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- More Time Travel!!!!!!!
Dearest Zamboni Readers,

Editor-in-Chief Julie Nogee has been temporarily ousted in a bloody coup. I, Mark Villanueva, have reluctantly accepted my duties as Emperor-in-Chief, and I hope to lead this particular issue of the magazine to greatness. You may notice a few of the changes I’ve made, including expanding the empire to a vast sixteen pages. Our immense army has made war on The Observer and taken the first four pages of their magazine, and we did it all for you. Another thing you may have noticed is that this issue is entirely about time travel. We decided to follow in the esteemed footsteps of H.G. Wells, Ray Bradbury, and Bill and Ted in taking you on a journey through time. In traveling through time to research this issue, we learned many things about the strange future in which some of us will live (the ones who won’t perish in 2007 when President Bush firebombs Tufts to crush dissent).

First, the future sucks mad balls. World hunger is defeated, but the only food there is to eat is boiled chicken and wheat bread. *Without salt.* Everyone has their own flat panel TV, but everything has been censored except old reruns of Seventh Heaven and Full House. And there’s no such thing as the fucking hoverboard! That was the one thing I was looking forward to the most, and it doesn’t exist.

More importantly, the human race will not be exterminated by nuclear war or super-intelligent computers. We will be destroyed by killer whales. Our society is so confident in our superiority that we won’t ever even see the killer whale attack coming. We thought we were so smart, watching them at sea world, loving movies where they get set free, and eventually inviting them into our own homes. But we’ll forget one important thing: they’re *killer* whales. They kill for fun.

Since I’ve gotten this chance to make my voice heard, I want to impart some wisdom to you. Live your life to the fullest. You know, no day but today, blah, blah, blah. Go out and run the Naked Quad Run, possibly even sober. Savor every social gathering, every spring day, every movie, every play, every random drunken hookup, even every STD test. Don’t just sit at home, waiting for life to happen. That’s the first place the killer whales will look when they come for you. And they will.

Ain’t that a kick in the head?

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Dear Zamboni Ouiji Board,

Will I go down in history with a bad reputation?

Sincerely,
Ivan the Might-Be-Terrible

Zamboni Ouiji Board: Considering the punchline was already in your letter, we'll just concede and say yes.

Dear Zamboni Ouiji Board,

I'm just curious as to how many famous people are going to die in 2006 and how.

Thanks a bunch,
Curious from New Jersey

Zamboni Ouiji Board: Here's the checklist:
1. Al Gore will die of obscurity.
2. Mary Kate Olsen will die of high cholesterol-induced cardiac arrest.
3. Rush Limbaugh will die of heart failure, although technically he hasn't had a pulse in 30 years.
4. Katie Holmes will die giving birth to the Antichrist.
5. Daredevil and stunt double Jackie Chan will die in a tragic knitting accident.

Zamboni Ouiji Board Man,

We gotta talk. What the fuck happened to you man, you used to be so cool. I remember so many good times we had together, like back in fifth grade when we all hung out in my basement and tried to channel the ghost of Kurt Cobain through you, or in high school when we would get really stoned and play video games for like, 15 hours straight. Once we got to college you turned into such a vag though. Last week you went so nuts for no reason when I beat you at Beirut. You didn't need to punch me, you're just a mean drunk. I don't want you coming to my little brother's bar mitzvah now, you'd just get drunk and make an ass of yourself.

Later man,
Future Earth President Genghis Khan

Zamboni Ouiji Board: C'mon, man, what the fuck are you giving me all this shit for? Dude, I got your brother an awesome bar mitzvah gift and everything. What's wrong with you, bro? You know what, I don't NEED you! I can read the FUTURE and I KNOW you cheated on that Beirut game! Fuck you man, you're going NOWHERE!

Dear Zamboni Ouiji Board,

My boyfriend is so obsessed with LOST. He watches it all the time and forgets about me because of it. At first it was just annoying, but now I think he's having problems. He's obsessed with those goddamn cursed numbers and insists that he can win the Powerball with them. But I need to prove him wrong. How can I do it?

