A Word from the Editor

Ahhhh, the end of the year. Warm weather and panicked seniors characterize campus. The rebirth of life and the quick decay of dreams simultaneously occurring on one hill. And to add to this dichotomy, the requisite Zamboni Editor-in-Chief's snarky yet sentimental sign-off letter. As the Romans might say of this bittersweet moment: *Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo.*

I joined *The Zamboni* four years ago, first defiling our beloved magazine's pages with a tawdry instruction of how to masturbate when confined to a forced triple. The following year saw a range of jokes about, well, sex and poop. And communism.

Of course, I've grown from the awkward potty-mouthed freshman of my youth. I am now a slightly less awkward, latrine-mouthed senior, full of class, intelligence, and knowledge of far more refined ways to say "potty." And thus, I leave my beloved Zamboni with this: The Pretentious Issue. Say goodbye to jokes about sex, poop, and communism! Say bonjour to jokes that are so intellectual, you will need to have both dictionary.com and Wikipedia opened as you read! Granted, you'll ultimately find out they were always-already about poop and sex jokes, but 'zooks, you'll have to work for it! Prepare for an issue full of jokes about inconsequential presidents, cuckoldry, Marcel Proust, theses (instead of our usual feces gags), footnotes, and more!

It's hard to write this letter without thinking of the past four years I've spent on this magazine. I've seen it grow from a flimsy, stapled-together booklet to a format our publisher so lovingly refers to as "tabloid." Next year, we'll have color for parts of every issue (so I suppose that The Pretentious Issue is all too fitting of a theme for the last completely black-and-white issue). I've seen myself progress from the guy who was always worried if he would get something printed in the next issue, to the mad dictator with an iron grip on the magazine and a 6-issue term that has left my staff with permanent psychological damage.

And I've seen my staff grow as well (well, except for Luke, who has always been annoyingly perfect). In my freshman year, I could not imagine *The Zamboni* without the staff at the time. I still miss those folks, but the people who have come to take their place are nothing short of pains in the ass...I mean, awesome. If you're reading this and among the lucky folks not graduating this year, drop by next year. Even if you don't think you're funny, you can just sit in the back and laugh at us. A sense of humor is kind of like a disease. You sort of just catch it if you fraternize with enough funny people. You might also catch herpes (my eternal keepsake from my time at *The Zamboni*).

Thanks for the laughs, guys. I'm gonna miss you. Even Schecht.

Okay, that last part was a lie. Toohey out!

Ain't that a kick in the head?
Gods' performance declining; major deities blame recession
by Daniel Testa

MT OLYMPUS - It seems that the recession has not been bad news for everyone. Throughout the world and across cultures, sinners are rejoicing as deities find it increasingly difficult to afford the smiting that many deserve.

One of the hardest hit has been the Greek god Zeus (That’s Jupiter to you Roman σκυλεύς). “It’s been terrible! We have worshippers skimping on sacrifices, kings claiming superiority over the gods, and some dumbass decided to steal the secret to nuclear fission and sell it to everyone. Meanwhile, I can only afford to buy three thunderbolts this year. How the hell can I keep order with only three thunderbolts?”

Dionysus has also suffered heavily in the economic downturn. “Drunken debauchery is great, or at least it used to be when I could afford to drink good wine. Now I have to try getting smashed off stuff that comes from cardboard boxes. It just ain’t happening. And, honestly, have you ever tried stirring maenads into a frenzy with Carlo Rossi? It’s not easy!”

The shrinking standard of living is not contained only to the polytheistic deities. This year’s Passover has been especially hard on Yahweh who e-mailed us a few of his thoughts: “In the old days I could afford to go all out with the plagues. Blood, Beasts, Pestilence: it was all good and barely a blip in my monthly statement. This year I would be lucky to afford just one. I actually tried to figure out if another flood was feasible, but I couldn’t even get a bank to loan me enough to pay for it. That’s after telling them I have a credit score of 820!”

For now it appears that us mere mortals are free to act without fear of holy retribution or interference. But a word of warning from Yahweh “I actually may inflict a plague of darkness on everyone. Can you imagine how much I would save on the electric bill if I just turned off the sun?”

Eclectic Musicians Appear to Local Man
by Ryan Oliveira

PEABODY, KS – Strange things are at work in Peabody, according to recent statements by Jim Gurney. The irate local resident has filed a complaint that eclectic musicians have been appearing outside his house almost nightly for the past month.

The events began when a long-haired, evanescent apparition that has since been identified as English pop artist Kate Bush began forming on the front lawn of a visibly unimpressed Gurney on April 4. The police report includes descriptions of swirling pale arms in a beckoning gesture, repeating her entreaty to be let inside. Gurney stated that he refused to give permission, holding the erroneous belief the figure was Anne Rice and could not enter the house unless invited.

