THE NOOB ISSUE

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A Word from the Editor

Well, folks, it's a brand new year, and for those of us who start this semester as old senior fogeys, with its advent come rushing back the memories of our entire college experience like last night's Canadian Club up our gullets.

But with every generation that turns old, there arrives on its heels a new wave of freshmen, ready to be easily corrupted! In their honor, we dedicate our first issue of the year to these young'uns - and oh boy, do we have quite the sendoff for you! Hats will be waved, confetti thrown, and a chorus of trumpets will herald your arrival to college, the promised land where honey flows like water! Well, actually, due to budget issues, we’ve had to cut the hats, confetti trumpets, and honey, but we still have a great issue for you folks. Need advice on what to do and what not to do as a freshman? Our reporters have made a list just for you! Keep reading and you might even find a heads up on new buildings, new classes, and new babies! We are also pleased to announce a new Zamboni Infographic center on our back inside cover. You know it's science because it has the graphs and everything.

Finally, we’d like to thank last year's staff for all their hard work and apologize for their untimely demise in the Sarlacc after we mistakenly vibro-axed their jetpacks. Bon voyage!

Ain't that a kick in the head?

Angry Stare Baby Says...

Come to the Zamboni!

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**Drunken Make-Outs Increase by 17% at This Year’s Fall Ball**

By Laura Rathsmill

Results from this year’s post-Fall Ball survey on student behavior frazzled many members of the Tufts community. The data found that instances of dance attendees face-sucking while “hooched up” rose by 17% from last year’s levels. “Clearly the new freshmen like it sloppy,” one surveyor commented grimly. The Office for Campus Life (OCL) and the Programming Board were surprised at the findings, given that they stepped up the presence of the Tufts University Police Department for the express purpose of limiting this year’s drunken canoodling.

In a recent meeting of OCL, many members cited global warming and excitement over the upcoming midterm elections as major factors in this year’s increase in sloshed hanky-panky. The surveyors speculate that separation-anxiety over President Larry Bacow’s final year serving Tufts and stress over the dining halls’ new trayless initiative have created a sense of desperation in the student body, resulting in more intoxicated “hook-ups.”

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**Tisch Masturbator Remains in Race, No Chalk Violations**

By Daniel Testa

The Tufts elections commissions issued a series of announcements that are sure to shake up the ongoing search for a new university president.

First, the Tisch Masturbator has been allowed to remain in contention after the commission found that exposing himself to others did not constitute a violation of the rules governing advertising. “He didn’t chalk anywhere he shouldn’t have, so his case was pretty strong,” explained judicial advocate Jessica Dowbins. Supporters were ecstatic to hear that their hero was still being allowed to run. Explained one ardent fan: “Everyone has a voice: homosexuals, heterosexuals, transsexuals, everyone but the autosexual who doesn’t want anyone else. I like taking care of business on my own, and that is what this man is all about.”

ECOM also ruled that the dis-incorporated spirit of Jumbo could not run for office. The main issue was a question of whether or not the cost in human souls to summon Jumbo from the netherworld exceeded the $2,000 cap on campaign spending. Supporters argued that based on the wages of workers in China and Mexico, the cost of a summoning would fall below the cut-off. However, ECOM officials decided that “while based on wages alone, the conversion of dollars to souls is below the limit. However, importing the said souls would add so many fees and charges that it would be too expensive.”

When asked for comment on the developments in the search for his replacements, President Bacow appeared confused and declined to answer.
Supreme Court Justice Sonia Sotomayor was arrested today in Pirtleville, Arizona, after local police suspected her of being an illegal immigrant. Justice Sotomayor, in fact a legal citizen of the United States, had been walking down the street after enjoying a quiet brunch in the small town when she was accosted by two armed police officers. The officers demanded that Sotomayor present her documentation of citizenship, as required by the current Arizona state immigration law. Justice Sotomayor, who at first thought the situation was an ironic demonstration against the law, laughed and continued walking. The police officers then drew their weapons on the Supreme Court Justice, threatening to shoot if she did not cooperate. Justice Sotomayor immediately submitted and was incarcerated.

Justice Sotomayor spent that night in jail, prohibited from making phone calls (police feared that she would summon her “Mexican allies”). While Sotomayor herself is not yet speaking about this part of the episode, one of her cellmates, Esteban Rodriguez, recounts his experience. “I just kept thinking, ‘Isn’t that the Supreme Court Justice?’ I mean, she kept shouting that anyway. I figured that somebody in the police department would have recognized her, or at least done a Google image search.”

The next morning, fellow Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas, who had been dining with Sotomayor the day before, stopped by the precinct to place a missing persons report. Upon entering, Thomas spotted Sotomayor, looking disheveled and disillusioned, sitting in the corner of her cell. Justice Thomas immediately bailed out his partner in law, and the two returned to Supreme Court Headquarters.

The Pirtleville Police Department is currently facing severe criticism and public outcry regarding the incident. When asked to explain his actions, Judd Richards, one of the police officers that arrested Sotomaor, said, “That’s just the way the law works around here. We figured she was a maid or something.” Richards’s partner, Robert White, claimed, “All these illegals are a threat to our country. We can’t have them working hard and doing stuff here. It’s un-American.”

