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A Word from the Editor

Hello there again! What's that? The thought of soul-crushing winter for the next 10 or so months has got you down? Well, cheer up! What you hold in your grubby little fingers is the latest issue of The Zamboni, full of warm, succulent, comedic goodness.

We at The Zamboni know that nothing drives away those wintry blues like a good song. That's why we've dedicated this issue to music. Yes, this month we're looking at all things musical, from classical to that hippity-hop stuff the kids are all talking about these days.

For those amateur historians out there, we present you with a timeline chronicling the way that music has evolved over the centuries, from its beginnings in the terrified vocalizations of cavemen, to its apex in the ear bleeding melodies of the Black Eyed Peas.

We also realize that for many of you, the Zamboni is your most trusted source for the latest news. Worried about Medford's pizza-dependent economy? Curious about what happens when Miley Cyrus goes to the Middle East? Well, all of your questions will be answered by our totally legitimate, unbiased news reports.

Also, Gregg Gillis, better known as Girl Talk, vents about people not making real music anymore. Seriously folks, what is the deal with that?

So, readers, autotune in, turn on, and drop out, because this month's issue is going to burst your eardrums with hilarity. And we promise that none of it is derivative of Pavement!

Ain't that a kick in the head?

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 Gomstyn-Luz 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 Oliveira Clause).
Medford Economy Dangerously Reliant on Pizza Consumption

MEDFORD - After extensive research consisting exclusively of after-midnight trips to Boston Avenue, it appears that two of every three of the town’s businesses are dependent on some variation of cheese, sauce, and crust. In conversations with Tufts University students, it became clear that the village economy has historically been supported by the Medford “love affair” with the grease-powered pie, and with the decriminalization of marijuana early last year, sub prime pizza loans have skyrocketed to dangerous levels.

One Tufts student, a double major in economics and international relations, weighed in on the issue: “They forgot the socks.”

A recent probing of Boston has revealed that Medford, long dominated by Italian Americans, is completely controlled by the powerful “Big Three”: Pizza Days, Helen’s, and Andrea’s. These three evidently employ seventy two percent of Medford workers. But the business is just not flourishing as it once did. According to a local business owner, "We were loaning people pizza that they just couldn’t afford.” When reality hit, people realized that their investments were in dire condition. "If present conditions continue, we’ll be forced to import increasing amounts of cheap, lead-filled pizza from China."

Pizza Days is frequently accused of promoting underage drinking as a means of enhancing their product, which is notoriously more enjoyable during belligerent activity. In an effort to combat this image and placate Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD), the influential company began a promotional campaign, centered around online orders, that promises free pizza for students sober enough to operate the internet.

In a statement that cast a notable malaise amongst the Boston suburb, President Bacoow declared on Monday that anyone caught with pizza will be placed, without warning, on probation one. He concluded by saying: "Our darkest Pizza Days are upon us. However, Adel and I absolutely adore the Hawaiian pizza."

Man Appeals Multiple Life Sentences On Religious Grounds

WASHINGTON, DC - In accordance with standard sentencing procedure, Judge Jim Johnson, of New York City’s 60th district court, gave Baahir Das six consecutive life sentences for his role in the murders of six New York City homeless men. Das, who professes “deep sorrow” for his actions, nonetheless has appealed Judge Johnson’s ruling on grounds that it is unjust to members of his religion, as he is condemned not only in this life, but in his next five reincarnations.

“This type of sentencing is largely symbolic nonsense for the average American,” Das’s attorney stated in an address Saturday morning to members of the press.

“But for a man who plans on returning to Earth after his first imprisonment for a fresh start, the impractical notion of multiple life sentences becomes very real.” As the law presently states, a Jew, Christian, or Muslim can kill any number of people and will still only be affected, in his current life on Earth.

In contesting the law, Das has exposed a massive waste of taxpayer dollars to fund authorities' constant global searches for a convict after his death.

At the very least, Das and his attorney wish to repeal the judge’s rule of “consecutive” life sentences, hoping to have any chance of a break, “perhaps as a turtle on an island” or “a worm in a garden” before returning to prison.

In a related matter, Amnesty International revealed last Monday that a panda confined in the DC National Zoo for which a mate has not been found is actually John Wilkes Booth. This punishment violates article 27 of the fourth Geneva Convention.
The body of a Tufts student was found in the branches of one of the trees outside of Pearson Hall this afternoon. The corpse was completely covered in lacerations, but had a student ID in its pocket, and thus has been identified as Engineering student and Zamboni writer Jonathan Wooldridge. Jonathan was clutching several dead pigeons tightly to his chest, and appeared not surprised at all to be in the situation he was in just before he died.

