

# THE ZAMBONI



Headache... can't stand the pain...  
I hear whispers... *Zamboni...*



The voice... it speaks...  
*Zamboni...*

## WARNING:



ZAM-BO-  
NEEEEEEEEE

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## MAY SHOCK

## AND AMAZE



confusion...  
*Zamboni...*

## YOU.



Friends and lovers...  
*le Zamboni...*

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Witty responses to The  
Source's clever jabs!



Larry Bacow:  
Wily, like the  
mongoose.

Sophocles'  
Sex Advice!



No Amber Madison jokes!

The truth behind Joe Millionaire!



## A word from the Editor

For those of you who have followed my illustrious career in public service at Tufts University, you will know doubt remember that for a brief period, starting in the winter of my freshman year,

I served as a member of the TCU Senate. Back in those days, the Senate was an all-powerful organization that accomplished important tasks (Carl Jackson's "paper towels in the dorms" crusade comes to mind) and was above all the prissy in-fighting that plagues the body nowadays. Sure I didn't appreciate having to use proper parliamentary procedure just to get Dave Moon to keep his pants on, but it was a sacrifice we all had to make. I remember an upstart young freshman senator named Andrew Potts as a man of the people, fighting for Chinese food on points and not getting upset when my inclusion in the Senate forced him to go by "Potsy." My how times have changed...

We fast forward to the present day, and (for those of us who do more than the Jumble from the *Daily*) we come to find that the TCU Senate has become an incestual hellhole of an organization, culminating in the resignation of President Melissa "I won because I'm hotter than Alison Clarke" Carson. While I'm certainly relieved that Melissa's final operation will make her a woman both legally and physically, the void her resignation creates leaves the Senate run by a cast of political knuckleheads that would make any self-respecting political pundit plotz. Let's start with the aforementioned Andrew "Smokes" Potts; his time on the Senate has changed him from a laughable preppie into a vicious, power-hungry Jew-troll. Or at least that's what the liberal media wants me to think. I blame the second figure in this whole mess, Alison "Doesn't know that Ben Lee isn't really a millionaire" Clarke. Alison's qualifications for the Senate come from her time on the TCUJ, another pointless body whose

primary functions include 1) questioning the constitutionality of everything the Senate does 2) having hearings about these questions 3) harassing me about *Zamboni* constitutions and 4) passing the buck on everything to the CSL. And of course we can't forget our good friend, TCU Treasurer Ben "Once I hit puberty I'll sound just like Alan Greenspan" Lee. I don't really want to speak ill of Ben, but I feel that since he and Clarke occupy one unit of space-time, I am forced to mention him as well. Then there's a bunch of other losers taking up seats, but the hell with them.

The point of all this rambling is that I, an important figure on campus as the editor of *The Zamboni*, have the power to print whatever the hell I want in this magazine, but I am also fed up with the Senate's behavior and have decided to protest. Effective as of the printing of this publication, I am resigning from every position I may or may not hold. Effective immediately, I am no longer President of the United States, nor am I President of the TCU Senate. I am no longer President of the Rotary club, nor am I Prime Minister of the Harry Potter Re-enactment Society. (I would resign my post here at *The Zamboni*, but it's really more of an abdication than a resignation.) The result: now everywhere I have been will be overcome by the chaos similar to the one that came about from Melissa Carson's untimely demise. Shame on you, TCU Senate...now give me my Buffer Funding!

Ain't that a kick in the head!?!

XOXOXO

THE  
ZAMBONI

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*Wrenches in the Zamboni Gears*.....**Ian Asaff, Doug Miller**

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# Zamboni News-in-Brief COMPILED BY IAN ASAFF

## Student Bitten by Rabid Feminist

A feminist, who was later confirmed to have rabies, bit sophomore John Campanelli Tuesday outside of Dewick-MacPhie dining hall. "I saw her sniffing through some garbage, and she looked hungry," Campanelli told reporters. "I had an apple I was only half done with, so I offered it to her. Then she bit my hand." TUPD was called and was forced to subdue the feminist with a mop. Campenelli was taken by TEMS to Mass General, where he received six stitches and the necessary shots. The feminist is currently being held in the basement of DU.