Sincerely,
Ignored Girlfriend from Punxsutawney

Zamboni Ouiji Board: Oh man, I can't fucking BELIEVE they killed off Shannon! Damn! That Anna Lucia sure is a bitch!!!... I mean... uh... those numbers are cursed. Tell him the real Powerball numbers are 97-83-02-65-04. And tell him Charlie's going to go back to heroin, which will tear him apart from Claire and her baby!!! (Not to spoil it or anything...)
News-in-Briefs... of the FUTURE!!!

Tufts Celebrates 200 Years of Homogenity

Earlier this week Tufts president Calvin Metcalf organized a bicentennial school spirit rally. Ivy League rejects from all over the hill gathered to celebrate the traditionally white, cliquey, pseudo-liberal spirit of the school. The social aspect of the event was rumored to be low in spirit and high in awkwardness. “It’s ridiculous,” exclaimed a Guster fan. “This felt almost as awkward as when I visited the Latino Center.” After the rally, many went home and pretended to hook up with someone.

Lithuania Still Sucks, According to Citizens

A Gallup poll conducted early last week reflects an even steeper margin of disapproval for Lithuanians living in Lithuania. A staggering 89% of Lithuanians agree that Lithuania "blows," "sucks," or "is total ass." 5% were undecided, and 6% believed that it was still "marginally better than Latvia." When citizens were questioned, it seemed that Lithuanians found the standard of living disatgreeable, the polka music intolerable, and the term "Eurotrash" to take on an entirely different meaning. Remarked one citizen, "Things will be so much better for me once I move to Herzegovina."

Killer Bees Now Biggest Cause of Death

Now that cancer, heart disease, and car accidents are a thing of the past, killer bees are the new number one cause of death for men over 140. The bees poisonous sting has claimed the lives of millions of Americans. Only the mole-people seem to be immune, although it is speculated this is because they live underground, out of the bee's fatal reach. In other health news, doctors in China claim to have discovered the genes that make Asians good at math, Jews good with money, and whites good at perpetuating stereotypes.

Real Magic Invented

Only a week before the release of the 14th Harry Potter book, Harry Potter and the Unimaginably Lucrative Children's Book, a new invention threatens to topple J.K. Rowling’s empire: magic. Scientists in Cuba (seriously, Cuba, who would have known?) have engineered the 142nd element abracadabrium, which is reported to have magical properties. It is a solid, usually in the form of a powder, and contact with it can give people the ability to disappear, fly, and get an A in Organic Chemistry without trying. Interest in Rowling’s book has plummeted, and it is expected to sell only fifteen of the eight billion copies printed. Rowling’s future is in serious jeopardy now that World President Dick Cheney has replaced welfare with his “final solution” for poverty.

Tufts Executes 1,000th Student

Tufts University executed its 1,000th graduate student last night. Matthew Woloshen died at 11:45am in the basement of Anderson Hall just 3 doors down from where he committed his heinous crime. Woloshen, nicknamed “The Printing Dandy,” by local press was caught printing a 9 page article in the Blake Lab. This is almost double the amount allowed by the so-called Perlman Rule which has been in place since 2005. Woloshen may have been able to secure a life sentence instead of death if he hadn’t refused to abandon his pathetic defense that the article was for his Master’s Thesis. A lawyer for Tuft’s administration explained that although the article was in fact directly related to his thesis this fact doesn’t excuse him from having to pay for printing services.
Study Reveals Source of Mankind's Collapse: 
The Year 2005

Source: Associated Press
December 9, 2087

With humanity teetering on the brink of extinction, Malthusian conditions once again reigning supreme, and squirrels beginning to take over, one often asks, “How did we come to this?” Man, once the leaders of the world, has fallen to a level somewhere between earthworms and Carrot Top. Some have pointed to the beginning of man’s downfall as the year 2014, when nuclear war destroyed most major cities and plagues ravaged the Earth. But a new study shows a different starting point: the year 2005. “2005 brought with it President Bush’s second term of office and countless natural disasters,” said scientist Rufus P. Wigglebottom, a main author of the study. “But the real collapse began on Wednesday, September 14, when Kevin Federline started breeding. Humanity was doomed.”

