The Secrets Issue

THE Issue Tufts didn't want you to see!

Bacow and Yolanda King: Revealed as You've Never Seen Them Before!

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A Word from the Editor

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to a new era of The Zamboni. Out with the fierce plethora of gay inn-you-end-ods, Judaic platitudes on government/Hollywood/economic domination, and pictures of Bea Arthur's vagina. In with a new era of unprecedented wit and sophistication. I propose a mission to provide humor from the highest echelon of intellectual society. Now, there shall be jokes regarding the highest elite: the poop of Lord Byron, the letters of James Joyce to his wife Nora, and pictures of Virginia Woolf's vagina (also known as Vagina Woolf).

My fellow countrymen, we live in an era where intelligent humor is dying. Works of brilliant satire like "Dr. Strangelove" are replaced with the mediocre comedy of films like "The Notebook." "Arrested Development" is cancelled while the Home Shopping Network still drags on. But even worse than that, the banana is going extinct! Future generations will not know the hilarity of slipping on banana peels or making fellatio jokes on phallic fruit. And what of the Bluths' frozen banana stand?

The Zamboni takes the following as its mission: to resuscitate the cardiac-arrest-suffering corpse of humor. To insert the rectal thermometer of healing into the anus of comedy. So, in the words of the late, great president John F. Kennedy, I say, "Let us begin!"

Ain't that a kick in the head?

FREE MUFFINS!!!

Come to Zamboni!

Tuesdays at 9 pm
Schneider Room
(named for comic prodigy Rob Schneider)
Room 208
Campus Center

Or e-mail 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 we will not take your first born due to legal reasons (the Fricker 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 Villanueva Clause).
Army of Squirrels Attacks Montana; Still Really, Really Cute by Ryan Oliveira

BUMBLEFUCK, MT - According to the several bewildered residents of Wyoming, Idaho, and South Dakota, a roving band of squirrels managed to conquer the entire state of Montana in four hours. According to military strategists, their most effective tactic for such a quick takeover was, simply, their unabashed cuteness.

According to witness reports, the absolutely adorable army scurried in on stubby little legs and opened fire with acorns, berries, walnuts, and other small, round objects chucked at unsuspecting passers-by. The worst damage came after they detonated a candy apple bomb, showering debris of slices, sauce, and cider that could be seen as far away as California.

No deaths were reported, as all six people in Montana managed to find adequate shelter out of state before the explosive confectionary scattered its dangerously yummy goodness throughout the region.

“At first, we thought it was just a prank. Then we saw the squirrel army advancing, a blank stare in their dead, beady little eyes,” said longtime Bumblefuck resident Myrtle Furkenburk. “I’ll never forget that memory as long as I live. This is worse than the time I was mugged by Furbies.”

Rumors circulating about a retaliatory attack by shotgun-wielding hillbillies have yet to be confirmed.

Hitler Found Living on the Moon; Conspiracy Theories Right by Ryan Oliveira

HOUSTON, TX - According to images recently captured by NASA’s Hubble telescope, Hitler has been discovered to be alive and, well, living in space.

Information places him as a werewolf cyborg moleman who lives underground in the moon, the first case of every single conspiracy theory ever made proving to all be true.

“Wow, holy shit. Jesus H. Christ in a chicken basket, we’re not talking about a Jimmy Hoffa zombie or anything, we’re talking about Hitler in space. Have you even heard of a werewolf cyborg moleman?” Michael D. Griffin, Administrator of NASA, asked. “They have to be killed with a silver bullet or some crazy shit like that. I wish we’d listened to the tabloids before it was too late.”

Added Griffin with a pound on the desk, “Shit! We’re all fucked now.”

The revitalized villain’s plans have yet to be discovered, but several leading figures in the conspiracy theory world have speculated plots such as freezing over the entire world, turning all national leaders into stone, and blowing up the solar system.

Photo by Will Sokoloff.
Pentagon Plans to Summon Greek Deity Athena for Iraq Victory

by Mike Yarsky & Luke Burns

WASHINGTON, D.C. – In an announcement from the Department of Defense, the government has unveiled its final strategy for potential victory in Iraq. “Well, our fists haven’t solved it, our minds haven’t solved it, and neither has our one True Lord and Savior Jesus Christ,” says Department of Defense administrative assistant Doris Open. “So we thought we’d summon a goddess of wisdom to solve it.”