## Pussy Rancid

An anonymous resident of Houston Hall fell victim to pussy that was way past its expiration date while at the DTD fraternity. The student was propositioned by a visibly intoxicated female, and proceeded to follow her up to an empty bedroom. A friend of the victim had this to say: "Oh man, you don't know B\*\*\*n like I do. Once he's locked into a chick, it doesn't matter how skanky she is. He dives." The victim had to endure violent fits of vomiting during the night. He is currently recovering in his dorm room.

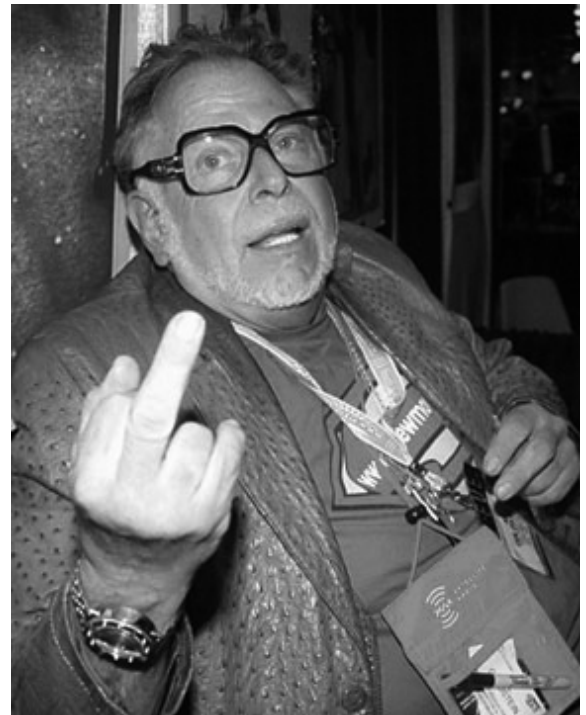
## JAP Swallows

TUPD investigated a report that Tufts JAP Allison Parter actually swallowed the load of classmate Dee Bell early Sunday morning after a rowdy fraternity party. Bell accompanied Parter back to his frat house, where she proceeded to give him "the blowjob of [his] life." Said Bell: "It was cool enough to get head, but when she actually swallowed what I gave her, I almost went into shock. I mean, isn't that against her religion or something?" Parter could not be reached for comment.

## Delivery Man Unfrozen

The body of an Espresso's Pizza delivery person Angelo was found outside of South Hall after an exhaustive month-long search. Due to extreme cold temperatures in recent weeks, his body was preserved perfectly after he fell into a drift of snow attempting to bring a calzone to a student too lazy to walk to the dining hall. While Angelo is happy to be back alive and working, the students complained to Espresso's that their calzone arrived late and cold, and couldn't give a tip because they were out of singles.

# DON'T LIKE THE ZAMBONI?

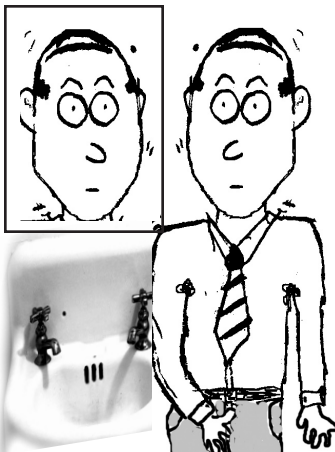


# WE APOLOGIZE FOR HAVING OFFENDED YOU

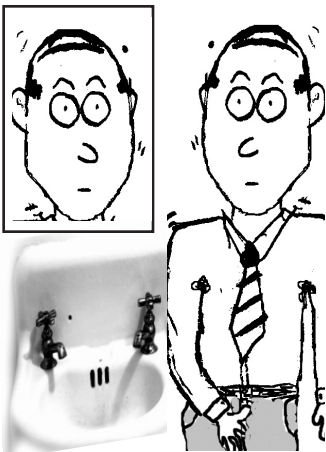
# GAUSS!

by Andrew Kambour

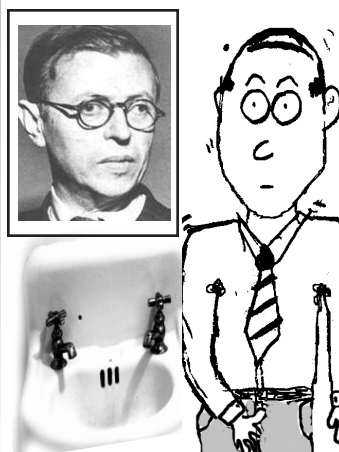
I wonder if everyone else, when they see me...