Bush then slowly disappeared over the course of five minutes, dancing with an invisible partner. Events took a turn for the odd when, the next evening as Gurney investigated the root of repeated scratching noises, he found a disheveled Tiny Tim sniffing through his kitchen’s garbage bin.

“I reckon he musta got in through the screen door I leave open for [my dog] Skeeter,” Gurney explained. “I just chased him out with a broom, yelling, ‘Shoo!’”

Since then, Jim Gurney has been plagued by artists ranging from John Cage to Frank Zappa, both formerly thought to be deceased. In one bizarre spectacle, Gurney woke up at three in the morning to the sight of Brian Eno tapping at his window, though the incident was later dismissed as marketing for the ambient musician’s concert that Friday in Wichita.

The sightings do not come as a surprise to some, as rumors of wolf-like howls have been correlated with rising sights of Björk in the north Kansas countryside as far back as 2007.
By Vladimir Puntown

Glorious citizens of the Russian Federation, today I come to you not as a tyrannical megalomaniac hell-bent on despotic reversion, but a messenger of reform. Our country is under attack, comrades, in a way it has never been before. The power of The Motherland is wilting. Raise your eyes, my brothers! See her barren fields before you; once so filled with seed that they bore fruit year round. Look to the minarets of St. Basil’s -how flaccid and vapid they appear where once they were turgid and rotund. Our nation’s once white-hot reactor cores have melted down, leaving a sexual culture as lively as the playgrounds of Chernobyl. I will not lie to you, my friends; the greatest threat to our country comes not from missile defense systems in Eastern Europe, but from the enervated state of our libido. Our population is declining, brethren. The enemy of modern Russia is not desecration, but the absence of consummation. Will we not rise to meet it head on? The situation has most certainly become dire. But lo, dear citizens! Hope is not yet lost! Change is coming to our pervasive problem of palpable impotence, and it may be summarized in a single word: Fornistroika.

Fornistroika means overcoming stagnating sterility with virile fertility; unchaining Eros from his frigid slumber; revitalizing The Motherland, and freeing her passions. It is the tumescent, red dawn after the infertile, abyssal night. Fornistroika is when the individual rises to the needs of society, and the promise of a verdant future in the vernal vale of sexual adventurism and childbirth. It will rest upon the supple pillars of Gomorrahian reforms, held together by the newly hardened power of our reinvigorated culture. The first pillar of Fornistroika is in foreign policy. We are currently negotiating with China, Mongolia, and Luxembourg to create the first ever Oil for Babies program -- trading the fruits of our earth for the fruits of their wombs at a tentative rate of six babies per gallon. We have also reached a pact with the United States deemed the Sex And Lust Training Initiative (SALT I) - where nubile American students will be brought to Russia to engage in intellectual intercourse with our own students in the language of love. SALT I will stand as a symbol to the world of the rechauffment - or heating up - of relations between Russia and America; the beginning of a new Hot Peace in the sphere of international relations.

Yet these actions are mere foreplay compared to the climactic zenith of Fornistroika’s domestic reforms. Already we have begun producing millions of “Hole in One” condoms; providing all of the pleasures of protected sex without any of the spermicidal drawbacks. There will be a new level of transparency in government -- an Erosnos -- as we open the federal libraries of Siberian pornography for all to see. We will no longer be known as the Russian Federation, but the Utopian Sexual Sybarites' Republic. Finally, we will begin issuing Red Square Stimulus Packages (RSSP’s) to all citizens free of charge. Only the size of an acorn, each RSSP pill is a unique mixture of ecstasy, Viagra, rat poison, and libido concentrate harvested from the sweat of virgin neo-serfs. When consumed they are said to be so potent that a single man could populate Kamchatka in a week.

The time has come, fellow citizens, to re-erect ourselves for the good of our country; to impregnate our populace with the ardor of a thousand bears in heat. With the reforms of Fornistroika, our plethora of illegitimate children will forever remember us as the generation that swelled to meet the great challenge of the 21st century. We shall die as mortals, my friends, but only once we have sewn our legend in the garden of eternity. Our time is now!
It is a truth universally acknowledged, that an opium-addicted man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of some opium. But, dear reader, a proper gentleman, one who remains aware that to lose one’s perception in society is tantamount to losing one’s estate in the west countryside, cannot just consider getting his opium from any location.

Yes, there are men with undiscerning tastes and the Catholics who indeed are desperate enough to purchase the black angel from any Singapore Charlie. But you, good sir, to be holding a journal of this caliber in your hands, are above such roustaboutian habits. So, where should be your place of preference to enter the misty dreams only the Orient’s gift can provide?