“It was the beginning of the end of the human race,” explained fellow scientist and study co-author Mervin Pamplemousse. “When you bring something so stupid into the gene pool, it’s bound to have a ripple effect.”

Pamplemousse explained that this was not the first of Federline’s offspring. “Federline, or the F-Bomb as we prefer to call him, had 2 other children, but I can’t say anything bad about them or the NAACP will get on my ass,” he said, adding “Hey, America may not exist anymore but PC-ness sure does.”

Yet, the third child of Federline was considerably more damning than the first two, Wigglebottom said. “You see, while the mother of K-Fed’s first two was undoubtedly an idiot, she was nothing compared to Britney Spears. The combination of Spears and Federline DNA is more harmful to mankind than any other known substance, including Red Bull.”

Wigglebottom went on to explain how the stupidity of the child went on to infect the entire human race. “Well, once little Sean Preston married a Bush daughter and converted to Scientology, it was all over,” he said.

NQR: It's not at Christmastime for Nothin'!

It's cold, finals are looming, and the sluts at Tufts are once again breaking out their Uggs. You know what that means: Christmas is coming! It's no coincidence our great Naked Quad Run tradition coincides with the holiday season. This year, try running with some spirit for your fellow man. The best way to show your merriness for our Savior's birth? Accessories, of course! A Santa hat is just the beginning. Why not try spraying your pubes green and hanging ornaments from them? Buy a tiny wreath to wrap around your "little Jesus." Rather than a strategically placed scarf, you wrap yourself in tinsel instead. Ladies, don't bother with a bikini wax-- cover yourself with a Santa beard. (Or you can shave the initials J.C. into your bush, your choice.) If you have piercings, all the better-- there's no better way to celebrate the Lord dying for your sins than jingle bells hanging from your nipples.
Rejected Television Shows from the Past

What if you could go back in time and ensure that episodes left on the cutting room floor were actually made? Here’s what The Zamboni found when it put a few favorite television shows back into the future.

The Brady Bunch

* (Mr. and Mrs. Brady, and Marcia are sitting in the kitchen, dreaming of rainbows and cupcakes and puppies as usual.)

Mr. Brady: This is great coffee, dear.
Mrs. Brady: Well thanks, honey! I made it with love.
Mr. Brady: *(stops sipping and stares at his reflection in the coffee)* I…
Mrs. Brady: Yes? Is something wrong?
Mr. Brady: *(choked up)* This is the way Mary used to make it.
Marcia: Mary?
Mr. Brady: My…*(tears flow)* My first wife. Before she died.
Mrs. Brady: Mike, we vowed never to speak of our dead spouses and act like everything’s A-OK while our souls disintegrate into nothing more than murky pools of insecurity and despair, remember?
Mr. Brady: I just can’t keep pretending that she never existed.
Mrs. Brady: Do you really think this is appropriate for Marcia to hear?
Marcia: At least he acknowledges he had a wife! You act like Dad didn’t even happen.
Mrs. Brady: He didn’t. You and your sisters were born in a lab.
Mr. Brady: *(sob)* Mary was born in a lab.

Leave It to Beaver

*(Beaver and Lumpy are walking home from school together.)*

Eddie: *(approaches with Wally and Whitey)* Hey, squirts!
Wally: Aww, c’mon, Eddie. Leave ‘em alone.
Eddie: *(to Wally)* Shut up, fag. *(Pushes Beaver’s shoulder.)* Hey, aren’t you ever embarrassed that people call you ‘Beaver’?
Beaver: Gosh no, Eddie. Why would I be?
Eddie: *(snickers)* Don’t you know what a beaver is?
Beaver: Well sure! It has big teeth and it builds dams and—
Wally: Don’t do this, Eddie.
Eddie: Heck no! You got it all wrong, kid. A beaver is a vagina.
Beaver: What…what?
Lumpy: You didn’t know that, Beav? Gee, I thought you called yourself Beaver on purpose. You know, to make girls think you got a lot of it.
Beaver: You keep quiet! Your name is Lumpy! Didn’t you know that’s slang for…for…um…testicle?
Whitey: No it’s not, Beaver.
Beaver: Have you seen Lumpy’s balls? It’s gotta be! An’…an’…what kind of a name is Whitey, anyway?
Whitey: *(shrugs)* I dunno, but my dad says I’ll make a fine klansman one day.
CURRENTLY FILMING LORD OF THE RINGS 4: BILBO'S REVENGE