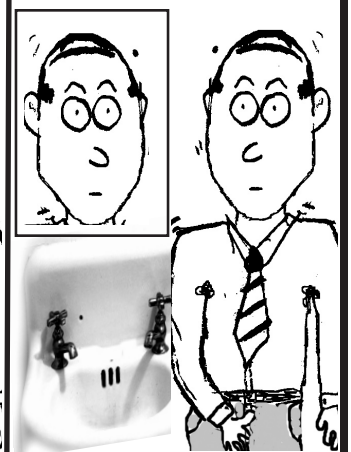
sees the same face that I see in the mirror



Hell is other people.



Nevermind.



# POINT/COUNTERPOINT: LARRY VS. LARRY

Point: Former TCU Senate President Larry Harris

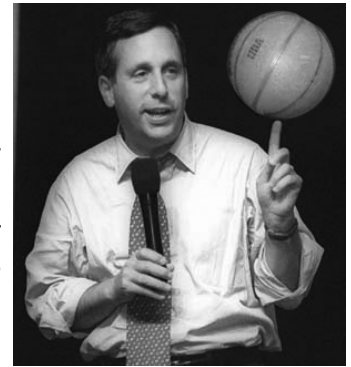


*I founded United Leaders thanks to my education in Public Service at Tufts*

Larry, Larry, Larry... what's up dawg? Listen, I know you're the prez now, and the Trustees expect a certain degree of professionalism, but you cannot continue living in denial. College students everywhere imbibe alcoholic beverages on the weekends, even at the very best schools. Hell, some kid at MIT partied so hard he dropped dead! But then I suppose you remember that. Regardless of the risks, college students need some release, and binge drinking is one of the safest ways to do this. Word.

I read your infamous "Quad Run" letter, and I must say, I am ashamed of your prudish behavior. When I speak, I speak as an alumnus of Tufts University. I personally don't enjoy conversing with the young leaders of the future, naming my alma mater, and hearing "Oh, you went to that Un-Naked school. Hah." Yes Lawrence, this is a real quote. If you get away with this, Tufts will become the laughing-stock of the college world, with you the Gallagher of the Presidential club. The Naked Quad Run is as much a part of Tufts tradition as extorting funds from the TCU Senate, playing intramural hoops, and walking around with your head tilted to the side. If you want to keep Tufts at the top of second tier schools, you'd better lay off on the anti-fun. Like blau.

Counterpoint: Tufts University President Larry Bacow

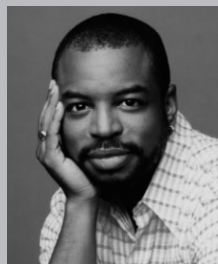


*Where all the white women at?*

Listen son, you got me all wrong! I'm hip, I'm cool! I sent out that letter because I didn't think we should waste our time with a stupid naked run when we could still be partying! Getting naked cuts into serious drinking time. My theory is always that if the girls partying in West drink enough, you can find an excuse to get them naked, regardless of the time of year, know what I'm sayin'? I think every guy on this campus is tired of getting his mack on in West, only to have a load of fat cocks waving around the halls by 9:30. You know as well as anyone that the usual NQR party is the place for some sweet underclassmen ass, so why ruin all the fun with a sloppy run around the Quad? If my bitch is going to be sweaty, it's gonna be because I MAKE her sweaty.

And Larry, I can't believe you of all people would be giving me trouble here. You heard about the *other* letter I sent, didn't you? I'm totally down with the Affirmative Action! Us brothers have to stick together. We can't let some silly e-mail I sent after having an entire bottle of Chablis with the Trustees split us apart. Flight the power! Oh wait, that's me...

ONE OF THESE THINGS IS NOT LIKE THE OTHERS...





# Dearest Zamboni...

Dear Zamboni,

I am stressing out! I forgot my friend's birthday!! I was going to get her a present, but now its too late and I don't know what to do! Please help me!

Sincerely,  
Bad Friend

Zamboni: First of all you have to calm down. This can be done by looking at the worst-case scenario: You could spontaneously combust and randomly explode at the same time, sending flaming bloody chunks of you in every direction. Feel better?

Dear Zamboni,

I cause urethral discharge, pain during urination, epididymitis and now you have me!

Sincerely,  
Chlamydia "The Clap" Trachomatis

Zamboni: That's what I get for having sex with Christina Aguilera.

