

The Zamboni Presents: APRIL FOOLZ!!

MAXIMZ

SPECIAL
MOTHER
FUCKING
ISSUE!

TUFTS

official GUYde to SPRING FLING

Biddies, Drinking,
Dancing and
Romance (!?!?!?) (No)

WE
HAVE
NO
IDEA
WHAT
WE'RE
DOING

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:
MAKSIM MAGACZIN'S
STEPS FOR FIND GIRL AND
MAKE SEX
OUR TOP 10 REASONS WHY
TUFTS SCOPE CAN SUCK A
FAT ONE

Check Out Our
PERFECT
Hot Bodz!



42DD

**Eliza
Dushku**
Finally Conforms
To Our Ideal Of Beauty!
We Show You How!



QnA: Maximz's Got The Answersz!

A TUFTS STUDENT
PUBLICATION

MAXIM

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Editor-in-Chief

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Managing Editors

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Rochers
Emily "Thick Plankcrush" Barns

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Check us out on those
interwebs!

<http://tuftszamboni.wordpress.com>

A Word from the Editor

What's good, bros!?

Welcome to Maxim, your one-stop kickassatorium with all the information you need to pound life out to the max(im). We're gonna teach you what it means to be an independent, hard working man -- just follow all of our advice and do exactly what we say. Right now you're sitting there in your bermuda shorts at your computers when you could be out there pounding back massive chillwaves, doing bro-heroin, and preparing for your future as a highly successful businessman who doesn't know basic math. Thank bro-God for connections, bro!

Before you do that, though, you've gotta check out all of our sick tips straight from the pros. Pros at what, you might ask? Pros at not being a loser, bro! We've got the definitive guide to Spring Fling, answers to all your burning questions, and the inside scoop on what it takes to get over that deadly quarter-life crisis.

But we know that bitches love sensitive stuff too, so we've got, like, art reviews and stuff so you can pretend to know what that smokin hottie is talking about when she mentions the use of leitmotif in *Tree Of Life*. Don't forget to check out our kickass centerfold: In this issue, we're dressing to impress and kicking back in style. That's right, you get a sneak peek at the handsome dudes behind your totes fave mag.

Smell ya later, loserino. Cha!

MAXIM

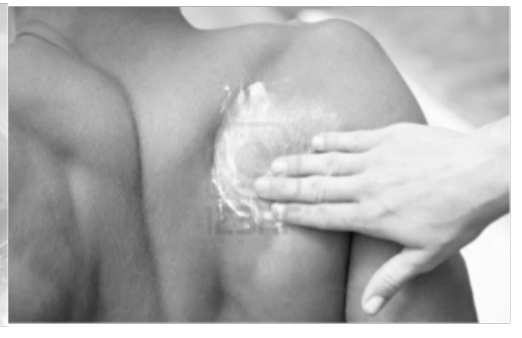
Come to the Zamboni!

Wednesdays at 10 pm
Campus Center Room 209
(most of the time)

Or email us at Tuftszamboni@gmail.com
Submissions welcome!

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 even the editors. So, don't go e-mailing the people listed in the staff box, especially since we make some of the names up. All material is meant to be viewed as humorous and should not be taken seriously, but keep in mind, we still love a good Viewpoints face-off. We accept any and all submissions from Tufts students, but any references to Harvard University must be spelled "Hah-vahd" (the Lang Clause). Submissions to The Zamboni are screened by the Editor-in-Chief and/or the Editorial Staff. Decisions are made on the completely subjective grounds of their humor content, but if you're a legacy, we have to take you (the Reisman Clause).

How to seem masculine when...



...applying sunscreen to a buddy's back

Apply it in violent slaps that leave his back red with welts so it looks like you turned the ordeal into a carefree wrestling match.

...eating a mini quiche.

Put ketchup, mayonnaise, or some other unsophisticated condiment on it.

...attending a masquerade ball.

Carry a switchblade and pretend you're there to take on a phantom villain.

...going to a house music show with your fraternity brothers.

Assume the role of Jack Kerouac documenting your fellow liberated, free-thinking youth.

...talking about your feelings.

Express each emotion in a low growl so as to distract from what you're actually saying

...you get caught listening to Celine Dion.

