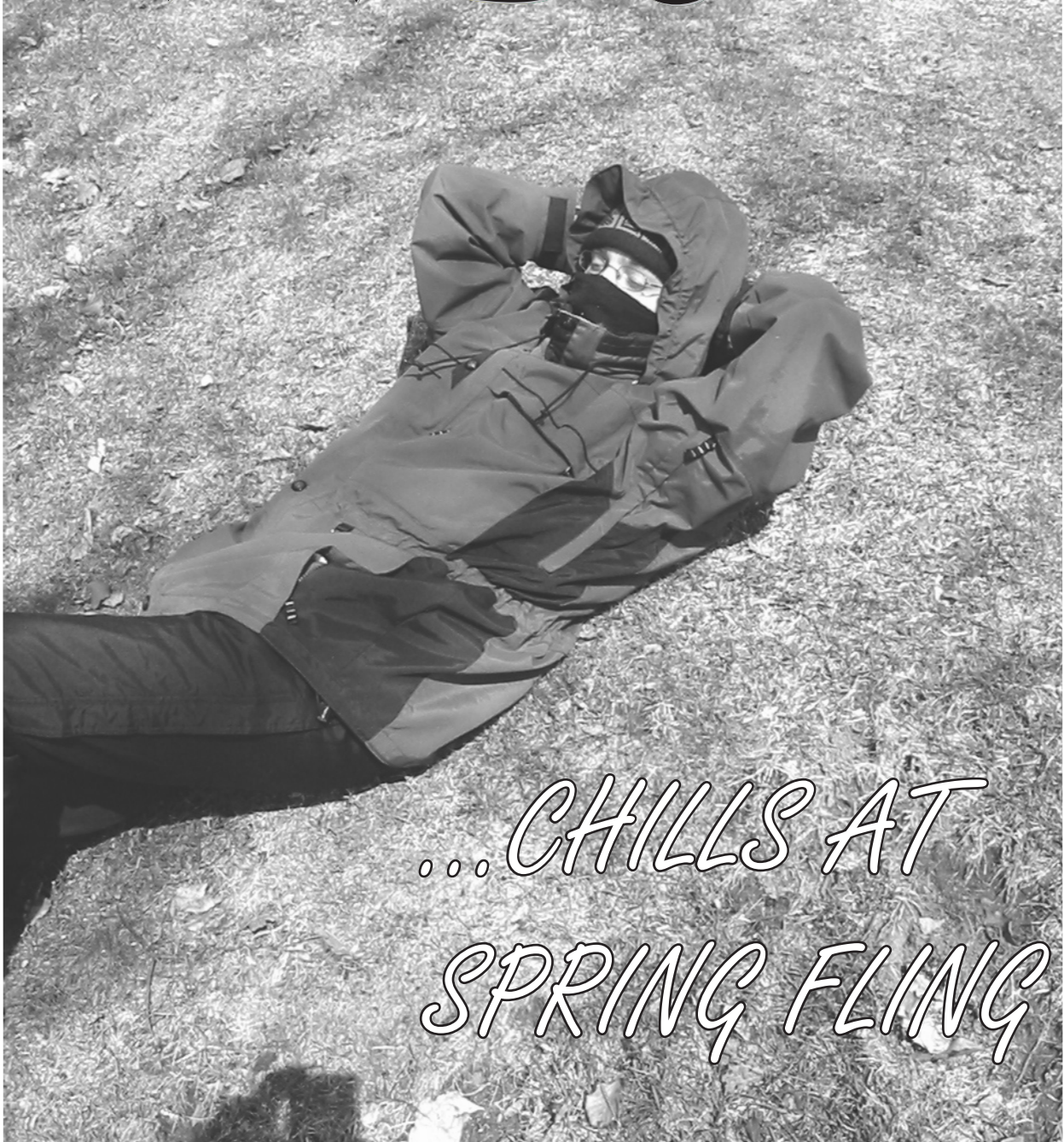


THE

LAMBONI



*...CHILLS AT
SPRING FLING*

Also in this issue...



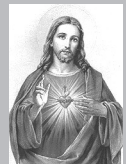
Q-list Celebrities!

New Editor, Same old
nonsense! Vocabulary!

Words with picture
supplements!

Nudity!

The Son
of God!