“I’ve been against the whole thing from the start,” says the department’s chief Squadron Coordinator. “A Greek goddess? Why would we leave our problems to a goddess of a bunch of boyish, atheistic, communist homosexuals?” Upon being asked how an atheist could have a goddess, he replied, “Enough with your syllogistic, logical reasoning! You’re just like the Greeks!”

The chief Pentagon appointee of the new Athena Summoning Committee is still being chosen. Potential candidates include Classics Professor at George Washington University Dr. Glutius B. Maximus, Esq., Wicca expert and full-time back-alley psychic Divinity, and the narcoleptic puppy of YouTube fame. Said professor Maximus, “Well, the puppy’s got as good a chance as the rest of us. Have you seen the folks Bush chose for the White House?”

Photo by Lauren Vigdor

Canada and Mexico Revealed as True Axis of Evil; Language Debacle Ensues

by Daniel Testa

LONDON-In a surprise move today Canada and Mexico openly revealed themselves to be the actual Axis of Evil. In a Canadian address Prime Minister Steven Harper had this to say, “You will pay for decades of mockery, abuse, and the pillaging of our pharmaceutical drugs. No longer will the Mountie be the butt of American jokes, now he will be a figure of terror. A modern dealer of death leaving only carrion for the geese in his wake.”

The sweeping Canadian assault was aided by Mexico’s attack on the Southern U.S. It appears that hundreds of thousands of Mexican laborers deserted their work stations to take up arms against U.S resistance. Industries were completely frozen as entire work crews abandoned minimum wage positions and instead slaughtered administrators left and right, leaving green cards on the chests of the corpses.

Resistance nationwide has crumbled as most of the nation’s leaders have been kidnapped by their gardeners and maids. However, reports indicate that Arnold Schwarzenegger has fled to the Sierra Mountains where he continues guerilla attacks on the enemy forces, crushing what, in his last statement he called, “Those Canadian girly men.” Sylvester Stallone followed suit but was killed trying to destroy a Canadian encampment. Sadly his single machine gun proved no match for the swarm of armed soldiers. A Canadian observer said “I don’t know what the hell he thought was going to happen, running into the middle of the armory screaming at the top of his lungs. We just cut him down.”

Axis strength has degraded however, due to continued fighting over the national language of United States of Canada and Mexico (USCM). Mexico continues to insist on Spanish as the common tongue and Canada is unable to unify itself behind English due the Quebeccos’ demands that French be taught in all conquered territories.

It is clear, however, that both sides are in control of the former USA. As Mexican President Felipe Calderon said, “The Pax Americana is over, the Pax Mexicana is beginning.”
WASHINGTON, D.C. - In his ritual Wednesday morning press conference, President Bush today declared a sweeping new measure to improve and expand the nation’s libraries and reading centers. When asked about his reasons for initiating such a move Bush had this to say, “Last night I watched the film Zoolander and was inspired by the selfless acts of Derek to help kids read. If he can find time to stop taking care of his perfect, tight body, sensual lips, and amazing...read. If he can find time to stop taking care of his perfect, tight body, sensual lips, and amazing

The President guarantees the actual libraries will be at least ten times bigger

Jumbos Led to Victory by Backup QB, Jew
by Henry Felsman
MEDFORD – The backup quarterback Rob Goldstein came off the bench to throw a key touchdown, igniting the Jumbos to a 24-17 victory against Bowdoin on the eve of Yom Kippur.

Goldstein, a 5-11 sophomore from Kings Park, NY and Jew, would go on to celebrate the Jewish Day of Atonement later that evening, only hours after leading his team to victory. “I knew God was right there with me when I sprang [Kick returner] Will [Forde] with my block. Now all I can do is just give thanks.”

For Goldstein, a mobile quarterback with a rocket arm for a Jew, Yom Kippur is a time of selflessness; much like the unselfish block Goldstein threw to spring his teammate for important extra yardage. “I would really like to take this moment to thank my teammates and coaches. They put me in the position to make plays, and that’s really all I could ask for,” an exhausted, battle-wounded Goldstein said after the game. “Now we can just go home and celebrate the ‘W’.”

The celebration of the most holy day on the Jewish calendar began at the football team frat after the game, where Goldstein commenced the holy occasion with 12 beers, which he chased with a handle of Manischewitz.

The football star attended Hillel reform services the following day, toughing it out despite a hangover, a true indicator of what a hard-working player he is.