Say her accent reminds of that time you were publicly wasted in Montreal for a full 72 hours.

...having a sushi night with your bros.

Suggest a competition over who can consume the most wasabi without hospitalization.

...you decide to cook an entire meal and host a dinner party.

Convince yourself you are an Italian chef with a thick accent and insist on being called Dom for the rest of the evening.

...wearing a circle scarf.

The people of Maxim have no suggestion for this scenario.

...walking your pet chihuahua.

Train it to be really mean so it will attack people

...having sex with a man.

Pretend your pledging a really exclusive fraternity and are just "networking."

...composing poetry.

Throw in the word "hoe" whenever you can; make every word rhyme with "bitches."

...gardening.

Grow some weed along with your bed of catnip.

...using a women's bathroom.

Leave the seat up after peeing all over it and don't wash your hands.

...wearing yoga pants.

Exploit this as an opportunity to show off your huge boner.

THE MAXIM GUYDE

THE GUYDE THAT'S ON YOUR SUYDE

MAXIM KNOWS HOW IMPORTANT SPRING FLING IS. IT'S THE CHRISTMAS OF THE SCHOOL YEAR: THE ONE TIME THAT THE WHOLE CAMPUS CAN GATHER IN HARMONY, RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER AS PEOPLE WORTHY OF RESPECT, AND GRIND OUT THEIR CHILL TO PULL RATIO TO THE FUCKING MAX. S TO THE FIZZO, THOUGH, CAN BE A HARROWING TIME IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, LIKE IF YOU'RE A PLEDGE OR A GOD DAMN INDEPENDENT OR SOMETHING. LUCKY FOR YOU, YOUR GOOD FRIENDS AT MAXIM HAVE PUT TOGETHER:

THE MAXIM GUIDE TO SPRING FLING

THE PREGAME

Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. That said, Spring Fling is the most important meal for your dick. You're going to want to get a head start if you want to be slammin' Nattys and bangin' biddies by noon. Maxim recommends the two greatest men in the history of college, Jimmy Dean and Evan Williams, for your immediate consumption upon waking up. Sure, Ke\$ha could afford a bottle of Jack to brush her teeth with every morning, but nobody's heard of her in a hundred years. Because Maxim has not prominently displayed her body in a few months, you can safely assume that she is now old, fat, and poor. When you're done with that, head down to the library and study chemistry for a while. You're still in college, you know. No time like the present to keep your grades up!

THE CONCERT

Once you stumble, hungover, out of Tisch at around 11:30, you're going to notice an awful lot of people already on the field, making each other's outs and hooking all of their ups. Punch the security guard, hop the fence, and enjoy the bands that Concert Board has generously made you pay money to attend. Don't forget to bring a shovel so you can dig for the buried alcohol of years past. Generations of diligent Tufts students have dug holes the night before to smuggle their booze past those uptight security jerks. Maybe you'll be the one to find the fabled Bacow's treasure. It is said that he left a fortune in goldschlager dublons. Yarr!



THE BANDS

Do you like **MUMFORD AND SONS**? Then you'll love the fourth-rate cover band that's paying Tufts for the privilege of staring numbly out into the abyss of all of their peers' drunken, stoned countenances. That's right, **MEDFORD AND SONS**, Tufts' only all-male, all-freshman, all-acoustic guitar folk rock cover band, is taking the stage for a few mind-numbing hours. Thrill to "Smoke On The Water," "Wish You Were Here," and hundreds of other songs you never got tired of hearing in the next dorm over at 3 in the morning!

Next up is the comedy stylings of **ANTHONY MONACO**. His edgy yet family friendly humor will delight children of all ages, as

long as those ages are between seven and twelve, grew up in Delaware, and spent a sizeable portion of your time in Oxford, England! After his set, you can even shake his hand... ugh.

As the evening comes to a close, Maxim highly recommends snapping out of your chemical stupor for five goddamn seconds to cheer on **NELLY**, who's some kind of rapper or something. Doesn't he do Igniton (Remix)? No? Whatever. Impress your black friends by putting your hands in the air and waving them as if you do not care. Once they realize that you're up to date with the hippest, hoppest rap men, they'll surely admit you into their inner sanctum! Later on, at the after party, you should partake in marijuana cigarettes and malted liquor! And after the party it's the hotel lobby, but at this point you should really just go to bed.