A word from the Editor

Welcome! Greetings! Hello! It's spring again, and at *The Zamboni* that means a bloodless coup for leadership. By the great forces known as "default", I succeeded and my quest for Editorship and now I am here talking to all one (1) of my loyal readers.



After being elected Editor-in-Chief, I gave a lot of thought to *The Zamboni*, our duty, and generally the raison d'être of this magazine. Unfortunately, I'm not clever enough to come up with this on my own, but I had some help in the form of a letter to the editor in the Daily. In responding to the April Fools issue, Sarah Klevan wrote "Some jokes are not funny. I find it upsetting and embarrassing that a university publication sunk

to the level of sex jokes, objectification and personal mockery to get a laugh."

Besides the obvious fact that Sarah Klevan has never read *The Zamboni*, her statement filled me with a sense of purpose. What she said was the exact goal of this publication! We will plumb the depths of sex, we will represent people as objects and we will ruthlessly

make fun of anyone who gets in our way.

Just to cement it, I should probably give a fancy oath or something. I, state your name, do solemnly swear to uphold the duties of mockery, sarcasm and absurdity in all its forms. I shall do all that is half-assed within my power to make this magazine hold true to these sacred tenets.

Just to prove it, I might as well give some examples right now. Sex: I dated a vegetarian once. At least, she must've been, because she never ate my meat. Objectification: Kick a squirrel everyone! They aren't anything more than moving soccer balls with tails. Personal Mockery: Andrew Kambour, you are a smelly smellpot who needs to take a shower. Good, looks like I covered all the bases there.

Well, I look forward to the coming semester with eyes full of humor. Expect many more inflammatory remarks that will get us on the police blotter as a bias incident. Oh yeah, and I might get around to getting a consistent layout and a competent staff too.

Ain't that a kick in the head?

x o x o x o

THE
ZAMBONI

The Staff:

Editor-in-Chief.....**Brett "Now a Made Man" Weiner**
Editor-out-of-Chief.....**Andrew "Reign of Terror" Kambour**
Production King.....**Evan "Scratch n' Sniff" Chakroff**
Senior Managing Editors.....**Alec "Monkey" Brownstein**
Josh "Robot" Engel
Staff Writers.....**Doug Miller, Luke Synder**
George Rausch, Alissa Greene, Dan Mandell

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 MAILBAG

After a brief hiatus, Letters is back and faker than ever! Remember, anyone can submit Letters via e-mail to Zamboni_Tufts@hotmail.com or via normal mail at P.O. Box 666, Timbuktu, Mali.

Dear Zamboni,

My name is Jennifer Hooster and I am a prospective student interested in writing comedy in college. I am editor in chief of my school newspaper, I have done 100 hours of community service, I had an internship last summer at the National Lampoon and I regularly get stuck cats out of trees and save babies. Could you send me more information about your publication?

Sincerely,
Jennifer Hooster



Zamboni: How cute. I love how High Schoolers think what you did in High School matters after you are actually in college.

Dear Zamboni,

DID I DO THAT?
Sincerely,
Jaleel White

Zamboni: If by that you refer to the weeks of nightmares I will have from your letter, then yes, you did it, and you shall pay.

Dear Zamboni,

Recently, my room has been infested by pre-frosh. I opened my refrigerator the other day and found one inside! It was so gross, I had to throw all the food out. I hear this is a campus-wide problem. Do you have any suggestions on getting rid of these pests?

Sincerely,
A Wren Writer

Zamboni: There are a few simple ways to get rid of pre-frosh and in service to the reader, here they are: 1) Ask them what their SAT scores are. They will scurry away.

2) When they inevitably ask "If there is one thing you could change about Tufts, what would it be?" say "April Open House."

3) Carefully approach the pre-frosh and ask where it what building it is trying to find. Proceed to give it directions to Sci-Tech NOTE: This also works with first semester freshmen.

Dear Zamboni,

I was just wondering, what exactly is your favorite movie?
Sincerely,
Film Fan

Zamboni: Meet The Deedles.



I Don't Have an Eating Disorder!!! :)

Cheery greetings, fellow Tuftoni-Zambonufta-peers! My name is Liz Bofey, and I'm a senior here at this wonderful snacky experience of a university!! Go Jumbos!!!! Go all the way to the store and grab a snack!! Ha ha!