Though stubborn head coach Bill Samko remains intent on keeping the average Gentile Matt Russo in at quarterback, it is evident that Goldstein, with his outstanding pocket presence, strong arm, athletic ability, and Jewishness when called upon, will be ready. “All I can do is just show up, strap my pads on and be ready whenever my number may be called,” said the circumcised Jew and future star (if he isn’t one already). “But I have to go. It’s time to celebrate.”

Zac Efron Refuses to Appear in “High School Musical 3” by Molly Newman
LOS ANGELES, CA—Teen heartthrob Zac Efron, star of Disney Channel’s “High School Musical” and “High School Musical 2,” today released a statement that he will not be involved with “High School Musical 3,” the proposed second sequel.

“The script that I was presented with was an insult to my acting and singing abilities,” Efron wrote to the press. He elaborated: “Troy was such a complex personage in the other two films, filled with depth and nuance. Now they’ve reduced him to a pandering teen hero. I won’t put up with it.”

Inside sources say that the plot of the movie revolves around the college admissions process during the students’ senior year. Songs have already been penned for it, including “Who Needs a Good Essay (When You Can Play Basketball),” a solo for Efron’s character Troy; “Bubble It In,” an inspirational group number about the SAT tests; “Dry Spell,” female romantic lead Gabriella’s song about how little time she has with Troy; and “We’re Not All in This Together,” the final song sung at their graduation ceremony.

Efron stated that “anyone could come up with this shit and I am way too tan to be involved with any more made-for-tv movies” and expressed his undying love to co-star and girlfriend Vanessa Hudgens, saying “I don’t care that everyone’s seen your hoo-ha, I still love you, girl!” There is no word on if Hudgens will be involved with the movie.
For one night only, TUPD officers let a lucky Zamboner shadow them. This is her story.

Saturday, October 6th
10:05 PM – TUPD receives a call reporting marijuana usage in South Hall.
10:07 PM – I laugh and say “What a fucking narc.”
10:08 PM – The officers are not amused.
10:12 PM – Two officers and I get into a squad car. I start humming “Bad Boys”.
10:15 PM – On the drive over, one of the officers asks, “What was your name again?” to which I reply, “I am McLovin.”
10:16 PM – They don’t get it.
10:17 PM – We arrive at South Hall. The officers tell me to wait out front. I nod and give them two finger guns of agreement.
10:18 PM – Their withering glares make it clear that we have not yet reached the point in our relationship where finger guns are appropriate. I am disheartened. I thought we were bonding.
10:35 PM – The officers finally come back out, but there’s no one with them. I ask them why we’re not taking anyone into custody.
10:36 PM – One of the officers slaps my back and says, “Come on McLovin, let’s go for a ride.” His eyes are a little red.
10:38 PM – We are driving around and blasting Beastie Boys out the window.
10:45 PM – We drive down Curtis Street and noticed two students fornicating on the Rape Steps.
10:46 PM – I cannot find my camera ANYWHERE.
10:47 PM – Both students (a male and a female) confirm that the act in question is consensual.
10:48 PM – The female invites one of the officers to join, saying that she’s always wanted to “fuck a man in uniform.” I recognize her as a fellow Zamboner.
10:50 PM – He looks like he’s considering it.
10:52 PM – We receive a call concerning a house party on College Ave. The threesome will have to wait.
11:00 AM – We arrive at the house on College Ave. Music is blaring and three students are throwing up in the front yard.
11:02 AM – The officers and I enter the house. We make our way through the throngs of drunken students and find a keg in the living room.
12:35 AM – Back at TUPD headquarters, an officer has just finished his third keg stand. He motions for me to do one. I oblige.
12:36 AM – Another officer goes through my bag as beer is coursing down my throat. He finds my ID. I am not 21.
12:40 AM – It looks like I will be here a while.
The Zamboni’s Guide to Bathroom Etiquette

We here at the Zamboni spend a lot of time in bathrooms. We drink a lot of coffee, we eat a lot of asparagus, and sometimes we even lose our virginity in the bathroom. Clearly, this makes us one of the best authorities on bathroom etiquette since Mr. Whipple. So, we offer some simple, clean, good tips on male and female bathroom etiquette.

1) When sticking your penis in a glory hole, be kind and polite. An all-too-often made error during public, anonymous fellatio is this: people are simply rude. When inserting yourself into the glory hole, remember to enter calmly and slowly. Nobody likes uninvited guests. Do not lie about your intentions, either. Everyone's heard the "My penis was curious about the structural flaw" line before.

