The contents of this issue are 100% pre-recycled.
Greetings Zamboni fans! Welcome to our Environment Issue, where we discuss alternative energy sources (Rez coffee instead of Dewick coffee), global warming (except for Boston, which drops to below freezing and goes pitch-black at 4:30 PM), and recycling. In fact, The Zamboni is proud to announce that this issue is printed on 100% maybe-recycled, biodegradable, ass-wipable paper!

We've taken the recycling theme to the extreme. We're not just advocating it or discussing it in our center spread, but we've recycled previous ideas from previous issues! As you peruse this issue, you might see some "recycled" themes, perhaps recycled from issues previous, rejected and re-used from other publications, or just plain old recycling the exact same stuff (like the picture of that emo douche down and to the right.) We're doing this because we love RECYCLING.

Okay, okay, okay. You got us. The real reason is...well, the writers of The Zamboni are all a part of the Writers' Guild, and as of the layout of this issue, they're still on strike. So we just have to use all the material we have lying around. Just as Leno and Conan have been showing reruns, we sort of have to do the same thing.

As the Editor-in-Chief, I fully endorse the writers' strike. I understand that the writers of The Zamboni deserve all they should get from "online royalties." Whether or not these "online royalties" are from actual humor-blogging or from XTube.com is irrelevant. Either way, I know a good masthead when I see it, and I'm glad someone out there gave this Editor-a-Chief some great masthead.

Ain't that a kick in the (mast)head?

Leave The Primary Source alone...

COME TO THE ZAMBONI INSTEAD!

Tuesdays, 9 pm
Schneider Room, Campus Center
TuftsZamboni@gmail.com
New "Dummies" book appeals to illiterate market
by Daniel Testa and Mike Yarsky

Facing increasing pressure from rival publishers such as the *Idiot's Guide* and *Asshat Digest*, the famed *for Dummies* series has unveiled a brand new campaign.

“The real issue was that our customer pool was only a fraction of the people who could use our help,” explained Kenneth Ponter, head of new products at John Wiley & Sons Publishing. “Thus we decided to produce a new book: *Reading for Dummies*. It is brilliant because there are no other self-help books aimed at the illiterate. This means that there is no competition.”

Mr. Ponter is the first person to attempt a monopoly on any market aimed at the illiterate, with the notable exception, of course, of VH1.

This is only one in a series of new additions to the Dummies series. “We expect that *Insurance Fraud for Dummies, Human Sacrifices for Dummies*, and *Pedophilia for Dummies* will dominate in their respective markets.” By the end of the year, John Wiley & Sons Publishing expects their selection of *for Dummies* titles to increase from an "absurdly ridiculous" amount to "absolutely, positively ludicrous." Says Mr. Ponter, "We figured if *Chicken Soup for the Soul* can release titles such as *Chicken Soup for the Necrophiliac Soul*, we could cater to equally specific markets."

Tufts student claims he is "definitely not a hipster"; nobody convinced
by Applefan McBarista

MEDFORD -- Sophomore Harvey Jameson responded to allegations that he was a hipster yesterday with a mix of denial and apathy. “Man, I can’t stand hipsters,” he said. “I can’t talk for long, though; I’m going to the Girl Talk concert tonight.”

Jameson, a planned ILVS major, claimed that despite the overwhelming evidence, he could not possibly be a hipster because he “shower[s] at least twice a week.”

“Real hipsters probably only shower, like, once a week,” Jameson said, though he was quick to add, “Not that I, like, care or anything,” as he slipped on neon plastic sunglasses.

Jameson explained that the accusation, which he considered severe because “everyone hates hipsters -- although I don’t give a shit about what everyone else thinks,” actually came from his ex-girlfriend, sophomore Dana Jensen, who originally hails from Brooklyn but now goes to Tufts and works at the American Apparel in Harvard Square.

“He’s such a hipster; he just won’t admit it,” Jensen said. “Not me, though. I fuckin’ hate hipsters.” Jensen then looked into a mirror, asking, “Wait, is the headband I randomly put across my forehead on straight?”

Asked why Jensen leveled the charge of being a hipster, she responded, “That fuckbag works at Diesel Café, and he still thinks he can deny it? Hold on, I need to adjust my gray skinny jeans. They’re not making my legs look quite as much like toothpicks as I would like.” Jensen finished adjusting and put on an oversized woven scarf and knit wool cap before heading to her second job (also at Diesel Café).

Jameson described himself as “pissed” about being called a hipster. “Dana’s only saying that because she’s a hipster, and everyone knows they all deny it,” he claimed. “But seriously, I’m so not.”

“Of course he is,” retorted Jameson’s suitemate, sophomore Jared Henderson. “That kid rides one of those bicycles with the big handlebars to work.”

“Thank God I’m not a hipster like him,” Henderson added as he sipped his microbrew. “Hey, do you think this skin-tight Kinks shirt makes me look too manorexic?”

Sources also alleged that Jameson was seen shopping in the women’s section of Urban Outfitters for his wardrobe of skinny jeans, a sure-fire way to identify a hipster.

“That’s completely untrue,” Jameson said between drags on his clove. “I mean, you can barely tell the difference between the clothes in the men’s section and the clothes in the women’s section anymore; I just got confused is all!” After repeated questioning, however, Jameson admitted that, despite being “confused,” he still bought a pair of women’s jeans.