Firstly, I implore you to consider the surroundings of your opium den. After you have properly swindled a young lady of good fortune out of her inheritance (perhaps with the aid of a rascally Italian), head down to the Limehouse or as the dollymops call it, Satan’s Quarter. Proceed to pay careful attention to the quantity of orphans about. A proper lurk will have an average of four to eight orphans in a ten yard vicinity. Note that you are going to want to be dealing with orphans more in the ragamuffin variety than the urchin or chimney sweep one. His cough should betray a sense of innocence that pervades despite the cruelty of fate, but an innocence that still seem hopeless. If his cough is either too sickly or just too disgusting, you’re dealing with a sweep or an urchin. Hit him most harshly with your ivory walking-stick before he can infect you with his commonness.

Too little orphans and any flash-jemmy would most certainly infer that this den pedals a weak product. As customers disembark from the den, they should be in a haze thick enough to make them feel charitable towards the filthy beasts around them. Under four orphans means that the urchins have realized they have no hopes of a ha’penny from these men. However, too many means that the frequenters of this establishment are too common to afford a manservant to occasionally deal with the foul creatures. They have amassed without deterrent and made evident that the den is only fit for the vulgar middle-class. The method I most recommend for disposing of orphans is having them pick up their malnourished bodies to throw into the Thames, where they will mix with the filth and undoubtedly get a disease blasé and wearisome enough for their kind.

Upon discovering a den fitting these requirements, enter and pay close attention to the mistress who runs it. Be she fair, delicate, with a form that is a credit to her sex? For your own sake, good sir, flee. A woman like that defies common physiognomy and is indeed a creature of most ill intentions. A lady that working in a den of sin clearly still holds aspirations and will most willingly rob a customer (and perhaps even put a period to his existence!) as he is in his poppy-laced enthrall. She is worse than any tail, toffer, or ladybird you could ever encounter!

However, if she is swarthy, frank, firm, with a thick brow and altogether wanting in those feminine attractions of gentleness and pliability, the lady has most clearly surrendered hopes of a better life and is content to wait upon your hungers. Her hair should be course and painful to the touch, like a broom burnt in the Great Fire. Her lip should curl and wither just like your nethers do upon glancing at her face. Her eyes should be as deep, foul, and insulting to your constitution as the sewage wherein you had your man-servant throw the orphan.

Observe how the patrons consume the opium in the establishment. A proper gentlemen will settle for no less than a pipe made of finest ivory or whalebone. Narwhal horn is acceptable, though I would urge against how it might reflect upon your character. If using narwhal, do take care to wear at least three top-hats that day. If not, others may assume your family only came in to money a few generations ago (and rightfully so).

Furthermore do not forget to take notice of the customers’—
The Zamboni Investigates: College Diploma ≠ Intelligence

Many have observed that in today’s world a college diploma is like a high school degree of yore. If only this were true. After a week of interviewing Jumbos it is clear that a college degree has little to do with intelligence, which is to say that all your studying has been nugatory. Nugatory? You are baffled. Case in point. To test this hypothesis, we devised four questions to examine the pathetic education doled out to our generation.

1) What is post-colonialism? 2) Where was the revolution of 1848? (It’s a trick. Don’t you understand?) 3) Can you explain Einstein’s theory of space-time? 4) What is the longest word you know?

Exhibit number 1

A girl typing away in the Tower Café, writing a thesis entitled “Feminist Discourses: From Betty Friedan to the Bearstein Bears.” I assumed that she was an intellectual. Behold! her answers to the questions:

1) Isn’t that like when you get a blood clot in your brain...oh, wait, I think that’s an aneurysm.
2) Wasn’t that the year when the US stole half of Mexico’s territory?
3) No, I’m not a science type.
4) Antidisestablishmentarianism.

So, to recap: After first confusing post-colonialism with an aneurysm, she failed to even minimally discuss space-time and only managed a 28-character word. Pitiful.

Exhibit number 2

Catherine Taylor answered in this way:

1) Postcolonialism...that’s easy. Postcolonialism is a specifically post-modern intellectual discourse that holds together a set of theories found among the texts and sub-texts of philosophy, film, political science and literature. These theories are reactions to the cultural legacy of colonialism --

I halted her here. Something seemed wrong. How could she be so enlightened? And that’s when I asked her to show me what was in her hand - An iPhone on the postcolonialism wiki page. I confiscated her iPhone and then ended the interview.

Exhibit number 3

An economics major specializing in international finance, seemed to hardly know he was being interviewed. Below are his answers:

1) (hiccup)
2) Did you say derivative?
3) Einstein would have been an i-banker if he was alive today.
4) How many letters are in “derivative?”

