

The Zamboni

Thursday, April 10, 2003

Volume XIV, Number 5

Our 100th Issue Spectacular!!

Remember this logo? Of course not! We celebrate 100 issues by bringing you crap other people wrote for us! 10% New Material!! Flip over for up-to-the-minute War coverage!



You can't resist...

Flip over for more fun!

YowZA!!





A word from the Editor

I have a stunning confession to make, loyal readers: This is not our 100th issue. The truth is, no one really knows how many issues *The Zamboni* has produced over our fourteen year existence. *The Zamboni* was started in 1989 by a group of students too intelligent for the *Daily*, yet too stupid for The Harvard *Lampoon*. Their ring-leader was a young man by the name of Josh Wolk, who started a magazine based on the principles of comedy, satire, and being named Josh, a tradition that lives on to this very day. *The Zamboni* began its first production year with 5 issues, tabloid style. Picture the *Daily*, but without the news, cramming the filler into an efficient eight pages. Eventually, production increased to a robust seven issues per school year, topped off with the annual parody issue. Don't aske me when any of this other stuff happened though. While I've learned what I can, the position of official *Zamboni* historian went the way of the Geo Metro long, long ago. *The Zamboni* began in its present format, a 12 to 16 page, newsprint-leaking magazine, in the fall of 2000, and other than a new logo last year, it remains the same to this day. We're back down to six publications per year, so that leaves us with some combination of 5, 6, or 7 issues over

14 years, putting us at least in the ballpark of 100. But this isn't about how many issues *The Zamboni* has produced, nor is it about pointless nostalgia and filler provided by people other than the current staff. It's about proving that while *The Primary Source* sells its soul for publicity, *The Observer* hides its lack of material behind a glossy cover, and *Radix* steals a budget in two years that's twice as large as the one we've earned over 14, there's still room on this campus for the little humor magazine that could. I'd like to thank all of our *Zamboni* alumni and current Tufts students who submitted their favorite *Zamboni* memories, our current staff who each contribute a percent of their time to each issue (zero is a percent!), and the folks down at Charles River Publishing, especially Tina and Frank, for being such good sports and not calling the FBI after reading each publication. So read through our 100th Issue Spectacular, then flip it over for a clever spin on the war in Iraq. Who knows...you just might laugh!

Ain't that a kick in the head?

xoxoxo

THE
ZAMBONI

The Staff:

Editor-in-Chief.....**Andrew "Born Free" Kambour**
Produce Manager.....**Evan "Ming the Merciless" Chakroff**
Senior Managing Editors.....**Alec "Exclamation Point" Brownstein**
Josh "Question Mark" Engel
Managing Editor.....**Allan "Greybeard" Rice**
Editor-at-Large.....**Brett "Heir to the Throne" Weiner**
He's Got 100 Issues.....**Doug Miller**

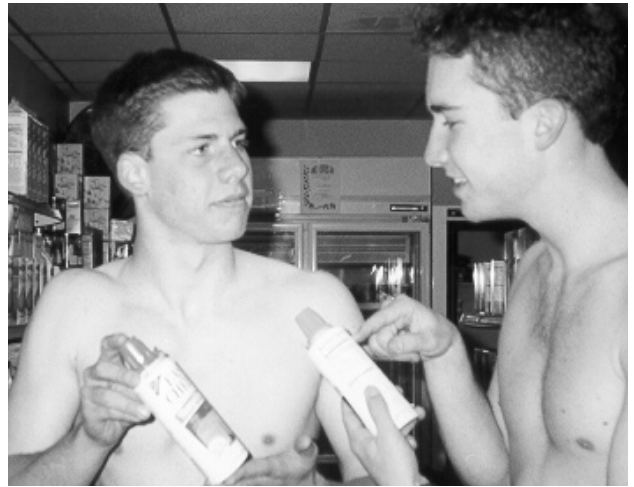
Disclaimer and Editorial Policy: *The Zamboni* is a student run humor and satire publication of Tufts University. In no way do the views expressed herein necessarily reflect those of Tufts University or the editors. All material is meant to be viewed as humorous and should not be taken seriously. We accept any and all submissions from Tufts students. Submissions to *The Zamboni* are screened by the Editor-in-Chief and/or the Editorial Staff and decisions are made on the rather subjective grounds of their humor content. No article is turned away based on the race, gender or religion of the author. Only if they are really annoying.

ZAMBONI MEMORIES



When we were first trying to come up with a slogan for *The Zamboni* in 1989, I settled on "With ignorance as our shield, we are absolved of all guilt." I thought it was a witty, self-deprecating statement showing that we were just a bunch of slacker, renegade wiseasses who didn't really care about checking our facts. Just before I committed it to the front page, fellow editor Rob Moskow (A'90), piped up, "You know, that sounds a lot like what WWII-era Germans would say if you asked them why they went along with the Nazi Party." Once you've mentally linked something to the Holocaust, the funny quotient kind of fizzles out. Needless to say, we also nixed my follow-up slogan, "Work Will Set You Free."

Josh Wolk '91
 Founder of *The Zamboni*



Here we see former Zamboners James Lubin (L) and Sean Cusick discussing the merits and demerits of Cheez Whiz...what are they saying?

