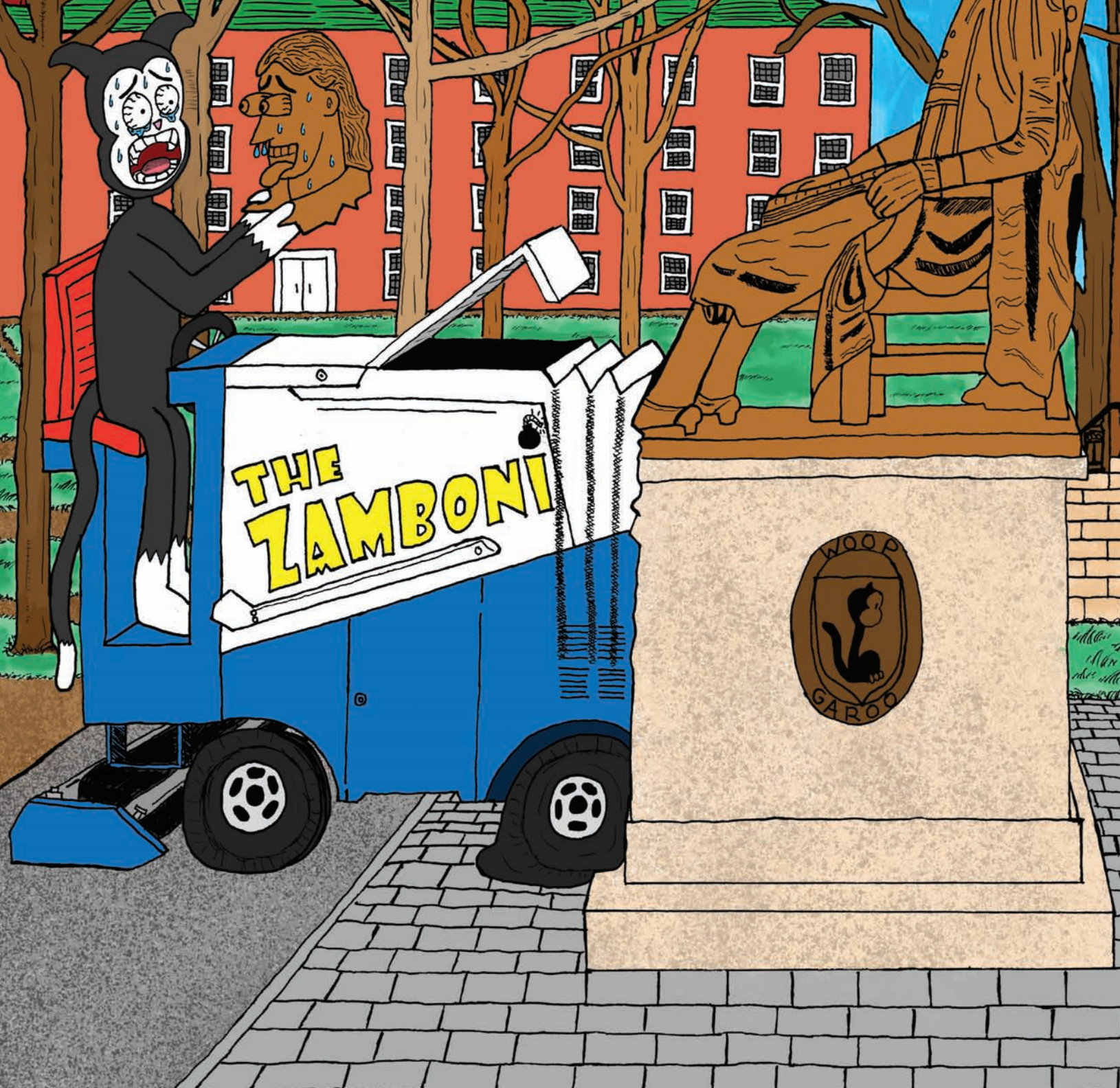


WOODOO



Mark's Scrap-berg: Memory Lane at Harvard!!



loved walking thru this #gate to
hang on the #quad #alone



love my Seestars!!! except for my
actual sister who said she'd sue me



being very chill in a Residence
hall with some homies! I love to
eat human food



me after a venti Vanilla Bean
Frappuccino in Harvie Harv
Square!

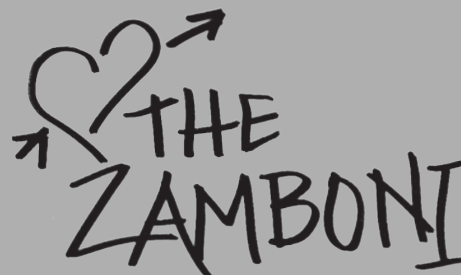
To whichever students with a superiority/inferiority complex read this,

What you are about to read has never been attempted in the history of our combined 130 or so years of existence: a collaboration issue that crosses as many lines as we could think of. But we're getting ahead of ourselves. Who are we? If you attend MIT (or even if you attend Tufts tbh we're not that popular), we're the Zamboni, a comedy magazine in print since the early 1989s that continues to disappoint its predecessors every year. If you attend Tufts (or even if you attend MIT tbh we sometimes forget we exist) we're Voo Doo, a humor magazine that's supposedly been around for a century that consistently outperforms our student newspaper in fake news. At any rate, we're both far too low profile to even think of expanding, but maybe with our combined audience (all 15 of you?) we can produce some quality content for the masses. And what, may you ask, could we possibly both have in common? The Kendall and the Davis? The math geek and the prom queen? The Troy and the Gabriella? What on earth could we both put our heads together and laugh, drink, and scribble madly about? Our Sharpay: Harvard.

For years we have brooded like Scar in his den, watching crimson-clad pilgrims get all the good shit. A one word motto, a white dude who spreads smallpox as a mascot, two Starbucks in throwing distance of campus. The tales of the locals spread far and wide, even reaching the ears of the Mighty Beaver, or well, we guess Phosphorus, Voo Doo's publisher. When he's not recovering from a double hangover, Phos does his best to round up the scallywags that put together a humor rag out of used psets. However, in an unfortunate zamboni accident, our venerable mascot has taken the head of our "favorite" pilgrim. Scared shitless, Phos mustered up the only thing he could say at that moment, "Howdy pilgrim, I'm John Wayne." The cold, bronze head of John stared back, his head as lifeless as it has been for the past hundred years, watching drunk frat pledges pee on his foot.