Dear Zamboni,

Sierra Mist, 7-Up or Sprite?  
Sincerely,  
Soda Aficionada

Zamboni: All soda pales in comparison to the dark brown syrupy glory that is Moxie.

Dear Zamboni,

My boss is being a real jerk. He is inflexible and mean. What should I do?

Sincerely,  
Over-worked and underpaid

Zamboni: Stop being Larry Bacow's personal secretary.

Dear Zamboni,

What do you think about <insert campus event here>?  
Sincerely,  
<Insert clever name here>

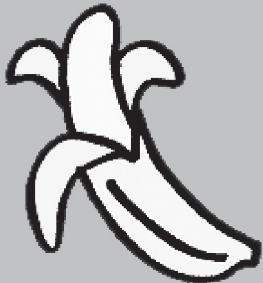
Zamboni: I think <insert campus personality here> should <insert method of dying here> because of what he/she said/did during/after <insert said campus event here> Furthermore, that <insert name of campus organization in charge of event here> should be <insert sexual verb here> with a <insert name of ugly celebrity here> holding a <insert vegetable here> covered with <insert dining hall sauce here> in <insert name of dirtiest frat here> while <insert name of most hated campus group here> watch with <Insert flavor here> Jell-O that they can throw at them.

Dear Zamboni,

I am the boss.  
Sincerely,  
Tony Danza

Existential Banana Comix-d'Art.

by Evan Chakroff



Just remember, that death  
is not the end.



There are places where the mind  
dies so that a truth which is its very  
denial may be born.

I shall die of having lived.

# Reality Television...Zamboni Style

Everybody loves reality TV these days, and we at *The Zamboni* are no exception. Another round of new reality TV series are here just in time for sweeps week! Network television is pumping out new variations on the same three themes faster that you can say "Joe Piscopo Millionaire." Who will succeed, who will fail?? You could cut the tension with knife, were it a physical object! We didn't want to miss out, so here's our sneak peek at some of the new season of reality television...

## Celebrity Vole

Twelve celebrities forced to complete missions in order to earn money...but one of them is getting paid to hunt out herbaceous vegetation and avoid predators such as owls, weasels, and marten. Thats right, one is the VOLE! Who is it? It could be Jenny McCarthy, Henry Winkler or former president Gerald R. Ford.[not pictured]



## The Fake World

For years MTV has professed to bring us the 'real world', well now we're exposing the shady otherside of existence...thats right, it's the Fake World! In this show seven people get picked to live in a house, have their lives taped, and see what happens when people stop being nice and start doing what the script tells them to do! Featuring staged fights, slutty girls, and monkey knife fights!



## The Bacows

Wake up at 6 with Larry everyday for his daily jog! Watch as Adele and Larry host expensive recepitions for trustees in their heated Gifford House tent! See Adele stumble down drunk while Larry shoots out e-mails descrying every Tufts Tradition! In the premiere episode, Larry throws flaming buckets of feces at his rowdy (yet hilarious) neighbors, DU and ZBT!

## El Gigante Programa de Realidad

Bienvenidos al programa mas los loco en todo el mundo! Cada episodio esta lleno de accion, drama, y su mujer favorita de la television, Marisita! Caliente como la chingada!



## Is It Venomous?

In this new favorite we bring on three different guests each week to ask that age old question: Is it venomous? The results are always interesting when you don't know whether this week's host will live to see the next episode.

**(MORE) GREAT MOMENTS IN****TUFTS HISTORY***by Alec Brownstein*

**August 8, 1781** - Peter Tafts ejaculates inside the vagina of his wife, fertilizing the egg that will grow to be Charles Tafts.

**September 10, 1792** - Charles Tafts proclaims his lifelong dream to "found a college that will cater to the students who aren't smart enough to get into Ivy League universities."

**September 11, 1792** - Charles Tafts changes his lifelong dream and vows to "touch the boobies of Laura Garlon."

**November 9, 1852** - Donating 20 acres of land, Charles Tafts founds Tufts University, stating in the first matriculation speech that "my only hope is that my name will never be affiliated with an institution that shamelessly overcharges its students for subpar facilities."

**December 19, 1861** - Hosea Balloa, II dies in office. He is discovered with a plastic bag over his head and his erect penis in his hand.

**January 2, 1862** - In accordance with state regulations, Alonzo Ames Miner informs all families with small children in the Medford area that he has moved into the neighborhood. Charles Tafts commented "Fuck it, this school is going to shit anyway."