THE UNITED PEOPLE'S CO-OPERATIVE DUALLY ELECTED DEMOCRATIC REPRESENTATIVE PARLIAMENTARY REPUBLIC OF THE CONGO

MIDDLE EAST: INTERNAL BOUNDARIES CHANGE ON DAILY BASIS, CARTOGRAPHICAL ANALYSIS IMPOSSIBLE

JAPAN: FOLLOWING THE SINO-AMERICAN WAR, THE COASTLINE OF CHINA WAS ANEXED BY OUR JAPANESE ALIES

THE AMAZON WETLANDS NATURE PRESERVE

THE UNITED PEOPLE'S CO-OPERATIVE DUALLY ELECTED DEMOCRATIC REPRESENTATIVE PARLIAMENTARY REPUBLIC OF THE CONGO
American Confederacy of States: United States Protectorate as of 2077, the second civil war.

Los Angeles Island

Amazon Wetlands Nature Preserve

Jurassic Park

Remnants of Antarctica

Gulf of Quebec

This map was found amid the charred remains of a flux-capacitor and a "Mr. Fusion" module.
Why I Fucking Hate Communism (and You Should Too)

There are many things in this world that annoy me. Crying babies in movie theaters. Oversleeping. Lampshades. The elderly. All those though, are like a tiny itch, compared to the giant festering rash on my ass that is…Communism.

Oh, what is that you say? “Communism isn’t that bad.” “It gives rights to the poor oppressed proletariat.” Well, y’know what I say? FUCK THE PROLETARIAT! FUCK HIM THREE TIMES IN BOTH NOSTRILS! Communism sucks and here’s why:

1. The Color of Communism is RED

Now, I don’t know about you, but I say if there was a color equivalent to a day where your dog got run over, your mom was eaten by a pack of rabid west highland white terriers, and your girlfriend cheated on you with your best friend, brother, second cousin, and the flattened corpse of your dog, it’d be red. Red is just a shitty color. Think about everything that is red.

Bloody feces. Nobody wants to look down in the toilet to see their poo (which should be the color of a pleasant chocolatey brown) all red and nasty. Because nobody wants to see red. Cause it sucks.

Stoplights. You’re driving along, hoping to make it to work on time, and lo and behold, the light changes color. Now you’re going to be late, get fired, and have to dance on the street for nickels. And why? Because the light turned RED.

Apples. Apples are harmless, eh? A nice, healthy delicious snack? WRONG! Who knows what plethora of peril you enter when you bite into a shiny, RED apple? For all you know, razor blades can be imbedded in them…or even worse, a malicious old witch has poisoned it.

The Native Americans. They just suck. Smoking their peace pipes and saying “How” as a greeting (who the fuck does that), and their attempts to keep up the buffalo population (the fat beasts stunk. Lord knows why they kept them around as long as they did). They deserved to have their land taken from them. Stupid bastards.

Sniper rifles (when painted red). Nobody wants to get shot by a sniper rifle. Especially when it’s painted red. Cause red is the result of a thousand years of colors inbreeding.

2. Communism was in Russia

If you don’t hate Russia, all I can say is you have a SERIOUS problem. First off, it is just too fucking big. There is no logical reason why a country needs to be that fucking big. Imagine how uncomfortable the countries around it must feel. It’s like when you’re sitting on a bus or in a theater and some 500 pound sweaty middle aged dude eating a meatball sub sits down next to you and you have to press yourself to the opposite side of the seat and struggle for air as he drips sauce and meat all over himself and you. That’s the sign of an assfuck of a day. And that’s what Russia does to its neighboring countries.