The forensics crew investigated the corpse and came to the conclusion that the cause of death was “probably not Swine Flu,” but have declared a quarantine on Wooldridge’s room anyway, just in case.

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Student’s Body found in Trees Outside Pearson

The body of a Tufts student was found in the branches of one of the trees outside of Pearson Hall this afternoon. The corpse was completely covered in lacerations, but had a student ID in its pocket, and thus has been identified as Engineering student and Zamboni writer Jonathan Wooldridge. Jonathan was clutching several dead pigeons tightly to his chest, and appeared not surprised at all to be in the situation he was in just before he died.

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Medford- Negotiations with the bird-hive mind outside the campus center broke down last Tuesday. The eagle “head” (anatomically, not politically) of the hive, known only as “The Black Talon”, tore Tufts representative Frank Ferdinan’s head off after Ferdinan asked it if it was a war hawk, then grinned and winked. Apparently the hive mind not only understands human humor, but also really hates puns.

With negotiations now out of the question, the Tufts government has begun to examine other options. The clearest path seems to be open warfare, but several student groups are stymying any effort to fight the avian collective.

“Even if it did kill an unarmed student over a bad joke, open dialogue is still not only possible, but the best available route.” Claimed one anonymous member of Beat Bias. “Things might have gone better if we sent someone who isn’t a total douchebag.”

Even without the problem of pinko hippies holding true patriots back, there is the issue of how to deal with the collective grammatically.

“Every single one of our war room discussions ends up breaking down into a verbal list of possible ways to refer to the hive, followed by about 15 minutes of Ghostbusters references.” Said Fred Joseph Haidin of the Avian War Council. “We rarely get anything done. It doesn’t help that the collective tells us to call it ‘Sule.’”

The bird hive is taking full advantage of this complete lack of appropriate response. It has already expanded its territory to include the trees between Pearson and Latin Way, and is demanding tribute from the surrounding dorms in the form of seeds, nuts, and the odd hare or fawn. Scouts have also been observed circling the trees surrounding the cannon and Barnum suggesting the hive is preparing a siege against the critical weapons and research facilities of the university. Res Life has declared a new rule stating that one cannot get mauled by birds when one’s roommate is around, but this has done little to slow the invasion’s consequences. I personally think this entire situation is ridiculous. This is the United States of America! We don’t give in to tyranny, not even when things seem hopeless! We fight back, and we always…

Oh shit.

It’s right outside my window…it’s backing up to ram the pane! Ohshihotshihotshhit call in the air force! Tell them to bomb this thing back to the stone age! Or whatever the equivalent metaphor is for birds and/or hive minds! Tell Whitney Houston I love her music!

You won’t take me without a fight, you seed chewing assholes! You won’t take me without...
MEDFORD - Until a few weeks ago, Tufts managed to maintain a decent level of economic stability. However, yesterday a member of the Tufts Board of Finance gave the following statement.

“The Tufts economic situation is kind of like an 80 year old taking an extremely watered down version of Viagra: it has its ups and downs (mainly downs), it needs resuscitation more often than not, and in the long run it's just going to piss itself anyway. In light of this, we feel it is necessary to trim the budgets of a certain number of departments. We will award minimum cuts based on merit. The departments have three weeks to prove their worths starting...now.

The English department and the Linguistics department, eager to prove their respective worths and unable to do so through any sort of tangible means, have declared war on each other. The initial shot was fired when a Linguistics student wrote syntax notes all over his roommate's copy of *Paradise Lost*. His roommate, an English major, responded by strapping him under a slowly descending, bladed pendulum. The conflict quickly escalated, and the current situation has the Linguistics department laying siege to East Hall. The English majors and professors appear to be holding them off quite well, but desperation seems to be setting in. Until a few minutes ago, the only projectiles flying forth from East were computers, cellular phones, table lamps, and the odd novelty skull, but just now a copy of *Paradise Lost* caught a Linguistics professor in the shoulder. It appears that it is only a matter of time before they move on to throwing Shakespeare, and eventually even Joyce.

“We'll prove to those unreasonable bastards that we are the ones who truly deserve to survive,” said the wounded professor. Tension at the scene is almost humpable, and a final cataclysmic clash seems imminent.