So that's us. Everyone loves a good origin story, right? Right? Where are you going?

Love,



Z. **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, writers, or probably anyone at all. So, don't go emailing the people listed in the masthead, especially since we make some - if not all - 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 and all of this material will be on the test. So study hard and/or steal the notes from the class nerd. We accept any and all submissions from Tufts students, but any references to Harvard University must be spelled "Hah-vahd" (the Reissman 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 Lang Clause).



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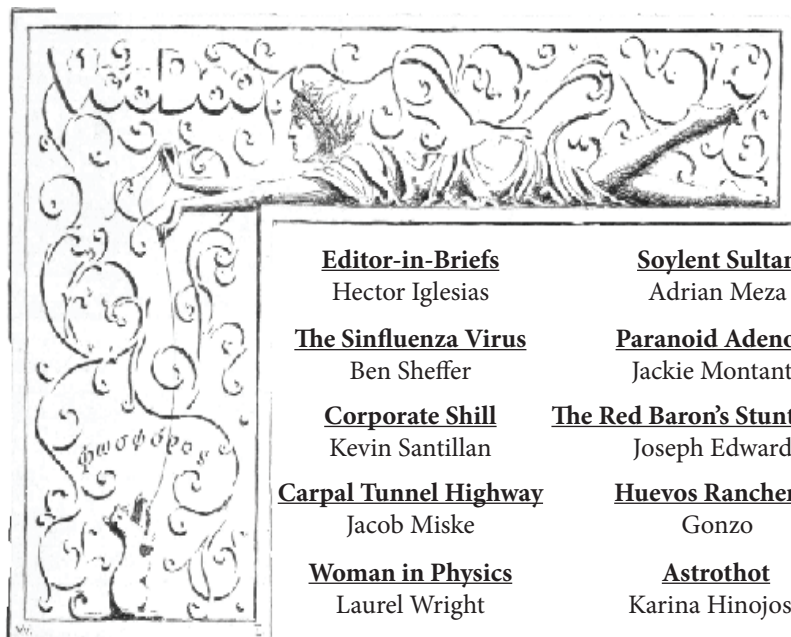
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;))

Harvard Students Petition to Change Red Line to Crimson Line

by Sam Cowger and Jess Silverman

CAMBRIDGE, MA-- In an unforeseen yet somehow entirely unsurprising turn of events, Harvard students petitioned the Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority today in an attempt to rename the Red Line to the Crimson Line. Students petitioned on the grounds of underrepresentation of Harvard life, existence, and importance in the Alewife-to-Braintree community.

First-year Roth Marksfield, a former Ted Cruz intern, remarked on his disillusionment with the decentering of the Harvard narrative in Boston culture, sighing, “Harvard is being pushed to the sidelines in our dear Beantown. When I visited the ‘Vard in high school, there was Harvard attire sold in every window of every store, from Porter all the way out to Gloucester. I have an aunt out there and we passed a Co-Op store on the way to her house. Nowadays, when I scream ‘Harvard! O Harvard!’ in the Medford/Somerville streets, hardly an eye is batted.” Marksfield pulled a monogrammed pocket square from his dark wash jeans and gently dabbed it to his eyes. “To rename this line to the Crimson Line would finally give Harvard the respect it deserves and is so oft denied.”

The petitioners are comprised of 20 students who have been deemed the Crème de la Shit of Harvard by Gene, the guy who sells paintings outside the Harvard T Stop. Each carries around a loquacious and verbose fifth edition of the petition stating the reasons for Harvard’s MBTA Manifest Destiny. “Of all colleges present on the ‘Red’ Line, one clearly reigns supreme. We tried to include the MIT students in our game, our battle to conquer academia, but they demurred. As for Tufts? The dopes over there have a dormant cannon pointed at us and can’t even tell left from far left.” When asked about Lesley University, none of the students seemed to have heard of it, and three students appeared visibly nauseous at the mention of UMass.

Emilia Du Pont Fairchild (“Of the Wilmington Du Ponts,” she insisted we include), the writer of the original petition, read from a flashcard a quotation for the press. “We only wish to induce a Pavlovian sexual arousal in the hearts and minds of every person across whose mind flits the mere mention of Harvard. The reverberations of our student body have been felt in the past in philosophy, economics, and those other ones; let them be felt in the undergrounds of Boston.”



Harvard Study Finds Anvils Leading Cause of Death in Coyotes

by Phosphorous, MIT Voo Doo

CAMBRIDGE, MA: A recent Harvard University study found that falling anvils have led to a drastic increase in coyote deaths. “We have collected evidence that suggests *Hard-Headipus Dingus*, otherwise known as the coyote, is at risk of dying out due to an overall increase in the rate of anvils falling from the sky,” concluded lead researcher Duck Joanes.

The study, titled *To Beep or Not to Beep: The Impact of Large Falling Objects on Coyotes*, looks at the impact of large falling objects on coyotes using data from their squashed bodies in the southwest American desert. Researchers Duck Joanes and Mellow Bank chose the desert to conduct their study due to the frequent appearances of roadrunners. “A previous study found a correlation between dense roadrunner populations and high coyote casualties,” they write, “and we aim to determine if there is evidence that these roadrunners somehow influence anvils to fall onto coyotes.”

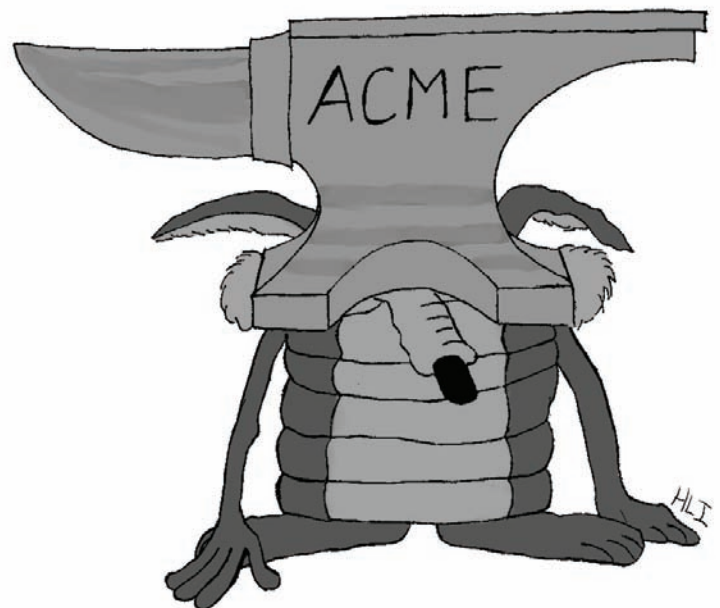
The study investigated the effect roadrunners have on the area, and after analyzing the amalgamation of data relating to roadrunner appearances and coyote deaths, the researchers concluded that there is indeed a connection between the two. Joanes and Bank had found that roadrunners altered the physics of their surrounding area, a fact that now explains certain peculiarities related to the southwest American desert. “We encountered what appeared to be tunnels graffitied on slabs of rock,” they write, “and at each of these ‘tunnels’ were coyotes with squashed heads. It is possible the coyotes willingly rammed their head into the rock face, resulting in a concussion so intense they die.” Joanes and Bank went on to say that there were also what appeared to be train tracks coming out from the painted tunnels, as well as the mangled bodies of coyotes on these tracks, evidence that suggests roadrunners had a hand in these deaths.