Social and political scientists predict that this debacle will be the final nail in the coffin for Arizona’s immigration law, and effectively prevent any future legislation of the sort. In her first public statement regarding the incident, Justice Sotomayor stated, “I have never in my life been witness to such a dearth of humanity. I have known of and admonished Arizona’s wretched immigration law, deeming it nothing more than glorified racial profiling. But to be personal subjected to such hideous, blatant racism has thoroughly and undoubtedly convinced me of the abominable nature of these supposed defenders of freedom. In summation, this shit is ridiculous.”

Students and faculty alike have been stunned by the mysterious appearance earlier this week of a new building on campus. The building, which is situated in the weird little non-courtyard behind Lewis, is constructed in a gothic style, with hauntingly realistic gargoyles guarding the only doorway in or out. “I don't understand it,” says Brick Diggmore, Tufts' director of renovations “Nothing in my files indicates anything on that site other than the double-memorial [for the Indian burial ground that was bulldozed on a few months ago and the tragic slaughter of those teens last summer].” He added that it was probably nothing, and for nobody to lose their heads over it.

In addition, and stranger still, shortly after the building appeared on campus, every student received an e-mail asking them to sign up for “Ex-College” courses, all of which meet in the building and are abbreviated on SIS as "MRDR". The classes range from “Applications Of Bloodpainting In The Modern Political Climate” to “Phlebotomy 21” to “Intro to Medieval Torture.”

Students have been surprisingly receptive to the new building. Ivan Dozink, a Lewis resident, told the Zamboni “It's really convenient that, for once, I finally have a class I can just roll out of bed and be at. I mean, sure, the portraits on the walls all look like they're staring at me, and I've had the front door slam shut after me a few times as creepy organ music filtered through the foyer, but that just seems natural with a new building.” Incidentally, if anyone has seen Mr. Dozink in the past 48 hours, please call the Missing Persons hotline.

In the wake of these such student disappearances, Tufts University has established the Tufts University Busts Ghosts In Real Life initiative, spearheaded by the Chair of the Mathematics Department, Dr. Peter Venkman, PhD. More developments are sure to follow.
Netanyahu Rejects Settlement Freeze, “Hates” his Winter Jacket

By EMMA GOLDSTEIN

Israeli Prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu refused to freeze Israeli settlements in the West Bank this past month after throwing a hissy fit at the Sharm el-Sheikh summit.

After tenuous debates about borders and security, Mahmoud Abbas, President of the Palestinian Authority, sensed that Netanyahu was not sharing the true reason behind his reservations to make necessary concessions for peace.

Abbas said, “Benny was being really weird about the whole thing. Every time we got close to some sort of compromise, he would stop talking and make a pouty face. It was pretty lame.”

Netanyahu denies the behavior. “Mahmoud was being really annoying about it. Like, I just didn’t want to give in to him. He needed to chill. It’s not always about him.” Netanyahu said.

Later in the week, it was revealed that the freezing of settlements was a frightening prospect for Netanyahu. Beyond the potential political repercussions of the choice, Netanyahu would have to wear his winter coat in the freezing conditions.

A close advisor to Netanyahu commented under the condition of anonymity. He said, “I completely understand where he’s coming from. A freeze would mean taking out that parka from ’94. That thing has more polyester in it than Mary Kate and Ashley’s clothing line at WalMart.”

Netanyahu’s uniformed security guards grunted in agreement.

Netanyahu’s top fashion advisor worked on a quick down parka design to help his country. However, Netanyahu said, “You cannot solve this issue with a quick fix, or a magic bullet. This conflict is nuanced, a tapestry of problems. I at least need a wool Sherpa blend.”

Mamayahu, Netanyahu’s mother, said that it was time Netanyahu tried the old coat from the basement. She said, “My babushkalah Benny has got to try a coat. I have been telling him for ages. We have a perfectly good one in the closet. So it does not look like all the other coats at the General Assembly? Who cares? It will keep him warm!”

The United States tried to intercede. After President Barack Obama and Netanyahu went a shopping spree to Eastern Mountain Sports, Netanyahu seemed to be more open to considering the freeze. He was seen donning a black North Face fleece while enjoying falafel with Abbas.

This summer, spurred on by the knowledge that chimps everywhere were disarming snare traps, I journeyed to Africa: the heart of chimp society. There, I discovered something that would shock even M. Night Shyamalan. (Editor’s Note - it did shock him.)

I expected to find the usual signs of intelligent advancement among the animals; tribal society, basic territorial acceptance, that sort of thing. I was astounded to find that they were cutting their food up using crude knives made out of a wooden stick for a hilt and a sharpened stone for a blade.

Also, I was greeted by a robot that learned human speech in a matter of minutes. It was all very reminiscent of something Pierre Boule would write, except that this time, the twist involved a robot rather than it being earth.

The implications of this discovery are incredibly exciting. That these apes are making tools demonstrates an obvious trend in the development of higher intelligence in the species. Tools are the first thing that sets a species apart from simple survival instinct, as they allow for more efficient use of time. I wouldn't be surprised if within the decade, their robots have built-in mp3 players.