“Whatever, man, I don’t care,” Jameson said. “Hold on, I need to update my last.fm user profile. Do you like Animal Collective?”
Terrorist plot unintentionally foiled by procrastinating Facebook user

by Devin Toohey

Here’s another cautionary tale for those of you who will put anything up on Facebook!

Earlier this month, the CIA stopped a potentially devastating terrorist attack, which sources say had taken up to four years of planning. When asked about what tipped them off, Director Michael V. Hayden answered that it was none other than Mark Zuckerberg’s brainchild.

“Yeah, one of our agents was bored and decided to see who else in his network had ‘The Butterfly Effect’ as one of their favorite movies. A few minutes later, he’s looking around some guy’s profile and comes across the album ‘Makin’ Bombs and Crunkin’ with Osama.’ It was a pretty easy investigation from then on.”

The man who made the album wishes his name to be kept private, despite having a very extensive Facebook profile that gives too much information and has at least 50 applications, including “Where I’ve Bombed.” However, our sources say that the album in question included multiple pictures of the man, Osama Bin Laden, and multiple other member of al-Qaeda mapping out targets, creating W.M.D.s, posing suggestively with said W.M.D.s, and drinking Natty Light. Also, in his “Interests” he listed, “blowing up stuff,” “killing people,” and “making Western Civilization pay,” along with “movies,” “ultimate Frisbee,” and “sleep.”

When asked why he put up the incriminating photos, Man with Profile only had this to say: “Man, it was such a crazy night. I mean, I forget even putting up photos. We were just getting a few dirty bombs ready and then Osama straddled one of them and put on those really funky sunglasses he bought in Chinatown and was all like, ‘Take a picture!’ and I did but then he was like ‘Take another picture!’ over and over again. And then he started shouting that if I didn’t put these up by the next morning I was going to have a Jihad against me. Oh shit, here’s my ride to Guantánamo. They better get fucking ESPN over there.”

Let this be a lesson to the rest of you out there! Detag photos! Make your profiles private! Think non-“college students/late 20s losers with no friends” don’t check Facebook? Think again.

The CIA should’ve kept a closer eye on Facebook’s main page. Have a look for yourself.

University police break up house party and sife*, according to stoner

by Henry Felsman

MEDFORD – Cops breaking up a party Thursday night also ended up breaking the golden rule of pot smoking, breaking up the sife at the home of area stoner and Tufts junior Aaron Leibowitz.

Medford police, reacting to the smell of pungent marijuana and the 3 a.m. blasting of “Dazed and Confused”, knocked on the basement door of Leibowitz’s off-campus home around that same time.

“I heard the knock, and was like shit, who the fuck is that?” says Liebowitz, apparently still high. “But we had a nice little sife goin’ the six of us, and I was pretty high then so I didn’t really feel like getting up, you know.”

According to Liebowitz, it was “hours” from the time of the first knock to when the police ended up kicking the door open and storming in, breaking up the nice little sife they had going.

“What really disappoints me the most,” says Liebowitz, going on a bit of a tangent, “is the utter lack of respect they had for the sife.”

When asked what he meant, Liebowitz cackled before taking a minute to regain his composure. “Imagine your little brother. It was like, zero weed etiquette, man. Like, none at all. Just ignorance.”

Medford police issued its own conflicting report, which stated that after knock-
News

Nuclear plant uses innovative safety measures

CHINA—Nuclear power plants are usually solemn and grim places considering the hazards they present, but the Wongdong plant is quite an exception. At Wongdong, workers don’t wear heavy lead material. Instead, they don piles of children’s toys.

“We started receiving reports that workers were showing signs of radiation sickness” explained Woo Soh, the plant manager. “We tested the safety equipment and found that our safety aprons lacked enough lead to protect our workers. I decided that, instead of paying thousands of dollars to replace each suit, we should purchase children’s toys. After cleaning out the local toy store and gluing the toys all over the suits, we found huge improvements in workers’ physical health.”

“Plus,” added Soh, “We had enough toys left over to expand the plant daycare center.”

Bush establishes The Reading Rainbow Presidential Library

by Will Sokoloff

DALLAS – President Bush has announced plans to establish his presidential library on the campus of Southern Methodist University. While some feel that it will make a good location for research into the president’s years in the White House, others feel that there will be a conflict of personal and university interests. “Now I know some of you might be worried, but let me assure you: even though it will be surrounded by an environment of higher education and scholarly pursuits, my library will reflect my own ideals and literary tastes.” He explained to the press that the library would have the “most kick ass collection of popup books in the world.” The president continued, “Man, I love when you don’t expect it and then WAM! a giant dinosaur just jumps out at you. Scares ya for a second. It’s OK though ‘cause it’s just paper.” While there is no set date for the opening of the presidential library, planning has already started for the gala event. Possible speakers include Barbara Bush with a reading of Roald Dahl’s Matilda and a special appearance by LeVar Burton. “Man I loved Reading Rainbow.”

OSA Director Jodie Nealley admits to embezzling "portion" of $300,000

Director of Student Activities Jodie Nealley was fired on Friday November 16th because of accusations that she embezzled approximately $300,000 from university funds. According to Dean of Student Affairs Bruce Reitman, Nealley has admitted to taking at least a portion of the money. When pressed for details, Nealley had this to say:

“I took $1.00, okay? It was a really hot day out and the air conditioner wasn’t working and I had all these stupid activity forms to look at and I’d forgotten my wallet at home and all I wanted was a goddamn bottle of water from the vending machine. Is that so wrong? WHAT IS THE BIG DEAL?”