In their research, Joanes and Bank came across many coyote remains surrounded by various broken gizmos and doohickeys, each labeled with “ACME” in bold red letters. These gadgets range from Jet-Powered Roller Skates to Earthquake Pills. ACME is a mail-order company well known among proponents of the 2nd Amendment. The study claimed that the coyotes all

had ACME tags around their necks, suggesting that these poor souls had all been test subjects for ACME products. “It is unfortunate to see a company sacrificing the lives of so many animals for the sole purpose of achieving progress in their weapon design” said Joanes and Bank, adding that one coyote they found at the bottom of a steep canyon had springs attached to its feet and was holding a sign in its paw that said “Ouch!”

Though they are not ones to engage in conspiracies, the Harvard researchers have reason to believe that ACME has repeatedly violated animal welfare laws in its care of coyotes used as test subjects. The researchers seemed appalled at the end of the study, noting that they take pride in the fact that their university has never had any animals treated unethically in the past.

Animal activists are hopeful this study will shed light on the atrocities the ACME company has committed against the dying coyote population, but others express skepticism. “You know, in my opinion, it seems like the coyotes wanted this,” says Bo Zou, local idiot. “Don’t get me wrong, with coyotes dying, there’ll be a surge in roadrunners, and if I have to hear one more damn beep-beep... Look, all’s I’m saying is that these coyotes were willing to die for their cause, it’s all part of the ecosystem, or ecoweb, cripes, whatever it is. All this just means that the anvil has rightfully replaced the coyote at the top of the food chain.”



Annual Yale-Harvard Game Halftime Devolves into an Anger-Filled Orgy

by Curgle Snaktan

Since 1875, the charming rivalry between the Harvard Crimson and Yale Bulldogs has been a source of amusement for the populations of both Cambridge and New Haven. The two brainpowers have a long tradition of competing, not only academically but also physically, in tournaments of all kinds. This year, however, the traditional feats of strength in the football stadium have been superseded by a tournament of pure, unadulterated sexual energy. During last week's halftime, the crowd erupted into a fury after a stray Yale student attempted to "chap the khakis" of a rival Crimson Chinnigan.

What began as a playful slap of the buttock was transformed into the equivalent of a sexual decathlon within moments. Spectators were appalled to see the smaller, yet significantly superior, Yale quarterback attempt to remove the trousers of a nearby running back. It was a man-on-man sexual buffet,

and the crowds tried their damndest to shield their Ivy League-aspiring children from the juices spraying upon the splash zone. The uniforms of the participants, bleached with sperm, chafed the bodies of the outlying players. Soon, they were spurred to remove what little clothes they had on, only further catalyzing the sexual process.

There was no room for foreplay for these horny beetles; theirs was a sexual journey that any man in his 60s was required to see at least once in his life. Wrinkly men clambered onto their wives' shoulders in order to take a gander at the hardened, youthful flesh become caked with dirt, grass, and a myriad of bodily fluids. From an outsider's perspective(,) that wave of privileged, primarily white men had the appearance of chewed ground chuck meat mixed with grain.



NSA Worried About Harvard Student Who Hasn't Masturbated In A Week

by Phosphorous, MIT Voo Doo

The NSA released a disturbing warning for the citizens of the greater Boston area earlier this morning. The NSA had been carrying out routine surveillance of the mundane daily activities of all American citizens when it came across a disturbing dip in one particular Harvard student's masturbation habits. While NSA officials are reluctant to release the precise identity of the suspect without proper due process, they warn that "this particular individual hasn't choked the chicken in over a month, which indicates they are very likely on the edge of instigating some sort of violent public outburst." The public is advised to be on the outlook for a sexually frustrated caucasian male, who, if seen, should be immediately reported to the police or at least escorted to a private room with plenty of tissues and lotion.

Many questioned the NSA's conclusion that missing an opportunity to milk the one-eyed snake a few times indicates imminent violence, but NSA officials maintain that they take threats to public safety very seriously and would not have spoken out if this period of failing to fish with dynamite was anywhere close to ordinary. The suspect was added to the watch list at the one-week-without-taking-a-load-off point, when the suspicious lack of activity looked very much like it could have simply been the result of academic stress, according to investigators. The semester at Harvard was past its halfway point, meaning most students were beginning to realize they needed to actually attend an exam before they are handed their A's. While the Harvard administration claims students are aware the exams are simply a symbolic gesture, they admit it still seems correlated with a spike in stress and anxiety on campus. The NSA at first assumed that this stress combined with the suspect's rapidly increasing time commitment with the university's famed Paint Huffing Club was interfering with regular visits to papa smurf. They decided they needed to conduct scrutinous, around-the-clock surveillance to be sure the suspect could be left off the hook, but after several more weeks without varnishing the banister, they knew something had to be done.

While many express skepticism with regard to the NSA's use of masturbation as a diagnostic, the NSA remains confident in their surveillance methods. One official stated, "We've seen this all too many times before. People, for god-knows-what reason, don't think it's important to take care of themselves, and then the pressure builds and builds until it comes exploding out the barrel of a gun a month or two later. There's been a crisis of mass violence lately. Many think this has to do with too many guns or too little access to mental health resources, but the truth is if America weren't so squeamish when it comes to whipping the wire, none of this would even be an issue right now. For too many years, the NSA has used arbitrary figures such as race and religion to add people to the watch list, but now we've finally found an objective way to classify any individual's danger to society."