Another interesting note about their society was the control panel that seemed to be for ranged control of the robot. The panel also had several other sets of identical controls. This indicates the development of skilled craftsmanship, as well as the presence of other robots. When I asked Jane Goodall, the premier expert on chimps, if she knew anything about this, she told me to "mind [my] own business, human *bzzt*."
BP Announces End to Combat Operations in the Gulf

By Nate Gilmore

LONDON – British Petroleum CEO Robert Dudley declared an end on Wednesday to the six month combat mission in and against the Gulf of Mexico, saying that the company had fulfilled its responsibilities to the region and must now move on to dealing with some serious shit back home that he did not even want to talk about.

Mr. Dudley gave the announcement as part of his annual address to the Young Men’s Lyceum for the Spifflication of Non-Human Organic Matter (YMLSNHOM), carefully balancing approbation for the successful conclusion of the campaign with caution for the seas ahead.

“It rather appears the evidence is as clear as day, if you’ll pardon my pun,” said Mr. Dudley, in the disarmingly endearing tone of a British commander at his triumphant afternoon tea. “In six short months we have freed the decayed detritus of millions of years past from the rapacious despotism of organic sea creatures. The Gulf has at last become the noxious pit of desolation and stability that we and the inorganic matter of the region dreamed it could become. While we are proud of our role in the successful destruction of life in a region infamous for its tyrannical biodiversity, we could not have done it without our Coalition of the Spilling. From the willful ignorance of the Deepwater boys to the concrete-mixing incompetence of the Haliburtonians, this was, from the beginning, a multilateral yet univocal quest for freedom. I think I speak for all of us when I say to the inorganic matter of the Gulf: You’re bloody welcome.”

Mr. Dudley’s words represent the passing of a significant milestone in the saga of Operation: Oil Storm, but for many it conjured images of the war’s controversial beginnings. BP launched the operation under its former CEO, Tony Hayward, as part of a concerted effort across the globe to crush organic extremists—or “non-humanoid animal combatants”—through the controversial policy of contemptive strikes. The announcement gave the media much to reflect on as well, from their early euphoria over opening footage of weapons of mass combustion being released into the Gulf on shaky, low-resolution cameras during the initial bombardment, to their later reports that some of the animals—including the notorious avian despot Pelicles Dussdain—had managed to elude the surging flows of BP’s Special Operations Oil.

One reporter, a Mr. Tritus Androgenous, was heard loudly saying “sheeeit” after the announcement.

While the official combat operations may be over, however, that does not mean that BP is removing its presence entirely from the region. On the contrary, almost 50,000 barrels of oil will remain deployed to “thwart and resist” any animals still attempting to rule the Gulf. Mr. Dudley cautioned that we should not be overly confident, for radical life still exists in parts of the Gulf. Hoping to temper unexpected odium from the anthropic members of regions proximate to the Gulf, Mr. Dudley admitted the advancement of inorganic freedom came at a heavy price, but defended the decision as necessary. “The Gulf will stand as a symbol of success for the rest of the equatorial oceans of what can be gained by garrotting the cruel autocracy of life and craft from the void of what’s left a spiritless petrocracy where all inorganic fossil fuels extracted from the earth have equal rights.

“There are those cynics,” Mr. Dudley continued with increasingly apoplectic energy, “who believe the only reason we entered Gulf was because of our oil interests. Such cowards do not take seriously enough the reality that the threat of life is everywhere, and everywhere it must be met by vicious, viscous power. Tonight I have a message for those animals remaining in the Gulf, resisting their indomitable fate: we will find you, we will eat you, and if we can not eat you we will eradicate everything around you with an unending plume of black, righteous fury.”

Mr. Dudley then smashed his cup of top-notch Russian Darjeeling on the podium, cried Dixi, and exited.
ZAMBONI SAYS: Do either of you ever partake in alcohol-fueled rendezvous?
HE SAYS: Of course I do! Dude, I smash at least one person every weekend. I mean, who doesn’t love getting laid?
SHE SAYS: Eeeew, that’s gross! Who are these girls you do it with?!
HE SAYS: Whuh? Why would I learn their names…?
SHE SAYS: Because… well, it’s rude not to. We like to be remembered.
HE SAYS: But half the time I don’t remember anything at all…
ZAMBONI SAYS: So what about you? Do you ever indulge in the occasional night of carnal release?
SHE SAYS: Me? Well… uh… I, um, like to have fun when I can.
HE SAYS: What kind of fun?
SHE SAYS: … All kinds…
HE SAYS: You mean, like, playing Frisbee? Or more, like, ya know, bedroom stuff –
ZAMBONI SAYS: That’s my leg.
HE SAYS: Oh, my bad.
ZAMBONI SAYS: Don’t worry about it. Regardless of frequency, I hope the two of you use protection when you are having sex. As I’m sure you know, casual sex has become a very dangerous game.
SHE SAYS: Of course, I always practice safe sex. I take birth control every morning. I don’t want to play the lottery each weekend.