2) If you can avoid it, never stand next to someone in a urinal. Never, ever, ever. If there are six urinals and people are stationed at 2 and 5, you're screwed. Find a stall, a sink, or a bush outside. Remember: 96% of guys do not take well to a fluid-gushing naked penis only a couple of inches away from them. As for the other four percent, come to the Zamboni meetings and meet the Editor.

3) If looking for action in a bathroom, don’t flail your hands like a jackass under the stalls. If you need more on how not to find casual sex in airport bathrooms, just ask Senator Larry Craig (left.)

4) Hey ladies! Don’t hog the tampons! We don't care if it takes all the pillows in Brookstone to stuff your vagina during that time of the month, don't steal all the bathroom's tampons! There are plenty of other women who will need them, and yes, use them.

5) Always use the seat covers. Using seat covers is more important than flushing, more important than wiping yourself, and even more important than not leaving swamp-ass residue on the seat. Please use a seat cover. Though they get annoying because they stick to your asscheeks, you can be making the healthiest decision of your life.

by Orenthal James Simpson

I know a lot of you readers are familiar with some of the recent accusations leveled against me. I assure you that they are without merit. Firstly, an old associate of mine has accused me of a brazen attempt to appropriate goods that were in his possession. These claims are patently false, and I believe my spotless criminal conviction record speaks for itself.

Furthermore, there have been rumors circulating among members of the news media that several former schoolmates and myself were brandishing firearms during a business discussion with my old associate. These heinous allegations are especially hurtful to me. Every since the tragic passing of my beloved wife, I have made a sincere effort to stay out of the public eye. However, I feel that the inquisitive American consumer has a right to know how I would have gone about charging into an old friend’s hotel room and threatening him with bodily harm.

To start out, I’d get two or three of my crew together to start this shit, cuz this cocksuck is in for a world of shit. I’m mother fucking O.J. Fucking Simpson! I’ll fucking KILL a fool who touches my shit! After I’d gotten my boys together, I’d head over to Nielson’s crib and round us up some heat. Automatics, semi-automatics, it don’t matter, as long as this little bitch knows he’s going to get whacked like some goddamn whore who cheats on her husband. Straight up, he better watch out, cuz when we roll up into the hotel parking lot, ain’t nothing stoppin’ us. After I found that punk’s room, the boys and me would bust through and begin taking my shit back. But I’d want to figure out why this guy thought he could steal my shit and get away with it, so I’d continually yell “YOU THINK YOU CAN STEAL MY SHIT AND GET AWAY WITH IT?” I’d want to make it clear that no one steals my shit because, damn it, I’m O.J. Fucking Simpson. I fucking killed my wife! At least, that’s how I’d do it.

"If I did it, I wouldn't have used these gloves." -O.J., in regard to the gloves.
PostSecret Service

What's an angsty, sexually repressed teenager to do when the LiveJournal server is down? Why, apply their pent-up adolescent angst to an arts and crafts session! Here are PostSecret's latest rejections from some Twitsonians. Who knew they had standards?

Your Mom
69 Your Mom's Ass
Kalamazoo, Australia

I think of Jumbo when I masturbate

My wife Adele likes to pee on me and I like it too!

Why the fuck isn't there a building named after me already?
Sometimes, I wish the frat boys were handcuffing me.

I've never actually given anyone a blowjob before.
The Vatican, an organization known for its pretension and pedophilic tendencies, surprised everyone this week when it announced its most recent nomination to Sainthood – none other than the all-American, scantily dressed Paris Hilton.

Christian conservatives organized in record time to protest this action, citing the complex requirements which need to be fulfilled in order for someone to be officially elected to Sainthood. Hilton, a hotel heiress with a voice that could abort babies and a vagina only a Sequoia could fill, does not, at least in their eyes, meet the expectations of a Saint.

In response, the Vatican issued the statement, “We believe that Saints work miracles and the fact that Paris Hilton is releasing her second album this fall is, according to some noted oracles, the greatest miracle of the 21st century. Furthermore, we urge the Catholic community to spend less time questioning our actions and more time bribing little boys not to testify against us in court.”

So far, the Catholic Church has named over 10,000 saints, however only a few thousand of them have had sex with Nick Carter. St. Paris is the first saint to be named whose vagina has been publicized on national television, and the third to have been arrested for driving drunk the wrong way on a highway looking for a cheeseburger (we’re talking about you Saints Rupert and Cornelius).