He answered none of my questions even remotely well and only hiccuped in response to the first question. But he did shed light on why Wall St. has devolved into a scene painted by Hieronymus Bosch. If you just asked yourself “Who is Hieronymus Bosch?” you are lucky I didn’t interview you.

I want to clarify my results. Tufts students do not have a monopoly on having peanuts for brains; college students everywhere failed this test miserably. Sure, MIT students performed rather well on question three and students of the Scrabble Institute certainly excelled at question 4, but if one analyzes the broad pattern there is one unmistakable conclusion: a college diploma certifies...nothing, absolutely nothing.

Written by John Speed
So you want to write a thesis your senior year, but you don’t know how to get started. Well, the first step is to discuss your potential thesis topic with a professor. In academia, or “The Biz,” this is referred to as a pitch meeting. You have one chance to get the professor to sign off on it, and if they’re not interested, you’ll either never work in this town again, or you’ll spend the rest of your life getting lattes for people with tenure.

**Student:** Hello, professor. I’m here to discuss my potential thesis with you.

**Professor:** Go right ahead, friend.

**Student:** Well, as a history major, I’ve decided to write my thesis about the impact of the War of 1812 on the African continent.

**Professor:** Oh, so there’s a war. Some conflict. I dig it.

**Student:** Well, yeah. Generally, wars have some sort of fighting in there.

**Professor:** Okay. Who are you thinking in the lead? I’m envisioning a young “leader of the pack” type. Someone who doesn’t take orders from anyone. He plays by his own rules, you know? Robert Downey Jr. might be open…

**Student:** I’m sorry, what?

**Professor:** If we’re going to sell this thing, we need some name recognition. To be frank, I’m not entirely sold on the premise. How about, instead of Africa, we discuss the impact the war had on the Martians?

**Student:** Professor, with all due respect, I’m pretty sure that there aren’t any –

**Professor:** Bullshit! I’ve seen the damned things with my own eyes! Alas, they have seen me with their seven eyes, as well. The seemingly endless gaze will haunt my dreams forever.

**Student:** Regardless, the impact this war had on the Africans is very significant. Had the outcome been different, the slave trade –

**Professor:** The slave trade of humans between the Martians! Excellent! There’s a dark, misty, dystopian future world where the humans are owned by Martians. The one man who can save his people plays by his own rules. No one can tell him what to do. We need to get Jude Law’s number immediately.

**Student:** I was thinking more along the lines of a Jonah Hill.

**Professor:** Hmm. A dark, misty, dystopian planet ruled by Martians. Humans seem to be forever locked in the slave trade until a strapping young Jonah Hill comes to save the day with his pleasant pudginess. I don’t know. We need more of a mass appeal.

**Student:** Tim Allen’s his father, but it’s revealed that his mom is actually a Martian.

**Professor:** Tim Allen, fucking a Martian? We need to have the conception scene be powerful as all hell. Really stress the boundaries being broken here. Inter-species intercourse is a completely untapped market.

**Student:** Oh, I agree. We’re still missing the kid vote, though, you know? Which is why we need a smaller Martian sidekick. But make him extreme, right? This thing needs to play Frisbee, skateboard, and exclusively listen to punk rock from 20,000 years before he was born.

**Professor:** We’re going CG on this fella, right?

**Student:** Oh, we’re going balls-deep in CG.

**Professor:** Three words: Asthon Fucking Kutcher. The little bastard’s going to sell toys like Oprah sells crack rock.

**Student:** You’re damn good. I like where your head’s at.

**Professor:** We’re only missing the Academy portion. We need something different. Something that will get us noticed. I don’t think the human-Martian love scene is going to be edgy enough.

**Student:** Notice the lack of a love interest for Jonah. Take all of the energy a film would funnel into romance, and pump it right into a 15-minute shit scene. Hill needs to take a dump for 15 minutes. No cutaways. Nothing. He’s got the runs, and god damnit, the audience is going to know it.

**Professor:** YES! He’s shitting out the societal excess placed on him by the Martians!

**Student:** No. None of that metaphorical bullshit. He had some bad seafood and now he’s going to pay.

**Professor:** Oh, this is just wonderful. We’ll make millions for sure!

**Student:** I’ll get writing right away. Just get in touch with the right people, eh?

**Professor:** You know I will. Make sure you get approval from the department, registrar at Dowling, and I still need a prospectus on my desk by next Thursday.
Summer is quickly approaching, and that can only mean one thing: big, dumb, blow-em-up blockbusters! However, one studio has decided on a different approach. Ka Bradley, spokeswoman for Dahl Productions, spoke to us about their upcoming feature: a filmed version of Marlowe's tragedy (only recently discovered), The Man of Bats, A Knighted Gentry of Obsidian Nature. "It's so original and daring!" said Bradley. "Audiences have never seen anything like it, especially in a summer blockbuster!" Bradley was kind enough to provide excerpts from some of the key moments in the play.