Other departments have responded in a variety of ways. The Economics department is holding a Tux and Tie soirée to discuss how effectively it could use the maximum budget. The Physics, Chemistry, and Biology departments have banded together to create a doomsday weapon and promote interdisciplinary cooperation. The Ex College is quickly throwing together a course on the dream of some massive reptile-planet, floating endlessly in the vast nothingness?” said one professor when asked. “All we see could very well be an illusion of other sorts, as well.” He then went on to quote several people who died before the invention of the zipper.

With the recent grant of $40 million to the engineering school, they don’t even have to fucking try.

Local Teen Attempts to Drop Mad Beats, Fails

CAMBRIDGE - Dozens of local youths were shocked and saddened Saturday upon witnessing “Winny-C,” as he prefers to be called, attempt to drop mad beats in the CambridgeSide Galleria, only to have it go horribly awry. Police spent most of the evening gathering witness reports.

“The principal individual involved, a one Winston Cartwright, was loitering with friends outside a Cinnabon within the mall, when one of Winston’s friends pointed out a promotional poster for Jay-Z’s new album,” explained Cambridge Police Lieutenant Mark Higgins. Higgins continued, explaining that Cartwright expressed disdain for Jay-Z’s musical talent, calling the rapper “totally whack” and claiming that Mr. Z may in fact be “fronting.” It was at this point that Cartwright claimed to “spit mad rhymes” that were superior to those of Jay-Z, a multi-platinum, Grammy Award winning hip-hop artist. From there, details become clouded.

Jessica Healey, a witness to the event, stated, “When Winny-C said they he had mad hip-hop skills, Tommy accused him of totally lying, just like that time he said he had a girlfriend in Canada.” It would seem that Cartwright, in an attempt to “keep it real,” began a freestyle rap.

“It was awful,” said Cinnabon employee Travis Hart. “He spent most of the time just saying ‘yo yo yo’ and yelling about the east side and west side.” Several witnesses report Cartwright’s sole attempt at rhyming was by matching “player” with “player” multiple times, only stopping his lyrical avalanche when a Brookstone employee informed him that he was disturbing customers trying out massage chairs.

“You know, when I was around their age,” said one elderly mall patron, “I was fighting World War II.”

Cartwright’s parents were quickly summoned to the scene; they recently upgraded their son’s self-esteem from “shattered” to “bruised.” As police continue to piece together Cartwright’s amateur lyrics, a candlelight vigil is being held in his honor.
Sting and the Police Bust Prostitution Ring
by Andrew Reisman

In a move last night that might earn all involved a promotion, The Police, led personally by Commissioner Sting, subdued and captured the leaders of a major Russian prostitution ring known as the Gogol Bordello. The news comes only days after a recent failure by Interpol at tracking the ring.

The police force responsible, known in some circles as the Tokyo Police Club or The Go! Team, received a tip about dogs barking and girls dancing near a bathhouse on Avenue B in New York. They moved quickly to the site and apprehended the suspects with minimal casualties.

When questioned as to their methods, the leader of Gogol Bordello admitted to smuggling mail-order brides through The Postal Service, then shipping them to a facility in Deerhoof, Massachusetts. He described his philosophy as “Think Locally, Fuck Globally.”

This is not the first success in recent months for The Go! Team. Recently, they captured Conrad Keely, Jason Reese, and Kevin Allen, three serial killers who notoriously bragged “You Will Know Us By The Trail Of The Dead!” They were also instrumental in uncovering a conspiracy to force Michael Jackson into hiding while a Caucasian body double replaced and humiliated him.

When reached for comment, Commissioner Sting seemed troubled by what he saw. “This girl is half his age [yet was stripping for him],” he lamented upon recalling the scene, “just like the old man in [Lolita].” He then became pensive and left the room, requesting that reporters not stand so close to him.

At press time, it is unclear whether or not Justice will be served.

Miley Cyrus Dubai Bound after Typo
by Emma Goldstein

A typing error at Walt Disney Records’ Los Angeles Headquarters has forced tween sensation Miley Cyrus to trade in her Hannah Montana wig for a keffiyeh.

The digitally remastered version of “Party in the USA,” is now titled, “Party in the UAE.” Initially the slip-up caused major issues between the Disney Company and the Cyrus family.

Billy Ray Cyrus, father of Miley, angrily exclaimed, “This error broke my achy breaky heart. I don’t know if this is supposed to be a joke or not, but why would my young daughter be caught having a party in the Unidentifiable Arthropod Ensemble? I mean, that’s just wacko.”

His personal assistant then handed him his iPhone with the “United Arab Emirates” Wikipedia page open.