I'm majoring in Psychology with a minor in Ironic Lack of Self-Awareness!! And some feeling, which I uncomfortably refuse to analyze, has motivated me to tell all of you, my fellow Jumbonabamb-Tuzaftonic-classmates, that I don't have an eating disorder! Go me!! Go all the way over there and swallow it, me!! Swallow it whole, you big greasy love-mamma!!

What am I talking about, fellow Jumboftozanians? I'm talking, of course, about a tasty cheese calzone. When I first arrived here at Tufts, with lots of fluffy feelings and a very nervous tummy, I tripped in the tricky street and hurt my leg on a funny puddle! I was definitely like 'ow.' My roommate was totally awesome though; it was a really good experience to have! She ordered me a cheese calzone, because she's a caring person. She always wants to make me feel good, and she usually does it with oral sex!! It's pretty cool, even if it's not strictly consensual - thanks lovey bunch (I guess)!!

Anyway! I was reclining chubbily on my bed, moaning like only a very experienced moaner can moan! My leg REALLY hurt, or at least I like to pretend it did! But I forgot all of that when that little square box opened up and revealed a whole universe of big, chewy swallowing possibilities!!

I don't have an eating disorder! I dipped my face into the calzone, and when I came back up, there was certainly not a calzone there anymore! Here are some memories that come to mind!! Slurping pints of cheese and half-heartedly chewing crusty humps of bread - long hours of thrusting my head back and forth into a pizza box like I'm sucking a penis made of cheese - actually sucking a penis made of

cheese - this is what Tufts University is all about! Not some anorexic waif who barely jiggles at all! Not some exercise-obsessed young athlete who walks up stairs as though it were not horribly, almost prohibitively difficult!! Instead of a bra, I use two large motorcycle helmets tied together with strands of mozzarella!!

Here's a tip: liters of cream are two for one at Star Market this weekend!! Cream is a fantastic lubricant for good times, by which I mean swallowing penises, and I'll certainly be there taking advantage of that fantastic value!! Anything else would be boring, and hungry!! It should eat something!

By the way, everyone thinner than me is anorexic!! Eat something for God's sake! Whoa, pillows are nice, aren't they? There's nothing wrong with closely resembling one, except being way, way larger!! Ha ha, I certainly don't have an eating disorder. This weekend, I'm going to put a whole lot of things in my mouth! Swallowing is a nice feeling. Don't interpret that the wrong way though! I like good clean fun - the kind that starts with a shopping cart containing my bodyweight in groceries and ends six hours later when I flop, like a walrus viciously bloated with gas, into the center of my greasy bed and mercifully black out among the stray pepperoni!! Go Jumbos, ha ha!!

Oops! Sorry, fellow Tuftumbozamb-Buftonites! I got a little carried away there. I was just trying to make myself extra clear! Extra clarity, like extra-extra cheese or performing oral sex on strangers in damp closets, is something good that can really make your experience here at Tufts a positive one!! And I hope I made it very, very, very clear to absolutely everyone that I really, really don't have an eating disorder!! Okay, I have to go flop in my fat rolls a little bit now. Study hard, Jumbos! And by study, I most definitely mean eat!



Eating dozens of these always makes me feel better!



This yummyrific goodness is in my tummy!

News-in-Brief

DINING HALL, CARMICHAEL - April 20, 2003- Students attend Carmichael dining hall everyday, but the great mystery remains: "Why do they keep rearranging the salad dressing?" With no rhyme or reason to the mixing of vegetable condiments, students are left puzzled. "I could understand if they lumped all the national dressings together or maybe separated the cream-based dressings from the oil-based ones, but this just seems random," commented a Sophomore. The TUPD investigated, but no suspects were found.

CAMPUS CENTER - April 17, 2003- Junior Andrea Bernard spotted classmate Tom Wellen while sitting down to do homework on the upper level of the campus center. She was slightly disturbed because she thinks she sees him everywhere. "Just the other day I was in Hodgton, and there he was, getting himself a drink. I swear to God, he's like, stalking me or something." Bernard encountered, but never talked to, the ubiquitous Wellen in the library, at various frats and Latin Way parties and in her Introduction to Psychology lecture. No suspects were identified.