Upon receiving disbelieving looks from journalists, Nealley amended her statement.

“Okay, so maybe it was $1.50. I really wanted a Kit Kat bar too.”

Unfortunately for Nealley, polling reveals that Tufts students don’t seem to care about the exact figures. “It doesn’t matter if it was $1.00 or 300,000 times that amount,” said sophomore Tina Tightwad. “My tuition money shouldn’t be spent on snacks.”
**TV News**

**Primetime TV show changes direction, gender**
by Lauren Vigdor

**Desperate Housewives to become silent TV series**
by Lauren Vigdor

LOS ANGELES- Loyal fans of hit TV series Nip/Tuck are in for quite a few surprises scheduled to air after the mid-season break. In an effort to shock viewers, the show, which details the lives of two partnering plastic surgeons, will make the switch from breast augmentations and liposuction to exclusively gender-reassignment surgery. “We just really wanted to take the show in a new direction,” remarked series co-executive producer Richard Levine. “Our audience is becoming too jaded. People just aren’t shocked by organ-pirating hookers and midget sex anymore. We tried moving the practice to LA, but let’s be serious, there’s only so much vacuumed celebrity ass fat that can appear on screen before people start vomiting.”

The new series, which has been whimsically dubbed Snip/Tuck, will feature several new cast members. “I play Sandy Muffin, a recurring character on the show,” said actor Tucker Ballsin. “As it stands, Muffin’s a little unsure of herself. She’s trying to decide whether she wants cherry or banana nut. I’m really excited to reveal the private side of the character as the show progresses.”

“We’re really optimistic about some of the new changes,” commented Levine. “I’m especially excited about getting Donna on the cast.” Popular daytime TV actress Donna Manwich will be joining the cast of Snip/Tuck after ending her three-year stint on Telemundo’s Coños de Fuego. “I must say though, we really don’t want [the plastic surgery practice] to rush into anything,” Levine added. “Bad things happen when you come too quickly. We’re having them focus more on male to female operations, at least for the first few episodes. After all, it’s much easier to dig a hole than it is to build a pole.”

LOS ANGELES- In light of the recent writers’ strike, Desperate Housewives’ creator and executive producer Marc Cherry has decided to make several adjustments to the ABC primetime series. “We’re doing away with dialogue altogether,” said Cherry in a satellite interview. “It wasn’t really a necessary component of the show’s plot. I mean, who needs witty banter when you can watch a hot, rich slut bang the pool boy?” When asked what was going to fill the gaps left after dialogue was removed from the show, Cherry replied, “I dunno, way more money shots. Maybe a few cat fights.”

Cast members Eva Longoria and Felicity Huffman told The Zamboni that they weren’t thrilled with the changes, but were willing to roll with the punches. “We’re a little worried about Teri, though,” remarked Huffman, about fellow cast member Teri Hatcher. “I don’t know how she’s going to take the new format. She’s definitely the most loquacious of the group.” “Yeah. Bitch never shuts up,” agreed Longoria.

When asked if he was worried about how viewers would receive the changes, Cherry went on the record saying, “Whatever. No one wants to listen to those whiny twats anyway.” According to recent studies, Cherry may be right. Several network polls have shown that the argument for intercourse over discourse is winning by a landslide.

**Mr. Rogers Leads Army of Darkness on Children’s Television Crusade**
by Matthew Luz

Los Angeles, California - Police are scrambling to respond to the reports that Fred Rogers, cultural icon to millions because of Mister Rogers Neighborhood, has returned from the land of the dead and is out for blood. “At the present time,” explained a National Guard spokesman, “all we know is that he’s amassed a legion of hell-spawn within Los Angeles County. Odd thing is it doesn’t appear that out of place.” This intrepid reporter tracked down Mr. Rogers, who has traded his green cardigan and loafers for combat boots, battle dress uniform and a red beret. “It’s not that I think modern children’s television is sub par,” said Rogers, "it’s just that I wish to see it destroyed in a great conflagration of my creation.” He then proceeded to drink from a chalice formed from the skull of Dora the Explorer. As his field commanders, Generalissimo Rogers has recruited children’s television visionaries Mr. Wizard, Howdy Doody and Captain Kangaroo. “Kangaroo was an obvious choice,” said Rogers. “We’ve been trying to make him Admiral, but he just won’t wear the stripes.” It was Mr. Wizard who explained the aspirations of his command. “Seriously, Maya & Miguel? Teletubbies? Dragon Tales? Please tell me what in the name of Bozo the Clown children are supposed to learn? What their nose is for? Oh, for fuck’s sake.”
In a show of solidarity with the Writer’s Guild of America (WGA), Zamboni writers went on strike this week, refusing to lay out any more issues so long as they remain overworked, underpaid, undersexed, and unfunny. Having known for a while that a strike was imminent, the remaining staff stockpiled articles and “recycled” old photos to ensure that no student has to head into finals period without a fresh dose of toilet humor. One Zamboni writer takes us behind the scenes as the staff tries to adhere to the picketing schedule laid out by the WGA.

Day 1: It's Time To Write History

Zamboni writers filled the Academic Quad, carrying signs and wearing edgy, home-made, in-your-face t-shirts to really get our point across. Despite our brainstorming session the night before, we had a hard time thinking of clever slogans (as is our way). Some signs read, “We'll write something funny when you pay us!” Others took a cue from current events and wrote, “Jodie Nealley got paid. Why can't we?”