And what’s with Russia always winning all the fucking Olympics? That’s just another sign of their crappiness, because the Olympics are the most pointless thing to come around since unsliced bread. Nobody cares about the Olympics. We only watch them when they’re on because they dominate all the TV stations (though no one cares). Can you name five Olympic winners who haven’t been involved in some other media event? No? I didn’t think so. Russia only focuses on winning the Olympics to affirm their space on the top of the pile of all shit.

3. Joseph Stalin was a Communist

Joseph Stalin was a real asshole. And I don’t simply mean the asshole who, after you bring over some food, returns your dishes without washing them. Stalin is the kind of asshole who would wash your dishes…but do so in his own gonorrhea infected piss, but of course forget to note that last part, so that next time you have the whole family together for a nice Sunday meal, Little Timmy would be eating Mom’s homemade casserole off of Stalin piss. And I bet he never uses turn signals. Dickweed.

4. Communism is also in China

Last night, I ordered some sesame chicken from a CHINESE restaurant and then proceeded to spend the rest of the night on the toilet, making noises that should only emit from a twelve-year-old girl giving birth to a set of encyclopedias. A Commie plot if I ever saw one.

So, beware my young friend, as someone tries to seduce you to communism. Just remember four simple words (Red, Russia, Stalin, China), say no, and then bite out his right eye for even trying.
I WAS A NAZI

On June 14th, 2005 I completed my time machine. It had taken me five years to build, but it was finally finished. I wish I had thought to buy some expensive champagne for the moment but I had been really busy what with my time machine and my struggling fantasy baseball team. So I grabbed a half-empty, warm Mountain Dew and scribbled “Cristal” across the label.

When I first began building this thing I had planned to use it to impress girls. During the course of the five years it took to build, however, I got married. Even more surprising, I matured a bit. So it was at the moment of completion that I decided that this must be used to better the world. I downed my “Cristal” and climbed into the driver’s seat. I stared at the dials trying to think of what I could do. What would make the biggest difference? And then it hit me.

I set the controls to April 1st, 1931 Berlin, Germany.

Wait! I’m so stupid! I set the time machine for the previous day, bought some real Cristal, and put it in the fridge. I zipped back to the present and popped the cork to celebrate. Only half heartedly though because “Cristal” isn’t all it’s hyped to be and I really wish I had some more Mountain Dew instead. But what are you gonna do?

Again I set the controls to April 1st, 1931 Berlin, Germany.

This date in itself had no particular significance. It would however give me one year to enact my plan. Over the course of that year I infiltrated Adolph Hitler’s ranks by posing as a Jew hating Nazi. Not just any Jew hater but the biggest and craziest of them all.

Moving up through the ranks was not enough though. I needed to be close to Hitler himself. I remember hearing once that Hitler had uncontrollable flatulence. I, of course, never believed this but I can assure you that it is completely true. This was the “in” I needed to reach the next step in my plan. Hitler had heard about my Jew hating and arranged to meet with me. It was then that I told him that I too suffered from uncontrollable flatulence. We spent hours talking about the social problems of such an embarrassing (and easily faked) disease. Sharing this brought us close. I soon became his second in command and just in time.

On April 1st, 1932 Adolph Hitler gave his famous “Flight Over Germany” speech which was the first event ever broadcast worldwide on television. This went off just as it had before except for one thing. This time I wrote the speech. I had gained so much trust as a fellow cheek-sneaker that he read it word-for-word. Here are some of the excerpts from that speech:

Hitler: Thank you Thank you. Please, enough. You had me at hello.

…Our great society is being attacked by the Jew. It’s the Jew who has taken our money. I say this to you vile dogs, ‘Show me the money!’

…Our country is at a low point but I can bring it back up again. But you must trust me. And you must help me. Help me, help you. Help me, help you!

After the speech I hopped back into my carefully hidden time machine and traveled back to the present. I was almost too excited to breathe but I couldn’t wait to see if it had worked. I ran the entire two miles to campus and pounded on my friend Mike’s door.

He opened the door and asked “What’s up?”

Everything looked the same. There was only one way to find out. “Hey Mike, ‘Show me the money!’” I screamed.