While the NSA seems satisfied with its methods, many are left in doubt. As one Harvard student puts it, "[The NSA] is violating our right to privacy in the most egregious ways imaginable. While they claim this will make us safer, all it will really do is begin a new era of McCarthyism where the rope-wringers rule and the rest of us get unfairly accused."

When officials of the NSA were asked to respond to these concerns, one official stated "First of all, this is a perfectly legal violation of privacy. It's all part of our 'Making the World Safe for Democracy' project. As I hope you're all well aware, we can look through your computer and phone webcams whenever we want, but we can't have an actual agent doing that since we're too understaffed. Instead, we've been working on computer algorithms to do it for us. This way we can identify whether you have been waxing your candle or not without an actual person even looking at you. What's the matter with that? Besides, ever since the NSA has been logging masturbation habits, the correlation between anomalous abstinence and subsequent mass violence has been rigorously established across all demographics. You just don't know that because all the studies are still classified. A lot of people have come to us saying the once-a-week

threshold is far too extreme, citing their own habits as evidence, but as director of the NSA I can tell you that 99.999% of the time, those people are lying through their teeth. It is now simply a medical fact that if you don't masturbate at least once a week, you are at best un-American and at worst a danger to yourself and everyone around you."

In spite of any concerns you may have, it is the job of Voo Doo and the Zamboni to advise you to steer

clear of any individuals that appear sexually frustrated and report any suspicious activity. If anyone you know hasn't been taking long showers, no longer slams their laptop in a panic when you enter the room, and hasn't taken the time to clear their browsing history in a while, please gently encourage them to flick the Bic or report them to the authorities. In these uncertain times, we must all stick together and, above all, remember to take care of ourselves every once in a while.

Dominant Harvard Students Caught With Pets

by Phosphorous, MIT Voo Doo

Although it is College policy that there be no animals allowed in the dorms, rumors have been spreading on campus that some Harvard students have been secretly keeping pets unbeknownst to administrators. Pet owners claim that these animals provide sweet, loving companionship and a sense of happiness amidst a cruel and heartless college experience. College administrators think otherwise, and instead of keeping their noses in their own damn business, they have started to take severe measures against pet owners across campus.

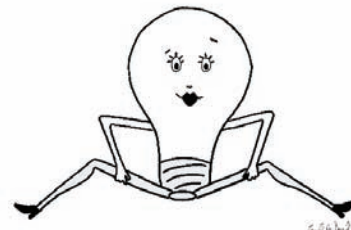
Following this recent crackdown, pet owners came forward to the Harvard Red to voice their opinions on the matter. All of the owners held the same belief that pets are good stress relievers and make everyday seem less unbearable. "One of the best things I look forward to each day is having a loyal, submissive pet patiently waiting for its master to return from a long day of lectures and p-setting," says Lionel Putz, a freshman living in Wigglesworth Hall who wished to remain anonymous. "Administrators keep saying that students are 'ill-suited' for pet-ownership, but that simply is not true because my cat absolutely loves me," says Margaret Steelehard of Canaday Hall, adding that the only problem she faces is taking her pet to the vet, as she keeps getting referred to the human hospital nearby.

The investigation began after a reported incident in Hurlbut Hall this past weekend. A security guard was making his rounds in the dorm late at night when they started hearing barking noises similar to barking. The guard found the room from which the noise

was suspected to originate, and fearing the worst, the guard barged into the room only to stop in their tracks as soon as they had registered the scene before them. They saw a student with a leash in their hand and a naked person wearing a collar. According to the report, the nudist was on all fours eating out of a bowl without the use of their hands, occasionally looking up to the student and shouting "Woof!" The student was ordered to remove the dog as quickly as possible or else they'd face disciplinary action.

This incident prompted resident tutors to check if there were any pets living in their respective dorms, and unsurprisingly, around fifty students were caught engaging in pet play. During the investigation, House staff uncovered droppings in cages belonging to various types of animals, such as wolves, pigs, and even Pokémon. Students who refused to cooperate with the House's request to remove their pet are now facing academic probation for violating the no-pet policy. Though the pets were discovered to be Harvard students themselves, they will not be placed on probation as per campus protocol, and instead, they will be sent to a nearby animal rescue center where they will live with other animals and, hopefully, have the chance to be adopted by a well-respected family.

TED: IDEAS WORTH
SPREADING



Harvard Forces Final Clubs To Become Species-Inclusive, Women Still Not Allowed

by Phosphorous, MIT Voo Doo

A Harvard representative spoke with the #DC143C earlier this week to discuss the current state of unrecognized social clubs on campus. University spokesperson Sterile Winthrop stated that Harvard was going to reconsider the status of final clubs on the condition that they be more progressive by becoming species-inclusive.

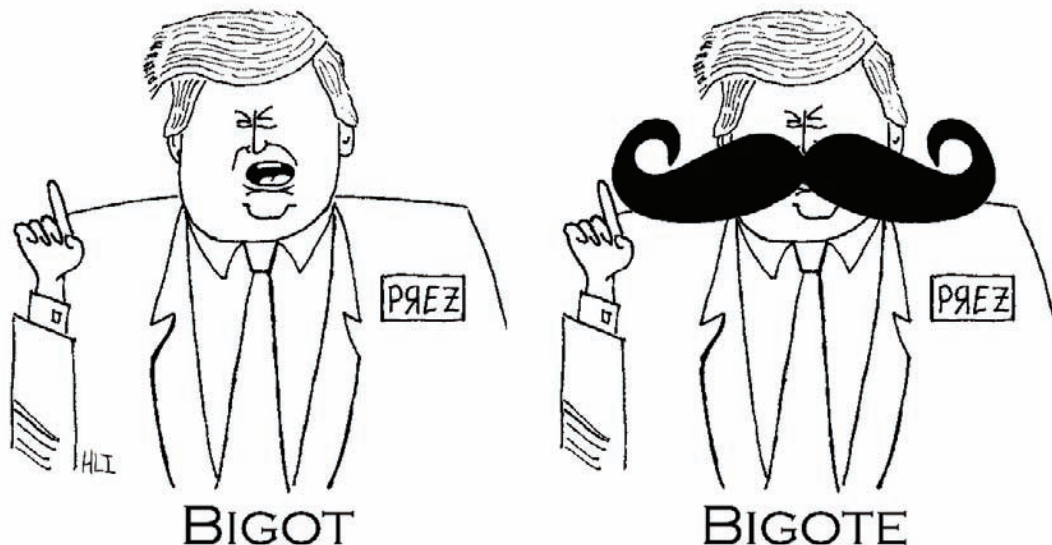
While some in the Harvard community are applauding the administration's benevolent actions, several dignified members of these final clubs are protesting the decision to allow animals to live in their homes, arguing that this goes against everything in their immoral code of conduct. To better understand the situation, the #DC143C set up an interview with members of final clubs.