Some staffers went one step further and painted “Pay The Zamboni” on the cannon. Unfortunately, when they were finished, consumed by their passion for the cause, they ran back to the picket line almost immediately and failed to notice when a fraternity painted over their labor of love. It’s just as well; the curve on the “P” was barely visible anyhow.

Day 2: Bring Your Showrunner to Strike Day

Since The Zamboni is a publication and not a television show, we don’t have a show runner. We have an Editor-in-Chief. Who was already here. The whole thing was kind of anticlimactic.

Day 3: Bring Your Children to Strike Day

Since none of our staff writers have children of their own (or at least, any legitimate ones), we decided to borrow a few from the Tufts Daycare Center. Unfortunately, the Daycare Center officials failed to see how adorable striking babies would be and immediately requested that we be removed from the premises.

Day 4: Bring Your Stars to Strike Day

On day four, hordes of supportive celebrities and Screen Actor Guild (SAG) members came out to support the WGA. Unfortunately, The Zamboni doesn’t have a lot of clout in Hollywood (yet), so we had to settle for the next best thing: the homeless denizens of Somerville and Medford. They may not have come bearing bagels or Kabbalah water, but no one can bang on a tambourine like a crack-addled homeless person. They were also very appreciative of the complimentary issues of The Zamboni that we gave them. As was said by one particularly supportive bum, “I ain’t got nothing against The Zamboni. I use it to wipe my ass.” Well said, sir. Well said.

Day 5: We’re Running Out Of Themes Here

Day five arrived and given the lack of progress made on the strike front (the Office of Student Activities continued to refuse to negotiate), unfortunately, spirits were at an all-time low. This may have also had something to do with the fact that eight staffers had discovered that their wallets were missing after our newfound friends, the homeless people, left last night. But in spite of the hardship, the suffering, and the lost student ID cards, we maintained a united front.

Day 6: Success! Almost...

At 9:00 AM, we received word that the OSA was finally ready to discuss negotiations. Apparently, tour groups were starting to become a little wary of the crazy people running around campus, screaming about payment for ice-cleaning machines. Unfortunately, at 9:01, it became apparent that given that the OSA had a lot on its plate at the moment (thanks, Jodie Nealley), the start date for negotiations was set to one week from now. And since we had pledged to keep going until all of our demands were met, that meant only one thing...we took our asses home and pledged to keep not writing there.
DON'T THROW IT OUT: ADVENTURES IN RE-USING YOUR TRASH
by Michael Schecht

The other day I was disposing of my trash when I was accosted by one of the idiots that I live with. “Don’t throw out that stuff,” he said. “Half of it you can probably re-use!” I kicked him in the shins and went about my day. However, I was struck by his sheer enthusiasm for garbage and its uses. It got me thinking: Can some of this junk actually be put to good use? Can I help stop global warming and save the trees by making a hat out of unread Observers? Maybe I can. And then I thought that I could get loyal Zamboni readers to help out too. And so, I present to you a few pieces of “trash” which can be re-used instead of being thrown out. Enjoy! I take no responsibility for harm to your person!

The first item is plastic bags. Everyone uses plastic bags, from those impossible Ziploc pieces of shit to heavy-duty trash bags. Unfortunately, after only one use, we toss them into the garbage bin like our broken dreams. But did you know that these bags do not have to be thrown out? Probably not! On the contrary, they can be turned into clothes. For example, if you happen to be particularly cold during these winter months, you can easily create a mask (make sure to cut an air hole) and mittens! And with those large bags, you can fashion some type of undershirt (make sure to cut armholes).

The next item is the plastic water bottle. There’s been a lot of talk about water bottles on campus as of late, and frankly, it’s been a lot of double talk and bullshit. Water bottles have plenty of other uses which more than make up for the fact that every single one destroys five rainforests and impoverishes a third world country. The beauty of the water bottle is that it can be changed into anything that is long, thin, and bottle-esque. For example, say you are out partying one night, and you’ve finally found someone who’ll have sex with you. Yet, upon returning to your room, you find you are woefully unprepared for the occasion, for there is nary a condom to be found. Never fear, with a few well-placed snips (to the bottle, not your dick), you can turn one of those water bottles you have lying around into a safe, sturdy condom.

Finally, the last item is plasticware. Many of us get plasticware precisely because we’d rather throw it out and get a new set every time we order a shitty “calzone” from Pizza Days at 1am. However, in your drug-induced stupor, do not dispose of your forks, knives, and spoons. Instead, bust out some watercolors, give them a nice coat, and voila, you have a set of charming Christmas tree ornaments. Get some string and enjoy an evening of smug environmentalism. Just make sure not to snag an eye on a broken fork prong in the process. It may hurt!

As you can see, anything plastic can be cheaply turned into something useful. Make sure to share these ideas with your friends. If everyone does their part by laying on the guilt and being holier-than-thou, eventually the whales will be saved, child hunger will end, and there will be no more racism. Good luck!
**POINT** by Recycling Bin

First things first: recycling helps the environment. There's no reason to waste precious resources like paper or plastic. It's simple: if you can use a bottle again, you should! It makes sense, okay! I mean, I'm surprised *The Zamboni* asked me to do a point/counterpoint on recycling. Isn't everyone okay with recycling? I know some aren't keen on global warming, but who hates to recycle? What's the big problem with using something more than once? Well, I know Madonna only wears the garments she buys once, but she's exempt; she's not exactly human.