“What the hell is wrong with you? Why are you quoting Hitler? Do you have any idea how offensive that is?” he asked in anger.

A huge smile ripped across my face. “But I’m only quoting Cuba Gooding Jr.”

“Who the hell is that?” He demanded.

“Who is Jerry Maguire?”

And with that I threw my arms in the air in victory.

“You know it’s people like you spreading negativity that make this such a crappy world.”

If only he knew.

---

Limericks from the past, Translated by Dr. Dre

**ANONYMOS ROMAN - 44BC**

Man Caesar you thought you was tight with that bitch wife all decked out in ice
But thug life you lead now thug life you’s dead.
Man that Brutus done fucked you up right

**KATHY GOODSEN - 1695**

I am the ghost of May Rich who got the rack for being a witch
Though I must admit stretching felt good for a bit after that how it hurt like a bitch
Scenes From The Cutting Room Floor:
William Shakespeare’s Long Lost Sex Scene

Wife: O lord, there hath passéd ten and six years
Since my love did find himself lost at sea
And an empty bed fills my breast with tears
Such a poor and lonely widow am I.
Forsooth, doth someone knock upon my door!
[opens door to find a man and a sow]
I bidist thou welcome in this abode
But if thou wouldst let me inquire
Why dost thou have a merry sow with thee?

Man: Good woman, my lord hath me instructed
To journey with yonder sow to thy door
He spake of a wife who ordered such beast.

Wife: Thou sow is most fair and snow white and gay
But doth I possess no moneys to pay

Man: Methinks, a finale to your harsh woes
Doth rise up, and I too rise this moment
[drops pants]

Wife: Thou art long and hot as a summer’s day
And as thick and hard as a prison’s wall
Glad I am I hath no moneys to pay
Most eager be I to on my knees fall
[the two begin]

Man: You tawdry harlot!
Wife: Aye!
Man: You vile strumpet!
Wife: Verily!
Man: Thou art a painted streetwalker of dark!
Wife: Verily! Verily! VERILY!!!!!!!!!!!

Year: Twenty-forty.
President Jenna Bush names her kid “Katrina.”

Date: December ninth.
Everyone gets to find out who’s been circumcised.

On December tenth
hung-over freshman regrets what she did last night.

Year: Two thousand-nine.
K-Fed drops Sean on his head, calls it “break dancing.”

Remember first grade?
Everyone had pubic lice.
Or maybe just me.

Tufts kids are hippies.
But when Harvard buys Boston...
no trees left to hug.

Year: Thirty-eighty.
Students in Houston can sleep.
The construction ends!

Year: Two thousand-eight.
Ben McKenzie turns thirty.
Still can’t graduate.

Alan Strange was black.
Shelby Woo was good at math.
SNICK was sooooo racist.

I hope that one day,
Paris Hilton’s hair dye will destroy her brain cell.

Clones are neat and cool.
I got a clone for Christmas.
Now I have a friend.

Time: Right now. Place: Here.
Assholes count these syllables looking for mistakes.
Sex Through Western History
The Great Inventions and Discoveries In Human Sexuality

By Director of Alabama University’s History Dept. and mojo-man Ganghis Khan, D.D.S

300,000 BC - Discovery that whacking it feels good (Brooks, 1978).

30,000 BC - Egyptians records describe dildo manufacturing and use. Plus women first enjoy doggy-style sex.

3,000 BC - Anal sex is HUGE. It’s as huge as the Greek man’s throbbing cock who discovered this gem. Yes, Greece was where civilization was at, and that’s where anal sex took off. Not that people didn’t butt fuck before, but now they were really getting into it at levels unparalleled until the 1980’s anal-sex-o-rama.

300 BC - Rome is the dildo capital of the WORLD! Butt-sex is more generally limited to the armed forces – they say that Alexander the Great was a great lay (in the ass). Contraceptives liberated urbanites to be horny and indiscriminating. In fact, they were so horny that they wore clothes that gave easy access to the genitals and erogenous zones.