Follow these steps, and your Spring Fling will be tops groovy, man-bro!

Andrew Reisman is a veteran of nine Spring Flings and can be contacted at v!agrah0tdeelz@hotmail.ch. No solicitors. Please include your home address in any correspondance, as all replies will be sent via window brick.

THE MAXIM GUYDE

THE GUYDE THAT'S ON YOUR SUYDE

We've all heard about Forbes' 30 Under 30 list, the "top earners" in the nation, the so-called upstarts who think that just because they've graduated college, they think they're such a big deal. Maxim don't need no learnin! Besides, thirty people is way too many to be relevant. Here at Maxim, we're a little more selective.

5

UNDER



By Andrew Reisman



corinne davis
PHOTOGRAPHY

1. Zachary Jacobs, Age 1

A recent graduate of University Of Zach's Mom, Womb Campus, Zach is a promising young entrepreneur. He could literally be anything. He spends most of his time making the most of breastfeeding. haha, down boy!



2. Mathilda Neveah Johnson, Age 2

The youngest member of The Real Housewives Of Montgomery, Alabama is a real upstart. From the runway to the raceway, this five-time Daytona winning super-model has her eyes set on one thing only: "Dada. Mama!"



3. Bjorn Wilkinssburgar, Age 3

This total hunk of Swedish fish stole America's heart as elite surgeon Dr. Albert Westminster on *ER*, but that doesn't mean he's all hospitals and hysterectomies! In fact, he's publicly gone on the record in opposition to vaccinations. "No wanna shot! No wanna!"



4. Yukiko Katsumoto, Age 23

We've had Ms. Katsumoto on this list for 20 years running. She's a perennial favorite, because she'll always be our little girl! Our baby's all grown up! Oy vey!



5. Kareem Abdul Jabbar Jr., Age 7

Sure we're cheating by having this guy up on here, but his dad paid us a lot of money for an endorsement, and after all isn't that really what running these inane listicles is about? Maxim is all about equal opportunity, and we give people what we want. Who says nepotism is dead?

10 Unexpected Places to Score Women

Emily Barns and Connor des Rochers

1. The Morgue

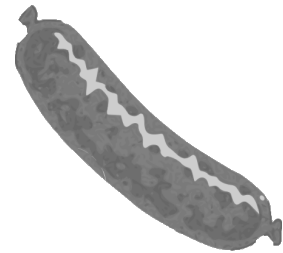
She might seem a little cold at first, but she is a freak between the sheets. You know they say, "What happens in the casket, stays in the casket."

2. Alcoholics Anonymous

This is a girl that really likes to let loose and have a good time. No need to call her the next day--she probably won't remember you anyway.

3. The Tampon Aisle

Women are always horny, but especially when they're menstruating, and surrounded by little cotton phalluses.



4. The Butcher

"Did someone say four pounds of kielbasa?"

5. Lesbian Bar

This is a great place for that man with more feminine features and a little extra love in the chest. After tossing back a few pints of lager, these broads will ride you harder than their Harleys.

6. The Washington Monomt

The world's largest phallic icon awakens an equally large libido in any true-blooded American woman. As our Founding Fathers said, "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of a quickie on the national mall."



7. Combat

After a long day of killing innocent civilians, she's looking for a little friendly fire. After all, nothing is sexier than watching each other shit in a ditch. These G.I. Jane's can take a heavy load.

8. Middle School Graduation Ceremony

After three grueling years, these girls have a lot of steam to "blow" off, and you could be just the thing they need. If you strike out with the grads, emotional mothers are always a safe bet.

9. Weight Watchers Support Group

If you're looking for girls with a little something to hold onto, these ones are hungry. These gals have quite the appetite and need to keep their mouths occupied.

10. The Pound

An easy place to score lonely bitches. Be on the lookout for strange diseases.

William's Weekly Words of Wisdom: "Quarter-life crises happen."

Will Owen

By the time I hit 25, my internship was still unpaid and my apartment still sucked. Like any normal guy, I nostalgically looked back on the keg stands and occasional fraternity house nudity of my college years. However, this nostalgia shifted to pathological, erratic behavior that had a lot of my buddies wondering what was up.