Second thing, and most importantly, recycling helps to keep struggling bins like me employed. My wife and I are the proud parents of two children: Commingled Containers Receptacle and Paper & Cardboard Bin II. We simply can't do a garbage can's work, and if recycling goes away, the only market left for us is to let the people in Tufts' BEATS bang the shit out of us. Don't let this happen! We're innocent containers! More innocent than Tupperware!

**COUNTERPOINT** by Waspy McNeocon III

You liberals and your idiotic way of thinking. Don't you see you are being hypocrites? Recycling is discriminatory. You can recycle some plastics, papers, and cardboards...but not pizza boxes! By your logic, that should be discriminatory against pizza boxes. But for some reason, it is not. You racists.

The point is, we should treat all things equally and rule out recycling. I can think of a million things I shouldn't recycle. Like the condoms I use all the time. With my hot, rich, white girlfriend. Ten, maybe twelve times a day. I mean, not that I could reuse them; I can barely squeeze into a Magnum! Recycling is just a way for liberals to esteem "liberally-biased" objects over other objects. That's that. And as for keeping recycling bins employed, well, maybe the resources those bins provide are more efficiently allocated in the "Bangin' Everything at Tufts (BEATS)" business sector. Perhaps a little labor re-shuffling will cause growth in the economy.

So throw that Zamboni where it belongs: in the trash!
Going along with the recycle-and-clean-the-environment theme of this issue, The Zamboni is also offering you the chance to cleanse your soul. So send us your ethical dilemmas and we will purge you of any moral ambiguity that you may have, much like we are purging the Earth of toxins, non-biodegradable materials, and Zac Efron fans.

Note: At the advice of our lawyers, we are obliged to say that the College Ethicist is in no way affiliated with Randy Cohen’s New York Times column, The Ethicist, or Gawker.com’s version, The Unethicist.

Dear College Ethicist,

I cheated off of my best friend during midterms, but when my professor graded the exams, he decided that it must have been the other way around. Now he’s in danger of getting expelled. Should I tell the truth and endanger my own academic standing?

- Just Wanted to Pass Math 5

Dear Seriously, That’s a Hard Class,

This is a tricky situation, but in the end, you need to be a good friend. So after he’s been kicked out of Tufts and is looking for a job, offer to be his excellent personal reference. Just remember to tell companies the truth when they call you: that he’s a great team player, but has problems doing the work on his own.

Ethically Yours,
- The College Ethicist

Dear College Ethicist,

Lately my roommate’s been spending a lot of time with her boyfriend – I never see her anymore, because she’s always with him. Am I wrong to be mad at her for practically ignoring me?

- Lonely Roomie

Dear Just Be Grateful You're Not Being Sexiled,

At times like this, I like to consult a little-known book called The Art of War for answers. There are a number of different tactics that you could take here, but the bottom line is that your roommate’s boyfriend is now your enemy; he is the Spanish Armada to your Great Britain, the Athens to your Sparta, the Heidi and Spencer to your Lauren. I would recommend that you follow this particular nugget of Sun-tzu's advice: If you know your enemies and know yourself, you will win a hundred times in a hundred battles. If you only know yourself, but not your opponent, you will win one and lose the next.

Translation: Get to know the boyfriend. Get to know him really well, and gain his trust. Once you’ve done that, roofie his drink and put him in a compromising position with a nearby slut. If you can't find one, a hired escort will work nicely as well (once you've gone this far, you might as well really see this through).

Ethically Yours,
- The College Ethicist

It's time to declare war on your roommate's boyfriend (but ethically)

Dear College Ethicist,

Last weekend my boyfriend and I had sex on my parents’ king-sized bed while they were out of town. It was just so gigantic that we couldn’t resist. Now I’m starting to feel guilty about it – did we do something wrong?

- Likes to Sleep on Silk Sheets

Dear Who Doesn’t?

Yes, that’s wrong -- why did you have sex on your parents’ king-sized bed when they’re probably rich enough to have a hot tub or outdoor pool? What you should have done is had sex there and told your boyfriend that he didn’t need to wear a condom under water. That way, once he got you pregnant, he would have had to marry you.

Ethically Yours,
- The College Ethicist
Foreign dignitaries, prolific photojournalists, and learned astronomers - Fletcher’s Cabot Auditorium has housed these distinguished lecturers and more. Tonight, to continue the grand tradition of highbrow education, Cabot Auditorium brings to Tufts its most distinguished lecturer yet. Please welcome to the stage Kevin Heffernan, better known for his classic portrayal of the Mercutian Officer Farva in Super Troopers.

“Thank you, thank you all! I’m most elated to be present at such a prestigious university. Despite any prior misconceptions that may be held, I was quite the cad in my youth, frequenting various public houses, imbibing great quantities of alcohol, and perhaps even engaging into the occasional bout of fisticuffs. However, as I grew into the mold of the fine, Shakespearean actor that I am today, I have attained a level of inner peace that allows me to manipulate myself with all the required subtlety of a theater performer.

“What? I'm sorry, did someone just yell 'shenanigans?' What the hell is your problem?”