HE SAYS: You mean, like, gambling? That’s just a total, like, money drain, you know. My uncle who got addicted to gambling and lost everything –
ZAMBONI SAYS: That’s not the point. Do you have safe sex?
HE SAYS: Well yeah dude, I always lock the door. I don’t want my roommate seeing that. Oh and I always pull out in time. I’ve got it down to a mathematical formula.
SHE SAYS: Hey, I have a math formula for you. What does you, plus me, plus my single room equal?
HE SAYS: Uh… shit… I dunno, fun?
ZAMBONI SAYS: Again, you just stroked my –
SHE SAYS: Mmm-hmm… what kind of fun?
HE SAYS: Board games?
SHE SAYS: Well… no… try again?
HE SAYS: Uhm… it’s such a nice day, we could get some exercise.
SHE SAYS: Much warmer…
ZAMBONI SAYS: [mumbling] What a fucking idiot…
HE SAYS: Oh! You mean sex! [Does that douche-y finger-snapping thing, and moves his chair closer to table and Zamboni reporter] Man I love being interviewed! This is so much fun I can hardly –
ZAMBONI SAYS: Seriously dude. Stop rubbing my legs. It’s weird.
HE SAYS: Uh… sorry? I thought I was getting some good vibrations from you.

SHE SAYS: You should try rubbing me instead… [scoots chair very close to HIM]
ZAMBONI SAYS: No vibrations from me. At all. Let’s focus here…
HE SAYS: Really? Nothing? This is embarrassing.
SHE SAYS: You’re telling me…
ZAMBONI SAYS: Changing the subject! How many people have each of you hooked up with? That you remember?
SHE SAYS: A number is only a number… that just keeps increasing… so it’s more of a variable?
HE SAYS: I definitely can’t count that high on my fingers… or toes.
SHE SAYS: That’s okay, it isn’t your brain that turns me on…
ZAMBONI SAYS: Hey, guys, gimme a bre—
HE SAYS: Don’t worry man, everyone gets a little nervous the first time…
ZAMBONI SAYS: Get your fucking hand out of my crotch! [stands up rapidly] You know what, this piece is over. I can’t deal with this shit today… [walks quickly out of office, muttering curses] Where’s my fucking liquor…
HE SAYS: What a douche!
SHE SAYS: You took the words right out of my mouth. But maybe you can replace them with something else…
HE SAYS: Totally! Let’s get some lunch, I’m starving!
WUM 0001
INTRO TO WUMBOLOGY

Systematic survey of the field of wumbology, covering important general principles in the topics of wumbological development, wumbological processes, wumboing, I wumbo, he, she, me wumbo, et al. But really, you should have already learned this stuff in first grade. It’s pretty basic.

Sections
02819  WUM000102                 F+TR          Jenkins, Old M.  1.0

PBS 0030
POINTLESS BULLSHIT IN SOCIETY

Bullshit and its various forms and uses in the contemporary United States. Intersections of bull, horseshit, shit, dogshit, bunk, and hogwash with emphasis on bullshit of the pointless variety. Will be examining bullshit in the labor force, families, the state, and in sexual and emotional life in-depth. All bullshit learned in this course will be completely and utterly useless in any and all capacities after completion. Why? Because fuck you, that’s why.

Sections
03093    PBS003001            E+MW Davy, Alan  1.0

PSC  0012
PHYSICS OF SIEGECRAFT

A detailed review and study of the physical concepts involved in the besieging of linear and complex fortifications. Topics include canon firing geometry, optimization of gate breaking forces, and the applications of time dilation in night raiding. Students are expected to demonstrate progress through individually designed scale models, and the final examination is a group assault on the Brandies castle. Prerequisites: Catapult Construction and Art of Pillaging or Mechanical Engineering major.

Sections
07362   PSC000012             J+TR  Gothmog              1.0

EEC 102
ELECTRONOMICS

A seminar on the history and future of subatomic commodities exchanges. The fundamentals of electron-based transactions are examined, with special consideration for diminishing investment returns for multiple ionization periods. Class discussions will focus on issues in the field such as the role of the government in imposing tariffs on foreign neutron imports and the development of micro-quark loans to spark growth in underdeveloped proton markets.

Sections
01010  EEC000102             ARR      Smith, Adom     1.0

PGS  032
PEACE AND GEOLOGY STUDIES

Covers the basics of geological conflicts on both national and international levels. Students will begin by learning alternative, peaceful methods for addressing seemingly irreconcilable issues such as intercontinental plate warfare and deeply impressed epochal "sedimentism." The course will then proceed to compare and contrast seminal perspectives such as FeminoVulcanism and Pan-Oceanic Ghandiism in relation to controversial events such as the exact length of the Ordovician period and the use of cosmogenic radionuclide dating for measuring the speed of erosion.

Sections
04540  PGS00032              E MWF  Peters, Samantha  1.0

ICG 025
COMMUNICATION GEOMETRY

Introduction to the aesthetic, technical, and typographical intricacies of Webdings 4. Use of classical Euclidean theorems for real world problems of airplanes, directional arrows, bold directional arrows, italicized directional arrows, snowflakes, clocks, and other forms of directional arrows.

Sections
00612    ICG000035 ARR          @rt, T!mothy       1.0
1. Tell them how drunk you were this weekend. Do this as many times as possible.

2. Casually mention your high school accomplishments and activities, such as student government member, leader of the flute choir (note: must be called “The B Sharps”), or perfect attendance. Remember, everyone still genuinely cares about all the shit you did in high school! Extra points if you “accidently” let your SAT score slip.

3. Refer to those strangers/hallmates you’ve been clinging to for the past month as your “crew” or “group of friends.” Tell elaborate stories about all three times you’ve partied with them. Begin with the opener: “So this one party we went to…” (Note: this is a great opportunity for you to segue into asking them what they’re doing this weekend.)