As many of you know, Tufts is home to one of the most comprehensive collections of varied volumes located in the treasure trove that is Tisch. Sadly, we are often too busy emailing from the "no email" computers to take full advantage of these resources. So, in the spirit of a true Omidyar, I spent several hours this weekend finding some of the tinier tomes in the copious catacombs of the library. Thus, I present to you my findings:

The 26 Thinnest Books Found in the Tisch Library

- 26. *Objectivity*, by the Fares Lecture Committee
- 25. *Keep it Green*, by Tufts Buildings and Grounds
- 24. *Don't Rock the Boat: My Experience in Accepting Traditions*, by Larry Bacow
- 23. *Not Until I Do: A Comprehensive Guide to Being Abstinent Until Marriage*, by Amber Madison

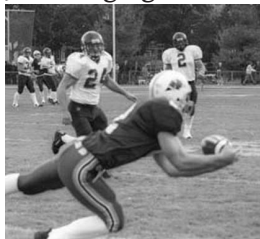


We rule the school!



I started in EPIIC when I was a freshman...when will it end?

- 18. *You and your Chicken: A Recipe Book*, by TUDS
- 17. *How I Learned to Spell*, by the Tufts Daily
- 16. *How I Learned to Write*, by Radix
- 15. *The Porn We've Actually Shown*, by Film Series
- 14. *Winning*, by the Tufts football team
- 13. *Managing Free Time*, by EPIIC



All I really want is to dance!



Say what now?

- 7. *White is Right*, by PAA
- 6. *Don't Assume, I'm Straight*, by TTLGBC
- 5. *Our Purpose*, by the Culture Reps
- 4. *Connecting*, by PayTech, TuftsConnect, or whatever the hell they're called now
- 3. *Counting with Decimal Points*, by Ben Lee
- 2. *Learn English in Ten Days*, by the economics TAs
- 1. *Getting Stuff Done*, by the TCU Senate



More of me? Enough already!



This broad on my right can run naked in my Quad anytime, if you know what I mean.

- 22. *Things that Shouldn't be Found in Newspapers*, by Amber Madison
 - 21. *The Value of Traditional Board Games in Creating Friendship*, by Zeta Psi
 - 20. *How I Turned Down Harvard*, by any Tufts student
 - 19. *Protests: A How-to Guide*, by Sam Dangremond
-
- 12. *Effective Leadership*, by the Tufts Democrats
 - 11. *The Source and I: A Collection of my Articles Which Have Been Published in The Primary Source*, by Carl Jackson
 - 10. *Sobriety*, by Adam Biacchi
 - 9. *Tufts*, by a Harvard Student
 - 8. *Organization*, by the Office of Student Activities, ed. Jodie Nealley

Sorry folks, no more meetings until next year. But if you come to Eaton 209 at 9:30 on Tuesdays, you may see the ghost of Evan Weinberg and hear the mythical 9:45 beep. It's some spooky shit, man...spooky.

A ZAMBONI GUIDE TO SPRING FLING

by Evan Chakroff

Well, well, kids, the time has come once again – what time, you ask? – the time, of course, for Flinging. Now before I delve into the confounding logistics of grabbing and lobbing an entire season, (hell, I don't even know how heavy it is), I'd like to give you, dear readers, a rundown of this year's shitfest.

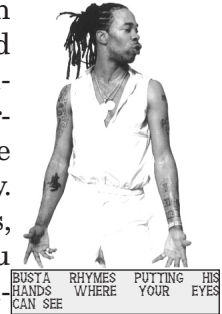


This is the opening band. Swear to God.

First off, Reel Big Fish. Apparently having acquired a time-machine and traveled here from the mists of the past – 1994 or so - these lost boys have come to rock us: ska style. So dust off your checkerboard Vans, rude boys and girls, and get to skanking. Don't worry about looking like a fool – only total losers will be sober enough to care – everyone else will be pounding down shots of 151 to drown out the wretched screeching unnecessary trumpets on stage, and smoking enough pot to wipe clear the image of Aaron the "singer" grasping fast to his fleeting youth by way of cock-rocking. And what's worse, this is the second time we'll be subjected to this in the past four years. I never thought it would happen, but it seems the members of concert board have managed to wedge their collective heads so far up their collective asses they managed to trigger an involuntary convulsion, and they're vomiting up the same shit bands we all saw and forgot about years ago. What's next, Third Eye Blind? Some popular hip-hop dude will perform first. Innovative. As always, the big show is kicked off by one of Tuft's own. This year it's Drowned, who aren't nearly as badass as their name implies. In fact, they go for a near-literal translation, as their music is watered-down pop-tripe, an unlistenable foray into mediocrity.