Wherefore art thou so phlegmatic?
The Fool, Highwayman (Act II, scene i, line 53)

What be the epithet thy fellow constables christened me at yonder hall of lawmen?
The Man to Whom There Be Faces Twain, Former Emissary of the Law (IV, iii, 126)

Pause, milord, and I shall dispense to thee counsels most droll.
Alfred, A Man in Waiting, to the Man of Bats, Brawler (III, i, 23)

What ho! Doubt you my knavery? Observe, for but a moment, as I reveal my ill-obtained skill and knowledge of the dark arts. Behold yonder writing quill! Shorter than it takes the hummingbird’s wings to make a single rotation shall my famil’ar banish this implement of scribes to a realm far beyond where mortal men may tread.
The Fool, to Crimeo, Prince of the Rogues (I, iii, 43-48)

There are men who doth be termed hero, and it is their manner to die with that name, else to be the villain ‘gainst which they vie.

Dentus, Emissary of the Law (I, vi, 254-255)

Oh! I am slain!
Rachel, Betrothed to Dentus (IV, ii, 437)

Tho’ I was formerly one of villainous weight ‘pon the scales of our fair maiden Justice, now reform’d am I since the good curate did make embassy to we of the gaol. So I cast this cannon’s fuse into black sea, my Maker to await.
First Prisoner, to First Gaoler (V, iv, 287-290)

Let us place upon thy countenance a laughing mouth most gruesome.
The Fool, Highwayman (III, v, 432)

A man who, standing in defiance of all law of societies both celestial and mortal, does in doing so forfeit his own life. Thus it is for us to light this fuse and send the condemned ship to their final judgment. But oh, alack! My pity o’erwhelms me in the very moment of action! For what is a malefactor but a man, be he so lowly fallen, yet a man whose bark deserves not to be ‘sploded by we.
The Reeve, to the Boatswain of the Ferrie (V, v, 126-134)

Hadst thou pondered how my sorry self did come upon such markings ‘pon my vis-
A man may o’erhear much, but ‘tis not becoming for a gentleman to note the speech of all. If ‘tis your will to curtain me behind the arras of the city entire, the forfeit of my post shall immediately succeed.

Lucius, Tinker and Moor, to the Man of Bats, Brawler (V, ii, 167-169)

There be men who seek power above all else. Others doth desire knowledge foremost in their life’s quest. Paris of Troy, forc’d to choose among the three goddess, was indeed persuaded most by Venus and her promise of the Spartan Helen. But, woe be to him who encounters the man to whom there be no motive! Alas, neither Aristotle’s logic nor a Persian’s riches move him! His breast may withstand the spear of Achilles and his brain is a fortress to the will of Ulysses! His desires be nothing more than to see our sphere submerged into the Inferno.

Alfred, A Man in Waiting, to the Man of Bats, Brawler (III, iv, 318-328)

Dentus: Welcome, good Sir Wayne, Duke of Gotham. My heart is full to proffer such hospitality. Come! Come my most happy lord! Let us be merry. Shall we sup or perhaps enjoy some sack? Come my lord! Rachel hath told me much of your character!

Gotham: Forsooth, may not her words betray the weakness of her sex! For Midas's wife had a tongue so accustomed to gossip that she proved her lord to be an ass. [aside] And she would prove me to be The Man of Bats! (I, vi, 14-22)

Zounds! Wilt thou not slay me? Thy dagger remains sheathed, when thou shouldst be glutting Mars with blood! Do your morals guide you? What is morality? What is goodness? Ah, the very contemplation doth make me mirthful! ‘Slid, methinks my humour grows more sanguine ‘pon thought of your deeds. You be the very butter to my Dutchman! Mayhaps we shall continue this masquerade till the final trumpet is sounded and the Great Reckoning arrives! Indeed, our bodies shall rise from their graves still in a duel.

The Fool, Highwayman, to the Man of Bats, Brawler (V, vi, 420-434)

[enter The Man of Bats, visored]

The Fool: Ah, thou doth think that my soul be like the spheres, ever constant in their movement, ne'er daring to break their course or cease their harmon'ous sound.

The Man of Bats: Where hast thou hidden Dentus?