Mr. Cyrus said, “Yeah, I mean, that’s not great either. That’s like Egypt, right?” Miley, embracing the best of both worlds since her Hannah Montana days, has decided not to sue the company but to instead literally make a party in the United Arab Emirates. Miley will host her party in Dubai’s indoor ski slopes next week at 4 PM. Sheikh Khalifa, president of the UAE and likely attendee of the party, said, “Thank Allah it’s not Ramadan. I hear Billy Ray bakes some sick pita.”

For favors, Miley has requested four barrels of crude oil per partygoer. To Miley’s dismay, the most recent shipment of barrels did not include the OPEC certified seal. Miley’s publicist said, “Cartel or bust.” Miley was quick to counter that, claiming, “Everybody makes mistakes, everybody has those days. Like, nobody’s perfect. I got to work it again and again ‘til I get it right.”

Miley will be modifying the music video as well for the Arab audience. Instead of her dance routine on an open bed truck, Miley will now be featured singing and moving her hips like yeah on top of a camel. This proved a bit cumbersome, but culturally appropriate. Hannah Montana was unavailable for comment on this article.
EXPOSE: TOO MANY MASH UPS?
by Matt McGowen

The music industry has reached a crucial tipping point in recent times. This point has nothing to do with illegal file sharing or the antics of out of control rap geniuses at award ceremonies, but rather the decreasing amount of music being produced that is not of the mashup variety. Mashup music is made by taking two or more popular songs and playing them at the same time, sometimes to produce a humorous lyrical counterpoint. The problem with this genre, according to MIT mathematician Sven Tonnington, is that "it requires at least two original songs to create a mashup. So if the rate of production of mashup music is even half the rate of non-mashup music, we risk completely depleting the supply of original music. Now that mashup production has eclipsed non-mashup production, there may be as few as three months left before there is not a single song left un-mashed."

The lack of contemporary popular music to mash up has caused some artists in the genre to make concept mashup albums, some of which defy descriptors other than bizarre. Los Angeles-based mashup duo Super Mash Bros recently released an album dubbed "Kanye-thoven's Ninth," combining the rap music of Kanye West and Beethoven’s ninth symphony. It has received lackluster reviews, but the single "Ode to Gold Diggers" has been well received by the mashup community and the general public alike. Already this month the Billboard top 40 charts have been dominated by mashup artists, such as the Fall Out Roc Boys, with their breakout hit ‘Sugar, We’re in the Building Tonight,’ and Miley Cypress Hill, with the smash single ‘Insane in the USA.’ Nielsen Business Media, who owns Billboard magazine, said that they couldn’t make a ‘Top 40 Mashups’ chart because there would ‘literally not be enough music to fill up the rest of the charts.’

One genre that has only been explored experimentally and has caught the attention of theoretical musicologists is remash, or mashups of mashups. Laboratory tests have shown this to be unappealing to over 99% of the population. For an example of such a travesty, find a copy of DJ Dangermouse vs. Girl Talk’s ‘The Grey Night Ripper Album,’ which is a mashup of Dangermouse’s Grey Album, a project mashing up Jay-Z’s ‘The Black Album’ with The Beatles’ ‘White Album,’ with Girl Talk’s ‘Night Ripper.’

The tide of mashups flooding the airwaves recently has shown no signs of subsiding. Fortunately, there has been an uprising amongst the hipsters that originally conceived this art, and their revolution has been one of creativity. They have abandoned the turntable-worship of late and turned back to the instruments of old, likely due to the fact that mashups are "like, so mainstream, stop cramping my style. Those stopped being cool the instant Girl Talk became, like, mainstream." One can only hope, for the sake of mashup artists everywhere, that they are right.
The Evolution of Music

Music evolves just like animals do, but with a lot less sex and a lot more singing about how desperately you want to have sex. Here is a timeline of sorts that describes the evolution of music.

2700,000 B.C.
Early Homo neanderthalensis enjoys listening to rain on roof of cave, long walks on mountain.

30 A.D.
Crucifixion victims form a chorus, sing a jaunty, uplifting tune concerning optimism and one’s final snuffing.

1723 A.D.
Antonio Vivaldi composes “Le Quattro Staggioni”, but due to his failure to maintain his copyright on his work he doesn’t collect a penny when “Spring” becomes the most popular ringtone of the late 1990s.

4,000 B.C.
In the Garden of Eden, Adam’s shrieks at his own pale, incredibly disgusting nudity are mistaken by Eve for the first vocal solo. This was later used by the band Mohinder for their album “Mission 7”.