**September 12, 1874** - Professor Amos Dolbear (known to his students as "Dolly") beats out his rival Alexander Graham Bell by inventing the precursor to the modern telephone, the Screaming Monkey Intercom. For his accomplishment, he was pictured on the cover of such magazines as Out, Watchtower, and Awake! He was also

the only homosexual Jehovah's Witness in America.

**August 9, 1884** - Phineas T. (P.T.) Barnum donates to Tufts his collection of animal specimens including the stuffed hide of "Jumbo" the elephant. This marks the beginning of a university endowment marked by donations of pet remains.

**September 1, 1893** - Harrietta Noble Brown is the first woman to receive a baccalaureate degree from Tufts College. Her mole-like appearance and her refusal to give blow-jobs set the standard for future generations of Tufts women.

**February 14, 1912** - William L. Hooper is appointed president of Tufts University. He is the grandfather of Mr. Hooper, the friendly shopkeeper on Sesame Street. To this date, he remains the most famous person to be affiliated with Tufts.

**March 23, 1915** - Tufts alumnus Harold J. Power founds AMRAD (American Radio and Research Corporation) on campus. Pioneer of one of the first broadcast radio stations in the country, Power is the host of the celebrated "Manfred Von Richtofen Variety Hour." Then president Hermon Garey Bumpus is heard to remark, "Radio is the final wave of entertainment technology. And I stake our entire animal carcass laden endowment on it."

Next issue...Tufts enters the modern era!

**The Collegiates***by Andrew Kambour*

Dude, did you hear about this proposed walkout?



Yeah, if we go to war, our professor won't come to class



Suckers...I wasn't gonna go to class anyway!



With so many updates and changes, it's nearly a full-time job to keep track of Michael Jackson. Here at The Zamboni, we've looked over the new features for 2003, and we're pleased to present...

# A closer look: Michael Jackson v9.0

- \* Outmoded organic skin replaced by polystyrene.
- \* X-ray Vision
- \* Now powered by Hydrogen Fuel Cell technology
- \* Detachable Penis
- \* Comes packaged with MS Office XP
- \* Two shades whiter.
- \* Inner child 25% more spoiled
- \* Optional DVD player
- \* Dishwasher safe
- \* Stain resistant
- \* Adamantium bones
- \* Chewy caramel center
- \* Less rock, More talk.
- \* Side-impact airbags
- \* CD soundtrack featuring Ja Rule & Barenaked Ladies
- \* Just set it, and forget it!
- \* Now 60% less life-like



- \* Featuring Space Cannon and Kung-Fu Grip
- \* Fun for all ages

## My Valentine's Day Gifts

by Brett Weiner

Valentine's Day has come and gone and left many treasured memories. Unfortunately, I have none of those. I continually struck out with my v-day gifts. Now, to vent my frustration, I give you, loyal reader, deep insight into my personal life.

To the girlfriend:

What she expected- Dinner at the North End followed by a midnight serenade using a John Mayer song.  
What she got- Pregnant.

To the skank:

What she expected- Chocolate or roses.  
What she got- She received a triple-pronged love latex schlong. This way, she can invite two of her friends over or simulate being made "airtight" on those lonely Monday nights. I thought this was the perfect gift.

To Larry Bacow:

What he expected- A firm handshake and me sucking up to him.  
What he got- A stick remover. I thought this was a thoughtful gift after I learned about his stick problem through the NQR e-mail. He really appreciated it though, I could tell by the way he joked around with me after he got it. "Probation!", oh Dr. Bacow, you are a kidder!

To the frat brother:

What he expected- Beer  
What he got- A gift that he can save for next Valentine's Day- Chocolate Roofies. Combining the great taste of cocoa beans with the sedative power of Rohypnol, the frat boy can seem romantic and sketchy at the same time.

To the Friend:

What she expected- A card  
What she got - An awkward declaration of love. Please, Betty. I love you.

# The TRUTH Behind the Columbia Disaster (with References)

By Evan Chakroff

In the wake of this terrible tragedy, it's understandable that NASA and the government want to console those who feel hurt, confused, or simply lost, like a fur-bare mongoose somehow transplanted to a Siberian wilderness. But, dear readers, don't believe the hype! NASA's so-called "engineers" weave a wicked web of wool, which they pull over the eyes of so many innocent citizens!