The entertainment community has also reacted strongly to the news, with Sarah Silverman, a self-professed Jew, at the center of the debate. In a recent interview with a 50 pounds heavier Oprah Winfrey, Silverman commented, “It’s really nice to see Paris rewarded for her complete lack of talent, but I feel like this is just going to make Nicole Richie jealous, and we all know what Nicole does when she’s jealous.

[Silverman gestures taking a shot then snorting a line of crack off Oprah’s coffee table] And we really need to be thinking about her half-breed, mutant lovechild with Joel Madden. It’s all about the half-breed, mutant, love children.”

St. Paris declined an interview with The Zamboni, and instead told us we should expect to hear more in her upcoming film *A Holiday In Paris* (narrated by Betty White.)
Ask an Expert: Dear Yolanda King (Of the Vagabonds)

October 12, 2007

In 'Ask an Expert', a panel of experts answers your real life questions and solves your real life problems... to the best of their abilities. For this issue, I sat down with the unreachable Yolanda King. If you’re wondering how we were able to get in touch with the recently deceased daughter of Martin Luther King Jr., you’re thinking of the completely wrong Yolanda King. I’m talking about the unreachable Yolanda King, Director of Residential Life and Learning. Let me tell you, a séance is nothing compared to what I had to do to get through to her. Having been personally screwed over by ResLife, I gathered together questions from people across campus that needed some explaining. It took 40 emails (unread), 25 phone-calls (un-returned), an entire box of Domino’s Fudgems and 10 cans of baked beans (all gone) to get some answers.

Dear Yolanda,

I was supposed to live in the Arts Haus this year. It turns out that the fire marshal told you that my room couldn’t exist. First of all: what the hell happened? This isn’t Narnia; entire rooms don’t just disappear. Second, is there a reason that no one told me my room vanished until it was too late to really do anything? I felt like that guy in The Pursuit of Happyness.
- Liz Murray

Dear Liz,

Thanks for taking the hit for that one. The day the fire marshal came, someone made brownies for the office and no one really remembers a lot of what went on.
- XOXO, Yolanda.

Dear Yolanda,

I was just wondering, what with the growing number of students who need housing, do you have any plans to create additional housing, such as new dormitories or converting off-campus houses?
- Stephanie McBride

Dear Steph,

I’m glad you asked me that. At the moment, we are looking at a plethora of new housing options for next year. We are currently accepting bids from the Container Store, Ikea, and Huffman Koos for “cubby style” living. This system has shown a lot of promise in homeless shelters across Europe, but we may just wait to see what the “back to school” sales are like in September.
- XOXO, Yolanda.

Dear Yolanda,

What’s the deal with Kenneth Hall and that whole situation?
- Jaden Smith

Dear Alex,

Is he the freshman living in that cardboard box outside of Dewick?
- XOXO, Yolanda

Dear Yolanda,

I really respect the effort you guys made to put up students in the hotel. I would have done it too except that you wouldn’t let me sign up without my roommate and, coincidentally, you wouldn’t tell me who my roommate was. Up until the day I came to campus I imagined walking into my room and finding someone ritualistically cooking an animal in an open fire. I don’t know what happened to “we’ll let you know by the end of the week”, but a week turned into an entire summer and when I got to school, the whole fire pit roaster wasn’t far off from what I got.
- Gerald Fitzwilliam IV

Dear Gerald,

I’m glad to hear about your interest in the hotel program that we were establishing. Keep us in mind because Lord knows we’re going to need people to give up their beds next year too. I’ll be sure to add you to my mailing list.
- XOXO,

Yolanda King

“Expert” Profile

Ms. King is the Director of Residential Life and Learning. Her responsibilities include the overall operation of the professional and paraprofessional staff, the hiring and development of the staff, and the creation and implementation of Tufts’ living and learning initiatives (not to be confused with finding students a place to live).

Unfortunately, we couldn’t find a photo of that Yolanda King. So here’s the other one.
A Day in the Life of a Secret Agent*

The Audio Diary of Agent 214

By Lauren “Agent Tax Day” Vigdor and Sarah “Agent Labor Day” Jacknis

8:56 AM: Don beige, three-button trench coat.

9:00 AM: Conference call with Danny Elfman and Avril Lavigne re: composition of theme music.

9:33 AM: Switch to other beige three-button trench coat.

10:00 AM: Meet with HQ for Central Intelligence reconnaissance debriefing. Receive further instructions as well as invitation to agency barbecue. Flirt with secretary.