The first sign that something was off was when I had flames painted on my 2006 Mitsubishi Eclipse. Taking a risk like that made me feel powerful, proud, and fearless again, so I thought I'd make impulsivity my new thing. I had the words "FUCK BITCHES GET MONEY" in Comic Sans tattooed on my pectorals, and later got a Daffy Duck tattoo on my ass.

My friends gave me minor flack about these changes, but the final straw was when I reactivated my Myspace account. I started posting homemade dubstep tracks I crafted on my Macbook, and calling myself "Mr. Miami Pantydropper." (I lived in Detroit at the time.)

I had entered a full-fledged quarter-life crisis. Lots of dudes have them. They aren't just limited to former babes like Lindsay Lohan and Amanda Bynes. Your 20s are a difficult time as you establish yourself and decide what you really want to do with your life. In the challenge to stay relevant, your typical guy between the ages of 23 and 29 faces all sorts of questions.

"Should I get my nipples pierced? Which nipple? Both nipples? Are popped collars still cool? What about shorts with lobsters on them? Would it be girly to get a Keurig for my

bachelor pad? What about an espresso machine?" The list goes on.

As a survivor of a quarter-life crisis, I'm here to tell you it is okay to have these thoughts. It's even okay to act on them here and there. Guys sometimes have feelings. I had a feeling once as a child when Xena Warrior Princess got cancelled. My main suggestion for coping with this taxing time of life is to just take a break from being yourself for a little while. Have fun with it! Be wild.

Pretend you can play a musical instrument that chicks dig, or import a mail-order bride and cheat on her. Start brewing your own shitty beer, or get a hypoallergenic pet honey badger. Put a little peyote in your morning coffee before work. The possibilities are endless!

The path you decide on now is imperative for your future success. Just look at me for an example! I have gracefully become an age-appropriate 55 year-old man, but that does not mean I'm all dull and vanilla. I just took out a mortgage on my condo to buy another Lamborghini, and have impeccable sense of style. On Saturdays and Sundays, I go casual in True Religion jeans and an Ed Hardy tee. During the workweek, I fucking drip in bling and only wear Gucci and sometimes Prada if I want to channel my inner alterna-hottie.

My girlfriend is an eighteen year-old senior in high school, and she loves it when I surprise her at school with a new gift: Swarovski crystals, hair extensions, the new unreleased iPhone, a hairless cat... We have a ball together, and don't care if our relationship seems strange to the rest of the world.

Thus, I have not let my age define me, and neither should you guys! My final suggestion is that whatever you do, don't resign yourself to being boring, and hold off on getting a match.com account. Credit card debt is also just an imaginary thing lame people claim is real to disrupt everyone else's fun.



Our Hot

Pictures by Graham Starr and Andrew Reisman
Captions by Andrew Reisman



Andrew "The Spice Man" knows what's up.
Check out those gazongas, boys. Sexy
sexy!



Chill Will Bro-wen is all
about the hot secrets.
What isn't he saying?
WHERE IS THE
MICROFILM?



This issue is dedicated to
Graham Shblarr. You'll beat
that MS someday, Graham!



We replaced Man-drew Lang's water
bottle with vodka. Let's draw on his face
while he's passed out!

Ass Staff



Connor "Destiny" Rocker gives America his all. Support our troops! When you ride alone, you ride with Hitler! Car-pool today!



Melissa has better things to do. Thanks for the restraining order, babe!



Hola, hombre! Emilio Barnzalez said "adios, amigos" when we asked him to speak Spanish to us. Apparently he's not a big fan of cultural appropriation!