"A missing tile" they say, or a "wheel well breach." Well I'm having none of it! For I, casual acquaintances, know the TRUTH, and as a Certified Pseudoscientifician, I'm overly qualified to bring this TRUTH to you, ignorant proles.

First, please direct your attention to Figure 1. This blurry screenshot from Fox News is irrefutable proof of the shuttle's insane speed of entry. At this speed, nearly 18 times the speed of light, the shuttle would act as

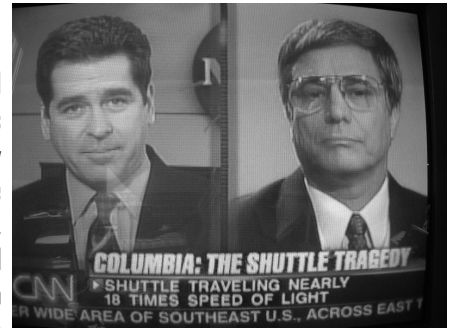


Figure 1

projection lines, Apes will reach "Red" level restless - or "Fuckin' Crazy" - by the year 2024. With the ape population enraged, bananas scarce, and humans unable to subdue the beasts -- as their depleted potassium levels will cause a shift in their genetic code, making them immune to our nuclear weapons -- we will be forced to become their slaves. I for one welcome the opportunity. Why, you may ask? I know a few little things about the nature of the universe, friends. We will all go about 15 to 20 years as ape-servants before we see a streak of white across the cerulean sky. When the apes go to investigate the crash, they will see in the barren forbidden zone a space shuttle, Columbia, hull burnt from that fateful collision in the year 2003, and lightly toasted from its long journey through time. From the door will step our grizzled savior, captain George Taylor, embittered by his long trip through space-time, and jaded by the unfortunate cannibalism he was reduced to to survive. From the steps of the ship, he will fire a Super Space Tazer at the apes, vaporizing the entire population and freeing us humans from bondage. After a joyous feast of wild boar and plantains, I and my mute sex-slave Zira will retire in peace, make sweet love till dawn, and doze in the summer sun, dreaming of the bright new world ahead.

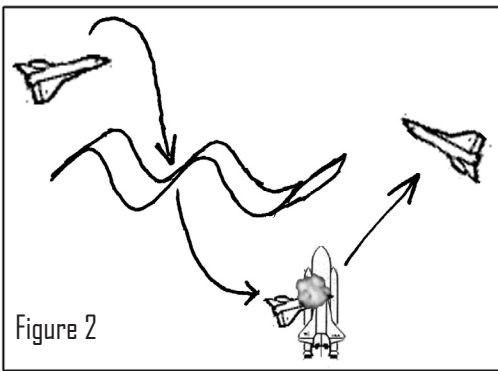


Figure 2

a quantum dipole, which would create a ripple in the space-time continuum (1). After extensive calculations, I've determined that this ripple would have catapulted the shuttle backwards in time (and

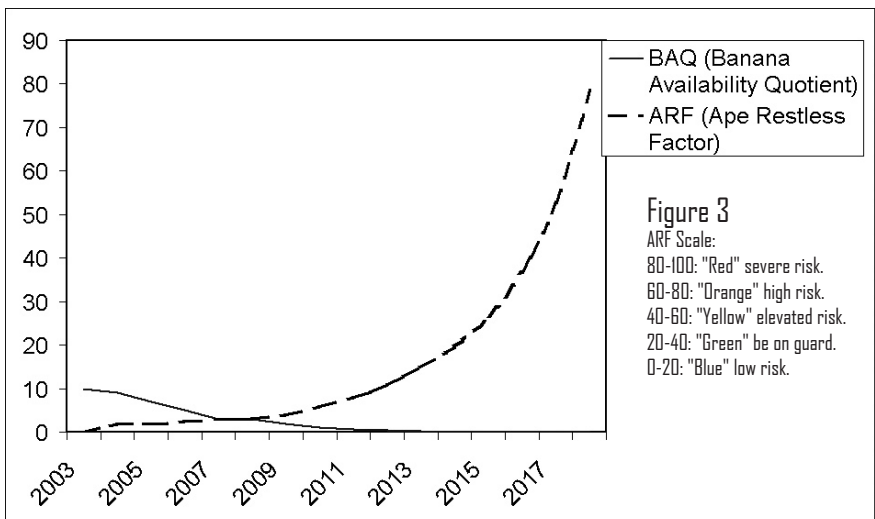
slightly to the right in space), to January 28<sup>th</sup>, 1986. This infamous date was a typical launch day for the Challenger space shuttle, and all went well until that craft collided with the Columbia, rocketing backwards through time. This terrible collision wrecked the Challenger, but the Columbia remained intact, due to its immense momentum. Columbia bounced off the Challenger much like a ping pong ball off a similar but slower ping pong ball, of which only the latter exploded instantaneously in a hellish ball of flames (See Figure 2).