33 AD - Jesus died a virgin for our sins. A VIRGIN. What a guy!

376 AD - Emperor Constantine fucks up sex for all of Europe for the next thousand years. It was bad. The sex was just really bad. It was so bad; awkward and cold and not freaky or hot. It was so bad, they even lost the knowledge of masturbation. They actually thought that it was bad!

14th century - The sex industry is revived! Forget aristocrats with their chamber maids and wet nurses, the height of the Middle Ages (or early Renaissance for those Italians reading) and urbanization brings back a flourishing sex industry to everyone. It was hiding out in the Byzantine Empire (why else would anyone go on a ‘crusade’? Seriously, the pussy was worth going blind in the desert). Can you imagine? 1 oz. of mutton for a hummer – now that’s something worth going back in time for. Plus, no AIDS. That’s that best part about traveling back in time: no AIDS.

15th century - Rediscovery of the clitoris. Fascination with hermaphrodites.

18th century - Marquis de Sade teaches the world how to do things with their ass that they have never thought of before. Thanks a lot man, now my sphincter is constantly leaking shit-jism juice because my boyfriend refuses to have vaginal sex. I need to buy all new panties. Also, Prostitution is very chic, à la Moll Flanders and Manon Lescault, not to mention male lechery. Go under the bridge for a good flogging!

19th century - Louis Pasteur creates penicillin from mold. The clap is no longer a problem. Mass fucking ensues.

1836 - Steam-powered vibrators.

Early 20th century - Condoms are invented. Sex not fun anymore.

The Next Day - Catholic Church invents first time machine, goes back in time to make condom use a sin. Sex now fun again.

1920 - First vibrating dildo gets a virgin off (the original steam-powered model was invented in the 1830’s by George Taylor). She’s so pleased with the results that she never fucks a man and she starts fucking her fellow flappers. Contrary to popular believe, the term ‘flapper’ came from the sound of flapping vaginal lips around a well-lubed fist.

1948 - Americans become sexy (rich). Alfred Kinsey discovers that everyone is gay (and will have sex for money).

1961 - THE PILL! Yes ladies you can finally take control of your sexuality and defy God’s designs for your body. Hallelujah! I feel so good that I’m going to go burn my bra. Seriously, have you ever walked around for a week without a bra? It feels AMAZING and you get lots of dates. Bonus!

1963 - The Polaroid camera hits the market. You can finally take pictures of your own asshole and keep them to yourself! Thank God. That chick at the Walgreen’s photo center always gave me such dirty looks whenever I dropped off a roll.

1974 - Hustler magazine appeared in brown papers bags everywhere. No more wading through those bullshit articles and peek-a-boo clothing from those damn bunnies. Fuck that – show me some cunts! (and girls licking them, of course)

1994 - The personal computer dominates humans with the World Wide Web. The Internet enriches our lives with a panoply of pornographic material at our fingertips. God bless Lawrence Roberts. I would very much like to suck his cock for thanks him for making my waking hours much hotter.

2005 - Video iPods bring a new level of portability to porn. Thank god-- now I can finally do something besides read when riding the subway.

Well, hasn’t history been fuck-tastic? My penis and I have certainly enjoyed this trip through time. You can learn more about all of these topics from your local library, the Internet:

http://www.perfectgirls.net
http://pinkworld.com
http://www.cumfiesta.com/
main.htm?id=lunarpw
http://www.freehugemovies.com/movies.shtml

Additionally, look to your local dorm slut (dorm sluts: see me). History is great, because it doesn’t give you AIDS.
The Zamboni’s Checklist for Time Travelers