Sam Duplex '18 of Roach Club is hesitant about the ultimatum he and his fellow brethren were served. "I don't think we should allow random animals to reside in our living space," said Duplex. "I mean, what would you expect to happen if we let cats into the club? We'll all get trashed one night, and after everything turns into a cess-pool of drunken debauchery, one thing will lead to another, and then we'll have an angry pussy on our hands."

Another final club member noted that letting animals live with them will inevitably lead to them sexually harassing the critters. "It's just what we do as sexually frustrated individuals," said Jeremy Gingivitis '19 of Loosey Goose Club. "We cannot allow animals into the club because there might be the off-chance that we have our way with them."

Cashew Zot '18, president of Cock Club, remained confident that the animals will end up leaving willingly as they would not be able to adapt to the culture. "These animals are totally not cut out for the Final Club Lifestyle™," said Zot. "No matter what happens, we must continue to be a single-gender, single-species social club. This is what it means to be in a final club."

Winthrop says that if final clubs are to be recognized, they must allow animals to live with them as a first step. In order to make this transition easier on the poor students, the administration will rent a petting zoo and use it for required sensitivity training for the final club members. The members all promise to not be frisky when near the goats. At the time of this writing, women are still not allowed in these clubs.



“Now Best Time for Thinking Up Zamboni Articles,” Reports

Brain at 3 AM

by Andrew Farm, Tufts Zamboni

HARLESTON HALL, TUFTS UNIV. — ‘Twas the night before the big test. The quilt was pulled up to my chin with care, in the hopes that Mr. Sandman soon would be there.

“Psst.” whispered a brain. It must have been somebody else’s—it couldn’t have been mine, since I would never tell it to do such a thing.

“Temple-Pedic,” whispered the brain, once again, with the soft, piercing voice of a 5 Gum™ commercial. And immediately, I knew that it was telling me to write an article—an article for the *Tufts Zamboni*, which brings to mind both the humor of ClickHole and the journalistic prestige of the *National Enquirer*. It wasn’t even a passable pun, but the sleepy mind is a strange one.

“What if you needed a second phone to hold all your alarms?”

“But—” I protested.

The brain would hear none of it. “You set so many alarms for the morning,” it interrupted brusquely. “What if you needed a second phone to hold all your alarms?”

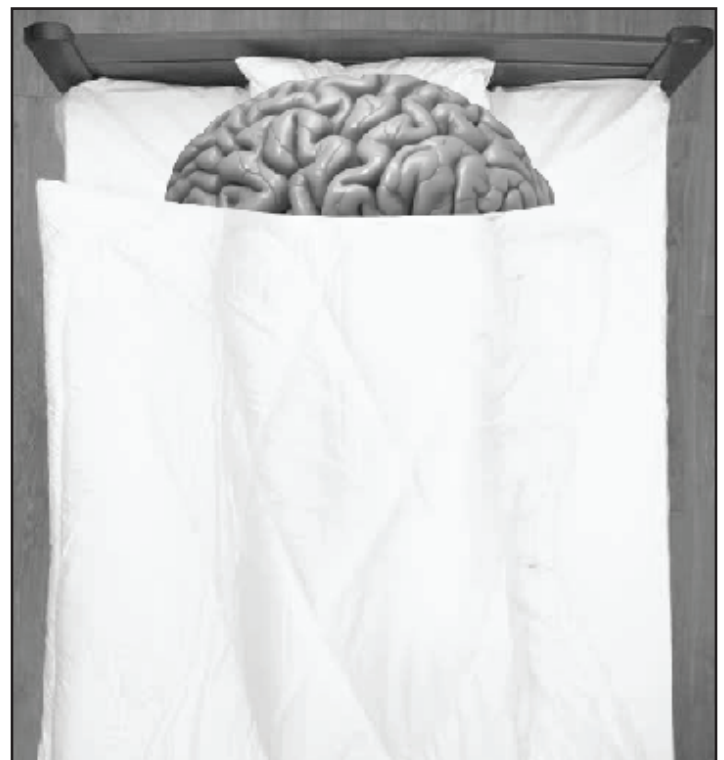
Now, a sleepy brain will find absolutely anything put to it a gem of classy humor and comedic wit. I am still quite convinced that the tatters of incoherent thought with which it tugged on my sleeve that Monday night were, to it, quite the same—a priceless chalice with which it would pour the sweet nectar of the muses into my ears. Yes, the promise of a magnum opus greater than “Bug Boy” itself was what it sang to me at that small hour of the night.

“The signs as street signs,” sang the brain, in a sweet, smoky tone. “This, my friend— *this* is art.”

I will admit that in my melatonin-addled thoughts the treachery of this rogue brain began to sweeten, like a fine Roman wine when lead is added, and I began to fall into its beckoning embrace. Yes, I pondered, *Yes, having Stuart Little for a roommate would allow for quite the hilarious exposé*. Like a cucumber on psilocybin, I lost all control, each lengthening second ebbing me further from reality, leaving me with nothing but the brain’s perspicacious counsel to guide me. “Good, good,” rasped the brain. “Now would be the *perfect time* to write each of these in full. Just open a new Google Doc and let me flow through you onto the page...”

I awoke with a start. Like a helicopter unplugged abruptly and without notice, the brain’s hold over me fell crashing to the ground and I regained my sensibility. I could let this glorified lump of head-custard fill my mind and soul with all the unfunny taglines and overused news-parody formats thinkable, but to suggest that I should expend *effort*?

It was still, to be fair, 3 AM, and I scribbled a few illegible words on a post-it for me to find in the morning, “just in case.”