“As a career, acting can be quite rewarding with the correct awareness of balance in one’s life, knowing how to walk the fine line so often required for moral decisions paired with the conduct of a professional at any and all times. As a portrayer of a grand variety of characters, I’ve both expanded my repertoire of talent and managed to avoid typecasting while retaining my digni-

(someone in the audience yells "shenanigans")

“What? I’m sorry, did someone just yell ‘shenanigans?’ What the hell is your problem? Who yells ‘shenanigans’ during a distinguished fucking lecture? No, don’t call security. I’m a State Trooper. I can handle this. Want me to punch-a-size your face? I’ll go all the way into the back row if I have to. Oh. There’s security. That’s fine; I could have taken that guy.

“Where was I? Ah, yes, I recall now. An actor must remain fine and upstanding, holding himself with utmost rigor no mat-

"I swear on my mother's grave, I'll kill you with my bare hands."

ter the circumstances. Even in the most ordinary situations, a certain elusive quality of grace must be captured, each movement flowing into the next as one’s spirit slowly transcends the body and looks down, observing oneself as if in the audience of a theater performance. For example, in this mundane movement of slowly sipping a soda, I create a quality of…oh, what the fuck.

“Why is there a hole in here? Goddam it, who’s the little prankster who poked a hole in my liter of cola? There goes all the soda right onto my pants! I’ll get you back, you little punk. I swear on my mother’s grave, I’ll kill you with my bare hands.

“However, ladies and gentlemen, before I depart from this learning institution, I must once more stress the absolute significance of maintaining an artistic presence both on and off stage. A performer truly embodies a facet of the human spirit, an undeniable presence in the pocket of man’s soul that strives for a fleeting, celestial dignity. Carry this in your hearts, ladies and gentlemen, no matter your chosen profession. And to the little chicken fucker who poked a hole in my cup, don’t think I’m not coming for you. Thank you, dear audience, and good night.”

"Hey you! Bearfucker! Do you have a question?"
Ladies and gentlemen, a new ancient manuscript has been discovered below Health Services at Tufts. After much scholarly analysis, it has been determined that this ancient manuscript is a forgotten epic poem written before the time of Christ. It is the first ancient manuscript to explicitly describe the symptoms of gonorrhea, a sexually transmitted infection. Read on about the epic battle between the great Contagius and his greatest foe: an itchy, burning case of gonorrhea.

BOOK I

Sing to me, Muse, of that itchy disease
That had clenched its gnarly fist
onto Jove’s crotch and did not release;
Sing to me the real reason for Achilles’ rage—
not the bitter rivalry with Hector, but rather,
the disease that invaded his urethra
like great Acneas invaded Dido of Carthage.
Muse, sing to me of that infectious roar,
that thunderous “clap”1 of lightning
soaring from the throne of Mount Olympus
that so irritates these nether-regions.

The great milky virginal rose of Dawn
was fisting the proverbial anus of the sky
when Contagius, the great tactician,
rose from his quarters. To his side,
still sleeping, a beautiful siren, a courtesan
entangled in his man-stinky2 sheets.
His head pounded from yesterday’s game,
an evening round of “Who’s-in-My-Mouth?”
coupled with sweet alcoholic nectar. Each
sacrifice to Apollo erased from his memory:
hangover, blacked out, the siren’s name escaped him. With cunning and guile,
he tiptoed naked to the bathroom. And yet,
they engaged in sweet, kinky coitus3
for anywhere from five to twelve days.

Standing before his throne, Contagius,
wielding the mighty sword of his phallus,
released a yellow stream reminiscent
of the Acheron in hell4. Yet its nature
was tinged, like that of Adam upon losing
Paradise, and corrupted, mixed, burning,
with pus. Contagius, a warrior with valor
comparable to the cleaning power of Ajax5,
kept mute despite the general discomfort.

What a quagmire of a quandary, he thought.
Then he saw: on his sink, the unused Trojan
(not referring to one from Troy, mind you),
staring back at him. He had made an error.

It is wise, from now on, to know,
that a man upon his encounters with sirens
shall always man his guard,
shall always sheath his mighty sword.

BOOK II

The next evening Contagius called upon
Eros, that unshakable god of love, for help.
He gathered livestock, herbs, and
a dozen homeless people from the Isthmus
to give up for routine sacrifice. He cried,
”Lo, Eros! Why have the gods punished me
so?” The bliss of sexual recreation
has escaped mine hands.

FOOTNOTES TO THE POEM

1) “Clap” here obviously refers to the ancient slur for gonorrhea, ”the clap.” Coined in 11 B.C.E., it was most popular when Ovid wrote about it, at length, in his ”Art of Love...For Those with ‘The Clap.’”
2) ”Man-stinky” is the translator’s embellishment on the original Greek text. After all, everyone likes adding ”man” to the front of words: ”Man-slut,” ”manorexic,” etc.
3) Coitus is in the original language here.
4) Scholars cite this passage as an impossibility: this notion was not popularized until Dante, a thousand years later than this manuscript was written.
5) Ajax was known not only for his prowess as a warrior, but for his great cleaning abilities.
6) There is debate over if Contagius could have given up masturbation before the Catholic ritual of Lent originated. Many believe, citing Singleton and Hollander (2007) that Contagius got the idea from the classic Seinfeld episode, ”The Contest.” It was also rumored that Odysseus and Diomede were his competi-
A new ancient manuscript has been discovered below Health Services at Tufts. After much scholarly analysis, it has been deemed a forgotten epic poem written before Christ walked the earth! Never have we seen such ancient awareness of sexually transmitted infections. Read on about the epic battle between the great Contagius and his greatest foe: an itchy, burning case of gonorrhea.