So the bands suck, you say, so what? You go to spring fling to get blown, and ogle freshman ass, right? Well there'll be plenty of that, son. Get up

there in the crowd and get grinding. I bet you can rub up against 10 – no, 20! – fine cheeks before you rub up against some honey's boyfriend's fist. Nah, that's a bluff – you've got nothing to worry about – any frat boy built enough to rumble will likely be too stoned to do anything, possibly to alleviate the pain he's feeling wondering why his chick was pissed he came in her ass. I'm sorry baby. So go forth unafraid, boys. Girls, don't feel left out. My advice to you is throw on your skankiest spaghetti-strap tank, get on out there and shake yer moneymaker – it'll be good practice for post-graduation, when the only respectable job you'll be able to land involves g-strings, poles, and oil, and even if you do settle down with an office gig, your pig of a boss will no doubt be from the old guard and see you as nothing more than a pair of tits on legs. Best get used to it sooner than later.



BUSTA RHYMES PUTTING HIS
HANDS WHERE YOUR EYES
CAN SEE

So, everyone's gyrating and killing of their medulla, trying to forget that their post-college prospects are slim to none, trying to forget their sub par dance moves, and most of all trying to forget the consequences of mixing booze with their meds, and say you want to get out of this festering mosh pit, maybe sit on the hill a bit and smoke a bowl, so you elbow your way out of the trenches and crawl up towards Ballou. Stand there a minute and contemplate the scene. Maybe you decide to go back out and dance, or maybe you decide it would be better to just end it all, and you pull out your official TUSC Switchblade, and drag it across your wrists (lengthwise, not straight across – it'll go faster if you slice along the length of the vein), and as you stand there slowly dying you see the happy, drugged out undergrads, and die with no regrets.

Why is spring so cold?
New England you are a bitch
El Nino... suck this!

SPRING FLING HAIKUS

A Spring Fling hook-up
I drank so much; who is she?
Burning Sensation.

My class had hot girls
Prefrosh girls seem yummiier
Why is life so cruel?

Reel Big Fish, Busta
Ska and hip-hop, so different
Too drunk to listen.

The Zamboni realizes that finals are coming up and the stress is beginning to mount. Normally, we would make fun of you all for choosing classes with work but we recently ran into some trouble involving stolen space monkeys. Therefore, in accordance with our court edict to provide a public service, The Zamboni presents to you...

A 10 Step Program to Cure your Finals Blues

by Alissa Greene

1) A full body massage by Mrs. Larry Bacow on the President's lawn.

2) A promise by your "special friend" to act out whatever Ben and Jerry's flavor you so desire (personal favorites include "Makin' Whoopee Pie", "Peanut Butter Me Up", and "The Full Vermonty")

3) Chain your favorite monkey (aka a DTD frat boy) to the wall and make him eat one piece of broccoli for every sip of beer. Watch him grow big and strong.

4) A private lap—er—belly dance by the fine ladies of SOC.

5) Trade your "twin sister" for a Harvard guy's past Econ mid-term. If he insists on meeting her, find an ample blow up doll. Bombs away!



Adele Bacow serving time at Health Services

6) While studying the dead Samuel Adams in that American studies class, get acquainted with his younger, living, alcoholic alter ego



The dangers of mixing bboys and slip'n slides.

7) Kidnap an Irishmen at The Burren. Even though he may be screamin' and a hollerin' that he never read James Joyce, make him write your English Paper nonetheless. While you watch him working away, make sure to eat some potatoes. You'll feel so much better about yourself.

8) SLIP AND SLIDE!!!

9) Secretly organize a top secret meeting between members of the sneaky left and conniving right wing groups on your campus. Slyly have them sit at two hidden table full of peanut butter, cookie dough, and secret mystery jam. Casually walk by and surreptitiously throw a piece of cookie at Sam Dangremond's head. (the right wing leader) Now, hide behind that big post and act invisible. Watch the secret food fight plan work its magic!

10) Study, goddammit! You don't want to fail!

SPRING FLING HAIKUS

<p>Warm weather starting Look, cute girls in skimpy clothes Where did they come from?</p>	<p>Drink drank drunk drip sip Headache, hungover, can't think Good luck on Final.</p>	<p>Bacow on campus Tufts students disappoint him He kills tradition.</p>
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Are you checking it?
Does it have the syllables?
Anal retentive.