10:15 AM: Sex with secretary.

10:20 AM: Go to bench outside Tufts Campus Center to trade briefcases containing access codes with Agent 1224. Agent 1224 is not in sight upon arrival. Wait for ten minutes, despite debilitating urge to urinate. Eventually decide to leave paper sign on bench: “Agent Christmas Eve – Will BRB in five minutes. Please wait for me. Also, punctuality is a virtue. Thanks! XOXO Agent VD.”

10:31 AM: Ah, sweet relief. Admire recently renovated bathroom sinks.

10:34 AM: Return to bench to find adult male waiting with briefcase at his feet. Deduce that this is Agent 1224. Walk past briskly and pick up briefcase, exchanging it with own briefcase. Once 100 yards away, notice Agent 1224 waving frantically and trying to catch up. Understand that this is a loyalty test from headquarters. Ignore agent’s calls and hide behind Crafts House. Manage to evade him; will likely get a raise.

10:57 AM: Return home and investigate contents of briefcase. Briefcase does not seem

5:00 AM: Break into Somerville Central Intelligence. Distract security guards with Baconator cheeseburgers. Navigate ventilation system (avoid faulty ceiling panel—discovered upon previous failed missions 10/04/07 & 10/10/07—see log). Locate super secret mystery vault. Admire exquisite interior décor. Refocus on mission goal. Suspend from ceiling by cable in order to obtain Super Awesome Secret Maps to Super Awesome Secret Lair without scuffing recently polished marble flooring. Re-navigate ductwork following previously laid jellybean trail. Consume any beans not contaminated by hair, dust or other undesirables.

7:02 AM: Cocoa Puffs.

7:28 AM: Collect weaponry from secret house arsenal. Enter by way of laundry hamper elevator, activated by toilet flush mechanism. Collect nunchucks, revolver, candlestick, throwing knives, Super Soaker, TI-83+, picture of Mom, and Winchester rifle.
to contain access codes as purported, but rather a glowing gold substance. Discrete phone call to HQ reveals that Agent 1224 didn’t arrive at site on time because he decided to take the Joey rather than walk from Davis Square. As a result, he arrived too late and never made any switch. Decide not to tell headquarters about this morning’s lucrative misunderstanding at this moment.

11:18 AM: Facebook.

1:30 PM: Switch back to previous beige three-button trench coat.

1:35 PM: Consume several Hot Pockets while updating Jennifer Garner fan blog.

3:00 PM: Brainstorm alternative method of entry to super awesome secret lair without access codes. Decide to sleep on it.

3:22 PM: Power nap.

3:42 PM: Ultimately decide to conduct procedure without preordained protocol. In other words, “wing it.”

4:00 PM: Take Segway to Hodgdon building, the location of super awesome secret lair. Begin to roll backwards upon reaching hill. Decide to dismount, and walk up, dragging Segway.

4:14 PM: Hide out in bushes in an attempt to overhear access codes. End up piggybacking in after unsuspecting sophomore henchman. Navigate lifeless, soul-consuming maze of Hodgdon. Reach room 109** after laying the smack down on several nameless henchmen. Use stolen silverware from Dewick to pick lock. Find nemesis passed out face down wearing nothing but sneakers and a sweater vest. Take opportunity to draw penis on Nemesis’ face and then deactivate Apocalyptic World-Dominating Death Ray Device.

5:25 PM: Stop at Hodgdon for delicious Davis Square sandwich. Admire new layout. Flirt with checkout lady.

5:39 PM: Sex with checkout lady.

7:59 PM: Home in time to watch I Love Lucy on TV Land.

*Paid for by Tufts Committee of Repairs and Renovation
**Super Awesome Secret Lair

Oh Lucy, you make it all worthwhile.
“John actually left a verse out of the final recording of ‘Imagine.’ It went something like, ‘Imagine the Beatles without Ringo/they would’ve been the same/with a different drummer/something something aim…came…lame….fame…’ Yeah, the only reason he scrapped it was because he could never think of a good rhyme for ‘same.’ Ringo, you were saved by the inadequacies of the English language. THAT is why I only communicate through wails and screeches!” – Yoko Ono [translated from wailing and screeching]

“I could say something right now, but what’s the point? People are going to read this quote and then wonder who the hell Pete Best even is. And you’re to blame for that Ringo!” – Pete Best (original drummer for the Beatles)