800 A.D.
Arab scholar al-Farabi writes the “Great Book of Music”, a book whose authorship was later erroneously attributed to Cat Stevens.
1980 A.D.
The keytar is made commercially available. Gangly, socially awkward keyboardists everywhere are finally able to fulfill their dreams of stardom by playing in the spotlight, center stage for an audience of three.

January 17th, 1878, 9:48 A.M.
Thomas Edison finishes the first device ever with the capacity to record 2-3 minutes of sound.

January 17th, 1878, 9:53 A.M
Pornography is given a soundtrack for the first time.

2009 A.D.
The Black Eyed Peas repeat the same line ad nauseum, reach top of the charts, proving that music, just like the economy has its slumps.

1990s A.D.
Boy Bands, Britney Spears, and Hanson. Parents everywhere consider filicide for the first time.
My Dearest Lord Gaga,

So very much has happened here on the manor since you left on your crusade. I have taken quite fondly to the vassals and their lowly forms of entertainment. Just last week I watched two of them engage in a jousting match, and saw Aethelmaer lance Wilfrid directly through the cheek. Since then the peasants have taken to calling our Wilfrid “Pokerface.” How quaint! And I must tell you of the good news! One of the peasants was unable to make his monthly payment of grain, and instead has given us the horse he once used to plough his fields! I’ve named him “Diskostique.” I cannot wait to ride him through the countryside.

I intend to meet with the courtly tailor later this week in order to procure some new clothes for my visit to Lord V. M. A. Eliduc’s castle. The tailor threatened to quit recently when I asked him to loom a tapestry featuring me dancing atop a unicorn as dragons spew flames at the serfs of our village, and affix said tapestry to my head as a sort of cap. I suppose this time I will ask for something a bit simpler; perhaps a fuschia silken cape with a train of philosopher’s stones attached to a fur patchwork coat (made, of course, of the hides of our serfs’ pets) featuring an image of the battle of Hastings embroidered using a tread spun from the hair of the local peasants. I hope you return from the Holy land soon to see my new wardrobe!

I must warn you, dear Lord, that I’ve heard there is a plague afoot due South of here, and I fear that you might catch it as you travel. You should know too that I do not want your ugly, I do not want your disease. That would indeed be a Bad Romance. I pray for your health and safety on your journey. So as you travel, Go! use your muscle, carve it out, work it, hustle, just stay close enough to get it, and just dance your way into Jerusalem to reclaim the glory of Christ!

With my deepest affection,

Lady Gaga
Inappropriate Musical Group Names based on Literature

Harry and the Potters is a damn successful group. Here is a list of hypothetical groups that would cause even the least conservative of parents to raise an eyebrow.

Literal Swiftianism
A flash in the pan band from Ireland, Literal Swiftianism made it to the United States just in time for the school year.

Planes Over Dresden
This group’s music is sure to fan the flames of any party. They are best known for their passion, heat, and for setting their venues on fire at the climax of their shows.

Seventh Circle
Blasphemy never sounded so good! Except for that one time in 1997 during the Copernicus and the Celestial Bodies tour.

Holden Caulfield’s Legacy
This band has been compared to such amazing rock groups as Lee Harvey and the Oswalds and Guiteau the Stalwart. Went out with a bang in 1980.

Titus Andronicus’ Pie
Great music to listen to during dinner, formal lunch, or while murdering family members for crimes committed against them.

Releasing the Doves
This group remained almost entirely off the charts, making them nearly invisible in the music world, yet they still affect their fans in a big way.

Sodom and Gomorrah
We couldn’t find one good song among all of their albums. They’re all great! You definitely should look back at this one.

Yossarian, Naked in a Tree
Borrowing their performance style from Red Hot Chili Peppers, this military music group wows the crowd with their funky Mozart cover, Piano Sonata in C Major Major Major Major.

MORE Inappropriate Musical Group Names Based on Literature

Patrick Bateman and the News
Dr. Faustus’ Contract
Dalton Ames and the Sisters
Steinbeck’s Preacher
Tearing Cinna
Double Plus Good
The Tree (PENIS)
Caddy’s Pastime
Red, Red Krovvy
Tipping the Velvet
Piggy’s Remains
The Ancient Mariner and the Albatross
It Wasn’t a Fucking Shark, Assholes
Soma
The Naked and the Dead
Mr. Rose’s Broken Rule
Stanley’s Time with Blanche

Guy Montag and The Fireman burn the roof off the mother.

by Jon Wooldridge, photos by Luke Burns
In the early stages of the Swine Flu Virus’ exciting journey throughout the globe, the Egyptian government slaughtered all of its pigs under the misguided assumption that the animals were the cause of H1N1’s spread. Unfortunately, it turned out the pigs were the only things keeping Cairo clean from trash, and now garbage is everywhere. The Zamboni decided to look to history for answers on why such a policy was implemented, and found that such responses to disease are actually somewhat of a hallowed tradition amongst Egyptian governments. Below are just a few of the more famous examples.