Maxim Investigates: Disproportionately Attractive Couples

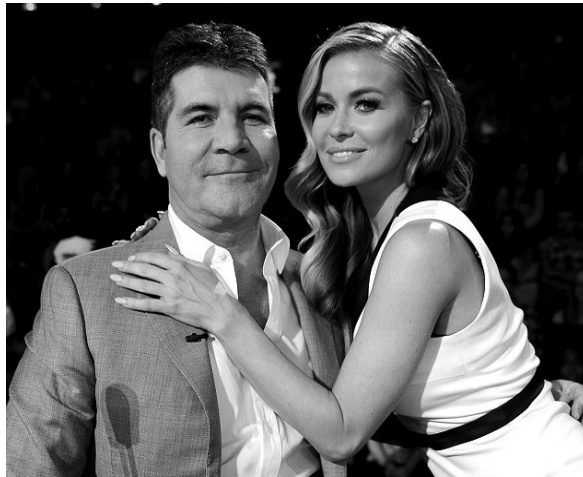
In the immortal words of Joe Jackson, “Is she really going out with him?”

By Andy Lang

In 1949, X. Tiberius Breckenridge III, an Atlanta-based pharmaceutical tycoon and high-ranking member of the Freemasons, founded the Maxim Project: a cabal of prominent scientists who all sought to advance the cause of human eugenics and mold a race of “superior beings to advance the cause of mankind.” The group was funded primarily by the Bene Gesserit, an exclusively-female religious and scientific organization whose end goal is to create the Kwisatz Haderach, a messianic figure whose psychic powers will embody the realization of humanity’s destiny. The first phase towards this long-term goal was the creation of *Maxim Gentlemen’s Revue Periodical* in order to bring together the world’s most beautiful women and use them to “create boners amongst the world’s most handsome male specimens.” It all seemed to be going swimmingly until they came along...

Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta-Jones, Beyonce and Jay-Z, Heidi Klum and Seal. When seeing a most would be say something like “Nice” or “Good for him! Some might ask: What kind of asshole is so insecure about his own sex life and looks that he gets mad whenever he sees an average-looking guy with a pretty lady? But how is the human race to advance in comeliness if we are weighed down by our average and below-average subhumans? How can we reach the next level of aesthetic beauty if we aren’t judged hierarchically according to our physical appearances, and bred accordingly? How else are we to achieve this most glorious dream?

The only way to destroy the disproportionately attractive couple is to understand it. That



is precisely what scientists are trying to do in the Maxim Labs, located in the middle of the Nevada desert. The team is led by Doctor Albrecht Mittelschmirbdt, the last surviving Nazi scientist to defect to the US following the fall of the Third Reich, and Reverend Mother Gaius Helen Mohiam of the Bene Gesserit. Along with such scientific topics as “butterfaces,” and “girls that are sometimes really pretty and sometimes aren’t,” the Maxim Project’s top eugenicists are hard at work decoding the elusive disproportionately attractive couples.

“We think that originally, there existed two separate subspecies of human; sexy people, and non-sexy people,” posits Dr. Mittelschmirbdt. Over time, interbreeding has caused these two subspecies to converge, to the detriment of humanity in general.” But what caused this trend? Mittelschmirbdt has his own opinions: “Right now, our working hypothesis is that television shows and films like *The Simpsons*, *The Flintstones*, and *She’s Out of My League* are promoting the false conception that disproportionately attractive coupling is fun and desirable. Who is behind this loathsome propaganda? Primarily, demons, we think.”

The Reverend Mother offered her own spin. When asked if she was concerned by the increasing frequency and prominence of disproportionately attractive couples, Ms. Mohiam replied: “We must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Only through continued emphasis on the desirability of tall strong men with chiseled jaw lines and hourglass-shaped women with great racks, can we achieve the Shortening of the Way between time and space.”

Incidentally, if you know of a disproportionately attractive couple in your area that is undermining the realization of the Kwisatz Haderach, be sure to report them to your local Mentat and/or Sardaukar regiment.

Maxim Interviews a Man's Man

27 year-old Russell Braunstein is a true man's man. A connoisseur of beer, dirt bikes, and fiery explosions, he recently received the award for Man of the Year at the annual Global Patriarchy Awards. For some tips on how we too could reach the pinnacle of manliness, we met with this physical manifestation of masculinity at one of his favorite haunts; the Muscle Manor Gym located in his native San Diego. Just a warning for the faint of heart: The following interview has not been edited in any way, and reading it may triple your body's testosterone production and cause fine rugged hairs to grow on your chest.

Maxim Magazine: Thank you very much for meeting us, you fine male specimen.

Russell Braunstein: No problem, I always love being around my fellow men.