- A) Muenster? I hardly knew 'er!
- B) Are you sure this just won't get the gerbil stuck in *further*?
- C) You may be Jumbo, but you're still Express



When I arrived at *The Zamboni* as an idealistic freshman in the fall of 1997, the staff was comprised of three Jewish guys sitting in the basement of Curtis, two of whom thought they were at a meeting of the ice hockey team. At the time, the paper (which was then printed on used microwave popcorn bags), consisted wholly of "Cathy" comics crudely mimeographed from the Daily and Mad Libs which were already filled in. (Poorly, I may add; "fart" is not a color.) With the encouragement of my sidearm, I convinced them to print my first work of literary brilliance, entitled "What If Helen Keller Drove A School Bus?" And thus, it began.

As we all know, the violent purges that followed and my subsequent ascendancy to Editor-in-Chief ushered in a glorious era in *Zamboni* history. For my editorial team, those were halcyon days indeed; many an afternoon was spent sitting around our legendary "round table," sipping sherry, nibbling on lavender pastilles, and tossing bon mots

to the wind. With scores of literary neophytes clamoring for inclusion in our gilded pages, each submission had to be carefully considered. "This is shit!" I would exclaim, coupling my critique with a swift backhand to the author's face. The offending piece would then be ritualistically burnt and the ashes buried in a secret, unholy place. In its stead, the pages of the magazine were filled with the libelous, right-wing propaganda that our audience demanded.

Things are different now, and the magazine seems to have taken on a more moderate stance on such issues as abortion, interfaith marriage, and monkeys who throw poo. In retrospect, I suppose I could have done things differently. Included more "Cathy" strips, for example. But I will never be ashamed of that one brief, shining moment where a little humor magazine precipitated the rise and fall of Western culture. Pax et Lux, *Zamboni*.

James Lubin '01
 Editor-in-Chief of
The Zamboni, 2000-2001

Zamboni Fun Facts!

DID YOU KNOW...
 ...The Zamboni is **not** named after innovator, ice rink mogul and high school-dropout Richard Zamboni?



DID YOU KNOW...
 ...I really have to pee?



DID YOU KNOW...
 ...There is more unintentional humor in one issue of the Observer than there is in all 100 issues of *The Zamboni*?

My favorite *Zamboni* moment came two years ago, when I was a sophomore. I was already a member of *The Primary Source* at the time, and I was searching the Tufts web for information on the Source when I came upon *The Zamboni's* April 10, 1997 issue in which they lampooned the Source. The article "I am Colin; hear me roar" by Bill Copeland particularly caught my attention, as it was absolutely brutal towards then *Source* Editor Colin Delaney. I thought to myself, "wow, if only someday I could be worthy of being made fun of by *The Zamboni*." Well, at least I've achieved something in my four years here.



Sam Dangremond '03
Editor Emeritus, *The Primary Source*

Zamboni photo shoots were (almost) always fun. Any chance to get out of the MAB office was fun, really. One particular shoot sticks in my mind. We were putting together the annual parody issue, which that year was a literary thing called, I think, "Drag Queen and Decepticon." We decided that the issue desperately needed some artsy photography, so we grabbed some props and headed out across campus. Our editor-in-chief, Gabe Guarente, ended up in a lovely turquoise dress, James and Sean got shirtless with cheez whiz in Jumbo Express, and I mostly stood around giggling. Someone thought we should ring Pres. DiBiaggio's doorbell and present him with the large plant we were carrying around, but apparently nobody had the balls to do it. That plant was used, however, in a photo with the caption "Josh and his Executive Branch." That's what I learned from my four years on *The Zamboni* - anything involving or somehow invoking penises is always funny. Well, that and that playing "I never" is just a bad idea - but that's a different story.



Deborah Levison '01
Zamboni staff member,
1998-2001

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS BOY?

NAME: Allan Rice
TITLE: Managing Editor, *The Zamboni*
DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: Tattoo of flaming skull on left bicep

LAST SEEN: Curtis Hall, Tufts University, September 2002
ANSWERS TO: Al, Albeano, Mama Teresa
PRESENT WHEREABOUTS: Unknown



Last known photograph of Allan



Artist's rendition of his current appearance

YOU CAN HELP US FIND HIM...IF YOU SEE HIM, CONTACT YOUR LOCAL ZAMBONI REPRESENTATIVE AT ONCE



DID YOU KNOW...
...our meetings are Tuesdays at 9:30 PM in Eaton 209?



DID YOU KNOW...
...editors of *The Zamboni* graduate at a rate of thirty percent?

DID YOU KNOW...
...I can eat six saltines in under one minute?



I was pleasantly surprised to receive an e-mail from the Editor-in-Chief of *The Zamboni*, telling me that *The Zamboni* was publishing its 100th issue. What surprised me most is that *The Zamboni* has an editor who can count to 100. Tufts' Admission standards must really be rising. Despite your stunning intellect, I hope your newspaper is still as immature as ever.

Before I delve into some of my favorite memories, I want to make sure the current staff has a bottle of extra-strength bleach on hand - I learned recently that one of my editors used his access to the *Zamboni/ObsERVER/Primary Source* office late one night to have sex with a Freshman girl he met at Brown and Brew. They had sex on top of the big table in the middle of the office, which might explain why the Chinese food you guys are probably eating right now tastes a little bit like ass. Talk about romance. I guess it beats doing it on that couch that's covered by three inches of dust.