Standing before his throne, Contagius, wielding the mighty sword of his phallus, released a yellow stream reminiscent of the Acheron in hell. Yet its nature was tinged, like that of Adam upon losing Paradise, and corrupted, mixed, burning, with pus. Contagius, a warrior with valor comparable to the cleaning power of Ajax, kept mute despite the general discomfort. What a quagmire of a quandary, he thought. Then he saw: on his sink, the unused Trojan (not referring to one from Troy, mind you), staring back at him. He had made an error. It is wise, from now on, to know, that a man upon his encounters with sirens shall always man his guard, shall always sheath his mighty sword.

BOOK II

The next evening Contagius called upon Eros, that unshakable god of love, for help. He gathered livestock, herbs, and a dozen homeless people from the Isthmus to give up for routine sacrifice. He cried, “Lo, Eros! Why have the gods punished me so? The bliss of sexual recreation has escaped mine hands since I gave up masturbation for Lent.”

To which the great Eros, bulging and erect, as is appropriate for love, replied: “Love is more, O great Contagius, than meddling with mere women. Have you not forgotten men? Half of the Greeks remember men with love in this way, why not you?”

“You need to protect your seed as yourself in battle, Contagius. Remember this wisdom as if Athena herself bequeathed it to you.” Contagius bowed down to his superior.

“I made a huge mistake,” he uttered, thinking himself a Job of sorts. “But please, Contagius, guide me where my ailments can be treated accordingly. I beg thee, O deity, to save my peehole.”

Eros summoned a griffin with soaring wings, and Contagius was escorted to the Health Services of Tufts University. Contagius thanked the griffin, killed it, and ate parts of it for a non-vegetarian meal, leaving the remains outside the Crafts House. Upon his entrance, they examined him: every follicle of hair, every iota of scrotum. “I am sorry, Contagius,” said his shaman. “Can you answer me this, first?” Contagius nodded. “Contagius, are you pregnant?”

Contagius knew, then and there: he was damned.

tors for longest-time-not-jacking-off. Supposedly, Odysseus won the contest by a long shot.
7) Job here is a mistranslation, not meaning the biblical figure. Job here means “GOB,” short for George Oscar Bluth, a hilariously theatrical character from a brilliant-but-cancelled FOX television show.
8) A tradition among Health Services personnel is to ask anyone, despite obvious disqualification, about their status of pregnancy. After all these years, they haven’t changed.
REJECTED DAILY COLUMN

BANGERS AND MASH | DEVIN TOOHEY

This column was originally written for The Daily. The editors however quickly rejected it and told me to write a column about how the English have a weird-shaped L for a dollar sign instead. Considering that I spent a whole twelve minutes on this, I decided to email this to The Zamboni because they’re always struggling for content anyway. (And they love recycling, too. --Ed.)

London. Goddamn London. I’ve been here for not even a month and already the place has me angrier than a television critic watching a Family Guy marathon. I came here expecting culture, history, and refinement, and instead, what do I get? A whopping dose of hypocrisy and a fear of any desire to connect to the past.

Last week I went to The Globe. And I decided to buy standing room tickets like ye olde peasante. And furthermore, I thought, in honor of the bygone days of Queen Elizabeth, that it would only be right of me to bring rotten fruit to throw at the actors when I got bored. There I am, standing in the center of The Globe and King Lear is going off on some long, tedious speech about some allusion to something I probably should have read but Sparknoted instead and I’m thinking, “Wow, this blows. I’ve been standing here a whole twelve minutes and no one’s died! Good thing I brought a moldy tomato I found on the street!”

I toss the apple and it hits the tights-wearing sissy square in the jaw. Man, you should’ve seen him. He looked like the physical incarnation of Ben Affleck’s acting career (wow, remember Ben Affleck? Remember Bennifer? And Gigli? Oh man…). And before I can shout about how there’s no cross-dressers on stage, there’s an anachronistic guard hauling me out of the theater! I’ve taken a whole class in Shakespeare (a whole class! I sat through the final and everything!) and I can tell you for certain there were no security men named “Carl” back in Shakespeare’s time! I don’t think the word “security” was even invented until Milton used it in his apocryphal poem about robbing a Vegas casino, “Paris Heist Lost.”

But whatever. I decided to write off that overly commercial, educationally bereft experience as an anomaly in what is otherwise a Shangri-La of tradition. I quickly went from the Globe onto a Jack the Ripper Tour. Sadly, my attempt to once again learn about another country, to get far away from my American upbringing and instead hear about grisly murders and shadowy government conspiracies, was a failure. The guide had not even gotten to describing the first corpse by the time she proved herself another sell-out.

“So,” I asked her, hoping to reconnect with days gone by, “where do those, ahem, types of ladies hang out nowadays?” Instead of a helpful answer and maybe some directions, all I got was a puzzled look and an “Excuse me?” So I had to let her know that I really did care about making the most of my time abroad. “You know. The ladies of the night. The kind ol’ Jack was so familiar with. Where could I find them? Particularly the ones who won’t be missed…”

People, if you are in London, DO NOT patronize a company called ‘Bloody Good Tours’. That’s all I will say about that matter.