The Fool, he is beaten, Dentus is slain, The bodies stack’d high as Dian doth wane. This man saved Gotham from a fate most foul Always protected by cape and a cowl. We dare not love him, but fear him we must No thanks to our savior, though it be just. He shall be an outlaw, though he be good, Thus shall we hunt him, as he knew we would. But you out beyond, surely you be kind So do not spare us the thoughts of your mind If you found pleasant this story we told Please give us applause and small men of gold For ne’er a tale of more sorrow and blight Than that of our sad village’s Dark Knight

Constable Gordon, Head Man of the Law (V, vii, 512-525)

Soon to be available from Penguin Classics, edited by Devin Toohey and Mark Paglia, with drawings by Mike Schecht
The Presidency of William Henry Harrison

The ninth president of the United States was a great man, but in history, he has often been overshadowed by the more populist likes of Washington, Lincoln, and FDR. Harrison’s tenure in office was brief, but eventful: he successfully took the inaugural oath on a rainy day, he called a special session in Congress to talk about finances, and he argued a lot with Senator Henry Clay. You can learn a great deal from a man like that.

Treaty of Tordesillas

The illustrious city of Prague resisted the temptation to make a big, unnecessary show of its revolutionary fervor (unlike the theatrics of the Bolsheviks). Instead, they proceeded with a simple, non-violent demonstration. Sure, the police responded by beating the protesters senseless with their batons, but it’s not like anyone died. That one dude was faking it. The Politburo was none too pleased with Prague’s statement and promptly had the city airbrushed out of all state-approved maps.

The Hamilton-Burr Duel

While specific details are sketchy, Vice President Aaron Burr believed that Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton -- ten-dollar-bill Alexander Hamilton -- used some decidedly uncouth adjectives to describe him, and Hamilton made no real effort to deny it. Already on poor terms, both men followed the standard code of honor at the time: find a deserted field in New Jersey and shoot it out (kind of sounds like an ordinary Saturday in Newark). This is akin to Joe Biden and Timothy Geithner beating the hope and change out of each other on the White House lawn -- which given what we know about Crazy Joe -- is very likely.

Russo-Japanese War

Forget everything you know about the Anglo-Aro War. This is the conflict of the 20th century. Russia, the drunken, stumbling frat boy of the Pacific, decided to make a move on Japan’s long time love interest, Chinese Manchuria (China, as with most events in its history, had no say in the matter either way). And as the John Rambo to Russia’s Sheriff Teasle, Japan was pushed a little too far. One year later, Russia would be sent running home with its nose bloodied and its ego bruised, while Japan would be the dominant power in the Pacific. The rest of East Asia was positively thrilled.

Treaty of Tordesillas

In a nutshell, both Portugal and Spain felt that the New World belonged to them. Like two kindergarteners fighting over the rope swing, someone needed to step in and that man was the Pope. The Pope took a cue from King Solomon and decided to split the Americas in half. What the Pope didn’t foresee was that both Portugal and Spain were just fine with half a baby.

The Edict of Nantes

The year was 1598 and in a Catholic nation, one man granted the Huguenots the right… to have civil rights. That man was Henry IV of France, known as Henry de Bourbon to his friends and Henry the Great to his subjects (also known as The Green Gallant to the ladies, booyah!). The Edict of Nantes said that the Protestants were more than just random, far-out, crazy heretics: they’re the heretics next door. They’re the local butchers and bakers and schoolteachers. The Edict of Nantes showed us that we all know a heretic or two. A revelation which apparently drove one Catholic crazy enough to murder Henry twelve years later.
1848: Failed Revolutions of 1848
An old Russian proverb says that failure will teach you more than success. We are obliged to agree – failure teaches you how much it sucks to fail. That’s why we must study the Revolutions of 1848, when peasants from all over Europe – Italians, Germans, the French – decided to rise up against their oppressive monarchs, only to be smacked back down. There is much that can be learned from these events. One, revolutionary groups need to have stronger lines of communication. Two, when in doubt, the Pope will always flee the country. That being said, we guarantee that no one walked away thinking, “I may have failed to attain liberty and justice but I really feel like I learned a lot about myself in the process.”

161: The Death of Roman Emperor Antoninus Pius
After the death of Antoninus Pius, the Roman Empire was left with the question of who should succeed him. The obvious choice was the heir apparent, Marcus Aurelius. However, Aurelius only ascended on the condition that Lucius Verus be co-Emperor, an unheard of arrangement. What, you don’t see how incredibly important this is? Can’t you understand how this single event would ripple throughout history, changing the political landscape of the Western world and determining the next fifteen hundred years of human history? It’s so important!!! HOW CAN YOU NOT UNDERSTAND THAT?!?!

STREET INTERVIEWS
THE ZAMBONI ASKS: WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO BE PRETENTIOUS?

SOCIOMETRY
Debreeving forms tacked onto the door of every building on campus explained that the entire Sociology department was a construct setup for what in fact had been a century-long thought experiment, making it essentially a sham. Majors need not worry, however, as the fall 2009 course selection remains the same.