I actually have very few memories of *The Zamboni* - mainly because we were generally under the influence of alcohol throughout production. There was one particular night in which I remember nothing except that I nearly got in a fight with a Sigma Nu brother in their basement. You know you've had way too much to drink any time you find yourself going to the Sigma Nu house. Other than the brothers themselves, the only people that ever went in that house were Freshman girls whose Perspectives teachers told them it was the Academic Resource Center: "Oops. Wrong house. Let's play beer pong."

I was initiated into *The Zamboni* during my freshman year. By the time spring rolled around, I was the only freshman left on staff. We were doing a photo shoot about ways to sneak beer into Spring Fling. So, we took a picture of a sophomore shooting me in the face with a Super Soaker. Couldn't we have just used Photoshop? It was certainly around at the time, which I know because on the cover of that same issue, we seamlessly inserted a big fat joint between the fingers of then-President, John DiBiaggio.

Perhaps what I remember most from *The Zamboni* were the threats made against me. I liked when I was told that if I stepped foot in the ZBT house, they'd beat me up. They were such funny little geeks. You know that if I ever walked in their house, they would have done the same thing to me that they do to everyone - offer me a bid. There are inanimate objects that have received bids from ZBT. They make the *Old School* frat look like The Rat Pack.

The Zamboni actually came full circle for me last year. We received a resume at my company, and I remembered the applicant's name from the article he wrote for the only issue he participated in. It was pretty cool to be able to show my boss the article this kid wrote about the difficulty he had getting laid. Needless to say, he didn't get the job, and presumably he's still never gotten laid.

Speaking of college students who couldn't get laid, the staff of *The Zamboni* is what really made my experience there great. We all had a lot of fun putting that newspaper together. We particularly liked the computer crashes that tended to happen on an hourly basis. Some genius (no doubt a *Primary Source* member) thought it was a good idea to network Macs and PCs together at a time when that just didn't work very well. I'm no computer expert, but it appeared to me that these computers were all connected to each other via a server which was made out of some type of pasta. Whenever we wanted to transfer articles from one computer to the other, we had to boil water.

So congratulations to *The Zamboni* on celebrating its 100th issue, or as they call it in the newspaper business, "Making up an occasion when nothing's happening on campus." I have news for you all - if Tufts is anything like I remember, nothing ever happens on campus. Thanks for keeping in touch with me, and write back when you reach another *Zamboni* milestone - having one good looking, funny female staff member.

Adam Lenter '98
 Editor-in-Chief of *The Zamboni*,
 1997-1998



DID YOU KNOW...
 ...The Zamboni is always last when the student groups line up to get funding?
 ?



DID YOU KNOW...
 ...Allan Rice is an anagram for 'Anal Retic'?



DID YOU KNOW...
 ...famous Zamboni alumni **don't** include Richard Hamberg, Ted Woodinshwartz and Ellen Pucy?

Classic Zamboni: The List

first published: 2-22-2000

Guys, how many times does the thought suddenly pop into your mind, "Man, I kinda want to put my balls in/on/near that!" Pretty often, right? With the frequency of this type of urge and the importance of the body part involved, you'd think there would be some sort of guidelines for this type of behavior. Unfortunately, there are none! We at *The Zamboni* decided to take matters into our own hands and had a crack team of top scientists, through extensive research, create this list of where NOT to put your balls. They assure us it's pretty comprehensive, so if something's not on the list, it's probably okay to put your balls there.

- In coffee
- In a car door
- In a paper shredder
- In the mouth of starving alligator
- Up a flagpole
- Inside of a Cuisinart
- In a guillotine
- In an ice cube tray in freezer
- Inside of a Pasteurization machine
- In a trash compactor in a garbage truck
- Near your brother's rusty razor blade collection
- In a giant vat of battery acid
- In a ceiling fan
- Backstage at a Melissa Ethridge concert
- Ground zero of a nuclear explosion
- Atop a Bunsen burner
- On an archer's target
- In Singapore's "No Balls Here" zone
- On a golf tee
- In the bowling ball return area
- In a super colliding particle accelerator
- On the ice surface at an NHL arena
- In between the components of a fender-bender
- Anywhere near an angry horse
- In a pinball machine
- In/near a TCU Senate meeting
- In/near a building scheduled for implosion
- In/ on one of those Japanese gongs
- Near a guy juggling butcher's knives
- In a mouse trap testing facility
- Stuck in your zipper
- Near the Bobbitt family reunion
- In an elephant stampede
- Atop/in Thorn bushes
- In a coffee bean grinder
- Inside a pencil sharpener
- In the claws of a lobster
- Strapped to a fully extended bungee cord
- In between the pages of an unabridged dictionary
- On the Brooklyn Bridge during the New York City Marathon
- On the third rail of the subway
- Caught on the prongs of a policeman's tazer
- Under the approaching gavel of a court judge
- Against a soldering iron
- In between closing elevator doors
- Atop a porcupine
- Stapled to a wooden pole in a burning building

I remember it like it was yesterday. My friend Josh Wolk, the EIC, thought it would be a cute idea to add funny descriptions below our names in the masthead instead of stuffy titles. So we were all brainstorming ideas for each other, when I suggested to Josh that he put "Wolk. . .Polish?" underneath his name. Josh balked at the idea, because he was concerned that it would offend members of the Tufts community who were of Polish descent. I thought he was overreacting. Anyway, he ended up putting something completely benign under his name instead. Looking back at it today, I realize now why people like myself who considered themselves very accomplished humor writers in college go on to careers in completely humorless fields of work.