1348: THE BUBONIC PLAGUE

As the news of the Black Death reaches Egypt’s shores, the Mamluk Sultan acts quickly to prevent the disease from spreading. After careful thought, the sultan deduces that the color must be the key cause of the epidemic, and promptly orders that all of Cairo and Alexandria be painted white in what has since been called the first “Color Revolution.” To accomplish his audacious goal, the Sultan hires the finest painters from Marseilles, who arrive swiftly with lots of curious rodents in their boats. Alas, it seems the Frenchmen come too late, for days after they arrive the plague explodes in both the cities. Rotting corpses soon fill the streets and the Sultan, now believing the bodies to be the cause of the disease’s spread, demands more rats be brought in to consume the corpses as quickly as possible.

1830: CHOLERA

After a brief visit to Cairo, Wali Muhammed Ali heads westward with his entourage towards Alexandria. During an enjoyable afternoon of hunting, Muhammed is informed that one of his bodyguards has been infected with cholera. Remembering the gold and glories that await him in the West, Muhammed decides to ford the Nile in hopes of stopping at Tanta for supplies, medicine, and new axels. Tragically, during the crossing all of Muhammed’s oxen die, he loses 300 pounds of fresh meat, and his ailing bodyguard defecates copiously into the river as he is thrown overboard. Enraged, Muhammed decides that all he really wants to do is hunt, and refuses to continue the journey until many water buffalo, deer, and cats have fallen to his rifle. Within weeks a fifth of Cairo has contracted the disease from drinking contaminated water, and the state descends into an anarchic cycle of defecation and infection for the rest of the year.

1967: YEAST INFECTIONS

Seeking to improve the hygiene and cleanliness of “lady parts” throughout the Republic, President Abu Nasser officially decrees that all yeast within Cairo be destroyed immediately. The policy almost instantly causes widespread famine, superhypocarbodeficiency syndrome, and the growth of a horrendously corrupt black yeast market. Even worse, the presence of such vast quantities of unleavened bread incites an historic Exodus of Jews back into Egypt, otherwise known as the Six Days War.

1974: CHICKEN POX

In the fallout from the Yom Kippur War, President Anwar Sadat declares the now infamous “War on Poultry.” For the next two years, the Egyptian government works under extra double emergency powers and repeatedly detains, interrogates, and waterboards chickens in a flamboyant display of species profiling. When the torturing proves fruitless, and attempts to sell the detainees off to America as “Freerange waterboarded homeless chicken” fails to catch on, Sadat shifts strategy and declares that the cure could be found in the chickens themselves (a la snake venom). He orders that all children with chicken pox have live chickens rubbed over their bodies. Unfortunately, this caused the virus to mutate and kill off the chicken population all together.

1998: WEST NILE VIRUS

President Hosni Mubarak commands the movement of all Egyptians to the East side of the Nile. Chaos ensues.
### Volume: To Turn Up or Down

**POINT**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>Answer</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What the fuck? Why the hell is my room shaking?</td>
<td>Yeah man, gotta blast that sound!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turn that shit down, I’m trying to relax with some Bach.</td>
<td>Dude, you can’t enjoy DragonForce without blasting it, it’s like an unwritten rule.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seriously, I love music as much as the next guy, but I also love getting perfect scores on hearing tests.</td>
<td>Screw that, you have to feel those awesome power metal vibrations tearing your eardrums and the blood coursing down your face.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are you kidding me? It’s quiet hours and I have a goddamn test in the morning. Learn some common. fucking. courtesy.</td>
<td>Quiet hours? Quiet hours are for losers; I’m turning it all the way up to 11. That’s right, it’s so loud I just broke the dial. That’s what extreme power metal is all about.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last chance. If you don’t turn that down, my baseball bat and your speakers are going to have an unpleasant encounter.</td>
<td>What? I didn’t hear you. Speak up?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That’s it. You can’t hear me? Hang on one second… there. Finally some peace and quiet.</td>
<td>NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh my fucking god, are you ever quiet?</td>
<td>Hell no! Loud is the way to go!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**COUNTERPOINT**

Epic Fail: The Musical

Musicals are an increasingly common form of entertainment. When tastefully done on stage or on film, musicals provide a moving mixture of soaring voices and fantastic dance. Of course, taste is something in short supply. So behold, just a few of the worst musicals ever made, guaranteed to make you speak in monotone for weeks after watching.