PHYSICS
The Physics department has decided to add new flavors to quarks, expanding the previous range of six that often drew negative comparisons to Baskin-Robbins. New tastes include “Feynberry,” “Proton Shake,” “Lemon Hadron Collider,” “Fig’s Boson,” and “Lite Chocolate: It's Delicious and Low Fat at the Same Time!”

GREEK LIFE
Several on-campus fraternities teamed together to create a party on the basis of no more than it being their 37th of the semester. “We decided to make a party about the creative work that undergoes the throwing of parties,” Zack “Zack Attack” Friedman of ZBT commented, “In a way, it’s about the process behind its own self. It’s a meta-party.” The party was released on April 20th to critical acclaim and currently holds a 67% Fresh rating on Rotten Tomatoes.

PHILOSOPHY
Professor Gustav Grumpel of the Philosophy department revealed that, after years of observing existent non-Grumpels, he had sufficient evidence to prove that he himself did not exist and promptly collapsed into a pile of apples and ravens. Greg Finnman, a Philosophy major, had a flat reaction, remarking offhandedly that “Professor Grump[el] gave shitty lectures anyway.”

Compiled by Ryan Oliveira
A president with the strength of a dozen oxen, Cleveland gained the presidency by throwing his opponents deep into the sea on two non-consecutive occasions, whereupon he received the defeated Candidates' gold and their shields and their cups and their wives. Cleveland was tricked by Loki into letting the mischievous God be vice-President, but Baldur and Thomas A. Hendricks freed Cleveland from Loki's enchantment.

Martin Van Buren was known as 'Old Kinderhook,' because he would hang the corpses of his enemies from giant hooks in his kingly hall as a warning to those who would think of defying him. Van Buren's greatest accomplishment was freeing the United States from the burden of paying a tribute of 37 virgins each year to the Cyclops people of Louisiana. Van Buren beheaded the Cyclops King and kept the virgins for himself.
Upon his death, a mighty barrow was raised, heaped with many cups and the shields of his enemies. Polk's mighty warhammer, Galgvior, which split the skull of Santa Anna, was taken up by his son, crafty Polk the Red. On the day of Ragnarok, the legendary Polk shall reclaim his dread hammer, and do battle at the side of Thor.

'Twas Hayes clipped the fearsome dragon's wings, and buried him in a cavern 'neath the earth. 'Twas Hayes stole the daughter of the wealthy king of Spain, and made her his bride, and got many lusty children from his conquest. 'Twas Hayes died in battle after freeing Washington, city of many crystal cups, from the dread bear-men of 1000 arms.

Samuel Tilden

No president he, but a fierce warrior still. After a bloody electoral contest resulting in the Compromise of 1877, Tilden and Hayes became fast friends, and comrades in arms. And they traveled the earth together, seeing many men and learning their minds. When Hayes died in Washington, Tilden drove all the bear-men of 1000 arms into the Grand Canyon, and spent 1000 years filling the bear-man caves with mighty boulders hewn from mountains. Then, satisfied in his revenge, Tilden traveled the earth, looking for an entrance to Valhalla, that he might be separated from Hayes no longer. He found a door in a tiny room in the Library of Congress, and thus, because of their powerful bond of love and friendship, Tilden and Hayes feast together on boar in the hall of heroes.
By William Entendre; Edited by Mark Paglia

In addition to his famed novel, Marcel Proust (1871-1922) was a prolific critic and essayist, producing literary reviews, translations of John Ruskin, and this treatise on the meaning and interpretation of emoticons. Emoticons were a new fashion in the Paris salons frequented by Proust, having been invented and first sent via telegraph by Belgian engineer Gilles Brouillard in 1919. An early draft of The Guermantes Way even includes an IM conversation between the narrator and Bergotte, terminating with a winking emoticon. Further, in a letter to Andre Gide, Proust stated his intention to use a frowning emoticon to express his views on the Dreyfus Affair, but his untimely death prevented this. Given the brilliance and clarity of Proust’s remarks on emoticons, their expanded use would surely have been a crowning addition to his already stunning body of work.

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Translator’s note: Any translation of Proust’s emoticons will, of course, rely upon the work of C.K. Scott Moncrieff, who in addition to A la recherche du temps perdu also translated the collected text message correspondence between Proust and Robert de Montesquiou. This translation attempts to correct Moncrieff’s Anglicization of certain Gallic punctuations, such as his substitution of an ampersand for the untranslateable accent aigu. For further reading on the subject of Franco-English typography, see Kilmartin’s "Of Semicolons and Circonflexe".
While Tufts may offer a plethora of literature and poetry classes, we here at The Zamboni acknowledge that sometimes you can’t fit one in to your busy schedule. Therefore, let us provide you with just a little bit of culture to brighten your day: “Jordan [I]” by George Herbert, from his 1633 collection of works, The Temple. Obviously, not all of you are up on your 17th century British poetry, so we’ve provided a few footnotes to explain the subtler references:

Who¹ sayes that fictions onely and false hair² Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty³?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?
May no lines passe, except they do their dutie⁴
   Not to a true, but painted chair⁵?