4. Comment on the general nerdiness of the Tufts’ student body. Upperclassmen will understand that by “nerdiness,” you really mean “mental superiority.”

5. If someone mentions their friend who is attending state school, scoff. Then quickly follow up with an anecdote about your “old best friend” who now goes to Harvard. (Note: whenever you mention Harvard, make sure you add an insulting remark about the university, as it is a sore subject for many Jumbos. The least you could do is pronounce it “Hahvahd.”)

6. Awkwardly draw attention to said upperclassmen’s embarrassing regional accent.

7. Complain about how hard Bio 13 is. Remember, there’s no way that they have experienced the pain you’re going through, so describe each homework and lab assignment in detail.

8. Ask them their major. Don’t accept “undecided” as an answer! Drill them until you can get a definitive major. Be sure to laugh if they say Peace and Justice Studies.

9. Ask them where they’re from. Don’t forget to roll your eyes if they say “New Jersey.”

10. Remember to find out their political party affiliation before you start making fun of Republicans!

11. Constantly refer to yourself as a Jumbo.

12. Talk about all the “good times” you had with your orientation group.

13. Mention the lack of paper towels in the dorms. Upperclassmen surely have never heard about this, and will be fascinated by your insight.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Laura Rathsmill has served as a freshman at Tufts University since 1994.
You Don't Play Guitar

By A REAL GUITARIST

That's it. I'm tired of this bullshit. Every day I walk around and I see at least one douchebag trying to impress a girl (or worse, a group of girls) by "playing guitar," if you could even call it that. Folks, I'm here to tell you something: if you learned how to play three chords on the cheap acoustic your parents bought you for your birthday, you don't know how to play guitar. If you only know how to play "Wonderwall," "Free Fallin'," the opening of "Stairway to Heaven," "Smells Like Teen Spirit," or "Good Riddance," you can't play guitar. Okay, do you know who these people are? Jeff Beck, Al Di Meola, Django Reinhardt, Jimi Hendrix, John Frusciante, Chuck Berry, Alex Lifeson, Jerry Garcia, Duane Allman, Tom Morello, Steve Howe. What? Dave Matthews? Fuck you.

Seriously, it's getting old fast. I started playing guitar when I was six. I learned on a crap nylon-string that was never in tune, but I didn't care; I practiced whenever I got the chance, and I saved up money I got from washing dishes in the back of a dirty Red Lobster to buy a secondhand Strat knock-off. I can sight-read and learn a song by ear after listening to it once.

Can you play a C# diminished add flat 6th add 10/F chord? You're shit. And I swear, if I see you hitting your acoustic like it's some glorified fucking drum box I will take it and smash it over your head. Wait, tell me who you know who Pete Townshend is. No? Good lord. I'm going to do that to you. I'm going to do that to any other assholes like you. I know there are more of you. You don't deserve all the love, the attention, the glory! Why? Why do they give it to you? I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.

...fine. You win. But I'm not going to sink to your level. I'm going to go practice soloing over Lydian modes. I'll see you in Hell.

Post-Orientation Groups and You

By TYLER COREY

A lot of freshmen make a big deal about their pre-orientation groups. All of the Wilderness folks brag about eating food off of the ground and running around naked, FOCUS slept in churches, and FIT... well, I don't really know what people in FIT did. But yeah, mention pre-orientation around a bunch of freshmen, and you're sure to be bombarded by stories about nudity or a lack of showering, things that are apparently entertaining. Oh, there were orientation groups too, but whatever.

Well, there seems to be a new trend starting here at Tufts now that freshmen orientation is over. People seem to be clustering together, forming new groups of their own. The attraction seems to come from shared experiences of individual members, common interests, and compatible personality types. These entities can be as small as a pair or as large as (in theory) ten people. There isn't really a name for these things, so I think I'll take this opportunity to give them one: Post-Orientation Groups (or POGs for short).

The dynamics of post-orientation groups might seem infinitely complex to an uninitiated outsider, but in reality, the inner-workings of POGs are quite simple. A POG might initially be formed by two individuals that enjoy spending time together (for whatever reason). The two founders then, usually, attempt to expand the POG by associating with other freshmen until more members join the conglomerate. However, all is not always well within the post-orientation groups. Conflicts frequently occur, and while most are petty and quickly resolved, some grow to become so divisive that they lead to the ultimate implosion of the POG. Post-orientation groups consisting of mixed gender members at times fall victim to such dissolution – at times sexual tension and/or competition between POG members might alienate people from the group. Such estranged froshes claim that things had just gotten "too awkward."

Even upperclassmen have post-orientation groups, which somehow were formed before freshmen orientation even started. I'm not really sure how that works. In many ways, they're sort of like the Universe – we know they came from somewhere; we're just not really where, why, or how. They function, in many ways, very similarly to freshmen POGs. In fact, many freshmen are more than willing to abandon their own post-orientation group in order to gain acceptance into an upperclassmen POG. I am currently studying such behavior – I plan on immersing myself in upperclassmen POG α = 257 and publishing any subsequent research. I am excited, yet intimidated, about the venture, but I am willing to make any sacrifices required of me. For science!