☐ Take Gandhi out to dinner. Blackmail him with the pictures.
☐ Shoot Kennedy from the grassy knoll and frame Lee Harvey Oswald
☐ Convince Truman to nuke France instead of Japan
☐ Drink Irish car bombs with Princess Diana’s driver
☐ Ensure that the cold war never ends, allowing for an endless string of great Bond movies
☐ Prevent the following movies from being made: Star Wars prequels, Matrix Sequel, Titanic, and Gigli.
☐ Ensure that David Ortiz never plays for the Red Sox, effectively stopping the movie “Fever Pitch” from being made.
☐ Kidnap the Lindbergh baby
☐ See if Jesus was the “real deal”
☐ Become a prophet and start a cult in the past
☐ Destroy Paris Hilton’s sex video, preventing her from ever becoming famous.
☐ Join the Mile High Club with Amelia Airhart
☐ Have Ben Affleck aborted
☐ Stop drinking laws from being written
☐ Buy tons of cigarettes and booze at chaper prices.
☐ Impregnate a neanderthal. Fuck evolution up good.
☐ Videotape Catherine the Great having sex with her horse and sell it on the internet.
☐ Spoil the ending to “Empire Strikes Back” before anyone can see it.
☐ Rig a presidential election
☐ “Meet” with Jimmy Hoffa on 07/30/75 at 2:30 in the parking lot of the Machus Red Fox Restaurant
☐ Rig a world series
☐ Actually have sex with your friends’ moms
☐ Kick Hitler in the nuts really hard so his voice is totally shrill
World Does Not Love The

To Avoid Humiliation World Decides To Skip The 1980's

During a meeting of the world's foremost thinkers this week, the unprecedented decision to skip the 1980's has been made. When asked for comment the chairman of the meeting, Dr. Benatar, had this to say "Considering the irrevocable damage that was made to the visual and auditory fields during the eighties and the generally inhumane disregard for taste, we have decided that it would serve as a great gift to society to go directly from 1979 to 1990."

Certain sacrifices will have to be acknowledged if this plan is going to be enacted. While the Berlin Wall will remain intact, humanity will be spared the fascist terror of "The Karate Kid" parts 1 and 2. Furthermore, many popular public figures will have there lives spared. When asked for comment John Lennon replied "Does this mean I have to move back in with Yoko?"

Concern has been voiced regarding the great deficit of irony that is going to plague themed parties and college campuses across the nation. What can be done for the countless youths who will have to return their Atari and Strawberry Short cake t-shirts to "Hot Topics" in their respective communities? When asked for comment Bill Mutley an eighth grader at Wet Willow Junior. High, and self proclaimed anarchist, defiantly stated "You can take away my Ramones t-shirt, but you cannot take away fact that I never saw them live, and once confused DeeDee Ramone with Moe from the three stooges."

Without the crutch of imitation great losses are predicted for the recording industry in the coming months. When asked about the foreboding kitsch deficit, pop darlings "The Killers" commented "Well, without having the precedence of eyeliner and synthesizers, I think we may have run out of material." This is but one of many musical projects that will have to be put on hold; The Cure’s new anthology “Songs to hate your parents to,” may never be released, as well as Robert Smith’s solo project “God, I’m fat,” which is in post production.

However, the auspicious feelings created by a world free of New Wave and Goth were dampened early this morning when Corey Feldman, Wang Chung, and Gary Glitter were executed by firing squad. This was a drastic last measure that was made after the insurgents in question refused to abnegate the validity of their careers. Moments before his death Mr. Feldman made a rambling plea of defiance “Ever hear of a little movie called the ‘Goonies?’ Anyone here done coke off a pastel sports coat? I know what’s going on man. I’ve heard about the legwarmer burnings. Sure, you can destroy all the “Tears For Fears” records, and yes, you can silence some poets like myself. But you will never destroy the true spirit of the eighties; insatiable materialism and condos will live on forever!"

Having avoided a nadir in human existence, experts have been hard pressed to find new and innovative ways to spare humanity documented humiliation. With this in mind, countless hours of "Full house" and "Salute Your Shorts" have been reviewed to weigh the merits of the 1990’s. Dr. Benatar commented on this study “The countless civil rights that were betrayed by the production of ‘Spice World’ alone could justify skipping the 1990’s as well. We need to review the third and fourth seasons of ‘The Real World’ before any final decisions can be made.”
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- Aeon Flux’s Thong (Certified Authentic)
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Loot it Yourself with a Flux Capacitor

Prices so low, I must be crazy!!!!!!!

Not pictured:
- The Lindberg Baby
- Van Gogh’s Ear