Is it no verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours⁶ shadow course-spunne lines?
Must purling streams⁷ refresh a lovers loves?
Must all be vail’d, while he that reades⁸, divines,
   Catching the sense at two removes⁹?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing¹⁰:
Riddle¹¹ who list, for me¹², and pull for Prime¹³.
I envie no mans nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish me¹⁴ with losse of rime,
   Who plainly say, My God, My King.¹⁵

1 Referencing 17th century mathematician, literary critic, and pig breeder, Sir Thomas Who. Sir Who was famous for uttering controversial statements about poetry which other poets met with disbelief. In his diary, Samuel Pepys writes at length about a riot started on 17 January, 1661 when Who said that Dante was just “Meh.” He was also well-known for being the subject of many famous comedies at the time including “Who has the Plague” and “What is going to chop off the King’s head.”
2 Popular hair substitutes, before wigs and toupees were discovered by King Louis XIV in 1702, included painting one’s scalp, placing a fluffy dog (preferably of the dead or lazy variety) upon one’s head, or just telling people that only the very intelligent could see your hair.
3 No, there isn’t.
4 Doody.
5 Chairs were still a controversial matter in 17th century England. Most of the British still held ill-feelings towards chairs after the incident on 3 February, 1587. Queen Elizabeth slid off of a chair during lunch and could very well have broken her neck. Many saw this as a calculated and deliberate attempt on behalf of chairs to claim the life of the Queen and promote the Catholic agenda. All chairs were burned in the following months. Chair only began to resurface in England at the turn of the next century.
7 Enemas.
8 Someone really should have used spell check.
9 Your guess is as good as ours
10 Herbert here takes a radical stance against the anti-shepherd codes of British Idol. While the pro-singing-shepherd lobby existed since the show began in 1616, rules banning shepherds from competing continued until shortly after the second World War and the Shepherds’ Rights Movement.
11 In the 1637 edition, the line is written, “Riddle me this, Batman, and pull for Prime.”
12 Yes, we’re fully aware that we already had two pages of “Batman & Early Modern English” jokes.
13 Optimus Prime, leader of the Autobots and arch-nemesis of the maniacal Megatron.
14 We’re pretty sure that Herbert is being ironic here
15 When Herbert wrote this poem, God had temporarily usurped the British throne. However, by the end of the year, he was victim of a coup d’état led by Charles I, a few Scotsmen, and the Ewoks of the forest moon of Endor.
There is one passion that the wealthy elite and inferior peons both share...shopping. But where can one of the world’s most intelligent and refined gentlemen expand his collection of earthly possessions without associating with lesser mortals? Fear not and behold a sampling of the goods that none but the cream of the crop will enjoy.

**Toys** - Every day more and more stories appear about lead contamination in children’s toys, it seems like kids of all classes are at risk. Of course this is simply unacceptable, your offspring and possible heir should not be forced to suffer from the same poisons as some children of the middle class. All of our toys have been meticulously examined for any traces of lead before being dipped in a vat of molten plutonium. Yes, you can be sure that your precious darling will be safe from developmental problems and will instead suffer a much more unique and special illness. More than just a few Libyans will be after these amazing gifts!

**Accessories** - Nothing says class like sporting the proper eyewear, yet it can be difficult to know what is appropriate. Enter our all-in-one ocular package. Never again will you wear a monocle and be the object of ridicule from your pince-nez sporting friends. Our 100-page easy-to-read guide explains what eyepiece is called for in every social situation. From a somber pair of scissor glasses for a funeral to ornate Lorgnettes at the opera, we have it all. Along with the manual you will receive all the eyewear you will ever need crafted from the finest materials. As a limited time offer we will now monogram your eyepatch free of charge.

**Entertainment** - No other game shows off your superior intellect and upbringing more than chess, yet sadly anyone can now purchase a board and play. Worse, life-sized chess has become clichéd and common since the accursed Harry Potter books. However, your status can still be flaunted thanks to our exclusive “Animals of Africa” chess game. Each set comes with two teams of sixteen animals* captured in the depths of the dark continent and painted black or white. We assure that you capturing an opponent’s queen is ten times better when you can see your rhino impale the opponent’s cheetah right in front of you.

*Animals include: Baboons, Rhinos, Antelope, Elephants, Cheetahs, and Lions. Alternate species available by request. Replacement animals only purchasable by customers who have journeyed deep into the jungles heart and been initiated by the Wokwok pigmy tribe.