About the Author: Tyler Corey is the youngest ever recipient of the Hofenhofsterson award for sociology following his research on cheerleader-football captain relationships.
Hey guys, do you have any bricks? Guys? No? You sure? Gosh, okay then. I just thought I’d check. It sure is great to have the whole family gathered around here for some Board Games. We just don’t get to do this enough, do we? Well, we’re here now, and that’s what matters. Have I mentioned that I’m looking for bricks by the way? Nobody? Okay, well I’m not too worried. I’m sure we’ll roll a four soon enough and I can start building roads to that sheep port over there. That’s your dad for you, huh guys, always optimistic! God is this fun!

Hey guys, now I know that some of you have bricks. Sarah, I’m looking at you. Hey Sarah? I’m pretty sure you got some bricks a few turns ago didn’t you? You used them? Sarah I know that’s a lie. You’ve only built two roads and I know you picked up three bricks. Yes, okay, I was asking rhetorically, all right Sarah? Now would you like to trade that brick to your ol’ Dad for, oh I don’t know, how about some sheep? You like sheep, don’t you Sarah?

What do you mean no? Sarah, I need bricks, what don’t you understand? I have no roads Sarah, I can’t do anything. I can’t believe my own daughter is condemning me to be Poland right now. If you don’t trade with me Sarah, you’re no better than Hitler. Nadine stop it, stop defending her. You should never defend Hitler, Nadine. Yes, she is too equivalent! Yes, Sarah, I do understand that this is a game, thank you. Now I want you to try to understand that I’m your father, and what I really need from you right now are some bricks. I’ll tell you what, let’s set up a hypothetical scenario, Sarah, so you can understand, okay? How about, next week, you need allowance to go out with your friends, and I tell you no, because I don’t love you, I’m a German fascist, and I want you to be like Poland. That wouldn’t feel good, would it Sarah?

No, it wouldn’t. No one likes to be Poland, Sarah. That’s what I thought.

Hey have you guys noticed that we haven’t rolled a single four? Yes? Yeah, me too, ‘cause that’s where I’m supposed to get bricks from, and it’s funny, ‘cause we haven’t rolled it once. It’s almost as though these dice are loaded. Hah! I’m about to start suspecting somebody here of cheating! Now I’m not going to say whom I’m suspecting, but I will say that it’s someone I’ve suspected of cheating before. What? Oh, no I wasn’t implying anything Nadine. Why, what makes you so sensitive to that comment?

Oh, oh okay then, I see how it is. Yeah! First why don’t you just stop my entire brick supply by taking the best spots on the board and then just deny giving yourself away to Mr. Seiller at Parent-Teacher Conferences! Yes, yes I said it, do you feel deprived yet? Because I know I do—of more than one thing! Yes, that’s right Sarah, it is gross. Now, stop, honey, stop. Listen, you’re being overly emotional. Look, we’ll deal with that another time, but right now, I have about five sheep and I really need to trade with you for some bricks because I just know Benny’s going to roll a goddamn seven like he always does. The least you could do for the father of your children is give him some bricks now that you’ve ruined his house, you trollop of Babylon!

Well kids, looks like its just us now huh? Just the kids and the Big Dads, hangin out. Boy is this fun! And look at me! I certainly had a tough position there but now I’m just one road away from my port! Say Benny, bud, old pal. I need to talk to you. Now son, I know you have bricks. How do I know? Benny, that’s irrelevant. Yes, it is Benny. Stop it. Stop. Okay, fine, listen: I looked at your hand while you were comforting Mom okay? Are you happy? Now just stop. Life isn’t fair Benny, get over it stop mewing like a stoned kitten. What? Yes, okay, fine I realize it’s not my turn, thank you Sarah. Just calm down. There’s no need to get upset. Now as I was—Benny? Ben? What’re you doin’ there? I know that’s not- I mean, Benny are you doing what I think you’re doing? ’Cause it looks like you’ve just paid two cards for a road and are now hovering that road above the one route I have to the sheep port. But that can’t be right, can it? You wouldn’t do that to old Dad, would you Ben? Benny? Benny!

Benjamin Donald Morgendue I want you to think very carefully right now about you’re doing. Think, Benny, just—

OH YOU LITTLE SHIT. I SWEAR TO CHRIST BENNY I AM SO FUCKED RIGHT NOW AND IT’S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU AND STUPID FUCKING BRICKS! I WISH YOU WERE NEVER BORN YOU SPAWN OF SATAN, YOU REINCARNATED TAPE WORM, YOU INSIDIOUS SON OF A—WHAT?!

What?
What’s that Sarah? What do you mean I can just go around him? I can?
I—Oh. Ohhhhhhhh. Oh.....
When I finally received my much-anticipated copy of *Kidz Bop 31* in the mail, I was filled with excitement. The group had impressed me in the past, and since their debut album in 2001, fans everywhere have been hanging on to their every release, wondering what pop smashes they will reinvent, which star vocalists will get the honor of imitating Rihanna or Usher, and of course, how they will keep pushing the envelope as they have been doing over and over again.