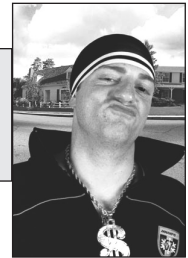
Here at The Zamboni, it's sad to say that most of the staff are seniors and are going to the razor's edge that is real life next year. Fortunately for them, they have worked here at the most prestigious comedy magazine on campus. This opens up a world of opportunities for them, which are described in horrendous detail below.

THE ZAMBONI SENIOR'S JOB PROSPECTS



Alum Who Is Perpetually On Campus- He is always in your dorm. He is often in the dining hall. He is a fixture at Frat Parties. Sometimes he makes an appearance in an academic building. You see him talking to a few Seniors and Juniors. He isn't enrolled in Tufts graduate school. All you know is he graduated last year. He must have a job and a place to live...right?

Townie- The only thing sadder than a kid right out of high school who lives with his parents is a college grad moving back in at home. Not all is lost though; this lucky senior will have the benefit of sleeping in to one in the afternoon and eating a big bowl of Coco Puffs on his mother's couch while watching The Price Is Right. Laundry is free of charge, as long as they can stand the constant parental nagging.



Homeless- When you have full freedom to do anything, like starve, why would you care about little things like shelter and economic independence? The Homeless Grads always complain about how they should have a job because of their college diploma, but quickly learn that a highly specialized set of skills in International Relations does not help them catch, skin and cook a dumpster rat. Recommended for alums living in warm climates.

Sweatshop Worker- Imagine a workplace with a close-knit group of employees in a synergistic environment in a major corporation. Now imagine that environment is 120 degrees and the workers get paid 13 cents an hour. Sound interesting? Congratulations, you are qualified to work for companies such as Nike, Necco Wafers and Kathie Lee Inc. This field boasts many Tufts grads, but mostly international students.



Wanderer, or Bum- Zamboni editors have been known to walk the earth after a soul-sucking 4 years at this publication. They travel far and wide learning about themselves and the cultures of the world. This occupation makes for awkward family gatherings during the holidays, but gives them great anecdotes to fill painful silences. Some Zamboni editors emeritus were wanderers that stopped wandering (see Homeless).

Entry-Level Position in the Field of Your Choice- Who are we kidding? All these jobs go to Harvard Graduates.



TUFTSLIFE.COM: Regime Unclear of Future

by George Rausch

Tuftslife.com is the center of online student activity. Everything you could ever want to know about campus activities can be found at this Internet location. In a March 6, 2003 article written in the Tufts Daily, Tuftslife.com was questioned about its progress in the transferring power for website's operations once the graduating seniors/founders Mike Masterman and Eric Satler leave the *hill*.

However, no real information was ever divulged by the two regime leaders. The Daily says, "Satler and Masterman ignored repeated requests for interviews and those members of TuftsLife who were contacted refused to go on the record about their involvement with TuftsLife." Head officials inside the Tuftslife.com faction enforced a strict policy of reticence on their minions under penalty of having their families bludgeoned with wireless optical mice.

A request to meet with head officials was denied because of the "decentralized" nature of their operations. Satler commented that the group never meets together at the same time or in the same place. CIA covert operations presume this is to avoid creating

a pattern that could be traced to identify the whereabouts of the organization. It is also believed that they meet in underground tunnels located below Bromfield Street.

Dean Reitman, the administration's attaché in charge of communicating with regime officials, spoke briefly with the leaders. However, a telephone tap failed because conference calls were made by inbound calls from different pay phones in the Somerville/Medford area. A voice distortion box was used to

mask the users true voice. Reitman said that Tuftslife.com regime leaders "claimed to have 16 members" and that "many underclass-

Tuftslife.com regime leaders "claimed to have 16 members" and that "many underclassman" have joined their republican guard.

man" have joined their republican guard. However, the numbers may very well be propaganda.

The Zamboni placed one undercover reporter as an eager freshman in a Tuftslife.com information session that met at the beginning of the semester. It was not until one week later that our reporter was found. Our agent, who will remain anonymous to protect their safety, was found unconscious and bound by their wrists with old printer cable to the backstop at Alumnae Field. His clothes were torn and on his chest



www.obeygiant.com

an "@" symbol had been inscribed with blue permanent marker.