#### Snakes in a Theatre

Eager to capitalize on the hype surrounding the movie, the Snakes in a Theatre musical was quickly rushed onto Broadway, complete with pheromone-soaked leis for every audience member. While the release of real snakes into the theatre during intermission made the mediocre story more exciting, ticketholders were, unfortunately, quickly rendered unconscious by the assortment of snake venom. Only the presence of mongeese left over from "Mongeese," the spin-off of "Cats," prevented total disaster. Following the debacle, star Samuel L. Jackson left the cast and started his now-renowned one man show, "Motherfucker," where he explores the myriad of tones and contexts that the popular phrase can take.

#### Preschool Musical

The widely anticipated prequel to the “High School Musical” trilogy, this latest installment failed to live up to its more educated predecessors. Fans missed the insightful songs about being yourself that were replaced by repetitive rhymes about playing with blocks and eating grass. Most also considered the choreography poorly executed with most of the actors wandering aimlessly in an uncoordinated mass. The biggest disappointment was the young Troy Bolton, who was seen picking his nose numerous times throughout the film. Facing falling ratings, Disney quickly pulled the program and replaced it with a montage of Zac Efron and Miley Cyrus photos, leading to a record rebound in viewers as millions of pre-teen girls nationwide flocked to nearby TVs.

#### The Carbon Cacophony

Envisioned as a way to bridge the interests of humanities and science majors, this Tufts production sought to present the wonder of organic chemistry in a fun, melodious method. The first act was lauded for its clever mixture of musical and chemical concepts in “Resonating Resonance [Structures]” and many praised the realism of the screams of pain in the chorus of “The 16M HCL Shuffle.” Unfortunately the second act was a disaster after audience members were disgusted by the graphic dance for “Attack my Backside” where leading man, Michael Crawford, played a 1-Bromo-ethane engaged in a Sn2 reaction.

by Rembrandt Q. Einstein
**Cosigns**

Cousins Hal Fredson (Mel Gibson) and James Cratson (Jeff Goldblum) are just two average, jovial farmer-scientist ex-CIA agents working the land on their corn farm in rural Nebraska. Everything is going well for the cousins until one fateful day, when Hal discovers a mysterious isosceles triangle has been formed in one of their fields. Over the next few days, the triangles begin appearing everywhere. Sensing something is amiss, the cousins sit down and do the one thing they know best: cold, hard trigonometry. After six tense hours, James discovers that the ratio of the adjacent to the hypotenuse on the angle not given is always the exact same: 37 degrees. Hal realizes instantly that this is a sign of a coming alien invasion, and the two try desperately to warn the government and other townspeople of the coming disaster. Nobody listens. Three days later, a massive alien ship...

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**Raveheart**

Combining the historical accuracy of “300” with the inspiring realism of “Bollywood Footloose,” “Raveheart” follows the life story of Punjilliam Ndallace (Shia Labeouf), a virile, angsty native from the small town of Sihora in British occupied India. The movie opens with young Ndallace following his father (Kevin Bacon) to a tea and crumpets peace conference occurring between highland elders and representatives from England. Ndallace arrives late only to discover that his father and all the other elders have been massacred. Eventually, Ndallace’s wily uncle (Ian McKellan) takes the boy in and teaches him how to channel his natural energy into combat dancing. Ndallace grows up quickly, and begins having secret dance parties with his girl next door love interest, Bipasha Kaif (Sophie Marceau). Then one day, the British proclaim all dancing illegal in the highlands, and kill Bipasha for exercising her freedom to dance. Ndallace is sent into a frenzy, and in June 1946 incites the infamous “Rage Against the Raj” party, where he and his fellow Sihorans massacre an entire British fort with their killer moves. Soon the dance movement grows throughout the highlands, with the commoners uniting around the one man who knows how to fight for his right to party. However, the noblemen remain nervous, and particularly young Ghandi the Bruce (Orson Wells), whose wicked father convinces him that he must oppose Ndallace for commercial gain. Ghandi’s betrayal is revealed at the final moments of the Indian’s defeat at the Party-battle of La’lkirk, where Ndallace kicks off Ghandi’s mask and gets super sad and angsty. Nonetheless, Ndallace’s adventures continue for another six hours or so, until he is captured and brutally executed by the British. Audience members are sure to never forget the hero’s famous last cries of “Paaaaaaaaarrrrttyyyyy!!! Paaaaaaaaarrrrrttyyyyy!!!”