Much to my disappointment, *31* seems to have found a limit to all of these things. The album as a whole is plagued by a sense of Deja Vu. Cee-Lo Green’s summer smash “Fuck You” doesn’t possess the energy that the original did. Lady Gaga’s “Telephone” was covered in an interesting style, performed as a skit mimicking the video rather than just performing the song. I admit I laughed when I heard the pivotal line, “I told you she didn’t have a dick”. The song comes off as an interesting metaphor for the over-connectedness of our society, especially now that so many young children have cell phones. It’s kids saying, ‘Stop calling! Stop calling! Mom, I just saw you two hours ago, I’m fine!’

Unfortunately, the album’s lack of consistency is absolutely related to the tension that the group has seen in recent times. With some of the more long-running members trying to use their experience in the group as leverage for solo careers or forays into acting, the newer members are feeling betrayed. In the well-publicized 2008 lawsuit, former band member Christopher Johnson, who now has his own Disney Channel sitcom, sued the group for releasing a song he sang on. The song in question, “Blah Blah Blah” by Ke$ha and 3OH!3, became one of the band’s biggest hits, but not because of Johnson’s vocals by any means. He lost and was countersued by the label, who claimed that by leaving he was in breach of his contract. He settled out of court for a reported $14 million.

And while many rumors are unconfirmed, TMZ has posted videos of alleged Kidz Bop members drinking at clubs, smoking marijuana, assaulting police officers, and even staying out past their bedtimes. Band manager and PR spokesman Caleb Stephenson has defended the groups members, once famously stating that “Kidz Bop is here to provide wholesome, kid-friendly entertainment for families across America. These kids are models of good behavior and that is reflected in the work that they do. If they were somehow not, their performance would certainly reflect that.” While the statement has some merit to it, the way 13-year-old Caleb was stooped over the podium, the way he stared off into the distance with his eyes glazed over, is indicative of a band manager with more problems on his hands than a few rumors about the stars he has to represent and protect.

On the whole, *31* left me feeling disillusioned. A group that had consistently done no wrong in my eyes has fallen from grace, and it does nothing as much as sadden me.
From *The Real World* to *America’s Next Top Model*, America has become so fascinated with reality television over the past decade that the airwaves have since been inundated with a host of celebrity attempts to run a business, dance, or just pimp a ride. However, not every program to be pooped out the tube is a winner. To prove our point, we’ve dug through the dirty archives of the top networks in America to find the reality shows that just didn’t make it. After forcing our interns to watch them all and separate out the filth, we at the Zamboni are proud to be able to bring you...

**Television's Top Five Worst Reality Shows**

**Danzig with the Stars**

ABC executives made an NBC-level blunder when they decided that nothing of harm could come of mixing the two things America loved most: ballroom dancing and heavy metal band Danzig. Ratings flagged, however, despite efforts to spice up the show with celebrity guests, and the show’s spiral to the bottom of the ratings was sealed after a sexually tense 10-minute waltz with Slayer guitarist Jeff Hanneman caused the studio audience to stage a walk-out.

**Tyson Chicken’s Wild Farmland**

Attempting to mimic the success of Mutual of Omaha’s *Wild Kingdom*, Tyson Foods decided to launch their own take on the popular series. Not blessed with the instant popularity its inspiration enjoyed, Tyson struggled to keep the show afloat after they realized audiences responded poorly to 60-minute videos of Arkansas farmland. Network executives finally cut the show after its season finale, in which the animals shown the previous year were systematically slaughtered, exsanguinated, and packaged for consumption.

**Glenn Beck’s Fear Factor**

Responding to complaints from a vocal minority of viewers who didn’t believe the original *Fear Factor* to be scary enough, NBC drafted a celebrity spinoff. In this show, rather than performing the relatively tame challenges of eating pig uteruses, jumping from helicopters, or almost drowning, participants were forced to spend increasing amounts of time with pundit Glenn Beck. Beck’s natural draw and the stark terror of the situation helped to attract viewers, but ratings fizzled after the third on-air stroke of a contestant.

**The Apprentice: Africa**

Back during the height of *The Apprentice’s* popularity, several memorable spinoffs were created in order to build on the success of the original. *The Apprentice: Africa* moved the show to a high-stakes, cut-throat chase for a one-year, $250,000 starting contract to run one of The Donald’s companies. A group of sixteen specially selected businesspeople scrambled to perform tasks like hunting zebra, running from the lions, in-depth analysis of long-term financial plans, and making crude fires to survive the long, cold nights of the Sahara. The show, however, was cancelled after allegations that Trump instigated a wildebeest stampede to kill off some of the show’s weaker contestants.

**Palin’s Mama Grizzly Presents!**

Designed as a *Blue’s Clues*-style program for a new generation of Tea Party children, the Sarah Palin-endorsed show began with deceptively high ratings. Each episode’s format began with Mama Grizzly, the show’s titular host, guiding children through a mystery to solve that episode, such as “Why did liberals cause the deficit?” and “If evolution is true, why aren’t monkeys men-folk?” Unfortunately, the show was taken off the air when the live bear used to play Mama Grizzly was shot mid-episode by Palin herself after the on-air mauling of several children.