The only evidence that would point to the Tuftslife.com Regime as being the aggressor was the complementary Tuftslife.com pen found in our reporters pocket. However, the evidence proved to be inconclusive because those pens are given out at all at Tuftslife.com information sessions before the meeting gets started.

At the end of this academic year, the fate of the Tuftslife.com Regime that has reigned since 2000 is unclear and leaves much to be investigated. TCU inspectors are being sent around the campus to investigate for weapons of mass publication (WMP). Their expected deadline to file a report with the TCU is September 2003.

The Freshmen are Coming! The Freshmen are Coming!

by Humbert C. Humbert

Spring is in the air, birds are chirping, and Tufts students are shedding clothing like so much fur from Arctic foxes,



Fresh Meat

plump from vole-meat, molting after a fruitful winter. What of it, you

say? Each spring, not only does Boston tilt a little closer to the sun, but also Tufts releases the goods on next year's freshman class, so current students can compare themselves to the incomers. While reading the stellar stats of next year's arrivals may depress many students, causing them to reevaluate their pitiful existence, possibly leading them down the painful path of alcoholism or Snood-addiction, it's good news for the administration, who no doubt feel a warm glow from the ever-rising qualifications and brandy.

Speaking of things ever-rising, the Class of 2007's got me all hot and bothered! Dizzamn those chicks are fly! Now if only I could

pry them away from their college-touring parents for a few hours to work my mojo magic. But alas and alack... I'm reminded of the excellent song "Love is a Battlefield" for some reason, and I can't tell you why.

Anywho, this Class of 2007 is better than you. Their grades are better, their acne is less noticable, their SAT scores put yours to shame, and they haven't had free dining hall ice cream every night either, chubby. So deal: next fall, as soon as they arrive on campus, kick their asses. Just do it. They totally deserve it. You can use a bat if you want. In fact, I reccommend it. What are ya? Chicken?

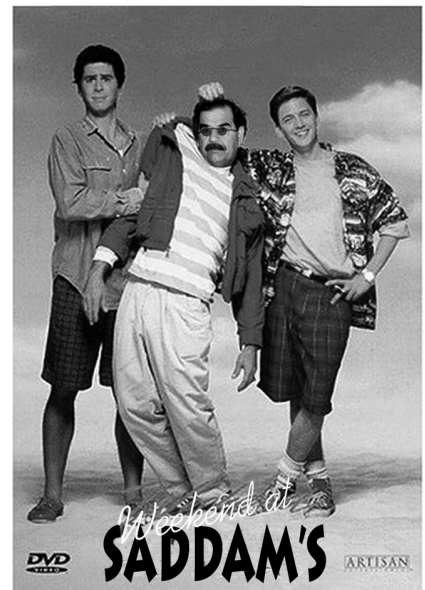
STAT SHOT: Class of 2007
 12% named Rachel
 0.1% Conservative
 25% Slutty
 10% Will wear visors of different college upside-down and backwards
 18% African American
 23% Acting African American
 15% More Filling
 100% Rejected from Brown

ZAMBONI EXCLUSIVE!

We at the Zamboni have recently discovered a new tape from Saddam Hussein. While there is no way of knowing when it was taped, in the feature-length videocassette, the dictator is clearly alive and well, performing such life-requiring feats as swimming, waving, making out with wenches, among other things. In his past efforts, Saddam has been fear-inducing and terrifying, but in this rollicking wacky comedy he tickles our funny bone with his nonstop zany antics!

Only \$19.99!!

Order your copy at <http://ase.tufts.edu/zamboni>



A COMMUNIQUE FROM OUR MOST CELEBRATED

AND ILLUSTRIOUS LEADER!

Like so many great men before me, the time has come for another editor of the illustrious *Zamboni* humor magazine to step down and pass the reigns to another hopeless sycophant, unaware of the dangers that lie ahead of him. In my three hundred and seventy-six days as grand vizier of *The Zamboni*, I regret to say that I have been corrupted by the sweet stench of the Student Activities fee, abused my power with remarkable hubris, and committed unspeakable comedic acts that would make Gallagher himself cringe. Whether it be secretly funding Mullah Omar's *al-Zamboni* terrorist humor publication, slaughtering my beloved sub-editors in order to print on my very own "soylent green," or double-charging students in order to donate to charitable organizations, I feel I have wronged you, loyal follower of *The Zamboni*, and so I now, as part of a generous plea-bargain from the U.S. Attorney's Office, attempt to make things right.