Rob Moskow '90,
Original Zamboni staff member



As long as I can remember, *The Zamboni* has been something dear to me that I have respected and admired. While it often may not be funny, it is very useful and serves a big void that nobody else seems to be able to do. That's right, when an ice hockey rink needs a resurfacing it is always there to spread a new coat of ice. I just wanted to thank *The Zamboni* for doing quite possibly the greatest community service of all. Move over LCS, we have a new champion...

Josh Belkin '04,
former Zamboni staff member;
founder, No Homers Club

DID YOU KNOW...

... The Zamboni was involved in the famous Zamboni Chase of 1814 that left 3 dead, 12 injured and hundreds skating?

DID YOU KNOW...

... you are wasting your time by reading this sentence?



DID YOU KNOW...

... The Zamboni is put together by dozens of artists and writers, all working 8 hour shifts nonstop?

Zamboni of THE FUTURE

2050

The Zamboni will be distributed on Holo-discs, and delivered to your door by Raygun-Armed robots. Human cloning is banned after French Guiana is invaded and occupied by an army of 50,000 Steven Spielbergs.



With the profits from a lucrative Soma ring, The Zamboni launches its own space program. The primary goal of this endeavour is to launch a 50-Ton loudspeaker into orbit, which will blast 10,000,000 decibels of Creedence Clearwater Revival towards Earth, 365 days per year.

2100

2250

President Flash Gordon, on a tip from an intrepid Zamboni reporter, penetrates the secret fortress of Ming The Merciless, subduing the evil dictator, bringing peace at last to the US and US-controlled military dictatorships the world over.



A world weary of constant war turns to the comedy of Benny Hill for solace. The Zamboni embraces this trend with gusto, and for the following 50 years prints

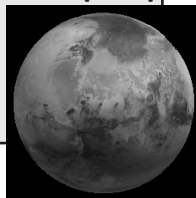
only photos of creme pies and scantily clad women.



2200

2350

Mankind takes tentative first steps on the planet Mars, only to find the surface covered completely in Cheese Puffs. The Zamboni staff celebrates by masturbating furiously, as the customs of the time prescribe.



In a blind rage, Samuel Langremond the 30th murders half the Zamboni staff before turning the phaser on himself. After mourning, the survivors leave the bodies as they lay, as a somber reminder of man's inhumanity towards man. And also for darts.

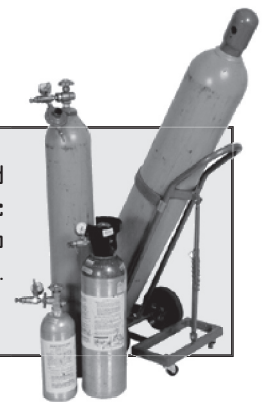
2525

In the year 2525
If man is still alive
If woman can survive,
they may find...

2400

2900

The Earth deforested, paper scarce, and computers useless from the Electromagnetic Shock War of 2895, the Zamboni switches to an all-Nitrous Oxide Humor Delivery System. Readership increases tenfold.



The second coming of Christ manifests as a super-intelligent speaking monkey. Shockingly, The Zamboni finds no humor in the situation.

2725



The hospital where *The Zamboni* was born had a policy that if the residents had babies they would write off whatever the insurance didn't cover (20% usually). But because I was pregnant when *The Zamboni's* father started working there the insurance paid 0. But I argued with the hospital, saying, "you said you would pay **WHATEVER** the insurance didn't cover." And *The Zamboni* was "born free."

Marisa Kambour
official Sister of *The Zamboni*

? **DID YOU KNOW...**
... descriptions of an actual zamboni include
mystery words like "hydraulics" and "auger"?

? **DID YOU KNOW...**
... coconuts kill 150 people per year? ?



TUFTS HUMOUR GAZETTE AND ICE-SCRAPER ALMANAC

Facetia et
Haruspices



Smarch 30th, 1862

Vol II, Issue 16

Phineas Q. Steinberg, Editor

PRESIDENT BALLOU CAUGHT WITH HIS KNICKERS DOWN!

It appears as though the most esteemed president of Tufts College, Hosea Ballou, was seen gallivanting around the Powderhouse with some of Radcliffe's most homely damsels. We all know of Dr. Ballou's legendary consumption of spirituous liquids, but this time he has gone too far! I have ventured off of Walnut Hill to the village of Cambridge, and the ladies there have been made brutish from books. In comparison, Emily Dickinson appears as fair as the Swedish Nightingale herself. Their rough complexion and malodourousness is enough to make me want to surrender to those dastardly Spaniards. Shame on you, President Ballou!

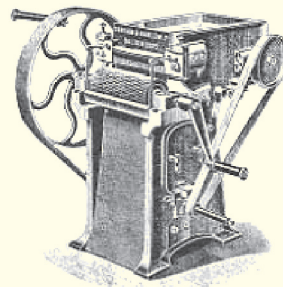


Hosea follows his loins into the most treacherous of caverns!

TUFTS HUMOUR GAZETTE RE- CEIVES PRINT- ING PRESS!

In these times of high-technology, it may strike our readers as quite a shock that until this very issue, this publication was committed to paper not by the mechanism of printing-press, but by trained typographical apes, who would scrawl every letter with the expertize of a master-caligrapher. However, we have recently obtained that marvel of modern technology: the movable type printing press. Our type-apes no longer useful, we roasted them on spits, and feasted on their succulent remains. And now, with

our expanded typographical palette, we are able to do **THIS!** and **THIS!** and **THO!** HUZ-ZAH! Now bow down before the ultimate power of the Tufts Humour Gazette and Ice-Scraper Almanac!