“The media has kept it hush-hush…but the truth of the matter is that back on December 8, 1980, I was really trying to kill Ringo Starr! But I must’ve gotten my Beatles mixed up…then I heard someone shout ‘Oh my God! You shot John Lennon!’ Boy, was my face red when I heard that. Talk about a bloop—er! But c’mon, you have to believe me! Why would anyone shoot John Lennon only to blame it on reading Catcher in the Rye too many times? Hell, why would anyone want to read Catcher in the Rye more than once? That’s just crazy!” – Mark David Chapman

“Let me tell you, it’s one thing being in a blatant knock-off of the Beatles made purely to sell lunchboxes and fill up a half hour of prime time television. That I could live with. But once I realized me being the drummer meant I was imitation-Ringo…God! I couldn’t sleep for the next month!” – Micky Dolenz (drummer for the Monkees)

“Man, I know my whole shtick was about how I loved everyone and there was no need for hate or greed or violence…but I just have to say: whenever I would talk about how we all should love each other and treat all men and women as brothers and sisters, I would always think ‘Except for Ringo Starr, that no-good coattail-rider.’ There. I said it. Whew, that feels great finally getting that off my chest.” – From the Last Will and Testament of John Lennon
WHAT FEMINISTS SHOULD STRIVE FOR

By Sophia LaVulva, renowned women's rights activist

To think, there was once a time when women were content with nothing more than housework and raising the kiddies. Not so today, thanks to the wondrous socio-political framework of feminism, which has raised women to their vaunted status. But the struggle is yet to be finished and I firmly believe that there are still goals that feminists all over the world should strive for. The following is an excerpt from my new book, Feminist Manifesto 2: Bride of the Feminist Manifesto.¹

1) Perfecting card shuffling with their vaginas. Female professional poker players are like any other female professional athletes: no one gives a shit. However, unlike sports and the sciences, women could have a distinct competitive edge over men in poker if they merely learn to shuffle the cards with their vaginas. Imagine it now: the men stare dumfounded as the lone female player deftly deals out the river in a game of Texas Hold’em, her thighs straining and the sweat glistening as she sends each card sliding across the table to its intended recipient, her hips moving rhythmically with each shuffle of the deck. Too graphic? That’s the point.

2) No more cheerleaders, per the Geneva Conventions. So the NFL has banned cheerleaders from warming up in front of the opposing team. Apparently the players find it too “distracting” (godman queers). Feminists should see this as a golden opportunity to never let their bodies distract males ever again. After all, there’s a war on, and we can’t have supple breasts and curvaceous rears distracting our boys from “The Surge.”

3) Push-down bra for the facilitation of saggy tits. Face it ladies, men love your perky bags-o’-fun. What better way to have men treat you as equals than by eliminating the very thing that keeps them from looking you in the eye? The push down bra with over-wire will ensure that your chest is never marveled, admired, coveted, or part of your chemistry professor’s lab fantasies. Just don’t drop the CH3(CH2)16COONa. (For those of you who are coasting through English classes, that’s the formula for soap.)

4) Mechanics have to use endearing nicknames for their clientele. You know them, the grizzled women of the diner waitress world. You can be sure that with every cup of coffee (just keep telling yourself it’s coffee) you’ll be called “honey” at least once, or else the experience just wouldn’t be kosher. But is it fair? In the name of true and lasting equality, grease stained mechanics must also refer to all customers by terms of endearment, specifically “pumpkin” or “sugar tits.” It helps put a smile on your face as you’re charged exceedingly ridiculous amounts for parts that aren’t even in your car.

5) Title IX for Priest Molestations. For too long in our male-dominated society, women have received a disproportionately small amount of the molestations committed by priests. What we need is a clear law mandating a proportional molestation rate for boys and girls calculated from each church congregation. This Title IX inspired policy will have added benefits. If no boys are molested, then no girls will be molested either, similar to why Syracuse no longer has a swimming or hockey team.

¹ You can’t have a feminist manifesto without a footnote.
In the greatest display of moustachemanship since the great Horatio Solpatch’s famed upset at the 1865 World Facial Hair Convention in Hamburg, Tufts University President Lawrence Bacow swept all major categories in this year’s World Beard and Moustache Championship, winning an unprecedented 9 "Beardies." The Zamboni congratulates President Bacow on his achievement, and presents all of his winning styles for your enjoyment.

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The Hagrid
The Fu Manchu
The Burt Reynolds
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