MM: So when did you decide that you were a man's man, and what prompted you to make this decision?

RB: Well when I was very young, my Dad worked most of the day. After my mother left us, my babysitter would always have Sex and the City on while she was watching me. And after I saw enough of those episodes, I just came to develop a deep-seated hatred to all things feminine and ladylike. I still get nauseous whenever I see a commercial for The Carrie Diaries. So it really started with me at quite a young age.

MM: And how did this man-loving manifest itself? Hah. MANifest.

RB: I see what you did there. Well, for starters I would get quite aroused whenever I saw a handlebar moustache or an unusually thick beard. For some reason, my dad seemed surprised when I told him this. I guess he thought I would take after him and be an OB/GYN, but that just wasn't in the cards for me.

MM: So you're so manly that you can't even stand to be around women. How has that affected your sex life?

RB: Well for starters I only have sex with other men.

MM: Wow! That sure is commitment.

RB: I just don't really understand the appeal of the female sex. Us men could get pregnant and give birth if we really wanted to. They've done experiments where that happens. But the Woman is keeping us down. Hillary Clinton, Oprah, Betty White. They're all trying keep us men in our place, constrained to

our gender role as the most physically and politically powerful of the two sexes.

MM: So you think that the male gender is being oppressed?

RB: Oh, most certainly. And the only way for us men to transcend this oppression is to render women obsolete in regard to our breeding purposes.

MM: I'm pretty sure that humans can't reproduce without women.

RB: Only if you listen to the Bible, or Science, both lies upon which the repressive global matriarchy has been founded. What the hell is a uterus? Have you ever seen one, because I sure as shit haven't. Fallopian tubes? What the hell are those? Ovaries? Wake up and smell the Smirnoff Ice, you sheeple! Women have the wool over our eyes! Their Penile Suppression Fields have rendered us men unable to conceive, making us dependent on them if we want to have children. But I know how to get around this, so that we can cut women out of the reproduction process entirely. Here's a picture of my two boys, whom I birthed naturally, with my own body.

MM: That's just a photo of the eponymous characters from *The Suite Life of Zach and Cody*.

RB: It's definitely not that. Nope.

MM: Well, if you insist. Any parting words for our man readership?

RB: Yeah. We must ban together to repeal the Nineteenth Amendment. Only then can we undo the vile Global Matriarchy that killed the dinosaurs and faked the moon landings. Stop the Matriarchy! Fuck you, Mom! Why did you leave!?! Dad and I don't need you anyway. We have Y-chromosomes! Vaginas are weird!



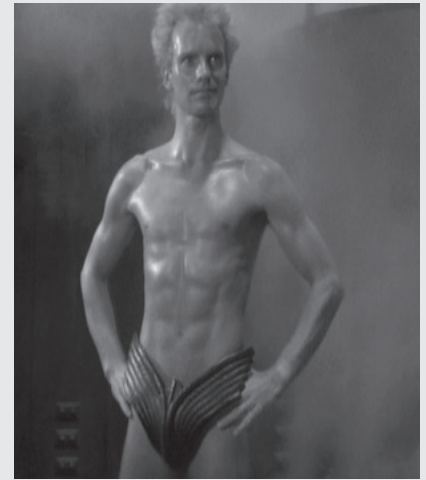
Tired of having to shower constantly?
Daily hygiene is such a bore!
Wish you could just take care of the important
stuff, so you could be ready for action,
anytime or anywhere?

Well then keep yourself clean 24/7 with *Uncle Joe's Junk Scrubbin' Pants*, the only set of uncomfortable metal briefs to keep your dick in a constant state of wash, so it's always squeaky clean. It's like a washing machine, but for your crotch. With this contraption of questionable cleanliness, you'll always feel on top and in control.