The Astounding Adventures of Dr. Arthur P. Coccyx III

by *Phosphorous, MIT Voo Doo*

It has been almost five moons since I first awoke in tattered clothes upon a dignified park bench surrounded by red brick buildings, and began my quest to find out just exactly what the hell is going on here. At first I was skeptical of the utility of the documentation you are currently reading, but after months of my adventurous struggles, I came to the solemn conclusion that only with reinforcements can I ever decidedly put an end to this madness, stick it to The Man, and unleash the true potential of my new, rock-hard abs. Without further hesitation, I compressed a frankly sickening volume of cigarette ash into a crude writing utensil and got to work on the call to action that you, dear reader, currently see scrawled on this gas station bathroom floor, so selected because the levels of filth suggest the low probability of losing my written account at the hands of one of my nemesis's fat-faced janitor henchmen. So, with a great sense of urgency, I present to you the first installment of the unpredictable debaucheries of me, Dr. Arthur P. Coccyx III!

I remember precisely nothing of my past life, but ever since I first found myself inserted into this nefarious terrain of well-maintained statues and Frisbee throwing, I immediately suspected foul-play. My nemesis, though I do not yet know his precise identity or reasons for placing me here, no doubt orchestrated the whole debacle to keep me from realizing my grand ambitions in the Oval Office. Damn you, nemesis! You have once again delayed my good deeds, but nobody can stop Dr. Arthur P. Coccyx III!

In a good-mannered attempt to orient myself and perhaps obtain a can of delicious extra-pale beer, I crept closer to a well-dressed man who had dozed off on one of the benches across from my own identical outdoor sleeping quarters. I am well versed in the dying art of magicianry and was therefore confident in my ability tactfully pull my intended heist. I placed my hands in the standard position, one behind his back and the other just under his knee, but, to my surprise, somewhere between my flipping him over and his flopping to the ground, I must have awoken him. He screamed in confusion and anger. I had no time to think! I retrieved the folded leather wallet from his back pocket and made my escape!

I dashed out of the square urban clearing and around the corner. I didn't stop running until I had made the standardized five-pointed-figure-eight

around the entirety of my outdoor domain, demarcated by the distinct and tasteless brick architecture. It usually takes far less to lose the trail of evil henchmen in hot pursuit, but you never can be too careful in these uncertain times. On my return voyage I stopped to discuss my recent strike of good fortune with my good friends, Richard D. Clemonsworth and Prof. Streetadorian, who often sit at the same corner using cardboard signs to spread the good news of the world's impending doom and taking turns puffing revitalizing health crystals from their novelty glass tobacco pipe. Just then I saw the man from the park bench rounded the corner and stood not two feet in front of me. He was a voracious bastard, no doubt sent by my nemesis to put an end to my noble mission. He looked winded and decrepit from the chase, which I knew gave me the upper hand. As soon as his eyes widened in recognition, I shoved him to the streets and made my second escape him yelling curses behind me.

I was far behind now—the shove must have really knocked the wind out of him—but I couldn't shake the sense of constant danger. He had followed me this far, I had no reason to believe he wouldn't find me again, and this time maybe he'd even finish the job. This time around I wouldn't be so foolish as to remain outside. I looked to and fro and spotted a line of people running up the block. At the other end of the line a young, burly man was acting as some sort of guard to an open doorway through which music was blaring. An opportunist by nature, I leaped at a spot in line, all the while trying to blend in with the others in the line. Before long I heard a gruff, angry voice calling from up the street.

"Get back here, you fucker!" Again, a wave of panic over took me and I dashed to the front of the line and grabbed the guard by the shoulders as I shouted in desperation, "I command you to grant me refuge in your splendid castle! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I COMMAND YOU!"

The guard shoved me away looking rather confused and protested, "I don't care who the fuck you are, you need a valid Harvard ID to get into the party."

I was beginning to repeat the whole diatribe when I heard the voice call again this time with much greater intensity. I had no time to look back. Out of pure instinct I simply held out the wallet to the guard yelling, "TAKE IT BACK, GODDAMMIT!"

The guard's eyebrows furrowed even further in confusion as he removed the wallet from my trembling hand, calmly opened it and removed the thin plastic card and held it close to his face before looking up dumbstruck.

"Uhhh...right this way, Mr. Bacow, and uhhh...sorry about earlier." I didn't wait for further response and stepped through the doorway. In the background I could hear a series of indiscernible yells and curses and the voice of the guard fading as I walked further into the grand structure.

"Whoa, Whoa, Whoa, sir. If you want to get in, you need a form of valid Harvard ID... Well I'm sorry sir, with no ID I simply can't believe that, and besides there's already someone in the party named..."

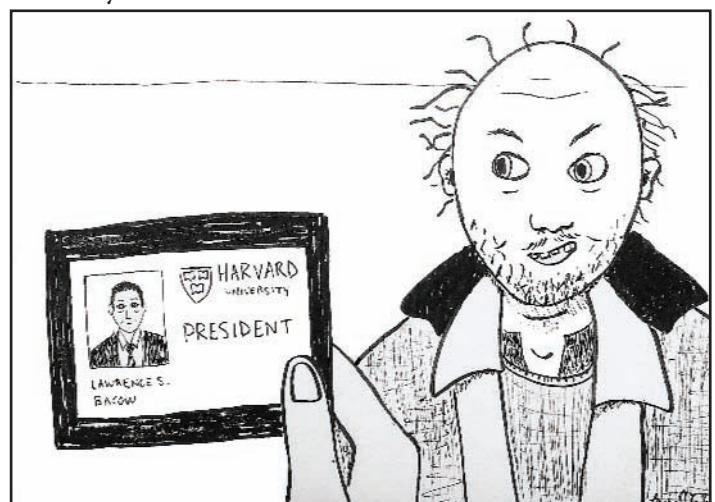
The interior of the building was saturated with vaporized sweat, and loud base pounded so hard it shook the windows. I battled my way through a mass of dancing sweaty bodies until I found myself in a completely different room. Before me was a pristine, oak coffee table with several people leaning over it. One must have noticed my entrance, and looked at me directly.

"You want a line, bro?" At this time several of those leaning over the table inhaled the powder through wrinkled dollar bills rolled tightly into thin tubes.