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**What Chickens Want**

Mel Gibson returns as advertising executive Nick Marshall in this romantic comedy sequel to “What Women Want.” After the death of his late wife, Nick is sent into a tailspin of drunken debauchery and marathon sessions of minesweeper. Things only look worse when he is told that he will be fired unless he cracks the most elusive and desirable market in the universe: bourgeois chicks. At first, Nick is vehemently against the idea, since his father raised him to treat chickens as animals. Yet he comes around to the idea, and decides to get in the mindset by cross-species dressing, eating eggs whole and then trying to lay them, flying, and preening his body hair. Unfortunately, Nick had forgotten to clean up some toxic waste from the previous evening’s revelries, and falls directly into the pool in his avian experiment. Hilarity ensues when he wakes up the next morning to find that he can hear the innermost thoughts of all the poultry around him, and he discovers that his newly appointed boss (a resurrected Judy Garland) is also a chicken. Despite his best efforts to the contrary, Nick falls madly in love with his “HotHen” boss, and finally learns to respect and understand chickens.

Photos by Ryan Oliveira
Good afternoon, fellow people-who-no-longer-want-to-live-in-ignorance-of-the-truth. Today, I came to a shocking realization: your average MBTA bus has more security cameras in it than your average local bank branch. Your average bank branch is required by federal law to have access to at least $100,000 at any time, and the average amount made by a single bus in a day in cash probably amounts to less $200 now that Charlie Cards and electronic methods of payment are so popular (see previous issue for the horrible truth behind American Express), this would seem ridiculous to the average person. Ridiculous? Maybe. Or maybe the average person just wouldn’t look hard enough. And by “maybe” I mean “this is what I am implying, and am currently going to prove.”

So we’ve established that the MBTA buses have ridiculous security, and thus must be hiding something of value. I closely inspected the bus that I ride once a day to and from the sex shop in Porter Square, where I buy flavored lubricant that I use to save money by not buying a non-stick pan, but could find nothing. Obviously, it is hidden better than can be uncovered using a souvenir magnifying glass and Education Insights Sonic Sleuth, although the driver’s breathing did sound distinctly reptilian… but that didn’t tell me anything I didn’t already know. However, the bus driver did get rather aggravated and threaten to kick me off the bus when I tried to investigate the area behind his chair, so I was probably on to something.

A quick web search revealed that the MBTA formed in 1964, and began to dominate public transit in 1965…1965! That was the year with all the Vietnam War protests! I might be on to something… we already know that the Vietnam war was all a clever ruse by the government to keep the American people from noticing the Salacal War with Mars… that’s it! IT ALL MAKES SENSE!

Until just now, I couldn’t figure out how the government managed to convince so many people that they had fought, been injured in, disillusioned, and/or killed in Vietnam…but the buses are the missing link. Obviously, the buses’ precious cargo is some sort of mobile brainwave-altering broadcast device to keep people from questioning Vietnam…

It’s all so simple. Johnson, who was known to occasionally eat lunch at Tony’s Pizzeria, the home of the finest pizza in Boston, did not anticipate all the anti-Vietnam sentiment. The rallies in 1965 convinced him that he needed a long-term plan to make sure the American people didn’t find out about the hoax and tear him and his human host body to pieces, so he had the Commonwealth of Massachusetts found the MBTA as an experimental mind-control organization. It must have succeeded, because there are now similar transportation networks in nearly every major city, and nearly everyone still believes the lie that is the Vietnam War.

As usual, warn your friends…those that will listen. Show your family…those that will see. And lead those you care most about to this…those that will stroke the sweet, pulsating fountainhead of preserving American Freedom.

This has been Chet Gezicht, saying what few know and fewer wish you to know, and also protecting sweet, milky American Freedom since 2002.

Chet Gezicht was among the first to discover the truth behind September 11th, and its link to General Mills. He also served on the moderating staff at Conservapedia for 3 days in June of 2007 before they kicked him off for posting that Rush Limbaugh was “being too soft on the AIDS babies.” He can be reached at plenevolaticusscriptor@hotmail.com.
“I want to rock and roll all night and part of every day.” - Rock and Roll All Night, KISS

“Let’s pee in the corner, let’s pee in the spotlight.” - Losing My Religion, R.E.M.

“I want to rock and roll all night and part of every day.” - Rock and Roll All Night, KISS

“Hold me closer, Tony Danza.” - Tiny Dancer, Elton John

“Scuse me while I kiss this guy.” - Purple Rain, Prince