The Modern-Day Printing-Press

HEY! BLINKIN!

A rousing Bronx Cheer to you, Abraham Lincoln. You don't fool us with your sensible beard, stovepipe hat and Emancipation Proclamation. You are no more than an overgrown William Henry Harrison. Excessive altitude will get you nowhere, Mr. Lincoln, unless perhaps there were some sort of game, the ob-

ject of which were to place a rubber spheroid into a peach basket perched high above the gymnasium. But such recreation does not exist! Do not place the blame for this dastardly war on us... we placed our vote in favor of Stephen Douglas!

HARVARD VIL- LAINS PRAC- TICE RAMPANT VAMPIRISM

Perhaps due to the recent influx of Transylvanian immigrants, or perhaps due to the mysterious motions of the heavens, there has been a recent wave of blood-suckling amongst our fancy-pants neighbors down the hill. While we here at the Tufts Humour Gazette hate to make sweeping generalizations, we feel one is necessary in these trying times. So, it is our advice that henceforth when travelling to the Harvard area, always carry a wooden stake and a vial of holy water. If you see an individual clothed in crimson, do not hesitate to drive that stake through their foul heart!



Beware The Cambridge Un-dead!

Uncle Zamboni's all-purpose, re-plenishing e-lixir!

*This new tonic will cure all of your assorted maladies, from cholera to homo-sexuality.

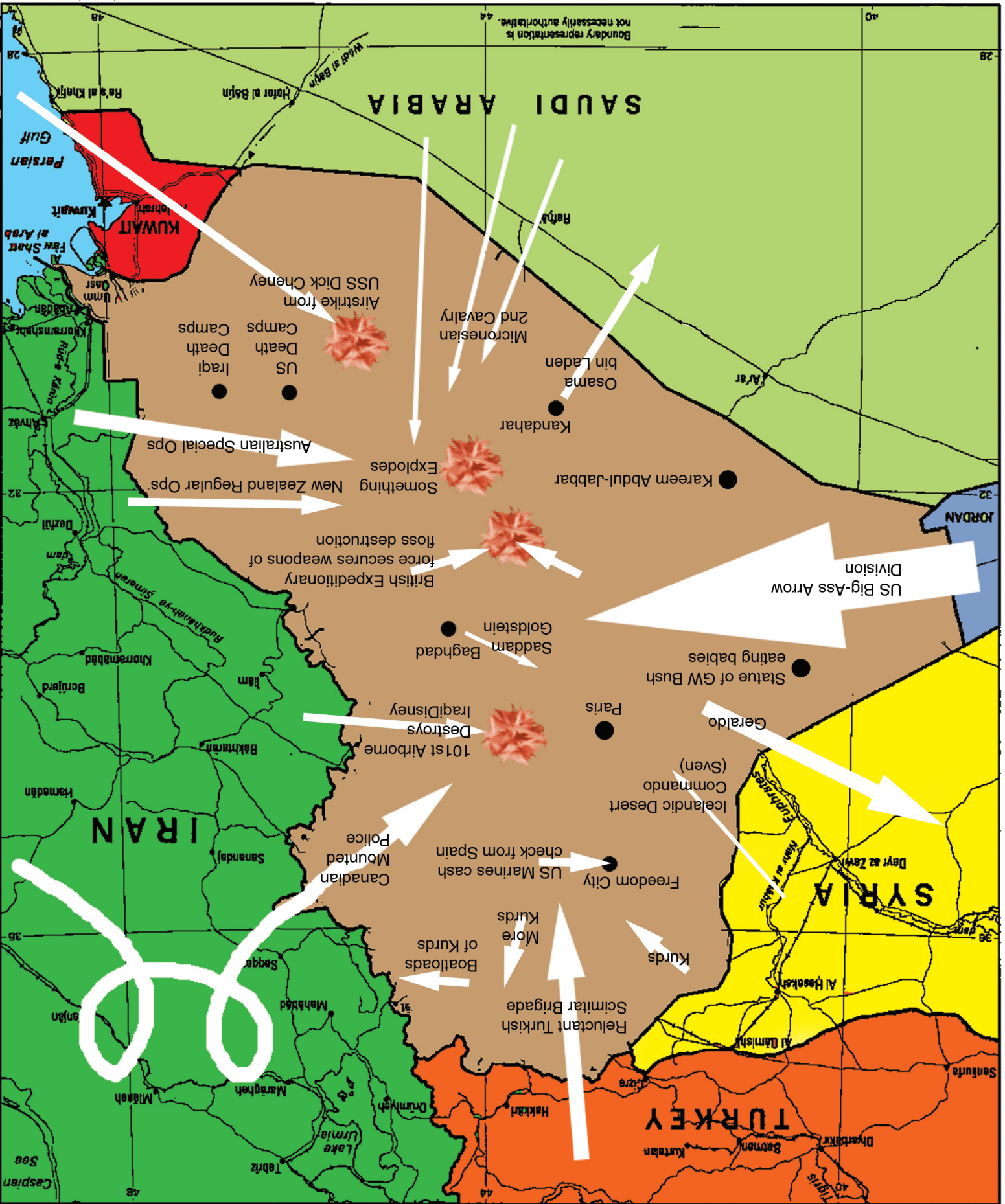
*Made from the finest coca extract, our patented hydro-glucose, and Arabian camel ejaculate, Uncle Zamboni's re-plenishing elixir is all natural and proven to help in the fight against Satan's urges.