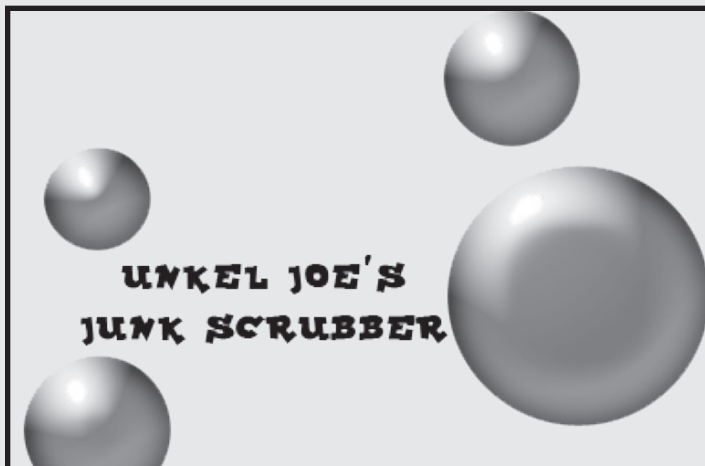
The pants are designed with six state of the art, razor sharp steel wool pads, to keep your manhood free of debris at all times. Top it off with at least one gallon of ammonia circulating through them once a day, and you're ready to take the world!

Call to order your very own (experimental) trial kit
for only \$50,000.

1-800-BAD-PANTS



Uncle Joe's Universal, LLC are not responsible
for injury, mutilation, or accidental castration.



Because some things just
take...
priority.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: NO. JUST NO.

MAXIM

OBITUARIES

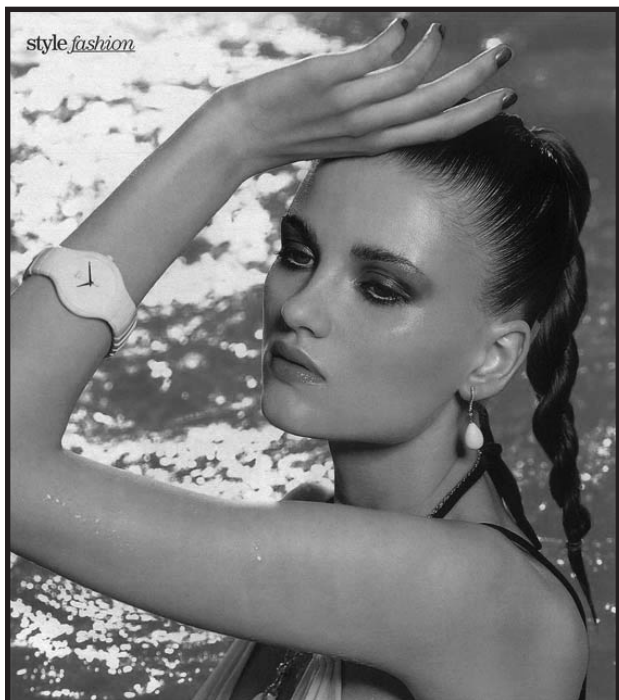
MAXIM IS DEEPLY, DEEPLY SADDENED TO ANNOUNCE THE UNTIMELY PASSING OF ONE OF OUR NEWEST, MOST PROMISING MODELS, HYNKA SMIFFEN, WHOSE CAREER AND LIFE WERE TRAGICALLY CUT SHORT FOLLOWING A DEVASTATING MAKEUP FIRE. WE NOW PRESENT, WITH THE PERMISSIONS OF THE ESTATE, A RETROSPECTIVE ON THE LIFE AND TIMES OF Ms. SMIFFEN, WHO DIED AS SHE LIVED: SMOKIN' HOT.



WHAT A BABE!



AH AH AH AHWOOO



I WANNA POUND THAT INTO THE PAVEMENT!

Again, Maxim offers its condolences to Ms. Smiffen's family. She is survived by a husband, her father, and a total MILF.

The "Advice" Pages

Where the People Answering the Questions May be Dumber than the People Asking Them

Dear Maxim:

Does God hate me? Am I going to hell when I die?

Sincerely,
Rudy, age 6

Dear Rudy:

You're already in hell, you just don't know it yet. Well, now you do, I guess. Your human meat body is just a prison created to house your tormented 75 million-year-old alien thetan. For more help, send 800 dollars in unmarked cash to 683 L. Ron Hubbard Boulevard in Clearwater, FL. All your questions shall be answered.

Give us your money,
The Church of Scientology (and also Maxim)

[Editor's Note: Don't do this. They're a cult and they are misrepresenting us. We at Maxim believe in no God except the half-naked breast.]

