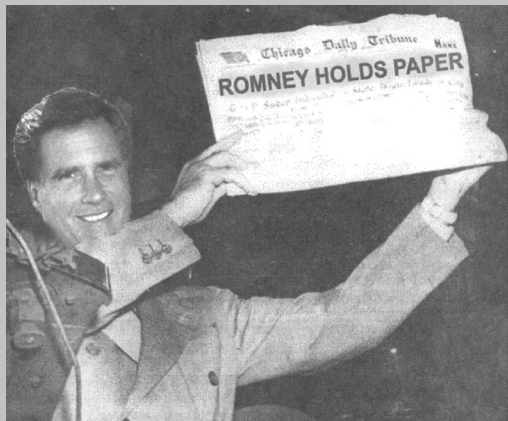
Enjoy the slow, holy pleasure of the meat. This, my friends, is just what heaven will be like. Place the bag in a large bowl or baking dish and cool it for three days. Don't worry; it won't go anywhere. It's dead.

Now, get your oven ready!

In your Sunday best, toss the tomatoes with the onions, salt, and all the other plant material. Lay some potatoes on the bottom of a pan. Pull the cold, soft ham out of the thick, discolored marinade and place, scored-side up, on the clotted vegetable mixture. The three days are over and it's time for this sad, dead Christ-ham to be reborn! Put it in the oven for at least 45 minutes. I usually take this time to say a few prayers to that sly old bag of bones up above, seeing as how he makes all this pleasurable flesh-feasting possible.

It's a sick world, but at least it's filled with sick pleasures. When this ham comes out of the furnace, you'll know what I mean - and you'll never be able to forget!

If The Zamboni predicted it, it must be true!



Coincidence? We think not!

Presenting Tufts Monopoly!!!

Now we are all aware that all things great in this world get their own theme monopoly game. And we at tThe Zamboni feel as though Tufts is no exception. So here for your drunken dorm room enjoyment is Tufts' very own monopoly board. Choose between such campus luminaries as Adam Carlis, Amber Madison, Jumbo, and of course everyone's favorite Tuftsian Capitalist, Sam Dangremond as you frolick around the board collecting pieces of Tufts history, property and culture. When you're stuck at home this winter, snowbound and bored, you'll thank us for this comical diversion.

MONOPOLY

CHANCE

CHANCE

The Omidyars give \$1 Billion to the UCCPS. Go directly to Jail

You have won a second prize in a beauty contest. Collect 10 Dining Dollars

Megan Liotta accuses The Zamboni of filling its "humor quota." Punch her in the face and advance 3 spaces

TO GO TO JAIL

CARMIL-CHAEL

DEWICK-MACPHER

MACPHER?

PAETEC

THE ZAMBONI

WEST HALL

GIFFORD HOUSE

WREN O-ZONE

CLASS IN SCI-TECH

CHANCE

QUEEN'S HEAD

INCOME TAX

DAVIS SQUARE

CHEAP SOX

CHEAP SEX

JUST VISITING

PARKING HERE RE-SERVED FOR FACULTY AND STAFF ONLY

THE PRIMARY SOURCE

FACILITIES

CARL JACKSON

TUPD

AEP!

AOP!

CHERRY PIE

WONDERLAND

TIES

THE SOURCE

TISCH LIBRARY

NATURAL ICE LIGHT

TISCH LIBRARY

NATURAL ICE LIGHT

PARK STREET

ARTS HAUS

CRAFTS HOUSE

IHOP