And the list just goes on and on from there. Public hangings? You probably have a better chance of finding one in the South than in London anymore. The closest they get to a “Dead Man’s Dance” is a flop at the Royal Ballet. Bear baiting? This messed up nation for some reason assumes it’s okay to serve you a pie of kidney and blood, but for some reason making bears fight dogs for sport is SOOO wrong. And don’t even get me started about the significant lack of outbreaks of The Plague during my time here. Not in one stinkin’ town in the whole UK!

That’s it! I’ve had enough of England! I’m heading off to Rome next semester. Maybe I’ll be able to buy a slave from one of those newly conquered lands to keep my dorm clean...
Zamboni Roast of Pot

Sarah: Oh, pot, how I love thee. My heart races when I’m in your presence. And then I think about it racing, and it continues to get faster and faster until I faint and fall over and suddenly start hallucinating spirals and don’t recognize where I am or any of my friends.* I can’t control these feelings I have for you. When I’m around you, I get jittery in my stomach, and all over my body, and usually end up lying on a sofa in one position all night, silently twitching. I can’t stop thinking about you. Or about Cheez-Its… (*true story)

Katie: How impractical could you be, pot roast? What kind of dinner takes 10 hours to cook? You could make upwards of 150 Kraft Easy Macs© in that period of time. That’s enough mac & cheese to bathe in.

Kettle: Look who’s talking.

Lauren: Pot, you are useful as a drumming instrument or as an oversized frontiersman hat. However, you dent easier than the rear fender of a Pinto, or my heart. Sniff.

Trey Meglio: Pot…why are you so f**kin’…green, man…and you smell like…like pot. Also, you're always really...potty...and you look like...green. This one time, I had a sandwich that was green, and I told Miguel -- Miguel made the sandwich --I told him I like pineapple. When we got the pineapple, we had four pineapples and I said to Miguel, Miguel what are we gonna do with all these pineapples, you know. So that's why you suck ...Oh, who am I kidding, pot – you’re the shit.

Zamboni Kicks Nearly All The Source’s Balls

by Will Sokoloff

In case you weren’t there to witness Tufts’ first annual inter-publication kickball tournament, November 16th was a landmark in the history of Tufts’ extracurricular activities. The ‘Carrot Top Memorial Kickball Extravaganza’ (CTMKE), sponsored by 10-10-321 began at high noon with a showdown between the two creative minds of the event, The Zamboni and The Primary Source. Feet and rubber weren’t the only things to clash that day.

It all began with Team Zamboni descending upon the field from over the hill with roars that rivaled those of the damned souls and broken dreams in Bio 13. Some wore the scars of battles past, some wore insulting t-shirts, while some wore little more than their mocking smiles. The crowd cheered for the heroes of Tufts until, from the faint distance came the sound of Christmas bells. The battle carols of The Source could be heard growing louder. It was like hearing the sirens of TUPD grow louder and louder as you try and throw your stash behind Hillel. ‘Team Truth’, as they preferred to be called, surrounded Team Zamboni, apparently unaware that West Side Story didn’t have any neocons in it.

Pitching for Team Truth was Team Captain Matthew Schuster. No one else on the Source mattered because as captain, he’s the one that gets blamed for everything. “There is no doubt in my mind that we underestimated them. Those Boners were much harder than we thought,” Schuster mused. This was a sharp change from the captain’s earlier comment about The Zamboni being an infestation of useless zombies getting through life by making irrelevant pop-culture references and penis jokes. Team Zamboni Captain Mike Yarsky replied by saying, “Yeah, whatever. Hey, is that your sister out there in left field, naked? She’s naked? C’mon! The Sandlot anyone? C’mon!”

As for Team Zamboni, they were ok, I guess. They were first up to bat and showed no mercy. Their line-up easily overcame the bouncy pitches of Team Truth, even in the face of Team Truth catcher Joel “Quote this” VanDixhorn who just wouldn’t shut up with the Notable and Quotable taunts. Just so you know, VanDixhorn, quoting Nixon isn’t gonna do anything but make people want to miss the ball and kick you in the face. Then maybe you’ll sound like Nixon too.

Assistant Captains Luke “Ball Crusher” Burns and Julie “Ball Lover” Gomstyn gave stellar performances. Also notable were Matt “Where are my balls” Luz who had a diving catch before colliding with Katie “I got it” Ray, Mike “Scary and Hairy” Schecht who kicked a double, something above expectations for the entire team, and Lauren “Navy Blue” Vigdor who was somehow able to pay attention to the whole game without falling down. Unfortunately, the game was constantly delayed by Devin “Abroad is Better” Toohey who continued to steal the bases and walk away with them while singing My Fair Lady.

All in all, The Zamboni came out on top with a strong 9-2 victory over the barbarian horde. Well, sort of. No one told them about last licks and they all went for victory sausages outside Zeta Psi. Next match: The Daily, ‘cause only whores do it daily!
I is not a crook.

STFU.

I has teh polio?

Oh noes!!!1!!1!!one

I can has cheez-burgher?

For seerius.

CUBA? ZOMG!

Where is teh missilez?

Gives me back my teef.

Raygun FTW!

Checkz out my 1337 horse skillz.

I haz fur coatz!

LOLZ! I haz fur coatz!

SPIRIT_FINGORZ!

I am teh Kissenjor.

OMG!!!! LOLPREZIDENTZ!!11!!