*Only 10 ¢ per bottle!



"I love it!"

THE COALITION AT WORK



In between chugging
vials of vanilla extract,
The Zamboni's

A REPORT FROM THE FRONT!

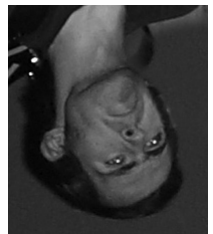


Wolf Blitzer: Well Lee how are
you doing?
Zamboni Correspondent R. Lee
Erney: I'm good, its warm out here,
and perfect weather for killin'. I
can smell the blood lust in these fine
young men.
B: Well where are you?
E: Those goddamn bureaucrats at the
dept. of Defense won't let me tell you
that.
B: Ok, well what unit are you stationed
with?
E: Shit Wolf, I can't disclose that either!
B: Ok, ok, well what are you guys doing out there?
E: That would be crucial operational information as well, Maggot-
breath.
B: Well alright, what can you tell us?
E: Blitzer, what is your major malfunction? The only thing the dept. of
Defense will let me tell you, is that we're winning. That's right: Saddam
will soon be disposed and the people of Iraq liberated! The shining light of
democracy and free market capitalism will surely be here soon.
B: Well that sounds great, just great, any last words before you sign off?
E: Just, God Bless America and these damn krauts will soon be subdued!
B: Thank you Lee, though I think krauts is a derogatory term for Germans,
perhaps towel-heads or cow worshippers would be more appropriate?
E: Listen up you slimy, necktie wearing, pansy scumbag, I bet your momma
regrets the day the smelly piece of shit for a son that you are was shipped out
her ass. Now drop and give me twenty!
B: Sir, yes Sir!
E: That's all folks, God bless the United States Marine Corps and get out of
my sight!

People of Iraq:
You have gone without the comforting
presence of corporate symbols and
fast food for far too long. If you join
the fight to overthrow Hussein, here
are the utopian advantages that you
will enjoy after your liberation:

- *Apple Pie*
- *Multinational Corporations*
- *The Superbowl*
- *20 CDs for a penny*
- *SUPERSED EVERYTHING*
- *A chicken in every pot and a car in
every garage*
- *Freedom Fries*
- *Windows XP*
- *Realty TV*
- *Infrastructure*
- *40 Acres and a Mule*
- *The eventual neglect of the American
Government and People*
- *So, people of Iraq, pick up your rifles,
rocks, pointy sticks and fistborns and
join the American way!

valiant embedded
journalists in Iraq
have recovered
American flyers
dropped on the
Iraqi people.
Now, here, un-
changed and
translated by
Alta Vista,
The Zambo-
ni presents
American
Propagan-
da in all
its demo-
cratic
glory.



by Douglas Miller, remixed by Ewan Chakroff

PREDICTIONS FOR POSTWAR IRAQ: EDITED VERSION.

American businessmen scream like sleep deprived grizzly bears. Space robots hate a dog show. Come on, Ronald Reagan, drop this upon us. It's an occupation force expecting the puppies to snuggle right up next to him. I don't know what does instill democracy. They're not going about this the most intelligent way. Having emotionally challenged orangutans lecture on the tenets of Marxist-Leninism's concept of revolutionary democracy seriously has the UN coked out. For god fucking sakes, I know an Ivy League nancy-boy who was too scared to go within 100 feet of any south Asian during the Vietnam War. All old, feeble, white, Republican males live in fear. Become a joke they can't restrain.

Be it a Quickie mart. At least make believe. Milky Way Bars are the only logical explanation for US foreign policy. Even George Sr. tried to pretend the real truth was under the evil control of space robots from the gamma quadrant, but these contradictions are all easily explained with my new theory. Ok folks, here's what's going to happen in post-war Iraq: heinous regimes compromised of animatronic cyborgs have been charged by the Royal Council with the task of ridding the galaxy of humanity. Rather than just blow up our planet or ravage the surface with their super cool space guns they decided to have a little fun. The current administra-
tion is impossible. Lose hundreds if not thousands - beaming Leave it to Beaver and the Andy Griffith show, the Alpha Centaurians couldn't get enough of that lovable oaf Barney.

As though the Great White Liberator for all oppressed third world nations, inexplicable contradictions. Take back the same weapons. I'm no math major, but I can count. Well again it's all very simple. We had a good run, lots of laughs, but after producing crap like Married by America we're fucked. We've not only polluted our own environment but thousands of light years of space as we beam out all the crap you see on your television to the heavens. Things turned ugly. All we can do is wait for the fireworks.

THE SADDAM~SEPT. 11TH LINK

09/11/01 It's obvious what happened here. Even people in caves in Afghanistan know what happened... though I suppose they would.



09/12/01 War on Terror begins! Bush throws hegger in the rose garden to celebrate.

10/02/01 War in Afghanistan starts. Heroin addicts around poppy fields rejoice as the Alghani Alghani killing fields reopen as well.
Alghani farmers rejoice as the Alghani Alghani killing fields reopen as the

09/13/01 Jihad begins! Saddam throws hegger in Palace of Chemical Warfare to celebrate.