First, I have a confession: in our last issue, I (under the guise of mustachioed superhero Bartholomew Q. Schmeckelstein) appeared in a small photo spread where a copy of the *Source* was made wet while in a campus lavatory. Rumors and innuendo have followed me since the incident and I am finally ready to come clean. I peed on the *Source*. Do you hear me, Rob Lichter? I urinated all over your precious little Primary *Source*...and I liked it!

My second act before I depart is to grant a full executive pardon my predecessor, Eli Kazin. Eli was much maligned in his day, but his colorful articles about the New York Mets and Rudy Giuliani filled our days with...I can't do it! I'm sorry, but Eli's articles were terrible and he scared away all our good writers, and so I don't have the luxury of running away for the last issue like he did last year since I'm no longer in charge. Forget the pardon – tell the governor to fire up ol' sparky!

Finally, I would like to say that it has been an honor to serve all of you this year. Based on my highly scientific calculations, our readership has increased twenty-fold. But that is not enough! As your leader, I command all of you to go forth from this day and teach unto your brothers the word of *The Zamboni*. You have been given a good book, and we are just its messengers. While Brett may be replacing me as the prophet, the comedy will go on for years into the future. And who knows...the way this semester is going, I may be around next year after all!

GAUSS!

by Andrew Kambour

My breakfast looks like a face



Why does my breakfast look like a face?



If you would be a real seeker after truth, it is necessary that at least once in



your life you doubt, as far as possible, all things.

I've lost my appetite

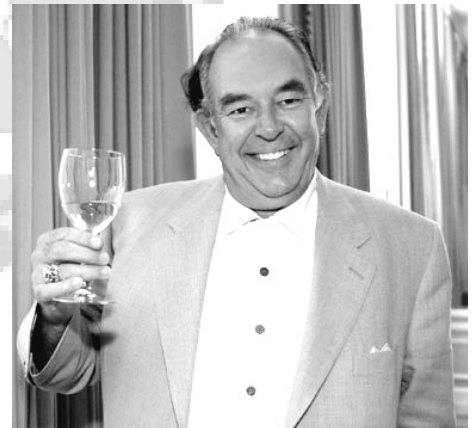


THE ZAMBONI QUASI-ANNUAL SCAVENGER HUNT!

Each year, we at *The Zamboni* compile a list, and then print said list, hoping someone out there will have the courage... the gusto... the balls... the chutzpah... the bravitude to find everything, and win our fabulous prizes. This year's prize is a brand new 2004 Segway Convertible!

1. A two dollar bill
2. The tail of Jumbo I
3. Saddam Hussein
4. A funny joke in this issue
5. An Observer comic that makes sense
6. An aglet
7. An egret
8. An egress
9. The Zamboni staff
10. Bacow's running shoes
11. Your sense of self-worth
10. An Asian Studies professor
11. Someone who saw Pluto Nash
12. A parlous and querulous harridan
13. A Summer job
14. Your missing sock
15. Truth
16. 10 different table tents, assorted colors and textures
17. A dorm bathroom that doesn't smell
18. A Daily typo
19. An Observer typo
20. A Zambnoi typo
21. A quidnunc or flibbertigibbet who is gravid
22. A comic book in Tisch
23. A dust bunny
24. A Spoonerism
25. The Wizard Whitebeard
26. Tufts' endowment
27. 1 state quarter from 50 states
28. 50 state quarters from 1 state
29. A contest with an age limit
30. A tax for stupid people
31. God
32. Large areoles
33. Nintendo cereal
34. Honey
35. Syria on a map
36. A rationale for everything you do
37. Someone who loves you for you
38. Oil
39. A reason to complain
43. Allan Rice
40. Left over road sand from winter
41. Batman's secret identity
42. A mephitic eremite traducing a potentate
43. My dignity.
44. The Jewel of the Nile
45. Keanu Reeves's acting skills
46. The Snoop Dogg Muppet Christmas tape
47. The Snoop Dogg Muppet Chanuka tape
48. A TUTV viewer

Congratulations to last year's winner: Robin Leach! He won a jar of Marmite and a pat on the bum!



DAN-ZA!

by Evan Chakroff



Hello. I'm TV's
Tony Danza.



Got any
change?