"AHAH! Fluffy dream powder, what an excellent idea!" I retrieved one of the dollar-bill tubes, and inhaled one line of the powder and then another. I nearly left it there, but Dr. Arthur P. Coccyx the Third of his Name, doesn't go halfway! I bent down and sent one more line down the ol' nasal cavity. My new friends in the room were gasping in astonishment and respect at my resolve and courage. I lifted my face to the ceiling and screamed, "HAHAHA! YOU'LL ALL REMEMBER THIS AS THE DAY THAT YOU MET THE GREATEST DETECTIVE IN THE WORLD, DR. ARTHUR P..." Just then the room began spinning about its center. I looked frantically from side to side as the room began closing in around me. "AAAAHAHAHA! NOW HE MAKES HIS LEAVE! WHAT A GRAND DAY FOR YOU ALL!" I stumbled through the sweaty masses of flesh flinging themselves about in the other room, but I couldn't see the door anywhere around the edge of the room. I pressed against peeling wall paper, feeling desperately for an exit. AHA! A window! "NO BODY CAN STOP ME!" I threw my body against the glass, which gave in with little protest,

sending me flying ass-over-tit into the hedges outside. I thought surely this would be the conclusion of the day's investigations, when just before me stood one of nemesis's evil henchmen in a clever disguise. He was a meager height, maybe only two or two and half feet tall, but I had learned never to underestimate even the smallest enemy! He wore a bill-shaped mask on his ugly little head, and wore a black and white feathery costume. I looked right in his black, beady eyes, and screamed, "YOUR COSTUME MAY HAVE FOOLED A LESSER MAN, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE DEALING WITH, YOU DEVILISH LITTLE BASTARD! I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH IT!" My screaming must have triggered his evil henchman attack instincts because he began honking something wretched and flapping around madly. "YOU WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME." I swung my fist and clipped him right in the kisser! He fell sideways and staggered away. The battle was surely won! As I stood to return to my cozy bench down the road, I realized I had been completely surrounded! Perhaps a hundred henchmen surrounded me, all hideously disguised and waddling about on their unsteady, pencil-thick legs. My incursion with the original henchman was certainly not sitting well with them, and they all stared me down, waiting to attack any moment. With no other options, I let out a blood-curdling scream I was surprised to hear my own body produce, and began kicking and stomping my way through the army.

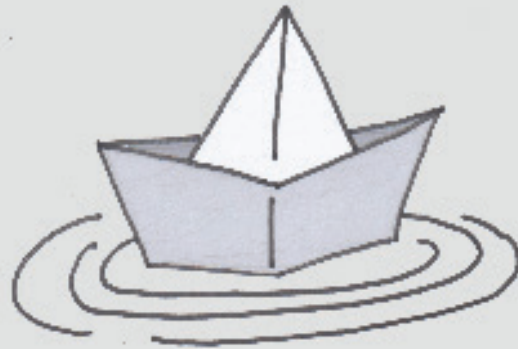
Will I escape my nemesis's army? Will the president eventually thank me for all the good these investigations are doing the community at large? And most of all, how in the bloody fuck is it so hard to find a parking spot around here? Find out in the next installment of The Astounding Adventures of Dr. Arthur P. Coccyx III!



I Would Not Fuck You

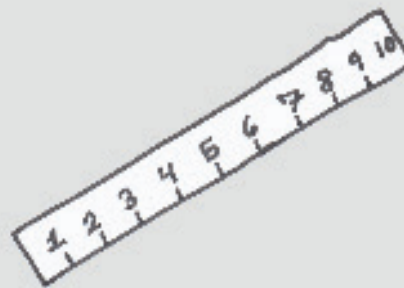
by J. K. Tufts is small and I'm desperate

I would not fuck you in the dark,
I would not fuck you in a park,
Nor in a train, nor on a boat;
I would rather fuck a goat.

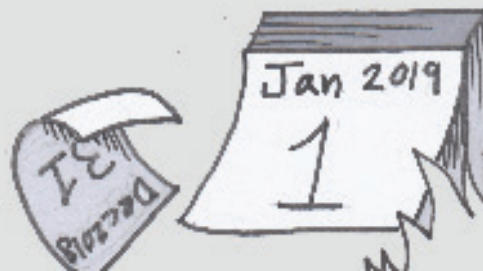
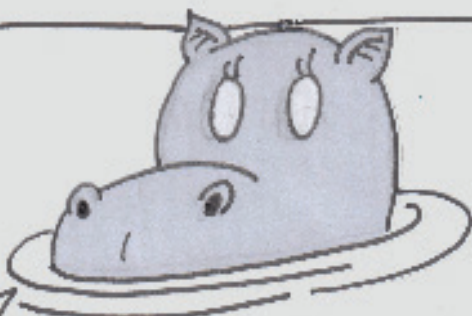


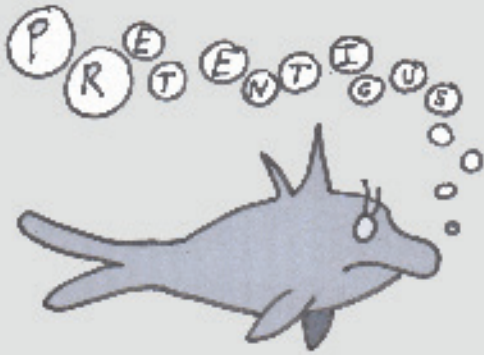
I would not fuck you in a ditch;
I would not fuck you, were we hitched.
I would not fuck you upside down,
I would prefer to fuck a clown.

I would not fuck you at the world's end,
I would not fuck you with your hot friend,
I wouldn't with your head in a bag,
I wouldn't with your mouth on a gag,
I wouldn't if you had a ten inch dick
The very thought still makes me sick.



I would not fuck you after a
year without sex,
I would prefer to fuck my ex.
I'd rather fuck a hippopotamus,
I'd find it less monotonous.