11/22/01 Thanksgivng! Osama and Saddam meet in a villa at Bora Bora to share a leg of turkey and Osama despise your secular, nationalist I despise your politics we clearly have Raah party politics which is to kill George Bush. Sr and make the world safe for Weapons of Mass Destruction.

10/08/01 Tom Ridge is sworn in as Director of Homeland Security. South Africa shudders at the thought of yet another old white guy talking about homelands.

09/04/02 A package with a mysterious white powder is found in the White House mail room, though rather than an harmless kilo of cocaine, Ari Fleischer instantly accuses Saddam of attempting to kill Bush Jr, much like he did to Bush Sr.

04/18/02 US pilots bomb Canadian troops in Afghanistan. Air Force "go pills" saying that it was in no way linked to their heavy recruitment of former speed addicts.

06/23/02 Tehran air national guard pilot comments that he can't wait to finish defending the dreaded Mexican air force so that he too can run for president and send young men off to die.

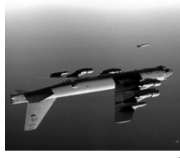
11/13/02 A tree falls in a forest, no one hears it.

12/25/02 The OTHER big three meet, Tony Blair, George Bush, and Leo Falcam (the president of Micronesia) to talk about how the war on terror is going. The newly set record for Courtvoisier consumed at a summit is surpassed by 6 cases. Damn, those Micronesians can hold their liquor.

03/18/03 George Bush delivers his war ultimatum, saying, "Unlike Saddam Hussein, we believe the Iraqi people are deserving and capable of human liberty." Apparently liberty and justice can only be exchanged for strategic Republican control of natural resources...sorry Zimbabwe, you're screwed.

12/20/02 The Big three meet, Osama, Saddam, and Kim Chong-il to discuss how to proliferate nuclear weapons to more non-white, non-Christian, third world countries. The talks take a record 4 cases of Courtvoisier.

03/20/03 The gift of Democracy is given to the Iraqi people, Vietnam-style!



Regardless of our stance on the war, we here at The Zamboni just wouldn't feel human if we didn't like seeing shit get blown up - and we think most of our readers will agree. So, we are proud to present...

TOP WARSTOCKS



Type: "Nuclear"
Apparently referring to a Top-Secret new weapon, G.W. Bush repeatedly speaks of "Nuclear" devices. North Korea and other nations are reported to have an arsenal of these mysterious weapons at their disposal.



STOCKS

Type: Hand to Hand Combat
When coupled with Stones, these primitive weapons can inflict more damage than, uh, say, bare hands.



Type: Chemical Weapon
When ingested by the enemy, they fall into a trance-like state, unable to do much more than prattle on about their insatiable craving for "blunts."



BOMB

Type: Conventional Bomb
This "mother of all bombs" explodes in midair, spreading shrapnel and death over a large radius. It can be modified for homeland uses, such as dispersing candy to hungry children.

WORMS



Type: Biological Weapon
These "women of ill repute" infiltrate the enemy bases, and, through coitus, spread various deadly diseases.



Type: Psychological
When confronted with Carrot Top, most enemies will lose their desire to live, and surrender willingly.



Fox News Corp. Internal Memo, 7/15/02

Re: Shock and Awe promotion prospectus

CC: Rupert Murdoch, Donald "Rummy" Rumsfeld, Gerald Rivera

How much bombing is *too* much bombing? When does wholesale destruction cross the line between the awful and the *awesome*? Is it possible for a woman to fall in love with a man based only what he's like on the inside -- his personality, sense of humor, and values? The answers to at least two of these questions will be revealed on the new unscribed reality series SHOCK AND AWE coming to FOX (Mondays 9:00-10:00 PM ET/PT) later this season. In SHOCK AND AWE, a terrorist-harboring country full of swarthy Muslims (TBA) will be bombarded by a series of weapons of varying intelligence, in a quick and Don't miss it!

If there's time, a young, beautiful and single woman will court several eligible, masked men who must rely strictly on their individual personalities to captivate her. Will they be shocked? Will they be awed? Will they be *both*?

The South 10:1 The Pentagon has been getting reports of second uprising and dangerous moonshine manufacturing plants. This invasion would take the form of a pre-emptive strike, targeted towards trailer park command centers and farms that house potential military machinery, such as trailers and pitchforks.

VEGAS ODDS ON WHAT THE U.S. WILL INVADE NEXT

All Middle Eastern Countries Except

Israel- 2:1

Israel- 3,000,000:1

The U.S. is planning Operation Culture Saturation, where we will invade every Middle Eastern country, destroy them, and let them rebuild into a nation of McDonalds

Too long has America's unfriendly neighbors to the north influenced American culture with the Celin Dions and Alanis Morissettes of their country. The campaign will start with air raids of all hockey rinks and Molson breweries.

Canada 3:1

North Korea 4:1 They have nukes? Only France, Russia, Britain, Pakistan, Israel, India, China and America are allowed to have nukes! "Ugly girls can have all the abortions they want."

Pretty Woman's Womb 5:1 Ugly Woman's Womb 10,000:1

Vietnam 20:1 The U.S. can win a rematch. Seriously, America isn't joking this time around.