Achtung Maxim:

Is it safe?

Regards,
Dr. Christian Szell

Dear Dr. Christian Szell:

It certainly is safe to assume you're referencing that 37 year-old conspiracy thriller movie Marathon Man. Stop it. No one has seen that movie for decades. No one cares about Marathon Man. There are better movies to be referencing. We here at Maxim, being tools, are partial to Braveheart. That's a movie that people still watch.

FREEDOM!
Maxim

Dear Maxim:

Remind me again why we aren't allowed to murder people in cold blood.

XOXO
Stabbin' Stephen

Dear Stabbin' Stephen:

There are many reasons why society looks down upon cold-blooded murder. From the Code of Hammurabi to the Old Testament, murder has been considered a crime since time immemorial. But we think the best reason that you shouldn't go around murdering people in cold blood is that Maxim needs its readership to be very much alive,

at least in regard to their eyes and genitalia.

Live and let live,
Maxim

Dear "Maxim:"

Didn't you already have an man-themed issue a couple of semesters ago? And didn't you do a Q&A-style advice column in that issue too?

Yours truly,
Lenny Lampshade-Hanger

Dear Lenny Lampshade-Hanger:

Why did you put the title of our magazine in quotation marks? Do you mean to suggest that we are not who we claim to be, or that we are very unoriginal in regard to our content? We'll have you know that we've never even heard of The Zamboni, like most of Tufts University. But that's neither here nor there, since we are not the Tufts-based Zamboni magazine, but rather the internationally renowned and popular Maxim magazine. Yup. Yup.

Fuck you,
Maxim

In July of 2012, Maksim Magaczin, a forty-three-year-old Chelyabinsk native with a limited capacity in English and ties to the Russian mafia noticed that his name sounded suspiciously similar to that of a certain American men's magazine. The local judge owed Maksim a favor after Maksim had disposed of the judge's useless oaf of a son-in-law, so Maksim decided to sue Maxim. After several months of ridiculous litigation, an out-of-court settlement was reached. Maxim agreed to pay Maksim a maximum of fifty beets a day for the rest of his life, and to permit him to write one article for every subsequent issue of the magazine, which Maksim stipulated (for some reason) would not receive any spell-checks or revisions prior to publication. So without further ado, we are legally obligated to be proud to present:

MAKSIM MAGACZIN STEPS FOR FIND GIRL AND MAKE SEX



TIP FIRST: Best place to be finding girl is local opium den that is also bar. Go there and looking for girl you are wanting to [obscene Russian slang word for intercourse] and order her drink. Nothing expensive, do not be spending more than 150 rubles. Orange juice mixed with alcohol squeezed out of baby wipes is always good bet.

TIP SECOND: Now is time perform courtship dance. Be thrusting package and waving your hands in the air "as if you are not concerned," as they say. You must to assert Putinesque masculinity. If any man challenge you and AK-47 is out of bullets, use knife.

TIP THIRD: When with lady walking back to house or hovel, must to protect her from packs of feral dogs that rule streets after the dark. If AK-47 is out of bullets and knife is lodged in some bastard's back and no rubles left, find goat and get it to follow you with by giving it beet. Now dogs go for goat instead of you. Survival of fittest, man.

TIP FOURTH: Be using protection. Best is Iron Curtain brand condom for protect on your tiny Kremlin. You are not wanting to bring baby into this world. Sex will not be as good, but you being crazy strung out on opium so it not really matter.

TIP FIFTH: If you are wanting music to sound while make sex, play old Soviet National Anthem. It epic shit. If you are really good, climaxing during line in chorus, "Be glorious, our free motherland!" I see once man do this in pornography, I start doing it and now I have so many sex.

TIP AFTER-FIFTH: There is always slight chance she may be *rusalka* [a succubus-like creature prominent in Russian folklore]. One kill my cousin Yevgeny. They seduce you and lure you to river and then drown you. They most dangerous during June, so be careful during this month. And keep crucifix and brass knuckle handy.

Well I am hoping to help you get the sex. Is good to be here writing for the Maksim magazine. I have new article next month, or else I sue again. Do svidanya!

Peyote: It's Not Just For Breakfast



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