Now, dear readers, allow me to digress for a moment, and call your attention to the plight of the banana-plant. In January 2003, the world was first alerted to the staggering news that the banana is endangered. Due to a lack of genetic diversity, and increasingly rampant fungal infections, the banana may die out within ten years (2). A necessary part of everything from banana-split sundaes to banana fetishist bondage sessions, the death knell of the banana will toll a much larger bell - the bell of servitude, the bell of doom for the human race.

Allow me to elaborate on this bold claim. First, the facts: Apes like bananas (3). Bananas are disappearing. Apes without bananas get restless (4). If you'll direct your attention to Figure 3, you will see the Ape-restless factor graphed alongside the banana-availability quotient. As you can see from the shocking

### References:

- (1) *Treatise on the Nature of Space-Time and DeLorean Maintenance*. E. Brown, Ph.D. (1985)
- (2) *Banana Hasn't Had Sex In Years*. Reuters. (1-17-2003)
- (3) *Good Food Banana*. Nature. Gorilla, Koko. (1984)
- (4) *Be Calm, Drop It and Slowly Back Away: A Field Guide to the Intricacies of Human Interaction with Enraged, Banana-deprived Apes*. J. Goodall (1973)





"Well, its like, you know so totally not cool if Bacow gets rid of the Naked Quad Run!"



"I think its a sound policy decision on thepart of the Presdient...damn college kids"



"Larry Bacow can suck it!! Fuck Yeah!!"



# How do you feel about President Bacow's NRQ e-mail?



"If it weren't for the Naked Quad Run no one would ever get drunk enough to hook up with me!"



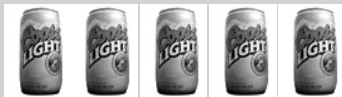
Well I can see some of his point but he might as well just do away with spring fling, jumbo, apple pie, and everthing else that makes this country the home of freedom.



"When I was six, I had this teddy bear and my dad made he throw him out saying only girls play with 'dolls'...but he wasn't a doll he was Mr. Snugglepus! Mr. Snugglepus, where have you gone!?!"



"Party on Wayne!!"



## The Silver Bullet Scale

Tipsy:



Drunk:



Thinks Hillary Clinton is hot:



Vomiting:



Winston Churchill:



To learn more about how the new Silver Bullet Scale is revolutionizing scientific research, come to the next meeting of THE ZAMBONI!!

Every Tuesday, 9:30 PM  
Eaton 209

<http://ase.tufts.edu/zamboni>

So smooth....

# HANS BLIX COMIX!!

BY EVAN CHAKROFF



Kofi, my man!  
This party is  
BUMpN!



I'm sure it is,  
Hans, but listen...  
I'm kinda busy  
right now...



the girls are AMAZING. dude...  
get your ass down here!



I've got some, er, things  
I've got to go do, so,  
um, I'll talk to...



Kofi, babe, you're breakin' up,  
I'll text ya later...

CLICK!!!



asshole.



douchebag.

LATER!!!  
THAT!!!  
NIGHT!!!



Baby, you can inspect my  
weapons *anytime*...



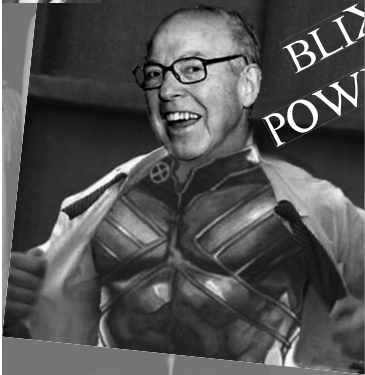
Baby, you are da bomb!!  
Let's make kinky whoopee.



B2IX!! Hussein! We  
meet again.



(but this time you won't be  
so lucky... you're no match  
for my InspectoRay!)



The world  
is safe.

...for now....

MUAHAHAHAHA!!