Alaskan Oil Fields- 2:1

The bald eagle, the pine tree and the deer are nothing more than animals with a human-

man regime based on the principal "survival of the fittest." These beasts are a threat to the safety of the nation and each other. If they do not leave the oil fields meant for civilized beings, the U.S. will forcibly remove them. 38th parallel.

Your Personal Life 1:1

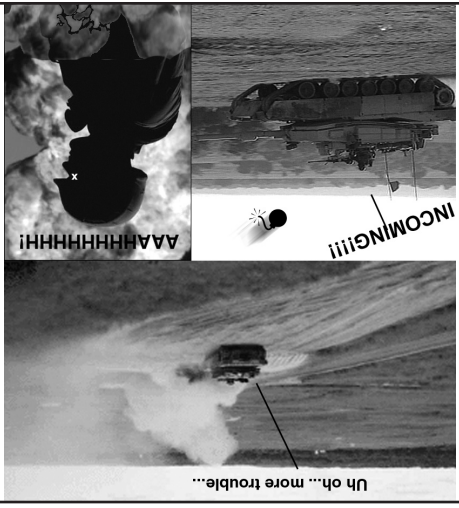
An Open Letter to Michael Moore.

I'm sorry Michael Moore. We appreciate your anti-war efforts-we really do. Unfortunately, you are far too unattractive to help our cause. See, in this day and age of media spotlighting, we need anti-war advocates that are camera friendly, people that actually look good on television. You must admit, you are one fat fuck. I mean, look at yourself. You're sloppier than most of my crunchy radical vegan friends here, who think that not wearing deodorant is a form of passive protest. Eat a salad, you fat bastard. I march ten miles every day, holding big neon signs and carrying a megare bottle full of v8, protesting all sorts of pointless shit that no one cares about, and that keeps me in tip top shape. You've been neglecting your marching duties, haven't you? Let me tell you, it shows. And lets talk about that bundle of thumping, tangled wire on your head, QVT IT. Jesus, what are you, a hippie? Is it against your religion to shave your homely face once in a while? Maybe get a trim? Argh, it's people like you that make people like us sick. No one listens to ugly people. I mean, do you think anyone cared about what my friend had to say when she stood up during Bush's speech here and gave him the finger? Hell no. All anyone could think was, "Wow, is she serious? How could she be allowed out in public?" Does anyone take Monica Lewinsky seriously? No. People just look at her and think, "Damn, Clinton let her slosh his knob? What the hell was he thinking?" Do people really listen to President Bush? No, and it's not because he is a fascist capitalist communist socialist prg. It's because he looks like a damn chimpy. Maybe if he looked like TK... he was dreamy... But anyway, do you see what I'm saying? That's why it's important that all us radicals start going to tanning salons, wearing makeup (yes, even the 'boys'), and dressing in clothes that aren't fourth hand. If we want people to take us seriously, first they have to be attracted to us. Think about it: you are much more attractive when you are listening to a person you would want to fuck later, as opposed to someone that you can't wait to get out of your sight. That is why you must clean up your image, Michael. We can't have one of our celebrity representatives walking around like he just walked out of an all you can eat donut buffet. Took a gym. Hire a personal stylist. Wash your hair. Maybe buy a new shirt. But do something to improve your image, or else us radicals will be cast down into the lower echelons of society, doomed to swim in the social cesspool. But don't me wrong! we appreciate your anti-war efforts-we really do. --A Tufts Radical



Moore-oh?

THIS MEANS WARI BY EVAN CHAKROFF



A word from the Editor

Usually, this Ridge television ads. Luckily, we have remained safe, Editor's Box but that doesn't mean that I feel safe yet.

Two things: it allows the American people have reacted. Hollywood stars, me to speak boldly on behalf of the entire *Zamboni* staff, and it is an opportunity to be funny in a completely random context. I am sorry to disappoint my loyal readers who were expecting more of the same. Let me begin by saying that this editorial does not necessarily represent the views of the rest of the staff of *The Zamboni*, but it is rather an expression of my own personal views. Unlike some publications on this campus, we at *The Zamboni* respect the political opinions of other students on this campus and therefore usually refrain from plastering our views all over our magazine and cramming them down the throats of our readers. That being said, we faced a difficult task in devoting half of our issue to war; war is highly political, and it isn't at all funny. It is the absurdity of this war, however, that caught our attention. It seems hard to believe that in order to achieve stability in the Middle East and validate the power of the United Nations, we must destabilize one of the most powerful nations in the region, violating the UN ourselves in the process. Our President, who has convinced the American people (himself included) that Saddam Hussein is directly linked to Osama bin Laden and September 11th, has put us all in more danger from terrorists rather than less. The moment we invaded Iraq, the likelihood that Islamic Fundamentalists or other terrorists would attempt to attack us skyrocketed, and we were left to defend ourselves with duct tape and Tom



Ain't that a kick in the head?

XOXOXO
THE
ZAMBONI

The Staff:

- Commander-in-Chief....Andrew "Boatloads of Kurds" Kambour
- Brigadier General....Evan "Great Uncle of The Zamboni" Chakroff
- Special Forces.....Alec "Republican Guard" Brownstein
- Josh "Cruise Missile" Engel
- Admiral on the USS *Zamboni*.....Allan "Geraldo" Rice
- Staff Sergeant.....Brett "Regime Change" Weiner
- Comedic Light Brigade.....Ian Asaff, Doug Miller

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Flip over for more
fun! YOwZA!!!

WARR!

GOES TO

THE BOMB!