*Article and photos by Ryan Oliveira*
Five Tricks to Make Sure Your Halloween is a Treat

Be warned, the dreaded night of the trick-or-treaters approaches. A night filled with ringing doorbells, unoriginally dressed children, and paranoid parents. Does turning the lights off and leaving candy outside still not keep annoying kids from knocking on your door? Read on for a list of handy tips to ensure that this Halloween is different from the last.

by Daniel Testa

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<th>1. Establish a Perimeter Defense</th>
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<td>Your natural instinct may be to erect some sort of wall to block off access to your house and prevent unwanted intrusion, but obviously you don’t want to ruin the picturesque view of your front yard. The solution is simple: tripwires. Simply purchase some high tension fishing line and string it along the boundaries of your yard. Most children, so overwhelmed with candy lust, will be sprinting from yard to yard, and tripwires will punish them for such rambunctious behavior. Statistics show that children are 87% less likely to ask for candy after receiving a concussion, and that means 87% fewer times you need to get off the couch and open the door, all without defacing your pristine lawn.</td>
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<th>2. Use What You Have</th>
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<td>Many homes feature motion activated lights, and they offer a great opportunity to deter trick-or-treaters and their tomfoolery. Simply reprogram the lights from normal to strobe, and aim it directly in the children’s eyes. With some luck this will trigger a seizure, incapacitating the children and preventing them from approaching your home.</td>
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<td>Note: If motion sensing lights are unavailable, you may instead place a TV in your front window and loop episode 38 of Pokémon for a similar effect.</td>
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<th>3. Use Fear to Your Advantage</th>
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<td>If there is one thing that no parent can stand, it’s pedophilia. That’s why it’s the perfect rumor to start about others. If parents fear that all the houses surrounding yours are owned by pedophiles, odds are they will skip by you as well to be absolutely safe.</td>
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<td>For best effect, begin dropping subtle hints at the local PTA and block parties that the neighbors have some sort of sordid past. Claim that they are either excessively involved in children’s activities or so un-involved that it must be due to legal restrictions. If possible, discard children’s clothing on their lawns and call the police to investigate. Before long, no parents will ever bring a child within 30 yards of the place, encompassing your home in a pleasant children-free bubble.</td>
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<th>4. Divide and Conquer</th>
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<td>It is important to recognize that you are but one person trying to fight waves of filthy street urchins. Therefore, it is essential to bolster your strength while weakening the marauding barbarian horde. Consider contracting the local bullies to act as your private security force. Nothing is as vicious as oversized 13 year olds wearing masks. Supply them with a few cartons of eggs and before long they will be terrorizing the heathens so ferociously that it would make Blackwater proud.</td>
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<th>5. Plan for Next Year This Year</th>
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<td>Inevitably, some small cretin will penetrate your precautions and actually want some sort of treat. This is a golden opportunity to lay the groundwork for even fewer disruptions next year. While it is sadly illegal to insert razor blades into or otherwise tamper with Halloween treats, that does not mean that you cannot strategically use the candy you are giving out.</td>
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<td>Some homeowners may try and give out cheap generic candy to discourage future visits, but ultimately this stratagem is ineffective due to the secondary market in bulk candy which actually makes your two-cent mints have value in the perverse elementary school economy. Giving out fruit is even worse, since parents will be sure to encourage kids to return next year for a healthy alternative. In reality, the best thing you can do is give out large amounts of high fat treats. Hopefully this will only increase the child’s sweet tooth, leading to a spiral of consumption heralding childhood obesity. By next year, that same determined kid will be 20 pounds overweight and too out of breath to climb the stairs to your porch.</td>
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Note: Check the Zamboni Website for an easy recipe for chocolate covered sugar bacon bits, the perfect treat for sparking Type 2 diabetes.
The First Two Weeks of a Tufts Freshman

Day 1: Parents are gone and you doubt your roommate will be willing to wash your laundry and spray cooking oil under your bed to appease monsters.

Day 4: Went to pre-orientation leader’s party, had like four shots in an hour but managed to make it to the sink before throwing up. Definite brownie points.

Day 7: Drunk off your ass. Lose your virginity to some girl in bathtub in Lewis Hall. Make a mental note not to shower there for the next month.
Day 7.1: Wake up next to her in the morning, vision back to normal.

Day 10: Finally able to visit your friend on the third floor without getting lost. The only thing is sometimes the walls change color.

Day 12: First class. Professor’s hotter than you expected but sometimes the chalkboard comes to life and evokes your worst night-mares.

Day 13: Can’t sleep at night. Bed’s on fire and the screams keep you up. That girl you fucked might have been an enchantress.

Day ?: Fetal position in corner. Roommate making a call and eyeing you nervously. He better not call TEMS. I can not get Pro. 1 this early.

CAMPUS QUERY
What Do Jumbos Like to Drink?

The Zamboni polled over 500 undergraduates about their favorite choice of beverage with the results ranging from the benign to the totally fucking bizarre. The results are in--and you kids are out of your minds.
Live Baby Jokes

How do you make a live baby float?
You put it in a big yellow floating device!

What's better than a live baby?
A live baby and an adorable puppy!

How do you keep a live baby from walking?
You put it in a hamburger sumo suit!

What's funnier than a live baby?
A live baby in a clown costume!

What's the difference between a lobster in a pot and a live baby in a pot?
The baby is much cuter and not as slimy!

What's the similarity between a live baby and your nana?
You cherish both of them! Even if nana's hideous!

What's better than a live naked baby?
A live baby in footie pajamas!

What's the difference between a live baby and an apple?
You eat apples! Also, they're plants!