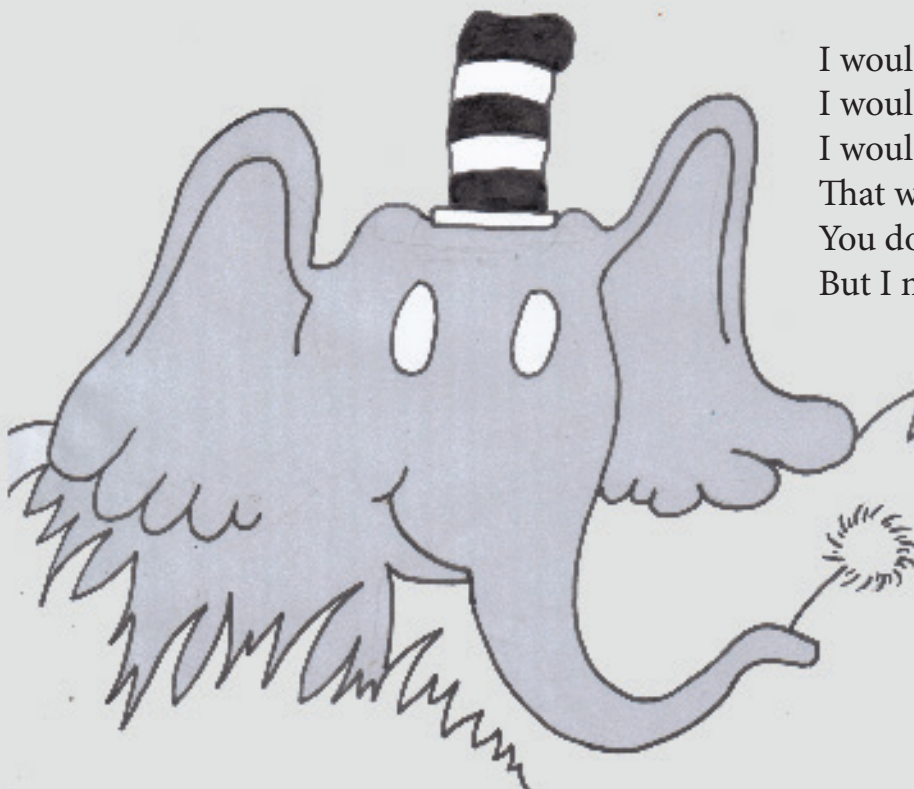




There is a general consensus,
That even your dick is pretentious.
I would not fuck you in a tree,
As you have no personality.



I would not fuck you on your yacht.
What the fuck's up with your mascot?
But I would rather fuck him too,
I'd fuck anyone over you.



I would not fuck you to get out of jail,
I'd rather fuck someone from Yale.
You suck so hard at getting snatch
That you invented Datamatch.
I would not fuck you for your money,
When I can fuck your mom for free.



I would not fuck you here nor there,
I would not fuck you anywhere.
I would not fuck anyone at Harvard
That would simply be absurd,
You do not meet my standard,
But I might fuck you if you transferred.



Kambridge Kinks (and Fetishes!)

by Assorted Staff

North of Boston sits a place so esteemed you would think that not one of their pupils has ever been in the nude on purpose. In fact, the students of Cambridge's Harvard University are among the kinkiest of kinksters. We could not believe it ourselves, until we interviewed a handful of students and got the lowdown on what goes on... down low. You know. The sex. Or something. We're not exactly sure if these are sex or not, but at least one Harvard student has orgasmed to each item on this list. Enjoy, but not too much.

- Cursive
- Throwing money at the homeless
- Cocaine
- Mahogany
- But(t)lers
- The Winklevoss twins' forearms
- Oxford collars
- Tweed coats
- New brioche
- Shots of balsamic vinaigrette
- Autofellatio
- Hotel slippers
- Calling professors "Master"
- Telling people they go to Harvard
- War crimes
- Butt-chugging morphine
- Purebred dogs owned by purebred people (or a variation of this)
- Mark Zuckerberg
- Masturbating in silk gloves



Which Harvard Dorm Are You?

by Carolyn Burt

Canaday Hall

- Spirit animal is a purse chihuahua that unabashedly wears its owner's \$300 shades
- Writes fan fiction and IMBD drafts for themselves in case they become famous
- Buys cereal for the toy inside. Has consumed said toys on multiple occasions, not by accident.



Pennypacker Hall

- Enjoys acoustic country remixes of popular songs
- Likes to make freshmen uncomfortable by repeatedly saying "moist" in conversations
- Continues to shave a slash through their right eyebrow six years after it was cool



Hurlbut Hall

- Tries to get their work to pay for transportation costs but exclusively uses Heelys to get there
- Thinks using "pride reacts" on Facebook is all they need to do to support LGBTQ+ causes
- Puts multiple pieces of chewed gum in each wrapper and stores them in their pockets



Straus Hall

- Will only spot you money if you pay them back with daily-compounding interest
- Their thesis cover sheet features windings in the title
- Bullied adults on AOL chat as a teen
- Brings a Gameboy to class and plays Pokémon Ruby full volume in the front row every day



Wigglesworth Hall

- Has a whole Instagram dedicated to selfies with people they think are celebrities but who actually aren't
- Still doesn't see what the issue with plugging in black lights in a dorm room is
- Thinks canned tuna is spicy
- Inexplicably smells like burning milk at all times



Grays Hall

- Got lost in Whole Foods while searching for organic, vegan Jell-O
- Lost their virginity to a small Malaysian man because they thought he had a French accent
- Can't drink tap water without reminiscing about their experience in a hostel with low water pressure in Guatemala



The Poetry Reach Around

“Merci pour tous”

I sit here in class as we read Rimbauld
But I can't focus on meaning in trees
All I can think of is wanting to bone
My TA sticking his pénis in me

I'd let him conjugate all in my mouth
And leave little d'êtres over my face
It'd be imparfait, I know it's uncouth
But that which I need is son grand embrace.

We'd roleplay 'toinette (pre-guillotine morte)
He's starving he'd say; let him eat my “cake.”
And just like the name him I'd Bonaparte
My form is Russia; my Moscow he'd take.

History'd be changed, more sunshine and flow'rs.
No rain of terror; just golden show'rs.

-carolyn m

Bored on an Airplane

If I could only a thousand words say
Would I spend nine hundred and ninety-four
Telling the world of the pussy you slay
And the last six- “Joey, you're such a whore?”

You pull bitches from the left and the right
Up, down, and every place that you do go
For all the women know when you're in sight
That, every time, a good time you'll show.

Your curly brown hair and frek'l'd up face
Cause all the girls to swoon when you're in sight
Their hearts beat fast (no natural pace)
Oh, the things they would do just for a bite!

But I'm so forlorn since I have no luck,
All I've ever wanted was Joey to...

oh O Baby Yes!
Finally I will go !
with you to your
frat formal

i dont have formal attire ;(

~~we dry hump in
Your room before and~~

You take a girl instead

Big Shnikes!
Click click!

I
Am lost
Looking for
The Middle
Eastern Studies Center

Wonky coincidence,
Katherine!

You never call! Ever since high
School --- I guess
Ur embarrassed of ur
Humble Origins
Enjoy Your F*cking Toscaninis!!!!

We matched
Because I saw
You go to Harvard
And I hoped you
Are rich and buy me
Sushi --- alas!
You are a theatre major



**PAGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION.
NOTHING TO SEE HERE, FOLKS.**



RED LINE



**Massachusetts Bay
Transportation Authority**
*Bringing you everywhere
you need to go*